

## THE CHANGE

Out of the past there rises a week -  
    Who shall read the years O! -  
Out of the past there rises a week  
    Enringed with a purple zone.  
Out of the past there rises a week  
    When thoughts were strung too thick to speak,  
And the magic of its lineaments remains with me alone.

In that week there was heard a singing -  
    Who shall spell the years, the years! -  
In that week there was heard a singing,  
    And the white owl wondered why.  
In that week, yea, a voice was ringing,  
    And forth from the casement were candles flinging  
Radiance that fell on the deodar and lit up the path thereby.

Could that song have a mocking note? -  
    Who shall unroll the years O! -  
Could that song have a mocking note  
    To the white owl's sense as it fell?  
Could that song have a mocking note  
    As it trilled out warm from the singer's throat,

And who was the mocker and who the mocked when two felt all was well?

In a tedious trampling crowd yet later -

Who shall bare the years, the years! -

In a tedious trampling crowd yet later,

When silvery singings were dumb;

In a crowd uncaring what time might fate her,

Mid murks of night I stood to await her,

And the twanging of iron wheels gave out the signal that she was  
come.

She said with a travel-tired smile -

Who shall lift the years O! -

She said with a travel-tired smile,

Half scared by scene so strange;

She said, outworn by mile on mile,

The blurred lamps wanning her face the while,

"O Love, I am here; I am with you!" . . . Ah, that there should have  
come a change!

O the doom by someone spoken -

Who shall unseal the years, the years! -

O the doom that gave no token,

When nothing of bale saw we:

O the doom by someone spoken,

O the heart by someone broken,

The heart whose sweet reverberances are all time leaves to me.

Jan.-Feb. 1913.