

1905



On Our Golden Wedding Day



Time pass'd, our eldest sons were married.
And I am now a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flower'd meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure
Where now, as then, the daisies blow,
She fills her baskets, ample measure,
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has changed into a softer light,
I think of you with love and kindness,
And shall do, till our last "good night."
The ever rolling silent hours
Will bring a time, we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.



In brighter climes, 'neath sacred bowers,
No autumn chills or wintry storms,
We'll fling the spirits of the flowers
From spirit hands to spirit forms.
Love, ever regnant, ever growing,
Time, death and distance now no more,
With spirits holier, purer burning,
We'll know delights unknown before.