

**A BOOK OF GOLD:  
AND  
OTHER SONNETS**

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A Book of Gold: And Other Sonnets by John James Piatt

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**JOHN JAMES PIATT**

**A BOOK OF GOLD:  
AND  
OTHER SONNETS**



# A BOOK OF GOLD,

AND OTHER SONNETS.

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BY

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I.

A BOOK OF GOLD.

**I**F I could write a Book made sweet with thee  
(Oh, therefore sweet with all that may be  
sweet!),

With lingering music, nevermore complete,  
Should turn its golden pages: each should be  
Like whispering voice, or beckoning hand, and he  
Who read should follow, while his heart would beat  
For some new miracle, with most eager feet  
Through sacred labyrinths of mystery.  
Temple and lighted home of Love should seem  
The Book wherein my love remember'd thine:  
There holiest visions evermore should gleam,  
Vanishing wings, with wandering souls of sound  
And breaths of incense from an inmost shrine,  
Sought nearer evermore and never found.

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II.

THE FLOWER OF A DREAM.

I DREAM'D ; I saw a lily in my dream  
Of feverish wakefulness at twilight hour :  
Issuing from moonlight grew that sainted flower  
Above my pillow ; and, the tender gleam  
Of its white radiance, like a fragrant stream,  
Alighting on me, marvell'd I : ' What dower  
Of purity is thine, which 'gainst the power  
Of aught impure a steadfast charm doth seem ?'  
. . . Transfigured dreadlessly, the lily grew  
An angel's stature, passing so away.  
Then I awoke from fever which had been,  
But in that dewy presence could not stay,  
And over me you leant with holier dew :  
Out of your heart had grown the flower within.