

*Finis*



**N**OW all is said and done, dear,  
All is said and done.  
Nothing left to hope or fear  
Underneath the sun.

For what is there to hope for,  
When love and youth are fled?  
And what is there to fear, dear,  
When faith is stricken dead?

We gave you all we had, dear,  
My poor heart and I,—  
All our golden store of love,  
All our purpose high.

Faith was trodden under foot,  
And love was laughed to scorn;  
And now, of all our roses,  
Is only left—a thorn.