Dedication with fondest affection to Miss Annie Robbs

# 720 Voices.

Above my head a tideless deep of blue,
Beneath my feet a deep that ever grew.

Two voices on my dreaming ear were born
One full of ecstacy, & one forlorn —

The one, the stormtost sea-mews plaining
And mocking laugh at all beneath the cry/sky.

Cry of the broken wave, the high endeavour,
That climbing to its height, sinks baffled ever.

Voice of the weird sea-paths that winding
Across the lonely deep out to the sun/sun;

Then suddenly break off, a disappear,
Nor reach the light, nor lead they anywhere.

Voice of the bitter springs that ~~the~~ bubbling
~~Betraying~~ Disempty the parched lips, to slay with thirst/burst.

Wail of sad Love that to her sun-white breast
Clasps the cold rock that flings her back unblest;

Voice of the Sea whose murmur never wakes,
Heard in the quieted hours, in vernal rains;

Persistent undertones of life, faint breaths
That breathe adieu! adieu! and still are deaths.

Wail of the shipwrecked life, the sea-deep torn,
~~Of~~ lifted hands, & hearts that sink forlorn.

The other, linking with its glittering chains
Those broken cries, the sky-larks jubilant strains

Voice of the cornfields where the children roam,
Whose many winding pathways all lead home,

Shout of the gold of God in harvests green,
The living bread that cometh down from heaven.

Song of the clover fields, close sweets that lie
Safe stored from all but honeyed heart and eye.

Hymns of the morn that cometh after night,
The darks negation still affirming Light.

Hymns of the eve, still dews, the starry deep,
The voice that breathes 'It is enough! now sleep!'

Song of our Dead that high in glory walk,
Heard in the pauses of our loved home-talk.

Voice of the Light, & Heaven's own ecstasies,
The loosened passion of the silent skies.

O Voices twain, I find you both for ever,
In this deep heart of mine that resteth never.

A deep ~~it is~~ of pain it is, a deep of light,
I know not whether most 'tis sad or bright.

For but to say that I am glad again,
Is still to find me face to face with pain!

And but to cry 'no end to life's dull ache!'
Is for the long eternal morn to break.

My sweetest uses spring from saddest tears,
My cloud-born glory sun & tempest wears.

And still my sphere is rolled from dark to light,
Now spins in day, now thunders thro' the night.

And still two voices to my heart are given,
One of the moaning deep, & one of heaven.

Ellen Hopkins

? The old dear! isn't it pretty?

[illegible] need not return
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