

So fully thou hast served me through the
years

That now unwitheringly I arise,
Disdainful even of the pendant spheres
That seemed eternal to thy witless eyes.

I shall endure what time the flagrant sun
Is but a crumbling handful of spent dust,
When the globed worlds their silvern course
have run
And into long oblivion are thrust.

Ah, be thou satisfied that I endure
Beyond the world that must suffice for thee,
For by thy passions thou hast made so sure
I shall arise to immortality.