

WHISPERINGS OF TIME

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649733316

Whisperings of Time by Delia M. Hills

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DELIA M. HILLS

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OF TIME**

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BY
DELIA M. HILLS. X

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SAN FRANCISCO:

H. KELLER & CO.

1878.
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I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE

This little Volume

To my Mother.

Saron Gables, Apr. 5, 1949

PREFACE.

MEMORY, ever busy in the chambers of the brain,
Brings the past before me vividly again;
Holds to view a picture of the flying years,
Painted on the canvas, midst our falling tears:
Gathers unforgotten songs of other days—
All their wildest music, all their sweetest lays;
And toils, o'er buried dreams, its saddened knell;
And folds, around my heart, its weird and mystic spell.

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WHISPERINGS OF TIME.

THE darkness was melting to silver-gray,
At the magic touch of the coming day;
When I heard the sound of wings, going by,
The trembling echo of a tearless sigh;
And a whisper, so weird, and yet, so near,
That it faintly fell on my listening ear:
And I knew it was Time, in his onward flight,
Gathering the hours in the morn's golden light.

Quickly and swiftly, I slipped from my cot,
And lurked in Time's shadow with weeping *Thought*;
For I saw that *Thought* followed in his train,
Over the ocean, and over the plain;
And I knew they had kept their watch together,
Through the darksome night, and the stormy weather:
And as weary watchers, they had toiled and wept,
While the hours went by, and the sleeping world slept.

And I saw, by the gleam of the rosy light,
The falling of sand, of a pearly white;