

## XV.

Make song, ye faith-heard harps, in sweet unrest!  
 Doubt's ruddy triumph-fires are flickering wan.  
 Faith is a rock that sorrows burst upon,  
 And faith and life have blended in my breast.  
 What fear is there that shall my heart invest?  
 Destiny is a light, and Death a dawn.  
 I shall endure when Earth and Pain are gone,  
 To live a love that nothing shall molest.  
 The light of truth hath frightened Sorrow hence,  
 And she hath vanished with her sable hood,  
 To night's recesses, where her influence  
 May amply yield her sodden hearts for food,  
 And fill her drinking-cup of ebon-wood  
 At lightless eyes that gush their opulence.

## XVI.

List ye!—the hollow withered Earth shall burst,  
 And with it all the ponderous spheres that thrive  
 Round busy suns that hang in air, and give  
 Their potent nourishment, shall be dispersed,  
 And showered to ruin with the life they nursed,  
 In kindred wreck; and but the night shall live,  
 The sepulchre of worlds, that shall survive  
 To hold the quiet reign it held at first.  
 Yea, but what murderous might shall wreck or stay  
 My shapeless soul in its immortal course?  
 What ruining hand of time shall find a prey  
 In my unsubstanced soul? What puissant force  
 Dare stop my life in its appointed way,  
 Kin of the Builder, summoned to the Source?

## XVII.

Hark! hark, my dead, I will rejoice for thee;  
 It meeter is to weep that here remain.  
 Thy tears are spent, and vanished is their stain.  
 Thine eyes are closed to Earth's harsh tragedy.  
 Oh, thou art gone away with Destiny,  
 And now shalt never love and lose again.  
 Thou art beyond the withering grasp of pain.  
 Remote from all that pangs mortality,  
 Oh, mighty Fate hath called her child away,  
 And secret Death hath loosed her from her clay;  
 And she hath gone into the peopled skies,  
 Queen of an heritage in Paradise,  
 Home with her spirit's kin, for aye and aye,  
 That Earth kept hidden from her trustful eyes.