

Moan, moan, for still I thaw ; or give me help,  
Throw down those imps, and give me victory.  
Let me hear other groans, and trumpets blown  
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival,  
From the gold peaks of heaven's high-piled clouds ; 410  
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir  
Of strings in hollow shells ; and there shall be  
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise  
Of the sky-children." So he feebly ceased,  
With such a poor and sick -sounding pause,  
Methought I heard some old man of the earth  
Bewailing earthly loss ; nor could my eyes  
And ears act with that unison of sense  
Which marries sweet sound with the grace of form,  
And dolorous accent from a tragic harp 420  
With large-limb'd visions. More I scrutinized.  
Still fixt he sat beneath the sable trees,  
Whose arms spread straggling in wild serpent forms,  
With leaves all hush'd ; his awful presence there,  
Now all was silent, gave a deadly lie  
To what I erewhile heard : only his lips  
Trembled amid the white curls of his beard ;  
They told the truth, though round the snowy locks  
Hung nobly, as upon the face of heaven  
A mid-day fleece of clouds. Thea arose, 430  
And stretcht her white arm through the hollow dark,  
Pointing some whither : whereat he too rose,  
Like a vast giant, seen by men at sea  
To grow pale from the waves at dull midnight.  
They melted from my sight into the woods :  
Ere I could turn, Moneta cried, " These twain  
Are speeding to the families of grief,  
Where roof'd in by black rocks, they waste in pain  
And darkness, for no hope." And she spake on,  
As ye may read who can unwearied pass 440  
Onward from the antechamber of this dream,  
Where, even at the open doors, awhile  
I must delay, and glean my memory  
Of her high phrase--perhaps no further dare.