

CANTERBURY

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Uplifted by the hand of man who calls
 On tree and rock, from height to soaring height,
 And patterned by the master-mind aright,
Thy grandeur rises and thy shadow falls.
But what is born within thee, when thy walls
 Abridge the space encircled by thy might?
 Can captured sunshine magnify God's light?
Is it the work of man alone enthralls?
O Canterbury! Filled with echoed tread
 Of pilgrim feet—of man torn with his past—
And the soul's upward reach above the dead,
 Its wingèd horses one in aim at last—
Thy resurrection of the Light renew
To each and all who enter—"I in you".

II

Though trapped in Stradivarius' hidden lair
 Of music, still the music's measured song
 Mellows its habitation, and the throng
Of harmonies ascend, more sweet, more rare.
Thus where the temple walls arise to bear
 The record of man's war against the wrong,
 Reverberate the waves of battle-song
That with him, unknown, in his victory share.
Forth, forth, oh cloistered spirit of the fane,
 Go forth to strengthen man for gain and loss,
E'en as thy music mitigates his pain,
 E'en as thy light illuminates the Cross.
Great Symphony eternal, pulsing, free,
Find yet our discord harmonised with Thee!