

A Hundred Years Ago.

A HUNDRED years ago the birds
Were singing as they sing now,
The fields were flecked with flocks, the flowers
Were springing as they spring now;
Men toiled as men are toiling now
And moiled as men are molling now,
And groped as men are groping now,
And hoped as men are hoping now,
And died as men are dying,

One lived for love and one for gold,
And dreams of fame beguiled one;
One was a monarch where he dwelt,
Another a reviled one!