

"I THOUGHT, MY HEART"

I thought, my Heart, that you had healed  
Of those sore smartings of the past,  
And that the summers had oversealed  
All mark of them at last.

But closely scanning in the night  
I saw them standing crimson-bright  
Just as she made them:  
Nothing could fade them;  
Yea, I can swear  
That there they were -  
They still were there!

Then the Vision of her who cut them came,  
And looking over my shoulder said,  
"I am sure you deal me all the blame  
For those sharp smarts and red;  
But meet me, dearest, to-morrow night,  
In the churchyard at the moon's half-height,  
And so strange a kiss  
Shall be mine, I wis,  
That you'll cease to know  
If the wounds you show

Be there or no!"