

THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

Where the Greyhound River windeth through a loneliness so
deep,
Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the purple boglands
keep,
Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap.

While the silver wave with sweetness fed the tiny lives of grass
I was bent above, my image mirrored in the fleeting glass,
And a voice from out the water through my being seemed to
pass.

"Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in thy timeless quest!
Was the glory of thine image trembling over east and west
Not divine enough when mirrored in the morning water's
breast?"

With the sighing voice that murmured I was borne to ages
Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed upon by seraphim,
We were cradled there together folded in the peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the slave awoke,
One to shape itself obedient to the fiery word we spoke,
Flame and flood and stars and mountains from the primal waters
broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision failed its light,
Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft the solemn
height,
Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on the mountain slope
of night.

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DUBLIN.