

*From* **'The Mistress of Vision'**

By Francis Thompson

Where is the land of Luthany,  
Where is the tract of Elenore  
I am bound therefor.

'Pierce thy heart to find the key;  
With thee take  
Only what none else would keep;  
Learn to dream when thou dost wake,  
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.  
Learn to water joy with tears,  
Learn from fears to vanquish fears;  
To hope, for thou dar'st not despaix,  
Exult, for that thou dar'st not grieve  
Plough thou the rock until it bear;  
Know, for thou else couldst not believe;  
Lose, that the lost thou may'st receive;  
Die, for none other way canst live.  
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,  
And that apocalypse turns thee pale;  
When thy seeing blindeth thee  
To what thy fellow-mortals see;  
When their sight to thee is sightless;  
Their living, death; their light, most lightless;  
Search no more—

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'

Where is the land of Luthany,  
And where the region Elenore?  
I do faint therefor.

'When to the new eyes of thee  
All things by immortal power,  
Near or far,  
Hiddenly  
To each other linked are,  
That thou canst not stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star;  
When thy song is shield and mirror  
To the fair snake-curved Pain,  
Where thou dar'st affront her terror  
That on her thou may'st attain  
Perséan conquest; seek no more,  
O seek no more!

Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore.'