

EPILOGUE.

To die amid the blossoms of the frost  
On far fair heights; to sleep the quiet sleep  
Of dead men underneath the snowy steep  
Of many mountains; ever to have lost  
These cares and these distrusts; to lie alone,  
Watched by the distant eagle's drowsy wing,  
Stars and grey summits, and the winds that sing  
Slow dirges in eternal monotone.

Such is my soul's desire, being weary of  
This vain eternity of sleepless dreams  
That is my life; withal there still may be  
In other worlds, the hope of other love  
Than this that floods my veins with poisonous  
streams,  
And wastes with wan desire the soul of me.