

## L'Envoi

NOW the flame leaps on our altars, and we  
    worship as of old,  
(Though the ashes have been cold so long)  
Now the drowsy incense lingers in the embers'  
    flickering gold,  
And our murmuring voices blend in song,

And we find the joyous echo of a careless mirth  
In the twilight when the home wind stirs,  
With our faces in the bosom of the kind old  
    earth,  
And our hearts pressed close to hers,

And our weary faces soften and our eyes grow  
    gay  
In the healing of the cool sweet dew,  
For the dreary days of bitterness have passed  
    away,  
And behold, all things are new.