

## WHITE PANSIES

DAY and night pass over, rounding,  
Star and cloud and sun,  
Things of drift and shadow, empty  
Of my dearest one.

Soft as slumber was my baby,  
Beaming bright and sweet ;  
Daintier than bloom or jewel  
Were his hands and feet.

He was mine, mine all, mine only,  
Mine and his the debt ;  
Earth and Life and Time are changers ;  
I shall not forget.

Pansies for my dear one—heartsease—  
Set them gently so ;  
For his stainless lips and forehead,  
Pansies white as snow.