

Edith Sitwell

Audio Guide transcript of National Sound Archive recording

The following extract is from a poem called *Still Falls The Rain*, recorded in 1950.

'Still falls the rain, dark as the world of man,
Black as our loss, blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails,
upon the cross.
Still falls the rain, with a sound like the pulse of a heart
that is changed to the hammer beat in the potter's field
and the sound of the impious feet, on the tomb.
Still falls the rain, in the field of blood where the small hopes breed,
And the human brain nurtures its greed,
That worm with the brow of cane.
Still falls the rain, at the feet of the starved man hung upon the cross,
Christ, that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy on us,
On Dides and on Lazerus,
Under the rain, the saw and the gold are as one.
Still falls the rain, still falls the blood from the starved man's wounded side,
He bears in His heart, all wounds,
Those of the light that died, the last faint spark in the self-murdered heart,
The wounds of the sad, uncomprehending dark,
The wounds of the baited bear, the blind and weeping bear,
whom the keepers beat on his helpless flesh,
The tears of the hunted hare.
Still falls the rain, then oh, I leap up to my god
Who pulls me down.
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
It flows from the brow we nailed upon the tree,
Deep to the dine to the thirsting heart that holds the fires of the world,
Dark smirched with pain as Caesar's laurel crown,
Then sounds the voice of one, who like the heart of man,
Was once a child who among beasts has lain.
Still do I love, still shared my innocent light, my blood for thee.'