

And I thought, Lo, my strength is long passed ;
I have spoken, and they have not heard ;
On him shall my mantle be cast,
And he shall go forth with my word.

And the flame of my prophecy fired ;
As of old in the trance I was rapt ;
I forgot that I ever was tired,
Till suddenly, reed-like, I snapped.

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For a son of my flesh did I cry,
When I said, "Lo, the son of my soul!"
And at once as the light of mine eyes
I loved you and silently stole
With a whisper, half glad, half afraid,
"Are you he? Are you he? You are he!"
As though I had spoke to a maid,
Not a lad in the height of his glee.