

Prologue

The Spirit of the Past

Twas the vision of a dreamer:
Grey and gaunt of grave demeanor,
Stood a presence there before him;
Thus it spake in bending o'er him:
Ever thinking, tender hearted;
Of the lives that have departed;
I have come to you at last;
With a message from the past,
So that time shall not efface;
Memories of our ancient race:
Build ye then a family altar;
Do not hesitate or falter,
Ere the words: "Too Late" are spoken;
Ere "The Golden Bowl Be Broken"
And above this sacred shrine,
Buildd to our ancient line,
Cherish every honored name,
On our family roll of fame.
Brood no more upon the past;
Finish your allotted task,
Ere The Silver Cord You Sever,
And your deed shall live forever.
While the arms of Morpheus bound him:
Haunting memories hovered round him;
Dear familiar forms and faces,
Which his fancy fondly traces;
Half in pleasure, half in pain,
That he sees them thus again;
Hears with sad and deep contrition,
This, their ceaseless admonition,
Brood no more upon the past,
Finish your allotted task;
Hears the words so plainly spoken:
Ere The Golden Bowl Be Broken.