

From which I hardly rise unhelped of
hand ;

I bow down to my Root, and like a Child
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,
With whom I soon shall cease to moan
and weep,
And on my Mother's Bosom fall asleep.

The House in Ruin, and its Music heard
No more within, nor at the Door of
Speech,

Better in Silence and Oblivion
To fold me Head and Foot, remembering
What that BELOVED to the Master whis-
per'd :—

“No longer think of Rhyme, but think
of ME !”—

Of WHOM ?—of HIM whose Palace THE
SOUL is,

And Treasure-House—who notices and
knows

Its Income and Out-going, and *then* comes
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.
Whose Shadow being KINGS—whose
Attributes

The Type of Theirs—their Wrath and
Favour His—

Lo ! in the Celebration of His Glory
The KING Himself come on me unawares,
And suddenly arrests me for his own.
Wherefore once more I take—best quitted
else—

The Field of Verse, to chaunt that double
Praise,

And in that Memory refresh my Soul
Until I grasp the Skirt of Living Presence.