

TO THE QUEEN OF SERPENTS.

I TRUST that never more in this world's
shade
Thine eyes will be upon me : never
more
Thy face come back to me. For thou
hast made
My whole life sore :

And I might curse thee, if thou camest
again
To mock me with the memory in thy
face
Of days I would had been not. So
much pain
Hath made me base —

Enough to wreak the wrath of years of
wrong
Even on so frail and weak a thing as
thou !
Fare hence, and be forgotten. . . . Sing
thy song,
And braid thy brow,

And be beloved, and beautiful, — and be
In beauty baleful still . . . a Serpent
Queen
To others not yet curst by kissing thee,
As I have been.

But come not nigh me till my end be
near,
And I have turned a dying face to-
ward heaven.
Then, if thou wilt, approach, — and
have no fear,
And be forgiven.

Close, if thou wilt, mine eyes, and
smooth my hair :
Fond words will come upon my part-
ing breath.
Nor, having desolated life, forbear
Kind offices to death.

BLUEBEARD.

I WAS to wed young Fatima,
As pure as April's snowdrops are,
In whose love lay hid my crooked life,
As in its sheath my scimitar.

Among the hot pomegranate boughs,
At sunset, here alone we sat.

To call back something from that hour
I'd give away my Caliphat.

She broke her song to gaze at me :
Her lips she leaned my lips above . . .
"Why art thou silent all this while,
Lord of my life, and of my love?"

"*Silent I am, young Fatima,
For silent is my soul in me,
And language will not help the want
Of that which cannot ever be.*"

"But wherefore is thy spirit sad,
My lord, my love, my life?" . . . she
said.

"*Because thy face is wondrous like
The face of one I knew, that's dead.*"

"Ah cruel, cruel," cried Fatima,
"That I should not possess the past !
What woman's lips first kissed the lips
Where my kiss lived and lingered last ?

"And she that's dead was loved by thee,
That so her memory moves thee
yet? . . .

Thy face grows cold and white, as looks
The moon o'er yonder minaret !"

"*Ay, Fatima ! I loved her well,
With all of love's and life's despair,
Or else I had not strangled her,
That night, in her own fatal hair.*"

FATIMA.

A YEAR ago thy cheek was bright,
As oleander buds that break
The dark of yonder dells by night
Above the lamp-lit lake.

Pale as a snowdrop in Cashmere
Thy face to-night, fair infant, seems.
Ah, wretched child ! What dost thou
hear
When I talk in my dreams ?

GOING BACK AGAIN.

I DREAMED that I walked in Italy
When the day was going down,
By a water that flowed quite silently
Through an old dim-lighted town :

Till I came to a Palace fair to see :
Wide open the windows were :
My love at a window sat, and she
Beckoned me up the stair.

I roamed through many a corridor
And many a chamber of state :
I passed through many an open door,
While the day was growing late :

Till I came to the Bridal Chamber at last,
All dim in the darkening weather.
The flowers at the window were talking
fast,
And whispering all together.

The place was so still that I could hear
Every word that they said :
They were whispering under their breath
with fear,
For somebody there was dead.

When I came to the little rose-colored
room,
From the window there flew a bat.
The window was opened upon the gloom :
My love at the window sat :

She sat with her guitar on her knee,
But she was not singing a note,
For some one had drawn (ah, who could
it be ?)
A knife across her throat.

THE CASTLE OF KING MACBETH.

THIS is the castle of King Macbeth.
And here he feasts — when the day-
light wanes,
And the moon goes softly over the
heath —
His Earls and Thaness.

A hundred harpers with harps of gold
Harp thorough the night high festival :
And the sound of the music they make
is rolled
From hall to hall.

They drink deep healths till the rafters
rock
In the Banquet Hall ; and the shout
is borne
To the courts outside, where the crowing
cock
Is waked ere morn.

And the castle is all in a blaze of light
From cresset, and torch, and sconce :
and there
Each warrior dances all the night
With his lady fair.

They dance and sing till the raven is
stirred
On the wicked elm-tree outside in the
gloom :
And the rustle of silken robes is heard
From room to room.

But there is one room in that castle old,
In a lonely turret where no one goes,
And a dead man sits there, stark and cold,
Whom no one knows.

DEATH-IN-LIFE.

BLEST is the babe that dies within the
womb.
Blest is the corpse which lies within the
tomb.
And blest that death for which this life
makes room.

But dreary is the tomb where the corpse
lies :
And wretched is the womb where the
child dies :
And curst that death which steals this
life's disguise.

KING LIMOS.

THERE once was a wicked, old, gray
king —
Long damned, as I have reason to
know,
For he was buried (and no bad thing !)
Hundreds of years ago.

His wicked old heart had grown so chilled
That the leech, to warm him, did not
shrink
To give him each night a goblet, filled
With a virgin's blood, to drink.

"A splenetic legend," . . . you say, of
course !
Yet there may be something in it, too.
Kill, or be killed . . . which choice were
the worse ?
I know not. Solve it you.

But even the wolf must have his prey :
And even the gallows will have her food :
And a king, my friend, will have his way,
Though that way may lie through blood.

My heart is hungry, and must be fed ;
My life is empty, and must be filled ;
One is not a Ghoul, to live on the dead :
What then if fresh blood be spilled ?

We follow the way that nature leads.
What's the very first thing that we
learn? To devour.

Each life the death of some other needs
To help it from hour to hour.

From the animalcule that swallows his
friends,

Nothing loath, in the wave as it rolls,
To man, as we see him, this law ascends ;
'T is the same in the world of souls.

The law of the one is still to absorb :
To be absorbed is the other's lot : —
The lesser orb by the larger orb,
The weak by the strong . . . why not ?

My want's at the worst : so why should
I spare
(Since just such a thing my want sup-
plies)

This little girl with the silky hair,
And the love in her two large eyes ?

THE FUGITIVE.

THERE is no quiet left in life,
Not any moment brings me rest :

Forevermore, from shore to shore,
I bear about a laden breast.

I see new lands : I meet new men :
I learn strange tongues in novel places.
I cannot chase one phantom face
That haunts me, spite of newer faces.

For me the wine is poured by night,
And deep enough to drown much sad-
ness ;

But from the cup that face looks up,
And mirth and music turn to madness.

There's many a lip that's warm for me :
Many a heart with passion bounding :
But ah, my breast, when closest prest,
Creeps to a cold step near me sounding.

To this dark penthouse of the mind
I lure the bat-winged Sleep in vain ;
For on his wings a dream he brings
That deepens all the dark with pain.

I may write books which friends will
praise,
I may win fame, I may win treasure ;
But hope grows less with each success,
And pain grows more with every pleas-
ure.

The draughts I drain to slake my thirst
But fuel more the infernal flame.
There tangs a sting in everything : —
The more I change, the more the same !

A man that flies before the pest,
From wind to wind my course is whirled.
This fly accurst stung lo first,
And drove her wild across the world !

THE SHORE.

CAN it be women that walk in the sea-mist under the cliffs there ?
Where, 'neath a briny bow, creaming, advances the lip
Of the foam, and out from the sand-choked anchors, on to the skiffs there,
The long ropes swing through the surge, as it tumbles ; and glitter, and drip.

All the place in a lurid, glimmering, emerald glory,
Glazes like a Titan world come back under heaven again :
Yonder, up there, are the steepes of the sea-kings, famous in story ;
But who are they on the beach ? They are neither women, nor men.

Who knows, are they the land's, or the water's, living creatures ?
Born of the boiling sea ? nursed in the seething storms ?

With their woman's hair dishevelled over their stern male features,
Striding, bare to the knee ; magnified maritime forms !

They may be the mothers and wives, they may be the sisters and daughters
Of men on the dark mid-seas, alone in those black-coiled hulls,
That toil 'neath yon white cloud, whence the moon will rise o'er the waters
To-night, with her face on fire, if the wind in the evening lulls.

But they may be merely visions, such as only sick men witness
(Sitting as I sit here, filled with a wild regret),
Framed from the sea's misshapen spume with a horrible fitness
To the winds in which they walk, and the surges by which they are wet : —

Salamanders, sea-wolves, witches, warlocks ; marine monsters,
Which the dying seaman beholds, when the rats are swimming away,
And an Indian wind 'gins hiss from an unknown isle, and alone stirs
The broken cloud which burns on the verge of the dead, red day,

I know not. All in my mind is confused ; nor can I dis sever
The mould of the visible world from the shape of my thoughts in me.
The Inward and Outward are fused : and, through them, murmur forever
The sorrow whose sound is the wind, and the roar of the limitless sea.

THE NORTH SEA.

By the gray sand-hills, o'er the cold sea-shore ; where, dumbly peering,
Pass the pale-sailed ships, scornfully, silently ; wheeling and veering
Swift out of sight again ; while the wind searches what it finds never,
O'er the sand-reaches, bays, billows, blown beaches, — homeless forever !
And, in a vision of the bare heaven seen and soon lost again,
Over the rolling foam, out in the mid-seas, round by the coast again,
Hovers the sea-gull, poised in the wind above, o'er the bleak surges,
In the green briny gleam, briefly revealed and gone ; . . . fleet, as emerges
Out of the tumult of some brain where memory labors, and fretfully
Moans all the night-long, — a wild winged hope, soon fading regretfully.
Here walk the lost Gods o' dark Scandinavia, morning and even ;
Faint pale divinities, realmless and sorrowful, exiled from Heaven ;
Burthened with memories of old theogonies ; each ruined monarchy
Roaming amazed by seas oblivious of ancient fealty.
Never, again at the tables of Odin, in their lost Banquet Hall,
Shall they from golden cups drink, hearing golden harps, harping high festival,
Never praise bright-haired Freya, in Vingolf, for her lost loveliness !
Never, with Ægir, sail round cool moonlit isles of green wilderness !
Here on the lone wind, through the long twilight, when day is waning,
Many a hopeless voice near the night is heard coldly complaining,
Here, in the glimmering darkness, when winds are dropped, and not a seaman
sings

From cape or foreland, pause, and pass silently, forms of dis-crowned kings,
With sweeping, floating folds of dim garments ; wandering in wonder
Of their own aspect ; trooping towards midnight ; feeling for thunder.
Here, in the afternoon ; while, in her father's boat, heavily laden,
Mending the torn nets, sings up the bleak bay the Fisher-Maiden,
I too, forlornly wandering, wandering, see, with the mind's eye,
Shadows beside me, . . . (hearing the wave moan, hearing the wind sigh) . . .
Shadows, and images balefully beautiful, of days departed :

Sounds of faint footsteps, gleams of pale foreheads, make me sad-hearted;
 Sad for the lost, irretrievable sweetness of former hours;
 Sad with delirious, desolate odors, from faded flowers;
 Sad for the beautiful gold hair, the exquisite, exquisite graces
 Of a divine face, hopelessly unlike all other faces!

O'er the gray sand-hills (where I sit sullenly, full of black fancies),
 Nipt by the sea-wind, drenched by the sea-salt, little wild pansies
 Flower, and freshly tremble, and twinkle; sweet sisterhoods,
 Lone, and how lovely, with their frail green stems, and dark purple hoods!
 Here, even here in the midst of monotonous, fixt desolation,
 Nature has touches of tenderness, beauties of young variation;
 Where, O my heart, in thy ruined, and desolate, desolate places,
 Springs there a floweret, or gleams there the green of a single oasis?
 Hidden, it may be perchance, and I know it not . . . hidden yet inviolate,
 Pushes the germ of an unconscious rapture in me, like the violet
 Which, on the bosom of March, the snows cover and keep till the coming
 Of April, the first bee shall find, when he wanders, and welcome it humming.
 Teach me, thou North where the winds lie in ambush; the rains and foul weather
 Are stored in the house of the storms; and the snow-flakes are garnered together;
 Where man's stern, dominate, sovereign intelligence holds in allegiance
 Whatever blue Sirius beholds on this Earth-ball, — all seas, and all regions;
 The iron in the hill's heart; the spirit in the loadstone; the ice in the poles;
 All powers, all dominions; ships; merchandise; armaments; beasts; human
 souls; . . .

Teach me thy secrets: teach to refrain, to restrain, to be still;
 Teach me unspoken, steadfast endurance; — the silence of Will!

A NIGHT IN THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

PART I.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

If the wind had been blowing the Devil
 this way
 The midnight could scarcely have
 grown more unholy,
 Or the sea have found secrets more
 wicked to say
 To the toothless old crags it is hiding
 there wholly.

I love well the darkness. I love well
 the sound
 Of the thunder-drift, howling this way
 over ocean.
 For 't is though as in nature my spirit
 had found
 A trouble akin to its own fierce emotion.

The hoarse night may howl herself silent
 for me.
 When the silence comes, then comes
 the howling within.

I am drenched to my knees in the surf
 of the sea,
 And wet with the salt bitter rain to
 the skin.

Let it thunder and lighten! this world's
 ruined angel
 Is but fooled by desire like the frailest
 of men;
 Both seek in hysterics life's awful evan-
 gel,
 Then both settle down to life's silence
 again.

Well I know the wild spirits of water
 and air,
 When the lean morrow turns up its
 cynical gray,
 Will, baffled, revert with familiar de-
 spair
 To their old listless work, in their old
 helpless way.

Yonder's the light in the Fisherman's
 hut:
 But the old wolf himself is, I know,
 off at sea.

And I see through the chinks, though
 the shutters be shut,
 By the firelight that some one is
 watching for me.

Three years ago, on this very same night,
 I walked in a ballroom of perfume and
 splendor
 With a pearl-bedecked lady below the
 lamplight:—
 Now I walk with the wild wind,
 whose breath is more tender.

Hark! the horses of ocean that crouch
 at my feet,
 They are moaning in impotent pain
 on the beach!

Lo! the storm-light, that swathes in its
 blue winding-sheet
 That lone desert of sky, where the
 stars are dead, each!

Holloa, there! open, you little wild
 girl!

Hush, . . . 't is her soft little feet o'er
 the floor.

Stay not to tie up a single dark curl,
 But quick with the candle, and open
 the door.

One kiss? . . . there's twenty! . . . but
 first, take my coat there,
 Salt as a sea-sponge, and dripping all
 through.
 The old wolf, your father, is out in the
 boat there.
 Hark to the thunder! . . . we're safe,
 — I and you.

Put on the kettle. And now for the
 cask
 Of that famous old rum of your father's,
 the king
 Would have clawed on our frontier.
 There, fill me the flask.
 Ah, what a quick, little, neat-handed
 thing!

There's my pipe. Stuff it with black
 negro-head.

Soon I shall be in the cloud-land of
 glory.

Faith, 't is better with you, dear, than
 'fore the mast-head,
 With such lights at the windows of
 night's upper story!

Next, over the round open hole in the
 shutter
 You may pin up your shawl, . . . lest
 a mermaid should peep.
 Come, now, the kettle's beginning to
 splutter,
 And the cat recomposes herself into
 sleep.

Poor little naked feet, . . . put them up
 there . . .
 Little white foam-flakes! and now the
 soft head,
 Here, on my shoulder; while all the
 dark hair
 Falls round us like sea-weed. What
 matter the bed

If sleep will visit it, if kisses feel there
 Sweet as they feel under curtains of silk?
 So, shut your eyes, while the firelight
 will steal there
 O'er the black bear-skin, the arm
 white as milk!

Meanwhile I'll tell to you all I remember
 Of the old legend, the northern romance
 I heard of in Sweden, that snowy De-
 cember
 I passed there, about the wild Lord
 Rosencrantz.

Then, when you're tired, take the cards
 from the cupboard,
 Thumbed over by every old thief in
 our crew,
 And I'll tell you your fortune, you
 little Dame Hubbard;
 My own has been squandered on
 witches like you.

Knave, King, and Queen, all the villa-
 nous pack of 'em,
 I know what they're worth in the
 game, and have found
 Upon all the trump-cards the small mark
 at the back of 'em,
 The Devil's nail-mark, who still cheats
 us all round.

PART II.

THE LEGEND OF LORD ROSENCRANTZ.
 THE lamps in the castle hall burn bright,
 And the music sounds, and the dancers
 dance,

And lovely the young Queen looks to-night,
But pale is Lord Rosencrantz.

Lord Rosencrantz is always pale,
But never more deadly pale than now . . .

O, there is a whisper, — an ancient tale, —
A rumor, . . . but who should know ?

He has stepped to the dais. He has taken her hand.
And she gives it him with a tender glance.
And the hautboys sound, and the dancers stand,
And envy Lord Rosencrantz.

That jewelled hand to his lips he prest ;
And lightly he leads her towards the dance :
And the blush on the young Queen's cheek confest
Her love for Lord Rosencrantz.

The moon at the mullioned window shone ;
There a face and a hand in the moon-light glance ;
But that face and that hand were seen of none,
Save only Lord Rosencrantz.

A league aloof in the forest-land
There's a dead black pool, where a man by chance
. . . Again, again, that beckoning hand !
And it beckons Lord Rosencrantz.

While the young Queen turned to whisper him,
Lord Rosencrantz from the hall was gone ;
And the hautboys ceased, and the lamps grew dim,
And the castle clock struck One !

* * * *

It is a bleak December night,
And the snow on the highway gleams by fits :
But the fire on the cottage-hearth burns bright,
Where the little maiden sits.

Her spinning-wheel she has laid aside ;
And her blue eyes soft in the firelight glance ;
As she leans with love, and she leans with pride,
On the breast of Lord Rosencrantz.

Mother's asleep, up stairs in bed :
And the black cat, she looks wondrous wise
As she licks her paws in the firelight red,
And glares with her two green eyes :

And the little maiden is half afraid,
And closely she clings to Lord Rosencrantz ;
For she has been reading, that little maid,
All day, in an old romance,

A legend wild of a wicked pool
A league aloof in the forest-land,
And a crime done there, and a sinful soul,
And an awful face and hand.

"Our little cottage is bleak and drear,"
Says the little maid to Lord Rosencrantz ;
"And this is the loneliest time of the year,
And oft, when the wind, by chance,

"The ivy beats on the window-pane,
I wake to the sound in the gusty nights ;
And often, outside, in the drift and rain,
There seem to pass strange sights.

"And O, it is dreary here alone !
When mother's asleep, in bed, up stairs,
And the black cat, there, to the forest is gone,
— Look at her, how she glares !"

"Thou little maiden, my heart's own bliss,
Have thou no fear, for I love thee well ;
And sweetest it is upon nights like this,
When the wind, like the blast of hell,

"Roars up and down in the chimneys old,
And the wolf howls over the distant snow,

To kiss away both the night and the cold
With such kisses as we kiss now."

"Ah ! more than life I love thee, dear !"
Says the little maiden with eyes so blue ;

"And, when thou art near, I have no fear,
Whatever the night may do.

"But O, it is dreary when thou art away !
And in bed all night I pray for thee :
Now tell me, thou dearest heart, and say,
Dost thou ever pray for me ?"

"Thou little maiden, I thank thee much,
And well I would thou shouldst pray for me ;
But I am a sinful man, and such
As ill should pray for thee."

Hist ! . . . was it a face at the window past ?
Or was it the ivy leaf, by chance,
Tapping the pane in the fitful blast,
That startled Lord Rosencrantz ?

The little maid, she has seen it plain,
For she shrieked, and down she fell in a swoon :
Mutely it came, and went again,
In the light of the winter moon.

* * * *

The young Queen, — O, but her face was sweet ! —
She died on the night that she was wed :
And they laid her out in her winding-sheet,
Stark on her marriage-bed.

The little maiden, she went mad ;
But her soft blue eyes still smiled the same,
With ever that wistful smile they had :
Her mother, she died of shame.

The black cat lived from house to house,
And every night to the forest hied ;
And she killed many a rat and mouse
Before the day she died.

And do you wish that I should declare
What was the end of Lord Rosencrantz ?
Ah ! look in my heart, you will find it there,
— The end of the old romance !

PART III.

DAYBREAK.

Yes, you have guessed it. The wild Rosencrantz,
It is I, dear, the wicked one ; who but I, maiden ?
My life is a tattered and worn-out romance,
And my heart with the curse of the Past hath been laden :

For still, where I wander or linger, forever
Comes a skeleton hand that is beckoning for me ;
And still, dogging my footsteps, life's long Never-never
Pursues me, wherever my footsteps may be :

The star of my course hath been long ago set, dear ;
And the wind is my pilot, wherever he blows :
He cannot blow from me what I would forget, dear,
Nor blow to me that which I seek for, — repose.

What ! if I were the Devil himself, would you cling to me,
Bear my ill humors, and share my wild nights ?
Crouch by me, fear me not, stay by me, sing to me,
While the dark haunts us with sounds and with sighs ?

Follow me far away, pine not, but smile to me,
Never ask questions, and always be gay ?
Still the dear eyes meekly turned all the while to me,
Watchful the night through, and patient the day ?

What! if this hand, that now strays
through your tresses,
Three years ago had been dabbled in
gore?
What! if this lip, that your lip now
caresses,
A corpse had been pressing but three
years before?

Well then, behold!... 'tis the gray
light of morning
That breaks o'er the desolate waters
... and hark!
'Tis the first signal shot from my boat
gives me warning:
The dark moves away: and I follow
the lark.

On with your hat and your cloak! you
are mine, child,
Mine and the fiend's that pursues me,
henceforth!
We must be far, ere day breaks, o'er the
brine, child:
It may be south I go, it may be north.

What! really fetching your hat and
your cloak, dear?
Sweet little fool. Kiss me quick now,
and laugh!
All I have said to you was but a joke,
dear:
Half was in folly, in wantonness half.

PART IV.

BREAKFAST.

AY, maiden: the whole of my story to
you
Was but a deception, a silly romance:
From the first to the last word, no word
of it true;
And my name's Owen Meredith, not
Rosencrantz.

I never was loved by a Queen, I declare:
And no little maiden for me has gone
mad:
I never committed a murder, I swear;
And I probably should have been
hanged if I had.

I never have sold to the Devil my soul;
And but small is the price he would
give me, I know:

I live much as other folks live, on the
whole:
And the worst thing in me's my dis-
gestion... heigh ho!

Let us leave to the night-wind the
thoughts which he brings,
And leave to the darkness the powers
of the dark;
For my hopes o'er the sea lightly flit,
like the wings
Of the curlews that hover and poise
round my bark.

Leave the wind and the water to mutter
together
Their weird metaphysical grief, as of
old,
For day's business begins, and the clerk
of the weather
To the powers of the air doth his pur-
pose unfold.

Be you sure those dread Titans, what-
ever they be,
That sport with this ball in the great
courts of Time,
To play practical jokes upon you, dear,
and me,
Will never desist from a sport so sub-
lime.

The old Oligarchy of Greece, now abol-
ished,
Were idle aristocrats fond of the arts,
But though thus refined, all their tastes
were so polished,
They were turbulent, dissolute gods,
without hearts.

They neglected their business, they gave
themselves airs,
Read the poets in Greek, sipped their
wine, took their rest,
Never troubling their beautiful heads
with affairs,
And as for their morals, the least said,
the best.

The scandal grew greater and greater:
and then
An appeal to the people was formally
made.

The old gods were displaced by the suf-
frage of men,
And a popular government formed in
their stead.

But these are high matters of state, — I
and you
May be thankful, meanwhile, we have
something to eat,
And nothing, just now, more important
to do,
Than to sit down at once, and say
grace before meat.

You may boil me some coffee, an egg, if
it's handy,
The sea's rolling mountains just now.
I shall wait
For King Neptune's *mollissima tempora*
fandi,
Who will presently lift up his curly
white pate,

Bid Eurus and Notus to mind their own
business,
And make me a speech in Hexameters
slow;
While I, by the honor elated to dizziness,
Shall yield him my offerings, and
make him my bow.

A DREAM.

I HAD a quiet dream last night:
For I dreamed that I was dead;
Wrapped around in my grave-clothes
white,
With my gravestone at my head.
I lay in a land I have not seen,
In a place I do not know,
And the grass was deathly, deathly green
Which over my grave did grow.

The place was as still as still could be,
With a few stars in the sky,
And an ocean whose waves I could not
see,
Though I heard them moan hard by.

There was a bird in a branch of yew,
Building a little nest.
The stars looked far and very few,
And I lay all at rest.

There came a footstep through the grass,
And a feeling through the mould:
And a woman pale did over me pass,
With hair like snakes of gold.

She read my name upon my grave:
She read my name with a smile.
A wild moan came from a wandering
wave,
But the stars smiled all the while.

The stars smiled soft. That woman pale
Over my grave did move,
Singing all to herself a tale
Of one that died for love.

There came a sparrow-hawk to the tree,
The little bird to slay:
There came a ship from over the sea,
To take that woman away.

The little bird I wished to save,
To finish his nest so sweet:
But so deep I lay within my grave
That I could not move my feet.

That woman pale I wished to keep
To finish the tale I heard:
But within my grave I lay so deep
That I could not speak a word.

KING SOLOMON.

KING Solomon stood, in his crown of
gold,
Between the pillars, before the altar
In the House of the Lord. And the
King was old,
And his strength began to falter,
So that he leaned on his ebony staff,
Sealed with the seal of the Pentagraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within so rich and rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedar were: —
Wrought up to the brazen chapters
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carved
king,
The carved cedarn beams below,
In his purple robe, with his signet-ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to the Oracle, where the
hymn
Dies under the wing of the cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God: