

MATED

EVA PHILLIPS BOYD

Oh there were lovers plenty
That magic-misted May,
And youth and joy at twenty
Paired down their laughing way.

Now Jean has died in childbed,
—Light Ellen has her man—
Better had Alice stayed unwed,
Heavy with grief goes Nan.

But she who failed of the heart's desire
Treasures a rapturous thing,
Golden in winter star fire,
Blossom-white at the spring;

And hurt and change may never
Darken that lovely gleam,—
So shall she go forever
Companioned by a dream!