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who were so dark of heart they might not speak,  
a little innocence will make them sing;  
teach them to see who could not learn to look  
—from the reality of all nothing

will actually lift a luminous whole;  
turn sheer despairing to most perfect gay,  
nowhere to here, never to beautiful:  
a little innocence creates a day.

And something thought or done or wished without  
a little innocence, although it were  
as red as terror and as green as fate,  
greyly shall fail and dully disappear—

but the proud power of himself death immense  
is not so as a little innocence