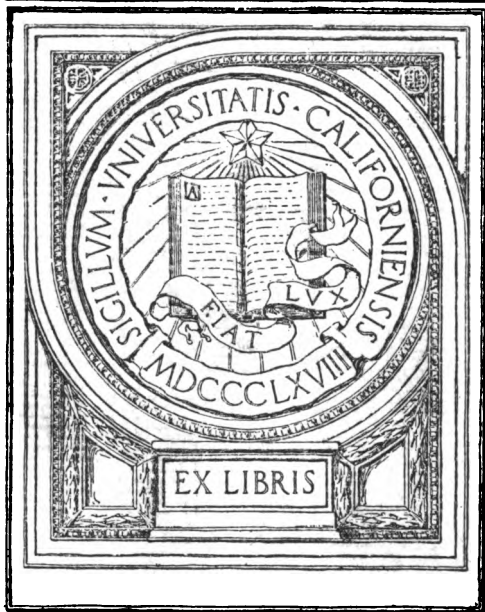


A BOOK OF
PRINCETON VERSE II
1919

EXCHANGE



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**A Book of
Princeton Verse II
1919**

Univ. of
CALIFORNIA

A BOOK OF
//
PRINCETON VERSE II

1919

EDITED BY

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Preface

When I came back to Princeton in 1900, as a teacher of reading in English literature, poetry was at a low ebb. Most of the students frankly said they did not care for it, and the few who tried to write in verse were regarded as eccentric fellows, hardly worthy of membership in an upper-class club. My first task was to persuade the boys that poetry was the most humane and intimate of all the liberal arts; that it had something to say, in one or other of its many forms, to every man about the meaning of nature and life; and that one of the chief glories of the English-speaking race was its rich and noble utterance in poetry.

In 1903, Raymond B. Fosdick, one of the best men in the class of 1905, came to me with a plan for the publication of a volume of verses, "gathered together from the various undergraduate publications of Princeton, . . . most typical of the life and spirit of the college." I was glad to help him in going over the files of "The Nassau Literary Magazine," "The Princeton Tiger," "The Princetonian," and so on, looking for gleams of poetic feeling and

glimpsés of poetic art. The collection included one hundred and thirty pieces,—a hundred and twenty-four by old graduates, and six by undergraduates. Among the authors who have since become better known were Booth Tarkington, Robert Bridges, Stephen Whitman, Burton Stevenson, Jesse Williams, Marion Miller, Fred Sutton, Edwin Dix, Ridgely Torrance, Robert Schaufler, and Frank McDonald. That famous old gipsy, Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann"), had a place with a bit of "society verse." As I look back among the earlier selections, my own included, I find them over-sentimental. The volume was printed (one thousand copies) in 1904, and is now out of print,—therefore valuable. It was the first "Book of Princeton Verse."

The "Book of Princeton Verse—1916" was edited by my colleague and successor, Alfred Noyes, himself an English poet of the high order. His influence and example, during the years 1914-1918,—and especially his readings aloud from the English poets,—did much to keep the love of poetry alive and glowing in Princeton. The book which he edited is composed of "poems written during the last six years (1910-1916) on the Princeton campus, with the exception of one poem by a Princeton man in France." It contains seventy-seven pieces, as

compared with one hundred and thirty in the first book. Yet I feel that in poetic value and force the second book excels the first. These boys do better than their forbears,—a good omen.

Now comes the third "Book of Princeton Verse—1919." The work of collecting and arranging it has been done by three true lovers of poetry, Morris W. Croll, Maxwell Struthers Burt, and James Creese. My own part is only that of a veteran who is asked to write the preface to these poems written by Princeton men since 1916.

Having a conscience in literary affairs I have read the poems before writing the preface. The result of the reading has been joyful and encouraging. This book, if I mistake not, is better than its two predecessors,—more vital in spirit than the first, more musical in form than the second.)

We find here some of the men whose verses were included in Mr. Noyes' volume: John Peale Bishop, Henry Chapin, Hamilton Armstrong, James Creese, George Logan, Raymond Holden, Robert Coffin, Struthers Burt, and Frank McDonald whose clear flame of poesy has burned on Princeton's altar through so many years. But now their work seems to have a new lustre, a richer and more vivid colour, a deeper intensity of feeling.

Is this due to the awakening influence of the Great

War? Who can say? Certainly every experience which brings the realities of life home to us ought at once to quicken the emotions and to clarify their utterance. Yet war-time in general has not been favorable to poetic production. But perhaps this war, by reason of the clearness of its righteous cause and the straightness of its appeal to freedom-loving hearts, has been different. At all events, while it was waging, there has been a great revival of lyrical poetry in England and America. This volume is one of the signs of it.

It is surprising, and I must confess refreshing, to find in this collection so few pieces written in what is called *vers libre*—the Bolshevism of poetry,—which promises liberty by the destruction of all form and order. Irregular lines and unrhymed verses have always had their place in the best English poetry. They are introduced with purpose and design,—like emphatic discords in music,—to heighten by contrast the effect of the prevailing harmony. But to found a new type of poetry on the basis of irregularity is manifestly an absurd enterprise. It argues either a total misconception of what poetry is, or a temperamental laziness of mind, the spirit of an aesthetic loafer, who declines to learn the rules of an art before attempting to practice it.

Therefore it is most rejoicing and encouraging

to see that these young Princeton poets care enough for what they have to say to give the labor necessary for putting it in the form of beauty. They follow the ancient rule that poetry must be musical in order to carry its meaning deep into the human heart.

Princeton has been a national institution of learning for a long time. It has always stood for liberal culture as the basis of human progress. Poetry is an essential element of liberal culture. In this volume of collected verse I rejoice to see the light and feel the glow of poesy, burning steadily among the towers of Princeton. To the new poets, the young poets, the men of the future, I give the salute of an ancient comrade.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Avalon,
April 30, 1919.

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made of the courtesy of the editors of *Scribner's Magazine*, *The New York Tribune*, and *Contemporary Verse*, in permitting the republication of verses which first appeared under their copyright.

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**Cedunt arma togae; redeant iam carmina Campo;
Ovantes redeunt Nassovici filii.**

Part I
Princeton in War-Time

Four years were mine at Princeton,
And the friends I had were four;
Though a man be wise as I am not
And rich as I am poor,
And all his years be good to him
He shall not find him more.

There was one had joy of colors,
And one whose heart was wrung
By all the ancient beautiful things
Which dead men have sung,
But all were filled with the fulness of life,
For all were young.

One held with the great world gone,
And one with the world we see,
One believed in the goodness of God,
And one that no gods be;
But all had faith in the wisdom of youth;
The men who were young with me.

There are better men among the dead,
And better men will start
Out of the years which are not yet
To match them part for part,
But these I wear as a signet set,
As a seal upon my heart.

John Peale Bishop '17.

GOLDEN STARS

*Ode for the Memorial Service in Marquand Chapel,
December 15, 1918.*

I

I *T was my lot of late to travel far
Through all America's domain,
A willing grey-haired servitor
Bearing the Fiery Cross of righteous war.
And everywhere, on mountain, vale and plain,
In crowded street and lonely cottage door,
I saw the symbol of the bright blue star.
Millions of stars! Rejoice dear land, rejoice
That God hath made thee great enough to give
Beneath thy starry flag unfurled
A gift to all the world,—
Thy living sons that Liberty might live.*

II

*It seems but yesterday they sallied forth
Boys of the east, the west, the south, the north,
High-hearted, keen, with laughter and with song,
Fearless of lurking danger on the sea,
Eager to fight in Flanders or in France*

*Against the monstrous German wrong,
And sure of victory!
Brothers in soul with British and with French
They held their ground in many a bloody trench;
And when the swift word came—
Advance!
Over the top they went through waves of flames,—
Confident, reckless, irresistible,
Real Americans,—
Their rush was never stayed
Until the foe fell back, defeated and dismayed.
O land that bore them, write upon thy roll
Of battles won
To liberate the human soul,
Château Thierry and Saint Mihiel
And the fierce agony of the Argonne;
Yea, count among thy little rivers, dear
Because of friends whose feet have trodden there,
The Marne, the Meuse, and the Moselle.*

III

*Now the vile sword
In Potsdam forged and bathed in hell,
Is beaten down, the victory given
To the sword forged in faith and bathed in heaven.
Now home again our heroes come:
Oh welcome them with bugle and with drum,
Ring bells, blow whistles, make a joyful noise,*

*Unto the Lord,
And welcome home our blue-star boys,
Whose manhood has made known
To all the world America,
Unselfish, brave and free, the Great Republic,
Who lives not to herself alone.*

IV

*But many a lad we hold
Dear in our heart of hearts
Is missing from the home-returning host.
Ah, say they are not lost,
For they have found and given their life
In sacrificial strife:
Their service stars have changed from blue to gold!
That sudden rapture took them far away,
Yet are they here with us today
Even as the heavenly stars we cannot see
Through the bright veil of sunlight
Shed their influence still
On our vexed life, and promise peace
From God to all men of good will.*

V

*What wreaths shall we entwine
For our dear boys to deck their holy shrine?
Mountain-laurel, morning-glory,
Goldenrod and asters blue,*

*Purple loosestrife, prince's-pine,
 Wild azalea, meadow-rue,
 Nodding-lilies, columbine,—
 All the native blooms that grew
 In these fresh woods and pastures new,
 Wherein they loved to ramble and to play.
 Bring no exotic flowers:
 America was in their hearts,
 And they are ours,
 Forever and a day.*

VI

*O happy warriors, forgive the tear
 Falling from eyes that miss you;
 Forgive the word of grief from mother-lips
 That ne'er on earth shall kiss you;
 Hear only what our hearts would have you hear,—
 Glory and praise and gratitude and pride
 From the dear country in whose cause you died.
 Now you have run your race and won your prize,
 Old age shall never burden you, the fears
 And conflicts that beset our lingering years
 Shall never vex your souls in Paradise.
 Immortal, young, and crowned with victory
 From life's long battle you have found release.
 And He who died for all on Calvary
 Has welcomed you, brave soldiers of the cross,
 Into eternal Peace.*

VII

*Come, let us gird our loins and lift our load,
Companions who are left on life's rough road,
And bravely take the way that we must tread
To keep true faith with our beloved dead.
To conquer war they dared their lives to give,
To safeguard peace our hearts must learn to live.
Help us, dear God, our forward faith to hold.
We want a better world than that of old!
Lead us on paths of high endeavor,
Toiling upward, climbing ever,
Ready to suffer for the right,
Until at last we gain a loftier height,
More worthy to behold
Our guiding stars, our hero-stars of gold.*

Henry van Dyke '73.

I

THE COLLEGE

1917

The darkness is full of well-remembered sounds
And smells of vanished spring.
Old North's calm clock is making his tuneful rounds,
The echoes leap and sing

In the old old way from star-topped tower to
tower—

I pause in the shadow and strain
For the voices that now will arise to salute the
hour;

But they come not here again.

Cradled along the tops of the ancient trees
Swings autumn's newest moon—
The shadows shiver before the silent breeze
Heralding Night's high-noon.
Scattered lights gleam out through the leaded glass,
Where the lowest leaves begin:
But many a window is dark, and I turn and pass
Where I used to enter in.

On the edge of night when still is seen no morning,
Princeton, you stand and smile,
Glad to give, when the call followed the warning,
Your sons for a little while.
And if they come not again, as before some came
not,
Heart-free and young and whole,
They know their names, like their fathers' fathers'
shame not
Your ghostly honor-roll.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong '16.

2

PRINCETON

Winter—1917

LIKE to a mother who watches for her sons,
Sons whose voices may never come again,
Hour on hour on hour that laggard runs,
You watch, these grave gray winter nights of rain.

O Beautiful!

We who have loved you when the spring is lit
And breaks in flame along the western hills;
When every hollow place and damp sweet bit
Of woodland, moss and violet spills;
And in the valleys all the apple trees
Tremble with loveliness before the breeze;
O Beautiful, your beauty was of light,
Now more than beautiful, since it is dark and night.

Stern as a mother whose sons are outward borne,
On some far quest that ends beside the Grail,
You will remember them, lost and battle torn,
Recalling their voices, their steps; nor ever fail.

O Beautiful!

I think on April nights,
On April nights when all the world is green,
And soft with open windows and with lights,

They will come back where now their dreams have
been,
And walk again the paths they knew so well,
Under the trees . . . under the trees,
And, as the hours grow quieter and long,
Shake out their hearts once more in silent song.

Maxwell Struthers Burt '04.

3

AT THE BEGINNING

I HAVE told him goodbye—
This comrade of mine:
Not a glance of his eye,
Not a word gave a sign
That we parted for more than a morrow:
For the eye is no measure of strength, and
no word holds the measure of sorrow.

Not the only one he,—
The others will come:
Their answer will be,
To the bugle and drum,
But the silent acceptance of duty
Whose symbol is only the Flag, with its
perfect passionless beauty.

They will prate not of God
And hate in a breath:
The scourge and the rod
Of anguish and death
Will strike them not boastful nor stoic,
But happy Americans still, austere, light-
hearted, heroic.

For the freedom of men,
For valour, for worth—
That Beauty again
May set foot on the Earth.
For justice, for hope, for salvation,
They will fight in the glory of youth, in
the faith of their generation.

Even so. But the best
That have come of our birth—
These boys—shall we rest
With mere talk of their worth?
They shall die! But we who outlive them
Have nothing to offer but words? Have
we nothing but praises to give them?

We who stay here and wait
For the coming of day,
Be it early or late,

We shall suffer as they:
Shall break as their bodies are broken,
And speak only then of our grief when the
 peace they have died for has spoken.

And April will come,
Will blossom again,
Undisturbed by a drum,
Untroubled by pain:
And May shall bring children her gladness:
These boys and their anguish forgotten—
 and we, with our impotent sadness!

I will bid them goodbye
With a smile, with a jest:
If they fall, if they die,
They will know. It is best.
And the symbol, aloft, of their duty
Well done shall outlive them—the Flag—
 with its perfect imperious beauty!
 Francis Charles Macdonald '96.

4

THE DIFFERENCE

(B. S. W.)

DEATH makes no difference. He who died
Was brave and generous. To say less
Were niggardliness:
Less would have pleased him,—such his pride!

Now that so many die each day
This golden-hearted boy would want
His praises scant:
“O, but the others!” he would say.

But yesterday I got the news:
The boy is dead. How can it be
That here, for me,
There is no way that I may use

To answer death? For, nothing said
Of this great soul were niggardliness:
Words are worth less!
Death makes no difference—to the dead.

Francis Charles Macdonald '96.

5

PRINCETON

1917

HE dropped his book; he left his task;
He cast his gown away,
Hearing a great cry in the wind:
"It is The Day—The Day!"
Out of the river and under the hill,
His ship went down the bay.

God knows the rose grew tall and fair
In Flanders' fields, and Picardy;
And bird-songs once filled all the air
From meadow grass, and swaying tree;
God knows the childrens' dreams were sweet
As any dream could be.

He rose at the first bugle-note,
Putting his youth away,
With morning light upon his face
And a high heart and gay.
I think that God hath blessed the ground
Where he lies today.

Charles W. Kennedy '03.

6

THERE ISN'T MUCH

THERE isn't much a man can ask of life,
Besides a friend or two;
A little sympathy and laughter;
And a few home-places
That wait return and never seem to change.

To all her sons Princeton was one of these,—
Delicate gray towers crowning a low green hill,
From whence the trains sped through the meadows,
Like frightened rabbits with their white ears laid.

Last time that I came back the war was on a year,—
Came through Blair Gate and still was not at home;
Witherspoon was honeycombed with green and gold
And some few indiscriminate and black-capped
Freshmen,
At nine o'clock went hurrying toward the Place,
But the lads that owned the Campus all were gone!
No calling silhouettes filled the high windows,
No fragrant groups returning from the Nass,
The quiet, blessed bells of Old North tower,
Questioned the empty summer night unsung.

Such home-comings I have dreamed of as a child—
 Burst open doors with heart brimmed full of greet-
 ing,
 To feel an austere silence so assail my heart,
 That dread and desolation made me dumb.

Princeton is busy and still much at war,
 But the strangers there that walk within the gates,
 Have no old right to know, or can they say,
 Why Jim and Art and Don will not come home.

There isn't much a man can ask of life
 Besides a friend or two,
 A bit of sympathy and laughter,
 And a few home-places
 That beg return and never ought to change,
 And yet these too must wait upon The Peace.
Henry Chapin '17.

7

PRINCETON

April, 1917

THERE runs the high gray line of tower and tree,
 That like a sharp-drawn shadow now appears,
 Screened by the mist that comes so quietly,
 As if spring's happy rain were turned to tears.

There flies a flag no bigger than a midge;
Beneath my train the placid lake is dun,
Where no bare oarsmen pierce below the bridge
And no white-hatted paddlers take the sun.

Ah, might I come to Princeton now as then,
A year ago, on some clear April day!—
(Now April makes the meadows green again,
Before the trees have felt the touch of May,)—

And smell the little courtyard dashed with bloom;
And, winning sight to know my brothers blind,
Wear out the night with Plato in my room
To meet the morning with a crystal mind;

And ride again along the dripping lane
And feel the silver sharpness of the stars,—
When, mocking life and unannealed by pain,
We hardly heard the crash of distant wars.

All order acquiesced to our desires;
All history was acted for our sport.
Surely the moon was set to light our spires!
Surely the stars were shut in Holder Court!

Ah, Princeton! is your purpose all forgot?
Is all your mirth and learning left behind?
I listen for your voice and hear it not;
I search the streets for things I cannot find.

“Nay, even should you find me still more sad,—
 Empty and lonely, passionless and dumb,—
 And should the men come back to Princeton clad
 In grimmer garb or should they never come,

“Because my dreams are still the living ones;—
 The very dreams of empires not so large,—
 Because my bells are clearer than the guns;
 Because my books are braver than the charge,

“When all the hate and foolishness of men
 Is spent, the stars that seem to glide so high
 Shall never stray from Holder Court again,
 Nor can the broken music ever die;

“And men who never knew the cloud shall come
 To waken laughter through the soundless street,
 Where now you stand, a stranger in your home,
 Unwelcomed by the men you never meet.”

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

8

SOUTHAMPTON

November, 1917

AH, English forests, delicate and fine!
 Ah, older England our encampments mar!
 I coin among your coppices of pine
 A little gold for leaden days of war.

The tangled oak, the beech's slender bole
Make tracery against the morning's gray;
But what brave colors bank the hills that roll
Where drift the leaves on Princeton paths to-day?

New Jersey forests! where November grieves
To find her brightest fabrics blurred and blown,
More things are dead in Princeton than the leaves;
Nor has your flaming beauty passed alone.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

9

WHO HOLD THE STEPS TONIGHT?

SOMEWHERE they lie and are quiet,
Pale, pale in the light of the moon.
Those we have loved and have lived with,
Gone from us, gone too soon.

They of the laughing faces,
They of the ringing cheer,
They of the winding dances,
Have gone from us, gone without fear.

The steps where they sat for their singing
Deserted and silent are,
For song is turned into mourning
And the singers have journeyed far.

Still the tower stands in the moonlight
And the trees rise up before us
And the bells ring out as ever,
But no longer sounds the chorus,

No longer the merry voices
Chanting, repeating their song,
No longer the white clad figures
Lie where they lay so long,—

All of the long spring evenings
Lying and smoking there,
Sudden flames in the darkness
And hands reflecting the glare

On the face of a friend for a moment,
The quiet face of a friend,—
But now there's no light in their faces,
And their singing has come to an end.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

10

1918 CLASS ODE

A LITTLE while ago we came
And now we go away again,
Trusting we are not quite the same,
But freer, larger-minded men.—
High praise to thee, O Mother dear,
Guardian and teacher of the Law,
We offer as we linger here
Near old Nassau.

Thy voice we hear above the noise.
Of armies yelling down to death,
And all our little fleeting joys
We pledge with this our latest breath.—
Thy voice we know for duty's call,
Thy bells sound the alarum peal,
And forth we offer, one and all,
For woe or weal.

It may be we shall not return
To see the moonlight on thy towers—
From yonder where dead cities burn
A summons comes we know is ours.
If steadfastly we seek the right
Thy torch of knowledge lights the way,
And in its glory darkest night
Blossoms to day.

Tom English '18.

II

LEAVING FOR WAR

I USED to dream of a faroff beckoning day
 When I at last should close my college door,
 And facing life's vague promise go my way:
 Rich dreams of one last thrilling hour
 Filled with the shouts of friends among the throng,
 The touch of countless hands and the pulse of song.

Today a scudding cloud-wrack sweeps the sky,
 And shrouds in slowly drifting rain the wind
 That trails the bare brown fields nearby,
 And shakes the empty train. A single friend
 Watches the fading platform where I stand,
 And gazing sadly, waves a silent hand.

Harwood White '17.

I2

PRINCETON

June, 1918

THE pageantries of other Springs go by
 The unforgetting, clearly, one by one,
 Each year's bright color flashing in the sun,
 Each June's due wealth of glad festivity.
 There is no color now, or none there seems,
 Save drab and blue. Those tall elms yesterday
 Stirred to loud songs that quickly died away

And left them to the echoes and their dreams.
Princeton, though much has passed, more is to
come—

The elm-tops whisper of a time to be.
One not too distant day shall tell the sum;
Shall sense the things we are too blind to see.
Hearts yet unborn shall throb to hear your name,
And find you, though they know it not, the same.

Harry Pardee Keller '19.

13

THE HUNDRED FALLEN

*(Written on the occasion of the Memorial Service
in Marquand Chapel.)*

ONE hundred strong! Bide while the column
passes

On with the dust-brown thousands ranked before.
Shall we not know our own amid the masses,
Countless as leaves or as the meadow grasses,
That shall return no more?

Can we not tell them by the heart's hot burning?
Ah, wave them to the highway's utmost turning!

And while their sunset glows
Watch them into the purple, and the rose.

Silent their march, but proud and high their bearing;
Fair their array amid the bayonets' shine.

Theirs is the triumph, ours the pain and caring.
The lift of Victory with their onward faring
 Swingeth the heaving line.
Ah, wave farewell; brief is the evening hour!
And hence, where their beloved elms embower,
 Ere their new fame is scrolled,
Watch them into the glimmer, and the gold.
New fame? Old fame; since first the war-winds'
 blowing!
Eager they sprang to meet the trumpet's call,
They "took the spear, but left the shield" in going.
They paid—our debt through all the ages owing—
 Their honor and their all.
Wave them farewell! The first faint star is shining;
Let them go forth with glory, not repining,
 And ere the mists upcurl
Watch them into the paleness, and the pearl.
Their feet shall tread the dark, but where they wend
 them
There is no dawn nor darkness, soon or late.
The sworded host shall of their brightness lend them,
And some heaven-starred Centurion attend them
 Before the Western Gate.
Ah, wave them on; the long, long night is falling!
Whisper farewell, their hearts will hear you calling!
 And to the latest ray
Watch them into the umber, and the gray.
 Edward Sutton '95.

Part II

COMPLAINTE DE RENAUD

(Adapted from the French of the fourteenth century.)

RENAUD came from the wars;
And above in the window-bow
His mother said: I see
Where comes my son Renaud.

The Mother: Renaud, Renaud, rejoice,
Your wife has borne a king.

Renaud: Neither for wife nor son
My heart again shall sing.

But quickly lay me down
Within a long white bed.
Quickly they laid him down,
And straight his spirit fled.

(*The bells sound for his passing.*)

The Queen: Now tell me, mother, tell me,
Why sounds the castle knell?

The Mother: Daughter, it is the peal
Of the Rogation bell.

(*They nail up the coffin.*)

The Queen: Now tell me, mother, tell me,
What is the noise I hear?

The Mother: The carpenters in the granaries,
For harvest-time is near.
(*The priests take away the corpse.*)

The Queen: Now tell me, mother, tell me,
Who sing so sad and slow?

The Mother: Daughter, the long processions
About our houses go.

The Queen: Now tell me, mother, tell me,
What robe shall I wear today?

The Mother: Choose thou the decent black,
Leave off the rose and gray.

The Queen: Tell me, tell me, mother,
Whom have I then to weep?

The Mother: I cannot hide it—Renaud
Is dead and buried deep.

The Queen: Earth! Open thy arms!
Earth! Close above!
Renaud the king I love.

The earth forthwith opens,
Closes forthwith above.
The Queen is with Renaud,
Her king and only love.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong '16.

THE HUNCHBACK

I SAW a hunchback climb over a hill
Carrying slops for the pigs to swill.

The snow was hard, the air was froze,
And he cast a bluish shadow before.

Over the frozen hill he came
Like one who is neither strong nor lame,

And I saw his face as he passed me by
And the hateful look of his dead-fish eye,

His face like the face of a wrinkled child
Who has never laughed or played or smiled.

I watched him till his work was done,
And suddenly God went out of the sun,

Went out of the sun without a sound;
But the great pigs trampled the frozen ground.

The hunchback turned and retracked the snows,
But where God's gone, there's no man knows.

John Peale Bishop '17.

THE PARADISE IN PEAT STREET

A YEAR ago . . . and I knew where
Heaven was reached by a single stair . . .
A darkened chamber with peacock walls
And seven candles at intervals
(Burning dim as if for eyes
Not yet grown used to Paradise),
Seven candles and toast and tea
And most unholy jollity.
And if perchance there seldom came
Sackcloth saints or saints of flame,
There was an angel with red-burnt hair
Who read us snatches from Baudelaire,
An angel in a cloudlike dress
The color of ashes or nothingness,
Whom but to see was to be at once
Wiser than truths, older than suns.

Of all the Heavens of which I've heard
This was the one my choice preferred.
But if this too, like all the rest,
Lies darkened now and dispossessed
I can but guess. I only know
I may not go, I may not go,
Through the slippery street and up the stair,
Clatter the door and enter there
To sit at her lovely feet and be
A waif of immortality.

John Peale Bishop '17.

IN AUGUST

DUST of the earth, these are the ploughman's
dreams!

The great cloud islands build themselves in
sky.

On soft-curled, radiant summits lie
Imagined Powers at ease; they scorn, it seems,
This clod who fashioned them from shadows and
from gleams.

The wind comes haunting through the fields along.
(But only his heart recalls a cradle-tune
His mother and *her* mother loved so.) Soon,
Like a most faithful dog whose scent is wrong,
He wonders and would guess that travelling wind's
far song.

At dusk of evening golden stars arise.

The ploughman thinks: "What mould we crea-
tures are!"

And yet his fathers' fathers gave each star,
While blind suns and blind planets mocked their
eyes,
All the undying beauty wherewith brief hearts are
wise.

G. Tucker Bispham '04.

RESPECTABILITY

I DRANK; but often, at the café door,
Some best friend lectured. Lord! It was
a bore.

I lusted; but her whom I defiled
Not quickly I forgot—there was my child.

Now, in this comfortable house shut in,
Need Christ intrude? Have I not done with sin?
G. Tucker Bispham '04.

"DESDEMONA'S SONG"

I WOULD that love befell us like falling of the
snow,
Covering the old with a covering slow;
Cruel is the sweep of this wild, uprooting wind,
With its whistling scorn for frail things, left behind.

Were love the home waters of a lake in summer
sleep,
Our star-white memories calm within its deep,
O nevermore would music of the wave-loud sea
Deafen and betray us to all that used to be.

G. Tucker Bispham '04.

A SONG FOR THE AFTERNOON

DOWN by the River, dreaming when a boy,
 Where to find a world for my rare toy;
 "Follow me to glory, come! Follow me to joy!
 You will be a king," sang the River.

Down by the River, waiting for my dear,
 Words very shy with happiness near:
 "Boldly try your luck now your true love's here;
 You will be her king," sang the River.

Down by the River, when the ripples, by chance,
 Golden round an oak-stump circle and glance:
 "Where's your merry fiddle for the young folks'
 dance;
 They need you, my friend," said the River.

G. Tucker Bispham '04.

GREEN WILLOW TIME

(An unposted letter)

WELL! It's spring already here, with grass and
 trees shooting,
 With girls and boys playing 'long the cart-be-
 sprinkled street;—
 But my heart's aching for that cussed Teton Canyon,
 Where there's fifteen feet of snow yet under slip-
 ping horses' feet.

The sky seems bluer there, tho loud the winds are
singing,

Tho willows down the gulch-bed still are brown
and sear;

It's only by a song-bird you know the time is wing-
ing,

It's only by your lazy warmth you feel the joy
is near.

For the heart used to earn the spring in six snow
months of waiting;

Love brought all her wonders to us men who
lived alone;

And our small birds in New-Leaf saw bigger friends
mating;

There was a tender sowing e'er the barley-field
was sown.

Sally, are you angry at your rackety, old husband,
Who went out to see the city folk, and all the
sights and shows?

There's a train leaves at seven from this sweating,
marble station—

I'll be home before green willow time in Teton
Canyon snows.

G. Tucker Bispham '04. •

WORDS

SOME day when I am well content,
When I have paid the uttermost rent,
Paid the butcher, paid the cook,
I'll write a leafy, shadowy book;
A book so quiet, clear and cool
The words will rest you like a pool.
. . . And thirsty folk, who need a drink,
Will come and buy that book—I think.

Some day when I am very rich
I'll hire a private, grass-grown ditch,
With silver maples bending over
A secret amplitude of clover;
And just a little blue mud so
Blue butterflies can come and go . . .
Over and under and round and together,
Lazy as thoughts in lazy weather:
And into my mind sweet word on word
Will flutter and stir there; gracious, absurd,
Quaintly beautiful, stately, gay;
And after a little while fly away.
And I shall not hold them, shall not care,
Simply be glad that they once were there.
. . . I shan't be even sorry, I think,
I killed them Monday last with ink.

When I have done all the work I should,
I'll buy a thick and tangled wood,
And lie behind a thorn and peer
At the travellers on the highroad near;
But I'll have my ears stuffed up with cotton,
So's not to hear their talk besotten.
And if perchance they trespass there,
I'll lose them . . . I'll have everywhere
Signs to guide them wrong; one item,
A gentle bear I know to bite 'em.
Never a sound, but like a tune
Will come the damp cool smell of June,
Come from hidden hollows where
Primrose grows with maidenhair,
And all the afternoon of glades
Is misty with sunlight and cascades:
Out of the ultimate heart of trees
I'll get me quiet, and dreams, and ease.
. . . Quiet? They say the best of quiet
Is found in Heaven—Some day I'll try it.

Maxwell Struthers Burt '04.

SPRING IN PRINCETON

SWEET, very sweet the meadows now,
New blackened by the turning plough,
And soon across the Jersey hills
Will drip the gold of daffodils ;
Until the furrows in the train
Of drifting winds, drift deep with grain.
Apple and Judas tree and pear
Breaking in blossom everywhere,
And in the night . . . O nights soft falling!
To hear the little "peepers" calling!
I wonder if, as used to be,
The dusk is damp with mystery ;
And shadowy black where trees, inlacing,
Make patterns for a round moon's tracing?
And if, down every silent lane,
Lovers walk hand in hand again?
O to awake on such a day,
And open windows wide to May!
To watch the luminous red dawn
Stealing across the close-turfed lawn ;
Each lilac bush, to purple springing,
A very rain, a pain of singing ;
While here and there, with strident tapping,
A flicker stirs the laggard napping :
To breakfast underneath the trees,
With silver and white naperies,

On honey tasting yet of clover
In a warm field, a blue sky over,
While, just to make full life completer,
Your cigarette burns sweet and sweeter.
O little town, in Spring I find
You altogether to my mind:
Your towers, silvery gray and high,
Against the background of a sky
Where white clouds drift as lazily
As galleons on a summer sea:
Your old bells ringing, old clocks chiming,
Dawn and dusk and high-noon timing;
And underneath your elm trees stately,
The brisk Don, walking not sedately.
Time is unwastable in May;
There is no night, there is no day;
One can dream honestly the hours,
Over old books, over new flowers,
Scenting an ancient tome of leather
With shrubs and grass and sunny weather;
Until John Lyly struts once more,
And Gil Blas laughs from a tavern door,
And Borrow foots it through his Spain
With bibles and with lies again . . .
Although, in truth, a hocus-pocus,
With print mixed up with thoughts of crocus,
Tulip, hyacinth, red japonica,

Where Wells is marrying Ann Veronica,
And sentimental, swings his feet
For nothing, save that life is sweet.

And life is sweet, no matter where;
Even the big gray towers are fair,
And daisies white and buttercup
Creep to their very gates, and up
Each narrow street, the children sing
To hurdy-gurdies in the Spring.
Dusk is brimful and soft with speech
That Parma, Umbria, Sicily teach;
And Vévey, and Lucerne; and merry,
Rich, and quaint is the tongue of Kerry.
I think there's nothing like, at dark,
To see the lamps in Central Park
Turn yellow in the purple gloom
To huge gold lilies dripping bloom;
And watch the great walls through the night
Ripple to towers of fabulous light . . .

But ah the best, the very best,
My little town, twice score miles west!
There, as the sun folds down its wings,
On every lawn a robin sings,
And kindly people take their tea
Under an elm or maple tree;
While dogs, politely consequent,

Vaguely consider each new scent.
And ah, the lilac trees are rare!
And ah, the green-gold evening there!
O quiet lawns, O friendly town:
O the soft drift of petals down!

Maxwell Struthers Burt '04.

FISHING

THE days that I went fishing,
I would wake before the dawn,
The moon a little lip of gold
Above a silver lawn,
Where, in a velvet pool of trees,
A gray mist hung, unstirred by breeze,
Or any sound; so patiently
The world bore night, it seemed to me.

The house was silent to my feet,
Beneath a tip-toe tread,
And I could see behind each door,
Calm in a white-paned bed,
An aunt with high patrician nose,
An uncle carmined; there arose
A smell of matting on the air,
Sober and cooling everywhere.

Beside the stove the cat blinked twice,
With eyes of topaz gold,
And yawned with infinite contempt,
For sleep is always new, and old
Is fishing; on the Nile,
Once with mysterious feline guile,
In temple-shadowed moonlight bays,
Were caught bright fins of other days.

The cat, the kitchen stove, the door
Upon a miracle of sun:
O for the dew upon the grass!
O for the feet that dance and run!
And in the maples' tiptop spires
The bursting song of passionate choirs!

I think that morning's finest joys
Are saved for little fishing boys.

Where trout lie there are white, white stones,
With running water over;
And half the air is made of mint,
And half is made of clover;
And slow clouds come and go and sail
Like giant fish with lazy tail.

A stream runs out a fine-spun song.
From shadowy pools to laughter ;
A wood-song, with a chorus clear,
And a lilt, and a chuckle after ;
For little pools with sunlight in
Are like plucked notes of a violin,
While through the mist of melodies
Stirs ever the motif of the breeze.

Some find bird-caroling sweet at dawn,
And some more sweet at noon,
But fishing boys like dusk, I think,
For there's a hush, that soon,
When evening sends them homeward bound,
Turns every field to tremulous sound,
Where thrush and owl and meadow lark
Chant to the coming of the dark.

The nights when I'd been fishing
Were always very still,
Save for a rustling of the leaves,
A distant-whip-poor-will,
And in a sky of velvet blue
The stars were golden fishes too,
Swam slowly, swam into a dream
Of white stones and a running stream.

Maxwell Struthers Burt '04.

*SHARON VALLEY AND THE SLUMBERING
HILLS*

WHEN winter shrinks the hills with his cold
breath

And scarlet maples strip to nakedness,
Proud rise the highlands, clad in ancient pine
That dark and rough and royal mantle makes,
All ermined thick with silver stains of birch.
Then my small house hid close beneath the wood,
Plumed with evening smoke, glows in the valley
Like warm new-fallen fire upon the snow.

Yet how more fair in summer time it is,
The sun-dried granite ledges arch hot backs
Toward high-impending thunders, and the rain
In long gray vestments, trails from sudden storm
To sweep the hills and turn them fresh with green.
Then cliffs are scarred with thin white water-falls
That rain-bow veiled leap headlong to the wood
And cheer the happy valley with fresh streams.

With murmuring winds and loud commanding
storms
The seasons breathe of passion there in vain.
These upward-looming ranges, my old friends,
That stalwart stand 'gainst star-lit depths of heaven
Like sprawling Titans patient through the night,

Rest yet and wait until my Father call,
When they shall cast green cloaks from their broad
backs
To live the freedom I have failed to find.

I have gone down to cities from these hills
And miss the counsel of their brooding brows,
That watch above the valley, where my love
Awaits my coming home again to Sharon;
Where tired hearts grow quiet and sweet peace
Lies in the air beneath the slumbering slopes.
For Sharon Valley is my Father's House,
Whence I have fled to lose these many years.

Henry Chapin '17.

ELLEN AND BILL

OF course I'm fond of every Jack and Jill,
But quite in love with Ellen and with Bill;
Old Bill, a woodsman and a soldier too,
Will stare most curiously and direct at you,
Questioning the wherefor and the why
Of flowers that fade and the butterflies that die,
When clutched too hard. As for this Ellen—
The loveliest five-years' maid beyond all telling—
Her brown, enchanting, shadow-haunted eyes
Her mother-tended mop of fragrant hair
Are brimming bright with merry mysteries,

Is thick and soft and dark, beyond compare!
Though I be scorned by other Jack or Jill,
I'm everlasting friends with her and Bill.

Henry Chapin '17.

FRIEND LIFE

SOME day I guess that sad old death will come,
Slap me on the back and growl, "Young man,
It's time to go!" Then, if I stand my turn,
I shall find out, perhaps, where those loved others
are,

My eager friends who chose too soon to part.
Yet I do fear God's hills are not so green
As some veiled valleys that mine eyes have seen,
Nor are his people such a curious crowd
Of maiden, lad, and sage as I now know.
Not to complain,—but I could better wish
To stay awhile and take my chance with men,
And play this odd old game of life straight through.
I am no wise man, nor yet quite a fool;
Sometimes in contemplation from calm heights,
I've watched the swarming in the builded vales;
More often been a clown amidst the clowns,
And never sought the whither or the why,
Just clung to those that live, forgetting those that
die.

Some golden day if sad old death shall pass

And touch me on the shoulder, sighing, "Come!"
 I hope my old pal life, self-willed and gay,
 Shall thump death on *his* back and say him, "Nay!"

Henry Chapin '17.

SPRING NIGHT: A PASTEL

SOFT, clinging black, splashed with a glare
 of yellow light—
 The moving picture show.
 Above, a broad expanse of purple, star-pinked
 sky,
 Washed clean by April rain;
 Below, a motor truck, its solemn negro at
 the wheel,
 Caught as it rumbles by,
 Over the uneven cobbles of the street,
 Still wet, and shining in the saffron glow.
 Within the garish radiance the ticket booth
 Stands, flanked on both sides by screaming,
 multi-colored lithographs.
 Before the flaming posters in a breathless
 semi-circle
 Is grouped a crowd of children.
 Upon the cement walk six pansies,
 Dropped by some hurrying passer-by,
 Lie unnoticed.

Sayers Coe '12.

THE POOR OLD MAN

BEFORE the door he sits, an old gray-headed
man,

A stick of hickory in his hand,
A stick of hickory old and gnarled—like him.
Poor old man! Nothing to do all day but sit
And paw his stick
And mumble his old toothless gums.
Poor old man! Nothing to see all day but grass
And trees
And flowers.
Nothing to hear but songs of birds.
Poor old man!

Sayers Coe '12.

WISDOM

LAST year when I was twenty-one
There little was I lacked to know,
With childish things I thought I'd done;
I was a man—a year ago.

But now that I am twenty-two
I know that life is not all joy.
There was so much I never knew,
For then I still was but a boy.

And I suppose a year from now
The day that I am twenty-three,
I'll smile and wisely wonder how
Such boyish innocence could be.

Sayers Coe '12.

LIES

THERE came to mind long after he was gone
How with a boy's evasion he essayed
To hide from adult eyes an escapade
Full of hot pirate dreams of gold that shone
Through summer sunset time beside the sea;
And how he sought to hide the pebbles that he chose,
Worn thin, because, when placed in rows,
He fancied they were doubloons, in his glee.

But they were lies and worse—these things
That filled his eyes with dusky-flecked moon-haze,
And made him follow rainbows for their gold;
For, one by one, boy-fancies spread their wings,
Like traitors slipped away and took their ways
Home to their clouds, and let his heart grow old.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

PUER REDEMPTOR

LO, where the dew-eyed oxen kneeling
Greet the Maiden-Mother blest,
A morning star hangs sweetly singing—
Puer Redemptor natus est.

Three kings, Coal-black, Twig-brown,
and Ashen,
Cross-legg'd on their camels sit,
For the White-King, fair as any snowflake,
Os sacratum protulit.

A lusty cock in Herod's palace
Roasted brown within his juice
Springs up and crows thrice in the
platter—
Psallat omnis angellus.

The flocks no longer heed their shepherds,
Skip and leap winsomely;
The heaven blossoms out with angels,
Psallat in laudem Dei.

O merry, merry is the Christide,
Hallowmass of kingly peace.
God keep us all this night and always
Saeculorum saeculis.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

GOOD FRIDAY SONG

CHRIST was dead last eve they said,
 And kneaded 'gainst the morrow
 The dough to toast for Friday's Host,
 The token of men's sorrow.
 When 'twas done—who buys a bun?—
 Five-and-twenty horses
 Could scarcely pull the trays still full
 For buns with holy crosses.
 One-a-penny,
 Two-a-penny,
 Hot-cross buns!

One candle white they lit last night
 To mean the Christ in heaven;
 Of yellow, three, which ladies be,
 For Apostles true, eleven.
 One by one—who'll buy a bun?—
 They snuffed their candles yellow;
 One-and-ten Apostles, then
 The ladies three of tallow.
 One-a-penny,
 Two-a-penny,
 Hot-cross buns!

When all alone the white light shone
 To mean our dying Saviour,

They quenched its spark, in the altar dark
Placed it with sad behaviour.
The hours run—wilt have a bun?—
There comes a sound of quaking,
And in the gloom, lo, how the tomb
By might unseen is shaking.

One-a-penny,
Two-a-penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Good folk all, pray heed my call,
The resurrection glory
Is now at hand in every land,
I sing its holy story.
Christ has won—wilt buy a bun?—
So let the world sing glee,
He lives, He lives, and promise gives
Of life eternally!

One-a-penny,
Two-a-penny,
Hot-cross buns!

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

MATER DOLOROSA

THE winds lie still about the tapers
Standing lily-like in vapours
Down the star-strewn fields of night;
Silence hears the Mother calling,
Darkness from Her head sees falling
Tender aureoles of light.

Erect, above the lesser lilies
Clustered round the Holy Hill, is
The crimson Lily of the Rood;
Above the Mother and Her crying
The Son hangs sighing, faint and dying,
Bound with nails fast to the wood.

Our tearful Mother of the Lilies,
Pale and frail exceeding, still is
With Her weeping never done;
Her store of sighs is still unfailing,
Down the years She grieves, bewailing
Our crucifixions of Her Son.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

THE SHIP OF STARS

“**W**ere the ships returning home below
When last thou look’dst upon the sea?
Just now, dear Mother, through the glow,
Reflecting waves that come and go
Along the wall, a shadow passed
And made things darker here for me.
And was there one ship high of mast
That with its sails this shadow cast?”

“No, no, sick lad, far on the deep
The boats delay, and thou must sleep.”

“But see, my Mother, on the wall
A tall ship rides across the light
Of glinting waves, and shadows fall
Thick from its sails and straightway all
The sunglints ebb away . . . The barque
Is drifting in with coming night.
There’s music somewhere, too, and hark!
Deep waters rising through the dark.”

“My child, my child, the sunbeams fill
The room and everything is still.”

“And now the stars are coming out
Above the ship, above the sea,

And seven ring the mast about,
Swinging from spars all radiantly . . .
See! the sailors are beckoning me,
And one most like St. Chris of old
Bears me up quite peacefully
And doth me to his bosom fold."

"Alas! and is it thus with thee,
And must thou fare away from me?"

"Ah, star-eyes fixed on me I feel,
Soft curtains scent the darkened air . . .
Or doth the Virgin Mother kneel
To soothe me with Her fragrant hair?
The fear of waters dies away . . .
The white stars bear us company,
The starlit billows surge and sway . . .
We are far . . . far . . . on the sea."

"O Mary Mother smooth the way
For him across the seas this day!"

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

TERRAE ILLUMINATAE

O BLUE poplars are in Picardy
And cedars green along Provence,
And ruddy ripe the vineyards call
The sleepy folk of Toul to dance;
In Burgundy, hard by the sea,
You'd sight a golden ship or so;
And if you went to Banbury town,
Perhaps you'd see the bun-trees blow.

There's many a man to take his oath
As how he saw a green mer-dame
Caught by her hair among the kelp—
The purple kelp of gray Penaimé.
There was a sailor once who spoke
Of milk-white birds with burning combs,
Another told how on their backs
Far-flying sea-mews bore their homes.

But in the cloisters of St. Onne
You may behold sights stranger yet,
Upon the sheepskin pages there
Shine things as no one yet has met,
A monk in crimson, one in gold,
Dance tip-toe at a letter's top,
While through the latticework below
Gay little redbirds peck and hop.

In and out and roundabout
 Lean, hooknosed piemen crouch and run,
 And there's a visored knight or two
 A-galloping right on the sun.
 But O the tiny troupedours
 Who pick their twanging, scarlet strings!
 They're not abashed to rub their knees
 Against the angel there who sings.

Up and down a little town
 Hangs sidewise from a steepish hill,
 A maid no bigger than a jay
 Hangs shirts to dry high on a mill;
 And merry children peek and hide
 Behind a pompous, scarlet P—
 O never were such jolly things
 Outside our books to go and see.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

IN PRAISE OF PASTRY

THE mavis singeth well, I trow,
 Upon the knotted thorn;
 "Toc-toc, cree-cree," high on the tree—
 No sweeter fowl were born.
 But palates have their day, wife,
 As well as ear or eye;
 And mavis singeth best, love,
 Well browned in smoking pie.

Your slender fingers once could make
 (Before they waxed so thick)
The harp-strings twang, while lovers sang
 Themselves quite lean and sick.
That hungry love-time's gone, now,
 You pat the dough full round
And mouths, instead of hearts, melt
 To hear the dulcet sound.

Above the moss upon the wall
 A hermit's nose I spy;
The anchorite has left his spite
 And laid his hair-shirt by.
He reads the wind and sighs, love,
 The fragrant scent to greet,
The oven sighs in chorus,
 The air grows wondrous sweet.

Let Raoul, Paul, and Beaultpierre
 Sigh to a love-sick moon,
Or break a head, or red blood shed,
 Or dance in long-toed shoon.
For *me* the pie spells passion,
 All other loves I flout.
O Mistress mine of Pie-Lore,
 Don't leave the ginger out!

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

ST. IVE'S HALL

THe clerks come up, the clerks go down
 Along the ways of Oxon-town.
 Within this town there stands a hall,
Sancta Ivo its name they call,
 The goodliest far in heraldry,
 Standing hard by the Nunnery.
 Upon its shield a sinister bar
 And seven cats emblazoned are.
 The cats are black which watch the gate
 And clerks returning homeward late.
 Now if perchance it be your will
 To fathom this riddle mystical—
 Know that the mystic cats are *seven*,
 Bespeaking a symbol old as heaven.

*O blithesome it is at St. Ive's Inn,
 Happy the clerk who dwells therein!*

The first cat of this strange device
 Has eyes as cold as emerald ice;
 The second's eager ear-tips give
 A token of nature most sensitive;
 The next one merely sits the while
 She mildly sports a red-lined smile;
 With shivering awe the fourth behold
 Ramping on claws of sunset gold;

The fifth, in unstudied, ecstatic glee,
Is curved at the tail flamboyantly;
The sixth of lustre has no lack,
For she gives out sparks from her archéd
back;
But the last, outshining all the rest,
Springs, phoenix-wise, from a flaming nest.

*O winsome the clerks who cultivate
The learned cats which ward that gate!*

Six and one dark secrets be
Within the first cat's pedigree;
And ancient five and two more new
Hide 'neath the second's ebon hue;
While in the next, you may be sure,
Lurk four and three and three and four;
There follows one with two and five,
Whereafter one and six must strive;
But she who lastly springs toward heaven
May boast the undivided seven.
Behind them all the bar of jet
Solemnly warns, lest we forget,
That, add who will, the sum's the same,
And that stalemates stale in this Learning
game.

*O blissful they are who demonstrate
The mysterious cats on St. Ive's gate!*

Man, warns the riddle that's first unspun,
May *see* six pies, yet *eat* but one;
The second cat quite plain implies
That of things you *hear* five-sevenths are
lies;
The third cat says, if to *smile* you design,
Mix four parts of water with three of
wine;
The fourth: if on *mauling* you set great store,
Your chance of getting it's three out of
four;
Then the fifth: two nights for logic are
And five for *love* and *the Spanish Guitar*;
The sixth cat whispers: *love* one maid best
For, *loving* six, you get no rest;
Be one with all, the seventh cries,
And *live forever* with the wise!

*O goodly it is in learnéd St. Ive,
Surely a clerk therein should thrive!*
Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

TILL THE WHITE COCK CROWS

NOW the moth is sleeping
 Cradled in the rose,
 Virgin stars are peeping
 Till the white cock crows.
 Till the cock crows, Fairest,
 Wakes my pleading air—
 O cast me down the dead rose,
 Cast me down the red rose
 Caught within thy hair.

REFRAIN

*O cast me down the red rose,
 Though it be a dead rose,
 Grant me that, Elvaire;
 Let other youths be bolder,
 My passion's none the colder,
 'Tis all that I may dare.*

Ah, cold the maiden stars rest
 Bowered in the sky,
 Take no heed of love quest,
 Watch the fond youths die.
 Till the cock crows, Bright Love,
 Ending lovers' care,
 My plea is for the red rose,
 Only for the dead rose
 That's tangled in thy hair.

Then cast me down . . .

Blind are all the flowers,
 A lonely dove or so
 Moans away the hours
 Ere the Day-cock crow.
 Ere the day break, Sweet Love,
 I whisper to thee, Fair,
 Take my heart for the dead rose,
 I give my heart for the red rose
 That's wound within thy hair.
So cast me down . . .

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

CUCKOO

IN the high green wood this eve I stood
 To hearken to the cuckoo,
 Who'll tell you true the years that you
 Still have to taste life's pleasures.
 Old monks may say and prate all day—
 "Tis sin to count his measures,
 And he shall rue who'll heed cuckoo
 By burning everlasting."
 Full well they know that here below
 Men would not still be fasting,
 If once men knew that Death's sad due
 Were far away, By Cuckoo!

So in the wood I softly stood,
 Enraptured by the cuckoo,
 While I heard that winsome bird
 Tell off two-and-twenty.
 Twenty wine-years shall be mine—
 For drinking there's a-plenty!
 My legs I'll throw, cast to and fro
 In twenty years of dancing!
 Armours I'll ply and sing and sigh
 In twenty springs entrancing!
 But the last, last two, sweet joys adieu,
 I'll be a monk, By Cuckoo!

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

TITYVILLUS

GUIBERT, Abbot of Douai,
 In a twilight cloistered way
 Met a weazened devilkin,
 With a most malicious grin,
 And an overladen sack
 Slung across his sinful back.
 "Tell me, devil," bold spake he,
 "What thy burden sore may be.
 For one to bear my chattels hence—
 'Twere a most unmeet offence!"

"I cry thy pardon, Sir," quoth he,
 "These scraps I bear belong to me.
 I, Tityvillus, found them all.
 They are the syllables let fall,
 Snipped off without the ghost of qualms
 By lazy monks who mumble psalms,
 Forskipping, leaping carelessly,
 Galloping through their liturgy.
 Tityvillus garners these
 To upholster Hell for tender knees."

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

APPARATUS CRITICUS

"WE have the same old wives' tale in each land—"

(They said)—"some sage, it seems—we understand

Folk's reasoning—some Merlin of the hills,
 Will shake off sleep, yawn, rise to end men's
 ills—

See Barbarossa myth—cognate, you know,
 A sleeping god—the answered call, and so
 All live quite happy after—rivers run
 With milk and honey when the hubbub's done.
 'Hem! Celts as well as Teutons have *that* tale.

Quite so . . . The note may yet be of avail."

And all the while they squint-eyed thrum their
books
They cannot read the writing on the wall
Over against the kings with haughty looks
And armies, tapestried in gold, which fall
To make a picture-history of the days—
The trumpet days that were and are at hand.
A Drake may sail again the dusky ways
With shadow fleets to ward the old Home-Land.
A risen Charlemagne may pass by night
Along his Frankish lines with white-hot hail
And raise new legions of the Cross to smite
Anew a heathen host come to assail
With super-creeds and super-hates our God—
The God of old who humbly lived and trod
Our earth . . . Yet erudite and petty souls
Scratch little notes, when God inscribes His
scrolls.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

LULLABY

NOW the infant moon,
To the tune
Of crickets singing off to sleep,
Swings between the sleepy boughs,
In his cradle 'gins to drowse
While angel-stars their night watch keep.

Hush, wee Drowsihead,
In thy bed,
For thou must not outwatch thy mate!
See, the little moon was quick,
When the shadows gathered thick,
To rockaby before 'twas late.

Little moon would fear,
Baby dear,
To see the many goblins where,
Tumbling in and out the grass,
They trip belated snails who pass
Or fright the beetles in the air.

Come, thou West Wind sweet,
On light feet,
And rustle leaves in twilight play;
Come, thou quaintly shy Repose
Sleeping all day in the rose,
Come steal my baby's eyes away.

Robert P. Coffin, A.M., '16.

*LES SYLPHIDES**(The Russian Ballet.)*

IN the dim calcium light that floods the scene
 They pass and intermingle like a flock
 Of fluttering butterflies in moonlight green,
 Or moths with snowy wings. Arms interlock,
 Lithe bodies poised a moment in a pose—
 A fleeting reminiscence of Watteau—
 And then the tableau, like an opening rose
 Dissolves its outlines. Figures come and go,
 Floating like cherry-blossoms on the wind,
 A moment in mid-air, then curts'ying low,
 A pale face like a flower's eye confined
 In a skirt's circle. Now on nervous toe
 They dance with lightsome grace as unconfined
 As woodland nymphs where winds of Fancy blow.

*William Brewer Connett '15.**A GIBBET SONG*

THREE gay fellows
 Dancing on air,
 Swung and swayed on the hill-top there.
 And the moon came up and the wind blew
 high,
 Said the three gay fellows, "When do we
 die?"

Said one:

“The wind’s in my garments
And the wind’s in my bones
And I really don’t fancy
Its sepulchral tones.”
And the moon went higher and the wing
 swung ’round,
Said the three gay fellows, “Whither bound?”

Said a second:

“The fiddling’s very pretty,—
 But I’d rather not pay
Such a price for a filching
 On the King’s highway.”
And the wind blew clouds across the moon,
Said the three gay fellows, “Death’s a
 buffoon.”

Said the third:

“My left thigh bone
 Is a weary weight,
And the rope holds my neck
 A trifle too straight.”
And the moon went down and the wind sank
 too,—
And they fell with a rattle as skeletons do.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

SONGS IN THE WIND

I

TH**ERE** were harps in Babylon,
There was song in Tyre,
And the Queens of Aragon
Gave ear to the lyre;
And the songs of the minstrels spread
With the winds of Troy.
Are all of the minstrels dead?
Gone all their joy?
The harps, they sound in the water-fall,
The song in the wind on the hill,
The queens, they sit on the garden wall,
And hearken, hearken still,—
The queens, they sit on the garden wall,
“Pretending things” as children will.

II

There's a song that I heard
In a lonely hollow
And I wanted to follow
The wingèd sprite;
But it fled from my sight
Ever singing, singing
Over the tree-tops winging, winging
Away to the night
With the song that I heard

In a lonely hollow
When I wanted to follow
The wingèd sprite.

III

In at the window, dancing, dancing,
Dancing in they came,
Fairies dainty, prancing, prancing,
Calling out my name.

Over the sill a million leaping
Landed on my bed,
From the edge of my pillow, thousands peeping
Tousled the hair of my head.

I feared to waken from my sleeping
Lest they should cease their play,
Moving not and silence keeping
To hear what they should say.

"He'll be hard to wake, I fancy,"
Said Lady-Light-o-the-Moon.
"Let's carry him off," said dancing Nancy
And shook her silver shoon.

"He'll weigh too much," said Fluffy Feather,
"It's a habit they have on earth."

“He’ll kick,” said the prim little Miss May Weather,
“He’ll scold,” said blithe Boy-Mirth.

“The moon is calling and we’re delaying,
Let’s leave him alone, the glake.”
They went, but Bird-Song lingered saying,
“Waken, minstrel, wake.”

IV

Will ye bring me a string
Of dew-drop pearls
And a scarf that spider wove?
Will ye get me a ring
Of silvery curls
Of smoke for my treasure trove?
Will ye steal me a star
To wear on my breast?
Glowing gowns of mist from far?
Then I’ll love ye well, I’ll love ye best
Of all the elves that are,
Of all the elves there are.

V

Oh, her eyes are so bright,
Her eyes are so keen,
They say she can see
What’s never been seen,—

The ant's foot-print in the grass,
 The bee's wing-print in the air,
 The waves of moonlight that pass,
 The ghost with wind-bathed hair.
 Oh would she could see
 The love that's in me.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

SHADOWS ON THE DIAL

(Eight Quatrains)

I

THE night is a molten metal,
 In a purple stream it flows,
 And dawn is a crimson petal
 That lightly falls from the rose.

2

Dark casket thou art, my Future,
 And jewels are closed in thee,
 But I, alack! am a loser
 For I have lost the key.

3

Oh Life is a swinging sword-blade
 With a note in the air like a harp,
 But I took up the sword-blade
 And the edge was perilous sharp.

4

Fair Love, they say, comes singing
With Spring across the lea,—
But sun of summer is bringing
No love at all to me.

5

I fancied I ruled a city,
A scepter and money-bags
And purple I seized—'Tis a pity!
I grasped a stick and rags.

6

Oh things are run so queerly
That one can never tell
But that what one loves most dearly
Might plunge a saint to Hell.

7

The day is a glittering mirror
And the night a dim-lit pool;
But a blow may shatter a mirror,
And the water may mirror a fool.

8

Shadow whispers to Shadow,
That thrones and cities fall,
And Shadow nods to Shadow
That Death outlives them all.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

PRINCETON VERSE

THE ENIGMA

PALE with long labor,
Diligent and slow,
Who thou art, Neighbor,
None of us know.

No matter who sows,
Thou art ever the Reaper;
Of each thorn and each rose,
The ultimate Keeper.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

ON A FLANDERS CROSS

COME thou to my bed, oh maiden,
With flowers to my bed;
No love wilt thou find, nor promise of life,
But only thy lover, dead.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

KING HENRY'S QUEENS

THE Spaniard's sent from Windsor,
The Cardinal has fled,
The King has taken my Lady Anne
To grace his royal bed.

Put on your robes, my loyal mayor,
Put on your scarlet gown,
Put on your collars and your chains,
The queen has come to town.

Go deck your barges, guildsmen all,
With banners gaily bind,
With seemly banners, targets gay,
With gold and silk in the wind.

Go down to meet the royal bride,
Go down the winding stair,
Go down and hear the maidens sing,
The queen is coming there.

The queen is come in royal barge,
The queen in cloth of gold,
With noble lords and noble dames,—
A goodly sight to behold.

And haste ye then to Tower Hill,
The queen is drawing nigh;
And haste ye then to Westminster Hall,
The queen is passing by.

And first there come the foreign lords
In velvet coats of blue
With silver buckles at their knees,—
A-riding two by two.

And after them, the gentlemen
And many a goodly knight,—
The judges in their violet robes,
The abbots in the white.

And then there comes our loyal mayor
And proudly bears his mace;
The Garter's blazoned on his arms,—
Oh ruddy is his face.

In crimson velvet come the lords,
In scarlet come the squires,
On either side the heralds ride
And lordlings of the shires.

The queen is come in litter born,
The queen in gold and white,
And footmen bear the bonny queen,
And oh the queen is light.

She hath a kirtle of white cloth
And ermine white on her gown
And on her head a circlet of gold,
Her hair a-hanging down.

Oh where is now the lady of Spain
That once was Henry's wife?
They've ta'en away her golden crown;
Fair Anne, hast thou ta'en her life?

The Spaniard's sent from Windsor,
The Cardinal has fled,
The King has ta'en my Lady Anne
To grace his royal bed.

James Creese, Jr., '18.

SONG

SING we, masters, maidens all,
Each of fairest love the thrall;
Sing we of felicity,
And in sweetest harmony,
Sing we of the light that glows
In the bosom of the rose;
Sing we of the silver beam
In the dewdrop's crystal gleam;
Sing we of love that fires
Ardently our sweet desires;
Sing a lively joyous measure
Of the golden wealth of pleasure.
Hand in hand, we masters gay,
With the maidens sing our lay.

Let our song come trippingly,
Lovely, fresh and fancy-free;
Tune it to the plastic note
From the robin-red-breast's throat;
Tune it to the mournful tale

Of the tender nightingale.
 Tune it to the monotone
 Of the drowsy, humming drone.
 Come ye masters, lordings gay,
 And ye maidens, modest all,
 Sing we now our roundelay,
 Each of fairest love the thrall.

R. Dunn '19.

CARMEN VAGARUM

H EY for wayfaring!
 We, the Goliards,
 Blithe, though penniless,
 Pass in routs along
 Hedges and highways
 Singing, carousing,
 In May-time and Summer.

Green the by-paths
 Glisten at sunrise:
 Soft sifts the sunlight
 Through leaves at mid-day:
 White in the moonlight
 Streams the high-road.

Chill are the hedges
 In early morning:

Hot the noon sun
 Beats on our satchels:
 Wet with the showers
 We shake and shiver.

Yet warm the hearth-fires
 In tavern and manor,
 And warm the welcome.
 Dame Venus lights us
 To midnight couches.
 Then forth at daybreak.

Come, no repining!
 Complete is the solace
 Of foaming tankards
 Or sparkling vintage.
 Lift hearts with voices
 In 'Gaudemus'
 Till the walls re-echo.

Tom English '18.

MY FARM IN ILLINOIS

O EDEN'S bowers were gay with flowers
 And Eden's banks were sheen,
 And Eden's streams reflected gleams
 Of Summer's clearest green;
 I sigh whene'er I think how rare
 Was Adam's heav'nly joy,

And yet my eyes see Paradise
On my farm in Illinois.

Fair to the sky the cornfields lie
And lakes of rippling grass,
And pastures wide the lands divide,
Mottled with clouds that pass;
The prairie floor stretches before,
Behind the woods deploy,—
A pleasant place for Adam's race
Is my farm in Illinois.

The flashing share turns furrows there
In sleek, converging rows,
And round and round the stubble-bound
The clashing reaper goes.
This is the land I understand,
That's known me from a boy;
Though Eden's day has passed away,
It is morn in Illinois.

Each passing hour, in sun and shower,
Smiles Beauty's face divine;
The seasons' change makes new and strange
This prairie farm of mine.
This good black soil where patriots toil
Bears sweets that never cloy;
Though I traverse the universe,
I'll come home to Illinois.

Tom English '18.

QUATRAIN: VACATION

A FEW cool morns among the green things grow-
ing,

A few hot noons among the ripened grain,
Fair evenings, with the cattle homeward lowing,
And I am back in Princeton town again.

Tom English '18.

MARCHING STREETS

DEATH slays the moon and the long dark deep-
ens,

Hastens to the city, to the drear stone-heaps,
Films all eyes and whispers on the corners,
Whispers to the corners that the last soul sleeps.

Gay grow the streets now torched by yellow lamp-
light,

March all directions with a long sure tread.
East, west they wander through the blinded city,
Rattle on the windows like the wan-faced dead.

Ears full of throbbing, a babe awakens startled,
Sends a tiny whisper to the still gaunt room.
Arms of the mother tighten round it gently,
Deaf to the patter in the far-flung gloom.

Old streets hoary with dear, dead footsteps
Loud with the tumbrils of a gold old age.
Young streets sand-white still unheeled and soulless,
Virgin with the pallor of the fresh-cut page.

Black streets and alleys, evil girls and tearless,
Creeping leaden footed each in thin torn coat,
Wine-stained and miry, mire choked and winding,
Wind like choking fingers on a white, full throat.

White lanes and pink lanes, strung with purple roses,
Dance along the distance weaving o'er the hills,
Beckoning the dull streets with stray smiles wanton,
Strung with purpled roses that the stray dawn
chills.

Here now they meet tiptoe on the corner,
Kiss behind the silence of the curtained dark;
Then half unwilling run between the houses,
Tracing through the pattern that the dim lamps
mark.

Steps break steps and murmur into running,
Death upon the corner spills the edge of dawn.
Dull the torches waver and the streets stand breath-
less,
Silent fades the marching and the night-noon's
gone.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

THE POPE AT CONFESSION

THE gorgeous Vatican was steeped in night,
 The organs trembled to my heart no more,
 But with the blend of colors on my sight
 I loitered through a sombre corridor
 And suddenly I heard behind a screen
 The faintest whisper, as from one in prayer;
 I glanced around, then paused, for I had seen
 A hushed and lonely room . . . and two were
 there—

A ragged friar, half in a dream's embrace
 Leaned sidewise, soul intent, as if to sieze
 The last grey ice of sin that ached to melt
 And faltered from the lips of him who knelt—
 A little bent old man upon his knees
 With pain and sorrow in his holy face.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

MY FIRST LOVE

ALL my ways she wove of light,
 Wove them half alive,
 Made them warm and beauty bright . . .
 So the shining, ambient air
 Clothes the golden waters where
 The pearl fishers dive.

When she wept and begged a kiss
Very close I'd hold her,
Oh I know so well in this
Fine, fierce joy of memory
She was very young like me
Tho half an aeon older.

Once she kissed me very long,
Tip-toed out the door,
Left me, took her light along,
Faded as a music fades . . .
Then I saw the changing shades,
Color-blind no more.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

IXION

A WHILE my ever-turning wheel did rest;
My dizziness was gone. I looked about
And saw with living eyes my home of death.
Sisyphus was resting from his toil
Unfruitful, and, it seemed, was listening.
Then above the rumbling that beset
My aching ears I heard from far away
A strain of song, a voice: "Eurydice!"
The while we waited, wondering, the song
Grew in proportions, filled our murky world

With the splendid sweep of strings, and a voice as
 soft
 And all-pervasive as the light of stars
 That shine upon the Aegean.

Now Orpheus is gone, and with him gone
 Eurydice, whom he reclaimed from death.
 And Hades ponders by himself, nor thinks
 To summon Sisyphus to work. They say
 'Twas love that sang the song, and dared defy
 Old Hades' sternness . . . I do not understand.
 Ah me! the wheel resumes its endless turning.

Donald Goodchild '18.

FOLK-SONGS OF MOUNT LEBANON

I

A Lament of Mount Lebanon

YE daughters of Anzeh rejoice; no more will your
 sweethearts be slain;
 No more will your strong men be conquered, Bar-
 hoon the Mighty is gone.
 Weep, ye women of Lebanon. Weep, For Bar-
 hoon is no more.
 The winds mourn for him and wail. Yes, the
 heavens rain tears on his grave.

Let your voices rise to the clouds; let the valleys
shout to the hills:

Was a mightier ever beheld? Not since Lebanon's
birth.

Like a cedar on Fem-el-Missaab he sat on El Aswed,
his horse;

More mighty than thunder his war cry, than light-
ning the flash of his eye.

Weep, ye women of Lebanon. Weep, for Bar-
hoon is no more.

He came to the village at sunset. Like a lion he
strode to the street.

"Give me food, I am thirsty and hungry. A sup-
pliant cries at your door."

Milk, she gave him, and honey, the drink and food
of kings.

Up to the house-top she led him, and spread him
a bed in the booth.

Weep, ye women of Lebanon. Weep, for Bar-
hoon is no more.

The moon has set in the west in pursuit of his
love, the sun.

To the house-top she mounts then slowly; the house-
top beckons still;

A dagger flashes above him. She has slain the lamb
as he lay.

Weep, ye women of Lebanon. Weep, for your
hero is gone.

II

Let the plainsman drink the red wine,
The wine that makes his heart glad,
That fills him with pleasure and mirth;
But arak that sets hearts on fire,
That burns like love in the breast,
This is the mountaineer's draught,
This, the drink that makes men.

Stanley Harris '17.

MIDNIGHT: BATTERY PARK

NEITHER a late moon nor the evening star
Lights the dark moving of the waters here;
Out of the silence the shrill turn of a car
And the lapping of waves under the pier.

The light of the street lamp cares not for the towers
Whose darkened windows rise into the dark,
Only for the late paths and the border flowers
Stirred by the harbor winds in the shadowy Park.

I have sought silences that are not my own
And I have almost found them here in the night
Where I may close my eyes and dare be alone
With the one Music, the one Light.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

NEWS

MANY, many shiploads
 Of many thousand men;
 So many Daniels
 For the lions' den.

Many thousand miles
 Which have no tougue—
 Dumb for the early dead
 And the living young.

Many thousand Pharisees
 Writing for the press,
 Stitching gaudy fallacies
 On Truth's sad dress.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

DESERTED

THE little rocky road knows where to go
 For palliation of its changelessness—
 Something those wagons do not care to know
 Which travel it to make short journeys less.

The little church is white against the hill
 The little river shimmers on its stones.
 Wild roses that will bloom no more are still
 Among gray granite over ancient bones.

The indefatigable elms, perhaps,
Are less than glad of all that finds them here
Brooding above these walls of many gaps,
This threshold which the chipmunk fails to fear.

Tobias Lufkin set these apple trees
And here at evening when the swamps were shrill
Told children how he grovelled on his knees
Serving a brass-mouthed gun at Bunker Hill.

The elms remember and they tell the breeze
Which swings the church-vane over Charmingfare,
That days now lost were better days than these
Whose light this tired orchard has to bear.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

MOOD

SOME things take issue with the loveliest hours
And mar the lightest leisure. These are dead.
White wings of evening fold among the flowers.
I go the way faint mountain winds are led
Up to the birches and their afterglow
Where hemlocks murmur and soft shadows grow.

I am forgotten. The lit solitude
Effaces all my lineaments and name.

God is among my limbs, and where I stood
Stands an unbodied rapture gone to flame.
Some things take issue with attained desire.
I do not know or heed them. I am fire.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

DIFFERENT STREETS

THERE was a little boy
Solemn as stone,
Who walked through my street
Always alone.
Once I came home
By a different way
At a different hour
Of a different day.
There was the little boy,
Jubilant then,
Building wet snow
Into marvellous men.
Life is not always
Just what it seems.
Little old boys
May have happy young dreams.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

OPEN WINDOWS

THE grackle in the pavement tree
Creaks news of Northward airs
And human voices come to me
By other ways than stairs.

The curtains stir in winds that move
Like ministering words.
The gutters and the boughs above
Are loud with little birds.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

DEEPENING SHADOWS

HE knew it once, but now it is forgotten
And somehow lost, and comes upon the
breeze
Only as fox-glow comes where logs lie rotten
Under still singing trees.

Long, long ago before the heavy days
Closed a dull gate among his wandering wills
There was a music in his ventured ways
And glory on his hills.

The distant darkness and the tender gleam
Of ministering stars, the winds that blew
Among the willows by the valley stream
Were voices that he knew.

Wild voices full of wonder and desire
Falling from heights as moonlit waters fall
Into a tranquil silence, striking fire,
Silverly lyrical.

That was a lifetime since, that listening
For words which dwell in silence and the soul.
No longer does his comprehension sing ,
Nor speak, nor have control.

Over unheeded hay-fields now he rides
With horse and rake, piling the scented clover.
The young day fades upon the mountainsides,
For him young days are over.

Gathering the yield of meadows he once plowed
He asks for only hay, and hay he earns,
Unmindful with what wealth it is endowed
Or what its growth concerns.

His boy, who follows butterflies and bees
And thrills at hinted secrets of the wild,
Is part of something which he never sees—
Something that loves the child.

The little flames, the flames that leap and die,
Are ashes now within a darkening grate
Where flesh was fuel fed abundantly.
Night comes. The shadows wait.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

NOTIONS

THERE'S a little notion dealer,
Wholesale and retail,
There's a dingy notion shop
On the avenue.

Once a week the window changes—
Button-moulds and dress hooks
Give place to balls of binding-tape,
All of one hue.

Back, behind the dull display
Sascha fingers order-slips,
But no one ever stops to look
Of all the passers-by.

Hooks and eyes and button-moulds,
Very undelightful.
Why are we so little loved?
The dusty windows cry.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

MARCH

NOW there is prescience everywhere
Of light immeasurable laughter;
In Gotham and in Charmingfare,
Gray street or birded rafter.

A wind from reasonable seas
Is woven through the hours—
A bridal breath for sleeping trees,
Passion for maiden flowers.

Not that the last of snows is gone
To wash the sides of ships:
All earth is reticent as stone
To Winter's recent lips.

Yet in some spiritual deep
Annunciatory joys have spoken.
The sun is near to lids of sleep,
Earth's sleep that shall be broken.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

DANCE

(For the pupils of Isadora Duncan.)

L OUD the horns and sweet the strings,
Silvery the soft flute sings.
Music melting flesh away,
Music making holiday.
Low the horns and wild the strings,
Plaintively the soft flute sings.
Shining limbs with colors blend,
With horns that thrill and bows that bend;
Limbs that leap and limbs that lie,
Wild limbs swift with melody.
Laughing face, triumphant arm,
None but trembles and is warm,
None but gleams and glows with fire,
Swaying flame of blown desire.
Lips and eyes and limbs arrayed
In beauty out of music made,
Telling what the ages know
Of singing breath and winds that blow,
Of birds that eyes are glad to see
And wings that stir invisibly,
Of faces and the flowers of earth—
All things that live and wait for birth.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

DEEP and damp and dingy and old
Is the grave where the pirates' bones are rolled,
In the mud and the sand, among hulls and spars,
In the purple depths, near soft soughing bars,
Alone with the winds and the waves and the stars,
Is the grave where the dead men,
The blear-eyed, bloody-red men,
The scrawny, underfed men,
The plump and greasy head-men,
Keep their revel near the highlands with the sad,
old stars.

And the sea-weeds sway to the ebbing tide
With their roots in the ooze where the grey eels
slide,
While the morbid crabs, with their crazy eyes,
Keep watch near each mound where a dead man lies.
And dismal fishes of every size
Brood over the sad men,
The muddle-headed mad men,
The good men, the bad men,
The restless nomad men,
Brood over all the pirates with their greenish, glassy
eyes.

And the ocean forever laps over their heads
As they lie in their cold and clammy beds,

And the shore is torn by the weird blue waves
 As they sough in and out of the grotesque caves,
 Lulling the corpses to sleep in their graves,
 The corpses of seamen,
 Of slave men, of free men,
 Of lazy loafing quay men,
 Of salty, dungaree men,
 Lulling them to sleep in their mouldy, urchined
 graves.

Theodore Brainerd Hunt '17.

PYRRHIC DANCERS

NONE of your silly modern dancers they—
 Half-women, draped in chiffon, smeared with
 paint—
 But men strong both of body and of mind,
 Akin to those of the Heroic Age
 Of whom the Gods made friends. Such men as
 fought
 Upon the blood-soaked plain of Ilium
 And poured their lives out on Skamander's banks
 Because a prince's wife had proved untrue.
 They are the fathers, lovers, heirs of Greece,
 Endowed with every beauty, strength, and grace—

 By two and two, with motion swift or slow,
 They posture in the plastic attitudes

Of this the dance of war, the Pyrrhic Dance,
 Acting a martial dumbshow to the sound
 Of clashing bell-like arms and rhythmic chant.
 The torchlight glinting helm and shield and sword
 Reveals, accentuates the subtle mould
 Of mighty-muscled naked limb and torse.
 The brown of sun-tanned skin, the gold of bronze,
 The red of shield device and glancing plume
 Move in a flaring chiaroscuro 'gainst
 The darkly spacious background of the night.
 And all the while the well-stressed numbers sound.

Now, in a burst of noise, the music ends.
 The dancers vanish from the torches' light—
 A long-drawn line of flitting ghostly shapes
 Melting into the darkness. On each form
 In turn the glimmer lingers, dims, and dies.
 Until they all are gone.

Now to the feast—

After the plunge in the cool star-flecked pool
 To cleanse their sweat-drenched limbs. The flute-
 girls wait
 Rose-garlanded to charm them. Through the streets,
 Thither they haste to spend the hours of night
 In mirth and wine and song and transient love;
 To sleep the weary sleep of early day
 Couched with fair forms of women bought for gold.

R. M. Jackson '13.

TREES BY THE ROAD

That great line
OF gnarled trees along the roadside placed—
Like aged women with shawl-covered heads
Wending their ways with falt'ring feet to Mass—
Were giants once who from their granite-walled
Hill-fortress marched upon the slumbering town
Intent on wickedness. The eye of God,
Ne'er sleeping, saw them. From about His throne
He sent His host of angels. Down they swept
To save His pious people and to make
A sight to shudder at, a thing to fear
For all who strive to work against His will.
The blood-red trumpets blared, the blue swords
flashed.

Then, in a rush of wings, the curse went forth
Upon them as they stalked along the road
In baneful rhythmic silence, blasted them
And left them there—a row of poplar trees,
Forever bending toward their hoped-for prey
And sighing, when the wind blows, in despair.

R. M. Jackson '13.

SONNETS

I

SEE thou pass not swift judgment on a house
Not having looked within. Man is too fain
To scorn; for naught of comfort he allows,
Because the builder made the outside plain.
Peep through that window there, when twilight
brings

The evening hour when daily worries cease;
Then say, would you for palaces of kings
Exchange one hour of that fireside peace?
So with a life. Beneath the unlovely parts
Of those whom God blessed not with outward grace,
Sometimes there beat those beauty-laden hearts
Which make oases in a desert place.
We cannot guess the hidden emerald's worth
Until we spade away the covering earth.

II

WE two have sat beside the stream, and know
The spell of those hot, lazy afternoons
When bird scarce calls to bird, and speech has flown,
And life with life in quietness communes.
We've watched the deep green water slipping by
Flecked here with sun, and darkly shadowed there:
Mirror of trees and snow-patched summer sky,
Where leaf with leaf and cloud with cloud compare.

PRINCETON VERSE

All these we've known and loved, and given thanks
That time could not efface them, nor prevent
Our swift return to those dear hallowed banks
Where vision-building have been spent:
Where peace falls from each waving bough above,
And bathes tired souls in silence and in love.

III

BREAK but the self-raised barrier of the past
And I'll come back again to you, and see
If some live sparks beneath the ashes last
Which might be blown to flame by you—br me.
Tell me the old loves, and the late ones too,
Were each but children of an hour's desire;
And that my love, forever old and new,
Alone could fan a still undying fire.
Oh, if you did but know it, one small word
Could kill a thousand bitter living lies!
I'd cross a world's entirety, if I heard
Your voice, and read a welcome in your eyes.
To your heart's door I'd fly, and knock again,
And call: and know I had not called in vain.

Harry Pardee Keller '19.

PRINCETON VERSE

SILVER PENNIES

THE banker's son hath bags of gold,
 And silver shillings to lend;
 He bartereth hours he may not hoard
 For coins he cannot spend.

The banker's son has a violin
 And a magic bow so fine,
 That weaveth songs for many a heart,
 But never a song for mine.

For my heart knoweth a secret place
 To dwell the whole year long,
 Where each day bringeth a silver penny,
 And each night bringeth a song.

Charles W. Kennedy '03.

DEPARTURE

I KNEW it would be bitter at the end
 To say farewell;
 To take the gray road winding, pass the bend.
 So passing from the fields I loved so well.

I knew it would be hard to turn the key
 Upon the past;
 The plan of life we wrought so patiently,
 The secret things we cherished to the last.

And yet I knew not how that earth had grown
 Of me a part;
 How with its living seeds my life was sown,
 And all its roses rooted in my heart.

I did not know the years had treasured up
 A robin's song;
 I did not dream one sip from one rose-cup
 Had worked enchantment for a whole life long.
Charles W. Kennedy '03.

ISLAND MAGIC

(*On Tantalus, Oahu*)

NYMPH nor faun has pastured here,
 Satyr̄ never came this way;
 In such groves for very fear
 Pan himself had gone astray;
 Nightingale was never heard.
 Stag was never given chase;—
 Surely other magic stirred
 In the stillness of the place.

Winds that sweep the world away
 Falter here and fall asleep;
 Suns that lead the rain astray
 Draw them here from all the deep;

Stars that ever all the night
Keep their solemn stately pace ;
Moons, fulfilled of long delight,—
Wove their magic in the place.

Hush. I hear a whisper now :
Leaf on leaf is all astir ;
Every blossom, every bough,
Answers to the whisperer ;
Spell-bound birds on outspread wings
Hang where branches interlace ;
What invisible holy things
Work their magic in the place ?

Cloud and fog enfold the heights ;
Rainbows droop across the vale ;
Whence come all the radiant lights
Riding down the azure trail ?
Sunset—on Kaena Head ?
Nay, no sun lent such a grace !
Ghosts of gods for ages dead
Work their magic in the place !

Look. The night has fallen now.
Darkness deepens at my feet ;
I, who have no magic, how
Shall I match them when we meet ?

Winds are up and shake the world;
Here I stand and pray a space,—
Darkness upon darkness hurled
Works black magic in the place!

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

DAWN

(Off Molokai)

OUT of the sea
Uprise majestically
Precipitous peaks of cloud, afar,
Bleak and austere, under a fading star . . .

Before the sun
Exhausted heralds run:
Stars die upon the stair of dawn;
And the gray moon into gray day is drawn . . .

There is no sound
The wide earth around
Save the grave music of the sea
And the great wind that blows eternally . . .
Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

*WEATHER**(Honolulu)*

MANOA rains, Nu-u-anu rains
 Have joined against the window panes;
 And down from Tantalus I see
 Another rain rush rapidly;
 And somewhere over Diamond Head,
 Hang heavier rains, as yet unshed,
 And desperate clouds go hurrying by
 To break on purple Waianae!

Manoa blooms in rainbows now;
 Nu-u-anu drips from every bough;
 And Honolulu, in the sun,
 Is laughing that the rain is done;
 And as the final showers low
 Across the further waters go
 They catch the colours of the sun,—
 Their solace for oblivion!—

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

A MANGO SONG

SMELL o' mangoes, yellow in the tree:
 See them hanging, ready to fall,
 Breaking with beauty: falling to me:
 Mine are the mangoes, one and all!
 . . . Waiting, waiting,
 Under the branches.

Mellow mangoes, dropping on the lawn,
 Hear them falling all in the night;
 Waking so early, out with the dawn,
 Gathering mangoes, golden-bright . . .
 . . Gathering, gathering
 Under the green tree . .

Drowsy mangoes, dropping in the stream,
 Hear them falling all in the day;
 Sleeping so early, far in a dream . . .
 All of my mangoes float away,—
 . . Floating, floating,
 Down by the low bank . . .

Flaming mangoes, dropping in the deep,—
 See them falling far from the shore;
 Waking so early out of my sleep . . .
 O, for the mangoes, mine no more . . .
 . . Searching, searching,
 Hard by Heaven-gate . . .

Francis Charles MacDonald '96

THE HAPPY BACHELOR

I AM a fool and a bachelor:
 I have loved them all my life;
 But I could never settle down
 And pick one for my wife . . .

I met a man with a wife of his own,
A wife and children dear:
As I went that day on my lonely way
It seemed that I could hear:

“O, he is a fool and a bachelor,
Would sweeten them to his taste;
Now the long run of his day is done:
And his youth has gone to waste!”

. . . There was a girl up-country . . .
But she's been dead for years!
. . . She looked for love with open eyes
And listened with eager ears . . .

I knew a girl at the Cabins:
Rose-white and blue and gold:
She teaches her children now to pray,
And her face is growing old . . .

There was one with an eye for the soldiers,
And scorned a quiet life:
God knows she's had her trouble enough
Since she was a soldier's wife!

One was a tall dark lady . . .
Let the years be many or few
That are due me yet,—can I forget?
How tall and dark were you!

I am a fool and a bachelor:
 I have loved them all my life:
 But after that could I settle down
 And pick one for my wife?

I met a man with a wife of his own;
 A wife and children dear:
 As I went that day on my happy way
 It seemed that I could hear:

“O, he is a fool and a bachelor!
 Would sweeten them to his taste! . . .”
 No,—but I’d break my heart again
 And let my youth go waste . . .

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

BLACK DOG CARE

HO,—shuffle along with shout and song,
 Into the starless night;
 With a wary eye on the passers-by,
 And the corners all in sight,
 Lest unaware the Black Dog Care
 Come up behind and bite.

You have spent your tin on the landlord’s bin:
 At the tables long and white

Was a merry gang whose laughter rang
 To the jests you made to-night:
 But yet—beware lest the Black Dog Care
 Come up behind and bite.

You have made your jest of life's poor best,—
 God's faith and love's delight:
 You have turned your joke on hearts that broke—
 (Like your mother's, in the night)—
 O, watch, lest Care, in the arc-light's glare
 Come up behind and bite!—

Run, run, I say, o'er the world away,—
 You have far to go to-night;
 And jest and song may follow along;
 But this at least is right:
 That Black Dog Care, sometime, somewhere,
 Shall come behind—and bite!

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

IN OLD GARDENS

IF ever 'under cloudless skies thy fancies stray
 Down shadowed lanes and into gardens of an
 older time,
 Say hast thou seen strange forms, at dusk, like
 flowers at play,
 Dancing to unheard music and forgotten rhyme?

Only where slender fountains toss their silver spray
In mossy basins carved by patient hands long dead,
And memory-laden roses droop across the way,
Dance still those foam-like feet, by time un-
wearied.

Eyes cannot follow now their elfin fleetness,
But at eve, when the lily hangs her golden head,
Like to musical falling water of faery sweetness,
In the quiet of the twilight, we hear their rip-
pling tread.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

BY STARLIGHT

THE white moth wanders underneath pale stars
Along the shores of night.
The clematis upon the trellis hangs,
A mist of silver light.
The blue night stretches out beyond those hills.
Its bounds are very far.
From out the velvet distance frail wings come,
Where honied blossoms are.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

TAPESTRIES: ALCAICS

FAIR ladies in ancient close-latticed balconies,
 Carven and fluted with magical handicraft,
 Wove slowly strange stories in shimmering tapes-
 tries,
 To the low lute's music.

White fingers wandered through azure and cinnabar,
 Drawing bright threads into intricate traceries,
 Flame hues mingled with vesperal amethyst,
 Like the night-moth's splendor.

Weaving they sang in their silvery cadences
 Ancient romances to beautiful melodies,
 Old stories that flowered again in the tapestries
 Into blossom-strewn beauty.

Spring days passed like the falling of cherry blooms ;
 Hidden in gardens all fragrant with daffodils
 They plied their shuttles under the trellises,
 To the plashing of fountains.

Now on the walls of tall orieled galleries
 Flowered romances, dimmed by the centuries,
 Bloom still though the weavers have vanished from
 memory
 Like the songs of the troubadours.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

A SONG OF THREE

LUCASTA makes me dew-berry pies.
Oh round and sweet and brown are they.
Yet not so brown as are her eyes,
And not so sweet by half, I say.

Celia gathers anemones
And ofttimes yellow Marigolds.
Her hair is far more bright than these
And catches the sun in its shining folds.

Miranda sings many a dainty tune
Of love and spring and flower and bird.
Her voice is clear as a lark's in June,
And sweeter than any I ever heard.

Each of these maidens love I well,
For all are very fair, I say.
But how to choose I cannot tell:
Now which of them is fairest, pray?

For a rare delight are dew-berry pies,
With foamy milk in a bowl,
And marigolds make glad the eyes,
And music cheers the soul.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

MAY DUSK

BLUE dusk slips down on fragrant wings
 And from the copse the brown thrush sings.
 A foamy star floats over the town,
 White and light as thistle-down.

The budding elm trees' sable net
 Patterns the east with silhouette
 And the low moon lingers tangled there
 Like a pale gold rose in my lady's hair,

She comes adown the shadowed way
 Beneath slim boughs all green with May.
 Her flower-white face is wondrous fair
 And the pale moon shines on her dusky hair.

Her white gown sweeps the blossomed grass
 And the soft earth thrills as her light feet pass,
 And my heart leaps up than her feet more light
 As my lady comes from out the night.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

FRIENDS

THERE'S a tinge of me in you—
 There's a tinge of you in me—
 That's why we like each other so,
 And why we disagree!

Samuel Moor Shoemaker '17.

TO A STREET-LIGHT

FULL-orbed sphere of public light!
 Rather useful, you, at night—
 But an ugly thing at noon:
 Cast-iron column with a crop
 Of acanthus near the top.
 It's a pity you're not higher!
 With your incandescent fire
 Through the crotch of some old tree
 I might mistake you to be
 (If I strained my eye to scan it)
 Something better than you are—
 Something nearer to a star
 Than you are,
 Button-lit electric planet—
 Smooth, fictitious moon!

Samuel Moor Shoemaker '17.

COURTIN' IN THE KITCHEN

WHEN the candle-lights is lighted, and de fire's
 burnin' low,
 Dere'll be courtin' in de kitchen, you kin jes' be
 pretty sho'—
 Little Cupid comes a-runnin' under kiver o' de
 night,
 And de cullud folks likes lovin', even better dan de
 white.

One evenin' through de pantry do', I heard some-
body say,
"You can wait to make yo' answer, ef you answers
jes one way" . . .
Now some things ain't so certain, but some things
you jes' know—
Dere's courtin' in de kitchin, and de coachman is
de beau.

Ez I come in dey set up straight, and looked so un-
concerned—
But I'd got dere in time to see which way his eyes
was turned.
He was leanin' over forruds, and he watched his
heart's desire.
Her hands was in her lap, and she was lookin' in de
fire.

Dey stood up kind o' awkward-like, and smiled, and
show'd dere teeth.
He had on a ole box-coat, and purple waistcoat
underneath.
In society he's Mistah Ambrose Alexander Green,
And she's Miss Victoria Simmons, what he wants
to make his queen.

I tole her 'bout de brackfus', and him about de
train—

Den I thought, "Dis ain't no place for me," and
went on out again.

For lovin' days don't come but once, and pretty soon
dey's gone,
And when folks is goin' on like dat, dey wants to be
alone.

If yo' cook's got absent-minded, and smiles a lot,
and sings,
And she happens to be lovin', it explains a lot o'
things—
Is yo' chicken disappearin', does yo' ham begin to go?
Like as not, dere's courtin' goin' on—it always hap-
pens so!

De brakfast ain't been jes' on time, de coffee's full
o' grounds,
Been usin' up de groc'ries, and prices out of
bounds?
De rolls is not so very light, and kind o' full o'
dough?
Well, dere's courtin' in de kitchin, and it's mighty
like to show!

No man ain't goin' hungry wid a lady fren' what
knows
Where the po'k-chops and de hominy and the sweet-
potatoes grows.

In dis respec' de cullud folks is diffrunt from de
white—

Dey never lets a little love affect deir appetite.

'Taint a bit o' use to raise a fuss, and try to fix de
blame,

'Cause beaux is always hungry, and cooks is all de
same.

Jes' think o' yo' own courtin' days, and all yo' fun
and pride,

And make out yo' don't see nuthin', smile, and try
to let it slide!

Samuel Moor Shoemaker '17.

DANSE MACABRE

WHEN the winds are wild and the cloud-banks
piled

In billows blind the moon,
You will hear sometimes the strangest rhymes
Intoned with ghostly tune.

“Bones! Bones! We're naught but bones,—
We have no lungs,—can make no moans.
Skeletons can only speak
When whistling winds make jaw-bones creak.”

And the wind grows cold like a dungeon-hold
 Beneath some northern lake,
As a fleshless crew leaps forth to view
 From out the gale-bent brake.

With a rattling sound they gambol around
 In gruesome ecstasy,
And their creakings fill all the air with shrill,
 Unearthly melody.

Tho they seek for mirth throughout the earth
 Yet dead men's bones are they.
And they never find in the cold night wind
 The joy of living day.

Oh! Their dance still rages down wind-swept ages
 But they know their quest is in vain.
And they shriek this song as they whirl along
 Upon the hurricane.

“Bones! Bones! We're naught but bones
Borne on by winds from frigid zones,—
Seeking warmth and merriment
To find but cold and dour lament.”

George D. Skinner '16.

KNOW YE THE CLOSE-LIPPED SONNET?

KNOW ye the close-lipped sonnet,
Where the writer, all restrained,
Lets go his beauty bit by bit,
Keeping it ever trained?

Trained to turn on its narrow track,
Hither and yon at will;—
How shall I hold my beauty back,
To make its flood a rill?

What of the joy that youth must know,
Surging and undismayed,
That bursts beyond the sober line,
Spilling its fragrance to the wind,
God-given, unafraid?

And how shall beauty bow to rule
Except when she grow old?
Shall youth then put his god to school?
Or shall he, fearless, bold,

Fling forth his glory to the world,
Clothe her as suits her best;
Leave prudence till the heart is cold
And life sinks toward the West.

John Stoltze '17.

A LITTLE MAN WITH A PACK

A FROSTY moon hung in the sky
And it lit the ground for miles around, but
dimly;

The snow was real, the trees that rose into the air
Were shadowy and did not seem to stand firm rooted,
But moved along with the passer by.

The yellow light that streamed from a window as
he passed
Shone across the snow like a cheerful spirit from
another land
That did not belong abroad on nights like this.

“That knotted stump that stands there near the wall
With the bulge protruding like a pack
Might be the peddler who was murdered by that wall
Long years ago—
If I were superstitious.”

He turned to a little man who was trotting by his
side;

“I didn’t hear you coming up
Behind me. What’s the matter with my face
That you should peer up at me like that?”

He swung and faced an empty road.

John Stoltze '17.

SPRING WINDS AND THE PRAIRIES

A GREAT clean wind sweeps through the world
 And blows from the earth the shadow of
 winter;
 And spring is in the land.

White clouds racing overhead
 Wash from the sky the winter gray
 Leaving a dome of stainless blue
 Shining beyond.
 The clean black earth in the furrows' wake
 Turns a wholesome face to the joyous sky;
 And the wind-blown nearby cottonwoods shake
 To the wind rushing by.

And all about to the far horizon
 The world shows big and free and open
 And glad with the joy of living.

John Stoltze '17.

ACROSS ILLINOIS

THE feel of the friendly prairies, the softening
 shadows of night
 That covers the flattened landscape to the dis-
 tant gleam of a light.

The even swing of the trainload over the singing
rails
Between the flowing fences that border the straight
steel trails.

The light of a locomotive adown the level track,
A straight white line of brightness cutting the
blanket of black.

The roar of the whistling steam, a flickering lighted
train;
Once more the soft black silence and the hum of
the rails again.

And through it all in the darkness, keener than sense
or sight,
The feel of the friendly prairies, the shadow of
Western night.

John Stoltze '17.

*TO THE SLEEP OF THE BROKEN WING
(A bronze head of Hypnos, found on the borders of
the Libyan Desert.)*

SAD-FRONTED Sleep! Sleep of the broken
wing
And eyes of sightless dark; such eyes as he
Once bore, whose lyre unlocked the founts of Spring
But not the portals of Persephone.

An Orpheus thou, rapt to the sun again,
(Subdued thy song to deeper notes and slow,)
From what grim prison in the dust of men
Who fashioned thee and loved thee long ago!

From what dim Orcus of the desert sand,
Where Fate hath wrought thee to diviner guise,
Maiming thy wingèd beauty with a hand
That shaped the pity of thy yearning eyes;

Lights to the shadowed chambers of the heart;
Wherefore, resurgent from the ages' flow
As One who knows, thou comest, and thou art
A God in very truth to those that know.

Crowned by that ancient ruin and turmoil
Lord of no lissome slumber light and free,
Nor childhood's rest, nor easy dreams of toil,
But Man's first Helper in his agony.

Bringer of Lethe to the sore in stress,
Surcease, though broken, from the weight of pain,
The short swift slippings into nothingness
That slake the torment of the heart and brain,

And come, with waftings from thy wingèd brows
Of long forgetfulness and slow re-birth,
Like drops of presage in the dust, that rouse
The wondrous savor of the drinking earth.

Then let Nepenthe call her linkèd Hours,
 Soft and successive as the running sands,
 But thou descendest earliest of the Powers
 That strike the shackles from the helpless hands.

Rider upon the starlight pale and drawn,
 Toucher of music from the tenser string,
 Sworded Deliverer in the aching dawn,
 We bless thee, sad Sleep of the Broken Wing!
E. Sutton '95.

YE PURITAN

OH y° Puritan came with hys Dogge and hys
 Dame
 At y° Dawne of Sixtene Twentie-One,
 And he Hugg'd neath eache arme toe Protect hym
 from Harme
 Hys Booke and hys Blunderbusse Gunn.
 Hys Precepts were Drye as y° Porke in a Frye,
 And hys Musscle Uncommonlye goode,
 And hys longe Iron Face made y° Indianes race
 Toe hide in y° Depths of y° Woode.

When hys verie longe Prayer had Dissolved in an
 aire
 That is Colder and Tougher than most,

He proceeded toe stande on y° Worst Peece of
Lande

Toe be found in y° length of y° Coaste.
 It was mostlie of Rocke, but this Stubborne Olde
Cocke

Opynd itt wolde yeeld toe a Picke,
 And y° Cities he Built prove y° Fact toe y° hilt
 That att Leaste he coulde molde itt toe Bricke.

With Yearnings Heart-whole o'er y° Indiane's Soul
 He hadde Notions of propertie-Rights,
 And hys Title toe Squatt in y° Red-man's back-lott
 Was mooted in Numberlesse Fights.
 He wiped off their Gore on hys Breeches, and swore
 Y° Scriptures he'd Shape toe their neede,
 But when these Lucubrations hadde reached Reve-
lations

There werent No Injuns toe Reade!

He Perceived y° Demande toe replenishe y° Lande
 Soe he Married, then married some More.
 A Corner he made in y° Sassafrasse-Trade,
 And Codde-Fish he Barrel'd galore,
 With Rumm and Schoolemasters he staved off Dis-
asters

Exportinge as Faste as he coulde,
 And hys Profitts were Fyne from a lytell Side-Line
 Of Nuttmeggs wroughte Neatlie in Woode.

But you must not suppose that toe Bloome like y°
Rose

He Coaxed alle y° Desert he founde,
For Punkynnes & Corne were y° only Frutes born
That wolde reallie Take Holde of y° ground.
And exceptinge, I weene, for y° Bellicose Beane
That Boston Devoures on y° Slye,
Anie Rapturouss Greede for a reallie High-Feede
Ran Mostlie toe Doenutts and Pye.

It was Tidd-bitts like these made him sharpe in y°
Knees

And longe in y° Toothe and y° Shanke,
And y° Type of this Lamb is oure frende Uncle Sam
Whose features are Truthfullie Yank;
For y° Life Hard and Plaine—as we Yankees main-
taine—

Made y° sons of y° Puritan Fitt,
And with this in your Crawe you can Punch anie
Jawe—
Y° Sande of y° Puritan Gritt!

E. Sutton '95.

*THE MEADOWLARK**

LONG before the fields are green,
Or the blust'ring winds are still;
Long before the waiting woodlands
Feel the thrill
Of the coming springtime,
If you listen you shall hear,
In the open, windy places,
Sounding bravely, far and near:
Spring o' the year!

Long before the angry clouds
Cease to gather in the sky;
Long before the driving rainstorms
Hasten by;
In the dreary, sodden meadows,
All your heart-beats leap with cheer—
Hark, the meadow lark is singing
Songs of gladness, piercing clear:
Sweet Spring is here!
Tertius van Dyke '08.

* From the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, 1907.

*THE POET'S VISION**

ALL day the fields in silence lay
Beneath the mellow autumn sun,
And from the groves of painted trees
The leaves fell fluttering, one by one.

Now on a hill the poet stood,
And watched the sun sink slowly down
Behind the hills, and touch with flame
The windows of the distant town.

He saw the ghostly wraiths of mist
Rise from the meadows spread below;
With thankful heart he saw the star
That trembles in the sunset glow.

Then all the world grew faint and far,
As fades the shadow of a dream;
Dim grew the fields, the hills, the town,
And softly sang the meadow stream.

And now before his vision passed
A train of knights in bold array;
Fair flashed their armor, red and gold,
Touched by the darts of dying day.

* From the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, 1906.

In dream he saw them wage their wars,
 He saw their deeds of skill and might,
 He saw them die for honor's sake,
 And over-rule the wrong with right.

"Great God!" he cried, and reached his
 hands

Up to the heavens' wide expanse,
 "Why could I not have lived and died
 In those brave days with horse and lance?"

"Why must I waste my life to-day;
 Be born and love, perhaps, and die—
 Where are the gallant deeds that filled
 The noble days of years gone by?"

The flame of passion blazed, then sank.
 Out of his dream the poet woke;
 He felt the night wind on his cheek,
 And in his heart a small voice spoke:

"Old days are gone, but yet remains
 The hardfought warfare of the Truth;
 Still more and more the world cries out
 For courage and the strength of youth;

Only the idler stops to mourn
 The chances of the days gone by;—
 Your chance is now—the present time—
 Rise up, Sir Knight, and fight and die!"

Tertius van Dyke '08.

THE SONG OF THE NORTH WIND

HO, a shout and a song
As I bluster along,
Cried the Wind of the North, cried he;
There's a flame and a flash, and a glitter of ice,
And a black, barren cold that will kill in a trice,
There's a wild, whirling spirit my heart flashes forth,
In the song that I sing, cried the Wind of the North,
In the song that I sing, said he.

Oh, a blast and a blow,
And a whirlwind of snow,
And a glimmer and glow
Of the ice far below,
Of the gleam and the glint where the ice-rivers flow;
And the winter winds blow,
And the snow-flowers grow,—
They are all in my song that I sing as I go.

Ho, a shout and a song
As I bluster along,
I am king of the ice and snow;
I've a cloud for my crown, and the frost is my brand,
And my mantle of cloud sweeps the ends of the land;
Yea, the snows of the North to my chariot cling,

And my voice rides the gale as in triumph I sing
 Of the land of the ice and snow ;
 And I know,
 As I sing,
 Where I go
 I am king,
 As I blow,
 And I blow,
 And I blow.
 Harold R. Walley '21.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY

COME to us, Pan of the Mountains,
 Come pipe your sweetest lay ;
 Let nimble lips and fingers play
 Till all the nymphs steal out of the fountains,
 Shining white in the day.
Come to us, Pan of the Mountains,
Come pipe your sweetest lay.
 T. K. Whipple '13.

EPIGRAMS

I

By Stony Brook

O'ER the still stream old willows sway aloft ;
 The noonday filters through, a luminous green ;
 Upon the earth the starry moss is soft :
 Rest here, O scholar ; for your pillow lean
 Upon that Plato you have brought—so oft.

2

On Rocky Hill

They gazed o'er wooded upland, fertile plain,
Rich field and flowery meadow, spread below;
One sighed, and said: "It's rockier in Maine";
One thought: "It's hillier than this in Idaho."

3

The Millstone

Here where the silver birch's trembling shade
Flecks the brown pool with motes of shaken gold,
The coolness tempts the swimmer to be bold;
Then stretched he lies where sunlight brims the
glade,

Nor hearkens to the trains that crash and roar
Across the bridge,—wise in forgotten lore.

4

In the Seminary

Warm with odours comes the breeze
Of fragrant meadows fresh from the plow;
A scarlet flash through the apple-trees
And the redbird sings on the topmost bough:—
Below, a man who thinks, and sighs:
"Then were we damned ere Adam sinned?"
"No,—afterwards," his friend replies.

T. K. Whipple '13.

LAUDABUNT ALII CLARAM RHODON

LET others praise those names of old renown :
Cambridge, first lit by new-born Learning's
beams,

Grey-tower'd Oxford dreaming mid her streams,
Bleak Scotland's steep and smoke-hung royal town.

But let me wander where on tower-crown'd hill
High-lifted pinnacles confront the dawn,
Where evening o'er the slopes of sunlit lawn
Stretches the lengthening shadows, mute and still.

Through fields with dusky violets a-blow
In April let me stroll, through scented maze
Of hedgerows white with may, when in the haze
Dream-like the distant farms and uplands glow.

And let me lie the livelong summer day
By streams where on still waters tulip-trees
Slow petals drop in silence, and the breeze
Is drowsy, murmuring, and far away.

T. K. Whipple '13.

LAST DAYS IN PRINCETON

HOW precious every trifle seems today!
A sudden glory gilds the passing hour,
Drinking the mist that dims familiar forms
And hides in gray the fairest scenes nearby.
I love to lie still by my window, feeling
The gentle breeze against my cheek and hair,
And watch the tender green of growing things,
And bright sunlight, and students passing below;
To touch my nearest friends with slow caress,
And feel their shape, and gaze with lingering eyes,
Or sit with one in the dusk and pensive night,
Communing long together in dim silence—
And so with all dear things; I love to touch
And feel their shape, and gaze with lingering eyes
Just as a child who has played the whole bright day,
Sorts his favorite toys in the twilight room,
And fondly whispering, lays them by for the night.

The day of youth is drawing fast to a close,
But lights with dying ray the mountain pass
Where for a time I stand in silence, and gaze
Around—the neighboring hills lean close
In tender contemplation, and seem to brood
Upon the scene, where present forms stand clear
Yet soft in the fading light; behind me, wide
And smooth, a highway Westward flows, where the
Past

Looms black and sharp against the sunset glow—
I gaze in rapt attention, vaguely sad
That soon I leave this homely land, to walk
Alone toward the gathering Eastern night.

A chill wind creeps rustling up the hill —
I pause, and shiver slightly in sudden cold.

Harwood White '17.

SONNET

YOU said last night that I seemed cold to you,
A little too reserved and calm to really know
That vivid thrill which you would have me show
To make your dream of perfect love come true:
Dear child, you'll find that Passions uncontrolled
Soon bruise the heart and leave the spirit stained;
While Love, because more thoughtful, more re-
strained,
Though burning with a fierce desire is never bold.

I once exulted in mad storms which blew
With a wild rage that seemed to me most dear;
But now I feel more beauty, yes, more power too,
In just the steady progress of the year,
Where each day gently brings to field and hill
A further glory, deeper, tenderer still.

Harwood White '17.

LETTERS

I LIVED with words and they threw wide the
years,

Like windows opened on a public place,
And grammar seemed strange secrets in my ears
And every lexicon a living race, —

Until at last there came a barren day
When all the books were dead things on the wall;
The blurred street noises spoke more clear than they:
The newsboys' cry became a louder call.

I went among the men who ploughed and fought
And kept accounts, to catch the common tone,—
The common men, whom only life had taught,
Who knew no other God except their own.

The men who ploughed had only food to give;
The men who fought were slain in great amounts;
The men who kept accounts did sums to live,
Marry and breed more men to keep accounts.

So I went back to books, and wrought my best
To fashion common life a silver frame.
I set another book beside the rest;
And battles, crops and sums went on the same.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

OLD CORRESPONDENCE

WHY should I save the meagre note
 Which bears her name, whose heart keeps yet
 The words too beautiful to quote,
 The voice too gracious to forget

Of mirth that makes the common fine,
 Of eyes I cannot choose but heed,
 More vivid than this printed line,
 But strangely phrased and hard to read.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

SUBURBAN NOVEMBER

NOW that the grass and trees are gone,
 Our barrenness left bare by fall,
 Speak not of autumn's sombre tone:
 Here autumn has no tone at all.

The shabby houses lie about,
 Like rubbish, under a dull sky,
 Yet human creatures here no doubt,
 Are born, go seeking love, and die.

The seasons slackened, as they ran,
 In dismal metamorphosis,
 Their richest life, confronting man
 *With all the poverty of his.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

Part III
Poems of the War

THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET

*Ship after ship, and every one with a high resounding name,
From the robber-nest of Heligoland the German war-fleet
came;*

*Not victory or death they sought, but a rendezvous of
shame.*

*Sing out, sing out,
A joyful shout,
Ye lovers of the sea!
The "Kaiser" and the "Kaiserin",
The "König" and the "Prinz",
The potentates of piracy,
Are coming to surrender,
And the ocean shall be free!*

*They never dared the final fate of battle on the blue;
Their sea-wolves murdered merchantmen and mocked the
drowning crew,
They stained the wave with martyr-blood,—but we sent
our transports through.*

*What flags are these that humbly droop from the gaff
of the mainmast tall?
The black of the Kaiser's iron cross, the red of the Em-
pire's fall!
Come down, come down, ye pirate flags. Yea strike your
colors all!*

*The Union Jack and the Tricolor and the Starry Flag of
the West
Shall guard the fruit of Freedom's war and the victory
confest,
The flags of the brave and just and free shall rule on the
ocean's breast.*

*Sing out, sing out,
A mighty shout,
Ye lovers of the sea!
The "Kaiser" and the "Kaiserin",
The "König" and the "Prinz",
The robber-lords of death and sin,
Are coming to surrender,
And the ocean shall be free!*

Henry van Dyke '73.

WINDS OF THE MORNING

A WIND blew out from the Old Old World,
Heavy with blood and flame,
And it found in the midst of the open sea
A wind men said had ceased to be,
A wind that Eastward came.
Out of their meeting the thunder spoke,
With surging rain and lightning stroke—
Spoke to make men free.

Let flatter who will his dusty soul
With the thought that behind the veil
There is no reckoning to be made,
No Reaper and no flail.
The veil shall be rent from fringe to top
In the iron temple men built to stop
The light from putting to flight the shade;
And in many a mighty land
That which was done in private shame,
And that which was done in an evil name
Openly, vaunting in the shame,
Shall be cast away with a fling of the hand
In a sea of sorrow, a flood of flame,
Away with Those Who Planned.

The wind sweeps out from the Young Young
World,

This wind men said had ceased to be,
(Wild torches flare, flags are unfurled!)
Singing the age-old battle songs,
Right above rights, wrong above wrongs,
Eastward over the sea.

The silver cord is loosed, and youth
Stands up—girt in the way of truth,
Stands with the law of a man.
Imperial fabrics bend and sway,
Turn to dust and are scattered away
In the strength of the bright-eyed plan—
Away in a storm of purging fire,
Sky-red and blood-red, mounting higher,
Fanned with the pride and fed from the pyre
Of a people who paid the fabulous price
Of the one-eyed Beast's desire.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong '16.

*THEY SHOULD HAVE GONE FORTH WITH
BANNERS*

THEY should have gone forth with banners,
With the sounding and resounding of many
trumpets,
Then, in the midst thereof,
Her terrible head bound with laurels and gold,

Victory, her broad wings
Fanning the air with a light and rumor of gold.
Her bloody feet leaving their stain on the highway
And her high sword pointing the way they were
to go.

But they went forth silently,
With heads bowed,
With backs bent under strong burdens
And a fitful smile of pity on their closed lips,
Seeing how little a thing it is to die.

John Peale Bishop '17.

TEDIUM

THE moon, like a white-foot girl
Stirs the dark pool of the sky
To a froth and foam of cloud . . .

The hideousness, the filth, and the mud,—
All are hidden now.
And I remember hours when the war
Was something more than an interchange of days
And a dull procession of nights.

Do you remember?—a night when we two walking
Talked of the hopes of men,
Of old worlds clashing and new worlds born,
And all the while beauty went sighing
Through the dim paths and branches of our minds.

John Peale Bishop '17.

TRAINING CAMP

JUST after sun-up, gray fog bred on the lake
Steals up to our Parade and makes us ghosts;
Turns khaki into cerements, shuts off the band
And throws us 'martial music from the clouds—
From anywhere.
I stumble and am real, but all the rest,
All the brave manouverers just warm with sun,
Wheel into wavering vision and depart,
Unformed,
At the strange behest of phantom trumpeters.
Suddenly we're on the band!
A blare of bugles, dim, shifting show of brass,
Sharp commands, a turning—
Again engulfed, sound floats from us down the wind.
Beaded rifles, a thread of beads half escaping sight,
Race and hesitate along the sodden hat-brims.

A whistle and a halt ;
We feel forlorn, unaided drillers, purposeless and
chill.

Behold at noon the sun, and then more sun,
Dust from a thousand feet defiles the air
And sifts through all your person ;
Sweat paints it there.
Shirts glue to itching skin,
Sharp blisters bite hot feet ;
Each driller radiates dumb curses.
Lean elbows in savage pleasure seek fat ribs.

Parade is golden when Retreat sounds forth
And all the boys have changed to cleaner things.
Rifles are shining, eyes are keen,
The thumping muffled drums pick up our feet
Before the ranks are set.
We pass the eager crowds,
To the bold swing and cadence of the horns
And wheel into Parade.
Batta-l-y-on Halt! Rest.
Straight from the west
The golden sun makes wonder of this world,
Makes myriad golden jewels of the dust,
Outlines each man a flaming Gabriel,
Saluting, as the colors slowly sink to friendly arms.
Henry Chapin '17.

THE BUGLER

I HEARD a bugler on an afternoon,
Late in September, in the North,
Nor was there either melody or tune
To what his young untutored lips put forth.
Still, up the reaches of the silent pines
A quickened breath arose amongst the leaves;
My heart was flooded full of Pagan rhymes
And half known melodies.
Sure Pan had writ what song the bugle sang,
Had turned strange lips to pagan trumpeting,
Sweet upper notes that stole along the tops,
Shy and clear and searching out delight.
Suddenly, the last, a glad proud call to arms
Came cutting down the shaded aisles,
Fresh winds were on the trees, up leapt the lake!—
Yet—all the warriors that my eyes could see,
Were khaki-clad, asleep, and known to me.

Henry Chapin '17.

*LINES WRITTEN UPON VISITING THE
GRAVEYARD WHERE THE VICTIMS
OF THE LUSITANIA DISASTER
ARE BURIED*

OVER the lichened wall a woman pitches hay;
The sunlight streaks the dark yew trees with
living green,
And on the uneven circle of these Irish hills
Lies the quiet of a summer afternoon.
Among the roadside brambles a brown-legged, bare-
foot child
Gathers blackberries.

Here on this gently sloping hill
Is peace.
And underneath these mounds of turf,
Crowned with marigolds,
Where the dead sleep,
Is peace.

As if forgotten by the world,
They lie in the dark earth under the silent sky.

As if forgotten . . .

Black shapes, an arabesque of smoke, in the vast
darkness under the stars,
Or splashed with strange colors on the sun-bright
seas,

The destroyers, lithe hulls and high bows,
 Like cobras ready to strike,
 Tirelessly drive through the foam,
 Patient as Justice.

William Brewer Connett '15.

THE S. B. R. (SMALL BOX RESPIRATOR)

AS the swart hunter in some tropic shade
 Stung by a serpent, quick his mouth applies
 And sucks the venom'd wound, then down the glade
 In swift pursuit after his quarry flies—
 I suck the foul contagion from the air,
 That he who bears me from the poisoned gale
 Suffers no hurt, but rushes on to where
 The wild beasts in their hollow coverts quail.

Tom English '18.

TAPS

THE bivouac fires burn low,
 The voices die away,
 And through the silent camp the bugles blow
 The end of day:—
 To thy rest—
 To thy rest—
 To thy rest—
 'Neath the stars—
 Soldier rest.

The rifles blaze three rounds,
His comrades stand about,
And o'er a soldier's grave a bugle sounds
His last "Lights Out":—
To thy rest—
To thy rest—
To thy rest—
'Neath the sod—
Soldier rest.

Tom English '18.

THE WORLD'S SERIES, 1917

FORTY thousand are glad
This afternoon.
Forty million, perhaps,
Will hear the news soon.

War has grown mute
For a time to-day.
Men have thrilled at men
And come away.

What does it mean,
This happy tune?
Rome is burning
This afternoon.

No one knows.
Silence therefor!
Life is more than life,
Far more.

Raymond Peckham Holden '15.

SARAH BERNHARDT

DAUGHTER of the long-suffering race,
Who have been strangers for a thousand years,
And more, in every land, on every sea;
And daughter of the race that gathered once
Before the iron windows of the Bastille,
And tore its gray-grim walls to earth, and fought,
With an exalted passion, for Liberty,
Equality, Fraternity . . .
Woman sprung from Israel and from France!
Like the clear souls of Naomi and of Joan
Is yours—unconquerable! And whether now
The mimic part you play in our drab midst
Be of that Eastern queen who largely loved
And largely lost; or of some patriot boy
That, with a far-off vision in his heart,
Knew how to die,—always, the impassioned life
Speaks in an endless varying of meanings
Out of your wonder voice: and age, nor pain,
The loss of comrades, nor the stress of war,

Have power to subdue your strength; nor even
The fortune that played havoc with your body
Could do it, nor beckoning death . . .

I have heard say,
It is your wish to die, not peacably,
As others wish; not in a sheltered bed,
With friends, and priest, and prayer to hedge you in.
But rather, when on the Picardy front
The Hun moves to the attack,
To stand among your frowsy soldiers
Behind their woven wire-entanglements,
To hear the shell that comes, whining its Song
Of hate across the lane of No-Man's-Land,
And meet it with a casual gesture . . .
To speak defiance of the German Hun,
And with the undying glory of radiant France
Warm on your lips
To die,
The greatest actress of the modern time
Playing a minor rôle
In this, the greatest play.

Isidor Kaufman '15.

APRIL 1917

IN early April,
When the vagabond blood in our veins is stirring,
Waking, and leaping, with an urgent cry
For open fields and sun-warmed places,
For the strange, green insect-life that's whirring
Under the gray-bleached matted grasses,
For red-sanded roads, broken, and winding; and narrow,
That lead away, and away, forever,
No one knows where, nor why;
For the sweet smell of the wind under a showerful
sky;
For the song of the little song-sparrow
That sings, for it knows it is clever.

In early April, comes a call across the waters,
Comes a jarring call, a halloo,
To our pleasant place of Spring-time
From the place of War;
Saying, Now must all our sons and daughters
Mingle in this hullabaloo,
Now forget their marrying-time
While the world is sore.

O we do not war in gladness,
And we do not war for gain,
And it's not in heat of passion
That we strike to kill.
But their crimes surpass all madness,
And their arms must not remain,
To subvert the growing fashion
Of the common will.

In early April,
We have steadied our purpose to accomplish this
thing;
And we fight without rancor or malice —
O we know, at best it's a bitter chalice
We offer our lips and the lips of others
To drain to the dregs. And the patriot's ring
Of pride in the voices of sisters, mothers,
Will change to a sorrowful moan, we know.
But the task's to do, the seed's to sow
(And April's the month for sowing!)
In a cold-blooded mood we launch on the killing.
We hate them not, and we love them more,
We battle for them, and the ending of war—
Which the passionate heart of the world is willing.
O, we play for the greatest stakes of time!
For an ordered world, where national crime
Shall not live safe, as it lived before;

For a world purged clean of its age-old slime;
For the weal of the commoner folk of the world,
(The hope of the world!) upgrowing.

Isidor Kaufman '15.

THE BRITISH AT SKOPLJE

November, 1915

OUR ears are strained, rise bitter days,—
The winds of fate are blowing,
Our hearts are sick, because we know
That hope is going, going.

Dim mutterings from Katchenik
Are whispered down the Valley,
Where, in the snows that flank the peak,
Stands Serbia at rally.

A hundred guns roar up the pass,
Ten guns are there replying:
The tired old men who bar the west,
How long can they be dying?

In those tremendous mountain-grooves,
Where flocks of black birds hover,
The sun sinks, and a nation moves
To meet with Death its lover . . .

The ridges of our southern hills
Flare up by night and darken
Only to echo us the breath
Of battle when we hearken.

The French are come to Krivolak,
A score of miles away now!
Their rockets call the lost world back,—
Will they be held at bay now?

Or is the grim old Grad to float
A flag we know tomorrow?
And will the Vardar roll no more
Her multitudes of sorrow? . . .

Now there is weeping on the street,
Of women through the city,
And men go by on stumps of feet
Who have lost pride in pity.

And evermore the ox-carts creep
In weary lines unending,
Laden for us with ghosts of them
Whose bodies bear no mending.

Our days are rounded with the stench
Of rotting flesh and treason;
Our nights are mockeries, which wrench
The pillars of the reason.

And if our eyes be lifted up
Unto the hills about us,
A crown of crazy graven stones
Is reeling there to flout us.

And in and out, and up and down,
Our lord the Bulgar paces,
Over the coat of sullen brown
His myriad sullen faces . . .

The winds of fate at length are stilled:
Lo hope itself bereft us;
And silence over Krivolak
And Katchenik is left us.

Naught in the west but circling crows,—
A tale that has no telling;
Naught in the south but trampled snows,
And shame, and no man's dwelling.

The east is dark with hosts that fill
The fair land, beaten under
By men as locusts crowding on;
And from the north, like thunder,

Out of the mist and mud today
Is born the rhythmic hum
Of a new horde in death by gray,—
So the spiked helmets come!

George B. Logan '15.

MONASTIR, 1917

I

A CITY, from the neighboring hills,
Of gracious mien and free,
Set on the billowing rim of the plain
Like foam on the verge of the sea,
A place of gleaming light and shade,
And delicate tracery.

Her mosques are seven sentinels
Of magic turquoise hue,
The windows of her churches twain
As rainbows in the dew;
And tower and minaret alike
Pierce to the azure blue.

The road adown the valley goes
Straight and clear and white;
The river a far silvered line
Beneath the mountains' height;
The women reaping the tall corn
Are clothed in raiment bright.

II

A city, from the cobbled street,
Pitiful and stark,
Festering in the noonday glare,
Shuddering in the dark,
Passive while the Beast thereon
Sets his deliberate mark.

Few walk by day these cratered streets—
The sun strikes down to slay ;
But in the cold night, by the walls
Black shadows flit away—
Bent women seeking aught to burn,
And ravening dogs their prey.

Fair homes laid open, ear to chin,
Saw-gashed with T. N. T.,
Noisome from noisome waves of gas,
And charred most piteously ;
None knows what carrion rots beneath,
And none cares whose it be.

From out the cellar windows
Gape lean and hungry guns,
Low-angled over the sagging roofs
That the stork in terror shuns,
Blind-mouthed like sparrows' nestlings,
Stoled in black like nuns,

And clamorous as the hounds of Hell
That bay infernal stars,
(Eyes drifting athwart the mountain-slope,
Bright greedy eyes of Mars),
Sounding the ancient call of fear—
Magnificent avatars.

And there are those who lie in wait
With the horror of a smile,
To draw men to their traffic-cells
(Life to death awhile),
From the strength of walking in clean fire
To the weakness of their guile.

But Death of Body ramps abroad
Boasting and filled with pride;
These are his days of fatness, who
Goes never satisfied;
A man may fall or a man may wait,
He is not to be denied.

Comes screeching through the narrow ways
Death on metal wing;
Whines like a cloud of homing bees
With each its deadly sting;
Staccato—from the *mitrailleuses*—
Like coffin-riveting;

Rides purring in the brazen sky
And drops to grip the spine;
Floats in the air with the smell of sweat
And blood and iodine;
Squats silent in the water-gulp,
And mocks itself in wine . . .

(Thus the weary springtime,
Summer and autumn thus:
From thus another winter,
Good Lord, deliver us . . .)

III

A city, from the heart of man,
Typic—a hecatomb
For all the vaunted fears of earth,
That here have shouldered room,
The image whereof is living death,
The price whereof is doom.

Ah, God, that this fair world of thine
Bears yet the brand of Cain,
That all the proud stupidities
So endlessly remain!
And may it be thine own good will
This Beast of War be slain.

George B. Logan '15.

FROM A FRENCH HOSPITAL

SPEAK not, beloved, of my sacrifice
 As one half-envious, who sorroweth
 That I am brought at length to throw with Death,
 Who plays for life and love, and takes his price.
 Be not afraid: for love were cold as ice
 Which might be broken with the passing breath;
 And what were life that body quickeneth? . . .
 And God gives not a game with loaded dice.

There is no death for those who look above
 The dust of battle, who have right to be
 Heirs of the dim far day when, scarce begun,
 Life pawned its immortality for love:
 Now hath our love redeemed the pledge, and
 won
 For life more splendid immortality.

George B. Logan '15.

OF THE AMBULANCE

WHO brought the message? It was wrapped in
 flame.
 And no man brought it. Over sea it came
 Swifter than death could come. High overhead
 The hot day reels and circles . . . *Who is dead?*

Where did he die? Somewhere there in France,
 With wounded poilus in an ambulance;
Was no one near him? That I cannot tell;
 They rather smashed the ambulance, as well.

Who was he? Just a youngster in his 'teens:
 The day grows steady now . . . It simply means
 Another Saviour of the world has died . . .
 Not on the cross . . . All are not crucified!

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

SONNETS

I. Italy.

THROUGH the new land the ancient virtues
 throng:

Neglectful now of Beauty and of grace,
 Men raise their antique valour to the place
 From which it fell; and of heroic song
 Make deeds heroic. To this hour belong
 No follies of fear, no frenzies of disgrace!
 Proper and sweet to die: O, fair of face,
 Beauty, no longer fatal, makes thee strong.

Tuscany calls to Naples, Genoa hears;
 Sicily answers; Rome has not forgot:
 Venice looks eastward over the vex'd sea
 Unmoved; Milan remembers other years;
 And Piedmont cries, lest the Hun remember not:
 Beyond the Alps there still lives—Italy!

II. England.

NOW vanity is defeated, pride betrayed:
The armaments of self-esteem, that kept
Unworthy watch about the coasts, have crept
Into forgotten harbours, sore afraid:
And great new captains, eager, undismayed,
To lead invincible regiments have leapt
From quiet hearts, where hitherto they slept:
And nobler fleets securer guard have made.

No more she stands alone in dolorous plight:
Time was when half the world, in hate of her,
Made league against her, to disturb her throne:
Now half the world, in wonder at her might,
Takes courage from the great deliverer,
And love of England makes the world her own!

III. America Speaks to England.

COME, let us reason together. Times like these
Admit no shadow of doubt. The cause is lost
Without our perfect faith who count no cost . . .
Ages ago, out of the English seas
I bore with me before an English breeze
Freedom and faith. Becalmed and tempest-tossed,
Atlantic, with the priceless freight, I crossed:
Freedom and faith, our common destinies.

England, thy faith is mine, thy freedom mine,—
 But that thou love me, must I show thee how?
 Hold nothing back,—I ask it all or none . . .
 How much I love thee canst thou not divine?
 Shall protestation serve between us?—now!
 Come, let us march together, gun to gun.

Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

GINZA—IN WAR TIME

(Tokyo)

FROM Shimbashi to Nihónbashi
 I walk the crowded mile:
 And Ginza pours out all its stores
 To waylay and beguile.

So like a stream with ebb and flow
 Unalterably mixed,—
 All day there rolls the flood of souls
 Unfathomed and unfixed . . .

This little mother with her child
 Upon her back asleep,—
 What whim bears her a passenger
 From deep to answerless deep?

The student with his spectacles,
 His tablets and his books:
 When learning fails, what then avails?
 Gospels or Pentateuchs?

The laughing geisha—humming-bird
With such resplendent wings!
When laughter dies, shall falling skies
Blot out such futile things?

The tradesman, bartering as I pass, —
The customer who waits:
They buy and sell: who can foretell
Their bargain with the Fates?

And such as I who loiter by,—
Does not the far voice call,—
“It’s home and home, my sons who roam.
Dear God! I need you all!

“The tides of Piccadilly
Flow not so full to-day;
The Corso bears the flood of tears;
The lights have left Broadway;

“The eddies of the Boulevards
No longer surge and roar,—
The gentle stir of a backwater
On a melancholy shore;

“The Nevsky Prospekt is a flood
Whose sources none may guess:
Nor what may be the final sea
Toward which the waters press . . .

“Shall Ginza then pour out her store
 Your fancy to beguile
 Who give your sighs for butterflies—
 Go bankrupt for a smile?

“Come home and home, my sons who roam.
 Dear God! I need you all!”
 Over the gods of Ginza
 I heard my own gods call . . .

From Nihónbashi to Shimbashi
 I came the crowded mile:
 “It’s home and home, my sons who roam . . .”
 Ginza ends here, meanwhile.
Francis Charles MacDonald '96.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1918

I LAID my love in lavender
 A year ago today,
 And sailed for far away.
 I laid my love in lavender,
 And sailed for far away.

But that was—oh a year ago,—
 The days go by with footsteps slow,
 Like solemn fairies in a row,
 Like fairies old and grey.

And still she lies in lavender—
While I tread out death's dance,—
Wrapped close around with lavender,
Her beauty to enhance;

Within a chest of ivory,
Beside a dim and lovely sea,
Haunted by hope and memory,
And far away from France.

The fragrance of old lavender
Goes floating through my brain,
The splendor hid in lavender
Enchants my soul again.

And when next year the spring's astir,
I shall return and rescue her
From that sweet bed of lavender,
Where she so long has lain.

Percy R. Pyne, Jr., '18.

NIGHT RAID

I HEARD at night the drone of far-off evil wings
Above the velvet gloom of towns without a light.
There came to me the dread of ancient baneful
things,
Demons that fled unseen with cries across the
night.

The wan moon trailed no veils of cloud or pallid
mist—

The stars were silver bright and all the sky was
clear,

Yet deadly things above passed to keep deadly tryst
And the darkened village streets were tense with
nameless fear.

Sydney Baldwin Self '19.

EN AVANT

STRIDING boldly forth in the morning,
Shouting war-songs gaily and scorning
Music of flutes for drum-beat and fife,—
Down the road we march on to glory
Won in battle,—reckless how gory
Be the wild struggle,—eager for strife.

Now at mid-day steadily marching
Thru the dust and glare and the parching
Heat of the noon-tide, ever we stream
Onward, crawling over the rock-strewn
Wilds and waste-lands, climbing the God-hewn
Mountains to tread the highway's white gleam.

Nightfall comes and staggering, stumbling,
 Weak, exhausted, yet without mumbling
 Word of complaint, still forward we plod.
 Gone are dreams of fame in the tourney,—
 All our thought the end of the journey,
 Holes in the ground and covers of sod.

George D. Skinner '19.

A NEW SIMONIDES

I

American Soldiers

All sullen and obscene, they toiled in pain.
 Go, countryman of theirs!—they brought you pride;
 Look to it the Republic leave not vain
 The deaths of those who knew not why they died.

II

American Officers and Men

Who Killed Themselves

What sacrifice was yours whom here offend
 These bare and bitter graves? Turn not the face
 In shame from those who fell before the end,
 Nor yet from those whom base war rendered base.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

NEW ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

France: June 8, 1918

AH, why do you sing to me who cannot hear?
 Your foolish music leaves the night as dead
 As do the stars of June, no longer near,
 Strewn meaningless and little overhead.

Sweeter it sounded through the poet's word,
 When, from another silence that was peace,
 The Nephelococcugian flute I heard
 Or stood with Christ above the groves of Greece;

For then those tones flung glowing to the dark
 Spoke summer's richness and the soul of June;
 To-night, the sharp lament of dogs that bark
 Can mean no less and yelps a fitter tune.

Edmund Wilson, Jr., '16.

THE PEOPLES

COUNT this for good, though there be nothing
 else:

That we the inarticulate have spoken.
 Here our long voice is come, here the deep wells
 Have overflowed, their thousand barriers broken
 With ease we never dreamed. How long, how long,

We have lain numbed, with a dark weight on our
brow,
And plagues, and parliaments, and old battle-song
Have none of them waked our voice to speech—
till now.

This thing belongs to us. It has gone far
From the grip of the few little men who made it.
They called on us to guard; and this fair war
Which came to our hand we will not yield a whit.
But when we are done, have found the price and
paid it,
And when we have victory, what shall we do
with it?

George B. Logan '15.

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