

THE SILVER BIRCHES.

le
T ALL and straight, and golden girdled,
With white lilies in her hand—
My beloved came to greet me
Where the silver birches stand.

I was weary with long waiting,—
Tides of sorrow o'er me swept,
While I watched beside the birches,
Where of late my lady slept.

Not a blot was on her bosom,—
All her being glorified ;—
From the vista of the future
Drew she downward to my side.

All the pain of all my vigils,—
All the anguish of the past
Beat upon my tortured spirit,
Face to face with her at last.

And I would have caught her to me,—
Crushed her in a last embrace ;
Kissed her hair,—her hands,—the lilies,
Kissed to rose her pallid face.

But she paused with grave rebuking—
Held my passion in arrest,—
Raised her lovely arms in silence,—
Laid the lilies on my breast.