

## THE HOPE,

### I

I HAVING youth yet in my blood,  
Being yet the fool of dreams, would hold  
What Epicurus taught of old,  
That sober-minded demi-god ;

Would live and love, would learn men's ways,  
Some pleasure seek, not trust thereto,  
Be what I am, do as men do,  
And look on Heaven with tranquil gaze.

I would, but cannot. Ah, how dream  
Without a hope, without a fear ?  
Infinity so close and clear  
Can Reason see, nor ask the scheme ?

This world—what is it ? Man—why there,  
A conscience cowering from the skies ?  
To walk, as beasts, with earthward eyes,  
And say, Naught is but Now and Here :

This count you happiness ? Not I !  
This soul, chance-summoned from the deep,  
Is seed of woman : laugh or weep,  
Human I live and human die.

<sup>1</sup> A rendering of Alfred de Musset's "L'Espoir en Dieu."