

AFTER.

Now, when the sun falls in the dismal sky  
And no light leaps beneath the plunging prow,  
I know the fulness of my sorrow now:—  
That all my talk and laughter was a lie;  
That as each hour widens the gulfs that sigh  
Between us; the truth scores upon my brow  
Sigils of silence, burns in me the vow  
“I love you, and shall love you till it die.”

Whether next year, as fondly we made oath,  
Shall see us meet at least, whether as wife  
I shall at last gather the whole vow's breath—  
Not heaven nor hell shall break our solemn troth.  
I love you, and shall love you all my life,  
I love you, and shall love you after death.