

PROLOGUE.

Songs of the South Land,
Songs of sward and sea,
Wrought by a crafty hand
To an old melody.

All my songs were heard before,
All my words were sung,
Here beside a Southern shore,
But in an alien tongue.

Perfect from the Portal,
Towering from the Tomb
Sounds the Song Immortal
In sempiternal bloom.

Behind lies the sunlight,
 Before lies the day ;
Lo! there is but one light,
 One only Way.

One Way is certain :
 Oh, my Southern shore !
There is light behind the curtain ;
 That and nothing more.