

## RECOMPENSE

CONSTANCE BARBOUR\*

For all I held but for a fleeting moment—  
The wind-blown blossom ere it touched the ground,  
The mist-soft rain before the sunlight came,  
The snowflake falling and all music's sound—

There will be recompense at last, Beloved,  
That will not fade away or ever fail,  
Yes, all my soul's desire, my heart's delight,  
Within your hands, though mortal, small, and frail.

\*Of Winnipeg, Man. A former contributor to the *Dalhousie Review*.

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