

PROFUNDIS:

TWO GREETINGS.

I.

ep, my child, out of the

was to be, in all that was,
million æons thro' the vast
of multitudinous-eddying

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
phphet 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

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—Halleluiah!—
Infinite Ideality !

Immeasurable Reality !

Infinite Personality !

Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

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—Halleluiah !

PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fled to 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 ;