

## To Rollo

Untimely Taken

By Kenneth Grahame

PUPPY, yours a pleasant grave,  
Where the seeding grasses wave !  
Now on frolic morns the kitten  
Over you, once scratched and bitten—  
Still forgiving !—plays alone.  
You, who planted many a bone,  
Planted now yourself, repose,  
Tranquil tail, incurious nose !  
Chased no more, the indifferent bee  
Drones a sun-steeped elegy.

*Puppy, where long grasses wave,  
Surely yours a pleasant grave !*

“ Whom the gods love ”—was this why,  
Rollo, you must early die ?  
Cheerless lay the realms of night—  
Now your small unconquered sprite  
(Still familiar, as with us)  
Bites the ears of Cerberus :

Chases

## To Rollo

Chases Pluto, Lord of Hell,  
Round the fields of asphodel :  
Sinks to sleep at last, supine  
On the lap of Proserpine !

*While your earthly part shall pass,  
Puppy, into flowers and grass !*