

You whom the wander-spirit loves
To lead by some forgotten clue
Forever vanishing beyond
Horizon brinks forever new ;

The road, unmarked, ordained, whereby
Your brothers of the field and air
Before you, faithful blind and glad,
Emerged from chaos pair by pair ;

The road whereby you too must come,
In the unvexed and fabled years,
Into the country of your dream,
With all your knowledge in arrears !

You who can never quite forget
Your glimpse of Beauty as she passed,
The well-head where her knee was pressed,
The dew wherein her foot was cast ;