

East and West

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For the Seventieth Birthday of Jundee Nicholas Roerich

I

Nature giving birth to all and all devouring
Is her own beginning, end, own birth and death.
Man she made, her own earth-mould herself inspiring,
Made, and takes him back again. Thus Manu saith.

Love the earth - for it is earth. The motions
Of the planets, structure of the crystals,
Architecture of the rocks, the mountains,
Many-hued earth-cover learn, saith Roerich.

II

The West strove hard to win by arms,
To triumph with a sword.
The patient East resisted not,
But conquered with a word.

O wise old East, O patient East,
Deep well of shining truth,
Can you not teach us once again
The wisdom of your youth?

In blood and hate, in flame and smoke
The blinded West goes down.
Open our eyes again to see
The truth, before we drown.

III

The long blue shadow of the camel falls
Across the golden sands.
We ride to where the voice of Wisdom calls
From out the Eastern lands.

As the three Sages of the East were fain
To ~~ride~~ to Bethlehem
We ride to bring that Wisdom once again
To weary hearts of men.

O wanderer turn thine eyes towards the East
Where great Orion burns,
The age of sorrow now at last has ceased,
The age of Truth returns.

For the Seventieth Birthday of Gurudev Nicholas Roerich.

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Oh question not how this at last may be.
Summon your friends and fates.
In faith and love and courage act, for he
Is lost who hesitates.

Is lost. And not he only, but all men
Together sink or swim.
Oh be not one who in this hour again
Makes hope of heaven dim.

The glowing frescoes of old temples sing,
The Bodhisattva yearns,
Kailas is bright for man's illumining,
The golden age returns.

A.C.C. Hervey.