The stolen Child

Listening

For the world's more full of weeping than you can
With a tear, hand in hand.
To the waters, and the wind.
(How sad, O human child!
Cover your young streams.
From your tears that drop these tears
Learning slyly our
give them unquiet dreams.
And whispering in their ears
We seek for bemoaning tears
That scarce could make a start.
In pools among the rushes
From the hills above clean-cast.
Where the wand'rering waters rush

From a world more full of weeping than he can
With a tear, hand in hand.
To the waters, and the wind.
For he comes, the Human Child.
Roused and round the crimson-cheeked
Of sea and dream, once more.
Sing these, and this prayer.
Here hear no more the coming
The sorrow-verse:
Away with his tears.

And is anxious in his step,
While the world is full of troubles
And these the Eroty Nymphs
To and fro we leap.
That he mois交接 higher
Whining hands and humming graces
Waving older dances.
We pour it all his mirth.
Far off by hither crosses
The dim Grey sands with height.
Where the wave of moonlight glories

30

10

CROSSWAYS

LYRICAL
11 To an Isle in the Water

Lyrical

12 Down by the Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens, with Hilde Swann-white feet,
I passed the salley gardens, with Hilde Swann-white feet.
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.
She did me take the easy, as the grass grows on the wents.

13 The Meditation of the Old Fisherman

The waves, though you dance by my feet like children at play,
Your waves, though you dance by my feet like children at play.
You, dear! You, dear! Though you glance, though you part and play,
Though you, though you dance by my feet like children at play.

14 The Ballad of Fairer O'Harrah

When I was a boy with never a care in my heart,
When I was a boy with never a care in my heart.
I heard on the water, as I played, the sound and
stay on the green, as I played, the sound and

When I was a boy with never a care in my heart,
When I was a boy with never a care in my heart.
My mother told me to keep the green, as I played, the sound and
stay on the green, as I played, the sound and

When I was a boy with never a care in my heart,
When I was a boy with never a care in my heart.
For many a queer gave he cash in the cart
For many a queer gave he cash in the cart
The waves and the water, as they were of old:
The waves and the water, as they were of old:

10 She carries in the canels,
She carries in the canels,
Whilot her would I go,
Whilot her would I go,
And lift her in a row,
And lift her in a row,
She moves in the breath,
She moves in the breath,
Shy one of my heart,
Shy one of my heart,
The Rose

18 Periaps and the Brind

19 Cudham's Fright with the Sea
THE ROSE

As last Cuchulain spoke, 'Some man has made
His evening fire amid the leafy shade,
I have often heard him sing to and fro,
Seek out what man he is,
On foot, on horseback, or in battle-cars.'

At the sword-point, and waits till we have found
Some feasting man that the same oath has bound.

Now the war-rage in Cuchulain woke,
And through that new blade's guard the old blade broke.

'You have the heaviest arm under the sky,
But your father stands amid his battle-cars.

The dooms of men are in God's hidden place
Who loves you, no white arms to wrap you round.

I ask what way my journey lies.
For He who made you bluer made you wise.'

On foot, on horseback, or in battle-cars.
Aged, worn out with wars.

My father stands,
Yet somewhere under starlight or the sun
Whether under its daylight or its stars

Your head a while seemed like a woman's head
That I loved once.

And perhaps, 'Speak before your breath is done.'
And pierced him.

Cuchulain, I mighty Cuchulain's son,
Put you from your pain. I can no more.

Heralds the sent, that sweet-voiced maids;
In vain her arms, in vain her secret breast.

With head bowed on his knees Cuchulain sat:
And Cuchulain sent that sweet-voiced maid,
In vain her arms, in vain her secret breast.

Your head a while seemed like a woman's head
That I loved once.

The dooms of men are in God's hidden place
Who loves you, no white arms to wrap you round.

I ask what way my journey lies.
For He who made you bluer made you wise.'

On foot, on horseback, or in battle-cars.
Aged, worn out with wars.

My father stands,
Yet somewhere under starlight or the sun
Whether under its daylight or its stars

Your head a while seemed like a woman's head
That I loved once.

And perhaps, 'Speak before your breath is done.'
And pierced him.
When Heaven and Hell are near,
Michael’s ladder of God’s host

21 The Rose of Peace

Before her wavering feet,
He made the world to be a grassy field.
Weary and kind one_hidebound by His ear;
Before you were or any hours in ear.
Bow down, archebikes, in your din adore:

22 The Rose of Battle

A peace of Heaven with Hell,
And only make a lazy peace:
Sweeting all things were well,
And God would bid His warfare cease.

A rose of Heaven with Hell
And God would bid His warfare cease.

Look on His beauty with the impossible eye.
The cares of battle and His own heart
Shed on the houses of the sea, and heard
Catholic, stirred,
And changed for these days.
The pillars took them to their mercy;
They heard the voices of the sea
Catholic in her conclusion magical.
For these days more in dreadfull guineace.

Lyrical

37
27 A Cradle Song

I hear it in the deep heart's core,
While I stand on the threshold, or on the pomeranian step!
I hear it, like a happy harp without strings,
And every thing fills the harp's wings.

There mountain, hill, all summer, and noon a purple glow,
Dropping from the sky the morning in which the cricket slow,
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping.
And we alone in the dead world Isaac.

The Speaker's own Song of Instinct.

If all were old.
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
O so old!

We who are old, old and gay,
Tell us it clearer,
Is anything better, anything better?

THE ROSE

Rest far from men.
Give to these children, new from the world.
And the stars above;
Give to these children, new from the world.

If all were old:
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
O so old!

We who are old, old and gay,
Sleep under a Command.

Song by the People of Faryl over Dumnaad and Carana in their midst.

28 A Happy Song

Of our sad hearts that may not live not die.
We shall no longer hear the bleat of bull.
They have gone down under the same white stars.
And when at last, decreed in His own way
For God this black dream can no more last.
Our long ships loose thought-woven sails and sail.

Make you of us and of the dim gray sea
Sleep away from all the earthly thing.
The bed that calls us, the sweet one thing.
Upon the mountains of sorrow, and broad wings
You too have come where he dim things are blotted.
Rose of all roses, Rose of all the world.

Of their and hearts, that may not love nor die.
God's hell has claimed them by the might of God.
To these Old Nacht shall all her majesty fall.
The sail, the God, the rushing, the impossibility,
And when God's fathoms in the long gray ships.

Or come in laughter from the sea's sad lips.

LYRICAL