

“ For, know, one beautiful thing
On the dark day’s bosom curled,
Makes the wild day glad to sing,
Content to smile at the world.

“ For the sinless world is fair,
And man’s is the sin and gloom;
And dead are the days that were,
But what are the days to come?

“ Be happy, dear heart, and wait!
For the past is a memory:
Tho’ to-day seem somber as fate,
Who knows what to-morrow will be?”

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And the May came on in her charms,
With a twinkle of rustling feet;
Blooms stormed from her luminous arms,
And honey of smiles that were sweet.

Now I think of her words that day,
This day that I longed so to see,
That finds her dead with the May,
And the March but a memory.