

The days of old

Ah, speak not of this present time,
 No matter what its joys may be;
 No matter though its moments make
 A rainbow over being's sea,
 A rainbow arching perfect hills
 With sweet hues beaming manifold.
 Because I cannot help but muse
 Upon the days of old.

The friends who wandered with me through
 Young life's unclouded, rosy bowers,
 Thinking that time must always mark
 His dial-plate with deathless flowers—
 The friends, the friends of youth are gone;
 Above them is the burial mold—
 Then how can I but, weeping, muse
 Upon the days of old;

And she the beautiful of all,
 Who was my youthful spirit's shrine;
 Who leaned her brow upon my breast,
 And, blushing, whispered, "O my thine!"
 Ah she! That golden hour is over.
 When first young love its raptures told;
 I can, I can but weeping muse
 Upon the days of old.

Then speak not of this present time,
 No matter what its joys may be;
 No matter though its moments make
 A rainbow over being's sea—
 For I have lost the friends of youth,
 All are in the burial mold;
 Ah, what else can I do but muse
 Upon the days of old;