

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset  
How the Hemlocks burn -  
How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder  
By the Wizard Sun -

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet  
Till the Ball is full -  
Have I the lip of the Flamingo  
That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows -  
Touching all the Grass  
With a departing - Sapphire - feature -  
As a Duchess passed -

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village  
Till the Houses blot  
And the odd Flambeau, no men carry  
Glimmer on the Street -

How it is Night - in Nest and Kennel -  
And where was the Wood -  
Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing  
Into Solitude -

These are the Visions flitted Guido -  
Titian - never told -  
Domenichino dropped his pencil -  
Paralyzed, with Gold -