

Then all of this was what I knew not of,
Thou wert but loveliness made manifest,
And wore the garment fashioned of my love
So fittingly that I ignored the rest.

Shall all of thee that I have ever known
Become as dust the sun shines not upon?
I did not know thy soul so strangely flown,
So may not find thee where thou now art
gone.

Then let me kneel thus worshipping and
see—

Thee whom I love, still lying as thou art,
That I may ever keep long dreams of thee
And hold thine image close within my heart.