

## Midvinter

# "All Things To End Are Made"

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Like to the falling of a star  
Or as the flights of eagles are  
Or like the fresh springs gaudy hue  
Or silver drops of morning dew

Like a mind that chafes the flood  
Or bubbles which on water stood  
Even such is man, who's borrowed light  
Is raped from life and paid to night

The mind blows out, the bubbles dies  
The spring entombed in autumn lies  
The dew dries up, the star is shot  
The light is past and man forgot

All things to end are made...

No age, nor grief or sickness must  
Marry my body to the dust  
And think not much of my delay  
Towards the end, Iâ€™m on my way...

Each minute is a short degree  
And every hour a step towards thee  
Glow or fast my marches may be  
I shall at last, bow down by thee

All things to end are made...

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