

THE LAST MASQUERADE

A wan new garment of young green Touched, as you turned your soft
brown hair And in me surged the strangest prayer Ever in lover's heart
hath been.

That I who saw your youth's bright page, A rainbow change from robe to
robe, Might see you on this earthly globe, Crowned with the silver crown of
age.

Your dear hair powdered in strange guise, Your dear face touched with
colours pale: And gazing through the mask and veil The mirth of your
immortal eyes.