

Of care and pain effaced :  
A nodding wreath of poppy flowers  
Upon my brow was placed.

V.

And long I look'd in silence o'er  
The silvery expanse ;  
Anon with music's soft employ  
I did my joy enhance :  
No siren e'er had sweeter voice  
To give it utterance.

VI.

But that—ah that would not suffice—  
The more I sang the more  
Methought the sands alluringly  
Did beckon me explore  
What splendid city lay beyond—  
What foam-besprent sea-shore !

VII.

Then up I rose and sought the West,  
Wherein the Sun declin'd ;  
And light and merrily I flew,  
While ever blew behind,  
Outspreading wide my yellow hair,  
A perfume-laden wind.

VIII.

On and on and ever on,  
With white, untiring feet ;