

O H, I shall comprehend
Truth at my journey's end,—
What being is and what I strive to be,—
What soul in beauty's guise
Eludes our wistful eyes,
Yet surely is akin to you and me.

T HEREFORÉ, towards that supreme
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,
That promise of our life from day to day,
The grace of joyousness
Abide with us to bless
And help us forth along the Perfect Way !