

The Pagan

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MAIDENS' lips all glowing
Ruby wine light flowing—
Nothing more 'twas mine to ask;
Now a little leap
Into the darkness whence I sprang;
A last farewell to those who sang;
Then to fall asleep.

I ask no priest to seal my lips,
Nor prayer to mar my going;
As the final moment slips,
Nothing I am owing.
Life was good and Love was fair:
Earth, sea, sky, and ambient air—
Farewell! I am going—*there*,
In the current's flowing.

Shall the stars the brighter be
If he who loved them weepeth?
Shall the earth the lighter be
When he who trod it sleepeth?
Not my going forth is vain,
Nor was my coming hither;
Not vainly I expended pain,
Asking *whence* and *whither*.

Lived I well my round of days,
Felt the sunshine gleaming.
Wandered in the misty haze,
Now and then, a-dreaming.
Sang my song and drained my glass
Over many lands did pass;
Leaving earth I know no fear,
Feel no bridge, 'twixt *there* and *here*.

Twilight falls upon the earth,
Night is calm, night is deep.

Just a path to death from birth,
Then a sleep, then a sleep.
With a laugh I turn to go—
Where the silent waters flow—
Where the stars are all aglow.
Can I weep? Can I weep?

Maidens' lips all glowing red,
Golden days of youth—
Thro' a silver path proud led,—
The good green earth with white sap fed,
Autumn woods with brown cones spread,
Green sea, with foam-encrested head,
A darkened sky the pale stars thread,—
Thus arrayed is Truth

Sun and stars and gentle moon,
Unto ye a long farewell;
Trackless paths shall make my shoon
'Twixt heaven's lonely road and hell.
With laughing lips in summer days
Pæans in the green earth's praise
Sang I joyous, drained my glass,
Laughed farewell. And now I pass.