In the heat of the day
Let them fall on the grass
In a shower of tears.

When the first burst of rain had come
And left a quiet time for speech
He said: "I see that wistfulness
Which tells me of your heart's unrest;
That wistfulness that finds no calm
In pleasures that once gave content;
But looking into unseen ways
Yearns ever for the promised joys,
And ever yearning teaches you
To hope. I see new dreams that live
In other worlds so far away
Eyes cannot follow, but must rest
Limpid, letting the soul look through
To find the heart's new-born desire.
I would not trespass by one word
Too much, dear child; but keep good cheer
And know that its fulfilment means

A peace that has not been before.
Your happiness is our first thought
And what you wish is our intent."
She pressed his hand in gratitude
Nor dared to trust her voice to speak.