

TANNHÄUSER.

The Pilgrim's Chorus.

Dim-drawn and throbbing is the passioned lyre,
Tuned to the theme eternal, love in pain,—
Wild sense of life and love at war in vain,
Far-parted by the anguish of white fire;
The spirit's sense drugged in a clinging mire
Of slime and agony,—hot hands insane
Letting the fabled gold slip, slip like rain
Through fingers shaken by infinite desire:

*Master! Thou hast bewitched us; thou art wise,
But not in earthly wisdom: cease O cease
To bare this shameful thing before our eyes.
Give thou the fearsome stream its last release. . . .*
In pain unspeakable the throbbing dies,
And, lost in deathless passion, findeth peace.