

**VANISHED FACES,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Vanished Faces, and Other Poems by Jane Besemeres

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JANE BESEMERES

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AND OTHER POEMS**

VANISHED FACES

And other Poems.

BY

JANE BESEMERES.

'Life is brief, but love is long.'—TENNYSON.

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Vanished Faces.

EVERY spring the same flowers mind us
Death is weak and Life is strong ;
Every night the same stars give us
Hope of better light ere long.

If each spring *new* flowers unfolded,
Would they be one half so dear
As the old familiar blossoms
We have loved thro' many a year ?

If each night some strange *new* glory
Shone upon us from above,
Tho' we looked on it with wonder,
Should we look on it with love !—

As on stars that always watched us,
Linked in thought with earliest years,
Dear old friends that whispered comfort
Even to our childhood's fears !

Night is falling, Death's cold winter
Steals our flowers; but his dread reign
Soon will end, and vanished faces
Some spring day will smile again.

The same faces we remember,
With the old familiar smile,
Winter graves and night's dark silence
Only last a little while.

The Joy of Incompleteness.

If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded ;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded ;
If all life's flowers were fully blown,
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding :
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness ?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness ?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render ?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart,
Life would be disenchantèd.