

Spirits of the long departed,
Spirits of the absent living,
Crowd around me joyously,
I, to each, a welcome giving.
Who, that in the hour of stillness,
Hath once held such strange communion,
Dare deny, or disbelieve, that
Spirit hath with spirit union?

Bliss ecstatic! Bliss unequalled!
What to me earth's forms and features?
What the company of mortals
With these fair angelic creatures?
What the joys of outward being,
What to me the sombre Real,
When compared with what I gather
From the wonderful Ideal?

Take me not where mighty waters
Dash o'er rocks with wild commotion;
Take me not where raging tempests
Plough with furious force the ocean!
Leave me at the hour of twilight
Lost in thought's intensity!
Holding converse sweet with spirit,
Roaming through immensity!
