

## PROLOGUE.

**S**ongs 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.