

EPILOGUE.

LIKE snows on the mountain, unlifted
By weather or wind as it blows,
In hollows the heaps of it drifted,
The splendour of fathomless snows ;
So measure and meaning are shifted to fashion a
rose.

The garland I made in my sorrow
Was woven of infinite peace ;
The joy that was white on the morrow
Made music of viols at ease ;
The thoughts of the Highest would borrow the
roar of the seas.

This pastime of hope and of labour
Fled singing through bountiful hours,
With sleep for a bride, for a neighbour
With Death in the blossoming bowers
That slays with his merciless sabre the passion of
flowers.

This pastime had hope for its metre,
And trust in high God for the tune,
And passion of sorrow made sweeter
Than loves of the leafiest June,
When Artemis' arrows are fleeter than rays of the
moon.

My hope in the ocean was founded,
Nor changed for the wind and the tide ;
My love by the heaven was bounded,
And knew not a barrier beside ;
My faith beyond heaven was grounded, as God to
abide.

Though death be the stain on our roses,
The roses of heaven are white ;
Though day on the world of us closes
The stars only dream of the night
As of music that roars and reposes and dies in
delight

Dead stars in the season of sighing,
Lost worlds of unspeakable pain,
White winds in the winter-tide dying,
Or pestilence risen from rain ;
So thoughts are that perish for lying and rise not
again.

Blue waves in the summer uncrested,
New homes for the fair and the free,
Bright breezes in forest-leaves nested,
Sweet birds in the flowering tree ;
So thoughts that by truth have been tested sing
down to the sea.

But weak as the flowers of summer
Are the flowers that float on my stream ;

My song-birds to others are dumber
Than voices half heard in a dream ;
My muse, louder gods overcome her, the eyes of
them gleam.

The sorrow that woke me to singing
Is deeper than songs that I sing ;
The birds that fresh music are bringing
No chords for my memory bring ;
Those lips like a soul that are clinging most
silently cling.

Take though for these verses, though time be
So sure and so swift for thy feet,
Though far from this England thy clime be
In years that sway slow as the wheat,
Take thought, for an hour let my rhyme be not
wholly unsweet.

For truth and desire and devotion
May lend through the verses a voice,
They tremble with violent motion,
They yearn to be fair for thy choice
As billows and winds of the ocean that roar and
rejoice.

For winds that are shaken and riven
I bound by my power unto me ;
For these have I battled and striven
With winds that are rapid and free ;

With weapons of words I have driven the pulse of
the sea

There steals through my coldness a fire,
Between my slow words is a sword,
One lit by the heart of desire,
One sharp in the hand of the lord ;
To these that sink, sleep, and expire, your welcome
accord.

With winds and white seas for your raiment
Your stature immutably stands :
My love, with no claim, as a claimant
Came seeking out truth in the sands,
Found truth, and must place in poor payment this
book in your hands.