

SONGS OF
MANY DAYS

By
NINA SALAMAN

Each ^{strenuous} an Unit.

With all heart I commit to you
the Cause of OUR Unit.

To night is memorable.
Initiating
a new orator.

Paula Zook

C. 11(1)

Reacheffe

OK

These Songs, which see the light
only by your help, are given
with Love and Gratitude.

Anna

Inscribed by poet
to her partner.

[she was hymnographer & translator]

December 1923.

. . . .
Yet you must save the world,
Judah, the stricken world!

You that are turning
Back from her spurning,
Sad from the smart of her
Home to the heart of her -
Zion set free!

Thence you can save the world,
Few though you be.

Judah to help the world!
Judah to save the world!

Yours to deliver,
Healer and giver;
You, the rejected,
Purged and perfected,
Rise from her grave,
Saved but to save the world,
Chosen to save!

The Requital
Dec. 1920

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1923

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SONGS OF EXILE (MACMILLAN)
 THE VOICES OF THE RIVERS (CAMBRIDGE:
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 APPLES AND HONEY (HEINEMANN)
 POEMS OF JEHUDA HALEVI, translated into
 English (*In the Press*)

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 I am indebted to the Editors of *The Poetry Review*,
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N. S.

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LOST SONGS

HOW long the singing voices in my heart
 Have all been silent!—Day by day the
 sound
 Of noisy nothings whirling through their round
 Of restless nullity has dulled the smart
 Which silencing of life's whole truer part
 Must cost the soul; and hours and days abound
 When not one space for hearkening may be
 found,
 And not one stillness for the tears to start.

Only at night, amid the quiet rain,
 Or scent of flowers, or in the full moon's sight,
 Sometimes a thought comes back, and then the
 pain
 Of some lost poem floating on the night
 Brings to the heart its inmost song again,
 The waking whispers of its old delight.

July 28. 1913.



IN THE SYNAGOGUE

'TIS long, long since your sweet and wistful
singing
Melted my heart and moulded it anew.
Now on the tide of years I drift to you,
The same heart bringing :
And in this moment, lo ! I stand again
Upon the brink of life ; and in my ears
That same lone sound of singing, full of tears,
Like dawn, like twilight, shimmering, mystical,
Glad like the day, and like the darkness fain
To lavish all
Its wealth of balm and soothe an age-long pain.

Here in the gleam of re-arisen years
My spirit leaps to meet some form akin,
And memory stirs and wakes ; and deep
within—
Deep, deep within me something whispers low :
" Know'st thou thy heart ? "
And I make silent answer : " Yea, I know :
The heart, once lighted by these glories, grew
Into their form, took on their glowing hue,
And all the years hath stood awake, apart,
Yearning to greet its vanished haunts anew."
So, having sought mine olden wonders long,
I come to you—
I come to you and find them in your song.

Sept 27, 1919.

THE DROUGHT

STILL lay the summer, wearied of the sun,
Weary with hope for rain, too long desired,
Seeking one moonless night, one day unfired
By any beam, one sound of rain begun.
Helpless in splendour, summer lay undone,
Her fields ablaze, her flowers in flame attired,
Her burnt leaves falling, while her hope aspired
To save for autumn's kingdom every one.

But earth has opened not her mouth in vain :
Past burning days and dewless silver nights
She, thirsting for those whispers, hears again
The first soft drippings laden with delights,
And all her hope is risen to attain,
Sunless at last, the glories of the rain.

Sept 27, 1919.

IN SOLITUDE

IT is not parting that should make us grieve,
Not parting that should bid us burn and ache,
Since spirit-love can render for its sake
A very heaven while the fates bereave ;
And oft it seems our wasting lives must leave
A light, because you walk the earth and slake
The thirsty land and keep the fields awake
With flowers of hope and thought, from morn
till eve.

But yet our eyes are seeking, and our hands
Grove through the dimness to be found and
held.

It is a soul's love for its kindred soul—
Yet, by its very spirit-power impelled,
It builds a temple of the body's bands,
The hands that meet, the eyes that find their
goal.

7 April 1919.

THE CALL OF THE STORM

LET me go down to the sea while it storms,
while it rages—

The heart that will not rest, to the storm-
tossed shore !

O world, unloose your bonds ; let me go to the
tempest,

Hold me apart from the cry of the waves no
more—

The voice that finds and needs no words for its
anguish—

World, let me go and join in the storm that
calls,

Merge my voiceless words with the wordless
voices

Whose heart-known meanings soothe, whose
passion enthalls.

Let me go down and sink my fire in the tempest,
Out to the voices thundering, crying to me !

World, let me go to the sea while it storms, while
it rages—

The heart that will not rest, to the storm-
tossed sea !

Aug. 29. 1912.
6 a.m.

RONDEL OF LOVE AND DEATH

*THERE are no words for love, no words for death—**

So sang one poet, knowing death and love.
He loved and sang and died; his dreamings
move
With thoughts of death and love on every
breath.

'Mid love and death all singing hovereth;
All poets seek those paths and peaks above:
"There are no words for love, no words for
death"—
So sang one poet, knowing death and love.

Alas, ye bards! Your music languisheth;
What of these ways wherein ye searched and
strove?
What of these things ye still be singing of?
Hearken a little and weep:—this poet saith
"There are no words for love, no words for
death."

* Walter Headlam, "Life and Poems."

31. Aug. 1913.

A WOMAN'S WAR SONGS

I

WARTIME

AH, the clouded skies, the grieving hearts
this winter!

Alas, the heavy rains, the flowing tears!
Ah, the grey days, hopeless of the sunshine!
Alas, the black nights and the lurking fears!

Where can man abide and find a gleam of day-
break?

Where is now a land shut out from war?
Where a people now which shall, with heart of
justice,
Lead the nations like a guiding star?

We of scattered Israel, dumb through all the
ages

Since the Law awaked a dreaming world,
Had we not a word to reach the ear of nations
Ere the thunderbolt of war was hurled?

Wherefore else our agelong life, our wandering
landless,

Every land our home for ill or good?
Ours it was long since to join the hands of
nations
Through the link of our own brotherhood.

Winter, 1915.

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