

## Sonnet

Hundred Waters

Lift not the painted veil which those who live  
Call life: though unreal shapes be pictured here  
And it but mimic all we would believe  
with colours idly spread, - behind lurk fear  
and Hope, twin destinies; who ever weave  
their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear  
I knew one who had lifted it - he sought,  
for his lost heart was tender, things to love

But found them not, alas! Nor was there aught  
The world contains, the which he could approve  
Through the unheeding many he did move,  
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
Upon this gloomy scene, a spirit that strove  
For truth, and like the preacher found it not