

## THE FADED FACE

How was this I did not see  
Such a look as here was shown  
Ere its womanhood had blown  
Past its first felicity? -  
That I did not know you young,  
Faded Face,  
Know you young!

Why did Time so ill bestead  
That I heard no voice of yours  
Hail from out the curved contours  
Of those lips when rosy red;  
Weeted not the songs they sung,  
Faded Face,  
Songs they sung!

By these blanchings, blooms of old,  
And the relics of your voice -  
Leavings rare of rich and choice  
From your early tone and mould -  
Let me mourn,--aye, sorrow-wrung,

Faded Face,

Sorrow-wrung!