

THE GOD OF GODS

I am Music;
At first I sound the trills,
The grace notes,
The arpeggios,
These are but as foam
Upon the Currents of Sound;
The Deeper tones are now vibrating
And struggling to reach my finger tips,
In a mad moment my trembling hands strike a chord—
And deeper and deeper for chords I strive
Until the Discords of the Last Hell
Find within me a Sounding Fork,
Which puts them in tune;
Once more I play upon the Finer Strings,
O the strength in the music of these Upper Tones:
Radiant Beings,
Full of Harmonies,
Floating pure and even,
My Children of the Abyss.

I am Song:
For all ages I have a ditty,
Come wee one whilst I croon to you
Of silvery lands,
Where the hearts of roses are fairy-beds,
And the blue-bells toll a fairy's prayer.

I am The Dance;
The roots of my hair,
The tips of my toes