



Of ruined castle, old and lone,
On some wild headland by the main ;
The revellers long since are gone,
And never shall return again.

And Quiet sits upon the wall
And listens to the fitful moan
Of restless waves that rise and fall
But tell no story but their own.

Its joys are like the broken strings
Of harp that sounded through the night,
When song and dance awoke the springs
Of merriment and wild delight.

Its sorrows like the broken chain
That rusts within yon dungeon keep,
It wakes no more a double pain,
Nor clanks to make the captive weep.

Its hopes—alas ! what were they e'er,
But gossamer webs in moonlight wrought,
And rent before a breath of air
They broke, and strewed the wold with—nought.

And now that Passion's tide runs high
And glimmers in the sunlight bright,
We can't afford a smile or sigh
For bygone pain or past delight.