

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 !

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