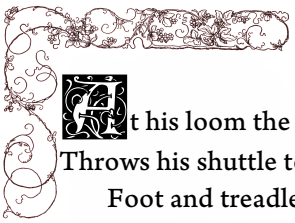
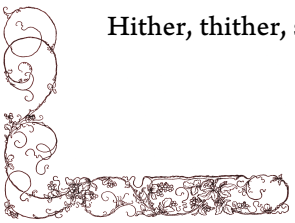


THE MYSTIC WEAVER

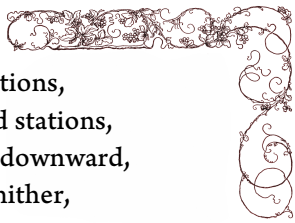
1860 — Henry Harbaugh (1817 - 1867)



At his loom the weaver sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Foot and treadle,
Hand and pedal,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go!
As the weaver wills they go.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling!
What a battling!
What a shuffling!
What a scuffling!
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single,
Threads in double;
How they mingle,
What a trouble!
Every color—
What profusion!
Every motion—
What confusion!
While the warp and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling—
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
At his loom the weaver sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,
What each motion—
And commotion,
What each fusion—
And confusion,
In the grand result will show:
Weaving daily,
Singing gaily,
As he makes his busy shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.



At his loom the weaver sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?
As the warp and woof diminish,
Grows beyond the beauteous finish:
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes, and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history;—
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
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;
Men are sparring,
Powers are jarring,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the warp is plying,
And across the woof is flying—
What a battling!
What a rattling!
What a shuffling!
What a scuffling!
As the weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
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,



As the nations,
Kings and stations,
Upward, downward,
Hither, thither,
As in mystic dances, go.
In the present all is mystery;
In the past, 'tis beauteous history.
O'er the mixing and the mingling,
How the signal bells are jingling!
See you not the Weaver leaving
Finished work behind, in weaving?
See you not the reason subtle—
As the warp and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish—
Why the Weaver makes his shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?
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 figures 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 truth 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.

