
F*RAIL as dew upon the grass
Or the spindrift of the sea,
Out of nothing they were fashioned
And to nothing must return.*

N*AY, but something of thy love,
Passion, tenderness, and joy,
Some strange magic of thy beauty,
Some sweet pathos of thy tears,*

M*UST imperishably cling
To the cadence of the words,
Like a spell of lost enchantments
Laid upon the hearts of men.*

W*ILD and fleeting as the notes
Blown upon a woodland pipe,
They must haunt the earth with gladness
And a tinge of old regret.*