

Sonnet

The song of meadow lark is hush'd,
The feather'd chorister is dumb,
For over all the iron rust
Of deep, corroding grief hath come.
They laid her where pale ashphodel
A calm and holy radiance shed;
With starry jasmine from the dell
They decked her lowly grass lined bed,
While the datura's snow white bell
Toll'd requiem o'er her golden head.
And nought remains except regret,
And sweetly bitter memory,
And the faint scent of mignonette,
Of mignonette that used to be.