

Through the open door,  
The days untold  
That come no more  
Though Spring grows old:

All these go down  
To night on the hills;  
And their renown,  
As a babble of rills,

Through the lips of fame  
Shall pass and die.  
But one clear name  
Is a thing to cry

In the bugles of God,  
When the brave are few  
And the flowering sod  
Has a crimson dew,

Till the heart of man  
Is at rest and set free,  
And time is a span  
Of the wind on the sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

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