

By a goblin road,
Where the crimson line
Of maples glowed
In the deep blue pine,
Throng upon throng
They gathered and grew,
And all day long
On the hills they blew.
And ever, I dream
Of a host since then,
And the moving gleam
Of marching men.
My heart is hot
With the bugles' cry;
And tiring not,
Tho the world go by,
Possessed and wild,
I must on and on
Like a marching child
With the warriors wan.
But the low wind veers,
And the sun recedes
Through the leveled spears
Of the river reeds,—
Back to the dim
Auroral vast
Pale twilight rim
Of the world at last,
To the great release,
Where all trails wend,
And there is peace
At the Autumn's end.
To that still land
All things depart;
The fondling hand
And the foolish heart;
The dear spent youth
Of triumph and hate;
The dear bought truth
From the lips of fate;
The beautiful ghost
Of a perished prime,
Wandered and lost
On the moors of time;
The April days
With their shining hours,