

Premonition

Dear heart, good-night!

Nay, list awhile that sweet voice singing

When the world is all so bright,

And the sound of song sets the heart a-ringing,

Oh, love, it is not right—

Not then to say, "good-night."

Dear heart, good-night!

The late winds in the lake weeds shiver,

And the spray flies cold and white.

And the voice that sings gives a tell-tale quiver—

"Ah, yes, the world is bright,

But, dearest heart, good-night!"

Dear heart, good-night!

And do not longer seek to hold me!

For my soul is in affright

As the fearful glooms in their pall enfold me.

See him who sang how white

And still, so dear, good-night.

Dear heart, good-night!

Thy hand I'll press no more forever,

And mine eyes shall lose the light:

For the great white wraith by the winding river

Shall check my steps with might.

So, dear, good-night, good-night!