

## L'ENVOI

*Perchance, if some glad, tender thought  
That my rapt Muse in song has wrought  
May serve to cheer or soothe or bless  
Some kindred heart that woes oppress;*

*Or if some prayerful lay of mine,  
Winged by the Spirit-power divine,  
May stay some foot on ruin's road,  
Or lead some wand'rer nearer God;*

*It is enough, enough for me,  
I seek no mightier minstrelsy.  
Though Fame be deaf to their refrain,  
My songs have not been sung in vain.*