

Father

I love to think of him in daily life—
An honest worker in the busy strife,
Or going forth at eve to give relief
From vexing thought and poverty and grief.

In vision walk with him by peaceful rills,
In grand old woods or up in giant hills ;
I love to meditate and dream at length
Of all his tender care and love and strength.

But now, alas ! my father's day is past :
I saw him laid aside from life at last
In sacred ground, near tranquil waters fresh ;
His love was but a breath, his arm but flesh !

O human life ! is this thy meaning all—
A day of joy and grief, and then the pall
That hides away my father's face from
sight,
And leaves me weeping in mysterious
night ?