

R
THE PASSING YEAR

The feast is over, the guests are fled;
It is time to be old, it is time for bed.
The wind has blown out every light,
And the pleasure garden is turned to blight.
The trees like puffed-out candles stand,
And the smoke of their darkness is over the land.

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l of cloud.
Heavily hangs the drowsy head,
Heavily droop the lashes;
To bed! to bed! Let prayers be said
And cover the fire with ashes.

How the pipers piped, and the dancers flew,
Their hearts were piping and dancing, too.
Wine of the sun and spell of the stream,
Birds in an ecstasy, flowers that teem,
All gone by; now the quiet sky
Looks down on the earth where the snow must lie.

ing grace
Heavily hangs the drowsy head,
Heavily droop the lashes;
To bed! to bed! Let prayers be said
And cover the fire with ashes.