

## In Spring

In Spring, when sunlight gently falls  
In golden heaps of dappled rays,  
There open windows of recall  
To other Springs in other days.

This Spring, on such a wistful day  
'Twas out of love too freely gave  
A gift of more than words could say:  
A blooming rose to grace a grave.

Each Spring, that blooming rose's pow'r  
For touching hearts will e'er suffice  
To call to mind another flow'r,  
Our rose who blooms in Paradise.