

III.

A Life.

LET us lie down and sleep ! All things are still,
 And everywhere doth rest alone seem sweet.
 No more is heard the sound of hurrying feet
 Athrough the land their echoes once did fill.
 Even the wind knows not its ancient will,
 For each ship floats with undisturbéd sheet :
 Naught stirs except the Sun, who hastes to greet
 His handmaiden, the utmost western hill.
 Ah, there the glory is ! O west of gold !
 Once seemed our life to us as glad and fair ;
 We knew nor pain nor sorrow anywhere !
 O crimson clouds ! O mountains autumn-stoled !
 Across even you long shadows soon must sweep.
 We too have lived. *Let us lie down and sleep !*

IV.

NAY, let us kneel and pray ! The fault was ours,
 No Lord ! No other ones have sinned as we.
 The Spring was with us and we praised not thee ;
 We gave no thanks for Summer's strangest flowers.
 We built us many ships, and mighty towers,
 And held awhile the whole broad world in fee :
 Yea, and it sometime writhed at our decree !
 The stars, the winds, — all they were subject-powers.
 All things we had for slave. We knew no God ;
 We saw no place on earth where His feet trod —
 This earth, where now the Winter hath full sway,
 Well shrouded under cold white snows and deep.
 We rose and lived ; we ruled ; yet, ere we sleep,
 O Unknown God, — *Let us kneel down and pray !*