

# Four Sonnets to William Blake

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## I. INVOCATION

STRONG hands of yesterday, what strength were thine,  
That we should be to-day with all our powers!  
Now is illumed the wide horizon-line  
That marks the æons, and the days and hours,  
Wherefore, strong hands, whenever darkness lowers,  
We light the gloom with goblets of thy wine,  
And ah! how many of our fairest flowers  
Owe their descent to blooms from thy fair shrine.

Strong hand! methinks, back gazing through the gloom,  
I feel thy touch, and hear a voice that seems  
An echo from the rocks of secret doom:  
"We sowed that thou might'st reap; our life we gave  
To thee we knew and loved but in our dreams.  
Thou too shalt rule far, far beyond the grave."

## II. LONGING

Strong eyes of yesterday, what sights were thine,  
To gaze and gaze through worlds to worlds beyond,  
To mark the passage of the mystic sign  
That only thou in unknown tongues had'st conned.  
Thou barest in thy hand a magic wand  
To test the aura of earth, flame, air, brine;  
Thou bathed'st unseen within the Secret Pond,  
Close guarded by a minister divine.

New maps of unguessed lands, from thee we take  
Heaven and hell, strong sleep, and fairyland;  
We long in vain our thirst unquenched to slake,  
But lo! we find but thorns and thickets fierce,  
And find no heaven, but only barren sand,  
And barriers too thick for us to pierce.

### III. FULFILMENT

Red dreams and white, blue heav'n and golden stars,  
Tall pines beneath a pale green-yellow sky,  
Vermilion sunsets ruled with crimson bars,  
And all the hues whereof the thrushes cry;  
A mist uprising higher and more high,  
Purging the vision of its unknown scars,—  
We too with thee beyond the mountains spy,  
In deep, full-fashioned, burnished fairy cars.

The name upon the heavens high is writ,  
Thy hands have laid the inner secret bare;  
Thy feet upon the uplands scornful tread;  
We follow, each his own still finding there,  
There, where the ruling sign leads overhead—  
Brother, we thank thee for the gift of it.

### IV. REFLECTION

The gift of song came to thee in the night,  
The dawn the theme remembered, and thy song  
Emerged from mental grey to black and white,  
Enhued with tints wherefore thy heart did I long;  
Therefore thy message was sublime and strong,  
Therefore the world was clearer to thy sight  
Than it may be for those whom right and wrong  
Make dull the hues of the Primeval Right.

Thou knewest what their vision leaves unseen;  
Thou had'st no scale whereby to judge; for thee  
No foolish scheme could limit thy mind's green,———  
As nought may change the colour of the sea.  
And nothing hindered thee that thou should'st be  
The Seer of the greatest that hath been.