

EPILOGUE.

From love to love,
From hill to hill,
To rove and rove ;
This is my Will.

Until, until
I shall return,
I thrill and thrill,
I burn and burn.

For love I yearn
While love I spill :
New love I learn
By a Wind-mill.

Oh, wing you still,
My wandering dove,
From hill to hill,
From love to love.