

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,