

## Mons Angelorum

To darkened Israel mourning in his tents.  
I can no longer see thee. Stand thou firm.

*(Joshua goes; the cloud surrounds Moses.)*

O ye celestial presences, great shapes  
With terrible fair faces, towering wings,—  
Wings with the wine-deep glow of amethyst,  
Sheath over sheath like folded water-buds  
Lit with an inward flame; wings pale as  
foam,

Faint plumes showered with silver; wings  
serene

Uplifted in a radiant arc of dawn,—  
Unchain the prisoned pinions of this soul,  
Say to the blind bird, Fly. Bid life recede,  
A bubble before the advancing wave of  
death.

From my youth upward I have spoken of  
death,

Nor knew the word so sweet. There's music  
in it,

Music to break the heart. O, heavenly  
guards,

Looking so long in your immortal eyes