

" Shall be spilt at last and return to peace,  
As dust which the hands of the wind release.

" This is my solace and my reward,  
Who have drained life's dregs from a broken  
shard."

Wise and grave was the water face,  
A youth grown man in a little space ;

While the wayworn face by the river side  
Grew gentler-lipped and shadowy-eyed ;

For he heard like a sea-horn summoning him  
That sound from the world's end vast and  
dim,

Where the river went wandering out so far  
Through a gate in the mountain left ajar,

The sea birds love and the land birds flee,  
The large bleak voice of the burly sea.