

## L'ENVOI.

I sit by the fountain in the wall, and the water has no song for me. The years have gone by, and I cease to count them. He lives; and he cannot forget, and he loves what is dead. The world seems empty, and the skies are dark. All around me I hear the Satyrs laughing, the Satyrs who could not net the soul of Ariadne. They blow on their pipes, and the mad world dances: yet all they sing is forever but this:

“All things come too late!”

THE END.

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