

**RESURGAM:
POEMS
AND LYRICS**

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Resurgam: poems and lyrics by O. R. Howard Thomson

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O. R. HOWARD THOMSON

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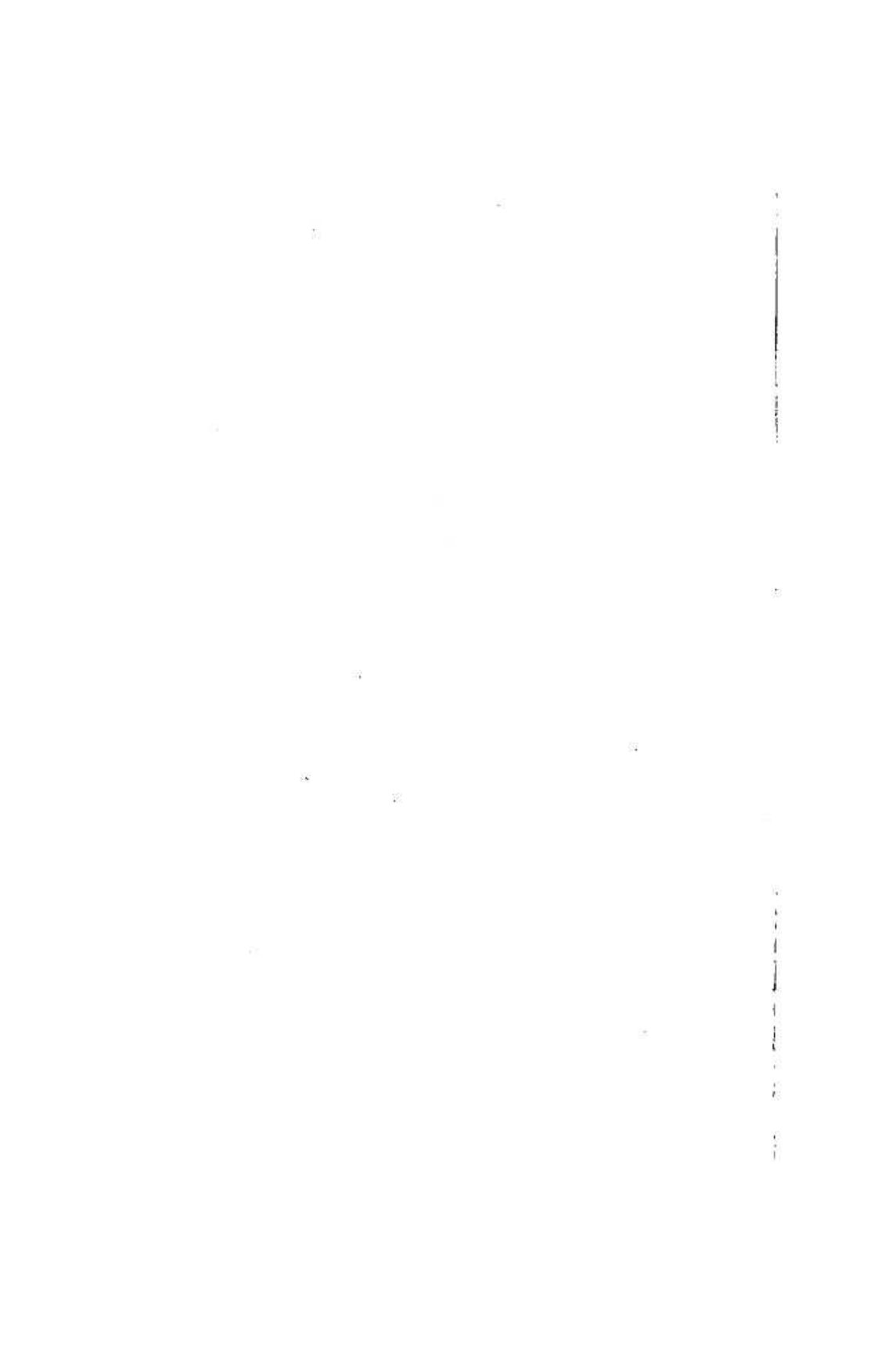
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RESURGAM

THE warm wind carries in its breast a song;
The mountain brooks make music as they flow;
And scarlet tulips dare the half-veiled sun,
Flames, such as theirs, to show.

The tree-crowned hills suck in the vernal haze;
Earth bares her bosom to the quickening rain;
The wakened chipmunks slyly peep abroad
And blue-birds flash again.

And through the veins of watching, listening man,
There flows some little of that pagan wine
That called forth visions of fair nymphs at play,
Whose beauty was divine.

And in his ears re-echo ancient tales,
Told in the dusk beneath a violet sky,
Of hidden things in cedar groves, and forms
Soft-footed, passing by.

And though Pan's pipe no longer sounds afar,
He turns towards Enna, Proserpina's vale,
And to the Ghosts of all the vanished Gods
He softly whispers—"Hail!"

THE EASTER OF LAZARUS

PEACE, Mary! Peace! I do rejoice—
I feel the same clear fire illumines my heart
That makes the turquoise of thy sister's eyes
Shine like still waters in the sun. But I have died
And live again; and know too much to take
Part in thy exultations or thy tears.
I knew too much to beat upon my breast,
Or cast myself upon the ground, or cry
Aloud, when, midst the earthquake, and the light
That conquered that strange midnight of the noon,
Thou camest, wailing, back from Calvary
To weep. Nor shall I weep as thou wilt weep,
Some few weeks hence when He departs.

Nay, nay!
I am not cold: I knew that He would rise—
I learned so much when I was dead—But that,
Which thou wouldst know, I may not speak: and
that,
I would recall, I half forget. Hush! Hush!
Thou must not couple Lazarus with Christ—
Two risen from the dead—nor, through thy love,
Imagine death is past for Lazarus.
I tell thee Death grins satyr-like, and licks
His lips, against the time when he shall feast