

MEMORIES.

Round him, in the twilight's stillness,
Throng fond memories of yore ;
"Come back ! O, come back !" he murmurs.
But the shadows still elude him ;
Fade away and mocking answer,—
 "Nevermore !"

"Ah, these shadows ! How ye mock me !
How ye start from Memory's store,
Where, in happy days, together,
Hand in hand we freely roamed—
Come once more !" But still the answer,
 "Nevermore !"

In despair he cried out madly :
"Have ye naught to offer more ?
In some purer bright Existence
Will we meet to know each other ?"
Like Heaven's music swells the answer,
 "Evermore !"