

For a few sunny hours
 Culleth immortal flowers.
 Lo ! while he holds them fast,
 Swift is their glory past.
 Striving and conquering,
 Fulfilling his doom,
 Sadly, with broken wing,
 He sinks to the tomb.
 Yet for some little while
 Let him his soul beguile ;
 Fill him his spirit full
 Of visions most beautiful ;
 Crown him midway the fight,
 Ere the slack forces tire,
 Master of Love's delight,
 Lord of Desire.
 Then when his joy is won
 Is our pastime begun.
 Thou shalt kill his heart's compassion,
 Thou shalt kindle hatred there,
 Thou with subtle skill shalt fashion
 In foul semblance what was fair,
 Thou shalt lay his fortunes low,
 Thou his haughty soul shalt bow—
 Then when our dread work is done
 We shall bathe in the fiery sun.

Such, sometimes in the mystical dim night,
 The visions that dawn upon my aching sight.