

Not thou, not thou,—for thou wert in the light
 Of the Unspeakable, where time is not.
 Thou sawest those tears ; but in thy perfect sight
 And thy eternal thought
 Were they not even now all wiped away
 In the reunion of the infinite day !

XXV

There face to face thou sawest the living God
 And worshipedst, beholding Him the same
 Adored on earth as Love, the same whose rod
 Thou hadst endured as Life, whose secret name
 Thou now didst learn, the healing name of Death.
 In that unroutable profound of peace,
 Beyond experience of pulse and breath,
 Beyond the last release
 Of longing, rose to greet thee all the lords
 Of Thought, with consummation in their words.

XXVI

He of the seven cities claimed, whose eyes,
 Though blind, saw gods and heroes, and the fall
 Of Ilium, and many alien skies,
 And Circe's Isle ; and he whom mortals call