

## RETROSPECT

I WONDERED why the fields were not  
    Enchanting as in days gone by,  
I viewed each memory-treasured spot,  
Each path and nook still unforget—  
    Beheld them with unmoistened eye—  
    And saw in old familiar scenes  
    The graves of many might-have-beens,  
Yet wondered why my spirit sought  
Its old delight—and found it not.

I wondered why the breezes blew,  
    But thrilled me not as in the past,  
Nor re-inspired the thoughts I knew  
And strange delights that warmed and grew  
    When here their fancies held me fast,  
    And felt the night wind on my face—  
    The same old wind—the same old place—  
And mustered memories in review  
I knew of old when breezes blew.

I wondered why the summer skies  
    Were not so fair as once they were,