

Too Late

Too late you came, your only crime,
For fled were youth's bright hours,
While Love himself is winged like Time,
And seeks the freshest flowers.

For in the bright and liquid morn,
How brilliant bloom the roses;
But when the Winter comes forlorn,
How soon the brief bud closes.

Then chide me not that I am cold,
That you no passion waken;
Remember, dear, that we are old,
And Love his leave has taken.