

## THE RETURN

UNTRODDEN is the grass before the door  
Where green reeds gather whisp'ring each to  
each

Of thee; and how thou shalt come here no  
more

Nor thy pale hands the raining blossoms  
reach;

So like a sigh the breeze now seems to be,  
Or dost thou whisper softly unto me?

Where shadows closely falling seek to shade  
All things that were full dear to thee and me  
The echoes of my footsteps slowly fade