

Epilogue.

Sonnet.

To A. M. B.

Sleep, O deep splendour of disastrous years,  
Gone like a star fallen at the fall of night!  
Wake, O mute mouth and majesty of light,  
Made of no sound that even silence hears,  
But born of strings intangible, of spheres  
Shaken of love, a mightier music's might,  
Frailer to sound than dewfall is to sight!  
Wake, O sweet soul incorporate of tears!

Or else dream on, and let no tears begem  
Love's crown of thorns, ensanguinne diadem,  
But let pale kisses blossom, starry shrine  
Of lips most deathlike, that endure divine  
Past sleeps or parting's or death's spoil of them  
In the pomegranate walks of Proserpine!

V. S.