

## Die Trying "The Past"

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Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep than we mortals dream  
We look before and after and pine for what's not  
Our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught

Will thou now forget the happy hours  
Which we buried in love's, in love's sweet bowers  
Heaping over their corpses so cold  
Blossoms and leaves instead of the mold?

Forget the dead and the past? Oh yet,  
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,  
Memories that make the cold heart a tomb  
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,

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