

Lest I should never more return. Here lies  
The dark and toilsome road that winding down  
Leads to the Kingdom of the Dead, the place  
Where Pluto, Lord of Death, holds his domain.  
So beautiful is all I see around,  
The sun shines bright above, and warm and bland  
Upon the land, and calm blue stretching waves  
That leap with tiny splash to kiss the stones,  
And ever fall with silvery gurgle back.  
Far down among the isles I see a sail  
Flit like a sea bird's wing. A drifting wreath  
Tost from the careless hand of some fair maid,  
Borne down some streamlet to the sea is there,  
Floating upon the tides. All, all is here,  
All she and I together aye have loved.  
The vast expanse of ocean, and the sun;  
Here ruggedness of rocks, there tender flowers,  
The sweet breathed summer air that we drew in,  
Bequeathing us fresh life. All, all is here,  
All I have ever loved, or ere enjoyed  
And blessed the gods for granting. Now I come  
To take a long, perchance a last, farewell.  
"O thou sun, the chariot of Apollo,  
Whom every morning I have seen uprise,  
And bowed before to honor thus, the friend,  
The god who hath enriched me with my art,  
Farewell to thee, for I go down to shades  
Where thy ray never reacheth, nor comes warmth  
Shed from thy all pervading fount of heat.  
And O thou sea, whose clear blue leaping wave  
Flows on unchanged in liquid melody  
Through the long cycles of eternity.  
Unchanged though men may come and gaze on thee,  
And look their fill, and fall away and die,  
Being forever lost, and others stand,  
Yea, in the very footprints of the first.  
And know not aught hath stood there, and in turn  
Pass on, each one to give another place.  
Farewell, for I may be as one of these,  
Never to see thee more. Farewell, O earth,  
And thou O cool and softly breathing breeze,  
That oft hast snatched the full-toned choral strains  
That I have played, and wandered far away  
Bearing them o'er the plains, that all men cried  
We hear the music of Olympus steal  
Down through the limpid vast of azure air  
To cure our mournful hearts. Ye flowers, farewell,  
Well have I loved you all, but now I go  
To that I loved much better, more than life,