

The common runes of knowledge; but there lies
 A greatness, vast, behind this taper gleam
 That stands for somewhat lore hath never weighed
 In all its ponderings of thought-pulsing brain.
 Shakespeare, the mighty, touched it as he passed.
 The Man in Uz did feel it, shook the folds
 Of some great garment's hem of One who passed
 The vasty gates of Orion at one stride.
 All earth's high souls have felt it in their time,
 Have risen to this mighty deep in thought
 Or worshipped in the blackness and the gleam.

28 28

Dream not because life's taper flame grows dim,
 Man's soul grows wasted gazing on dull gold,
 His spirit shrunk with canker of life's ill,
 That earth's great nights will darken their splendours down,
 Her dawns will fail to rise, this mighty world
 Will cease to roll its vast appointed way;
 And beauty and love, and all that man holds sweet
 For youth and age, the effort glad, the joy,
 The memory of old greatness gone before,
 Not hold their magic 'neath the almighty will.

28 28

Yea, 'tis eternal as the wave, the sky,
 Changing forever, never wholly passing,
 A part of all this dream that will not die,
 It lives forever. Years may fade and pass,
 Youth's dream decline to age and death's decay,
 Ills and sharp griefs, despairs and agonies come:
 While earth remains her spirit will not fail.
 That greatness back of all will still console,
 Man's life will still be sweet, its purpose glad,
 The morn will still be morning, and the night
 Star splendours arched above the eternal peace,
 The eternal yearning and the eternal dream.