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Invocation

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INVOCATION

By JOSEPH PLUNKETT

Sing, all ye mouths of music, sing her praise
All stars and birds and flowers, all lovely things
Living in earth and heaven—eyes and wings
Of Cherubim and Seraphim that raise
Vision and Love eternal; all her ways
Fill with your music; let no wind that sings
Of sorrow wither Joy's young blossomings—
Prepare her paths against the fateful days

When she shall need flower-lamps before her feet,
And herald-birds, and all the stars to hold
Her heart upon the difficult laughter-sweet
Blood-salt and sorrow-bitter ways of gold
That she must tread, until her heart unfold
Its shimmering pinions for the Paraclete.