

## XI.

It boots not now what eyes were bright or young ;  
 What hearts were warm with Love's all kindling glow ;  
 What music bubbled from persuasive tongue  
 Of glad young lover, who had prayed to know  
 If life's best hopes would to fruition grow :  
 They all forgotten lie in that far past  
 Of the lost centuries, that, gliding slow,  
 Leaves madness, wisdom, mirth and tears o'ercast  
 With that cold veil which shadows all at last.

## XII.

Those shadows cold—Ah yes ! for they remain—  
 The ghosts live ever, ever hover o'er  
 The haunts where human passion, death and pain,  
 And sin and shame their scarlet letters wore.  
 Of sleeping choristers that sing no more,  
 The soul-notes hover in the pulseless air,  
 And silent warders guard the broken door,  
 And mailed knights their noiseless armour wear,  
 And bear as erst Damascus blades to prayer

## XIII.

Worn warriors meet, of visage grim and old,  
 From the mad strife at which poor mortals play,  
 With hearts still human, which might well be cold  
 From all war's madly mutinous array.  
 How well 'twere fitting they should meet to pray,  
 If o'er the soul one ray of light could fall,  
 Or Hope from Mercy's fount could catch a ray  
 To light the spirit back from sin's dark thrall,  
 When startled conscience wakes at midnight call.

## XIV.

Yes, hearts were hungry then, were faint, and failed,  
 As ours to-day, they sought surcease from pain ;  
 They watched as we, when plan or purpose paled,  
 And wept because the loved could not remain.  
 They felt that souls unborn should feel again,  
 And called with hands uplifted to the stars ;  
 They bare the canker of sin's blighting stain,  
 The record of life's tragedy, the scars  
 That kill the soul, the strife that makes or mars.

## XV.

They wore the sack-cloth all the ages wore ;  
 They knew the faith that waits, and suffers long,  
 The hope that falters, when the heart is sore,  
 And human tears are tortured into song.  
 They knew that prayer comes fitting to the tongue,  
 When wisdom fails, and prophets scarcely know ;  
 When doubt sits voiceless, mid the silent throng,  
 And music's daughters, singing sad and low,  
 Behold the passing nations come and go.

## XVI.

The hue of motives, modes and manners change,  
 But tide of years leaves human hearts the same :