

Such voices spirit-like appear,  
Through copse and grove they venture near,  
And breathe upon the passive ear ;  
When memory's gates are left ajar,  
Mount recollection's rapid car,  
And journey through the past afar.

Old faces everywhere abound ;  
Old voices of familiar sound,  
Speak out from lips now under ground,  
Or from the sea-depths darksome dells,  
Where painful reminiscence dwells,  
Just hear the greetings and farewells.

