

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

They are all gone away
 The house is shut and still
There is nothing more to say

Through broken walls and gray
 The winds blow bleak and shrill:
They are all gone away

Nor is there one to-day
 To speak them good or ill:
There is nothing more to say.

Why is it then we stray
 Around the sunken sill?
They are all gone away,

And our poor fancy-play
 For them is wasted skill:
There is nothing more to say.

There is ruin and decay
 In the House on the Hill:
They are all gone away,
There is nothing more to say

- Edward Arlington Robinson