

The moon looked down the tale to hear
That still deceives the maiden's ear,
And slander wove its web of slime
Round many a heart in that old time; —
 Ah, how the years are flying,

A hundred years ago! the graves
 That mourners wet with weeping
The plough hath furrowed; with their dead
 All those who wept are sleeping;
Are sleeping as we soon shall sleep,
No more to laugh, no more to weep,
No more to hope, no more to fear,
No more to ask Why are we here
 A weary and a sighing.