

Aleister Crowley.

Oh, to be there, my heart! And the vesper bells
awaken;

Colleges call their children; Lakeland fades from
the sight.

Only the sad slow Cam like a sire with age grown
heavy

Wearily moves to the sea, to quicken to life at
last.

Blithelier I depart, to a sea of sunnier kindness;

Hours of waiting are past; I re-quicken to love.