

DURING WIND AND RAIN

They sing their dearest songs -

He, she, all of them--yea,

Treble and tenor and bass,

And one to play;

With the candles mooning each face . . .

Ah, no; the years O!

How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss -

Elders and juniors--aye,

Making the pathways neat

And the garden gay;

And they build a shady seat . . .

Ah, no; the years, the years;

See, the white storm-birds wing across!

They are blithely breakfasting all -

Men and maidens--yea,

Under the summer tree,

With a glimpse of the bay,

While pet fowl come to the knee . . .

Ah, no; the years O!
And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
He, she, all of them--aye,
Clocks and carpets and chairs
On the lawn all day,
And brightest things that are theirs . . .

Ah, no; the years, the years;
Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.