

EPILOGUE

To A.C.

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BECAUSE the fulfillment of dreams is itself but a dream.

There is no end save the song, and the song is the end;
And here with a sheaf of songs bareheaded I stand,
And the light is fled from mine eyes, and the sword
from my hand
Is fallen; the years have left me a fool, and the gleam
Is vanished from life, and the swift years sear me
and rend.

There is no end save the song, and the joy in the
singing,
And song alone may relieve the shadowy pain.
I am weary even of song, and the lyre is cold,
And my heart is lead, and the world seems very
old.

Dusk falls on the earth, and Apollo no more comes
winging
His way to me now; it may be I shall sing not again.

Yet to the dream was I true, and I followed the light
Till it vanished, and left me in darkness all cold and
forlorn;
It may be that is the end; I know not nor care.
If these songs that were wrought in the days of my
springtide are fair,
Perchance they shall seem to you good in the heart of
the night,
When you wait for the light that shall come in the
wake of the morn.