



The golden eve is all astir
 And tides of sunset flood on us
 —Incredible, miraculous—
 We look with adoration on
 Beauty coming, beauty gone,
 That waits not any looking on !

Thoughts will bubble up, and break,
 Spilling a sea, a limpid lake,
 Into the soul ; and, as they go,
 Lightning visitors, we know
 A lattice opened, and the mind
 Poised for all that is behind
 The lattice and the poising mind.

Could the memory but hold !
 —All the sunsets, flushed with gold,
 Are streaming in it !
 All the store
 Of all that ever was before
 Is teeming in it !
 All the wit
 Of holy living, holy writ,
 Waiting till we remember it,
 Is dreaming in it !

*With eyes fixed much to
 you hath been Gendandering.*