

DEPARTURE.

OLD house now ruined, wrecked and gray,
 Home once enshrined of love's delight
 And all glad promise of the May,
 Now hushed in shades of wintry night :—

Once garment of a thousand loves,
 Now but a shroud of glooming stone ;—
 While sad October moans and roves
 Old house, old house, we are alone !

We are alone ; yea, you and I,
 Who dreamed old summers in their prime ;
 Now sad and late, to see them die
 Along this ruined verge of time.

Old rooms now empty, once so bright,—
 Stair-cases climbed of gladdening feet,
 Dark windows erstwhile filled with light
 Where now but rains of autumn beat :—

Where now but lorn months call and call
 And sea and gust and night complain,—
 With ghost-boughs shadowing on the wall,
 Or dead vines knocking at the pane.

Old place, whose ceilings, walls and floors
 Still redolent of love and May ;
 Once more, once more I leave your doors,
 Into the night I take my way.