

Fires Through the Dusk

IF it were not for little lights
Set high above the plain
When darkness comes, I think that there
Would be no ease for pain.

If never more a round bright moon
Would climb the hills at night,
A million hearts would turn and break
With longing for its light.

If no white candle anywhere
Would lift a tulip flame,
The grief—for Beauty's sake alone—
Could never have a name;

And if all relight should cease,
And light no lifted face,
Each old loved room would be a bleak
Ungracious dwelling place;

And O, dear heart, if suddenly,
One little casement's glow
Should fail for me—the light would die
In the whole world, I know.

