

And in the smoke thereof we faded thence,
 Away into empyreal regions blest,
Beyond the extreme cloisters of the skies,
And, like a flame, the lightning of her eyes
 Burnt in my path, and endless was our rest.
Endless our love and love's omnipotence.

And in our strength and everlasting youth,
 Arising in clear dawn and light which saves,
We found a realm wherein earth's sorrowings
Were heard no more, where myriad blameless things
 Rose from their venal and lethean graves,
And found a resting-place, and called it Truth.

They rose from island and from continent,
 Pale-featured spirits in apparel bright ;
They rose from ancient rivers and the sea
In human shapes and garbs of chastity ;
 They came from sepulchres of death and night,
Faint with despair and long imprisonment.