

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.