

THE PRINCE OF ROSELAND 133

But, alas ! some sorrowful sundown
We start to find the strain
Has lost the rhyme of the older time,
Has gathered a note of pain ;

And we weep to know the glory,
That filled life's song of yore,
Is fled as the breath of roses
And can thrill our hearts no more.

Here 'mid the faded petals
Of a land grown old with flowers,
Here in our songless palace
We sit and count the hours

Till the strange, still night be broken,
And we hear the old, glad strain
With ears undinned by sorrow
And spirits purged of pain.