

## The Ghurchyard

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Where the cypress trees are drooping,  
O'er the white slabbed silent town;  
Where the low wind mournfully whispers,  
Through the willows bowing down;  
Where the purple flowers blossom,  
From the peaceful earth all brown.

The deserving ones shall be happy,  
In regions evermore fair,  
Though their bodies are lowly resting  
Under the ghost stones there,  
Like sentinels of the stillness  
That silently stand and stare.

The shadows come; the shadows go;  
Past flower and mound and tree.  
No cheery larks in the branches sing,  
With their careless notes and free,  
For shadows reign in this silence,  
With dominant empery.

See! Here is a modest violet,  
And there is a rose blood-red,  
Across the path a forget-me-not  
Is raising its purple head,  
For flowers help the shadows rule  
In the cities of the dead.

THEODORE J. KELLY, '14.