

WHITE HAWK HILL.

**D**ou shed no shadow, O my sensitive  
Divine delight of life, whereby I live.  
Yet are you of the earth, for earth's a star:  
And only stars give birth to what you are;  
The very gods conceive the thing you give.

O diamond-dust, soul of a hell-dark sign!  
O child immortal of a mortal line!  
The sight that sees the Night within the night;  
The sight that sees the Light within the light;  
Doth this gift not suffice? This gift is mine!

Whether in Naishapur or Babylon,  
Or upon White Hawk Hill, the tale is one;  
But oh! my scented seaboard, how I love you;  
The gorse behind you, and the sky above you,  
And overhead the same eternal Sun!

The setting changes; and the figures change;  
Through sunken islands and lost lands I range;  
Still to return to the old loved illusion;  
And still the light shines through the fierce confusion,  
The same as ever, always fresh and strange.

Centuries pass; the drowned man knows the sea  
His mother; and the buried man is free  
To worship Earth; he who hath passed through fire  
Knows utterly the Sun for source and sire;  
Hence love I all the earth, as earth loves me.

We who are burned by fire, buried in earth,  
Drowned in the water, know the secret mirth  
Sung to the stars by wandering elementals;  
The Soul of all things; the true transcendentals  
Deeper than death, above the need of birth.

We who have passed into the Upper Air  
Thence behold Earth, and know how she is fair.  
More than her sister Stars sweet Earth doth love us;  
She holds our hearts: the stars are high above us.  
O Mother Earth! Stars are too far and rare!

O White Hawk Hill, above you shines the moon;  
O White Hawk Hill, the early stars are strewn  
About you. O my Mother, Mother Earth;  
I praise the gods who gave me here my birth,  
Birth and rebirth that ends in tranced swoon.

I shall return from ecstasy to you,  
While among stars you swim; while still the blue  
Illusion holds you in the abyss of fire;  
I shall return to satiate my desire;  
To feel the green earth-kiss, eternal, true.

I shall return; the Green Star has me still,  
Brain, body, soul and heart. My spirit's will  
From tranced sleep of splendour will be drawn  
Back to the Green Star of the Golden Dawn:  
I shall return; even to White Hawk Hill.