Param Vir

A KINSMAN TO DANGER

 $The \ Mystical \ Poems \ of \ Sri \ Aurobindo$

for Baritone and Piano

27 March 2018

Commissioned by the Performing Right Society Foundation and Kissinger Sommer, financed by N. N.

First performance by Jeremy Huw Williams (Baritone) and Paula Fan (Piano) on 14 April 2018 at the National Centre for the Performing Arts, Mumbai

First German performance by Jeremy Huw Williams and Axel Bauni (Piano) on 2 July 2018 at Rossini-Saal, Kissinger Sommer

First British performance by Jeremy Huw Williams (Baritone) and Paula Fan (Piano) on 28 May 2018 at the Gŵyl Beaumaris Festival, Wales

Poems from 'Sri Aurobindo: Collected Poems' Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust, Pondicherry, India 1972

LIGHT

Light, endless Light! Darkness has room no more, Life's ignorant gulfs give up their secrecy: The huge inconscient depths unplumbed before Lie glimmering in vast expectancy.

Light, timeless Light immutable and apart!

The holy sealed mysterious doors unclose,
Light, burning Light from the Infinite's diamond heart

Quivers in my heart where blooms the deathless rose.

Light in its rapture leaping through the nerves!

Light! Brooding Light! Each smitten passionate cell
In a mute blaze of ecstasy preserves

A living sense of the Imperishable.

I move in an ocean of stupendous Light Joining my depths to His eternal height.

THE SEA AT NIGHT

The grey sea creeps half-visible, half-hushed, And grasps with its innumerable hands
These silent walls. I see beyond a rough
Glimmering infinity, I feel the wash
And hear the sibilation of the waves
That whisper to each other as they push
To shoreward side by side, — long lines and dim
Of movement flecked with quivering spots of foam,
The quiet welter of a shifting world.

REVELATION

Someone leaping from the rocks
Past me ran with wind-blown locks
Like a startled bright surmise
Visible to mortal eyes, —
Just a cheek of frightened rose
That with sudden beauty glows,
Just a footstep like the wind
And a hurried glance behind,
And then nothing, — as a thought
Escapes the mind ere it is caught.
Someone of the heavenly rout
From behind the veil ran out.

INVITATION

With wind and the weather beating round me
Up to the hill and the moorland I go.
Who will come with me? Who will climb with me?
Wade through the brook and tramp through the snow?

Not in the petty circle of cities

Cramped by your doors and your walls I dwell;

Over me God is blue in the welkin,

Against me the wind and the storm rebel.

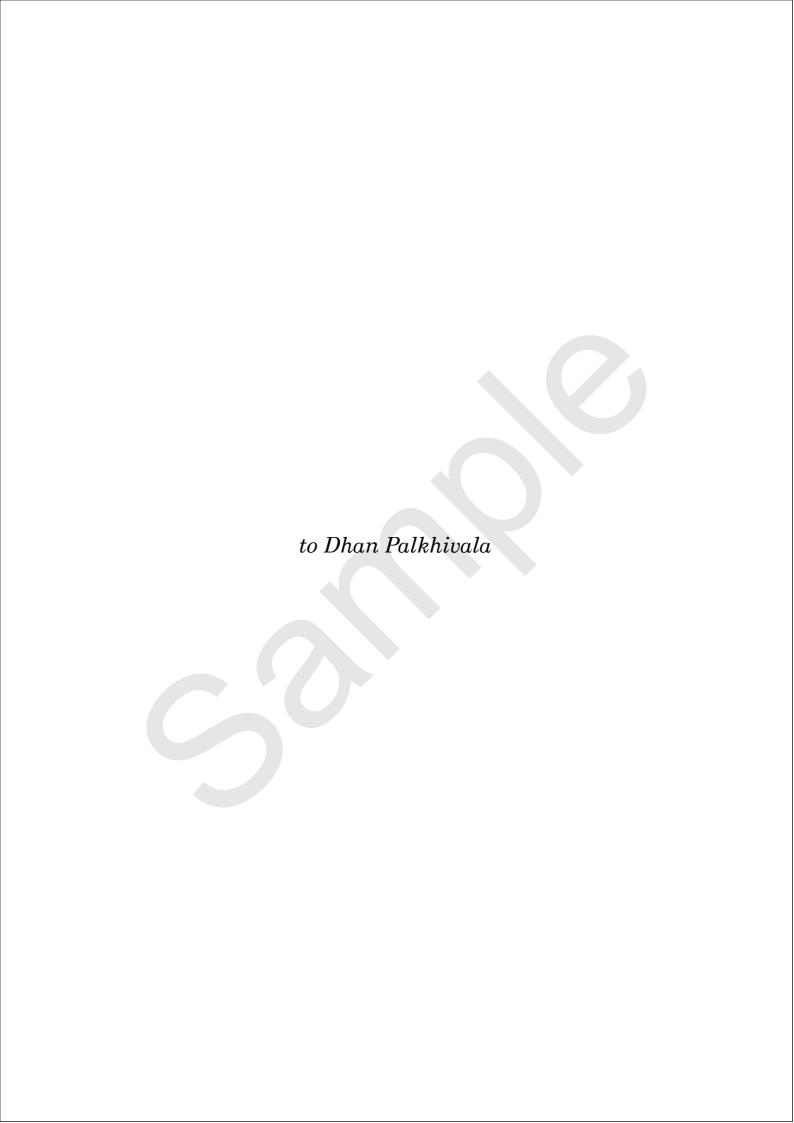
I sport with solitude here in my regions,
Of misadventure have made me a friend.
Who would live largely? Who would live freely?
Here to the wind-swept uplands ascend.

I am the lord of tempest and mountain,

I am the Spirit of freedom and pride.

Stark must he be and a kinsman to danger

Who shares my kingdom and walks at my side.





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The Mystical Poems of Sri Aurobindo Light



2 Light



Light 3

