

## EPILOGUE.

### THE KING-GHOST.

THE King-Ghost is abroad. His spectre legions  
Sweep from their icy lakes and bleak ravines  
Unto these weary and untrodden regions  
Where man lies penned among his Might-have-beens.  
Keep us in safety, Lord,  
What time the King-Ghost is abroad!

The King-Ghost from his grey malefic slumbers  
Awakes the malice of his bloodless brain  
He marshals the innumerable numbers  
Of shrieking shapes on the sepulchral plain.  
Keep us, for Jesu's sake,  
What time the King-Ghost is awake

The King-Ghost wears a crown of hopes forgotten ;  
Dead loves are woven in his ghastly robe ;  
Bewildered wills and faiths grown old and rotten  
And deeds undared his sceptre, sword, and  
globe.  
Keep us, O Mary maid,  
What time the King-Ghost goes arrayed!

The Hell-Wind whistles through his plumeless  
pinions ;  
Clanks all that melancholy host of bones ;  
Fate's principalities and Death's dominions  
Echo the drear discord, the tuneless tones.  
Keep us, dear God, from ill,  
What time the Hell-Wind whistles shrill.

The King-Ghost hath no music but their rattling ;  
No scent but death's grown faint and fugitive ;  
No light but this their leprous pallor batting  
Weakly with night. Lord, shall thee dry bones  
live ?  
O keep us in the hour  
Wherein the King-Ghost hath his power !

The King-Ghost girds me with his gibbering  
creatures,  
My dreams of old that never saw the sun.  
He shows me, in a mocking glass, their features,  
The twin fiends " Might-have-been " and  
" Should-have-done."  
Keep us, by Jesu's ruth,  
What time the King-Ghost grins the truth !

The King-Ghost boasts eternal usurpature ;  
For in this pool of tears his fingers fret  
I had imagined, by enduring nature,  
The twin gods " Thus-will-I " and " May-be-yet."  
God, keep us most from ill,  
What time the King-Ghost grips the will !

Silver and rose and gold what flame resurges?  
What living light pours forth in emerald waves?  
What inmost Music drowns the clamourous dirges?  
—Shrieking they fly, the King-Ghost and his  
slaves.

Lord, let Thy Ghost indwell,  
And keep us from the power of Hell!

AMEN.