

YESTERDAYS

And when the ring was given,
And when the prayer was said,
He knew, as he led his bride away,
That he was not truly wed.

And while they sat at the banquet,
And mirth flowed like the wine,
A dead girl's voice hissed in his ear,
'You are not hers, but mine.'

Oh ! never beside his hearthstone,
And never in any place,
Shall he be free from the haunting thought
Of that accusing face.