

Aleister Crowley

Collected Works, Volume III, Part 3



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THE WORKS OF ALEISTER CROWLEY Vol. III, part 3 of 3 ASCII
VERSION

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Pages in the original are marked thus at the bottom: {page number} or {page number A} and {page number B}.

Comments and descriptions are also set off by curly brackets {}

Comments and notes not in the original are identified with the initials of the source: *e.g.* WEH note = Bill Heidrick note, *etc.* Descriptions of illustrations are not so identified, but are simply in curly brackets.

Text Footnotes have been expanded at or near the point of citation within double angle brackets, *e.g.* <<footnote>>. For poems, most longer footnotes are cited in the text to expanded form below the stanzas.

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LIBER SECUNDUS VEL AMORIS

TO

MARY BEATON

WHOM I LAMENT

“The Kabbalists say that when a man falls in love with a female elemental — undine, sylph, gnome, or salamandrine, as the case may be — she becomes immortal with him, or otherwise he dies with her... . The love of the magus for such beings is insensate, and may destroy him.” — “Eliphaz Levi.”

“Orpheus for the love he bare to his wife, snatcht, as it were, from him by untimely Death, resolved to go down to hell with his harp, to try if he might obtain her of the infernal power.” — “The Wisdom of the Ancients.”

{Columns resume}

ORPHEUS, FINDING EURYDICE DEAD, STUNG BY A SERPENT,
LAMENTS OVER HER.

COME back, come back, come back, Eurydice!

Come back to me!

Lie not so quiet, draw some faint sharp breath!

It is not death:

It cannot, must not be, Eurydice.

Come back to me!

Let me as yet lament not! Let me stoop! —

Those eyelids droop

Not with mere death, but dreams, Eurydice!

Come back to me!

O you that were my lover and my wife!

Come back to life!

Come back, breathe softly from the breast of gold

These arms enfold.

Give me your lips and kiss me once! O wife,

Come back to life!

Nay, let the wind but stir the silky hair,

(God's lesser air,

Not his full blossom of woman's breath!) O wife,

Come back to life! {158A}

Stir once, move once, rise once, Eurydice!

Be good to me!

Rise once. — O sleep not! Listen! Is not all

Nature my thrall?

Once only: be not dead, Eurydice!

Be good to me!

I love you — be not dead! — rise up and say

“I feigned, I lay

Thus so you kissed me” — O Eurydice,

Be good to me!

There is not one sweet sigh of all the old sighs —

Open your eyes!

Not one warm breath of the young breast: no sleep

Could be so deep.

The last pale lotus opens to the skies.

Open your eyes!

Lift the blue eyelids under the deep lashes

Till one light flashes!

Wake with one supreme sigh like the old sighs!

Open your eyes!

I cannot leave you so, Eurydice.

Come back to me!

Just in the triumph, in love's utmost hour,

Life's queenliest flower — {158B}

All shattered, overblown. Eurydice,

Come back to me!

I cannot have you dead, and live: let death

Strangle my breath

Now as I kiss you still — Eurydice!

Come back to me!

Fling down the foolish lyre, the witless power!

Cast the dead laurel in the dust! The flower

Of all the world is marred, the day's desire

Distorted in the eclipse, the sun's dead hour.

Let me fall down beside thee! Let me take

The kisses that thou canst not give, and slake

Despair in purposeless caresses, dire

Shames fang-wise fastened of the eternal snake.

Is there no warmth where beauty is so bright?

No soul still flickering the the lambent light

Still shed from all the body's excellence?

No lamp unhidden of the utter night?

Cannot my life be molten into thee,

Or thy death fall with rosier arms on me,

Or soul with soul commingle without sense,

As the sun's rays strike deep into the sea?

O beauty of all beauty — central flower

Of all the blossoms in the summer's bower!

Fades not all nature in thy fall? the sun

Not darken in the miserable hour?

I hate all Nature's mockery of life.

The laugh is grown a grin; the gentle strife

Of birds and waves and winds at play is grown

A curse, a cruelty. My wife! my wife!

I am broken, I cannot sleep, I cannot die.

Pain, pain for ever! Nature is a lie,

The gods a lie. Myself? but I am found

Sole serious in the hateful comedy.

Blackness, all blackness! How I hate the earth,

The curse that brought my being into birth.

I, loving more her loveliness, am bound

And broken — thrice more bitter for my mirth! {159A}

Song, was it song I trusted in? Or thou,

Apollo, was it thou didst bind my brow

With laurel for a poison-wreath of hell

To sear my brain and blast my being now?

A band of most corroding poison wound

Dissolving with its venom the profound

Deep of my spirit with its terrible

Sense without speech and horror without sound.

A devil intertwining in my heart
Its cold and hideous lust, a twiforked dart
Even from the fatherly and healing hand —
The double death without a counterpart

In hell's own deepest pit, far, far below
Phlegethon's flame and Styx's stifling flow,
Far below Tartarus, below the land
Thrust lowest in the devilish vertigo.

If I could weep or slumber or forget!
If love once left me, with his eyelids wet
With tender memory of his own despair
Or frozen to a statue of regret!

If but the chilling agony, that turns
To bitter fever-heat that stings and burns
Would freeze me, or destroy me, or impair
My sense, that it should feel not how it yearns!

Or if this pain were only pain, and not
A deadness deeper than all pain, a spot
And central core of agony in me,
One heart-worm, one plague-leprosy, one blot

Of death, one anguish deeper than control? —
Then were I fit to gain the Olympian goal
And fling forth fiery wailings to the sea,
And tune the sun's ray to my smitten soul!

How should I sing who cannot even see?
Grove through a mist of changless misery.
An age-long pain — no time in wretchedness! —
As of an hammer annihilating me {159B}

With swift hard rhythm, the remorseless clang;
Or as a serpent loosening his fang
To bite more deeply — this inane distress
More than despair or death's detested pang.

I live — that shames me! I am not a man.

Nothing can I to sharpen or to span

My throat with iron fingers, or my sword

In my heart's acid where the blood began

Long since to leap, and now drops deadly slow,

Clotted with salt and sulphur and strong woe.

I shall not die: the first sight of the sward

Stained with the spectral corpse had stung me so,

Not stabbed me, since I saw her and survive.

I shall not die — Ah! shall I be alive?

This hath no part in either: bale and bliss

Forget me, careless if I rot or thrive.

Heaven forgot me — or she were not dead!

And Hades — or I should not raise my head

Now, and look wildly where I used to kiss,

Gaze on the form whence all but form has fled!

I am alone in all the universe,
Changed to the shape and image of a curse,
Muffled in self-conflusing, and my brain
Wakes not nor sleeps: its destiny is worse.

It thinks not, knows not, acts not, nor appeals,
But hangs, remembers: it abides and feels
As if God's vulture clung to it amain,
And furies fixed with fiery darts and wheels

Their horror, thought-exceeding, manifold,
Vertiginous within me — and the cold
Of Styx splashed on me, making me immortal,
Invulnerable in its bitter mould;

Leaving its own ice, penetrating streams,
Grim streaks, and dismal drops, abysmal beams
Thrown from the gulph through the place and portal,
Each drop o'erladen with a curse that steams {160A}

Unnatural in the coldness: let me be

Alone, inviolate of eternity!

Let all the winds of air leave me, nor fan:

Nor wash me all the waves of all the sea!

Let all the sun's light and the moon's be blind,

And all the stars be lampless to my mind,

Until I see the destiny of man

And span the cruelty that lurks behind

Its beauty, and its glory, and its splendour! —

The girl-babe's face looks up to the mother tender,

Looks for a kiss in dumb desire, and finds

Her Jaws closed trap-like to expunge and end her!

Let all the life and dream and death be done,

And all the love and hate be woven in one,

All things be broken of the winter winds,

No soul stand up and look upon the sun!

Save only mine! — that my voice may confound
The universe, and spell the mighty sound
To shake all heaven and earth, to mingle hell
In chaos, in some limitless profound;

That it may tear Olympus from its place,
Mix it with Hades, change the Ocean space,
Level the tides of time that sink and swell,
And curse my very father to his face!

O father, father Apollo, did I wrong
Thy chariot and thy horses in my song?
Why clove thine arrow the unseated air,
The heaven void of thee, why the thunderthong

Slipped from the tether, and the fatal stone
Sped not to my heart, not to mine alone?
Ah why not? but to hers as she lay sleeping
By hate, not fate, quelled, fallen, and overthrown? {160B}

She lies so pitiful and pure — and I,
Breast to her breast, mouth to her mouth, I lie,
Hand upon hand, and foot on foot, sore weeping —
Can she not live again or I not die?

As the old prophet on the child I fall<<1>>
And breathe — but no breath answers me at all.
All of my kisses stir no blush, no sigh;
She will not hear me ever if I call!

<<1. Referring to the story of Elisha.>>

Let the far music of oblivious years
Sound in the sea beneath!
Are not its waters one with all my tears?
Hath Atropos no comfort in her shears?
No Muse for me one wreath?

Were I now dead and free to travel far
Whither I will, ah me!

Not whither I must — were there no avatar
Drawn like my love from some close kindred star?
No shape seen on the sea?

Were I now free of this intense desire,
By swift magician power
I might fly westward shod with wings of fire
And find my love, and in her arms expire,
Or wed her for an hour.

(Not for an hour as man, but even as God
Whose day is like an aeon.
Love hath nor station, stage, nor period:
But is at once in his inane abode
Beneath the spring Dircean.)

Alas, the will flies ere the power began.
Lo, in the Idan grove
Invoking Zeus to swell the power of Pan,
The prayer discomfits the demented man!

Lust lies as still as love.<<1>>

<<1. This obscure stanza means: that the invocation of high and pure forces cannot be diverted to low and impure ends; because the man becomes identified with what he invokes, of necessity.>> {161A}

Therefore in memory only is there life,

And in sweet shapes of art:

The same thought for the ointment and the knife —

Oh lightning! blast the image of my wife

Out of my mind and heart!

How can one hour dissolve a year's delight?

One arrow striking the full eagle-flight

Drop him so swift, giving no time to die,

No dusk to herald and delay the night?

A serpent stung her sleeping: if the abyss

Know any cell more dolorous than this,

Were there a sharper tooth to destiny

Than this that strikes me in the dead girl's kiss: —

Oh if aught bitterer could be, could know,
If ninefold Styx could gather in its flow
Cocytus, Phlegethon, and Acheron,
All mixed to one full flood of hate and woe:

And poisoned by all venom like to his
Who kissed Eurydice the traitor-kiss: —
Then let them sting me four fold, nor atone
Then for the eightfold misery of this!

Is not some justice somewhere? Where is he
Hateful to God and man, a misery
To his own vileness by exceeding it,
Who crawls God-cursed throughout eternity

Nay! sure he lives, and licks his slavered lips,
Laughing to think how the sweet morsel slips,
The breast-flower of my bride; the dainty bit

Fit for — ah God! the pearl-smooth blossom drips

Poisonous blood that will not poison me,

Though I drink deep its fierce intensity.

My lips closed silent on her bosom's light,

The stung blood springs — like pearls beneath the sea {161B}

Whose moony glimmer hath a purple vein

Hidden — so I athirst of the said stain

Drink up her body's life, as if to spite

Its quiet, as if the venom were to drain

Into my life — that hurts me not at all,

Struck by a stronger buffet: let me call

All deaths! they come not, seeing I am broken

In this one horror where a man may fall.

I am alive, and live not: I am dead,

And die not: on my desolated head

No dew may drop, no word of God be spoken,

None heard, if by some chance some word be said.

The wheels of Fate are over me; quite crushed
Lies my pale body where her body blushed,
Quite dead! there is no single sob that stirs,
No pulse of blood of all that filled and flushed

Her cheek and mine, her breast and mine: and lo!
How sunset's bloom is faded on the snow!
There is no laugh of all those laughs of hers,
Those tender thrills of laughter I used to know.

Nor in all nature weep the careless eyes,
Nor any soul of life may sympathise,
All I once was in this is torn and rended —
Scorned and forsaken the lone lyre lies.

Hath that not yet some sympathy with me?
That lyre that was myself, my heart's decree
And ruler, subtle at the dawn, and splendid

Noonwards, and soft at day's declivity!

I flung it in my anguish to the ground.

I raise it, and its music hath not found

One string or snapped or loosened, and the tune

Is the old triumph garlanded and crowned! {162A}

Folly and hate! Blithe mockery of sorrow!

Shrill me no harsh lies of some sweet tomorrow!<<1>>

Soothe me no hateful mysteries of the moon,

How one life lends what other lives may borrow!

<<1. Follow references to various ancient theories of immortality,
reincarnation, and so on.>>

I hate that foolish counterfoil of grief

That one pain to its friend may give relief —

Eurydice replace Eurydice

Long hence — no separation sharp and brief

But dwelling in the intermediate
Halls between Hades and the house of Fate:
Atropos cut, and pass to Clotho, and she
Respin the shuttle in some other state.

What shall it boot me now to gather flowers
From this young hope to wile the angry hours?
That many thousand years shall pass, and show
Eurydice again amid her bowers.

Forgetting, and myself again be born,
Clasp her grave beauty in the middle corn,
Forgetting also: Time as fallen snow
Blotting the mind and memory that adorn

At least our present littleness: nor hope
Of larger excellence, extended scope,
Shall help me here, forgetting: nothing skills
Of this poor truth — to flatter with the trope!

Wooing in mockery! — nothing skills but this

To raise her now, and resuspire the kiss

United by the splendour of the will's

Success — to marry, to be made of bliss,

I care not whether there or there: to live

In memory and identity: to give

No part of self or soul to Lethe's water:

To grapple Nature, interpose an "if" {162B}

In her machinery of conditioned mood;

Suspending law, suspending amplitude

Of all Her function; to espouse her daughter

In forced embrace lasciviously rude,

Indecorous, shameful to the eternal "must"!

Law may be mercy, mercy never just!

Thus I would alter, and divide her ways,

And let her wheels grind themselves down to dust.

One supernatural event — but one! —
Should scale Olympus, shattering the throne
Of the AEGis-bearing Father: and the days
Of all the Universe be fallen and done.

Well then? O sceptred Splendour! dost Thou see
How little means Thy Universe to Me?
How petty looks Thy will to My desire?
Hebe and Hera to Eurydice?

I, knowing all the progress of the earth,
The dim procession, altering death and birth,
The Seven Stairs, the gusts of life in fire
And Love in Life, and all the serpent girth

Of sevenfold twining worlds and sevenfold ways
And nights made sevenfold of the sevenfold days
All the vast scheme evolving into man,
And upward, onward, through Olympian haze

Into the crowning spiritual mist,
Where spirit in the spirit may subsist,
Evolve itself in the amazing plan
Through many planes, as shining amethyst

Melts to the sapphire's sombre indigo,
And lifts, still sapphire, to the ocean glow;
Thence into emerald and the golden light,
Till ruby crown the river's living flow

And glory of colour in the sun's own flame —
Beyond, to colours without sense or name,
Impossible to man, whose vivid sight
Would blast him with their splendour as they came {163A}

Flashing through spiritual space, withdrawn
Now, and now flung triumphant in the dawn
Not of mere sun's rise, but before the birth
Of a new system on the unfolded lawn

Of space beyond the sceptre of the Gods!

I, seeing all this would foil Time's periods

For one small woman on this one mean earth,

Would spoil the plan of the inane Abodes,

Throw out of gear all Nature's enginery

For such a grain of tinsel dust as I,

Reluctant to be mangled in the wheel —

Looks other meanness so contemptibly?

Yet I persist. Thou knowest, O most High Zeus,

When Hera to thine Io did refuse

Peace, and the gadfly bit like barbed steel

Those limbs with dews of love once lying loose,

When thy vast body boarded her, wrapped round

Her senses with a mist of being profound,

A flame-like penetration, serpentine,

Twining and leaping without end or bound,

Inevitable as the gasp of Fate: —

Thou, reft of her by envy of thy mate

Didst shake the heaven with bellowings undivine,

And rooted stars from their primeval state.

Not without law, sayest thou? Almighty Zeus,

Am I not also mothered of a muse?

Let there be law! untimely to release

This soul untinctured of the Stygian dews,

Unsprinkled of Lethæan lotus-drops!

Life grows so steadily, so sudden stops —

(Surely no part in Nature's moving peace!)

Thus, when the young, like tempest-stricken crops

Unripe, are blasted in the blossoming spring —

This is a miracle, not the other thing!

Nature insults herself, blasphemes her God,

Thus cutting short the life's hard happening. {163B}

Nor would I suffer thus, nor she repine
Had my wife faded (as rose-tinted wine
Bleached in the sunlight) reached her period
And fallen gently in the arms divine,

Caressing arms of pale Persephone,
And bathed her in death's river tenderly,
Washing the whole bright body, the long limbs,
The clothing hair, the face, the witchery

Of all the smiling shape in the dark stream,
As one who gathers the first floral beam
Of daylight by the water, dives and swims
Deep in cool alleys, softer than a dream:

So, rising to the other bank, aglow
With the bright motion and the stream's young flow,
She might discover the Elysian ground,
And find me waiting, find me sad and slow

Pacing the green flower-lighted turf, and leap
Into my body's kisses, into sleep: —
Sweeter this latter bridal than we found
The first, now lost in time's eternal deep.

It is not cruel if the ripe fruit fall —
But never an elegy funereal
Wept for untimely burial, but cried
Aloud against the Fates, forebore to call

In pity or passion on the Gods of peace;
But cursed, but wailed, nor bade its sharp tongue cease
Until lightning spat, sharp to divide
Bone from its marrow for their blasphemies!

So I should curse, unless indeed my grief
Be not too great to yield me such relief.
Methinks a sob must start and mar the roar
Of loud harsh laughing bitter unbelief

Scarring the sky with poisonous foam of song.

Also, what curse might remedy the wrong?

Are not all feuds forgotten in a war?

All stars exhausted in Astraea's throng {164A}

When the swift sun leaps skyward? Let me speak

Words rather of wisdom: hate may rage and wreak

Vengeance in vain if wisdom smile beyond,

Too high to care, too ultimate to seek.

The bitterest sorrow of all sorrow is this:

I had no time to catch one last long kiss,

Nor bid farewell, nor lay one lily-frond

Of resurrection for the sign of bliss,

Remembrance of some immortality

Affirmed if not believed: alas for me

That might not interchange the last sad vows,

Nor close the blue eyes clearer than the sea

Before they darkened, and the veil of death
Shrouded their splendour: still there lingereth
Some sad white lustre on the icy brows,
Some breast-curve surely indicating breath,

Some misty glamour of deep love within
The eye's cold gleam! some dimple on the chin
Hinting of laughter: even now she seems
A folded rosebud, where the ivory skin

Closes the ripe warm centre flower, the mind,
The spirit that was beautifully kind,
The sense of beauty shadowed in deep dreams,
Sent though the horn gates by some sleepy wind.

All lingers: all is gone: a little while,
And all the live sweet rapture of the smile
Of her whole being is discomfited,
The body broken, desolated, vile,

Till nought remains but the memorial urn
Of deep red gold, less golden than did burn
Once the strong breast: the ash within is shed,
Dust given for flowers: what memory shall turn {164A}

Unto the flowers, think worthy to remember
How the dust scattered from their fading ember
Is their own sign and seal of fatherhood,
Grey seas of sorrow sun-kissed into amber.

Above me hangs the sun: horrid he hangs,
A rayless globe of hell, shooting forth fangs
Snake-wise to parch and burn my solitude,
Nor leave me quiet lamenting, with these pangs

Tearing my live, more Promethean
Than ever Titan knew — the sunbright span
Of narrow water mocks me, brightening
Far to the indigo Ionian.

The sun hangs high, as in the Arabian tale
Enchanted palaces defy the gale,
Perched upon airy mountains, on the wing
Of genii poised, souls suffering and pale

With their long labour: wizard spire and dome
That maidens grown magicians had for home,
Where the charmed sword and graven talisman
Held them supremely floating on the foam

Where cloudier seas innavigably roll,
Misty with elemental shape or soul,
This grey essential nebulae of man,
Caught in the mesh of magical control!

All these are beautiful and shapen so
That every bastion flames a separate glow
Of changing colour: all detestable,
Abhorrent, since the goodly-seeming show

Is one large lie of cruelty and lust,
Carven from the spectral images of dust,
Founded on visions of the accursed well,
And built of shame and hatred and distrust,

And all things hateful and all lying things —
O song! where wanderest on forgetful wings?
Shall these wild numbers help thee to thine own,
Or change the winter's gramarye to spring's? {165A}

Rather beguile the tedious mourning hours
With memory of the long-forgotten bowers,
Where loves resurged from cave and grove to throne,
From nuptial banquet to the bed of flowers!

Rather forget the near catastrophe,
And turn my music toward Eurydice;
Awake in day-dream all the ancient days,
When love first blossomed on the springing tree!

Let me recall the days beyond regret,
And tune my lyre to love, sharpen and set
The strings again to the forgotten ways,
That I may tread them over, and forget!

In child-like meditative mood
I wandered in the dell,
Passed through the quiet glades of the wood,
And sought the haunted well,
Half hopeful that its solitude
Might work some miracle.

The oaks raised angry hands on high:
The willows drooped for tears:
The yews held solemn ceremony,
Magical spells of years.
I saw one cypress melancholy,
A prince among his peers.

So, turning from the arboreal seat

And midmost hollow of earth,
I followed Hamadryads' feet
That made at eve their mirth
To where the streamlet wandered fleet
To show what time was worth.

I watched the waters wake and laugh
Running o'er pebbly beaches,
Writing amazement's epitaph
With freshets, turns, and reaches: —
The only tale too short by half
That nature ever teaches. {165B}

Then growing grander as it swept
Past bulrushes and ferns,
Gathering the tears that heaven had wept,
The water glows and burns
In sunlight, where no shadows crept
Around the lazy turns.

All on a sudden silence came
Athwart some avenue
Where through the trees arrowed the flame
From the exultant blue;
And all the water-way became
One heart of glittering dew.

The waters narrowed for a space
Between twin rocks confined,
Carven like Gods for poise and grace,
Like miracles for mind:
Each fashioned like a kissing face,
The eyes for joy being blind.

The waters widened in a pool,
Broad mirror of blue light.
The surface was as still and cool
As the broad-breasted night.
Engraven of no mortal tool,
The granite glistened white.

As if to shield from mortal gaze
A nymph's immortal limbs,
The shadow of the buttress stays
And dips its head and swims,
While moss engirdles it with grays
And greens that dew bedims.

Now, at the last, the western end,
Most miracle of all!
The groves of rock dispart and rend
Their sacred cincture-wall;
All tunes of heaven their rapture lend
To make the waterfall.

There, streaming from the haze and mist
Where dew is dashed in spray,
Rises a halo sunrise-kissed
And kissed at close of day
From ruby unto amethyst,

Within the veil of grey. {166A}

And there within the circled light
I saw a dancing thing,
Most like the tender-leaved night
Of moonrise seen in spring,
A shadow luminous and white
Like a ghost beckoning.

And then dim visions came to me,
Faint memories of fear:
As when the Argo put on sea
Such stories we did hear,
Stories to tremble at and flee —
And others worth a tear.

I thought of how a maiden man
Might hear a deadly song
And clasp a siren in his span,
And feel her kiss grow strong

To drag him with caresses wan
Into the House of Wrong.<<1>>

<<1. See Homer's Odyssey.>>

Another:<<1>> how the women grew
Like vines of tender grape,
And how they laughed as lovers do,
And took a lover's shape,
And how men sought them, free to woo —
To leave them, no escape!

<<1. See Lucian.>>

Another:<<1>> how a golden cup
A golden girl would pour,
And whoso laughed and drank it up
Grew wise and warrior:
But whoso stayed to smile and sup

Returned — ah, never more!

<<1. Is this a perversion of the story of Calypso?>>

And yet again<<1>> — a river steep,
A maiden combing light,
Her hair's enchantment — she would weep
And sing for love's delight,
Until the listener dropped to sleep
In magic of her night. {166B}

<<1. See Goethe's "Lorelei.">>

And then the maiden smoothed her tresses,
And led him to the river,
Caught him and kissed with young caresses,
And then — her cruel smiles quiver!
Beneath the waves his life represses
For ever and for ever!

I knew the danger of the deed
The while enrapt I gladdened.
My eyes upon the dancer feed
As one by daylight saddened
After long night whose slumbers bleed,
By dreams deceived and maddened!

It might be — the delusive dance,
The shadowy form I saw,
Apollo's misty quivering lance
Thrown to elude God's law;
It might be — doth the maid advance,
Evanish, or withdraw?

So stung by certainty's mistrust,
Or tranced in dream of sin,
Or blinded by some Panic dust,
By Dionysian din
Deafened, arose the laughing lust
To fling my body in!

I stood upon the rock, and cried,
And held my body high
(Not caring if I lived or died)
Erect against the sky:
Then plunged into the wheeling tide,
And vanished utterly.

“O shape half-seen of love, and lost
Beneath time’s sightless tide,
What obolus of the vital cost
Remains, or may abide?
Or what perception memory steal,
Once passed upon the whirling wheel?

“O hope half held of love, and fled
Beyond the ivory gate,
A dream gone from the hapless head
By fury of a fate!
What image of the hope returns

But stings with agony that which yearns? {167A}

“O face half kissed in faith and fear,

Eager and beautiful!

Drop for mortality one tear!

For life one smile recall!

There is no passion made for me —

Else were my water-well the sea.”

Such tune my falling body snapped

Within the sacred sides,

While the warm waves with laughter lapped,

And changed their tuned tides,

And all my being was enwrapped,

A bridegroom’s in the bride’s.

Deep in the hollow of the place

A starry bed I saw,

Gemmed with strange stones in many a space

Of godlike rune and law.

Such fancies as the fiery face

Of living Art might draw.

But rising up I lift my head

Beyond the ripples clean:

My arms with spray dew-diamonded

Stretched love-wise to my queen

That danced upon the light, and shed

Her own sweet light between.

But never a mortal joy might know,

Hold never a mortal lover!

Whose limbs like moonshine glint and glow,

Throb, palpitate, and hover: —

Pale sunrise woven with the snow

Athwart a larchen cover!

So danced she in the rainbow mist,

A fairy frail and chaste,

By moon caressed, by sunlight kissed

A guerdon vain and waste;
And the misery of her thankless tryst
Stole on me as she paced.

For never her lips should be caressed
By love's exulting stings,
Whose starry shape shone in the west,
Held of the glimmering wings.
Her shadowy soul perceived the jest
Of man and mortal things. {167B}

And there I vowed a solemn oath
To Aphrodite fair,
Sealing that sacramental troth
With a long curl of hair,
And the strange prayer's reiterant growth
Sent shining through the air.

("Invoking Aphrodite")

Daughter of Glory, child
Of Earth's Dione mild
By the Father of all, the AEgis-bearing King!
Spouse, daughter, mother of God,
Queen of the blest abode
In Cyprus' splendour singly glittering.
Sweet sister unto me,
I cry aloud to thee!
I laugh upon thee laughing, O dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and dove
And swan's wide plumes of love,
And all the swallow's swifter vehemence,
And, subtler than the Sphinx,
The ineffable iynx<<1>>
Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smilest toward earth, a miracle of flowers!

<<1. An imaginary animal, sacred to Venus.>>

Down to the loveless sea

Where lay Persephone

Violate, where the shad of earth is black,

Crystalline out of space

Flames the immortal face!

The glory of the comet-tailed track

Blinds all black earth with tears.

Silence awakes and hears

The music of thy moving come over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green and gold,

Blues many and manifold,

A cloud of incense hides thy splendour of light; {168A}

Hides from the prayer's distress

Thy loftier loveliness

Till thy veil's glory shrouds the earth from night;

And silence speaks indeed,

Seeing the subtler speed

Of its own thought than speech of the Pandean reed!

There no voice may be heard!

No place for any word!

The heart's whole fervour silently speeds to thee,

Immaculate! and craves

Thy kisses or the grave's,

Till, knowing its unworthiness to woo thee,

Remembers, grows content

With the old element,

And asks the lowlier grace its earlier music meant.

So, Lady of all power!

Kindle this firstling flower

The rainbow nymph above the waterfall

Into a mortal shade

Of thee, immortal maid,

That in her love I gather and recall

Some memory mighty and mute

In love's poor substitute

Of thee, thy Love too high, the impossible pursuit!

Then from the cloud a golden voice

Great harmonies persuade,

That all the cosmic lawns rejoice

Like laughter of a maid;

Till evolution had no choice

But heard it, and obeyed.

“Show by thy magic art

The hero-story!

Awake the maiden heart

With tunes of glory!

With mortal joys and tears,

Keen woes and blisses,

Awake her faiths and fears,

Her tears and kisses!” {168B}

I caught the lavish lyre, and sate

Hard by the waterfall,

Twisting its sweetness intimate
Into the solemn call
Of many dead men that were great,
The plectron's wizard thrall.

Thus as she danced, nor ceased, nor cared,
I set the sacred throng
Of heroes into acts that fared
In Argo light and long,
The foes they fought, the feats they dared,
In shadow-show and song.

("The play of Argonautae is shadowed before them by Orpheus'
magical might.")

So faded all the dream: so stole
Some fearful fondness in her soul;
Even as a cloud thrilled sharply through
With lightning's temper keen and true,
Splitting the ether: so again

Grew on me the ecstatic pain,
Seeing her tremble in mid-air.
No flower so exquisitely fair
Shakes out its petals at the dawn;
No breath so beautiful is drawn
At even by the listening vale.
For oh! she trembled! Frail and pale,
Her looks surpassing loveliness
Lulled its own light to fond distress,
As if the soul were hardly yet
Fit to remember or forget
New-born! and though the goddess bade
The nymph-bud blossom to a maid,
And soulless immortality
Reach to a soul, at last to die,
For love's own sake, bliss dearly bought
For change's altering coin ill-wrought,
It seemed as though the soul were strange,
Not fledged, not capable to range
At random through the world of sense

Opened so swift and so intense
Unto the being. Thus she stood
Impatient on the patient flood
With wonder waking in her eyes.
Thus the young dove droops wing, and dies, {169A}
In wonder why the winged thing
Loosed from yon twanging silver string
Should strike, should hurt. But now she wakes,
Wreathes like a waterfall of snakes
The golden fervour of her hair
About the body brave and bare
Starred in the sunlight by the spray,
And laughed upon me as I lay
Watching the change: First dawn of fire!
First ghost of nightfall's grey desire!
First light of moonrise! Then, as June
Leaps out of May, her lips took tune
To song most soft, a spiral spell,
As siren breathing in a shell.
The notes were clustered round the well

Like angels clustering round a god.
Let memory wake from its abode
Of dim precision lost for long
The grace and grandeur of the song!

Who art thou, love, by what sweet name I quicken?
By whom, O love, my soul is subtly stricken?
O Love, O Love, I linger
On the dear word and know not any meaning,
Nor why I chant; there is a whisper weaning
My soul from depths I knew to depths I guess,
Centred in two words only: "Love" and "Yes."
What lyrist's gentle finger
Strikes out a note, a key, a chord unheard of?
What voice intones a song I know no word of?
Who am I, Love, and where?
What is the wonder of this troublous singing?
What is the meaning of my spirit's clinging
Still to the two sweet words: repeat, repeat!
"Yes, Love!" and "Yes, Love!" Oh the murmur sweet!

The fragrance in the air!

I know not, I; amid the choral gladness

Steals an essential tremor as of sadness,

A grace-note to the bosom {169B}

Of music's spell that binds me, as in Panic

Dance to some grasp unthinkable, Titanic,

Unto the words fresh flowers that distil

Uttermost fragrance in the mind and will,

The unsuspected blossom!

What is the change — new birth of springtime kisses

Alone in all these water-wildernesses?

What change? what loveliness!

Comes this to all? I heard my sisters crying

No tale like this — O! were I only lying

Asleep amid the ferns, my soul would weep

Over and over in its endless sleep;

“Yes, love!” and “yes!” and “yes!”

So by some spell divinely drawn

She came to me across the dawn,

With open arms to me; and sobbed
“Yes, love!” and “Yes, love!” O how throbbed
The giant glory at my heart!
And I? I drew away, apart,
Lest by mere chance to me she came.
But curling as a wind-blown flame
She turned, she found me. As the dew
Melts in the lake’s dissolving blue
So to my arms she came. And now,
Now, now I hold her!
Broke the brow
Of all wide heaven in thunder! Hear
Tremendous vortices of fear
Swirl in the ether. What new terror
Darkens the blue pool’s sliver mirror?
How bursts the mountain-chasm asunder?
Whose voice reverberates in thunder
Muttering what curse? The sun dissolves
In anguish; the mad moon revolves
Like a wild thing about its cage;

The stars are shaken in the rage
Of — who but Zeus? Before our gaze,
(My love's in shuddering amaze,
Of birth deceived and death forlorn,
And mine in anger, ay! and scorn!)
He stood — the mighty One! So earth
And heaven proclaimed that fearful birth:
So they grew silent lest he curse.
Dead silence hushed the universe; {170A}
And then in clear calm tones he spoke:
“Fools! who have meddled, and awoke
The inmost forces of the world!
One lightning from my hand had hurled
Both to annihilation's brink.
What foolish goddess bade ye think
Ye thus could play with thunder, roll
Your wheels upon the world, control
The stately being of a soul?
Just am I ever! Therefore know
The unvengeful law of woe

That ye invoke. Thou seekest life,
Child of my water! Thou a wife,
Child of my sun! Draw living breath,
Maiden, and gain the guerdon — death!
Thou take the wife, and risk the fate
AEons could hardly culminate
To lose thy soul! Not two but one
Are ye. Together, as the stone,
The oak, the river, or the sea,
Mere elements of mine be ye,
Or both resolve the dreadful life,
And take death's prize! Take thou the wife,
Thou, who didst know. Her ignorance
Resolve itself upon a chance!
She shall decide the double fate.
Be still, my child, and meditate!
This is an hour in heaven." He ceased
And I was silent. she released
Her soul from that tremendous birth
Of fear in gentle-minded mirth.

“Great Sir!” she cried, “the choice is made!

An hour ago I was afraid,

Knew nothing, and loved not. But I

Know now not this you say — to die.

Some doubtful change! An hour ago

I was a nymph. I did not know

This change: but now for death or life

I care not. Am I not his wife?

I love him. Now I would not leave

That joy once tasted; shall not grieve

If even that should ever cease,

So great a pleasure (and a peace!)

I have therein. And by the sense

Of love’s intuitive influence

I know he wills me to remain

Woman.” “How frivolous and vain, {170B}

O Zeus,” I cried, “art thou to rise

Out of Olympus’ ecstasies!

Omnipotent! but to control

The first breath of a human soul! —”

The thunder rolled through heaven again,
Void was the spring-delighted plain
Of that gigantic phantasy.
I turned to my Eurydice
Even as she turned. The faint breath glows, —
The lightning of a living rose.
The bright eyes gleam — night's spotless stars
Glimmering through folded nenuphars.
The red mouth moves, still to the word:
“Yes, love!” and “yes, love!” Then I heard
No sound and saw no sight — the world
Folded its mighty wings, and curled
Its passion round us; bade forget
The joy with which our eyes were wet.
All faded, folded in the bliss;
Unfolded the first fadeless kiss.

Then my soul woke, not sundering lips,
But winged against the black eclipse
Of sense: my soul on wings did poise

Her glory in the vast turquoise
Of the whole sky: expanded far
Beyond the farthest sun or star,
Beyond all space, all time. I saw
The very limits of the law
That hath no bounds: beheld the bliss
Of that first wonder of the kiss
In its true self: how very love
Is God, and hath its substance of
Pure light: and how love hath its cause
Beyond religions, worlds, and laws;
Is in itself the first: and moves
All evolution, and disproves
God in affirming God: all this
In that one rapture of the kiss
I knew, and all creation's pain
Fell into nothing in my brain,
As I, remaining man, involved
All life's true purpose, and dissolved
The phantoms (of itself create)

In a mysterious sweet state,
Wherein some tune began to move
Whose likeness and whose life was love. {171A}

Roll, strong life-current of these very veins,
Into my lover's soul, my soul that is!
Thrill, mighty life of nerves, exultant strains
Triumphant of all music in a kiss!
Fade! fade, oh strenuous sense
Into the soul intense
Of life beyond your weak imagining!
And, O thou thought, dissever
Thy airy life for ever
While the bright sounds are lifted up to spring
Beyond this tide of being,
Shadows and sense far fleeing
Into a shadow deeper than the Ocean
When passes all the mind's commotion
To a serener sky, a mighty calm emotion!

The whole world fades, folds over its wide pinions

Into a darkness deeper than its own.

Silence hath shattered all the dream-dominions

Of life and light: the grey bird's soul is flown

Into a soundless night,

Lampless: a vivid flight

Beyond the thrones and stars of heaven down hurled,

Till the great blackness heaves

An iron breast, and cleaves

The womb of night, another mightier world.

Lost is my soul, and faded

The light of life that braided

Its comet tresses into golden fire.

Fade, fade, the phantoms of desire!

Speed, speed the song of love upon the living lyre!

Lo! I abide not, and my lover's glory

Abides not: in the swaying of those tides

Gathers beneath some mighty promontory

One mightier wave, deep drowns it, and abides.

Save that one wave alone
Nought in the void is known,
That wave of love, that sole exultant splendour
Throned o'er all being, supreme,
A single-shining beam
Burning with love, unutterably tender. {171B}
Ah! the calm wave retires.
Down all the fearful fires
Go thundering to darkness, so dis sever
Their being from pure being, that the river
Of love is waveless now, and is pure love for ever.

Then mightier than all birth of stars or suns,
Breaks the vast flood and trembles in its tide.
Serene and splendid shine the mystic ones,
Exult, appal, reiterate, abide.
Timid and fleet the earth
Comes rushing back to birth,
Brighter and greener, radiant with gold
Of a diviner sun,

An exultation

Of life to life, of light to light untold.

I? I remain, and see

Across eternity

My lover's face, and gaze, and know the worth

Of love's life to the glowing earth,

The kiss that wakes all life unto a better birth.

So the swoon broke. I saw the face

(Shining with Love's reverberant grace)

Of my own love across the lawn,

As warm and tender as the dawn

Tinting the snows of heaven-born hills,

Enamelling the mountain rills

With light's chameleon-coloured dyes;

So shone the love-light in grey eyes,

Changing for laughter and for tears,

Changeless for joy of myriad years.

This, this endures; there is no lover,

No loved one; all the ages cover

These things from sight: but this abides
Floating above the whelming tides
Of time and space: abides for ever
Whether the lovers join or sever.
There is no change: the love exists
Beyond the moment's suns and mists
in me, abiding: and I see
No lover in Eurydice,
Save that her kiss awoke in me {172A}
This knowledge, this supreme content,
Annihilation of the event,
The vast eternal element
Of utter being, bliss, and thought,
In dissolution direly wrought
Of sense, identity's eclipse,
The shadow of a lover's lips.
The awful steel of Death divides
The alternation of the tides
Of consciousness, and binds in bliss
The dead man to the girl's live kiss.

So sped my wooing: now I surely think
Suspended here upon the burning brink
Of this dim agony, invading sense,
That bliss should still abide: but now I shrink,

Fall from the crags of memory, and abide
Now in this nature-life, basilisk-eyed,
And serpent-stinging: yea, I perish thence.
That perishes which was: and I am tied

Unto myself: the "I" springs up again
Bound to the wheel of speedless sense and pain,
None loosing me. Past is the utter bliss;
Present the strong fact of the death, the stain

Of the marred lives: I meditate awhile
Not on the mere light of the girl, the smile
Deepening down to the extremest kiss;
Not of the long joys of the little isle

Set in Ionian waters, where the years
Passed, one long passion, too divine for tears,
Too deep for laughter: but on that divine
Sense beyond sense, the shadow of the spheres

Lost in the all-pervading light of love:
That bliss all passion and all praise above;
Impersonal, that fervour of the shrine
Changed to pure peace that had its substance of {172B}

Nothing but love: in vain my thoughts evoke
That light amidst the deadly night and smoke
Of this dread hour: there's nothing serves nor skills
Here, since that hateful "I" of me awoke,

Making me separate from the wings of life.
Nothing avails me of the cruel strife
With my own being: hideous sorrow fills

My heart — O misery! my wife! my wife!

Stay! if I cannot be the Absolute,

Let me be man! discard the wailing lute

And wake the lyre: the mightier than me

Drag up the courage in me to dispute

The battle with despair: awake the strings

Stronger than earth, than the immortal kings

Alike of death and life: invoke the sea

That I may cross her on the viewless wings

Of song, find out the desolating river

That girds the earth, unloose the silver quiver,

Choosing an arrow of sharp song to run

Down to the waters that lament for ever: —

And cleave them! That my song's insistent spell

Rive the strong gates of iron-built hell,

And move the heart of the ill-hearted one.

Yea! let me break the portals terrible, {173A top}

And bring her back! come back, Eurydice!

Come back, pale wanderer to Eternity!

Come back, my wife, my wife, again to love!

Come back, my wife! come back, come back to me!

Enough! my purpose holds: no feeble cries!

No sob shall shake these nerves: no ecstasies

Of hope, or fear, or love avail to move

Those iron-hearted dooms and destinies.

I will be calm and firm as I were Zeus.

I will descend to Hades and unloose

My wife: prevail on pale Persephone,

Laving her love-locks with exalted dews

Of stern grey song; such roseate tunes espouse

That all the echoes of that lonely house

Answer me sob for sob, that she decree

With love deep-seated in her lofty brows

Forth sparkling: and with Hades intercede,

So as I stir the judgment-seat, and plead,

The awful brows may lighten, and decree

My wife's return — a poet's lofty meed! {173B top full page below}

EXPLICIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

LIBER TERTIUS VEL LABORIS

TO

THE MEMORY OF

IEHI AOUR,

WITH WHOM I WALKED THROUGH HELL, AND COMPELLED IT

“Neither were his hopes frustrated: For having appease them with them melodious sound of his voice and touch, prevailed at length so far, as that they granted him leave to take her away with him; but on this condition, that she should follow him, and he not to look back upon her, till he came to the light of the upper World; which he (impatient of, out of love and care, and thinking that he was in a manner past all danger) nevertheless violated, insomuch that the Covenant is broken, and she forthwith tumbles back again headlong into Hell.” — “The Wisdom of the Ancients.”

“Moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.” — “Rape of Lucrece.”

{columns resume}

ORPHEUS TRAVELS TO HADES.

AS I pass in my flight

On the awed storm cloud,

Steeps steeper than sleep,
Depths deeper than night,
I have furrowed and ploughed
(Deep calling to deep!)
Through the spaces of light,
The heads of them bowed
For the fears that weep,
And the joys that smite,
And the loves disallowed.
They are risen; they leap;
They wing them in white,
Crying aloud
Words widowed that keep
The frost of their fires forgotten and faded from Memory's steep.

As I pass in my glory
O'er sea and land,
I smite the loud tune
From a fervid hand,
By the promontory,

The mountainous moon. {174A}

Vivid and hoary,

Twin birds, as I hark

Take fire, understand

The ways of the dark

As an angel did guide me,

Waving the brand

Of the dawn's red spark.

My measures mark

The influence fine

Of the voyage divine

Of the airy bark

Wherein I travel

O'er mountain and level,

The land, and the sea.

And the beings of air,

And the lives of the land,

And the daughters of fire,

And the sons of the Ocean,

Come unto me;

My chariot bear,
My tunes understand,
My love desire,
Share my emotion.
They gather, they gather,
Apollo, O father!
They gather around;
They echo the sound {174B}
Of the tune that rejoices,
The manifold measure
Of feet tuned to voices
Of terrible pleasure,
We pass in our courses
Above the grey treasure
Of seas in Earth's forces,
Her girdle, her splendour.
We bridle the horses
Of sea as we lend her
Tunes subtle and tender
To sink in her sources.

The air's love? We rend her!

We pass to the West,

We sink on the breast

Of the Ocean to rest.

As I pass, as I madden

In fury of flight,

The sea's billows gladden

Invoking the light.

The depths of her sadden

Not seeing the sight

Of the glorious one,

Whose steed is the Sun,

Whose journey is certain,

Who speeds to the gate,

The visible curtain

Of visible fate.

My soul takes no hurt in

Their gloom: I await

The portals to rise

In the desolate skies.
I trust to my song
Irresistibly strong
To sunder and shatter
Those towers of matter.
They rise! Oh! They rise,
The terrible towers
Of Hades: they lift
Across the white skies
Those terrible-cliffed
Rocks, where the hours
Beat vainly: where lies
The horrible rift
Of the earth's green bowers
Where the wan ships drift,
And the sun's rays shift, {175A}
And the river runs
Whose banks have no flowers,
Whose waves have no suns.
Sheer to the terror

Of heaven, the walls
Strike; and the mirror
Of water recalls
No truth, but dim error.
The soul of me falls
Down to the glamour
Of dream; and fear
Beats like a hammer.
Here! it is here!
Lost are my friends;
The elements shrink
Where the life-world ends
On the icy brink
Of the sunless river;
Ends, and for ever!

I pass to the portals
Of death in my flight.
I sound at the gates.
I call the immortals

Of death and of night.

I call on the Fates

By the summons of light.

The gates are rended;

The rocks divide;

My soul hath descended

Abreast of the tide.

I, single and splendid,

Death have defied!

I pass by the terrible gates and the guardians dragon-eyed.

I thunder adown

The vast abyss.

(The journey's crown

Is a woman's kiss!),

What terrors to master!

What fear and disaster

To gain the renown

And the fadeless bliss!

I thunder aloud

On the rocks as I fly,
Borne on a cloud
In the gloomy sky. {175B}
Shaped like a shroud,
Draped like a pall,
I shrink not; I fall
To the blackness below
With my soul aglow.
No taint of a fear!
For I know, I know
Eurydice near,
Eurydice here!
The purpose divine
Thrills my soul as wine.
Now I pass to the soul of the dark, confronting the innermost shrine.

Hail to ye, warders
That guard the borders
Of Hades! All hail to ye, dwellers of night!
But I am the soul

In a man's control.

Ye have nought to do with the dweller of light!

Hail to ye, hail

In the hollow vale,

Your weapons are lifted against me in vain.

My lure shall charm ye,

My voice disarm ye,

For I am the soul overshadowed of pain!

Hail to ye, wardens

Of Death's grey gardens!

O flowerless and vineless your bowerless vale!

But I must alone

To the wonderful throne.

Let fall the vain spears, shadows! Hail to ye! Hail!

The phantoms diminish,

The shadows fall back.

Lost in the vision

In fires that finish
Stark and black
With lust and derision; {176A}
And all the illusion
Is fallen to the ground.
The warders are beaten
They go in confusion;
Their place is not found.
The air hath eaten
With wide-gaping jaws
A furious folk.
Lost is the cause
In Tartarean smoke.
I, through the wall
Of impassable gloom,
Apart from the sun,
Pass as a ghost,
Bearing the lyre.
The sad notes fall
To the sorrowful womb;

One after one

They leap as a host

With weapons of fire

On a desolate coast,

Where love is lost

And the bitterness clings of fear, and the sadness gods of desire!

Thrice girded with brass,

Thrice bound with iron,

The gate is in three

Pillars of gold.

But I will pass

(My heart as a lion,

My lyre as a key!)

To the gates of old,

To the place of despair

And the walls of dread,

The halls of the doomed,

The homes of the dead,

The houses where

The beautiful air
Is as air entombed.
Nothing can shake
Those terrible walls.
No man can wake
With silver calls
The home of the lost and the lone, the gate of the Stygian thralls.

{176B}

But thou, O Titan!
O splendour triform!
Gloomiest dweller
Of uttermost night!
My journey enlighten!
O soul of the storm!
Waker and queller
Of sombre delight,
Hecate! hearken
The soul of my prayer!
Glitter and darken
Through sulphurous air!

Let the sacrifice move thee to joy, the invoker thy glory declare
In words that shall please
Thy terrible peace,
O speedy to save,
In flames of fine fire that bedew the deepest Tatarean cave!

[“Invoking HECATE”]

O triple form of darkness! Sombre splendour!
Thou moon unseen of men! Thou huntress dread!
Thou crowned demon of the crownless dead!
O breasts of blood, too bitter and too tender!
Unseen of gentle spring,
Let me the offering
Bring to thy shrine’s sepulchral glittering!
I slay the swart beast! I bestow the bloom
Sown in the dusk, and gathered in the gloom
Under the waning moon,
At midnight hardly lightening the East;
And the black lamb from the black ewe’s dead womb

I bring, and stir the slow infernal tune

Fit for thy chosen priest.

Here where the band of Ocean breaks the road

Black-trodden, deeply-stooping, to the abyss,

I shall salute thee with the nameless kiss

Pronounced toward the uttermost abode

Of thy supreme desire.

I shall illumine the fire

Whence thy wild stryges shall obey the lyre, {177A}

When thy Lemurs shall gather and spring round,

Girdling me in the sad funereal ground

With faces turned back,

My face averted! I shall consummate

The awful act of worship, O renowned

Fear upon earth, and fear in hell, and black

Fear in the sky beyond Fate!

I hear the whining of thy wolves! I hear

The howling of the hounds about thy form,

Who comest in the terror of thy storm,
And night falls faster ere thine eyes appear
Glittering through the mist.
Of face of woman unkissed
Save by the dead whose love is taken ere they wist!
Thee, thee I call! O dire one! O divine!
I, the sole mortal, seek thy deadly shrine,
Pour the dark stream of blood,
A sleepy and reluctant river
Even as thou drawest, with thine eyes on mine,
To me across the sense-bewildering flood
That holds my soul for ever!

The night falls back;
The shadows give place;
The threefold form
Appears in the black,
As a direful face
Half seen in the storm.
I worship, I praise

The wonderful ways
Where the smitten rays
Of darkness sunder.
The hand is lifted;
The gates are rifted;
The sound is as thunder!
She comes to the summons,
Her face as a woman's,
Her feet as a Fear's,
Turned back on her path
For a sign of wrath: —
She appears, she appears! {177B}
I step to the river.
The lyre-strings quiver;
The limbs of me shudder;
So cold is the mist;
So dark is the stream;
So fearful the boat;
So horrid the rudder;
So black is the tryst;

So frightful the beam;
So fearing to float;
The steersman so dread,
The shadowy shape of a ghost that guides the bark of the dead!

Aged and foul,
His locks wreath about him.
Horrid his scowl!
Haggard his soul!
My songs control
While they fear him and doubt him.
I step in the boat,
And the waters ache,
And the old boards shake.
I shall hardly float,
So heavy the soul
Of a living man
On those waters that roll
Nine times around
The fatal ground;

Yet still to my singing we move on the river Tartarean.

So darker and colder

The stream as we float:

Blacker and bleaker,

The mist on the river!

Stronger the shoulder

Impels the sad boat.

Sadder and weaker

Shudder and quiver

The notes of the lyre.

Quenched is my fire

In the fog of the air.

Dim my desire

Cuts through the snare.

The cold confounds me; {178A}

The mist surrounds me;

Life trembles and lowers;

Earth fades from my life.

The love of my wife,

The light of the flowers,

Earth's beautiful bowers.

Pass, and are not.

I am awed by the soul of the place, the hopeless, the desolate spot.

Here is the wharf

Wearily standing,

Misshapen and dwarf,

Well fit for such landing!

Darker the bloom

Of the night-flowers glows,

Shadowing the tomb,

The indicible woes.

Dark and unlovely the cypress still grows

Deformed and blistered,

Stunted and blackened,

Where the dead gleams glistened,

The dusk-lights slackened.

Such is the shore

Who reacheth may never

Return o'er the river!

Here pace evermore

The terrible ghosts

Malignant of men,

Whose airless hosts

In wars unjust

Went down to the den;

Whose fury and lust

Turned poison or steel

On their own bad lives.

Here whirls the grim wheel

Where the dead soul strives

Ever to climb

To the iron nave,

Find Space and Time,

Or a God to save,

Or a way o'er the wave.

The Fate contrives

That he never thrives.

Revolving anon,

The gleam is gone,
And the shadowy smile {178B}
Of Hecate darkens.
My sad soul hearkens;
Moves fearfully on: —
O place of all places discrowned! Lamenting, I linger awhile!

But fronting me tearful,
Me full of lament,
Shoots up the fearful
Den of the hound.
Ages they spent,
Gods, in the graving
That cavern profound,
That temple of hate,
Of horror and craving: —
O who shall abate
The moaning, the raving?
Dark the dull flame
Of the altar, the flood

Of the black lamb's blood!

But who shall proclaim

That his soul can descry

The depth of that cavern immense where the guardian of Orcus may lie?

Sleepest thou, devil?

Monster of evil!

Spawn of Typhon

By Echidna's lust!

The hateful revel

In blood and dust!

The obscene crone

And the monster's terror!

The hideous thrust

Of an unclean thirst

In the halls of error!

Expunged and accurst,

A lapping of hate,

A bride-bed rotten,

And thou, miscreate

And misbegotten!

O Hecate, hear me!

The terrors awaken,

The cavern is shaken

With horrible groanings.

Cryings and moanings

And howlings draw near me. {179A}

I tremble, I fear me!

My lyre is forsaken.

The heart of the hollow

Is helpless to bear

The notes of Apollo

Through Stygian air.

But heavier shrieking

Revolves and resounds

In the ghastly profounds;

And the voice unspeaking

Of the hound of the damned

Runs eager, and bounds,
Malignantly crammed
In my ears, and the noise
Of infernal joys
In the houses of sin: —
Let me pass to a drier place, to the terrors unspoken within!

Dead silence succeeds
The sound of the prayer.
Again the loud lyre
Shudders and bleeds
In the desolate air
With a sound as of fire!
The hound recedes;
But the gates stand there,
Barring desire,
Barring the way
Of the dead unburied,
Unshrived, and unblessed;
They stand and pray

In legions serried,
Beating the breast,
Tearing the hair,
Rending the raiment.
There is none to care.
No golden payment
Availeth at all.
There is none to call;
There is none to pity:
They stand in their pain
At the gate of the city.
There is none to feel
Or give relief;
They are lost; they are vain;
They are eaten of grief. {179B}
They are sore afraid,
They are weary with care.
There is none to aid.
There is none to pity.
They wail in despair

At the gate of the city.

But I, shall I halt

At the thrice-barred portal

In the lampless vault,

I, half an immortal?

By love of my mother,

By might of my lyre,

By Nature's assistance,

I, I, not another

Demand my desire,

Rebuke your resistance,

By mighty Apollo

Whose power yet abides,

Though his light may not follow

Through Stygian tides!

By my power over things

Both living and dead,

By my influence splendid

In heavenly court,

The song of me springs.

My favour is dread.

Be your portals rended!

Your bolts be as nought!

The ethereal kings

Encompass my head.

My soul hath transcended

The limits of thought!

Unbar me the gates!

Revolve me the hinges!

Mine be the Fate!

Mine be the springes

Wherein ye have taken

The spirits forsaken!

But I, shall I quail at a nod?

Shall I fail for a God?

Is the soul of me shaken?

Darklier winding

And steeper the way,

Baffling and binding
Eyes used to the day. {180A}
Bocks cloven by thunder
And shattered by storm
Awry or asunder
Rise and reform
In marvellous coils
Round the adamant road
Whose tangles and toils
Lead on the abode,
Where dwell in the light
Of justice infernal
The judges that smite,
That judge men aright,
Whose laws are eternal!
Those kings that in reigning
For bribing or feigning
Swerved never an hair
From justice and truth;
Turned never a care

To wrath or to ruth;
Did justice, and died.

Thither I haste
To face the austere
Faces of peace.

Shall the lyre cease?
Its music be waste?
Themselves not hear?

I stride to the presence and sing: and my soul is not conquered of fear.

Now the road widens and grows darker still
As if the shadow of some ancient tower
Cast its deep spell on the reluctant will.

Still tortuous winds the deep descent; the hour
Lies bitterer on my soul: I fear to fail,
To loose in vain the lyre's dissolving power

On the white souls armed in that triple mail

Of justice, virtue, truth: percipience

Beyond the mute and melancholy veil

That covers from the drowsy eye of sense

The subtle thought that hides behind the mask.

I fear indeed: but now the soul intense {180B}

Of truth precedes me and informs the task

Of the steep ways: I gladden and go on

Ready to sing, to answer, or to ask

As all may happen: now the stern light shone

Vivid across the blackness, and the rock

Recedes: the narrow stair is changed and gone

And the wide air invades: a mighty shock

To my number senses void of vital air

And to my lure reverberate to mock

With changing echoes and discordant, where

The dome reached up, almost to earth, so high

Rolled back the pillars and the walls, aglare

With iron justice' frightful symmetry

Blazoned in blood-like flame, gushing from springs

Unseen, unguessed, incredible! There fly

The dreaded banners of the demon kings

In fearful colours, and the vast inane

Dome catches music from my mouth, and rings

Back iron curses to the blessings vain

I pour in desperate fervour from the lyre.

So, baffled by the echoes of hell's pain,

Blinded by grisly glamour of hell's fire,

I take my refuge in the solitude

And grandeur of that irony of ire,

That mockery of mercy: thus I brood

Apart, alone, upon the cause of Things
And wait those fearful Three. A lifeless mood

Stirs my grey being: ay! no passion springs
In flowerless halls as these: awhile the mind
Wanders on void unprofitable wings

No whither: gains new strength at last to find
Custom breed sight and hearing: in the hall
The sounds grow clear, the black fires fail to blind. {181A}

I see the mighty buttress of the wall
Lost in its mighty measure: hear again
The lyre's low notes and light distinctly fall

A gentle influence in the place of pain.
Oh now the central glory of the place
Falls splendid on the unbewildered brain,

And I am found contemplating a face

More passionless than mortals': central sits
Throned on pure iron, with brass for carapace,

Minos: and either side of him befits
The mighty Rhadamanthus throned on gold
And canopied with silver: sternly knits

His brows the awful AEacus, in cold
Splendour of justice throned on carven lead;
And o'er his head twin dragons bend and hold

A cobra's hood made of some metal dread
Impossible on earth: how calm, how keen
Flash their wise eyes, those judges of the dead,

In silent state: how eager, how serene
Are the broad brows: the heart shrinks up and sinks,
Seeing no gallery to slip between

And pass those aged ones — oft a man thinks

He faces truth! I know this hour, alas!

That face to face with naked truth he shrinks.

His web of woven fiction may not pass

(Though he believes it to be truth) with them

Who see his mind as though it were a glass

Without a shadow. Yet the ninefold gem

And million-facet glory of my song

Glittering, made splendid in the diadem

Of flashing music shall assoil the wrong,

A finer truth interpret. Though the heart

And core of music hold a poisonous throng {181B}

Of lies — yet, sing it to sufficient Art,

The lie abolishes itself — the tune

Redeems the darkness — the keen flashes start

Of truth availing though the midnight moon

Darken, the stars be quenched in utter cloud,
And the high sun eclipsed at very noon.

So flash I back the glory calm and proud
Irradiating the Three. So shall my lure
Sweep the vast courts with acclamation loud

Of splashing music, of exulting fire
That revels in its penetrating cover
Of azure life that smites its flickering spire

Of sworded splendour inwards, to discover
Not justice, not discernment, not desire,
Not passion, but the sheer will of a lover!

MINOS.

Substantial, stern, and strong,
Who lifts an alien lyre?
Confounds our echoes dire
With strange and stubborn song?

AEACUS.

Here in the House of Dole

Where shadows hardly dare

Stand, who doth deem to fare

Forth from the outer air

Mortal, a strenuous soul?

RHADAMANTHUS.

The large and lordly land

Fertile of earth hath sent

With dolorous intent

Some shape or element.

What spell of might hath rent

The veil of Hell, and bent

Death's purpose to his hand?

MINOS.

What shaft from the bow of Apollo? {182A}

AEACUS.

What quiver of wonder

Hath cleft the black walls of the hollow

RHADAMANTHUS.

What terror?

MINOS.

What thunder

Hath shaken Hell's gates to the base?

AEACUS.

Withstanding the guards to their face?

RHADAMANTHUS.

Hath rent him asunder

The portals of Dis in his wrath?

MINOS.

Hath made for his will

An arrow of light for his path?

AEACUS.

Left stagnant and chill

The waters of Styx unappeased?

The keys of our prison hath he seized.

RHADAMANTHUS.

A mortal!

MINOS.

An ill

Most alien to Heaven, by Zeus!

AEACUS.

But impiety's doom,

By Poseidon, shall fill for his use

No well-omened tomb.

RHADAMANTHUS.

By Hades, our dogs let us loose!

Let death in the gloom

Bring peace to the Hall of the dead! {182B}

MINOS.

A passionate being!

No weal to the light of his head

In the place of the seeing!

AEACUS.

Awake, wild justice of dread!

Lest shadows be fleeing

In fear of the portent to lurk

In a deeper-detested

Cave, ere we wake to the work.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Black snakes many-crested,

Arise! lest the calm of the murk

From our places be wrested.

MINOS.

Who art thou?

AEACUS.

What ails thee to irk

From earth tender-breasted

To the milkless dugs of the grave

And the iron breasts of the pit?

RHADAMANTHUS.

Can a bodily presence save

Against a shadowy wit?

MINOS.

Thy hope doth dwell, O slave,

Where thy mother fashioned it,

Oh heart of a fool, in thy breast.

AEACUS.

Away, away to the skies!

RHADAMANTHUS.

That our dead may take their rest.

MINOS.

Arise to the air, arise!

AEACUS.

Away to the mountain crest! {183A}

RHADAMANTHUS.

Veil, veil from the awful eyes!

MINOS.

Endure thy heart as it may,

And steel thine heart,

Thou shalt hear and know and obey

As I say “Depart”;

Lest the arrow find its way
And the sternly-shapen dart.

AEACUS.

A second our justice waits.

RHADAMANTHUS.

It falleth anon.

MINOS.

O fool of hopes and hates
Arise and begone!

AEACUS.

O toy of the mirthless fates!
Who art thou to con
The mysteries of the dead in the back-souled bastion?

MINOS, AEACUS, RHADAMANTHUS.

Away! away! to the light of day!

Now as it may: then as it must.

We are loath to pardon, and loath to slay,

Void of greed and anger and lust, —

But we are iron and thou art clay;

We are marble and thou but dust.

ORPHEUS.

O iron, bow to silver's piercing note!

O marble, see the shape of ivory!

My justice fountains from a sweeter throat;

My death is bound beyond eternity.

O wise and just, hear ye the voice of man,

Not seeking to involve in woven spells

Or trickery the decree Tartarean,

By words to blink that justice which is Hell's! {183B}

I came indeed before this awful throne

To seek a party favour, but I wait

Shuddering and silent, steadfast and alone,

And change my music at the call of Fate.

For while ye spake in tumult, in this ear

A music rang from earth's remotest mine,

From star and comet, flaming wheel and sphere,

From Hell's deep vault and from the House divine.

A voice diverse, a voice identical

Called me this hour from bitterest woes and black,

Constraining eloquence and mighty thrall

Of cosmic agony, and wrung me back

From my poor plea to challenge in my song

The whole domain of deeply-seated law,

Launch thunders not Olympic at the strong

Bars of the Order backed with strength and awe

That men call Will of Zeus: the after scheme

And primal fate and most primordial plan

Shaped from the earth's first protoplasmic dream

Up to the last great mischief that is man.

All this I challenge: that the suns and stars
Work in due order and procession meet
Without caprice in viewless, changeless bars,
Nor self-determinate in their wingless feet.

All nature and all consciousness and thought
He hath thrown asunder and divided them;
Fixing a gulf of agony athwart,
Where rolls a tide no soul of man may stem.

Himself fixed high, he mocked us with his name
Of “reconciler,” and of “one beyond all”;
And cast his shadow to the deep, to shame
That oneness in its own division’s thrall; {184A}

So that Himself appears in cloud and fire
Distorted in the world’s distorted mirror;
And dark convulsion and confusion dire

Stands for his form of error and of terror.

But I perceive, I Orpheus, Lord of Song,
And every Lord of Song that me shall follow
Down steep of time's own agony and wrong,
Shall see the lightning bridge the dreadful hollow

With jagged flame of master-music, hear
The blind curse thunder forth against in vain
When the swift glory of the rolling sphere
Of song pours forth its utterance, keen with pain,

Mad with delight, and calm beyond woe and pleasure.
Yea, every son of this my soul shall know
In the swift concourse of his music's measure
One thing impatient of this to and fro

March of hell's dancers. I perceive a key
To lock the prison of the world on him
That built the iron walls and made decree

Long past in aeons now grown gray and dim,

Like halls ancestral whence their folk have fled,

The marbles all are broken, and the weeds

Grown o'er the bones of the unquiet dead,

And time's remorse avails not on its deeds.

I see that time is one: future and past

Are but one present; space is one, the North

And South and all the sixfold shame holds fast

No more: the poet's fiat hath gone forth

And tamed the masters of division. Me

Nor sun can burn, nor moon make mad, nor time

Alter: I drown not in the deepest sea,

Nor choke where icy mountain ridges climb {184B}

The steeps of heaven; but these, these children, cry

Their bitter cry for justice. Mighty Ones,

Lords of the Dusk, incline ye, mercifully,

Rightly, to misery of all stars and suns

And planets and all grains of dust that sorrow —
Hark! from grim Tartarus, most doleful bound,
Their throats of anguish notes of triumph borrow
At my loud strain's unprofitable sound.

For who are ye? Poor judges of the dead,
In your stern eyes the sadness is mine own,
Mingled with sense that all your forces dread
Are vain to take the spirit from one stone.

I would have called to ye in wild strong joy;
“Arise, O Lords of Justice, and be girt
With lightnings, and be ardent to destroy
This Fool's creation and to heal its hurt

With swift annihilation!” Ye are vain,
Alas! poor powers! But yet the damned rejoice
Hearing the splendour, prophet in my strain,

And certain comfort in my mighty voice.

For this shall be, that in the utter end
Shall be an end, that in the vast of time
Shall come a ceasing, and the steel bar bend
Of the God's will, himself from his sublime

Pinnacled house in heaven headlong cast
Like his own thunder to the abyss of nought
When space and time and being shall be past,
And the grim thinker perish with his thought.

Therefore I leave in hands unshakable
The destinies of being, and care not
For all the miseries of the damned in hell,
Or the vain gods' unenviable lot. {185A}

I leave the cry of chaos, and recall
My private pang and woe particular,
One drop of water by mischance let fall

From some white slave's divinely carven jar.

O Lords of justice, universal woe

Hath yet its shadows in a singer's soul,

He feels the arrow from a party bow

Who yet hath strength to struggle with the whole.

I love my wife. The many-coloured throne

Of Grecian meadows hath nor charm nor lure

Now she is gone. Lamenting and alone

My dulled heart aches, most that it must endure.

Give this decree, O masters! Few the days

And light the hours since Heracles descended

The dusky steep, the intolerable ways,

And one prey — Theseus — from your prisons rended

By might of godhead and the skill of man.

But now with music from a Muse's breast

Sweetened with milk of tenderness, I scan

Your eyes with hope, and with a man's unrest

And a man's purpose I appeal. Be just,
O ye whom greater justice baulks and bars!
Return my lover from the unkind dust
To the sweet light of the eternal stars!

Be kind, and from the unjust place of fear
Return by kindness her, the innocent one,
From the grey places to the waters clear
And meadows fair, and light of moon and sun!

Relent. Reverse the doom. I see your eyes
Quiver despite ye: but your hands ye wring;
Little by little bitter tears arise
Like stubborn water from a frozen spring, {185B}

And deep unrest is seated in your limbs.
Ye pity me. Ye pity. Mute and weak
With the long trouble of persistent hymns

I bow myself and listen while ye speak.

MINOS.

Brethern, what need of wonder

That Hell is burst asunder

Shaken from base to brow, as if with Zeus' own thunder?

What wonder if our peace

Broke, and our mysteries

Quaked at the presence of these solemnities?

AEACUS.

Child of the earth and heaven,

Our spirits thou has riven

With words we must admit, with power of song — whence given?

Neither of God nor man,

Thy song's amazing span

Hath caused strange joy among the woes Tartarean.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Never in the centuries

Till godlike Heracles

Burst the wild bonds, hath mortal found the fatal knees;

Nor hath the bitter cry

Of worlds in agony

Answered the groans of those who weep, and cannot die.

MINOS.

Iron of heart and strong,

We also suffer wrong.

We know these words are just. We avail not. Though thy song

Were the sole word of Zeus,

Should that avail to loose

The bands of Being firm, invulnerable dews

Tincturing its bitter brass,

Shielding its vital mass

From every word that cries, "Thus, and thy day shall pass." {186A}

AEACUS.

Typhon! Typhon! Typhon!

Heard ye that awful moan

Leap through the blackness from the miserable throne?
Vain as each pallid ghost,
Where is thy fatal boast,
Destroyer named of old on Khem's<<1>> disastrous coast?
Old power of evil curled
Below the phantom world,
Canst thou destroy, whose might to misery is hurled?

<<1. Egypt.>>

RHADAMANTHUS.

What god beyond these twain
Abides or may remain
Seated, too strong to quell, exalted over pain?
Aloof from time and chance,
Fate, will and circumstance,
Canst thou not wither Life with one indignant glance?
Thy name we know not; Thine
Is the unbuilted shrine.

We doubt us if Thou be among the powers divine!

MINOS.

Bound by strict line and law,

Fearful with might and awe,

We hold the powerless power

For many an aged hour.

We move not from our place.

We ask nor give not grace,

Nor change our lordly looks before a suppliant's face.

AEACUS.

Stern in all justice, we

Assent aloud to thee,

We affirm thy cause as right:

We put forth all the might

Of aid: and all is done.

Out utmost power is none

To lift one soul to live and look upon the sun. {186B}

RHADAMANTHUS.

For righteous thought and deed

Apportioning its meed;

For evil act and mind

Rewarding in its kind;

So sit we: but our power

Apportions not an hour

To light the dying lamp, revive the faded flower.

MINOS.

Be thou, be strong to sing!

AEACUS.

Loose arrows from the string!

RHADAMANTHUS.

Bid the wild word take wing!

MINOS.

Hades hath evil fame

To suppliants — bitter shame! —

Inexorable.

AEACUS.

Aim

Yet the swift prayer, abide

His word whate'er betide.

What worse?

RHADAMANTHUS.

The Gods thy guide!

Go and assail him!

MINOS.

Stay,

The Queen of Hell!

AEACUS.

That way

Leads to the light of day.

RHADAMANTHUS.

A woman's heart may yearn,

To a man's love may turn. {187A}

MINOS.

Should she, the ravished, spurn

A man whose love is reft?

AEACUS.

Meadows and flower, she left

To Him — O bosom cleft

With a wife's loss! — a wife.

RHADAMANTHUS.

Too doubtful is the strife.

MINOS.

Yet go! perchance to life.

AEACUS.

Go! and the Gods above

Guard thee, O soul of love!

RHADAMANTHUS.

I doubt me much thereof.

ORPHEUS.

Ah me! I find ye but ill counsellors.

For I will conquer. Have I spent these stores

Of will and song for nought? Hell's heart may rend,

But mine endureth even to the end.

Severe and righteous Lords, O fare ye well!

Are not my feet forced forward on a road

Leading to innermost abodes of Hell

Exalted as above the green abode

Of nymphs on broad Olympus, raises high

Its head the kingly snow, gigantic load

Of sombre whiteness cleaving through the sky

For gods to dwell in? So I pass the hall

And seek the gloomy thrones of majesty,

Where I may pledge my last despairing call

Unto the mightiest of the House of Dread,

And loosen Death's inexorable thrall {187B}

And bring my lover from among the dead.

Now in the blackness of the rocks that span

The dolorous way I spy a golden thread

Veined in the strength of the obsidian

Flowing and growing, joining vein to vein,

Like fresh blood in the arteries of man,

Up to the very heart. And as I go

Loosen the knees of anguish and grow dim

The shattering flames of pain: the songs of woe

Flicker and alter to a solemn hymn

Chanted in slowest measure in deep awe.

Now as a yew-tree sends a mighty limb

Shooting to sunset, the black road's black maw

Gapes to the westward; the great trunk divides

And all the armies of infernal law

Stand ranked about the venerable sides

Of the black cave: they speak not; dumb they stand

And all the frost of all the air abides

Upon them, as a vampire stooped and spanned

The white throat of a maiden and held still

Her powers by virtue of its hate's command,

Somewhat like love's: so all the solemn chill

Invades those statued ranks of warriors,

And I pass through, the lightning of my will

A steady stream of flame: high instinct pours

Its limpid light of water on my mind,

So that I range inhospitable shores

Assured of Her I shall most surely find

Ere the end be: awake, O living lyre,

Since in the narrow way and pass confined

I see a darkness infinite as fire,

Clear as all spirit vision, lustrous yet

As ebony shows in caverns rendered dire {188A}

By dreadful magic, or as if pure jet

Had taken of itself an inner light,

And its own blackness filled night's coronet

With a new jewel: so I see aright

Where no light is like earth's. The path grows broad

And lofty, till the whole hall springs to sight,

And I am standing where the dreaded Lord

And Lady of the region of the lost

Hold awful sway: yet here the flaming sword

Of sight is broken by the deadly frost

That clusters round their thrones: a mist of fire

Congealed to vital darkness: yet exhaust

Like a seer's magic glass of air: expire

The dumb black hours in fear: but I am ware,

Well ware, by instinct surer still and higher

Than the own sight of soul that they are there,

No mockery of their presence: so even hither

My mother's might is on me, on I flare

Into wild war of song: my keen notes wither

The flowers of frost about me and I turn

Ever the strength and mastering frenzy thither

With energy of madness: yea, I burn!

My soul burns up upon the lyre! I lend

My whole life's vigour to one song, to earn

Their guerdon of the gods, a god to friend,

And seek through devious ways a single end.

["Invoking" HADES.

"Str." 1.

Now is the gold gone of the year, and gone

The glory of the world, and gathered close

The silver of the frost. Far splendid snows

Shine where the bright anemone once shone.

Ay! for the laughter live

Of youths and maids that strive {188B}

In amorous play, the ancient saws of eld

And wisdom mystical

From bearded lips must fall,
Old eyes behold what young eyes ne'er beheld:
Namely, the things beyond the triple veil
Of space and time and cause, eternal woof
Of misery overproof:
And aged thoughts assail
The younger hopes, and passion stands aloof,
And silence takes possession, and the tale
Of earth is told and done.
Then from the Sire of all the Gods, from War
And Love and Wisdom and the eternal Sun
Worship is torn afar:
While unto Thee, O Hades, turn we now,
Awful of breast and brow,
And hear thee in the sea, behold thee in the Star.

“Ant.” 1 [“Echo of the Damned”].

Ay! is the earth and upper ether gone,
And all the joy of earth, and gathered close
The darkness and the death-wind and the snows

On us on whom the sun of air once shone.
What souls are left alive
Vainly lament and strive,
For they shall join the dead of utmost eld;
The concourse mystical
Who see the seasons fall
Shall soon behold what all we have beheld: —
The accursed stream, the intolerable veil
Of night and death and hell, disastrous woof
Of anguish overproof
That fruitless wills assail
Ever in vain: good fortune stands aloof
And all kind gods: we, taking up the tale
Of dead men past and done,
Declare that ceaseless is the eternal war,
And victory steadfast set against the Sun.
Yet we perceive afar
Even in Hades, at the end, not now,
Some light upon his brow,

Some comfort in the sea, some refuge in the Star. {189A}

“Str.” 2.

O thou! because thy chariot is golden,
And beautiful thy coursers, and their manes
Flecked with such foam as once upon the sea
Bore Aphrodite, and thy face is olden,
Worn with dim thought and unsuspected pains,
And all thy soul fulfilled of majesty;
Because the silence of thy house is great,
And thy word second spoken after Fate,
And thy light stricken of thine own grim hand;
Because thy whisper exceedeth the command
Of Zeus; thy dim light far outshines his glory;
Because, as He the first is, Thou the last: —
Therefore I take up sorrow in my hands,
And ply thine ear with my most doleful story,
Asking a future, who have lost a past:
A guerdon of my singing like the land's
When spring breaks forth from winter, and the blood

Of the old earth laughs in every new-born bud.

“Ant.” 2 [“Echo of the Damned”].

O thou! because thy lyre is keen and golden

And beautiful thy numbers through our veins

Pouring delight, as on the starry sea

Burn gems of rapture; though the houses olden

Relax awhile their unredeeming pains,

And through dead slaves thrill bounteous majesty?

Though the strong music of thy soul be great: —

Shall thy desire avail to alter Fate?

Or impious hands unloose the awful hand?

Or futile words reverse the great command?

Or what availeth? Though great Hades' glory

Stoop to thy prayer, and answer thee at last,

Should Clotho catch the thread in weaving hands, {189B}

Respin what Atropos once cut — that story

Were vain for thee — that which is past is past,

Nor can Omnipotence avail the land's

Death — Spring's is alien through ancestral blood,

And a new birth is current in the bud.

“Str.” 3.

Think, then, the deed impossible is done

Since Theseus fared forth to the ambient air!

His thread once cut — was that indeed respun

Or patched by witchery? a deceit? a snare?

I tell ye; past and future are but one,

And present — nothing; shall not Hades dare

His own omnipotence against the Sun,

And let no tittle of his glory share

With all the earth’s recuperating wheel,

And every dawn’s sure falchion-flash of steel?

“Ant.” 3. [“Echo of the Damned”].

Indeed, a deed impossible was done

Were the new Theseus heavier than the air.

Nay! but a new thread phantom-frail was spun

And men’s blind eyes discovered not the snare,

Else were that elder cord and this yet one,

Cut but in fancy. Yet, shall mortal dare
To fling a wanton word against the Sun,
And stand forth candidate for lot and share
Where hangs Prometheus, rolls Ixion's wheel,
And the stone rolls upon the limbs of steel?

“Epode.”

These echoes, in my mind foul torturers,
Present my fears, and image my distrust.
No answer comes, no voice the silence stirs
With joyful “may” or melancholy “must.”
Nor, though the gloom requicken, may I see
Hades enthroned, my prayers who heedeth nought, {190A}
Nor glowing tear of bowed Persephone
Drooped earthward for the ninefold misery wrought.
In utter sorrow ever bound she stays,
Hears not my song, nor heedeth anything,
Whose mind lamenting turns to ancient days
And Nysian meadows and the hour of spring.
Yea, but perchance to touch that secret chord

Were to awake that sorrow into life;
Sting, as a wound a deep-envenomed sword,
The inmost soul of the Aidonean wife.
Listen! I tune my music to that hour;
The careless maidens and the virgin laughter,
The bloom of springtide and the fatal flower,
And all that joy the sorrow echoing after.
So that, dread Hades, thou mayst hear and yield,
Thyself unmastered and inexorable,
The gentle maid as crying in that field,
Now thy soul's keeper on the throne of Hell!
Hail, Hades! Thou who hearest not my song,
Repealest not the heaven's unjust decree,
Revengest not for me the woe and wrong,
Shalt glean my sorrow from Persephone.
Hail, Hades! In the gloom the echoing cry
Swells, and the chorus darkens as I sing,
And all the fibres of Eternity
Shake as I loose the loud indignant string.
Hail, Hades! hear thy wrong proclaimed aloud,

And thou the wronger safe because too great.

To like offence harden thy neck, and proud

Blow thou the dismal challenge unto Fate!

In Asia, on the Nysian plains, she played,

A slender maid,

With the deep-bosomed Oceanides;

Where the tall trees

Girded the meadow with grave walls of green.

Alone, unseen,

The tender little lady strayed,

Moving across the breeze. {190B}

It was a meadow of soft grass and flowers,

Where the sweet hours

Lingered and laughed awhile ere noon repose.

There were red roses

And crocus, and flag-flowers, and violets,

And hyacinth, regrets

Of the ill-fortuned God, the quoit-player;

And soft cool air

Stirred all the field — and there were jessamines
And snaky columbines.
So all these maidens played, and gathered them
From sad green stem
Rejoicing blooms with sunlight mixed therein.
But she, for sin
And iron heart of the ill-minded Zeus,
Caught up the dews
Deep on her ankles, and went noiselessly
Toward the laughing sea,
And sought new blossoms — O the traitor, Earth,
That brought to birth
That day, as favouring the desire that swelled
Beneath her heart of eld,
Where dwelt the lonely, the detested one
Intolerant of the sun,
Hades! But Earth for love of him, for spite
Of the young girl's delight,
And shame of her own age, brought forth that hour
The fatal flower,

Narcissus — which what soul of man shall smell
Goes down to hell,
Caught in the scent of sin — for such a doom
Demeter's flying loom
Hath woven for revenge and punishment.
The bright child went
Thither; an hundred heads of blossom sprang;
The green earth sang,
And the skies laughed, and danced the sea's young feet
For joy of it.
So the child went across that fairest plain
To pluck, to strain {191A}
That blossom of all blossoms to her heart,
Her long hands dart,
Exceeding delicate and fair, to cull
That bloom too beautiful,
Eager to gather the fresh floral birth.
The grim black earth
Gaped; roared athwart the gulf the golden car;
And flaming far

The four white horses with their flashing manes!

The might-resisting reins

Lay in the ghastly hands, the arms of fear

Of that dread charioteer,

Death; and great Hades armed stood glittering,

Stooped to his spring,

And whirled the child to the beneath abode.

O heavy load!

O bitter harvest of rich-rolling tears!

What cry who hears?

A shrill shrill cry to father Zeus cried she,

Forlorn Persephone!

Heard was that agony of grief by none

Save only by the Sun,

And Her who sat within her awful cave,

Contemplative and grave,

Hecate, veiled with a shining veil

Utterly frail

As the strange web of dainty thoughts she wove,

Somewhat like love.

She heard, and great Apollo: neither stayed

Hades, nor stretched to aid

A pitying hand. O pitiful! O grief

Baffling belief!

The gentle child — the cruel god — Ah me!

Persephone!

Thus of thy grace, thy sorrow, thy young way

Torn from the day

Of all thy memory of soft shining flowers

And happy-hearted hours,

Mayst thou be very pitiful to me

Who aye have pitied thee,

Persephone! {191B}

PERSEPHONE.

Ah me! I feel a stirring in my blood.

Pours through my veins a delicate pale flood

Of memory. Not the pale and terrible

Goddess whose throne is manifest in Hell

— I am again a child, a playful child.

ORPHEUS.

And therefore, O most beautiful and mild
Sweet mother! art the girl beloved again
Of Hades mighty on the Nysian plain.
And therefore are thine eyes with sorrow dim
For me, and thy word powerful with him.

PERSEPHONE.

Ah me! no fruit for guerdon,
Who bore the blossom's burden;
There shines no sunlight toward Persephone.
Ravished, O iron-eyed!
From my young sisters' side,
Torn and dragged down below the sundered sea,
No joy is mine in all thy bed,
And all thy sorrow shaken on my head.

Cursed above gods be thou
Whose blind unruffled brow

Rules the grim place of unsubstantial things!

Hated, to me thy face

Turns not the glance of grace.

I rule unloved above the infernal kings,

And only thee in all deep Hell

I charm in vain, despair my royal spell.

By might of famine long

And supplication strong

Demeter won the swift Hermetic word:

In bitter days of eld

Thus by great force compelled

The glad earth saw me, careless of my lord,

Rise to her crystal streams and sapphire seas,

And Theseus thus owed life to Heracles. {192A}

Thou mockest me with power;

Thy sceptre's awful dower

Avails me nothing. Shall a mortal bring

Such pity wrapped in song

And Echo's choral throng
Of all things live and dead to hear me sing; —
And I by pity moved and love
Have not thy voice to grant him grace thereof?

Inexorable Lord!
Accursed and abhorred
Of men, begin in Hell to show thy grace!
Not to a man's weak life,
Not to thy shuddering wife,
But to the queen's unfathomable face
Dread beyond sorcery and prayer,
And fearful even because it is so fair!

Yea, from the ghastly throne
Unchallenged and unknown
Let the fierce accents roll athwart the skies!
My voice is given, my power
Fares forth to save the flower
Broken but plucked not by these fingers wise.

I love the song — be thou not mute,
But turn a lucky lot towards the suit!

ORPHEUS.

In vain, O thou veiled

Immutable queen!

Thy strong voice bewailed,

Thy fair face was seen!

It flushed up and paled;

The song echoed clean —

But alas! for the veil of the night and the fear that is ever between!

Of pity unfilled

And void of remorse,

He moves unappealed

In the terrible course.

But the lyre is unchilled: —

By force unto force

He shall answer me power unto power at the source of its source! {192B}

Dost thou hear how the weight

Of the earth and the moon

Shudder, as if fate

Were involved in the tune?

The portals of hate

Shake at the rune

Of the magical nature-cry, the song from the mountains hewn!

To the horrible hollow

In Tartarus steep,

O song of me, follow!

I flee to the deep.

That word of Apollo

Shall shudder and leap;

That word in the uttermost night shall awake them who know not of sleep.

Hear, O ye Three,

In the innermost pit

Dwellers that be!

Tartarus, split!

Arise unto me

For I call ye with wit

Of the words that constrain and compel, of the summons ordered and fit!

O daughter of Earth,

Tisiphone dread,

The ophidian girth,

And the blood-dripping head,

In hideous mirth

Bring living and dead

To torture! Arise! I conjure by the might of the words I have said.

Megaera, thou terror,

O daughter of Night

Whose sight in a mirror

Is death of affright,

Winged with error,

I chain thee, and cite

The words that thy soul must obey if a mortal but say them aright!
{193A}

Alecto! I call thee,

My words ring thee round.

My spells enwall thee.

My lure is crowned

With might to appal thee

With terror profound.

Arise! O Alecto, arise! for my song hath compelled thee and bound.

Ye furies of Hell!

Ye terrors in Heaven!

The strength of the spell

Is as thunder at even

The rocks of the fell

That hath blasted and riven

Come forth! I invoke ye, Erinyes, the charm of the One that is seven.

By the Five that are One,

And the One that is Ten;
By the snake in the sun
And her mirror in men;
By the four that run
And return them again;
By the fire that is lit in the Lion, the wave in the Scorpion den!

By the One that is Seven,
The whirling eyes;
The Two made Eleven,
The dragon's devise;
The Eight against Heaven,
All crowns of lies;
Come forth! I invoke ye, Erinyes, move, answer, take shapes and arise!

By the cross and the wheel
I call ye to hear;
By the dagger of steel
I command ye, give ear!
By the word that ye feel,

The summons of Fear;

Come forth! I invoke ye, Erinyes, move, answer, arise and appear!
{193B}

For my purpose is swift,

And my vengeance strong;

I shall not shift;

I shall cry the wrong.

My voice I uplift

In terrible song

As your forms take shape before me in the likeness for which ye long.

The shape of my passion

And bitter distress

Shall clothe ye, and fashion

An equal dress.

Ye shall force compassion

With awful stress

From the soul that hat mocked me, and turned his heart from my song's

excess.

The ruler of Hell,

The invisible Lord,

Hath laughed at my spell,

Hath slept at my word.

He hath heard me well —

Awake, O Sword!

Shall he flout a suppliant thus and no answer of favour accord?

If mercy be sundered

From splendour and power;

If he answer with thunder

The plaint of a flower;

Shall justice wonder

If Furies devour

So bitter a heart, set a term to his date that was aye but an hour?

Avenge me, ye forces

Of horror and wrath!

Clear the dread courses!

Split open the path!

With cruel remorse is

His heart brought to scath.

And a terror is on him at last, the seed of his hate's aftermath.

MEGAERA.

Ha! who invokes? What horror rages

Here, to compel our murderous hands to smite? {194A}

ALECTO.

What mortal summons? Who his battle wages

So strongly as to call the seed of Night?

TISIPHONE.

Ha! The grim tyrant of despair engages

Our deadly anguish with his useless might.

HADES.

Detested fiends! avaunt!

MEGAERA.

He speaks!

ALECTO.

He thunders!

TISIPHONE.

His lightnings split the living rock.

MEGAERA.

Hell sunders

The livid walls and iron-bound prisons of death.

HADES.

Thus! to your towers and wail!

ALECTO.

He speaks!

TISIPHONE.

His breath

Is cold as ours.

HADES.

Depart! Due silence keep,

Lest I enchain ye in a fouler deep

Than aught your horror pictures!

MEGAERA.

Dost thou hear,

Sister?

ALECTO.

Sweet sister! {194B}

TISIPHONE.

Dost thou think we fear

Who are all fear? or feel, who are but pain?

MEGAERA.

Creep round his heart, and cluster in his brain,

Ye serpents of my hair!

ALECTO.

His blood shall drip

For sweet warm juice on my decaying lip.

TISIPHONE.

My fearful wings enfold him!

ALECTO.

My foul eyes

Hold his in terror!

MEGAERA.

All my agonies

Crawl in his vitals!

TISIPHONE.

He is mine, mine, mine!

Pour forth of Thebes' abominable wine!

Mine, O thou god, detested and adored!

MEGAERA.

Mine! he is mine! my lover and my lord!

ALECTO.

Mine! I am in his shape!

MEGAERA.

Despair! Dispute

Never my passion!

TISIPHONE.

Sisters! Be ye mute!

I am the livid agony that starts

Damp on his brow; the horror in his heart's
Envenomed arteries! and I the fear,
The torment, and the hate! {195A}

MEGAERA.

Be of good cheer!
Rend him apart! Hunger and lust we sate,
Equal in terror on that heart of hate.

ALECTO.

Hell's throne be kingless!

TISIPHONE.

Mortal! is it well,
Our vengeance on the impious lord of Hell!

ORPHEUS.

Well! it is well! And yet my eyes are wet
To see such anguish.

MEGAERA.

Tear the fatal net!

ALECTO.

Bite with strong acid his congealing blood!

TISIPHONE.

Rend out the bowels!

MEGAERA.

Pour the monstrous flood

Of unclean wisdom in his soul!

PERSEPHONE.

Desist!

ALECTO.

O face of woman wretched and unkissed,

What hast thou here to do with us?

TISIPHONE.

Be quiet!

MEGAERA.

Quench not the fire of murder!

ALECTO.

Loose the riot

Of worms beneath the skull! {195B}

TISIPHONE.

Tear wide apart

The jaws!

MEGAERA.

Force fear against the inmost heart!

PERSEPHONE.

Mercy! I plead, sweet sisters!

ORPHEUS.

And I plead

Vengeance, and help in my extremest need

Pile up the torture! Had he not the power,

And silence mocked me?

MEGAERA.

Urge us hour by hour,

Thou couldst not add one particle of pain.

ALECTO.

He speaks not! Bid his torture speak again!

TISIPHONE.

Speak, murderer!

MEGAERA.

Hades! answer us!

ALECTO.

Expel

These torments from thy being, us from Hell,

Or Zeus from Heaven!

TISIPHONE.

Or else obey!

MEGAERA.

Obey!

ALECTO.

Obey!

HADES.

O throne of hell! O night! O day

Of anguish exquisite beyond control,

Fibre and substance of my inmost soul!

There is a power not mine, and yet in me

Burning its cold and cruel agony {196}

With icy flames, its cutting poison fangs

Striking my being with detested pangs.
Alas! of me and not to be expelled,
Conjured, assuaged, averted. Grey as eld
The juice of blood that stagnates in my veins
Appals their current with avenging pains: —
O pain! O pitiful and hateful sense
Of agony and grief and impotence!
O misery of the day when Orpheus bore
First his loud lyre across the Stygian shore!
Hath Hell no warders? Is the threefold gate
Brazen in vain against the foot of Fate?
Now is but little choice — abase my pride,
Or sink for ever to the gloomy tide
Of fire beneath the utmost reach and span
Of Stygian deeps and walls Tartarean.
Yet I abide.

MEGAERA.

Fall! Fall!

ALECTO.

Descend the abyss!

TISIPHONE.

Link the lewd fiend with your incestuous kiss!

MEGAERA.

Hither!

ALECTO.

O hither!

HADES.

Steams a newer shape

Of threefold terror.

TISIPHONE.

Shall the god escape

The monstrous wedlock?

ALECTO.

Let him turn again

His horrid passion to the Nysian plain!

MEGAERA.

Echidna! {196A}

ALECTO.

Mother of the Sphinx and snake

Of Colchus, and the marsh-beast of the lake

Lernean, of Chimaera and Hell's hound —

TISIPHONE.

Answer!

ALECTO.

Arise!

MEGAERA.

Awake from the profound!

TISIPHONE.

Here is a worthy partner unto thee

To wake thy womb with monstrous progeny,

Yet more detested and detestable

Than all the shapeless brood of hate and Hell.

ECHIDNA.

Ha! rose-lipped lover! Welcome to this bed!

MEGAERA.

She plays with words of love!

ALECTO.

Her black eyes shed

Disease for tears.

TISIPHONE.

Her fangs and lips are red

With gouts of putrid blood.

MEGAERA.

Her guile employs

The sweet soft shape of words of upper joys

More bitterly to rack his soul.

ALECTO.

Ha, sister,

The embrace!

TISIPHONE.

She conquers. {196A}

MEGAERA.

He hath moved.

ALECTO.

He hath kissed her!

TISIPHONE.

Ha! the worse hate of hate in love's white dress.

MEGAERA.

And lewdness tricked to look like loveliness.

ALECTO.

Uttermost pain in pleasure's hour supreme.

MEGAERA.

Hate's nightmare waking love's unreal dream.

ALECTO.

Claws, teeth, and poison!

TISIPHONE.

How she plies her pest!

MEGAERA.

Strangling she holds him.

ALECTO.

In the inmost breast

Her hands defile him.

TISIPHONE.

In his rotting brain

He teeth, her breath, pass all imagined pain.

MEGAERA.

Sisters!

ALECTO.

We conquer!

TISIPHONE.

Have we power? {197B}

MEGAERA.

The king

Endures, and is not moved at anything.

ALECTO.

He will not now relent.

TISIPHONE.

He's ours for ever!

HADES.

Ai! Ai!

MEGAERA.

Hark!

ALECTO.

Listen!

TISIPHONE.

Now he yields — or never!

HADES.

Release! Relent!

ECHIDNA.

Fair lover, let my embrace

Still gladden thee to rapture! let my face

Be like a garden of fresh flowers to cull,

And all thy being and thy body full

As mine of gentle love — then sink to sleep!

MEGAERA.

Ha! Ha! She mocks him! In the utter deep,

Her house of evil, sleep is stranger there.

ALECTO.

She sings!

TISIPHONE.

The final misery! Beware!

ECHIDNA.

O tender lover!

My wings still cover

Thy face, and my lips {198A}

Are on thine, and my tresses

Like Zephyr's caresses

When the twilight dips.

HADES.

This passes all. Relent. Release! Depart!

I yield: my power is broken, and my heart

Riven, and all my pride ruined, and me

Compelled to earth to loose Eurydice.

ORPHEUS.

Depart!

ERINYES.

Baffled! O misery! Bethink,

Proud Hades, ere thy torture gar thee drink

Humiliation's utmost dregs!

HADES.

I spake.

Depart ye! lest my power regained awake,

And smite ye with a terror more than ye.

MEGAERA.

We are borne on bitter winds.

ALECTO.

We sink.

TISIPHONE.

We flee!

MEGAERA.

To the abyss!

ALECTO.

Descend!

TISIPHONE.

Nor hope in vain

The ill-hearted one shall feel our fangs again.

MEGAERA.

Murder and violation, deafened ear

To suppliants, these our friends are. {198B}

ALECTO.

Hate and fear

Leave not for long that bosom.

TISIPHONE.

Now away!

Back from this night more splendid than our day!

MEGAERA.

We may not drag him down this chance.

ALECTO.

Despair

Not, O my sisters!

TISIPHONE.

The next suppliant's prayer

Rejected —

MEGAERA.

Come, my sisters, we'll be there.

HADES.

Well, be it so. O wizard, by this strength

Thou hast availed in deepest Hell at length.

I grant thy prayer. Eurydice be given

To the sweet light and pleasant air of heaven!

Even on this wise. With Hermes for a guide

Up the dread steeps there followeth thee thy bride,

And thou before them singing. If thou yearn

Towards her, if thy purpose change or turn
While in these realms; if thou thy face revert;
That shall be hostage unto me for hurt
Of further magic: she shall fade and flee
A phantom frail throughout Eternity,
Driven on my winds, adrift upon my seas!
These are thy favours, and thy duties these.
Invoke thou Hermes, and thy lyre restring!

ORPHEUS.

This I accept and this shall be, O king! {199A}

["Invoking" HERMES.]

O Light in light! O flashing wings of fire!
The swiftest of the moments of the sea
Is unto thee
Even as some slow-foot Eternity
With limbs that drag and wheels that tire.
O subtle-minded flame of amber gyre,
It seems a spark of gold

Grown purple, and behold!

A flame of gray!

Then the dark night-wings glow

With iridescent indigo,

Shot with some violet ray;

And all the vision flame across the horizon

The millionth of no time — and when we say:

Hail! — Thou art gone!

The moon is dark beside thy crown; the Sun

Seems a pale image of thy body bare;

And for thine hair

Flash comets lustrous with the dewfall rare

Of tears of that most memorable One,

The radiant Queen, the veiled Paphian.

The wings of light divine

Beneath thy body shine;

The invisible

Rayed with some tangible flame,

Seeking to formulate a name,

A citadel;

And the winged heels are fiery with enormous speed,

On spurning heaven; the other trampling hell;

And thou — recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of inmost thought!

Descent! Abide! Swift coursing in my veins

Shoot dazzling pains,

The word of Selfhood integrate of Nought,

The Ineffable Amen! the Wonder wrought.

Bring death if life exceed!

Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,

Yet Life exude;

And wisdom and the Word of Him {199B}

Drench the mute mind grown dim

With quietude!

Fix thy sharp lightnings in my night! My spirit free!

Mix with my breath and life and name thy mood

And self of Thee.

[HERMES “appears:” ORPHEUS “departs.”

The magical task and the labour is ended;

The toils are unwoven, the battle is done;

My lover comes back to my arms, to the splendid

Abyss of the air and abode of the sun.

The sword be assuaged, and the bow be unbended!

The labour is past, and the victory won.

The arrows of song through Hell cease to hurtle.

Away to the passionate gardens of Greece,

Where the thrush is awake, and the voice of the turtle

Is soft in the amorous places of peace,

And the tamarisk groves and the olive and myrtle

Stir ever with love and content and release.

O bountiful bowers and O beautiful gardens!

O isles in the azure Ionian deep!

Ere ripens the sun, ere the spring-wind hardens

Your fruits once again ye shall have me to keep.

The sleep-god laments, and the love goddess pardons,
When love at the last sinks unwearied to sleep.

The green-hearted hours shall burst into flowers.
The winds shall waft roses from uttermost Ind.
Our nuptial dowers shall be birds in our bowers,
Our couches the delicate heaps of the wind.
Where the lily-bloom showers all its light, and the powers
Of earth in our twinning are wedded and twinned. {200A}

So singing I make reverence and retire;
Not with high words of worship fairly flung
To that sad monarch from the magic lyre,

And half the triumphs in my heart unsung,
Surpassing, as such triumphs must, all praise
Of golden strings and human-fashioned tongue.

But now I follow the uprising ways
By secret paths indubitably drawn

Straight from the centre of the trackless maze

To light of earth and beauty of the dawn,
A sure swift passage taught of wit divine
To the wide ocean, the Achaean lawn.

For, wit ye well, not easy is that shrine
Of access to the mortal, as some tell,
Not knowing: easy and exact the line

Of light to upper air: but awful spell
And dire demand the inward journey needs:
That is the labour, that the work: for Hell

Is not designed for men's aspiring deeds.
The air is fatal, and the fear unspanned,
Even ere the traveller fronts the Stygian meads

And utmost edge of the detested land.
Wherefore already doth the light appear

Shaped in the image of a little hand

Far up the rocky cavern: warm and clear

The good air sends its fragrance: glory then

To the great work accomplished even here,

Promise and purpose unto little men

Bound in life's limits: death indeed I sever

By will's efficiency and speechless ken

Of power not God's but man's. Forget this never,

O mortals chained in life's detested den!

I leave this heritage to you for ever.

O light of Apollo!

O joy of the sky!

We see thee, we follow,

We draw to thee nigh. {200B}

We see thee unclouded,

Whose hearts have been thinned,

Whose souls have been shrouded,
Whose ears are bedinned
By hell's clamour. How did
The strength that has sinned
Avail in the crowded
Abodes of the wind?

By lightning of rapture
The soul of my song
My love doth recapture;
Lead up to the long
Years in blithe measure
Of summer and ease;
Linger at leisure
For passion and peace.
Sadness and pleasure
Relent and release: —
A torrent, a treasure,
A garden of Greece!

Selene, our sister,
Our lover and friend,
Thy light hath long missed her:
That hour hath an end.
All aeons to squander
We chance at our will:
We may woo, work or wander
Through time to our fill,
Hither or yonder
By fountain or hill,
Each day growing fonder,
Each night growing still!

Bright Hermes behind me
Caduceus-armed
Guides: shall he blind me?
My spirit be charmed?
The song shall not swerve her,
Its glory shall shed
Respite, deserve her

From gulfs of the dead.
Ah me! let it nerve her
These conduits to tread
That lead to the fervour
Of earth overhead! {201A}

Fire, thou dear splendour
Of uppermost space,
Turn to me tender
Thine emerald face!
Thy rubies be blended
With diamond light!
Thy sapphires be splendid,
Extended to sight!
The portals be rended
That govern the night,
And the guardians bended
To magical might!

O air of the glorious

Garb of the globe,
Don thy victorious
Glittering robe!
The sun is before us;
The moon is above.
Rise and adore us
Ye dwellers thereof!
The Muses restore us
To Greece: as we move
Swell the wild chorus
Of welcome and love!

Alas! that ever the dark place
Should from its rocky base
Give up no echo of the god's strong stride,
And no one whisper steal and thrill
My heart, dissolve the ill
That gathers close and fears me for my bride.

I were no worse if I were blind.

I may not look behind
to catch one glimpse of the dear face that follows,
Lest I should gain forbidden lore
And wisdom's dangerous store
Of the black secrets of those heights and hollows.

Alas! the way is over long,
And weary of my song
I sing who yearn to catch my love, and hold
In such ten-thousandfold caress
As shall annul distress,
And from the iron hours bring the years of gold. {201B}

Alas! my soul is filled with fear,
Is the hard conquest here?
Where is Eurydice? The god hath faded
Back to invisible abodes
And on these rocky roads
Comes no deep perfume of her hair light-braided.

Alas! I listen! and no breath
Assures the walls of death
That life remembers, that their hate is quelled.
My ears, my scent avail me nought;
My slavish eyes are brought
By the command wherewith I am compelled.

Alas! my heart sinks momentarily.
Fear steals and misery.
From faith in faith of Hell my thoughts dissever.
Yet, O my heart! abide, endure!
Seek not by sight to assure,
Or she is lost to thee and lost for ever! {202Atop}

Now breathes the night-air o'er the deep,
And limb-dissolving sleep
Laps my own country, and the maiden moon
Gleams silver barley from the sea,
And binds it royally

Into a sheaf that waves to the wind's tune.

The rocky portals rise above.

Here I may clasp my love,

Here Hermes shall deliver. Ah! how shook

Yon cliff at the wind's ardent kiss!

This is the hour of bliss —

The sea! The sea! Eurydice! Look, Look!

Ai! but like wind-whirled flowers of frost

The flying form is lost!

Cancelled and empty of Eurydice

The black paths where she trod!

Ai! Ai! My God! My God!

Apollo, why hast thou forsaken me? {202Btop. Full page follows.}

EXPLICIT LIBER TERTIUS

{202}

LIBER QUARTUS VEL MORTIS

TO

MY WIFE

LYSANDER (“reads”).

“The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.”

THESEUS.

That is an old device.
“Midsummer Night’s Dream.”

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory body down the stream was sent
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
“Lycidas.”

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains

From waves serener far;

A new Peneus rolls his fountains

Against the morning star.

Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep

Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

... ..

Another Orpheus sings again

And loves, and weeps, and dies.

“Hellas.”

{columes resume}

MOUNT IDA.

THE COMPANY OF THE MAENADS.

MAENADS.

Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Iacche!

Hail, O Dionysys! Hail!

Winged son of Semele!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale.

Hidden the moonlight in the vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the sea. {203A}

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,

Mingling in the godly rout

Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty mother!

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and leave

Earthy joys to earth to smother! {203B}

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the devil!

Mingle in the laughing measure,

Hand and lip to breast and thigh!

In enthusiastic pleasure

Grasp the solitary treasure!

Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your voices

In the inspired divine delight!

Now the sun sets; now the choice is

Who rebels or who rejoices,

Murmuring to the mystic night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!

Dance, ye maids serene and subtle!

Clotho's task is fairly ended.

Atropos, thy power is rended!

Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance together
With the life of rocks and trees!
Let the blue delirious weather
Bind all spirits in one tether,
Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io Evoe! I faint, I fall,
Swoon in purple light; the grape
Drowns my spirit in its thrall.
Love me, love me over all,
Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant
Sounds the shout, Evoe, Evoe!
Evoe, Iacche! Soft, insistent
Like to echo's voice persistent: —
Hail! Agave! Autonoe!

AGAVE.

Evoe Ho! Iacche! Hail, O Hail!

Praise him! What dreams are these?

AUTONOE.

Sisters, O sisters! {204A}

AGAVE.

Say, are our brethren of the rocks awake?

AUTONOE.

The lion roars.

MAENADS.

O listen to the snake!

AUTONOE.

Evoe Ho! Give me to drink!

AGAVE.

Run wild!

Mountain and mountain let us leap upon

Like tigers on their prey!

MAENADS.

Crush, crush the world!

AGAVE.

Tread earth as 'twere a winepress!

AUTONOE.

Drink its blood,

The sweet red wine!

MAENADS.

Ay, drink the old earth dry!

AGAVE.

Squeeze the last drops out till the frame collapse

Like an old wineskin!

AUTONOE.

So the sooner sup

Among the stars!

AGAVE.

The swift, swift stars!

MAENADS.

O night!

Night, night, fall deep and sure! {204B}

AUTONOE.

Fall soft and sweet!

AGAVE.

Moaning for love the woods lie.

AUTONOE.

Sad the land

Lies thirsty for our kisses.

MAENADS.

All wild things

Yearn towards the kiss that ends in blood.

AGAVE.

Blood! Blood!

Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!

MAENADS.

Come, sweet God,

Come forth and lie with us!

AUTONOE.

Us, maidens now

And then and ever afterwards!

AGAVE.

Chaste, chaste!

Our madness hath no touch of bitterness,

No taste of foulness in the morning mouth.

AUTONOE.

O mouth of ripe red sunny grapes! God! God!

Evoe! Dwell! Abide!

AGAVE.

I feel the wings

Of love, of mystery; they waft soft streams

Of night air to my heated breast and brow.

MAENADS.

He comes! He comes! {s205A}

AGAVE.

Silence, O girls, and peace!

The God's most holy presence asks the hymn

The solemn hymn, the hymn of agony,

Lest in the air of glory that surrounds

The child of Semele we lose the earth

And corporal presence of the Zeus-begot.

AUTONOE.

Yea, sisters, raise the chant of riot! Lift

Your wine-sweet voices, move your wine-stained limbs

In joyful invocation!

MAENADS.

Ay, we sing.

Hail, child of Semele!

To her as unto thee

Be reverence, be deity, be immortality!

Shame! treachery of the spouse

Of the Olympian house,

Hera! thy grim device against the sweet carouse!

Lo! in red roar and flame

Did Zeus descend! What claim

To feel the immortal fire had then the Theban dame!

Caught in that fiery wave

Her love and life she gave

With one last kissing cry the unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire

Of Bromius — hunger dire! —

Didst snatch the unborn babe from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy

That offspring melancholy

Didst hide, didst feed, on light, ambrosia, and moly. {205B}

Ay! and with serpent hair

And limbs divinely fair

Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate

We dare commemorate,

Twining in lovesome curls the spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, hear!

Be close, be quick, be near,

Whispering enchanted words in every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start

As the Apollonian dart!

Bury thy horned head in every bleeding heart!

AGAVE.

He is here! He is here!

AUTONOE.

Tigers, appear!

AGAVE.

To the clap of my hand

And the whish of my wand,

Obey!

AUTONOE.

I have found

A chariot crowned

With ivy and vine,

And the laurel divine,

And the clustering smell

Of the sage asphodel,

And the Daedal flower

Of the Cretan bower;

Dittany's force,

And larkspur's love,

And blossoms of gorse

Around and above.

AGAVE.

The tiger and panther

Are here at my cry.

Ho, girls! Span there

Their sides! {206A}

MAENADS.

Here am I!

And I! We are ready.

AGAVE.

Strong now and steady!

FIRST MAENAD.

The tiger is harnessed.

SECOND MAENAD.

The nightingale urges

Our toil from her far nest.

THIRD MAENAD.

Ionian surges

Roar back to our chant.

FOURTH MAENAD.

Aha! for the taunt

Of Theban sages

Is lost, lost, lost!

The wine that enrages

Our life is enforced.

We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE.

The spirits that haunt

The rocks and the river,

The moors and the woods,

The fields and the floods,

Are with us for ever!

MAENADS.

Are of us for ever.

Evoe! Evoe

AUTONOE.

Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE.

Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL.

Ho! Ho! Evoe Ho! Iacche! Evoe! Evoe!

The white air hummeth

With force of the spirit.

We are heirs: we inherit.

Our joys are as theirs;

Weave with you prayers

The joys of a kiss!

Ho! for the bliss

Of the cup and the rod.

He cometh! O lover!

O friend and O God,

Cover us, cover

Our faces, and hover

Above us, within us!

Daintily shod,
Daintily robed,
His witcheries spin us
A web of desire.
Subtle as fire
He cometh among us.
The whole sky globed
Is on fire with delight,
Delight that hath stung us,
The passion of night.
Night be our mistress!
That trees and this tress
Weave with thy wind
Into curls deep-vined!
Passionate bliss!
Rapture on rapture!
Our hymns recapture
The Bromian kiss.
Blessed our souls!
Blessed this even!

We reach to the goals
Of the starriest heaven.
Daphnis, and Atthis, and Chrysis, and Chloe,
Mingle, O maidens! Evoe! Evoe!

DIONYSYS.

I bring ye wine from above,
From the vats of the storied sun;
For every one of ye love,
And life for every one.
Ye shall dance on hill and level;
Ye shall sing in hollow and height
In the festal mystical revel,
The rapturous Bacchanal rite! {207A}
The rocks and trees are yours,
And the waters under the hill,
By the might of that which endures,
The holy heaven of will!
I kindle a flame like a torrent
To rush from star to star;

Your hair as a comet's horrent,
Ye shall see things as they are!
I lift the mask of matter;
I open the heart of man;
For I am of force to shatter
The cast that hideth — Pan!
Your loves shall lap up slaughter,
And dabled with roses of blood
Each desperate darling daughter
Shall swim in the fervid flood.
I bring ye laughter and tears,
The kisses that foam and bleed,
The joys of a million years,
The flowers that bear no seed.
My life is bitter and sterile,
Its flame is a wandering star.
Ye shall pass in pleasure and peril
Across the mystical bar
That is set for wrath and weeping
Against the children of earth;

But ye in singing and sleeping
Shall pass in measure and mirth!
I lift my wand and wave you
Through hill to hill of delight:
My rosy rivers lave you
In innermost lustral light
I lead you, lord of the maze,
In the darkness free of the sun;
In spite of the spite that is day's
We are wed, we are wild, we are one!

FIRST MAENAD.

O sweet soul of the waters! Chase me not!
What would'st thou!

A VOICE AS OF RUNNING BROOKS.

Love!

FIRST MAENAD.

Love, love, I give, I give.

I yield, I pant, I fall upon thy breast, {207B}

O sacred soul of water. Kiss, ah kiss,

With gentle waves like lips my breast, my two small breasts,

Rose flames on ivory seas!

SECOND MAENAD.

Nay! Nay! O soul

Of ivy, clingst thou so for love?

A VOICE AS OF THE RUSTLING OF IVY.

For love.

SECOND MAENAD.

Cling not so close! O no! cling closer then!

Let thy green coolness twine about my limbs

And still the raving blood: or closer yet,

And link about my neck, and kill me so!

THIRD MAENAD.

Soul of the rock! Dost love me?

A VOICE AS OF FALLING ROCK.

I love thee.

THIRD MAENAD.

Woo me then!

Let all the sharp hard spikes of crystal dart,

Press hard upon my body! O, I fall,

Fall from thy crags, still clinging, clinging so,

Into the dark. Oblivion!

A DISTANT VOICE.

Io Evoe!

[ORPHEUS “enters.”

CROWD OF MAENADS.

Evoe! Evoe! It is a lion!

FOURTH MAENAD.

Lion,

O lion, dost thou love?

FIFTH MAENAD.

Thee I love,

O tawny king of these deep glades! {208A}

SIXTH MAENAD.

What wood

Were worthy for thy dwelling?

CHORUS.

Come, come, come,

O lion, and revel in our band!

ORPHEUS.

Alas!

I sorrow, seeing ye rejoice.

FIRST MAENAD.

O lion!

That is not kind.

ORPHEUS.

Too kind. Since all is sorrow,

Sorrow implicit in the purest joy,

Sorrow the cause of sorrow; evil still

Fertile, and sterile love and righteousness.

Eurydice, Eurydice!

SECOND MAENAD.

Drink wine!

ORPHEUS.

Ay, mask the grisly head of things that are

By drowning sense. Such horror as is hid

In life no man dare look upon. Woe! Woe!

AGAVE.

Call then reproach upon these maiden rites!

ORPHEUS.

Nay! virtue is the devil's name for vice,

And all your righteousness is filthy rags

Wherein ye strut, and hide the one base thought.

To mask the truth, to worship, to forget;

These three are one.

AGAVE.

What art thou then? a man? {208B}

ORPHEUS.

No more.

AGAVE.

No longer?

ORPHEUS.

Nothing.

AGAVE.

What then here

Dost thou amid these sacred woods?

ORPHEUS.

I weep.

AGAVE.

Weep then red wine!

AUTONOE.

Or we will draw thy tears,

Red tears of blood.

AGAVE.

On girls! this bitter fool

Would stop our revel!

ORPHEUS.

Nay! ye bid me cease

Weeping.

AGAVE.

Then listen! drink this deep full cup,

Or here we tear thee limb from limb!

ORPHEUS.

Do so!

Ay, me! I am Orpheus, poor lost fool of Fate!

Orpheus, can charm the wildest to my lyre.

Beasts, rocks, obey — ah, Hades, didst thou mock,

Alone of all, my songs? Thee I praise not.

[AUTONOE “embraces him.”

Audacious woman!

AGAVE.

Tear the fool in shreds!

Then to the dance! {209A}

ORPHEUS.<<Much of the following invocation is a free rendering of several fine passages in the Egyptian Book of the Dead.>>

The old Egyptian spell!

Stir, then, poor children, if ye can! Ah me!

“Sings.”

Unity uttermost showed,

I adore the might of thy breath,

Supreme and terrible God

Who makest the Gods and death

To tremble before thee: —

I, I adore thee!

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,

Whose face is like an emerald;

Whose crown is indigo as night;

Smaragdine snakes about thy brow

Twine, and the disc of flaming light

Is on thee, seated in the prow

Of the Sun’s bark, enthroned above

With lapis-lazuli for love

And ruby for enormous force
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound
Of planets choral in their course!
O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light'
Thine heart a secret sun of flame!
I adore the insuperable might:
I bow before the unspoken Name.

For I am Yesterday, and I
To-day, and I tomorrow, born
Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create
The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
I come from the sequestered state;
My birth is from the House of Death.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnacled
That watch upon the universe!
Ye that the bier of God beheld!
That bore it onwards, ministers
Of peace within the House of Wrath, {209B}
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights
Mounting from underneath the North,
The shrine of the celestial Heights!

He is in me, and I in Him!
Mine is the crystal radiance
That filleth aether to the brim
Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
I am the beautiful and glad,
Rejoicing in the golden day.
I am the spirit silken-clad
That fareth on the fiery way.
I have escaped from Him, whose eyes
Are close at eventide, and wise

To drag thee to the House of Wrong: —

I am armed! I am armed! I am strong! I am strong!

I make my way: opposing horns

Of secret foemen push their lust

In vain: my song their fury scorns;

They sink, they grovel in the dust.

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!

Inscrutable and infinite!

Let Orpheus journey forth to see

The Disk in peace and victory!

Let him adore the splendid sight,

The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;

Soar like a bird, laved by the light,

To pierce the far eternal blue!

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill

Hast touched with strength, and they are shivered!

The way is open unto will!

The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
That hath looked forth upon the Bier
That goeth to the House of Rest!
His heart is lit with melody;
Peace in his house is master of fear;
His holy Name is in the West
When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's! {210A}

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings the world enfold.
I alight in mighty splendour from the throned boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they paeon, bowing low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to measure force with them!

Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for ever and for ever.

("The" MAENADS "stand silent and quiet.")

ORPHEUS.<<The following is paraphrased from one of the writings
(falsely) attributed to Orpheus.>>

Worship with due rite, orderly attire,
The makers of the world, the floating souls
Whence fell these crystals we call earth. Praise Might
The Limitless; praise Pallas, by whose Wisdom
The One became divided. Praise ye Him,
Chronos, from whom, the third, is form perceived.
Praise ye Poseidon, his productive power,
And Juno, secret nature of all things,
On which all things are builded: praise ye Love, {210B}
Idalian Aphrodite, strong as fair,
Strong not to loosen Godhead's crown by deed

To blind eyes not a God's: and praise pure Life,
Apollo in his splendour, whom I praise
Most, being his, and this song his, and his
All my desire and all my life, and all
My love, albeit he hath forsaken me.
These are One God in many: praise ye Him!

AGAVE.

We praise indeed who made the choral world
And stars the greatest, and all these the least
Flowers at our feet: but also we may praise
This Dionysus, lord of life and joy,
In whom we may perceive a subtle world
Hidden behind this masquerade of things.
O sisters, hither, thither!

ORPHEUS.

All deceit.
Delusive as this world of shadows is,
That subtler world is more delusive yet,

Involving deeper and still deeper: thought,
Desire of life, in that warm atmosphere
Spring up and blossom new, rank poisonous flowers,
The enemies of peace. Nay! matter's all,
And all is sorrow. Therefore not to be,
Not to think, love, know, contemplate, exist;
This Not is the one hope.

AGAVE.

Believe it not!
Here is true joy — the woodland revellings,
The smile, the kiss, the laughter leaping up,
And music inward, musings multiform,
Manifold, multitudinous, involved
Each in the deep bliss of the other's love; —
Ay me! my sisters. Thither!

AUTONOE.

Wake the dance! {211A}

MAENADS.

Pour luscious wine, cool, sweet, strong wine! Bring life,

Life overflowing from the cup!

ORPHEUS.

Hush! Hush!

I hymn the eternal matter, absolute,

Divided, chaos, formless frame of force,

Wheels of the luminous reach of space that men

Know by the name of Pan.

MAENADS.

Hail! Hail!

Pan! Son of Hermes! God of Arcady

And all wild woodlands!

ORPHEUS.

Neither Son, nor Sire,

Nor God: but he is all: all else in him

Is hidden: he the secret and the self

Shrined central in this orb of eyeless Fate,
Phantom, elusive, permanent. In all,
In spirit and in matter immanent,
He also is the all, and all is ill.
Three forms and functions hath the soul; the sea
Murmurs their names repeating: “Maris” call
The soul as it engendereth things below;
“Neptune” the soul that contemplateth things
Above; and “Ocean” as itself retracts
Itself into itself: choose ye of these!<<1>>
But I hymn Pan. Awake, O lyre, awake!
As if it were for the last time, awake!
[“He sings.”

<<1. Again from pseudo-Orpheus.>>

In the spring, in the loud lost places.
In the groves of Arcadian green,
There are sounds and shadowy faces
And strange things dimly seen.

Though the face of the springtide as grace is,
The sown and the woodland demesne
Have a soul caught up in their spaces,
Unkenned, and unclean! {211B}

It takes up the cry of the wind.
Its eyes with weeping are blind.
A strong hate whirls it behind
As it flees for ever.
Mad, with the tokens of Fear;
Branded, and sad, without cheer;
Year after ghastly year,
And it endeth never.

And this is the mystical stranger,
The subtle Arcadian God
That lurks as for sorrow and danger,
Yet rules all the earth with his rod.
Abiding in spirit and sense
Through the manifold changes of man,

This soul is alone and intense

And one — He is Pan.

More subtle than mass as ye deem it

He abides in the strife that is dust.

Than spirit more keen as ye dream it,

He is laughter and loathing and lust.

He is all. Nature's agonies scream it;

Her joys quire it clear; in the must

Of the vat is His shape in the steam. It

Is Fear, and Disgust.

For the spirit of all that is,

The light in the lover's kiss,

The shame and sorrow and bliss;

They are all in Pan;

The inmost wheel of the wheels,

The feeling of all that feels,

The God and the knee that kneels,

And the foolish man.

For Pan is the world above
And the world that is hidden beneath;
He grins from the mask of love;
His sword has a jewelled sheath.
What boots it a maiden to gird her?
Her rape ere the aeons began
Was sure; in one roar of red murder
She breaks: He is Pan.

He is strong to achieve, to forsake her;
He is death as it clings to desire,
Ah, woe to the Earth! If he wake her,
Air, water and spirit and fire {212A}
Rush in to uproot her and break her: —
Yet he is the broken; the pyre,
And the flame and the victim; the maker,
And master and sire!

And all that is, is force.

A fatal and witless course
It follows without remorse
With never an aim.
Caught in the net we strive;
We ruin, and think we thrive;
And we die — and remain alive: —
And Pan is our name!

For the misery catches and winds us
Deep, deep in the endless coil;
Ourself is the cord that binds us,
And ours is the selfsame toil.
We are; we are not; yet our date is
An age, though each life be a span;
And ourself and our state and our fate is
The Spirit of Pan.

O wild is the maiden that dances
In the dim waned light of the moon!
Black stars are her myriad glances:

Blue night is the infinite swoon!
But in other array advances
The car of the holier tune;
And our one one chance is in mystical trances; —
Thessalian boon!

For swift as the wheels may turn,
And fierce as the flames may burn,
The spirit of man may discern
In the wheel of Will
A drag on the wheels of Fate,
A water the fires to abate,
A soul the soul to make straight.
And bid “be still!”

But ye, ye invoke in your city
And call on his name on the hill
The God who is born without pity,
The horrible heart that is chill; {212B}
The secret corruption of ages

Ye cling to, and hold as ye can,
And abandon the songs of the sages
For Passion — and Pan!

O thou heart of hate and inmost terror!
O thou soul of subtle fear and lust!
Loathsome shape of infamy, thy mirror
Shown as spirit or displayed as dust!
O thou worm in every soul of matter
Crawling, feasting, rotting; slime of hell!
Beat and batter! shear and shatter!
Break the egg that hides thee well!
Pan! I call thee! Pan! I see thee in thy whirling citadel.

I alone of all men may unveil thee,
Show the ghastly soul of all that is
Unto them, that they themselves may hail thee,
Festered corruption of thy kiss!
Thou the soul of God! the soul of demon!
Soul of matter, soul of man!

Show the gross fools, thine, that think them freemen,
What thou art, and what thy heart,
And what they are, that they are thee,
All creation, whole and part,
Thine and thee, near and far: —
Come! I call thee, I who can.
Pan! I know thee! Pan! I show thee!
Burst thy coffin open, Pan!

What have I said? What have I done?

MAENADS.

Pan! Pan!

Evoe, Iacche! Pan!

AGAVE.

The victim!

AUTONOE.

Rend

The sole pure thing in this impure gross lump,
The shapeless, formless horror that is us
And God — Ah! rend him limb from limb! {213A}

ORPHEUS.

Apollo!

This is the night. This is the end of all.

No force detains. No power urges on.

I am free! Alas! alas! — Eurydice!

(“He is torn to pieces. A faint voice — like his — is still
heard, ever receding and failing.”)

O night!

Fade, love! Fade, light!

I pass beyond Life’s law.

I melt as snow; as ice I thaw;

As mist I dissipate: I am borne, I draw

Through chasms in the mountains: stormy gusts

Of ancient sorrows and forgotten lusts

Bear me along: they touch me not: I waste

The memory of long lives interlaced
Fades in my fading. I disintegrate,
Fall into black oblivion of Fate.
My being divides: I have forgot my name.
I am blown out as a thin subtle flame.
I am no more.

A SPIRIT.

What is? what chorus swells
Through these dark gorges and untrodden dells!
What whisper through the forest? Far entwines
The low song with the roses and the vines,
The high song with the mountains and the pines,
The inmost song with secret fibre of light,
And in the boiling pools and quorns and chasms
Chases the stryges, Death's devote phantasms,
Into a brilliant air wherein they are lost.
Deep in the river moans the choral roar,
Till the deep murmur of the Lesbian shore
Washed of the luminous sea gives answer, while

The angry wail of Nature doth beguile
The hours, the wrath of Nature reft of one,
The sole strong spirit that was Nature's sun,
The orb she circled round, the one thing clean
From all her gross machinery, obscene {213B}
And helpless: — and the lonely mother-cry,
The Muse, her hope down-stricken. Magically
The full deep chorus stirs the sky;
Hark! one voice beyond all
Gives love's own call,
Not hers, Eurydice's,
But thine, thou sweet blood-breasted nightingale
Waking thy choral wail
From Mitylene to remotest seas!

THE RIVER HEBRUS.

Was e'er a stream before
So sad a burden bore
Rolling a melancholy sorrow down from shore to shore?

CALLIOPE.

O this is bitterness beyond belief.

Grief beyond grief.

Boots it to weep? I help him not with force:

What should avail — remorse?

RIVER HEBRUS.

Hear upon high the melancholy

Antistrophe

Matching the strophe's agony!

Tides on a terrible sea!

CALLIOPE.

Bear, bear the laurelled head

Of him I loved, him dead,

O Hebrus, ever downward on thy bosom iron-red!

RIVER HEBRUS.

All Nature's tunes are dull.

The beautiful,

The harmony of life is null.

CALLIOPE.

What unto us remains

But in these broken strains

To hymn with voices jarred the jarred world's shriek of woe?

O! O! {214A}

RIVER HEBRUS.

This discord is an agony

Shuddering harsh in me;

My waters will empoison the fair fresh-water sea!

CALLIOPE.

Nay! all is ended now.

Cover the beaten brow!

Carry the brain of music into the wide AEgean!

No priest pronounce thy paeon

Ever again, Apollo,

Thou false, thou fair, thou hollow!
Die to a groan within a shrine!
Despair thy force divine!
Thou didst achieve this ruin; let the seas
Roar o'er thy lost name of Musagetes!

THE LESBIAN SHORE.

Welcome, O holy head!
Welcome, O force not dead!
Reverberating joy of music subtly shed!
Welcome, O glorious, O laurelled one!
Own offspring of the Sun,
The ancient harmony was hardly yet begun.
By thee and by thy life
Arose the Lesbian maiden.
Thou art perished as thy wife;
My shores with magic loves and songs of life are laden.

CALLIOPE.

Weep, weep no more!

O loyal Lesbian shore,
I hear a murmur sound more sweet than murmur ever bore.
Not ocean's siren spell
Soft-sounded in a spiral shell
Were quite so exquisite, were all so admirable!

LESBIAN SHORE.

Nay! but the agony of the time
Rings in the royal rime!
She hath touched the intimate, and chanced on the sublime. {214B}

CALLIOPE.

Ay! Ay! a woman's silky tone
Makes music for eternity her own,
Till all men's victories in song seem a discordant groan.

LESBIAN SHORE.

Upon my cliffs of green,
Beneath the azure skies,
She stands with looks of fire,

Sappho. Her hands between
Lies the wild world; she flies
From agony to agony of desire.

CALLIOPE.

Him, Orpheus, him she sings;
Loosing the living strings,
Till music fledged fares forth sunward on moon-wrought wings.

LESBIAN SHORE.

Yea, by the solar name,
Orpheus her lips acclaim,
The centre and the silence! O! the torrent of fine flame
Like hair that shooteth forth
To the ensanguine North
Whence ran the drunken crew, Bassarids in their wrath.

SAPPHO.

Woe is me! the brow of a brazen morning
Breaks in blood on water athirst of Hebrus.

Sanguine horror starts on her hills tenebrous:

Hell hath not heard her!

Dumb and still thy birds, O Apollo, scorning

Song; yells drown them, lecherous anthems gabbled,

Laughter splashed of Bassarids, blood-be-dabbled,

Mad with their murder!

O thou many-coloured immortal maiden,

Dawn! O dew, delight of a world! A sorrow

Hides your holy faces awhile. Tomorrow

Comes for your calling? {215A}

Still the notes of musical Orpheus, laden

Never now of pain or of failing, follow;

Follow up the height, or adown the hollow

Fairy are falling.

O my hopeless misery mind of longing!

O the anguish born in a breast unloved!

Women, wail the face of a God uncovered,
Brain dead and breath dumb!

Wail the sense of infinite ardours thronging
Fast and fast and faster athwart the heaven,
Keen as light and cruel as fire, as levin
Swift and as death dumb!

Freedom, rapture, victory, fill the chorus,
Dying, ever dying, among the billows;
Whispered, ever whispered among the willows: —
Pour the libation!

Now springs up a notable age. Adore us
Masters now of music above his magic,
Lords of change, leaps pastoral up to tragic,
Thanks to the Thracian!

Ah, my pain! what desolate female bosoms,
Smitten hearts of delicate males, uncover;

Grip not life for poet or sage or lover,
Feed on derision.

Yea, in these mature me avenger blossoms
Swift as swords to sever the subtle ether,
Lift the earth, see infinite space beneath her,
Swoon at the vision.

This, O Orpheus, this be a golden guerdon
Unto thee for gift of amaze and wonder!
This thy sorrow, sword of a heart asunder,
Beareth a flower.

This the heart of woman — a bitter burden! —
Thou has filled with seed — O a seed of madness!
Seed of music! seed of a royal sadness! —
This be our dower! {215B}

Ah! the bitter legacy left of lyre-light!
Thou wast Nature's prophet, a wise magician;

Magic fails, and love is a false physician: —

Deep our disease is!

Now to us the crouching over the firelight,

Eating out for hunger of love our vitals!

(Eaten out the hollower for respitals

Swift as the breeze is.)

Ay! the golden age is a broken vessel.

All the golden waters exhale, evanish.

Joy of life and laughter of love we banish:

Damned is the will dead.

Now with brass and iron we writhe and wrestle.

Now with clay the torrent of fire is tainted.

Life apes death: the lily is curled and painted;

Gold is regilded.

Master, we lament thee, as awful anguish

Seizes on the infinite maze of mortals.

See we love that yearns to the golden portals

Bound of the grey god.

Love, thy children, laughter and sunlight, languish.

Aphrodite, miracle of the flashed foam,

Burns with beaten agony in the lashed foam;

Down is the day-god.

Ay! this first of Lesbian lamentations

Still shall burn from aeon to idle aeon!

(Chorus, epithany, ode, and paean

Dumb or dishevelled!)

Still my songs shall murmur across the nations,

Gain their meed of misery, praise, and yearning,

Smite their stroke on centuries foully burning,

Drunk or bedevilled.

Song? No beauty shine in a sphere of music!

Me? my voice be dull, be a void, be toneless!

Match me, sea! than me thou hast many a moan less,
Many a million! {216A}

Sun, be broken! Moon, be eclipsed; be dew sick!
Ocean flat and poisonous, earth demented!
Living souls go shuddering through the tented
Air, his pavilion!

Ay; the pectis clangs me a soulless discord: —
Let me break my visible heart a-weeping!
Loving? Drinking? Misery. Singing, sleeping
Touch not my sorrow.

Orpheus, turn the sorrow-chord to the bliss-chord!
All may rise the easier that the one set.
So our eyes from saddening at the sunset
Turn to tomorrow.

CALLIOPE.

Silence. I hear a voice

That biddeth me rejoice.

I know the whole wise plan

Of fate regarding Man.

THE LESBIAN SHORE.

It is the sun's dark bride

Nuith, the azure-eyed.

No longer Sappho sings her spell;

His heart divorced, her heart insatiable.

There is deep silence. Earth hath passed

To a new kingdom. In a purpose vast

Her horoscope is cast.

NUITH.

Enough. it is ended, the story

Of magical aeons of song;

The sun is gone down in his glory

To the Houses of Hate and of Wrong.

Would ye see if he rise?

In Hesperian skies

Ye may look for his rising for long.

The magical aeon beginneth
Of song in the heart of desire,
That smiteth and striveth and sinneth,
But burns up the soul of the lyre: —
There is pain in the note: —
In the sorcerer's throat
Is a sword, and his brain is afire! {216B}

Long after (to men: but a moment
To me in my mansion of rest)
Is a sundawn to blaze what the glow meant
Seen long after death in the west;
A magical aeon!
Nor love-song nor paean,
But a flame with a silvery crest.

There shall rise a sweet song of the soul
Far deeper than love or distress;

Beyond mortals and gods shall it roll;
It shall find me, and crave, and caress.
Ah! me it shall capture
In torrents of rapture;
It shall flood me, and fill, and possess.

For brighter from age unto age
The weary old world shall renew
Its life at the lips of the sage,
Its love at the lips of the dew.
With kisses and tears
The return of the years
Is sure as the starlight is true.

Yet the drift of the stars is to beauty,
To strength, and to infinite pleasure.
The toil and the worship and duty
Shall turn them to laughter and leisure.
Were the world understood
Ye would see it was good,

A dance to a delicate measure.

Ye fools, interweaving in passion.

The lyrical light of the mind!

Go on, in your drivelling fashion!

Ye shall surely seek long and not find.

From without ye may see

All the beauty of me,

And my lips, that their kisses are kind.

For Eurydice once I lamented;

For Orpheus I do not lament:

Her days were a span, and demented;

His days are for aye, and content.

Mere love is as nought

To the love that is Thought,

And idea is more than event. {217A}

O lovers! O poets! O masters

Of me, ye may ravish my frown!

Aloof from my shocks and disasters!

Impatient to kiss me, and crown!

I am eager to yield.

In the warrior field

Ye shall fight me, and fasten me down.

O poets! O masters! O lovers!

Sweet souls of the strength of the sun!

The couch of eternity covers

Our loves, and our dreams are as done.

Reality closes

Our life into roses;

We are infinite space: we are one.

There is one<<1>> that hath sought me and found me

In the heart of the sand and the snow:

He hath caught me, and held me, and bound me,

In the lands where no flower may grow.

His voice is a spell,

Hath enchanted me well!

I am his, did I will it or no.

<<1. Possibly intended as a reference to the poet himself.>>

But I will it, I will it, I will it!

His speck of a soul in its cars

Shall lift up immensity! fill it

With light of his lyrical bars.

His soul shall centre

All space; he shall enter

The beautiful land of the stars.

He shall know me eternally wedded

To the splendid and subtle of mind;

For the pious, the arrogant-headed,

He shall know they nor seek me nor find.

O afloat in me curled!

Cry aloud to the world

That I and my kisses are kind!

O lover! O poet! O maiden
To me in my magical way!
Be thy songs with the wilderness laden!
Thy lure be adrift and astray: —
So to me thou shalt cling!
So to me thou shalt sing
Of the beautiful law of the day! {217B}

I forbid thee to weep or to worship;
I forbid thee to sing or to write!
The Star-Goddess guideth us her ship;
The sails belly out with the light.
Beautiful head!
We will sing on our bed
Of the beautiful law of the Night! {218Atop}

We are lulled by the whirr of the stars;
We are fanned by the whisper, the wind;
We are locked in the unbreakable bars,
The love of the spirit and mind.

The infinite powers

Of rapture are ours;

We are one, and our kisses are kind. {218Btop full page below}

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS

{218}

EPILOGUE AND DEDICATION

“November 19, 1906.”

MY DEAR ION, — I address you by the unfamiliar title in giving you, a man self-damned, God knows how unjustly, as the author of the phrase, “I am not an appreciator of poetry, and I have no Keats,” these volumes. For the matter thereof is already in great part yours and as such cannot be given. The rest I offer because it is hardly possible to close definitely, as I do now, a period of many years’ work, without reflecting upon that period as a whole. And, when I do so, I find you at the beginning like Ladas or Pheidippides of old, running — ready to run until you achieve the goal or your heart burst; but you are among a crowd. I join you. Eight years ago this day you, Hermes, let me blindfold to awake a chosen runner of the course. “In all my wanderings in darkness your light shone before me though I knew it not.” To-day (one may almost hope, turning into the straight) you and I are alone. Terrible and joyous! We shall find companions at the End, at the banquet, lissome and cool and garlanded; companions with a Silver Star or maybe a Jewelled Eye mobile and uncertain — as if alive — on their foreheads. We shall be bidden to sit, and they will wreath us with immortal flowers, and give us to drink of the seemly wine of Iacchus — well! but until then, unless my heart deceives me, no third shall appear to join us. Indeed, may two attain? It seems a thing impossible in nature. May it not be that — near as the resounding roar of the viewless spectators sounds to our dust-dimmed ears — there stands some awful opposer in the way, some fear or some seduction? Why do you grip that bar in your left hand? Does not this loin-cloth irk my limbs? We should have shaved our heads before the race — the curls are moist and heavy! Why did we cumber ourselves with sandals? Long ere now our feet would have grown hard. Well, if my heart bursts, it bursts; you must give these volumes to the young athletes, that they may learn wherefore I failed — wherefore it was given unto me to run thus far. For, if I have put nothing else therein, most surely that is there.

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

EPILOGUE AND DEDICATION OF

VOLUMES I., II., III.

{columns resume}

ELEUSIS.

THOSE who are most familiar with the spirit of fair play which pervades our great public schools will have no difficulty, should they {219A} observe, in an obscure corner, the savage attack of Jones minor upon Robinson minimus, in deducing that the former has only just got over the “jolly good hiding” that Smith major had so long promised him, the {219B} determining factor of the same being Smith’s defeat by Brown maximus behind the chapel, after Brown’s interview with the HeadMaster.

We are most of us aware that cabinet ministers, bishops, and dons resemble each other in the important particular that all are still schoolboys, and their differences but the superficial one produced by greasing, soaping, and withering them respectively; so that it will meet with instant general approval if I open this paper by the remark that Christianity, as long as it flourished, was content to assimilate Paganism, never attacking it until its own life had been sapped by the insidious heresies of Pall.

Time passed by, and they bullied Manes and Cerinthus; history repeated itself until it almost knew itself by heart; finally, at the present day, some hireling parasites of the decaying faith — at once the origin and the product of that decay — endeavour to take advantage of the “Greek movement” or the “Neo-pagan revival” in the vain hope of diverting the public attention

from the phalanx of Rationalism — traitorously admitted by Luther, and now sitting crowned and inexpugnable in the very citadel of the faith — to their own dishonest lie that Paganism was a faith whose motto was “Carpe diem,” <<“Gather ye roses!” is the masterpiece of a Christian clergyman. — A.C.>> and those methods were drink, Dance, and Studio Murder.<<A perculiarly gross case of psychopathic crime which occurred in 1906.>> Why is Procopius cleaner than Petronius? Even a Julian could confute this sort of thing; but are we to rest for ever in negation? No; a Robinson minimus ipse will turn, and it is quite time that science was given a chance to measure itself against bulk. I shall not be content with giving Christian apologists the lie direct, but proceed to convict them of the very materialism against which they froth. In a word, {220A} to-day Christianity is the irreligion of the materialist, or if your like, the sensualist; while in Paganism, we may find the expression of that ever-haunting love — nay, necessity! — of the Beyond which tortures and beautifies those of us who are poets.

GR:pi-alpha-nu-tau-alpha kappa-alpha-theta-alpha-rho-alpha tau-omicron-iota-sigma kappa-alpha-theta-alpha-rho-omicron-iota-sigma — and, while there is no logical break between the apparently chaste dogma of the Virgin Birth and the horrible grossness of R. P. Sanchez in his “De Matrimonio,” Lib. ii. Cap. xxi., “Utium Virgo Maria semen emiseric in copulatione cum Spiritu Sancto,” so long as we understand an historical Incarnation: the accomplishment of that half of the Magnum Opus which is glyphed in the mystic aphorism “Solve!” enables an Adept of that standing to see nothing but pure symbol and holy counsel in the no grosser legends of the Greeks. This is not a matter of choice: reason forbids us to take the Swan-lover in its literal silliness and obscenity; but, on the other hand, the Bishops will not allow us to attach a pure interpretation to the precisely similar story of the Dove.<<Recently, a certain rash doctor publicly expressed his doubts whether any Bishop of the twentieth century was so filthy-minded a fool. They were, however, soon dispelled by telegrams from a considerable section of the entire Bench, couched in emphatic language.>>

So far am I, indeed, from attacking Christian symbolism as such, that I am quite prepared to admit that it is, although or rather because it is the lowest, the best. Most others, especially Hinduism and Buddhism, lose themselves in metaphysical speculations only proper to those who are already Adepts.

The Rosicrucian busies himself with the Next Step, for himself and his pupils; he is no more concerned to discuss Nibbana than a schoolmaster to “settle the doctrine of the enclithic GR:Delta-eta” in the mind of a child who is painfully grappling with the declension of GR:Nu-epsilon-alpha-nu-iota-alpha-sigma. We can read even orthodox {220B} Christian writers with benefit (such is the revivifying force of our Elixir) by seeking the essence in the First Matter of the Work; and we could commend many of them, notably St. Ignatius and even the rationalising Mansel and Newman, if they would only concentrate upon spiritual truth, instead of insisting on the truth of things, material and therefore immaterial, which only need the touch of a scholar’s wand to crumble into the base dust from which their bloodstained towers arose.

Whoso has been crucified with Christ can but laugh when it is proved that Christ was never crucified. The historian understands nothing of what we mean, either by Christ or by crucifixion, and is thus totally incompetent to criticise our position. On the other hand, we are of course equally ill-placed to convert him; but then we do not wish to do so; certainly not “qua” historian. We leave him alone. Whoso hath ears to hear, let him hear! and the first and last ordeals and rewards of the Adept are comprised in the maxim “Keep silence!”

There should be no possible point of contact between the Church and the world: Paul began the ruin of Christianity, but Constantine completed it. The Church which begins to exteriorise is already lost. To control the ethics of the state is to adopt the ethics of the state: and the first duty of the state will be to expel the rival god Religion. In such a cycle we in England seem to be now revolving, and the new forced freedom of the Church is upon us.

If only the destruction is sufficiently complete, if only all England will turn Atheist, we may perhaps be able to find some Christians here and there. As long as “church” means either a building, an assembly, or even has any meaning at all of a kind to be intelligible to the ordinary man, so long is Christ rejected, and the Pharisee supreme.

Now the materialism which has always {221A} been the curse of Christianity was no doubt partly due to the fact that the early disciples were poor men. You cannot bribe a rich man with loaves and fishes: only the overfed long from the Simple Life. True, Christ bought the world by the promise of Fasts and Martyrdoms, glutted as it was by its surfeit of Augustan glories; but the poor were in a vast majority, and snatched greedily at all the gross pleasures and profits of which the educated and wealthy were sick even unto death. Further, the asceticism of surfeit is a false passion, and only lasts until a healthy hunger is attained; so that the change was an entire corruption, without redeeming aspect. Had there been five righteous men in Rome, a Cato, a Brutus, a Curtius, a Scipio, and a Julian, nothing would have occurred; but there was only the last, and he too late. No doubt Maximus, his teacher, was too holy an Adept to mingle in the affairs of the world; one indeed, perhaps, about to pass over to a higher sphere of action: such speculation is idle and impertinent; but the world was ruined, as never before since the fabled destruction of Atlantis, and I trust that I shall take my readers with me when I affirm so proud a belief in the might of the heart whose integrity is unassailable, clean of all crime, that I lay it down as a positive dictum that only by the decay in the mental and moral virility of Rome and not otherwise, was it possible for the slavish greed and anarchy of the Faith of Paul to gain a foothold. This faith was no new current of youth, sweeping away decadence: it was a force of the slime: a force with no single salutary germ of progress inherent herein. Even Mohammedanism, so often accused of materialism, did produce, at once, and in consequence, a revival of learning, a crowd of algebraists, astronomers, philosophers, whose names are still to be revered: but within the fold, from the death of Christ to the Renaissance — a purely pagan movement — we hear no more {221B} of art, literature, or philosophy. <<Such philosophy as does exist is entirely vicious, taking its axioms no more from observed fact, but from “Scripture” or from Aristotle. Barring

such isolated pagans as M. Aurelius Antoninus, and the neo-Platonists, those glorious decadents* of paganism.

* Decadence marks the period when the adepts, nearing their earthly perfection, become true adepts, not mere men of genius. They disappear, harvested by heaven: and perfect darkness (apparent death) ensues until the youthful forerunners of the next crop begin to shoot in the form of artists. Diagrammatically: T H E I N V I S I B L E . .

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: T H E V I S I B L E . . : S . :

^: S . . : T . :

|: T . . : P . :

|: P . . : E . :

S: E . . : D . :

p: D . . : A . Link (between adepts:

a: A : and world) breaks.:

c: :

e: . MANKIND - MANKIND . _ :

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: :Deca- : Slime.:

: :dence. : :

TIME:—> :Adepts :Adepts :

:Renaissance. Adepts: as :invis- :Renaissance, *etc.*

:as Artists, Philo- :Adepts :ible :

:sophers, Men of : They :to all.:

:Science, &c. More :appear,: :

:or less recognised :but as : :

:(sooner or later) : fools : :

:as great men. : and : :

: :knaves.: :

By the Progress of the World we mean that she is always giving adepts to God, and thus losing them; yet, through their aid, while they are still near enough to humanity to attract it, she reaches each time a higher point. Yet this point is never very high; so that Aeschylus, though in fact more ignorant than our schoolboys, holds his seat besides Ibsen and Newton in the Republic of the Adepts — a good horse, but not to be run too hard. — A. C.>> But we do hear — well, what Gibbon has to say.

There is surely a positive side to all this; we agree that Pagans must have been more spiritual than their successors, if only because themselves openly scoffed at their mythology without in the least abandoning the devout performance of its rites, while the Christian clung to irrelevant historical falsehood as if it were true and important. But it is justifiable — nay, urgent — to inquire how and why? Which having discovered, we are bound to proceed with the problem: “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?” receive the answer: “By taking heed thereto according {222A} to thy word,” and interpret “thy word” as “The Works of Aleister Crowley.”

But this is to anticipate; let us answer the first question by returning to our phrase “The Church that exteriorises is already lost.” On that hypothesis, the decay of Paganism was accomplished by the very outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual grace, the raising of massive temples to the Gods in a style and manner to which history seeks in vain a parallel. Security is mortals’ chiefest enemy; so also the perfection of balanced strength which enabled Hwang-sze to force his enemies to build the Great Wall was the mark of the imminent decay of his dynasty and race — truly a terrible “Writing on the Wall.” An end to the days of the Nine Sages; an end to the wisdoms of Lao Tan on his dun cow; an end to the making of classics of history and of odes and of ethics, to the Shu King and the Shih King, and the Li-Ki, {222B} and the mysterious glories of the holy Yi King itself! Civilisation, decadence, and the slime. Still the Great Wall keeps the Barbarians from China: it is the wall that the Church of Christ set up against science and philosophy, and even to-day its ruins stand, albeit wrapped in the lurid flames of Hell. It is the law of life, this cycle; decadence is perfection, and the perfect soul is assumed into the bosom of Nephthys, so that for a while the world lies fallow. It is in failing to see this constant fume of incense rising from the earth that pessimistic philosophies make their grand fundamental error: in that, and in assuming the very point in dispute, the nature of the laws of other worlds and the prospects of the individual soul. Confess, O subtle author, that thou thyself art even now in the same trap! Willingly, reader; these slips happen when, although one cannot prove to others, one knows.<<Let me run wild for once, I beg; I am tired of emulating Mr. Storer Clouston’s Sir Julian Wallingford, “whose reasoning powers were so remarkable that he never committed the slightest action without furnishing a full and adequate explanation of his conduct.” — A. C.>> Thou too shall know, and thou wilt: — ask how, and we come suddenly back to our subject, just as a dreamer may wander through countless nightmares, to find himself in the end on the top of a precipice, whence falling, he shall find himself in bed.

Hear wisdom! the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind.

A man is almost obliged to be in communion with God when God is blowing his hat off, drenching him to the skin, whistling through his very

bones, scaring him almost to death with a flash of lightning, and so on. When he gets time to think, he thinks just that. In a church all is too clearly the work of man: in the matter of man's comfort man's devices are so obviously superior to God's: so that we compare hats and languidly discuss the preacher.

Religion is alive in Wales, because people have to walk miles to chapel.
{223A}

Religion is alive among Mohammedans, who pray (as they live) out of doors, and who will fight and die for their ideas; and among Hindus, whose bloody sacrifices bring them daily face to face with death.

Pan-Islam is possible; pan-Germany is possible; but pan-Christendom would be absurd. There were saints in the times of the Crusades, and Crusaders in the times of the Saints: for though the foe was more artificial than real, and the object chimerical, a foe and an aim of whatever sort assist the concentration which alone is life.

So that we need not be surprised to see as we do that religion is dead in London, where it demands no greater sacrifice than that of an hour's leisure in the week, and even offers to repay that with social consideration for the old, and opportunities of flirtation for the young.

The word "dear" has two senses, and these two are one.

Pressing the "out-of-doors" argument, as we may call it, I will challenge each of my readers to a simple experiment.

Go out one night to a distant an lonely heath, if no mountain summit is available: then at midnight repeat the Lord's Prayer, or any invocation with which you happen to be familiar, or one made up by yourself, or one consisting wholly of senseless and barbarous words.<<I am ashamed to say that I have devoted considerable time to the absurd task of finding meanings for, and tracing the corruptions of, the "barbarous names of evocation" which occur in nearly all conjurations, and which Zoroaster

warns his pupils not to change, because “they are names divine, having in the sacred rites a power ineffable.”

The fact is that many such names are indeed corruptions of divine names. We may trace Eheieh in Eie, Abraxas in Abrae, Tetragrammaton in Jehovah.

But this, an initiate knows, is quite contrary to the true theory.

It is “because” the names are senseless that they are effective. If a man is really praying he cannot bring himself to utter ridiculous things to his God, just as Mark Twain observes that one “cannot pray a lie.” So that it is a sublime test of faith to utter either a lie or a jest, this with reverence, and that with conviction. Achieve it; the one becomes the truth, the other a formula of power. Hence the real value of the Egyptian ritual by which the theurgist identified himself with the power he invoked. Modern neophytes should not (we think) use the old conjurations with their barbarous names, because, imperfectly understanding the same, they may superstitiously attribute some real power to them; we shall rather advise “Jack and Jill went up the hill,” “From Greenland’s icy mountains,” and such, with which it is impossible for the normal mind to associate a feeling of reverence.

What may be the mode of operation of this formula concerns us little; enough if it succeeds. But one may suggest that it is a case of the will running free, “i.e.” unchecked, as it normally is, by the hosts of critical larvae we call reason, habit, sensation, and the like.

But the will freed from these may run straight and swift; if its habitual goal has been the attainment of Samadhi, it may under such circumstances reach it. It will require a very advanced student to use this type of faith. The Lord’s Prayer and the minor exaltation are the certainties for this event. — A. C.>> Repeat it solemnly and {223B} aloud, expectant of some great and mysterious result.

I pledge myself, if you have a spark of religion in you, that is, if you are properly a human being, that you will (at the very least) experience a deeper sense of spiritual communion that you have ever obtained by any course of church-going.

After which you will, if you are worth your salt, devote your life to the development of this communion, and to the search for an instructed master who can tell you more than I can.

Now the earlier paganism is simply overflowing with this spirit of communion. The boy goes down to the pool, musing, as boys will; is it strange that a nymph should reward him, sometimes even with wine from the purple vats of death?

Poor dullards! in your zeal to extinguish the light upon our altars you have had to drench your own with the bitter waters of {224A} most general unbelief. Where are the witches and the fairies and the angels, and the visions of the divine St. John? You are annoyed at my mention of angels and witches; because you know yourselves to be sceptics, and that I have any amount of “scriptural warrant” to throw at your heads, if I deigned; you are all embarrassed when Maude Adams leans over the footlights with a goo-goo accent so excessive that you die of diabetes in a week, and asks you point-blank: “Do you believe in fairies?” while, for your visions, you do not go to St. John’s Island, and share his exile; but to his Wood, and waste your money.

The early pagan worships Demeter in dim groves; there is silence; there is no organisation of ritual; there the worship is spontaneous and individual. In short, the work of religion is thrown upon the religious faculty, instead of being delegated to the quite inferior and irrelevant faculties of mere decorum or even stage-craft. A Christian of the type of Browning understands this perfectly. True, he approves the sincerity which he finds to pervade the otherwise disgusting chapel; but he cares nothing whatever for the “raree-show of Peter’s successor,” and though I daresay his ghost will be shocked and annoyed by my mention of the fact, Browning himself does not get his illumination in any human temple, but only when he is out with the universe alone in the storm.

Nor does Browning anywhere draw so perfect and so credible a picture of the intercourse between man and God as the exquisite vision of Pan in “Pheidippides.” It is all perfectly natural and therefore miraculous; there is

no straining at the gnats of vestment in the hope of swallowing the camel of Illumination.

In the matter of Pentecost, we hear only, in the way of the “conditions of the experiment,” that “they were all with one accord in one place.” Now, this being {224B} the only instance in the world’s history of more than two people in one place being of one accord, it is naturally also the only instance of a miracle which happened in church.

The Quakers, arguing soundly enough that women were such a cause of contention chiefly on account of their tongues, and getting a glimpse of these truths which I have so laboriously been endeavouring to expound, hoped for inspiration from the effects of silence alone, and strove (even by a symbolic silence in costume) to repeat the experiment of Pentecost.

But they lacked the stimulus of Syrian air, and that of the stirring times of the already visible sparks of national revolt: they should have sought to replace these by passing the bottle round in their assemblies, and something would probably have happened, an ‘twere only a raid of the police.

Better get forty shillings or a month that live and die as lived and died
John Bright!

Better be a Shaker, or a camp-meeting homunculus, or a Chataqua gurl, or a Keswick week lunatic, or an Even Roberts revivalist, or even a common maniac, than a smug Evangelical banker’s clerk with a greasy wife and three gifted children — to be bank clerks after him!

Better be a flagellant, or one who dances as David danced before the Lord, than a bishop who is universally respected, even by the boys he used to baste when he was headmaster of a great English public school!

That is, if religion is your aim: if you are spiritually minded: if you interpret every phenomenon that is presented to your sensorium as a particular dealing of God with your soul.

But if you come back from the celebration of the Eucharist and say, “Mr. Hogwash was very dull to-day,” you will never get to heaven, where the good poets live, and nobody else; nor to hell, whose inhabitants are exclusively bad poets. {225A}

There is more hope for a man who should go to Lord’s and say he saw the angels of God ascending and descending upon C. B. Fry.

It is God who sees the possibility of Light in Chaos; it is the Churches who blaspheme the superb body of Truth which Adepts of old enshrined in the Cross, by degrading the Story of the Crucifixion to a mere paragraph in the “Daily Mail” of the time of Pontius Pilate.

Bill Blake took tea with Ezekiel: Tennyson saw no more in the Arthurian legends than a prophecy of the Prince Consort (though Lancelot has little in common with John Brown), and the result of all is that Tennyson is dead and buried — as shown by the fact that he is still popular — and Blake lives, for poets read and love him.

Now when Paganism became popular, organised, state-regulated, it ceased to be individual: that is to say, it ceased to exist as a religion, and became a social institution little better than the Church which has replaced it. But initiates — men who had themselves seen God face to face, and lived — preserved the vital essence. They chose men; they tested them; they instructed them in methods of invoking the Visible Image of the Invisible. Thus by a living chain religion lived — in the Mysteries of Eleusis.

Further, recognising that the Great Work was henceforth to be secret, a worship of caverns and midnight groves and catacombs, no more of open fields and smiling bowers, they caused to be written in symbols by one of the lesser initiates the whole Mystery of Godliness, so that after the renaissance those who were fitted to the work might infallibly discover the first matter of the Work and even many of the processes thereof.

Such writings are those of the neo-Platonists, and in modern times the God-illuminated Adept Berkeley, Christian though he called himself, is

perhaps the most distinguished {225B} of those who have understood this truth.

<<EXTRACTS FROM BERKELEY'S EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK
OF THE

LIFE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRAMELIN

THE MAGE

{1} “There is a mystery about this visit I resolved to absent myself to Dublin. ‘I propose to set out for suddenly and go away ... Dublin about a month hence,’ he writes and lead a solitary life. to ‘dear Tom,’ ‘but of this you must not give the least intimation to any one. It is of all things my earnest desire (and for very good reasons) not to have it known I am in Dublin. Speak not, there-I am about here to set down in fore, one syllable of it to any mortal writing the difficulties, temp-whatsoever. When I formerly desired you tations, and hindrances which to take a place for me near the town, you will be caused him by his own gave out that you were looking for a relations ... beforehand thou retired lodging for a friend of yours; shouldst arrange thine affairs upon which everybody surmised me to be in such wise that they can in no the person. I must beg you not to act way hinder thee, no bring thee any in the like manner now — but to take disquietude. for me an entire house in your own name, and as for yourself; for, all I took another house at rent ...

things considered, I am determined upon and I gave over unto one of my
a whole house, with no mortal in it but uncles the care of providing the
a maid of your own getting, who is to necessities of life.

look on herself as your servant. Let
there be two bedrooms, one for you,
another for me, and as you like you may
ever and anon lie there.

“I would have the house with necessary
furniture taken by the month (or otherwise
as you can), for I propose staying not
beyond that time, and yet perhaps I may.

“Take it as soon as possible... . Let
me entreat you to say nothing of this to
anybody, but to do the thing directly. ...

I would of all things have a proper place “Should you perform this
in a retired situation, where I may have Operation in a town, you should
access to fields, and sweet air, provided take a house which is not at all
against the moment I arrive. I am overlooked by any one, seeing that
inclined to think one may be better in this present day curiosity is
concealed in the outermost skirt of the so strong that you ought to be

suburbs, than in country or within the upon your guard; and there ought town. A house quite detached in the to be a garden (adjoining the country I should have no objections to, house) wherein you can take provided you judge I shall not be liable exercise.”

to discovery in it. The place called

Bermuda I am utterly against.

Dear Tom, do this matter cleanly and “Consider then the safety of cleverly, without waiting for further your person, commencing this advice. ... To the person from whom you operation in a place of safety, hire it (whom alone I would have you whence neither enemies nor any speak to of it) it will not be strange disgrace can drive you out before at this time of year to be desirous for the end.”

your own convenience, or health, to have a place in a free and open air!’

“This mysterious letter was written in “the season of Easter. ... Then April. From April till September Berkeley first on the following day ... again disappears. There is in all this a I commenced this Holy Operation . curious secretiveness of which one has . . the period of the Six Moons “repeated examples in his life.” being expired, the Lord

{AC NOTE EXTENSION: The Italics are ours. granted unto me His grace ...”

-ED.} Whether he went to Dublin on that occasion, or why he wanted to go, does not appear.”

[2] “I abhor business, and especially “a solitary life, which is the to have to do with great persons and source of all good ... once thou great affairs.” shalt have obtained the sacred

science and magic the love for

retirement will come to thee

[3] “Suddenly, and without the least of its own accord, and thou wilt previous notice of pain, he was removed voluntarily shun the commerce and

to the enjoyment of eternal rewards, and conversation of men, &c.”

although all possible means were instantly

used, no symptoms of life ever appeared “a good death in His holy

after; nor could the physicians assign Kingdom.”

any cause for his death.

It is surely beyond doubt that Berkeley contemplated some operation of a similar character to that of Abramelin. Note the extreme anxiety which he displays. What lesser matter could so have stirred the placid and angelic soul of Berkeley? On what less urgent grounds would he have agreed to the

deceptions (harmless enough though they are) that he urges upon his brother?

That he at one time or another achieved success is certain from the universal report of his holiness and from the nature of his writings. The repeated phrase in the Optics, “God is the Father of Lights,” {AC NOTE EXTENSION: It occurs in James 1, 17.} suggests an actual phrase perhaps used as an exclamation at the moment of a Vision to express, however feebly, its nature, rather than the phrase of a reasoner exercising his reason.

This mysterious letter which so puzzles his biographer is in fact the key to his whole character, life, and opinions.

This is no place to labour the point; I have at hand none of the necessary documents; but it might be worth the research of a scholar to trace Berkeley’s progress through the grades of the Great Order. — A. C.>>

But the orthodox Christian, confronted with this fact, is annoyed; just as the American, knowing himself to be of the {226A} filthiest dregs of mankind, pretends that there is no such thing as natural aristocracy, though to be sure he gives himself away badly enough when confronted with either a nigger or a gentleman, since to ape {226B} dominance is the complement of his natural slavishness. So the blind groveller, Mr. Conformity, and his twin, Mr. Nonconformity, agree to pretend that initiates are always either dupes or impostors; they deny that man can see God and live. Look! There goes John Compromise to church, speculating, like Lot’s wife, on the probable slump in sulphur and the gloomy outlook for the Insurance Companies. It will never do for his Christ to be a man of like passions with himself, else people might expect him to aim at a life like Christ’s. He wants to wallow and swill, and hope for an impossible heaven.

So that it will be imprudent of you (if you want to be asked out to dinner) to point out that if you tell the story of the life of Christ, without mentioning names, to a Musulman, he will ask, “What was the {227A} name of that great sheikh?” to a Hindu, “Who was this venerable Yogi?” to a Buddhist,

“Haven’t you made a mistake to two? I wasn’t a dove, but an elephant with six tusks: and He died of dysentery.”

The fact being that it is within the personal experience of all these persons that men yet live and walk this earth who live in all essentials the life that Christ lived, to whom all His miracles are commonplace, who die His death daily, and partake daily in the Mysteries of His resurrection and ascension.

Whether this is scientifically so or not is of no importance to the argument. I am not addressing the man of science, but the man of intelligence: and the scientist himself will back me when I say that the evidence for the one is just as strong and as weak as {227B} for the others. God forbid that I should rest this paper on a historical basis! I am talking about the certain results of human psychology: and science can neither help nor hinder me.

True, when Huxley and Tyndall were alive, their miserable intelligences were always feeding us up with the idea that science might one day be able to answer some of the simpler questions which one can put: but that was because of their mystical leanings; they are dead, and have left no successors. To-day we have the certitude, “Science never can tell,” of the laborious Ray Lankester “Whose zeal for knowledge mocks the curfew’s call,

And after midnight, to make Lodge look silly,

Studies anatomy — in Piccadilly.”

Really, we almost echo his despair. When, only too many years ago, I was learning chemistry, the text-books were content with some three pages on Camphor: to-day, a mere abstract of what is known occupies 400 closely printed pages: but the Knowledge is in no wise advanced. It is no doubt more difficult to learn “Paradise Lost” by heart than “We are Seven”; but when you have done it, you are no better at figure-skating.

I am not denying that the vast storehouses of fact do help us to a certain distillation (as it were) of their grain: but I may be allowed to complain with Maudsley that there is nobody competent to do it. Even when a genius does come along, his results will likely be as empirical as the facts they cover. Evolution is no better than creation to explain things, as Spencer showed.

The truth of the matter appears to be that as reason is incompetent to solve the problems of philosophy and religion, “a fortiori” science is incompetent. All that science can do is to present reason with new facts. To such good purpose has it done this, that no modern scientist can hope to do more than know a little about one bud on his pet twig of the particular branch he has {228A} chosen to study, as it hangs temptingly from one bough of the Tree of Knowledge.

One of the most brilliant of the younger school of chemists remarks in the course of a stirring discourse upon malt analysis: “Of extremely complex organic bodies the constitution of some 250,000 is known with certainty, and the number grows daily. No one chemist pretends to an intimate acquaintance with more than a few of these ...” Why not leave it alone, and try to be God?

But even had we Maudsley’s committee of geniuses, should we be in any real sense the better? Not while the reason is, as at present, the best guide known to men, not until humanity has developed a mental power of an entirely different kind. For to the philosopher it soon becomes apparent that reason is a weapon inadequate to the task. Hume saw it, and became a sceptic in the widest sense of the term. Mansel saw it, and counsels us to try Faith, as if it was not the very fact that Faith was futile that bade us appeal to reason. Huxley saw it, and, no remedy presenting itself but a vague faith in the possibilities of human evolution, called himself an agnostic: Kant saw it for a moment, but it soon hid itself behind his terminology; Spencer saw it, and tried to gloss it over by smooth talk, and to bury it beneath the ponderous tomes of his unwieldy erudition.

I see it, too, and the way out to Life.

But the labyrinth, if you please, before the clue: the Minotaur before the maiden!

Thank you, madam; would you care to look at our new line in Minotaurs at 2s. 3d.? This way, please.

I have taken a good deal of trouble lately to prove the proposition “All arguments are arguments in a circle.” Without wearying my readers with the formal proof, which I hope to advance one day in an essay on the syllogism, I will take (as sketchily as you please!) the obvious and important case of the consciousness.

A. The consciousness is made up exclusively {228B} of impressions (The tendency to certain impressions is itself a result of impressions on the ancestors of the conscious being). Locke, Hume, &c.

B. Without a consciousness no impression can exist. Berkeley, Fichte, &c.

Both A. and B. have been proved times without number, and quite irrefutably. Yet they are mutually exclusive. The “progress” of philosophy has consisted almost entirely of advances in accuracy of language by rival schools who emphasised A. and B. alternately.

It is easy to see that all propositions can, with a little ingenuity, be reduced to one form or the other.<<Compare the problems suggested to the logician by the various readings of propositions in connotation, denotation, and comprehension respectively; and the whole question of existential import. — A. C.>>

Thus, if I say that grass is green, I mean that an external thing is an internal thing: for the grass is certainly not in my eye, and the green certainly “is” in it. As all will admit.

So, if you throw a material brick at your wife, and hit her (as may happen to all of us), there is a most serious difficulty in the question, “At what point

did your (spiritual) affection for her transform into the (material) brick, and that again into her (spiritual) reformation?”

Similarly, we have Kant’s clear proof that in studying the laws of nature we only study the laws of our own minds: since, for one thing, the language in which we announce a law is entirely the product of our mental conceptions.

While, on the other hand, it is clear enough that our minds depend upon the laws of nature, since, for one thing, the apprehension that six savages will rob and murder you is immediately allayed by the passage of a leaden bullet weighting 230 grains, and moving at the rate of 1200 feet per second, through the bodies of two of the ringleaders. {229A}

It would of course be simple to go on and show that after all we attach no meaning to weight and motion, lead and bullet, but a purely spiritual one: that they are mere phases of our thought, as interpreted by our senses: and on the other that apprehension is only a name for a certain group of chemical changes in certain of the contents of our very material skulls: but enough! the whole controversy is verbal, and no more.

Since therefore philosophy and “a fortiori” science are bankrupt, and the official receiver is highly unlikely to grant either a discharge; since the only aid we get from the Bishops is a friendly counsel to drink Beer — in place of the spiritual wine of Omar Khayyam and Abdullah el Haji (on whom be peace!) — we are compelled to fend for ourselves.

We have heard a good deal of late years about Oriental religions. I am myself the chief of sinners. Still, we may all freely confess that they are in many ways picturesque: and they do lead one to the Vision of God face to face, as one who hath so been led doth here solemnly lift up his voice and testify; but their method is incredibly tedious, and unsuited to most, if not all, Europeans. Let us never forget that no poetry of the higher sort, no art of the higher sort, has ever been produced by any Asiatic race. We are the poets! we are the children of wood and stream, of mist and mountain, of sun and wind! We adore the moon and the stars, and go into the London streets

at midnight seeking Their kisses as our birthright. We are the Greeks — and God grant ye all, my brothers, to be as happy in your loves! — and to us the rites of Eleusis should open the doors of Heaven, and we shall enter in and see God face to face! Alas!

“None can read the text, not even I;

And none can read the comment but myself.”<<1>> {229B}

<<1. Tennyson must have stolen these lines; they are simple and expressive.>>

The comment is the Qabalah, and that I have indeed read as deeply as my poor powers allow: but the text is decipherable only under the stars by one who hath drunken of the dew of the moon.

Under the stars will I go forth, my brothers, and drink of that lustral dew: I will return, my brothers, when I have seen God face to face, and read within those eternal eyes the secret that shall make you free. {230Atop}

Then will I choose you and test you and instruct you in the Mysteries of Eleusis, oh ye brave hearts, and cool eyes, and trembling lips! I will put a live coal upon your lips, and flowers upon your eyes, and a sword in your hearts, and ye also shall see God face to face.

Thus shall we give back its youth to the world, for like tongues of triple flame we shall brood upon the Great Deep — Hail unto the Lords of the Groves of Eleusis! {230Btop. Full page below}

END OF VOL. III

{230}

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

NOTES

TOWARDS AN OUTLINE OF A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE
WRITINGS

IN PROSE AND VERSE OF ALEISTER CROWLEY<<1>>

<<1. For the bulk of these notes we are indebted to the late Mr. L. C. R.
Duncombe-Jewell.>>

{columns resume}

EDITIONES PRINCIPES

(I)

[ACELDAMA: 1898]

Aceldama, | a Place to Bury Strangers in. | a philosophical poem | by a gentleman of the University of Cambridge. | privately printed | London: | 1898.

Collation: — Crown 8vo, pp. 29, consisting of Half-title, quotation on reverse from “Songs of the Spirit,” p. 13, ll. 1-4; Title-page as above, quotation on reverse St. John xii. 24, 25; prose Prologue, quotation on reverse Acts i, 18, 19; Dedication dated “Midnight, 1897-1898,” on reverse

“a toi”; second half-title, quotation on reverse from

Swinburne’s “The Leper”; “Poems and Ballads,” 1866, pp. 1-10; Text, pp.

11-27; no headline; Epilogue p. 28; no imprint, but printed by an obscure printer in the Brompton-road, London.

Edition: 2 copies on vellum, numbered 1, 2;<<1>> 20 copies on Japanese vellum,

numbered 3 - 12;<<2>> 88 copies on hand-made paper, numbered 13-100.

Issued in Japanese vellum turned-in wrapper repeating title-page.

<<1. These large-paper copies measure 7 1/2 x 20, printed on thick vellum, wrapper of Japanese vellum.>>

<<2. These large-paper copies measure 7 1/2 x 10, on thick Japanese vellum, wrapper of thin Japanese vellum.>>

[THE TALE OF ARCHAIS: 1898]

The | Tale of Archais | a Romance in Verse | by a Gentleman of the
University | of Cambridge {233A} | London | Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner
& Co. | MDCCCXCVIII.

Collation: — Pott 4to, pp. viii + 89, consisting of Half-title, Title-page in

red and black as above (with imprint: “Chiswick Press: — Charles

Whittingham & Co. | Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London.” on reverse),
pp.

iii - iv.; Dedication “To | The White Maidens of England | this Tale of

Greece | is | dedicated” (with blank reverse), pp. v - vi; continued in verse, pp. vii - viii.; Prologue in verse, pp. 1 - 5; second Half-title, p. 7; Text, pp. 8 - 84; Epilogue, pp. 85 - 89. There are headlines throughout. The imprint — “Chiswick Press: — Charles Whittingham and Co. | Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.” — is repeated at the foot of the last page.

Editon: 2 copies on Roman vellum, 250 on hand-made paper.

Issued in slate-blue, dull-green, and brick-red boards with white holland backs, and white paper back label. The published price was five shillings.

[THE HONOURABLE ADULTERERS: 1899]

The | Honourable Adulterers | a tragedy | by A. E. C. | 1899.

Collation: — Demy 8vo, cut edges, pp. 8, pagination from 119 - 126,<<1>> consisting of Title {233B} as above; Text, pp. 119 - 126. Headlines throughout. No imprint.

Edition: 5 copies, on smooth purplish paper.

Issued in blue paper wrapper, repeating title page.

<<1. The pagination is accounted for by the fact that these three pamphlets were printed off from the paged type of “Jephthah and Other Mysteries,” then in the press, and issued separately.>>

[JEPHTHAH AND OTHER

MYSTERIES 1899]

Jephthah | and other mysteries | lyrical and dramatic | by Aleister Crowley | London: Kegan Paul, Trench, | Trubner and Company, Ltd. | 1899 | “all rights reserved.”

Collation: — Demy 8vo, pp. xxii + 233, consisting of Half-title, quotation on

reverse from “Il Penseroso;” Title page as above, quotation on reverse from

SAPPHO; Quotation from “The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin the

Mage”; on reverse “The dedication | is to | Algernon Charles Swinburne”;

Dedication in verse, pp. vii - xii; Contents, pp. xiii - xiv; Prelude, xv

- xxi; second Half-title, “Jephthah, | a tragedy,” on reverse quotation

from “Hamlet;” second Dedication, “To | Gerald Kelly, | poet and painter,

I dedicate | this tragedy”; dated “Cambridge, November, 1898.” Text, pp.

5 - 221; Epilogue, pp. 222 - 223. On reverse, imprint “Chiswick Press: —

Charles Whittingham and co. | Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London,”

surmounted by colophon, upon a mound, “a lion rampant, grasping an anchor

entwined with a dolphin, the flukes and head in base.” Advertisements at end of book pp. 8. Headlines throughout.

Editions: 1000 copies on machine-made paper, 6 copies on India paper.

Issued in brick-red boards, linen backs, white paper label, “Crowley | Jephthah | & other | mysteries | lyrical & | dramatic | Kegan Paul, | Trench | Trubner & | Co. Ltd. | 1899 | Price 7s. 6d.” The six India-paper copies issued in old gold coloured buckram, lettered on cover “Jephthah” in red.

[SONGS OF THE SPIRIT: 1898]

Songs of the Spirit | by | Aleister Crowley | “Sublimi feriam sidera vertice” HOR. | London | Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. | MDCCCXCVIII.

Collation: — Pott 8bvo, pp. x + 109. Half-title; on reverse, quotation from

“The Tale of” {234A} “Archais;” Title in red and black as above; reverse, quotation from “Ecclesiastes,” “a fool also is full of words,” p. iv.

Dedication in verse to J. L. B., <<1>> pp. v - vii. Contents, pp. ix - x;

Second Half-title; Text, pp. 3 - 104; Epilogue, pp. 105 - 109. Imprint on

last page, “Chiswick Press: — Charles Whittingham and Co. | Tooks Court,

Chancery Lane, London”]; surmounted by colophon. No headlines.

Edition: 1 copy on vellum, 50 copies on hand-made paper numbered and signed,<<2>> 300 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in Japanese vellum with gold lettering on front of cover “Songs of the Spirit” for copies printed on hand-made paper; and in grey cloth boards, lettered on back “Songs | of the | Spirit | Aleister Crowley | 1898” in crimson for those printed on machine-made paper. Priced 3s. 6d.

<<1. J. L. Baker, the alchymist.>>

<<2. Carelessly done or not done at all.>>

[THE POEM: 1898]

The Poem | a little drama in four scenes | by | Aleister Crowley | printed privately | London | 1898.

Collation: — Demy 8vo, cut edges, pp. 20, pagination 99 - 118*; consisting of

Half-title, "The Poem. | a little drama in four scenes"; Dedication, p. 101; Text, pp. 103 - 117. Headlines throughout. No imprint.

Edition: 10 copies on smooth paper.

Issued in Japanese vellum wrapper repeating title-page.

[JEZEBEL: 1898]

Jezebel | and other | Tragic Poems | By Count Vladimir Svareff | Edited, with an Introduction and Epilogue, by | Aleister Crowley | Vignette of Armorial Design of Chiswick Press | London | Privately printed at the Chiswick Press | 1898.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. 23, with 8 unnumbered preliminary pages printed

from the Caxton fount of antique type; Half-title; Title as above, "Jezebel" and "London" in red; Dedication in verse dated, "Londres, Juin 1898," in French, {234B} "a Gerald"; Contents; Introduction in verse signed "A. C." p. i.; Text, pp. 3 - 22; Epilogue signed "A. C." p. 23; colophon, printer's mark, "argent, a printer's maul in pale," the shield

surrounded by a scroll; below the imprint, “Chiswick Press: Tooks Court,
Chancery Lane, London.” No headlines.

Edition: 2 copies on vellum, 10 copies on Japanese vellum, 40 copies on
hand-made paper.

Issued in Japanese vellum turned-in wrapper, with legend “Jezebel | and
other Tragic Poems” enclosed in ornamental border on front of cover in
gold. Unpriced: copies were sold at half-a-guinea.

[AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN

REPUBLIC: 1899]

Price Sixpence | An Appeal | to the | American Republic | design of Union
Flag and United States Ensign crossed | by | Aleister Crowley | London |
Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. | 1899.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. 12. Crimson wrapper and Title-page in one.
Text,

pp. 1 - 12. Imprint at foot of last page, “Chiswick Press: Charles

Whittingham and Co., Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London.”

Edition: 500 copies on machine-made paper.

[JEPHTHAH: 1898]

Jephthah | a Tragedy | by | a gentleman of the University of | Cambridge |
(Aleister Crowley) | London | 1898 | [not for sale].

Collation: — Demy 8vo, cut edges, pp. 71; consisting of Half-title,
“Jephthah

| a tragedy,” on reverse quotation from “Hamlet;” Dedication “To | Gerald
Kelly, | Poet Painter, | I dedicate | this tragedy; because his friendship
was the turquoise, which I had of him before I was a bachelor; and which
I

would not have given for a wilderness of monkeys.”<<1>> Dated
“Cambridge,

November 1898”; {235A} Text, pp. 5 - 69; “A Note on Jephthah,” pp. 70

-

71. Headlines throughout. No imprint.

Edition: 25 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in grey paper with an auto-lithograph in black ink, “Aleister
Crowley | Jephthah,” on cover.

<<1. The reference is to “The Merchant of Venice,” Act III, Scene
1. “Bachelor” refers to the degree of “B.A.,” which the Author was
expecting to take at the time of writing the Dedication; but which in fact he
did not take.>>

[THE MOTHER’S TRAGEDY: 1901]

The Mother's | Tragedy | and | Other Poems | by | Aleister Crowley |
Privately printed | 1901.

Collation: — Medium 8vo, pp. xii + 111: consisting of Half-title; Title as
above; Contents, pp. v - vi; Prologue, pp. vii - xii; Text, pp. 1 - 106;
Epilogue, pp. 107 - 111. No imprint. Headlines throughout.

Edition: 500 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in blue boards, linen backs, white paper back-label, "Crowley |
The | Mother's | Tragedy | and other | Poems." Priced at 5s. 0d.

[THE SOUL OF OSIRIS: 1901]

The Soul of Osiris | a history | by | Aleister Crowley | London: Kegan Paul,
Trench | Trubner and Company, Ltd. | 1901 | "All rights reserved."

Collation: — Medium 8vo, pp. ix + 129; consisting of Half-title; Title as
above, on reverse imprint "Chiswick Press: Charles Whittingham and Co.
|
Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London"; Contents, pp. v - vi; Prologue,
pp.

vii - ix; Text, pp. 3 - 129; Epilogue, "The Epilogue is silence," on reverse imprint of Chiswick Press as before.

Edition: 500 copies on machine-made paper, 6 copies on India paper.

Issued in brick-red boards, linen backs, white paper back-label, "Crowley | The | Soul | of | Osiris | Kegan Paul, Trench | Trubner & | Co. Ltd. Price 5s. 0d.

[CARMEN SAECULARE: 1901]

Carmen Saeculare | by | St. E. A. of M. and S. | London | Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner {235B} & Co. Ltd. | Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road | 1901.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. 30; consisting of Half-title; Dedication to "The Countess of Glenstrae"; Title as above; Prologue, pp. 5 - 7; Text pp. 9 - 25; Epilogue, pp. 27 - 30, dated "S. S. Pennsylvania, July 4, 1900." No headlines.

Edition: 450 copies on machine-made paper, 6 copies on Roman vellum and 50

copies (?) on hand-made paper with title-page, "Carmen Saeculare | by |
St. E. A. of M. and S. | Privately issued | London, 1901"

Issued in green paper wrapper repeating title-page with design of
shamrock in centre. Price 1s. 0d.

[TANNHAUSER: 1902]

Tannhauser | A story of all time | by | Aleister Crowley | London | Kegan
Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd. | Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road
| 1902.

Collation: — Demy 4to, 142 pp., consisting of Half-title, quotation on

reverse from Browning's "Master Hughes of Saxe-Gotha;" Title-page as
above,

on reverse "all rights reserved"; Dedication in verse, pp. 5 - 7; Prose

preface, pp. 9 - 16, dated "Kandy, Ceylon, Sept. 1901." Second Half-title;
Text, pp. 18 - 142. Imprint at foot, "Turnbull and Spears,

Printers, Edinburgh." Two pages of advertisements at end. No headlines.

Edition: 6 copies on Japanese vellum, 500 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in royal-blue boards, linen backs, white paper back-label,
“Crowley | Tannhauser<<Note the misprint of “a u-umlaut” for “a-umlaut
u.”>> | a story of | all time | Kegan Paul, | Trench, | Trubner & | Co. Ltd. |
1902. Price 5s. 0d.

[NEW YEAR’S CARD, 1903]

New Year, 1903

A sonnet printed in gold on fly-sheets of Roman vellum (12) and hand-
made paper (50) within a broad scarlet border, size 5 7/8 x 6 7/8, “from
Aleister Crowley, | wishing you a speedy termination of existence.” Printed
throughout in capital letters. {236A}

[BERASHITH: 1903]

A. B. 2447, | Paris | HB:Bet-Resh-Aleph-Shin-Taw | and Essay | in |
ontology | with some remarks on ceremonial magic | by | Abhavananda |
(Aleister Crowley) | Privately printed for the Sangha of | the West.

Collation: — Size 9 x 7 3/8, pp. 24, consisting of Title-page and wrapper in
one as above, on reverse, Number of Copy and Errata; Text, pp. 1 - 24;
Imprint at foot of last page, “Clarke & Bishop, Printers, Etc., 338, Rue

St. Honore, Paris.” No headlines.

Edition: 200 copies on China paper numbered.

Issued in wrapper and title in one on machine-made paper 10 5/8 x 8 5/16. Price 5 francs.

[SUMA SPES: undated]

Summa | Spes | Aleister | Crowley.

Collation: — Single poem on Japanese vellum 9 x 7 1/8, printed in red with green ornamental border. Photograph of Haweis and Coles in front, and colophon by T. Spicer Simpson on back.

[BALZAC: 1903]

Balzac | “Hommage a Auguste Rodin.”

A sonnet which occurs in “Ahab” in a slightly altered form. Was issued in Paris by request, on a single unfolded sheet of Japanese vellum 14 5/8 x 9

1/4 inches: 3 copies printed vertically, and 15 horizontally on the right half of the paper; also 6 copies on China paper 12 3/8 x 9 1/2 inches printed vertically in the upper moiety of the sheet. No imprint.

[AHAB: 1903]

Ahab | and other Poems | By Aleister Crowley | with an introduction and Epilogue by | Count Vladimir Svareff | Design of the Chiswick Press, vignette | London. Privately printed at the Chiswick Press | 1903.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. 35, and 6 unnumbered preliminary pages, consisting

of half-title; Title in red and black as above; Dedication in verse to G.

C. J., <<1>> dated Paris, December 9, 1902; Contents; {236B} Rondel, p. 1;

Text, pp. 3 - 33; Epilogue, signed “V. S.,” p. 35. Printed from the

Caxton fount of antique type: no headlines: no imprint.

Edition: 2 copies on vellum, 10 copies on Japanese vellum, 150 copies on hand-made paper.

Issued in Japanese vellum turned-in wrapper with legend “Ahab | and other poems” enclosed in ornamental border on front of cover in gold. Price 5s. 0d.

<<1. George Cecil Jones, the Theurgist.>>

[ALICE: 1903]

Alice: an | Adultery | privately printed | 1903.

Collation: — Fcp. 8vo, pp. xx + 95, consisting of Half-title, Title as above;

Introduction by the Editor dated “Yokohama, April, 1901,” pp. i - xii;

Critical Essay on “Alice” signed “G. K.,”<<1>> pp. xiii - xx. Prefatory

poems, pp. 1 - 17. Second Half-title; Text, pp. 21 - 95. No headlines.

No imprint.

Edition: 100 copies on China paper. Price to subscribers, 10s. 6d.; published price, 21s. od.

Issued in green camel-hair, turned-in wrapper lettered on front cover, "Alice," in white.

<<1. Gerald Kelly. Both the Introduction and Critical Essay are the result of the collaboration of four men — A. C., G. K., D. J.- F., and I. B.>>

[THE GOD-EATER: 1903]

The God-Eater | A Tragedy of Satire | by | Aleister Crowley | Watts & Co. | 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E. C. | 1903.

Collation: — Cr. 4to, pp. 32, consisting of Half-Title, on reverse

announcement of works "by the same author"; Title-page as above;

Dedication; Text, pp. 7 - 32, Imprint "R. Clay and Sons, Ltd., Bread St.

Hill, E. C., and Bungay, Suffolk," at foot of last page.

Edition: 2 copies on Roman vellum, 300 on machine-made paper.

Issued in green camel-hair wrapper lettered in red, "The | God-eater | A Tragedy | of Satire | By | Aleister Crowley | Watts & Co. | 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E. C. | 1903." Price 2s. 6d. {237A}

[THE STAR AND THE

GARTER: 1903]

The Star & | The Garter | By Aleister | Crowley | Watts & Co. | 17 Johnson's Court | London | 1903.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. 89, consisting of Half-title; Title-page as above;

Invocation in Greek; Text, pp. 7 - 77; Appendix, prose and verse, pp. 79 - 86; Press notices, pp. 87 - 89; reply to Invocation in Greek, p. 78; advertisement one page. Imprint in centre of last page, “printed by Turnbull and Spears, Edinburgh.”

Edition: 2 copies on Roman vellum, fifty copies on hand-made paper.

Issued in green camel's-hair wrapper, lettered in white on front of cover, “The | Star & | The Garter | by Aleister | Crowley.”

[THE ARGONAUTS: 1904]

The Argonauts | by | Aleister Crowley | Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth | Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness | 1904.

Collation: — Crown 8vo, pp. 102, consisting of Half-title; Title-page as above; sub-title, “Jason,” <<1>> dedication on reverse; Text of “Jason,” pp. 3 - 17; sub-title of “Argo,” dedication on reverse; Text of “Argo,” pp. 3 - 19; sub-title “Medea,” dedication on reverse; Text of “Medea,” p. 3 - 19; sub-title “Sirenae,” dedication on reverse; Text of “Sirenae,” pp. 3 - 24; sub-title “Ares,” dedication on reverse; Text of “Ares,” pp. 3 - 23. Imprint at foot of last page, “Chiswick Press: printed by Charles Whittingham and Co | Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London.”
Announcement of
works by the same author on reverse. No headlines.

Edition: 2 copies on Roman vellum, 200 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in green camel's-hair wrapper, lettered in red on front of cover, “The Argonauts | by | Aleister Crowley.” Price 5s. 0d. {237B}

<<1. Each Act is a separate play on the Greek model separately paginated.>>

[THE SWORD OF SONG: 1904]

The Sword of Song | called by Christians | The Book of the Beast | Aleister Crowley | Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth | Benares | 1904.

Collation: — Post 4to, pp. ix + 194, printed in red and black, consisting of

Half-title, parody of passage from “Through the Looking Glass” on reverse;

Title-page as above, Dedication on reverse; Introductory poem “Nothung;”

Half-title; Prose Introduction to “Ascension Day and Pentecost,” pp. iii - ix; Text, pp. 1 - 62; Notes, pp. 63 - 91; Appendices, pp. 93 - 121;

“HB:Bet-Resh-Aleph-Shin-Yod-Taw | an essay | in ontology | with some remarks on | ceremonial magic,” pp. 123 - 148; “Science and Buddhism,” pp.

149 - 192; Epilogue in verse, pp. 193 - 194; Index on last page, imprint on reverse, “printed | by | Philippe Renouard | 19, rue des Saints-Peres, 19 | Paris.” Headlines throughout.

Editions: 100 copies on a glazed foreign paper.<<There were 10 advance copies

issued in a crimson wrapper repeating title-page, on back “The Sword of Song” lengthwise, on back outside of cover colophon Louis Seize design, initials of designer “L. M.”>>

Issued in navy blue wrapper front page lettered in gold “Ye Sword | of Song,” with design in centre “666” thrice repeated on a golden square [“vide” pp. 4 - 5 of book), on reverse publishers’ advertisement; back of cover author’s name in Hebrew characters adding up to “666,” in gold; inside of back page of cover list of author’s works in gold; back of cover “The | Sword | of | Song.” Price 10s. 0d.

[GOETIA: 1904]

The Book of the | Goetia | of | Solomon the King | translated into the English Tongue by a | Dead Hand | and adorned with divers other matters germane | delightful to the wise | the whole | edited, verified, introduced and commented | by | Aleister Crowley | Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth | Boleskine, Foyers, Inverness | 1904.

Collation: — Demy 4to, pp. ix + 65, consisting of Half-title, Invocation in

Greek on reverse; Frontispiece; Title-page as above, talisman on reverse;

Prefatory Note, pp. v - vi; Preliminary Invocation, pp. vii - ix; Text,

pp. 1 - 65; colophon of Chiswick {238A} Press Mark of reverse of last page. No headlines. Two illustrations besides Frontispiece.

Edition: 200 copies on machine-made paper, 1 copy on vellum, 10 copies on

Japanese vellum.

Issued in green camel's hair-wrapper, lettered in red "Goetia" in centre, surrounded by the legend "Goetia vel clavicula Salomonis Regis" frequently repeated. Price 21s. 0d., raise from subscription price of 10s. 0d.

Japanese vellum copies in white and gold. Japanese vellum turned-in wrapper, same lettering.

[WHY JESUS WEPT: 1904]

Why | Jesus Wept | a Study of Society | and of | The Grace of God | by | Aleister Crowley | Privately Printed | 1904.

Collation: — Post 4to, pp. 16 + 80. Half-title; advertisement (of the 21s.

edition); Title as above; letter from author's mother, 2 pp.; Persons

studied; Quotation from "Times" newspaper and John xi. 35. Dedications

pp. to various persons (all these pages unnumbered); Text, pp. 1 - 80;
inset, a slip “Note to pp. 75-76; also, loose inset, a pamphlet “Mr.
Crowley and the Creeds” and “The Creed of Mr. Chesterton, &c. &c.” No
imprint, but printed by Philippe Renouard.

Edition: 100 copies on hand-made paper, 20 in Japanese vellum; 1 on
Roman
vellum.

Issued in turned-in Japanese wrapper; front, “Why | Jesus | Wept | Aleister
| Crowley |”; reverse, colophon of Press; back, “Why Jesus Wept.”

[ORACLES: THE BIOGRAPHY OF
AN ART: 1905]

Oracles | the biography of an art | unpublished fragments of the work of
Aleister Crowley | with | explanatory notes by R. P. Lester and | the Author |
1905 | Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth | Boleskine, Foyers,
Inverness.

Collation: — Demy 8vo, pp. viii + 175 + 16 advertisements, consisting of

Half-title: Title as above; prefatory note “To Explain”; Contents, pp. vii, viii; Text, pp. 1 - 175 {238B} Advertisement, pp. 1 - 16. Headlines throughout.

Edition: 500 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in green camel-hair paper, on back in large white letters,

ALEISTER

ORACLES

CROWLEY

The price was 5s.

[ORPHEUS: 1905]

Orpheus | a lyrical legend by | Aleister Crowley in two volumes of which |
this is volume

. one |

: | each one crown | “Left.” Society | for the | Propagation of |

. two |

Religious | Truth | “Right.” Boleskine | Foyers | Inverness | 1905.

Printed in Red and Black.

Collation: — Demy 8vo, pp. 156, consisting of Half-title; Title as above;

Contents, pp. 7 - 9; Warning, pp. 11 - 14; Exordium, pp. 15 - 19; Half-
title, Liber Primus vel Carminum, p. 21; Dedication “To Oscar Echenstein,”

&c., p. 23; Quotations, p. 24; Text, pp. 25 - 106; Half-title, Liber

Secundus vel Amoris, p. 107; Dedication “To Mary Beaton,” &c., 109,

Quotations, p. 110; Text, pp. 111 - 155; Printer's name, p. 156.

Headlines throughout.

Volume ii. similarly arranged. Dedications to "The Memory of Jhei Aour," &c.,

and "To my Wife," p. 148.

Edition: 1 copy on Roman vellum, 500 copies on hand-made paper.

Issued in white boards, linen backs, white label "ORPHEUS | I. (or II.)" |
Two volumes | Ten Shillings | Boards | CROWLEY.

[COLLECTED WORKS]

The Works | of | Aleister Crowley | Volume I. | Foyers | Society for the
Propagation of | Religious Truth | 1906 | ["All rights reserved"].

Collation: — Extra crown. In Three Volumes. Vol. I., pp. x + 269,
consisting

of Half-title; Title as above; Preface; Contents, pp. vii - ix; Text, pp.

1 - 269; Vol. II., pp. viii + 283, consisting of Half-title; Title as

above; Contents, v - vii; Text, pp. 1 - 283. Vol. III., pp. vii + 230,
consisting {239A} of Half-title; Title as above; Contents, pp. v - vii;
Text, pp. 1 + 230.
Appendices, half-title, and pp. 233 - 248.

Edition: 1 copy on vellum, 1000 copies on India paper.

Issued in camel-hair paper cover; on front cover, in large white letters,
“The Collected Works of Aleister Crowley.”

[GARGOYLES: 1906]

Gargoyles | being| Strangely Wrought Images | of Life and Death | by |
Aleister Crowley | Foyers | Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth |
1906.

Collation: — Pott 8vo, pp. vi + 113. Half-title [reverse ‘ . ‘ Fifty copies
only, &c., on the hand-made copies]; Title as above in red and black;
Contents, pp. v, vi.

Prose Dedication (“To Lola Bentrovata”) in red and black, pp. 1, 2, and Text,

pp. 3 - 112; (presumably) Dedicatory Epilogue, p. 113, printed in red.

Chiswick Press imprint, p. 114.

Edition: 2 copies on Roman vellum, 50 on hand-made paper numbered and signed,

300 copies on machine-made paper.

Issued in fascimile to “Songs of the Spirit.” No price, but sold at 3s.

6d. net cash to the trade.

[ROSA MUNDI: 1905]

Rosa Mundi | a poem | by | H. D. Carr | with an original composition by |
Auguste Rodin | prix: vingt francs | price: sixteen shillings net | Paris: Ph-
Renouard, rue des Saints Peres | London — of H. D. Carr, care of E.
Dennes, 22 Chancery Lane | and through all booksellers | 1905.

Collation: — Foreign glazed paper, measuring 13” x 10” approximately.
Half-title, reverse “tirage,” 2 copies on vellum, 10 copies on China paper,
488

copies on hand-made paper; Lithograph by Clot from A. Rodin, woman seated,

her arms clasping her knees. Title as above; Text, pp. 1 - 15; p. 17,

printer's imprint; Edition as above.

Issued in rose wrappers; front, Auguste Rodin | Rosa Mundi | H. D. Carr; reverse, design of curves.

{239B} {full page follows}

APPENDIX B

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To-day thrice halves the lunar week, ii. 164

To die amid the blossoms of the frost, i. 135

To love you, Love, is all my happiness, i. 181

To-night I tread the unsubstantial way, i. 196

To return from our little digression to the original plan of our essay,
ii. 256

To sea! To sea! The ship is trim, iii. 5

Towards the mountains and the night, i. 89

To what God should he appeal? ii. 226

Truth, like old Gaul, is split in three, iii. 3

Turn back from safety: in my love abide, i. 133

“Truth, that’s the gold!” ii. 144

‘Twas dark when church was out! iii. 60

Twilight is over, i. 53

ULYSSES ‘scaped the sorceries of that queen, i. 121

Under the stars the die was cast to win, iii. 65

Under the summer leaves, ii. 7

Unity uttermost showed, iii. 209

Unto what likeness shall I liken thee, i. 114

Unwilling as I am to sap the foundations, ii. 192

Upheaved from Chaos, ii. 33

Up, up, my bride! Away to ride, iii. 56

WAKE, fairy maid, for the day, i. 14

Was it a sense of uttermost relief, ii. 83

Was thy fault to be too tender, ii. 3

Waters that weep upon the barren shore, ii. 26

We fear indeed that in the trap, ii. 99

We have forgotten all the days of fear, ii. 80

We know what fools (only) call, ii. 169

We lost a day! Nor kisses, nor regret, ii. 78

Well, but another way remains, ii. 155

Well have I said, "O God, Thou art, i. 193

Well, I am lost! The whistle brings no hound, i. 259

"M." Well, Scepticus, are you restored to health? ii. 262 {247B}

We ride upon the fury of the blast, i. 47

What ails thee, earth? ii. 31

What change of language! Ah, my dear, iii. 18

What is my soul? The shadow of my will, i. 194

What makes God then of all the curses, ii. 17

What power or fascination lie, i. 180

What sadness closes in between, iii. 2

What words are these that shudder through my sleep, i. 103

When a battle is all but lost and won, ii. 270

When, at the awful Judgment-day, God stands, iii. 115

Whence the black lands shudder, ii. 55

When God bethought Him, i. 10

When God uplifted hands to smite, i. 82

When I go to take Pansil, ii. 194

When illegitimate criticism is met with a smart swing on the point of the jaw, iii. 109

When I think of the hundreds of women, i. 195

When the chill of earth black-breasted, ii. 283

When the countenance fair, i. 76

When the wearily falling blossom of midnight, iii. 67

Where, in the coppice, oak and pine, i. 169

Where was light when thy body came, ii. 9

Whether we adopt Herbert Spencer's dictum, ii. 250

Who art thou, love, by what sweet name I quicken? iii. 169

Who is Love, that he should find me as I strive, i. 45

Who is that slinkard moping down the street, iii. 99

Who is this maiden robed for a bride, i. 237

Why did you smile when the summer was dying, i. 113 {248A}

Why is thy back made stiff, unrighteous priest, i. 141

Will you not come: the unequal fever, iii. 4

Will you not learn to separate, iii. 7

Wild pennons of sunrise the splendid, i. 218

With calm and philosophic mind, ii. 169

With feet set terribly dancing, ii. 36

Within the forest gloom, i. 15

With this our “Christian” parents marred, i. 194

Woe is me! the brow of a brazen morning, iii. 215

Would God that I were dead, ii. 124

YE rivers, and ye elemental caves, i. 197

Yes! it’s all so blessed and romantic, my dear, thank the Lord! iii. 46

“Yes!” said Ganesha gloomily, ii. 226

Yes, there are other phases, dear! iii. 9

Yet by-and-by I hope to weave, ii. 146

Yet ere the stars paled slowly in the east, ii. 79

Yet God created (did he not?), ii. 158

“You are sad!” the Knight said, ii. 140

You are silent. That we always were, iii. 2

You buy my spirit with those peerless eyes, i. 132

You do not well to swell the list, ii. 182

You laughing little light of wickedness, iii. 114

“You’re a muddler and an idiot!” ii. 227

You see I do not base my thesis, ii. 161

You see, when I was young, they said, ii. 153

You will not believe what I tell you? iii. 41

You weary me with proof enough, ii. 178

ZOHRA the king by feathered fans, ii. 38

Zounds, man! have a care with thy goings, iii. 69

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