

REMEMBRANCE

You promise me that love should bless the way,
My future life be one glad summer day –
Love's paradise that we alone should know,
Now changing with the years that come and go.
Yet evermore, O soul, that will complain,
With broken beads I count my loss and gain.
My broken beads, that ne'er can mended be –
O memory! O memory!

Frail spring may leave her birds on summer's breast,
'Mid apple boughs the happy birds may rest.
June-roses blow above the pansy bed,
And on the fields the clover blooms burn red.
Yet ever more 'tis winter in my heart.
One thought of thee and all the joys depart
Of what has been and never more can be.
O memory! O memory!

By Beth Slater Whitson

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