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O ye! Fragile, tremulous
Haunters of the deep glades,
Whose fingers part the leaves
Of beech and aspen ere ye slip thro',
Shall I see ye again?

Men have said unto me:

These are but flying lights and shadows, Light on the beech-boles, clouds shadowing the cornfields,

The wind in the flame of birches in autumn, Wind shadowing the clear pools.
But ye cried, laughing, down the wind:

Men are but shadows, but a vain breath!

That cry from the rejoicing air:

Men are but shadows! And prone about me
I see them, hushed and sleeping in the hut,
Made solemn and holy by the night,
In the dead light o' the moon:
Shadowy, swathed in their blankets,
As sleep, in hewn sepulchral caves,
Egypt's and Asia's kings.
While between them are the footsteps
Of glittering presences, who say: Lo, one
To be a sword upon my thigh!