

Irremeabile Tempus

By Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

No rest no pause, no stay,
The endless moments glide;
An every world should cease to be
Time were not satisfied.

To each glad hour we cling
That rude winds sweep away,
Till echoing in the past we hear
The wail of their dismay.

Too long, too short, too strange,
The bright child-days are fled;
While glittering sands that once ran gold,
Alas, run dust instead.

For childhood, laughter-strown,
I call and call in vain;
My little playmate's winsome face
Time will not bring again.

No hour may I prolong,
Nor turn the dread hands back,
Yet can no joy in future years
Bring what the past years lack.

Past, Present, and To-come
Shape the eternal soul;
The stillborn hope of yesterday
Is lost unto the whole.

Give now the vanished gift,
From these frail fingers reft;
Yet, though it fill the present full,
The empty past is left.

To-day spreads all her wares
Untouched, despised, too late,—
A kiss from those child-lips I miss,
And naught can compensate.