



IN ABSENCE.

By Archibald Lampman.

My love is far away from me to-night.
 Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
 Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes ;
 Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
 That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
 So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
 As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
 Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away, and I am grown
 A very child, oppressed with formless glooms.
 Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
 Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
 Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,
 Lonesome and strange and empty without her.