

Now melted and subdued to phantom shade  
Beneath that lonely mount hung in the dawn :  
So over darkened intervening vales  
Tinged in the sweet fire of the light's farewell,  
Shone Eden upon Adam. Then he sighed  
A sigh not all of grief, " It is enough.  
Leave me, my children, to my peace ; go ye  
And comfort Eve, go, prosper and be blest."  
They each turned fearfully to each, but Seth  
Bowed down his head and hushed them with his hand.  
Silent with running tears they wept farewell,  
And, often looking backward, on slow feet  
Moved down the wide slope. Adam was alone.  
At last his eyes were closing, yet he saw  
Dimly the shapes of his departing sons,  
Inheriting their endless fate ; for them  
The world lay free, and all things possible.  
Perchance his dying gaze, so satisfied,  
Was lightened, and he saw how vast a scope  
Ennobled them of power to dare beyond  
Their mortal frailty in immortal deeds,  
Exceeding their brief days in excellence,  
Not with the easy victory of gods  
Triumphant, but in suffering more divine ;  
Since that which drives them to unnumbered woes,  
Their burning deep unquenchable desire,  
Shall be their glory, and shall forge at last  
From fiery pangs their everlasting peace.

LAURENCE BINYON.