

*The Mendicants.* Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart  
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;  
Then supperless he laid him down  
That night, and slept beneath the stars.

#### THE MARCHING MORROWS.

NOW gird thee well for courage,  
My knight of twenty year,  
Against the marching morrows  
That fill the world with fear!

The flowers fade before them;  
The summer leaves the hill;  
Their trumpets range the morning,  
And those who hear grow still.

Like pillagers of harvest,  
Their fame is far abroad,  
As gray remorseless troopers  
That plunder and maraud.

The dust is on their corselets;  
Their marching fills the world;  
With conquest after conquest  
Their banners are unfurled.

They overthrow the battles  
Of every lord of war,  
From world-dominion cities  
Wipe out the names they bore.