

And on His brow they place a wreath
Of all the virtues here beneath.
Float they all then on ether light,
O! what a blissful, heavenly sight;
Reclining as on summer air,
As pure are they, as free, as fair.
Unfold they then each tapered wing,
They touch no harp, nor do they sing,
Yet harmony that fills the soul
Through all the heaven is heard to roll:
Not as the ancient mystic storm
Do they make music wild and drear,
But 'round the throne in lily form
They wing notes soft and sweet and clear.
Swiftly as a shooting star
Fly those who from the throne afar,
Their tones so high, so full and grand,
Are echoed back on every hand,
While music low, but sweet and clear,
Is heard from wings of those more near.
Then waft they Him upon His throne,
Who for such glorious future strove,
To heavens where sorrow is unknown,
Where all is peace and joy and love.
O! had I but the power and skill
To wield the oil and brush at will,
I'd frame each attitude and sound,
And waft them on the ether light
To orbs in Earth's depraved plight,
That they might, too, with truth and love abound."
The Eagle's words so stored my brain