

Gone are the gold and scarlet from the West;
Night falls; and Rome is like the Galaxy—
Indefinite with stars. A myriad
Of tiny flames are flaring on the hills;
And in those evening fires the souls of men
Are manifested—souls that upward burn
In emulation of the beautiful,—
For the invisible, pure things of Him
From the creation of the world are seen
And understood by what is made. One God,
One Law, One Hope, One Faith, and One Desire,
Are in the impulse of creative hands,
And on the lips that sing; as sings the lad
To Paul, the prisoner, great Sappho's song!