

PR
6037
S1596v

A

0
0
0
5
5
8
8
3
8
5

1



U.S. SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

California
onal
lity



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

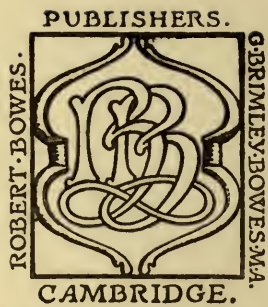
Yours sincerely

Anna Salaman



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE VOICES OF THE RIVERS



LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.
GLASGOW: JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS

THE VOICES
OF THE RIVERS

BY NINA SALAMAN

Cambridge : Bowes & Bowes

1910

[My thanks are due to the Editor of the *Jewish Chronicle* and to the Editor of the *Outlook* for the kind permission to reprint from the former journal the "Children's Hymn" and "The Burial of Queen Victoria," and from the latter "The Evening Song of the Earth."—N.S.]

PR

6037

S1596v

DEDICATION

*Blessing the songs of old,
Summoning forth the new,
You with a wand of gold
Lent them a life more true.
Now as their ways unfold
Out into vistas blue,
Here stand the new and old,
Giving themselves to you.*

937821

Contents

PART I SONGS

	PAGE
LOVE SONG	1
SONG	2
A DREAM	3
A SONG IN THE WOOD	4
NIGHT SONG	5
SPRING SONG	6
HYMN AT THE DAWN	7
THE WORLD'S JOY	8
THE HOPE	9
PEACE	10
VILLANELLE	11
RONDEAU	12
EVENING SONG OF THE EARTH... ..	13
THE NINTH OF AB	14
REALISATION	15
YESTERDAY	16
THE SOUL'S FLIGHT	17
FROM ME TO THEE	18
ON WINGS... ..	19
FREEDOM IN EXILE	20
SONG	21
THE SUNFLOWER AND THE SUN	22
LOSS	23
THE SONG OF A NIGHT	24
LOVE AND THE PASSING YEAR	25
MOONLIGHT	26
WINTER SONG	27
AFTER STORM	28

Contents

PART II SHADOWS

	PAGE
INTO THE PRESENCE	31
A MOOD IN THE SILENCE	34
THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT	35
OF PRAYER	36
A FAREWELL	37
A DREAM OF PEACE	40
DRIFTING	41
DARKNESS	42
AWAKENING	43
THE IMMORTAL WORLD	45
A BREACH... ..	47
THE UNATTAINABLE	48
RAIN	50
PAST DAYS RECALLED	52
THE SOUL'S BONDAGE	53
THE UNKNOWN	57
THE BURIAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA	59
FRIENDSHIP AND HOPE	61
THE WORLD'S BURDEN	62
THIS IS HOPE	65
THE VOICES OF THE RIVERS	66

PART I

LOVE SONG

LOVE, the shadow of thy face
Lies against my heart—
Thy poor cherished counterpart
In thy chosen place.

Love, the echo of thy heart
Beats the whole night long,
Like the rhythm of love's song
From the sound apart.

Deep within a lonely place,
Love, I wait apart
With the echo of thy heart
And the shadow of thy face.

SONG

WHAT a wealth of gold
God hath spent on thee,
Wanting thee of old
For the sun to see.

God saved all the gold
For the years to be,
Then unloosed His hold,
Lavished all on thee ;

Made thee of the gold
Ages lost for thee,
All the gold of old
For the sun to see.

A DREAM

I DREAMED that all of earth was past,
“ But Heaven,” I said, “ is lone and drear ;
Dearest, I could find peace at last
 If thou wert here, if thou wert near.

“ The night is dark and full of fear :
 Dearest,” I said, “ I wait afar ;
The light will come when thou art near,
 When thou art shining like a star.”

A SONG IN THE WOOD

LITTLE bird in the lonely wood,
Singing thy song by the way ;
Dear, I would say if I could
 What thy passion of song would say.
In the cloistered woodland apart,
 Where the spirits come to pray,
Little bird with the great world's heart,
 Thou hast said what man cannot say.

Little bird in the sorrowful wood,
 Art thou singing to make men weep ?
Dear, I would weep if I could,
 But the sorrow—it lies too deep.
And men have taught sorrow to thee,
 They give thee their tears to keep ;
In the world's way for all to see
 They cannot tarry and weep.

But thou in the lonely wood,
 Thou sendest the song forth free :
Dear, we have borne all we could,
 But the utt'rance—we leave it to thee.
Thou hast gathered the whole world's pain
 To blend with the joy that shall be ;
And man is grown whole again,
 And prisoned, is waxen free.

NIGHT SONG

A LONE at nights, belovèd,
When the world has gone to sleep,
My heart, awake or dreaming,
May turn to you and weep.

I open to you, belovèd,
A door within my heart :
The bars of it burst asunder,
And the portals roll apart.

And out of my heart I send you,
Free from its bond and stress,
The spirit of my sorrow
And utter loneliness.

And all my love I send you,
That would not stir nor weep
Till night had come, belovèd,
And the world had gone to sleep.

SPRING SONG

WE two in a strange land,
Sing, my love,
We two in a strange land
In the spring ;
And spring is the same in every land,
Sing, my love.

We two hand in hand,
Skies above—
We two, and hand in hand,
Let us sing ;
And buds will bend to a foreign hand
From boughs above.

We two in a strange land,
And above
And around on every hand
Only spring ;
And spring is spring in every land
And love is love.

HYMN AT THE DAWN

'TIS Thou in a glory of blue,
In a golden triumph of skies,
Shedding the dawn and the dew
And the infinite gaze of Thine eyes !
There, where Thy smile looks through,
Where the cloud-lips part in surprise,
I have found the joy of Thee too ;
I have said to the tears and the sighs :
“ Depart, for ye are not true ;
Take rest, for ye are not wise.”
I have seen Thy smile look through,
And the infinite joy in Thine eyes.

THE WORLD'S JOY

JOY to the uttermost ends of the earth,
To the infinite spaces, joy!
Sing, sing louder, ye singers of men,
Ye blessèd of God, whose birth
Was bidden of old, and known to the sea and the
sky, even then
When the world's first song went up in a wonder
of joy
No grief could ever alloy.

And the world was bound in magnificent girth
From end to end with joy :
Sing, sing louder, ye singers of men,
Ye blessèd of God, whose birth
Was set for the holding of joy ; whose voice shall
be singing then
When the world's last song shall go up in a passion
of joy
That Death shall never destroy.

Joy to the uttermost ends of the earth !
To the infinite spaces, joy !

THE HOPE

THOU shalt be locked in my heart for ever ;
Thou shalt be holy and pure.
(These things I know of thee, and these be only,
Of all things, sure.)

Thou shalt be found when the way is over ;
Thou shalt be mine at the goal.
(These things I hope of thee, since Death draws
surely
Soul unto soul.)

PEACE

NEW life, with a soft light glowing,
And a song sung deep in the soul,
That faltered once and is flowing,
Was torn before and is whole.

Unbound, unmeasured, unending,
The largeness we longed to know,
The silence we dreamed impending,
And trembled in storm below.

Dear heart, grown one with the wonder,
Grown verily part of the peace
Around and above us and under,
That sighs with a sound of release—

I fain would fold around thee
Arms so gentle and strong,
They should hold with the strength that bound thee
The peace and wonder and song.

VILLANELLE

AH God! Thou knowest why such woe must be!
He was my light, my very dawn of day:
"This one shall comfort us," I said,—ah me!

I look at life now, once a strong glad sea,
Dashed sudden backward with quick dismay;
Ah God! Thou knowest why such woe must be!

I said, "The years can tear me not from thee,"
I dreamed their flight made firm the bond for aye:
"This one shall comfort us," I said,—ah me!

But this we know, that only God can see,
While we grope blindfold in an unknown way;
Ah God! Thou knowest why such woe must be,

And why the heart's high rapture, risen free,
Should fall unto the ravenous past for prey:—
"This one shall comfort us," I said,—ah me!

And blind we bow before the sure decree:
"Lo! this all serves a steadfast end," we say.
Ah God! Thou knowest why such woe must be!
"This one shall comfort us," I said,—ah me!

RONDEAU

I FOLLOW you along the whole dim way,
And all the night through, till the break of day,
And all the day long, till the deep'ning blue,
Until the darkness where the stars look through,
Finding in all the shadows no dismay.

The soul's sight and the star's sight grow for aye
The clearer for the gloom wherein they stray ;
So where the stars look and the soul sees too
I follow you.

Though dense the shadow where the sunshine lay,
Though dark the sorrow over joy's array,
To this the starry sight of heaven is due,
For that the sight of souls is grown more true.
So let the dark enfold us as it may,
I follow you.

EVENING SONG OF THE EARTH

AH me, the sun is down,
The sun is down!
Day of the golden morn,
Thou to a kingdom born,
O day, thy crown!

Ah me, I loved thee so,
I loved thee so!
Red with the dawn of thee,
Waking to ecstasy,
Warm in thy glow.

Ah me, but thou wast fair,
But thou wast fair!
Night was so long and cold,
O but thy blaze of gold
Wrought wonder there.

Ah me, 'twas over soon,
'Twas over soon!
There is thy glimmering shroud,
Thy pale enfolding cloud,
And a wan moon.

THE NINTH OF AB.*

“He hath not remembered His footstool in the day of His anger.”—*Lamentations* ii. 1.

HAST Thou forgotten for ever?
Lord, Thou art silent so long;
Hast Thou forgotten?—O Master!
Forgotten our day of disaster,
Our life that is barren of song?
Hast Thou forgotten for ever?
Why art Thou silent so long?

Thou, sitting throned on the heavens,
With earth lying prone at Thy feet,
If Thou have ceased to remember,
Tread out our flame till the ember
Lie cold and the gloom be complete;
Look once from Thy throne on the heavens,
And crush out the life at Thy feet.

* The anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 B.C.E. and by Titus in 70 C.E.

REALISATION

HE will sing no more for you ;
He will sing no more : he is still ;
By the soul's whole yearning will
He will sing no more for you.
Though joys of the soul be few,
And this be the dearest one ;
Though the soul's chief joy be gone,
He will sing no more for you.

He will sing no more for you.
In the sweet low shade where he sang,
Where you dream that the dim leaves hang,
He will sing no more for you.
Where the night weeps tears of dew
For the woe which the sweetness brings,
Though he stands for ever and sings,
He will sing no more for you.

YESTERDAY

WOULD that my life had stayed at yesterday,
That time, grown weary, might have rested
there,
Or could to-day but live, nor pass for aye,
Nor aye be sought and found not anywhere ;
So that I yet might say,
“ The joy was yesterday.”

THE SOUL'S FLIGHT

COME to me, soul of my love,
Over the endless lands,
Soul that art swifter than thought,
Worlds and the mazes thereof
Holding thee not with bands,
Counting as less than nought.
For the soul's wings over the waste
Flash, while a moment stands,
While a world's heart-beat is whole :—
A flutter of wings in haste,
A reaching forth of hands,
And thy soul is here with my soul.

FROM ME TO THEE

CHILDREN'S HYMN

MY glad heart gives thanks to Thee,
Lord, our Lord ;
My full heart would say to Thee
Some sweet word.

All I have Thou givest me ;—
I can give
Only praise that sings in me
While I live.

Let it but seem good to Thee
When I pray,
When my song comes in to Thee
Day by day.

Thou wilt take the song from me,
Lord above,
My small song sent forth from me,
Made of love.

Great glad songs go up to Thee,
God, most dear—
Worlds of song—yet this from me
Thou wilt hear.

ON WINGS

ALL we saw and heard,
 Borne on the seas!
Saw great waters bearing on their wings
 Full laden ships;
Heard great winds that carried on their wings
 More and more wings,
Wings of sea-birds flying with the waves
 And winds and sails
Forth to some port—we know not how nor where
 More than we know,
Thou and I, whither we go and how
 And to what end,
Borne on our own winged souls, on winds and seas—
 Wings upon wings.

FREEDOM IN EXILE

WHEN thou waitest far away
From thy lonely home,
And the clouds like foam
Fill the valleys, floating all the day,
Closing in thy sight—
Thou upon the height
Yet shalt send thy sight where once the valleys lay.

When thou hearest not a sound
From the lands below,
And the drifts of snow
Fill the hollows which the sun had found,
Shutting in thy soul—
Thou hast yet the whole
Of thy living soul to send it forth unbound.

Thou shalt make thy sight as vast
As the heaven's light,
As the sun, whose sight
O'er the mountains finds the plain at last.
Like the boundless air
Shall thy spirit fare,
Passing like the air while mountains hold thee fast.

SONG

IF thou wert mine, and sun and moon were
darkened,

We should have light ;

It would not be the day as we have known it,

Not day nor night ;

There is a radiance other than the morning

Or white moonlight.

If thou wert mine, and wakeful birds were silent,

We should have song.

We seek not now the singers of the forest

Who sang so long,

For we have hearkened and the soul's high places

Are full of song.

* * * * *

Love, thou art sleeping ; canst thou hear me singing

Deep in my heart ?

We hear in dreams, while in the outer stillness

Words have no part,

Since thou art mine, and song hath made his dwelling

Safe in the heart.

THE SUNFLOWER AND THE SUN

SO is the sunflower wedded to the sun,
Grown from great love to likeness; grown
to burn

With golden splendour from her place beneath;
So stands she radiant, lifting eyes that turn
A lifelong gaze to him, till life be done
And she falls sunward, worshipping in death.

LOSS

WHERE is he that went away ?
How long the day !

Where is he who could not stay ?
Let us seek him while we may,
Seek him ere the light grows grey—
How long the day !

What we do he will not know,
How long the day !
And he sees not how we go,
If in peace or if in woe,
Sees not when the light is low—
How long the day !

All our work must cease at last,
How low the light !
On his strength our load was cast,
In his hands he held it fast ;
All the joy of it is past—
How near the night !

THE SONG OF A NIGHT

THANK God for stars, thank God for night
at last,
Such night with stars to give the darkness eyes.
O could the soul find voice in any wise
While every night was blind before the blast ?

When every night was mad with tempest cries,
When heaven's face was utterly withdrawn,
And night seemed dark beyond all power of dawn,
Could soul cast song against the deafened skies ?

Thank God for stars again, and watch the morn :
What shall the day be, born of such a night ?
Flushing of skies and glow of gradual light ;—
Heart, save thy singing till the day is born.

LOVE AND THE PASSING YEAR

MY love for thee is like the growing Spring,
When day by day the flowers and songs
awake ;

Only, when love doth out of silence break,
It flowers for ever and ceaseth not to sing.

My love for thee is like the sudden joy
When Summer riseth up with swifter beat
Of life, and glow of colour and passing heat ;—
But love burns on, and suffers no alloy.

My love for thee is like the Autumn glow
That lingers on the leaves for many days ;—
But love looks golden all along the ways,
And sheds no golden leaf of long ago.

My love for thee is like the days that strive
To still the earth with outspread snow above ;—
But, underneath the quiet whiteness, love
Burns like a flame to keep the world alive.

MOONLIGHT

MY thoughts fly back to thee, whose voice of old
Wakened the sleeping music of my song.—
How long, how long,
Over that strain of song the years have rolled.

This night is shining like a silver day,
And little clouds are playing with the moon ;
But soon, ah ! soon,
Before the day the moon must sink away.

Yet softly for a space between the light
Returns the wonder of the olden spell.—
Farewell, farewell !

Now dawn must break the spell with sound and
sight.

WINTER SONG

QUIET and cold, the waning winter's day,
Bright at the morn, at eventime grows grey,
And grey, the eventime without a breath,
Fades to the night away.

And silence falls, and darkness, with no place
For sound or starlight nor for any grace ;
And what shall save the darkening soul from death ?
O let me see thy face !

AFTER STORM

PEACE come to you, O tempest-stricken heart !
Peace fall upon you out of stormy skies,
Whisper a word to you and shade your eyes,
And make for you a quietude apart.

Sleep come to you like arms of one you love
Closing about you.—When the morn breaks
through,
Ah! many things shall long have passed from
you,
And gently one new hope begin to move.

PART II

INTO THE PRESENCE

LAST night—methought I slept not, yet I
dreamed—

Last night I dreamed I bore thee up to God,
Wond'ring the while: Lo! what is this new
strength

Wherewith I bear thee, sleeping in mine arms,
Up to God's presence? And I said: I know
The spirit of man is stronger than himself,
Stronger to bear and battle and fulfil,
To rise up longing and to triumph last.

Is it not written in an ancient word
Too great to be forgotten? Saith it not:
"And lo! a spirit uplifted me"? Yea, so
My spirit lifted thee and held thee safe,
Sleeping; and so I bore thee up to God.

Soon came we wondrously to where great rays
Fell from some mighty splendour more than sun,
Purer than any moon; and yet I flew
Fearless towards the radiance, yet I stood
Half-floating in the fulness of great rays.

And suddenly I spake : “ Thou, hid from man
Behind a gloom, and from the soul of man
Behind a wonder of eternal light ;
O Thou that lookest on the face of man
While he perceiveth not, lest he, perceiving,
Should perish of the sudden dawning day ;
O Thou that lookest long on some one face,
Lingering upon it, till it waketh lit
By some new glow, some strange deep radiance
Which men call holiness ;—O God !” I said,
“ Lord, Lord, look Thou upon this one I love.
Is not this one right goodly ? Shall not he
Dwell in thy sight for ever—yea, on earth
Show unto men the shining of Thy face
Shed full upon him ? Lord, for this I come,
Now bearing upward to the light of Thee
This one that sleepeth.” And the light streamed
down

More gently than the darkness falls below,
More softly than the tender darkness falls,
And sank into our souls—thy soul and mine.
And yet a space I stood there with clos'd eyes,
Feeling the whole of Heaven overspread
With glory waxen unendurable,
Till thankfully I turned with thee, and straight
Along a way of light I bore thee down

And laid thee sleeping in thy place. And thou—
O wilt thou know how once, on one dim night
When stars sang softly like a whisper'd word,
I came to thee, I bore thee in mine arms
Upward and upward to yon highest height
Whence the great rays roll down that light the
world
With all it hath of radiance?—Nay, let be ;
Only I know my spirit bore thee once
Into God's presence living ; through the night
Up to the very inmost place of God.

A MOOD IN THE SILENCE

LET us be quiet now ; let all the voice
Be of calm waters, while the silence sings,
Like a vast rumour of unheard-of things
That know not grief, nor dream how men rejoice.

The low hills love the silence ; in the haze
They dream of what the sea is murmuring
In dim reverberance—some hidden thing
The sea learns from its heavenward endless gaze.

These things hold perfect knowledge : lo ! the sea,
The hills all satisfied for ever ; lo !
The full sun seeth, and the great winds know ;
And these things are, while we but strive to be.

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT

LORD, let me know the power of the spirit ;
O Lord, let me know

If in its darkest hour on the prisoning earth below,
The spirit be captive and bound with the body,
to beat at its walls

Till, deaf with the clamour of sound, it shall hear
not the heaven that calls.

Shall it sink in the darkness and fail, and be joined
to the ruin of life ?

Is the striving of none avail, and the hope that
lives in the strife ?

What of the spirit, O Lord ? Shall it wait and
be never aware ?

Wilt Thou not send it a word from the highest
where Truth is laid bare ?

For Hope that hath no defender lives on for a
word from Thee ;

O God ! it will never surrender, 'tis mighty and
sure and free.

OF PRAYER

“OUT of the depths I call Thee.”—What were
life

Lacking such solace to its lonely pain ?
How could the dumb heart suffer, and sustain
The sorrow and the bitterness and strife ;

And know the gloom and dream not of the light ?
They watching for the morning wait not so,
Not as the soul waits, yearning from its woe
Upward to some unknown unending height.

And though no sign nor help come, and no voice,
Nor any knowledge from the silent peak,
Trustfully from its pain the soul shall speak,
“Out of the depths I call Thee,” and rejoice.

A FAREWELL

FAREWELL! This is the last ; O heart, the
end!

O heart! thou knowest all the blessedness,
And what the joy was, moonlike through the
years,

Shedding dear rays along the darkness here,
In through the lattice of this poor world-life.
How wilt thou go alone, O heart, alone,
When there is never a path to lead thee on,
And never a star to draw thee, holding thee,
Lest thou look earthward all the lonely way ?

I mourn for thee, as though more truly dead
Than had the cold earth closed o'er thy pale brow ;
For so thy thronèd spirit from its height
Would look down starlike on the old dim world,
On the wild waves there rolling in the gloom,
And light them still with thy sole silver path.
And when the stars sing low at eventime,
My soul would hear thee in their blended strain,
With nought between us save what soul might
cleave.

Nay, but I mourn for thee as pass'd away
So utterly, we were not more apart
If both of us were shrouded, I and thou—
I in a lower world, and thou so high
I could not see thee—and the world between.

Wilt thou not come to me howe'er I call ?
How shall I find thee through the whole dense
world ?

I longed for thee as men have longed for peace,
And found it never since the years began ;
I longed for thee, and lo ! I found thee once,
And clasped thy spirit closely unto mine,
And fed the hunger of my soul with thee,
And filled my life with thee, and held, full-blest,
What men had found not since the years began.
And suddenly the dark fell, and the want ;
And shall the soul behold thee not and live ?
Shall not the spirit fail for lack of thee ?
O should it send thee one last yearning cry,
One last long call before the silent end,
Wilt thou not come to me the dense world through ?
Nay, for thou knowest not of darkness here,
Seeing the radiance round thee ; as the moon
Looketh along her beams at her shed light,
And knoweth not the glamour as her own.

I deem it sometimes all a woeful dream,
The horror of the parting and the void,
And all the long lone wasteness of the way ;
And pause a moment, breathless for the end,
Eager to seize upon the keen swift joy
Should I wake wond'ring. 'Tis enough. Farewell !

A DREAM OF PEACE

HERE in the mystery of moonlit night
Let us forget at last,
Let us forget the world-life whirling past,
The heat and light ;

And let us dream the stars hold not each one
A beating burning heart
Like to our great world's heart that throbs apart,
Afar, alone ;

And let us dream our world is grown so still
And solitary and far,
And dimly songful, like another star,
Some space to fill

That needed only one more gentle light,
One sweet note more of sound,
To make a silence of star-voices round
The endless height

Whither the spirit all its days shall yearn
With straining wings bound fast ;
Whither some night shall lift it up at last
Beyond return.

DRIFTING

OCEAN of sorrow, weariness of waves,
And we two drifting as the winds shall
please,

Blind with the vast bewilderment above,
Finding in depths below a world of graves ;
But never a grave for love among all these,
Nor anywhere a resting-place for love.

Ah, can it be that any winding girth
Of such unrestful paths indeed shall bring
Us two, through very longing, to the bliss ?
And is not love a name too near to earth,
And is not rapture but too small a thing
To name thereby the wordless wonder of this ?

And dimly drawn by some remote moonlight,
And driven blindly by the unbound sea,
Shall we at last find even the same sure place ?
Shall we at last find, past the end of night,
The rock to stand on to eternity,
Clasped close in one deep passionate embrace ?

DARKNESS

LORD, Thou hast led me where two life-ways
part
And bound mine eyes,
So that I know not sunset nor sunrise,
Nor which path drew me, blinded at the start,
To walk therein with overshadowed heart
That never knew the skies.

If both roads lead to darkness—be it so ;
But on the way
Only a little light, Lord, just to say
Before the silence : “ I have seen, and lo,
The path was good to walk in, and I know
The shining of the day.”

AWAKENING

THIS is the best, the highest : here the soul
Standeth, surveying all its earthly strife ;
Here stands the soul at last and looks at life,
And sees aright love's throne above the whole.

Mighty and terrible, lo, this is love—
Calm and triumphant o'er the woe of things,
Love giving thanks for what the sorrow brings,
Singing, outsinging all that sing thereof.

So is love known at last : the soul—how long
Beheld love enter but to tear the breast
That gave it shelter ; witnessed love opprest
With chains and heartbreak and all grievous
wrong.

But lo, the day came when the soul (awake
From dreaming of a love that was a part
Of earth) knew love's own largeness : since no
heart
Might strive to hold it but that heart must break.

Then turned the soul and rose to look on love,
Whom never heart could hold and still be
whole ;

Where, calm beyond the striving of the soul,
Love stands triumphant while the ages move.

Here, giving all and asking nought again,
The soul grew one with love in realms untrod,
Where love was verily become as God,
God whom the heaven of heavens may not con-
tain.

THE IMMORTAL WORLD

SESTINA

I HEARD the world's self once, sent forth in
sound,

Uttered in sound that ceased not any more,
That found no silence all the ages long,
And knew no death for ever ; but unheard
Of all things hearing, lived beyond all space
Where no star looks, nor light of any world.

So journeyed these, the voices of the world,
In mighty companies of living sound
Out to remote undream'd-of bounds of space ;
And these went sounding forth for evermore
Towards the darkness ; till the great unheard
Infinity lay all their ways along.

For lo ! the sound of lips all earth along,
All cries sent forth of sorrow in the world,
Though each rose far from each, and all unheard
One of the other, every uttered sound
Of pain sent forth, these met and evermore
Sped in one host together into space.

And voices of great joy that made for space,
Though strange lands lay between them wide and
long,

These, born asunder, held apart no more,
In one glad army journeyed from the world ;
And in one host of sound akin to sound
These went resounding into realms unheard.

So all world-voices living, though unheard
Of all else living, rising into space
Immeasurable, from some like cause of sound—
Sorrow or joy or triumph—passed along
Where flashed the living light from world to
world,

Each cause an army waxing more and more.

And when the light of worlds for evermore
Was left afar, and all their voice unheard ;
When all these throngs arisen from the world
Had fled beyond the whirling ways of space :
These, manifold the star-strewn paths along,
Became, each separate host, a single sound.

And so with sound grown pure for evermore,
All ages long, like one man's soul, unheard
Of bounded space, sang the immortal world.

A BREACH

SHALL it not cease? Nay, nay, it cannot
cease.

How shall it fail or fade or ever die?
Pain for a joy whose memory is a sigh,
Shall it do aught but evermore increase?

By many days it shall not be destroyed.
Since these but make a wider severing,
It cannot cease; nor comfort ever spring
Out of the years that span the widening void.

As in a lone land, when a lone bird sings,
He that toils onward pauses in his stress
To grasp the joy; and feels the loneliness
Grow vaster with the vanishing of wings.

THE UNATTAINABLE

I WILL go forth beyond the endless ages,
Further than hope and tears ;
I will unlock the dark eternal portals,
The dumb lips of the years.

The past hath spoken, and her lingering echo
Fills all we hold of life ;
And all the future is a vast foreboding
Of tears and hope and strife.

But I will break the stifling bonds asunder,
Yea, now I will take flight ;
I will go forth and know the living stillness
That whispers in the night.

Ye shall not be forgotten, all ye glories,
Passing with soundless feet ;
Ye shall be with me yet, ye wonder-voices,
Blended and made more sweet.

* * * * *

I cannot reach a limit to the vistas
 Beyond the vanish'd sphere ;
Now I have only you, ye singing voices,
 Mystic and vague and dear.

Now ye are all to me that life has given ;
 Are ye not nearer so ?
I reach not—but the world is still, whose clamour
 Turned you away in woe.

I have gone forth towards your tender sources,
 Too far and high and true :
And ye are mine which were mine always—saving
 Now I have only you.

RAIN

"Like rain upon the mown grass."

TEARS, always tears, from eve to even, tears ;
'Tis morn, O Heaven, and thou art weeping
still !

Lord, Lord, Thy terrible pity maketh sears
In our worn heart, whereon the labouring years
Have wrought their furrows of sufficient ill.

In the beginning thou hast said of us :

"Lo ! man shall suffer sorrow all his days,
Finding no light except he find it thus,
Seeking in woe far vistas luminous,
Reaching the triumph but through grievous
ways."

Yet Thou hast shed o'er us Thy pity's rain,
Thou, who hast bidden that these things
should be,

Saying : "So man, assured not of the gain,
Unmindful of the wonder past the pain,
Yet shall strive on : so be it—woe is Me !"

Nay but we know ; nay Lord, but we have seen
How for the joy's sake Thou hast made the
woe,

How for the light's sake all the gloom hath been,
How from the stress man's soul shall rise serene :
This is the joy of striving and the glow.

Only Thy pity, Lord,—it rendeth yet
With one more wound our courage still unsure ;
For when our anguish and Thy pain have met,
Seeing Thy pity, what if we forget
The joy that made us mighty to endure ?

PAST DAYS RECALLED

WHAT is this woe between my love and you,
That looks back dreaming, then turns on-
ward dumb?

Nay, what have we to do with this—we two?

Even now my heart spake: “Turn thee, she is
here;

She, haloed in the distance, she is come.”
And lo! I see, and you are very near.

And all around, our peace seemed undefiled;—
Came we not then well nigh forgetfulness?
Surely in that brief look you almost smiled?

I gave my soul the sight of you to keep,
That mine eyes, turning from the sorrow's
stress,
May look therein, and find you graven deep.

THE SOUL'S BONDAGE

Man holding converse with his soul

Man.

SEAWARD, seaward,
Come, O my soul, like a bird !
Death riseth up—hast thou heard ?
Death—and thou hast not stirred.
Seaward, seaward !
Save thee, my soul, like a bird.

The Soul.

Girding me close around—
Me, that am soul of thee,
Me, that looked to be free,
That looked to be free, and am bound—
Girding with pitiless grasp,
Bonds more bitter than death,
Stifling the life and the breath,
Till the song shall end in a gasp.
Death ! let him hasten, impelled
Of a will that is warring with life ;
Let him come but to silence the strife
Of wings unendurably held.

Man.

Seaward, seaward,
My soul, mine only one!
I that have thee alone,
I cry to thee, let us begone
Seaward, seaward,
My soul, mine only one!

The Soul.

Pressing upon me sore—
Me, that am soul of thee,
That am fixed in thine hope to be
Living for evermore—
Life made grievous to bear!
Shall I verily battle for this,
Nor turn where the strong Death is,
To the spirits sleeping there?
Shall I not call them blest,
Wrapt in a secret wonder,
Body and soul asunder,
Heart hushed deeply to rest?

Man.

Seaward, seaward,
Turn thee, my soul, and fly:
God made for thee wings and a sky;
God knoweth thou shouldst not die:
Seaward, seaward,
Turn, O my soul, and fly.

The Soul.

I that am thine and God's,
I am held with terrible hands,
I am burden'd with iron bands,
I am bruised with brazen rods.
'Tis life from a poisonous cup
For me that am soul of thee,
Me that am winged for the sea—
(Yet how the life leaps up!)
Yea, I am thine, and lo,
I live, because thou hast cried,
Because thou hast nought beside,
And shall I forsake thee so?

Man.

Seaward, seaward,
My soul, my soul, we have fled!
God look'd not to find thee dead,
And how shall God be gainsaid?
Seaward, seaward,
My living soul, we have fled!

The Soul.

Nay, if I that live and am bound
Can give for thine asking aught—
Love and wonder and thought,
Whispers of wonderful sound—

Thou shalt suffer the sorrow of me,
Thou shalt bear the unbearable chain,
Thou shalt long with the whole world's pain
For spaces and spaces of sea.
If Death with my life must be met,
(Death, that would give me release)
If thou callest me back from peace,
Thou hast chosen—I fail not yet.
But thou chooseth thee all these things—
To know what this is to me,
To dream of the sky and the sea,
Looking seaward with powerless wings.

Man.

Seaward, seaward,
To look and be denied,
To know how Heaven is wide—
Rather than thou hadst died,
Rather than God defied—
To be winged for the endless tide,
Seaward, seaward,
Winged and chained and denied!

THE UNKNOWN

TO know, to know but this, but once to see
And know for ever! Every voice that sings
Amid the whole vague consciousness of things—
Inevitable knowledge grown in me—
Might then be still; I would not turn again,
I would not call for those things which were
gone;
Seeing I knew this thing, this only one,
I would not flinch, though wonder died in pain.

O God! 'tis very grievous still to live
And still say, "Woe is me! I cannot know,"
To find no sign for ever that will show
Whether this is or is not; still to give
Less heed to flying day and furtive night
Than to some dim persuasive lips that ope
With passionate insistence unto hope,
Saying: It is; else wherefore life and light?

'Tis bitter when morn saith, " Though hope be
fled,
Shall not the mere bright morn suffice for thee?"
Yet, while the dawn-voice speaketh audibly,
Shall doubt come striving for the words unsaid?
Triumph, ye many morns without alloy,
When doubt falls prostrate at the rapture's feet;—
O God! the joy of life is very sweet!
Lord, Lord, forgive; the life alone is joy.

THE BURIAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

FEBRUARY 2nd, 1901

TOLL forth, ye tongues within a hundred
towers,

And roll our sorrow through the wintry air.
Speak for us ; we are silent—we that bear,
Weeping, our burden heaped with futile flowers.

We bear her forth (toll softly). Have we said
All that the heart can say ? Though Death is
past,
Though Death that feared to strike hath struck
at last,

Have we yet taught our hearts that she is dead ?

We looked to her like children ; there on high
She sat for ever. We beheld her thus
Unthinking ; yet the faith abode with us :
She is a mighty Queen ; she will not die.

We bear her sleeping to her holy bed,
Who bore up heavy kingdoms in her hands ;
Trembling we bear her now along her lands.
She was a mighty Queen, and she is dead.

A mother is immortal to her son.
She was our mother ; knew we otherwise ?
Hath a child knowledge that a mother dies ?
She was a great world-mother and is gone.

Toll louder, iron tongues, our hearts are lead ;
Beat for us, hearts within a hundred towers.—
She was our Queen and mother ; she was ours ;
She was a valiant woman ; she is dead.

We bear her to her chosen resting-place ;
Here she will lie in builded sepulchre.
Toll gently : now the hope is come to her,
Withholden through the glorious lonely days.

Here she shall rest, who knew, devoid of dread,
One deathless triumph 'mid the fleeting throng :
She lost—aye, but she loved her whole life long.
Here is her crown. Toll not ; she is not dead.

FRIENDSHIP AND HOPE

AS when two friends by soulful kinship bound,
In all-enduring trust have waxen old,
And one upon his life-grasp loseth hold,
And yet the other, safely walled around,
Is suffered of that death to hear no sound,
Lest he, remaining, should deem life too cold,
And know a silence ere the end is told,
And paths left lonely ere his goal be found ;

So, when hope dies from one of two join'd souls,
Let not the living hope hear aught thereof,
Nor look on that bare sea where they two swam,
Lest o'er the waves and past the weary shoals
It gaze forlorn and say : " It is enough ;
Let me die also, seeing how lone I am."

THE WORLD'S BURDEN

I

I STOOD with God beyond the world, so high
That all the worlds lay less than stars in space,
But every one from his appointed place
Strove upward with one movement like a sigh ;
And through that strife of stars, so far, even I
Beheld the old world at the olden pace
Journeying, turning, seeking for God's face
Through unendurable unending sky.

Above, afar with God, lo, there I knew
Freedom, unborn on earth in any spring,
Freedom, undreamed where men, all yoked of yore,
Had never heeded how the burden grew,
But, bent to earth, had borne unquestioning ;—
And I, in freedom, longed to bear once more.

II

So, sending memory through the ways below,
I spake, " O Thou, to whom all stars, astrain

To reach Thee, seem to turn and strive in vain—
Yon star is that one world whereof I know
The life and joy, the burden of its woe ;
But knowing, I discerned not ; and again
At dawn of understanding I am fain
Yet to endure a moment ; let me go.”

Then wondrously the thronging worlds were
past—
All which had found a nearer place with God,
Between Him and the world He would not call.
With toil to force the gates of air, at last
I entered where Time's laboured footsteps trod,
And felt yet once the load of each for all.

III

And this I saw :—the freedom learnt before
With God, had passed to memory like a dream
That shed its glamour dreamlike in a gleam
On all the darkness in the world of yore—
And this I knew : the load which all men bore—
Each his own burden, and the vague, supreme
Weight of the world on all—had grown to seem
The hope of all the world for evermore.

For, each man bearing, every one his load,
And every one the burden for his kind,
Even so and only thus the old world raised
Its head and looked at God, and strove and stood
Where it had risen to stand, with leagues behind
Conquered. So I returned to God, and praised.

THIS IS HOPE

I KNEW a bird once in a far-off Spring ;
It sang and sang as though it would not die
For very love of living ; but it died,
And all the trees in all the gardens round
Heard it no more. And still within my heart
It sings and sings as though it could not die ;
And thus it lives—and so man's self shall live
Among all things rememb'ring. This is hope.

THE VOICES OF THE RIVERS

MY spirit would not rest for love of thee ;
It panted after thee—it would not rest,
It seemed a spirit in continual quest,
Like the unresting flood that seeks the sea.

My spirit sought the waters of thy soul
Past river-sides where water-lilies lie,
Past quiet banks where river-rushes sigh,
Towards the mighty ocean moving whole.

My soul hath found thy soul ; we hear a sound
Of rivers rushing in from all the world,
A thund'rous sound of many waters hurled
On to the soundless sea our souls have found.

We have not rest ; we have not always peace ;
We cannot hear what all the voices say ;
We have not help enough—and all the day
The voices of the rivers never cease.

Thou who hast called my soul to be with thine
In mingled silence, heark'ning to the strife
Of voices—thou whose life is all my life,
Shall these be silent ere the day decline ?

When night allureth with a mystic moon
 We know a hush will fall on every voice ;
 But while the light lasts shall not these rejoice,
Nor look on peace, when darkness comes so soon ?

My soul upon the ocean, loving thee,
 Would have no turmoil of the rivers round,
 Would find for these what our two streams
 have found—
A dwelling-place on one eternal sea.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

MAR 01 1990
ILL-NJR

NON-RENEWABLE

SEP 14 1992
ILL/NJR
DUE 2 WKS FROM DATE RECEIVED

REC'D LD-URL

NOV 27 1992

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 558 385 1

PR
6037
S1596v

Univer
Sou
Li