

## THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

OH thou, who plumed with strong desire  
 Would float above the earth, beware!  
 A Shadow tracks thy flight of fire—  
     Night is coming!  
 Bright are the regions of the air,  
     And among the winds and beams  
 It were delight to wander there—  
     Night is coming!

## SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above;  
     If I would cross the shade of night,  
 Within my heart is the lamp of love,  
     And that is day!  
 And the moon will smile with gentle light  
     On my golden plumes where'er they move;  
 'The meteors will linger round my flight  
     And make night day.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken  
     Hail and lightning and stormy rain;  
 See the bounds of the air are shaken—  
     Night is coming!

The red swift clouds of the hurricane  
 Yon declining sun have overtaken,  
 The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—  
 Night is coming!

## SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound;  
 I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark  
 With the calm within and the light around  
 Which makes night day:  
 And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,  
 Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,  
 My moon-like flight thou then may'st mark  
 On high, far away.

Some say, there is a precipice  
 Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin  
 O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice  
 Mid Alpine mountains;  
 And that the languid storm pursuing  
 That winged shape for ever flies  
 Round those hoar branches, aye renewing  
 Its aery fountains.

Some say, when nights are dry and clear,  
 And the death dews sleep on the morass,  
 Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller  
 Which makes night day:  
 And a silver shape like his early love doth pass  
 Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,  
 And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,  
 He finds night day.