

AT THE WICKET-GATE

There floated the sounds of church-chiming,

But no one was nigh,

Till there came, as a break in the loneness,

Her father, she, I.

And we slowly moved on to the wicket,

And downlooking stood,

Till anon people passed, and amid them

We parted for good.

Greater, wiser, may part there than we three

Who parted there then,

But never will Fates colder-featured

Hold sway there again.

Of the churchgoers through the still meadows

No single one knew

What a play was played under their eyes there

As thence we withdrew.