

## THREE SONNETS

### HAWKER OF MORWENSTOW



STRONG shepherd of thy sheep, pasturers of the sea :  
Far on the Western marge, thy passionate Cornish land !  
Ah, that from out thy Paradise thou couldst thine hand  
Reach forth to mine, and I might tell my love to thee !  
For one the faith, and one the joy, of thee and me,  
Catholic faith and Celtic joy : I understand  
Somewhat, I too, the messengers from Sion strand ;  
The voices and the visions of the Mystery.

Ah, not the Chaunt alone was thine : thine too the Quest !  
And at the last the Sangraal of the Paschal Christ  
Flashed down Its fair red Glory to those dying eyes :  
They closed in death, and opened on the Victim's Breast.  
Now, while they look for ever on the Sacrificed,  
Remember, how thine ancient race in twilight lies !

### MOTHER ANN : FOUNDRRESS OF THE SHAKERS



WHITE were the ardours of thy soul, O wan Ann Lee !  
Thou spirit of fine fire, for every storm to shake !  
They shook indeed the quivering flame ; yet could not make  
Its passionate light expire, but only make it flee :  
Over the vast, the murmuring, the embittered sea,  
Driven, it gleamed : no agonies availed to break  
That burning heart, so hot for heavenly passion's sake ;  
The heart, that beat, and burned, and agonized, in thee !

Thou knewest not : yet thine was altar flame astray :  
 Poor exiled, wandering star, that might'st have stayed and stood  
 Hard by the Holy Host, close to the Holy Rood,  
 Illumining the great one Truth, one Life, one Way !  
 O piteous pilgrim pure amid night's sisterhood :  
 For thee doth Mother Mary, Star of Morning, pray

## MÜNSTER : A.D. 1534



WE are the golden men, who shall the people save :  
 For only ours are visions, perfect and divine ;  
 And we alone are drunken with the last best wine ;  
 And very Truth our souls hath flooded, wave on wave.  
 Come, wretched death's inheritors, who dread the grave !  
 Come ! for upon our brows is set the starry sign

Of prophet, priest, and king : star of the Lion's line !  
 Leave Abana, leave Pharpar, and in Jordan lave !

It thundered, and we heard : it lightened, and we saw :  
 Our hands have torn in twain the Tables of the Law :  
 Sons of the Spirit, we know nothing more of sin.  
 Come ! from the Tree of Eden take the mystic fruit :  
 Come ! pluck up God's own knowledge by the abysmal root :  
 Come ! you, who would the Reign of Paradise begin.

LIONEL JOHNSON.