

"I, too, am going to seek my repose  
In valleys, that lie beyond the dark hills;  
There to forget all my troubles and ills—  
I too must go like the glowing, red rose."

"Twas a death-song filling my lonely heart,  
With strange thoughts, anxious; O must my love  
go—  
This dear Old Year, whom I always loved so!  
Life's joys are brief. Ah! they come but to part.

"Roses must die!"—thus he sang in the night:  
"I am so tired, the way it is long.  
Ah! I grow weak and strange fancies now  
throng—  
My senses are numb, my head it is light."

"Take these fond treasures, my child, they are  
thine!"  
Spoke he then strangely to me at the door.  
"They make thee so rich, but leave me so poor,  
Ah! my brain reels as if drunken with wine."

"Twas but a moment, and then he was gone.  
Had I been dreaming? Ah, no, list the shrill  
Cry of deep anguish come over the hill—  
Some one is dying out there all alone.