

And disappeared, I know not where, nor care.
 I felt him going and my bands unbound,
 The clogs removed from hearing and from sight,
 So that new sounds did flow in free and fast,
 At first confused, but after pleasant, pure.
 Such melodies and harmonies I heard,
 That Heaven's gates and windows seemed ajar
 And music floated from the realms afar.

But no ! the music was of earth and sea.
 'Twas there before, but the responsive chords
 Had been neglected and refused to sing
 The music of the world, or echo on
 Through the reverberating halls of mind
 The glorious strains which nature daily blows
 Against the portals of the human ear.
 But now it seemed a thousand harps were strung
 And, tuned aright, filled every auricle
 To catch the thousand strains that seemed to come
 From objects that before to me were dumb.

My visions ! I can ne'er describe or tell
 The sights that poured tumultuous on my view.
 The gates swung wide and gave an entrance free
 To floods of visions that had always flowed,
 But beat in vain against the natural way
 And hurled them back to wait and bide the time
 When, entrance given, they would clear out the mass
 Of worldly thoughts that had filled up and choked
 The channels nature built for her own use.
 The tides and currents, with resirtless force,
 Swept all before them and made clear their course.

The distant rolling spheres, in colors new,
 Gave to the seeming rounded heavens and sky
 A beauty ne'er before observed or seen
 By eyes whose looks were darkened to the sight
 Of aught beyond the world of selfish gains.
 But there were other worlds that nearer whirled
 And, underneath and 'round, most useless things
 Glowed almost into life and seemed to speak—
 Or wished to speak—and show me mysteries
 Where man had never dreamt were mysteries :