IMMORTALITY.
(Giordano Bruno, 1548–1600).

BY EDMUND NOBLE.

I shall leave the place that knew me,—
Soon shall mount beyond the fire
To the sky where hunger ceases,
To the heaven of dead desire.

From the fanes where I have lingered,—
From the books I held so dear,—
From the friends with whom I suffered,—
I shall pass without a tear.

Ye shall seek me, seek me vainly,
In the sounding city street,
'Mid the cries of joy and anguish,
Through the rush of hurrying feet.

In the lanes a blossom gathered;
From the fields a dew-drop gone;
On the shore a wave-worn footprint;
O'er the sea a sail that's flown!

In the winter and the summer,
Like the sunbeam and the frost,
I shall be a vanished presence,—
Never seized, yet never lost!

High on cloud or low in billow;
In the breeze and on the wing;
Soaring with the lark at sunrise,—
With the leaf down fluttering!

Each new season shall repeat me,—
Countless hours my soul prolong,
In the perfume of the floweret,—
In the music of each song!

Day shall wake my name from slumber;
Night shall hold me in its ken,—
I shall live within the starlight,—
I shall haunt the thoughts of men!