

# “FAREWELL TO ARCADY”

BY

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With sombre mien, the Evening gray  
Comes nagging at the heels of Day,  
And driven faster and still faster  
Before the dusky-mantled Master,  
The light fades from her fearful eyes,  
She hastens, stumbles, falls, and dies.

Beside me Amaryllis weeps;  
The swelling tears obscure the deeps  
Of her dark eyes, as, mistily,  
The rushing rain conceals the sea.  
Here, lay my tuneless reed away,—  
I have no heart to tempt a lay.

I scent the perfume of the rose  
Which by my crystal fountain grows.  
In this sad time, are roses blowing?  
And thou, my fountain, art thou flowing,

While I who watched thy waters spring  
Am all too sad to smile or sing?  
Nay, give me back my pipe again,  
It yet shall breathe this single strain:  
Farewell to Arcady!