

And shiver all its power of harm.
O deem it not all vanity
If, when I recognize the arm
That strikes the trenchant blow,
I dare to feel
Exultant in the thought, "I know
The place which tempered that true steel."

VI.

The darkest cloud of man's despair
Is fringed with glorious light;
Its gloom is but a shadow thrown
From splendours flashing on his sight.
For, though in rapture he may dare
To build a hope of making them his own,
Yet at the best his toilsome care
Leaves but a work of dull and sombre hue
To mortify his view.
The very reason, therefore, he makes moan
Is that he cannot choose to be deceived,
But that his nature keeps him true
To those imperial splendours he has known,
More fair by far than aught he has achieved.
For oft he seems like some ill-fated creature
That once had wings,
And still bears many a feature
Recalling an activity that springs