

DEDICATION.

TO THE ROSE IMMORTAL.

**W**hen ducks gabble home  
through the meadows,  
Ere blue noons fade to grey,  
Ere the moon leads out her shadows,  
The last song slips away.

Philosophy fades in the phases  
Of the changeless-changing moon;  
Death cowers under the daisies,  
While over the fields laughs noon.

The year-times fail and falter  
Through the world's strange  
garden-close;  
Faiths fall and die by the altar  
Of the Sempiternal Rose.

So to the Rose of Beauty,  
The Heart in each Star impearled,  
Is sung the Artist's duty,  
The Poet's love for his world.