

GRIEF

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AS the funeral train with its honoured dead
On its mournful way went sweeping,
While a sorrowful nation bowed its head
And the whole world joined in weeping,
I thought, as I looked on the solemn sight,
Of the one fond heart despairing,
And I said to myself, as in truth I might,
"How sad must be this *sharing*."

To share the living with even Fame,
For a heart that is only human,
Is hard, when Glory asserts her claim
Like a bold, insistent woman ;
Yet a great, grand passion can put aside
Or stay each selfish emotion,
And watch, with a pleasure that springs from pride,
Its rival—the world's devotion.

But Death should render to love its own,
And my heart bowed down and sorrowed
For the stricken woman who wept alone
While even her *dead* was borrowed ;
Borrowed from her, the bride—the wife—
For the world's last martial honour,
As she sat in the gloom of her darkened life,
With her widow's grief fresh upon her.