
THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

Here Blake and Job and Omar
The author's meaning traced ;
Here Virgil got his sweetness,
And Arnold his unhaste.

Here Horace learned to question,
And Browning to reply,
When Soul stood up on trial
For her mortality.

And all these lovely spirits
Who read in the great book,
Then went away in silence
With their illumined look,

Left comment, as time furnished
A margin for their skill, —
Their guesses at the secret
Whose gist eludes us still.