

*On a Waltz*

ON A WALTZ

FAIRY steps to music's measure  
In the waltz were gliding past,  
Thinking, dreaming nought but pleasure,  
As if that on earth could last!

As if in this world of sorrow  
Mirth could banish care away,  
And as though life's coming morrow  
Must be like its yesterday.

From the throng a murmur broke not,  
On each brow was seen no care,  
But I thought, I thought and spoke not,  
Many an aching heart is there.

Many a heart in silence yearning,  
For the precious hours gone by,  
Hours the brief, the unreturning,  
Whose sole tribute was a sigh.