

## MOLLY GONE

No more summer for Molly and me;

There is snow on the tree,

And the blackbirds plump large as the rooks are, almost,

And the water is hard

Where they used to dip bills at the dawn ere her figure was lost

To these coasts, now my prison close-barred.

No more planting by Molly and me

Where the beds used to be

Of sweet-william; no training the clambering rose

By the framework of fir

Now bowering the pathway, whereon it swings gaily and blows

As if calling commendment from her.

No more jauntings by Molly and me

To the town by the sea,

Or along over Whitesheet to Wynyard's green Gap,

Catching Montacute Crest

To the right against Sedgmoor, and Corton-Hill's far-distant cap,

And Pilsdon and Lewsdon to west.

No more singing by Molly to me

In the evenings when she  
Was in mood and in voice, and the candles were lit,  
And past the porch-quoin  
The rays would spring out on the laurels; and dumbledores hit  
On the pane, as if wishing to join.

Where, then, is Molly, who's no more with me?  
--As I stand on this lea,  
Thinking thus, there's a many-flamed star in the air,  
That tosses a sign  
That her glance is regarding its face from her home, so that there  
Her eyes may have meetings with mine.