

Touched with slant rays of the departing sun.  
The other, set amid the shining seas,  
All tender with suffusion of the dawn,  
And sweet with children's voices musical.  
And oft to that fair-memored place return  
The voyagers who long since crossed its bounds—  
The sunset fain to look upon the dawn.  
And there, worn weary of the brawling world,  
They hear the voice of childhood pure and strong ;  
Tired eyes behold young' eyes that know not sin ;  
And souls closed flower-wise for the life to come  
Soft open to receive the primal freshness  
Of souls fresh budding in the tender dawn.

