

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.*

a 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.*