

Be thy songs with the wilderness laden !
Thy lyre be adrift and astray :—
So to me thou shalt cling !
So to me thou shalt sing
Of the beautiful law of the day !

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 !

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REARER OF THE LIBRARY

We are lulled by the whirr of the stars ;
We are fanned by the whisper, the wind ;
We are locked in unbreakable bars,
The love of the spirit and mind.
The infinite powers
Of rapture are ours ;
We are one, and our kisses are kind.

EXPLICIT LIBER QUARTUS