

VERSES

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Verses by Dorothy King

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DOROTHY KING

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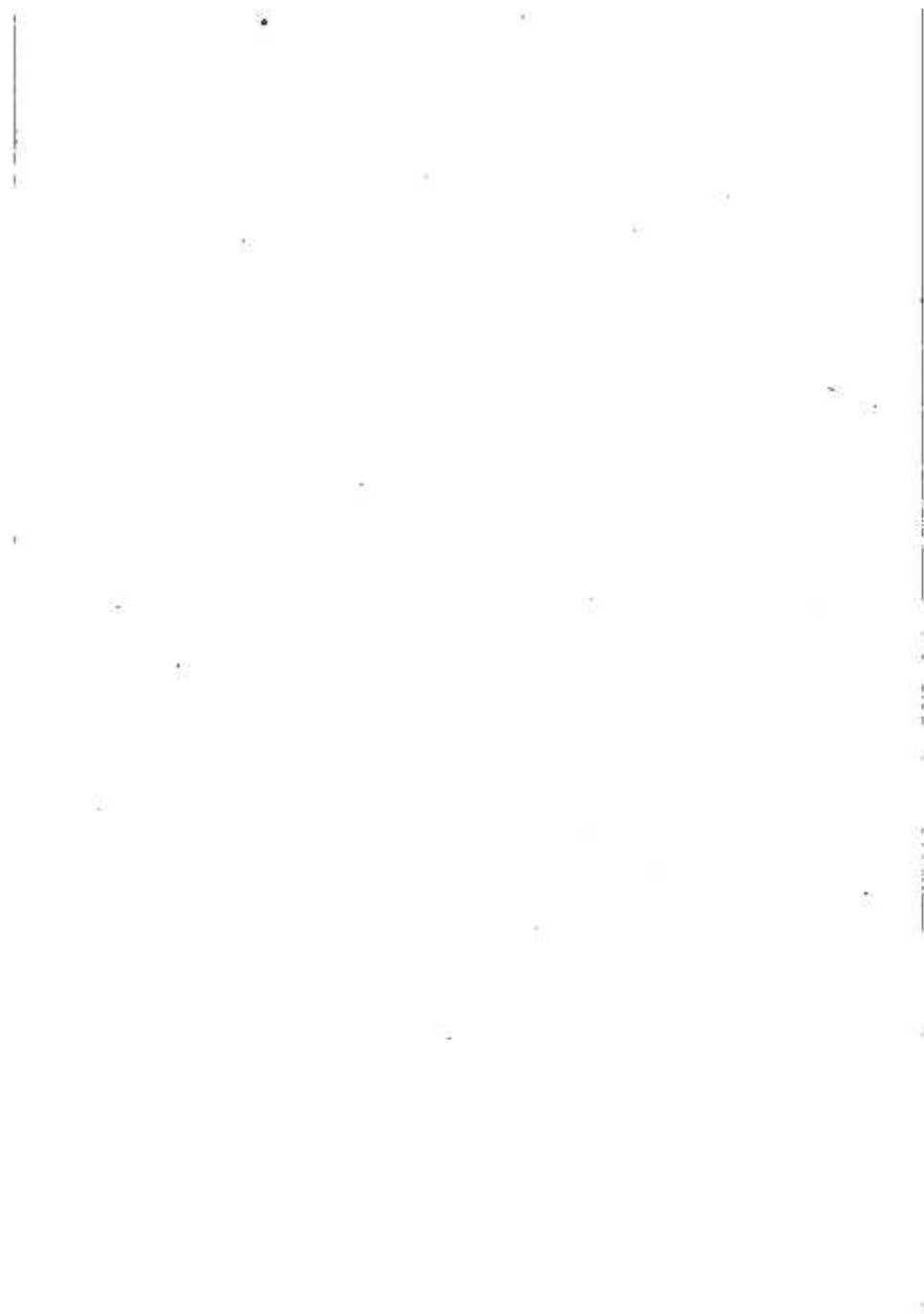
BY

DOROTHY KING



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TO
MY FATHER AND MOTHER AND SISTER



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IN MEMORIAL HALL AT THE STATE
HOUSE

I stood alone in the quiet dusk,
 Beneath an arch of the vaulted room,
And watched the brilliant colors fade
 At the stealthy touch of the creeping gloom.

I saw the deep'ning shadows rest
 On stately busts of honored dead,
And where the lofty columns stood
 Tall phantom pillars rose instead.

And soon I heard soft whispered tones,
 Then ghostly cheering, murm'ring sighs:
And sometimes laughter, now low moans,
 Then earnest questions, stern replies.

I heard the sound of the cannon's roar
 Come wafted faint from I knew not where,
Then beat of hoofs, the swish of flags
 And crash of sabres filled the air.

Dim phantom forms swift passed me by
And misty horses reared and fell;
Red drops of blood and tattered flags,
Then martial notes I knew so well.

When lo! the place was filled with light;
I stood alone in the vaulted room;
But ne'er a whisper, ne'er a moan
From those so near in the creeping gloom.

No sign whate'er to make me think
I had aught but dreamed of that battle-scene,
Except some silken tattered flags
From niches gazing down serene.

TO W. G. S. OF QUINCY.

October, 1900.

Boston, Massachusetts.