The weltering London ways where children weep
And girls whom none call maidens laugh; The lane
{word} the hospital-beds of moaning pain;
The brink of Castaly brink and Latmos' steep:—
Such were his paths, till deeper and more deep
He trod the sands of Lethe; and his brain,
Weary with labour scorned and love found vain,
Drowned where the shadow of dead Rome wraps his sleep.
O pang-dowered Poet, whose with warrant reverberant lips
Word word word And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse,—
Thou whom the daisies glory in growing o'er,—
To us then leav'st their fragrance, and a name
Not writ but word {quired} in water, ^where^ while Thy fame
Echoes along Time's flood for evermore.

chanted

{?word}