

THE HALLS OF HOLYROOD.



LET me sit as evening falls
In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
Of ancient Holyrood ;
And think how human power and pride
Must sink into decay,
Or like the bubbles on the tide,
Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
To see the archers good,
Draw bow within the ringing courts
Of merry Holyrood ;
Ah, where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase ?
Passed, passed away !

And where the Monks and Friars gray,
That oft in jovial mood,
Would revel till the break of day
In merry Holyrood ?
The flagons deep are emptied out,
The revellers all away ;
They come not to renew the bout—
Where, where are they ?