

BIRTH-SONG
By VICTOR B. NEUBURG.

THE bud beneath the winter's ice,
Earth-fire beneath the snow;
The unborn Spring's supreme device,
The virginal soft glow.

Beneath the snow the sacred Fire,
Beneath the bud the Fruit;
The all-unquenchable desire
Hid in the holy Root.

The Word set free! the secret Flame
Burning in breath and bud,
Known at the naming of the Name,
The shedding of the Blood.

The priest who guards the altar-fire
Breathes on the holy Flame,
Calling upon the arcane Sire
By the forbidden Name.

So once the Mystery was done,
And set the world aflame;
Hereby was known the sacred one,
Hereby the Guardian came.

The winter's fire is dead; the moon
Is worshipped now; anon
The Fire shall blaze anew, and soon
The holy Rites be done!

The Fire returns; the Sun's reborn!
Oh, joyance to the world!
Joyance! within the coming corn
The secret Spark lies curled!

The silly Moon shall flee for shame
At the coming of the Sun!
Soon, soon the mystic Fire shall flame!
Soon the old Rites be done!

Soon, soon the wiser Priest shall stand
Before the sacred Pyre,
Watching within the green-gold land
The working of the Fire.

Dawn! It is thine, and mine, and his!
Rejoice! Come forth! Be wise!
These be the olden Mysteries
Whereby shall Earth arise.