

OUR LITTLE LIFE*

MARY A. BERESFORD

Forth in the golden dawn my lady goes,
 Frail as a blossom delicate and rare,
 Crowning her beauty with a wild white rose—
 Herself than rose more fair.

No Paladin wants she; proudly alone,
 Singing she goes, with eager eyes afire,
 Seeking to win wide kingdoms for her own
 Is all her high desire.

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See in the dusk my lady homeward creep,
 Nor any captives in her train hath she
 Save bitter loneliness, and sorrow deep,
 And sleepless memory.

Tired eyes look out through coronals of tears,
 Silent is she—weary her step and slow,
 A lily spent and broken with the years,
 Her proud head drooping low.

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“Ah, sweet my lady”, one there is who saith
 “Nor further seek nor strive—long fought and won
 Thy kingdom lieth here, and easeful death
 Shall lead thee to life’s crown.”