

## POWER.

THE mighty sound of forests murmuring  
In answer to the dread command ;  
The stars that shudder when their king  
Extends his hand,

His awful hand to bless, to curse ; or moves  
Toward the dimmest den  
In the thick leaves, not known of loves  
Or nymphs or men ;

(Only the sylph's frail gossamer may wave  
Their quiet frondage yet,  
Only her dewy tears may lave  
The violet ;)

The mighty answer of the shaken sky  
To his supreme behest ; the call  
Of ibex that behold on high  
Night's funeral,

And see the pale moon quiver and depart  
Far beyond space, the sun ascend  
And draw earth's globe unto his heart  
To make an end ;

The shriek of startled birds ; the sobs that tear  
With sudden terror the sharp sea  
That slept, and wove its golden hair  
Most mournfully ;

The rending of the earth at his command  
Who wields the wrath of heaven, and is dumb ;  
Hell starts up—and before his hand  
Is overcome.

It heard these voices, and beheld afar  
These dread works wrought at his behest :  
And on his forehead, lo! a star,  
And on his breast.

And on his feet I knew the sandals were  
More beautiful than flame, and white,  
And on the glory of his hair  
The crown of night.

And I beheld his robe, and on its hem  
Were writ unlawful words to say,  
Brodered like lilies, with a gem  
More clear than day.

And round him shone so wonderful a light  
As when on Galilee  
Jesus once walked, and clove the night  
And calmed the sea.

I scarce could see his features for the fire  
That dwelt about his brow,  
Yet, for the whiteness of my own desire,  
I see him now ;

Because my footsteps follow his, and tread  
The awful bounds of heaven, and make  
The very graves yield up their dead,  
And high thrones shake ;

Because my eyes still steadily behold,  
And dazzle not, nor shun the night,  
The foam-born lamp of beaten gold  
And secret might ;

Because my forehead bears the sacred name,  
And my lips bear the brand  
Of Him whose heaven is one flame,  
Whose holy hand

Gathers this earth, who built the vaults of space,  
Moulded the stars, and fixed the iron sea,  
Because His love lights through my face  
And all of me.

Because my hand may fasten on the sword  
If my heart falter not, and smite  
Those lampless limits most abhorred  
Of iron night,

And pass beyond their horror to attack  
Fresh foemen, light and truth to bring  
Through their untrodden fields of black,  
A victor king.

I know all must be well, all must be free,  
I know God as I know a friend ;  
I conquer, and most silently  
Await the end.