

Dedication

To My Wife

Thy voice is as the meadowlark's that thrills
The dawn with accents rapturously gay,
And fills the toiler in the waking fields
With hopes of a diviner day.

To look on thee is as the sight of land
To weary mariners compelled to roam,
As light to those who watch for dawn,
Or to the exile, home.

The thought of thee is as the summer air
That melts the unrelenting snows,
The soft refrain of some sweet song,
The perfume of a rose.

Berkeley.

T. F. R.

September 1, 1907.