THE ANCIENT TRACK

Astrophobos

In the midnight heavens burning Thro' ethereal deeps afar,	
Once I watch'd with restless yearning	
An alluring, aureate star;	
Ev'ry eye aloft returning,	5
Gleaming nigh the Arctic car.	
Mystic waves of beauty blended	
With the gorgeous golden rays;	
Phantasies of bliss descended	
In a myrrh'd Elysian haze;	10
And in lyre-born chords extended	
Harmonies of Lydian lays.	
There (thought I) lie scenes of pleasure,	
Where the free and blessed dwell,	15
And each moment bears a treasure	15
Freighted with a lotus-spell,	
And there floats a liquid measure From the lute of Israfel.	
From the fute of Israte.	
There (I told myself) were shining	
Worlds of happiness unknown,	20
Peace and Innocence entwining	
By the Crowned Virtue's throne;	
Men of light, their thoughts refining	
Purer, fairer, than our own.	
Thus I mus'd, when o'er the vision	25
Crept a red delirious change;	
Hope dissolving to derision,	
Beauty to distortion strange;	

II. FANTASY AND HORROR

Hymnic chords in weird collision, Spectral sights in endless range.	30
Crimson burn'd the star of sadness	
As behind the beams I peer'd;	
All was woe that seem'd but gladness	
Ere my gaze with truth was sear'd;	
Cacodaemons, mir'd with madness,	35
Thro' the fever'd flick'ring leer'd.	
Now I know the fiendish fable	
That the golden glitter bore;	
Now I shun the spangled sable	
That I watch'd and lov'd before;	40
But the horror, set and stable,	
Haunts my soul for evermore.	