

**A VISION OF SOULS:  
WITH OTHER BALLADS  
AND POEMS**

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A vision of souls: with other ballads and poems by W. J. Dawson

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**W. J. DAWSON**

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# A VISION OF SOULS,

*WITH OTHER BALLADS AND POEMS.*

BY

W. J. DAWSON.

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## *A VISION OF SOULS.*



### I.

#### THE COMING OF THE SOUL.

IN God's hands lie the souls of men,  
At God's feet spreads the infinite,  
Filled with its wheeling worlds, as when  
He made the earth and made the light.  
And like a dove of white each soul  
Flies forth across the abysmal sea,  
Where golden suns and systems roll,  
To find the life that is to be.

The myriad millions of the just,  
The seraphim, in fiery rings  
Bow down, and every world of dust  
Is brightened with the flash of wings.



And when each soul flies forth from them,  
Through deeps of gloom, and seas of light,  
A music, as of Bethlehem,  
Floats forth, and floods the hollow night.

Thy crystal gates of light unbar,  
A holy silence fills the sky :  
New waves of splendour from each star  
Break at the feet of God, and die.  
And far in some dark world of His,  
Half-circled in its light and gloom,  
A mother shares God's awful bliss :  
Her child has quickened in the womb.

And evermore before God's face,  
Like snow within a driving wind,  
There move the souls white-clothed in grace,  
Whose earthly pain is left behind.  
And evermore from God's right-hand  
New souls fly forth, like sparks of light  
From clear white fires by whirlwinds fanned,  
And fall into the outer night.

And through the roar of winds and earths  
Forever circling round His throne,  
And through ten thousand splendid births  
Of day and night, zone after zone ;

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Through wastes of light and dread abyss,  
There floats the newborn infant's cry,  
And thus the furthest world of His  
Makes gladder yet the inmost sky.

And angels bearing frankincense  
Of holy thoughts, and myrrh of pain,  
And kingly gifts, prefiguring whence  
The soul arose, fly forth; and twain  
Stand at the lowly mother's head,  
And twain about her feet, that they  
From silent censers twain may shed  
A sunlight gathered from God's day.

In God's hands lie the souls of men,  
Like doves that crowd within a nest;  
At God's knees throng in order then  
The myriad millions of the blest;  
And all the worlds in rings of light  
Burn on their way about His feet;  
And He creates as seems Him right,  
And calls to death, when death is meet.

## II.

## THE SOUL'S GROWTH.

THE holy soul hath found its place,  
The little heart of life begins ;  
A silent bud-like human face  
Sleeps stainless in a world of sins.  
The little hands are claspt together,  
The lips are shut, the child sleeps well,  
Like fairy found in azure weather  
Asleep within a lily's bell.

And in the child's eyes lingers yet  
A gentle light fallen from God's throne,  
Like sunlight when the sun has set,  
Like twilight when the day is gone.  
And in the child's heart there is heard  
Heaven's music, but no breath of wrong ;  
The chords of sense are faintly stirred  
By gently dying winds of song.

And on the child-soul there is felt  
The warm touch of God's shaping hand ;  
The yesterday, where myriads knelt  
And waited for the Lord's command ;