

## TO PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON — BLIND.

FAR off with darkened eyes,  
 Lone, sightless, he stands,  
 Turned all the gifts we prize  
 To dust in his hands.  
 Death has forsaken him,  
 Night hath o'ertaken him,  
 What can awaken him  
 Whom Death answers not?

DIED 1887.

Dead, say ye true, he's dead?  
 Silent the singing voice?  
 If he be comforted,  
 Can ye not rejoice?  
 Death has o'ertaken him,  
 Night has forsaken him,  
 Cease! do not awaken him  
 To sorrows forgot.

Though held to the sun awhile  
 By the uplifting wind,  
 Can dust wear the rainbow's smile?  
 Can Sorrow be kind?  
 Can the sick soul be comforted  
 When Life's springs are poison-fed?  
 Lo! Grief, queen in Laughter's stead,  
 Steals o'er us unsought.