

THE HIND

MY thought is dumb ! my thought
is dumb !
Was ever grief like this !
For not a fleeting word will come,
Like brush of angel's kiss,
To give the pain within my heart
Wings to depart.

A sword in sheath ! a sword in sheath
When dastard works his will !—
Such is the silence of my breath.
Will pain of silence kill
Before the hate I may not say
Is old and grey ?

A hand in glove ! a hand in glove
When wounded thing is near !—
So seems my quality of love,
For all that may appear.
With my own lips I cannot prove
That I do love.