

*I step across the mystic border-land,  
And look upon the wonder-world of Art.  
How beautiful, how beautiful its hills!  
And all its valleys, how surpassing fair!*

*The winding paths that lead up to the heights  
Are polished by the footsteps of the great.  
The mountain-peaks stand very near to God:  
The chosen few whose feet have trod thereon  
Have talked with Him, and with the angels walked.*

*Here are no sounds of discord—no profane  
Or senseless gossip of unworthy things—  
Only the songs of chisels and of pens,  
Of busy brushes, and ecstatic strains  
Of souls surcharged with music most divine.  
Here is no idle sorrow, no poor grief  
For any day or object left behind—  
For time is counted precious, and herein  
Is such complete abandonment of Self  
That tears turn into rainbows, and enhance  
The beauty of the land where all is fit.*

*Awe and afraid, I cross the border-land.  
Oh, who am I, that I dare enter here  
Where the great artists of the world have trod—  
The genius-crowns and aristocrats of Earth?  
Only the singer of a little song;  
Yet loving Art with such a mighty love  
I hold it greater to have won a place  
Just on the fair land's edge, to make my grave,  
Than in the outer world of greed and gain  
To sit upon a royal throne and reign.*