

**THE GREAT
REPUBLIC: A
POEM OF THE SUN**

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The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun by Thomas Lake Harris

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THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

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REPUBLIC: A
POEM OF THE SUN**

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A Poem of the Sun.

BY

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

"I saw an angel standing in the sun."

New York & London:
BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE.
1867.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE,
IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AMERICA.

To God be praise ! this happy work is done :

It spreads towards man the Solar Angel's pinions.

My mind conceived this poem of the sun,

Long years ago, when all the world's dominions

In clouds of fantasy were veiled ; while death

Held empire in man's universal breath.

God's respiration came to us by night.

One, who our agony in anguish bore,

Divinely human, thrilled our spirit sight,

And laid His hand upon the bosom's door ;

While angels carolled, " Rise, pure life to win ;
The King of glory, breathing, would come in ! "

We set the lungs against the world's disaster ;
We braced the will against the planet's curse.
In Thy sweet breath, O Love, our Lord and Master,
We journeyed from the dead old universe ;
Caught up from self's whelmed world and flying seas,
In the swift chariot of Thy harmonies.

Brethren, whose bosoms own the fiery breath,
Whereby the Lord Messiah conquers death,
To you the harvest of this blissful song ;
Ye, first born of th' innumerable throng
Of tribes and peoples, who shall breathe, and be
Stars, kindled in new heavens of harmony ;
And, like the planets in their courses fight,
Through heart-union with the true and right,
And sanctify the world for Love's delight.

Ye know that path, in martyr-sorrow trod,
That leadeth from the old world's evil maze ;
Ye know the great incoming of your God ;
And that He answers prayer in many ways :

DEDICATION.

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Ye know the years; that were a barren rod,
 May bloom with heavenly flowers and fruits ablaze:
Once ye with misery were clothed and shod;
 Now ye are sphered in blessedness and praise.

To you I come, driving my loaded wain,
Heavy with sheaflets of celestial grain;
 To you, to you, I come.
By you the sacred mystery understood;
Since ye are fed on living flesh and blood,
And nourished in the wisdom and the good
 Of God, who is our home!

That Great Republic, whereof this is said,
Is more to you than firmament o'erhead,
 More than a vision far.
The solemn harmonies around you stand;
Ye dwell therein as in God's garden land,
Breathe from His bosom, labour from His hand;—
 Ye His new people are.

Therefore to you I dedicate the strain,
Brought forth in triumph, though ingerm'd in pain.
 Therefore, with you, I sing,

"To Christ be glory and dominion given,
By all who dwell on earth with spirit shriven,
By all from whom His hands the chains have riven,
By all inheriting new earth, new heaven:
All hail, great Christ, the King!"

PROEM.

There is a Great Republic, built aloft
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither, when slumber, with its kisses soft,
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.
Thence I return. Oh, now, breathe fragrance clinging
To my white robes, and listen to my singing.

If thou, perchance, dost weep, all broken hearted,
'Midst the crushed grapes of Freedom's trampled
vine;
Or grieve that Faith, from human souls departed,
Mourns the rent arch and desecrated shrine;
The Muse cries, "Joy, oh joy!" in accents ringing
With love-fraught tones; then listen to my singing.

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Tradition
Carves talismans and amulets of bones;
If thou hast vainly fought the red Perdition,
That slays the peoples from its hundred thrones;