

II.

C O M P L E T I O N nigh, eyes lifted caught a gleam
Of fitful radiance ; on strained ears fell
A rustle as of wings, while in a spell
They saw a glorious being who did seem
Angel or demon, which they could not deem.
Each heard the clear notes of his trumpet swell ;
Each saw the crown he bore ; but one did quell
His discontent. One wrought as in a dream,
Then dropped his task to follow far the flight
Of errant pinions and the crown to claim.
The great wings swept the ebon arc of night ;
Then the clear trumpet sounded on the height,
Not his—but the meek, steadfast worker's name
Uncrowned he wakened from his dream of fame.