

**BEFORE DAWN
(POEMS AND
IMPRESSIONS)**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649757244

Before dawn (poems and impressions) by Harold Monro

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HAROLD MONRO

**BEFORE DAWN
(POEMS AND
IMPRESSIONS)**

M7525b

BEFORE DAWN

(POEMS AND IMPRESSIONS)

BY

HAROLD MONRO

LONDON:
CONSTABLE & Co. LTD.
1911

170454.
12 4 22

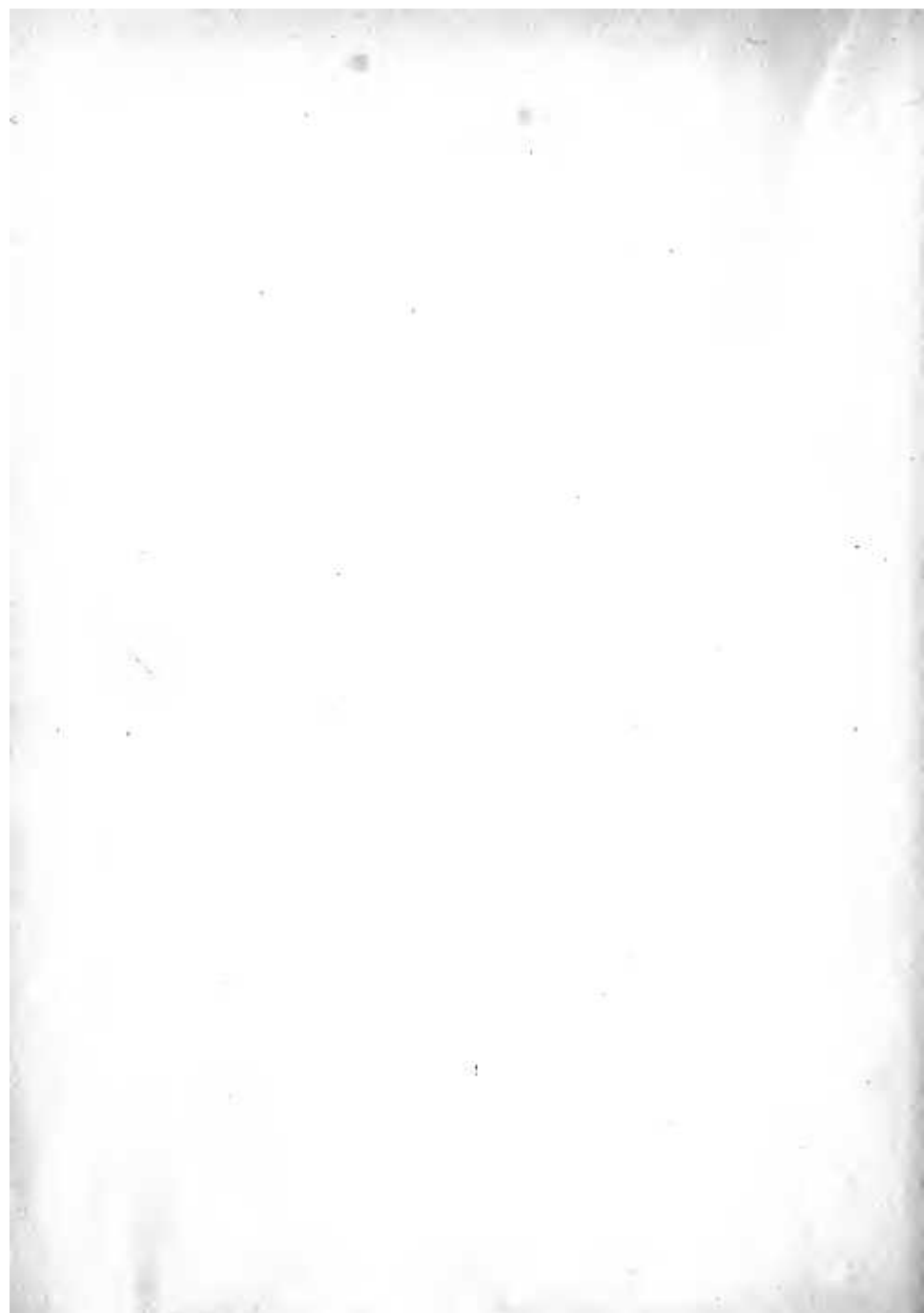
CONTENTS

I.

TWO VISIONS	1
THE MOON-WORSHIPPERS	5
DAWN OF WOMANHOOD	9
GOD	12
THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST	31
CHILD OF DAWN	36
THE VIRGIN	38
STRAND OF OBLIVION	45
DREAM	48
FULFILMENT	51
GO NOW, BELOVED	53
THE SWAMP	55
PARADISE	62
THE TOMB OF CHRIST	64
TO THE DESIRED	67
RETURN OF ARTHUR	70
AT A COUNTRY DANCE IN PROVENCE	78
DON JUAN IN HELL	80
LAKE LEMAN	86
A SUICIDE	89
TO TOLSTOY	94
PASTORAL	96
THE LAST ABBOT	99

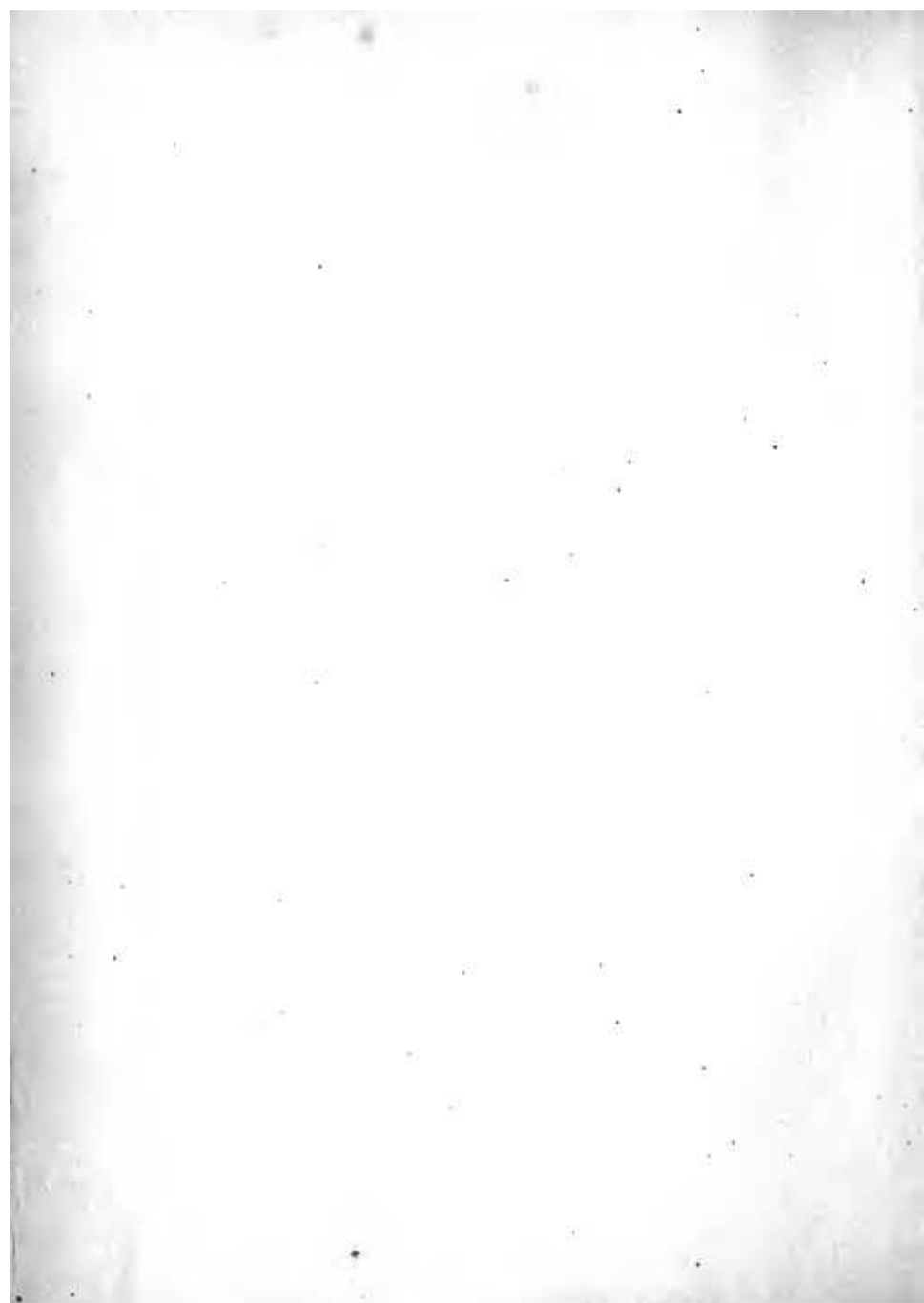
II.

IMPRESSIONS	109
-----------------------	-----



I dedicate this book to those who, with me, are gazing in delight towards where on the horizon there shall be dawn.

Henceforth, together, humble though fearless, we must praise, worship, and obey the beautiful Future, which alone we may call God.



TWO VISIONS

Two visions came to me. At drear midnight,
When first I laid my weary head adown,
The chamber filled with chasms on my sight,

And the wide darkness gathered in a frown ;
And I, who had dreamed wonders through the long
Sweet daylight of that last enduring crown

Humanity, the subtle and the strong,
Should wear as in fulfilment on his brow,
Was haunted by the phantoms that belong

To deepest living Hell. From high to low
The sultry room was gradually filled
As with vague matter, that began to flow

Into some form, irresolutely willed,
And palpitating while it gathered shape,
Floated, then sank and groaned ; rose, chattered and
trilled ;

Broke in stark faces, mouths and eyes agape ;
Then shrank again and indolently slept ;
Then sprang with guttural noises of the ape ;

Then drifted, formless, out of sight and wept :
True to no cause, yet swift in all deceit,
When slumber almost held me, slowly crept

Round the low wainscot, and in violent heat,
 Roared at me, crimson suddenly ; then leant
Backward to shake with laughter. I could meet

No steadfast gaze of eyes, although intent
 To find and, staring, hold them ; and I heard
No utterance resolute or consequent.

For if some red mouth formed to speak some word,
 It melted ere the word was spoken, and
That hopeless laughter of derision stirred

The wake of all attempt. Or if some hand
 Shot pointing up translucent as a flame,
'T was quenched before it ever could command.

All things began, but unto nothing came.
 No purpose lingered : none was ever clear.
Once only something like a cry of shame

Brake—like thin smoke to waste and disappear.
 The fiercest impulse ended but in vain,
And sudden laughter dimmed the eyes of fear :

Mirth made it shriek, but scarcely ever, pain.
 Thus all the night it thwarted my repose,
Vanishing for a moment ; then again

Appearing mid an agony of throes,
 Like sap in spring miraculously rife,
But drifting as a leaf in autumn goes ;