

**POT-POURRI, SPICE AND
ROSE LEAVES: SPICE
AND ROSE LEAVES**

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Pot-pourri, Spice and Rose Leaves: Spice and Rose Leaves by Miranda Powers Swenson

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MIRANDA POWERS SWENSON

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©
Pot-Pourri
Spice and Rose Leaves

VERSES BY

Miranda Palmer Swenson

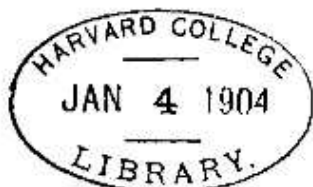


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Boston

1904

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Ferris Greusel

*Printed at
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To the Little Son John



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At Twilight

There's nothing in the day, I know,
So sad as when the sunset glow
 Fades in the West away;
O twilight hour! O sweet, sad time!
When daylight wanes, and vespers chime,
 'Tis neither night nor day.

The dark shades fold me in their gloom,
As slow they creep from room to room,
 But love-light still have I;
The hour itself doth mournful seem,
Alone I sit in happy dream,
 While darkness clouds the sky.

'Tis now, dear one, a voice I hear,
So low, so soft, so sweet, so clear,
 I know it to be thine;
"I love thee, dear, with all my heart,
Though many miles do still us part,
 I love thee, Sweetheart mine."

Then through the dusk I see thy face,
And feel thee near in close embrace,
 Through all the glad twilight.
O! sweet at close of dreary day,
When darkness gathers 'round my way,
 To sit and wait the night.