

SHE, I, AND THEY

I was sitting,  
She was knitting,  
And the portraits of our fore-folk hung around;  
When there struck on us a sigh;  
"Ah--what is that?" said I:  
"Was it not you?" said she. "A sigh did sound."

I had not breathed it,  
Nor the night-wind heaved it,  
And how it came to us we could not guess;  
And we looked up at each face  
Framed and glazed there in its place,  
Still hearkening; but thenceforth was silentness.

Half in dreaming,  
"Then its meaning,"  
Said we, "must be surely this; that they repine  
That we should be the last  
Of stocks once unsurpassed,  
And unable to keep up their sturdy line."

1916.