

WHERE THEY LIVED

DISHEVELLED leaves creep down
 Upon that bank to-day,
Some green, some yellow, and some pale brown;
 The wet bents bob and sway;
The once warm slippery turf is sodden
 Where we laughingly sat or lay.

 The summerhouse is gone,
 Leaving a weedy space;
The bushes that veiled it once have grown
 Gaunt trees that interlace,
Through whose lank limbs I see too clearly
 The nakedness of the place.

 And where were hills of blue,
 Blind drifts of vapour blow,
And the names of former dwellers few,
 If any, people know,
And instead of a voice that called, 'Come in, Dears.'
 Time calls, 'Pass below!'