

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?
A near 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.