

The melancholy waste of wave was dead,  
And silence haunted the Marmorean hills ;  
Nor any sound of any breeze or bird  
Within the sunshine or the shade was heard  
When as she said, "O love! 'tis life that kills,"  
When as she sighed, and touched my lips, and said :

"Small light have they, O love ! who love their lives,  
Calling the dead the past, and fearing death.  
For these our ways aforetime have been trod  
By patient suffering ones who now are God,  
Being immortal, with abiding breath,  
And joy that ravishes, and hope that strives.

"'Tis but a terror which entreats control,  
A baseless fear which thwarts us of the dues  
Of sacred death—things effable above,  
And roomy thrones, and light of endless love.  
Wherefore 'tis meet to seal our fate and use  
The trodden path which disenthalls the soul.