

OEAHMA

AN EPILOGUE FOR NORMAN

WITH my hand on the hilt of the morning,
And my spurs in the flank of dawn,
And the stars my hair adorning,
 Through the winds I chase the Faun;
 Over the skies' blue lawn,
 Through the great green silent River,
But I sound my trump for a warning,
 I sound my trump for ever,

Lay back thine ears, O Faun,
 Silver Faun of the day;
I have found thee in the dawn,
 Sleeping, sleeping away;
 Hast heard the great Horse neigh,
 Plunging deep through the River,
To reach the dewy white lawn
 With lustiest proud endeavour?

Lay thy god-head by,
Sleep in the cavern olden
Till the race of the stars shall die,
And the dawn's no longer golden.
Thou shalt be lying folden
Under the stones of the River,
Under the foaming sky
Lying asleep for ever.