

# **Princeton--The Last Day**

F. Scott Fitzgerald



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# Princeton--The Last Day

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The last light wanes and drifts across the land,  
The low, long land, the sunny land of spires.  
The ghosts of evening tune again their lyres  
And wander singing, in a plaintive band  
Down the long corridors of trees. Pale fires  
Echo the night from tower top to tower.  
Oh sleep that dreams and dream that never tires,  
Press from the petals of the lotus-flower  
Something of this to keep, the essence of an hour!

No more to wait the twilight of the moon  
In this sequestered vale of star and spire;  
For one, eternal morning of desire  
Passes to time and earthy afternoon.  
Here, Heraclitus, did you build of fire  
And changing stuffs your prophecy far hurled  
Down the dead years; this midnight I aspire  
To see, mirrored among the embers, curled  
In flame, the splendor and the sadness of the world.