

The Heart Girt with a Serpent

Unknown Rivers A.L. IViv

p I am the Heart and the Snake is en - twined A - bout the in -
mp Rise, O my snake, in - to brill - iance of bloom On the corpse of O -
mf Ah me! But the glo - ry of rav - en - ing storm En - swathes thee and

vis - i - ble core of the mind. A - rise, O my snake! It is now is the
 si - ris a - float in the tomb! O heart of my mo - ther, my sis - ter, mine
 wraps thee in fren - zy of form. *p* Be still, O my soul! that the spell may dis -

hour Of the hood - ed and ho - ly in - eff - a - ble flower.
 own, Thou art gi - ven to Nile, to the ter - ror Ty - phon!
 solve As the wands are up - raised, and the æ - ons re - solve.

mf 4. Behold! in my beauty
 how joyous Thou art,
 O Snake that caresses
 the crown of mine heart!
mp Behold! we are one,
 and the tempest of years
 Goes down to the dusk,
 and the Beetle appears.

mp 5. O Beetle! The drone of
 Thy dolorous note
 Be ever the trance of
 this tremulous throat!
mf I await the awaking!
f The summons on high
 From the Lord Adonai,
p & ritard from the Lord Adonai!

Text: Liber LXV

Tune: "Slaine" (Irish Traditional)

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