

COMING BACK.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes ; but this I know.
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Twelve times the flowers have come and gone,
Twelve times the Winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's task to hear my part ;
But whether grave or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

And if my darling comes to share
My pleasant fireside warm and bright
She still will find her empty chair
Where it has waited day and night

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me true and tried.
They have their place, but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with vague unrest ;
Where yonder cold, white marble gleam,
She must still slumber. God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
That our beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered, every day,
Through years and years for one sweet face.