

THE BREED

In the nameless graves where the big grass waves
And shadows of empire fall
They are sleeping the sleep of the ages,
Awaiting the last great call.

*'Twas so at the first, 'twill be to the last,
The wanderer still must roam.
For the fates decreed that the gypsy breed
Forever must trail alone.
In the silent land by the lonely fire,
Midst wilderness old and grey,
They are blending with dreams of to-morrow
"What might have been" yesterday.*