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The Ghost Girl

By WILLIAM JAMES PRICE

We parted at the door.
No angry word was said.
One found you stark upon the floor,
And told me you were dead.

Yet never moon shall rise,
Nor sun at evening set,
But I shall feel your flaming eyes
Whose fire I would forget.

And when the shadows creep
Along these ghostly walls,
A phantom wakes me out of sleep
With eery voice that calls.

Alas! am I to blame

Because you love too well?

Why should you nightly call my name,

Your sorry tale to tell?

To that mysterious bourn
Where happy souls abide
Return again, that I who mourn
May know that you have died!