

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Love met Youth in the churchyard old,
Under a branch of hawthorn blossom;
Love gave Youth a flower to hold
Freshly grown from a dead girl's bosom.

Youth sang Love a heart-warm rhyme,
Writ by an ancestor turned to ashes;
And all the song was of blossom time
And the spring-soft light 'neath a maiden's
lashes.

AN OLD INFLUENCE

A child, I saw familiar things
In sweet imagined guise:
For me the clouds were angels' wings,
The stars were angels' eyes.

Not so to-day: the grassless ways
Of older years invite
No wings to whiten common days,
No eyes to hallow night.

Yet when with grief my heart is loud,
Or harsh thoughts leave their scar,
I feel reproach from every cloud,
Reproof from every star.