

TO THE SINGER ASLEEP

(Bliss Carman)

Not in the mortal transience of our thought,
Or in the hollow caverns of the heart
He lives, for he a true memorial wrought,
The selflessness of high enduring art.

 He raised his eyes, and here
Saw in the sunrise all we could not see,
Heard in the wind the voice we could not hear,
 Out sang aloud and clear
Our great and inarticulate ecstasy.

This is the singer who gives back to earth
 That gift received at birth:
The elemental glory of the stars.
He, over flame entrusted to his keeping,
 Held above cruel bright bars
His vigil while the lesser world lay sleeping,
That after him might glow—when all was done,
 When he lay robed with night—
For other eyes perpetuate star and sun,
The lyric fire of everlasting light.

NATHANIEL A. BENSON.