

When Spring Brings Back The Daffodil And Rose

by Jane Stuart

How softly we remember those we love
when spring brings back the daffodil and rose,
when summer skies are full of grayest doves,

When shining moments spent among foxglove
mingle with hours that bring to us repose.
How sweetly we remember those we love

When hidden in starry bowers above
Life's trees, we love again whom our hearts chose
when summer skies were full of gentle doves.

And if it rains! we tarry with true love
to fill our hearts with poetry and prose.
How softly we remember those we loved

When love was answered, in faith, by true love
and promised love, we knew, was predisposed
when summer skies were filled with whitest doves,

When night and day were pleasing to our love—
who could but love what love did not oppose?
How sweetly we remember those we love
when summer skies are full of gentle doves.