

1849

## Last Verses of Voltaire

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*The Collegian* is a literary magazine published by the Belles Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies at Dickinson College in 1849. For more information, please contact [scholar@dickinson.edu](mailto:scholar@dickinson.edu).

How sweet—as now descends the sun,  
So calm and glorious as of yore,  
Rejoicing that his race is run,  
And on the earth his beams doth pour—

How sweet—since spring nor flowers remain,  
But ere they scarce have bloomed, decay,  
To view the spot we loved to name,  
Ere like them, we too, pass away!

Here, by my side, the purling rill  
Still gaily dashes by so clear,  
And yet the heart that grief doth fill,  
It striveth well with songs to cheer.

Above me, on the cypress tree,  
Sits undisturbed the pensive dove,  
And as the moments swiftly flee,  
She sweetly sings her song of love.

Oh, fain I still would linger here—  
But evening's shades come on apace,  
As to his rest the sun draws near,  
And I must now my steps retrace.

Farewell! thou spot to mem'ry dear!  
Farewell! thou emblem of the past!  
Bright bloom thy beauties ever here,  
While earth's revolving years shall last.



LAST VERSES OF VOLTAIRE.

(DICTATED MAY 29, 1778, THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

Translated from the French.

Whilst I have lived to frightened fools, mankind  
Has seen me boldly dare to speak my mind;  
In death's dark realm my thoughts I'll still declare,  
And prejudices heal, if spirits have them there.