

Part V

Tales <sup>the</sup> of Yester years

THE WAY OF THE GAME

Now summer goes and to-morrow's snows  
Will soon be deep;  
And skies of blue which the summer knew  
See shadows creep;  
And the gleam to-night which is silver bright  
Spans ghostly forms,  
As the winds rush by with their warning cry  
Of coming storms.

So the laurel fades in the snow-swept glades  
Of flying years,  
As the dreams of youth find bitter truth  
Of pain and tears;  
Through the cheering mass let the victors pass  
To find Fate's thrust,  
As to-morrow's fame writes another's name  
On drifting dust.

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