

LA VEILLE DES NOCES.

She goes at the single silver chime,
With loving lights in her eyes and hair,
She carries away my heart and eyes,
And leaves me her kiss at the foot of the stair.

Her white firm arms are round my neck,
And her heart and eyes and mouth kiss mine ;
She kisses me words she will not speak,
Kisses like sunshine mingled with wine.

She passes away up the broad hall-stair,
Into the shadow, out of the light ;
With her last good-night : for the nights are coming
When we shall never say Good-night.

G. T. LANIGAN.

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