

The Triumph of Life

Swift as a Spirit hastening to ~~his its dai~~ task

sprang

Of glory & of good, the Sun ~~came~~ forth

Rejoicing in his splendour; & the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth;

The smokeless altars of the mountain snows

above

Flamed ~~amid~~ crimson clouds, and [at] the birth

Of light the Ocean's orison arose

birds of day

~~Mixed~~ Amid the music of ~~the morning~~ birds.

All which which
The flowers in field or forest ~~did~~ ~~unclose~~

~~beneath the breath~~ of [?day] kiss

tepid

in the to the days the breeze of dawn

swing [?below]

to the [mists] in the clear ray

Their ~~[dewy]~~ lids, and ~~in the air of dawn day~~

to the young sapphire air

Veiled lids in dew [?north]

Swinging their painted censers

in element

Swinging their painted censers to the wind

touched by

With orient incense ~~touched by the new ray~~

kindled

Burned slow & inconsumably & sent