

Ego

By Victor B. Neuburg

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Oh, I have sung, in the mother-tongue, of atom and beast and fowl;
The croak of a frog in a northern bog, and the jungle-panther's howl,
And I have seen the shifting scene, 'twixt hell and heaven whirled;
The lust of hate hath swayed my fate, and the love-flag's been unfurled.

As I wander now by a cliff's steep brow, to gaze at the yearning sea,
Or trace the path that the star-course hath, an echo comes back to me:
Oh, I've wandered afar from home, and ever rising higher;
I feel the sea and the stars in me 'mid the passion glow of fire.

And though I wander afar alone, and seek for the path I know,
The cold stars gleam across my dream, and dazzle me as I go:
The struggle of men athwart my ken comes hard in the light of day,
And how can I go when the earth calls so, and Humanity bars the way?

Oh, I have sung, in the mother-tongue, of atom and beast and fowl;
The croak of a frog in a northern bog, and the jungle-panther's howl:
And far away there looms the day: the gods' own gate of peace
Stands firm and clear in the outer sphere, to hasten the soul's release.