

THE DIVINE WEAVING.

ANONYMOUS.

The weaver at his loom is sitting, –
Throws his shuttle, to and fro –
Foot and treadle, hand and pedal,
Upward, downward, hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver wills they go!
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling! What a battling!
What a shuffling! What a scuffling!
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See, the mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven – His loom below –
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes, for web, the world's dark ages –
Takes, for woof, the kings and sages –
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages;
Thrones are bobbins in his shuttle,
Armies make them scud and scuttle –
Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the nations go!
At the Weaver's *will* they go!

Calmly, see the mystic Weaver,
Throw his shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know

What each motion, and commotion;
What each fusion, and confusion,
In the grand result will show!

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the *dull*, beyond believing,
Such no fabled ages know.
Only faith can see the mystery;
How, along the aisle of history,
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the fairest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies!
Soft and smooth, and ever spreading,
As if made for angel's treading –
Tufted circles touching ever:
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter forms and softer shadings,
Each illumined – what a riddle! –
From a Cross that gems the middle.

'Tis a saying – some reject it –
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's lines are given,
By a sun that shines in heaven!
'Tis believed – by all believing –
That great God, himself, is weaving,
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of faith and history;
And, as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begin the Golden Ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

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