

FAME.

O IF these words were swords, and I had might
From some old prophet in whose tawny hair
The very breath of the Jehovah were
To smite the Syrian, and to smite, and smite,
And splash the sun's face with the blood, for spite
Of his downgoing, till I had made fair
All glories of my master, I could bear
To sink myself in the abundant night.

O if these words were lightnings, and their flame
Deluged the world, and drowned the seed of shame
In these ill waters where alone Truth's ark
May float, where only lovers may embark,
I were contented to abandon fame
And live with love for ever in the dark.