THE BELL-BRANCH

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649010585

The bell-branch by James H. Cousins

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

JAMES H. COUSINS

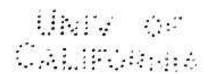
THE BELL-BRANCH



BY THE SAME AUTHOR

BEN MADIGHAN AND OTHER POEMS, 1894 SUNG BY SIX (COLLABORATED), 1896 THE BLEMISHED KING AND OTHER POEMS, 1897 THE VOICE OF ONE AND OTHER POEMS, 1900 THE QUEST, 1906 THE AWAKENING, 1907

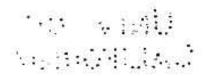
THE BELL-BRANCH BY JAMES H. COUSINS



" Shake now the Branch of Night, and let its Bells
Tremble with music, till the souls of men
Bloom upward through the soil of Sleep, and flower
And fructify in Gardens no man tills."

THE SLEEP OF THE KING

DUBLIN: MAUNSEL & CO., Ltd. 96, MIDDLE ABBEY STREET 1908



PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, DUBLIN, BY PONSONBY AND GIBBS

All nights reserved

.

PR 6005 082 B4

CONTENTS MAIN

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------|------|
| CAIRBRE'S HARP | 7 |
| INSPIRATION AND EXPRESSION | 8 |
| BEHIND THE PLOUGH | 9 |
| NEDE TO PERCERTNE | 10 |
| RESURRECTION | 12 |
| VISION | 13 |
| A FRESHET | 14 |
| WILL | 15 |
| AT STREAMSTOWN, CONNEMARA | 16 |
| "I SET MY LOVE UPON A TERONE" | 17 |
| FIVE YEARS | 18 |
| "THE ROOKS FLY BAST" | 20 |
| SORROW AND LOVE | 21 |
| "LOVE DWELLS ALONE" | 22 |
| LOVE'S PEACE | 23 |
| MARGUERITE | 24 |
| THE CORNCRAKE | 25 |
| HIGH AND LOW | 26 |
| "LOVE AND DEATH" | 27 |
| THE NEW CENTURY | 28 |
| TO IRELAND—I | 30 |
| TO IRELAND—II | 21 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| SLIEVE CULLEN | 32 |
| TO A FRIEND ABROAD | 34 |
| "WHO SETS HER SHOULDER TO THE CROSS OF | |
| CHRIST" | 35 |
| " 'FREE AS THE WAVES,' THEY SANG" | 36 |
| "YOU FROM WHOSE LIPS THE WORDS OF COLD |): |
| DISDAIN" | 37 |
| BARD AENGRAUN | 38 |
| A SONG OF SERVICE | 39 |
| A SONG OF SOWING AND REAPING | 40 |
| A SONG OF OMENS | 41 |
| A FLAIL SONG | 42 |
| SONG AND SINGERS | 44 |
| THE BELL-BRANCH | 45 |
| NOTES | 46 |

" My harp is strung with Seven Strings, And seven are the songs it sings. One sings in pain, and one in jest, And one, more cunning than the rest, Tells me what secret things are done From rising until set of sun. But not for ever would I play My Wisdom-string. Unending Day Would irk these eyes that find delight In shadows of mysterious Night, And silence, that is wisdom's crown, Might Wisdom's self in silence drown. And so with ever wavering strain I sing in jest, I sing in pain, Like God who, in divine distress, Grew tired of awful loneliness, And flung His arm o'er vibrant Space, And plucked the strings of Time and Place, And broke His uttermost repose With song that thro' Creation goes, The song of sweet imperfect things That murmurs thro' my Seven Strings."

..........INSPIRATION AND EXPRESSION

I HEARD a wonderful thing When I drank of the Spirit's Wine, And what I heard I sing: But only the song is mine:

Only the struggle of speech Like a whirl of leaves in a blast, Or a fringe of shells on a beach That tells of a wave that has passed.

From a rapture a moment shared I fall on a broken wing:
But what I have heard I have heard,
And the least is the song I sing.