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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

# Dirge

We do lie beneath the grass  
In the moonlight, in the shade  
Of the yew-tree. They that pass  
Hear us not. We are afraid  
They would envy our delight,  
In our graves by glow-worm night.  
Come follow us, and smile as we;  
We sail to the rock in the ancient waves,  
Where the snow falls by thousands into the sea,  
And the drown'd and the shipwreck'd have happy  
graves.

