

O'er the grave or battle-ground,
Where each warrior sleeps.

Once by these shores these warriors played,
Here lover bronzed and maiden strayed,
And as they parted coyly stayed
To plight their troth.

And oft when summer moons were young,
When swaying branches murmuring hung,
Whispered their loves in unknown tongue.
Oft in the autumn harvest feast,
Through purple mists from out the east,
They watched old Gheezis golden-fleeced,
Rise o'er the forest.

Here many a warrior sleeps below,
His place of rest full well they know,
Marked where the midday's glorious glow
Turns to the west.

The world of men may burn and burn,
But in these dreamy walls of fern,
Swathed in deep rest, they never turn.

Through the dim ages soft they sleep,
Wrapt in calm slumber, long and deep,
While Nepenthean dews their eyelids steep.

A wild, strange banquet long ago,
Whose lamps, in midst of festive glow
And mirthful sounds, burnt sudden low.

O sunsets old, long wandered down;
O ancient Indian shore and town,