

AT HAND.

BY H. E. PROF. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Naggar.

The spear we shall thrust into earth.
Ended is the first battle ;
Mighty, my tempered sword ;
Calm was my spirit and valiant.
But during the battle, I saw, boy,
That thou wast distracted by glamour of
flowers.

When we encounter the host
Aflame be with battle, my child.
Believe in the nearness of victory.
With an eye unflinching of steel
Keenly look around thee
Whether battle is needed—
If victory dwells in thy spirit,
Let us delight in the flowers,
Rejoice in the sigh of the dove ;
In the brook let us cool our faces.
Behind the rock who has hidden ?
To the battle ! The host
Is at hand !

THOU WILT DESIRE.

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Naggar.

As sign of the victory, child,
Do not garb thyself
In a colorful garment.
Victory passed, but the battle will be.
They shall fail to defeat thee
But surely will come the encounter.
They past life perceiving
I behold glorious victories
And how many sorrowful signs !
But victory is destined for thee
If victory thou wilt
Desire.

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