

# Love's Thread of Gold

by Jean Ingelow

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*In the night she told a story,  
In the night and all night through,  
While the moon was in her glory,  
And the branches dropped with dew.  
Twas my life she told, and round it  
Rose the years as from a deep;  
In the world's great heart she found it,  
Cradled like a child asleep.  
In the night I saw her weaving,  
By the misty moonbeams cold  
All her weat\* her shuttle cleaning  
With a sacred thread of gold  
Ah! She wept me tears of sorrow,  
Lulling tears so mystic sweet;  
Then she wove my last tomorrow,  
And her web lay at my feet.  
Of my life she made the story;  
I must weep so soon 'twas told!  
But your name did lend it glory,  
And your love its thread of gold.*

END

\* weat - archaic English verb meaning 'to know'.