

*Dreamland and Other Poems.*

Beyond me were wide plains of amber light,  
And sunless regions stained with solemn gold.  
And there the myriad wild-fowl soared on high,  
Scattered and strewn like dust against the sky.  
And, in the east, a tender shadow rolled  
Forth from the distant antres of the night.

Aërial mountains of their substance gave  
To beamless forests where the breezes stirred  
Faintly, and faintly shook the leaves. I saw  
The rising mists behind the mountains draw  
Like phantoms to the hovering clouds, and heard,  
Far-off, the sullen thunder of the wave.

Not any space of all the world's desire  
Was fairer to mine eyes, and, when my death  
Seemed instant on my head, mine eyes grew dim,  
And all my life fled out of every limb.  
My fears I felt as one who holds his breath,  
And fears betwixt the thunder and the fire.