

Yet no answer? Sweet my heart,
Bld me not untaught depart!
Nay, repulsed I will not be!
Leaving all I cling to thee!

Past all mortal dreaming blest!
Lawless, heeding one behest!
Heritors of all that's true,—
Save to joy, what may we do?

Fellows of each wilding thing,
Through the ebb and flow of spring!
Happy in unthinking joy,
Lest the silent gods destroy!