

And called her all the echoing afternoon ;
She answered not, but when the growing moon
Went down the west with the last bird awing,
They found her dead beside her darling spring.

This is her tale, her murmurous monument
Flows softly where her fragile life was spent,
Not grooved in brass nor trenched in pallid stone,
But told by water to the reeds alone.

She cometh here sometimes on summer eves,
Her quiet spirit lingers in the leaves,
And while this spring flows on, and while the wands
Sway in the moonlight, while in drifting bands,
The thistledown blows gleaming in the air,
And dappled thrushes haunt the precinct fair ;
She will return, she will return and lean
Above the crystal in the covert green,
And dream of beauty on the shadow flung
Of irised distance when the world was young.

Let us be gone ; this is no place for tears,
Let us go slowly with the guardian years ;
Let us be brave, the day is almost done,
Another setting of the pleasant sun.