

## **THE SONG OF THE CHILDREN**

The World is ours till sunset, Holly and fire and snow; And the name of our  
dead brother Who loved us long ago.

The grown folk mighty and cunning, They write his name in gold; But we  
can tell a little Of the million tales he told.

He taught them laws and watchwords, To preach and struggle and pray;  
But he taught us deep in the hayfield The games that the angels play.

Had he stayed here for ever, Their world would be wise as ours-- And the  
king be cutting capers, And the priest be picking flowers.

But the dark day came: they gathered: On their faces we could see They  
had taken and slain our brother, And hanged him on a tree.