

Lights from two gables stream within
And cross the unbroken space between,
Where the rafters from the plates low-lean,
And gnats in shaded crannies spin.

The band hangs loosely on the wheel,
And here an empty warping-spool
Lies idly by the weaving-stool,
And some waste threads are on the reel.

The memory parts some olden bands,
Of faded warp to weave anew,
And sends the active shuttle through,
And deftly knots the broken strands,

'Till all the fabric is complete,
As in the vivid story told,
How mothers wrought and taught of old
With nimble hands and tireless feet.