

XVIII.

For me what remnant fate remains in store?
What dull or useless ending will be mine?
I count these days detach'd, this work unplaced,
I know the best of me has gone before,
And all that youth once promis'd I resign;
But lone on that allegiant floral waste
I bared my head to Beauty evermore.

XIX.

And still she comes to me, tho' I be old,
Living in cover'd ways and namelessly;
And still her fields of amaranth await,
And glorious across the manifold
Dim valleys of the dead exalt I see
Her azure gardens gleaming, and the great
Marble towers of morning tipt with gold.