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The HAUNTED CASTLE

Lilla Price Savino..

Pale ghosts, with snowy hands and flowing hair,
Are gliding up and down yon stairs and hall;
Tall shapes, in armor clad or fabrics rare,
Hasten in answer to their loved ones' call.

For this old castle, standing on a hill,
Has seen twelve generations rise and fall,
And now the last man of its line lies still
Within the churchyard, near the crumbling wall.

And yet, within its spacious halls and rooms,
A troop of merry-makers holds full sway—
Spirits of those who here held happy court
In wondrous glory of a bygone day.

Mortals who pass see lights and hear strange sounds
And flee in terror from the fearful place;
They say the castle's haunted by the dead
Of that ancestral line of noble race.

Play on, pale ghosts, until the cold, gray dawn
Warns you to seek again your narrow beds,
And, in your tattered grandeur, sink to rest
Beneath the crumbling stones that mark your heads.

