

AMOR VITÆ

I love the heaven's azure span,
The grass beneath my feet :
I love the face of every man
Whose thought is swift and sweet.

I let the wrangling world go by,
And like an idle breath
Its echoes and its phantoms fly :
'I care no jot for death,

Time like a Titan bright and strong
Spreads one enchanted gleam :
Each hour is but a fluted song,
And life a lofty dream.