

#### 4 THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES

Though in royal splendour she drives through town,  
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown :  
And yet she wears one, for, widowed no more,  
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,  
And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by !

#### THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES

A CURIOUS vision on mine eyes unfurled  
In the deep night. I saw, or seemed to see,  
Two Centuries meet, and sit down vis-à-vis  
Across the great round table of the world :  
One with suggested sorrows in his mien,

And on his brow the furrowed lines of thought ;  
And one whose glad expectant presence brought  
A glow and radiance from the realms unseen.

Hand clasped with hand, in silence for a space  
The Centuries sat ; the sad old eyes of one  
(As grave paternal eyes regard a son)  
Gazing upon that other eager face.

And then a voice, as cadenceless and grey  
As the sea's monody in winter time,  
Mingled with tones melodious, as the chime  
Of bird choirs, singing in the dawns of May.