

And, hark! the fatal earthquake's awful shock
 Yet, the old solitary sits serene
 Seeming the angry elements to mock
 "My God!" he cries, "Thy wonders I have seen
 The earth was shaken; Thou
 Remainest in eternal peace—and now
 Speak once again with Thy tremendous voice,
 And I shall hear and answer Thee with joy."
 So spoke the sage whose soul had learned to rise
 From things created, and was fixed on high.
 All beautiful and bright awoke the morn
 With song of birds and streams and scent of flowers
 The wild rose bloomed in beauty on its thorn
 And countless blossoms thronged the forest bowers
 But, to his prayer, alone
 The solitary rose, and made his moan;
 "My God, I seek for Thee, and find Thee not;
 Oh! brighter than the sun—oh! fairer still
 Than yonder honeyed white flower in its grot
 My heart with love Thou woundest, why not kill
 And let my spirit fly to Thee, and rest?
 The beauty I behold, but doth me fill
 With longing for Thee, who art brightest, best."
 Thus, like a sigh of love the hermit's soul
 Was poured unto the ear of God alone,
 And like a tender ray of light it stole
 To that deep abyss where God's glory shone.
 The wild beasts of the wood
 Came at his call, and quelled their thirst for blood;
 Then happy birds around his calm retreat
 Sang blithe, melodious anthems as they flew;
 But one mild dove stayed, nestling at his feet;
 The solitary sighed, and prayed anew;
 "O Love of Loves!" O sweetness of my soul!
 O Fire, consuming with celestial Flame!
 My heart Thou ravishest with blissful dole,
 Oh! loose my spirit from its prisoning frame;
 As this fond dove to me,
 So, my Beloved, I would fly to Thee.
 Open to me, my God, the golden doors—"