# 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

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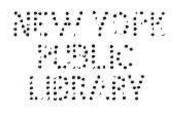
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## AND OTHER SONNETS. , 1

BY

JOHN JAMES PIATT, AUTHOR OF 'IDVLIS AND LYRICS OF THE ONIO VALLEY,' BTC.



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### A BOOK OF GOLD.

Ι.

4.14

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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#### 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.

II.