

The Immortal Hour

THE IM-
MORTAL
HOUR

I

HEART of my heart, the world is young
Love lies hidden in every rose;
Every song that the skylark sung
Once we thought must come to a close;
Now we know the secret of song,
Song the glory and might of the soul,
Hand in hand as we pass along
What should we doubt of the years that roll?

II

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
Tells us nothing can cease to be;
One, we are one with a song to-day,
One with the clover that scents the wold;
One with the Unknown far away,
One with the stars when earth grows old.

III

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
Far we shall wander o'er land and sea,
One in many; for Love is blind;
But Love will bring you again to me.
Ay; when Life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told.
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
One still one, while the world grows old.

ALFRED NOYES