O speak  
 in streets I never thought I should revisit  
 when I left my body on a distant shore.  
Since our concern was speech, and speech impelled us  
 to purify the dialect of the tribe  
 and urge the mind to aftersight and foresight,  
Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age  
 to set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.  
 first, the cold fricton of expiring sense  
Without enchantment, offering no promise  
 but bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit  
 as body and sould begin to fall asunder.  
Second, the conscious impotence of rage  
 at human folly, and the laceration  
 of laughter at what ceases to amuse.  
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment  
 of all that you have done, and been; the shame  
Of things ill done and done to others' harm  
 which once you took for exercise of virtue.  
 then fools' approval