

MY SONG.

To understand the song I sing
You must know grief like mine,
And out of love's immortal spring
Drink life's divinest wine.

Ah, you must love, and lose, and learn
What these alone can tell,
When thoughts of flame transcendent burn,
Like bolts, when angels fell.

O, you must know what 'tis to stand
Alone 'mid boundless night,
To search in darkness for a hand
To guide your way aright,
Yet find it not: to hear no sound,
No promise in the gloom—
A spirit in a void profound—
The universe a tomb.