

## THE BURIED YEARS

THE twilight shadows creep along the wall,  
Without, the sobbing of the wind I hear,  
And from the vine-clad elm that marks  
the mere

The ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall.  
Deeper and deeper grow the shades of night,  
And, gazing in the fire, to me appears  
The form of one departed with the years—  
The buried years of hope, and faith and  
light.

“Oh that those lips had language”—would  
they tell

The old, old story of the bygone days—  
Ere on our heart the blighting shadow fell,  
And we henceforward followed parted  
ways ?

I ask, but as I ask the embers die—  
The vision fades—and answer none  
have I.