

Which would warm the blood and
 Make the feasts more glad and merry.
On the sands the growing children,
 Braves and klotchmen yet to be,
Played the livelong day in gladness,
 Gladness that the sun was shining,
That summer days yet lingered,
 That the winter time had come not,
That the sands were warm and level,
 For the hearts of children ever
Take small heed of what has come not;
 Think they only of the present,
Of the present and its pastimes—
 Never think they on the future.
Ah-de-dah! That time is past now.
 Where are now those merry people?
Where the laughter and the singing,
 Where the joy, the peaceful pleasures?
Who beguiles the darksome winter
 With the legend, song and dancing,
With the tales of days long gone?
 Where are they who peopled
All the shining sands of Hwulch?
 Skyue, with its tents of cedar,
Shacks of shake and cedar bark,
 Might reply and, mournful, tell us
Where the DHAD have pitched their tents.
 But the graves of Skyue speak not,
Like their people they are silent,
 Silent for their tongues are quiet,
Quiet with the dust that sleepeth
 Its long, last, eternal sleep.
Skyue's surges sadly sighing,
 Tell of days that used to be,
Tell of strength and war and prowess,
 Tell of love and nights of dreaming
When the moon was at its fullest.
 O'er the graves the yew trees murmur
Cadences of grief and sorrow,
 Like the tender, tender crooning
Which the doting mother maketh
 To her babe, in barken cradle,
Drowsy with the slumberous singing.
 Where are now the merry people