

## GIORNO DEI MORTI

ALONG the avenue of cypresses

All in their scarlet cloaks, and surplices

Of linen go the chanting choristers,

The priests in gold and black, the villagers. . . .

And all along the path to the cemetery

The round dark heads of men crowd silently,

And black-scarved faces of women-folk, wistfully

Watch at the banner of death, and the mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands

With sunken head, and forgotten, folded hands;

And at the foot of a grave a mother kneels

With pale shut face, nor either hears nor feels

The coming of the chanting choristers

Between the avenue of cypresses,

The silence of the many villagers,

The candle-flames beside the surplices.