

**A PILGRIM JEW:
A ROMANCE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649739745

A Pilgrim Jew: A Romance by Charles Coke Woods

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CHARLES COKE WOODS

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A Pilgrim Few



A Pilgrim Jew

A Romance by Charles Coke Woods



Boston: Richard G. Badger
The Gorham Press, 1903

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CALIFORNIA

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PRINTED AT THE CORHAM PRESS, BOSTON

NO. 1740
CALIFORNIA



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A Pilgrim Jew

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Athwart a mystic, many-stringed harp
A spirit sweeps his magic hand, and sounds
Escape as wild and weird as any song
That pagan priest or sibyl ever sang ;
That harp so strange and many cycles old,
Doth yield sweet strains of joy and sobs of woe ;
From year to year the spirit thrums the chords
All palpitant with life, nor ever sleeps,
Nor does he weary grow with ceaseless toil ;
High souls athrob with holy life do hear
The notes from far away, and clearly see
That **H**e who smites the harp God's angel is,
And that the instrument is human life.

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II

I stood once in the far-off Orient,
At close of garish day and bowed my soul
Before the God of life to think and pray ;
The sky broke into astral bloom, and winds
Played " Hide and Seek " among the dewy leaves,
Disporting gaily with the grass and flowers,
And fondly toying ebon locks that wreathed
An infant sleeper's face, aglow with smiles ;
And thus I came upon the sleeping child
Who woke and grew puissant with the years.
