



THE OLD YEAR GONE

It seems but yesterday, so free from care,
I watched the June-enchanted fern hills wave,
Green as the billows which the deep seas bear:
Bird, leaf and brooklet greeting everywhere
The glory of the breaking summer day.

But, thou art gone! and we have but the same
Stern law of earthly life. Joys vanish fast;
Then sorrow comes, with more enduring flame.
Till o'er life's bridal robes death's pall is cast:
The heart must wait if it would taste at last
Once more the rapture of the days long dead
Life is so full of storms, and deserts vast,
The heart must bleed ere it is comforted;
The feet must falter ere they reach the door
Which shuts on grief to never open more.

But thou, I know, will come again to me,
Fair Summer, with thy laughter and thy song:
Then 'neath thy smile shall joy more perfect be,
Because for thee my heart has waited long.
Grief now may fill my heart, but hope is strong,
And it shall bloom to joy when thou dost come.
Then let the cold winds rave, my thoughts belong
To thee alone; to them my soul is dumb
Awake, or when by sleep's sweet sense possessed,
The thought of thee to come shall be my guest.

T. H. RACE.