

AT LAST.

O TEARLESS sorrow of long years, depart!
O joy of minutes that be ages long,
Come! Let the choral pulse and strength of
 song
Quicken, and the fire of lute and lyre dart,
An arrow red with blood and bright with art,
 And cover all the fiery bloom of wrong
 With blossoms blacker where the blood runs
 strong
As our lips pale, their life fled to the heart.

Surely we are as dead, we loving so,
 So bitterly, so keenly: let no breath
 Persuade us we are living and must die!
Better believe eternal kisses flow
 Under the strong rude current miscalled death,
 The lotus-river where our bodies lie!