

## ON A HEATH

I could hear a gown-skirt rustling

    Before I could see her shape,

Rustling through the heather

    That wove the common's drape,

On that evening of dark weather

    When I hearkened, lips agape.

And the town-shine in the distance

    Did but baffle here the sight,

And then a voice flew forward:

    Dear, is't you? I fear the night!"

And the herons flapped to norward

    In the firs upon my right.

There was another looming

    Whose life we did not see;

There was one stilly blooming

    Full nigh to where walked we;

There was a shade entombing

    All that was bright of me.