

Hung them beneath the roof of all the world,
Till morning melts them back again to mist:
God gave us these, and with them children's eyes,
And ears, and hearts, that we might wake to touch,
Sight, sound of angels! Foolish mitred men,
What do ye, with your learning, understand?
I have talked with the angels, and I know!

Now that fair France lifts up her liliated head
To greet Time with her laughter, and unveils
To kiss the mouth of Fortune, Death will come
Softly at day-break, calling unto Joan.
I shall not fear the faggots and the stake;
The folded arms upon the breast, the stare
Of eyes that lust to look at innocence
Robed with red draperies of clinging flame;
For Michael will be waiting for my soul!
Together we shall dare the paths of space;
Find Pierre piping on his appointed star
Among the flowers that he loved so well,
Glad of my coming, swift to sing me home:
And from the music that we make on high,
There shall be in the heart of France—a song!