

IN TIME OF SICKNESS

Lost Youth, come back again !
Laugh at weariness and pain.
Come not in dreams, but come in truth,

Lost Youth.

Sweetheart of long ago,
Why do you haunt me so ?
Were you not glad to part,
Sweetheart ?

Still Death, that draws so near,
Is it hope you bring, or fear ?
Is it only ease of breath,
Still Death ?