

The old king said ; "and on its bitter breath
 We are most like to die with all that lives."
 A hush there fell. Beyond the canopy
 A rushing wind passed suddenly and died ;
 And lo, mysterious darkness fell on all.
 Deep in the riven clouds red battle waged
 Where mighty forms strove on the streaming plains
 And in abysmal caverns, from whose jaws
 Spat the white fire. Spurning the writhing slain,
 Hurling the monsters fled into the west,
 Victors and vanquished ; for the powers of Light
 Knew no resistance. Through soft-curling clouds
 Came like caressing love the glorious sun :
 And then from out the distance rang a Voice
 Pure as the dew, sweet as the light of day :

*"Out in the sunshine, the shadows are past!
 See! how life springs.
 Soon will they lengthen, forever to last:
 Fold not your wings."*

The tinted dawn her petals spread above :
 Delicate dews distilled from earth and sky ;
 And with the stirring zephyrs sounded low
 The murmur of innumerable things.
 One long sweet sigh of peace, and suddenly
 The dreaming world awoke and glittered fresh.
 High overhead the silken clouds hung light,
 Pure as though bathed in the celestial sea.
 All nature drew the breath of life. And now
 From gold-rained hollow and from emerald hill ;
 From many a shimmering silence water-borne ;
 From where the wind-flower starts, and by her grace
 Startles the timid hare ; from mossy glen
 Where sings the waterfall to waters deep,
 Pillowed in dark luxuriance asleep ;
 From violet-broidered banks and lawny vale
 Whereon the bluebells ring their fairy chime ;
 From where the wind among the crags shakes forth
 The scarlet columbine ; once more from all there came
 The fragrance of a hundred thousand lives.

*"Cold falls the death-shroud on coward and free:
 Where streams the gold?
 Chaos blots all but best,—cares it for thee?
 Tell, or be told."*