

Bigots blame me in their wrath.

Let them blame !

Praise or blame, the fated path

Is the same.

If I droop upon my mission,

There is still that saving vision,

Iridescent and Elysian,

Tipped in flame.

It was granted me to stand

By my dead.

I have felt the vanished hand

On my head,

On my brow the vanished lips,

And I know that Death's eclipse

Is a floating veil that slips,

Or is shed.

When I heard thy well-known voice,

Son of mine,