

Shakespeares — Sweetheart

and peace that rested on her dead face when her body lay prepared for burial.

None knows of the existence of this manuscript save myself. Shall I destroy it, or——

Soothly, I will leave it for time to decide. The problem is too great for me to solve. In the cellar of the Mermaid there is a secret underground vault. Few know of its existence. In an obscure corner there, in an air-tight box, I will deposit this chronicle. Then, if it ever be discovered, well. If not, let it moulder in obscurity. Time shall decide.

They are together again. None can wish them greater happiness, not even I, who loved them right well. Rest peacefully, thou Star of Poets, and thou Star of Women. The world will never know your like. Some day, perhaps, I shall meet ye both again. Towards that hope my spirit yearns. Meanwhile the world is dark without you. Until we meet again, farewell, Will, dear comrade and poet; farewell, Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's Sweetheart.

