

THE YEARS

WITHIN old cloistered woods I hear leaves fall
As softly as a quiet summer rain,
The earth lies silent 'neath its leafy pall,
While years tread softly where dead hopes are
lain ;

Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern,
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

And so we passed swiftly as a pulsing flame,
While there were those that dreamed 'neath
slumb'rous skies,
Some sped white-winged and others stumbled
lame,