
F*R*AIL as dew upon the grass
Or the spindrift of the sea,
Out of nothing they were fashioned
And to nothing must return.

N*A*Y, but something of thy love,
Passion, tenderness, and joy,
Some strange magic of thy beauty,
Some sweet pathos of thy tears,

M*U*ST imperishably cling
To the cadence of the words,
Like a spell of lost enchantments
Laid upon the hearts of men.

W*I*L^D and fleeting as the notes
Blown upon a woodland pipe,
They must haunt the earth with gladness
And a tinge of old regret.