

LET me each day anew
L My outward voyage pursue
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands;
Till through the breaking gloom
Some evening they shall loom,
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

AH, that day I shall know
A How the shy wood-flowers grow,
In the deep forest, turning to the light;
Untrammelled impulse still
With glad obedient will
The only guide out of ancestral night.