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SANDHYA



BY  
DHAN  
GOPAL  
MUKERJI



SANTA CRUZ



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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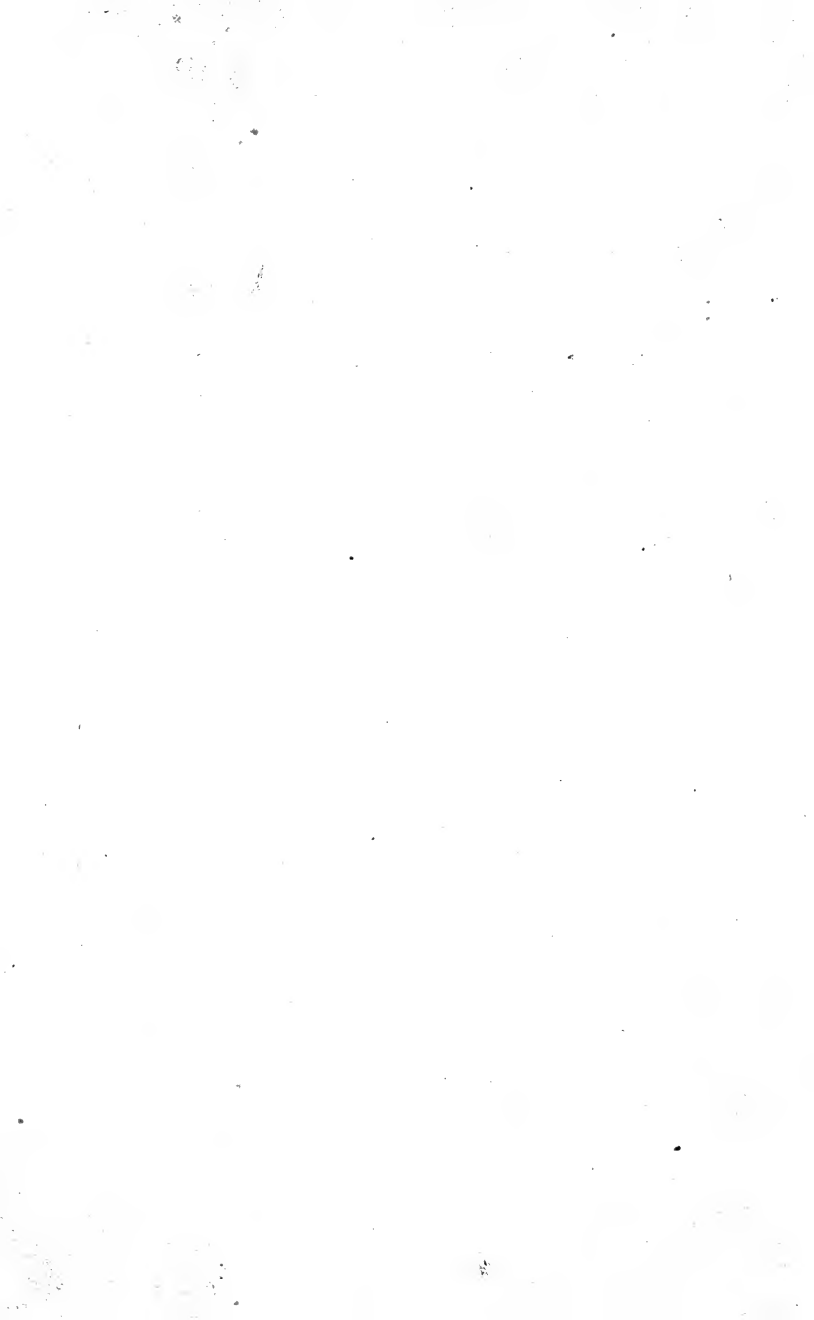


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SANTA CRUZ











# SANDHYA, SONGS OF TWILIGHT





SANDHYA  
SONGS OF TWILIGHT

BY

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

AUTHOR OF "LAYLA-MAJNU"  
AND "RAJANI"



NINETEEN SEVENTEEN  
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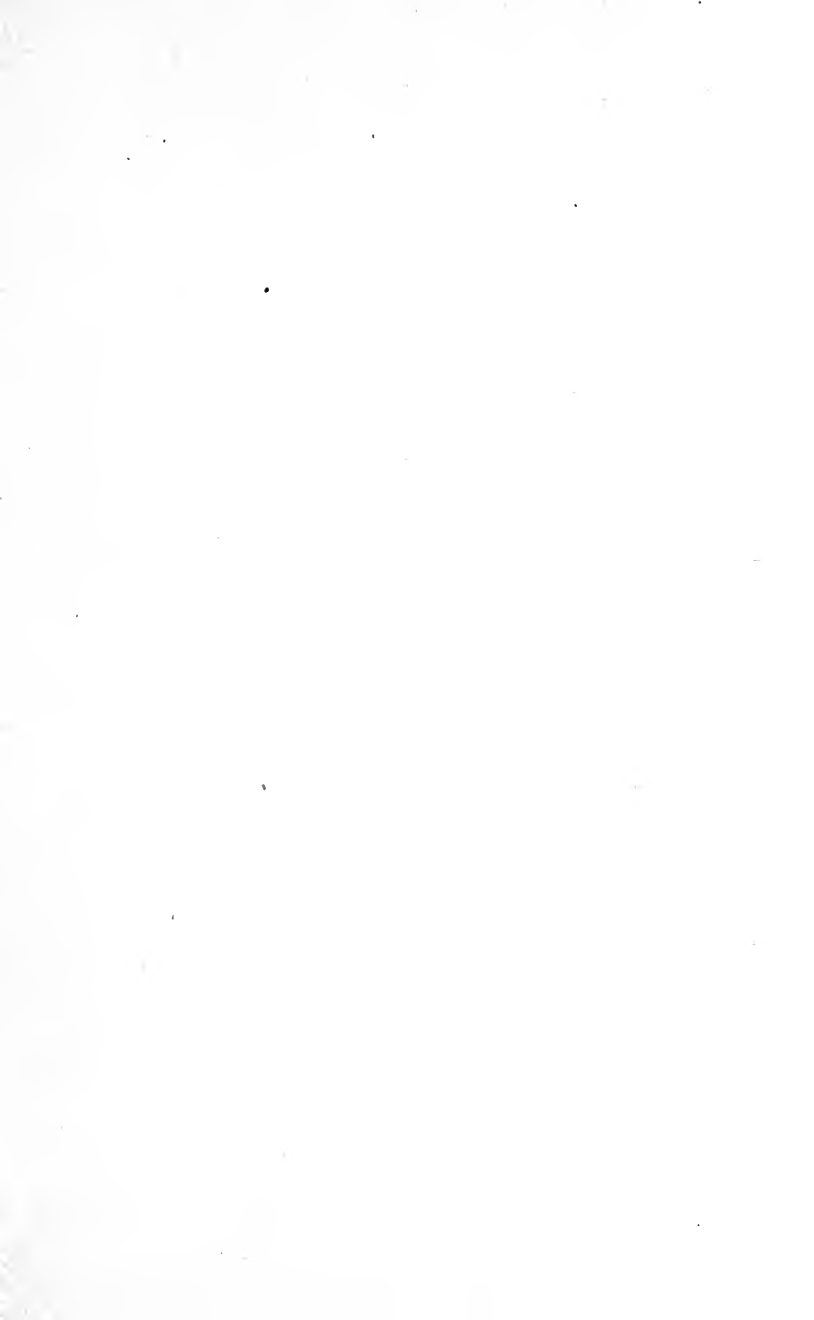
TO  
MRS. HANCOCK BANNING  
MRS. WILLIAM CLARK, JR.

PS  
3525  
U37  
S2  
1917

ERRATA

Page 17, lines 6 and 7 should read as follows:

Yet its mighty thrall  
Holds me, haunts me



## FOREWORD

**L**IKE "Rajani" [perhaps more than], "Sandhya" is a slender rill that has drawn its music from my Bengali which has told upon its English structure. This and many other faults of these poems are due to their unyielding adherence to spontaneity.

"Sandhya" came then, as "Rajani" in its own way through the bed of my Bengali reflecting its sound and sense, and trying to echo back its music that descends on all with the fading twilight.

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI.

N. B.—Since some of these poems were born without, and defy titles, I have refrained from forcing any on them.



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SANDHYA, SONGS OF TWILIGHT



## SYMBOLISM

Tongueless the bell!  
Lute without a song!  
It is not night  
It is God's dawn,  
Silence its unending song.

Over heart's valley,  
In the soul's night,  
Through pain's window  
Behold! His light!  
On Life's Height.

No prayer, now,  
Though death-waves roll,  
Faith's candle lit,  
Beside it sits the soul  
Reading Eternity's scroll.

## SOURCE OF SINGING

A bruised heart,  
A wounded soul,

A broken lute,  
That is all!

A sad evening,  
And a lone star,

Then song reddens—  
Sets life's forest afire!

With purple shadows the mist measures the  
infinite sea  
That spreads her wave-raiment in lavender, violet,  
gray, and green;  
While with thin silver rays a lone star seeks to  
sound the deeps.

The breeze-wings tire of flight;  
The mist-threads weave a rose-fringed dusky  
drapery  
To cover the bare breasts of the dunes from the  
moon's langour-heavy eyes.

The shadows die in purple silence;  
Fades the one star from the sky,  
As the dark mist puts out the rose-red moon from  
its deep.

Pale gleams the lighthouse light;  
No warring waves break the peace of sleep tonight  
Nor a hungry wind shrieks in pain from the lea.

Under her heavy veil of black  
A languid sea sluggishly flows  
To some far land of forsaken dreams.

“O, OLD! O, NEW!”\*

Who are you?  
 Why make me wait  
 From the hour of dew  
 Till another sunset?  
 Why do I look  
 For your coming?  
 Listen to the weeping brook  
 That might bring  
 To my lonely shore  
 A word from you.  
 Ah, nothing! not a leaf's tremor!  
 O, old! O, longed for new!  
 Who are you? I ask;  
 Know not why I seek  
 From day to dusk  
 Without waking or sleep,—  
 No sleep! no waking!  
 A dreaming, a longing;  
 Not knowing, yet seeking,  
 For your coming waiting—  
 O, spring-born!  
 O, autumn-clad!  
 O, soul's new morn!  
 O, old! O, glad!  
 So glad, so young!  
 O, unseen, unknown,  
 O, fugitive vision!  
 O, eternal moan  
 In my heart—

\*“O, Old! O, New!” is the cry of a “Poáti,” e. g., a mother's cry to her unborn child. “Poáti” has no precise English synonym.

O, tearful Soul of laughter,  
Untouched, unhurt,  
O, sweet! O, bitter!  
My born yet unborn,  
Shadow not fallen  
O, undawning morn—  
O, message unbroken.  
Why, how, when?  
I wait, wait for you,  
O embrace of earth and heaven;  
O, Old! O, New!

The far away called her—  
 A pilgrim on the hope-lit bark of youth,  
 A woman, a child, a soul  
 On an argosy for the lands of south.

It called her in her dreams;  
 Her waking into a deeper dream grew;  
 The flute of the distant  
 Played ceaselessly the music of the new.

With words of fire it called her,  
 Beyond the bourne of her days  
 To a silent sea of joy  
 Washed by unending twilight-rays.

It called her at dawn  
 When night shed the star-jewels from her  
     hair;  
 It called her at sunset  
 When the moon mutely ascended the  
     heaven's stair.

It called her without ceasing—  
 Hour after hour but a calling,  
 Till "Come, come, come!"  
 At her soul's door kept repeating:



Come, come, come!—in  
Her word, her music, her song;  
Far away, near, far again  
Heedless of nightfall and dawn.

It called, it cried, it prayed,  
Till She, the deity, made answer  
Through youth, through age, through death  
To her own far away's receding star.

## LASSITUDE

Ah! to be able to sing,  
To sorrow in melody;  
To string with silver  
Sorrow's dark harp!

Or, mount every thorn  
Crowning life's brow  
With lustrous stars—  
Those tears of the sky

Rolling down its face  
When night's hand puts  
Darkness's crown on its head  
As twilight dies.

None of these, for my soul;  
Only to weep is given to me,  
To nourish my heart's crop  
For the scythe of barrenness to reap.

Ah! pale cool lips that burn,  
Body that yields, though unyielding,  
Oh, moon with the heat of the sun!  
Flashing out a million lights  
To cleave into nothing the endless  
    firmament of my being.  
Take all; my soul's mistress! heart's queen,  
The flaming fancies of my dream-tortured  
    night  
The intoxicating fruits of my day dream,  
The fiery lotus of my senses' delight  
That rises from the abyss of my life.  
The abysmal heaven of love and living  
Now bruised, burnt, torn and thrown  
To the winds of thy ravishing rejoicing  
Whose inarticulate words of delight and  
    moan  
Make the ever-yielding music of my soul.

## FORLORN

In the star-blurred hours of the night  
When the cloud-dams stay the flow of winds,  
Not even the shadow of a meteor moves,  
As in the watch-tower of love I sit;  
Through the casement of hope look for thy  
    coming  
Along the moss-grown path of stones—  
Those agonies that time has built on my  
    soul—  
By the unfathomable lake of my tears  
Shed when even prayers had failed  
To bring thy returning.  
Come, destroyer of my peace and sleep,  
Plunderer of lights of my days!  
Enigma on the scroll of my fate  
Before the lightnings fired my tower  
And thunders crashed in my life's sky.  
Only send the echo of thy footfalls—  
The ring of thy song,  
And a star—reflection of thy smile—  
Those million suns in the firmament of my  
    dawn.

## AFTER A BENGALI SONG

In the forest of my being the voice of your lute;  
In the depth of my heart the pearl of your tear;  
In the temple of my soul chimes the bell of your  
love.

The fire of dawn, shadow of eve,  
Life's sorrow, and death's mute-enchancing peace  
Steal away silently, fearfully, at thy flute's music.

O, frail, faint call which I seek to echo!  
O, breath of love laden with the aroma of my soul!  
Why seek I ever without, O guest at my door?

## MOONRISE

A soft light mantle of rose wear the brown hills  
As they look down on the valley where the rills  
Spin their long silver embroideries  
For the fringe of spring's greenéd draperies.

The cloud-banks recede with the fading breeze,  
The warblers fall into silence in the trees  
To listen to many-colored dream-melodies  
That the mute stars make on sleep's endless seas.

The last light flickers out of the sky,  
Shadows with golden feet o'er the green valley hie;  
The silver rills trill like warblers from earth's deeps  
As the moon, the sun of another dawn, heavenward  
leaps.

## AT VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

The moon rises and washes the brine with  
silver;  
The dunes like white elephants restfully asleep  
after the chase;  
And the fog comes to bring the moon its veil  
of shades.  
The waves stretch their phosphorescent arms  
To embrace the night,  
The wind like a wounded gull beats its wings  
Over the land, over the sea, into the fog-vested  
intangibility.

Like a thousand trumpets the breakers  
Proclaim the empyr of night,  
The rocky caverns send back echoes  
Like homage from vassals near and far;  
A faint cry seemeth to flash like lightning;  
Through the clouds of the roar of waves:  
It is not from the rocks, nor from the sea;  
Ah! it is the prayer of a mightier ocean—  
Humanity!

The same air that you breathe  
 Is the air that caresses my sky;  
 The sunlight that lingers on your hair and lips  
 Sets fire to the pathway of my life;  
 And the call of nature's numberless birds  
 But reflects in world's mirror the music of our  
     heart's singing—  
 Melody made of sweet agonies,  
 Exquisite joys poured from pitchers of pain,  
 As this summer's heat  
 From the ever-burning heart of heaven.  
 Not heaven alone;  
 The earth, the air, flowers, and leaves  
 Filled with passion that knows no slaking,  
 Yet tranquil like sleep's dream-billowed sea.  
 More than dream-billowed sea this love that I  
     bring,  
 Its boistrous waves seek the firmament of your  
     yielding;  
 While your heart-beats' arrows seek to slay my  
     heart a'beating,  
 As I inhale the fragrance of your breath and hair;  
 And pour the perfume of my soul  
 On your sun-bathed feet.



Why this return?  
Why this sunlight  
When all seemed without sun?

Whence this call?  
I cannot tell,  
Yet its mighty thralls

Hold me, haunt me  
Hour after hour,  
With its name of thee.

All seems ended,  
The last light lost  
In the house of the dead.

Yet with time's tide  
Rises thy face,  
My heart, my soul, my bride.

Though poureth the rain,  
And sorrow clouds my sky,  
Yet not mine the pain.

What I hear  
I can not tell,  
And what I fear

Will not endure:  
But thou returnest,  
O serene, O silent, O pure!

By the verge of the woodland,  
Where purling brooks loosen their brown  
tresses,  
Where the music of the breeze  
Is played on viols of the vines and trees,  
Thy soft words I hear  
Like songs from enchantment's strings.  
Ah, vanishing moments of ecstasy!  
Far-fleeing only to be nearer to my soul,  
Rest, rest awhile on the hillside of my  
echoing!  
Pour on it the sweet rain of thy words'  
melody  
Till they mingle and drown my tears  
Into thy kisses' passion-swept sea.

## THE DREAM OF HIS SOUL

The Dream of his Soul, in flesh and  
blood—

Not to possess, but only to see—

Was given him, for an hour:

Ah, fool, he lingered longer,—

The Dream died like the shadow of a  
Star!

## THE EURASIAN

Indignity your part today,  
 Suffering the guerdon of the gods;  
 No country to claim your own,  
 Nowhere to lay your head.  
 The ocean of ignorance separates us;  
 The snow-storm of commerce blinds the  
 eye;

Yet you must stand true,  
 Bridge of blood and flesh between the  
 West and East.

In ages to come, when  
 Man will love his brother,  
 Irrespective of birth and breed;  
 In the pantheon of the future, yours the  
 immortal seat.

Son of man, you are brother!  
 Bearer of the cross of God!  
 Your destiny the lodestar of our epoch,  
 Your life our rood-littered road of the  
 Lord.

Arise, awake, halt not  
 Till the goal is reached;  
 Raise high the Host of freedom  
 Blare the trumpet of light.  
 "Suffer you, for the world to rejoice";  
 "Die" so they "can live";  
 Live that you may bring the light  
 To the meeting place of the West and  
 East.

In the perfumed shrine of love,  
 Where burns memory's exhaustless incense  
 From the irridescent thurible of hope,  
 On the altar and couch of my heart  
 Rest thy limbs, O, god of my soul.  
 Drink of the unquenchable draught of caresses;  
 Tear the flowers of my dreams and fancies;  
 Scatter the sacred petals of my passion  
 To the four winds of thy rejoicing.

Thy rejoicing, that one festival of the High Gods,  
 Where no offering that I bring ever be too dear,  
 Where no soul burnt in the fire of senses can perish;  
 Where no suffering fails to be mother and  
     daughter of joy.

Take all, great God among these Gods:  
 The pearl of my woman-soul buried in deeps of  
     passion,  
 The coral-wreath from the ocean of my bleeding  
     heart;  
 And ravish with exquisite merciless touch  
 The one star in my heaven that has led thee  
     hither—  
 My life's eternity in this worship of an hour.

## THE INFIRM BEGGAR SINGS

Broken and bruised by the hand of Fate,  
Dark night, my staff,  
Leaning on its shadowy strength I walk  
Toward thee, my God.  
Thy crescent my e'er-present friend;  
Thy wind, thy voice,  
Calls me to go on without end  
To thy star that my soul hath seen.  
The hour is black, my road unbuilt;  
My beggar's song  
I cannot sing; yet, thou knowest,  
For thy love I long!  
I come, O Lord! broken and battered  
To thy world where sorrow is not.

Kiss, my love, kiss  
 My burning, breaking being;  
 So when cold death  
 Will put out the light  
 In some wilderness  
 Of far forsaken life  
 Might each kiss blossom  
 Into a lotus and a Shephali.\*  
 And in the desolate hours  
 Of loneliness of traveling  
 In the dusk of despair  
 One petal of these  
 Will cheer the vagrant souls  
 That tread the pathway  
 Of love's forsaking.  
 Or, when Death will sow  
 This Soul of mine  
 On the lake-shore of sorrow,  
 Like a weeping willow I will spring,  
 And with my green tresses  
 And bending body  
 Shall shelter secrecy-seeking lovers  
 That love for an hour,  
 As our twin hearts today.  
 Kiss then, with kisses of flame;  
 Touch me with rosy caresses;  
 Bury this, my hope, my dream,  
 And thy all-conquering love of me;  
 So the kiss-flowers may each be a  
     dream!  
 May my willow be the vision of  
     Eternal Spring.

\*Flowers full of perfume, abounding in Lower Bengal, India.

## COLOR-HARMONIES

Violet hills,  
Rosy mist,  
Limpid pool,  
Golden notes from sunset's lute  
For shadows  
Draped in green  
With purple feet  
To dance and swim  
Through iridescent undulations.  
Dusk descends;  
Mauve cloudlets—  
Dying butterflies—  
Flit and fly and die  
In the opalescent ocean of mist  
That grows dark and still,  
Kisses away the last gold  
From the brow of the hills;  
Till the coral crescent  
With its wand of breeze  
Makes silver ripple-music  
On the pool's shadow-laden deeps.



## SANATAN

(THE ABSOLUTE)\*

Our hopes that fail  
 Are but truths that set  
 To illumine other spirits on their pathway;  
 As our joys that come true  
 Are their far-off dreams,  
 That through the cadence of our life  
 Ring out their pent-up tunes.  
 Whatever dies—needs must live,  
 Whatever breathes doth die too;  
 But above death and life  
 Shines that High Light  
 Where all find rest,  
 Yet endlessly move.

\*The word *absolute* is the synonym for the Sanskrit word *Sanatan*, meaning *Eternal and Immutable Truth*.

## COMING OF THE FOG

Killing the light,  
Blurring the stars,  
Marring the breeze—  
Nature's many-stringed harp—

It comes  
Silently, sinisterly,  
Over the land, over the sea,  
Spreading its beggar-raiment of brown.

Without stop, without sound,  
Over the valley  
Like a great serpent of silence  
Coiling around the heart of sound.

A damp insidiousness  
Creeps into the night;  
A drab numbness sets in  
Dripping in lugubrious drops  
From the haggard fingers  
Of the autumn trees.

It strangles the last sound,  
It devours the last light,  
Trembles in fear  
To see its own visage;

It moves on, on, and around,  
Ceaselessly, untiringly,  
Till the black night is drowned  
In an abyss of brown.

In love's afterglow, full of stars,  
 Those lilies of the river of night,  
 Sing no song, dear, speak no word.

The white noontide has ebbed into gold;  
 Shore-breaking seas cease to roar;  
 Lo! the moonrise of our soul.

Hardly a kiss, or the shadow of a caress;  
 No decking the hour with the jasmines of  
     touch;  
 But a rose-petal shivering in exquisite agony—  
     our love.

The weary sunset has grown wearier;  
 A vague lassitude encircles us twain,  
 As separation builds its pathway of tears.

Cease weeping, yet the saffron light lingers;  
 The stars throb in nebulous lustre,  
 As our hearts to the music of desire.

What matters if winter be nigh?  
 We sang summer to sleep,  
 And autumn on its bed of leaves.

Now comes the hour of parting for us,  
 As the last light flickers and fades;  
 Even love's afterglow dying, and is dead.

Alas! thou art gone, as are the hours of day;  
 The hard gem-burning stars do not set! Oh,  
 In what dark, in what forest roamest thou?

## THE END

Art thou about me  
Amid falling leaves  
And autumn's circling winds  
When the golden shadows  
Grow russet and rosy  
And the purple sunset sets fire to the sky?  
Art thou the breath  
That burns my being  
When cold feel my limbs in terror, and  
awe?  
Who art thou? My love?  
Stranger in a strange garb!  
Far and farther to be nearer to my heart!  
Why make spring-flames leap  
From passion's autumn leaves?  
Why this urge through fatigue  
When time falls fast asleep  
Under the shadow of its grave—  
The winter ice?  
Yet, and yet  
The circling winds  
Repeat passionate speech,  
The sunset burns,  
As my soul  
In desire's golden heat,

Though night be not far  
Shadows creep near  
With chilling breath and clutching hands  
To pluck  
To destroy  
The flowers of yielding from your heart:  
Powerless, fear-stricken;  
I tremble, I stagger, I fall  
Into oblivion's pit  
As time creeps  
Into winter's grave  
Silent, empty, white.

## THE CONFLUENCE

Tears of Ages come in a stream,  
Sighs flow in from Life's hoary height,  
Souls of Sorrow bring their gleam  
Of a light that is but a moan, not a sight.

The gray waves of the Sea of Death  
Congeal under the cold Sun of Suffering,  
While Time, playing the flute of Fate,  
Charms them, snake-like, and doth bring

Out of a Cave, beyond Lights and Shades  
Present's storm,—made stormier by Future's  
promises,—  
To mingle in the Ocean of Death  
Like Sleep, yielding to Dream's caresses.

In the deeps of Dream  
O'er the pool of Sleep  
A lone star her face  
Seeking, with song-kindled eyes  
Her Isle of Rest.

Across the dusky hills  
The first flush of waking  
Unfurls its silver banner  
To signal the Isle for her:  
She vanishes, as before, into  
the fading Night.

Thus the Eye of Life  
Searches for the home of Peace  
Night after night:  
And when the sun of Death rises  
It flees,—it loves its own night.

27

TO

LEO B. MIHAN

Few notes out of the coffer of sound,  
An image from the gallery of Nature,  
An hour from the infinity of Time,—  
Out of these, blessed creature,  
Createst thou the world of endless rhyme!



## CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH

The keyboard black and white;  
Shadow-Light the Evening's scale;  
Half silent the voice of thy singing.  
Quiver the notes in pain;  
Exquisite, sad, the melody at thy touch;  
Like the silver arrow of Desire  
Piercing the Soul's golden heart.

The room is lost in dark.  
The ivory keys, white fringe  
Of a music long since mute;  
Yet, in the black night  
Tremble and toss notes  
Unheard, undreamt,—like sleep  
Sleepless, and waking full of smart.

In the golden afterglow you lay,  
 When the emerald moon  
 Made thin silver fog-veils  
 For the bride of night,  
 Whose saffron-saddled feet  
 Walked the foam-strewn floor of the sea.  
 In my arms you listened  
 To words of love  
 Poured by the infinite heaven of my  
     heart,  
 Echoed by the endless symphony of the  
     sky.  
 Your silent gaze,  
 Deeper than the song of the sea,  
 Farther than the moon,  
 Nearer than your own heart-beat,  
 Asked mine for speech.  
 "What can my love say  
 At this sad sacred hour?"  
 Hour of parting this!  
 Love's ever-feared moment,  
 Longing's much-dreaded end,  
 Yet no voice sorrows in our being,  
 No woe dims the moon-face tonight.

Between the sheltering dunes and fading  
light  
On an aërial couch lying,  
Adorned in kiss-woven garments of  
nudity  
Our spirits garlanded with myriad  
embraces,  
Borne on passion's flaming wings  
Cross this ocean of parting  
Unto that far island of Cythera  
Where only love reigns  
In eternal majesty.

## HENRIK IBSEN

Lone as the lone north star,  
Stern as the rocks that guard the sanctity  
of his home,  
Pure as the white snow of his land,  
And beauteous his visions like the fjords  
At each turn of the mariner's helm.

The lofty glaciers engage his eyes,  
As life's height the sight of his mind;  
And his Imagination, expansive as the sea,  
Tries to push the boundary-line of the sky,  
his Soul,  
Further and further, where a new North  
Star  
Awaits his exploring eye.

## AFTER HEARING "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

I know not whose the words,  
 Nor the maker of their music;  
     In my sorrow-laden heart  
     The aroma of its pathetic art  
 Like the soothing breath of dream.

Joy borrows its charm from sorrow;  
 Sorrow feverish with the color of joy;  
     An opaque crystal, a stone on life's  
         string  
     Made of music that doth ring  
 As the stars on the lyre of night.

A pain it is, made perfect;  
 A call made clear by the voice of peace;  
     A silver stream of song  
     Darkened, yet floweth on and on  
 Between black banks of memory, into the  
     Soul's white home.

## THE COMING OF THE TIDE OF NIGHT

Pale this twilight-face,  
Shade-ridden the horizon-light;  
The forest, a green-gold vision of grace  
In its frame of lavender mist.

No rose-leaf washed in moonlight;  
No vine on vermilion walls;  
Pale sunlight fading into night,  
Dark tunes, the music of the hour.

No death, nor life is ours, here;  
But the vast vague sea of black  
Sounded by star-mariners  
Seeking the Infinite's track.

## DEAD LOVE

Pour no blood on ashes, brother,  
That is not the way;  
Better say nothing,  
Blood is no life-giver;  
It makes death look so gay.

Dead life, or dead love  
Need no blood at all.  
No trumpet's call can  
Bring back what you lived, and strove:  
The ashes know no thrall!

Why cry for a colored glass  
That for jewel you took;  
The magic—the dream—  
All returning to dust and grass,  
Not a day love your soul forsook.

At last, you have known it,  
That is more than they do.  
Be not afraid, O friend,  
Alone, alas, alone! you have loved and  
    lived it,  
Pour no blood on the ashes, for blood can  
    not turn into dew.

It is the same twilight, dear,  
The hour of love and tear  
When in raiments of shadows  
Fancies, fears, hopes, and sorrows  
Tread the path of sunset,  
While like barks of jet  
Float the clouds from east to west.

I think of thee, my darling,  
As in my heart strange chords ring  
Out melodies of many memories,  
And half-forgotten reveries  
Telling of this or that scene,  
That is and has been  
Trod by thee, Queen of queens.

My dreams of thee are ceaseless,  
As my love of thee is endless;  
Whether it be sunset or sunrise,  
Hour of star-song, or bird-cries  
It is of thee that I dream,  
In the heart of my soul's stream  
That flows to thy feet, my darling.



Dark grows both east and west;  
Flower-heads droop into rest,  
As I seek to lay my heart and loving  
On thy star-white breast, my darling,  
And sink into that pool of sleep  
That rises from thy singing's deep,  
While all are silent, as my desires near  
thee, my Queen.

What peace thy presence breathes!  
What serenity weaves its wreathes!  
What myriad wonders touch hands  
Across many seas, from many lands,  
When a thought of thee  
Heralds thy coming to me  
Between palpitating desires, and fragrant  
dreams.

## WEARINESS

Weariness the tune of this evening melody,  
Pain the lute to which I sing;  
Ah! goddess, why this gray measure  
In thy starry harmony?

The white conch\* of the half-moon  
Silent as though all worship's ceased,  
No incense-perfume from the forest censer  
The breeze brings; all still, like torrid noon.

I row in a black bark on a copper-colored  
    sea,  
The sun fades like a golden bubble in its  
    deep;  
Weariness the chart that I hold in my hand,  
Weariness the tune of this evening melody.

\*In a Hindu temple conch shells are blown during or at the close of a worship.

A call, not a song;  
A command, not a prayer;  
No mellowing moonlight, but dawn,  
Frail, fanciful, and fair  
In the east of my dream and desire.  
At the portal of unending desire,  
Draped in diaphanous dreams,  
With a whispered word of fire  
That quivers and gleams  
Through the clouds of my longing.  
Longings poignant with pains and tears  
Enfold, and fill my soul  
That aches with hopes and fears  
As thy chariot wheels' roll  
Sets fire with torches of gold  
To my words, my silences, my singing,  
And to this black pyre of my life  
To take my being on the wings of thy  
    embracing  
To sail away, far away from man's hate and  
    strife  
Where only love reigns on its throne of  
    unending light.

## REMORSE

Gently descending dark—  
Curtain of silence  
From heaven to earth;

The drama of day over,  
Empty the seats of life,  
Dead the twilight fire.

Curtains of black  
Woven from threads of purple  
By the hands of a star,

That lone soul weeping  
Over the dead hours  
Laid by mute time in the eternal's  
grave.

In the night of my soul  
Not even a ray,  
Nor a mourner present;

But a deep dark hollow  
Where no fate weeps  
Even fear is afraid to tread:

Fear-forsaken, hollow within hollow,  
Even silence flees from me—  
O, the pity of it!

## POET

To distil a few golden drops of song  
Through the gloom of this hour;  
To filter true emotions  
Through passion's burning fire  
When the sun bubble-like fades in the west;  
As our being craves for night's rest  
That pool of silver in life's forest of distress.

To light some pale candles  
In the cavern of a lonely isle  
And draw the wine of day  
From the must of midnight,  
Or plant a star-seed in the gray-ploughed  
    eve —  
So out of the abyss of the blackness of night  
Dawn's million-colored fountain might  
    spring.

## WANDERER

The silvery beach, a riband around the flowing hair  
of the sea,  
Where gleam the foam-flowers garlanded in  
multitudinous nebulous rings:  
Here, on the frontier of many worlds and the  
billow-rocked cradle of eternal sleep,  
No sound, no music, no silence that a wounded  
soul can heal.

A longing more tempestuous than the craven  
breeze-possessed deep,  
And tears that outweigh the salt of the woeful  
brine,  
Yet no sleep dream-robbed, or dream-laden, nor  
even death's pallid peace;  
But a ceaseless crying over my heart's forsaken  
valleys  
Where love like a wraith haunts the empty tombs  
of memory.

## AT DAWN

With the breath of dawn  
Cooling thy feverish brow,  
And the fading of the last footfall of the  
stars

No kiss can I bring to thy bedside,  
Nor caresses of cooling fire, my sweet.  
Yet through this dreamful silence  
That writes on the rim of the golden light  
The story of our love  
With most eloquent poignancy,  
More love we pour into each other  
Than the tryst of an eternal night.

From her many-colored bow Nature  
Has hurled her silver arrows of rain  
And slain the hosts of Dark.

Jeweled with a single star, the Moon  
Walks the garden of Night;  
Higher and higher  
Through the star-enflowered pathways of  
sapphire  
She draws her train of silver.



If words fail, song will come;  
If thought fades, souls will not be dumb;  
If sound ceases, Silence our song;  
If Life fails,—Death join our hands.

## RAINY NIGHT

Like tears shed over a dream,  
Like sighs that stream  
In an unseen nameless way  
Into the heart of our lay.

It seemed hour on hours,  
Years like fading flowers  
Scattered their petals and bloom  
In a half-lit forest of gloom.

The softness of its sounds,  
Like the coursing of a million hounds  
Of dream over the glade of sleep  
Where tortured silences creep.

Exquisite, pain-laden, peaceful,  
This night most beautiful,  
What love forsaken by loving  
Sets his heart a'singing?

No torment in it, but tenderness;  
A liquid star-music of sadness  
Pours into my soul half asleep;  
While the willows at my window weep.

## GHOSTS

Flames flickered in the fireplace,  
As memories on the hearth of life;  
Two shadows we, watching, brooding,  
To catch our reflection  
In a non-existent stream.

The ghost-witness of it all,  
The clock brings its proofs;  
Moments melt into moments,  
Like notes of sad music,  
Like a white cerement

Cold memories shroud our life;  
Speech flees before this;  
Faces turn away from each other;  
The fire throws light on them;  
There, too, flames burn and flicker.

## RAIN

What world-agony distils its poignancy this  
day?

What pain-laden heart pours out its  
exhaustless lay

Of tormenting woe and tortured silences?

From the far reaches of the marshland  
Along and beyond the crescent-bed of the  
sea-sand

What tempest on the wave's-strings makes its  
cadences?

The distant hills dimmed like dull and  
forgotten dreams

Raise their shadowy heads where pour in  
streams

The tears of the heart-hollowed mourners of  
the skies;

While into the turgid heart of the fens at  
their feet

Turbidly fall and dance sheet upon sheet  
To the measureless measure of the wind's  
empty sighs.

No light but a dismal gray, that neither  
throbs nor quivers

On the torn banks of the heavens' cloud-  
rivers,

But stonily stands still, like death that dies  
never.

Not dead, but a weeping world bathing its  
corpses—  
Its memories, its lost hopes, in regret's hearses  
To be buried in flowerless graves, without  
incense or prayer.

It writhes in agony, rolls out in undulating  
rills,  
This rain-melody from the sea-waves to the  
farthest hills,  
Thence to the dreary distance lost to hearing  
or sight.

It is all dark and dank, a mourning of earth  
and heaven,  
Sorrow-laden, life-weary, long-lost, death-  
craven,  
A day lost to time, a light more baleful than  
night.

No dead these, but a living death seeking  
peace  
From the furies—their own thoughts—  
sorrow—surcease,  
Kissing the lashing wind thinking it to be the  
breeze.

Pour, pour, pour, O relentless, exhaustless  
pain!  
To the measure of thine own agony, thy woe's  
refrain,  
These desolate streams of thy music, thy  
pangs of a million seas.

## EVENING WORSHIP

The amber west melts into saffron,  
The east, a misty vision of rose:  
Like the sun, our souls seek repose.  
The mountains, empurpled priests,  
The river, the chant from their lips,  
Sunlit the pine-candles' crimson tips.

At this hour of worship  
Shadows spread their wings;  
Silently the breeze-bell rings.  
The stars put a silver riband round night's  
tresses,  
The light fades like a receding song  
As fall soundless sounds from Nature's  
moon-gong.

The rosy mist stilly polishes the round  
     mirror,  
         The moon;  
         Golden her face  
 Reflecting the cool sweet glory of a  
     Baby sun  
         When dangling  
 His short golden arms in the cradle of  
     the sky  
         After night  
         Gave him birth,  
 And herself died as day dies to see the  
     moon,  
         This golden  
         Rose-washed stone  
 That the unseen hand puts on the crown  
     of night  
         Beside it puts  
         Bits of white—  
 The star-jewels like million fancies,  
     worshipping  
         The goddess  
         Of dream.

The sun's golden spear,  
The violet cloud writhing in pain;  
Golden the tint of the sky,  
The tall trees wave their green-gold hair.

Music of this hour!  
The zephyr's perfume-laden argosy  
Drifts with the song of lutes  
Down the sunset-stream that falls from  
    heaven's bower.

Another flow of light,  
Tinkling like the intangible bells of paradise,  
Flows out of my heart  
Into the mysterious love-perfumed ocean  
    of night.



## TRUCE

A field of battle—this sky,  
The sun, the hero bleeding to death;  
The shadows and lights hurl their  
Hosts of clouds ceaselessly:  
No peace?  
Warfare all?  
Nay, lo! she cometh—  
The Spirit of Truce,  
The Evening Star!

## A PARALLEL

Time has passed, since  
Shadows trembled to watch  
Twilight sweep the earth  
For the phantoms to trip and mince.

A dark breeze the forest-heart stirs;  
Yet merry the face of the sky—  
Twinkling in joy  
Its innumerable eyes, the stars.

Hushed the music within;  
Pleasure's silver laugh, dead;  
Thought lost in reverie—  
Reverie receding into nothing.

The taper of dreams flickers  
Out, leaving the soul in dusk  
By the altar of love,  
Flower-laden as the night with stars.

"Nothing endures," you said;  
 "None can die," quoth love;  
 "In the firmament of loving  
 No stars set, no meteors fall."

Yet, nothing endures, nothing,  
 Naught but dust;  
 Naught but regret and vain desire  
 The twin monuments of life,

Reared by time, by wrecking  
 All that we seek and find.  
 Its relentless waves of years  
 Break even the impregnable wall of  
     memory  
 That thought builds  
 On the embankment of hope.

Pass all away, even we who loved,  
 Dreamt as none dreamt before—  
 Borne by the tide of life—  
 But, lo! from our defeated destiny  
 Rise our seeds reared by time  
 Consecrated to love and living!

## DISAPPOINTMENT

They think thee bitter:  
Thou art not made o' laughter  
Nor love's smile  
Can thy vision beguile:  
Like a black-fiery comet  
Suddenly, sinisterly, thou comest;  
Making thy fateful journey,  
Littering the floor of destiny  
With wreckages of life,  
Of love, of heart—  
Of all visitors thou art the surest;  
Halting nowhere long, endlessly passest,  
Dragging behind thee thy train of fire  
That burneth all, heedless of curse or  
prayer.

## BUDDHA

On thy Lotus-seat of Night,—  
Meditation closing thy eyes,—  
The Star Hosts thy awe-struck devotees:  
The Moon, thy halo unchanging.  
White-robed time telling his beads  
Of aeons on the thread of Eternity  
By the ocean of space  
Slumbering in peace at thy feet;  
While Destiny stringing the lyre of death  
Sings Nirvana's hymn.

Ask me not to stand at thy friendship's gate—  
 I, who loved thee, now must like a cold spectre  
     from a far forgotten land of snow  
 Watch thee fall asleep on the couch of freezing  
     friendship?  
 In these arms thou sought and joyed on many  
     delights  
 Excavated the ruins of passion to build them anew,  
 Or sailed on thy wings—these arms—over love's  
     enchanted sea.

Friendship!

Barrier not this, but a coward's refuge —  
 A shadow, not the rainbow-light of loving and life.  
 O come, my pilot, conduct the bark of our twin  
     souls  
 From cold friendship's haven  
 Over love's boistrous desire-foam-fringed ocean  
 Till in the sheer joy and fatigue of flying  
 We fail, fall and fade  
 Into the heart of Passion's another fire-born day.

Golden vines they,  
These thin lines of light,  
Climbing the sky-wall  
After the sun sank into sleep.

Like rills, thread-like,  
Seen from a jutting rock  
Where air is dizzy  
And fancy infinite, free.

What fiery wine  
Tingles in these vines  
Weaving golden arabesques  
On the pale evening sky?

Ah, the heavens this hour  
Have drunk of sunset's ruby wine  
For those golden cobwebs to weave  
Their magic of twilight dreams.

## AT SUNDOWN

Two shadows fell, tremulous and frail,  
From the upland over the lake-surface pale,  
While the shivering reeds shook at sunset,  
As the swans sailed into a sea of jet.

The rippling waters, and the breeze,  
And the shadows that fall from the trees,  
Mingled and melted with the twain,  
A song of white washed away by its black refrain.

Only words remained, palpitating and few,  
Falling through the gloom and night's dew  
Like jewelled fancies rising out of a dream  
That live for a moment and die ere they gleam.



Tears well out from my heart,  
As clouds overcast my soul,  
And blur my vision of thee.

Melancholy this dawn,  
When thy smile and words,  
And thy sky-shaming eyes  
Are not beside me to rouse me from  
sleep.

Though cry I without end,  
Yet a thought of thee heals many  
wounds,  
Why? thou ask me; how can I tell?

All thou wish to take is thine;  
Not even the dust of thy feet I seek,  
Only leave me the star of thy memory  
To bathe in the rain of my weeping.

At last thou comest;  
Thy footsteps I hear across the ages,  
Over wandering fancies,  
Through shadows of dreams  
Is thy coming, Queen of queens.

This shimmering summer of life  
That thou bringest with thee  
As a gift to my silent waiting  
Is but what I prayed to bring  
To the altar of thy coming.

I spread the seat of my soul,  
For thee to rest thy tired limbs;  
And wave the fan of my heart  
To cool thy lotus-shaming face,  
Lady of light, queen of grace.

Come to my bower of worship,  
Where burns the incense of devotion,  
Lay thy rose-robed body  
In the shrine of my longing,  
Where love's rainbow-songs are ringing.

The lingering light of the sun  
Takes from the chalice of the valley  
Its mist-perfume to wash the  
Moon-face with rose.  
In the pool at my feet the goldfishes drag  
their trains of brown  
Which cleave it into parts that ceaselessly  
mingle anew.  
The moon, silver bright  
Through thousand streams sends her light  
Into the valley aswoon, listening to the  
harmony of night.

I have drunk your tears with insatiate lips;  
 I have broken like a toy the heart of your life;  
 What have I given? your last query!  
 The cup of my heart filled I with love;  
 The chalice of soul with the substance of my  
     God,  
 For thee to drink my life's first love.  
 Thou drankest as one that comes from a  
     desert,  
 Thou spiltest the nectar heedless, like mad;  
 Yet I cursed not, nor shed tears;  
 But loved thee, longed to live for thy love.  
 Alas! thy tears grew salt, thy love thy self's  
     greedy grasp,—  
 O, it is the end; let us part!  
 The morning of indifference wings the gray  
     sky;  
 The bird-song of the other dawns the raven's  
     shriek now,—  
 Shed no more tears, I tire of my drink;  
 Break not thy heart; thy soul? Let it be still!  
 Beyond the gray-cloud is the land of sunrise:  
 Let us part, dear, let us be wise.

## SOUND BUTTERFLIES

(IN A FOUNTAIN)

Like interpenetrating bells of silver,  
The water-drops ring and melt  
Into new drops, like new notes  
From an untiring lyre,  
That in colored succession  
Paint our heart-beats  
From the gold of sunrise into sunset fire;  
Yet, not like that, this brush of water-drops  
Limns on the silver rim of Joy  
The dark Butterflies of Desire.

Even in sadness thou art beside me,  
In gladness, none so happy as thee;  
    I love thee;  
May my love kiss the feet of thy love of me.

My dreams are thine, day or night,  
My sleep sings in silence to the night  
    Of thy delight;  
May thy heart's gifts like stars my heart's  
    heaven bedight!

Though a sigh rises in my soul this hour;  
Closes its petals in the west the golden day-flower;  
    In my bower  
Let thy love pour its rainbow shower.

By the sea of sleep walks white-robed Night;  
The breeze but the faint rustle of her drapery  
That calls the mist-made bark of dream  
From the cavern of the Unknown to sail to us,  
Laden with endless star-like fancies.  
And She! the magician, walks on and on  
Over the sapphire embankment of the sky  
Like a moving magnet drawing behind her a  
million dream-argosies.

## FAREWELL

(AFTER A HINDUSTANI SONG)

Farewell, fairest of loves!  
Life's most fanciful of gifts,  
Joy and treasure, love and wonder,  
Waking's elusive reality,  
Dream's ever-yielding divinity.  
Even thou must pass  
Beyond time's starless bar:  
Thy eyes, their lambent flames  
Shall no more illumine my night;  
Nor thy brow, home of many moods,  
Tranquil yet tormented as a sea,  
Shall ever wear the coronal of my kiss.  
Ah, kisses! blisses of fire,  
Passion's long lingering melody  
Played by thy lips on mine.  
Even they must die—  
Intangible realities of rapture,  
Ever present wonders of desire—  
Now like autumn leaves  
Fly with the west-wind of fear.  
No, not fear that takes thee from me,  
Nor love's slayer, satiety;  
Yet art gone; thou art going.  
Oh, not to crush thy heart on mine:  
Thy breasts made but for my hands,  
No more to quiver in rapture therein!  
Who wills this cruel decree?  
The warmth of thy body,  
The staggering storm of thy yielding,



The intoxicating perfume of thy mouth:  
These, and many other endless  
Viols and lutes of passion, love, life,  
Delights of a thousand heavens,  
Who robs them of me?  
Fate! that fool in the court of love,  
Who hath no wit for laughter,  
Steals it all from me  
In the mid-hour of life;  
And as it befits his mind,  
Scatters it all over the turbid  
Stream of fear and lies.

## SATIETY

All thy gifts must die,  
All thy thoughts must fail;  
Such were the decree writ by time  
With shadows on the scroll of fate.  
Even thy memory recedes into forgetting,  
Thy lustrous words star-like set,  
Ah, sweet! autumn's breath withers all,  
Even the west-wind fears to tread.  
All yield to the power of relentless time  
That no love nor passion can stay,  
Blown like dried leaves we now  
On the granite pavement of fate.  
No more thy lip-touch on my brow,  
Nor thy hands pleading caresses,  
Thy gifts fall and fade into nothing,  
Thy vision grows dim in life's sunset-west.

Drowsy the noonday air,  
Under the trees the still shadow  
Like a fugitive fragment of night  
Seeks shelter from the sun.

The bird has ceased singing,  
The beggar unable to bear  
The wealth of the sun  
Spreads his torn garment

To find peace in  
The benign shadow of sleep.  
Ah, lone soul like him,  
I spread this rag of my song

Under the tree of life  
Over which blazes the sun of fate.  
The calm of its shadow  
Protects me, but where my peace?

## CHATTERTON

For summers seventeen  
This flower of spring  
Scattered fragrance  
That dwelt in its petals seventeen.  
Seventeen song-hours,  
A heart never weary;  
A soul with honey of all flowers  
A song as enchanting as stars.

A boy never grown old,  
A lute never tiring to sing,  
A mind ne'er chilled  
Though Hunger's hand lay cold

Steely-cold on his breast,  
Yet the boy sang;  
Loved as alone a poet can  
Endlessly, without rest.  
Just seventeen!  
Ne'er old, though time passes;  
A golden lyre-string  
Has not yet ceased ringing:

Rings through the heart of time  
O'er the summit of death  
To the music of the Nine  
Into the heart of Eternal Rhyme.

A summer song it was,  
Counting of many unseen stars  
In an intangible sky  
Making new milky ways—  
Silver-shadow-paths that lead  
From sapphire abysses  
Into deeper abysses still.  
The deeps of our souls  
Lit by passion's burning flowers  
Tremulous, timorous flames of silver,  
That with thousand hands  
Our hearts sought to pluck and scatter,  
Or make barbéd garlands  
For love's nuptial hour.  
Nuptial hour, briefer than a moment,  
Longer than Heaven's Eternal summer,  
When each flower burns to soothe,  
And each soothing petal burns anew;  
Till myriad streams of fire  
Strewn with countless flaming stars  
Bear us to the far sea of Time  
Where no summer dies,  
Nor endure the stinging moments of love's  
winter.

## "WHO KNOWS"

Time's torment,  
Life's woes,  
And sorrow's wan gaze  
Are but shades  
In a picture of light  
Where nothing abides,  
All things fade.  
In fading there is beauty,  
By shedding tears  
We bathe our hearts—  
Those crushed flowers full of smart—  
For a deity not far from our souls.  
Yet, no solace in prayer,  
Pain has no largess;  
Dark has stars,  
But no barren earth its flowers.  
All are dismal and fallow;  
Yet, from the mountain's stony heart  
Spring multitudinous rivers  
Sparkling at dawn, and  
Deepening night's gloom with  
                  mysterious murmurs;  
And who knows?  
These streams that pass  
By the balcony of our past,  
Through present's wilderness,  
Into desolate future  
May reach the land of the farthest  
          star.

Who knows? Ah! who knows?  
May these song-rills  
From my heart's little hill  
Empty their singing waters  
Into a sea of song-making  
Where nothing endures  
But the sound and echo of singing.  
Where sound, and echo are one,  
A moonset vale of sunset land,  
Where light is wedded to shade  
Without death, full of dying, yet not  
dead.

## THE FIRST VISION

The impenetrable dark —  
Darkness of cloud and night  
Coming on black silent wings  
Surround me in their folds,  
As it sits by my side on the shore of time.

No fear, no sorrow, no hope,  
Not even the footfall of a star;  
Dim, deep sable tones  
Rise from the organ of nothing  
With its flats and sharps of clouds and  
night.

Ripples of moments  
Waves of hours and years  
Break on the shore of space  
To speak vague, soundless words  
To my soul, alone, shade among shades.

Not even the unheard whisper  
Of the shadow of a breeze,  
But silence ponderous, peaceful,  
Afraid of its own self  
A mute hound at my feet.

Who art thou?  
Whom do I know in this emptiness?  
Who has lived with me?  
And called me from the deeps of time?



Recedes the bank of space;  
Fades away even the unfilled time,  
No light, no sound, not even a dream;  
Yet who speaks through silence?  
Who plays this music of night?

Like an intangible river it flows  
With waves of shadow-sound  
Between banks of mountainous silence—  
O, who! who are you?  
Light in a world of shadows,  
Rainbow among sunless clouds,  
Bark of song on this sea of silence,  
O ferryman of the soul!  
O Word on Infinite's scroll.

## SHANTI\*

Sleep shadows, sleep light;  
 Sleep tune, sleep speech;  
 Sleep night, sleep day;  
 Sleep children in the cradle of rest.

Dream stars, dream moon;  
 Dream sea; dream O, sun;  
 Dream rainbow, dream storm;  
 Dream rain, O, milk from Heaven's breast.

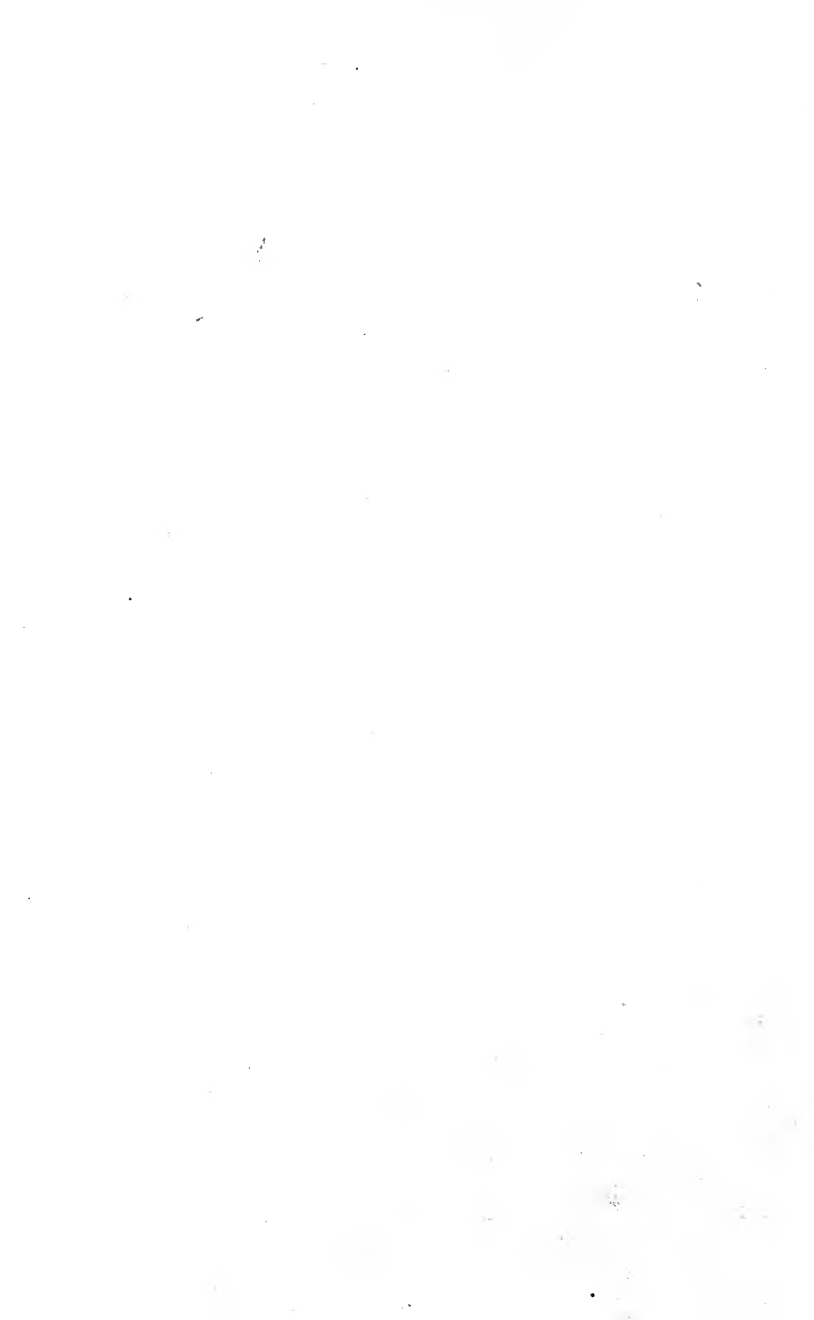
Rest ye feet, rest ye hands;  
 Rest bleeding hours of even;  
 Rest O, heart torn and burnt,  
 Rest my fancies, day is done.

Sleep night, sleep with star-eyes closed;  
 Sleep sorrow in death's silent repose;  
 Sleep O, Soul, be it twilight or morn;  
 Sleep thou too, O, sleep, heedless of moon  
 and sun.

\*Shanti is the Sanskrit for "Peace."







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