

Like those starved spirits that by Coeytus' wave  
Crane from the marge and ever pray to ferry,  
With passionate palms forth-flung, to the farther shore.

And yet O God Unknown, why all unknown?  
Couldst thou not come, or send some harbinger  
With human lips, to tell us who thou art?  
Maybe even now thine angel is on his way  
Star-led, or with the sunlight from the East:  
For me too late, but let him seek my grave,  
And in my cold ear speak his embassy  
Twice, thrice, as those who call upon the dead,  
And lay my ghost that fain had found the faith,  
Unquiet else and craving still return. [EROS enters

Eros, if I should die now in Brundisium,  
'Twere best you burn my body here, but bring  
My ashes home to sweet Parthenope:  
There, on the road to Puteoli, I have chosen  
My resting-place, I love the antique use  
That sets our tombs beside the traveller's way,  
Where as we walk they mind us we are all  
Pilgrims upon a further dimmer path:  
There build beneath the brow my sepulchre,  
And on my marble carve this epitaph,  
"FIELDS · FLOCKS · AND · CHIEFS · I · SANG · MANTUA · GAVE  
ME · BIRTH · CALABRIA · DEATH · NAPLES · A · GRAVE;"  
So haply shall some sympathetic spirit  
Light the pale lamp, and with blue violets  
Wreath my white stone, and on the ledges lay  
The laurel that I loved and not disgraced,  
Or sit upon my grassy mound, and sing  
A lulling requiem to my slumbering soul.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Maroneique sedens in margine templi  
Sumo animum et magni tumulis adeanto magistri.

Statius, *Silvae*, iv. 4, 54.