

Children of the Night

Whose sons are these who walk the night,

No pillows for their heads?

Whose daughters range the midnight streets,

No comfort of a bed?

What tears are cried,

What prayers are sighed,

What dark'ning hopes lose ground?

What dreams are dashed,

What visions smashed,

What prize may yet be found?

Alas, alas, comes the echoing cry!

Alas! Alas! Alas!

The future, cruel, just turned itself

Into the dimming past!