

LINES TO THE ANGLO-SAXON POET CAEDMON

O, Caedmon,
In whom the glory shone;
Singer of the Holy One,
You knew the pain
Of a dry brain
Racked in vain,
While the friendly throng
Vainly waited long,
Silent
For your song.
Then was your grief like mine,
As you lay weeping,
Straw-bedded with the kine.
Till lo!
With warm, soft glow
God's fingertips
Touched those faint lips,
And a heart too long a-thirst
Suddenly outburst
In glorious song.

Now where Christ with His Mother are,
There sit you in bliss,
Hymning your **Genesis**.
O, Caedmon, Caedmon,
Sweeten my words to the Holy One;
For I too would sing,
Whispering my humble laud
In some simple thing:
But the soul's celestial mesh
Is clotted by this heavy flesh,
And my poor page
Is tear blotted.
So, Caedmon,
Intercede
With Him
Who has balm and binding
For the bruised reed.

—A. P. C.