
A M I D W I N T E R M E M O R Y

That serene and smiling look,
Far away and back again,
While my spirit shook.

Now the frost is on the pane,
And the winter on the sea,
Gold across the iron strain,
Thought of you comes back to me,
Like a lost refrain.

What a voice it was I heard!
All your j's were soft as d's,
Like the nest-notes of a bird,
And your fingers clasped your knees,
As you smiled each word.

Well I knew you for the one
Sought so long and never found,
In this country of the sun,