

A LYRIC
OF THE
MORNING LAND.

THOMAS L[ake]. HARRIS.

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"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS."

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TO

The Pure in Heart.

H I S T O R Y .

THIS Poem is a Love-Child of the skies;
'Twas bred in Heaven with breath like bridal blooms;
Sweet May dew fed its lips; it oped its eyes
Where Hesper's nuptial sphere with love perfumes
The vault of ether, and, from Heaven down led,
Seven months within a mortal's breast 'twas fed;
And when the summer came, and while the skies
Bent lovingly as over Paradise,
When the last rose was breathing life away,
Like beauteous maiden on her dying day,
It sprang to outward shape; unformed by art,
Full-fledged it left its nest within the heart,

And sung melodious in external airs.
As the same rose-tree many roses bears;
As the same eye hath many smiles of light;
And the same bosom many a sweet delight;
And the same lute a manifold refrain;
And many drops one golden shower of rain;
So the same Heaven from whence this child came down,
Peopled by deathless ones of old renown,
Hath many poems mightier and more grand
Than this fair Infant from their Morning Land.

When summer winds were whispering through the glade,
This Infant was, as in a manger, laid.
When summer clouds went wandering o'er the streams
Our Medium sung it, while entranced in dreams,
Through twilight and sweet morn. A faithful Friend
The rapid speech, trance-spoken, truly penned;
And all the while the Spirit, through whose breath
The song was uttered, knew terrestrial death,
And, in his inmost, felt, saw, heard, and knew
The bright song's essence; ever more he flew,
As flies the soul released from outward shell,
Through realms where Angels pure and beauteous dwell.

Strangely the Earth may think, yet 'twas foretold
By Lyric Angels, in Earth's Age of Gold,
That in th' effulgent Future Earth should be
Filled with the undying breath of melody—
Each flower, each bird, each grove unfold its lore,
And night and agony be known no more.

The vision of the victory-bringing Lord
Was traced upon a sun-illumined scroll
Ere the bright song came down, this inly heard
And saw the Poet, freed from earth's control.
He knew not, but it was to him a light,
A comfort, and a solace, when dark night
Pressed on his heart; a breath of Heaven's own air
Breathed on the mourner at the sepulcher.

The vision of the Lamb was penned by one
Who, when deep sleep her vail of stars had thrown
Over the Poet, strove the words to write
From the tranced lips that fed on Heaven's delight.

The Interlude of that pure soul of fire,
Who dwells in Pallas 'mid the fairy choir,

Was spoken through the Medium, overtasked
With weary pain, some time in April past.

And for the rest, 'twas given, as one might play
Upon a lute, at intervals by day,
Within the space it takes the moon t'unfold
Her slender crescent to a disk of gold;
And 'twere not hard to count the time in hours—
Ten full-blown roses, twenty orange flowers.

P R E F A C E .

WHEN Saints, on bended knee, look up to Heaven,
The soul, inspired with love, from Heaven is fed,
Earth fades, the clouds of natural time are riven,
Peace, joy, and rest are on the bosom shed.

Oh, could the raptures that th' adoring heart
Fill utterly, in language find a tongue,
Earth and the skies would seem no more apart:
But soul-experience ne'er is outward sung.

Rarely the Poet reads the inner sense
And Orphic meaning of the Universe;
Corporeal nature, gross, corrupt, and dense,
Clings to the soul, cleaves to the Poet's verse.

In meditation deep the Thinker finds
The cause and end of all things lost from sight;
The sensuous Understanding vainly winds,
Groping, through labyrinths of endless night.

How sweet to turn from where the baffled sage
Dark Nature's crypt strives blindly to explore;
Led by the Angels of the Golden Age
Where Beauty blooms in Heaven for evermore.

Through Prayer this path was trodden; he who heard
The thoughts that in these measured pages are,
Through adoration offered to THE LORD,
Beheld th' unseen, held commune with the far.

Thus was it with Correggio; first he rose_
Up to Celestial Beauty, uncreate,
And learned in Heaven to work in Time, as those
Great Masters, who, in their supernal state,

Depicture heavenly themes in heavenly hues,
And tinge the frescoes of the eternal hall.
Such visions even now descend profuse,
In dream, thought, music, on mankind they fall.

Truth, Goodness, Beauty, three in one, stream forth
From Inmost Heaven, and fill the world with right.
Art, Virtue, Wisdom, first in GOD have birth,
And rule the Universe with sovereign might.

The Thinker, who from sense constructs the plan
Of speculation, might as well, at best,
Use crucibles to find the mind of man,
Or paint the skylark from his meadow nest.

Celestial Visions those alone can sing
Whose faith and love are sphered within the skies;
Till heavenly fire hath thrilled each inward string
Of mind and heart, no song to Heaven may rise.

They only can excel who write the thought
That dominates the mind and rules the breast.
Experience, into language fitly wrought,
Is Truth, and truest when in song expressed.

For Poesy was man's primeval speech,
And Angels talk it now within their sphere;
Dull Prose ne'er could man's inward essence reach,
Nor barren logic touch the spirit-ear.

It needeth that a man should think in song,
As God thinks when he bids the seasons roll,
And then through him the radiant Angel throng
Can thrill mankind with harmony of soul.

The Bible is a Poem; not a line
But lives and talks in music to mankind;
And Nature is all poetry divine;
And Song the natural language of the mind.

When Spring appears the flowers begin to blow;
Spring comes anew to Adam's suffering race,
And Poets are her birds; and these bestow [grace.
Sweet songs, like flowers, to clothe mankind with

The waters of the old Castalian fount
Flow musical where living woods are green,
And beautiful Parnassus rears its mount,
And there the medium of this song hath been.

Critics may read it as a Miser scans
The gold of sunset, that no man will buy,
And Theologians try it by the plans
Wherewith the sleek clown builds the fattening sty:

Each to his craft. This book can not be slain;
'Twill live, 'twill walk the world and wing the air,
Surviving every pompous, priestly fane
The weary Earth groans under, loth to bear.

Dear shall it be to Maidens; it shall lie
On the chaste altar of their purest bliss,
Read with a throbbing heart and glowing eye,
And sweet and sacred as Love's troth-plight kiss.

Dear shall it be to Lovers; like a lamp,
With crimson radiance, rose-perfumed and fed,
That guides from Earth's low caverns, drear and damp,
To where, in Heaven, true hearts are angel-wed:

A consolation, when the outward form
Sleeps silently where pallid death-flowers bloom;
Inspired, as if the Angel of the Morn
Sang through it from the world above the tomb.

And dear, forever dear, this book shall be
To Husband and to Wife, and unto these
A whisper from the Heart's eternity,
A holy voice from Eden's nuptial trees.

Young Poets shall be glad, and as they read
(Such power resides within the fairy strain),
The soul shall feel the utterance true indeed,
And Eden bloom for Poet eyes again.

Take it, O World, it is an Angel boon,
Dear-purchased by the hand that bore it down;
Take it, another, nobler lyric soon
This gift shall follow and this offering crown.

P R E L U D E.

WHY is the red rose sweet?
Say, canst thou tell?
Say, how do glad hearts beat
In earthly shell?
No outward wisdom knows,
No tongue can tell.
No, no, no.
Hearts with love that glow,
Roses while they blow,
Each in twilight dell,

Hid away
From the day,
Neither may
Disclose the spell.

II.

Tell me, tell me where
In the sky,
Perfumes rich and rare
Pass and fly?
We alone, who hide
Where the Perfumes glide,
Where the Angels dwell,
We alone can tell.

III.

Since thou canst not find
How the rose-tree blows,
Or what loves combined
Form the living rose,
Why, O why,
Vainly try

To espy
How unfold
Flowers of gold in poet's breast;
By what art are drest
Angel thoughts in words of time,
Angel songs in outward rhyme?

IV.

We the spell
May not reveal,
Lovers tell
Not what they feel.
Sweetest flowers in garland twine,
Sweetest breath hath maiden thine;
Thou dost not the crown disown,
Though by thee no seeds were sown,
Or the garland pluck apart,
Since not thine the twiner's art.
Bridal kiss is sweet to thee,
Though the lips thou canst not see.
Virgin not the less divine,
Coming from an unknown clime.

V.

Little to the world is known,
Wisest wisdom is forgot;
Soul hath left its kingly throne,
Taking up with beggar's lot.
What is life and what is death,
That so soon they pass away?
Sweetest lips of sweetest breath
Why so soon evanish? say.
If the art that paints the flower
Hidden be from mortal mind,
If the sweetest nuptial bower
In sweet Fancy's dream we find,
 Why disown
 The world unknown?

VI.

All the beauty-spots that are
In the garden cowslip's star;
All the beauteous tints that dye
Crimson-winged butterfly,
Have a meaning, couldst thou read

Have a sweetness, couldst thou heed.
Nothing beauteous, but is part
Of the Poem of the Heart.

VII.

Bridal music thrills the leaves.
Say, why not the Heavens above?
Else the Earth her children gives
Joy unknown to heavenly love.
Nature's bridal ecstasy
Born of dust but seems to be.
Dust receives what spirit gives.
Joys Experience never knows
Dance upon the fields of Hope.
Who would not see bridal rose
In the angel-gardens ope?

VIII.

Outward joys are phantoms all,
Outward life a dream that fades,
And the yew-tree shadows fall
Over loveliest youths and maids.

Who would not in Heaven behold
Joy he vainly seeketh here?
Who would not have Heaven to hold
Loves from Time that disappear?

IX.

"Whitest hands and sweetest lips,
Rosiest fingers while they press,
Vanish into deep eclipse,
Life is turned to mournfulness.
Fades the myrtle, falls the leaf,
Life is long but joy is brief,
Age is weary, and we fall
Into sorrow ere the pall.
What is death and what is pain?
What bereavement, what decay?
Why should snow succeed the rain?
Why December follow May?"
Mournfully the mourners say.

X.

"Funeral follows bridal train,
Graves are made in violet dells,
Bride-bed turns to couch of pain,

Dirges toll the nuptial bells.
Death is lord of stately halls,
Fairest forms grace funerals.
 Why should we
 Glad lovers be,
When so soon the winter snows
Cover up the maiden rose?
Let us dance before the feet
Weary with the summer heat.
Haste, O haste to festal cheer,
Who shall pass to-morrow here?
Festal queen to-morrow may
Vanish, like our mirth, away.
Where is now last summer's bride?
Shroud may tenderest bosom hide.
Ali! we fade like marriage lights
Setting from our golden heights;
Cold and drear our age must be."
Festive throngs chant wearily.

XI.

"Who would not a lover be?
 Love is long,

Love is strong,
Heaven is Love's eternity.
Who would not love deathlessly?
 Love is wise,
 Walks the skies,
Beautiful immortally,"
Thus the Angels sing for thee.

XII.

Who would not press bridal lips?
Heart survives the earth's eclipse,
Heart must bloom Above the tomb.
Who would not taste festive cheer?
Joys of heart shall never pall.
Who would not wipe sorrow's tear?
Tears change thus to roses all.
Sing with us the Angel strain,
Summer hath in Heaven its reign.
Sing with us the Angel song,
Real joys to Heaven belong.

Part One.



PALLAS.

LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND.

I SAW a Spirit, wise, and calm, and holy,
Sitting beside a temple's western gate,
And when the sun set he arose in state,
And, ere the crimson tints had faded wholly
He drew his floating mantle round his breast,
Receding from my sight, until afar
His luminous forehead glimmered like a star
That sparkles o'er some heavenly mountain crest.

Then came a Maiden, clothed in silver light,
With pale, green sea-flowers twined around her brow;
She held an emerald crown before my sight,
And called me to her. With a coral bough
That glittered, opalescent, to and fro,
She beckoned me to follow her below,

Where dwell the lucent Spirits of the deep;
And I obeyed as one who sails in sleep
Along some fairy ocean's glistening marge,
Drawn, breathless, in a winged, enchanted barge.

The crescent moon hung low, veiled in a mist
Of fleecy white. The Maiden bade me list
The language of the sea-shells; then I heard
Their chorus. Sure the soul of sweetest bird
Ne'er sung such heavenly measures. Soon the swell
Of music lulled me in a peaceful sleep,
And I awoke within a quiet dell,
Hidden beneath the bosom of the deep.

"O Land of Love, beneath the emerald sea,
O Land of Love," I said,
"Forever let me dwell, delightedly,
Within thy watery halls. 'Twere sweet to be
Forever by such bliss in triumph led."
For I was in a blessed trance the while,
And thought that I was dead,
And borne by Fairies to their magic isle,
Beneath the Indian Ocean's trackless bed.

At last I seemed to wake, as one who hears
In Heaven the music of celestial spheres.

The Water Spirits chanted blessed strains.
Then I looked up; the waters arched like fire
Above my head; and, clothed in rich attire,
Young, sylph-like beings o'er the hidden plains
Floated in robes of gossamer, beflecked
With hues of Paradise, and some were decked
With tints of sparkling emerald-but these
Seemed infantile. The multitudinous seas
Were peopled with their myriads; each more fair
Than brightest essences of upper air.

There was a Poet, stol'n by Death from Time,
Before his heart had blossomed into song,
A child-like essence, in his life's young prime
Drawn from the world to join the Angel throng;
And when I woke within that green recess
I heard a voice that whispered in my ear,
" Welcome, O brother, doubly welcome here,
Welcome to flowery realms of happiness.
Knowest thou thy home? Thou'rt in that island fair,
As PALLAS named the planet Earth upon.
Earth was my home in dreary days bygone;
But now, forever free from mortal care,
Drawn by interior love, with rapid flight,
Through airs that thrill with melody and light,

I thread this ocean-mantled paradise,
This lovely sea-flower blooming in the skies."

"There is no sorrow 'neath these crystal waves;
Summer hath hidden herself within the caves.
And grottoes; scattering with dewy hands
Sweet blossoms, fairer deck no Eastern lands.
The rippling waters flow like heavenly airs,
 Distilling such sweet balms, that all who feel
 That blessed influence o'er the bosom steal,
Forget terrestrial life's perpetual cares,
And the heart blossoms in the breast; the eyes,
Fed on the virgin effluence of the skies,
Meanwhile grow deep with thought and bright with joy;
The melodies of Heaven the lips employ,
For they speak sweetly as a rose-bud parts
And, as the wave-borne sunbeam glimmering darts,
The form, in floating radiance borne along,
Clasped by white hands, moves lightly, while the song
Of the Wave-Angels, rising, bears it up,
Sparkling above the Ocean's brimming cup."

That Poet fair and young rehearsed to me,
While we were gliding through this emerald sea,
The story of his death, a plaintive tale,
Ending, like dreary Winter's final gale,

In Spring-tide gladness of immortal life.
Thus he rehearsed it. "When I felt the knife
Of pain cut through my heart-strings, so I spoke,
And thus the heavenly radiance on me broke:"

THE POET'S STORY.

I.

Don't stand so near me—give me air—
I faint—I choke—'tis dark-good-bye—
I rise; I see my body lie
Beneath me. Friends I loved are there.
I hear them talk. I see them shed
Big tears, and now they call me dead.
They kiss the sunken cheeks; the chill
Repels them; heart, breast, lips are still;
The cold blood curdles in the veins;
The nameless Terror comes and reigns.
Can this be death? It is. I lay
My spirit-hand upon the clay,
And feel that I have passed away.

II.

Now, come what will, at least I'm free.
I fear not, though indeed I hear
Men say that I am damned. How dear

My fellow-creatures were to me.
I gave the life-blood of my thought,
Love, Truth and Peace, in deeds I wrought;
I poured my being out like wine,
Chanting the hymn of light divine.
And yet they call me damned—my doom
They calmly speak, before the tomb
Has taken to its cold embrace
My body's dust. My mortal race
Is ended. Friends I loved so well
Say I am now a fiend-in hell—
And why? Because I could not see
That three were one and one was three.

III.

I'll seek, O Life! thy wondrous climes.
Yon Evening Star, bow fair it shines!
Yon Morning Star. Day shouts to day!
I will go upward. Saint and Sage
Have passed in mystic pilgrimage
This way before me-spirits just.
In thy dear love, O Lord! I trust.
Blessed and Beauteous, far away
On Angel mountains, where ye stray
In holy contemplation, free
From Earth and from its agony,

Calm Socrates, and thou, the bright
And star-eyed Plato, let the light
Of your serenest world out-flame,
And guide me, for with single aim
I worshiped Wisdom. Ye have gone
Before me, and I follow on.
Fain would I sit with sages old,
O Pallas! in thy house of gold.
But hark! what strain is this I hear?
'Tis sweet, 'tis soft, and yet I fear.

IV.

"Hail, stranger! welcome to our ivory hall;
The undulating banners wave and fall
Forever in our Heaven. The skies always
Are decked with yellow morning where we stray.
The purple gleaming through the silver wolds
Flies like a startled fawn. The brightness molds
Its falling star-flakes into fruits and flowers,
And sparry grotts, and high and spire-like towers,
Where Wisdom sits, unseen but not unknown;
And the still ether, like a jeweled zone
That clasps the immortal form of purity,
In silence beats, vibrating ceaselessly.
And Hesperus rocks upon the silver sea
Of western Heaven, and speaketh audibly,

And in the orient Jupiter appears.
Lo! here we dwell with Wisdom, and her years
Flow over us, as flows the sea of fire
From God into creation. Our desire
Called thee from out the dust. Our thoughts prevail
To rule thy destiny. Hail, brother, hail!"

V.

I see a cataract of crimson fire,
As if a world were melted into flame,
Poured from the hollow sky,
Falling tumultuously,
And spreading as it rolls

With music like the utterance of all souls,
Into ten thousand, thousand worlds again.
And all the drops bloom into fiery suns,
And all the sparkles whirling from the pyre,
Are planet-girded spheres and horizons.

And rainbow after rainbow spans the main,
And all that luminous mist,
By splendor clasped and kissed,
Rises sublime on high,
And spreads, and visibly
Forms an effulgent dome, a stellar fane,

And the transcendent brightness grows more bright,

Till the red cataract vanishes from sight.

VI.

"What meaneth this?" I cried;
I heard a distant voice that, grand, replied,
"Creation, Life, and Immortality;
The cataract falling from the cloven sky
Is the great flood of Nature, and the spray
The myriad systems of immensity;
The mist into the heavenly vault ascending,
And with the pure, transcendent whiteness blending,
The universe of souls forever tending
Up to their primal Source." Here the glad voice
Grew still; and I was told to take my choice
Of these alternates: "Either to ascend,
Six days in planet Jupiter to spend;
Or else to be transported into Mars;
Or borne away among the unknown stars;
Or wander where the belted Saturn smiles;
Or float amid the radiant Summer isles
Men call the Asteroids; or speed my flight
Where Mercury inhales the solar light.

VII.

But my spirit within me said, "Seek thou the land,
Far away from the Earth, where the weary are glad
Where the heart by the soft Summer music is fanned

Where the Spirits of Beauty are deathlessly clad
Where the sorrows of Earth are in rapture forgo",
Be that home of delight where it may.
Then I rose 'till I came to a balm-breathing spot,
And a Spirit of light led the way.
And I rested, entranced, like a dew-drop that sleeps
In the heart of the Summer's first rose,
When the Angel of Pleasure all silently keeps
A watch o'er its blissful repose.

VIII.

There, when I woke, I woke to find,
That I had left all thought behind
Of lower Earth and earthly things;
Out from my breasts grew argent wings;
And when I spoke, my words out-flew
Like butterflies, gold-winged and blue;
And when I thought, my thoughts took form;
And when I wished, my wish was born
Into an outward shape, so fair
Its shafted brightness tinged the air
With plummy streaks of feathered flame.
A Spirit called me by a name
Which indicated "Singing Sweetness;"
And I became a winged fleetness;
Sometimes I played in the windless caves

Haunted by Naiads beneath the waves
Or crept into crimson shells uncurled,
And in them heard the Heart of the World
Beating forever, and singing in rhyme
Strange songs, more ancient than eldest Time.
And I saw the Silver Spirits who pleasure
And live and love 'mid the viewless treasure
Of lawny vales and mountains hid
'Neath the ocean wave, as beneath the lid
Of a sleeping infant its heaven-lit eye,
Or stars rapt away in the day-lit sky.

IX.

'Twas the strangest life in those bowers of green
We lived. We did naught but dream and dream
Of beauty, and gladness, and love, and bliss;
We threaded the flowery wilderness
Of the inner life. We awoke to find
That our thoughts in sleep had been unconfined,
And builded around us in temples of light,
Arched over with turquoise and chrysolite
There we danced as the stars in their ether move,
And our luminous eyes grew inspired with love;
And we rose from our halls beneath the wave,
From emerald grotto and sparry cave,
Till at last, as num'rous as leaves in a wood,

Or as drops in a shower, we rose o'er the flood,
And like a bright rainbow we formed our band
In a three-fold arch o'er flue Upper Land.
There we shone as the rain-drops after a shower,
Transformed into fires in their heavenly tower—
Then sped away through the laughing sea,
And sank into sleep and its ecstasy.
Then I wakened, O Spirit! to find thee near,
And I knew thou wert loved by the Angels here

When in the west the sun recedes from view,
And slumber falls on mortal forms like dew,
How sweet it is to leave the outward shape,
While round the soul the heavenly sunbeams break.
What blessings Heaven through sleep on man bestows
 No mortal knows;
No Sage with insight keen hath ever sped
 Up to the fountain-head
Of that bright river that, with heavenly song,
 Flows, breathing gladness, all the stilly night;
Or heard the chorus that the Angel throng
 Chant in the ivory palaces of light,
What time the star-tipped shadows float and fall,
Like pennons waving o'er their azure hall.

For there are voices that the slumbering ear
 Thrill inwardly-the voices of the skies,
 Uttering in speech celestial mysteries,
And fraught with joy from Life's eternal sphere.
From vale to vale,
From zone to zone, those heavenly tones unwind,
Till the wide Earth in magic spells they bind;
O'er discord and o'er madness they prevail.

The spiritual ministry of Night
 Is all unknown. Day rules the sensuous mind,
 But Night the fettered Spirit doth unbind,
And through the silver palace-gates of light,
In dream and trance, she bears the soul away
To the wide landscapes of the inner day.
Her cities are the stars, and she delights
To lead mankind in vision through the deep,
Where Angels their mild mysteries closely keep
From outer sense; she kindles up the lights
That guide her guests in journeyings thro' the heaven;
Th' electric waves of ether bear them on;
Shafted with fire their arrowy path is given,
Till they are bosomed in the horizon,
Whose orb of quickening is the Spirit-Sun.
The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep;
And Life's continuous current ever flows,

Whether to outward bliss the pulses leap,
Or languid glide in silence and repose.
And could one mortal tell of all he sees,
Recalling Night's close-curtained mysteries,
The breeze that bears to Heaven man's common thought
Would bear such mighty gladness, and be fraught
With such entrancement, that the skies would thrill
In sympathy divine. One little rill
From the full ocean of interior bliss
Flowing through Earth, would change Earth's wilderness
Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile
Familiar as the roses all the while.

The charmed Islands of the Asteroids
Are nearer far than Ceylon or Cathay;
For Angel hosts who throng the seeming voids
Of visible space, the human heart survey,
And weave meanwhile such blessed spells, that they
Touch with their subtile thought the inner mind,
And all the fettered inner wings unbind,
Till we rise, at their call,
Leaving Earth all behind,
And are borne to the hall
Where the soul is refined
From the grossness of Earth, and made free as the wind.

And like lightnings that play in the chambers of light,
We are led in our bliss till the eye groweth bright,
In those realms of the sky, as the beams of the morn,
And an infinite sight in the spirit is born.
And we see, as the Sun sees, creation below;
And we thrill, as the Earth thrills, with Heaven's warm glow;
And we move, as the light moves, from world unto world;
And we change, as the skies change, when morn is unfurled;
And we breathe the sweet breath of the Angel's delight,
Till our thoughts ope like roses, in fragrance and light;
And our boundless affections awake and rejoice,
Till within us, as 'round us, the Heavens are spread,
And our thoughts to our loves, like twin Angels, are wed;
And we wander at will through the worlds of our choice,
For the Angels of Sleep lead the soul to its home.
And thus I was led to her Paradise Isle
By a Maiden from Pallas, whose innocent smile,
Shining pure as a star through the ocean's white foam,
Drew my spirit from sense, till it woke by degrees,
In her bower of joy underneath the sweet seas
That embower the land where the Water Fays are.
Thus I said to my friend, as we glided afar.

THE POET'S SONG OF OUTER LIFE.

I.

We are shadows, we are shadows,
Fading with the night of time,
Till the poppy wreaths we twine
Overcome us in the meadows.
Shrouded in our robes of white,
Phantoms of a fled delight,
Pallid ghosts of memory,
To our children henceforth we.

II.

As the stream to ocean glideth,
To its burial in the waves,
We are hurried to our graves;
Death alone eterne abideth,
Sitting on his throne of graves
And the dreary wind that raves,
Blows us from life's shaken tree;
Wind-swept shadows henceforth we.

III.

Mournful as the storm that sweepeth
O'er the grave of mother dead,
Or the tear by orphan shed,
When the fiend, Bereavement, creepeth,

Like a slimy snake, around
Heart and brain, till numbed and bound
Flow and fall our days; they flee,
Till like fallen tears are we.

IV.

Like an avalanche that rushes
Through the cottage roof by night,
Ending sleep in drear affright,

While th' o'erwhelming terror crushes
Fairest form in ruins cold—
Like the gaunt wolf in the fold;
Death and Pain press on—we see
Night descend, and cease to be.

V.

Mournfully, O mournfully,
Chant the dirge and toll the bell
Earth is but a burial-shell,
That enfolds us ere we die.
All things round us grieve and weep,
While the death-worms toward us creep.
Setting stars our setting see;
Phantoms of the night are we.

"Thus," said my poet friend, in sweet, sad tones,
"Life seemed and death, before I laid my bones
Beneath the churchyard mold. In strains like these,
Strangely commingled with the midnight breeze,
I sang, and, singing, mourned within my soul.
I seemed to hear th' eternal death-bells toll,
Even in the skies, and when the cloudy pall
With wrack and tempest hid the heavenly hall,
And when the desolating whirlwinds flew
Howling through space, as if they seized the view
Of ships that they must wreck, and sped to tear
The sails, and cranch the ribs with fangs of air,
It seemed as if Death reigned in place of God.
O'er silent mountain-peaks by day I trod,
Companioning with sunrise and the hills,
For there I thought that I could fly the ills
That locked my spirit in their fell embrace
But, glassed in mountain brooks, I saw my face
Grown lean with anguish in my vernal prime,
And then it seemed the bright waves turned to slime,
The vapors to corruption, and the air
To fever and to pestilence. The glare
Of the red sun was like a molten river,
Whose rays, like rapid serpents, chased me ever;
For I was sickened by life's ills. The curse
That stung my spirit changed the Universe

To my grief-maddened sight. A viper stung—
My bosom, and I died, my thought unsung

Where the emerald waves glittered gold in the sun,
We moved, as my friend told of sorrows below,
And I said, "It is sweet to reflect as we go,
That forever the heart and the mind shall be one
With the wisdom and love, with the beauty and bliss,
That the Father of Spirits, in Edens like this,
Pours out like bright wine." As I spake, he replied:
"Hark! Hear the sweet music borne over the tide!"

We breathed deliciously. There came a scent
Of new-blown lilies. A divine content
Diffused itself like music through my breast.
We seemed to be of radiant wings possessed.
We rose, as new-born butterflies unfold,
In morning light, their wings of green and gold,
And sparkled with all fairy hues; our feet
Thrilled-with delight the living air to meet;
Our thoughts took form like wings around the head.
Those halcyon Spirits called us, and we sped
Where a bright galaxy of Isles was set
Like wreaths of jewels in a coronet,
Or like a diamond necklace on the veined
And snowy bosom, by no ill profaned.

The waves blushed rose-like as they lipped the shore,
 Advancing and retreating evermore
In changeful radiance and with tuneful sound
Rippling they seemed to sing their joy profound.
Shells white and rosy as an infant's feet,
A shore of alabaster, pure as snow,
Before us lay, and, sparkling in the glow
Of early morn, with harp and timbrel sweet,
A company of youths and maidens fair,
Rose-winged and purple-vested, met us there.

THE POET'S SONG OF DESIRE.

I.

Then sung the Poet, tuneful sweet:
"O Fairy Isle! O Isle of Love!
My thoughts, like golden eagles fleet,
Toward thy beauty move.

II.

"O fair Calypso of the skies!
 Home thou must be of Beauty's Queen;
For, lo! her palace walls arise,
Her Maiden Loves are seen.

III.

"Change, Heart, to bird of sweetest note!
With plumage of ten thousand dyes,
Fly to her feet, and, warbling, float
In sunshine from her eyes."

As this he sang, I saw a lovely maid,
Whose locks were golden with an hazel shade,
Whisper into a little infant's ear,
A fairy child, and through the atmosphere
He flew toward us, and in music said:
"Blessed art thou to heavenly nuptials led
Blessed are they whose lips, on Earth unfed,
Have drank the wine of immortality,
Thirsting for which on Earth they fade and die;
Blessed are they who goldenly repose
In Heaven's embrace, like fairies in a rose
And while to outer sense in time they dwell,
In Heaven rejoice, and find in trance the spell
Whose mystic power doth guide them, as a kiss
Is wafted by sweet lips, to Isles like this.
Blessed are ye, O lovely Spirit-pair!
Like a twin-star your coming tinged the air

With purple radiance; welcome to our strand,
Welcome to airs by fragrant odors fanned.
The Island of the Lily Queen invites
With its unvailing fullness of delights,
And ye are welcome, as sweet joy that flies
To fairy Lovers in their Paradise."

There is an art whereby the loveliest flowers,
Full-bloomed, are changed to jewels, and the bowers
To fairy grottoes, sparkling in the sun,
Brighter than earthly lamps ere shone upon;
And fresh unfolding blossoms with the gems
Are twined, as flowers with queenly diadems.
'Twas in a grotto formed like this, whose floor
With pansied bloom was newly mantled o'er,
The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head
Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers, that fed
The air with incense. O'er her form was spread
A mantle sparkling like the ocean foam.
Her parted lips like dewy sun-stars shone,
With gold and crimson richly blent. Alone,
Eclipsed in thought by loveliness unknown,
I gazed in awe on her transcendent face.
Her beauty radiated golden light,
And as I looked, she woke. Intense delight
Suffused her face, a virgin lily bloom

She blossomed, and her heart's divine perfume
Wafted toward me. "Beautiful!" I said.
(My heart spake full.) She bowed her queenly head
In courteous greeting. "How shall I make known
My name and place?" "Thy coming not unknown,
In sleep I saw thee." From rose-golden lips
Her gentle speech distilled. My hearts eclipse
Was ended. Like the moon beside the sun,
Shining in new-found radiance, I began
To glow in her sweet presence. I had found
A Spirit like myself, though she was crowned
Regnant, and I an homeless, wandering form.
"When thou on Earth, I in my Heaven was born."
She paused, and gazed upon me, and my head
On her translucent breast was pillowed.
A thousand sparkling glories seemed to play
Within her shining eyes; immortal day
Shone lustrous o'er me. With divinest art
She touched the inmost lyre-strings of my heart;
I trembled as a dew-drop, when it blends
With the pure lily's fragrance, while she bends
Her silvery leaves to drink its fragrance in:
I felt a new-born life in me begin.

THE POET'S SONG OF HOME.

I.

How sweet is Home, e'en on the lower Earth,
Though want and care, twin phantoms haunt the hearth,
And Death and Separation, specters grim,
Chant their wild dirge-notes in the shadows dim.

II.

How beautiful is Home! The wanderer sees,
Returning from afar, the village spire,
And the ancestral roof, whose aged trees
Shelter, perchance, wife, mother, child, and sire.
Not theirs the glory to which fools aspire,
The empty bauble vainly called Renown;
They are content to light the evening fire,
To feast on simple cheer, and lay them down
In joyous rest, to dream, unfearing Fortune's frown.

III.

How beautiful is Home, when Love adorns,
With splendors brighter than the morning sun,
When it first gilds the silver Alpine horns,
The village cot-the fair, beloved one,
Though poor in outward gifts, excelled by none
In all the finer feelings of the breast

How chime the hours to music as they run!
 Music of Love divine, that Angels blest,
 Delighted, bend to hear from out their golden rest.

IV.

'Tis Love alone that gives to Home its bliss,
 Transfiguring common dust with light divine;
 Love plants its Eden in the wilderness,
 Lights Heaven's own flame to gild the darksome time;
 In saddest breast, like diamond in the mine,
 Burns quenchlessly; and through Life's inner night,
 An orb of fairest grace and strength sublime,
 Pure as sweet Hesper, set on Tempe's height,
 Streams, prophesying Heaven, the land of Love's delight.

V.

But Home in Heaven—a light within a light,
 A joy insphered in joy! How beauteous fall
 The evening shadows, when a new-born sight
 Changes to jeweled fires the palace wall
 Of our divine abode; when, over all,
 A sky translucent, fire-illumed and fed,
 Expands sublime beyond the ethereal hall,
 Picturing o'er all its dome how Angels wed;
 What marriage throngs sublime to heavenly nuptials tread.

VI.

Day passes on. The purple twilight ends,
Each forest tree grows radiant to behold
A skyey Paradise above extends.
Angels descend, their Loves below to fold
In sweet embrace. With amethyst and gold
Their deathless forms are clad. At last ascends
That heavenly landscape; but 'tis Eden still,
And the heart takes of love divine its liquid fill

VII.

How beautiful is Home in Heaven! for there
Our thoughts become substantial, and assume
Ten thousand glorious forms and visions fair;
And loving eyes with light of love illumine
The loving soul; and love illumines the air
Until it burns, exhaling incense rare;
And love transforms to feeling all our thought,
Till truth in conscious bliss through all the soul is wrought.

I heard our Poet sing this lay of Home,
In music breathing low, but saw him not.
At last he, star-like, on my vision shone,
And I went forth, and led him toward the grot

Where that transcendent Angel met my gaze;
But she retired within a golden haze,
And was invisible. My friend I led
Into a separate alcove; there was spread
A delicate repast, by hands unseen;
Invisible fingers touched the viewless chords
Of magic harps, and soon their song, with words
Commingle, floated through the grotto dim.
Invisible hands the sweet food offered him;
And, as he ate, he sank into a sleep.
Then came My Angel from retirement deep,
And gazed upon him. "Blessed dreams be thine,
Thou Poet Angel, risen from mortal clime,"
She whispered low. The radiance of her hand
Diffused an influence rhythmical and grand,
And in his sleep a new-born power of thought
Burst forth full-blossomed into speech unsought,
And, still asleep, awake in soul, he grew
Inspired and eloquent, and found a new
Interior gift of Poesy divine,
And sang to us in melody and rhyme.
He sang to us of Angels in their sphere,
He sang to us, and filled the atmosphere
With such entrancing music, that the birds
Of Paradise grew still to hear his words;
And when that magic spell became more strong,

The strain in grander measure moved along,
And Angels listened silent from above;
Fixed on his heart the magic of their love,
And so inspired him wondrously, and he
Sang then in praise of Immortality.
And when the influence ceased, he oped his eyes,
And looked around him with a sweet surprise,
Unconscious of his own melodious verse,
And sought, in stammering accents, to rehearse
A dream that he had dreamed. Then, like a child
Tranced in the mazes of a mystery mild,
Stammered again, blushed, gently touched his eyes,
Grew conscious, looked with wonder and surprise,
Saw fairy youths and maidens thronging round,
Heard sweet birds echoing his song's sweet sound,
Unconscious that the song was his, and said,
"Surely those birds on Angels' lips have fed,
To sing so fairy-like." I left him then.

There came an Angel, with a golden pen,
And said to me, "Thrice welcome to our sphere!
I am the brother of the Seraph dear,
Who, in divine enchantment, governs here.
Take thou this pen, and write." I took the pen,
But, in my hand, transformed, it changed again,
And turned into a lily-bloom. At this

The Angel smiled, and said, "Full well I wis
Thou lov'st the Lily Queen; the pen for thee
Became a lily—'tis a pen to me.
My love is truth, to me be pen and scroll
Thou lov'st the Lily, thine her heart and soul.
Sit down with me, I am historian here;
Say by what power to me thou dost appear.
For if thou tellest rightly, rightly thou
Mayest offer to the Lily Queen thy vow,
To be to her an outer self, and share
Equal delight where Angels throng the air."
At this I said, "I stand by Heaven's decree;
I am myself but nothingness and dust,
In ONE DIVINE I put interior trust;
I seek a servant of my kind to be;
Read thou my heart and mind, for both agree."

Radiant the Angel grew, and from a book
Of mystic form a golden leaf he shook,
And said, "This leaf was traced in ancient time
With wisdom precious, couched in verse sublime;
Take it and read, perchance 'twill tell to thee
Thine own soul's life, past, present, and to be."
"Angel," I said, "as one who dreams, I hear
Thy speech; in spirit only I am here;
My outer form is far away, and I

Only in trances glorious view the sky."
"I know it," he replied, "I know it well
Take thou this leaf, which shall thy story tell."
I took the leaf. I held it in my hand;
A Thought was in it; that great thought o'erspanned
My nature like a sky, and then I knew
My life with inner knowledge sure and true;
Then to the Angel said, "This mystery won,
I know my destiny, and follow on."

"What is thy destiny?" he spake. "To shed
Celestial light on Earth;" I answered,
"To wander trackless through untrodden skies,
Pour angel-light on Earth's bewildered eyes,
And scatter golden flowers of love divine
O'er hearts and homes in Earth's material clime.
My joys from this existence have their flow
My labors ultimate in works below;
My spirit lives in Heaven. My outward shape,
At will, when Angels call me, I forsake
I speak to man the truths in heaven I hear;
For ends of use to men I sojourn here."
"Since thou art here for ends like this," he cried,
"The Lily Queen is thy immortal bride,
The chosen spirit, hallowing by her love
Thy inmost heart. Through trackless, fields above,

Mild, beautiful, serene, she takes her way,
Journeying from star to star, from day to day.
She is the emblem of Celestial Lore,
Her path in brightness widens evermore.
Thou her Companion, since to thee is given
Coequal flight through Love's unbounded Heaven.
Well didst thou say that Heaven's divine decree
Led thee into our starry galaxy;
Here find thy mate, forever, two-in-one,
Circle from star to star, from sun to sun
In language, liquid as the bliss of love,
Repeat below the truth unveiled above."
At this the Angel ceased, and I replied,
"Far be it from me in selfish ease to glide
Down the delirious stream, the illusive tide
Of outward fancy. Angel, much I fear
Some strange enchantment works in mystery here."
Then he replied, "When thou to Earth below,
Forlorn and desolate, from Heaven dost go,
How seem the visions that thy spirit thrill
When thou art with us? Seem they base and ill?"
"No, no; all outward things to me are shades,"
I answered. "This interior life pervades
My outward thought, yet still I know I am
But dust." "Thou hadst a vision of a Lamb,"
The Angel said and that was sent to thee

As token that thou wert henceforth to be
An Angel-child in heavenly pastures fed,
And through immortal landscapes beauteous led.
Tell me the vision." Cheerful I complied,
Reposing on a myrtle bed beside
This loving friend, and, ever calm and mild,
Methought some viewless being on me smiled.

THE VISION OF THE LAMB.

I.

Out of the body's gate I trod,
And, rising through the golden air,
As one who climbs a spiral stair,
I saw the city of our God.
From north to south, to east from west,
I journeyed through its vast extent,
And everywhere I found content.
A Spirit, in a purple vest,
Bade me ascend, until I saw
The Temple of Eternity,
Upon a mountain of the sky,
Where Angels rise to read the law.

II.

The Temple shone upon my sight
Glorious from an interior light.
Beyond it rose the Spirit Sun,
Kindling the Temple with a blaze
Of golden fire. I felt the rays
Of morning through my spirit run,
And all my heart became a sea
Of spiritual melody.

III.

I looked again; the Spirit Moon
Rose gently to the south of east.
My heart grew still; its motion ceased.
I sank into an inward swoon,
As a pale flower, with too much light
O'ercome, that closes up its eyes,
And in a dream of pure delight
Was wafted through the skies.

IV.

I woke, and lo! I saw a star
Trembling upon the cloudy bar
Of the remotest western sky.
I heard a voice say audibly,

"That Star is called the Earth, and there
Thy outward form is tranced in sleep.
Look 'round thee; breathe the fragrant air;"
At this I felt my pulses leap.

V.

I looked, as one to life arisen
From lower Earth's material prison.
I saw great purple flowers that grew
From trees with silver limbs. The dew
Within each perfumed chalice lay;
The winds, like zephyrs on their way,
Fanned me with spirit-wings, and made
Celestial music in the shade.

VI.

"This, this is Heaven." I heard a voice
Sing on, "O soul, rejoice, rejoice!
Up from the base world's heartless throng,
Up from the cold world's hollow smile,
Thou hast arisen to an Isle
Of love and light. Thy kindred throng
Around thee. Welcome, welcome in
The sunrise home of Seraphim!"

VII.

Terrestrial fruit is formed of dust,
And but repairs the body's waste.
'Tis but a poor and scanty crust
That wanderers o'er the desert taste.
But in the Heavens are glorious trees,
That feed the heart with holiest love,
And joy all natural sense above.
An Angel comes, and says, "Take these,"
And feeds my lips with grapes of gold.
I eat, and I no more am old,
Or over-bowed with toil and care
And I inhale the fragrant air
Loaded with thought, and all my breast
Inspires the wisdom of the blest.
Each thought within my bosom sings,
Each pure affection plumes its wings.

VIII.

Now all my nature separates
Its thoughts into discrete degrees.
Its earth-born thoughts retire like seas,
And the dry land appears. I am
Transformed into a snow-white lamb.

A little lamb, but pure and white.
 Celestial meadows greet my sight.

IX.

On emerald banks the golden lilies blow,
 And silver violets blossom; sweetly flow
 The clear, still waters through the meadows green;
 The turquoise, amethyst, and sapphire gleam,
 And rose-hued jewels underneath the stream;
 And every separate gem
 Is purer than the fairest star that shines
 Emblazoned in the noblest diadem
 Of Earth's rich Orient climes.

X.

In these resplendent Spheres
 Each new-born Angel like a lamb appears.
 The Lamb of God, the Infinite Innocence,
 Is Lord and Master here. Thought, motion, sense,
 Enjoyment, language, beauty, all combine
 To form a temple for the Great "I Am."
 And He is emblemed by the snow-white Lamb.
 God through the Lamb shines forth, and all that light
 Enraptures, thrills, and elevates the sight,
 And fills the bosom with supreme delight,
 And all that light grows audible. Around

The ample sphere the strains are interwound,
Changing the air into a spiral sea,
Whose billows, in revolving harmony,
Rise to the zenith, form a splendid flower
Of blooming light, and then become a shower
Of golden life-drops, falling like the dew.
These drops the landscape every day renew,
Till all the vales with gem-like blossoms shine
That picture heavenly good in forms of truth divine.

THE POET'S SONG OF THE SOUL.

I.

The human soul, like sweetest lyre,
Swept all night long by fairy fingers,
Impulses thoughts like jeweled fire,
While slumber on the eyelids lingers.

II.

The human soul is like a barge
Afloat on Slumber's mystic ocean,
That drifts into the heavenly marge,
And sways to Life's enchanted motion.

III.

The human soul is like the tongue
That tells in steep Life's hidden story,
But wakes to hear its music sung
By listening Seraphs in their glory.

Thus in the garden-blooms afar,
I heard our Poet Wanderer singing;
His forehead sparkled like a star,
In music through the ether winging.

The wind that swept the garden-blooms
Seemed freighted with immortal numbers,
And all forgot were mortal glooms,
And all around celestial numbers.

The rippling sunshine danced, and fell
Sparkling o'er all the tree tops golden,
And in each leaf, as in a shell,
Translucent flowing life was holden.

All mortal vails from off the soul,
Like sun-tinged mists were slowly drifted,

And mind, released from Earth's control,
Thanksgivings to the Father lifted.

And all around that happy Isle
Ten thousand, thousand spirits holy
Lifted, in Heaven's awakening smile,
Their praises, offered meek and lowly.

It seemed the air became a sea,
A living sea of adoration,
Whose-waters made the spirit free,
And pure in Heaven's regeneration

For purity and love and truth
And whitest peace my soul pervaded;
My heart took on immortal youth,
By life inspired, by death unshaded.

"This is the power that Heaven bestows,"
I heard an unseen Angel telling;
"In Heaven the soul forever glows,
And beauty clothes its peerless dwelling.

"Body and Soul are interwed,
As light and fire in mingled splendor,

And where the Inner Soul doth tread,
The obedient form delights to tend her.

"We change to Angels by degrees;
We rise to Heaven, but not by dying
We cross no dark, tumultuous seas;
We leave no form in grave-yard lying;

"We change, unfolding, through our love,
An inner form of purer essence,
Until we rise to Heaven above,
And worship in the Father's presence.

"We lay aside the earthly mold,
Breathing away our grosser nature,
Till we our glowing forms infold,
Transformed at once in mind and feature.

"In mind and heart, a two-fold form,
Thy essence grows in Heaven's progression.
Thy outward shape, from Nature born,
Shares outward Nature's retrogression.

"But wert thou born where now thou art,
Thy outward shape, in heavenly fashion,
A form, wrought forth from mind and heart,
Would rise and feel no mortal passion;

"Till, glowing like the rising morn,
Transformed, no more the Earth would hold thee
Untouched by death, yet Angel-born,
The Angel-World in love would fold thee.

"This is the secret lost below;
But Earth shall see a Christ-like Nation
From Earth to Heaven translated go,
Rising in life's transfiguration.

"The mortal griefs, the mortal pains,
The tears of Earth, bereaved and friendless,
Shall pass away when Heaven obtains
Her empire there; for Love is endless.

"Sing once again," the Angel said,
"The song from Heaven that cheered thy sorrow,
When fairy music comforted
Thy heart with gleams of Love's to-morrow."

The Angel paused; from Memory's page
My spirit read the song bespoken,
And while I sung, that heavenly Sage
Maintained a calm, by speech unbroken.

LOVE IS ENDLESS.

I.

As I mused, in fancy friendless,
While the shades of evening fell,
From the land where Angels dwell
Came the whisper, "Love is endless,
Endless, endless!"
From the land where Angels dwell.

II.

From my thought the Vail was taken;
In my heart I knew that Love,
Front its holy home above,
Gently came my soul to waken,
Waken, waken,
From its blessed home above.

III.

Then from all its load of sorrow,
Lifted up, my mind was free;
Full of gladness, dawned on me,
Love-inspired, a better morrow,
'Morrow, morrow,
Full of gladness, dawned on me.

IV.

Heavenly dew of peace descended,
And my Lord, from His Divine,
Comforted this heart of mine;
All my grief in love was ended,
 Ended, ended—
Comforted this heart of mine.

V.

Jesus speaks the heart's evangel,
 "Love is endless!" His behest
 Fills with life the happy breast.
 Nearer He than man or Angel,
 Angel, Angel;
Love is endless in my breast.

VI.

Nearer draws the blest Elysian;
Perfect glows the holy spell;
Love is endless; all is well.
Brighter grows the heavenly vision,
 Vision, vision;
 Love is endless; all is well.

I ceased; and as the dying strain,
Like a white cloud, afar was lifted,
My bosom grew inspired again,
My heart with melody was gifted.

I poured my rapid thought in words,
Till music shook the chords of Heaven;
Those golden chords, those golden chords,
Those heavenly harp-strings, three and seven

The three-fold chords and strings of air,
The seven-fold breath of perfumed sweetness,
In music thrilled, as, free from care,
I sang the Hymn of Life's Completeness.

HYMN OF LIFE'S COMPLETENESS.

I.

Golden Age of Harmony,
Thou shalt from the Heaven descend,
Earth shall rise and welcome thee,
Man to man be Angel-friend

And the trumpets that blow when the Battle's red star
'Whelms the world with its blood, as it bursts from afar;
And the bugles that peal
To the crossing of steel,

When the Demon of Wrath drives his scythe-armed car;
 Awl the war-drums that roll
 In the shock of the battle,
 And the death-bells that toll
 O'er men slaughtered like cattle
And the death-smitten eyes that look up to the sun,
And see only the cannon-smoke darkling and dun
And the lips that in dying hurl curses at those
Whom The Father made brethren, but evil made foes;
And the groans of the wounded, the moans of the dying,
The death-shot that scatters the ranks of the flying
The wild, fierce hurrah, when the Fratricide host
Have driven their brethren to Hades' red coast—
They shall cease, they shall cease, For the Angel of Peace
Shall whiten the Earth, not with bones of the slain,
But with flowers for the garland, and sheaves for the wain.

II.

 No scattered Households then shall be,
 No mourners for the Early Dead;
 Arrayed in truth and purity,
 Man the great steps of Time shall tread,
Going upward and onward forever and aye,
Till he glows like the sun, and moves forth like the ray;

And the stars sing to greet him,
From out of their sphere;
And the Angels to meet him
On Earth shall appear;
And the world, where he labors, like Eden shall bloom;
And the flowers, like his loves, breathe an endless perfume;
And his art the wild forest transform as of old,
Till each bough hath its clusters of ruby and gold;
And the streams, from his virtue, flow magical sweet;
And the herbage grow green at the touch of his feet;
And the air, where the tigers of pestilence hide,
Grow sweet as the breath of his innocent bride.

III.

Then the Eden Age again
Shall revisit mortal men,
Human hearts and human eyes
Find anew their Paradise;
And the temples where Moloch is worshiped, and blood,
From the innocent spirit, wrung out like a flood,
Where the curse of perdition is shot from the bow
Of the Bigot, whose creed is a terror and wo—
As the snows disappear, when they melt, and sweet
May Crowns the children with fragrance and bloom where they
lay.

IV.

Then shall come the New-born State,
Justice sit within the gate,
Freedom, like a Giant strong,
Triumph o'er the ancient Wrong;
And the Despots who rule o'er the myriads unfed,
And shout o'er their serfs in captivity led,
Transformed into men, into free men and true,
Cry, "Down with the Old Age, and up with the New!"
For the time is at hand when the Angels shall see,
Gazing down, that the Earth is a Paradise free.

V.

Then the Crowning Church shall rise,
Then old Eden's gates shall ope,
Spirit-stars, in midnight skies,
Glow through all the heavenly cope;
And the city that John in his vision beheld,
Descend to the Earth, and be seen as of old, [born!"
While the First-born of God shout, "The Earth is new
And no shadow shall darken that Paradise morn.
Then shall Earth delighted see
Heaven's divine Theocracy,
Heart-of-Love resume its reign,
Mind from Heart its wisdom gain.

I ceased to sing; the glowing thrill
Gently subsided; calm and still
I felt celestial dews distill

Their richness o'er my throbbing brain
I felt divine contentment reign,
And, looking up, saw golden rain

Drop from a rosy cloud, that flew,
As 'twere an eagle, through the blue
Translucent sky. O golden dew!

It seemed essential life, and where
It fell-it changed to jewels rare,
Whose light shot through the trembling air

Sun-pointed arrows, flaming stars;
They glided o'er the viewless bars
Of three-fold air like glowing cars,

Thronged with the Singing Loves. It seemed
As if the dewy sun-fires gleamed
In changeful radiance, many beamed,

And grew articulate, and then
Changed into tiny angel-men,
So small, a kingly diadem

Might be for them a palace high.
I looked above, and, in the sky,
Beheld an Angel company.

The mote-like creatures at my feet
Danced on the sward in music sweet;
I felt my heart responsive beat;

That glorious Angel-throng above
Chanted, meanwhile, their deep-voiced love;
I felt it strong as thunder move

The sunrise atmosphere, but still
That heavenly utterance on my will
Was soft and sweet. I drank my fill

Of grand, harmonious joy; my mind
Meanwhile from sense being uncombined,
Sought far the hidden clue to find

Of the strange law whereby the rains
Change as they fall to sylphs and swains,
Small as the dew-drop's golden grains,

And singing move, a fairy throng,
Aerial, cloud-like, borne along,
Resembling still the Angels, strong.

Pondering the mystery that I saw,
My spirit shook with sudden awe,
Like Moses waiting for the Law.

At last a voice, from pearly throat
Of loveliest Angel, bade me note
A little bird through ether float.

The bird, by some mysterious power,
Changed to a silver lily-flower,
And dropped upon my breast. The power

To know, from love, of things divine,
Quick as that floweret's fall was mine;
A great Truth flashed its form sublime

Upon my spirit. Wheresoe'er
Love's Angels move, they make more fair
The Earth, the sky, the realms of air.

The thoughts of love their breasts exhale,
Like dew-drops shaken by the gale,
Fall glowing, through the ether pale,

Change, touching Earth, to forms of truth,
Transformed again, like maid and youth,
Move forth beneath the starry roof

Exhaling from their inner selves,
Appear like fays and sparkling elves,
And each one, like a laborer, delves

Himself a grot within the mead,
And changes to some living seed.
Angelic love, through truth to deed

In transformations passing sweet,
Descends and blooms beneath the feet;
And all extremes in uses meet.

For when the Angels think a thought,
So I, by inward love, am taught,
That to some lower Earth is brought

And sphered into some radiant shape,
Like those I saw the rain-drops take,
And these for ends of use forsake

Their brightness in the dust below,
But rise in floral life, and glow
With crimson leaves and flowers of snow,

And form delicious fruit, fit food
For fairy lips in life renewed
By feeding on celestial good.

'Tis thus th' Immortal Spring goes forth
From God to Heaven, from Heaven to Earth;
All flowers and fruits have inward birth.

The thoughts and loves of Angels wise,
Distill in sweetness from the skies,
And twine with blooming harmonies

From world to world. From sphere to sphere
The shining bloom-waves roll, appear,
And glow in Heaven's Immortal Year!

Windless and waveless grew the sea,
And, gazing from the southern shore,
A jeweled pinnace came to me;
A soft wind blew and sped me o'er
The waters, and above, like snow,
White clouds were waving to and fro,
As if they were the floating sails
Of airy barques by heavenly gales
Wafted through atmospheric seas.
Then rose and swelled the northern breeze,
And bore me southward in my flight;
Three days I sailed through day and night.

At times, asleep on billows green,
The Water Fays anear were seen,
And wakening as I passed them by,
They waved their white hands silently;
And sometimes, passing Fairy Isles,
I saw mysterious shining piles,
Temple and palace, spire and dome
And still I flew through sparkling foam.

Mysterious moved, nor wind nor sail
Impelled me, but the viewless gale,
So faint I scarcely felt its wings
Moved 'round me. Nightly, star-like rings
Were kindled in the ether blue;
These ring-like circles met my view
Through all the sky instead of stars
At times the waves, like golden bars
Of music, chimed beneath the keel;
I heard mysterious organs peal,
And wind-harps; then I knew we sped
Where the sweet winds with songs were fed
From Fairy Islands hidden deep;
Sometimes I heard the waters leap;
And then I saw the yellow leaves
Of feathered palms, that in the seas
Took root, and opened on the breast

Of Ocean a transcendent crest
Of purple flowers; these were possessed
By golden cygnets-each a nest
For silver swans. From east to west
The Heavens with wavy lines of light
Were streaked and plumed from morn till night,
And jeweled birds with plumage bright
Rose, flashing, from the ocean's brine;
And all the while this heart of mine
Beat languid in my breast, and soon
My spirit sank into a swoon,
And still my form was borne within
That magic barge. The silver rim
Around the sea became more bright
As the third day dropped into night.

When I awoke, a silver shell
Lay in the boat. I took it up,
And found it was a hollow cup;
'Twas filled with sweetest hydromel.
I drank it. As I drank, the air
Seemed filled with birds as white as snow,
With white wings waving calm and slow;
From north to south they seemed to go.
A dulcet strain began to flow
Around me on my way. The glow

'Round the sky's silver rim arose
Like the aurora, when it flows
From pole to zenith; and the rays
Rose by degrees, until their blaze
Formed a vast, rosy dome on high;
And all that glorious canopy
Transparent grew, till white and gold
Celestial Spheres in music rolled,
And luminous beauty. All was still;
But suddenly the sharp, swift thrill,
Like sunrise, shot through mind and brain,
And all at once a sacred strain
Pealed from those circling Spheres. The waves
Vibrated, and the Ocean eaves
Through all their sparry arches rang,
And thus the Spheres together sang

THE SONG OF MARS.

I.

Lovers in my blessed sky
Thrill with deathless ecstasy;
Lovers glow with bliss divine
Where my four bright Spheroids shine,

II.

Lovers thrill with sacred bliss
Through my Eden wilderness;
Lovers all my children are,
Love renews my inner star.

III.

I unfold o'er all my coast
Beauteous, a celestial host.
Lovers all my children be,
Love is all their ministry.

THE SONG OF JUPITER.

I.

I sit on my throne in the vastness of space,
And I rule o'er my Orb like a queen in her grace,
And my children are sages with wisdom sublime,
And my land is majestic, my language divine,
For I chant as I roll through the infinite sky,
And the Angels of Wisdom above me reply.

II.

The forms of my children are azure and gold,
But their soul-life in vestures of purple they fold,

For their robes correspond to their goodness and truth
With azure and gold are they clad in their youth,
When the firmament sings to them out of its joy,
And they find in the magic of Nature employ;
Till working the Wisdom of God, the divine,
Their robes become purple, and splendidly shine;
Their sacred adornings bespeak their degree
In spirit the Infinite Spirit they see.

III.

I sit on my throne, and my children below
With love in the light of eternity glow;
And like rainbows that span the great dome of the skies,
Bespangled with rays that are fed from the eyes
Of worlds filled with Angels, my Sphere-lands ascend,
And into the light of the Infinite blend.

THE SONG OF SATURN.

I.

I am the Patriarch Star; I stand
And view, entranced, that Wondrous Land,
That worlds ascend to when they rise
From outward space to inward skies.
I am the eldest child of Space,

And gaze into the Sun's bright face,
And in the Sun, prophetic, see
My own approaching destiny.

II.

Soon shall I cease, a planet fair,
To glow in Nature's azure air;
Soon shall I circling cease to swim
Within the bounds that circle in
The Solar System. I shall pass
Beyond the sea of fire and glass,
And all my Angel-Nations rise
Into diviner harmonies.

III.

I am the Prophet Orb; I gaze
Through the far Future's unknown ways;
Mysterious wisdom thrills me deep;
Not always shall Destruction keep
A lingering foothold, and with curse
And wailing jar the Universe;
I see the end of Death and Sin;
I see the golden years begin
For happy Earth, our sister sphere
Rejoice, O Heavens! her Spring is near.

IV.

All ye, O Stars! shall one by one
Rise from the light-sphere of the Sun
All ye, O Stars! shall leave your sky,
But not to fade and not to die.
World after world, in cloud-like form,
From out the Mother-sun is born,
And clothes itself with land and sea,
And decks its robes with kingdoms three
World after world, with Eden grace,
Is cradle made for Human Race,
And man the saint and man the sage
On Earth adorns the Golden Age,
Ages of Gold transform, till seven
Immortal Spheres to Earths are given,
And Earths at last translated are,
And each becomes a Spirit-Star!

"Tell me, tell me, what is Heaven?"
Then I heard a Spirit sing,
And I answered, "There 'tis given
Man to be both Priest and King;

"For his priestly soul beholdeth
God the Father in his love,
And his kingly spirit holdeth
Scepter just o'er realms above;

"By his love, to God he goeth,
And his heart is heavenly shrine;
By his truth, he wisdom knoweth,
Unconfined by space or time;

"And his spiritual nature
Asketh only how to bless
Inward form and outward feature
Glow with living tenderness.

"Unconfined by selfish fetter,
Undefiled by sordid pelf,
Angel loveth Angel better
Than he e'er can love himself.

"And I take the real essence
Of the heavenly life to be,
Life within the actual presence
Of the Lord's Divinity;

“For the breathing air that thrills us
Flows from His diviner breath,
And His Life, that flows and fills us,
Lifts us high o'er sin and death.”

So I answered, speaking slowly,
To the listening Angel-Sage,
And I read that utterance wholly
From the mind's interior page.

"Tell me why no Angel dieth,"
Spake the Angel; and I said:
"Influx from the Lord supplieth
Health and strength for daily bread.

"God through love is known, and in us
Lives and loves, and we in Him;
He by love doth call and win us,
Changing us to Seraphim.

“And the forms that clothe with glory
Our immortal home, express,
Through exterior shape, the story
Of the true heart's tenderness.

“Tis thus that Life, with fair adorning,
Each Angel-realm makes beauteous bright,
For Truth illumines the mind with morning,
And Love is fire, and Wisdom light.

"And as the solar warmth and splendor
Remove from Earth the cold and gloom,
And bid Death's Alpine king surrender
His wide domain to summer bloom;

“So Good and Truth, from God descending,
With vernal beauty clothe the soul,
And Good and Truth, to outness tending,
From blended spheres of Angels roll.

“Our thoughts of love, our heart's affections,
Exterior form and image take,
As lights, and glories, and perfections,
And Heaven one boundless Eden make.

“God through each Angel-soul revealeth
A separate Eden, sweet and fair,
And every bliss the bosom feeleth
With summer perfume breathes in air.

“For Heaven, within the sphere of Angels,
Unseen by any sensuous eye,
Like inner sense in old Evangels,
Divinely beauteous, fills the sky.”

As thus I sang, the sweetest breathing,
The softest voice, the purest spell,
My inner life divinely wreathing,
Like music o'er the senses fell.

I, looking up, saw Hesper glowing,
A spirit-orb, in western sky,
And saw my fairy barque was going,
As sails a white thought, silently

Drawn by that whitest world's attraction,
Blown o'er translucent azure seas;
And Spirit-Suns, in bright refraction,
Pictured upon the cloud-like breeze

Ten thousand mirage worlds, and ever,
As through a cloven vale we flew,
There rushed and foamed a rapid river,
Whose waves were crimson, sprayed with blue.

On either side the mountain ranges,
 Projected from the spirit-skies,
In all their swift, revolving changes,
 Revealed palatial harmonies;

For all that splendor was the vision
 Of Heavenly Universes far,
And groves and palaces elysian,
 Where countless realms of Angels are;

And from the burning peaks, that glistened
 With spiral temples, vast and grand,
We heard, as, tranced in bliss we listened,
 Songs of the Heavenly Morning Land.

Part Two.



HESPERUS.

INTERLUDE .

I.

HAPPY Star! happy Star!

Where thou shinest, where thou art,
Thou dost beat like Maiden's heart—

Grief is far.

II.

Happy Star! blessed Star!

Where we wander through thy deep,
Naiad Angels can not weep—

Grief is far.

III.

But we are pilgrims from a weary world;
The diamond battlements of Truth are hurled
In jagged ruin, lightning-torn and rent;
The red volcano finds a burning vent
 Upon our habitation.
There Beauty smiles to fade in desolation.
 And what are we?
Wrecks of a desolate Humanity!
 And thou art seen
By us as if thou wert some beauteous dream,
 Unreal, because bright;
Tears, tears are ours, shadow, and gloom, and blight.

IV.

 The storms with shipwrecks sow
Our oceans, and our caverns 'neath the deep
Filled with white bones appear. Huge navies sleep
Within those darksome gulfs. The hungry shark
Hangs motionless above the sunken barque.
He snuffs from far the tempests ere they blow,
 And waits his hapless prey.
 Oh, what are we? Decay

Seizes upon us in our prime; salt tears
Darken our eyes; they see not Heavenly Spheres.

V.

Once, in a mortal form,
ONE walked upon our waves, and said, "Be still."
And they obeyed the mandate of His will;
And, like a babe new-born,
The sea looked up to Him; the waves grew bright:
Our trust is in His might.

VI.

Why should not He,
Lord of both land and sea,
People Earth's waters with ethereal life;
Change into harmony those realms of strife;
Spread green, enameled meadows 'neath, the waves;
Transform to Angel-bowers those hidden caves?

VII.

"There shall be no more sea,"
So reads the page of heavenly prophecy,

But in its place a flowery Paradise,
Spanned by still waters, fleck'd with rainbow dyes;
 Round lotos-girdled Isles
The star-bright Nymphs shall bathe in billows green;
And sylph-like beings, clothed in sunniest smiles,
 In heavenly years be seen
Where now the dark, tempestuous deep
 Moans in its sleep.

A

LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND

As in the changes of a mighty dream,
All thought, love, ecstasy in mind and soul,
We sped along the wide tumultuous stream,
And heard above, like mellow thunders, roll
Vast anthems, sung by multitudinous choirs,
The Angels of the Fixed Stars, whose fires
Consume with quenchless ardor all the dark;
And as we sped, our winged and arrowy bark
Changed inwardly into a green alcove;
And dewy light from fairest eyes of love
Shone on me, for the Lily Queen was there;
And in communion sweet we learned to share
Unspoken thought and ecstasies divine
Her full heart now resolved itself in mine,

Until we seemed to distant eyes but one.
I felt her love through all my pulses run,
Like the first sunbeams through a new-born gem.
She twined around my brows an anadem
Of pure, white blossoms. "Thou hast borne," she said,
Long time the crown of thorns upon thy head;
Let the White Lily crown thee;" and her speech
Was lovely as her thought. She strove to teach
My tongue the language of celestial spheres;
And, like immortal day, when dawn appears
Beyond the sightless groves of Death, the light
Of her pure heart with beauty filled my sight.

Opinions vary with the Heart—
Our Faith reflects our inward Love;
Religion is the noblest art
On Earth below, in Heaven above.

The Painter works in hues and forms;
The Poet works in living speech;
Interior Genius decks and warms
The cold, hard truth that Sages teach;

And he who reads Mankind to man
Needs Painter's eye and Poet's tongue,
Else of Creation's mighty plan
The vital part remains unsung.

The hard moralities of Law
Reveal but Life's exterior shape;
Could we but feel what JESUS saw,
Our souls all outward bonds would break,

And Life become the grandest fact,
Grander than theories or creeds,
Of stately virtues built compact,
And blossomed o'er with fairest deeds.

Motive determines path and end;
The germs of greatness are concealed;
And stubborn circumstance we bend,
If strong in will-if weak, we yield.

Harder by far than granite peak,
Darker by far than midnight-cloud,
Are outward forms to spirits weak,
Bound in the world's material shroud;

But if interior force is ours,
We stand, and, lo! the opposing wave,
Obedient to diviner powers,
Is parted for our footsteps brave.

Thought is the spirit's lightning, sent
To cleanse the murky night of time:
It falls, and, lo! the hills are rent,
And burst the hoary walls of Crime.

One Thinker, fresh from God, goes forth,
And, like a sower sent to sow,
He scatters whirlwinds o'er the Earth,
But in his path white lilies grow.

One Thinker, bold, and strong, and true,
Inspired from God in heart and tongue,
Shall make Earth's day-star chant anew
The strain that flowed o'er Eden young.

E'en now the World in anguish cries
To know those central laws that run
From Heaven to Earth, and unitize
Love, Wisdom, Uses—three in one;

The Wisdom that shall reconcile
Impulse with Duty, throw the light
Of boundless day o'er both, and smile
On Man, accordant with the Right.

And Heaven in love on Earth looks down,
And even now prepares to bless
The Mind with Wisdom's burning crown,
The Soul with Love's own boundlessness.

In measures, fed from inward springs
Of cheerful hope for Earth and Man,
A viewless Angel sits and sings
O'er the blue Heaven's effulgent span.

That Angel's thoughts, descending low,
In unseen throngs, to all men fly,
And utter, tuneful, as they flow,
The Gospel of Humanity!

A New Religion shakes the Earth;
Christ, unbeknown to outward Sage,
Descends, in forms of Love, to birth,
And leads from Heaven the Golden Age.

A New Religion-new, yet old,
The Ancient Faith, the Eden theme,
Descends, the weary Earth to fold
In joy transcending Angel's dream.

Break Chains, thrill Heart, glow Mind, for aye
From Heaven the Angel splendors fall.
Wake eyes, shout lips, Love's endless day
Consumes old Error's darksome pall.

Whence comes the light, whence comes the power,
To burst the chains and break the rod?
Whence comes the bright Delivering Hour?
'Tis all of God, 'tis all of God!

Sweet Lily turned to me her tender eyes;
These words from her heart's fount began to rise:
"All things in Heaven begin-in Heaven they end.
Dost thou remember, O thou more than Friend,
How, once while in thine utmost agony,
An angel-scroll from Heaven appeared to thee?
That was in mercy sent, from where the Throne
Of Truth illumines Earth's Spiritual Zone,

To nourish thee when thou alone didst tread
Dark Sorrow's vale; and thou wast comforted.
Recall that page, and tell me how it fell
On thy tranced vision." I replied: "A spell
Of music overcame me, and a scroll
Seemed inwardly its pages to unroll."

"Traced on a page of sun-illumined white,
Tinted with crimson, violet, and gold,
These mystic words my spirit read aright:
 'Champion of Truth, be bold!
Trust in His love, who spake, and worlds outrolled,
 Bathed in primeval light.'

"I saw in Heaven a Victory-bringing Angel;
 A rod, whose flowers were souls, was in his hand;
Concentric Sun-spheres, that the skies bespangle,
 Wreathed all their jeweled flames to form a band
Of constellated light his brow upon.
His smile of splendor formed a horizon,
Slowly descending, till it clasped the Earth;
Ten thousand, thousand Spirits issued forth
From the great Angel's will. Their lives were blended
For one vast end. These to the world descended.

"Between the Earth and Mars
The shining army suddenly stood still;
Then every Spirit drew his mighty will
To utmost tension, like a golden bow
With thoughts for arrows, kindling as they go.
That Host was all inspired with Love for man.
So the great Battle of the Age began
 For angel-thoughts, like stars
That burn through midnight darkness unconfined,
Flashed from the Spirit-archers on mankind.

"Mind-thrilling splendors filled the continent
 Between the Atlantic and Pacific seas,
And joy and terror, wildly weirdly blent.
 Old Prophecy, awakening from his dream
Of final Morning, sudden cried aloud,
'I see the Dead World rising from its shroud!'
Inspired Devotion, rising from her knees,
Floated, a risen saint, the Heavens and Earth between.
And Bigotry came forth; in the clear glass
Reality, she saw, in vision, pass
Her own accursed form before her sight,
And died with dying Night.

"An avalanche fell, thundering, to the plain,
 And melted into dew, and fed sweet flowers

'Twas Old Religion's desecrated fane,
Dissolved in love, transformed by Heavenly Powers,
Ceasing to be a prison and a tomb,
And clothing Earth with universal bloom.

"An herd of famished Wolves, that tore each other,
Changed into Men, each turning to his brother
With new-found human voice, and all as one
Spake such exceeding Love, in unison,
That my deep spirit melted at their speech,
Whose rich tones fed me, like an Autumn peach,
With sunny charity. Forever, ever
In holy oneness they rejoice together.
The Wolves were Nations, made, through angel-birth,
States in the glad Republic of the Earth!

"A brood of spotted Adders stung the breast
Of a tranced Virgin, beautiful yet cold;
Her snowy form was covered half with mold;
But she awoke at some Divine behest,
And spake such words of breathing, brooding Love,
That all the Serpents came and licked her hands;
Her touch transformed each Adder to a Dove,
And these flew circling in harmonious bands,
And then caressed each other on the boughs,
With voices musical as lover's vows.

Then, rising from the Earth, the Virgin shook
Off the dull dust, and one sweet, smiling look
She cast upon it, and it bloomed and spread
A world of flowers, fair as the sky o'erhead.
These emerald fields and gardens of the sun
The Virgin, FAITH, swift peopled; snowy swans
Sailed down from far celestial horizons,
And thronged the silver pools, and these she fed
With music and delight. 'These, doves,' she said,
While Faith lay sleeping, each became a snake
It needeth but that Faith should once awake,
And all Sectarian Hates transform to Loves,
While Angels dwell with Saints, as swans with doves.'

"I heard another distant-speaking Voice.

 But now it came from far,

 As from an Angel singing in his Star;
And yet its sweetness bade my soul rejoice.

 It sang, 'Be comforted,

O child of many tears! thou yet shalt see
This vision real; come, oh come to me:'

 It was the Angel Victory!

 I rose in spirit; as I swift arose
He spake, and called my own immortal bride,
And we before him knelt. The holy tide

Of adoration wafted us away
Into a Violet Heaven. 'Sweet Spirit, say,'
I cried, 'whose life of beauty thrills mine eyes,
Know'st thou our home?' I saw a smile arise,
Like Heaven's first sun beyond a dying bed,
And flush her form with light of deepest rose.
'Beloved,' heart-speaking, then she answered,
"Tis Heaven! Our Souls in Heaven are ever wed.'

"Again the glorious Angel spoke to me,
And now his voice sublime
Thrilled my full soul with sense of One Divine:
'Each Truth to its own Love shall wedded be;
Earth shall become a Rose of Paradise,
Bound in the Marriage Garland of the Skies.'"

I ceased; the Lily smiled, and said,
"The white grapes of my love have fed
Thy lips. Lift up thine eyes and see
The Lord of Light and Victory."

A pause—then breathless murmurs ran through Space;
Once more appeared that Victory-bringing Angel.
I heard him bid Heaven's Hierarchs assemble.
In radiant forms of harmony and grace

We saw them come,
From Sirius some,
And these were vast, and shook
The crystal space beneath them; then a book
Was opened, and therein I read,
"Now comes the Resurrection of the Dead."
I looked and saw, beneath, the Earthly ball;
Nations, tribes, kindreds, peoples over all
Its orb'd expanse were quickened; one drew near
And said to me, "Earth's Judgment Day is here.
Look on the Earth, and thou shalt see the Power
That renovates the race." I saw a shower
Of golden light stream from that Angel's wand,
And, looking down toward Earth's Western Land,
The air was full of fire-flakes; where they fell,
The human mind, thrilled by some unknown spell,
Was quickened. Day by day, for so it seemed,
More vividly those burning fire-flakes gleamed.
Some fell on little infants, and they talked
In perfect speech almost before they walked.
And some on children, and they woke by night,
And talked with Angels, and their hearts grew light
With many smiles. Some fell on youthful maids,
Walking untended in the forest shades;
These felt the young leaves quiver, heard the thrill
Of music 'round them, though the birds were still,

And the quick ear thrilled to celestial songs
Chanted in Heaven by viewless Angel throngs.
And Poets felt it, as beneath the snow
The snowdrop wakes, when first the south winds blow.
And Lovers heard it in the moon-light pale,
What time sweet twilight throws her bridal veil
Jeweled with stars o'er Earth's bloom-bidden breast;
Their bosoms moved, as if each were the nest
Of happy doves; where hand in hand they trod,
Their hearts thrilled deep, as if they talked with God
A spiritual glory sparkling shone
Around each sacred form, a light unknown
To natural senses, and they seemed to glide
Almost in ether, Spirits glorified.
It came to old men, whom a century's snow
Had drifted over; they began to glow
With morning splendors of returning youth;
Sweet Love and Peace and Innocence and Truth
From the eternal hill-tops sang to them;
Plumed Immortality, with diadem
Of crystal fire, and eyes that shone like flame,
Instead of Death, to the departing came.

I saw the glorious vision; then I said,
"O thou Heart-Lily floating in my breast,
Tell me the meaning of this vision blest.

I see a Violet Heaven beyond me spread,
And all around and all above I see
Stars like the blossoms ripening on a tree."

"Thou see'st," she said, in dulcet speech of love,
"The Heaven to whose elysian marge we move,
And the Angel who spake was the Spirit of Truth,
Who appeared to mankind in Earth's innocent youth,
And spoke as an Angel in Eden of old.
That Spirit no visible image can hold,
But all forms of appearing he taketh at will;
He is heard when the heart in devotion is still;
He is felt when the spirit seeks inly to give
Its virtue and strength that the dying may live;
And as Heaven is manifold, three-fold, and one,
Yet all bound and clasped in the Lord as a Sun,
So His forms of appearing are varied and vast.
The light of His presence is radiantly cast
O'er Angels who worship their God in the Light,
Yet in likeness of Man He descends to the sight.
The fathomless realm of the Infinite hides
The might and the mystery where He abides.
He is known through his works, He is known through his love,
He is known as the Father by Angels above.
And while we are speaking, the Father is near;

And while we are loving, the Father is here.
When the soul thrills with joy of affection divine.
Then the Lord speaks to us in the bosom's deep shrine.
What is man? what is man? but a form of degrees.
What is man? what is man? but a child on the knees.
He smiles from the manger of earth where they laid him,
And glows in the light of the Spirit that made him;
And all that is pure, blessed, beautiful, and bright,
Is the image of God, and sustained by his might.

"The Lord is lovelier far than man;
No Angel can His Beauty scan;
But sometimes He appears
To Angels in their Spheres
As God the Loveliness! The blooms
Grow sweeter, offering up perfumes
In worship, and the breeze
Thrills, ecstasied with new-born melodies;
New tints adorn the rose,
She bids her leaf unclose,
Tinged from the brightness of His lips divine;
And Angels then are glad, Each in the beauty clad
That robes their Maker, and, like Him, they shine.
As little children gathered round the knees
Celestial Angels drawn to Him appear;

'Tis then the soul is most inspired, and sees
 God as the Father; love removes all fear.
 How this may be I know not, but in Heaven
 Our Lord appears as Father to the child;
 And, unto Angels pure, such bliss is given
 That they may listen to the utterance mild
 Of God the Angel, infinite above,
 Yet, through angelic form, revealed by love.

"'Tis thus in Hesper; there sweet souls abide
 Whose lives in one perpetual rapture glide.
 'Trance-Spirits' they are called; they appertain
 To the interior sense of sight; they reign
 Perpetual in mild, noontide light; not theirs
 To dwell in hope or memory; nor cares
 Disturb them for the past,
 Or morrow there; they ask
 Not what shall be; 'Enough,' they say,
 'To press the lips of God, and feed for aye
 On constant influx, streaming from His breast.'
 These Spirits are the wisest and the best
 Of Hesper's many tribes, and they reside
 Within a land of beauty glorified,
 Whose airy particles sublimed away,
 Seem almost essences and hues of day;
 And they are lovers more than all; their speech

Is love, and all the wisdom that they teach
Is loving; their bright forms are gold and red;
In the first morning of their age they wed.
They name their children from the names of stars,
According to their genius; naught debars
The freedom of their thought; their heavenly eyes
Read the interior of all mysteries.
And they are calm as morning, pure as light,
As bride-love sweet, and joyful as delight.
They call their Earth-land 'Twilight,' for they say
'Life dawns in twilight and unfolds bright day.'
When they appear, like apple-blooms in May,
They fill the air; and when they pass away
An odor lingers, and a light that burns
Like frankincense; there are no burial urns
Among them; when they rise to Heaven, their souls
All visibly ascend; such life controls
Their nature, that their dust exhales, sublimes,
Potential grows, and brilliantly refines,
Till they, like Angels in electric robe,
Thread the aerial regions of their globe;
And when their work below is ended, pass
To Heaven unchanged, like light through clearest glass.
To die they have no name for, but they say
'Translation' and the 'Second Bridal Day.'
Death they call 'Youth,' and 'Hymen,' and the 'Lord.'

The universal Heaven they call 'God's Word.'
Their Eden they call 'Bride-land;' children they
Call 'Heaven-blooms;' they grow tuneful when they pray,
And chant sweet hymns that thrill celestial airs.
Love they call 'Beauty;' song, 'Heart-winged prayers.'
For they are Poems, as it were; some grand,
August, magnificent; by such their land
Is governed; for all thoughts being seen as things
Substantial, those they own as Lords and Kings
Whose thoughts are grandest; and their thoughts arise
Like temples, crimson, through the lovely skies
That span their habitation. Dearer far
To me their gentler Infant Angels are;
These are all lyrical, and, when they sing, [Spring.
"Their words, like flowers, fill all their world with
"Our Bridal Heaven clasps that world, enzoned
Around its beauty; 'tis divinely throned
In the bright Sun-sphere folded from its heart—
A Violet Heaven-from sorrow set apart;
Called by a name that, Earth-expressed, is this, 'Love-Eden,'
'Beauty-land,' 'Heart-heaven,' and 'Bliss.'"
So Lily said; and rapidly we passed
Sweet Hesper, lovelier, dearer at the last,
Than when it dawned upon us, and we grew
Almost less glad when bidding it adieu.

THE BRIDE SONG.

I.

We are gliding, we are gliding
Where the truths that Heaven bestows,
Whispered are by souls abiding
In Love's beauteous bower of rose;
We are gliding, we are gliding
To the Love-star of the rose.

II.

Endless life in Heaven awaits us,
Endless beauty for the eye;
GOD THE LOVE, anew creates us
In the blended Deity:
Endless beauty, Love, awaits us
In the Heaven of Deity.

III.

Passing shadows, passing shadows
Dim thee not in soul, my star;
Rain-drops on the vernal meadows,
All thy outward troubles are;
Thou shalt bloom in Heavenly meadows,
Ever bloom, thou fairest star.

IV.

Star of Love, forever shining,
Light and splendor thou to me;
In thy inmost self reclining,
Thou art mine, and I in thee;
In my inmost life reclining,
I am thine, and thou in me.

Soft and sweet, in Heavenly measures,
Lily sang her marriage song,
And the wave of angel-pleasures
Nerved my soul with wisdom strong.
Darkling as a cloud descending,
My exterior self sank down,
But my inner soul, ascending,
Wore the Heavenly nuptial-crown.
And in spirit-life victorious,
Dowered with realms of endless bliss,
I became an Angel glorious,
When I met the Lily's kiss.

For the breath of living sweetness
From the Love-Queen filled my heart,
And I found my soul's completeness—
Given my nature's counterpart.
All around us, all above us,
Angels, naught but Angels were,
And they sung, "Ye also love us.
In your love, O blessed pair!"
Through the air of crimson-azure,
Changing to a purple glow,
Shone the Eden fields of pleasure,
Darkened ne'er by death or woe.
Passing through those magic portals,
Entering that Elysian Land,
Myriads of the sweet Immortals
Lifted up their welcome grand.

SONG OF THE CELESTIAL NUPTIALS.

I.

Welcome, O welcome, ye whose pleasures run
From founts divine, in Heaven's effulgent sun;
Welcome, ye twain whom God conjoins in one,
To life of bridal joy in Heaven begun.

II.

Welcome to groves whose faintest, tiniest flowers,
In fragrance kindle bliss; to gliding hours
Whose moments least are winged with rapture fine;
Welcome to Love's perennial Bridal Clime.

III.

And welcome, doubly welcome, as ye pass
Upward to seas of fire and clearest glass,
To visions beauteous, bowers where Angels thrill,
And drink of marriage-love through God their fill.

IV.

Ages on ages pass, and leave no trace
Of years upon the Bride's refulgent face;
Ages on ages pass, and as they glide,
Bear thee from Heaven to Heaven, thou Angel-Bride.

V.

Ages on ages pass, and as they roll,
Wreath, Lily, with diviner blooms thy soul;
Ages on ages pass, and as they tread,
Be thou through years of bliss conjugal led.

VI

Ages on ages pass, and as they bloom,
Clothe thee with Lily's charms, thou fair Bridegroom;
Ages on ages pass, and in their flight,
Make her more beauteous, blessed to thy sight.

VII.

Ages on ages pass, but cease to be
Ere the pure Lily blooms less radiantly.
Ages on ages bear the Two-in-One
Through Bridal Heavens to the Spirit-Sun.

SONG OF THE BRIDAL HEAVENS.

I.

This is Love's divine abode,
This the atmosphere of God.
Every form of flower and tree
Is the gift of Deity.
Here no care can ever come,
But, beneath the splendid dome
That above our Eden glows,
Holiest worship ever flows,
And through every breathing thing,
Rises to the Father-King.

II.

Here the steps of God are seen;
Here the voice of God hath been;
Here the smile of God to sight—
Golden morning, soft twilight—
In alternate love appears;
Here there are no fading years,
But divine delight transforms
Inward states to outward morns.

III.

Here serene repose prevails
Over all our sunset vales;
In serenest joy we lie
Tranced in immortality;
Slumber is interior bliss;
Waking, conscious happiness;
God, through daylight and through dream,
Shines the one light, reigns supreme.

IV.

Whatsoever bosom feels,
Into softest music steals;
Whatsoever bosom knows,
Into outward wisdom flows;

Whatsoever heart divines,
Mind in outward Art combines;

V.

Elemental harmonies
Thrill the heart, the lips, the eyes;
We are wiser than our speech;
Hearts inspired through silence teach
Their divinest lore; they spell
Mystic truths no tongue may tell.
We are fairer than our guise;
In heart-life our beauty lies,
From heart-love our beauty flows,
But heart-essence inly glows.

VI.

All things fair in love are gay;
Where we tread, spring flowers of May;
Where we sleep, the glad airs grace
Borrow from each Angel-face;
Where we dream, celestial lights
Wave and fall; and twin-delights,
Like Seraphic Cherubs, dear,
Wheresoe'er we dwell appear.

VII.

Day by day our souls become
Of superior joys the home;
Till in fine but far degrees
We become Heart-melodies,
Speaking but from inward peace,
Welcome ye to full release
From the troubles and the cares
Whereto mortal souls are heirs;
Welcome to the Angel-band!
Welcome to the Eden-land!

SONG OF THE CONJUGIAL ANGELS.

I.

The Angels of Conjugal Love
Are beautiful alway;
They dwell on mountain heights above—
Companions of the Day.
And all their thoughts are rosy bright,
And all their dreams are sweet;
Their pulses with an infinite
Delight in music beat.

II.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
Their hearts forever thrill
With sweetest joy, and where they move,
The air the sweet strains fill;
The gladdest joys that crown the Spring,
When flowers begin to blow,
And forest warblers mate and sing,
From out their Eden flow.

III.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
Without them Earth were dead;
For life below from Heaven above
Is like an infant fed.
The airs that thrill the woodland shades
(The breath of Summer's heart),
Intense interior life pervades
From their Conjugal Art.

IV.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
Creative life, adorns
That glorious Eden where they rove,
With endless brightening morns;

For in the morning of their age,
 In wedded bliss divine,
More pure than Saint, more wise than Sage,
 Forevermore they shine.

V.

The Angels of Conjugal Love—
 In God's own Heart they dwell;
In murmurs like the heavenly dove
 Their endless joy they tell.
Of all the flowers that shed their sweets,
 And thrill the heavenly airs,
The loveliest deck their veiled retreats,
 The thornless rose is theirs.

Suffused in rosy light, my Bride,
 The Lily Queen, the threshold passed;
As one who dreams a blessed dream,
 Yet fears it may not last,
Trembling I pressed the golden ledge,
That marked the Love-World's outer edge.

My feet were on the golden floor;
 But, oh, what speechless bliss was, mine!

My very heart with Love brimmed o'er,
And ecstasy divine.

That golden floor, that golden floor,
That forms the pavement of the skies,
Its touch inspires the bosom more
Than all material euphonies.

The substance of celestial gold
Is bridal thought, exterior made;
No heart profane, no bosom cold,
May e'er that hallowed sphere invade.

For should a base, adulterous power
Essay to touch that golden space,
Thrown headlong from the heavenly tower,
Abysmal glooms would end his race.

Like flows to like. Conjugal Love
Keeps undefiled its heavenly hall.
To minds that change and hearts that rove
'Tis barred, like Eden's flaming wall.

Alone can dwell the pure and true
Where Heaven's Conjugal Angels are.

Love-hidden from terrestrial view,
As sunshine hides the Hesper-star.

I crossed the threshold and my feet
In all their atoms thrilled. As one
Who sees around his nature meet
The golden curtains of the sun

That holy air of nuptial bliss,
Breath from the very lips of God,
Closed round me; like a wafted kiss
Each zephyr touched me as I trod.

Each atom of the fluent air
Held in solution heavenly balms.
But O the Form that met me there!
I closed my eyelids with my palms,

For all around and all above
I saw the twin-born Angels move,
Drawn each to each, as heart to mind,
In their interior life combined;

As light and warmth, as good and truth,
Celestial Maid, Celestial Youth,
From self's dividing influence-free,
The twin-born flames of Deity.

Around each Angel-Bridegroom's head,
And in each Angel-Bridegroom's hand,
Were golden love-flowers, and they shed
Divinest bliss, and o'er the land,

Instead of starry sky, the sun
Spanned all the illumined horizon;
The air with jeweled radiance shone,
But, through the golden haze, a, dome

Of crimson fire was dimly seen;
The sweet lips of the Lily Queen,
Suffused with blended gold and rose,
Were tinged from those conjugal glows.

Beneath that spherical canopy
The Lily Maiden turned to me;
She placed her white hand on my breast,
And then, as if it were a nest

Of nightingales, my bosom thrilled,
Her soft hand's touch such joy distilled;
My bosom glowed as if a sun
Were germed within. That beauteous one

Bared her right arm, and said to me,
"In Heaven the right arm is the key
Of Wisdom. Look within thy hand
Therein revealed are mysteries grand."

I looked, and in its palm I saw
A silver mirror free from flaw;
"Angel of Wisdom, thou," she said,
"By heavenly Wisdom thou art led.

"Look in thy palm again." I gazed,
And in the mirror, all amazed,
I read my blessed destiny;
"O Lily Queen," I said, "I see

"By turns thine own sweet face and mine
Blended alternately they shine."
"Look in thy left palm now," she said;
I looked, and in it was displayed

A ruby love-lense. "Gaze therein."
She spoke, I looked, and, wondering,
I saw a rosy Eden bower,
And Lily in her Angel dower

Of pure, translucent loveliness;
(Such visions Love's own Angels bless.)
A jeweled halo veiled her form.
Her heart exhaled an effluence warm,
And as I gazed she said to me,
" 'Tis all for thee, 'tis all for thee!"

New senses wait us in the skies,
Where, bound in Angel marriage ties,
The heart flows outward and renews
The form with faculties of use,
More pure, more sweet, and more intense
Than highest reach of outward sense.
Within the right hand's palm shines forth
A silver mirror; in their birth
Each Angel sees the thoughts that rise
Within his mind before his eyes;
And, looking in that crystal glass,
The pictures of his Wisdom pass
Before him, tinged with Wisdom's light,
And guiding to the Infinite.
But his left palm within it holds
A crimson diamond; he beholds

All his dear Heart-Queen's thoughts therein.
She, through its pictures, talks to him.
And when that dearest hand is laid
Upon the breast, the breast is made
An inward Heaven. No mortal mind,
Save through conjugal love, can find
The bliss it craves; 'tis only known
Where Angels crown the two-in-one.

Without conjugal love man dies;
His nobler nature prostrate lies;
He loses likeness to his God
And sinks into a sensuous clod.
Conjugal love to man is given
On Earth as talisman from Heaven,
To guide him from a thousand snares,
And vices whereto men are heirs,
To lift him from the thralls of sense
By Love's divine omnipotence;
To wean him from material things;
To plume the soul's aerial wings;
To fit him through Life's guardian cares
For bliss that God in Heaven prepares.

The human form on earth
Through sense degraded lies,

The human mind in heartless mirth
 Conjugal love decries.
The distances that lie between
Mankind and Heaven, to Angels seem
Or near or far as in the heart
They come to love, from love depart.
Were man on Earth from self made free
He would in Heaven perpetual be,
But those in self and sense who dwell
To Angels look cast down to hell.
Judge mortals by the golden rule.
Hearts deeply tried within the school
Of self-denying love, most near
To Angel ministrants appear;
And all to God are near or far
As the deep heart's affections are.

The mysteries of the Angel-World
 Are half unfolded when we sleep;
In dreams the sails of thought, unfurled,
 Waft, us like barques where Angels keep
Close-vailed within the unknown seas
Their watch. To saint upon his knees,
Great God! how near Thou comest down;
What radiant light, what spirit-crown,

What bosom hearts-ease Thou dost give
To those who in Thy covenant live!

Material Reason ne'er could scan
The real world, the world of man.
The spirit borne to Heaven by prayers,
And wafted by Love's fragrant airs,
Alone reveals Life's actual scheme,
Alone disperses Fancy's dream,
Alone partakes of food divine,
And tastes in Heaven of Angel-wine:
And only through the love that flows
 From love to God to human kind,
The soul the open secret knows;
 Thought, self-ingermed, is empty wind.
The cold Logician sees a hearse,
And draws from it the universe.
The barren Pedant feeds on sand,
 He cats the refuse of the Past.
The dry bones crumble in his hand,
 He crumbles like them at the last.
The empty Bigots mumbling o'er
 The Hindoo creed or Latin mass,
 Who shrink from Angels when they pass,
Grow like the phantoms they adore.
The man who worships Spirits three,

Destroys his own soul's unity.
And he who worships God as hate
A hell for his own heart must make.
And he who worships God in form,
But sees unmoved the blinding storm
Sweep through the hovels of the poor,
Shuts against God mind's actual door.
Love, Love alone unfilms the eye;
 Love, Love alone the spirit saves
Love opes for man the Angel-sky
 And lifts the Nations from their graves.

"In all the full heart's boundless bliss,
 Tell me, sweet Lily," then I said,
"Why evermore from scenes like this
 My thought to lower earth is led?
I see thy radiant Angel-head,
 I feel thy soft and mild caress,
My spirit by thy love is fed,
 The wind that waves thy shining tress
Bears heavenly odors in its breath;
 But evermore my thought returns
To the dark world of sin and death,
 Where life in wasting anguish burns."

The Lily said, "Thy thoughts descend
To Earth because thou lov'st its race
The nearer we to God ascend
The more we glow with inward grace,
The more, we seek to lead our kind
To heavenly states of heart and mind.
Men say below, 'Close up the soul,
And let material thought control;
Give to material things thy will
Thy brain with outward doctrine fill
He only works with greatest power
Who labors for the present hour;
He only is the actual man
Who curbs imagination's flight,
Closes the mind's interior sight,
And thinks within the outward span.'
The wisdom of the world decries
All commerce with the Angel-skies,
And holds that Saints who track the dim
Path to the homes of Seraphim
But waste their days and burn the oil
Of spirit-life in useless toil.
Thou knowest thy dearest friends have said,
'Thou might'st as well be with the dead,
Thou might'st as well be Indian slave,
Or toil with miners in their cave,

As strive to light the hills of Time
With altar lamps of Truth divine,
Or cast o'er Nature's fading ray
The brightness of immortal day.'

"Vain is their utterance. He who stands
Deepest within the Angel-lands,
And feels the most Love's heavenly glow,
Works best for ends of use below'.

"Why trod the illumined Swedish sage
In light above Earth's darkest age,
And in a time when empty rant
And mouthing art, and vilest cant,
Disgraced the Pulpit, poured the light
O'er Earth of wisdom infinite?
He dwelt with God, and God through him
Chanted anew the Angel-hymn;
Unlocked the Word's interior page,
Sealed from the blessed Eden Age;
Revealed a law of progress fine,
Descending from the Source Divine,
Lifting the dead world from its bier,
Proclaiming heavenly regions near,
Unsealing Truth's prophetic lips,
And through the 'stablished inner law,

Opening the grand Apocalypse
The sainted child in Patmos saw.

"No man is truly great or good
Who feeds the mind alone with food
Of outward sense and outward mold.
Oh, when the coming Age of Gold
Shall thrill the World, and Seers again
Reveal Celestial Spheres to men,
They shall to-day's vain thought reverse.
Dust-eating is the Serpent's curse,
And they who with the Serpent feed
Shall vainly speak, with none to heed.

"Thy thought descends to things of Time;
Dearest, my thought descends in thine;
For we are Angels-being so,
Our thoughts to earthly uses flow.
Thou laborest for thy brethren blind;
Their state forever grieves my mind.
By day and night, awake, asleep,
Or threading Heaven's diviner deep,
Thou seekest still of Truth to speak;
To tinge with life the pallid cheek;
To breathe o'er man, the slave of cares,
Some breath from Eden's fragrant airs;

To open Truth's interior sense;
To trample Falsehood's vain pretense.
A mightier Spirit works through thine
As sweet bells ring their mellow chime,
His thoughts descend, and over thee
Sound the Great Future yet to be.

Thou canst not speak, but with a thrill
Of love for love, and hate for ill;
His loves through thine for aye distill.
So, dwelling here in heavenly joys,
Thought for thy kind thy soul employs."

As this she said, an inward glow
Of feeling filled her face with light.

"Tell me," she said, "why Heaven's delight
For aye toward the Earth must flow;
Being my Wisdom thou must know.
All that I feel is thought to thee—
Thy thoughts through love return to me."

I answered: "We are heavens; to Heaven
Perpetual watch o'er Earth is given.
Since in us dwells no thought but Love,
Descending from our Lord above
Since from us flows perpetual bliss,
And all our life is happiness;

Created, with an everlasting birth,
In Heaven's Conjugal Sphere.

"Were there no Lovers in the skies,
No flowers would bloom below;
The nuptial bliss of Paradise
Renews Earth's summer glow.

"The Paradise where Lovers dwell
Is Nature's fountain-head,
And, working by a mystic spell,
Their Love descends to shed

"A softened glory o'er the world.
Love broods, with radiant wings unfurled,
A white dove brooding o'er her nest,
With music pulsing through her breast,
Creating in each tiny shell,
A living heart with love to swell,
A living voice, to soar and sing,
A living joy, with radiant wing."

So the sweet Lily said to me;
And I replied, inaudibly,
For my heart spoke, but lips were still:
"Thy thoughts within my bosom thrill.

Know'st thou that men our Earth upon
Trace all Creation to the Sun?"

Then she replied: "What is the Sun
But wedded Love's pavilion?
Whence finds the Sun its vernal heat,
But in Love's effluence, warm and sweet?
O Sun," she cried, "thy golden shell
Is Love's abode, where Angels dwell
Of such exceeding ardor fine,
That their bright eyes perpetual shine,
Inform with splendor all thy rays,
And change to gold thy pallid blaze;
Their white feet thrill thy snowy steeps;
Their love-songs penetrate thy deeps
Their art transforms thy atmosphere
To a translucent sea of flame.
O Sun, thou wert but cold and drear,
Unworthy of thy glorious name,
Without thy Angel-hosts, who, from
Conjugal love's pure benison,
Inform thy orb with deathless fire,
Whose chords are God's electric lyre."

She spake, and fixed her burning eyes
Upon my soul. As one who flies

In vision through a golden sea,
Borne toward the Sun we seemed to be.
As I drew near, shone forth a coast
Of jeweled fire; a viewless host
Of Angels lifted voices high
Within their golden canopy.
I saw them not, but felt their heat
Of love, with warmth and rapture sweet,
Thrill my tranced nature; bliss complete
Through every pulse began to beat.

I saw, meanwhile, through Lily's eyes,
And through her heart the vision came.
I woke again in glad surprise,
And saw her form with crimson flame
Vibrating like a heavenly rose
That in the sunlight thrills and glows.
She spake and said: "When two are one,
And wedded hearts commingled flow,
All forms of truth that one may know
Into the other's being run.
My love is warmer than the sun,
And I its Angel-wives behold;
They see within their house of gold
The splendid sun-fires radiant rolled
Through all the Solar Sphere; they mark

Each planet, like a snowy barque,
Coasting around their island realm,
With Angel-pilots at the helm;
And as the Spirit to its form
Gives life, and makes the bosom warm,
Their Angel-nations, as a Soul
Within the Sun, with mild control
Inform the radiant sphere, that glows
In light from Love's conjugal rose.
The Sun to outward sight a keen
And arrowy brilliance is beseen,
But Angel-vision views its mass
But as a ball of snow-like glass,
Pallid and cold itself, whose grace
Shines radiant from an Angel-race
A Sun of Angels 'tis to me,
Chanting inspired their melody.
In Spring, when flowers begin to blow,
Conjugal Love removes the snow,
Flows through each buried seedling's heart,
And bids young life to verdure start,
Raises the graceful stem, and gives
Shape hue and grace to all its leaves,
Unfolds its painted bloom, completes
Its work in rich and ripening sweets.
And could the toiling sons of Time

But read the inner sense divine
Inscribed in simplest flower, no more
Would they esteem their sensuous lore.
Conjugal Love would seem to them
A glory and a diadem,
And in the pure heart's deepest shrine
A new-born Paradise would shine."

She paused, and O what magic power
Controlled my heart! As when a flower
Expands ten thousand leaves unknown
From its white bud, the Lily shone.
And I so cold, so pale, a slave
Of pain and want and outward grave;
On Earth a wandering Voice, as one
Cries in the wilderness alone;
A stalk that waits the harvest wain
O'er-bent with load of ripened grain—
Methought I ceased to taste the bread
Of earthly care, in Heaven I fed,
And from my height I knew indeed
My body, like a broken reed,
Yet swayed in Earth's material air,
But in my soul I felt release,
For I beheld my form's decease.
The future opened, like a scroll,

With light and promise to my soul.
Then said the Lily, "Patient bear
Thy cross, for I thy load will share;
And when terrestrial pains become
Too great to bear, thou'lt find thy home.
And oh," she said, "how sweet to lay
My hand upon thy wasted clay,
And draw thee up in love's embrace,
While joy illumines thy blessed face,
To view thee clothed in robes divine,
To feel thou art forever mine!

"Time's hour-glass runs with wasting sands,
Eternity's white dome expands
Above; the Angels round thee move,
And talk with thee as love with love.
Sing out thy life-song brave and true,
And then, O Angel, life anew
Shall blossom for thee full and sweet;
We part in endless joy to meet."

"From deepest woe divinest joy proceeds;
No human heart, until it inly bleeds
Its life away in pure self-sacrifice,

Can teach to Earth the wisdom of the skies.
An Angel clad in outward clay would be
Saddest of all the sons of Earth, for he
Would thrill with pain, as if he were a flower,
Borne from some tropic land, with glorious dower
Of warmth and sweetness panting at the core.
But shivering, bleeding, dying evermore;
With frost beneath him and with snows above,
Death 'round him, and within immortal love.
Therefore as man becomes an Angel fine
He needs must suffer while he dwells in Time;
He takes a woe from every bleeding breast,
And the heart-sweetness, by such pain expressed,
Flows from him; he is crushed by hand Divine,
In tenderest love, as grapes are turned to wine.
He reaps in Heaven the fruitage of his years,
And every love-fraught labor there appears
A blessing and a beauty and a joy;
He feeds on sweetnesses that never cloy.
This is thy consolation; in thy path
Fear not the stormy Bigot's clamorous wrath;
Die, if thou must, die daily; be thou still
Submissive to thy Heavenly Father's will.
He will not leave thee comfortless, for lo!
Thy Bosom-angel's blessed sphere shall flow
Within thee, and around thee, and thy ears

Thrill with the music of the Heavenly Spheres
Earth round thee may be cold, but in thy heart
Roses beside Love's hidden fount shall start,
And fragrance linger round thee that shall make
Earth's dearest children love thee for our sake.
Thy ministry of love on Earth renew,
Scatter Truth's radiant gems profuse anew;
Speak from thy heart, thy lips, thine eyes, and tell
Celestial visions where thy brethren dwell;
But ere to lower Earth thou goest, rise,
Behold new scenes, new visions in the skies."

I heard an Angel from the East
In language thus my spirit soothe:
"Come, Spirit, come," he said and ceased.
I felt uplifted, saw remove
In distance dim that nuptial bower;
But, filled with strange supernal power,
I ceased to mourn for beauty fled,
Intent the path of life to tread,
For I was nerved and inly strong
To battle 'gainst all forms of wrong.
This mood reigned in me, and I felt
As if my burning will could melt
Opposing forms of crime and hate,
Smite down old wrongs of Church and State,

Ana banish from the Earth the gloom,
The dread and terror of the tomb.
For a new spell was on me. "Life,"
I inly said, "is made for strife,
Yet not with men, but with their crimes,
And with the agony that climbs
Like midnight fire from hall to roof,
And wraps mankind from age to youth
In madness; oh," I said, "for me
Henceforth Love's burnished panoply,
And in my hand the silver blade
Of Truth Divine, all undismayed,
A champion of the skies, to dare
Earth's hateful chivalries, and where
Opposing thousands gather strong,
To sing Heaven's blessed Angel-song;
With eloquence inspired, and fed
From the Creation's fountain-head,
To touch the secret springs of mind,
And bid men seek-what all may find—
Love, Eden, Angel-life divine,
Where now they see but things of Time."
Forced like a hero, when his eye
Shoots glances from the soul's clear sky,
The burning will impelled me on,
Till the bright Morning Star was won.

I saw an Orb, whose silver shield
Burned whitely in the azure field
More vast it grew, more keenly bright,
Until its mild, pervading light
Flowed 'round me. Looking up, I saw
An Angel-Man; inspired with awe
My spirit thrilled, yet trembled not.
He spake and said: "O man, the spot
Called Earth is a beleaguered realm,
And Angel-hosts, with shining helm,
Gathered from many a Spirit-race,
Throng round it in the fields of space.
The dark material minds who hold
Its Heaven-girt keeps are fierce and bold;
The arrows of their hate and strife
Strike deadly at the inner life;
Their clamorous shouts, with horrid din,
Drown utterance borne from Seraphim.
They war against the Truth with creeds,
But most of all with impious deeds.
Cased in the iron mail of pride,
Their gory hands in murder dyed,
They crush, or strive to crush, and kill
Our earthly friends; but calm and still
As morning, day by day we bend
Our spirit-bows, our darts descend;

These in unnumbered blessings fall,
And Love at last shall conquer all.
Thou comest from that sensuous race."
At this I said: "'Tis state, not place,
Determines man's degree. 'Tis true
An outward man I am to view,
And, as to sense, abide amid
A race in moral evil hid.
What of it, Angel? Thought is keen,
By thee are man's interiors seen;
I stand before thee-say, am I
Native or alien to the sky?
True, I am weak; my outward form
Is like a blossom in a storm;
But in my soul, by Grace Divine,
I stand amid the sons of Time,
And what I see I speak. Alas!
I see my natural brethren pass
Beside me, dying by degrees,
Unheeding heavenly ministries.
And if I suffer, 'tis for them;
And if I bleed, seek not to stem
The flowing tide. They strike, and I
Say to them, 'I can daily die,
But can not hide the truths of Heaven,
Through Angels to my spirit given.'"

The Angel saw my earnestness.

I felt he was a kindred soul.

He said: "I saw that thou didst press,

In years gone by, to Heaven's own goal,
And met thee when the lamps burned low,
In thy material home below.

Dost thou remember how I came,

All panoplied in silver flame,

And said to thee, 'Four years, and thou
The boundless truth of Heaven shalt know?'

God gives in grace, from Heaven above,

Two Angels, one the Seraph Love,

And one the Cherub Wisdom. Lo,

I will to thee that Cherub show."

He spake; a moment passed, a car

Descended from the Hesper Star,

Drawn by white horses, winged with flame;

A sun-bright Spirit in it came.

"Behold him!" said the Angel; then

Placed in my hand a silver pen,

And said to me, "Write every word

That Angel utters." As a bird,

That circling swoops from Heaven afar,

Swiftly drew near that burning car.

The plumed Pegasi spread their wings,

And from their starry glimmerings
Filled all the air with fire-flakes; high
In the white air I saw them fly,
And, seated on his radiant throne,
My Guardian Angel o'er me shone;
And looking up, his regnant face,
Invincible, yet soft with grace,
With spell-bound wonder fixed me still.
I listened breathlessly, until
He spoke; and as he spake, I traced
Upon a golden tablet placed
Beside me, all his words. He said:
"Son! speed thee with an upward tread,
As lion strong, but mild as dove,
Fed from the fount of light above,
Wherever Angel-feet have trod,
Throughout the upper realm of God.
Explore the landscapes of the skies,
Rehearse their wondrous histories;
Shake Earth with words, like dew unfelt,
Till they in light and fragrance melt
In the parched desert of thy time,
Fresh-fed from founts of light divine.

"The Demi-gods the Ancients knew
In Saturn's days, were souls that flew

In radiant kingly splendor far
Beyond the dimmest natural star,
Explored the wonders of the skies,
Unveiled celestial mysteries,
And filled with music sweet and grand
The Earth's primeval Morning Land.

"Men called me 'Lord of Light and Song,'
In eldest years, ere mortal wrong
Had loosed the Demons Hate and Crime,
Through all the ruined scenes of Time,
I dwelt upon the Earth; my hand
Bent the first harp-string, tamed the grand,
Wild harmonies of song, and I,
Apollo named, rose to the sky.
Ages on ages dimmed the page
Of Earth, and passed the Golden Age
Into a dream. My memory still
Shone beauteous through the clouds of ill,
And then debased and sensuous rites
Were paid me; but Parnassian heights
Ring not with these. O'er souls below,
With song inspired, I shed the glow
Of that inspired estate divine
Called Poesy. This gift be thine.
Chant Orphic hymns, sung when the heirs

Of God, unchanged to wolves and bears
 And serpents, trod erect the Earth,
 And human thought in God had birth.

"All the old Poets, all whose thought
 A Spirit-heaven in music wrought,
 A sky whose radiance beamed and rolled
 O'er Eden in the Age of Gold,
 Survive with me. Come, take thy place,
 Child-Poet, born to us; retrace
 Up, sky by sky, the path that leads
 To Edon's ancient lawns and meads.
 Sit with me, Child." I rose to him;
 My lips moved quivering, and this hymn,
 Quick as Morn's first-born splendor, flew
 From soul to speech, and thrilled, and grew
 A Picture-Poem, and the Heaven
 Received the song; and thus 'twas given:

THE MARRIAGE OF APOLLO.

PRELUDE.

Echo, Echo, thou dost hide
 In the mountain coverts dim,
 Where the spotted fauns abide,
 And the wood-birds chant their hymn.

Thou a sylvan sprite shouldst be,
Dwelling with thy sisters three—
Mild and melancholy Night,
Glad and sparkling Morning Light,
Evening luster calmly bright.

Echo, Echo, thou dost dwell
In some shady woodbine dell,
Where the strawberry, luscious-sweet,
Tinges red thy whitest feet,
And the tendrils of the vine
Round thy temples twine and twine.

Echo, Echo, wake, I pray,
Wave the drowsy sleep away;
I would chant a mellow strain
For thy lips to breathe again,
Where the wood-birds brood and haunt,
Where the young fauns throb and pant,
Where the cowslips feed the bees,
Where the leafy forest seas
Wave and ripple in the sun,
Reaching t'ward the horizon.

Wake, sweet wood-nymphs, Light and Shade—
One a dusky Indian Maid,

One a white-browed Sylph, with eyes
Clear as May-dew, when it lies
Sparkling in the violet's ear,
Fairy diamond in its sphere.
Ye who run your cheerful race
With the Seasons, as they pace,
And the golden-footed Days,
O'er the grand Titanian ways—
Light and Shadow, twins divine,
Nursed at either breast of Time:
Light that hides with laughing lips
In the glowing Sun,-, eclipse;
Shade that wings herself away
In the yellow blooms of day:
Come, sweet Spirits, ye shall be
Crowned with roses preciously.
Radiant Light, I ask thine eyes,
Picturing through their flame the skies.
Shadow dim, O give to me
Sleep that rests deliciously
In thy close heart's dreamy dells.
Dowered with these most potent spells
All sweet Shadow's haunts I'll find,
Through the realms of Sleep I'll wind,
Where, upon their dew-fed slopes,
Dreams, like silver antelopes,

Crop the herbage of the skies.
Led by thee, sweet Light, I'll rise
To the Day-King's lustrous throne,
Where he sits and sees, full-blown,
Skyey gardens round him spread;
There with thee, my guide, I'll tread.

And golden-footed Thought be mine;
And the dancing maiden, Rhyme,
Weaving with her jeweled hands
Purest themes in flowery bands.
Gladdest Love, attune my tongue,
Thou who makest fair and young
Every face thou breathest on.
Let the dapper Elves draw near,
And the regnant Gondolier
Who impels the Sun's bright barge
.O'er space-measuring oceans large.
Kingly Genius, Order styled,
Guide my flight, where, gorgeous piled,
Massively the mountains blaze,
Where Celestial Life always
Feeds her flock with primrose blooms,
Where an endless joy perfumes
Thicket, glen, and shady grove,
Marriage bower and blest alcove

Sacred to angelic spouse,
Golden-lidded, and the boughs
Where Hesperian fruit grows rare,
Brightening still the bloom-fed air.

I.

There dwelt, in Saturn's ancient reign,
A kingly Maiden largely blest;
There came from regions in the west
A lordly Youth her hand to gain—
Chant manfully this manly strain—
He bore aloft Apollo's lyre;
In his full breast he bred a choir
Of azure-crested doves that fed
On marriage blossoms; round his head
A changeful sun-crown shone and shone,
And round his snow-'white shape was thrown
A winged scarf all gold and blue;
This robe his kingly form shone through;
The life-blood chorused in his veins;
And, where he trod, the flowery plains
Drank purple radiance from his feet;
And those who heard him breathe in sleep
Said that his heart filled, all the night
With music, pure as Love's delight.

His shoulder bore a golden bow;
White arrows, pure as virgin snow,
Barbed with fires, were placed within
A quiver formed of moonbeams thin
Changed into crystals. Whence he came
None knew; but horses winged with flame
Appeared above an amber cloud.
Their archy necks toward Earth were bowed;
Their fiery nostrils snuffed the breeze,
And sparkling jewels blinded these,
As if some radiant charioteer,
Descending to the earthly sphere,
Had left his bright steeds in the sky
Sun-blinded, lest they should espy
Him lowly journeying below.
None did that stranger's birthplace know

II.

'Twas in the time when Earth as yet
Prized charm and spell and amulet;
From limpid streams saw Naiads rise;
When Angels looked through human eyes;
When Fairies thronged the forest walks,
And sweetness from the garden-stalks
Distilled and fed the love-born Sprite.
Then colycinth and aconite,

Untainted with a poisonous might,
Kept slumber from the inward sight,
Moved maiden lips, in sleep, to tell
Celestial truths, and charmed as well
Mysterious Angel-forms to show
What maidens most desire to know:
A breathing effluence of delight
Stole o'er the maiden's couch by night,
To purple changed the pale moonlight,
And rising to celestial sight
Her future Bridegroom beauteous shone,
A spirit, her soul's sight upon.
This vision bred in bosom deep
A little Cherub, sent to keep
The gems that in the love-life lie
Safe from the vain, intrusive eye;
Safe from heart-loss, untouched, unnamed,
Unseen, unknown, and unprofaned.

III.

There was a flower that where it grew,
Fed but by starlight and sweet dew,
Bloomed viewless to the natural eye;
When maidens did this flower espy,
They knew sweet marriage-rites were nigh.

IV.

There bloomed a little dew-flower where
A laurel tree, superbly fair,
Twined tenderly and hid away
The tender dew-flower's graceful spray;
And, so it fell, the Virgin came
Where the great laurel's crowned flame
Shone sparkling; and beneath the tree
The little dew-flower chanced to see;
And when she saw it, bending down,
The laurel dropp'd its crimson crown
Upon her head; and in her hand
The dew-flower waved its silver wand.
Flushed with a new-born sense, the glow
Of sunrise thrilled her maiden-snow;
In Love's own day-dawn glorified
She rose, and from the covert hied.

V.

By night she dreamed a dream divine:
She thought she tasted heavenly wine,
Whose golden fire flowed sweet as song,
And made her bosom wise and strong;
And, rising up, a silver flame
Played circling round her, and became

A dove, into her bosom slid,
And, in that fragrant temple hid,
Cooed for its mate; another dove
Flew down into that rest of love;
She felt them thrill with heavenly bliss,
And knew their pure heart-happiness.
She dreamed again: a myrtle shade
Rose verdurous from the virgin glade,
And, wearied with her walk, she laid
Her form to slumber undismayed
Within its shadow cool; repose,
Like twilight to the weary rose,
Fell o'er her bosom white and fair.
She saw a silver chaplet there,
Wreathed with the blossoms of the vine;
She saw its clustering diamonds shine,
And placed it on her brow, and, lo!
Its gems of light did glow and glow,
While music flowed in all their fire;
And then she heard a seven-stringed lyre
Discourse heart-music; and a youth,
Clothed in the silver beams of truth,
Shone through her half-closed eyes afar,
Descending from some Lyric Star,
And, radiant, hastened to her side,
And owned her for his maiden bride.

VI.

She wakened breathless; then shone down,
In jeweled flame, the self-same crown,
Held by a hand of living fire,
That thrilled the air, as if a lyre.

"O crown, O lyre, O hand of flame,"
The Maiden said, "ye are the same."
Gradual she saw, within the room,
Her bridegroom heavenly form assume,
And shine upon her; glorious he,
As born from Angel ancestry.
Kingly, but like a little child,
Tender and sweet, the vision smiled
Upon her; rapt, she seemed to glide
Through upper space her lord beside.

VII.

There was an ancient Sage, more old
Than any man of mortal mold;
He seemed forgot and left by Time;
And when he spoke, he dropped divine
Oracular sayings, such as these:
"Continued rivers make full seas;
Tumultuous streams are soonest dry;
Stars breed like birds and multiply;

Death seasons food of richest taste;
Experience knows not haste or waste;
The surest boat hath pilots twain;
The womb of Wealth grows big with Pain;
Fires cure the cold, but Love heart-chill;
Death comes from feebleness of will;
Roses take hue from lovers' lips;
Death ends as doth the Sun's eclipse."
Such sentences distilled and fell
From him; and as a cool, deep well,
Moss-grown around its outer rim,
But sparkling down its recess dim,
That with perpetual stars is bright,
And views great Heaven by day and night,
So in that aged Sage the snow
Of years concealed thought's diamond flow,
And in his deep, experienced eyes,
Forever shone the upper skies.

VIII.

Him, early in the morning, sought
The Vestal Maid, oppressed with thought.
For like an aged tree, that bends
With richest fruit, as time descends,
He fed young lips with counsel wise,
Opening the heart's veiled mysteries.

His dwelling was an olive wood.
 Mysterious placed, by magic skill,
 The trees in spiral order stood;
 A silver pool lay calm and still
 Within their sacred ring, and there
 The Sage drew nigh the Maiden fair.
 She spoke, and told how, first, she found
 The silver dew-flower, bending, crowned
 With the rich laurel's wreath, and then
 Her dream of dove and diadem,
 And silver harp, and Spirit-form
 Leading her own through fields of space,
 Enhaloed, crowned and filled with morn,
 Not earthly, but of heavenly race.

IX.

The Sage unclasped a mystic scroll,
 And read, as from some parchment roll,
 These words, and said, meanwhile, "For thee
 Awaits this promised destiny:"
 "There shall come to fairest Maid"
 Bridegroom with the morning 'rayed;
 He an elemental shape,
 Who for love doth Heaven forsake.
 He who found no spouse in time,
 But adored a Maid divine;

He by slow degrees deceased,
But before from Earth he ceased,
Plaintive sung, 'I fail, I fail,
Shed like odors on the gale.
Lone on Earth, no beauteous bride
Blossoms joyous at my side.
Sad art thou, O heart, my heart,
Finding not thy counterpart.'
Kneeling maidens by his bed
Waved white roses o'er his head;
O'er his lips a light like snow
Seemed to come and seemed to go;
But, before the setting Sun
Crimsoned red the horizon,
Thrilled he rose and swept his lyre;
All its strings seemed changed to fire.
Sang he sweetly then: 'I see
Earth again shall welcome Inc.
Crowned amid my Angel-peers,
Tuneful I shall hymn the years,
Lonely, lonely in my state,
Waiting still my bosom-mate.
She shall be a Maid of time,
In essential life like mine.
In the sacred laurel shade,
Crowned with laurel-wreath, the Maid

Shall the dew-flower stoop to find;
Sleep shall ope the realms of mind,
And the slumber-dews shall fall
On her from my heavenly hall;
Wine of wedded Angel-bliss
Thrill her lips with honeyed kiss;
Thrill her veins with Angel-fire,
Flames of young Love's pure desire;
She the white dove plumed with gold
In her vestal bosom hold,
And within her bosom vest
Doves shall make their bridal nest;
In a dream more inly deep
She shall 'neath the myrtle sleep;
She shall find a crown to press
Every fragrant, vine-like tress;
Gems of light shall thrill and thrill,
Distant harp the silence fill
With mysterious greetings sent,
Speaking soul-words eloquent;
And, entranced beneath the tree,
Youth in silver splendor see.
Waking, then, in spirit wise,
Crown and hand shall meet her eyes;
In her chamber's dim recess,
Spirit-Bridegroom vision bless;

And in trances she shall glide
To the Heaven her lord beside.'
Chanting thus the Poet died.
Now he seeks from Heaven his bride."

X.

Here the reader paused, and, lo!
Maiden beauty, white as snow,
Glorified the tranced sight;
Soon the olive-shade grew bright,
And the Sage said, "One in quest,
Draws anear of thee, my guest."
Snow-white doves in music coo'd
Nuptial anthems through the wood;
Glorious from the cloud afar
Shone a jeweled emerald car.
Suddenly the wood became
Overflowed with golden rain,
And the rain-drops, as they fell,
Liquid, vibrant, each a bell,
Chiming fairy love-songs sweet,
Changed to star-flakes at her feet.
Goldenly, in golden blooms,
Bloomed the Maiden; golden plumes
Fanned unseen the golden air,
And her spirit grew more fair,

With ten thousand graces fed,
Till she turned her radiant head,
And beheld before her eyes,
Brightest Angel, free from guise,
Holding up a starry lyre,
Clothed in robes of rainbow fire;
And in sweetest song he said,
"Maid, thy grace mine eyes hath fed,
Bending O'er thee in thy dreams,
Gazing from the morning beams;
Breathless where the wood-birds hide,
Trembling viewless at thy side;
I have woo'd thee well and long,
With celestial breath and song;
I have loved thee long and well;
I in Heaven with Angels dwell,
But have waited there for thee—
Say wilt thou my Bride-Queen be?"

XI.

Kneeling at her feet, he cast
Crown, and bow, and lyre at last.
From the Heaven the golden rain
Tuneful shone, and o'er the twain
Formed a rainbow, unbeseen
There that blissful Bridal-Queen

Whispered low; that golden mist,
By the radiant sun-fire kissed,
Hid the twain.—For ages they
Find one ceaseless bridal day;
Not on Earth, but in the skies
Their interior loves arise
In perpetual spring-tide bloom.
There they shine as Sun and Moon,
In the Zodiacal light
Of the Heavenly Infinite.

FINALE.

Echo, wind thy golden shell,
Haunt the hearts of lovers true;
To terrestrial maidens tell
All to-day I sing to you.
Bid the tripping fauns return
To the Earth wherefor they yearn;
Bid the dapper elves again
Fill with sport the sylvan glen;
Give to every woodland tree
Wood-nymphs home secure to be;
And the wood-doves, teach them all
To resound thy fairy call.

Echo, Echo, Echo sweet,
Haste thee from thy dim retreat;
Lead the dancing maiden, Rhyme,
Down the purple slopes of Time,
While the heavenly Gondolier,
O'er the waves of ether clear,
Guides the Sun; and while arrayed
In their several charms unfrayed,
Light and Shadow hide and play
All along their sphered way.

Echo, Echo, wind thy horn;
Fill with bliss the Earth forlorn,
While the heavenly shepherds keep
Love-watch o'er their flowery steep.
Be to them, as well as me,
Messenger of Song, and we,
As thou circlest in thy flight,
Will thy listening ears delight
With the sweetest strains, and thou,
Changed in feature, not, as now,
Pained with notes of human wo,
Shalt with joy immortal glow.

"Mountains and hills and vales, when they adorn
Celestial Heavens, are symbols of the state
Of Angel-nations, whose perpetual morn
Flows from their wise affections, pure and great.
Valleys and hills and mountains, where they shine,
Denote a three-fold Heaven, and such is mine.
Three separate splendors, three degrees of thought,
Three planes discrete, in mind superbly wrought,
Three separate altitudes of insight keen,
Three separate Angel-states of love serene,
In one existence, grand and beauteous twine,
And this, my spirit-state, young Child, is thine.
Arise, young Soul, an Intellectual Grace,
And gaze with me upon the Sun's bright face.
Child of the Sun, forget thy planet Earth,
And tell me, as we fly, what thoughts have birth
Successive in thy breast." Thus spake to me
My Guardian Angel; seated gloriously,
We sped toward the Sun, and left below
The heavenly Hesper-star, and, white as snow,
Yet luminous as silver fire, 'twas blent
And lost within a snow-white firmament.

Part Three



THE SUN.

INTERLUDE.

I.

GREAT Homer's Epic hath an inner sense;
The Tale of Troy, inspired by lyric art,
Is couched in symbols; at a period hence
The world shall see that inner Poem start
To outward majesty. Great Priam's son,
Paris, on whom the rival Graces shone;
She of the golden cestus, and the eyes
Fed with ten thousand heart-idolatries,
Winning him from OEnone, his pure bride,
By gift of Helen with her wanton pride,

Sensuous as if a thousand adders lay
Within her bosom, each a burning ray
From the foul essence of demoniac spite;—
Paris, the recreant spouse, is type of light
Turned into darkness, mind in sensuous thrall,
Soul that enslaved by sense forsaketh all
Things bright and beauteous, that in Heaven are seen,
For tripping Vices, outwardly that seem
As Helen's bosom, but within appear
Like caverns filled with serpents; dark and drear
The terrors of the night wherein they feed
With basilisks upon that fateful mead
Where grows the poisonous plant, whose juice, applied
To human eyes, removes Heaven glorified,
And opes the senses to that fearful den
Where Lust and Murder feed on hearts of men.

II.

O radiant Paris! didst thou then so soon
Forget OEnone? Did that fatal boon
That Venus gave thee teach thee to forget
Thy pure, sweet spouse? Ah, no I the fiend Regret

Crowned with his nettle wreath thy haggard brow,
And murdered rest for thee. That broken vow—
Peace with it fled thy bosom. Day by day
Thou saw'st thy wanton's beauty fade away.
Lust, changed to madness, tortured thee like fire.
Serbonian evil, with its foul, deep mire,
Drew thee down bodily. Alas, alas!
In Homer's Iliad we behold a glass
Of our own age. Earth is a second Troy,
Where crowned adulterers fiercely feed on joy,
While the avenging Furies lift the cry,
"Vengeance." When Heaven's Conjugal Angels fly
From Earth, destruction waits it. Souls are lost,
Not where amid the fires of Eblis tost,
But when chaste love hath lost its sanctity,
'Tis then they perish and heart-festering lie.

III.

Forget, forget, my soul,
The evils that Earth's multitudes control.
Look up, look up, to where
The Hesper-star illumines the heavenly air,

And thou shalt see a brighter, lovelier face
Than Paris saw. A maiden from the race
Of Hesper comes, and in her hand I see
A golden apple; this she offers me.

IV.

"Mortal Youth, to Angel Maid
Wedded in the twilight shade
Of the realms of mystery,
"Hark," she says, "O hark to me.
Golden fruit of love is thine,
Brought from Heaven's conjugal clime;
He this sacred fruit who eats
Feeds on heavenly marriage sweets;
Love perfumes its fragrant sphere.
Glowing fruits like these appear
Only where true hearts abide,
Angel-bridegroom and his bride.

V.

It shall thrill thy spirit-veins
Till thy heart is free from pains;

Share it with thy bride, and she
Nuptial hymns shall sing with thee.
Lovelier, fairer Paris, thou,
True to heavenly nuptial vow,
Sweeter, dearer, she beside
Than OEnone, Paris' bride.
Take it, for it comes to thee
From the Lyric Graces three,
Faith and Hope and Charity.

A

LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND.

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

I.

I AM a Spirit; over me
Bends the white Heaven, one and three;
I am an Angel, and my face
Illuminates material space;
I am a Seraph, and I move
Creation with my heart of love;
Soul, Spirit, Glory, three in one,
I reign and rule, and am the Sun.
Three heavens within my splendor lie;
Three separate spheres of Earth and sky;
Three separate landscapes deck my globe,
Ana three-fold shines my radiant robe.

II.

MY lowest light, from natural fire,
Outstreams, and kindles life's desire
Throughout my planetary host;
With beauty blooms the natural coast
That spans my orb, illumed and fed
By radiance from my bosom shed.
My glory fills the fields of space—
But 'tis not mine; from God's own face
Descending, life, and fire, and light
Stream through me from the Infinite,
Changed, as they fall, to natural beams,
And flowing deep, in circling streams,
Throughout my orb, and giving birth
To myriad forms on every Earth.

III.

God gives to me a human form,
Clothed in imperial purple warm,
And rich with Love's essential heat.
I wear seraphic shape complete.
I am a three-fold heavenly man;
My diamond spheres unfold and span
Three separate realms of Angel-kind,
Earth-realms, heart-realms, and realms of mind.

Three mystic realms of Angels wise
Dwell in the radiance of mine eyes.
Three mystic realms of Angels bright
Dwell in my visual streams of light.
Three mystic realms of Angels sweet
Dwell in my heart's most fervent heat.
Three mystic realms of Angels find,
Within my brain, their Heavens of mind.
Three mystic realms of Angels throng
In my right arm, from God made strong.
Three mystic realms of Angels thrill
My sacred lips; their songs distill
Melodious, and: inspired in bliss,
They correspond to nuptial kiss.
And thus I am in form a clime
Of heavenly loves, and 'round me shine
Vast orb-like Heavens. Mount, hill, and vale,
Thronged, through their grand imperial pale,
With Angel-Nations, who rejoice
Forever, with melodious voice,
And chant the Anthems of the Soul,
As in their galaxies they roll.

IV.

I shine as men are high or low,
Giving to each a separate glow;

Electric sparkles from my sphere
Renew the flowers and crown the year.
Angels that throng my stately brain,
O'er separate Earths in order reign,
Angels that dwell within my heart
Adorn the worlds with bridal art.
Angels who dwell within mine eyes
With seven-fold hues tinge planet-skies.
I am, with all my splendid grace,
A shadow from the Almighty's face.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

I.

The Sylphs of the Seasons begin their flight
Where the Sun sits clothed in his robes of light;
And they scatter their treasures with lavish hand,
Where, clothed in their beauty, the Angels band.
In the Heavens above there are Seasons three,
And these in a sacred trine agree.

II.

Spring is the Innermost Soul of Love,
Quickened with germs from the Life above;
Summer the Spirit, unfolding still
Treasures of truth from the Spring's dear will;

Autumn the Outermost, making complete
Wisdom and Love, that in fruitfulness meet.
Spring, and the Summer, and Autumn are one—
Daughter of Heaven and Child of the Sun.

III.

Gracefully, gleefully, trippingly go
O'er the bright mountains the fawn and the roe;
Joyfully, tunefully, lovingly sing
All the sweet birds in the ear of the Spring.
Hopefully, carefully, joyfully she
Scatters her smiles o'er the mountain and lea.

IV.

Summer descends like a Bridegroom, whose glow
Crimsons the blossoms the Spring bade to blow;
Spring is his Bride, and she sits at his feet,
Vailed in his glory, but ruling him sweet;
Spring through the Summer shines over the plains;
Spring in the Summer-king's innermost reigns.

V.

Autumn is Summer's maturity grand,
Saturn is he, and he rules o'er the land,
Changing the fruitage to purple and gold,
Filling with plenty the homestead and fold.

VI.

Chant, O chant, the glad refrain,
Who would not with Saturn reign?
Maiden-queen and Bridegroom blessed,
In one symbol-form expressed.
Chant, O chant, the glad refrain,
Glory be to Saturn's reign.

SONG OF THE EARTH'S DECLINE.

I.

Alas, alas! one radiant child
Of thine, O Sun, by crime made wild,
Groans, anguish-laden, and her life
Is wrung from her in tears and strife.

II.

All, all is joy where Pallas smiles,
Encircled by her fairy isles;
All, all is joy where Hesper lights
Love's bridal torch of pure delights.

III.

But Earth, O Earth, with anguish keen,
Girt by a fiery snake thou'rt seen,

As if the Aphrodite, born
From heavenly waves, in Heaven's own morn,
Were seized by monster from the deep
While floating on the wave asleep,
And wakened with the serpent's crest
Glaring above her beauteous breast,
While, struggling in that fierce embrace,
She lifts to God her dying face.

IV.

Sing mournfully the sad refrain;
On Earth 'tis winter's dreary reign.
'Tis winter when the heart is cold;
Where virgin, wife, and child are sold;
Where rich men hunger, never fed,
But perish for celestial bread;
Where Famine sits beside the door,
And leanness clothes God's suffering poor;
Where Bigots curse the souls that die
Doubting their foul idolatry;
Where wise men doubt that souls unfold
Beyond the grave-yard's fetid mold;
Where slimy vices breed and sting;
And though dark night the soul-birds sing
Chant mournfully the sad refrain,
Earth weeps and dies in Winter's reign.

SONG OF EARTH'S RENEWAL.

I.

Cheerfully, cheerfully, joyfully sing,
Earth shall again be the home of her King;
Earth shall arise from the gloom of despair;
Earth, like the sky, glow celestial and fair.

II.

The serpent is pierced with life's radiant dart;
The Earth is renewed in the love of her heart;
The Earth shall be seen on her beautiful throne,
The mantle of splendor her bosom shall zone.

III.

Joyfully, joyfully, chant the refrain,
Saturn on Earth in his glory shall reign:
Type of the Infinite Wisdom and Love,
Ruling in splendor, and strong from above.
Joyfully, joyfully chant the refrain,
Love shall on Earth to Eternity reign.

SONG OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE STARS.

I.

When in the Stars, when in the Stars
The morning dawns purpureal bright,
Sweet Hesper talks to golden Mars
Across the sea of heavenly light.

II.

There is a speech, there is a speech
Whereby the Worlds for aye commune,
And Wisdom, born of Love, they teach
What time the sky grows red with bloom.

III.

And this they say, and this they say,
In music chanting evermore,
"Bright day is ours, immortal day,
The day whose light is never o'er."

IV.

Across the seas, across the seas,
That through the heavenly spaces roll,
They chant what each one witnesses,
They chant the Nuptials of the Soul.

V.

As Two-in-one, as Two-in-one,
In vision once I saw them all
In music circle round the Sun,
Throned each upon its emerald ball.

VI.

What are the Stars, what are the Stars
That sit upon their orb'd throne,
And in their glorious, flamy cars
Traverse the great Sky's milky zone?

VII.

My heart made quest, my heart made quest,
As I beheld that vision grand;
This answer thrilled my tuneful breast,
The Genii of the Morning Land."

VIII.

There is a law, there is a law,
Unknown to men of Earth and Time,
That gives the bright ones that I saw
Imperial grace and strength sublime.

IX.

Beneath their sky, beneath their sky,
As in some vast cathedral space,
They stand and worship silently,
With glory filled from God's own face.

X.

And then they sing, and then they sing,
In music filled with mystic awe,
While all their spheres around them ring,
The grand Apocalypse they saw.

XI.

There is a scroll, there is a scroll,
Unfolded to that Heavenly Band,
A Lyric born from God's own Soul,
The Gospel of the Morning Land.

XII.

There is a spell, there is a spell,
Whereby they rise and chant, as one,
In glorious music, where they dwell
Within the Temple of the Sun.

XIII.

Go up, my heart, go up, my heart,
A Whisper, 'mid their tuneful band,
And learn the grand seraphic art
That fills with speech their Morning Land.

XIV.

I rise to Heaven, I rise to Heaven—
In vision I am tranced afar—
Immortal sight to me is given:
An Angel sits on every Star.

XV.

A sea of fire, a sea of fire
Beneath me rolls on every side;
The Planets, in celestial gyre,
Appear as Angels glorified.

XVI.

"What meaneth this? what meaneth this?
I inly ask; and I am told
The Planets thrill with Angel-bliss,
And have, like Earth, their Age of Gold.

XVII.

As wed the flowers, as wed the flowers,
They rise to Nuptials vast and grand,
And dwell in endless bridal bowers
In Heaven's conjugal Morning Land.

XVIII.

'Tis strange to me, 'tis strange to me,
That human forms to Stars belong,
And yet, in breathless joy, I see
That every Star's an Angel strong.

XIX.

In robes of white, in robes of white,
A Bridal Angel, Mercury, shines;
She sits upon her orb of light,
As one who mystery deep divines.

XX.

Her argent globe, her argent globe,
It thrills with bliss my happy eyes,
Unknown, unvisioned splendors robe
That Intellectual Paradise.

XXI.

Be still, my heart, be still, my heart,
O hush, thou heating bosom-guest;
'Tis all adorned with stately art—
For Lovers pure a palace-nest.

XXII.

O whisper low, O whisper low,
Melodious airs to me, and tell,
As from that Angel-orb ye flow,
Of those who in its glory dwell

XXIII.

Soft came the airs, soft came the airs,
My bosom thrilled, my temples fanned,
And said, "Bright Mercury's bosom shares
The joy of Heaven's own Morning Land"

XXIV.

Upon his throne, upon his throne,
The Hesper-planet sang to me;
His glowing face effulgent shone
With strength, and grace, and majesty.

XXV.

He looked in love, he looked in love,
As Bridegroom on transfigured Bride,
And said, "Through heavenly space I move
The Virgin Mercury beside."

XXVI.

And then I knew, and then I knew,
That, bound in endless marriage ties,
That glorious twain together flew,
Coequal partners, through the skies.

XXVII.

"Yes, we are one—yes, we are one,"
The Bride-star to her Bridegroom said;
"Through me thy holy horizon,
With golden flame of love is spread."

XXVIII.

I saw the twain, I saw the twain,
As Angel Bride and Bridegroom, stand
Within the Sun's imperial fane—
The Nuptial-fane of Morning Land.

XXIX.

A voice to me, a voice to me,
Awoke my spirit; then I heard
That voice vibrating deathlessly,
"Fly back to Earth, thou Eden-bird.

XXX.

"Sing, Poet, sweet-sing, Poet, sweet,
To all who love on earthly strand,
That Stars in heavenly nuptials meet,
And Marriage crowns the Morning Land."

THE MORN SONG.

PRELUDE.

Flow sweet, melodious strain;
As from a silent grove is heard
The voice of Night's melodious bird—
Sing how the Morning came.

God smiled, and lo! the Sun
Bloomed like thy Lily Queen;
In lucent glory seen,
Rejoiced the Beauteous One.

Come, Music, to my breast;
Flow through my heart, and tell
How day in light is dressed
Where Lovers dwell.

I.

God Himself is Morning,
Shining from above,
Heaven's expanse adorning;
Light is born of Love,
And all the thoughts divine that in their confluence move.

II.

There's an Eastern Heaven
In the Sacred Sun,
Fairest of the seven—
Day's pavilion,
And Light sits in its sky like God upon His throne.

III.

All its blessed ether,
Like a Maiden fair,
When her bridemaids wreath her,
Glow with jewels fair,
Which are the thoughts of God emblazoned in the air.

IV.

But, like Bridegroom Spirit,
 There are middle skies;
These the first inherit,
 As a Bride that lies
Within Love's nuptial arms in festal ecstasies.

V.

Heavenly morn and even
 Alternate appear;
To them each is given
 Separate Angel-sphere,
And endless changes grace the Heaven's effulgent year.

VI.

Separate Fairy-races
 Fill with varying song
All celestial spaces;
 But the sweetest throng
The portals of the Day, and unto Morn belong.

VII.

For the thoughts of Lovers,
 Bred in bosom-bliss,

When the light uncovers
Their sweet happiness,
Appear as fairy forms, heart-blossoms there, I wis.

VIII.

In their marriage chamber,
All the bridal night,
Lamps of gold and amber
Feed the air with light;
These flames transform to flowers, and bloom at day
dawn bright.

IX.

From their couches glorious,
Rising with the Sun,
Forms of Joy victorious,
Two led forth from one,
They kneel where eastward burns the day-bright horizon.

X.

And, again infolding
Into oneness, they
Pass from all beholding,
While to Him they pray,
Who is the Lord of Morn, the Potentate of Day.

XI.

So the, Morning cometh,
 In the Heavens on high;
So the heart-flower bloometh
 In the marriage sky,
And Angels from the morn their glories multiply.

XII.

For when God descendeth
 To their beauteous clime,
And their selfhood endeth,
 Lost in His divine,
He cometh in the East and in the Morning-shine.

FINALE.

Breathe far, O blissful strain,
 And flow, like morning rays,
Breathe from this heavenly fane
 To Earth always.

Oh, mystic harmony,
 Touch human hearts, and move
Their bosom-life with love,
 That they may be.

With morning light from Heaven
 Immortal made,
 Where purest ray is given
 For blight and shade.

THE EVE SONG.

PRELUDE.

What is Even? tell me, tell me—
 Ring the bells, the day declines—
 What is Even? I will spell thee
 Out a story in their chimes.
 Hark! hark! hark!
 'Tis neither light nor dark.
 Hear the blessed Angel-chimes.

I.

When the sweet Day gloweth
 With its crimson red,
 And the star-flower bloweth,
 And sleep bows the head,
 As roses droop ere they with vesper-dews are fed,

II.

Then the south wind playeth,
 And all flowers that blow,

Each in language sayeth,
" Look to God! for, lo!
The Angel-stars appear in Heaven's translucent glow."

III.

Then the stars, like Angels,
Lead their bridal train,
Speak divine evangels,
Fill their beauteous fane,
And chant harmonious there Love' s blessed evening strain.

IV.

Looking up, each Spirit
Saith. "O Lord, to Thee
We who love inherit,
And its beauty see,
Lift praises for that love wherein we all agree.

V.

"Make us yet more loving,
All our thoughts divine,
Till, like soul-stars moving
In Thy nearer clime,
We mirror Thee, and live with life complete in Thine."

VI.

There are flowers that glisten
But in eve-light sweet;
Hearts of Angels listen
What the flowers repeat;
These flowers are unto them inspired with truth complete.

VII.

For from Heavens that finer
Glow, beyond, above,
Filled with souls diviner.
In the bliss of love,
Descend celestial hymns, that through the night-flowers move;

VIII.

Till, melodious breathing,
All the blossoms say,
"Sleep her crown is weaving,
Night, the Bride of Day,
Invites all souls within her magic realm to stray."

IX.

Then the Angels glisten
With divine delight.

Hush, my soul, and listen;
 Hark they say, "Good-night."
 And sink to sleep like flowers absorbed and lost in light.

FINALE.

Thus of heavenly Eve I tell thee—
 Hark! the bells! they chime, they chime—
 Angels from their glory spell thee
 Charmed truth of Night divine.
 Hark! hark! hark!
 Through Earth's midnight dark,
 Still the golden love-bells chime.

SONG OF THE TWILIGHT FAIRIES.

I.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
 Star of Love's delight,
 Rise, and gild our festal noon—
 Noon of Fairy-night.

II.

"Noon of fire, noon of fire,
 Light the bridal day;"
 So a distant Heavenly Choir
 Whisper while they play.

III.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
Up the golden height,
Thou art rising to thy noon—
We to Love's delight.

IV.

Fairies hide in cowslip bells
Through the garish light;
Naiads rest in purple shells,
By the sea-marge bright.

V.

Fairy-Queen, appear, appear,
From thy citron nest;
Wake, O wake I come, Sweet, for here
Shines the moonlight blest.

VI.

Golden Fairies in the Sun
Wind their elfin horn,
Where the dancing streamlets run,
And the Day is born.

VII.

Silver Fairies haunt the night
When the Sun's asleep;
Azure Fays the heavenly height,
'Mid the starry sheep.

VIII.

Fays of Silver, Gold, and Blue
Wake to Love's delight.
Drink your fill of sweet May-dew,
Chase the star-flakes bright.

IX.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
From your golden height,
Shine upon the fairy bloom;
Hark! 'tis noon of night.

X.

Lo! we come, we come, we come,
From the foxglove bells,
Some from golden brake, and some
From the asphodels.

XI.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
From your golden height,
Gaze through all the fairy noon
On our Love's delight.

SONG OF THE MIDNIGHT FAIRIES.

I.

First the golden child, Romance—
Sing, Life is sweet, sing, Life is sweet—
Taught the Fairies how to dance—
The golden strain of love repeat.

II.

He dwelt on Eden's azure slope,
And saw Apollo there asleep,
A star-bright child, who, crowned with hope,
Was set his shepherd flock to keep.

III.

All the Fairies danced and sang—
Sing, Love is sweet, sing, Love is sweet—
And then the pulse of Song began
In child Apollo's heart to beat.

IV.

Fairies wound the silver horn
In the sleeping Cherub's ear,
And then the spell of Rhyme was born
Within the deep heart's music-sphere.

V.

Fairies kissed his sleeping eyes—
Sing, The fresh May-dew is sweet—
Then celestial melodies
Within his heart began to beat.

VI.

Thus the Golden Fairies first—
Sing, my heart, the golden rhyme—
Fed his sleeping heart, athirst
For sweet Song's immortal wine.

VII.

Meadow Fairies came to him,
Clad in robes of lily-white,
Kissed his lips, and silver-dim
Bade him sing of Love's delight.

VIII.

So the child Apollo grew,
Nursed by Fairies in his sleep,
While he slumbered 'mid the dew
With his bleating mountain sheep.

IX.

Then the child Apollo rose—
Sing, Life is young, sing, Life is young—
And Fairies born from mountain snows
To him from mountain streamlets sung.

X.

There came a throng of golden bees,
And, while he wandered through the thyme,
They changed to Fairies of the breeze,
And chanted with their voices fine.

XI.

He heard them sing; the morn was fair;
They clustered in his wavy curls,
And glided to his brain, and there
Changed to sweet thoughts like Eden-girls.

XII.

Sing, Life is sweet, sing, Life is sweet;
All this was in that golden time.
When strong and true the World's heart beat,
Inspired with Truth from Love divine.

THE SONG OF ROMANCE.

I.

Romance, who first on Earth began,
Translated to the Heavenly Choir,
Shines in the rainbow's perfect span,
And moves in all the solar fire.

II.

The dancing Loves attend his way,
And he is Cupid's charioteer,
In Psyche's court he holds his sway,
And he is lord of Fairy-sphere.

III.

The skylark and the nightingale
Breed for his joy their winged lays;
Sweet Fancy courts him to her vale,
And lures him through her fragrant ways.

IV.

His locks are bright, his eyes are blue,
His rosy lips no falsehoods tell,
He bids once more to Heaven adieu,
Sent with Apollo's Child to dwell.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

In language low and sweet,
O Spirit, breathe once more
The song thou shalt repeat
When life is o'er.

I.

Droop, weary lids, and close the shell
That mortals call the orbs of sight;
They shall not shine again, or tell,
In flamy radiance, Heaven's delight.

II.

O shape of dust! men call the hand,
Sink nerveless, for thy borrowed skill
To write immortal precepts grand
Retires from thee; lie cold and still.

III.

Forsake, forsake, O spirit-feet,
The earthly sandals that ye wore.
O spirit-life-blood, cease to beat
In outward heart-shell evermore.

IV.

This thrill, this thrill, ten thousand times
Exterior breast before hath known,
When life, outpoured from Angel-climes,
Flowed down and mingled with its own.

V.

O weave delicious spells, ye airs,
That round my bosom glide and flow;
My spirit bids adieu to cares;
Sweet Friends, farewell! to Heaven I go.

VI.

I see! The Angel-Guardian stands
In eastern Heaven! The shaft is sped.
Loose, outward shape, Earth's lingering bands
While mortals say, "The soul has fled."

VII.

Come home, my thoughts, from earthly themes:
Like one who walks in sleep I go
Where Heaven's eternal morning-beams
O'er Love's divinest Eden glow.

VIII.

I rise! I rise! to Heaven I rise!
I see an Angel in his car;
"Welcome," he sings, "freed from thy guise
Of mortal dust, thou soul, thou star.

IX.

"Welcome," he sings; "thy beauteous bride
Descends her Bosom-lord to meet."
And, swift as morning light I glide,
A life-born mind, through ether sweet.

X.

She comes, she comes! her white arms bear
My heaven-born soul to Heaven's repose;
Immortal joys bloom fragrant there,
And Life Divine my bosom knows.

XI.

She sings, "The golden years begin,
O blessed soul, for thee, for thee;
And Angels chant the nuptial hymn
Of Love's divine eternity."

I ceased my singing, as the birds,
That, when the Sun pours forth his fire
Lie panting, with their winged words
Hidden like young Love's dumb desire.

A radiant bird, with Eden plumes
And jeweled crest, came flying down
A chaplet wove of golden blooms
He brought, to be my Angel-crown.

"This is the Phoenix," cried aloud
A voice imperial from above,
Where shone upon their glowing cloud
The Poet-kings of Song and Love.

I saw a sky whose crimson height,
Were crowned with fanes of golden fire.
And blazed intense with emerald lights
Whose flames were each a sounding lyre.

"Awake, awake," I heard a voice
Shout glorious and I saw afar
The Lily-maiden of my choice
Drawn by white doves in Venus' car.

A silver eagle waved his wings,
A messenger from her to me,
"See," said my Guardian, "see, he brings
The Lily's marriage-gift to thee."

He bore a golden ruby-stone,
A diamond rose, and mystic scroll
Celestial radiance o'er them shone,
And, seized with some divine control,

I reached to him my trembling palm
The Lily's bridal-gift to take.
"O beating heart, be calm, be calm,"
My Angel-Guardian to me spake.

The Lily drew more near, and said,
"Scorn not my humble gift to see."
I oped the flamy scroll, and read,
"This Heaven is mine, this Heaven for thee.

"And I was sent to touch thine eyes,
And lure thee, with my heart-love sweet,
To these ancestral Morning-skies,
Where ancient Eden shines complete.

"The Wisdom of the ancient time,
The Wisdom of the golden years,
When human hearts were made divine,
In outward splendor here appears.

"This is the Muses' blest retreat—
They throng the vast Parnassian Hall,
And circle with their glowing feet
The golden Sun's effulgent ball."

I read the words; and as I read,
The bright scroll passed, and I replied,
"The Hesper-heaven where we were wed
Is dearer far, mine Angel-bride."

"'Tis thine," she said, "by night to dwell
In Hesper's bridal bower alway,
But with the morn Apollo's spell
Through the Sun-heaven directs thy way."

She whispered low, she whispered sweet,
I felt her language through me glide;
"O heart," I said, "more gently beat,
My joy in deepest bosom hide."

SONG OF THE PALACE OF APOLLO

I.

Crimson banners wave and flow,
Crystal walls with sun-fires glow,
Great Apollo comes, and lo,
All the airs with music blow.

Bride of Heaven, Immortal Queen,
Once as Earthly Maiden seen,
In thy bridal chamber gleam,
Love is nigh, and thou his theme.

Palace roof of golden fire,
Bid thy glorious flames aspire;
'Neath thy dome the Eden Choir
Wake to hear Apollo's lyre.

IV.

Palace Maidens, one and all,
Haste to Music's festival;
Dance to dulcet strains that fall;
Crown with grace Apollo's hall.

V.

Palace Youths, your beakers twine
With the crimson-tendriled vine,
Fill the sparkling cups that shine
With the stream of song divine.

VI.

Jeweled floors, re-echo sweet
Strains from blessed Angel-feet;
Music's heart shall in you beat,
While the Music-angels meet.

VII.

Harps, that stand in stately row,
Joy! for music-strains shall flow;
Wisdom's notes like waves of snow,
And the love-lays Angels know.

VIII.

Kingly choralists, who stand
With the golden lute in hand,
Wake, O wake your voices grand—
Great Apollo leads your band.

There is a temple built by Harmony
For uses of immortal song. It stands
Where the red love-light of Eternity
Burns on the threshold of the Eden lands.
The Rainbow Heaven above its dome expands,
The jeweled waves of music through it flow,
Celestial Maidens throng with radiant bands
Its dim alcoves, and these melodious go
Through all its grand extent, some clothed in robes of snow;

And some in golden bridal-blooms, that breathe
Immortal fragrance; some are naked seen,
Like infants; and the dome they dwell beneath
Pants like a living heart, that throbs between
Two Heavens. The sun-fires o'er its radiance beam
And emerald trees within it bloom and bear
Ten thousand bridal flowers; these odorous gleam,
And with their perfumes fill the living air.
Delight, Love, Music, Faith find home and altar there.

This is Apollo's Palace, from of old
Prepared to be the sanctuary, shrine,
And brooding love-nest, and celestial fold
Of Angels who have drank pure Wisdom's wine.
Their undulating melodies they twine,
And still from age to age their lay prolong,
While age by age yet lovelier glows their clime,
More vast their temple; and their deathless throng
With Lyric Angels grows more numberless and strong.

For in their temple, that, in jeweled glory,
Rises in Heaven's divine domain above,
Dwell all those tuneful hearts whose earthly story
In saddest, sweetest music, born of love,
Flowed o'er Earth's bosom, sent from Heaven to move
The dull, dark Nations, groveling and supine.

These from the form, as from its shell the dove,
Rose radiant, and they drink melodious wine
Of Truth, and chant, full-voiced, in Heaven their love sublime.

Great Milton dwelleth here; he sees with eyes
Grown brighter from Earth's desolate eclipse:
And Dante and his Angel-bride; from skies
That outward burn he turns to her sweet lips.
Correggio here, the Poet-painter, dips
His pencil in celestial light, and throws
Visions from God's unvailed Apocalypse
O'er all the burning walls. In splendid rows
The Demigods of Song enjoy the Heart's repose.

These glorious ones are seated twain; beside
Each Lyric Angel glows his Seraph-bride;
And they who on the Earth, most desolate,
Died with slow fires of wrong, sit most in state,
And they rejoice, being free from mortal stain;
And evermore within that sphered fane
The multitudinous anthems peal and roll;
And evermore some New-ascended Soul
Joins their triumphant choir; and far below
Lies the veiled sepulcher of mortal woe.
And evermore Celestial Angels twine

For them fresh garlands, and they drink the wine
Of Poesy, and with diviner art
They chant their lyric hymns. At times they part,
And when they part, a, separate Heaven receives
Each blessed pair; each Lyric Angel weaves
Sweet songs to crown the Heart's beloved one,
And these are changed to sun-crowns; for the Sun
Of Spirit-life with fervent fire renews
All thoughts, and their interior grace profuse
Shines visibly; and songs of love from them
Crown many a brow with fairest diadem,
Wherein all gems and flowers commingled lie;
And as their songs do gleam and multiply,
They glimmer like the rainbows; they ascend
Like sun-fires from the mountains, and they tend
Upward forever; and their thought, like mist,
That rises white, but turns to amethyst
And amber and bright emerald, day by day,
Through the translucent Heavens, doth flash and play.

Celestial flowers perfume with sweetest smell
The Nuptial-bowers where Lyric Angels dwell.
The subtile stream of harmony that flows
From poet-hearts, as fragrance from the rose,
Condensed by art divine, becomes a fount;
Into celestial air its white wreaths mount,

Rising, but falling never; but they flow
Most in the night, and then like rainbows glow.
For then these Angels, beautiful and holy,
Crowned with the amaranth and purple moly,
And blended into oneness with their spouses,
Sit with them in the bright Sun's golden houses.
Or walk upon the windless waveless deep,
Where lie the sleeping stars, or climb the steep
Of the immortal Sun-sphere, where they stand,
By fragrance blown from its pavilion fanned.

In her white chariot, drawn by milky doves,
The Lily Queen drew near; and as she came,
Apollo said: "O ye, my children twain,
Since ye are one in all your wisest loves,
Come, dwell with me, and with my peerless bride,
Adorned with sun-crowns, children of our pride,
Our joy, and our conjugal realm; for we,
Leaving no offspring in mortality,
Are blessed with twins of spiritual birth,
And these ye are.-The laughing Loves go forth
As children, winged like butterflies, and feed
Amid the crocus-blooms upon the mead,
In the sweet garden of your heart's delight.
And there, in tuberose blossoms hid from sight,
The Fairies sleep at noontide, for the race

Of Fairies glorifies the happy place
Called Heaven; and they shall wait on you, and strew
Your path with fairest garlands ever new;
And lead you through those delicate retreats
Where blue-veined Spring her Summer-bridegroom meets;
And lucid pools of argentine shall flow
To bathe your forms, that inwardly shall glow;
And where the amber-lidded love-rose wreathes
Her beauteous bower, and where the ox-lip breathes
Its balm through coverts dim, ye shall be led;
And there your mid-day bower of rest be spread
With cowslip-blossoms lush beneath the feet.
And where the twin lambs in the thicket bleat,
And where, in shadows cool, the doves, with white
Yet luminous wings, in nuptial bliss unite,
Ye shall at will repair; and where the three
Imperial Graces—Faith, Hope, Charity,
With diamond statues, crown the grand facade
Of our high court; and where the laurel shade,
Paven with crimson blooms, the dew-flower holds;
And where the sacred asphodel unfolds;
And where the Heavenly Muses, called the "Nine,"
In varied splendors, each like Maid divine,
Dance, winged with morning, on the mountain sides;
And where the Heliconian fountain glides;

And where the winged Pegasi bound, sweet-fed
With milk and wine, ye shall at will be led.

"And I will teach you how to blow
A silver horn, whose notes shall flow
Like woodland echoes far below;

And I will teach you how to sing
Sweet thoughts, like doves upon the wing;
And I for you from Heaven will bring

The sacred pipe that ancient Pan,
Before Earth's Silver Age began,
As parting gift bestowed on man;

And I will send that Ancient Sage,
Who dwelt in Eden's Golden Age,
And he shall ope that mystic page,

Whose golden words to golden airs
Are set, like heavenly thoughts to prayers;
And I will lead you up the stairs

That wind from Heaven to Heaven, and ye
Shall dwell forevermore* with me,
And share my crown of melody."

SONG OF THE FAIRIES' GATHERING,

I.

Golden Fairies, one and all—
The Golden Age is born again!—
Hasten from your flowery hall;
Ye shall dwell on Earth with men.

II.

Silver Fairies, from your pale—
The Golden Age is born again!—
Haste, in silver bridal vail;
Ye shall dwell on Earth with men.

III.

Azure Fairies from the sky—
The Golden Age is born again!—
O'er the streams of starlight fly;
Ye shall dwell on Earth with men.

IV.

Earthly Youth and Angel-bride—
The Golden Years are born again!
Stand Apollo's throne beside,
Crowned with gifts for earthly men.

V.

So I heard the fairy lay—
The Golden Years are born again!—
Now joy betide this heavenly day;
The Fairy World descends to men.

The music of an infant's feet,
Upon the floor, is passing sweet
To Father's heart and Mother's ear,
As Angel chanting in his Sphere.

How soft the feathered warblers sing
What time the primrose decks the Spring!
'Tis true their lays breathe small of Art,
Yet they are fresh from Nature's Heart.

The skylark sings, "Rejoice! rejoice!"
The robin pipes with cheerful voice;
And the small wren joins in the tune,
While smiles in Heaven the young May-moon.

These vernal warblers all appear
As harbingers of Summer near;
Their notes, that fall like April showers,
Are Angel-music to the flowers.

Not theirs the grand triumphal chant
Of Summer days, but still they pant
With music, and the inmost core
Of life with love flows o'er and o'er.

And thus the Fairy-music falls
On Earth from Heaven's effulgent halls;
And thus, like drops of crimson rain,
The Fairies troop to Earth again.

They bless the flowers and bridal birds,
And all the bleating flocks and herds;
And where they dwell more sweet the air,
And thrilled with music soft and rare.

Small seems it to the worldly great
That Fairy Land regains its state;
But simple children wake to song,
Attended by the Fairy throng.

And Poets wise again resume
An empire over fields bestrewn
With thoughts, that shape themselves as sweet
As myrtle-groves, where Fairies meet.

One draught from Nature's simple well,
One thrill from hearts with love that swell

One leaf from Nature's garden green,
 One Elfin dance by maiden seen,

One page from Nature's book divine,
 Bestowed from Heaven on men of Time,
 Bespeak the grand Ausonian years,
 Wherein Apollo and his Peers,

Enthroned amid the rising Sun,
 Shall make the vibrant horizon
 Resound with music tuneful-grand,
 And Earth be like their Morning Land.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES' RETURN.

I.

There came a Spirit, and he said:
 "Sing, Heart within thy bosom bland—
 With thee the Fairy Nations tread
 Back to their ancient Morning Land.

II.

"Apollo's children, Youth and Maid—
 Sing, Boating heart in bosom bland—
 When ye were born the Fairies made
 Heart-music in their Skyeey Land.

III.

"And when to earthly sphere ye wend—
Sing, Beating heart in bosom bland—
Shall Fairies glad your steps attend,
And hallow Earth for Fairy Land."

THE SONG OF THE VIOLET.

I.

There came a Fairy blue, and sang:
"O maiden dear, attend, attend!
When first on Earth the Violet sprang,
Each Earthly Maid had Fairy friend

II.

"Who whispered in her ear by night—
Sing, Heart, my heart, the mellow lay—
And so the violet grew more bright
Within her eyes from day to day.

III.

"Wake, Fairies, wake, from field and glen,
Wake, Fairies, on your azure steep,
For ye shall throng to Earth again,
And sing to Maidens in their sleep.

IV.

"The Golden Fays, the Golden Fays—
Sing, Heart, my heart, in vernal prime—
They lurked in child Apollo's bays,
And crowned him King of Song divine.

V.

"The Golden Fays, the Golden Fays—
Sweet heart, within thy bosom chime—
Again descend in morning rays,
For Poet-brows the bay to twine.

VI.

"The Silver Fairies, one and all—
Find, heart-of-love, anew thy voice—
On Earth prepare their festival,
And Maidens guide in nuptial choice.

VII.

"The Fairies of the Marriage-ring
With mystic circles grace the glen,
And all their nuptial songs they sing,
For Earth is Fairy Realm again.

VIII.

"The Fairies of the Bridal-vail,
They dance within the myrtle glen,
And weave anew, in moonbeams pale,
Sweet dreams for bridal nights again."

There was a pause; a breathless murmur ran
Through my deep spirit; then there came to me
A power to speak in song triumphantly
Concerning God, and Providence, and Man.
Then I, sun-born, no more a fluttering mote
Whirling around material Nature's light,
But gifted with a supernatural sight,
Rose from Apollo's chariot, and did float
In luminous ether, and that mighty Mind
Rejoiced to see me rise; the viewless wind
Wafted me where sweet Lily shone; she sped
In her white car toward me, and she said:

"To right of me, to right of me,
O Angel-bridegroom, is thy place,
And every Angel thus you'll see—
A Glory throned beside his Grace."

Within that luminous car I sank as one
Lapsed into immortality: the Sun
Itself was not so bright as that which shone
In splendor from above; God, Heaven, Love, Home,
All dearest themes, spontaneous seemed to rise,
Until my mind became a Paradise,
Where pure and beauteous elements did meet
And blend, and in sweet blessedness complete
The vastness of subjective life; and there,
Seated beside th' enthroned Lily fair,
I felt my life begin: from sky to sky,
Like crowned Angels through their galaxy,
We rose in that bright chariot, and were fanned
By summer breezes from some unknown land.
Apollo shone above us still, and, where
His chariot rolled, a vast and kingly pair
Glowed, visible, within it, for beside
That Lord of Song appeared his Heavenly Bride

"This is Apollo's Heaven," the Lily said,
"And that vast Hemisphere of light below
The Sun-sphere of the planet Earth; 'tis fed
From the Sun-heaven, and wins therefrom its glow.
The Spirit-skies that bend sublime above,
Are the Archangel-universe, where LOVE,
Itself supreme, maketh all things we see,

And binds in one divine triunity
All realms, all ranks of sentient life. Behold,"
She spoke, "the Sacred City, known of old
To Poets, called by them, in music grand,
The 'Golden Temple of the Morning Land.'
Thou art within the Suit; its orb of fire
Is far below us; as a shining pyre,
By aromatic splendors fed, grows bright,
And burns away the gross, material night,
So the material Sun is fed from Heaven;
And when its vast electric robes are riven,
'Tis seen a world of matter most refined;
Round it unfold wide realms where Angel-mind
Grows perfect in divine employ; and here
In their unmeasured magnitude appear
Colossal temples, builded, not by one,
But many Nations; here are streams that run
With elemental life; and Life descends
From the Sun-heaven into the Sun, nor ends
In that vast Paradise, but, streaming forth,
Peoples with beauteous forms each planet Earth."

She paused; then said, in speech more low, "Fear not,
But boldly cross its threshold, for no spot
Bedims thy diadem, no impious thought;
And thou, by Love Divine, art hither brought,

For ends of use to thee and all mankind."
Her utterance ceased. There came a rushing wind.
A maelstrom of white light; our car was blown
Into its vortex; calm the Lily shone,
But the bright car, swift driven, appeared to pass
As through a molten sea of burning glass.
And ever as we sped she sang, and when
The fires became intensely red again,
She fixed her glorious eyes upon my breast.
'Mid that wide maelstrom we supreme were blest
As pure young Lovers in their Eden bower,
And calm as parting Saints, whose festal hour
Is waited on by Death, who holds the key
That opes the brightness of Eternity.
Great waves of harmony flowed through that whirl
Of elemental splendors; there did curl
The crimson waves, and, ever and anon,
There flashed a radiance that no outward Sun
Could gaze on. Still we sped upon our way.
Softly and beautiful a violet ray
Soothed sight; we seemed to change to forms of fire,
So bright were we; and then we heard a Choir,
Deep-voiced, who seemed around our way to go.
Their music was a stream; we heard it flow
Against our chariot; like a golden shell
It trembled to the music's rising swell,

And we within it. In the East we saw,
As Moses when he heard the ancient law,
GOD IN DIVINE HUMANITY! A Form
Like that on lower Earth in manger born,
Transfigured o'er that Heavenly Tabor shone.
Ten thousand thousand Angels, in a zone
Of seven-fold rainbows, filled the effulgent rays
Of His Divine Appearing; songs of praise
Echoed and echoed; and beneath that light
The great Sun-heaven unfolded to our sight.

I turned to the sweet Lily; with her eyes
Illumined, rapt, she gazed into the skies
In bliss ineffable. "'Tis Heaven," she said,
"And we in God's own light of love are wed."
And then I knew no more; it seemed to me
That four great Streams, that feed Eternity,
And bear the Worlds like foam upon their breast,
Rose 'round me. Then, of sudden life possessed,
I seemed to wake where Genius, Beauty, Art,
Imagination, Fancy, throned apart
In the primeval ray, grew still more bright,
Fed by an effluence from the Infinite.
Then speaking to my Bride, I said, "Meseems
That I before have seen the burning beams
Of this sphered palace," knowing not what I said.

The Lily bowed her love-crowned Seraph-head
And whispered, "These are not as they appear."
A thrill of light streamed through the atmosphere,
And, lo! the glorious images were gone,
But in their place appeared the unbounded zone
Of a white Paradise, that seemed to be
The temple of the Universal Three;
Life, Form, and Essence; Cause, and Means, and End
With glories, ne'er by aught but Angels kened,
I saw the white transparent fire-waves roll,
And then it seemed the Universal Soul
Inspired me; but as one who dimly sees
Heaven through a dream, I gazed transfixed on these.

Then suddenly Apollo stood before us;
In tenderest love he waved his bright wand o'er us;
In tenderest love he drew us to his knees;
His lips were silent, but there came a breeze
Of melody, that formed itself in words,
And he seemed speaking through Life's inmost chords

"Children," he said, "our God hath many forms;
Even as one Sun with endless brightening morns,
So God revealeth Truth, and, being One,
He fills Creation's universal dome
With atmospheres of beauty, love, and grace.

Through these he shines on every Angel-race
In splendors manifold; but most He shines
Through the vast Sun that lights celestial climes—
The Sun of Love. We in its softened blaze
Forever dwell. The earthly sun-orbs' rays
Are kindled from this brightness. But as Time
Departs, and ye are fed with love divine,
New glory shall be shown you, new delight
Crown your sweet nuptial bower; the stars of night,
And the mild moon, and the ethereal sea
Are fed by inward joy, and so are we."

"Fairies are Angel-thoughts; when man delighted,
On Earth, in Love divine, as yet unblighted,
The visible creations of his breast
Appeared as Fays, in heavenly beauty dressed.
These in glad troops dwelt 'round him, and they made,
With their impersonal love, each leafy shade
A grove of mystic beauty; every glade
Was peopled by these bright ones; they were 'rayed
With all celestial splendors; still they dwell
In every Heaven, in groves of asphodel;
All beautiful they shine for Angel-eyes.
Wonders, august as these are sweet, shall rise
Before you, but not now; there waiteth ye,
Children, one more transcendent mystery.

"Golden Fays, appear, appear
At Apollo's call;
Hide no more in ether clear;
Hark the summons all.

"Fays of hill and grot and stream,
Harken where ye stray;
Fays of twilight and of dream,
Gather while ye may."

By some divine enchantment, all the air
Grew populous, the sky of clouds was bare,
The wind-harps thrilled melodiously. Then came
All Fairy Tribes and Nations, none the same
In glory, but distinct, as if each were
A separate essence. These assembled there,
As all the forest-leaves that quivering thrill
Together, when the odorous south winds fill
The woodlands. Numerous as the sun-motes they,
Day-bright, the heart of each a spirit-ray.

"Now your fairy sports begin—
Sing, Heaven is love, sing, Heaven is love—
Crowns of gold shall brightest win;
Fairies form the heavenly dove."

The Fairies of the Dove drew nigh and each
Cooed dove-like in a soft and mellow speech;
And all arose in the bright air as one,
As separate essences together run,
And seemed to change into a beauteous bird,
Of shining plumage it melodious soared.

The Golden Fairies formed its breast;
The Diamond Fairies formed its crest;
The changeful splendors of its neck
Were formed by Fairies of the beck;
The, Fairies of the queenly Rose,
The Lily white, and sweet Tuberose
Moved in its pure immortal wings;
The Fairies of the mountain springs
Shone liquid in its tender eyes,
And 'twas the Dove of Paradise.
The Elfin-king, with silver wand,
 Sat in the Dove's translucent brain;
The Elfin-queen, 'mid odors bland,
 In the Dove's heart held fairy reign.

"O Fairies of the Rose, draw nigh!"
A voice breathed low in melody.
Then Fairies came with crimson wings,
Like hymeneal carolings.

Some were clad in golden green,
These in emerald leaf were seen;
Some were dress'd in richest red,
These the ruby leaves outspread;
Some were robed in golden flame,
These interior forms became,
And, as youth and virgin, played
Music in the red heart-shade.
But the beauteous Red-rose Queen
As the Rose-nymph was beseen,
Fairy Venus in the sea
Of its perfumed melody.
And the Rose-kin circling flew,
Sparkling rays of silver dew,
Till drawn within that effluence sweet,
As Bride and Groom we saw them meet.

The Fairies of the Diamond came;
Each bore a wand of shining flame;
They touched the Lily's glowing feet—
I saw the sparks of radiance meet;
They formed the shining sandals then—
More glorious ne'er was diadem.

The Fairies of the Bridal Bower
Came in a sparkling golden shower,

And with a veil of glowing light,
Born from their laughing eyes' delight,
They robed the Lily, brighter far
Than shines in Heaven the Hesper-star.

When lovers' thoughts and lovers' eyes—
Sing, Love bears rule in heavenly clime—
Grow pure on Earth as in the skies;
Such robes shall earthly maids entwine.

When earthly hearts are pure as theirs—
Sing, Love bears rule in heavenly clime—
In diamond sandals, up the stairs
Of Heaven, shall Maidens rise from Time.

When Love renews the Earth again—
Sing, Love bears rule in Heaven divine—
Shall Fairies dwell with earthly men,
And Earth once more be Fairy clime.

The Fairies are the architects of Heaven;
As coral insects build beneath the sea,

So unto these in Angel-realms; 'tis given
To build the Temples of Eternity.
"Sing, Glad, my heart, the sweet refrain,
The Fairies build the Heavenly Fane."

Then came the Fairy Builders all;
I saw them throned the heavenly hall;
In robes of purest glory shone
The Fairies of the Diamond-stone.
In robes that sparkled golden-green
The Emerald Fairies then were seen.
In purple robes, by sun-fires kissed,
Shone Fairies of the Amethyst.
The Opal Fairies came, with vest
Of snow that veiled the crimson breast.
The Fairies of all gems, that shine
In lower Worlds or Heavens divine,
Numerous as star-flakes gathered near;
We saw them build an Angel-sphere.

They passed; the vision fled; celestial flowers
Perfumed the air; in all their Nuptial bowers

We saw the Angel-matrons; none were old;
Each shone seraphic in Life's morn of gold.

The fairy multitude, heart-sweet,
Joyed these their Seraph-queens to meet.

"Fairies are born from heavenly love,
In bowers of bridal bliss divine,
The Fairies of the Rose and Dove,"
Sweet Lily said, "are thine and mine."

"Our blended Angel-loves unfold
In beauteous Fairy forms like these;
Our deep heart-joys their essence mold;
They're cradled in heart-ecstasies."

Oh! Life of love in Heaven,
For thee I yearn;
Yet, from bright morn to even,
I turn, I turn.

The Heavens are all receding;
Once more I tread,
With feet all bruised and bleeding,
Earth's regions dead.

Tumult and storm roll terribly beneath me;
 And mortal Night
Seeks with its woes and agonies to wreath me,
 But still there's Light.

Earth is not as it was; Heaven's radiant Angels
 Thrill the dark atmosphere with songs divine;
The Christ-descent, foretold in God's Evangels,
 All hearts shall quicken as it quickeneth mine.

FINALE .

I.

HERE ends the Song of Morning Land.

Alas! alas!

Shall mind's translucent glass

No more reflect the beauteous Angel-band?

Are gleams of fields elysian

No more to thrill mine eyes?

Oh, Angel-harmonies,

Pass ye so soon? Why cease, O Lovely Vision?

II.

Hark! still, through clouds, through night,
Heaven pours divine delight,
Through Earth's deep mystery,
Through Earth's veiled history,
Through Earth's dark realm of strife and pain descending,
A Choral Multitude
Chant through the solitude,
Earth's mournful sleep in heavenly waking ending.

III.

What means, what means that splendid page, unrolled
Before my Spirit-sight. Oh, Soul, behold
The Victory-bringing Angel once again.
He holds a burning pen.
"Write, write," he says, "when thou to Earth returnest,
The glowing thought for which in heart thou yearnest.
Write it, a Lyric Story, that shall make
Gladness renew the hearts that inly ache.
The Lily Maid beside shall stand
Always to guide thine Angel-hand,
And Angel-matrons 'round thee throng
As choralists of that sweet song."

IV.

"I can not write thy page,
Oh, Mighty One!" I cry.
"I faint and fail in manhood's primal age,
I tremble at the cold wind passing by.
The cares of life, like serpents, sting my heart,
The sweet, celestial art
To sing thy truth, heart-anguished, I resign;
Grief, grief and tears are mine.

V.

"Yet write it, write it, give thy life to Love;
Thy heart-rest draweth nearer day by day;
Yes, write it, Heaven desires thee from above.
And Angels bless thee on thy painful way."
The scroll grows brighter as I gaze, and there
These words I read in letters glorious fair,
As if upon a beauteous title-page,
"MARRIAGE; A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE."
"This book contains, yet hid from thee,
A page of Angel history;
A leaf inscribed with words divine;
A golden cup of Angel wine,

Write it." "Nay," I cry, "not mine,
Joy like this; from clime to clime,
In the path of mystery led,
Fortune's gifts not on me shed—
Close that blessed history;
Angel-voice I can not be."

VI.

The vision ended. In its place
A little Child drew near. His face
As if each atom were a star,
Shone glimmering at first afar;
And as he drew more near he grew
More beautiful. The south wind blew
Fragrance divine from him to me.
He folded up his fairy-wings,
And said, "The Lily bade me be
Thy bosom-guest; not earthly kings
Such honor boast; I am not fed
With earthly food; I ask not bread,
But only in thy bosom-shrine
To sleep, and breathe my life through thine."

Strange pangs shot through me, and I felt
Thrilled as the bright snows ere they melt.
The warmth of love filled all my breast,
And there I bade the Infant rest.

VII.

"Another Lyric sleeps within
Thy bosom now; ere snows begin
To robe the world, he'll wake again,
And sing of love to mortal men."
"Sing, Joy awaits the world," we cry,
"Sweet joy that comes from Heaven on high
Love is come,
Maketh home
In Poet's heart below;
Ere hath fallen Winter snow,
Love shall sing, Love shall wake,
Poet's heart an Eden make."

A P P E N D I X.

THE external history of this Poem, from its inception to its final delivery, is as follows:

On the 1st of January, 1854, at the hour of noon, the archetypal ideas were internally inwrought by spiritual agency into the inmost mind of the Medium, he at that time having passed into a spiritual or interior condition. From that time till the fourth of August, fed by continual influxes of celestial life, these archetypal ideas internally unfolded within his interior or spiritual self; until at length, having attained to their maturity, they descended into the externals of the mind, uttered themselves in speech, and were transcribed as spoken by the Medium, he, by spiritual agencies, being temporarily elevated to the spiritual degree of the mind for that purpose, and the external form being rendered quiet by a process which is analogous to physical death.

The Poem was dictated at intervals during parts of about fourteen days, the actual time occupied by its delivery being about thirty hours.

The "History," "Preface," "Prelude," and "Finale" of the Poem, together with this appended note, in the same manner were uttered and transcribed.

It is due to the external Author, or Medium, to add that in his external waking condition he had not the most remote knowledge or conception of any part of the Poem till it was unfolded from the interiors of his mind and spoken in the manner described. The reader interested in the phychical phenomena attending its delivery, and the philosophical questions connected therewith, is referred, for a statement of the condition of the Medium during its utterance, to a luminous essay and statement from the pen of S. B. Brittan, which may be found in the Introduction to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," a Poem communicated in the same manner and through the same agency.

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