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FAREWELL TO EARTH.

The following Poem was delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Trance Speaker, at the conclusion of a Lecture at Clinton Hall, New York. It purports to be given under the inspiration of Edgar A. Poe, and to be his final Farewell to Earth.

Ryde Tracts, No. 3.

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“And my soul from out that shadow
Hath been lifted evermore.”

I.

FAREWELL! Farewell!

Like the music of a bell

Floating downward to the dell—

Downward from some Alpine height,

While the sunset-embers bright,

Fade upon the hearth of night;

So my spirit, voiceless—breathless,—

Indestructible and deathless,

From the heights of Life Elysian gives to Earth my
parting song;

Downward through the star-lit spaces,
 Unto Earth's most lowly places,
 Like the sun-born strains of Memnon, let the music
 float along,
 With a wild and wayward rhythm, with a movement deep
 and strong.
 "Come up higher!" cry the angels.—This must be my
 parting song.

Earth! O Earth! thou art my Mother.
 Mortal man! thou art my Brother.
 We have shared a mutual sorrow, we have known a
 common birth;
 Yet with all my soul's endeavor,
 I will sunder, and for ever,
 Every tie of human passion that can bind my soul
 to Earth—
 Every slavish tie that binds me to the things of little
 worth.
 "Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come! and bid
 farewell to Earth."

I would bear a love Platonic to the souls in earthly life;
 I would give a sign Masonic to the heroes in the strife;
 I have been their fellow-craftsman, bound apprentice to
 that Art,
 Whereby Life, that cunning draughtsman, builds his temple
 in the heart.
 But with Earth no longer mated, I have passed the
 First Degree;
 I have been initiated to the second mystery.
 O, its high and holy meaning not one soul shall fail
 to see!

Now, with loftiest aspirations, onward through the worlds
 I march,
 Through the countless constellations, upward to the Royal
 Arch.
 "Come up higher!" cry the angels: "come up to the
 Royal Arch."

II.

Farewell! Farewell!
 Like the tolling of a bell,
 Sounding forth some funeral knell,—
 Tolling with a sad refrain,
 Not for those who rest from pain,
 But for those who still remain;
 So sweet pathos would I borrow
 From the loving lips of Sorrow,
 Weaving in a plaintive minor with the cadence of my song,
 For the souls that lonely languish,
 For the hearts that break with anguish,
 For the weak ones and the tempted, who must sin and
 suffer long;
 For the hosts of living martyrs, groaning 'neath some
 ancient wrong;
 For the cowards and the cravens, who in guilt alone
 are strong.
 But from all Earth's woe and sadness,
 All its folly and its madness,
 I would never strive to save you, or avert the evil
 blow;
 Even if I would, I could not,

Even if I could, I would not,
 Turn the course of Time's great river, in its grand,
 majestic flow ;
 Grapple with those mighty causes whose results I may not
 know :
 All Life's sorrows end in blessing, as the future yet shall
 show.

From Life's overflowing beaker I have drained the bitter
 draught,
 Changing to a maddening ichor in my being as I quaffed.
 I have felt the hot blood rushing o'er its red and
 rameous path,
 Like the molten lava, gushing in its wild, volcanic wrath ;
 Like a bubbling, boiling Geyser, in the regions of the pole ;
 Like a Scylla or Charybdis, threatening to engulf my soul.
 O, for all such fire-wrought natures let my rhythmic
 numbers toll !
 Vulnerable, like Achilles, only in one fatal part,
 I was wounded, by Life's arrows, in the head, but not
 the heart.
 "Come up higher !" cried the angels ; — and I hastened
 to depart.

III.

Farewell ! farewell !
 Like a merry marriage-bell,
 Pealing with a tuneful swell,
 Telling, in a joyful strain,
 With a whispered, sweet refrain,
 Of the hearts no longer twain ;

So no longer cursed and fated,
 Fondly loved and truly mated,
 I can pour my inspirations, free as Orpheus, through my
 strain.

Gifted with a sense of seeing
 Far beyond my earthly being,
 I can feel I have not suffered, loved, and hoped, and
 feared in vain ;
 Every earthly sin and sorrow I can only count as gain :
 I can chant a grand "Te Deum" o'er the record of my
 pain.

Ye who grope in darkness blindly,
 Ye who seek a refuge kindly,
 Ye upon whose hearts the ravens — ghostly ravens — perch
 and prey,
 Listen ! for the bells are ringing,
 Tuneful as the angels singing,
 Ringing in the glorious morning of your spirit's marriage-day,
 When the soul, no longer fettered to the feeble form of clay,
 To a high, harmonious union, soars, elate with hope away.
 Where the iris arch of Beauty bridges o'er celestial
 skies,
 Where the golden line of Duty, like a living pathway
 lies,
 Where the gonfalons of Glory float upon the fragrant
 air,
 Ye who read Life's lengthening story, find a Royal Chapter
 there.
 Ye shall see how men and nations o'er the ways of life
 advance ;

Ye shall watch the constellations in their mazy, mystic
 dance ;
 And the Central Sun shall greet you — greet you with a
 golden glance.
 O, For souls in Life Eternal let the bells in gladness
 ring !
 Bind the wreath of orange blossoms, and the wedding
 garment bring.
 “ Come up higher ! ” cry the angels.— Let the bells in
 gladness ring.

IV.

Farewell! Farewell!
 Like the chiming of the bells,
 Which a tale of triumph tells;
 As the news in tuneful notes,
 Leaping from the brazen throats,
 On the startled ether floats;—
 So in freedom, great and glorious,
 Over flesh and sense victorious,
 Does the Spirit leap the barrier which across its pathway
 lies !
 Greater far than royal Cæsar,
 Fearless as the northern Æsir,
 Drawn by Love's celestial magnet, winged with faith and
 hope it flies,
 Upward o'er the starry pathway, leading onward through
 the skies,
 To the land of Light and Beauty, where no bud of
 promise dies.

There, through all the vast Empyrean,
 Wafted, as on gales Hesperian,
 Comes the stirring cry of "Progress!" telling of the yet
 to be.

Tuneful as a seraph's lyre,
 "Come up higher! Come up higher!"
 Cry the hosts of holy angels; "learn the heavenly
 Masonry:"

Life is one eternal progress: enter, then, the Third
 Degree;—

Ye who long for light and wisdom seek the Inner
 Mystery!

Thus, O Sons of Earth, I leave you!—leave you for
 that higher light:

And my charge is now, Receive you all my parting
 words aright:

Human passion, mad ambition, bound me to this lower
 Earth,

Even in my changed condition— even in my higher
 birth.

But, by earnest, firm endeavor, I have gained a height
 sublime;

And I ne'er again— no, never!— shall be *bound* to Space
 or Time;

I have conquered! and for ever! Let the bells in triumph
 chime!

"Come up higher!" cry the angels; "come up to the
 Royal Arch"

Come and join the Past Grand Masters, in the soul's
 progressive march,

O, thou neophyte of Wisdom! Come up to the Royal Arch!"

Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,
 Break Temptation's magic spell!
 Truth is Heaven, and Falsehood, Hell!
 Lawless Lust a demon fell!
 Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,—
 In this Heaven or in this Hell,—
 When ye hear the solemn swell
 Of Creation's mighty bell
 Sounding forth Time's funeral knell,
 Ye shall meet me where I dwell;—
 Until then — FAREWELL! FAREWELL!



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