

THE MYSTIC WEAVER *

— Henry Harbaugh (1817-1867) —

See the Mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven — His loom below.
Up and down the treadles go:
Takes for warp the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages.
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.
Woof into the warp must flow;
Up and down the nations go;
As the Weaver wills they go.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver
Throw His shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know
What each motion —
And commotion,
What each fusion —
And confusion,
In the grand result will show . . .

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!
Such no fabled ages know.
Only faith can see the mystery,
How, along the aisle of History
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet** lies!
Soft and smooth and even-spreading,
As if made for angels' treading;
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought beauties fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings,
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illumined — what a riddle! —
From a Cross that gems the middle.

'Tis a saying — some reject it —
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's hues are given

By a Sun that shines in Heaven!
'Tis believed, by all believing,
That great God Himself is weaving!
Bringing out the world's dark mystery
In the light of faith and History;
And as warp and woof diminish
Comes the grand and glorious finish —
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

** adapted*

*** decorative wall-hanging*