

Though I, a haggard mourner of time,
Seeking in vain the star of meaning,
Yet, when I am done,
I shall be satisfied.
For in a vision, I have seen
A rose upon a mound of dreaming Earth
Where love sat gently weeping.

Though I, a haggard mourner of time,
Cursed by the void
To seek in vain the star of meaning
Yet doing so I fail
It has all been worthwhile.