

TO D. A. MACKELLAR

[*In Dedication of Aguilar*]

MY cherished dead, when last your placid brow  
I saw through tears and ne'er on earth again,  
With trembling lips I made a holy vow  
To show our love in a remembered strain,  
In self-defeated discord of the streets  
Where life had called us when our hearts were  
strong,  
Where friend a friend so true but seldom greets,  
I heard a voice of unrecorded song.  
With such poor means as are by nature mine  
And faith that raised me from despairing gloom,  
Today I come as to a sacred shrine  
And lay this tribute on your lowly tomb,  
And plead, if any question or admire  
The living do but what the dead inspire.