

As they fill man's listening soul
With a shuddering sense of might and glory.

These he shall hear, and more than these

In bird's song, and in poet's scroll ;

Something underneath the whole,

A music yet unbreathed—unsung—

Unwritten—incommunicable ;

Whispered from no mortal tongue :

What seer nor prophet may rehearse

In oracle, or Delphic fable,

Since the old dead gods were young,

And made with man their dwelling-place ;

But he shall hear, of all his race,

The dread wherefore of life and death ;

He shall behold the ultimates

× Of fears and doubts, and scorns and hates,

And the sure final crown of faith.

And in his ear the rhythmic verse

Shall sound the steps of that beyond,

Serene, that hastens not, nor waits,

But holds within its depths profound .

The mystery of all lives—all fates—

The secret of the universe.