

Now poignant with the lonely ebb, the strife  
Of tides from the salt sea of human pain  
That hiss along the perilous coasts of life  
Beat in his eager brain ;  
But all about the tumult of his heart  
Stretched the great calm of his celestial art.

## XI

Therefore with no far flight, from Tantrammar  
And my still world of ecstasy, to thee,  
Shelley, to thee I turn, the avatar  
Of Song, Love, Dream, Desire and Liberty ;  
To thee I turn with reverent hands of prayer  
And lips that fain would ease my heart of praise,  
Whom chief of all whose brows prophetic wear  
The pure and sacred bays  
I worship, and have worshipped since the hour  
When first I felt thy bright and chainless power.

## XII

About thy sheltered cradle, in the green  
Untroubled groves of Sussex, brooded forms  
That to the mother's eye remained unseen,—  
Terrors and ardours, passionate hopes, and storms