

### MY CODICIL

Because my youth was spent in studious ways,  
And all the gay sun-lovers passed me by;  
While vexing cares absorbed maturer days  
So breathless driven, I scarce reasoned why.  
To all things young I make my plaint and cry,  
To all that beauty which I loved to praise.  
Lay me where summer winds and petals fly,  
Let round-eyed children come with wondering gaze,  
And girls with flower faces call and play  
Above and round me all a summer's day.

Build me a little place of native stone,  
With steps for lovers when the moon is high;  
There where the bluff looks o'er the blue, alone  
Save for the living, let me living lie,  
For I shall sing your love and breathe your sigh  
Whilst yet the lyric winds and trees intone.  
And if my heart were dust it would be stirred  
To hear again the immortal, whispered word,  
And my pulse rise in ashes at the breath  
Of glorious deeds and thoughts more permanent than death.