

Out of the passion and splendour,
Faith, failure and daring, to bring
The illumined dream of the spirit
To perfection in some far spring.

*The Mad-
ness of
Ishtar*

Therefore, shall we not obey her,—
Awake and be glad and aspire,—
Wise with the ancient knowledge,
Touched with the earthly fire?

In the spell of the wild enchantment
The shy wood creatures know,
Must we not also with Ishtar
Unhindered arise and go?

Hearing the call and the summons,
Heeding the hint and the sign,
Rapt in the flush and the vision,
Shall we demur or repine?

Dare you deny one impulse,
Dare I one joy suppress?
Knowing the might and dominion,
The lure and the loveliness,

Delirium, glamour, bewitchment,
Bidding earth blossom and sing,
Shall we falter or fail to follow
The voice of our mother in spring?

For Love shall be clothed with beauty,
And walk through the world again,
Hearing the haunted cadence
Of an immortal strain;

Caring not whence he wandered,
Fearing not whither he goes,
Great with the fair new freedom
That every earth-child knows;

Impetuous as the wood-wind,
Ingenuous as a flower,
Glad with the fulness of being,
Born of the perfect hour;