
THE WEDDING DAY

Our wedding day, years score and five ago—
Dear heart, I heard you say,
If months, or years, or ages since have passed
I know not. I have ceased to question time,
I only know
That once there pealed a chime of joyous bells,
And all stood back, and none my right denied.
And forth we walked—
And since that day I count my life—
The past is washed away.

Dedicated to Queen Mary on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding day, June 6, 1918, and graciously accepted by Her Majesty.

A VISION

The pure snow was quietly falling
And shrouding the land all in white,
And hiding, like Charity's mantle,
Earth's stains and its evil from sight.
It was changing the evergreen pine-trees
From em'rald to purest of pearl,
And cov'ring with glistening snow-wreaths
The grave of my lost little girl.