

THE BELL-BRANCH

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The bell-branch by James H. Cousins

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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

State of
California

*" 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

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CAIRBRE'S HARP.

*"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.