



Carl Hentschel Photo.

The Interpreter.

THE INTERPRETER

MOTHER of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music, awake!
Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell are at
stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the
Snake and the Sword;
I am he that is sworn to endure—Bring us the word of the
Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of Brightening, whose God was
my sire;
By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of
the Spirits of Fire;
By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the
Hosts of the Sea,
The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of the
Spirits of Air,
In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;
By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of
the Spirits of Earth
That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of my
birth;

THE EQUINOX

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure; by the Dagger and
Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the Lord!

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the storm
of the air,

As the quake of the earth—let it soar for a boon, for a bane,
for a snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a scourge, for
a sword—

Bring us thy burden of bliss—Bring us the word of the
Lord!

PERDURABO.