

From sphere to sphere he swiftly sped,
To find one where he may abide,
But all was LOVE where'er he fled
Until the darkened Earth he tried.
He searched that globe from East to West,
From snowy, frozen pole to pole,
But could not find in all his quest
One undefiled, unselfish soul.
Ah! here he found what long he'd sought;
Tho' much disliked he to remain,
He must be pure, and free from spot,
Or joyful future ne'er obtain.
At will to roam o'er land and sea
Would not for willful sin atone:
Encased in clay he here must be!
The frightful thought 'most made him groan.
His first abode an infant swine,
And great was its unclean desire,
When warm the air with bright sunshine
To wallow in the dust and mire.
One stormy, bleak December day
A sharply armed man did come
And sought the filthy beast to slay;
The soul then lost its chosen home.
From form to form the spirit passed,
Avoiding that of human mould:
Preoccupied were all at last
Who dwelt in filth and field and fold.
When prisons there were none in herd,
He straightway flew to mountains high;
An Eagle's nest—a downy bird—