

## Triumph

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I have walked warily warily long enough  
    In the valley of the Shadow of Life,  
Distrusting the false moons of Love,  
    Many a mistress — never a wife!  
I have gone armed with spear and shield  
    Horsed on the stallion of the sun;  
I slew false knights on many a field  
    — Crown me at last, Hilarion!

I have walked masterfully enough  
    In the valley of the Shadow of Death;  
Now on mine eyes the sun of Love  
    — True Love — breathes once the Kiss of Breath.  
I am come through the gate of God  
    Clothed in the mantle of the Sun;  
In thine abyss, in thine abode  
    Hold me at last, Hilarion!