

Trelawney, lion limbed and high of heart ;
 And he, that gentlest sage and friend most true,
 Whom Adonais loved. With these bore part
 One grieving ghost, that flew
 Hither and thither through the smoke unstirred
 In wailing semblance of a wild white bird.

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O heart of fire, that fire might not consume,
 For ever glad the world because of thee ;
 Because of thee for ever eyes illumine
 A more enchanted earth, a lovelier sea !
 O poignant voice of the desire of life,
 Piercing our lethargy, because thy call
 Aroused our spirits to a nobler strife
 Where base and sordid fall,
 For ever past the conflict and the pain
 More clearly beams the goal we shall attain !

XXX

And now once more, O marshes, back to you
 From whatsoever wanderings, near or far,
 To you I turn with joy for ever new,
 To you, O sovereign vasts of Tantramar !