

THE CROSS OF SNOW
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



In the long, sleepless watches of the night, _____

A gentle face--the face of one long dead— _____

Looks at me from the wall, where round its head _____

The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light. _____

Here in this room she died; and soul more white _____

Never through martyrdom of fire was led _____

To its repose; nor can in books be read _____

The legend of a life more benedight. _____

There is a mountain in the distant West _____

That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines _____

Displays a cross of snow upon its side. _____

Such is the cross I wear upon my breast _____

These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes _____

And seasons, changeless since the day she died. _____