

And tarried long in splendid palaces.
The worship of vast peoples has been mine,
The homage of uncounted pageantries.

Sea-offerings, and fruits of field and vine
Have humble folk been proud to bring to me ;
And woven cloths of wonderful design

Have lain untouched in far lands over-sea,
Till the rich traffickers beheld my sails.
Long caravans have toiled on wearily —

Harassed yet watchful of their costly bales —
Across wide sandy places, glad to bear
Strange oils and perfumes strained in Indian vales,

Great gleaming rubies torn from some queen's hair,
Yellow, long-hoarded coin and golded dust,
Deeming that I would find their offerings fair.

— O fairness quick to fade ! Ashes and rust
And food for moths ! O half-remembered things
Once altar-set ! — I think when one is thrust

Far down in the under-world, where the worm clings
Close to the newly-dead, among the dead
Not one awakes to ask what gift she brings.