

## AMOR MYSTICUS.

My soul had fainted with keen loss of gain  
That I, unlike the untroubled crowd, saw not  
My Heart's Desire in flowers of the morning wrought  
And garbed in lily-white. For I did fain  
(As some strong lover who woos and woos in vain,  
But hopes at last to clasp her whom he sought)  
Make pilgrimage unto Mine Own, but bought  
Defeat and doubt and deepest pang of pain.  
Then, as I bowed and hugged my sense of loss,  
I heard hard by, as from an Angel Choir,  
A voice, full-throated and melodious,  
Sing this strange song: 'Cease now thy grief so dire!—  
'If thou wouldst still possess thy Heart's Desire,  
'Come thou to me, contrite, and bear my Cross!'