



adelma von vay



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CONSOLATION

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Prispevki k odkrivanju zgodovine ezoteričnih tradicij - v izvorniku

*“Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning.”* Psalms, xxx.5

With my life so sorely weighted,
And my heart grown old with care,
The sorrows that pressed upon me
Were more than my youth could bear.
But where the shadows fall darkest,
A sweet angel-face appears,
Breathing a message of solace
To my soul so racked with fears: —

“Weep, weep, weep,
O’er the battle of triumphs won;
And those tears shall be,
A symbol to thee,
Of the pearls of great price to come.

Reap, reap, reap,
The fruit of the seed that is sown;
And the harvest will be
An emblem to thee
Of the worth of the life-task done.

“Sleep, sleep, sleep,
Heart-sick, sorrow-worn child of earth;
And your spirit shall rise
In yonder bright skies,
And angels will hail a new birth.”