

# HOUND OF HEAVEN

by Francis Thompson  
(1859 - 1907)

*A failure for so-long;  
a one-time opium addict;  
died of tuberculosis.  
His poems, mainly religious,  
are rich in imagery and poetic vision.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
I hid from Him, and under running laughter;  
Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
And shot, precipitated,  
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
But with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
They beat — and a Voice beat  
More instant than the Feet—  
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
Trellised, with intertwining charities  
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,  
Yet was I sore adread  
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);  
But, if one little casement parted wide,  
The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Across the margent of the world I fled,  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
Smiting for shelter on their clangd bars;  
Fretting to dulcet jars  
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.

I said to dawn: Be sudden; to eve: Be soon;  
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
From this tremendous Lover!  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!

I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in the constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
The long savannahs of the blue;  
Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
They clangd His chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet—  
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.  
Still with unhurrying chase,  
And unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
Came on the following Feet,  
And a Voice above their beat—  
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
In face of man or maid;  
But He still within the little children's eyes  
Seems something, something that replies,  
They at least are for me, surely for me!  
I turned me to them very wistfully;  
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
With dawning answers there,  
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

"Come then, ye other children, Nature's-share  
With me" (said I); "Your delicate fellowship;

Let me greet you lip to lip,  
Let me twine with you caresses,  
Wantoning  
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses, Banqueting  
With her in her wind-walled palace,  
Underneath her azured dais,  
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
From a chalice  
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."

So it was done:  
I in their delicate fellowship was one—  
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.  
I knew all the swift importings  
On the wilful face of skies;  
I knew how the clouds arise,  
Spumed of the wild sea-snotings;  
All that is born or dies  
Rose and drooped with; make them shapers  
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—  
With them joyed and was bereaven.

I was heavy with the even,  
When she lit her glimmering tapers  
Round the day's dead sanctities.  
I laughed in the morning's eyes  
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,  
Heaven and I wept together,  
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;  
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
I laid my own to beat,  
And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.  
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.  
For ah; we know not what each other says.  
These things and I; in sound I speak—  
Their sound it but their stir, they speak by silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;  
Let her, if she would owe me,  
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
The breasts o' her tenderness:  
Never did any milk of hers once bless

My thirsting mouth.  
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,  
With unperturbed pace,  
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
And past those noised Feet  
A Voice comes yet more fleet—  
“Lo! naught contents thee, who contents not Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!  
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
And smitten me to my knee;  
I am defenceless utterly.  
I slept, methinks, and woke,  
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
In the rash lustihead of my young powers  
I shook the pillaring hours  
and pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,  
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—  
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream;

Yea, faileth now even dream  
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;  
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
For earth, with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah; is Thy love indeed  
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?  
Ah; must—  
Designer infinite! —  
Ah; must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;  
And now my heart is as a broken fount,  
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever  
From the dank thoughts that shiver  
Upon the sighful branches of my mind;  
Such is; what is to be?  
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?  
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;

Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
From the hid battlements of Eternity;  
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
Round the half-glimpsed turrents slowly wash again.  
But not ere him who summoneth  
I first have seen, enwound  
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-encrowned;  
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields  
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields  
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit  
Comes on at hand the bruit;  
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:  
"And is thy earth so marred,  
Shattered in shard on shard?  
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

Strange, piteous, futile thing,  
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),  
"And human love needs human meriting:  
How hast thou merited—  
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?

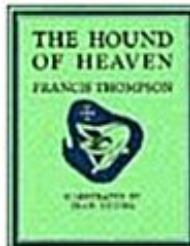
Alack, thou knowest not  
How little worthy of any love thou art!  
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,  
Save Me, save only Me?  
All which I took from thee I did but take,  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

The name is strange. It startles one at first. It is so bold, so new, so fearless. It does not attract, rather the reverse. But when one reads the poem this strangeness disappears. The meaning is understood. As the hound follows the hare, never ceasing in its running, ever drawing nearer in the chase, with unhurrying and unperturbed pace, so does God follow the fleeing soul by His Divine grace. And though in sin or in human love, away from God it seeks to hide itself, Divine grace follows after, unwearingly follows ever after, till the soul feels its pressure forcing it to turn to Him alone in that never ending pursuit.

The Neuman Press "Book of Verse", 1988.



Preston born poet Francis Thompson 1893  
His most famous poem was The Hound of Heaven.  
J.R.R Tolkien once mentioned being influenced by  
this work.



Francis Thompson in 1893



**Birthplace of the poet Francis Thompson.**

Francis Thompson was born at

No. 7 Winckley St. on December 18th. 1859

Despite this address being mentioned in several early accounts of his life, it has been pointed out that Thompson's birth certificate has him placed at No.4 St. Ignatius Square



Francis Thompson at 17