

LIV

So died he. But before the summons came,
For many months, the dwellers in the vale
Pressed round him, listening, while he told the tale
He knew so well,—so old, and still the same.
He raised them from the dust, and shewed them how
To worship worthily the common Sire ;
Re-fashioning, with Promethean fire,
Their thoughts, their lives, until each wish and vow
Was harmonized with his, as lyre with lyre.

LV.

To them, when came the final, parting hour,
It seemed the light had faded from their sky :
Bowed down, disconsolate, with wailing cry,
They kissed the hands now lying, void of power,
Folded and motionless upon his breast :
And sun-browned children of the desert bore
Bright lotus-flowers, such as he loved of yore,
And shed them o'er him, weeping. So, at rest,
He lay, in silence, by the river-shore.

LVI.

Uprose the morn ; in splendor shone the sun :
A thousand ripples, on the mighty stream,
Woke laughingly, beneath his earliest beam ;
Life stirred : a day of sunshine had begun.
But he, the sleeper, saw not, heeded not ;
No more to him the river's stately flow
Could bring sweet music : he no more might know
The suffering by human partings brought,
Or man's unkindness. It was better so.