

THE AWAKENED SOUL

ETHEL HUESTIS BUTLER

Gray mist, enfold each silent silver star;
O moon, sink slowly in the quiet skies;
Young winds of dawn, blow softly from afar;
(How still she lies.)

Cradled is she upon the brown earth's breast,
Wake little soul, her sleep will not be long;
The old earth mother lulls her child to rest
With crooning song.

Lay Thou Thy healing hand upon her fears,
Touch Thou the lips that loved sweetly to sing,
That she may find amid thy shining spheres
No sorrowing.

Call, winds of morning, call her wistfully;
Immortal buds, spring forth, O grasses stir;
Sing, little birds, sing songs of melody
To welcome her.

Wake little soul; High Heaven hath sent a gleam
Of radiant light across her close-shut eyes;
Wake little soul, for Love fulfils thy dream,
She enters Paradise.

Sing little soul, God gives immortal breath;
With all the Heavenly choir, sing and adore;
Love crucified, who burst the bands of death,
Lives evermore.