

## A LAST WORD

AND if it be I shall not sing again,  
And thou have wonder at my silent ways,  
I pray thee think my days not weary days,  
Or that my heart is dumb for some new pain.  
Seeing that words are nought, nor may remain,  
Why should I strive with Time? Come blame, come praise  
I am but one of them his might betrays  
At last, when all men learn that all was vain.  
And yet one thing Time cannot wrest from me.  
Therefore, cry out, yea, even to the throng  
That pauseth not for echo of a song,  
“O, your red gold is very fair. But he  
Is glad as heaven to loiter and dream along  
His Lady Beauty’s path continually.”