

Fly, little song to my love  
 Over the rolling sea ;  
 Tell her how bright are the stars above  
 Tell her to weep not for me.  
 Kiss off the falling tears  
 My kiss of the days gone by ;  
 Tell her how fleet is the foot of the years  
 Whisper, my love cannot die.

Fly away into this heart ;  
 Borne on the summer's breath,  
 Sing to her that all lovers must part,  
 True love is stronger than death.  
 Fly with the dying day,  
 Over the starlit sea ;  
 Lull her to sleep in the land far away,  
 Bring her in dreams to me !

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine.  
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 And I'll not ask for wine ;  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise ;  
 Doth ask a drink divine,  
 But might I of Love's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not wither'd be ;  
 But thou thereon did'st only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me,  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee !

## “EDRIS” SYMPHONIC POEM,

BY FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON.

The subject of the present symphonic poem is taken from a novel, “Ardath,” by Marie Corelli. Edris is the spirit maiden who has loved Theos, and who finally wins him to belief, nobility and assurance of faith. The following are the passages in the novel which mainly influenced the tone-poem :

### THE POET.

*Theos* : I was as a monarch swaying a sceptre that commanded both earth and heaven ; a kingdom was mine, a kingdom of golden ether, peopled with shining shapes Protean. Alas ! its gates are closed upon me now and I shall enter it no more. \* \* \*

### THE TRANCE.

\* \* \* A flash of blinding light struck me fiercely across the eyes like a scourge ! Stung by the hot pain, I turned away and fled into darkness, dense, horrible, frightful darkness . . . I was drawn down toward some hidden, impalpable, but all supreme agony. \* \* \* O God, I cried, where art Thou ? A voice grand and sweet as a golden trumpet answered, Here and everywhere ! \* \* \* Presently some one called me by name, “Theos, Theos, my Beloved !” Again the rich, vibrating notes pealed through the vaporous, fire-tinted air. I struggled to rise, my efforts were in vain, when, to my joy and wonder, a small, invisible hand, delicate yet strong, clasped mine and I was borne aloft, \* \* \* till at last alighting on a smooth, fair turf, thick grown with fragrant blossoms of strange loveliness and soft hues, I beheld *her* and she bade me welcome. We were alone together ; she bade me rest, and sank down upon the flowery bank beside me. I gazed upon her as one might gaze upon some fluttering rare plumaged bird. \* \* \* I dared not move or speak. \* \* \* I drank her sweetness down into my soul. Now and then the sound of harps broke the love weighted silence. \* \* \* Thus we remained together, a heavenly breathing space of wordless rapture. \* \* \* “Return,” said she at last, “to thine own star, lest its own portals be closed against thee, and thou be plunged in still deeper darkness. Seek thou the *Field of Ardath*. As Christ lives I will meet thee there ! \* \* \* I started up amazed, to find myself here.

### THE FIELD OF ARDATH.

So I went into a field called Ardath and there I sat among the flowers. And the silver eyes of the field did open before me and I saw signs and wonders. And the Angel said unto me : Behold the field that thou thoughtest barren. How great a glory hath the moon unveiled.

*The Mystic Tryst* : *God's Maiden Edris*. Her long fair hair flowed in a long loose rippling mass over her shoulders. \* \* \* She wore a wreath of Ardath flowers. \* \* \*

*Theos* : My fairest Edris, from whence do you come ?

*Edris* : From a far, far country, Theos,—a land where no love is wasted and no promise forgotten. \* \* \* O my unfaithful Beloved ! \* \* \* A love unseen thou wilt not understand ; a love made manifest thou wilt not recognize ?

*Theos* : Sweet Edris, gentlest of maidens, weep not for one unworthy, but rather smile and speak of love. See! here do I pay my vows at Love's high altar!—heart's desire shall be the prayer, heart's ecstasy the praise. Heaven itself shall sanctify this eve of St. Edris and All Angels!

*Edris* : So be it ! May heaven truly sanctify all pure thoughts and free the soul of my beloved from sin ! \* \* \*

### SEPARATION AND ASCENSION.

*Theos* : What is this that parts us ?

*Edris* : Death, my Beloved ! But I know naught of death, save that it is a heavy dreamless sleep allotted to over wearied mortals, wherein many gain brief rest 'twixt their lives—lives that like recurring dawns rouse them anew to labor. How often hast thou slept thus, my Theos, and forgotten me ! \* \* \* A wave of rippling light appeared to break from beneath her feet, and in it the flowers of Ardath swayed to and fro, as water lilies on a woodland lake sway to the measured dash of passing oars. \* \* \* Then like a fair white dove she rose, \* \* \* she poised herself above the bowing Ardath bloom, . . . and anon, soaring aloft, she floated higher and higher. . . . and so vanished.

“Ardath.” Marie Corelli.