



*My song is like a brooklet's broken chords,
The preludes and first lispings of a theme
Which, down the ages, shall be mighty stream
Whereon are argosies and glint of swords.
These may not be foretold in idle words,
For here must be no fabric of a dream,
But high true tales of splendor that beseem
The manhood that our ancestry affords.
If then, perchance, the echo of my song,
Far off across the wave-crests of the years,
May wake some master-singer, clear and strong,
To swell the story to the list'ning spheres,
What ask I more of all the ages long,
What ask I more, with humble, craving tears?*

