

Back to the stinging with again
To tumults and to trials
Better to tread the rough left path
Than such a haughty way
Oh wherefore should I break the path
Of thought, whose walking is to walk

Which I can sanctify the gods at home
Like hopes of gladness from Ocean's coast
To France

From
the
of
St. Martin's and possibly to
the

the gods, as to avoid the thorns, and let the rich perfume

Let the person in full attention