

**THE JOY BRINGER: FIFTY
THREE MELODIES OF THE
ONE-IN-TWAIN. FEBRUARY-
MARCH, MDCCCLXXXVI**

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The Joy bringer: Fifty Three Melodies of the One-in-twain. February-March, MDCCCLXXXVI
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THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

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THE

JOY BRINGER:

FIFTY THREE MELODIES

OF THE

ONE-IN-TWAIN.

FEBRUARY-MARCH, MDCCCLXXXVI.

A BIRTH-DAY GIFT,

FROM

FOUNTAINGROVE.

1886

E. R.

THE JOY BRINGER.

13. Dec. 17. Feb. 1936

WITH GREETING.

THE sheaf of Song that is clasped in the pages of the 'Joy Bringer,' represents not the gleanings of a past harvest, but rather the first gifts of a new Summer in the Muse's field. Borne to expression from the pain and sorrow of a constant and preternatural burden-bearing and holding for many, these melodies will serve in some degree to indicate the present organic state, the occult encompassings, the meditations and experiences of the one who thus holds and bears.

It was observed by one of the family in hourly attendance upon him, that his written diary, continued for years, had ceased, but that, after coming forth, and before retiring to his nightly seclusion, he was frequently communing with himself, in a low voice that was almost song. Being reverently approached, it was inquired of him, if 'he would repeat the melodious sentences that they might be preserved?' He gave to this request a partial but hesitating assent, and the fifty three melodies that are here printed form a series of those that were thus gathered during February and March of the present year.

It will be understood, as a matter of course, that permission was given for private printing, and that this does not extend to publication, either in America or abroad. On the fifteenth of May will occur the sixty third anniversary of our father's birth in natural time. It is our desire to present the 'Joy Bringer' to our brothers and sisters, as a memento of the joyful occasion. Peace, love and abundant hope be with all.

FOUNTAIN GROVE, May 1st, 1886.

THE JOY BRINGER.

I.

FEBRUARY 17.

Brim your festal bowls again
From the fountains of the Day.
Paradise comes forth to men.
Work is play.

Motions of the gliding feet
Weave the form in bright array.
Heaven descends the Earth to meet.
Work is play.

Twine the blissful Social Band:
Welcome in the blithe-heart Fay.
Hold with Heaven in heart and hand.
Work is play.

Roses ope on Labor's thorn:
Gold-light kindles in the gray.
Fairy Phoenix winds the horn.
Work is play.

Brim your festal bowls anew
From the fountains of the Day.
Hearts of Love your life renew.
Work is play.

II.

FEBRUARY 18.

If you would slay the Social Snake,
That brings the bosom grief and ache,
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
For Heaven comes forth in social play.

If you would call the Heavenly Choir,
In all your breathings to respire,
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
For Heaven is in your social play.

Voice forth your loves in joyful song:
'Tis music makes the spirit strong:
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
The song of Heaven is in your play.

The Powers that labor for the End
Upon the Social Choir attend.
Dance while you may, dance while you may;
Till Earth uplifts for social play.

III.

FEBRUARY 19.

If you should meet dear Parson Kiss,
He'd say, 'Sweet, by your pardon ;'
Then dance you on, for social bliss,
Into the Parish Garden.

There's Lady Sue and little Fan,—
The matrons with the misses,—
And many a noble gentleman,
Whose lips the Joy Queen kisses.

There's Dolly Doughnut, Annie Peach
And Rose and Flora Butter :
'Twould take a life to form in speech
The joys their hearts that flutter.

The kindnesses within the breast
Dance forth their feet to tickle ;
Especially when in the west
The young moon draws her sickle.

The ladies are in gold-light clad,
For social wreaths entwining ;
The knights like brave Sir Galahad,
The Holy Grail a-finding.

IV.

FEBRUARY 20.

To bring the gladness of the LORD,
That makes the blithe, blue weather,
Let hearts for love with hearts accord:
Then dance, oh, dance together!

To woo the LADY of DELIGHT
Forth from Her Golden Star-land,
Let hearts with hearts for love unite:
Then weave the social garland.

So glides the blissful Bridal Queen,
For new-born gladness given;
Till but a mist-wreath floats between
Your Social Choir and Heaven.

This is the Land of Love-the-Lord!
'Tis here the Bride Girls gather:
With ours their graceful motions chord,
Led by the MOTHER-FATHER.
