

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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