



XIV.

Fair dawns the golden summer o'er the land,
'Neath balmy skies the smiling flowers expand,
To nested mate the bird sings festal song
Of wedded love and hope, the whole day long ;
Yet 'mid these happy hours of shining day
Fate, Doom, and Death, unpausing, make their way—
Grim wielders of the gathering hosts below,
Where, past the cliffs, the dancing waters go.
O lonely heart ! upon thy rampart high
'Tis thine to scan with calm, unsleeping eye,
The set approach of changeless Destiny !

