

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.

XXIX

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 Tantramara !