

THE SWAN SONG.

Oh! for a passionless dawn, love and regret far away—
Oh! for a passionless dawn over a wind-stilled bay,
For the stars were my masters in fire, and “love”
 breathed the passionate sea,
And ever her current flowed higher, and ever it flowed
 to me.

And I was lost in the dawn: I wandered alone in the
 night
Over a pathless lawn, and the stars were wan and
 white;
I heard the Naiads sing to the moon, and the wildering
 pipes of Pan;
Encircled in flame each wild note came, and maddened
 I turned and ran.

And so I reached the depths of hell, and lay in a rut
 to die,
But I heard the waters rise and swell, and the night-
 wind rushing by;
And the salt spray touched my lips, and straight I rose
 in my pain and hied
All eager and swift to the mystic Gate, and there I was
 shut outside.

Ah! but I heard the passion-song of a world of death
and birth,
And the day was hot, and the night was long over the
good green earth;
And when men heard my lays, they stayed, and
scattered a meed of praise,
But I turned again from the haunts of men, to seek the
nobler days.

And so I trod the mountain path in the heat of a
new-born day,
By field and fallow, by road and rath, I took my
lonely way;
And heaven all around me lay, but ah! I knew not then,
And I came at the close of a summer's day back to the
haunts of men.

So now I long for a passionless dawn, and the calm of
the great unknown;
With a last glance over the darkened lawn now
fare I forth alone.
The silent path before me lies, and the night is still
and deep;
Ever a star is before my eyes, and I lay me down to
sleep.