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ODES ON THE
GENERATIONS OF MAN

ODES ON THE GENERATIONS OF MAN

BY
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"Poetry and The Individual" and
"The Mid-Earth Life."

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TO HUBERT GRIGGS ALEXANDER
BORN DECEMBER 8, 1909, HIS
FATHER INSCRIBES THESE ODES

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE publishers beg to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for permission to reprint the lines from "Tiamat" to be found on page 107, and also of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. for permission to reprint the lines on page 110 from Gilbert Murray's translation of "The Choral Prayer" from Euripides.

OF THE POEM:

A POEM, like a musical composition, is susceptible of varying interpretations according to the tempo and expression in which it is rendered. For the more regular poetic structures the rendering that answers to the author's mood may be expected to be obvious; but for a complex and varied poem, especially the ode in irregular strophes, the effective reading is often to be obtained only as a result of study. It has seemed, therefore, worth while (following worthy precedent) to aid the interpretation of the present composition by giving, for each division, indications of tempo and expression such as are customary in music.

Of the poem's nine divisions the first and the last are Prelude and Postlude,—the purpose of the former being to establish the perspective of the composition, of the latter to return to this perspective with the enhanced insight gained from the intervening themes. The Odes fall into three groups, broken by two Interludes.

OF THE POEM

In the first group, the Prelude leads into Ode I, which, moving with a marked crescendo to an abrupt retard, is an interpretation of man's evolutionary genesis, while Ode II, slow and poignant, interprets his ideal evolution. The Interlude which follows is an antiphony of voices, with a certain skyey note, as it were on a plane above, less moved and more reflective than the Odes and having something of the broad perspective of the Prelude. In the second group, Ode III resumes the material development of man, sinking, through three changes, from the rapid history of the inaugural almost to quiescence in the final theme,—a quiescence preparing for the slowest movement of all, the vision of Ode IV. On the pause that should follow, the Dithyrambic Interlude breaks impetuously with a sharp iteration of the ideal values of life, and again as from a plane removed. The third group is formed of the last of the Odes, deliberate, reflective, and for the most part elegiac in tone, gathering reminiscently broken motifs of the preceding divisions, but in its final strophe prophetic of the enhanced insight of the immediate Postlude.

SYNOPSIS

I

PRELUDE: *Largo*

Earth! 'Twixt sky and sky wide spun.

II

ODE I: *Andante fiorito*

In strange tropic forests he awoke.

III

ODE II: *Adagio pugnente*

Strange prayers ascending up to God.

IV

ANTIPHONAL INTERLUDE: *Allegretto misterioso*

O'er quiet prairies swept tumultuous winds.

V

ODE III: *Andante maestoso*

Of blood and dreams are built the towns of men.

SYNOPSIS

VI

ODE IV:

Grave

I had a vision of the King of Pain.

VII

DITHYRAMBIC INTERLUDE: *Allegro appassionato*

Awake! For the white-pillared porches
Of dawn are flung open to day!

VIII

ODE V:

Adagio elegiaco

There comes a kind of quieting with years.

IX

POSTLUDE:

Largo

Earth! Thou wert his Mother.

PRELUDE

Earth! 'Twixt sky and sky wide spun

I

Largo

Earth!

'Twixt sky and sky wide spun,
The blue sky of the sun,
The black abyss
Of night and silence blent
Where to their slow extinguishment
Fall fated stars and the still years miss
All measurement:

Earth!

Ancient of our days,
Our life's great mother and of our mortal ways
High matriarch,
What destiny shall be
Beyond thy bournes—or visionry
Glad in phantasmic splendors or a stark
And wakeless rest
Sconced in thy stony breast,—
What dooming makes or mars

ODES

Beyond mortality,
Is given us to see
But as we read aright
Writ in our mid-earth life the mighty geste
Of Nature, but as we guess the plan
That wrought the mind of man
And gave him sight
Potent to gauge the pathways of the stars!

ODE I

In strange tropic forests he awoke

II

Andante fiorito

In strange tropic forests he awoke
From the long brute dream :
In strange tropic forests that did teem
With golden insects and bright-plumaged birds,
With gliding serpents and the myriad herds
Of eldritch things that crawl within the dusk :
All odorous the air of myrrh and musk,
And cloying honeys, camphors, fennels dense,
Prickle and pungence mingling with incense
Of opiate decay :
While all the throbbing day
The warm forestways did thrill
With singing sound—with murmurous hum
Of bees, and buzz and drone and drum
Of slim metallic wings insatiate,
Flutings of locusts and soft-throated trill
Of slow reptilians calling mate to mate :
Aloft, scarce quivered by the torpid breeze,

ODES

Swung leafy banners, and mightily the trees
Were girt with climbing seekers of the sun:
Below, the speckling shadows spun
Their lazy meshes, and drowsily did play
O'er a sleek panther crouched to stalk the prey
That timorously advanced that fatal way.

In strange tropic forests, he, the Brute,
Dreaming became the Dreamer . . . From their
 ease
He stirred his mighty limbs, roused him from
 rest,
Reared upright in his leafy crest,
And long and mute
He gazed afar where his troubled vision caught
Glint of the wide sea luring through the trees.

Was it a touch unseen
Of the Moulder's hand that swift and keen
Struck to the misty depths of his forming mind
Vague premonition of a human kind
To spring from his being? Growth

ODES

In its pang of promise rousing him from sloth
Of brute life? Sudden thrill
Of an age-old blood working its final will?

From his lips there broke

A man-like cry.

The startled echo sought

New answer and new answer spoke;

And all the myriad listeners in their lairs

Stood guard, and their myriad pairs

Of gleaming eyes kept vigil, while bodingly

The high heart beat with a fear untaught.

Then the swift wings brushed

Through sibilant leafage, and with sudden stir

From reedy depths rose angry hiss and burr,

And far and near began

A hasting of the forest-dwellers' clan

And rustling flight, as if portentous word

The hidden hosts impulsively had stirred

With direful message ominous of Man.

ODES

The strutting cock drooped low his spreading
plumes

And babbled plaintive warning to his mate;
The parrakeets slunk silent where the glooms
Of tropic fronds might hide their burnished
state;

The chattering monkeys scampered far aloft
Swinging in panic huddle tree to tree,
And demonlike from out his hidden croft
The vampire dashed in blinded errancy;
White-bearded lemurs, furtive in their nests,
Betrayed their spectral faces to the day;
And sluggish serpents reared their glittering
crests

Up from the humid mold with sinuous sway—
Hiss reëchoing hiss as all their evil kind
Startled to dim forewarning of its foe
Fanged fierce defiance to the conquering Mind,
God-demon to the beasts that crawl below.

God-demon to the beasts from whence he
sprung

ODES

Into the life of Dreamer dreaming free
Out of the Old the New—bright worlds to be
From every world created, deep among
The farther stars yet farther burning clear,
High sun outshining sun in every sky,—
Till glamour flashes glamour on his eye,
And summons rouses summons in his ear,
And purpose waking purpose breeds the skill
To find the ways of Nature and to bend
Her laws to his design, to his her end,
And Destinies are humbled to his Will!

He swung
Balanced with muscled ease—
Courser of the spaceways of the trees—
Tawn against the sky, insouciant
To all his nether realm's monstrosity
Of nutrient decay and fruitful leprosy:
Fat livid growths and starvelings gaunt
Mingling the breath
Of noisome life with murk of death

ODES

In the black loins of forest,—whence upflung
The great sun-seeking pillars of his world!
Huge girths, with writhing parasites encurled,
And heavy hung
With bearded mosses, whilst pale orchis-ghosts,
Clinging with desperate tendrils to their hosts,
Glimmered like stars the dusky fronds among.

So he swung
Midway 'twixt Earth and Heaven, mute,
His straining eyes
Smitten with visioned destinies:
With vague surmise
Of glories yet to spring
In some dim way from his disquieting,
Of mighty beings that should make their own
The snowy splendors of the peaks that shone
Beyond the luring seas—
Races Titanic and the battling broods
Of Northern giants for whose monstrous toil
Flame should be servant and the granite earth

ODES

A plastic minister,—till the full spoil
At length be won to some high birth,
Conqueror and King
Of those far-shining altitudes!

And the dreaming Brute
Dimly foredreamt the plan
And image of Divinity; and at last
Were far desire and aspiration vast
Wakened to living spirit; and in Man
Creation was at fruit.

ODE II

Strange prayers ascending up to God

III

Adagio pugnente

Strange prayers ascending up to God
Through all the aching aeons, year on year;
Strange tongues uplifting from the sod
The old antiphony of hope and fear:
Strange if He should not hear!

There was the primal hunter, where he stood
Manlike, not man, lone in the darkening wood
When fell the storm:
From hill to hill it leaped, snuffed light and
 form,
Licked up the wild,
And him—lost hunter!—him left isled
Mid desolation. Bogey-wise
Down the tempestuous trail
Gaunt Terrors sprang with shrill wolfish wail
And windy Deaths flew by with peering eyes. . .
Then in the dread and dark
To the dumb trembler staring stark,

ODES

Just for the moment, beaconlike there came
The Ineffable, the Name! . . .
Oh, wildered was the dull brain's grope
With anguish of a desperate dear hope
Escaping! . . . 'Twas a Name
Not his to frame
Whose clouded eye, tongue inarticulate,
Thought's measure and thought's music yet
 await:
Not his the Name . . . but such the hunter's cry
As souls do utter, that must die!

There was the bronze-hued youth who knelt in
 awe
Within a shrine of cypress and of fern
Dewed with baptismal spray
From the granite urn
Of the down-plunging cataract, giant-wrought.
Night and day
With yearning eyes he sought
The vision that the waters' sprite should give

ODES

To be his totem,—signing his right to live
And die the warrior, soul secure
That with him stood
The invisible brood
Of valiant powers peopling his solitude.
Against the gleaming blue
From the bald crag there flew
The Eagle of his dreams, and far and clear
Above the choric waters, to his ear:

“I am the Wakan of the Middle Sky,¹

“Dwelling the Shining Quiet nigh,—

“Come follow, follow, follow! Glory is on
high!”

Oh, light to endure
Is ache of fast and vigil, be the cure
This right with eagle gaze deep worlds to span!
So strode he to his tribesmen a warrior and a
man.

There was the savage mother : she who gave
Her child, her first-born, wailing into the hand

ODES

Of the black priest, upright at the prow . . .
The glistening bodies rhythmically did bow,
And from the rushy strand
Broad paddles drave
The sacrificial craft with gauds bedecked.
He held it high—
With mummery and mow
The fetish priest held high
The offering,—then stilled its cry
Beneath the torpid wave . . .
Sudden the pool was flecked
With scaly muzzle, yellow saurian eye,
And here a fount of crimson bubbling nigh! . . .
Shout came answering shout
From all the horde
That round about
Waited the sign of fetish god adored,
Waited the sign with lust of blood implored! . . .
But she—the mother,—in her eyes there shone
A dazzle of calm waters, and her heart's flood
Was dried, and bone of her bone

ODES

Burned in her, and she stood
Like to an image terrible in stone.

Aye, men have prayed

Strangely to God:

Through thousand ages, under thousand skies,
Unto His thousand strange theophanies,

Men have prayed. . .

With rite fantastic and with sacrifice

Of human treasure, scourged with the heavy rod

Of their own souls' torment, men have prayed

Strangely to God. . .

East, North, South, West,

The quartered Globe,

Like a prone and naked suppliant whose breast

A myriad stinging memories improbe—

Hurt of old faiths,

And the living scars

Of dead men's anguish, slow-dissolvent wraiths

Of long-gone yearnings, and delirious dream

Of sacrificial pomp and pageant stream:

ODES

Gods of the nations and their avatars!—
East, North, South, West,
The suppliant Globe
Abides the judgment of the changeless stars,—
Abides the judgment and the answering aid
Of Heaven to the prayers that men have prayed
Strangely to God. . .

Out of the living Past,
Children of the dragon's teeth, they spring
Full-panoplied—the idols vast
That man has wrought of man's imagining
For man's salvation. . .
Isle and continent, continent and isle,
Lifting grim forms unto his adoration
In tireless variation
Of style uncouth with style,
Until the bulky girth
Of the round zonéd Earth
Is blazoned o'er
As with a zodiac of monsters, each dread lore

ODES

In turn begetting dreadful lore.

The gods of Aztlan:² Huitzil, gorge agape,
His threatening barb
Uplifted, body girt chain upon chain
With jewels in the shape
Of human hearts,—Huitzil, and he,
The lord of wingéd winds and the lord of rain,
Quetzal, gorgeous in his garb
Of tropic plumage; and a deity
Than these more awful—the subtile one
Whose form to sight is glass and to the touch
Is thinnest air,—
Tezcatlipoca, joying to make his couch
Deep in the thoughts of men, and there,
Behind the screen of sense,
Invisible, impalpable, immense,
Begetting wrathful war . . .
Stair after wretched stair
The captive mounts the teocalli's height,
Where wait the ministers of the bloody rite

ODES

Mid murk of smoking altars. Scarce the prayer
Escapes his parchéd lips, ere the throbbing
heart

Is raised to Tonatiuh, to the Sun,—
And blare of conches and the shrill upstart
Of pipes proclaim the blood-bought benison:
How God at last with man is wholly one
Beneath the burning mansions of the Sun!

They arise

From the dark burials of the nations:
From plain and mountain, from desert and
from field,
Like ghostly monarchs from a tomb long
sealed,

They arise—

These living dead, mid echoing sound
Of olden supplications:
Isis, and her lord Osiris bound
In mummying cerements;
Thoth, of the hawklike head,
Bearing the mystic Book that read

ODES

Unto the living the secrets of the dead;
And out of the Orient, the azure queen,
Astarte of the Skies, serene
Above her hornéd altars, with the sweet
Of myrrh and frankincense
And the multitudinous bleat
Of bullocks honored; she of Ind,
Kali, the black, passing like a wind
With blight and pestilence;
And the giant ape, red Hanuman, her
mate
In might immortal and immortal hate;
Ormazd and Ahriman warring light with
night;³
And Mithras, the Conqueror, who gave
The blood baptism of the cave
Men's souls to save;
And nigh these, the lordly ones and bright
Who in their godly right
Of beauty ruled and feasted on Olympus'
height.

ODES

From the dark burials of the nations
Mid echoing supplications

They arise . . .

Mid echoing supplications:

Prayers and cries

Of men in strait of battle, ecstasies

Of saints, and the deep-toned call

Of prophets prophesying over all

The devastation of a kingdom's fall . . .

The ruins of the temple still resound

With women weeping Tammuz' yearly wound;

And still from out the vale

Do ghostly voices lift the ancient wail

Of those who gashed their bodies, crying

“Baal! Baal!”

When Baal was gone ahunting. Still Mahound

Leads desert hordes to battle:

“Allah! Ya Allah! Ya Allah ilah Allah!”

And Paradise is found

In arch of flashing cimatars. Still go

In nightly revelry through field and town

ODES

Curete, Bacchant and wild Corybant,⁴
Rapt Maenad by the god intoxicant,
And the swift-dancing rout
Of frenzied Galli raising olden shout
To Attis and to Cybele:

“Io Hymenae Hymen Io!

“Io Hymen Hymenae!” . . .

While adown

The vanished centuries endure

The chanting of dead Incas: “Make me pure,

“O Vira Cocha, make me ever pure!” . . .

—There, in the blackness of Gethseman’s grove,

One anguisht night *He* strove

Mightily with God . . .

Hour by hour there passed

Athwart the gloom

A huge ensanguined image, like a shadow cast

By outstretched arms, and overspread

The living and the dead

Throughout the wide world’s room . . .

ODES

And so His prayer was said,
And answeréd.

Oh, up to God
Through all the aching aeons, year on year,
Men's prayers ascend,
In hope and fear
Striving to bend
His pity and His wrath forefend. . .
Strange if He should not hear!

ANTIPHONAL INTERLUDE

O'er quiet prairies swept tumultuous winds

IV

First voice:

O'er quiet prairies swept tumultuous winds
Through the wide-pasturing skies their bil-
lowy flocks aherding;
While poised on the marge of day the lingering
sun
The circle of the earth with zones of flame
was girding. . .
And, oh, the heart of man beat high with
hope past wording!

Second voice:

Summons of the western sea,
Lure of the sunset gold,
Tales of the things to be
By the mighty ones of old,
Into his spirit borne with a poignancy untold.

ODES

First voice:

From the mummying East he came, a wanderer,
At last the tropic thrall of her lotos-dream
outstriven,
From her whispering embraces at last re-
leased,—
As into an alien world from their sweet Eden
driven,
In mournful quest of peace wander souls un-
shriven.

Second voice:

Forth of the ancient East
Into the glowing West,
Dream of a richer feast
Filling his aching breast
With an ever new desire, with an ever old
unrest.

ODES

First voice:

Oh, far it is to the hills whose climbing peaks
 Ensentinel the plain like armored wardens
 shining;
And far it is where the stars their watches
 keep,
 Above the dark abyss in spacious courses
 twining. . .
And far to the final haven foreseen of the
 heart's divining.

Second voice:

 Out of the level plain,
 Into the silent skies,
 Rises the glittering chain
 Like a coast of Paradise,
And the spirit of man is big with yearning of
 high emprize.

ODES

First voice:

The spirit of man ever burns for the things
unseen,

When strong in moody will the valiant soul
rejoices,—

But only the Sages of Pain can reckon the toil,
And only the Choosers can tell the cost and
the gain of their choices. . .

Far down the aisles of Time echo their ring-
ing voices:

Second voice:

‘Who conquereth through pain,

His be the eagle’s share!

He shall ride the hurricane,

He shall nest in the thunder’s lair,

And the solitudes of Heaven by the might of
his pinions dare!’

ODES

First voice:

Men walk in ways untrod, seeking the goal
In mystic oracles by the archons of life fore-
spoken,
And the pace is ever slow and the step is halt,
And many there be are lost, and many there
be are broken,
And whoso is strong in the race his brow
bears a terrible token.

Second voice:

Token it is of thought
That hath easelessly inbled,
Sight that his eyes have caught—
Like a seeing by the dead—
Of the far alluring plains his feet may never
tread.

ODES

First voice:

From the ancient East he came into the West
 In the dawn of his human life, in the days of
 his soul's unbinding,
And out of the West to the East with the cir-
 cling years,
And out of a blinded Past into a Future
 blinding. . .
For the course of his star is set to ways be-
 yond his finding.

ODE III

Of blood and dreams are built the towns of men

V

Andante maestoso

Of blood and dreams are built the towns of
men:

Of bitter blood and lustful dreams of power,
And of men's black endeavor and the tears
Of pallid women weeping through the years.

The slow-unwinding scroll
Measures the centuries. . . and at her hour,
Answering the summons, comes
Each city,—as after battle, to the roll
March broken regiments
With throb of sullen drums. . .
Each city comes, rising avast
From out sepulchral cerements,
And then,
Like a dissolvent spectre, sinks again
Into her buried past.

ODES

Memphis is gone
And Thebes of an hundred gates,—
But still the Sphinx unblinkingly awaits
The reader of her riddle, and still
With each recurrent dawn
The diskéd sun
Smites singing Memnon.

Where now, where now, are those
Whose pageantries did fill
The cities of the living? They are led
In bonds, with veiled head,
Into still chambers—and the light and laughter
Of their feasts hath followed after . . .
Oh, wiselier skilled,
The dark twy-crownéd Pharaohs
Wiselier did build
Their desert cities of the dead!
Whose burning granite sears
Their kingly names into the passing years.

ODES

As in a dream I saw the aching myriads
Toiling the toil
Stupendous of the pyramids. . .
Athwart the soil
They dragged the monolithic stones,
And far and near did flash
The whipster's ruddy lash :
I heard the groans
Of men that labored dying,
And I heard the sound
Of little children crying . . . crying . . .
Then my dream vanished ; and I saw instead
A silent desert, and mound with mound
The crumbling habitations of the dead.

Memphis and Thebes are gone,
And mighty Babylon!
She that league on league was girt
With brazen-gated walls, whilst the spires
Of her thousand temples shone with the fires
Of a thousand altars : Babylon!

ODES

Doughty to keep or hurt,
Mightiest thou wert
In all the plain of Shinar!—
Wide Shinar, where anciently was sung
In Accad's perished tongue,
The war of Light and Chaos:⁵ how, flashing
 leven,
Lordly Marduk strave
With cloudy Tiamat, and from her body clave
Earth and high Heaven. . .
While jubilant
The dancing stars their morning joy did chant.

E'en from the voiceless days
Of man's beginnings, within her ample halls,
The powerful and the wise have held their
 state:
Priest-kings that sate
In judgment by the temple gate;
Monarchs loud in the praise
Of long-forgotten gods; the patient seers

ODES

Who through uncounted years
Charted the nightly heavens; conquerors
In unrecorded wars;
And contrite builders, paying holy debt
Of symbol'd towers, that yet
Were but memorials of memorials.

Wise Hammurabi, he who set
On graven tables men's first laws;
Sargon, with bonds of stubborn clay
Binding the free Euphrates; and that queen,
Glorious in strength, terrible in spleen,
Whose name still awes
The centuries,—Semiramis! Yea,
And after these, the form—
Shadowy and colossal as the desert Jinn—
Of him who like a whirling storm
On Judah fell,
And for her impious sin
Carried her wailing to captivity,—
Nebuchadrezzar, mighty under Bel! . . .

ODES

And Cyrus came, and the Great King
Darius, and o'er Asia furled
The Persian wing.
And after, out of Macedon came he,
The splendid Greek, who won
Domain of the level world,
And died in Babylon.

So she that was the Seat of Life,
She is become a mound
Of sunken ruin, compassed round
With silence. Her palaces begot
In the emulous strife
Of dynasties, her temples crowned
Each with its golden ziggurat—
Labor of captive nations long ago,
Whose final course was run
Beneath a pestilential sun
For kingly pleasure and for kingly show,—
They are become but heaps
Of rotting bricks, where stealthily creeps

ODES

Down the forgotten stair
The gaunt cat of the desert to his lair.

Who reckoneth the roll
Of perished cities? . . .
Lost Nineveh
O'erwrit with boast of carnage, and the strewn
Boulders of Persepolis, and far Pasargadae,—
Oh, big in pomp and pride were they,
And lean in pities! . . .
And Petra, from the living rock strange-hewn;
And athwart the desert way,
Palmyra of the Pillars taking toll
Of laden caravans; gray Sidon by the Sea,
And siege-strong Tyre; Sardis rich in gold
And in lust richer; and Priam's town,
Ilion, of old
For war high-armed!
Yea, and lovely in abandonment
As a charmed princess in a castle charmed,
The marble tent of Mogul Akbar⁶ . . .

ODES

And the great exemplar,
She that was ground unremittingly
Betwixt the upper and the nether mill,—
In dreadful alternation bent
Beneath the supple claws
Of the lithe Egyptian, or stricken down
By the muscled bull, Assyria,—
Zion, builded on a hill! . . .
And last, giver of their laws
Unto the nations, Imperial Rome,—
Like some vast volcanic dome
That falling into ashes stars
The waste with lurid splendors.

They pass
Like dreams of glory, and their names
Become as sounding brass,
And their lordly vaunt
Is in men's mouths a byword and a taunt . . .
As cities shall pass,—or in the flames
Of swift disaster, or in the rust

ODES

Of years,—each to its due extinguishment
Under the sun . . .
Until to the lingering one—
Some far broad-domed Bokhara falling into
dust—
The planet stays her nutrient yield,
And the desert gates are sealed
On the last oasis of a dying continent.

Ah, shall there be ere then
The Perfect City? . . .
The city wistfully forethought
By men whom men count wise:
As in a stately dream
To Plato came in marble Academe
His vision of the City of the Blest—
A vision in her dim unrest
By the imagination pearled
To harmonize an inharmonic world,—
A place of marvel, more to the soul's emprise
Than Cibola's golden seven,⁷—Utopia, wrought
Of strength and beauty! . . .

ODES

Her spacious plan
Is broad to house the nations, her citizen
Is such a Man
As was designed
By the Archetypal Mind
When in shadowy seas began the strife
Of life begetting and destroying life—
A Man destined to reign
High Overlord of Fear
And King of Nature, holding as his domain
The charted sphere! . . .

'Ah, shall there yet be
This Earthly Paradise?
This habitation of felicity
Foretokening the City of the Skies?
This seat of mortal bliss
Whose image renders
Unto the spiritual eye
Forevision of that vast metropolis
Of the immortals,

ODES

Which to the soul lays ope
Eternal portals? . . .
Altitude o'er altitude lifting high
Its emulous splendors—
Whereof the culmen is the Cosmic Hope! . . .

To-day the cities that we build
Possess a monstrous beauty,—as if material
Dug in some quarry of old thought,
Some castle ruinous of mind, some burial
Of dead desire,
Mosséd block by mosséd block were drawn
And carven to an airy vision caught
From the large magnificence of the mellow
dawn . . .

Till with dome and pinnacle and spire
Each in its own resplendancy afire
Appears the City, many-hilled
And glorious,—summoning on and on
In iterance majestic
Like ringing prophecies long unfulfilled.

ODES

Oh, we have heard
The summoning of the City from afar!
Calling with a blurred
And multitudinous voice, like the voice resolute
Of the waves upon a distant bar;
And her echoing word,
Sovereign and solvent,
Has drawn us as a spell
Living and irresistible:

“ I am the City . . .

“ The secret thing ye seek

“ My lips, my lips, my myriad lips alone

“ Are wise to speak:

“ I am the City . . .

“ The life that ye would live

“ My life, my life, my manifold life alone

“ Is strong to give:

“ I am the City . . . ”

We have heard,—and for a day,
As in some dusty caravanserai
Cosmopolite with pilgrims, we have sate

ODES

Within her gates, disconsolate
For the still and starry zone
Of night and the sea's resurgent monotone.

From the low flood, murky as the Styx,
That soughs and licks
Along her massy and tenebrous base
With changeful treachery of calm and race,
The city's skyline rises, jagged, black,
Against the lightening east,—funnel and stack
Each with its waft of sullen fume
Outwavering, like a fetid plume
Flaunted in the face
Of morning purity,—
Until the city seems to be
Some grim volcanic chain
Upheaved athwart the sombre plain,
Yet dully quaking,
Of a continent in the making.

And she is the house of life
And the palace of desire,

ODES

And all her ways are thronged with hurrying
feet,
And all her stately edifice is rife
With seekers for a hidden sweet. . .
And she is the house of death
And a charnel of perished hope,
And all her dark foundations are bestead
Mid bones of men that for her hire
Inbreathed her pestilent breath. . .
And in her noisome alleys grope
Wan mothers grieving for their tiny dead. . .

She hath twain souls:
Whereof the one
Is metal'd o'er with armor, plate on plate
Of gold and shining silver conflagrate
And steel of curious enginry,
Till like the molten sun
He is—Mammon, who takes his tolls
Of women's love and of the strength of men,
And of youth's hot blood and aching visionry,

ODES

Eking a senile and decrepit joy
From the ranger fancy of the boy
Caught by the glitter of his shrewd decoy . . .
Mammon is the one. His mate
Is nameless, a spirit sovereign
And dark, whose stern far-seeing gaze
Searches the hidden ways
Of life, and reads the regnant fate
That measures weal to come
Against her present hecatomb.

High on a swinging beam—
The collar of a tower, taut
With steely rib and tendon, building nigher
To heaven than e'en Babel did aspire,—
Stood forth the Man, the Maker, caught
Up into the skies . . .
He gazed below
Into the street—a microscopic show
Aswarm with skurrying atomies;
Then raised his eyes

ODES

O'er plain and river and far-shimmering seas,
Unto the quiet blue. . .
And his spirit grew
Glad in eternal majesties,
And the works of men did seem
But frail and wind-blown tenements
Marking the slow ascents
Unto the splendors of his ancient dream.

Of blood and dreams are built the towns of
men:

Of bitter blood and lustful dreams of power,
And dreams of beauty. . .
Throughout the years
Meted by men's endeavor and women's tears,
Like regiments to duty,
They come, answering the roll—
City on city and nation after nation. . .
And throughout the years
On far horizons aye appears
The City of the Spirit, bidding the hour

ODES

Of advent and of consecration . . .

Yea, throughout the years

Man's aspiration finds its changeless goal

In aspiration.

ODE IV

I had a vision of the King of Pain

VI

Grave

I had a vision of the King of Pain
In awful crucifixion high enthroned
Within the hollow of a universe
Emptied of light and substance: there was
 night
Illimitably deep, whose galaxies
Were shrunk to puny and ineffectual stars
And brought to naught mid spacious desolation.

I saw a ghostly glamour spun afar
Athwart the surface of the black abyss
In nebulous perturbation, and I heard
A sound like to a smothered turbulence
Of distant and distressful multitudes
Whose myriad voices were molten to one cry
As metals in a furnace to one heat.

ODES

They were the souls of human agonies,
The countless spirits of the hurts that men
Have suffered for the making of the world:
Harsh pangs of birth and grievings for the
 dead
And smarts of passion, and strain of them that
 strove
Till broken on the rack of their endeavor,
And the wound of them that sought with sight-
 less eyes.

Out of the nether night, a spectral train,
They came, mounting her gloomy altitudes
In a huge crescendic flame of living torments;
And they bore faces, faces fixed and terrible
Like to the faces of men dead in anguish;
And they uplifted pleading arms—yea, myriads
Of pleading arms they raised empty on high.

They were the souls of human agonies
Caught up into a vast and eddyng throe

ODES

Of wraths and woes and tears, and far outspun
By the great whorl of changeless destinies;
They were the souls of human agonies
Offered upon the altar of the world
In expiation of the cosmic sin.

Out of the night they came tumultuously
Upsurging through the void until they rose
Unto the awful station of the Throne
Of suffering, whereof th' ensanguined light—
Like to the searching rays with which the sun
Metes out the millions of the comet's miles—
O'er that dread train shot sanguine revelation.

And all their clamorous and woeful cry
Was blended to a deep threnodic prayer
For pity, that did beat, as shattered waves
Upon a rock, desirous and despairing,
High on the cosmic Calvary, where his Rood
Did mightily upbear the thorn-crowned King
Above the abysmic center of the world.

ODES

I had a vision of the King of Pain
Uplifted o'er the souls of human hurts
In terrible Atonement; and his eyes,
Anguish and compassionate, were on them
 turned
Everlastingly, and everlastingly
His palms, nail-riven to the Cross, were spread
In awful benediction o'er their woe.

Yea, I beheld the Lordship of the World
Midmost of the circling universe enthroned
In high and kingly beauty; and I knew
The sovereign cost of life, and again I knew
The sovereign redemption; and I saw
How through the aching aeons still is paid
The price of beauty in a price of pain.

DITHYRAMBIC INTERLUDE

*Awake! For the white-pillared porches
Of dawn are flung open to day!*

VII

Allegro appassionato

Awake! For the white-pillared porches
Of dawn are flung open to day!
And the jubilant voices of morning
With laughter and boisterous warning
On, on through the azuring arches
Summon away!

Awake! They are dead who are sleeping!
Awake! They who drowse are unborn!
'Tis the voice of the summoning spirit,
And they who delay when they hear it
Are the lame and the halt and the creeping
Creatures of scorn!

ODES

'Tis a radiant damsel arraying
Her beauties with ruby and pearl,—
'Tis the scarlet and gold and the glamour
Where mid clashing of arms and mid clamor
Of trumpets and war-horses neighing
Banners outfurl,—

'Tis the leap and the swing of the dancers,
Where the torches are circling on high,
Who call on strange gods in their madness
To stay them, to stay them of gladness,—
'Tis the pitiless charge of the lancers
That smite hip and thigh,—

'Tis the rush of the blood in its prisons,
'Tis the beat of the blood in the ears,
'Tis the shock of the heart and the shiver
Of the soul when the red living river
Is let and the strength of man wizens
Under white fears!

ODES

Oh, swifter than the wings of the eagle
And stronger than he is Desire—
And she grippeth the soul unreleasing,
And she troubleth the soul without ceasing,
And she fareth afar on her regal
Pinions of fire.

And nearer than sight is or hearing,
And keener than pain is or bliss,
Are her light and her sound and her passion
Where she patiently layeth her lash on
And striketh the soul with endearing
And terrible kiss:

And deeper than sleep is or death is,
And shrewder than life is or love
Are the surge and the sweep of endeavor,
Like a turbulent wind, like the fever
Of a burning tornado whose breath is
Whirled from above:

ODES

Oh, the glittering things ye call real things,
 And the glittering thoughts ye call truth,
They are trinkets and baubles and apings
For children and impotent shapings
Of the cowardly hearts that conceal things
 Burdened with ruth.

They are weaves out of dream and illusion,
 They are fabricks of mockery and cheat,
And their show is but shamming of graces,
And they stead ye in ruinous places,
And their work is a work of confusion
 Compact in deceit.

Yea, the glittering things ye call real things,
 They are bauble and toy, they are dream,—
But the world that is real is another
Than this where we swelter and smother
And in tawdry and tinsel conceal things
 Meant to redeem.

ODES

And the heart of the man that is fearless,
 And the vision of him that is wise,
They are strong unto Nature's revealing,
And he bursteth the seals of her sealing,
And layeth her beauteous and peerless
 Prone to his eyes.

Till the edge of the world is upblazing
 With pillars of thunderous flame,
And the breadth of the world is resplendant
With scintillant glories ascendant
From nadir to zenith upraising
 Tempestuous brame.

Oh, nearer than seeing or touch is,
 And keener than bliss is or pain,
Are the quiver and thrill of her haunting
And the tug of her Tantalus taunting,
Till the life that we nourish and clutch is
 A thing of disdain.

ODES

Awake! For as dead are the sleeping!
Awake! As unborn he who nods!
But the summoning voice of the spirit,
It shall rouse, it shall rouse them that hear it
From the ranks of the lame and the creeping
Up to the conquering gods!

ODE V

There comes a kind of quieting with years

VIII

Adagio elegiaco

There comes a kind of quieting with years
Which soothes our griefs and stills the turbu-
lent fears

That threat and sting the youth
Of man,—whose heritage is ruth
Of ancient deed, and flicker of old thought
Deep smouldering, and dead love's heavy dole,
And taunt of buried passions in the soul,—
The saintliness and sin of sires forgot.

Yes, there is quiet as our elder days
Give us in thrall to the accustomed ways
Which our tamed wearied feet
Impassively repeat. . .

A quiet and a peace
Sabbatical and solemn,
Like to the still and sunny mood

ODES

That falls to bless
With strange and delicate loveliness
Some antique column
Standing amid its solitude
Of vine and ruin,—until the smart
Of olden passion fain would heal,
And a cool and balmy ease
Suffuses the tired limbs, and reveries steal
With ministering gentleness
Upon the stilling heart.

There comes a quieting, and the strength to
 view
With even contemplation
The full narration
Of men's ways, and to sever false from true.
And the high court of the ages
Marshals her witnessing years and sits
In patient judgment, while her graybeard sages
With thoughtful and compassionate eyes
Decipher the dark writs
Of human deed. . .

ODES

Outmeasuring life's meed
Of joy against its costly sacrifice,
And laying bare
Unto the foolish and the wise
The ways that men must fare.

Across the glass of time
Darkling as in a shadowy mime
Slow flit the images of those
Who blindly sought and chose
With zealous blindness,—each
Unto the led multitude
Striving to teach
His vision of the good.

Came he who walked with feet unshod
The burning wilderness, content to eat
Locusts and wild honey for his meat
And brother with the beasts that slink
In silence to their brackish nightly drink,
So he might find his solitary God:

ODES

And he who taught
In flowing vestments with rich broidery
wrought,
Mid pleasant gardens voluptuous with the
sweet
Of roses, joying in the lissome line
Of maiden youth, and finding the divine
In gracious flagons of empurpled wine:

And he who sat
Beneath the spreading tree
Of contemplation, impassively
To Arhat and to Bodhisat^s
Pointing the Fourfold Way unto surcease
Of human ill and ire
In the nerveless soul's release
From soul's desire:

He in whose trumpeted tones resound
The thunderings of battle,
Calling his crescent squadrons,—till in red pall

ODES

Of flame and blood the sickened world is wound,
And wide around
Is shrieking and shouting and the grisly rattle
Of death at the throats of men, and crash
Of hurtling charges, where the nations flee and
 fall
Like driven cattle
Under the blizzard's lash:

And He who gave . . . gave all
The sweetness of His life to piteous pain
That men might gain
A strange and distant and redeeming grace
Which in the Kingdom's day should fall
Like a sacred halo o'er the face
Of the anguisht Universe,
Healing its hidden curse.

Yea, these be they
Whom men have followed . . . But who shall
 say,

ODES

Who then shall say what life is wise? . . .
There were ten virgins, and of them five
Were foolish virgins, walking in sorrow,
Nor light nor wisdom might they borrow,
Nor might they wistfully arrive
To greet the bridegroom, save by aid
Of their own groping hands and blinded eyes:
So to their folly was their love betrayed.

Through all the years
Of human laughter and of human tears
Sages and jesters, turn by turn
Essay the riddle. . . And the teachers learn
And the learners teach
While the slow centuries slow upreach
Where the world's elusive Wisdom broods
In cloudy majesty o'er hidden altitudes. . .

There comes a kind of quieting with years
And with the years there comes
A high and eerie peace,—

ODES

As the homing spirit nears
The sought release
From her too mortal sense. . . .
And as in a swoond
Supernal she is enwound
Within a pulse of melody, and in her ear,
Nearer than sound is near,
A suave voice hums
A sky-born music, and all the world is tense
With loveliness. . . . And the leaven
Of beauty within the spirit burning
Summons her ever higher,—
Yea, as the stars inspire
The plangent waves that leap with ceaseless
 yearning
Sonorously to heaven.

POSTLUDE

Earth! Thou wert his Mother

IX

Largo

Earth!

Thou wert his Mother,
Who was conceived within thy fiery womb
Ere time began
And by the laboring years brought forth
Unto the stalwart stature of a Man,—
Thou wert his body's Mother,
As thou shalt be his dread
And desert tomb
When all thy myriad life is gone,
And on and on
Thou still dost keep
An even pace, an even pace, though dead,
With thy far-shining sisters of the Deep:

Earth!

Thou wert his Mother,
But his high sire—

ODES

First of the deathless gods—was of another
And a lordlier line:
Eros, of the glowing wings,⁹
Eros, dartler of desire,
Bright son of Beauty, in whose blood divine
There is immortal fever
And such a quickening fire
As glorifieth aye the tears of things
And fresheneth Love forever.

NOTES

NOTES

A theme of the scope of that here undertaken must naturally be supported by a body of allusions drawn from diverse sources and representing diverse cultures. It is inevitable, in such case, that the thinking of any one man will light upon illustrations of unequal general familiarity. Doubtless all of the allusions in the present work will be familiar to many readers; but it seems much to expect that all will be familiar to all readers. Accordingly the author deems it worth while to add the following notes explanatory of those passages which refer to facts that, upon reflection, seem most accidental to our general store of knowledge.

¹ *The Wakan of the Middle Sky:*

Wakan, or *Wakanda*, is the Siouan term for the powers that control and animate Nature. With the Plains Indians generally the heavens were regarded as comprising more than one region, the upper heaven, the Shining Quiet, the abode of the Great Father Spirit, and the Middle Region occupied by the mediators between the Deity above and Man below; among these mediators the Eagle was naturally prominent. The strophe deals with the widely prevalent Indian custom of sending a youth, on the verge of manhood,

ODES

to fast and keep vigil in the wilderness until the spiritual powers of Nature reveal to him the tutelary who is to be his guide and guardian in the career of life.

² *The Gods of Aztlan:*

Aztlan was the traditional home, in the far Northwest, whence the Aztec nation set forth, under the guidance of its gods, on the march of conquest which was to make it the dominant power of pre-Spanish Mexico. "A less lovely set of Olympians than the Aztec gods it is difficult to conceive," says Andrew Lang, and the briefest perusal of Fray Bernardino de Sahagun's description of this pantheon of monsters will amply confirm Lang's judgment. Foremost, at least in monstrosity, stands the great warrior deity, *Huitzilopochtli*. Prescott describes his image as the Spaniards first beheld it: "His countenance was distorted into hideous lineaments of symbolical import. In his right hand he wielded a bow, and in his left a bunch of golden arrows, which a mystic legend had connected with the victories of his people. The huge folds of a serpent, consisting of pearls and precious stones, were coiled round his waist, and the same rich materials were profusely sprinkled over his person. On his left foot were the delicate feathers of the humming-bird, which, singularly enough, gave its name to the dread deity. The most conspicuous ornament was a chain of gold and silver hearts alternate, suspended round his

ODES

neck, emblematical of the sacrifice in which he most delighted. A more unequivocal evidence of this was afforded by three human hearts smoking and almost palpitating, as if recently torn from the victims, and now lying on the altar before him!" An incredible tradition had it that more than seventy thousand victims were sacrificed at the dedication of his great *teocalli* (temple pyramid) in the Aztec capital.

Less repulsive is the god *Quetzalcoatl*, who seems to have been supreme among the Toltec predecessors of the Aztecs. It was his, says Fray Bernardino, to dust the roads for the rain spirits, because "before the unchaining of the waters come great winds and clouds of dust." The beautiful green tail feathers of the quetzal bird (*Pharomacrus mocinno*) formed the panache of this divinity.

The mythic foeman of *Quetzalcoatl* was *Tezcatlipoca* ("the gleaming mirror"), regarded, according to the Fray, as "a god true and invisible, who penetrates all places in heaven and earth and hell." As he wanders about the earth he raises wars, enmities, dissensions, turning man against man, until he earns the epithet "Sower of Discord." *Tezcatlipoca* is the ruler of the world, whose "sight and hearing penetrate wood and stone" and from whose whim, for good or for ill, is no escape. "Lord of Battles, Emperor of all, invisible and impalpable," he is addressed; and in the world-weary mood of the Aztec suppliant, "We men,

ODES

we are but a spectacle before you, your theatre serving for your laughter and diversion.”

³ *Ormazd and Ahriman warring light with night;
And Mithras, the Conqueror, who gave
The blood baptism of the cave:*

The Persian god *Mithras* was the mythic incarnation of the conquering light of heaven which puts to flight the powers of darkness, led by the evil *Ahriman*. Symbolically he is the god of courage and righteousness and wisdom and honor, and again he is intercessor for man with *Ormazd* and the lesser spirits of heaven. The worship of *Mithras* passed into the Western world, with many other Oriental cults, in the declining days of paganism, and before it was finally vanquished became the chief rival of Christianity. Its rites were celebrated in underground chapels; and conspicuous among these rites was the *taurobolium*, the sacrifice of the bull—symbolic of the cosmic bull conquered by the god—whose blood was allowed to drip upon the naked mystic in a crypt beneath the latticed place of sacrifice. This baptism of blood, says Cumont, was regarded as a renovation of the human soul. Mithraism was to a great extent the religion of the Roman legionaries, by whom it was carried all over the Empire, and who, naturally enough, stressed the military virtues and prowess of their divinity, his oft-ap-

ODES

plied epithets being *Invictus*, *Insuperabilis*: he was the Conquering Light, through courage and prowess and through his sympathy for suffering humanity, a Saviour of Men.

⁴ *Curete, Bacchant and wild Corybant,
Rapt Maenad by the god intoxicant,
And the swift-dancing rout
Of frenzied Galli raising olden shout
To Attis and to Cybele:*

The orgiastic religions, taking their rise mainly in Asia Minor, which from time to time swept the Classic peoples with passions of intemperance, centered their appeal in the personalities of two great Nature deities,—the Mothering Earth and her ever-dying and ever-reviving lover, the divine spirit of vegetation. Characteristic of the worship was the rout of wild torch-bearing dancers attendant upon the mother Goddess. Such were the *Curetes* of Crete, such the *Corybants* of Phrygia. The typical form of the goddess was *Cybele*, “the Great Mother of the Gods,” whose worship, with that of her lover-god *Attis*, was introduced into Rome about 200 B. C. Her priests were the emasculate *Galli*, who celebrated the union of the goddess and her lover with wild cries to *Hymen*, god of marriage: “Io Hymen Hymenae!” Very similar, and perhaps of a like origin, were the revelries in honor of *Dionysus*,

ODES

spirit of wine,—*Bacchant* and *Maenad* following their deity in a delirium of intoxication which seemed to them veritable possession by the spirit of divinity. The Semitic parallel to *Cybele* and *Attis* came to the Classic peoples in the myth of “Venus and Adonis,” *Adonis* being the Phoenician form of the vegetation god elsewhere in the Semitic world known as *Tammuz*. It is the lamentation for this yearly-dying deity that is mentioned in Ezekiel 8, 14: “Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord’s house which was toward the north; and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz.”

⁵ *The War of Light and Chaos:*

In the well-nigh universal Cosmogonic myth, varied as its details may be, primeval Chaos, conceived as a gloom-loving monster, is overcome by a hero-god of light, who fashions the orderly universe from the body of the slain monster. Perhaps the oldest version we possess of this myth is that given in the “Creation Epic” of the Babylonians, itself based upon more ancient Accadian sources. In this poem *Tiamat*, the Raging Deep, personates Chaos and leads the hosts of Darkness against the gods of Light. The hero-god is the great sun-tutelary of Babylon, *Bel-Marduk*, who proceeds against the monsters with lightning in front of him and his body filled with living fire. So terrible is he that of all the nether demons only *Tiamat* ven-

ODES

tures to withstand his attack. The combat is thus described (following Professor Jastrow's translation) :

Tiamat shrieked with piercing cries,
She trembled and shook to her very foundations.
She pronounced an incantation, she uttered her spell,
And the gods of the battle took to their weapons.
Then Tiamat and Marduk, the leader of the gods,
 stood up,
They advanced to the fray, drew nigh to the fight.
The lord spread out his net and caught her,
The evil wind behind him he let loose in her face.
As Tiamat opened her mouth to its full extent,
He drove in the evil wind before she closed her lips.
The mighty winds filled her stomach,
Her heart failed her, and she opened wide her mouth;
He seized the spear and pierced her stomach,
He cut through her organs and slit open her heart.
He bound her and cut off her life.
He cast down her carcass and stood upon it.

As one cuts "a flattened fish" *Bel-Marduk* shears into halves the body of *Tiamat*, fashioning from one of the halves "the dam of Heaven" which protects the universe beneath from the all-enveloping cosmic waters. Herein he sets the stations of the stars and the heavenly bodies, while below he fashions "the mountain of Earth" as the habitation of man.

⁶ *The marble tent of Mogul Akbar:*

Futtehpore Sikhri was founded by Akbar, the great-

ODES

est and wisest of the Mogul rulers of India and one of the greatest men of human history, about 1570. It was adorned by its builder with structures which rank among the architectural masterpieces of all time, and the town as a whole is doubtless the most beautiful creation of the Oriental builders' art. Within a generation of Akbar's death, however, it was abandoned, probably because of scarcity of water; and it has since been maintained by the rulers of India rather as a monument than as a place of residence.

⁷ *Cibola's golden seven:*

The "Seven Golden Cities of *Cibola*" were the object of Spanish quests north from Mexico in the Seventeenth Century, the notable expedition being that of 1640, led by Coronado, which penetrated probably as far north as the valley of the Platte. The seven cities are presumed to have been the pueblos of the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona, the fable of their riches being the color which Spanish desire gave to vague accounts of Indian cities in the far North.

⁸ *To Arhat and to Bodhisat* *Pointing the Four-fold Way:*

Arhat and *Bodhisat* are the names, in Southern and Northern Buddhism, for one who has acquired the highest degree of saintship and may expect in the next

ODES

incarnation to appear as a buddha. Gautama Buddha is traditionally said to have taught beneath the sacred bo tree at Buddh Gaya in Bengal, where the light of revelation first came to him. Fundamental in his teaching is the doctrine that *Nirvana*, the blessed state of those freed from the fateful chain of incarnate lives, is to be won through knowledge of the "Four Truths,"—that life is sorrow, that reincarnation comes of desire, that escape is through annihilation of desire, and that the way to this escape is righteousness in belief and resolve, in word and deed, in life and endeavor, in thought and meditation.

° Eros, of the glowing wings:

Perhaps the most penetrating conception which Greek religious thought has given us is that of the rôle of Love, the god *Eros*, in the creation of the world. In the very substance of primeval Chaos is Love, a procreant essence; Love is first of the Immortals to assume form, and throughout the cosmic course Love is the lording spirit in the body of Being. So already with Hesiod: "First Chaos was, and then broad-bosomed Earth, and after, Love, most beautiful of the deathless gods." And the Eleatic Parmenides tells how Hestia, the central fire of the Universe, "foremost of the gods, yea, foremost of all the gods, gave birth to Love." More poetically Aristophanes: From the cosmic egg in the bosom of Erebus, sprang forth

ODES

“Eros, the longed-for,” the wind-swift Eros, “gleaming with golden wings.” With a touch of mystic pantheism, Plato makes Love the spirit of communion between god and man; while a keener feeling both for its mortal poignancy and its immortal promise is in Euripides’ wonderful choral prayer, so finely translated by Gilbert Murray:

Eros, Eros, who blindest, tear by tear,

Men’s eyes with hunger; thou swift Foe that pliest

Deep in our hearts joy like an edged spear;

Come not to me with Evil haunting near,

Wrath on the wind, nor jarring of the clear

Wing’s music as thou fliest!

There is no shaft that burneth, not in fire,

Not in wild stars, far off and flinging fear,

As in thine hands the shaft of All Desire,

Eros, Child of the Highest!

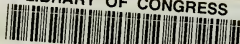


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