Agings

HAMISH M. BROWN

I remember the old man, my friend,
With his slowly slowing pace
Smoothing the gabbro of my youth
With his hill-honed grace.

I grew bitter at his failing powers,
That he, who mounted mountains high,
Should so have shrunk and shrivelled,
Be bed-bound, and die.

That was no END for a life of peaks,
For a son of sunny years;
But now, seeing my mountains slip,
I learn to hide my tears.