

Not the ripened fields of autumn, underneath the harvest  
moon,  
Full September's mellowed beauty pales before the flush  
of June.

Hail again! and, as I greet thee, kindred spirits of the  
past,  
All the joy remembrance gives me clings around thy  
presence fast.

In the sacred urn of memory, from the world securely  
hid,  
Dwell the ghosts of vanished pleasures underneath a  
sealed lid.

In the sepulchre of sorrow, under many a winter's snow,  
Lie the hopes I fondly nourished in the Junes of long  
ago.

But they rise when thou dost stir them with an over-  
whispering wind,  
As the Phoenix springs to being from the ashes of its  
kind.

How they come and crowd around me, banishing my  
present pain,  
Like long-dead, forgotten lovers come to love on earth  
again.

How they steal across my vision, this familiar spectral  
train,  
Half with sadness, half with gladness, to possess my  
heart again.

For I hear again the music of the voices loved and known  
E'er dumb Death and Life's loud ocean hushed and bore  
away the tone.

There is one, a living image, which thy touch has sum-  
moned here;  
Oh! how long ago we parted, though dull time counts  
scarce a year.