

So at the timbrels' notes aside were hurled
The curtains that concealed the upper world.
There in a zone of dazzling light afar
Glitt'ered a virgin like some distant star
Lost in the splendor of the Galaxy,
Yet whose superior brightness still we see,

When upon solemn, silent chaos fell.
The great "Lux Fiat," like some midnight bell
That starts the slumb'ring village from their beds
With garments loosed and unprotected heads,
She was the first to rise, the first who sped
Thro' fields which none save One had dared to tread,
Bearing the mandates of the still unseen
Creator to his creatures ; and their queen
Remained until the Prince of spirits, swelled
With arrogance, against his Liege rebelled,
Upraised his arm, and struck the fatal blow—
That hurled him helpless to the pit below,
Her role accomplished, she returned, and then
Became the Lord's ambassadress to men.
As she descended from her amber throne,
Raised in the centre of th' illumined zone,
And glided down the golden avenue
Stretched from the empyrean heights to meet the blue,
Above th' attendant music, Thomas hears
God's last injunction thundered in her ears :
"Go, Revelation, go ; man's beacon be,
"Direct his course to his true destiny."
Thus spake the One Eternal, whilst he laid
His hand in benediction on the Maid.
Scarce had her shapely foot Earth's bosom pressed,
When from the North and South and East and West,
On arch-necked chargers, princely knights convene
To bow submission and proclaim her queen.
She reigned—and peace and plenty filled the earth,
And Mis'ry exiled mourned the maiden's birth.
She reigned till blear eyes, blinded by the sheen
That wrapped the raiment of the heav'n-sent queen,
From their avowed allegiance turned away