

**ECHOES FROM
HOREB, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Echoes from Horeb, and Other Poems by Edmund Peel

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EDMUND PEEL

**ECHOES FROM
HOREB, AND
OTHER POEMS**

ECHOES FROM HOREB

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

EDMUND PEEL,

AUTHOR OF

"JUDAS MACCABEUS," "JUDGE NOT," "AN ANCIENT CITY," ETC. ETC.



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1877.

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TO THE
RIGHT HON. SIR LAWRENCE PEEL, D.C.L.

My dear Lawrence;

Take the gleanings of an open field—ground
of hope, home of joy; freehold of reaper and gleaner, who
leave to the covering wings, and to the providing beak, the
brood of the lowly; who follow the rapture on high, pure
rapture to gladden the pure!

Hope will build, as builds a bird
Moved divinely, known or not:
Joy will warble word for word,
Note for note, in grove or grot
Or meadow, each to Nature true,
Welcome; yet, on holy ground
Falls, amid the falling dew,
Silence sweeter than a sound.

EDMUND PEEL.

IN THE BEGINNING.

WHATEVER stirs or stills the breast,
Action, passion, rapture, rest—
Hope looking forward evermore
To joy, while Memory ponders o'er
Time, change, bereavement—beauty and grace
Departed—earth an empty space—
Whatever round you or above,
An eye of light, a look of love,
A wandering air, a murmuring stream
Round the pillow of a dream,
Moves joy to babble, grief to sigh—
Belongs to musing Poesy,
Whether above the stars she soar,
Or ponder on the pebbled shore.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Light and order found a tongue
In *him* who sang, till then unsung,
The dark beginning, deep and void,
Quicken'd! lighted! fill'd! enjoy'd!
How a breath, a word of might,
Roll'd the water, waved the light,
Overflow'd the wide profound,
And the *then* unbounded bound!

Up from the deep, twin gulpha between,
Shoots a peak of icy sheen!
Earth as a billow heaves and swells:
Light overtops the shadowy dells:
Sun moon and stars in order shine,
Making day and night divine.

Vales put on verdure; plains appear
Colour'd by the vernal year,
While seeds of health and beauty yield
Fruit, or with favour clothe the field.

Moved are the waters: heaven and earth
And water mingle, giving birth

To power prolific, life, design'd
Each to yield her proper kind,
Whether through an age or hour
Nurtured by providing power.
What eye can follow finny brood,
Wing'd swarm, or feather'd multitude?
Detect in water or in air
Death; or in bud the canker there?
Can one embower'd in Eden know
Of danger near? of coming woe?
Doth Adam, noting joy at play,
Imagine bird or beast of prey,
Talon or fang or beak unclean
Purpling with blood the pastoral green,
Silencing song mid nestling boughs,
Or haunting where shy creatures browse?
Behold a serpent coil'd hard by!—
Air trembles, conscious of a sigh!
Avaunt beguiler!—Unbeguiled
Hail love! fruition undefiled!

Hail married eyes and lips unblamed!

Hail naked honour not ashamed!

If aught we know, we know not all:

Man fell from good—we daily fall:

There came, there cometh, alienation

From faith and love and adoration.

Naked of honour, put off pride!

Better from light in terror hide

Than boldly flaunt in open air!

Better tremble, breathing prayer,

Than chaunt, *unmoved*, a choral hymn

With nightly-banded Cherubim!

Than greet in unalarm'd accord

The coming angel of the Lord!

Till Eden bloom again, be found

Room to pitch on open ground!

To lodge in cavern overgrown

With brier, or under jutting stone!

To gather berries, delve for roots,

Or timely pluck spontaneous fruits!