

**IN MEMORIAM
TOSCA LYON,
JANUARY 17, 1904**

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In memoriam Tosca Lyon, January 17, 1904 by Frances Bartlett

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FRANCES BARTLETT

**IN MEMORIAM
TOSCA LYON,
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I

THOU Saxon Rose, thou Flower of womanhood,
Incarnate Love, Epitome of Spring,
To whose soft hair its gold was wont to cling,
Whose azure eyes mirrored its every mood;
Lover of all things beautiful and good,
Who unto lives less blessed strove to bring
A sympathy should soothe all suffering,
And griefs unspoken heard and understood:
Love has but borne thee from the stifled room
Where we still wait the answer to life's prayer;
While memories of thee, dripping rare perfume,
Descend like balm on what were else despair.
Earth was the fairer for thy perfect bloom,
And heaven is heavenlier, now that thou art there.

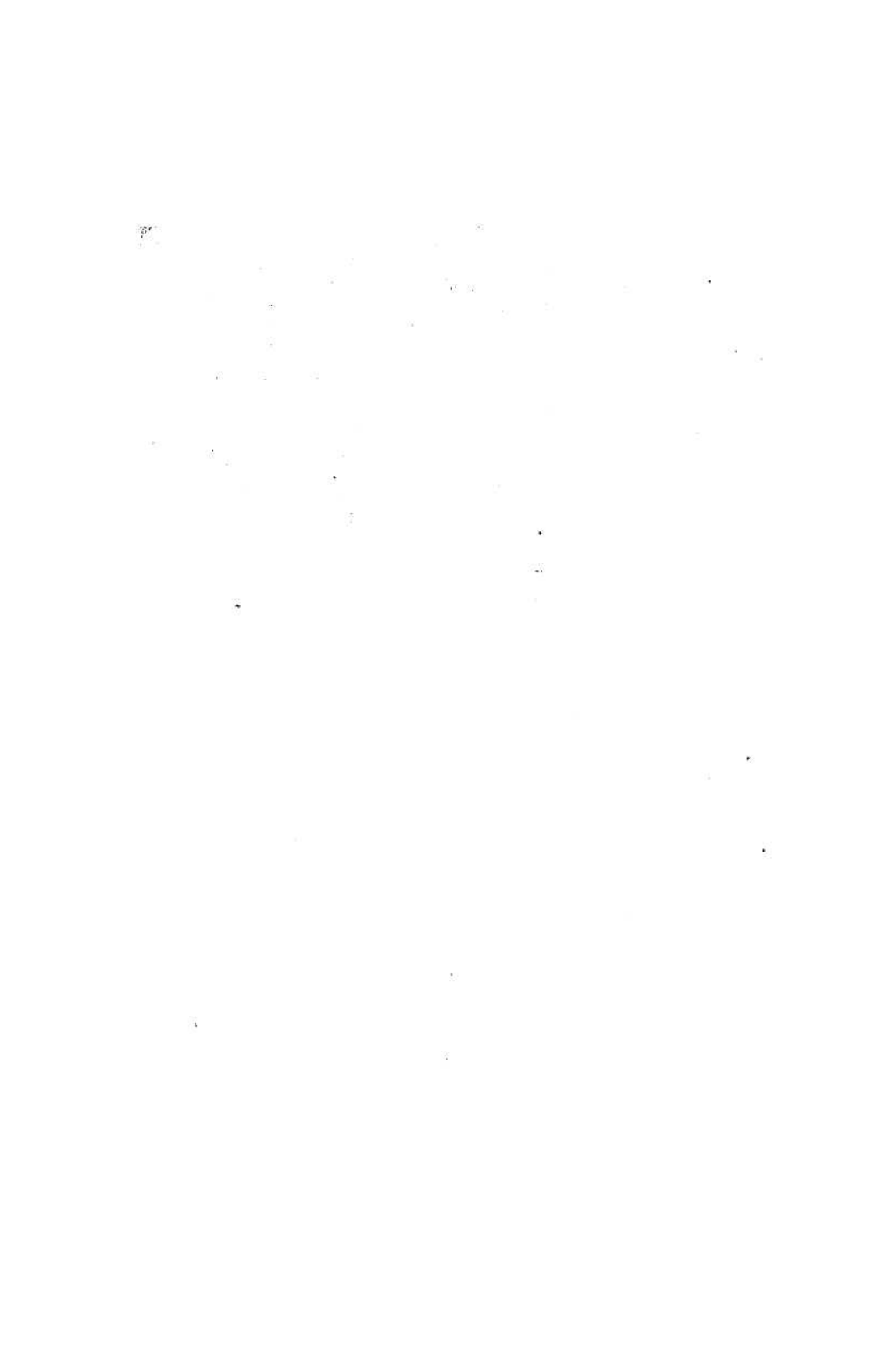
II

ONE said, "Life's fever ended, she sleeps well;
Thou wouldst not call her back to the old pain,
To hear the sobbing of November rain,
To lie a captive 'neath grim Winter's spell."
Nay, God knows, nay! Not e'en when leaf-buds swell,
And apple-blossoms blush to life again,
Or through the orchard lilt a bluebird's strain;
For fields are always green where she doth dwell.
But now the thought of self leaps over all, —
The lonely days, the lonely days to come!
When Longing's wings shall beat against Fate's wall
Till they are bruised and their chords are numb;
When from the deeps my heart to hers will call,
And pitiless earth and sea and sky be dumb!



III

I GRIEVED, "The Spring will not be Spring this year;
Unlit the candles on the chestnut-trees;
Pallid the amethyst of flood-tide seas;
E'en the first robin's carol ring less clear."
And then I heard her voice say, "Be of cheer;
I am not dead but risen, where disease
Or sleeplessness is not, and longing frees
The soul to follow those it once held dear."
Thus shall the prophecy of April skies,
When peach-trees don, each one, its bridal veil,
Bear a significance beyond surmise, —
In death as life my Lady will not fail.
Warm 'neath the snow to-night June's first rose lies.
Stronger than Death is Love, and will prevail.



IV*

THEY brought me visions of the still lagoons,
Where myriad shallops flit on tawny wings;
They breathed the fragrance of a thousand Springs,
They wore the purple of a thousand Junes.
I saw Venetia's domes, like wraiths of moons,
Peer from the tide, nor back nor forward swings;
I heard the strophes of the song it sings,
In memory of pageant-crowded noons.
And then my gracious Lady came to me —
(Fairest of all fair visions!) sweetly dressed
As last I saw her — with life's ecstasy
In smiling eyes and smiling lips expressed.
Now all is silence; and I only see
The violets laid upon her quiet breast.

* A bunch of violets sent by my Lady from Venice in 1801.

