

Thou art a Glory and a God, O Love,
 The music of the God-Breath from above
 Down dropping sweetly, in my heart to dwell,
 A soul of music in its rosy well.
 The whence I pray Thee, Love, that flowing out,
 Thou make the pulses of my blood to be
 A song of Love, a harmony to shout
 With all the throned angels hailing Thee.

O Thou, the Sweetness of all summer flowers !
 O Thou, the Glory of all summer hours !
 O Thou, the Mover of all things that own
 A soul of living music in their tone !
 O thou Who plumest o'er with golden wings
 The sun—with silvern grain his sister fair—
 And movest in the twilights, wakening strings,
 Of latent love, Thine echo trembling there !

O Thou, fair Dweller in the temple, Man,
 Thy shrine upbuilt in power of noble plan,
 While in the Woman, wisely softening power,
 Thou drawest from the earth a lily-bower,
 And shrinest in the twain of essence one,
 That so from heart to heart, from deep to deep,
 A love to image Thee, a unison
 From both proceeding, both may throughly steep !

If Thou to me some faintness of Thy might,
 Depositing, and some shadow of Thy light
 Vouchsafing, and some echo from above
 According, O Thou music-winged Dove,
 Yet, condescending greatlier, Thou to me,
 O dwell forever quickening in my breast,
 That all its brood of song may holy be,
 And soar direct to heaven from out the nest.

