

Once above the waving grass,  
 Daisies spangled all the lawn,  
 Where the Lady used to pass,  
 In the summers that are gone.

Over-blooming lilacs leaned  
 On the dawn-hour's wakening breeze,  
 Till their showering petals screened  
 All the late anemonies.

And along the garden wall  
 Flamed a row of hollyhocks,  
 And a line of lilies tall  
 Swayed beside the gravel walks.

And a carol used to swell,  
 Even through the fall-time air,  
 Till the mellow twilight fell  
 On the Lady singing there.

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But her sweet face never gleams  
 Now among those lonely bowers;  
 Yet a sound of music seems  
 Still to steal among the flowers.

Still the roses cling and bloom  
 All around her window-square;  
 Still the sunlight fills the room,  
 Still the roses scent the air;