

Classic Poetry Series

Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon

- poems -

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The Bride of a Year

She stands in front of her mirror
With bright and joyous air,
Smooths out with a skilful hand
Her waves of golden hair;
But the tell-tale roses on her cheek,
So changing yet so bright,
And downcast, earnest eye betray
New thoughts are hers to-night.

Then say what is the fairy spell
Around her beauty thrown,
Lending a new and softer charm
To every look and tone?
It is the hidden consciousness --
The blissful, joyous thought
That she, at length, hath wholly won
The heart she long had sought.

To-morrow is her bridal day,
That day of hopes and fears,
Of partings from beloved friends,
Of sunshine and of tears:
To-morrow will she say the words,
Those words whose import deep
Will fix her future lot in life --
Well might she pause and weep!

Yet, only once, a passing cloud
Rests on her girlish brow,
Her dark eye gleameth restlessly --
She's thinking of her vow.
But quick as light and fleecy clouds
Flit o'er a summer sky,
The shadow passeth from her brow,
The trouble from her eye.

In silvery tones she murmurs forth,
My heart is light and glad,
Youth, beauty, hope, are all mine own,
Then, why should I be sad?
To graver hearts leave graver thoughts
And all foreboding fears,
For me, life's sunshine and its flowers, --
I am too young for tears!

Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon

To My Husband on Our Wedding-Day

I leave for thee, beloved one,
The home and friends of youth,
Trusting my hopes, my happiness,
Unto thy love and truth;
I leave for thee my girlhood's joys,
Its sunny, careless mirth,
To bear henceforth my share amid
The many cares of earth.

And yet, no wild regret I give
To all that now I leave,
The golden dreams, the flow'ry wreaths
That I no more may weave;
The future that before me lies
A dark and unknown sea --
Whate'er may be its storms or shoals,
I brave them all with thee!

I will not tell thee now of love
Whose life, ere this, thou'st guessed,
And which, like sacred secret, long
Was treasured in my breast;
Enough that if thy lot be calm,
Or storms should o'er it sweep,
Thou'lt learn that it is woman's love,
Unchanging, pure and deep.

If this life's sunshine gild thy lot,
Bestowing wealth and pride,
Its light enjoying, I shall stand,
Rejoicing, at thy side;
But, oh! if thou should'st prove the griefs
That blight thy fellow-men,
'Twill be my highest, dearest right,
To be, love, with thee then.

And thou, wilt thou not promise me
Thy heart will never change,
That tones and looks, so loving now,
Will ne'er grow stern and strange?
That thou'lt be kind, whatever faults
Or failings may be mine,
And bear with them in patient love,
As I will bear with thine?

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