
AN ANGEL IN PLASTER

Come sun or storm, come merriment or tears,
No care can fret
Thy radiant spirit, nor the heavy years
Invade it with regret.

Surely thou art a traveller from a land
That knows no grief!
The life of men thou canst not understand —
So turbulent, so brief.

Yet thou must tarry here, thou darling one,
To smile and bring
Thoughts of the world's fair youth, a fadeless sun
And a perpetual spring.

THE END.