*The Home on the Hill*

Edward Arlington Robinson (1869-1935)

They are all gone away,

The house is shut and still,

There is nothing more to say

Through broken walls and gray,

The wind blows bleak and shrill,

They are all gone away

Nor is there one today,

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.