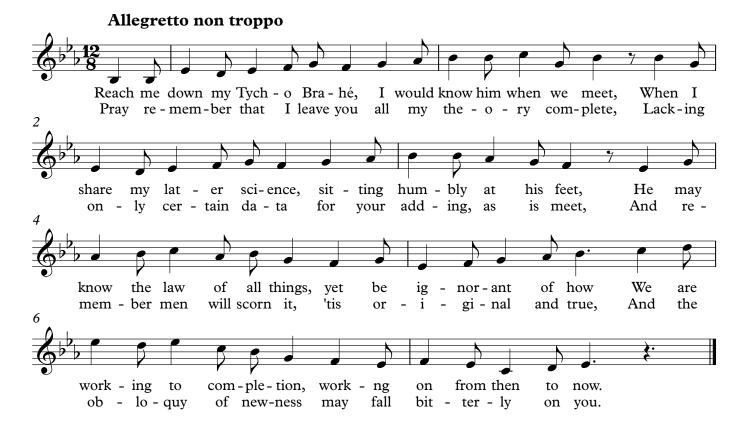
The Old Astronomer

Sarah Williams Kathryn Rose



- 3. But, my pupil, as my pupil you have learned the worth of scorn, You have laughed with me at pity, we have joyed to be forlorn, What for us are all distractions of men's fellowship and wiles; What for us the Goddess Pleasure with her meretricious smiles.
- 4. You may tell that German College that their honor comes too late, But they must not waste repentance on the grizzly savant's fate. Though my soul may set in darkness, it will rise in perfect light; I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.