

## EPILOGUE.

I stood one evening on a rocky coast,  
Beneath my feet the jetsam of the sea,  
Amid the tide-smoothed sands, and over me,  
From burly-chested rocks, the salt spray tossed,  
Threatening the empire that the waves had lost ;  
And as I looked, quenched seemed the Sun  
to be,  
Yet for a space there lingered happily,  
One ray, the last of Day's majestic host.

Louise, thou standest on my fancy's shore,  
Amid the jetsam of thy lover's verse,  
The tide withdrawn, and evening closing  
down.  
The Sun has set, perchance to rise no more,  
Yet still the skies one lingering sunbeam  
nurse,  
That smiles on thee in kindness ere 'tis  
flown.