

AT TWILIGHT

I HAVE lighted the tapers each side thy head
And gathered fresh bloom for thee,
I have wept and prayed as I knelt by thy bed
And have laid thee back tenderly ;
Now my feet are still and my hands fall wide
As I sit by thy side.

Ah, why should I braid up my fallen hair
And for what should I go to the well ?
Should the dawn sky be ever so red wouldst
thou care

Or wake from thy quiet spell ?
Shall I hear not again thy feet on the floor
Nor thy hand on the door ?