

Great and splendid, near and far,
Lies the province of desire ;
Love the only silver star
Its discoverers require.

I shall lack nor tent nor food,
Nor companion in the way,
For the kindly solitude
Will provide for me to-day.

Few enough have been my needs ;
Fewer now they are to be ;
Where the faintest follow leads,
There is heart's content for me.

Leave the bread upon the board ;
Leave the book beside the chair ;
With the murmur of the ford,
Light of spirit I shall fare.