

# **THE SOUL'S LEGEND**

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The soul's legend by Dora Greenwell

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**DORA GREENWELL**

**THE  
SOUL'S LEGEND**



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By DORA GREENWELL

*"Beneath the apple-tree  
I espoused thee;  
There I gave thee My hand,  
And thou wert there redeemed,  
Where thy Mother was betrayed."*

(Christ speaking to the human soul.)

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.



STRAHAN & CO.  
56, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON  
1873.

280. n. 526.



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### L'ENVOL

*H*AST seen a fair rose blow,  
Blood-red, then white as snow?  
The bird that loves her best  
Lights never on her breast,  
But sings afar where darkling olives grow.

The bird sang clear at morn,  
It singeth clear at eve,  
Its breast hath felt the thorn ;  
For oft the rose's scorn,  
And oft her love, hath made the sweet bird grieve.

And if its music brings  
Most gladness or most grief,  
Or if it only sings  
To give its wound relief  
I know not ; but its song is broken, sweet, and brief.



*Full oft to me at close  
Of Autumn eve it sings ;  
No light wind stirs the rose ;  
The air is full of wings  
Unseen, and in the grass a sound of hidden springs.*

*Would any follow where  
I hear it sing, I say  
They shall not find that fair  
Lone sunset garden ; there  
None led me, and to none I show the way.*

*Two mighty angels, Love  
And Pain, its warders be :  
The one is winged to flee,  
The other doth not move ;  
Each bears a flaming sword, and each hath smitten  
free.*

*Without the garden's gate  
A level desert lies ;  
A dim, colossal Fate  
Peers over it, with eyes  
Intent, impassive, blank of love or hate.*

*To earth enchained, its vast  
Regard still questions doom,  
Its stony shadow cast  
Across the garden's bloom  
Falls, and unlifted lies upon the garden's tomb.*

*October 17th, 1870.*



