

YESTERDAY

But the sun was low, as we rose to go,
And ah, it was cold and grey,
While the shadows of even were falling—
The evening of yesterday.

For the land of dreams is the long ago,
Where shadowy phantoms tread
Of a task undone and a prize unwon,
The gift that at noonday fled.
Though we turn again to its sunlit plain,
The glories are dimmed for aye,
And our castles are mingled with ashes,
The ashes of yesterday.