

To S. P.

1/4/29

Here is the secret I did learn
As I tread on sacred sod:
From God we come, to Him return,
God is Love, and Love ... is God.

Once I clasped thee to my bosom
And you sat upon my knee,
Then I held your flesh and clothing
But your self was far from me.

In those days Love had not entered
Into the midst of me,
And I knew not Love's true lesson,
When I was called from thee.

Then, afar off from thy presence,
Love did enter into me;
I knew the glory of His person
When His face He let me see.

Love crept into my heart's center,
Grew there like a flower,
Life and Death were both overshadowed
In that blessed hour.

I returned into thy presence,
Thy self truly did I see,
And knew that Love had drawn the veiling
That hid thy heart from me.

Now present or absent does not matter,
Ever thou art near to me,
For I am thou and thou art I,
When thou art dear to me.

Why should I reveal the secrets
Hidden in my heart?

Anear or far, on earth or heaven,
From me thou canst not depart.

So ask me not to sing to thee,
Nor tell thee what I feel,
I loved thee ones, I love thee aye,
And at thy feet I kneel.

From Song I pass to silent mood;
The secret I may not tell
Closes my mouth, but not My heart,
Nor can I say "Farewell,"

For afar or near, alive or gone,
Love's ties one cannot sever,
And once heart enters into heart,
Heart dwells in heart forever.

Such is the secret I did learn,
When I tread on sacred sod;
From Love we come, to Love return,
All is Love, and Love ... is God.