

PROFUNDIS:

TWO GREETINGS.

I.

ep, my child, out of the  
was to be, in all that was,  
million æons thro' the vast  
of multitudinous-eddy

ep, my child, out of the

changing world of change-

e of ever-heightening life,  
months of antenatal gloom,  
moon, this crescent—her

earth's light—thou comest,  
boy;

be in lineament and limb  
phet of the perfect man;  
form are hers and mine

ried like our love;  
ppy in thyself, and serve  
thy kin so well, that men  
s we bless thee, O young

laughter from the dark;

el where thy motion lives  
y shaped, and sway thy

s of haste and random

en full-current thro' full

ly curves, with gentlest

s slowly-dying power,  
o where we and thou are

II.

I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,

From that great deep, before our world  
begins,

Whereon the Spirit of God moves as he  
will—

Out of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,

From that true world within the world  
we see,

Whereof our world is but the bounding  
shore—

Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,  
With this ninth moon, that sends the  
hidden sun

Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling  
boy.

II.

For in the world, which is not ours, They  
said

'Let us make man' and that which  
should be man,

From that one light no man can look upon,  
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and  
moons

And all the shadows. O dear Spirit  
half-lost

In thine own shadow and this fleshly sign  
That thou art thou—who wailest being  
born

And banish'd into mystery, and the pain  
Of this divisible-indivisible world

Among the numerable-innumerable  
Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite  
space

In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil  
And shatter'd phantom of that infinite  
One,

Who made thee unconceivably Thyself

Out of His whole World-self and all in  
all—

Live thou! and of the grain and husk,  
the grape

And ivyberry, choose; and still depart  
From death to death thro' life and life,  
and find

Nearer and ever nearer Him, who  
wrought

Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,  
But this main-miracle, that thou art thou,  
With power on thine own act and on the  
world.

THE HUMAN CRY.

I.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halleluia!—  
Infinite Ideality!

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluia!

II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou  
and in Thee;

We feel we are something—that also has  
come from Thee;

We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt  
help us to be.

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluia!

PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fled far and fast  
To touch all shores, now leaving to the  
skill

Of others their old craft seaworthy still,  
Have charter'd this; where, mindful of  
the past,

Our true co-mates regather round the  
mast;