

Though a wide compass round be  
fetched ;

That what began best, can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once, prove  
accurst.

## EPILOGUE

FIRST SPEAKER, *as David*

## I

ON the first of the Feast of Feasts,  
The Dedication Day,  
When the Levites joined the Priests  
At the Altar in robed array,  
Gave signal to sound and say.—

## II

When the thousands, rear and van,  
Swarming with one accord  
Became as a single man  
(Look, gesture, thought and word)  
In praising and thanking the Lord,—

## III

When the singers lift up their voice,  
And the trumpets made endeavour,  
Sounding, "In God rejoice!"  
Saying, "In Him rejoice  
"Whose mercy endureth for ever!"—

## IV

Then the Temple filled with a cloud,  
Even the House of the Lord ;  
Porch bent and pillar bowed :  
For the presence of the Lord,  
In the glory of His cloud,  
Had filled the House of the Lord.

SECOND SPEAKER, *as Renan*

Gone now ! All gone across the dark  
so far,  
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever,  
shutting still,  
Dwindling into the distance, dies that  
star  
Which came, stood, opened once !  
We gazed our fill  
With upturned faces on as real a Face  
That, stooping from grave music and  
mild fire,  
Took in our homage, made a visible  
place  
Through many a depth of glory, gyre  
on gyre,

For the dim human tribute. Was  
this true ?

Could man indeed avail, mere praise  
of his,  
To help by rapture God's own rapture  
too,

Thrill with a heart's red tinge that  
pure pale bliss ?  
Why did it end ? Who failed to  
beat the breast,

And shriek, and throw the arms  
protesting wide,  
When a first shadow showed the star  
addressed

Itself to motion, and on either side  
The rims contracted as the rays re-  
tired ;

The music, like a fountain's sicken-  
ing pulse,  
Subsided on itself : awhile transpired  
Some vestige of a face no pangs  
convulse,

No prayers retard : then even this  
was gone,  
Lost in the night at last. We,  
lone and left

Silent through centuries, ever and anon  
Venture to probe again the vault  
bereft

Of all now save the lesser lights, a mist  
Of multitudinous points, yet suns,  
men say—

And this leaps ruby, this lurks  
amethyst,

But where may hide what came  
and loved our clay ?

How shall the sage detect in yon  
expanse

The star which chose to stoop and  
stay for us ?

Unroll the records ! Hailed ye such  
advance

Indeed, and did your hope vanish  
thus ?

Watchers of twilight, is the worst  
averred ?

We shall not look up, know our-  
selves are seen,

Speak, and be sure that we again are  
heard,

Acting or suffering, have the disk's  
serene