

TO MARY.

And shall we hear your voice no more  
That was so sweet and strong,  
And in our griefs shall no one come  
To scare them with a song ?

“ Listen ye in the organ wind  
“ God’s lullabies to hear,  
“ And in your dream my voice shall seem  
“ A thousandfold more clear.”

Your beauty it was so bright, my dear,  
So hard to lay away,  
There never went .s fair a thing  
Into the dull, dead clay.

“ Look you down in the summer wood  
“ And up to the midnight blue,  
“ The flowers that blow, the stars that glow  
“ Shall seem more fair to you.”

And shall you be forgot, my dear,  
And yours an unknown grave  
Because your love and worth to us  
Not to the world you gave ?