

O soulless strength !
Tremendous void, profundity inane !
Why should you ape eternity in vain !
One pulsing moment of our momentary lives,
One instant when the blood runs hot and swift,
A heart that sickens and a mind that strives
Are mightier far than all your mightiness.
These souls that drift
Are worth the sum of such eternities.

So now, my friend,
Let us go down together from the height
Soberly, as is fit for those whose sight
Rested but now on God's immensities,
But yet remembering we are strangely wrought
With something of the mountain silences
And something of the labour of the flat ;
Our lives are nought,
Sudden and evanescent as a gnat
That sings across a beam and passes on.
Yet does our little period comprise