



## BACK TO THE LAND

**T**o silent worlds of music opened up  
 By audible solemnities of sound,  
 My soul escaped and traversed endless groves  
 Of immemorial melody. A storm  
 Of choral praise, unprefaced, with a crash  
 Burst on me then, the language of dead gods,  
 And drew me back among the Temple's types—  
 Sign-words and sacraments of mystery.  
 So to the end it held me, magnet-wise,  
 Till thyrsis-bearers passed and hierophants;  
 But when the vacant Temple held alone  
 The secret god, I followed from afar  
 Behind the veil into the vestibule,  
 And saw the ashes of the charcoal fire  
 Shew one faint spark; the open window shewed,  
 All bent and twisted through the floral wilds,  
 A woodland path whence myrrh-like odours came,  
 Low voices came from violets and faint  
 Song-bursts of birds invisible.