

*Ah, the days that were, the dear dead days,
Now past, nor ever again to be!
Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,
They shall never come back to me.*

High sun again, dear Heart, high sun,
And the songs, dear Heart, of the gladdening birds,
For the days grow long, and May is done!

*Ah, the days that were, the dear dead days,
Now past, nor ever again to be!
Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,
They shall never come back to me.*

Shadow again, dear Heart, and pain to-day,
Sweet pain for me in the lonely room,
With June now here,—but you away!

*Ah, the days that were, the days of June,
Now past, nor ever again to be!
I would bless their return with tears that burn,
Could they ever come back to me.*