

DEPARTURE.

OLD house now ruined, wrecked and gray,
Home once enshrined of love's delight
And all glad promise of the May,
Now hushed in shades of wintry night :—

Once garment of a thousand loves,
Now but a shroud of glooming stone ;—
While sad October moans and roves
Old house, old house, we are alone !

We are alone ; yea, you and I,
Who dreamed old summers in their prime ;
Now sad and late, to see them die
Along this ruined verge of time.

Old rooms now empty, once so bright,—
Stair-cases climbed of gladdening feet,
Dark windows erstwhile filled with light
Where now but rains of autumn beat :—

Where now but lorn months call and call
And sea and gust and night complain,—
With ghost-boughs shadowing on the wall,
Or dead vines knocking at the pane.

Old place, whose ceilings, walls and floors
Still redolent of love and May ;
Once more, once more I leave your doors,
Into the night I take my way.