

Hyperion's Song of Fate

Ye wander gladly in light
Though goodly mansion dwellers in Spiritland!
Luminous heaven-breezes
Touching ye soft,
Like as fingers when skilfully
Wakening harp strings.
Fearlessly, like the slumbering
Infant, abide the Beautified;
Pure retained,
Like unopened blossoms,
Flowering ever,
Joyful their soul
And their heavenly vision
Gifted with placid
Never-ceasing clearness.
To us is allotted
No restful haven to find;
They falter, they perish,
Poor suffering mortals
Blindly as moment
Follows to moment,
Like water from mountain
to mountain impelled,
Destined to disappearance below.

Translation: Edwin Evans