

# INTO THE TWILIGHT

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,  
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;  
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight;  
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.  
Thy mother Eire is always young,  
Dew ever shining and twilight gray,  
Though hope fall from thee or love decay  
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.  
Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,  
For there the mystical brotherhood  
Of hollow wood and the hilly wood  
And the changing moon work out their will.  
And God stands winding his lonely horn;  
And Time and World are ever in flight,  
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,  
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

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