

weep,  
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## EPILOGUE.

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My task is finished. Myth and Muse farewell!  
Here ends my tale: the last I had to tell.  
So nature willed, or so my demon wrought.  
Mysterious powers! that fill man's mind with thought—  
Since nothing is by chance—say! what decree  
Brought back such shadows of the past on me?  
And mixed with mine their character and speech,  
And made me e'en live o'er the life of each—  
Till my soul seemed the mirror they surveyed,  
The wax they moulded, and the pipe they played.  
Who brought them hither, and their coming timed  
When woe was me except I wrote and rhymed?  
When thought had sallies nothing could coerce,  
And my lost soul poured forth itself in verse.

Oh then what pageantries of old returned!  
Princes and consuls rose from dust inurned: