

Is it victory yet?—But where is thy brow?
Has the plume of thy helm turned aside from it now!

Edever, no helmet has dropt from thy head,
Thy spear is not dulled by the blood it has shed,
Thy face has not turn'd from the face of thy foe;
And now in the moment of triumph brought low!

Son of might, thou hast died as the valiant will die
While thy fierce foemen fall, while thy strong
foemen fly.

Thou art gone as a hurricane spent in its dash,—
A sweep and a pathway announced by a crash!

O torrent of Meroth, proud stream of the plain,
Now burst forth in jewels unsullied again;
For the hour of the strife, for the contest is over,
And golden winged peace unmolested may hover.

Oh, lake of the valley, cool stream of the hill,
The mission of gladness resume and fulfil: —
Alas, for they can not! The strife may be o'er,
But a shadow has fallen to lift never more.

Edna.

Thank you. How fine! so very like a romance!

Irene.

Such numbers fell! How bitter, oh how bitter.
What senseless fools men are, to kill each other