

## THE AGEING HOUSE

When the walls were red  
That now are seen  
To be overspread  
With a mouldy green,  
A fresh fair head  
Would often lean  
From the sunny casement  
And scan the scene,  
While blithely spoke the wind to the little sycamore tree.

But storms have raged  
Those walls about,  
And the head has aged  
That once looked out;  
And zest is suaged  
And trust is doubt,  
And slow effacement  
Is rife throughout,  
While fiercely girds the wind at the long-limbed sycamore tree!