

## ✦ PROMISE ✦

Again the wooing sun shall come  
    Within our garden ways,  
And Spring repeat the stirring call  
    Of joyous yesterdays:  
Again shall tulips bravely smile,  
    And lilac hedges glow,  
And later, by the lattice fence,  
    Shall crimson roses blow.  
Beyond, 'mid fragrant orchard boughs,  
    Shall warblers gaily sing,  
And incense breezes bear aloft  
    The breath of blossoming  
  
Ah, do not let our weeping dim  
    The beauty of the sky —  
Our sorrow bid the call of Spring  
    To pass unheeded by.  
There's healing, God's own healing in  
    The sun, the wind, and sea, —  
In verdant open spaces and  
    In forest minstrelsy.  
As earth is richer—sweeter for  
    The snow-bound days she knew,  
So pain may blossom into joy,  
    Perchance, for me and you.

L. G. C.