

**MANSOUL; OR, THE
RIDDLE OF
THE WORLD**

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Mansoul; or, The riddle of the world by Charles M. Doughty

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CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

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LONDON
SELWYN & BLOUNT
21 YORK BUILDINGS, ADELPHI, W.C. 2

1920



TO THE MUSE OF BRITAIN

Maestro al canto
Altro io non ebbi che me stesso; e un Dio
Leggiadre istorie sempre al cor m' inspire.

*Odissea xxii., 347.**

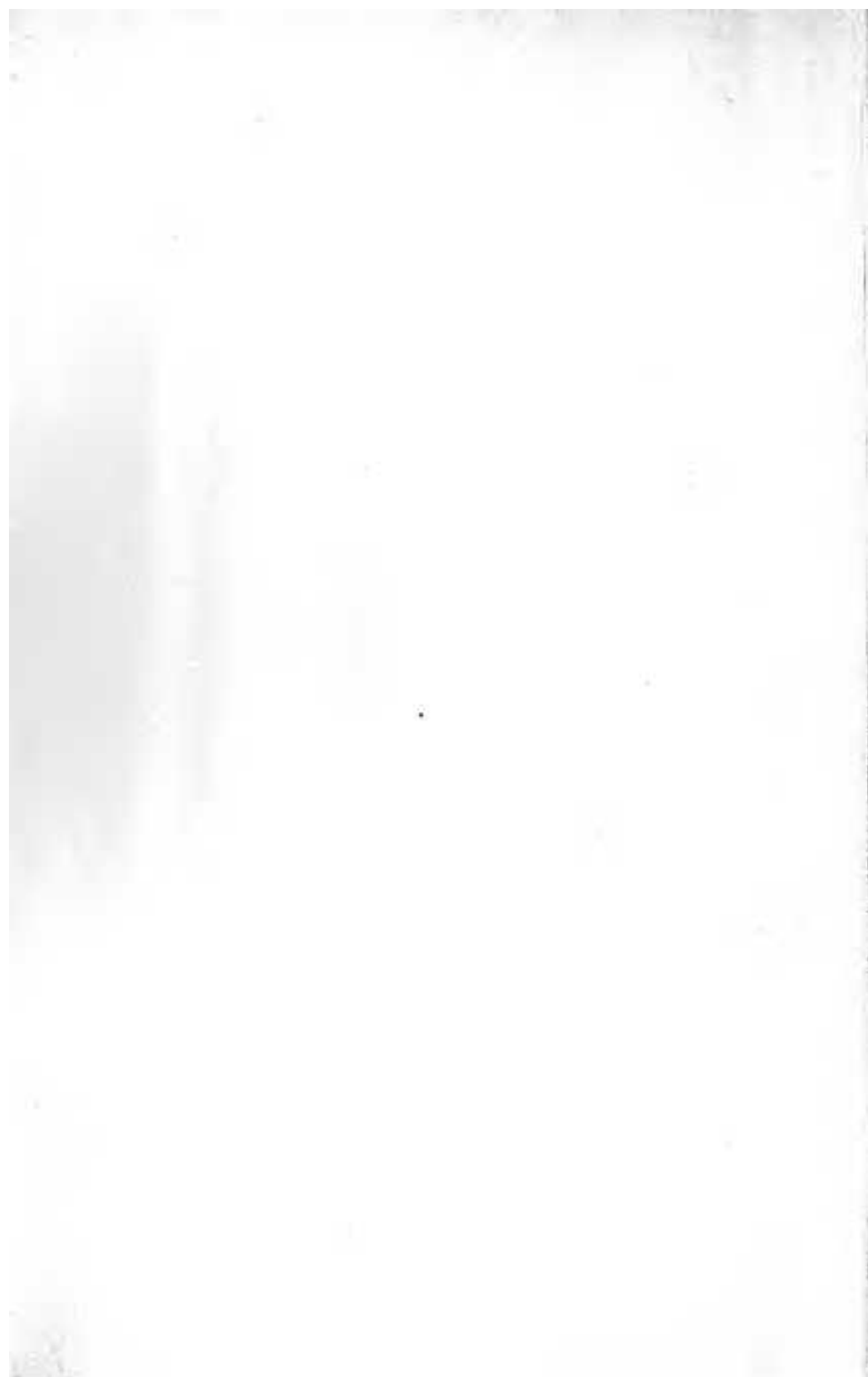
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.
Paul the Aged.

* *Trad. Maspero.*



BOOK I

THE MUSES GARDEN



MANSOUL

BOOK I

As chanced I sate on terrace of an house,
In summer season, after sickness past ;
And fell, surprised my sense, into deep trance :
Wherein meseemed, much musing in my thought ;
I cogitations heard, of many hearts ;
That came and went, in MANTOWNS market-place,
Whereon I looked. And in my spirit I asked ;
What were indeed right paths of a man's feet ;
That lacking light, wont stumble in Worlds murk.

One called and I beheld in looking up,
Of divine stature, Britains Foster-Muse !
With eyes of living light, as stars of God.
The same was she I saw, which erst me taught,
Mongst Colin's crew, to sound a tuneful reed,
On Alban's hills, amongst my herding feres.
Her blissful Voice, anew me bade to rise,