

The curse of cruelty, the curse of blood,
Until at last, the people in their wrath
Would rise to arms and break the glitt'ring chains,
The chains that bound them helpless in the dust.
Then like the snow, no larger than a hand
That falls from mountain crest, at first so small
But ever growing, 'till the valley reached
The roaring avalanche will crush the world.

Home through the forest of the waving fern
The long procession slowly wound its way,
And then the fern boughs closed and all had gone,
All save the priest still kneeling by the stone.
So long he knelt in silent ecstasy,
The hours sped by and softly fell the night
And through the gath'ring darkness shone the stars.
Where swept the zodiac stream of jewelled light
On heavens' vault the sign of Aries burned.
Then rose the priest, his trembling hands upraised
As one who strives to pierce beyond the veil,
And from his lips I heard these whispered words,
"The picture on the sky, the Lamb of God".

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Swift changed the scene, I saw the ancient Nile
Sweep through the rice fields to the tideless sea
And there in Egypt cradle of the creeds,
Was played again the Drama of the Stars.
The Drama of the Stars, but not the same
As worshipped by those people of the past
At the stone altar on the fern-clad hill,
For now the mystic pictures of the sky
Had left their starry frames, their thrones of light,
And so descending came to dwell with man.

Star of the eve and star of early morn;
Planet of love that rises from the sea,
Fair Aphrodite with the salt spume flung,
From off the tangle of thy golden hair.
All the long ages that this earth has rolled