

THE MUSE.

O thou who art throned by the well
That feeds the celestial streams!
O daughter of heaven and hell!
O mother of magical dreams!
O sister of me, as I sit
At thy feet by the mystical well
And dream with the web of my wit
Of the marriage of heaven and hell!

O thou who art mad with the Muse
That delights in the beauty of form!
O desire of the dream of the dews!
O, Valkyrie, astride of the storm!
I am thine as we ride on the blast
To exult in the mystical Muse,
As there drip on the desert at last
The immaculate Delian dews.

I am thine, I am thine, I am thine!
How it slashes the skies as a sword!
How it blinds us and burns us with wine
Of the dread Dionysian Lord!
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!
Iacche! thy chrism of wine!
Evoe! Evoe! Evoe!
I am thine! I am thine! I am thine!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.