

"They are given
To men of middle age."



Love's Aftermath

AMID October's meadows we walked, my love and me ;
She was a country lassie, clear-eyed and fair to see,
While I, her city lover, had reached an untried path,
And this Acadian wooing to me was aftermath.

The sere and yellow grasses rustled beneath our feet,
Down by the little pathway where shore and river meet ;
But in the sheltered hollows some fair white clover lay
With blossoms fresh and fragrant as in the month of May.

So like my love their seeming, so pure and pale and cold,
And I, the yellow stubble, world worn and growing old ;
But when I told my fancies, she said with eyes cast down,
" The grass protects the clover, though it is sere and brown."

Dear heart, your simple wisdom is more than all my years ;
Those blessed words of promise dispel my gloomy fear ;
Love's aftermath is sweeter than springtime blossoms fair,
The grass protects the clover—your life shall be my care.