

L'ENVOI

So ends the tale of how men lived and died
And how all ruined is the crooked tree;
Yet from the ancient cliffs a Tree holds wide
Its arms unto the sunset's memory.

And we who watch across the vagrant years
Where death makes mimicry of hope --- shall

we

Not find somewhere within the blood and tears
Of men who served their God, a mystery?

Men pass; their tombs decay, their kingdoms
wane,

Their olden fanes fall crumbling to the sea;
Yet though lost things come never back again
A Tree holds faith in immortality!