

W. C. D. to W. C.

Full seventeen years of yesterday
Have sought the silent tomb
Since from the font's baptismal drops
My infant brow did lave;
The drops that gave my father's name
With thine for me to bear,
And made me with the cross sign
Christ's soldier, heaven's heir,
And many a time his hand and thine,
With priestly power endowed,
Hath given me grace, in part to do
What thou for me you vowed.

And many a time, both thou and he
In bearing Jesus cross
Have taught me that the world counts gain
For Christ to be but loss,
And though by Apostolic hands,
Those vows on me are laid,
Which by the consecrated font
Thy lips for me once said

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one —
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lord of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

O — " — "
One sleeps where Southern winds are dreed
Where the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a bloodred field of Spain;

— " — "
And one — o'er her the myrtle sheaves
Its leaves, by soft wind fann'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

— " — "
And parted thus they rest who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around our parents' knee;

— " — "
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth! —