

PROEM.

*An introduction to the Book : Being an Invocation to
the Night Sky.*

PROEM.

Fireflies glitter
Where glow-worms dwell,
Where thrushes twitter,
In the green dell:
In the blue night:
In the silver light:

The mantle of the Night is drawn
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's
delight.

Dost thou not hear,
O delicate curved ear?
Sphere to sphere,
World to world,
Calls:
Waterfalls
Of light
Are uncurled.
Night
Dwells among the blue spaces,
In the wide places.
Hast thou not heard?
No solitary word
Came:
But all the spheres
Met in a single Flame
That flashed by
Our ears
Into the night sky.

There is
But one Globe :
She holds
All this
We call life
In her robe.
She unfolds
All bliss :
All strife :
All fate :
She is above
Hate
And love :
She is ours ;
From her spring
All flowers
That bloom,
All birds
That sing,

All words,
All doom.
Her name
Is hidden in the Flame :
This is the word
I heard.
Wherefore I unfold
These songs of old.

The mantle of the Night is drawn
O'er lake and lawn for Earth's
delight.