

Say, shall not I at last attain
Some height, from whence the Past is clear,
In whose immortal atmosphere
I shall behold my dead again?

Bayard Taylor.

2 1-3
For the fires grow cold and the dances fail,
And the songs in their echoes die;
And what have we left but the graves beneath,
And, above, the waiting sky?

The Song of the Ancient People.

My Father, have pity on me!
I have nothing to eat,
I am dying of thirst—
Everything is gone!

Arapaho Ghost Song.