

{As} They  
Phantoms & men & &

Compelling them  
With [~~reversed~~] beams curdling the shapeless mass  
{So} distinct

thus, on the way

Mask after mask fell from the countenance

And form of every pilgrim  
[long]  
~~So when~~

And form of all, and before the day

waked glance  
Was old the joy which ~~was~~ like Heavens

~~Perished~~ The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died

some  
And ~~most~~ grew weary of the ghastly dance

And ~~sank~~ fell, as I have fallen by the  
way side

Those soonest, ~~from whose limbs the~~  
from whose forms most shadows  
past

strength  
And least of ~~beauty~~ & beauty did abide.

Then, said  
And What is Life I ~~cried~~ ... ~~the cripple~~ east

His eye upon the ~~distant car~~ of beams  
car which now had rolled

Onward, as if that look must be the last

And answered ... Happy [thou] for whom the fold

Of