

A Grandeur and a Dreaming

J. William Lloyd

1901

HUMAN Life seems but a seeming,
A phantasm & a dreaming,
Of a grandeur & a gleaming
That no one life may possess.
'Tis a downward, dark ward groping,
Upward soaring, high and hoping
Search for pathways, easy-sloping,
That no human feet yet press.
Yet it may be that the glory,
Dreamed of now since ages hoary,
Kindling still in song and story,
Each man somewhat, all men know.
All the downward, dark ward groping,
All the sky-ward, sunward hoping,
Finds at last the roadway sloping,
Where all feet together go.

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