

## THE SWAN SONG.

Oh! for a passionless dawn, love and regret far away—  
Oh! for a passionless dawn over a wind-stilled bay,  
For the stars were my masters in fire, and “love”  
    breathed the passionate sea,  
And ever her current flowed higher, and ever it flowed  
    to me.

And I was lost in the dawn: I wandered alone in the  
    night  
Over a pathless lawn, and the stars were wan and  
    white;  
I heard the Naiads sing to the moon, and the wildering  
    pipes of Pan;  
Encircled in flame each wild note came, and maddened  
    I turned and ran.

And so I reached the depths of hell, and lay in a rut  
    to die,  
But I heard the waters rise and swell, and the night-  
    wind rushing by;  
And the salt spray touched my lips, and straight I rose  
    in my pain and hied  
All eager and swift to the mystic Gate, and there I was  
    shut outside.

Ah! but I heard the passion-song of a world of death  
and birth,  
And the day was hot, and the night was long over the  
good green earth;  
And when men heard my lays, they stayed, and  
scattered a meed of praise,  
But I turned again from the haunts of men, to seek the  
nobler days.

And so I trod the mountain path in the heat of a  
new-born day,  
By field and fallow, by road and rath, I took my  
lonely way;  
And heaven all around me lay, but ah! I knew not then,  
And I came at the close of a summer's day back to the  
haunts of men.

So now I long for a passionless dawn, and the calm of  
the great unknown;  
With a last glance over the darkened lawn now  
fare I forth alone.  
The silent path before me lies, and the night is still  
and deep;  
Ever a star is before my eyes, and I lay me down to  
sleep.