

XVI.

And slowly Assabet takes on her charm,
Since him she most did love thou hast withdrawn
Beyond the well-springs of perpetual day.
And now 'tis Laleham : from all noise and harm.
Blithe and boy hearted, whither is he gone,
(Like them who fare in peace—knowing thy sway
Is over carls and kings,
He was too great to cease to be a child,
Too wise to be content with childish things)
Having heard swing-to the twin-leaved doors of gloom
Pillared with autumn dust from out the wild
And carved upon with BEAUTY and FOREDOOM?

XVII.

Awhile within the roaring iron house
He toiled to thrill the bitter dark with cheer ;
But ever the earlier prime wrapped his white soul
In sure and flawless welfare of repose,
Kept like a rare Greek song through many a year
With Chian terebinth—an illumined scroll
No injury can deface.
And men will toss his name from sea to sea
Along the wintry dusk a little space,
Till thou return with flight of swallow and sun
To weave for us the rain's hoar tracery,
With blossom and dream unravelled and undone.