

## LOCHINVARS

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Archie J. Williams by the author,  
February 9, 1930.

"Oh, young Lochinvar has come out of the west":  
Yet not on his bold steed, as you may have guessed;  
Nor yet with a sword by his side, gleaming bright,  
Nor with garb nor with plume that bespeak him Sir Knight!

For time has wrought change -- 'tis a far-reaching call  
Since that hero of old entered Netherby Hall,  
And bore his true maid over bush, brake and scaur,  
"From home, friends and kinsman -- defying each bar".

Oh, Walter, Sir Walter, all honor to you  
For your picture of love and of lover most true.  
While the earth makes her rounds, with the starlight above,  
There will always be Lochinvvars seeking their love!

So we sing you of one who returned from this quest  
With his bride -- to Kentucky (not far to the west).....  
.....Where the pine and the laurel stand green all the year,  
Where the holly and mistletoe brighten and cheer,

And her heart felt the peace of which sweet angels sang,  
And they plighted their troth, with their friends gathered near  
For greting and parting, for smile -- and for tear!

They are here in our midst, and our welcome rings true:  
Fair bride, our warm friendship we offer to you.  
With you, worthy groom, -- of this group long a part --  
We rejoice o'er the joy that has entered your heart.

The words of another we borrow, for they  
Slightly changed, bear our wish for you both, now and aye:

Touch them gently, Time,  
Let them glide adown life's stream,  
Lightly, as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream.  
Voyagers together, they,  
Let no storms their hearts dismay:  
Sailing on to heaven's fair clime;  
Touch them gently, gently, Time.

Alcyona Johnson.