

## FINAL AFTER-THOUGHT

*As Homer's songs were immortalised through being sung by father to son, by lover to lover, so does Shakespeare's spirit live not in the printed tomes alone, nor in the musty volumes which hold the countless comments of literary pedants—it lives most triumphantly (I am so bold as to assert) in his irresponsible heirs, Shakespeare's love-children, who sing his songs to each succeeding generation in its own voice, and will yet carry his message to states unborn in accents yet unknown.*

*As it is the player's chiefest joy to speak the poet's words upon the stage, so is it his high privilege to trace upon the poet's abiding monument his own fleeting name. This modest ambition is my book's apology.*