

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.