

For far and near seem blent

With hollow merriment,

The groanings of the travail of the earth ;

And grey-haired grace is old,

And coward hearts grow bold,

And shameless cheeks are creased with soulless mirth ;

And, everywhere, who looks espies

A world's swift tears, or cold, hard-hearted eyes.

Yet as blooms melt in fruits,

Or dead flow'rs live in roots,

So time may bring the fabled after-age

When Knowledge shall be found,

Emboldened and unbound,

And Heav'n shall grow more kind as men grow sage,

And earth, no longer tempest-tost,

Shall snatch again the grace she once hath lost.