

DEDICATION TO *J. L. B.*

THE vault of purple that I strove  
To pierce, and find unchanging love,  
Or some vast countenance above  
    All glory of the soul of man,  
Baffled my blind aspiring gaze  
With sunlight's melancholy rays,  
And closed with iron hand the ways  
That sunder space, divide the days with fiery fan.

Thine was the forehead mild and grave  
That shown throughout the azure nave  
Where Monte Rosa's silence gave  
    The starry organ's measured sound.  
Where for an altar stood the bare  
Mass of Mont Cervin, towering there  
And angels dwelt upon the stair,  
And all the mountains were aware that stood  
    around.

Thine was the passionless divine  
High hope, and the pure purpose thine,  
Higher and purer than stars shine,  
    And thine the unexpressed delight  
To hold high commune with the wind  
That sings, in midnight black and blind,

Strange chants, the murmurs of the mind,  
To grasp the hands of heaven and find the lords of  
light.

Mine was the holy fire that drew  
Its perfect passion from the dew,  
And all the flowers that blushed and blew  
On sunny slopes by little brooks.  
Mine the desire that brushed aside  
The thorns, and would not be denied,  
And sought, more eager than a bride,  
The cold grey secrets wan and wide of sacred books.

Thine was the hand that guided me  
By moor and mountain, vale and lea,  
And led me to the sudden sea  
That lies superb, remote, and deep,  
Showed me things wonderful, unbound  
The fetters that beset me round,  
Opened my waking ear to sound  
That may not by a man be found, except in sleep.

Thy presence was as subtle flame  
Burning in dawning groves ; thy name  
Like dew upon the hills became,  
And all thy mind a star most bright ;  
And, following with wakeful eyes  
The strait meridian of the wise,  
My feet tread under stars and skies ;  
My spirit soars and seeks and flies, a child of light.

Thus eager, may my purpose stand  
Firm as the faith of honest hand,  
Nor change like castles built of sand  
    Until the sweet unchanging end.  
Happy not only that my eye  
Single and strong may win the sky,  
But that one day the birds that fly  
Heard your fair friendship call me by the name of  
    friend.