

That binds the rifted pattern of the  
loom.

O King of kings, forsake not now Thy  
servant.

*Angel of Darkness*—Lo, the black crags leap  
to the vaulted cloud,

Towering without a sound. The dark  
takes substance

In domes and depths of mightiest design  
And seals him from the world. Pil-  
lared like Thebes,

Straight as the tall palm-orchard lift the  
walls

Of this vast grave. Life has no mean-  
ing here,

Light has no name nor place. O human  
heart,

Fain for the little shows of grief, for  
tears

And kindlier sepulchre, no king shall  
sleep

So royally housed as thou.

*Moses*— Draw near, draw near.

The string is all but parted. Shape thy  
wings

Into a roof of silver silences,

A dome of deep repose. O murmuring  
flood,