

### The Lace-Maker of Bruges

For a wondrous light shall gleam  
From the scattered fragments born.  
Boy, dream on, for life's a dream,  
Followed by a golden morn.

### The Lace-Maker of Bruges

**H**ER age-worn hands upon her apron lie  
Idle and still. Against the sunset glow  
Tall poplars stand and silent barges go  
Along the green canal that wanders by.  
A lean, red finger pointing to the sky,  
The spire of Notre Dame. Above a row  
Of dim, gray arches where the sunbeams die,  
The ancient belfry guards the square below.

One August eve she stood in that same square  
And gazed and listened, proud beneath her tears,  
To see her soldier passing down the street.  
To-night the beat of drums and trumpets' blare  
With bursts of fiendish music smite her ears,  
And mingle with the tread of trampling feet.