

Elegy, August 27th, 1898

By Aleister Crowley

So have the days departed, as the leaves
Smitten by wrath of Autumn blast;
So the year, fallen from delight, still grieves
Over the happy past.

The year of barren summer, when the wind
Blew from the south unlooked-for snow,
The year when Collon, desolate and blind,
Gloomed on the vale below,

When logs of pinewood lit the little room,
And friendship ventured in to sit
Beside their blaze, to listen in the gloom
To wisdom and to wit;

When we discussed our hopes, and told the stories
Of happy climbing days gone by;
The stubborn battle with the cliffs, the glories
Of the blue Alpine sky.

The keen delight of paths untrodden yet,
And new steep ice and rocky ways
Too dangerous and splendid to forget.
Those dear strong happy days!

And now what happier fate to your brave souls
Than so to strive and fighting fall?
Think you that He who sees you, and controls,
Did not devise it all?

The mountains that you loved have taken you,
And we who love you will not weep.
Shall we begrudge? Your last look saw sky blue;
You will be glad to sleep.

Your pure names (thine renowned, yours fresh with youth
And full of promise) shall be kept
Still in our hearts like mirrors of the truth,
As if you had not slept.