

MAN.

He marks his shadow in the sun,
His form is fair, his dream is proud;
But shadow, form and dream are one
And vanish like an empty cloud.

The graven cliffs have crumbled down,
The temples worn to drifting sand;
His deeds with fame he could not crown
With all the cunning of his hand.

The idle and forgetful air
Has heard his boast, has borne his woe;
The night has seen his cities flare
And holds no gleam their place to show.