

who was still wearing those
clothes of my mother's, 'the
marriage would have been
bigamous!'

'I know that.' screamed my

mother, tearing the skirts off
him, 'but that poor girl up
stairs would be a respectable
woman!'

ALEXANDER HARVEY

Hymn of Orpheus

copied out of that exquisite
lyrical legend called 'Orpheus'
in which Aleister Crowley re-
veals his perfect mastery of the
technique of versification.

First word of my song,
First tune of my lyre,
Muse, loved of me long,
Be near and inspire!
Bright heart! Mother strong!
Sweet sense of desire!
Be near as I lift the first
notes impassioned of fer-
vor and fire!