

RESPIRE

Softly, speak low, spirit of wood and stream!
Well sleeps my heart to-day, wrapt in its dream.
Whisper thy thoughts to me: it must not wake,
Full of its bitter loss – ah! It might break.
Help me to hide my pain; it must not know
All of thy gifts were vain – softly, speak low!

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: Appleton's Booklovers Magazine
Vol. 6, No. 5, Pg. 659
November, 1905