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Songs of the heights and deeps by Roden Noel

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# **RODEN NOEL**

# SONGS OF THE HEIGHTS AND DEEPS

Trieste

## SONGS

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# HEIGHTS AND DEEPS.

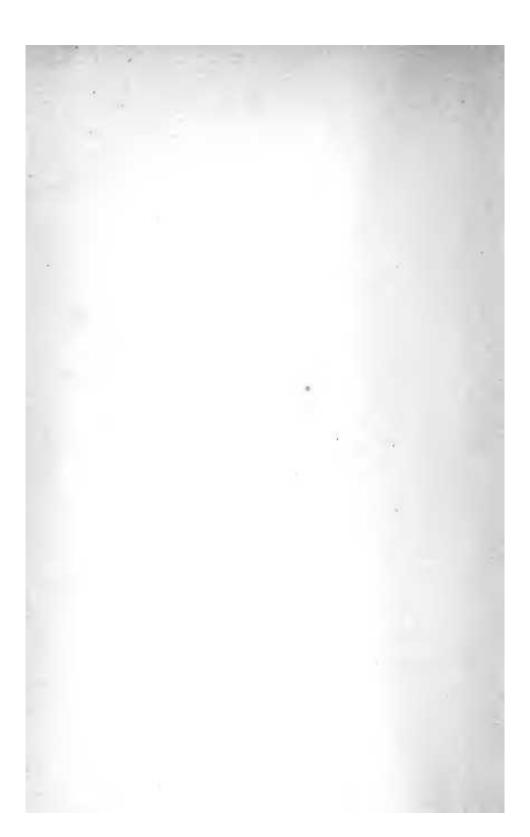
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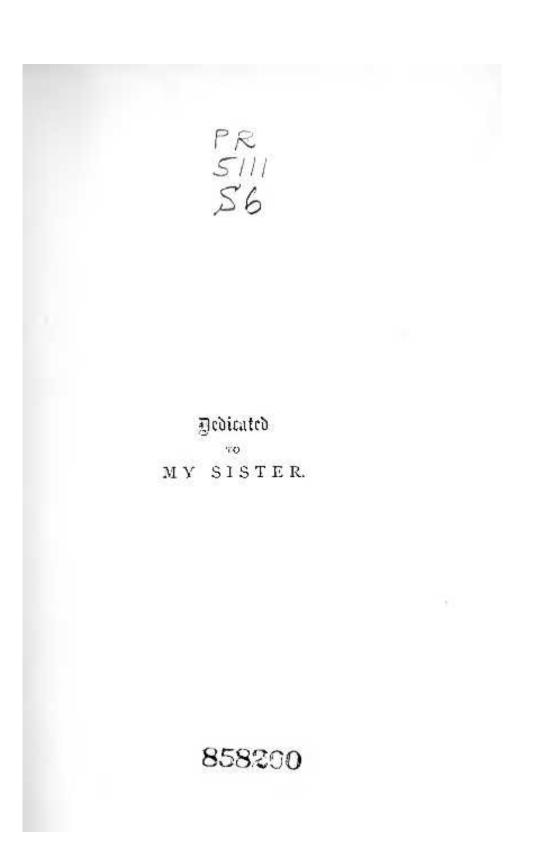
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AUTHOR 57 " A LITTLE CHILD'S MONUMENT," " 9 HE HOUSE OF KAVENSBURG," " EED FLAG," " LIVENOSTORE IN AFRICA."

#### LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 1885.





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#### A LAY OF CIVILIZATION : OR LONDON.

#### PROLOGUE.

CITY of light and shadow, height and deep, Yawning abysm sundering rich and poor ! One upon velvet pile or marble floor Feasts, while another starves, whom even sleep Flieth as God-abandoned ; children weep Around their mother ; at the rich man's door She cursing God and man dies : ye who keep High festival with morning, temple, tower, Broad palace, rather in congenial night Avoid ashamed the level eyes of light ! Cower hidden ! royal river in your pride, With world-wealth mantling on your stately tide, Steal muffled in deep gloom ! slow bells be tolled ! Thou on the proud dome, glistering cross of gold, Thy life is changed to hard death bought and sold. Art thou the hilt of a death-drinking sword Plunged in Earth's heart by some infernal Lord ?

1

#### A Lay of Civilization.

2

Brethren of Him who fainted on the wood, What help is found in yon devouring rood ?

What help? what hope? a sceptred Woman bows Under a lowly lintel, and none knows; Humbly she helpeth bitter loathly need, Beareth the burden, dons the lowly weed. Babes the high honour of their trust confer Upon this royal lady, and by her Perchance the city may be saved from fire, That lurid lurks, and threats to make it one red functal pyre!

UNDER awakening woods I heard the birds With no reserve enbosom all their joy : Even as a beam reveals the limpid deep Of a pure pool, sweet song revealed their heart, A shadowless illimitable bliss Of innocent love ; the joy of wakening woods Welled over in soft frills of fairy leaves, Glossy and tender flakelets of green light, Infolded mutually ; fair forest aisles Dawn to leaf-laughter silent and screne ; One would surmise the new-born delicate leaves Thronged to the ends of all the twigs to hear Innumerable bird-song, called from sleep By many a plumed Orpheus ; their blithe notes