

THE PASSING

A TIME will come when we again shall rail—
Not yet, not yet. The flood comes on apace,
That deep dividing river, and her face
Grows dimmer as it widens—pale, so pale.
Have we not railed and laughed these many days,
Mummers before the lights? Dear fool, your hand
Upon your lips—Oh let us once be grand,
Grand as we were when treading royal ways.
Lo, there she moves beyond the river. Gone—
Gone is the sun—lo, starlight in her eyes.
See, how she standeth silent and alone—
Oh, hush! let us not vex her with our cries.
Proud as of old, unto my throne I go. . . .
Cordelia's gone. . . . "Hush, draw the curtain—
so."