

SAINT PAUL

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Saint Paul by Frederic W. H. Myers

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FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

SAINT PAUL

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BY

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.



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1867.

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280. m. 183.

DEDICATED

TO

J. E. B.

ἢ καὶ τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ὀφείλω.

SAINT PAUL.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

CHRIST! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you,
ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed;
lo with no winning words I would entice you,
Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
yes, without stay of father or of son,
lone on the land and homeless on the water
pass I in patience till the work be done.

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me
waketh him workers for the great employ,
oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me
catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother
quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
to every heart awaiteth me, another
friend in the blameless family of God.

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
lovers and ladies whom their song enrols?
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
less than the love with which I ache for souls.

Oh ye are kind, I shall abide and teach you,
ye will not fail as men have failed before,
seek me and leave, ashamed when I beseech you,
ever less loving as I love the more.

Yet it was well, and Thou hast said in season
 'As is the Master shall the servant be':
Let me not subtly slide into the treason,
 seeking an honour which they gave not Thee:

never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
 sleep with the wings of aspiration furled,
hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,
 keep for my joys a world within the world,—

nay but much rather let me late returning
 bruised of my brethren, wounded from within,
stoop with sad countenance and blushes burning,
 bitter with weariness and sick with sin:—