

Behold we come to where our paths divide!
Cheerful companions have you by your side;
I solitary am—without a choice.
In the hereafter you shall hear my voice,
Sounding like some far distant village chimes;
Then may you sigh for the old happy times.

Hush! for I feel Death coursing through my veins!
Unto stern Destiny I yield the reins!
Where-to she leadeth I have never been;
She hath to show what man hath not yet seen.
Earth almost unto me hath closed the door;
Even the Gods cannot my youth restore!

When I shall buried be—and lying low,
You, pensively, will name me "Long Ago."
Adieu! I see, in the dim shadow-land
Proudly approaching me, a stately band—
Procession infinite—the "Days of Yore!"
They beckon now—I go—forevermore!

