

VERSES

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Verses by Susan Coolidge

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SUSAN COOLIDGE

VERSES

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By SUSAN COOLIDGE.



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ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1891

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JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE

TO J. H. AND E. W. H.

*Nourished by peaceful suns and gracious dew,
Your sweet youth budded and your sweet lives grew,
And all the world seemed rose-beset for you.*

*The rose of beauty was your mutual dower,
The stainless rose of love, an early flower,
The stately blooms of ease and wealth and power.*

*And treading thus on pathways flower-bestrewn,
It well might be, that, cold and careless grown,
You both had lived for your own joys alone.*

*But, holding all these fair things as in trust,
Gently you walked, still scattering on the dust
Of harder roads, which others tread, and must, —*

*Your heritage of brightness ; not a ray
Of noontide sought you out, but straight away
You caught and halved it with some darker day :*

*And as the sweet saint's loaves were turned, 't is said,
To roses, so your roses turned to bread,
That hungering souls and weary might be fed.*

*Dear friends, my poor words do but paint you wrong,
Nor can I utter, in one trivial song,
The goodness I have honored for so long.*

*Only this leaf, a single petal flung,
One chord from a full harmony unsung,
May speak the life-long love that lacks a tongue.*

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