

“AS EVER YOUNG”

CONSTANCE BARBOUR

As ever young to us as new grass growing
On the lawn;
Or as the flight of eager swallows winging
Toward the dawn;

As ever lovely as the white rose sleeping
Through the night,
And covered only with the moon's pale blanket
Made of light;

Part of our dreams, and of our thoughts in striving;
All our best
Is of them, and within their sacred keeping
While they rest.