

## 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.