



And turn once more to me  
 As I wept at the cottage door,  
 And lift up his hands in blessing;  
 Then I saw his face no more.  
 And I stood still in the doorway,  
 Leaning against the wall.  
 Not heeding the fair white roses,  
 Though I crushed them and let them  
 fall;  
 Only looking down the pathway  
 And looking towards the sea,  
 And wondering, and wondering  
 When he would come back to me:  
 Till I was aware of an angel  
 Who was coming quickly by,  
 With the gladness of one who goeth  
 In the light of God most high.

He passed the end of the cottage  
 Towards the garden gate  
 (I suppose he was coming down  
 At the setting of the sun  
 To comfort some one in the village  
 Whose dwelling was desolate);  
 And he paused before the door  
 Beside my place,  
 And the likeness of a smile  
 Was on his face.  
 "Weep not," he said, "for unto you is  
 given  
 To watch for the coming of His feet  
 Who is the glory of our blessed  
 heaven;  
 The work and watching will be very  
 sweet  
 Even in an earthly home;  
 And in such an hour as you think not,  
 He will come."

So I am watching quietly  
 Every day,  
 Whenever the sun rises brightly,  
 I rise and say:  
 "Surely it is the shining of his face."  
 And look into the gates of his high place,  
 Beyond the sea;  
 For I know he is coming shortly  
 To summon me.  
 And when a shadow falls across the  
 window  
 Of my room,  
 When I am working my appointed task,  
 I lift my head to watch the door and  
 ask  
 If He is come;  
 And the angel answers sweetly  
 In my home;  
 Only a few more shadows  
 And He will come."

*Selected.*