

“O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.”

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exigium.—CICERO, ad Att., xii. 13.

O MAY I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence : live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
 To make undying music in the world,
 Breathing as beauteous order that controls
 With growing sway the growing life of man.