

A SONG OF THE UNRETURNING

WILSON MACDONALD

To-night a crimson sun,
With no attendants by,
Goes down in lonely splendor
An orange waste of sky.
Never in all the years
Garbed thus will he go from me:
Red is the sea-gull's wing,
And blood-red is the sea.

Never again will the clouds
Group in this austere way;
Never again will love
Be as it is to-day.
Never again will the waves
Break as now on the shore:
Nothing in earth or Heaven
Comes as it came before.

High Beauty will never return
In the same hood and gown,
Whether the rose grows red
Or the old oak burns brown;
Or the blue rain dances swiftly
Down the green-aisled sea,
Or whether on gray, winding roads
My love walks with me.