

The Open Window

by Edward Rowland Sill

*My tower was grimly builded,
With many a bolt and bar,
"And here," I thought, "I will keep my life
From the bitter world afar."*

*And such balm and warmth and beauty
Came drifting in since then,
That window still stands open
And shall never be shut again.*

*Dark and chill was the stony floor,
Where never a sunbeam lay,
And the mould crept up on the dreary wall,
With its ghost touch, day by day.*

*One morn, in my sullen musings,
A flutter and cry I heard;
And close at the rusty casement
There clung a frightened bird.*

*Then back I flung the shutter
That was never before undone,
And I kept till its wings were rested
The little weary one.*

*But in through the open window,
Which I had forgot to close,
There had burst a gush of sunshine
And a summer scent of rose.*

*For all the while I had burrowed
There in my dingy tower,
Lo! the birds had sung and the leaves had danced
From hour to sunny hour.*