

## 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!