

TO ONE WHO PASSED

He saw the green beneath November's rust,
He dreamed of roses, when snow-petals fell,
And now June, verdure-clad, lives forth his trust,
While over him his hope the roses tell.

He knew the Spring's first violet and the thrill
Of Spring's first lyric born of sylvan love,
Think you he knows not now, divinelier still,
The immortal blooms, the songs of Arcady's grove?