

Two Homes.

It was a fairy home I had
 Where tiger-lilies grow
 And on my lawn my mother pressed
 A diamond of snow
 And in my heart, as never, untraced
 My father's ashes glow.
 It was a fairy home I had
 But that was long ago

It is a crystal house I have
 With pittering wells around
 Where people have not learned the joy
 Of tiger-lilies found
 By weaver hands. All is alloy
 A mixture of sound
 It is a crystal house I have
 With snow drops on the ground.

My father's ashes? They still glow
 But life is just as overflown.