

war and wantonness,
dethronements: take

and his trust that
in the distance back
for some are scared,

signs of storm,
me with every wind,
to the transient hour,
looseners of the faith,
scorn of simple life,
d of lust for gold,
a and not a voice,
us honey stol'n from

, but careful for itself,
ows not, ruling that

the goal of this great

—if our slowly-grown
C's crowning common-

times, not fail — their

huger than the shapes
those gloomier which

attle in the West,
holy dies away.