

## THE SPINNER

So long, so long, O soul, the spindles I have tended,  
For bridal robe and gown the silken threads drawn fine:  
The silver and the gold together I have blended  
For gorgeous alter-cloths to veil the sacred shrine,  
Yet are they not for me: my heart with pain is rended;  
Love's rose I may not wear, no shall I taste its wine;  
Though long, so long, the spindles I have tended,  
For bridal robe and gown the threads drawn smooth and fine.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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