

Supplement.

And our song is sweet with laughter and in triumph waxes
higher,

As it floats across the garden where our hopes are blossoming.

Oh, strange! A sound of measured feet that trample on
our gladness—

I will not look, I will not know, I will not turn my head!
But my Heart will see despite me, and with sudden sighing
sadness

She tells me that the measured feet are following the dead.

A hush upon the bird-notes and a shadow on the flowers,
And an ancient Grief upspeaks to us and chides our joyous
song,
And spreads abroad her mantle clouding all the golden
hours,
And sits with us, and talks with us, so long—so long!

For love and life, for sun and flower, we have but sorry
greeting:

“To love and live, to live and love!” O foolish roundelay!
Ah, happiness! thou laggard dove, swift only in the fleeting!
Ah, dolor! thy dark pinions bear thee never far away!

—SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN.