

## VISION

The dim deep of a yellow evening slides  
Across the green, and mingles with the elms.  
A faint beam totters feebly in the west,  
Trembles, and all the earth is wild with light,  
Stumbles, and all the world is in the dark.

The huge black sleep above;—lo, two white stars.

Harvard, your shadow-walls, and ghost-toned tower,  
Dim, ancient-moulded, vague, and faint, and far,  
Is gone! And through the flesh I see the soul:  
Colouring iron in red leaping flame,  
The thunder-strokes of mighty, sweating men,  
Furious hammers clashing fierce and high,—  
And in a corner of the smithy coiled,  
Black, brutal, massive-linked, the toil-wrought chain  
Which is to bind God's right hand to the world.