

# The Lords of Pain

By George Sterling

The Lords of Pain are mightier by night:  
Swiftly, as darkness closed the dreary day,  
They marshalled whose inimical array  
I saw not, conscious only of their might,  
As, thro' the hours' intolerable flight  
And swoon recurrent of the spirit, they  
Wrought grievously their will upon the clay,  
Till respite of the dawn's delaying light.

Not thus, O Life! would I depart from thee—  
Relinquishing at Agony's command  
The lights and shadows of thine empery;  
But so put by the guerdon of the breath  
As one grown weary in a twilight land,  
Whom Music leads to Sleep, and Sleep to Death.