

Dirge in Woods

By George Meredith

A wind sways the pines,
 And below
Not a breath of wild air;
Still as the mosses that glow
On the flooring and over the lines
Of the roots here and there.
The pine-tree drops its dead;
They are quiet, as under the sea.
Overhead, overhead
Rushes life in a race,
As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.