

Some years were as a wheeling flight of sighs ;
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

Oh, time of hidden pain, oh, time of tears,
Now would I rest, for I am weary quite ;
The years move always, slowly drifting years,
Beyond the shadow of the Infinite.
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.