

## Mons Angelorum

Folded in silver sleep before my face;  
This in my hand is golden fruit of Eden,  
Whose scent is sleep; its flame-white flower  
grew

Along the glades where Adam walked with  
God,  
Death have men called me, yet I am not  
death.

Take thy last look on life.

*Moses—*

O, Land of Promise,

From the great plains of Moab to the sea,—  
Thy blossoming orchards, streams, and pal-  
aces

Like golden beads threaded on silver strings,  
Thy towering walls and pinnacles of  
pride,—

A fruitful field it is, ripe for the harvest,  
The harvest of the sword.

I shall not reap it,  
The winepress of His wrath I shall not  
tread.

Plighted am I to silence; I go down,