

Marianne Faithfull, Epilogue

Our revels now our ended,
These are actors, as I foretold you,
Were all spirits, and are melted into air,
Into thin air.

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself.

Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of
And our little life is rounded
With a sleep.