

"SOMETHING TAPPED"

Something tapped on the pane of my room

When there was never a trace

Of wind or rain, and I saw in the gloom

My weary Beloved's face.

"O I am tired of waiting," she said,

"Night, morn, noon, afternoon;

So cold it is in my lonely bed,

And I thought you would join me soon!"

I rose and neared the window-glass,

But vanished thence had she:

Only a pallid moth, alas,

Tapped at the pane for me.

August 1913.