

And, poor that I was, I pushed into my brain
 For the reaction; none was there.
 I conjured up a hundred different feelings,
 All were false. And then the air
 Quite quickly grew unhappy
 And I cried aloud,
 And searched my heart,
 If, had I found was based.

I Knew before you too, with eyes dumbest,
 "I love you, love you!" cried my soul at least.

The Old Rectory.

A dreary stillness looks within its walls
 And echoing still in laughter pass its halls.
 An atmosphere of hazy listlessness
 Which soothes the worried head & supplems
 heart,

At all times with commends the beautiful
 To good & live & remembered part.

A lonely place with rocks & crevices

And dim dark shadows, full with ancient
 dreams

And flashing lights from fancy's imaginary
 Dance on the whitened walls & eave old
 beams.