

IV.

The river—its voice is telling
 Of a byegone blighted joy,
 Where the white cross guards his cradle—
 Our little gold-haired boy—
 My baby brother who faded
 In a smiling trance so deep,
 With his pure blue eyes scarce curtained
 By film of the last long sleep—
 For the hand of a guardian angel,
 Ere a touch of earth could stain
 The blossom, to Eden bore it,
 Wet with baptismal rain—
 And I thought of my own lost childhood,
 So far and so long ago,
 And I said in my heart, "Oh river
 Thank God, it is better so."

V.

And still the river—it lures me
 To a green spot with flowers o'ergrown,
 Where I read how the dark cloud shadowed
 A summer of girlhood flown!
 She lies with her bright eye's beauty
 So veiled by the lashes long—
 She lies with her pale lips parted
 As ready to break in song—
 And still where her sleep is guarded
 By the sign she loved so well,
 Each flower of the church's garland
 Like beads, the seasons tell—
 There linger the violets latest,
 And there from the surpliced snow
 Breaks first, with the spring's resurrection,
 The crocuses' golden glow—
 And there with the joyous Easter
 Stand lilies in white array,
 And Saint Joseph's star is beaming,
 Saint Alice's bells are gay—