

LITERATURE
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REVIEW OF *SONGS OF THE SPIRIT*

We imagine Mr. Aleister Crowley, author of *Songs of the Spirit* (Kegan Paul), to be a young man; evidently he is just passing through the Swinburnian epoch. His verse is full of the influence of "Poems and Ballads"; it contains a riot of words without much thought at the back of them. We seem, for example, to have heard this sort of thing a good many times before:—

The garland I made in my sorrow
Was woven of infinite peace;
The joy that was white on the morrow
Made music of viols at ease.
The thoughts of the Highest would borrow
The roar of the seas.

And yet, despite a good deal of bombast about "lust being one with love," and the like, Mr. Crowley has many poetical qualities and a great deal of promise. His muse is windy, and boyish in over-emphasis, but he has a true sense of musical sound, and metrically, he has scarcely a bad line. He should mature and live to write very respectable verse. We doubt if he will ever be original; but in the middle way of discipleship he ought to do well enough.