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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## Stanzas (1827)

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring Nature's universal throne;  
Her woods—her wilds—her mountains—the intense  
Reply of HERS to OUR intelligence!

[BYRON, The Island.]

I

In youth have I known one with whom the Earth  
In secret communing held—as he with it,  
In daylight, and in beauty from his birth:  
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit  
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth  
A passionate light—such for his spirit was fit—  
And yet that spirit knew not, in the hour  
Of its own fervor what had o'er it power.



## II

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,  
But I will half believe that wild light fraught  
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore  
Hath ever told—or is it of a thought  
The unembodied essence, and no more,  
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass  
As dew of the night-time o'er the summer grass?

## III

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye  
To the loved object—so the tear to the lid  
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
And yet it need not be—(that object) hid  
From us in life—but common—which doth lie  
Each hour before us—but then only, bid  
With a strange sound, as of a harp-string broken,  
To awake us—'Tis a symbol and a token

## IV

Of what in other worlds shall be—and given  
In beauty by our God, to those alone  
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven  
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven,  
Tho' not with Faith—with godliness—whose throne  
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;  
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.