

And nevermore that elfin fire
Can die out in my heart,
As through this world and its sad hire,
I walk, a soul apart;
Where love nor hate, nor joy nor woe
Can touch me with their smart.

For I am haunted by one dream,
One melody of dread;
I seek it by the moonlight beam,
And in the morning's red;
And that spirit, wild, she walks with me
And all earth's haunting dead.

And I dream the dreams she dreams to me
From out her eyes of fire;
And the beautiful thoughts she flings to me
From off her wild, wild lyre;
'Till dim and dead as the perished past,
Are this world, and this world's desire.