

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY

THE beauty of the world is never dead,
It breathes with Nature's breath, beats with her heart;
Dwelling serene, and with unconscious art
Drawing to her all those whose souls are fed
Upon her loveliness. Poets are bred
When as a worshipper, man dreams apart
And as he dreams feels deep within him start
The knowledge of her spirit. Hearts have bled
And feet grown weary ere they reached the light
That beckons ever. Yet sometimes her strain
Breathes o'er the soul of genius thoughts divine,
Clear as the stars that pierce the gloom of night.
Then visions rare draw rapture out of pain
And art and beauty in one song combine.