SAINT PAUL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649306473

Saint Paul by Frederic W. H. Myers

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

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

SAINT PAUL

Trieste

SAINT PAUL

BY

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

A NEW EDITION

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
AND NEW YORK.
1887

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

A new edition of 'S. Paul' being called for, it is here reprinted with some additional stanzas.

October, 1885.

SAINT PAUL.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

CHRIST! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you,
  Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed:
Lo with no winning words I would entice you,
  Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
  Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
  Pass I in patience till the work be done.

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me
  Waketh him workers for the great employ,
Oh not in solitude, if souls that hear me
  Catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother
  Quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
Lo every heart awaiteth me, another
  Friend in the blameless family of God.

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
  Lovers, and ladies whom their song enrols?
Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
  Less than the love with which I ache for souls.

Oh ye are kind, I shall abide and teach you,
  Ye will not fail as men have failed before,
Seek me and leave, ashamed when I beseech you,
  Ever less loving as I love the more.

Yet it was well, and Thou hast said in season
  'As is the master shall the servant be':
Let me not subtly slide into the treason,
  Seeking an honour which they gave not Thee;

Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
  Sleep with the wings of aspiration furled,
Hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,
  Keep for my joys a world within the world,—

Nay but much rather let me late returning
  Bruised of my brethren, wounded from within,
Stoop with sad countenance and blushes burning,
  Bitter with weariness and sick with sin,—

Then as I weary me and long and languish,
  Nowise availing from that pain to part,—
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
  Forced thro' the channels of a single heart,—

Straight to thy presence get me and reveal it,
  Nothing ashamed of tears upon thy feet,
Show the sore wound and beg thine hand to heal it,
  Pour thee the bitter, pray thee for the sweet.

Then with a ripple and a radiance thro' me
  Rise and be manifest, o Morning Star!
Flow on my soul, thou Spirit, and renew me,
  Fill with Thyself, and let the rest be far.

Safe to the hidden house of thine abiding
  Carry the weak knees and the heart that faints,
Shield from the scorn and cover from the chiding,
  Give the world joy, but patience to the saints.