

L' Envoi.

Take, friend, the lines, though phrase and rhyme
Lack subtle turning, finer skill,
Expression of a thought sublime,
Record of deed sublimer still ;

If something of that pure deep tone
The west wind whispers to a pine
When all its tasselled top is blown
Be woven in a song of mine ;

Or, if I catch the peace that sleeps
In starry depths, or silver lake,
When the white moon her vigil keeps,
And all the Northern Lights awake ;

Or, if one kindly thought be stirred,
One moment's rest be found from pain,
If memory lingers on one word,
It has not all been writ in vain.

