

This is the secret of the heart of man
And his sad tragedy ; his godlike powers ;
His summer of vastness, and the wintry ban
Of all his greatness high which deity dowers.
Sunk to the yearnings of goat-footed Pan ;
Hinted of Shakespeare and that mighty clan
Of earth's high prophets, who in their brief day,
Holding the glory of the god in them,
Though chained to cravings of the lesser clay,
Dreamed earth's high dreams, and wore love's diadem.

Yea, this is why,

Through all earth's travail and joy, her seasons brief,
Through all her beauty and genius that will not die,
Surges a mighty grief,
Mingling with our heart's best piety ;—
A sadness, dread, divine,
Lifting us beyond the pagan wine
And dance of life,
The satyr clamor and strife,
Unto a dream of being, a yearning flame
Of that heredity whence our sorrowings came.