

1: The Poetical Works Of George MacDonald Volume Ii Part 62 Online

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The poetical works of George MacDonald - novelonlinefull. Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit NovelOnlineFull. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. And whan the wreaths war halflins gane, And the sun was blinkin bonnie, Oot ower the hill she wud gang her lane To speir about her Johnnie. The Lord hae mercy! It was Johnnie at her feet. Sweep up the flure, Janet; Put on anither peat. They comena ilka ook. Syne set open the outer dure-- Wide open for wha kens wha? The nicht was low; the stars sae still War glintin doon the sky; The souls c. They war shuneless feet gaed in and oot, Nor clampit as they gaed. The mither she keekit but the hoose, Saw what she ill could say; Quakin she slidit doon by Janet, And gaspin a whilie she lay. Ye wudna hearken to me! Janet, ye left a cheir by the fire, Whaur I tauld ye nae cheir suld be! She had brunt the roden reid, But she left aneth the birken cheir The spale frae a coffin-lid! Saft she rase and gaed but the hoose, And ilka dure did steik. Whan the gray c. Whan the goud c. And never again did they hear her lauch, Nor ever a tear down ran; But a smile aye flitt. And at midnight she gaed but the hoose Aye steekin dure and dure. Mair wan grew her face, and her smile mair sweet Quhill the seventh Halloweve: Eh, sic a soun!

2: Poetical Works of George MacDonald, Vol. 2 by George MacDonald - Full Text Free Book (Part 8/9)

*The Poetical Works of George Macdonald, Vol. 2 of 2 (Classic Reprint) [George MacDonald] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Excerpt from The Poetical Works of George Macdonald, Vol. 2 of 2 And longings for the high unknown Their ancient channels fill. For I am always climbing hills.*

When or how Is the bewildering change begun? Hid in far deeps the awful now
When turns his being to the sun! A light goes up behind his eyes, A still small voice behind his ears;
A listing wind about him sighs, And lo the inner landscape clears! Hid by that screen, a wondrous s.
For when the garment sinks again, Outbeams a brow of heavenly wile,
Clear as a morning after rain, And sunny with a perfect smile. Oh, would that I the
secret knew Of hiding from my evil part, And turning to the lovely true
The open windows of my heart! A pool of broken sunbeams lay Upon the pa.
Small, flitting hands a handkerchief Spread like a cunning trap:
Deftly she folded up the prize, With lovely avarice; Like one whom having had made wise,
She bore it off in bliss. But ah, when for her prisoned gems She peeped, to prove them there,
No glories broken from their stems Lay in the kerchief bare! For still, outside the nursery door,
The bright persistency, A molten diadem on the floor, Lay burning wondrously.
How oft have I laid fold from fold And peered into my mind-- To see of all
the purple and gold Not one gleam left behind! The best of gifts will not be stored:
The manna of yesterday Has filled no sacred miser-h. Thy grace, O Lord, it is thyself;
Thy presence is thy light; I cannot lay it on my shelf, Or take it from thy sight.
For daily bread we daily pray-- The want still breeds the cry; And so we meet,
day after day, Thou, Father in heaven, and I. Is my house dreary, wall and floor,
Will not the darkness flit, I go outside my shadowy door And in thy rainbow sit.
To-night the planets and the stars Will glimmer through my window-bars
But will not s. For I shall lie as dead Though yet I am above the ground; All pa.
Or if my life should break The idle night with doubtful gleams, Through mossy arches will I go,
Through arches ruinous and low, And chase the true and false in dreams. Why should I fall asleep?
When I am still upon my bed The moon will s. O busy, busy things, Ye mock me with your ceaseless life!
For all the hidden springs will flow And all the blades of gra. And all the long night through
The restless streams will hurry by; And round the lands, with endless roar,
The white waves fall upon the sh. Even thus, but silently, Eternity, thy tide shall flow,
And side by side with every star Thy long-drawn swell shall bear me far, An idle boat with none to row.
My senses fail with sleep; My heart beats thick; the night is noon; And faintly through its misty folds
I hear a drowsy clock that holds Its converse with the waning moon. Oh, solemn mystery
That I should be so closely bound With neither terror nor constraint, Without a murmur of complaint,
And lose myself upon such ground! On the far horizon there Heaps of cloudy darkness rest;
Though the wind is in the air There is stupor east and west. For the sky no change is making,
Scarce we know it from the plain; Droop its eyelids never waking, Blinded by the misty rain;
Save on high one little spot, Round the baffled moon a s. Wildly goes the midnight
race! And a joy doth rise in me Upward gazing on the sight, When I think that others see
In yon clouds a like delight; How perchance an aged man Struggling with the wind and rain,
In the moonlight cold and wan Feels his heart grow young again; As the cloudy rack goes by,
How the life-blood mantles up Till the fountain deep and dry Yields once more a sparkling cup.
Or upon the gazing child Cometh down a thought of glory Which will keep him undefiled
Till his head is old and h. For it may be he hath woke And hath raised his fair young
form; Strangely on his eyes have broke All the splendours of the storm; And his young soul forth doth leap
With the storm-clouds in the moon; And his heart the light will keep Though the vision pa.
Thus a joy hath often laughed On my soul from other skies, Bearing on its wings a draught
From the wells of Paradise, For that not to me alone Comes a splendour out of fear;
Where the light of heaven hath shone There is glory far and near. Of the poor bird that cannot fly
Kindly you think and mournfully; For prisoners and for exiles all You let the tears of pity fall;
And very true the grief should be That mourns the bondage of the free.

3: The Poetical Works of George MacDonald in Two Volumes Volume 2 by George MacDonald

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O Lizzie, Lizzie, bonny lassie! What richt had ye to luik at me And drive me daft and dizzy? Whan Andrew to Strathbogie cam The sun was shinin rarely; He rade a horse that pranced and sprang-- I vow he sat him fairly! O Lizzie, Lizzie, bonny hizzy! Aih, the sunlicht weary! Aye whan ane sets doon the cup Ane ahint maun tak it up: Golden-heidit, ripe, and strang, Shorn will be the hairst or lang: Syne begins a better sang! As I was walkin on the strand, I spied ane auld man sit On ane auld black rock; and aye the waves Cam washin up its fit. I luikit, and saw His lips they couldna gang: Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns, And souft them awa throu a mirksome door! We snichert hint oor loof, my man, But never said him nay; As gien he had been a prophet, man, We loot him say his say: Heard ye ever sic a claik? For, losh, or it was denner-time The toon was in a low! The reek rase up as it had been Frae Sodom-flames, I vow. But quhan at the gloamin a sea-breeze keen Blew intil the glimsome room, Like twa settin stars she opened her een, And the sea-floer began to bloom. And she saw the prince kneelin at her bed, And afore the mune was new, Careless and cauld she was wooed and wed-- But a winsome wife she grew. The prince he startit whaur he lay, He waukit, and was himlane! He soucht far intil the mornin gray, But his bonny sea-wife was gane! The wind it blew, and the ship it flew, And it was "Hey for hame! Here lies some ill-set plan! He turnt her heid intil the north: Haud up her heid! I snowk leise-majesty, my man! Quhat the Sathan wad ye be at? Quhat ill hae I dune to thee? But the cross it brunt him like the fire. I miss my mark gien he liesna stark Quhaur the daylight comesna to see! Deil Archie, come awa! At the fair Ye lichtlied me! The truth is this: Gang back to Katie at the mill-- She loos sic like as you! She crap for days aboot the hoose, Dull-futtit and hert-sair, Aye keekin oot like a hungert moose-- But Johnnie was na there! And whan the wreaths war halflins gane, And the sun was blinkin bonnie, Oot ower the hill she wud gang her lane To speir aboot her Johnnie. The Lord hae mercy! It was Johnnie at her feet. Sweep up the flure, Janet; Put on anither peat. They comena ilka ook. Syne set open the outer dure-- Wide open for wha kens wha? They war shuneless feet gaed in and oot, Nor clampit as they gaed. The mither she keekit but the hoose, Saw what she ill could say; Quakin she slidit doon by Janet, And gaspin a whilie she lay. Ye wudna hearken to me! Janet, ye left a cheir by the fire, Whaur I tauld ye nae cheir suld be! She had brunt the roden reid, But she left aneth the birken cheir The spale frae a coffin-lid! Saft she rase and gaed but the hoose, And ilka dure did steik. And never again did they hear her lauch, Nor ever a tear doun ran; But a smile aye flittit aboot her face Like the mune on a water wan. And at midnicht she gaed but the hoose Aye steekin dure and dure. Whan the goud cock crew, quaiet as a moose She cam creepin ower the flure. Mair wan grew her face, and her smile mair sweet Quhill the seventh Halloweve:

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His eyes he lifted tremblingly Until a hand they spied: A chisel-scar on it he saw, And a deep, torn scar beside. His eyes they leaped up to the face, His heart gave one wild bound, Then stood as if its work were done—
The Master he had found! With sudden clang the convent bell Told him the poor did wait His hand to give the daily bread Doled at the convent-gate. Then Love rose in him passionate, And with Duty wrestled strong; And the bell kept calling all the time With merciless iron tongue. The Master stood and looked at him He rose up with a sigh: His heart bereaved by duty done, He had sore need of prayer! Oh, sad he lifted the latch! He said, "My poor had not to stand Wearily at thy gate: Thy voice in far-off time I hear, With sweet defending, say: His cloak upon the ground he laid And in it gathered up the pool; [Proverbs xxx. I thought to bear the pitcher high; Upon the shining stones of guilt I slipped, and there the potsherds lie! They looked to me to bring thy law! The well is deep, and, sin-bereft, I nothing have wherewith to draw! A little bird sat on the edge of her nest; Her yellow-beaks slept as sound as tops; Day-long she had worked almost without rest, And had filled every one of their gibbous crops; Her own she had filled just over-full, And she felt like a dead bird stuffed with wool. I cannot tell where there is one more worm! I set an example to all providers! We want a storm: I have always to say, the night before, Where shall I find one red worm more! A barn of crumbs, if she knew but of any! Could she but get of the great worm-store sight! The eastern sky was growing red Ere she laid her wise beak in its feather-bed. Just then, the fellow who knew of five, Nor troubled his sleep with anxious tricks, Woke, and stirred, and felt alive: But my mother feels in her lot the crook—
"What if I tried my own little hook! Could she believe them? And here is a fable to catch the bird! I only am come, Of all your servants, to welcome you home! I have shot straight up, a whole hour, I swear, To catch the first gleam of your golden hair. You ask a full cup for half a thirst: Half was love of me, half love to be first. Some of my subjects serve better my taste: Their watching and waiting means more than your haste. Outwearied at length, and throbbing sore, The strong sun-seeker could do no more; He faltered and sank, then dropped like a stone Beside his nest, where, patient, alone, Sat his little wife on her little eggs, Keeping them warm with wings and legs. Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing! There was the cloudless, the ray-crowned king! While you have been racing my turban gray, I have been shining where you would not stay! Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome! Singing bass to himself in his house at home. Said the Owl, on a shadowy ledge below, Like a glimmering ball of forgotten snow, "Pest on that fellow sitting up there, Always calling the people to prayer! He shatters my nerves with his Bing, Bang, Bome! For the Owl was born so poor and genteel What could he do but pick and steal? He scorned to work for honest bread—
"Better have never been hatched! So his day was the night, for he dared not roam Till sleep had silenced the Bing, Bang, Bome! When five greedy Owlets chipped the egg He wanted two beaks and another leg, And they ate the more that they did not sleep well: But the Bell began to throb with the fear Of bringing his house about his one ear; And his people came round it, quite a throng, To buttress the walls and make them strong: A full month he sat, and felt like a mome Not daring to shout his Bing, Bang, Bome! Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said, "I trust in my heart the old fool is dead! His swollen tongue lolls out of his head! There let him hang, the shapeless gnome, Choked with a throatful of Bing, Bang, Bome! He flapped the poor Bell, and said, "Is that you? You that never would matters mince, Banging poor owls and making them wince? A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome! Too-whit is better than Bing, Bang, Bome! An echo awoke Like a far-off ghostly Bing-Bang stroke: I will take his place with my Bing, Bang, Bome! He sat where he fell, as if he had meant it, Ready for any remark anent it. I brought him to life by perching inside. Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil! The croak of a raven hoar! Loud shuts the carriage-door: Where are the love and the grace? The bridegroom is thirsty and cold! Long since, they ran no more; Heavily pulling they died On the sand of the hopeless shore Where never swelled or sank a tide, And the salt burns sore. Side by side, jarring no more, Day and night side by side, Each by a doorless door, Motionless sit the bridegroom and bride On the Dead-Sea-shore. A brown bird sang on a blossomy tree, Sang in the moonshine, merrily, Three

little songs, one, two, and three, A song for his wife, for himself, and me. He sang for his wife, sang low, sang high, Filling the moonlight that filled the sky; "Thee, thee, I love thee, heart alive! Thee, thee, thee, and thy round eggs five! Glad is so glad that it turns to ache! Out with it, song, or my heart will break! Love, the baby, Crept abroad to pluck a flower: One said, Yes, sir; one said, Maybe; One said, Wait the hour. Love, the boy, Joined the youngsters at their play: But they gave him little joy, And he went away. Love, the youth, Roamed the country, quiver-laden; From him fled away in sooth Many a man and maiden! Love, the man, Sought a service all about; But they called him feeble, one They could do without. Love, the aged, Walking, bowed, the shadeless miles, Read a volume many-paged, Full of tears and smiles. Love, the weary, Tottered down the shelving road: At its foot, lo, Night, the starry, Meeting him from God! In the air why such a ringing? On the earth why such a droning? In the air the lark is singing; On the earth the wind is moaning. When the clock hath ceased to tick Soul-like in the gloomy hall; When the latch no more doth click Tongue-like in the red peach-wall; When no more come sounds of play, Mice nor children romping roam, Then looks down the eye of day On a dead house, not a home! And with lightning on the stair To that silent upper room, With the thunder-shaken air Sudden gleaming into gloom, With a frost-wind whistling round, From the raging northern coasts, Then, mid sieging light and sound, All the house is live with ghosts! Brother, is thy soul a cell Empty save of glittering motes, Where no live loves live and dwell, Only notions, things, and thoughts? Then thou wilt, when comes a Breath Tempest-shaking ridge and post, Find thyself alone with Death In a house where walks no ghost. But the folk come and go, Said the Bell, And you never can tell What sort of person the Organ will blow! Not the tallest of men Can reach up to touch me, To smirch me or smutch me, Or make me do what I would not be at! I chose to be made in one perfect piece! Father Time, make me run faster! Only look well to his track; Little Shadow, run like the light, He misses you at his back! Swing, swang, its pendulum goes, Swingâ€™swangâ€™hereâ€™there! Its tick and its tack like the sledge-hammer blows Of Tubal Cain, the mighty man! Swing, swang, the pendulum! Tick and tack, and go and come, With a haunting, far-off, dreamy hum, With a tick, tack, loud and dumb, Swings the pendulum. Two hands, together joined in prayer, With a roll and a volley of spheric thunder; Two hands, in hope spread half asunder, An empty gulf of longing embrace; Two hands, wide apart as they can fare In a fear still coasting not touching Despair, But turning again, ever round to prayer: Two hands, human hands, pass with awful motion From isle to isle of the sapphire ocean. The silent, surfaceless ocean-face Is filled with a brooding, hearkening grace; The stars dream in, and sink fainting out, And the sun and the moon go walking about, Walking about in it, solemn and slow, Solemn and slow, at a thinking pace, Walking about in it to and fro, Walking, walking about. With open beak and half-open wing Ever with eagerness quivering, On the peak of the clock Stands a cock:

5: Full text of "The poetical works of George MacDonald in two volumes - Volume 2"

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Why do you fix them on me, you crab? Bring the light there, will you? After him, after him, noodles! One at a time! Gold makes good ballast. Thank God, we have escaped! I fear The damp night-air will hurt you, dressed like this. The water mutters Spanish in its sleep. My heart exults, Hovering about thee, beautiful! Dear wind, dear stream, dear stars, dear heart of all, White angel lying in my little boat! Thou hast been blowing leaves, O wind of strife, Wan, curled, boat-like leaves, that ran and fled; Unresting yet, though folded up from life; Sleepless, though cast among the unwaking dead! Out to the ocean fleet and float; Blow, blow my little leaf-like boat. O wind of strife, to us a wedding wind, O cover me with kisses of her mouth; Blow thou our souls together, heart and mind; To narrowing northern lines, blow from the south! Beauty doth not pass away; Her form departs not, though her body dies. Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive The summer-time, when roses were alive; Do thou thy work--be willing to be old: At length he broke the silence and said: The old man, still regarding the dead body, spake as follows: I thought I lay at the foot of a cliff, near the top of a great mountain; for beneath me were the clouds, and above me, the heavens deep and dark. And I heard voices sweet and strong; and I lifted up my eyes, and, Lo! Then I heard one say: The features of the youth I could not discern: The youth entered and vanished. His guide strode back to his seat; and I lay in terror near the mouth of the vast cavern. When I looked up once more, I saw all the men leaning forward, with head aside, as if listening intently to a far-off sound. I likewise listened; but, though much nearer than they, I heard nothing. But I could see their faces change like waters in a windy and half-cloudy day. Sometimes, though I heard nought, it seemed to me as if one sighed and prayed beside me; and once I heard a clang of music triumphant in hope; but I looked up, and, Lo! They ceased, sat down, and listened as before. At last one approached me, and I ventured to question him. It is a law with us that no one shall sing a song who cannot be the hero of his tale--who cannot live the song that he sings; for what right hath he else to devise great things, and to take holy deeds in his mouth? Therefore he enters the cavern where God weaves the garments of souls; and there he lives in the forms of his own tale; for God gives them being that he may be tried. The sighs which thou didst hear were his longings after his own Ideal; and thou didst hear him praying for the Truth he beheld, but could not reach. We sang, because, in his first great battle, he strove well and overcame. We await the next. I arose and turned toward it likewise. The youth came forth. His face was worn and pale, as that of the dead man before me; but his eyes were open, and tears trembled within them. Yet not the less was it the same face, the face of my son, I tell thee; and in joy and fear I gazed upon him. With a weary step he approached the Immortals. But he who had led him to the cave hastened to meet him, spread forth his arms, and embraced him, and said unto him: And now the day draws nigh when Christ was born; The day that showed how like to God himself Man had been made, since God could be revealed By one that was a man with men, and still Was one with God the Father; that men might By drawing nigh to him draw nigh to God, Who had come near to them in tenderness. I thank thee for the friendly eye That oft hath opened on me these five years; Thank thee for those enlightenings of my spirit That let me know thy thought was toward me; Those moments fore-enjoyed from future years, Telling what converse I should hold with God. I thank thee for the sorrow and the care, Through which they gleamed, bright phosphorescent sparks Crushed from the troubled waters, borne on which Through mist and dark my soul draws nigh to thee. Five years ago, I prayed in agony That thou wouldst speak to me. Thou wouldst not then, With that close speech I craved so hungrily. Thy inmost speech is heart embracing heart; And thou wast all the time instructing me To know the language of thy inmost speech. I thought thou didst refuse, when every hour Thou spakest every word my heart could hear, Though oft I did not know it was thy voice. My prayer arose from lonely wastes of soul; As if a world far-off in depths of space, Chaotic, had implored that it might shine Straightway in sunlight as the morning star. My soul must be more pure ere it could hold With thee communion. As if a well that lay Unvisited, till water-weeds had grown Up from its depths, and woven a thick mass Over its surface, could give back the sun! Or, dug from

ancient battle-plain, a shield Could be a mirror to the stars of heaven! Well may it be A long and weary--I had wandered far. My God, I thank thee, thou dost care for me. I am content, rejoicing to go on, Even when my home seems very far away; For over grief, and aching emptiness, And fading hopes, a higher joy arises. In cloudiest nights, one lonely spot is bright, High overhead, through folds and folds of space; It is the earnest-star of all my heavens; And tremulous in the deep well of my being Its image answers, gazing eagerly. By poor attempts to do the things he said, Faith has been born; free will become a fact; And love grown strong to enter into his, And know the spirit that inhabits there. One day his truth will spring to life in me, And make me free, as God says "I am free. In his light I shall see light. Not yet like him, how can I hear his words? Sometimes I feel, when thou art clinging to me, How all unfit this heart of mine to have The guardianship of a bright thing like thee, Come to entice, allure me back to God By flitting round me, gleaming of thy home, And radiating of thy purity Into my stained heart; which unto thee Shall ever show the father, answering The divine childhood dwelling in thine eyes. God bless his own! And as beside my child I stood, A still voice said in me-- "Even thus thy Father, strong and good, Is bending over thee. Henry, what dark-haired queen is that? You seem inspired; nor can I wonder at it; She is a glorious woman; and such eyes! Think--to be loved by such a woman now! You have seen her, then, before: I saw her once; but could not learn her name. She is the wife of an Italian count, Who for some cause, political I think, Took refuge in this country. His estates The Church has eaten up, as I have heard: Mephisto says the Church has a good stomach.

6: HOT FREE BOOKS – Poetical Works of George MacDonald, Vol. 2 – George MacDonald – 2

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My fancied ways why shouldst thou heed? Uplifted is the stone
And all mankind arisen! We are thy very own,
We are no more in prison! What bitterest grief can stay
Beside thy golden cup, When earth and life give way
And with our Lord we sup! To the marriage Death doth call,
The lamps are burning clear, The virgins, ready
all, Have for their oil no fear. Would that even now were ringing
The distance with thy throng! And that the stars were singing
To us a human song! See the stars melting, sinking
In life-wine golden-bright! We, of the splendour drinking,
Shall grow to stars of light. Lost, lost are all our losses!
Love is for ever free! The full life heaves and tosses
Like an unbounded sea! One live, eternal story!
One poem high and broad! And sun of all our glory
The countenance of God! The homely words how often read!
How seldom fully known! How oft the child thou wouldst have fed,
Thy gift away has thrown! He cried, "It is a stone!
O wind of God, that blowest in the mind, Blow, blow
and wake the gentle spring in me; Blow, swifter blow,
a strong warm summer wind, Till all the flowers with eyes
come out to see; Blow till the fruit hangs red on every tree,
And our high-soaring song-larks meet thy dove"
High the imperfect soars, descends the perfect love!
Blow not the less though winter cometh then;
Blow, wind of God, blow hither changes keen;
Let the spring creep into the ground again,
The flowers close all their eyes and not be seen:
All lives in thee that ever once hath been!
Blow, fill my upper air with icy storms;
Breathe cold, O wind of God, and kill my cankerworms.
I cannot praise thee. I well could praise thee for a flower,
a dove, But not for life that is not life in me;
Not for a being that is less than love"
A barren shoal half lifted from a sea! Unto a land where
no wind bloweth ships Thy wind one day will blow me
to my own: I bless thee, Father, thou art what thou art,
That thou dost know thyself what thou dost know"
A perfect, simple, tender, rhythmic heart,
Beating its blood to all in bounteous flow. And I can
bless thee too for every smart, For every disappointment,
ache, and fear; For every hook thou fixest in my heart,
For every burning cord that draws me near. But prayer
these wake, not song. Come thou, or all thy gifts away
I fling. Thou silent, I am but an empty grave:
Think to me, Father, and I am a king! My organ-pipes
will then stand up awake, Their life soar, as from
smouldering wood the blaze; And swift contending
harmonies shall shake Thy windows with a storm of
jubilant praise. Sighing above, Rustling below,
Thorough the woods The winds go. Beneath, dead
crowds; Above, life bare; And the besom tempest
Sweeps the air: Heart, leave thy woe: Let the dead
things go. Through the brown Gold doth push;
Misty green Veils the bush. Here a twitter,
There a croak! They are coming"
The spring-folk! Heart, be not numb; Let the live
things come. Through the beech The winds go,
With gentle speech, Long and slow. The grass is
fine, And soft to lie in: The sun doth shine
The blue sky in: Heart, be alive; Let the new
things thrive. Here art thou, A rimy fruit
On a bare bough! Winter comes, Winter and snow;
And a weary sighing To fall and go! Heart,
thy hour shall be; Thy dead will comfort thee.
Why do the houses stand When they that built
them are gone; When remaineth even of one
That lived there and loved and planned
Not a face, not an eye, not a hand, Only here
and there a bone? Why do the houses stand
When they who built them are gone? Oft in the
moonlighted land When the day is overblown,
With happy memorial moan Sweet ghosts in a
loving band Roam through the houses that stand"
For the builders are not gone. His heart in an
iron chest was hid Under heaps of gold and an
iron lid; And whether it were alive or dead
It never troubled him. Slowly out of his body
he crept. He said, "I am just the same! Only
I want my heart in my breast; I will go and
fetch it out of my chest! His ghost-eyes saw
no gold! Not a gleam was there! In goes his
hand, but the chest is bare! But his heart he
saw, and he made a clutch At the fungous
puff-ball of sin: Eaten with moths, and
fretted with rust, He grasped a handful of
rotten dust, And shrieked, as ghosts may,
at the crumbling touch, But hid it his breast
within. And some there are who see him sit
Under the church, apart, Counting out coins
and coins of gold Heap by heap on the dank
death-mould: Alas poor ghost and his sore
lack of wit"
They breed in the dust of his heart! Now
wherein differ old ghosts that sit Counting
ghost-coins all day From the man who
clings with spirit prone To whatever can
never be his own? Who will leave the world
with not one whit But a heart all eaten
away? Nay, take thine hour, Thou canst
not daunt,

Thou hast no power; Be welcome to thy nest, Though it be in my breast. Burrow amain; Dig like a mole; Fill every vein With half-burnt coal; Puff the keen dust about, And all to choke me out. My slumber steep In dreams of haste, That only sleep, No rest, I tasteâ€” With stiflings, rimes of rote, And fingers on my throat. Satan, thy might I do defy; Live core of night I patient lie: A wind comes up the gray Will blow thee clean away. Lord, what is man That thou art mindful of him! He wills less than he can, Lets his ideal scoff him! All things are shadows of thee, Lord; The sun himself is but thy shade; My spirit is the shadow of thy word, A thing that thou hast said. Diamonds are shadows of the sun, They gleam as after him they hark: My soul some arrows of thy light hath won. And feebly fights the dark! All knowledges are broken shades, In gulfs of dark a scattered horde: Together rush the parted glory-gradesâ€” Then, lo, thy garment, Lord! My soul, the shadow, still is light Because the shadow falls from thee; I turn, dull candle, to the centre bright, And home flit shadowy. Shine, Lord; shine me thy shadow still; The brighter I, the more thy shade! My motion be thy lovely moveless will! My darkness, light delayed! Come through the gloom of clouded skies, The slow dim rain and fog athwart; Through east winds keen with wrong and lies Come and lift up my hopeless heart. Come through the sickness and the pain, The sore unrest that tosses still; Through aching dark that hides the gain Come and arouse my fainting will. Come through the prate of foolish words, The science with no God behind; Through all the pangs of untuned chords Speak wisdom to my shaken mind. Through all the fears that spirits bow Of what hath been, or may befall, Come down and talk with me, for thou Canst tell me all about them all. Hear, hear my sad lone heart entreat, Heart of all joy, below, above! Come near and let me kiss thy feet, And name the names of those I love! Roses all the rosy way! On thy rosy highway I Still am by thy roses torn! I will not mistake These good thorns that make me fret! Goads to urge me, stings to wake, For my freedom they are set. Yea, on one steep mountain-side, Climbing to a fancied fold, Roses grasped had let me slide But the thorns did keep their hold. Out of darkness light is born, Out of weakness make me strong: One glad day will every thorn Break into a rose of song. Though like sparrow sit thy bird Lonely on the house-top dark, By the rosy dawning stirred Up will soar thy praising lark; Roses, roses all his song! Roses in a gorgeous feast! Roses in a royal throng, Surging, rosing from the east! I am a bubble Upon thy ever-moving, resting sea: Oh, rest me now from tossing, trespass, trouble!

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The monks at table. Have faith for what? Why, plainly, that I shall Be saved from h. If I believe, Then he will save me! How can I trust In that which is not? Send the salad, Cosmo. And yet I fear some of us have been nibbling At this same heresy. Where did you find her? She was taken ill At the Star-in-the-East. I chanced to pa. I found her dying. I had not seen him. I saw the death-mist gathering in her eyes, And urged her to proceed; and she began; But went not far before delirium came, With endless repet. The past Was running riot in her conquered brain; And there, with doors thrown wide, a motley group Held carnival; went freely out and in, Meeting and jostling. But withal it seemed As some confused tragedy went on; Till suddenly the light sank, and the pageant Was lost in darkness; the chambers of her brain Lay desolate and silent. I can gather So much, and little more: He had a love-affair, In good-boy, layman fas. We must Keep this small matter secret. And so the world will have the benefit Of the said wealth of his, if such there be. I have told you, old G. Have you not marked that look, half scorn, half pity, Which pa. I know quite well. I stood beside him once, Some of the brethren near; Stephen was talking: I am sure He is an atheist at the least. And I Fear he is something worse. I had a trance In which the devil tempted me: I am sure of one thing--music tortures him: He does not know his rubric; stands when others Are kneeling round him. I have seen him twice With his missal upside down. And so all growth that is not toward G. All increase gained Is but an ugly, earthy, fungous growth. No toadstool life-in-death, no efflorescence! Wherefore wilt thou not hear me, Lord of me? Have I no claim on thee? True, I have none That springs from me, but much that springs from thee. Hast thou not made me? I have done naught for thee, am but a want; But thou who art rich in giving, canst give claims; And this same need of thee which thou hast given, Is a strong claim on thee to give thyself, And makes me bold to rise and come to thee. Through all my sinning thou hast not recalled This witness of thy fatherhood, to plead For thee with me, and for thy child with thee. Last night, as now, I seemed to speak with him; Or was it but my heart that spoke for him? If, having sinned, I thus have lost the claim, Why doth the longing yet remain with me, And make me bold thus to besiege thy doors? Hold fast thy need; it is the bond that holds Thy being yet to mine. I give it thee, A hungering and a fainting and a pain, Yet a G. Thou art not quite dead While this pain lives in thee. I bless thee with it. Better to live in pain than die that death. He knows it too. A still small voice I cannot but believe, Says on within: I must go from this place. It boots not staying. A desire like thirst Awakes within me, or a new child-heart, To be abroad on the mysterious earth, Out with the moon in all the blowing winds. For many months I had not seen her form, Save phantom-like on dim hills of the past, Until I laid me down an hour ago; When twice through the dark chamber full of eyes, The memory pa. Once more I now behold it; the inward blaze Of the glad windows half quenched in the moon; The trees that, drooping, murmured to the wind, "Ah! Sudden as Aphrodite from the sea, She issued radiant from the pearly night. It took me half with fear--the glimmer and gleam Of her white festal garments, haloed round With denser moonbeams. On she came--and there I am bewildered. Something I remember Of thoughts that choked the pa.

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