

**SONGS IN THE  
HOUSE OF MY  
PILGRIMAGE**

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Songs in the House of My Pilgrimage by Ellen Banks

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**ELLEN BANKS**

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# SONGS

IN

## THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

BY

ELLEN BANKS.

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

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## SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

### THOUGHTS BY THE SEASHORE.

Thou art sure a teacher,  
O Majestic Sea!  
Deep thoughts in me raising,  
As I stand here gazing  
On immensity.

Though to human vision  
I am all alone,  
There's a Presence near me  
Who doth see and hear me,  
Unseen, not unknown.

'Tis His Mighty Spirit  
Speaking to my soul  
Thrilling words of wonder  
Through the deep, loud thunder  
Of thy ceaseless roll.

Tides of strong affection  
Through my being flow,  
Which, in secret treasured,  
None hath ever measured,  
None will ever know.

**939868**

TO VINU  
ABHAYAN

But the ocean fulness  
Of the love divine —  
Oh ! that love infinite  
Takes the soul within it ;  
And that love is mine !

What a golden prospect  
Lieth on before !  
All that love's deep yearning  
I shall still be learning  
Through the evermore.

All this unmet longing  
Then forever stilled.  
Bright anticipations,  
Highest aspirations,  
Gloriously fulfilled.

How my soul imprisoned  
Beats against the bars !  
All for the attaining  
Of the rest remaining,  
Home beyond the stars.

Past yon sky cerulean  
How I long to soar !  
For I'll read the history  
Of life's tangled mystery  
When I reach that shore.



There's a sea of Wisdom  
Like the sea of Love ;  
But I cannot view it,  
Cannot reach unto it,  
'Tis so far above.

Yet, as through the ages  
Of eternity  
All its depths I ponder,  
In the glory yonder  
More and more I'll see.

All life's wondrous lessons,  
Now so strangely dim,  
Christ will be revealing,  
Page by page unsealing  
As I walk with Him.

Patiently He'll lead me,  
Make me understand  
Why earth-hopes were blighted,  
Why I seemed benighted  
In the desert land.

And as He unfoldeth  
All His wondrous ways,  
Praise-notes will be sounding,  
For His grace abounding  
Through my pilgrim days.

When earth, sky and ocean  
 All have passed from view,  
 Blank annihilation  
 Swept this Old Creation  
 And all things are new,

Then, 'mid seas of glory  
 Swelling round the Throne,  
 Glory ever brightening,  
 All the soul enlightening,  
 Knowing as I'm known.

Orkney, September, 1881.

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#### WHAT THE MOON BEHOLDS.

Tell me, O thou beauteous orb of night,  
 What dost thou see from thy far home of light?  
 This earth's to thee an ever open book  
 Whereon thou night by night dost calmly look.  
 Thou surely hast a long, long story read  
 Since thy first ray upon its page was shed.  
 Thou hast lived on through many a night and morrow  
 And witnessed much of mankind's sin and sorrow.

Ah, thou art silent; but I know full well  
 What language would thee suit, if thou could'st tell  
 The long, sad tale of all that thou hast seen  
 Since man has on the earth a dweller been!

If thou could'st sing, thy music, sure, would be  
Upon a low and plaintive minor key :  
Sad notes of lamentation thou would'st borrow ;  
The burden of thy song be sorrow, sorrow.

From earliest ages to the present time,  
Thy peaceful light has cheered each land and clime ;  
'Mid piercing frost, or balmy summer air,  
Thy silvery beams are welcomed everywhere.  
Thou lookest on the wastes of Arctic snow,  
And Tropic fields with richest flowers aglow ;  
And still, in every land, each night and morrow,  
Wherever man is found, dwells sin and sorrow.

In the deep darkness of the midnight time,  
Thou seest some go forth to haunts of crime,  
Their vile debaucheries to revel in,  
And earn the deadly wages due to sin,  
An awful treasury of wrath to heap ;  
For as men sow, they shall most surely reap ;  
They shall awake to find a bitter morrow ;  
Eternity will not exhaust their sorrow.

On wild, tempestuous nights, when thou dost ride  
Amid the drifting clouds, which often hide  
Thy needed light from the poor sailor's view,  
Thou hast seen many a brave and gallant crew  
Go down and down into the dark abyss,  
While thy faint, struggling beams came forth to kiss  
Those anguished faces, which from them did borrow  
A passing gleam to show their parting sorrow.