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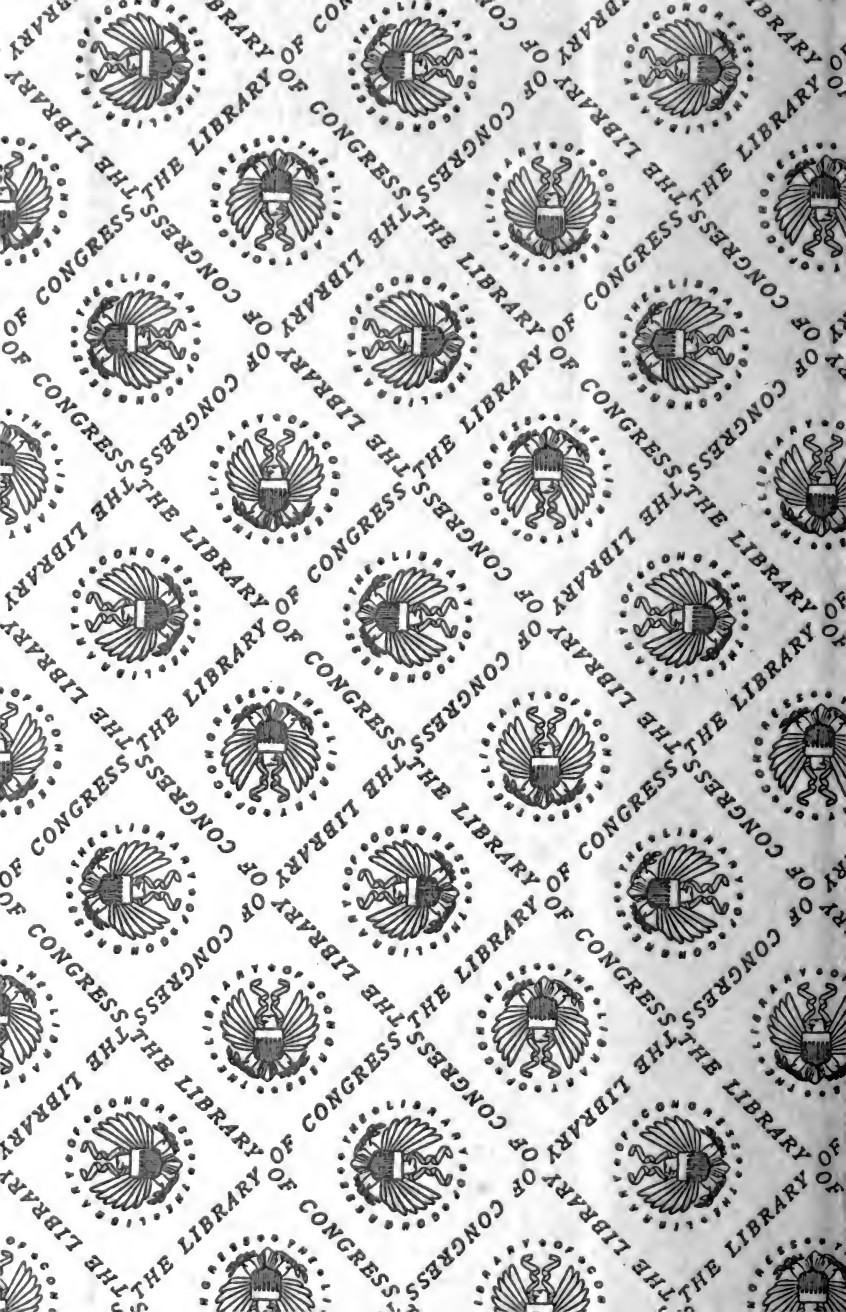
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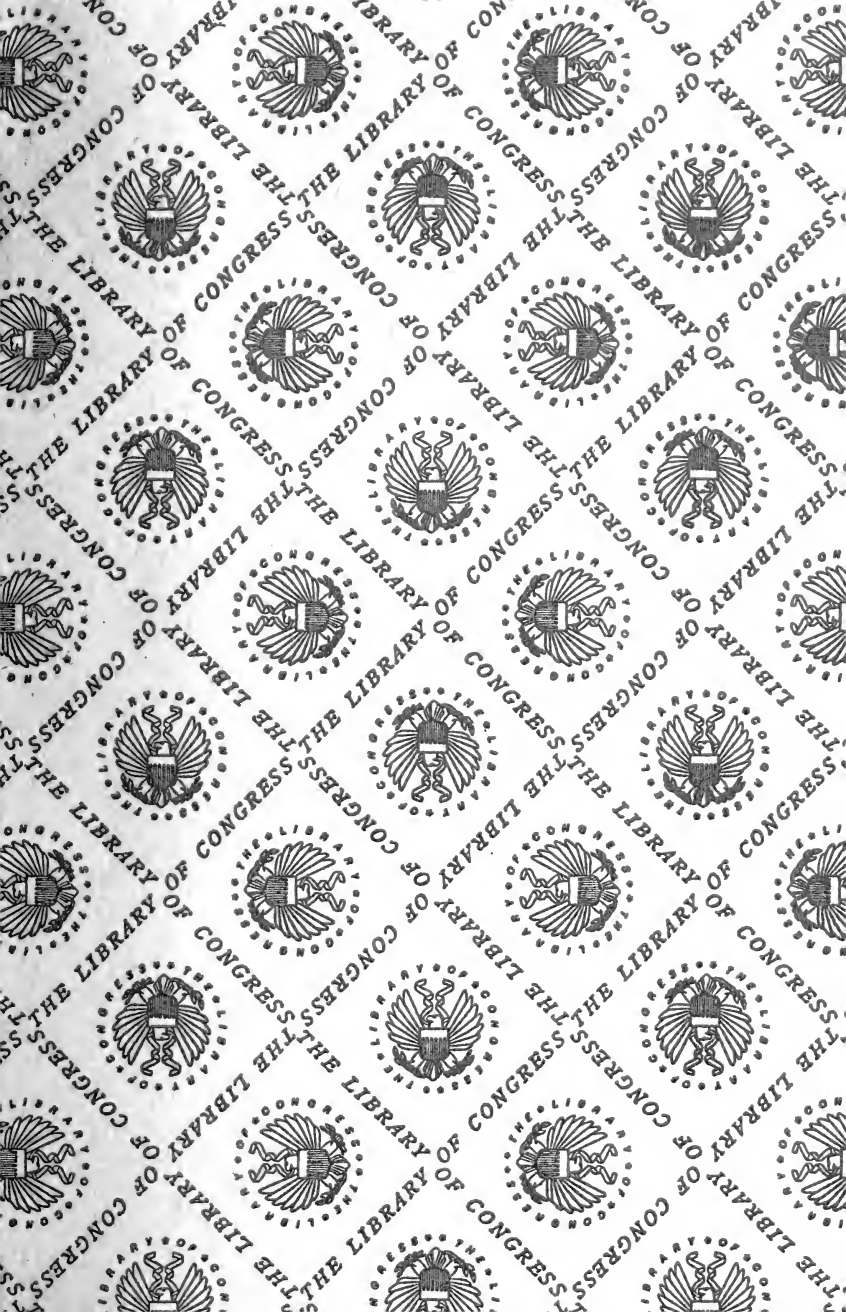
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# USHA SONGITA

SONGS OF THE DAWN

SRI. JOGESH CHANDER MISROW, M. A., Ph. D.

ii

With An Introduction by  
JULIAN B. ARNOLD



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TO  
G. M. V. DEVI

AND

TO  
MY LOVING INSPIRATION

## FOREWORD

All this is reminiscent!

Since that twilight many things have come to pass. Yes, they have changed even the face of the fair earth. But at last the anguish of night's deep darkness merges into the dawn's vibrant resplendence in the East.

How different was that adoration in the moonlight, from this calm worship in the dawn! To a Brahmin the supreme joy of victory lieth in the sacredness of Renunciation. Unforgotten—only Enshrined—so be it to the end!

And these Songs of the Dawn are no more than faint refrains of my unchanted hymns to Thee.



## INTRODUCTION

It has ever been the wont of those, nurtured under Oriental skies, to express their loftiest thoughts in verse, leaving to the professional story-teller the task of reciting in prose national exploits and mundane happenings. This instinct of Asia to voice the lisplings of her soul in accord with the rhythms of the universe has enriched mankind with the splendour of the Vedic hymns; with the profound wisdom of the Mahabharata; with the astronomical knowledge enshrined in the Chaldean epic of Gilgamash; with the enduring tone of the Iran Avendi; with the moving drama of Job; with prayers and prophecies of Isaiah; and with the rhapsodies of the Psalms.

To the Occident belongs a sterner instinct, a grimmer gift. As the light of the sun obeys the dividing magic of the prism, so the light of knowledge may be separated into its component parts, whereof the clearer tints enwrap devotional philosophies while the deeper colours bathe the pageantries of this material world. The Occident is richer for the stirring pages of the Illiad; the entrancing adventures of Odysseus; the clash of arms and the sea breezes of the Sagas; the chivalrous teachings of a Roland or a Cid. But in the realms of religion we, of the Western world, stand mouthing misty prose amongst the awed crowds attendant on the dark ceremonials of the Druids, the bloody sacrifices to Odin, or the gloomy meetings in the cave or dell of the early Christians.

As it hath been it will be. In the convoluted conch-shell the Oriental hears the mystic music of that eternal Ocean which is the love devine. In the dust of labour and the bush aflame the Occidental sees the trodden path to God.

Therefore have we no surprise in finding so eminent a savant of India as Sri Jogesh Chander Misrow, one who is the holder of the Master of Arts degree of Stanford and a Doctor of Philosophy, expressing in untrammelled and ingenious verse the true self of their author in these SONGS OF THE DAWN. To me it has been a great privilege to read these poems in their manuscript form, and I have discerned, as I venture to think all who must who read with inward vision, that the obscurity of our mental skies is bravely pierced by the author with a light of faith in the purposes of life and the themes of his poems are suffused with the tints of a Divine Dawn.

It were invidious to select; but poems are like eyes, some appeal to us and claim our sepcial attention, admiration. In the "Star-Babies" occurs a motive so charming that in Elizabethan days it had been called a pretty conceit; in the "Incarnations" the contrast between the golden sands of Egypt, the snows of the Arctic circle and the verdant gardens of India are artistically striking; in the "Moon Stone", we have a song so ardent yet soft that it might fitly borrow the music of one of oft sung Indian Love Lyrics, and "Thy Temple" resounds with fervent ecstasy.

It was a favorite saying of the late Sir Edwin Arnold that those who think in poesy have clearer eyes than those who think in prose, and in wishing bon voyage to these exquisite verses—"The Songs of the Dawn"—I would venture to echo that phrase of the author of the Light of Asia, who loved so well the earnestness and depth of the ancient philosophies of India.

Chicago, U. S. A.

Julian B. Arnold.

October, 1919.

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## DAWN

Who shall sing the Song of the Dawn?  
Not he who kept the glory of the eve  
Away from his temple,  
Barring fast the gates ;

Nor he who dreamt night-long  
Of numbers and scales in busy mart  
Even though the day was done !  
The crescent canoe on the sky-ocean  
Sailing to the dreamland  
Beckoned in vain to him.  
His parched lips sipped  
The fiery draught,  
Seeking in roar of passion  
That which silence alone can give,  
In worship of soul by soul—  
Vain to him the calm of night.

But he who mutely, gently, night-long  
Vigiled the flickering wick of hope  
As the storm raged and groaned  
Without—within—  
Will he now rekindle the sacred flame  
With the warmth of his bleeding heart,  
Now that the storm is gone,  
And darkness is no more—  
His is the hour—the day—  
Sings he the Song of the Dawn !

## IN THE MOON AND THE DAWN

Last eve in the moon  
Under the bower of the star-vines  
I vowed the eternal vow,  
I adored Thee as Love.  
The evening breeze whispered  
The passion-mad plea  
Far and wide—  
Last eve in the moon.

Today in this Thy dawn,  
Under the flaming canopy of heaven,  
In the first rays of the rising sun  
Thou art transfigured;  
I worship Thee now, Goddess!

The morning wind echoes  
My sacred chants  
Far and wide  
Today—in this Thy dawn!

## SUMMER DAWN

What musings, what far-off dream—  
Day-dreams—  
Come this dawn of June  
As I softly lay my head  
Upon the cushion of the grassy knoll  
Over the bold hill of Krotona—  
Robed in delicate green garb of summer!  
I am one with Nature  
In Life's inmost sanctuary.  
I gaze upon the endless blue billows below  
And the boundless rosy sky above,  
And mine eyes drink deep  
From the fount of thy beauty,  
Amid these wild flowers that blushing listen  
To the birds' amorous wooing  
And bees' jealous petulant groans.  
What phantoms come and go!

This dawn, ere the light-flood comes  
To sweep night's languor away,  
Whilst still throb the warmth of thy touches,  
The cadence of thy moans,  
Ere all is lost and forgotten,  
Oh, let me die the deathless death  
In thine own arms!  
O beauteous bride, sweet Dawn—  
O Infinity of Form!

## STAR-BABIES' MOON-MOTHER

Hushed is the voice of Night.  
The Moon-mother has led out  
The Star-babies a-playing  
On the blue meadow of the sky.

How frolicsome and gay!  
They romp, skip and run away,  
Hide-and-seek they play  
Behind the tapestries of clouds,  
And climb the arches of rainbow,  
Then drop upon the earth dew-drops—  
Their joy-tears shed in play.

Hushed is the voice of Night.  
Where the Earth-children sleep  
While the Moon-mother plays  
With wide-awake Star-babies  
On the blue meadow of the sky,  
Far, far away.



## MOONSTONE

Deep is the sea—  
From shore to shore, the sight mergeth  
Unto the billowy blue Infinity.  
In its depth lies the gem.  
In its heart of heart,  
Amidst what tumult  
Unseen, invisible it shines  
In the splendor of seven moons!  
Come! dive deep without faint or fear!  
For the lost talisman of immortality  
Is worthy of none but thee.  
Thou blessed Princess of the Moon  
Fear not, though deep is the sea;  
Thy moonstone waits for thee.

## TO BENGAL

A mountain of dark gray clouds  
Rises against the roseatte sunset,  
My last sunset on thy sacred shores  
O Sweet Bengal—queen of the Indian sea!  
The sacred blood of our Sires—  
The tears of our mothers and maidens,  
Purest of earth's sweetest blossoms—  
Envy of the Lotus, Juthie and the Bengal Rose  
Came crowding on thy horizon  
Fading fast away . . .  
Not a sob of wind,  
Nor a moan of the Bengal Bay!  
From the Mangoe and Coccoanut groves  
The Madana, Moyna, Teeah,  
Chirp not their salutations sweet,  
To me and the parting Day.  
Grief-laden and sullen is the earth,  
Sullener still the heart.  
All is mute at this parting . . .  
Then, as the mountain of dark gray clouds  
Rises higher and higher hiding Thee from me,  
Widens the chasm between us,  
Could I but say to Thee, Adieu, Adieu—  
My golden Bengal—queen of the Indian Sea!  
But silence seals my quivering lips  
With cold, cold kisses.  
All seems mute at this parting,  
  
Yet what a symphony of the soul  
Plays this fallacious silence  
On this parting day!  
On the Bengal Bay.

## SEA OR PYTHON?

What a huge blue blazing python  
This sea!  
Its thousand wave-hoods arched in rage  
Hiss fumes of death-gray foams.  
It writhes, wriggles, dashes and rolls  
In mammoth longitude—  
From sky to sky.  
How in drunken fury,  
It groans and roars, swings and sways  
Its breaker fangs  
Darts to smash the sandy beach—the earth.

Oh, whose restless spirit  
Is this blue blazing Python,  
Whose impetuosity—  
This sea?

## MY CITY

Thou art no city,  
Nor mortal haunt or mart,  
But a living panorama of spirit,  
Indomitable and bold,  
Incarnate in these thy myriad  
Marble towers, spires and domes—  
Heavenward march of Man's inmost urge—  
Sincere, invincible!

None but a dull dead soul  
May look upon this thy seething whirlpool  
Of haunted humanity  
And remain insensate—unmoved!

\* \* \*

The breath of dreadful hurricane—thy haste!  
In thy broad bosom meet and mingle  
The West and East, South and North,  
Heaven and Hell—pole to pole!  
And thou blendest Past and Future,  
Old and New, in one great flood of light.  
Thy ever-living Present rushes on,  
Conquering all, inspiring all—  
Lo! the city of faith's eternal flame!

## SHUTTLE OF FATE

Weave ye shuttle of Fate,  
Weave on the fabric of life  
A new and abiding pattern,  
For the hour has come  
To alter the "scroll of Norn."

Through the silent depth of night,  
And loudly sonorous day-long,  
Weave on silently—the hour cometh!  
Unaware we waited long, too long.  
You in a lonely castle in Sunset Land  
And I in the wilderness of cities,  
Awaiting these Ides of March.  
We knew not it was so nigh.  
We hatsened not,  
Nor shall we tarry now,  
On the path of the pilgrimage far.

\* \* \*

Inscrutable the design  
Thou hast woven with skill,  
O, shuttle of Fate,  
With time and space,  
Two hearts with thirst of ages  
A few flowers of worship,  
Of love and hope, a few kisses  
A whisper, tears of joy and pain,  
And a soul's homage to a soul—  
Awaiting silently in the lonely castle,  
So near, yet, so far, far away.

## THE SUN OR THE CRUCIFIX?

The sun, a huge crucifix,  
Wallows in an ocean of blood.  
Wave after wave rises and dances  
Upon the far horizon  
In the flaming East.

Whence this mad rhythm of Nirvana?  
And what is that upon the crimson crucifix?  
In the fast fading myriad shapes and colours  
Transforming this mysterious Cross of majesty,  
I read a symbol vast and true—  
A Soul crucified, and more!

\* \* \*

The scarlet hues of the eastern sky  
Like frozen red dream-waves heave,  
Alas! from whose torn heart?  
Whose tears unshed?  
Whose cry unheard?

## INCARNATIONS

Only yesternight,  
In the shadow of the Pyramids,  
My own Goddess, Thou and I  
Watching in silence,  
Saw the folly of Pharaoh  
And pride of Cleo of the Nile.  
Thy rose-lips quivering  
In soft sweet whispering—  
And mine?  
Ah, yesternight on the shore of the Nile,  
How brief the short-lived joy!

Yesternight—  
It seems but yesternight—  
In a valley of midnight sun  
Between snow-crowned crags of the North  
Again we watched  
The fury of the fjords.  
In strange hush of misty light—  
The same maddening fury—  
But ah, how brief was the short-lived joy.

Yea, again,  
And yesternight by the moon  
In the Peacock garden on the Ganges shore  
Amid perpetual spring of youth  
At the threshold of Kama's Ivory Temple  
How . . . how we met.  
Yesternight!  
For it seems but yesternight.  
And tonight . . .

## WHY TONIGHT

Why from the fount of immortality  
Hast thou filled tonight  
This golden goblet of thine, Beloved?  
Churning of what ocean deep  
Has yielded this new ambrosia of hope?  
To waken what slumbering soul,  
Draught by draught,  
Dances this sparkling primal rhythm  
In sun and moon and stars and man,  
Thrilling with blind uncertain joy. . . .

But why bringest thou so close  
This golden goblet of thyself, so frail,  
The first vintage of thy youth,  
Nectar of the immaculate lotus-bud  
From thy pool of love infinite—  
To these parched lips of aeons tonight?

\* \* \*

Open are the Ivory Gates,  
A joy-mad earth and hell and paradise,  
Death and decay are conquered all!  
Tonight the soul of soul awakes.  
A thousand suns shall shine, night-long;  
There shall be no space, no time!  
The divine crown is again  
Upon the brow of Nature's Queen—  
Thou, my Beloved, my Eternity!



## RESPONSE

Faint, frail, uncertain of itself,  
Leaned back in silence  
In repose of sweet agony  
In the temple of Night.  
The stars and moon above  
Swooned in enchanted sympathy.

No, no, away! peep not  
Into this lonesome heart's castle.  
Come not so close!  
Away from this forbidden garden!  
Has it been guarded in vain,  
Awaiting this thy triumphant entry?

Ah, this fateful night,  
I know not myself.  
Oh, for the awakening of what dead soul  
Bringest thou me thy response?  
This all-conquering animation,  
This world-desire, like an avalanche,  
Swift, blind, and impetuous  
Sweeps all—bold and majestic.  
Tell me, Moon and sweet Star-Maidens  
Through the voice of the South wind,  
Why in my blood this delirium?  
Do you feel with me the same thrills—  
Tonight, in the far-off sky?  
Ah, 'tis then the conspiracy of Fate.  
Come! be all, and take all  
Of this garden of life.

## WHERE TONIGHT

Where tonight?  
Wandering in what far-off clime,  
Under what strange stars,  
Watching what deep sea's surging billows—  
Like the restless soul,  
Forsaken  
But unforgotten!

Oh! Where tonight?  
Can it there hear the call  
Of the shoreless, endless expectancy—  
Can it there see and feel—  
Impatient wooing of the rebellious April breeze  
To spring's adolescent jessamine buds  
So illuding, amorous and shy—  
In the pale desolate moon tonight. . . .

## TEMPTATION

If step by step, hand in hand,  
Thou hast led me on  
To the Ivory Temple of Dream,  
Now bid me in, Beloved.  
Vain this bashful hesitancy now.  
The rebellious joy,  
Wakened in the bosom,  
Is impatient as captive doves;  
The whole form is a-thrilled  
In throbs of expectancy.  
Surging ocean waves  
Rock and swing in primal rhythm  
Round the temple of living Spirit  
In ecstasy of worship—  
Vain this faltering now.

On thy rose-petaled eager lips  
Comes the sweet silent call,  
Thine eyes drooping and shy, beckon  
The message of the North Star;  
Bid me in, Beloved,  
Into thy temple of worship,  
Lest the moon mock me from above.  
And the night wind spread idle tales  
Far and wide.

## FORLORN

How impalpable this emptiness—  
In the stillness of starlight  
Through the spangles of mist  
I see not far, very far—  
I look and look and look in vain  
Where it was. The night-long  
Primal warmth of ecstasy  
Graces my bosom no more.

The dew-draped dawn  
Smiled at the morning glory;  
And a stray nightingale  
Sang its far lone refrain.  
The vision smiled and murmured  
And nestled closer, and throbbed.  
As the night fled, dishevelled and deflowered,  
The snow-shrouds covered evergreen Earth  
With the widowed mantle of peace!  
Oh, Ave Maria of the morning breeze!

## NEW CROSS

What new cross wilt thou bid me bear?  
In what sackcloth and ashes repent?  
Of what wild honey and locust-flower  
Wouldst Thou, the New Prophet, partake?  
Through the valley of the shadow of death  
To what Golgotha and Gethsemene  
Will there be the new Dawn  
And the New Faith proclaimed?  
What old temple will burst asunder  
From spire to the base—  
Cataclysm and earthquake—  
The mortal globe wrecked to dust  
By reign of terror and tears.

\* \* \*

The cross is growing heavier,  
The crown of thorns pains the brow;  
The lance has pierced the heart;  
Life is ebbing out in precious flow.  
But, Oh, the will—the will—is not done!  
Still unquaffed the cup's bitter dregs.

\* \* \*

Then adieu, farwell, fair earth!  
This new cross, ladder of my paradise  
For the unspoken whisper  
I have waited aeons to impart  
Now I avow—  
Yea, though it costs me the cross. . . .

## CORONAL

Why weep these tears  
In this thine hour of triumph,  
My Fairy Princess,  
Known to me from birth to birth?  
Thou hast oft eluded me,  
Now thy hour cometh once more.  
Why then weepest thou these tears?  
May they not again extinguish  
The flame of abiding faith and love  
On the altar of thy heart's core,  
My Fairy Princess,  
My own Love-Queen?

For this worship of an hour  
Have I not waited aeons?  
From the star to the star,  
Moon to the moon, near and far  
The long, long quest  
From birth to birth. . . .  
With my love-light and lyrics  
I have brought my heart's throne  
To enthrone thee forever—ever,  
Queen of Love's Universe. . . .

## STAR-THIEVES

The moonbeams are made  
Of thy laughter,  
Thy breath makes fragrant  
The spring's South Sea breeze.  
Cunning star-thieves steal  
The merry twinkle from thine eyes.  
But tonight I forgive them;  
They remind me of thee.  
I am alone.

Raven locks and tresses  
Borrowed from thy graces—  
They waken in me thy caresses,  
Tonight, when I am lonely.

## ODE TO INDIA

Inde, my Inde, how sweet thy memory!  
Dearest land of sacred lores,  
Shrine-abode of world-faiths—  
Man's hope of hopes!

From thy enchanted woodlands  
Come the echoes of bird-minstrels,  
The Syamas' whistles,  
The Papias' songs,  
Koel's cooing long.  
The shy bride-eyed fawn's play,  
In the mossy dales and bowers;  
Dance of the proud peacock gay;  
The Apsara-fairies gambol  
About sky-kissing Deodars  
Entwined with frail Malati vines.

The maidens of bronze and golden hue  
With bee-black eyes, coral lips,  
Languorously weave wreathes of Bakula,  
In shades of the Taj by the Lotus-lake;  
And gaze at the dome of frozen tears—  
Token of Love's triumph o'er Death.  
What a Paradise on earth unfolds  
To these exiled eyes.  
Soul's worship to Thee,  
And the heart's holiest homage,  
Stronger than sword's sharpest pledge  
Are thine and thine own,  
Above all the world  
For all the time,  
All the time, O Inde!



## ANTICIPATION

This last day of the cycle of the years,  
As we sit by the fire,  
What visions come and fade!  
What signs unfold!  
Gently the earth beneath kisses your lotus feet.  
The world looks fair and fresh and free;  
Sky so beautiful, so enchantingly blue;  
How glorious is the sun!  
You have given it your heart's warmth  
To waft to me on ethereal wings.  
The languor of the virgin Eve—beaming  
With her youth's intoxicating moonbeams,  
Is but the image of thine own expectant smile,  
In anticipation—  
Of the dawn of the new Aeon!

## PAIN

Ah, Fate give me back my pain,  
From the soul of the young and the aged,  
From the heart of the new and the old  
Pour me all the world's pain.  
Vast is my bosom—the void . . .  
Deep as the soundless seas  
In thy boundless abode  
Long have I loved to adore.  
O Fate, give me back my pain  
Ever truest unto me  
Unfailing in her trysts  
Clinging closer, closer to my heart.

\* \* \*

Then come, from those sunset shores  
Within this enchanted bower  
That in Life's scented sanctuary  
I may woo thee again, O Pain!  
With caresses of love's festive hour . . .  
Pain, O world pain, O love . . .  
As the rose-bud shiveringly blushes  
At the bees' first tender touches,  
There blends the rhythm of hues  
With melodies of hum and moans.  
So are thine echoes inexplicable  
On my desolate harp of soul.  
Born with the Earth's first-born—  
Whose joy art thou, O Pain!  
My all in all, my very own . . .

## MYSTIC SUNSET

What mysterious signs on the horizon—  
Can this be only a sunset?  
No, no! who has ever seen such a sky  
As we two see from the niche of thy bower,  
Over forests green towers,  
And snow-clad dales.  
Far, far out,  
The sky is an ocean of soft light,  
As far as we two can see  
And beyond. . . .

O Thou sacred Land of the Aryans—  
Inde, our asylum of hope,  
Far, far out, across the sea of light,  
We greet Thee with heart and soul—  
Our dreams and hopes.

O the golden-crowned monarch,  
O the purple-robed king of the sky  
And lord of the virgin dawn,  
Two of thy children,  
Love-lorn and weary  
Look at Thee  
With wistful eyes and eager hearts,  
Seeking a nook to nest young love,  
A refuge from a stolid world,  
From a decaying, death-dealing horde.

May these mysterious signs then  
Forbode the fulfilment of our dream  
Call us to the holy Ganges shores,  
In joy and glory of freedom!

## CATHEDRAL

What a towering green-blue dome  
Of foliage overhead  
Kisses the azure sky.  
Corridor of arches dense and deep  
The mammoth boughs outspread,  
Rest on the columns of ivory gray  
Living monoliths tall and straight!

Entwining all, climb and cling  
The vines of Kanaka Lata—  
Golden ivies with blushing coral blossoms  
Peep through the veil of purple mist.  
Incense of the flowering spring  
Wafts with the heavy moan  
Of the wooing and the mating doves,  
Languorous in the slumbering shade above.

Steeped in majestic calm of ages  
Awaits, alas, whose pilgrimage,  
Whose loving worship  
This Cathedral of the Bodhee tree!

## SRI GAUTAMA

Enshrined in the temple of space  
Enthroned on Eternity  
Thine gemmed-lotus—the Mahasan  
Heart of Humanity.  
The star-candles,  
The silvery Mirror of the Moon,  
The gong of pealing thunders  
The sonorous tolls of thousand vesper bells  
In the distant roar of the Deep.

These are but meagre adoration  
Of Thee—  
O blessed Gautama!  
Thy golden chariot  
On million Sun-disks,  
Wheels 'round the Infinity,  
With what a **resplendence!**  
Thy loving wisdom, joy of growth—  
Unfolds soul of Freedom and Peace—  
Thy song of Nirvana,  
Brings whispers of undying Hope!

## TONIGHT

The dreadful Angel  
With dark wings overspread  
Enmeshes the earth from pole to pole.  
The rain, her sobs,  
The snow, her frozen tears,  
The wild winds of the West, her sighs.  
Tonight all is dread, terror and tears.  
Lo, those death-dark wings come nearer now,  
Strangle life, pull heart-strings  
And wildly laugh and mock,  
They crush and crush  
Atom by atom, petal by petal,  
Youth's sweetest dream-rose,  
Hope's choicest bud!  
How cruel night's dark wings!

## BELL, CANDLE, AND BOOK

Bell, Candle and Book,  
A little incense and myrrh—  
No purple crepe  
Nor any black-gowned pale-faced mourner,  
No orgies of tears and sobs and sighs,  
Mocking and insensate,  
When I pass unto Nirvana!

The bells of the west wind  
Blowing in gale,  
The candles of the midnight stars  
On the salver of the sky,  
And this Thy Book of Fate  
With life's hidden lores unsipped, unexplored,  
A single violet or lotus,  
Sweet flower of fancy  
In the garden of Thine and mine,  
Are all that I ask.

Sing no songs of sorrow,  
No psaltry of sobs;  
Toll no other bells,  
Light no other candles,  
Read no other book  
When I flicker out—  
Unto Nirvana!

No heavy stones on my frail form,  
My cold, cold ashes.  
Memorial?  
Only a pearl wreath  
Woven of thy tear-drops  
My last memories  
Mothered in Earth's bosom  
With thy Bell, Candle and Book!

## THE VESPER SONG

My Love, O come, and watch with me  
The farewell beams kissing the sea ;  
With bridal veils of evening trails,  
Sweetly entwines each vine and tree.  
In primal chants the gentle lea,  
As love-lorn lights longingly flee,  
Whispers soft in its vesper glee—  
Come, Soul-mate, come! Heart longs for thee.  
Ah, arm in arm, our hearts beat one :  
Love's coronal though far is won—  
Thus we triumph, though world forsak'n,  
This eve regain our long lost heav'n!



## THY TEMPLE

Oh, where shall I build Thee a temple,  
The sky so low, dwarfs its spires,  
The Void small, ah, too small,  
The universe none too wide for a base,  
For thy fitting Temple  
O Loving Goddess mine . . .  
How shall I worship Thee—  
All the flowers of all the lands,  
Of every season and hue and scent,  
And the flaming lotus of my soul  
Have I sanctified in offering to Thee,  
Loving Goddess mine.  
And where are my chant and rosary?  
Amid the deep symphony of the Seas  
The wild gale danceth with wilder waves  
Thy vestal virginal dance of my senses . . .  
My rosary of the Stars—  
Thunder Heralds on chariot of clouds  
Mingle their trumpet blares,  
With the sweet choristers of the song birds—  
Vesper and Matin of their strains . . .  
The Planets dance in Space  
A timeless, endless, ceaseless dance  
In my own ecstasy.  
Shall Thy Temple be—  
In my Soul's inmost sanctuary?

## MOTHER

Thine own garland this  
I lay at thy lotus feet,  
Mother mine  
Woven of strange blossoms though,  
Plucked from strange gardens  
Across the seven seas,  
On this pilgrimage from shore to shore  
Away, far away from Thee . . .

Thine own hymn this,  
I now scribe and chant,  
Mother mine,  
Though in tongues strange,  
Of distant lands and lores,  
Across the seven seas  
On this pilgrimage from shore to shore  
Seeking a Hymnal for Thee . . .

Thine own worship—  
All my noble thought and deed  
Mother Mine!  
In thy boundless love,  
I have made the world one with me!  
May I live and labour and die for Thee;  
Sing the song of Thy freedom—  
Wherever may I be,  
Thine annointed and ordained!  
Unconquered, unconquerable—  
O, Mother Mine!

TO PERET HIRSHBEIN

Thou celestial song-bard!  
Poet-priest of Youth's abiding hope,  
The enduring faith of Ages.  
How the world old dreams,  
Once sleeping in the stars  
And in the eyes of youth,  
Now kiss the light, on the wings  
Of thy colors and shades and words.  
Glory, joy, mirth, love,  
Weave pearl wreaths of morning dew.  
Fancy with her amorous arms  
And vibrant ruby lips sips  
Nectar from life's first feast  
Of Passion sublime!

## ODE TO THE INDIAN OCEAN

Ocean, Indian Ocean, my own ocean!  
Last eve did I hear in thee,  
The uproar—tumult of a soul;  
A voice that shivered to the suns,  
And the moons and the stars,  
And to all the worlds unseen!

Came there life's first ecstasy—  
The rebellious adolescence,  
Amid the rapturous song of thy tides.  
In the dance of thy impatient waves,  
Came to the eyes a vision sublime,  
Playing with the heart's impetuous flames.  
In what a holocaust of raging passion,  
The whole universe was aflame—  
Last eve as I gazed upon thee!

But this dawn—  
As thou reclinest on the divan  
Of the ivory shores of Jagannath,  
So langourous, pale and wan,  
What a gentle melody comes in thy moans!  
What loving caresses—  
In thy million arms. Now calm—  
All is calm, without—within!

The incense-kissed breeze of the dawn  
Plays with thy golden locks;  
Scatters them to the four-winds,  
Then weaves them into garlands,  
Of new planets and globes!

The call of the Puri Matin-bells  
Mingles with the melody of thy echoes,  
Summon all to the Temple of Silence—  
A hush . . .  
Thou ecstasy of triumphant hopes  
Ocean, Indian ocean, My ocean!  
My very own . . .

## NATAL DAY

To-day is the day of days  
Thy natal day, my love  
And loves crowning day!  
What shall I offer thee,  
Princess mine, my love-goddess  
With what shall I worship thee—  
On this day of day—thy natal day?

The ruby-red roses,  
Of my ocean deep passion—  
Have I not offered thee  
Long, long ago? And did not you  
Crush them to thy bosom—  
In ecstasy of response?  
My silver-white rosary,  
I brought to thee,  
My calm dreams;  
Thine also the incense  
Of my soul's resplendent gleam;  
Thine the golden lotus  
With the thousand petals—  
My lyrics of the Dawn—  
For thee—all for thee.  
On this day of day, and evermore!  
Ah, what else have I, but thyself?

## THE TAJ MAHAL

The Taj now like a huge white swan  
Floats on the ocean of moon beams,  
As the world round vanishes  
Into the opalesque ethereal mists  
Of this autumn full moon night.

There is naught but the pale pangs  
Silhoueted in an earthly form  
In this silent shrine of sorrow  
This Palace of Pain.  
This lyric in stone chaste and enduring  
O what a refrain brings from the Past—

They that build shrines to the vain gods,  
Or fearsome ghosts, cruel phantoms,  
Or the unseen hosts of the skies,  
May scoff at thee, pass thee by, unheeding;  
But O marble mausoleum, every atom of thee,  
Is but frozen anguish and ecstasy of love.  
Art thou not a living throbbing loving Token.  
Of all that Man feels and forfeits,  
At the Altar of the One lost yet adored  
In this pilgrimage of Life to Death!  
Symbol of a soul's enduring bliss, art thou,  
O TAJ—O noble Temple of Tears!

## IN NIRVANA

No, Thou art gone; but not dead!  
Thou can'st not die, O spirit invincible!  
Invisible though now, Beloved,  
Thou art nearest to me than ever before,  
Dwelling in my own temple of thought!

The Champa, Shefali and Jui yet bloom,  
At rise and set of the Sun and the Moon;  
The birds sing and the bees hum;  
Murmuring flows the Ganges streams.  
Do they not bring the far off echoes of thy voice?  
When all is here; all who adored thee,—  
What if atom to atom did fly?  
The dust unto the dusty earth—  
To the tempest impetuous, thy breath;  
To the clouds the water and tears;  
Elements play of hide and seek—  
On the lap of adoring Nature, all this!

But thy spirit?

So gentle and sweet and loving—  
Closest of all my kins on this globe,  
By the tie of flesh and blood,  
Faith and hope and more!  
Lo, this incense upward climbing,  
Vault by vault, star by star,  
To the seven heavens and the beyond,  
Like pilgrimage of thy soul of soul!

Shall I weep and sob and sigh  
For thee, O child of Immortality?  
When through the Gates of Death  
Into the Shrine of Infinity of Bliss  
Attainest thou thy quest—thy Mukti,  
O child of Brahman, so sweet and free!  
For thee now is the Repose,  
In the glory of the Nirvana!

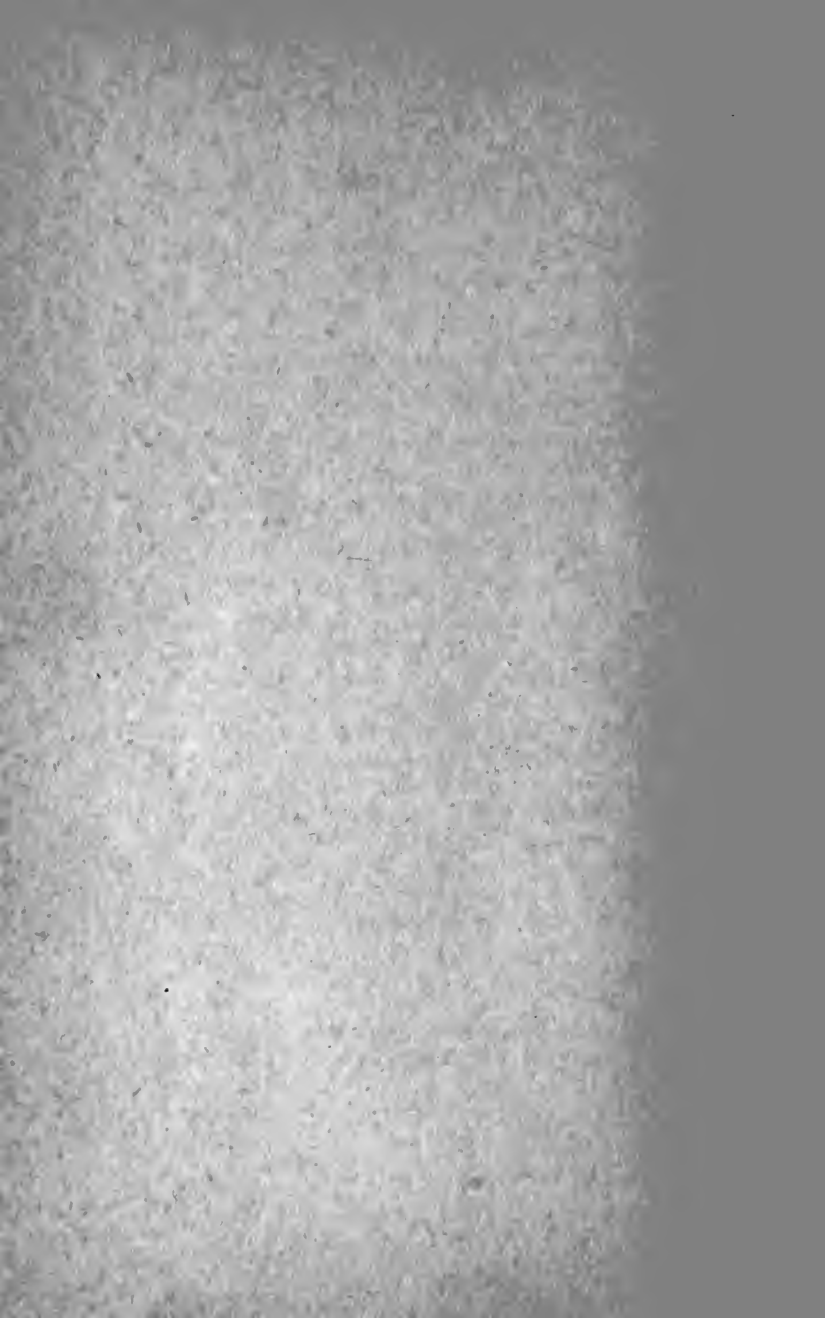


## UNSONG SONG

The unsung song wails,  
Wails for the lost chord  
From the gray depths of ocean  
To the tower of the stars—  
All is wailing,  
Wailing.

Day-long, night-long,  
Vault to vault,  
Echoing in eternal throbs,  
Danceth in color and sound,  
In aeons of autumn, summer and spring  
My own unsung song.

The whisperings of my soul—  
I hear in chirping birds!  
The wail of the west wind,  
Thunder of the cloud-sprite,  
Incessant calling of the sea,  
And the dreamy hum of the honey-bees  
Bring but a faint refrain  
Through the infinite rhythm  
Of my own unsung song!



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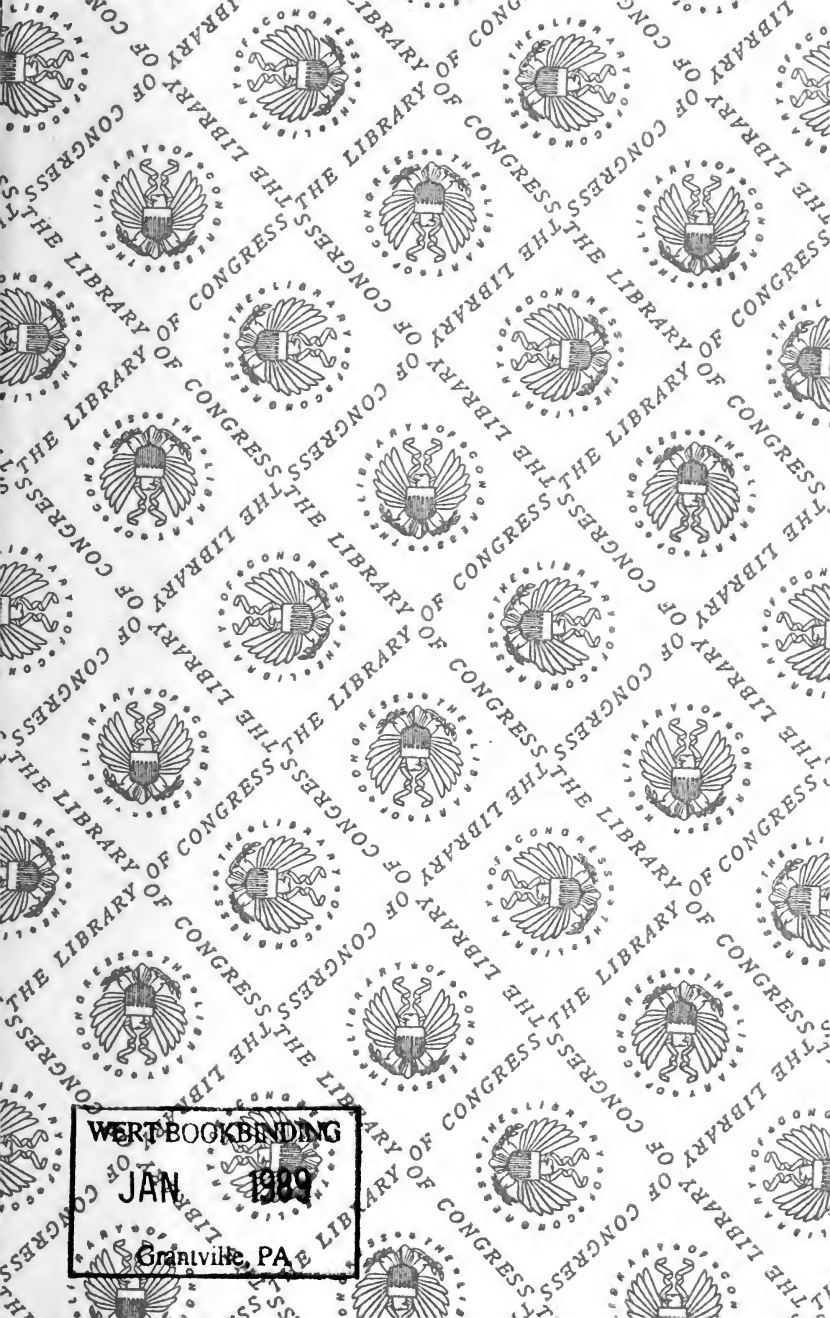


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