

## A LAST WORD

HE who of Love oft sang, and touch'd his lyre  
With fingers tingling with the subtle thrills  
Bright eyes create and kisses given inspire,  
Who fram'd with faulty words the song that fills  
The universe with music deem'd divine,  
Still would of Love be minstrel; and each day  
Would morning gather'd garlands bring and lay  
As gifts of gratitude upon Love's shrine.  
The mellowing years have slow'd the pulse of youth,  
And eyes reflect less brightly passion's pride;  
Yet year on year still clearer glows the truth  
That Love is life's chief good and life's best guide.  
In joy and sorrow blest alike is he  
Who yields to Love a fearless fealty.