

Thou canst not fetter it, for it is free ;
No tyrant yokes it to the labouring oar.
It is a solemn height, wind-visited,
And touched by sunlight when the sun is fled—
Where bondsmen lift their aching brows no more,
And men have peace, and slaves have liberty.

See now it hath a tender bloom, like light
Viewed at the autumn's latest outgoing.
It is the faithful summer of our sorrow,
A kindly year whose winter is the morrow.
See now 'tis like the firstlings of the spring,
Which win their fragrance in the snow's despite.

Faint, far-off sounds are blown unto our ears,
Faint, far-off savours steal unto our lips,
When orient dreams assemble manifold,
And sleep doth throne himself on royal gold.
Then night is noon-tide, morning the eclipse
Wherein no comfort is but in our tears.