

**BY STILL WATERS:
LYRICAL POEMS
OLD AND NEW**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759170

By Still Waters: lyrical poems old and new by George William Russell

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL

**BY STILL WATERS:
LYRICAL POEMS
OLD AND NEW**

BY STILL WATERS, LYRICAL
POEMS OLD AND NEW BY A. E.

THE DUN EMER PRESS
DUNDRUM
MCMVI

The Manager of the Dun Emer Press has to thank Mr. John Lane for permission to reprint ten poems from *Homeward Songs by the Way* and nine poems from *The Earth Breath*, also Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for permission to reprint seven poems from *The Divine Vision*.

TABLE OF CONTENTS	PAGE
Prelude	1
A Summer Night	3
Creation	4
Dusk	5
Night	6
Dawn	6
Day	7
Dana	7
Remembrance	9
The Hour of the King	9
The Winds of Angus	11
Reflections	12
The Dawn of Darkness	12
Natural Magic	14
In the Womb	15
Forgiveness	16
A Woman's Voice	17
Parting	18
A Prayer	18
The Heroes	19
Recall	21
Blindness	21
Brotherhood	22
A New Being	23
The Man to the Angel	24
Endurance	25

The Vesture of the Soul	27
The Twilight of Earth	27
The Dream	30
The Parting of Ways	30
Song	32
The Virgin Mother	32

Oh, be not led away,
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.
The gay romance of song
Unto the spirit life doth not belong:
Though far-between the hours
In which the Master of Angelic powers
Lightens the dusk within
The holy of holies, be it thine to win
Rare vistas of white light,
Half parted lips through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story,
Harkening to whom the wandering planets hoary
Waker primeval fires,
With deeper rapture in celestial choirs
Breathe, and with fleeter motion
Wheel in their orbits through the surgeless ocean.
So hearken thou like these,
Intent on her, mounting by slow degrees,
Until thy song's elation
Echoes her multitudinous meditation.

A SUMMER NIGHT

Her mist of primroses within her breast
Twilight hath folded up, and o'er the west,
Seeking remoter valleys long hath gone,
Not yet hath come her sister of the dawn.
Silence and coolness now the earth enfold:
Jewels of glittering green, long mists of gold,
Hazes of nebulous silver veil the height,
And shake in tremors through the shadowy night.
Heard through the stillness, as in whispered words,
The wandering God-guided wings of birds
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh
More softly still; and unheard through the blue
The falling of innumerable dew,
Lifts with grey fingers all the leaves that lay
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.
The lawns and lakes lie in this night of love,
Admitted to the majesty above.
Earth with the starry company hath part;
The waters hold all heaven within their heart,
And glimmer o'er with wave-lips everywhere
Lifted to meet the angel lips of air.
The many homes of men shine near and far;
Peace-laden as the tender evening star,
The late home-coming folk anticipate
Their rest beyond the passing of the gate,

And tread with sleep-filled hearts on drowsy feet.
Oh, far away and wonderful and sweet
All this, all this. But far too many things
Obscuring, as a cloud of seraph wings
Blinding the seeker for the Lord behind,
I fall away in weariness of mind,
And think how far apart are I and you,
Beloved, from those spirit children who
Felt but one single Being long ago,
Whispering in gentleness and leaning low
Out of its majesty, as child to child.
I think upon it all with heart grown wild.
Hearing no voice, howe'er my spirit broods.
No whisper from the dense infinitudes,
This world of myriad things whose distance awes.
Ah me; how innocent our childhood was!

CREATION

As one by one the veils took flight,
The day withdrew, the stars came up:
The spirit issued dark and bright,
Filling thy beauty like a cup.

Sacred thy laughter on the air,
Holy thy lightest word that fell,
Proud the innumerable hair
That waved at the enchanter's spell.