

THE BLIND MAN TO HIS WIFE

You say the sky is clearing after rain,
And that upon the west there is a stain
Of sunset splendor ere the twilight wane.

The crescent moon is visible, and Mars
Is glowing in the east, but yet no stars;
The moving canopy of cloud debars.

The wind that blew so furiously all day
Has slackened, and will soon have died away:
The dripping willow trees have ceased to sway.

All this I see, and through your loving eyes;
My helplessness I almost might despise
If you did not such kindness exercise.

The tenants of our garden-plot, the birds,
Have finished vesper-song, and silence girds
Their sleep, but music modulates your words.