



Memories

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow
of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless
curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and
ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of
Spring
When sinking into Summer's
arms.
A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its
graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and
bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower
A heart, which, like a fine-toned
lute,
With every breath of feeling
woke,
And, even when the tongue was
mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.
How thrills once more the
lengthening chain

Of memory, at the thought of
thee!
Old hopes which long in dust
have lain
Old dreams, come thronging
back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee
speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to
thine.
I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again arise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses
overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer
eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy
way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy
leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear
than they!
Ere this, thy quiet eye hath
smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seemed wise in
thee;
I too can smile, when o'er that
hour

The lights of memory backward
stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's
power
Is vainer than my boyhood's
dream.
Years have passed on, and left
their trace,
Of graver care and deeper
thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the
grace
Of woman's pensive beauty
brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame
than praise,
The school-boy's humble name
has flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet
ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.
And wider yet in thought and
deed
Diverge our pathways, one in
youth;
Thine the Genevan's sternest
creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple
truth.
For thee, the priestly rite and
prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence
where

My brethren gather, slow and
calm.
Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not
out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way
about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep
worn
To common dust that path of
flowers.
Thus, while at times before our
eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round
us lies
The warm light of our morning
skies,
The Indian Summer of the heart!
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet
may find
Our early dreams not wholly vai



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