

STANZA I

Hail to thee, blithe spirit! P.S. Thou wast
 But thou never wast - not born for
 That from heaven or man it death, immortal
 Pervades thy full heart bird!
 In profuse strains of unpermeated art!

Edward Crowley,* the wealthy scion of a race of Quakers, was the father of a son born at 30, Clarendon Square, Leamington, Warwickshire,† on the 12th day of October,‡ 1875 E.V. between 11 and 12 at night. Leo was just rising at the time, as nearly as can be ascertained.§ The branch of the family of Crowley to which this man belonged has been settled in England since Tudor times: in the days of Bad Queen Bess there was a Bishop Crowley, who wrote epigrams in the style of Martial. One of them—the only one I know—runs thus:

“The bawds of the stews be all turnèd out:
 But I think they inhabit all England throughout.”

(I cannot find the modern book which quotes this as a footnote, and have not been able to trace the original volume.)

The Crowleys are, however, of Celtic origin; the name O’Crowley is common in South-West Ireland, and the Breton family of de Querouaille—which gave England a

* “the younger” (1834-87).

† It has been remarked a strange coincidence that one small county should have given England her two greatest poets—for one must not forget Shakespeare (1550-1616).

‡ Presumably this is Nature’s compensation for the Horror which blasted Mankind on that date in 1492.

§ See the Horoscope.

Columbus