

The Ruin

Wondrous this masonry wasted by Fate!
Giant-built battlements shattered and broken!
The roofs are in ruin, the towers are wrecked,
The frost-covered bastions battered and fallen.
Rime whitens mortar; the cracking walls
Have sagged and toppled, weakened by Time.
The clasp of earth and the clutch of the grave
Grip the proud builders, long perished and gone,
While a hundred generations have run.
Hoary with lichen and ruddy of hue
This wall has outlasted, unshaken by storm,
Reign after reign; now ravaged and wrecked
The lofty arch is leveled in ruin. . . .

Firmly the builder laid the foundations,
Cunningly bound them with iron bands;
Stately the palaces, splendid the baths,
Towers and pinnacles pointing on high;
Many a mead-hall rang with their revelry,
Many a court with the clangor of arms,
Till Fate the all-leveling laid them low.
A pestilence rose and corpses were rife,
And death laid hold on the warrior-host.

Then their bulwarks were broken, their fortresses fell,
The hands to restore them were helpless and still.
Desolate now are the courts, and the dome,

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With arches discolored, is stripped of its tiles.
Where of old once the warrior walked in his pride,
Gleaming with gold and wanton with wine,
Splendidly shining in glittering mail,
The structure lies fallen and scattered in ruin.
Around him he saw a treasure of silver,
Riches of pearl and precious stones,
In a shining city of far-flung sway.
There stood courts of stone, with a gushing spring
Of boiling water in welling floods,
And a wall embosomed in gleaming embrace
The spot where the hot baths burst into air.

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The children in the parkland are beautifully
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