

Again– his voice is at the door–
I feel the old Degree–
I hear him ask the servant
For such an one– as me–

I take a flower– as I go–
My face to justify–
He never saw me– in this life–
I might surprise his eye!

I cross the Hall with mingled steps–
I– silent– pass the door–
I look on all this world contains–
Just his face– nothing more!

We talk in careless– and in toss–
A kind of plummet strain–
Each– sounding– shyly–
Just– how– deep–
The other’s one– had been–

We walk– I leave my Dog– at home–
A tender– thoughtful Moon–
Goes with us– just a little way–
And– then– we are alone–

Alone– If Angels are “alone”–
First time they try the sky!
Alone– if those “veiled faces” be–
We cannot count– on High!

I’d give– to live that hour– again–
The purple– in my Vein–
But He must count the drops– himself–
My price for every stain!

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Bind me- I still can sing-
Banish- my Mandolin
Strikes true within-

Slay- and my Soul shall rise-
Chanting to Paradise-
Still thine.