

PROLOGUE



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Songs of ripe-lipped love and of
honey-coloured laughter : old
lamps for new : ancient lights.

Herein are little mirrors, but they
are of the world ; tonguefuls of words,
but new words of a new world, newly
coloured by the Angel of a new time.
For a new Age is ever born from the
past. The Future alone is ancient upon
the Spiral.

The rainbow and the waterfall,
the waving Tree and the flaming Sword
are one with Man, and these songs are
songs of his soul.