

Or in some rhymeless song or book,
A generation born of Eld,
A people with some staff or crook,
Felled like the forest trees are felled.

Philosophy finds her desire
Where stray the wild bees round thy feet,
And brings her incense and her fire,
And from the foolish makes retreat.

Silent through all thy sloping fane
Thou nursest silence like a child.
When lo—some rock is loosed in twain
And rushes down with clangor wild.

L'ENVOI.

Amid the thickets of the South
Birds build their nests and flit between.