

## THE PILGRIM

At the dawn of the bout  
Of my life I set out  
    For the Palace of Light.  
At the end of the road  
I have found an abode  
    In the Tavern of Night.

Ever on! ever on!  
Said the day-star, and shone!  
    Ever on! and above!  
Said the even-star: rest  
In the night on my breast!  
    Beyond light there is love.

But I stayed not; I feared  
A false witch in her weird.  
    I went on, ever on,  
Till the day and the night  
And the love and the light  
    Were, suddenly, gone.

Came the Voice of the Lord:  
"Now receive the reward  
    Of the laughers at Life,  
Who, faint, have not failed;  
Who, weak, have not wailed:  
    My one jewel—a wife.

"Since the ape stood erect  
For a sign of his sect  
    There have only been ten.  
So perfect were they  
That their names are to-day  
    Forgotten of men."

On my brow stood the dew.  
"Dear God; is it true?"  
    Mortal cannot believe it."  
Said the Voice, very bluff:  
By my Tau, true enough!  
    You can take it or leave it."

I took her, and still  
Through the wit and the will  
    And the way and the word  
And the crown of all these,

By the water at ease  
Sings our bliss as a bird.

Together! together!  
The wage of the weather  
Is liberty, light;  
Is loyalty, love;  
Is laughter, above  
The caprices of night.

From ocean emergent  
Springs splendid, assurgent,  
The strenuous sun.  
The shadows are gone,  
But the tune ripples on,  
And the word is but one.

Let all that is living  
Unite in thanksgiving  
To Heaven above,  
For the Heaven within,  
That a woman may win  
For a man—that is love.

At the end of the road  
I have found an abode  
In the Tavern of Night;  
And behold! it is one  
With the House of the Sun  
And the Palace of Light!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.