

All things on earth tend to make us forget our former state:

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate-man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

At length the glory and the freshness die away

But yet I know where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

And although the youth

By the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
The man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

But all is not lost. There still remains some recollections of the "celestial light," some feeling which comes back upon us in our highest moods and reminds us of our heavenly origin :

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !

Which are :

Those first affections
Those shadowy recollections
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.

And

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Therefore

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.