


EPILOGUE.

FOR THE NEW AGE.

 hen planets clash
together
To form a Birth of fire,
To inform the flaming heather,
To make green hills aspire—
The amorous soft turtle,
The dolphin gleaming gold,
See worlds burst their kirtle,
Waters burst their hold.

So wind-and-water weather,
 With the golden-manëd Sire,
String-up in sunny tether
 Earth's seven-stringëd lyre:
So shall new thunders hurtle,
 So love's new buds unfold,
So strange young planets spirtle
 As love springs from their mould.

Upper star and nether
 Meet in star desire;
Fur and fin and feather
 In mingling flame untire:
May all girt zones ungirtle,
 All blushing breasts grow bold!
Under Venus' myrtle
 Earth's joy be uncontrolled!