

(1)
Parted.

Beyond the cornfield and the wood,
Nestling beneath the hill
In the old days a cottage stood,
Beside a ruined mill.

And often on the edge of dark
I lingered in the lane,
Until a candle's welcome spark
Shone in the window-pane.

Long years have gone, tonight once more
Beside the foot-worn stile,
In the old lane as oft before
I wait, and dream awhile.

Above the pines one lonely star
Shines like her casement lit,
But far away — Alas! too far
For her to open it.

Fond dream! my longing eyes beguiled,
Yet must I turn again,
And like a little lonely child
Stretch out my arms in vain!

(2)
The moon is but a clouded disc,
Only the star shines bright,
So me it seems God's asterisk
Upon the page of night.

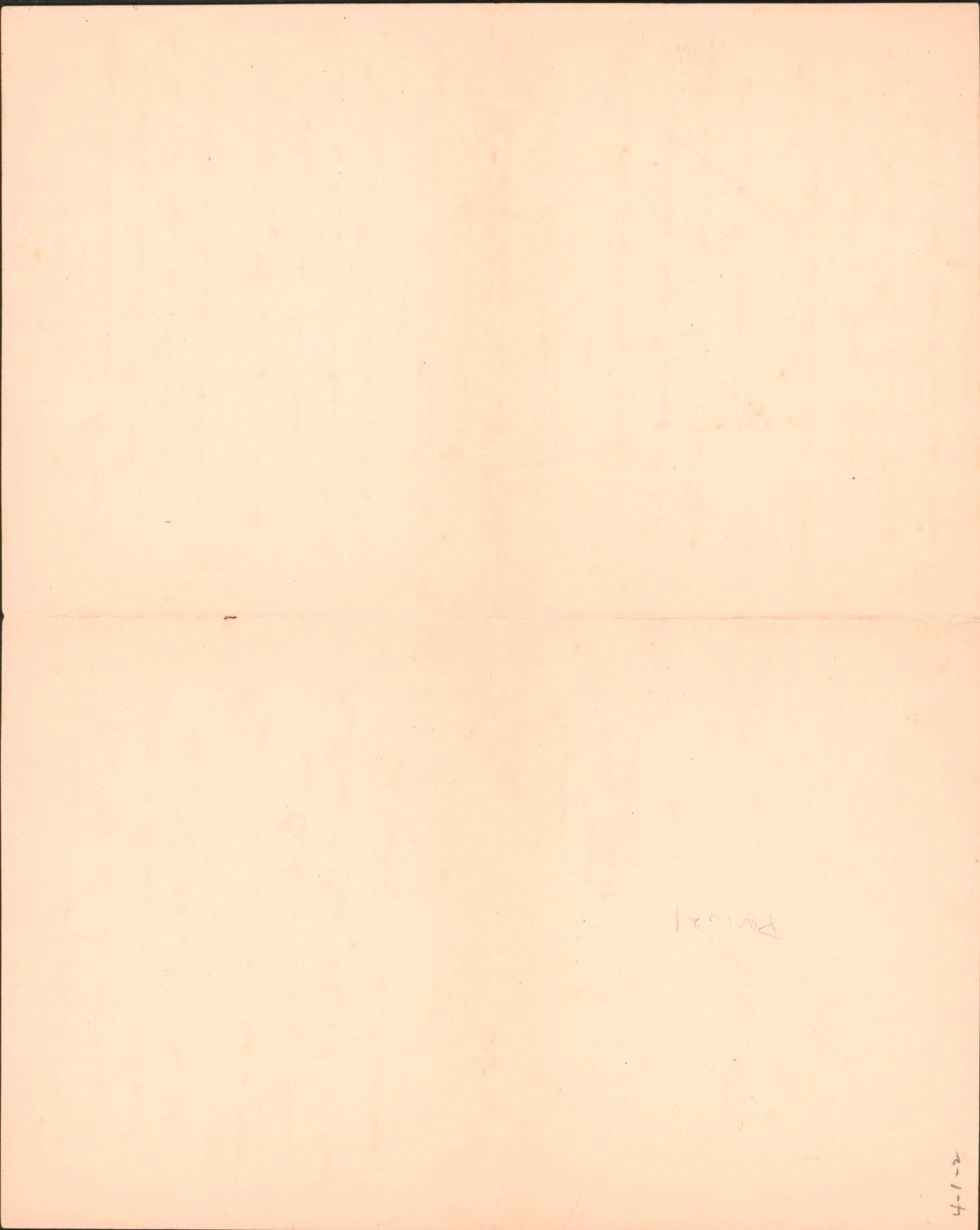
O love of happy days long past
My task is nearly done
Faithful to thee, till life at last
Be ended, — and begun!

E. H. K.

Hampstead.

May 1897;

Edwina Krusey



Parish

2-1-74

