

Envoi

By A. C. Benson

*Let those whose Hearts and Hands are strong
Tell eager Tales of mighty Deeds;
Enough if my sequestered Song
To hush'd and twilight Gardens leads!*

*Clear Waters, drawn from secret Wells,
Perchance may fevered Lips assuage;
The Tales an elder Pilgrim tells
To such as go on Pilgrimage.*

*I wander by the Waterside,
In that cool Hour my Soul loves best,
When trembles o'er the rippling Tide
A golden Stairway to the West.*

*Such the soft Path my Words would trace,
Thus with the moving Waters move;
So weave, across the Ocean's Face,
A glimmering Stair to Hope and Love.*