

Greeting.

WITH this there speeds a Tale of Days,
Ne'er writ, nor sung, nor told,
That when twelve silver moons shall blaze
Thou'lt shrine with Days of Old.

As one by one, to thy strange gaze,
The pages are unrolled,
Mayhap may'st find these unknown days
Red-letter'd some, some gold.

If some there be, to thine amaze,
All leaden grey and cold,
May memories of Golden Days
The cheerless few o'erfold!