

Gone is Friendship's friendliness,
After Love's fidelity :
Gone is Honor in the mess,
Spat upon by Charity :
Faith has fled Distress.

Those grim tipstaves at the gate
Freely may their work begin.
Let them in ! they shall not wait.
There is little now within
Left for Scorn and Hate.

O, no doubt the air is foul !
"T is the last lamp spits and stinks,
Shuddering downward in the bowl
Of the socket, from the brinks.
What's a burned-out soul ?

Let them all go, unreprieved !
For the source of tears is dried.
What ! . . . One rests ? . . . hath nothing
moved

That pale woman from my side,
Whom I never loved ?

You, with those dim eyes of yours,
Sadder than all eyes save mine !
That dim forehead which immures
Such faint helpless griefs, that pine
For such hopeless cures !

Must you love me, spite of loathing ?
Can't you leave me where I'm lying ?
O, . . . you wait for our betrothing ?
I escape you, though, — by dying !
Lay out my death-clothing.

Well I would that your white face
Were abolisht out of sight,
With the glory and the grace
Swallowed long ago in night, —
Gone, — without a trace !

Reach me down my golden harp.
Set it here, beside my knee.
Never fear that I shall warp
All the chords of ecstasy,
Striking them too sharp !

Crown me with my crown of flowers.
Faded roses every one !
Plucked in those long-perisht bowers,
By the nightshade overrun, —
Fit for brows like ours !

Fill me, now, my golden cup.
Pour the black wine to the brim !

Till within me, while I sup,
All the fires, long quenched and dim,
Flare, one moment, up.

I will sing you a last song.
I will pledge you a last health . . .
Here's to Weakness seeming strong !
Here's to Want that follows Wealth !
Here's to Right gone wrong !

Curse me now the Oppressor's rod,
And the meanness of the weak ;
And the fool that apes the nod ;
And the world at hide and seek
With the wrath of God.

Dreams of man's unvalued good,
By mankind's unholy means !
Curse the people in their mud !
And the wicked Kings and Queens,
Lying by the Rood.

Fill ! to every plague . . . and first,
Love, that breeds its own decay ;
Rotten, ere the blossom burst.
Next, the friend that slinks away,
When you need him worst.

O the world's inhuman ways !
And the heartless social lie !
And the coward, cheapening praise !
And the patience of the sky,
Lighting such bad days !

Curséd be the heritage
Of the sins we have not sinned !
Curséd be this boasting age,
And the blind that lead the blind
O'er its creaking stage !

O the vice within the blood,
And the sin within the sense !
And the fallen angelhood,
With its yearnings, too immense
To be understood !

Curse the hound with beaten hide,
When he turns and licks the hand.
Curse this woman at my side !
And the memory of the land
Where my first love died.

Curséd be the next and most
(With whatever curse most kills),
Me . . . the man whose soul is lost ;
Fouled by each of all these ills, —
Filled with death and dust !

Take away the harp of gold,
And the empty wine-cup too.
Lay me out : for I grow cold.
There is something dim in view,
Which must pass untold : —

Something dim, and something vast, —
Out of reach of all I say.
Language ceases . . . hush, aghast.
What am I, to curse or pray ?
God succeeds at last !

BOOK VI.—PALINGENESIS.

A PRAYER.

My Saviour, dare I come to Thee,
Who let the little children come ?
But I ? . . . my soul is faint in me !
I come from wandering to and fro
This weary world. There still his round
The Accuser goes : but Thee I found
Not anywhere. Both joy and woe
Have passed me by. I am too weak
To grieve or smile. And yet I know
That tears lie deep in all I do.
The homeless that are sick for home
Are not so wretched. Ere it break,
Receive my heart ; and for the sake,
Not of my sorrows, but of Thine,
Bend down Thy holy eyes on mine,
Which are too full of misery
To see Thee clearly, though they seek.
Yet, if I heard Thy voice say . . .
"Come,"

So might I, dying, die near Thee.
It shames me not, to have passed by
The temple-doors in every street
Where men profaned Thee : but that I
Have left neglected, choked with weeds,
Defrauded of its incense sweet
From holy thoughts and loyal deeds,
The fane Thou gavest me to enshrine
Thee in, this wretched heart of mine.
The Satyr there hath entered in ;
The Owl that loves the darkened hour ;
And obscene shapes of night and sin
Still haunt, where God designed a bower
For angels.

Yet I will not say
How oft I have aspired in vain,
How toiled along the rugged way,
And held my faith above my pain,
For this Thou knowest. Thou knowest
when
I faltered, and when I was strong ;
And how from that of other men
My fate was different : all the wrong

Which devastated hope in me :
The ravaged years ; the excited heart,
That found in pain its only part
Of love : the master misery
That shattered all my early years,
From which, in vain, I sought to flee :
Thou knowest the long repentant tears,
Thou heard'st me cry against the spheres,
So sharp my anguish seemed to be !
All this Thou knowest. Though I should
keep
Silence, Thou knowest my hands were
free
From sin, when all things cried to me
To sin. Thou knowest that, had I rolled
My soul in hell-flame fifty-fold,
My sorrow could not be more deep.
Lord ! there is nothing hid from Thee.

EUTHANASIA.

(WRITTEN AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS.)

SPRING to the world, and strength to
me, returns ;
And flowers return, — but not the
flowers I knew.
I live : the fire of life within me burns ;
But all my life is dead. The land I
view
I know not ; nor the life which I regain.
Within the hollow of the hand of death
I have lain so long, that now I draw
the breath
Of life as unfamiliar, and with pain.

Of life : but not the life which is no
more ; —
That tender, tearful, warm, and pas-
sionate thing ;
That wayward, restless, wistful life of
yore ;
Which now lies, cold, beneath the
clasp of Spring.

As last year's leaves : but such a life as seems
 A strange new-comer, coy and all-afraid.
 No motion heaves the heart where it is laid,
 Save when the past returns to me in dreams.

In dreams, like memories of another world :
 The beauty, and the passion, and the pain,
 The wizardry by which my youth was whirled
 Round vain desires, — so violent, yet so vain !
 The love which desolated life, yet made
 So dear its desolation : and the creeds
 Which, one by one, snapped in my hold like reeds,
 Beneath the weight of need upon them laid !

For each man deems his own sand-house secure
 While life's wild waves are lulled ; yet who can say,
 If yet his faith's foundations do endure,
 It is not that no wind hath blown that way ?
 Must we, even for their beauty's sake, keep furled
 Our fairest creeds, lest earth should sully them,
 And take what ruder help chance sends, to stem
 The rubs and wrenchings of this boisterous world ?

Alas ! 't is not the creed that saves the man :
 It is the man that justifies the creed :
 And each must save his own soul as he can,
 Since each is burthened with a different need.
 Round each the bandit passions lurk ; and, fast
 And furious, swarm to strip the pilgrim bare ;
 Then, oft, in lonely places unaware,
 Fall on him, and do murder him at last.

And oft the light of truth, which through the dark
 We fetched such toilsome compass to detect,

Glares through the broken cloud on the lost bark,
 And shows the rock — too late, when all is wrecked !
 Not from one watch-tower o'er the deep, alone,
 It streams, but lightens there and lightens here
 With lights so numberless (like heaven's eighth sphere)
 That all their myriad splendors seem but one.

Time was, when it seemed possible to be
 (Then, when this shattered prow first felt the foam)
 Columbus to some far Philosophy,
 And bring, perchance, the golden Indies home.
 O siren isles of the enchanted main
 Through which I lingered ! altars, temples, groves,
 Whelmed in the salt sea wave, that rolls and roves
 Around each desolated lost domain !

Over all these hath passed the deluge.
 And,
 Saved from the sea, forlornly face to face
 With the gaunt ruin of a world, I stand.
 But two alone of all that perished race
 Survive to share with me my wanderings ;
 Doubt and Experience. These my steps attend,
 Ever ; and oft above my harp they bend,
 And, weeping with me, weep among its strings.

Yet, — saved, though in a land unconsecrate
 By any memory, it seems good to me
 To build an altar to the Lord ; and wait
 Some token, either from the land or sea,
 To point me to my rest, which should be near.
 Rude is the work, and simple is my skill ;
 Yet, if the hand could answer to the will,
 This pile should lack not incense.
 Father, hear

My cry unto thee. Make thy covenant
 Fast with my spirit. Bind within
 Thy bow

The whole horizon of my tears. I pant
 For Thy refreshing. Bid Thy fountains flow
 In this dry desert, where no springs I see.
 Before I venture in an unknown land,
 Here will I clear the ground on which I stand,
 And justify the hope Thou gavest me.

I cannot make quite clear what comes and goes
 In fitful light, by waning gleams described.
 The Spirit, blowing where it listeth, blows
 Only at times, some single fold aside
 Of that great veil which hangs o'er the Unknown :
 Yet do the feeble, fleeting lights that fall,
 Reveal enough, in part, for hope in all :
 And that seems surest which the least is shown.

God is a spirit. It is also said
 Man is a spirit. Can I therefore deem
 The two in nature separate ? The made
 Hath in it of the Maker. Hence I seem
 A step towards light ; — since 't is the property
 Of spirit to possess itself in all
 It is possessed by ; — halved yet integral ;
 One person, various personality.

To say the Infinite is that which lies
 Beyond the Finite, . . . were it not to set
 A border mark to the immensities ?
 Far as these mortal senses measure yet
 Their little region of the mighty plan,
 Through valves of birth and death — are heard forever
 The finite steps of infinite endeavor
 Moving through Nature and the mind of man.

If man, — the finite spirit, — in infinity
 Alone can find the truth of his ideal,
 Dare I not deem that infinite Divinity
 Within the finite must assume the real ?
 For what so feverish fancy, reckless hurled
 Through a ruined brain, did ever yet descry
 A symbol sad enough to signify
 The conscious God of an unconscious world ?

Wherefore, thus much perceived, to recognize
 In God, the infinite spirit of Unity,
 In man, the finite spirit, here implies
 An interchanged perception ; — Deity
 Within humanity made manifest :
 Not here man lonely, there a lonely God ;
 But, in all paths by human nature trod,
 Infinity in Finitude exprest.

This interchange, upon man's part, I call
 Religion : revelation on the part
 Of Deity : wherefrom there seems to fall
 'T is consequence (the point from which I start)
 If God and man be one (a unity
 Of which religion is the human side)
 This must in man's religion be described,
 A consciousness and a reality.

Whilst man in nature dwells, his God is still
 In nature ; thence, in time, there intervenes
 The Law : he learns to fortify his will
 Against his passions, by external means :
 And God becomes the Lawgiver : but when
 Corruption in the natural state we see,
 And in the legal hopeless tyranny,
 We seem to need (if needed not till then)

That which doth uplift nature, and yet makes
 More light the heavy letter of the law.
 Then for the Perfect the Imperfect aches,
 Till love is born upon the deeps of awe.
 Yet what of this, . . . that God in man may be,
 And man, though mortal, of a race divine,
 If no assurance lives which may incline
 The heart of man to man's divinity ?

"There is no God" . . . the Fool saith
 — to his heart,
 Yet shapes a godhead from his intellect.
 Is mind than heart less human, . . . that we part
 Thought from affection, and from mind erect
 A deity merely intellectual ?
 If God there be, devoid of sympathy
 For man, he is not man's divinity.
 A God unloving were no God at all.

This felt . . . I ask not . . . "What is God?" but "What
Are my relations with Him?" this alone
Concerns me now : since, if I know this not,
Though I should know the sources of the sun,
Or what within the hot heart of the earth
Lulls the soft spirit of the fire, although
The mandate of the thunder I should know,
To me my knowledge would be nothing worth.
What message, or what messenger to man?
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul?
For who, by searching, finds out God?
How can
My utmost steps, unguided, gain the goal
Of necessary knowledge? It is clear
I cannot reach the gates of heaven,
and knock
And enter : though I stood upon the rock
Like Moses, God must speak ere I can hear,
And touch me ere I feel him. He must come
To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud),
Stand at the dim doors of my mortal home;
Lift the low latch of life; and enter,
bowed
Unto this earthly roof; and sit within
The circle of the senses; at the hearth
Of the affections; be my guest on earth,
Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.
Since, though I stripped Divinity, in thought,
From passion, which is personality,
My God would still be human : though I sought
In the bird's wing or in the insect's eye,
Rather than in this broken heart of mine,
His presence, human still : human would be
All human thought conceives. Humanity,
Being less human, is not more divine.

The soul, then, cannot stipulate or refuse
The fashion of the heavenly embassy.
Since God is here the speaker, He must choose
The words He wills. Already I descry
That God and man are one, divided here,
Yet reconcilable. One doubt survives.
There is a dread condition to men's lives :
We die : and, from its death, it would appear
Our nature is not one with the divine.
Not so. The Man-God dies; and by his death
Doth with his own immortal life combine
The spirit pining in this mortal breath.
Who from himself himself did alienate
That he, returning to himself, might pave
A pathway hence, to heaven from the grave,
For man to follow — through the heavenly gate.
Wert thou, my Christ, not ignorant of grief?
A man of sorrows? Not for sorrow's sake
(Lord, I believe : help thou mine unbelief!)
Beneath the thorns did thy pure forehead ache :
But that in sorrow only, unto sorrow,
Can comfort come; in manhood only,
man
Perceive man's destiny. In Nature's plan
Our path is over Midnight to To-morrow.
And so the Prince of Life, in dying, gave
Undying life to mortals. Once he stood
Among his fellows, on this side the grave,
A man, perceptible to flesh and blood :
Now, taken from our sight, he dwells no less
Within our mortal memory and thought;
The mystery of all he was, and wrought,
Is made a part of general consciousness.
And in this consciousness I reach repose.
Spent with the howling main and desert sand
Almost too faint to pluck the unfading rose
Of peace, that bows its beauty to my hand.

A PSALM OF CONFESSION.

Here Reason fails, and leaves me; my pale guide
Across the wilderness — by a stern command,
Shut out, like Moses, from the Promist Land.
Touching its own achievement, it hath died.
Ah yet! I have but wrung the victory
From Thought! Not passionless will be my path.
Yet on my life's pale forehead I can see
The flush of squandered fires. Passion hath
Yet, in the purpose of my days, its place.
But changed in aspect : turned unto the East,
Whence grows the dayspring from on high, at least
A finer fervor trembles on its face.

THE SOUL'S SCIENCE.

CAN History prove the truth which hath
Its record in the silent soul?
Or Mathematics mete the path
Whereby the spirit seeks its goal?
Can Love of aught but Love inherit
The blessing which is born of Love?
The spirit knoweth of the spirit :
The soul alone the soul can prove.
The eye to see : the ear to hear :
The working hand to help the will :
To every sense his separate sphere :
And unto each his several skill.
The ear to sight, the eye to sound,
Is callous : unto each is given
His lorddom in his proper bound.
The soul, the soul to find out heaven!
There is a glory veiled to sight;
A voice which never ear hath heard;
There is a law no hand can write,
Yet stronger than the written word.
And hast thou tidings for my soul,
O teacher? to my soul intrust
Alone the purport of thy scroll :
Or vex me not with learned dust.

FULL soon doth Sorrow make her covenant
With Life; and leave her shadow in the door :
And all those future days, for which we pant,
Do come in mourning for the days of yore.
Still through the world gleams Memory seeking Love,
Pale as the torch which grieving Ceres bore,
Seeking Proserpina, on that dark shore
Where only phantoms through the twilight move.
The more we change, the more is all the same,
Our last grief was a tale of other years
Quite outworn, till to our own hearts it came.
Wishes are pilgrims to the Vale of Tears.
Our brightest joys are but as airy shapes
Of cloud, that fade on evening's glimmering slope;
And disappointment hawks the hovering hope
Forever pecking at the painted grapes.
Why can we not one moment pause,
and cherish
Love, though love turn to tears? or for hope's sake
Bless hope, albeit the thing we hope may perish?
For happiness is not in what we take,
But what we give. What matter though the thing
We cling to most should fail us?
It is the feeling for the thing, — the trust
In beauty somewhere, to which souls should cling.
My youth has failed, if failure lies in aught
The warm heart dreams, or which the working hand
Is set to do. I have failed in aidless thought,
And steadfast purpose, and in self-command.

I have failed in hope, in health, in love :
 failed in the word,
 And in the deed too I have failed.
 Ah yet,
 Albeit with eyes from recent weepings
 wet,
 Sing thou, my Soul, thy psalm unto the
 Lord !

The burthen of the desert and the
 sea !
 The burthen of the vision in the vale !
 My threshing-floor, my threshing-floor !
 ah me,
 Thy wind hath strewn my corn, and
 spoiled the flail !
 The burthen of Dumah and of Dedanim !
 What of the night, O watchman, of
 the night ?
 The glory of Kedar faileth : and the
 might
 Of mighty men is minished and dim.

The morning cometh, and the night, he
 cries.
 The watchman cries the morning, too,
 is nigher.
 And, if ye would inquire, lift up your
 eyes,
 Inquire of the Lord, return, inquire !
 I stand upon the watchtower all day
 long :
 And all the night long I am set in
 ward.
 Is it thy feet upon the mountains,
 Lord ?
 I sing against the darkness : hear my
 song !

The majesty of Kedar hath been spoiled :
 Bound are the arrows : broken is the
 bow.
 I come before the Lord with garments
 soiled.
 The ashes of my life are on my brow.
 Take thou thy harp, and go about the
 city.
 O daughter of Desire, with garments
 torn :
 Sing many songs, make melody, and
 mourn,
 That thou may'st be remembered unto
 pity.

Just, awful God ! here at thy feet I lay
 My life's most precious offering :
 dearly bought,

Thou knowest with what toil by night
 and day :
 Thou knowest the pain, the passion,
 and the thought.
 I bring thee my youth's failure. I have
 spent
 My youth upon it. All I have is here.
 Were it worth all it is not, price more
 dear
 Could I have paid for its accomplishment ?
 Yet it is much. If I could say to thee,
 "Acquit me, Judge ; for I am thus,
 and thus ;
 And have achieved — even so much,"
 — should I be
 Thus wholly fearless and impetuous
 To rush into thy presence ? I might weigh
 The little done against the undone
 much :
 My merit with thy mercy : and, as
 such,
 Haggle with pardon for a price to pay.

But now the fulness of its failure makes
 My spirit fearless ; and despair grows
 bold.
 My brow, beneath its sad self-knowledge,
 aches.
 Life's presence passes Thine a thou-
 sand-fold
 In contemplated terror. Can I lose
 Aught by that desperate temerity
 Which leaves no choice but to surren-
 der Thee
 My life without condition ? Could I
 choose

A stipulated sentence, I might ask
 For ceded dalliance to some cherisht
 vice :
 Or half-remission of some desperate task :
 Now, all I have is hateful. What is
 the price ?
 Speak, Lord ! I hear the Fiend's hand
 at the door.
 Hell's slavery or heaven's service is it
 the choice ?
 How can I palter with the terms ? O
 voice,
 Whence do I hear thee . . . "Go : and
 sin no more" ?

No more, no more ? But I have kist
 dead white
 The cheek of Vice. No more the
 harlot hides

Her loathsomeness of lineament from my
 sight.
 No more within my bosom there abides
 Her poisoned perfume. O, the witch's
 nice
 Have eat her scarlet robe and diaper,
 And she fares naked ! Part from her
 — from her ?
 Is this the price, O Lord, is this the
 price ?

Yet, though her web be broken, bonds,
 I know,
 Slow custom frames in the strong forge
 of time,
 Which outlast love, and will not wear
 with woe,
 Nor break beneath the cognizance of
 crime.
 The witch goes bare. But he, — the
 father fiend,
 That roams the unthrifty furrows of
 my days,
 Yet walks the field of life ; and,
 where he strays,
 The husbandry of heaven for hell is
 gleaned.

Lulls are there in man's life which are
 not peace.
 Tumults which are not triumphs. Do
 I take
 The pause of passion for the fiend's de-
 cease ?
 This frost of grief hath numbed the
 drowsing snake ;
 Which yet may wake, and sting me in
 the heat
 Of new emotions. What shall bar
 the door
 Against the old familiar, that of yore
 Came without call, and sat within my
 seat ?

When evening brings its dim grim hour
 again,
 And hell lets loose its dusky brood
 awhile,
 Shall I not find him in the darkness then ?
 The same subservient and yet insolent
 smile ?
 The same indifferent ignominious face ?
 The same old sense of household hor-
 ror, come
 Like a tame creature, back into its
 home ?
 Meeting me, haply, in my wonted place,

With the loathed freedom of an unloved
 mate,
 Or crouching on my pillow as of old ?
 Knowing I hate him, impotent in hate !
 Therefore more subtle, strenuous, and
 bold.
 Thus ancient habit will usurp young will,
 And each new effort rivet the old
 thrall.
 No matter ! those who climb must
 count to fall,
 But each new fall will prove them climb-
 ing still.

O wretched man ! the body of this death
 Which, groaning in the spirit, I yet
 bear
 On to the end (so that I breathe the breath
 Of its corruption, even though breath-
 ing prayer),
 What shall take from me ? Must I drag
 forever
 The cold corpse of the life which I
 have killed
 But cannot bury ? Must my heart be
 filled
 With the dry dust of every dead en-
 deavor ?

For often, at the mid of the long night,
 Some devil enters into the dead clay,
 And gives it life unnatural in my sight.
 The dead man rises up ; and roams
 away,
 Back to the mouldered mansions of the
 Past :
 And lights a lurid revel in the halls
 Of vacant years ; and lifts his voice,
 and calls,
 Till troops of phantoms gather round
 him fast.

Frail gold-haired corpses, in whose eyes
 there lives
 A strange regret too wild to let them
 rest :
 Crowds of pale maidens, who were never
 wives
 And infants that all died upon the
 breast
 That suckled them. And these make
 revelry
 Mingled with wailing all the midnight
 through,
 Till the sad day doth with stern light
 renew
 The toiling land, and the complaining sea.

Full well I know that in this world of ours
 The dreadful Commonplace succeeds
 all change;
 We catch at times a gleam of flying powers
 That pass in storm some windy mountain range:
 But, while we gaze, the cloud returns
 o'er all.
 And each, to guide him up the devious
 height,
 Must take, and bless, whatever earthly
 light
 From household hearths, or shepherd
 fires, may fall.

This wave, that groans and writhes upon
 the beach,
 To-morrow will submit itself to calm;
 That wind that rushes, moaning, out of
 reach,
 Will die anon beneath some breathless
 palm;
 These tears, these sighs, these motions
 of the soul,
 This inexpressible pining of the mind,
 The stern indifferent laws of life shall
 bind,
 And fix forever in their old control.

Behold this half-tamed universe of things!
 That cannot break, nor wholly bear,
 its chain.
 Its heart by fits grows wild: it leaps, it
 springs;
 Then the chain galls, and kennels it
 again.
 If man were formed with all his faculties
 For sorrow, I should sorrow for him
 less.
 Considering a life so brief, the stress
 Of its short passion I might well despise:
 But all man's faculties are for delight;
 But all man's life is compassed with
 what seems
 Framed for enjoyment: but from all that
 sight
 And sense reveal a magic murmur
 streams
 Into man's heart, which says, or seems
 to say,
 "Be happy!" . . . and the heart of
 man replies,
 "Leave happiness to brutes: I would
 be wise:
 Give me, not peace, but science, glory,
 art."

Therefore, age, sickness, and mortality
 Are but the lightest portion of his pain:
 Therefore, shut out from joy, incessantly
 Death finds him toiling at a task that's
 vain.
 I weep the want of all he pines to have:
 I weep the loss of all he leaves be-
 hind:—
 Contentment, and repose, and peace
 of mind,
 Pawned for the purchase of a little grave:
 I weep the hundred centuries of time;
 I weep the millions that have squan-
 dered them
 In error, doubt, anxiety, and crime,
 Here, where the free birds sing from
 leaf and stem:
 I weep . . . but what are tears? What
 I deplore
 I knew not, half a hundred years ago:
 And half a hundred years from hence,
 I know
 That what I weep for I shall know no
 more.

The spirit of that wide and leafless wind
 That wanders o'er the uncompanioned
 sea,
 Searching for what it never seems to find,
 Stirred in my hair, and moved my
 heart in me,
 To follow it, far over land and main:
 And everywhere over this earth's
 scarred face
 The footsteps of a God I seemed to
 trace;
 But everywhere steps of a God in pain.

If, haply, he that made this heart of
 mine,
 Himself in sorrow walked the world
 erewhile,
 What then am I, to marvel or repine
 That I go mourning ever in the smile
 Of universal nature, searching ever
 The phantom of a joy which here I
 miss?
 My heart inhabits other worlds than
 this,
 Therefore my search is here a vain en-
 deavor.

Methought, . . . (it was the midnight of
 my soul,
 Dead midnight) that I stood on Cal-
 vary:

REQUIESCAT.

I found the cross, but not the Christ.
 The whole
 Of heaven was dark: and I went bit-
 terly
 Weeping, because I found him not.
 Methought, . . .
 (It was the twilight of the dawn and
 mist)
 I stood before the sepulchre of Christ:
 The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught
 Saving the cere-clothes of the grave,
 which were
 Upfolden straight and empty: bitterly
 Weeping I stood, because not even there
 I found him. Then a voice spake
 unto me,
 "Whom seekest thou? Why is thy
 heart dismayed?
 Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here:
 Behold, the Lord is risen. Be of
 cheer:
 Approach, behold the place where he
 was laid."

And while he spake, the sunrise smote
 the world.
 "Go forth, and tell thy brethren,"
 spake the voice;
 "The Lord is risen." Suddenly un-
 furled,
 The whole unclouded Orient did re-
 joice
 In glory. Wherefore should I mourn
 that here
 My heart feels vacant of what most it
 needs?
 Christ is arisen! . . . the cere-clothes
 and the weeds
 That wrapped him lying in this sepul-
 chre

Of earth, he hath abandoned; being
 gone
 Back into heaven, where we too must
 turn
 Our gaze to find him. Pour, O risen
 Sun
 Of Righteousness, the light for which
 I yearn
 Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
 This tract of night in which I walk
 forlorn:
 Behold the night is now far spent.
 The morn
 Breaks, breaking from afar through a
 night shower.

I SOUGHT to build a deathless monument
 To my dead love. Therein I meant
 to place
 All precious things, and rare: as Nature
 blent
 All single sweetnesses in one sweet
 face.
 I could not build it worthy her mute
 merit,
 Nor worthy her white brows and holy
 eyes,
 Nor worthy of her perfect and pure spirit,
 Nor of my own immortal memories.
 But, as some rapt artificer of old,
 To enshrine the ashes of a virgin saint,
 Might scheme to work with ivory, and
 fine gold,
 And carven gems, and legended and
 quaint
 Seraphic heraldries; searching far lands,
 Orient and occident, for all things rare,
 To consecrate the toil of reverent hands,
 And make his labor, like her virtue,
 fair;
 Knowing no beauty beautiful as she,
 And all his labor void, but to beguile
 A sacred sorrow; so I worked. Ah, see
 Here are the fragments of my shattered
 pile!
 I keep them, and the flowers that sprang
 between
 Their broken workmanship—the flow-
 ers and weeds!
 Sleep soft among the violets, O my
 Queen,—
 Lie calm among my ruined thoughts
 and deeds.

EPILOGUE.

PART I.

CHANGE without term, and strife without
 result,
 Persons that pass, and shadows that
 remain,
 One strange, impenetrable, and occult
 Suggestion of a hope, that's hoped in
 vain,
 Behold the world man reigns in! His
 delight
 Deceives; his power fatigues; his
 strength is brief;