

Only, all day, the shadow of peace upon
The pool's gray breast ; and with the fall of even,
The noiseless gleam of scattered stars — withdrawn
From the unfathomed treasures of heaven.

AND as the sea has not the strength to win
Back to its love my soul, O Comrades, ye —
In the wood lost, and seeking me therein —

Are not less impotent than all the sea !
My soul at last its ultimate house hath won,
And in that house shall sleep along with me.

Yea, we shall slumber softly, out of the sun,
To day and night alike indifferent,
Aware and unaware if Time be done.

Yet ere I go, ere yet your faith be spent,
For our old love I pass Earth's message on :
“In me, why shouldst thou not find thy content ?

“Are not my days surpassing fair, from dawn
To sunset, and my nights fulfilled with peace ?
Shall not my strength remain when thou art gone

“The way of all blown dust ? Shall Beauty cease
Upon my face because thy face grows gray ?
Behold, thine hours, even now, fade and decrease,