

SYLVANORA EDITION



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Henry van Dyke • Sylvanora Edition

CH_OSE_N POEM_S



THE STANDARD BEARER.

CHOSEN POEMS

BY
HENRY VAN DYKE



NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1927

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DEDICATION

TO THE FRIENDS FAR AND NEAR
WHO HAVE CHOSEN THESE POEMS
BY USING THEM AT WORK AND PLAY
THEY ARE NOW REDEDICATED
IN THIS SMALL BOOK

144461

THE SYLVANORA EDITION

THIS is the reverse of an *edition de luxe*. You might call it an edition of economy. The purpose of making it was to do something to reduce the High Cost of Reading without falling back on the proffered services of a Coroner's Jury. For this aim both the publishers and the author were willing to join in considerable sacrifices. At the same time they have tried to make the volumes as clear and comely as possible, to please the eye and the hand.

After all simplicity is more enjoyable than luxury. This edition is made for those who, like Charles Lamb in his early, happiest years, have to think twice before they buy a book. They are my very good friends: and to them, in farmhouse, or ship, or shop, or schoolhouse, or log cabin, I send hearty greetings from my little wooden cottage among the fir-trees on the rocky coast of Maine.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Sylvanora,
Seal Harbor,
July 11, 1927.

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SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

WHEN TULIPS BLOOM

I

WHEN tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

When every long, unlovely row
Of westward houses stands aglow,
And leads the eyes to sunset skies
Beyond the hills where green trees grow;

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishing;
For this the month of May was made.

II

I guess the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plough.

3

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

The thistle-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, to match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go a-fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

III

I think the meadow-lark's clear sound
Leaks upward slowly from the ground,
While on the wing the bluebirds ring
Their wedding-bells to woods around.

The flirting chewink calls his dear
Behind the bush; and very near,
Where water flows, where green grass grows,
Song-sparrows gently sing, "Good cheer."

And, best of all, through twilight's calm
The hermit-thrush repeats his psalm.
How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing
In days so sweet with music's balm!

WHEN TULIPS BLOOM

IV

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
 No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line.

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
 Where I may wade through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
 'Tis all I'm wishing — old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

1894.

THE VEERY

THE moonbeams over Arno's vale in silver flood
were pouring,

When first I heard the nightingale a long-lost love
deploring.

So passionate, so full of pain, it sounded strange
and eerie;

I longed to hear a simpler strain, — the wood-notes
of the veery.

The laverock sings a bonny lay above the Scottish
heather;

It sprinkles down from far away like light and love
together;

He drops the golden notes to greet his brooding
mate, his dearie;

I only know one song more sweet, — the vespers
of the veery.

In English gardens, green and bright and full of
fruity treasure,

THE VEERY

I heard the blackbird with delight repeat his merry
measure:

The ballad was a pleasant one, the tune was loud
and cheery,

And yet, with every setting sun, I listened for the
veery.

But far away, and far away, the tawny thrush is
singing;

New England woods, at close of day, with that
clear chant are ringing:

And when my light of life is low, and heart and
flesh are weary,

I fain would hear, before I go, the wood-notes of
the veery.

1895.

THE SONG-SPARROW

THERE is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that every year
Sings "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his heart with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade; and every day
Repeats his small, contented lay;
As if to say, we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat
Of many colours, smart and gay;

THE SONG-SPARROW

His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing, to hear
His "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

A lofty place he does not love,
But sits by choice, and well at ease,
In hedges, and in little trees
That stretch their slender arms above
The meadow-brook; and there he sings
Till all the field with pleasure rings;
And so he tells in every ear,
That lowly homes to heaven are near
In "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"

I like the tune, I like the words;
They seem so true, so free from art,
So friendly, and so full of heart,
That if but one of all the birds
Could be my comrade everywhere,

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

My little brother of the air,
I'd choose the song-sparrow, my dear,
Because he'd bless me, every year,
With "*Sweet — sweet — sweet — very merry cheer.*"
1895.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

WHEN May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
 “*Witchery — witchery — witchery.*”

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There’s magic in that small bird’s note —
See, there he flits — the Yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
 “*Witchery — witchery — witchery.*”

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary’s lovely garden grows:

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try to call her down this way,
 “Witchery — witchery — witchery!”

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
 “Witchery — witchery — witchery!”

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run —
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
 “Witchery — witchery — witchery!”

Along the shady road I look —
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white:

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet:
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
 "*Witchery — witchery — witchery!*"

1895.

THE LILY OF YORROW

DEEP in the heart of the forest the lily of Yorrow
is growing;
Blue is its cup as the sky, and with mystical odour
o'erflowing;
Faintly it falls through the shadowy glades when
the south wind is blowing.

Sweet are the primroses pale and the violets after
a shower;
Sweet are the borders of pinks and the blossoming
grapes on the bower;
Sweeter by far is the breath of that far-away wood-
land flower.

Searching and strange in its sweetness, it steals like
a perfume enchanted
Under the arch of the forest, and all who perceive
it are haunted,
Seeking and seeking for ever, till sight of the lily is
granted.

THE LILY OF YORROW

Who can describe how it grows, with its chalice of
lazuli leaning

Over a crystalline spring, where the ferns and the
mosses are greening?

Who can imagine its beauty, or utter the depth of
its meaning?

Calm of the journeying stars, and repose of the
mountains olden,

Joy of the swift-running rivers, and glory of sun-
sets golden,

Secrets that cannot be told in the heart of the flower
are holden.

Surely to see it is peace and the crown of a life-
long endeavour;

Surely to pluck it is gladness, — but they who have
found it can never

Tell of the gladness and peace: they are hid from
our vision for ever.

'Twas but a moment ago that a comrade was walk-
ing near me:

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Turning aside from the pathway he murmured a
greeting to cheer me, —

Then he was lost in the shade, and I called but he
did not hear me.

Why should I dream he is dead, and bewail him
with passionate sorrow?

Surely I know there is gladness in finding the lily
of Yorrow:

He has discovered it first, and perhaps I shall find
it to-morrow.

1894.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Do you remember, father, —

It seems so long ago, —

The day we fished together

Along the Pocono?

At dusk I waited for you,

Beside the lumber-mill,

And there I heard a hidden bird

That chanted, “whip-poor-will,”

“*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*”

Sad and shrill, — “*whippoorwill!*”

The place was all deserted;

The mill-wheel hung at rest;

The lonely star of evening

Was throbbing in the west;

The veil of night was falling;

The winds were folded still;

And everywhere the trembling air

Re-echoed “whip-poor-will!”

“*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*”

Sad and shrill, — “*whippoorwill!*”

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

You seemed so long in coming,
I felt so much alone;
The wide, dark world was round me,
And life was all unknown;
The hand of sorrow touched me,
And made my senses thrill
With all the pain that haunts the strain
Of mournful whip-poor-will.
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Sad and shrill, — *"whippoorwill!"*

What knew I then of trouble?
An idle little lad,
I had not learned the lessons
That make men wise and sad.
I dreamed of grief and parting,
And something seemed to fill
My heart with tears, while in my ears
Resounded "whip-poor-will."
"Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!"
Sad and shrill, — *"whippoorwill!"*

'Twas but a cloud of sadness,
That lightly passed away;

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

But I have learned the meaning
Of sorrow, since that day.
For nevermore at twilight,
Beside the silent mill,
I'll wait for you, in the falling dew,
And hear the whip-poor-will.
“*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*”
Sad and shrill, — “*whippoorwill!*”

But if you still remember
In that far land of light,
The pains and fears that touch us
Along this edge of night,
I think all earthly grieving,
And all our mortal ill,
To you must seem like a sad boy's dream
Who hears the whip-poor-will.
“*Whippoorwill! whippoorwill!*”
A passing thrill, — “*whippoorwill!*”

1894.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

WHAT time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips
of night,
And all the little watchman-stars have fallen asleep
in light,
'Tis then a merry wind awakes, and runs from tree
to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the
reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Early morn,
New born!
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Down the river
All a-quiver,
Fish are breaking;
Time for waking,

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

Tup, tup, tup!

Do you hear?

All clear —

Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares thro' friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

Surely, surely, surely,

Life is dear

Even here.

Blue above,

You to love,

Purely, purely, purely.

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

There's wild azalea on the hill, and iris down the
dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the
well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds
grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets
bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellow-throat,
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:

Which way, sir?

I say, sir,

Let me teach you,

I beseech you!

Are you wishing

Jolly fishing?

This way, sir!

I'll teach you.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

Then come, my friend, forget your foes and leave
your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful,
quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take
what God may give,
And all the day your heart will say, "'Tis luck
enough to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it bubbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:

*Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me,
I'm alive, you see!
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!*

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

1899.

THE RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

I

WHERE'S your kingdom, little king?
Where the land you call your own,
Where your palace and your throne?
Fluttering lightly on the wing
Through the blossom-world of May,
Whither lies your royal way,
Little king?

*Far to northward lies a land
Where the trees together stand
Closely as the blades of wheat
When the summer is complete.
Rolling like an ocean wide
Over vale and mountainside,
Balsam, hemlock, spruce and pine, —
All those mighty trees are mine.
There's a river flowing free, —
All its waves belong to me.
There's a lake so clear and bright
Stars shine out of it all night;*

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

*Rowan-berries round it spread
Like a belt of coral red.
Never royal garden planned
Fair as my Canadian land!
There I build my summer nest,
There I reign and there I rest,
While from dawn to dark I sing,
Happy kingdom! Lucky king!*

II

Back again, my little king!
Is your happy kingdom lost
To the rebel knave, Jack Frost?
Have you felt the snow-flakes sting?
Houseless, homeless in October,
Whither now? Your plight is sober,
Exiled king!

*Far to southward lie the regions
Where my loyal flower-legions
Hold possession of the year,
Filling every month with cheer.
Christmas wakes the winter rose;*

RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

*New Year daffodils unclose ;
Yellow jasmine through the wood
Flows in February flood,
Dropping from the tallest trees
Golden streams that never freeze.
Thither now I take my flight
Down the pathway of the night,
Till I see the southern moon
Glisten on the broad lagoon,
Where the cypress' dusky green,
And the dark magnolia's sheen,
Weave a shelter round my home.
There the snow-storms never come ;
There the bannered mosses gray
Like a curtain gently sway,
Hanging low on every side
Round the covert where I bide,
Till the March azalea glows,
Royal red and heavenly rose,
Through the Carolina glade
Where my winter home is made.
There I hold my southern court,
Full of merriment and sport :*

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

*There I take my ease and sing,
Happy kingdom! Lucky king!*

III

Little boaster, vagrant king,
Neither north nor south is yours,
You've no kingdom that endures!
Wandering every fall and spring,
With your ruby crown so slender,
Are you only a Pretender,
Landless king?

*Never king by right divine
Ruled a richer realm than mine!
What are lands and golden crowns,
Armies, fortresses and towns,
Jewels, sceptres, robes and rings, —
What are these to song and wings?
Everywhere that I can fly,
There I own the earth and sky;
Everywhere that I can sing,
There I'm happy as a king.*

1900.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES

I

IN warlike pomp, with banners flowing,
The regiments of Autumn stood:
I saw their gold and scarlet glowing
From every hillside, every wood.

Above the sea the clouds were keeping
Their secret leaguer, gray and still;
They sent their misty vanguard creeping
With muffled step from hill to hill.

All day the sullen armies drifted
Athwart the sky with slanting rain;
At sunset for a space they lifted,
With dusk they settled down again.

II

At dark the winds began to blow
With mutterings distant, low;
From sea and sky they called their strength,

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Till with an angry, broken roar,
Like billows on an unseen shore,
Their fury burst at length.

I heard through the night
The rush and the clamour:
The pulse of the fight
Like blows of Thor's hammer;
The pattering flight
Of the leaves, and the anguished
Moan of the forest vanquished

At daybreak came a gusty song:
"Shout! the winds are strong.
The little people of the leaves are fled.
Shout! The Autumn is dead!"

III

The storm is ended! The impartial sun
Laughs down upon the battle lost and won,
And crowns the triumph of the cloudy host
In rolling lines retreating to the coast.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES

But we, fond lovers of the woodland shade,
And grateful friends of every fallen leaf,
Forget the glories of the cloud-parade,
And walk the ruined woods in quiet grief
1874.

INDIAN SUMMER

A SILKEN curtain veils the skies,
And half conceals from pensive eyes
 The bronzing tokens of the fall;
A calmness broods upon the hills,
And summer's parting dream distils
 A charm of silence over all.

The stacks of corn, in brown array,
Stand waiting through the tranquil day,
 Like tattered wigwams on the plain;
The tribes that find a shelter there
Are phantom peoples, forms of air,
 And ghosts of vanished joy and pain.

At evening when the crimson crest
Of sunset passes down the West,
 I hear the whispering host returning;
On far-off fields, by elm and oak,
I see the lights, I smell the smoke, —
 The Camp-fires of the Past are burning.

TERTIUS AND HENRY VAN DYKE.

November, 1903.

A NOVEMBER DAISY

AFTERTHOUGHT of summer's bloom !
Late arrival at the feast,
Coming when the songs have ceased
And the merry guests departed,
Leaving but an empty room,
Silence, solitude, and gloom, —
Are you lonely, heavy-hearted;
You, the last of all your kind,
Nodding in the autumn wind;
Now that all your friends are flown,
Blooming late and all alone?

Nay, I wrong you, little flower,
Reading mournful mood of mine
In your looks, that give no sign
Of a spirit dark and cheerless !
You possess the heavenly power
That rejoices in the hour.
Glad, contented, free, and fearless,
Lift a sunny face to heaven
When a sunny day is given !

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Make a summer of your own,
Blooming late and all alone!

Once the daisies gold and white
Sea-like through the meadow rolled:
Once my heart could hardly hold
All its pleasures. I remember,
In the flood of youth's delight
Separate joys were lost to sight.
That was summer! Now November
Sets the perfect flower apart;
Gives each blossom of the heart
Meaning, beauty, grace unknown, —
Blooming late and all alone.

November, 1899.

A S N O W - S O N G

DOES the snow fall at sea?

Yes, when the north winds blow,
When the wild clouds fly low,
Out of each gloomy wing,
Silently glimmering,
Over the stormy sea
Falleth the snow.

Does the snow hide the sea?

Nay, on the tossing plains
Never a flake remains;
Drift never resteth there;
Vanishing everywhere,
Into the hungry sea
Falleth the snow.

What means the snow at sea?

Whirled in the veering blast,
Thickly the flakes drive past;
Each like a childish ghost
Wavers, and then is lost;
In the forgetful sea
Fadeth the snow.

SPRING IN THE NORTH

I

Ah, who will tell me, in these leaden days,
Why the sweet Spring delays,
And where she hides, — the dear desire
Of every heart that longs
For bloom, and fragrance, and the ruby fire
Of maple-buds along the misty hills,
And that immortal call which fills
The waiting wood with songs?
The snow-drops came so long ago,
It seemed that Spring was near!
But then returned the snow
With biting winds, and earth grew sere,
And sullen clouds drooped low
To veil the sadness of a hope deferred:
Then rain, rain, rain, incessant rain
Beat on the window-pane,
Through which I watched the solitary bird
That braved the tempest, buffeted and tossed
With ruffled feathers down the wind again.
Oh, were the seeds all lost

SPRING IN THE NORTH

When winter laid the wild flowers in their tomb?

I searched the woods in vain
For blue hepaticas, and trilliums white,
And trailing arbutus, the Spring's delight,
Starring the withered leaves with rosy bloom.

But every night the frost
To all my longing spoke a silent nay,
And told me Spring was far away.
Even the robins were too cold to sing,
Except a broken and discouraged note, —
Only the tuneful sparrow, on whose throat
Music has put her triple finger-print,
Lifted his head and sang my heart a hint, —
“Wait, wait, wait! oh, wait a while for Spring!”

II

But now, Carina, what divine amends
For all delay! What sweetness treasured up,
What wine of joy that blends
A hundred flavours in a single cup,
Is poured into this perfect day!
For look, sweet heart, here are the early flowers
That lingered on their way,

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Thronging in haste to kiss the feet of May,
Entangled with the bloom of later hours, —
Anemones and cinque-foils, violets blue
And white, and iris richly gleaming through
The grasses of the meadow, and a blaze
Of butter-cups and daisies in the field,

 Filling the air with praise,

As if a chime of golden bells had pealed!

 The frozen songs within the breast

Of silent birds that hid in leafless woods,

 Melt into rippling floods

 Of gladness unrepressed.

Now oriole and bluebird, thrush and lark,

Warbler and wren and vireo,

Mingle their melody; the living spark

Of love has touched the fuel of desire,

And every heart leaps up in singing fire.

 It seems as if the land

Were breathing deep beneath the sun's caress,

 Trembling with tenderness,

 While all the woods expand,

In shimmering clouds of rose and gold and green,

To veil a joy too sacred to be seen.

SPRING IN THE NORTH

III

Come, put your hand in mine,
True love, long sought and found at last,
And lead me deep into the Spring divine
That makes amends for all the wintry past.
For all the flowers and songs I feared to miss
Arrive with you;
And in the lingering pressure of your kiss
My dreams come true;
And in the promise of your generous eyes
I read the mystic sign
Of joy more perfect made
Because so long delayed,
And bliss enhanced by rapture of surprise.
Ah, think not early love alone is strong;
He loveth best whose heart has learned to wait:
Dear messenger of Spring that tarried long,
You're doubly dear because you come so late.

SPRING IN THE SOUTH

Now in the oak the sap of life is welling,
 Tho' to the bough the rusty leafage clings;
Now on the elm the misty buds are swelling;
 Every little pine-wood grows alive with wings;
Blue-jays are fluttering, yodeling and crying
 Meadow-larks sailing low above the faded
 grass,
Red-birds whistling clear, silent robins flying, —
 Who has waked the birds up? What has
 come to pass?

Last year's cotton-plants, desolately bowing,
 Tremble in the March-wind, ragged and forlorn,
Red are the hillsides of the early ploughing,
 Gray are the lowlands, waiting for the corn.
Earth seems asleep, but she is only feigning;
 Deep in her bosom thrills a sweet unrest;
Look where the jasmine lavishly is raining
 Jove's golden shower into Danäe's breast!

SPRING IN THE SOUTH

Now on the plum-tree a snowy bloom is sifted,

Now on the peach-tree, the glory of the rose,
Far o'er the hills a tender haze is drifted,

Full to the brim the yellow river flows.

Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,
Greener than emeralds shining in the sun.

Whence comes the magic? Listen, sweetheart,
listen!

The mocking-bird is singing: Spring is begun.

Hark, in his song no tremor of misgiving!

All of his heart he pours into his lay, —

“Love, love, love, and pure delight of living:

Winter is forgotten: here's a happy day!”

Fair in your face I read the flowery presage,

Snowy on your brow and rosy on your mouth:

Sweet in your voice I hear the season's mes-
sage, —

Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!

1904.

THE HERMIT THRUSH

O WONDERFUL! How liquid clear
The molten gold of that ethereal tone,
Floating and falling through the wood alone,
A hermit-hymn poured out for God to hear!

*O holy, holy, holy! Hyaline,
Long light, low light, glory of eventide!
Love far away, far up, — love divine!
Little love, too, for ever, ever near,
Warm love, earth love, tender love of mine,
In the leafy dark where you hide,
You are mine, — mine, — mine!*

Ah, my belovèd, do you feel with me
The hidden virtue of that melody,
The rapture and the purity of love,
The heavenly joy that can not find the word?
Then, while we wait again to hear the bird,
Come very near to me, and do not move, —
Now, hermit of the woodland, fill anew
The cool, green cup of air with harmony,
And we will drink the wine of love with you.

May, 1908.

MOVING BELLS

I LOVE the Hour that comes, with dusky hair
And dewy feet, along the Alpine dells,
To lead the cattle forth. A thousand bells
Go chiming after her across the fair
And flowery uplands, while the rosy flare
Of sunset on the snowy mountain dwells,
And valleys darken, and the drowsy spells
Of peace are woven through the purple air.

Dear is the magic of this Hour: she seems
To walk before the dark by falling rills,
And lend a sweeter song to hidden streams;
She opens all the doors of night, and fills
With moving bells the music of my dreams,
That wander far among the sleeping hills.

Gstaad, August, 1909.

IF ALL THE SKIES

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

A NOON-SONG

THERE are songs for the morning and songs for
the night,

For sunrise and sunset, the stars and the moon;
But who will give praise to the fulness of light,
And sing us a song of the glory of noon?

Oh, the high noon, the clear noon,

The noon with golden crest;

When the blue sky burns, and the great
sun turns

With his face to the way of the west!

How swiftly he rose in the dawn of his strength!

How slowly he crept as the morning wore by!
Ah, steep was the climbing that led him at length
To the height of his throne in the wide sum-
mer sky.

Oh, the long toil, the slow toil,

The toil that may not rest,

Till the sun looks down from his journey's
crown,

To the wonderful way of the west!

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Then a quietness falls over meadow and hill,
The wings of the wind in the forest are furled,
The river runs softly, the birds are all still,
The workers are resting all over the world.
Oh, the good hour, the kind hour,
The hour that calms the breast!
Little inn half-way on the road of the day,
Where it follows the turn to the west!

There's a plentiful feast in the maple-tree shade,
The lilt of a song to an old-fashioned tune,
The talk of a friend, or the kiss of a maid,
To sweeten the cup that we drink to the noon.
Oh, the deep noon, the full noon,
Of all the day the best!
When the blue sky burns, and the great
sun turns
To his home by the way of the west!

1906.

ROSLIN AND HAWTHORNDEN

FAIR Roslin Chapel, how divine
The art that reared thy costly shrine!
Thy carven columns must have grown
By magic, like a dream in stone.

Yet not within thy storied wall
Would I in adoration fall,
So gladly as within the glen
That leads to lovely Hawthornden.

A long-drawn aisle, with roof of green
And vine-clad pillars, while between,
The Esk runs murmuring on its way,
In living music night and day.

Within the temple of this wood
The martyrs of the covenant stood,
And rolled the psalm, and poured the prayer,
From Nature's solemn altar-stair.

Edinburgh, 1877.

LIGHT BETWEEN THE TREES

LONG, long, long the trail
Through the brooding forest-gloom,
Down the shadowy, lonely vale
Into silence, like a room
Where the light of life has fled,
And the jealous curtains close
Round the passionless repose
Of the silent dead.

Plod, plod, plod away,
Step by step in mouldering moss;
Thick branches bar the day
Over languid streams that cross
Softly, slowly, with a sound
Like a smothered weeping,
In their aimless creeping
Through enchanted ground.

“Yield, yield, yield thy quest,”
Whispers now the woodland deep
“Come to me and be at rest;

LIGHT BETWEEN THE TREES

I am slumber, I am sleep."

Then the weary feet would fail,
But the never-daunted will
Urges "Forward, forward still!
Press along the trail!"

Breast, breast, breast the slope!

See, the path is growing steep.
Hark! a little song of hope
Where the stream begins to leap.
Though the forest, far and wide,
Still shuts out the bending blue,
We shall finally win through,
Cross the long divide.

On, on, on we tramp!

Will the journey never end?
Over yonder lies the camp;
Welcome waits us there, my friend.
Can we reach it ere the night?
Upward, upward, never fear!
Look, the summit must be near;
See the line of light!

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Red, red, red the shine
Of the splendour in the west,
Glowing through the ranks of pine,
Clear along the mountain-crest!
Long, long, long the trail
Out of sorrow's lonely vale;
But at last the traveller sees
Light between the trees!

March, 1904.

SALUTE TO THE TREES

MANY a tree is found in the wood
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearth-stone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream; —
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."
February, 1920.

HOW SPRING COMES TO SHASTA JIM

I NEVER seen no "red gods"; I dunno wot's a
"lure";

But if it's sumpin' takin', then Spring has got it sure;
An' it doesn't need no Kiplins, ner yet no London
Jacks,

To make up guff about it, w'ile settin' in their shacks.

It's sumpin' very simple 'at happens in the Spring,
But it changes all the lookin's of every blessed thing;
The buddin' woods look bigger, the mounting twice
as high,

But the house looks kindo smaller, tho I couldn't
tell ye why.

It's cur'ous wot a show-down the month of April
makes,

Between the reely livin', an' the things 'at's only
fakes!

Machines an' barns an' buildin's, they never give
no sign;

But the livin' things look lively w'en Spring is on
the line.

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

She doesn't come too suddin, ner she doesn't come
too slow;

Her gaits is some cayprishus, an' the next ye never
know, —

A single-foot o' sunshine, a buck o' snow er hail, —
But don't be disapp'inted, fer Spring ain't goin' ter
fail.

She's lopin' down the hillside, — the driffs is fadin'
out.

She's runnin' down the river, — d'ye see them risin'
trout?

She's loafin' down the canyon, — the squaw-bed's
growin' blue,

An' the teeny Johnny-jump-ups is jest a-peekin'
thru.

A thousan' miles o' pine-trees, with Douglas firs
between,

Is waitin' fer her fingers to freshen up their green;
With little tips o' brightness the firs 'ill sparkle thick,
An' every yaller pine-tree, a giant candle-stick!

SHASTA JIM

The underbrush is risin' an' spreadin' all around,
Jest like a mist o' greenness 'at hangs above the
ground;

A million manzanitas 'ill soon be full o' pink;
So saddle up, my sonny, — it's time to ride, I think!

We'll ford er swim the river, becos there ain't no
bridge;

We'll foot the gulches careful, an' lope along the
ridge;

We'll take the trail to Nowhere, an' travel till we
tire,

An' camp beneath a pine-tree, an' sleep beside the
fire.

We'll see the blue-quail chickens, an' hear 'em
pipin' clear;

An' p'raps we'll sight a brown-bear, er else a bunch
o' deer;

But nary a heathen goddess or god 'ill meet our
eyes;

For why? There isn't any! They're jest a pack
o' lies!

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Oh, wot's the use o' "red gods," an' "Pan," an' all
that stuff?

The natcheral facts o' Springtime is wonderful enuff!
An' if there's Someone made 'em, I guess He under-
stood,

To be alive in Springtime would make a man feel
good.

California, 1913.

THE GRAND CANYON

DAYBREAK

WHAT makes the lingering Night so cling to thee?
Thou vast, profound, primeval hiding-place
Of ancient secrets, — gray and ghostly gulf
Cleft in the green of this high forest land,
And crowded in the dark with giant forms!
Art thou a grave, a prison, or a shrine?

A stillness deeper than the lack of sound
Broods over thee: a living silence breathes
Perpetual incense from thy dim abyss.
The morning-stars that sang above the bower
Of Eden, passing over thee, are dumb
With trembling bright amazement; and the Dawn
Steals through the glimmering pines with naked feet,
Her hand upon her lips, to look on thee!
She peers into thy depths with silent prayer
For light, more light, to part thy purple veil.
O Earth, swift-rolling Earth, reveal, reveal, —
Turn to the East, and show upon thy breast
The mightiest marvel in the realm of Time!

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

'Tis done, — the morning miracle of light, —
The resurrection of the world of hues
That die with dark, and daily rise again
With every rising of the splendid Sun!

Be still, my heart! Now Nature holds her breath
To see the flood of solar radiance leap
Across the chasm, and crown the western rim
Of alabaster with a far-away
Rampart of pearl, and flowing down by walls
Of changeful opal, deepen into gold
Of topaz, rosy gold of tourmaline,
Crimson of garnet, green and gray of jade,
Purple of amethyst, and ruby red,
Beryl, and sard, and royal porphyry;
Until the cataract of colour breaks
Upon the blackness of the granite floor.

How far below! And all between is cleft
And carved into a hundred curving miles
Of unimagined architecture! Tombs,
Temples, and colonnades are neighboured there
By fortresses that Titans might defend,
And amphitheatres where Gods might strive.
Cathedrals, buttressed with unnumbered tiers

THE GRAND CANYON

Of ruddy rock, lift to the sapphire sky
A single spire of marble pure as snow;
And huge aërial palaces arise
Like mountains built of unconsuming flame.
Along the weathered walls, or standing deep
In riven valleys where no foot may tread,
Are lonely pillars, and tall monuments
Of perished æons and forgotten things.
My sight is baffled by the wide array
Of countless forms: my vision reels and swims
Above them, like a bird in whirling winds.
Yet no confusion fills the awful chasm;
But spacious order and a sense of peace
Brood over all. For every shape that looms
Majestic in the throng, is set apart
From all the others by its far-flung shade,
Blue, blue, as if a mountain-lake were there.

How still it is! Dear God, I hardly dare
To breathe, for fear the fathomless abyss
Will draw me down into eternal sleep.

What force has formed this masterpiece of awe?
What hands have wrought these wonders in the waste?

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

O river, gleaming in the narrow rift
Of gloom that cleaves the valley's nether deep, —
Fierce Colorado, prisoned by thy toil,
And blindly toiling still to reach the sea, —
Thy waters, gathered from the snows and springs
Amid the Utah hills, have carved this road
Of glory to the California Gulf.
But now, O sunken stream, thy splendour lost,
'Twi'x iron walls thou rollest turbid waves,
Too far away to make their fury heard!
At sight of thee, thou sullen labouring slave
Of gravitation, — yellow torrent poured
From distant mountains by no will of thine,
Through thrice a hundred centuries of slow
Fallings and liftings of the crust of Earth, —
At sight of thee my spirit sinks and fails.
Art thou alone the Maker? Is the blind
Unconscious power that drew thee dumbly down
To cut this gash across the layered globe,
The sole creative cause of all I see?
Are force and matter all? The rest a dream?

Then is thy gorge a canyon of despair,
A prison for the soul of man, a grave

THE GRAND CANYON

Of all his dearest daring hopes! The world
Wherein we live and move is meaningless,
No spirit here to answer to our own!
The stars without a guide: the chance-born Earth
Adrift in space, no Captain on the ship:
Nothing in all the universe to prove
Eternal wisdom and eternal love!
And man, the latest accident of Time, —
Who thinks he loves, and longs to understand,
Who vainly suffers, and in vain is brave,
Who dupes his heart with immortality, —
Man is a living lie, — a bitter jest
Upon himself, — a conscious grain of sand
Lost in a desert of unconsciousness,
Thirsting for God and mocked by his own thirst.

Spirit of Beauty, mother of delight,
Thou fairest offspring of Omnipotence,
Inhabiting this lofty lone abode,
Speak to my heart again and set me free
From all these doubts that darken earth and heaven!
Who sent thee forth into the wilderness
To bless and comfort all who see thy face?
Who clad thee in this more than royal robe

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Of rainbows? Who designed these jewelled thrones
For thee, and wrought these glittering palaces?
Who gave thee power upon the soul of man
To lift him up through wonder into joy?
God! let the radiant cliffs bear witness, God!
Let all the shining pillars signal, God!
He only, on the mystic loom of light,
Hath woven webs of loveliness to clothe
His most majestic works: and He alone
Hath delicately wrought the cactus-flower
To star the desert floor with rosy bloom.

O Beauty, handiwork of the Most High,
Where'er thou art He tells his Love to man,
And lo, the day breaks, and the shadows flee!

Now, far beyond all language and all art
In thy wild splendour, Canyon marvellous,
The secret of thy stillness lies unveiled
In worldless worship! This is holy ground;
Thou art no grave, no prison, but a shrine.
Garden of Temples filled with Silent Praise,
If God were blind thy Beauty could not be!

February 24-26, 1913.

THE HEAVENLY HILLS OF
HOLLAND

THE heavenly hills of Holland, —
How wondrously they rise
Above the smooth green pastures
Into the azure skies!
With blue and purple hollows,
With peaks of dazzling snow,
Along the far horizon
The clouds are marching slow.

No mortal foot has trodden
The summits of that range,
Nor walked those mystic valleys
Whose colours ever change;
Yet we possess their beauty,
And visit them in dreams,
While ruddy gold of sunset
From cliff and canyon gleams.

In days of cloudless weather
They melt into the light;

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

When fog and mist surround us
 They're hidden from our sight;
But when returns a season
 Clear shining after rain,
While the northwest wind is blowing,
 We see the hills again.

The old Dutch painters loved them,
 Their pictures show them fair, —
Old Hobbema and Ruysdael,
 Van Goyen and Vermeer.
Above the level landscape,
 Rich polders, long-armed mills,
Canals and ancient cities, —
 Float Holland's heavenly hills.

The Hague, November, 1916.

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

I

THOU who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers below, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere, —
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

II

Seeking for thee, the heart of man
Lonely and longing ran,

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

In that first, solitary hour,

When the mysterious power

To know and love the wonder of the morn

Was breathed within him, and his soul was born.

And thou didst meet thy child,

Not in some hidden shrine,

But in the freedom of the garden wild,

And take his hand in thine, —

There all day long in Paradise he walked,

And in the cool of evening with thee talked.

III

Lost, long ago, that garden bright and pure,

Lost, that calm day too perfect to endure,

And lost the child-like love that worshipped and
was sure!

For men have dulled their eyes with sin,

And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,

And built their temple walls to shut thee in,

And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.

But not for thee the closing of the door,

O Spirit unconfined!

Thy ways are free

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

As is the wandering wind,
And thou hast wooed thy children, to restore
 Their fellowship with thee,
In peace of soul and simpleness of mind.

IV

Joyful the heart that, when the flood rolled by,
Leaped up to see the rainbow in the sky;
And glad the pilgrim, in the lonely night,
For whom the hills of Haran, tier on tier,
Built up a secret stairway to the height
Where stars like angel eyes were shining clear.
From mountain-peaks, in many a land and age,
 Disciples of the Persian seer
Have hailed the rising sun and worshipped thee;
And wayworn followers of the Indian sage
Have found the peace of God beneath a spread-
 ing tree.

V

But One, but One, — ah, Son most dear,
And perfect image of the Love Unseen, —
 Walked every day in pastures green,
And all his life the quiet waters by,

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

Reading their beauty with a tranquil eye.
To him the desert was a place prepared
 For weary hearts to rest;
The hillside was a temple blest;
The grassy vale a banquet-room
Where he could feed and comfort many a guest.
 With him the lily shared
The vital joy that breathes itself in bloom;
And every bird that sang beside the nest
Told of the love that broods o'er every living
 thing.
 He watched the shepherd bring
His flock at sundown to the welcome fold,
 The fisherman at daybreak fling
His net across the waters gray and cold,
And all day long the patient reaper swing
His curving sickle through the harvest gold.
So through the world the foot-path way he trod,
Breathing the air of heaven in every breath;
And in the evening sacrifice of death
Beneath the open sky he gave his soul to God;
And then on Easter morn, his victory won,
Breaking the mortal bars that sealed his tomb,

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

In a fair garden full of flowers abloom,
The risen Jesus met the rising sun!
Him will I trust, and for my Master take;
Him will I follow; and for his dear sake,
 God of the open air,
To thee I make my prayer.

VI

From the prison of anxious thought that greed has
 builted,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride
 has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce
 confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of
 illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes
 there !)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the open
 air.

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence
o'er me,
By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch
before me,
By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in
motion,
Over the plains and the vales to the measureless
ocean,
(Oh, how the sight of the greater things enlarges
the eyes!)
Draw me away from myself to the peace of the
hills and skies.

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is
spreading,
And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May
has been treading;
While the birds on the branches above, and the
brooks flowing under,
Are singing together of love in a world full of
wonder,
(Lo, in the magic of Springtime, dreams are changed
into truth!)
Quicken my heart, and restore the beautiful hopes
of youth.

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

By the faith that the wild-flowers show when they
bloom unbidden,

By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is
hidden,

By the strength of the tree that clings to its deep
foundation,

By the courage of birds' light wings on the long
migration,

(Wonderful spirit of trust that abides in Nature's
breast !)

Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

For the comforting warmth of the sun that my
body embraces,

For the cool of the waters that run through the
shadowy places,

For the balm of the breezes that brush my face
with their fingers,

For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when the twilight
lingers,

For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of
a heart without care, —

I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open
air !

SONGS OUT-OF-DOORS

VII

These are the gifts I ask
Of thee, Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away:
Malice, and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadows of cloud that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,

GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth, —
And best of all, along the way, friendship and
mirth.

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters
clear,

Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and
dear;

But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-belovèd hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land, —
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

1904.

STORIES IN VERSE

In the rubbish heaps of the ancient city of Oxyrhynchus, near the River Nile, a party of English explorers, in the winter of 1897, discovered a fragment of a papyrus book, written in the second or third century, and hitherto unknown. This single leaf contained parts of seven short sentences of Christ, each introduced by the words, "Jesus says." It is to the fifth of these Sayings of Jesus that the following poem refers.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

I

PRELUDE

HEAR a word that Jesus spake
Nineteen hundred years ago,
Where the crimson lilies blow
Round the blue Tiberian lake:
There the bread of life he brake,
Through the fields of harvest walking
With his lowly comrades, talking
Of the secret thoughts that feed
Weary souls in time of need.
Art thou hungry? Come and take;
Hear the word that Jesus spake!

'Tis the sacrament of labour, bread and wine divinely
blest;
Friendship's food and sweet refreshment, strength
and courage, joy and rest.

But this word the Master said
Long ago and far away,
Silent and forgotten lay

STORIES IN VERSE

Buried with the silent dead,
Where the sands of Egypt spread
Sea-like, tawny billows heaping
Over ancient cities sleeping,
While the River Nile between
Rolls its summer flood of green
Rolls its autumn flood of red:
There the word the Master said,
Written on a frail papyrus, wrinkled, scorched by
fire, and torn,
Hidden by God's hand was waiting for its resurrec-
tion morn.

Now at last the buried word
By the delving spade is found,
Sleeping in the quiet ground.
Now the call of life is heard:
Rise again, and like a bird,
Fly abroad on wings of gladness
Through the darkness and the sadness,
Of the toiling age, and sing
Sweeter than the voice of Spring,
Till the hearts of men are stirred

THE TOILING OF FELIX

By the music of the word, —
Gospel for the heavy-laden, answer to the labourer's
cry:

*“Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the
wood and there am I.”*

II

LEGEND

Brother-men who look for Jesus, long to see him
close and clear,
Hearken to the tale of Felix, how he found the
Master near.

Born in Egypt, 'neath the shadow of the crumbling
gods of night,
He forsook the ancient darkness, turned his young
heart toward the Light.

Seeking Christ, in vain he waited for the vision of
the Lord;
Vainly pondered many volumes where the creeds
of men were stored;

STORIES IN VERSE

Vainly shut himself in silence, keeping vigil night
and day;

Vainly haunted shrines and churches where the
Christians came to pray.

One by one he dropped the duties of the common
life of care,

Broke the human ties that bound him, laid his
spirit waste and bare,

Hoping that the Lord would enter that deserted
dwelling-place,

And reward the loss of all things with the vision of
his face.

Still the blessed vision tarried; still the light was
unrevealed;

Still the Master, dim and distant, kept his coun-
tenance concealed.

Fainter grew the hope of finding, wearier grew the
fruitless quest;

Prayer and penitence and fasting gave no comfort,
brought no rest.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

Lingering in the darkened temple, ere the lamp of
faith went out,
Felix knelt before the altar, lonely, sad, and full of
doubt.

“Hear me, O my Lord and Master,” from the altar-
step he cried,

“Let my one desire be granted, let my hope be
satisfied!

“Only once I long to see Thee, in the fulness of
Thy grace:

Break the clouds that now enfold Thee, with the
sunrise of Thy face!

“All that men desire and treasure have I counted
loss for Thee;

Every hope have I forsaken, save this one, my Lord
to see.

“Loosed the sacred bands of friendship, solitary
stands my heart;

Thou shalt be my sole companion when I see Thee
as Thou art.

STORIES IN VERSE

“From Thy distant throne in glory, flash upon my
inward sight,
Fill the midnight of my spirit with the splendour
of Thy light.

“All Thine other gifts and blessings, common mer-
cies, I disown;
Separated from my brothers, I would see Thy face
alone.

“I have watched and I have waited as one waiteth
for the morn:
Still the veil is never lifted, still Thou leavest me
forlorn.

“Now I seek Thee in the desert, where the holy
hermits dwell;
There, beside the saint Serapion, I will find a lonely
cell.

“There at last Thou wilt be gracious; there Thy
presence, long-concealed,
In the solitude and silence to my heart shall be
revealed.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

“Thou wilt come, at dawn or twilight, o’er the rolling waves of sand;
I shall see Thee close beside me, I shall touch Thy pierced hand.

“Lo, Thy pilgrim kneels before Thee; bless my journey with a word;
Tell me now that if I follow, I shall find Thee, O my Lord!”

Felix listened: through the darkness, like a murmur of the wind,
Came a gentle sound of stillness: “Never faint, and thou shalt find.”

Long and toilsome was his journey through the heavy land of heat,
Egypt’s blazing sun above him, blistering sand beneath his feet.

Patiently he plodded onward, from the pathway never erred,
Till he reached the river-headland called the Mountain of the Bird.

STORIES IN VERSE

There the tribes of air assemble, once a year, their
noisy flock,

Then, departing, leave a sentinel perched upon the
highest rock.

Far away, on joyful pinions, over land and sea they
fly;

But the watcher on the summit lonely stands against
the sky.

There the eremite Serapion in a cave had made his
bed;

There the faithful bands of pilgrims sought his
blessing, brought him bread.

Month by month, in deep seclusion, hidden in the
rocky cleft,

Dwelt the hermit, fasting, praying; once a year the
cave he left.

On that day a happy pilgrim, chosen out of all the
band,

Won a special sign of favour from the holy hermit's
hand.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

Underneath the narrow window, at the doorway
closely sealed,
While the afterglow of sunset deepened round him,
Felix kneeled.

“Man of God, of men most holy, thou whose gifts
cannot be priced!
Grant me thy most precious guerdon; tell me how
to find the Christ.”

Breathless, Felix bent and listened, but no answer-
ing voice he heard;
Darkness folded, dumb and deathlike, round the
Mountain of the Bird.

Then he said, “The saint is silent; he would teach
my soul to wait:
I will tarry here in patience, like a beggar at his
gate.”

Near the dwelling of the hermit Felix found a rude
abode,
In a shallow tomb deserted, close beside the pil-
grim-road.

STORIES IN VERSE

So the faithful pilgrims saw him waiting there without complaint, —

Soon they learned to call him holy, fed him as they fed the saint.

Day by day he watched the sunrise flood the distant plain with gold,

While the River Nile beneath him, silvery coiling, seaward rolled.

Night by night he saw the planets range their glittering court on high,

Saw the moon, with queenly motion, mount her throne and rule the sky.

Morn advanced and midnight fled, in visionary pomp attired;

Never morn and never midnight brought the vision long-desired.

Now at last the day is dawning when Serapion makes his gift;

Felix kneels before the threshold, hardly dares his eyes to lift.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

Now the cavern door uncloses, now the saint above
him stands,
Blesses him without a word, and leaves a token in
his hands.

'Tis the guerdon of thy waiting! Look, thou happy
pilgrim, look!
Nothing but a tattered fragment of an old papyrus
book.

Read! perchance the clue to guide thee hidden in
the words may lie:

*“Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the
wood, and there am I.”*

Can it be the mighty Master spake such simple
words as these?

Can it be that men must seek him at their toil
'mid rocks and trees?

Disappointed, heavy-hearted, from the Mountain
of the Bird

Felix mournfully descended, questioning the Mas-
ter's word.

STORIES IN VERSE

Not for him a sacred dwelling, far above the haunts
of men:

He must turn his footsteps backward to the com-
mon life again.

From a quarry near the river, hollowed out amid
the hills,

Rose the clattering voice of labour, clanking ham-
mers, clinking drills.

Dust, and noise, and hot confusion made a Babel
of the spot:

There, among the lowliest workers, Felix sought
and found his lot.

Now he swung the ponderous mallet, smote the iron
in the rock —

Muscles quivering, tingling, throbbing — blow on
blow and shock on shock;

Now he drove the willow wedges, wet them till they
swelled and split,

With their silent strength, the fragment, sent it
thundering down the pit.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

Now the groaning tackle raised it; now the rollers
made it slide;

Harnessed men, like beasts of burden, drew it to
the river-side.

Now the palm-trees must be riven, massive timbers
hewn and dressed;

Rafts to bear the stones in safety on the rushing
river's breast.

Axe and auger, saw and chisel, wrought the will of
man in wood:

'Mid the many-handed labour Felix toiled, and
found it good.

Every day the blood ran fleeter through his limbs
and round his heart;

Every night he slept the sweeter, knowing he had
done his part.

Dreams of solitary saintship faded from him; but
instead,

Came a sense of daily comfort in the toil for daily
bread.

STORIES IN VERSE

Far away, across the river, gleamed the white walls
of the town

Whither all the stones and timbers day by day
were floated down.

There the workman saw his labour taking form and
bearing fruit,

Like a tree with splendid branches rising from a
humble roof.

Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes,
and towers,

Felix cried in exultation: "All that mighty work is
ours.

"Every toiler in the quarry, every builder on the
shore,

Every chopper in the palm-grove, every raftsmen
at the oar,

"Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones
and cleaving sod,

All the dusty ranks of labour, in the regiment of
God,

THE TOILING OF FELIX

“March together toward his triumph, do the task
his hands prepare:

Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise
and prayer.”

While he bore the heat and burden Felix felt the
sense of rest

Flowing softly like a fountain, deep within his weary
breast;

Felt the brotherhood of labour, rising round him
like a tide,

Overflow his heart and join him to the workers at
his side.

Oft he cheered them with his singing at the break-
ing of the light,

Told them tales of Christ at noonday, taught them
words of prayer at night.

Once he bent above a comrade fainting in the mid-
day heat,

Sheltered him with woven palm-leaves, gave him
water, cool and sweet.

STORIES IN VERSE

Then it seemed, for one swift moment, secret radi-
ance filled the place;
Underneath the green palm-branches flashed a look
of Jesus' face.

Once again, a raftsman, slipping, plunged beneath
the stream and sank;
Swiftly Felix leaped to rescue, caught him, drew
him toward the bank —

Battling with the cruel river, using all his strength
to save —
Did he dream? or was there One beside him walk-
ing on the wave?

Now at last the work was ended, grove deserted,
quarry stilled;
Felix journeyed to the city that his hands had helped
to build.

In the darkness of the temple, at the closing hour
of day,
As of old he sought the altar, as of old he knelt to
pray:

THE TOILING OF FELIX

“Hear me, O Thou hidden Master! Thou hast
sent a word to me;

It is written — Thy commandment — I have kept
it faithfully.

“Thou hast bid me leave the visions of the solitary
life,

Bear my part in human labour, take my share in
human strife.

“I have done Thy bidding, Master; raised the rock
and felled the tree,

Swung the axe and plied the hammer, working every
day for Thee.

“Once it seemed I saw Thy presence through the
bending palm-leaves gleam;

Once upon the flowing water — Nay, I know not;
'twas a dream!

“This I know: Thou hast been near me: more than
this I dare not ask.

Though I see Thee not, I love Thee. Let me do
Thy humblest task!”

STORIES IN VERSE

Through the dimness of the temple slowly dawned
a mystic light;
There the Master stood in glory, manifest to mortal
sight:

Hands that bore the mark of labour, brow that
bore the print of care;
Hands of power, divinely tender; brow of light,
divinely fair.

“Hearken, good and faithful servant, true disciple,
loyal friend!
Thou hast followed me and found me; I will keep
thee to the end.

“Well I know thy toil and trouble; often weary,
fainting, worn,
I have lived the life of labour, heavy burdens I have
borne.

“Never in a prince’s palace have I slept on golden
bed,
Never in a hermit’s cavern have I eaten unearned
bread.

THE TOILING OF FELIX

“Born within a lowly stable, where the cattle round
me stood,

Trained a carpenter in Nazareth, I have toiled, and
found it good.

“They who tread the path of labour follow where
my feet have trod;

They who work without complaining do the holy
will of God.

“Where the many toil together, there am I among
my own;

Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with
him alone.

“I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid
the daily strife;

I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament
of life.

“Every task, however simple, sets the soul that
does it free;

Every deed of love and mercy, done to man, is
done to me.

STORIES IN VERSE

“Thou hast learned the open secret; thou hast come
to me for rest;
With thy burden, in thy labour, thou art Felix,
doubly blest.

“Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am with thee
everywhere;
*Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me; cleave the
wood, and I am there.*”

III

ENVOY

The legend of Felix is ended, the toiling of Felix is
done;
The Master has paid him his wages, the goal of his
journey is won;
He rests, but he never is idle; a thousand years pass
like a day,
In the glad surprise of that Paradise where work is
sweeter than play.
Yet often the King of that country comes out from
his tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary as if he loved
it the most;

THE TOILING OF FELIX

For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are
heavy and dim,

He meets again the labouring men who are looking
and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a
blessing instead:

Blessed are they that labour, for Jesus partakes of
their bread.

He puts his hand to their burdens, he enters their
homes at night:

Who does his best shall have as a guest the Master
of life and light.

And courage will come with his presence, and pa-
tience return at his touch,

And manifold sins be forgiven to those who love
him much;

The cries of envy and anger will change to the
songs of cheer,

The toiling age will forget its rage when the Prince
of Peace draws near.

STORIES IN VÉRSE

This is the gospel of labour, ring it, ye bells of the
kirk!

The Lord of Love came down from above, to live
with the men who work.

This is the rose that he planted, here in the thorn-
curs't soil:

Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing
of Earth is toil.

1898.

THE WHITE BEES

I

LEGEND

LONG ago Apollo called to Aristæus, youngest of
the shepherds,

Saying, "I will make you keeper of my bees."

Golden were the hives and golden was the honey;
golden, too, the music

Where the honey-makers hummed among the
trees.

Happy Aristæus loitered in the garden, wandered
in the orchard,

Careless and contented, indolent and free;

Lightly took his labour, lightly took his pleasure,
till the fated moment

When across his pathway came Eurydice.

Then her eyes enkindled burning love within him;
drove him wild with longing

For the perfect sweetness of her flower-like face;

STORIES IN VERSE

Eagerly he followed, while she fled before him, over
mead and mountain,

On through field and forest, in a breathless race.

But the nymph, in flying, trod upon a serpent; like
a dream she vanished;

Pluto's chariot bore her down among the dead!
Lonely Aristæus, sadly home returning, found his
garden empty,

All the hives deserted, all the music fled.

Mournfully bewailing, — “Ah, my honey-makers,
where have you departed?”

Far and wide he sought them over sea and shore;
Foolish is the tale that says he ever found them,
brought them home in triumph, —

Joys that once escape us fly for evermore.

Yet I dream that somewhere, clad in downy white-
ness, dwell the honey-makers,

In ærial gardens that no mortal sees:
And at times returning, lo, they flutter round us,
gathering mystic harvest, —

So I weave the legend of the long-lost bees.

THE WHITE BEES

II

THE SWARMING OF THE BEES

Who can tell the hiding of the white bees' nest?

Who can trace the guiding of their swift home
flight?

Far would be his riding on a life-long quest:

Long before it ended would his beard grow white.

Never in the coming of the rose-red Spring,

Never in the passing of the wine-red Fall,

May you hear the humming of the white bee's
wing

Murmur o'er the meadow ere the night bells call.

Wait till Winter hardens in the cold gray sky,

Wait till leaves are fallen and the brooks all
freeze,

Then above the gardens where the dead flowers lie,

Swarm the merry millions of the wild white bees.

Out of the high-built airy hive,

Deep in the clouds that veil the sun,

Look how the first of the swarm arrive;

Timidly venturing, one by one,

STORIES IN VERSE

Down through the tranquil air,
Wavering here and there,
Large, and lazy in flight, —
Caught by a lift of the breeze,
Tangled among the naked trees, —
Dropping then, without a sound,
Feather-white, feather-light,
To their rest on the ground.

Thus the swarming is begun.
Count the leaders, every one
Perfect as a perfect star
Till the slow descent is done.
Look beyond them, see how far
Down the vistas dim and gray,
Multitudes are on the way.
Now a sudden brightness
Dawns within the sombre day,
Over fields of whiteness;
And the sky is swiftly alive
With the flutter and the flight
Of the shimmering bees, that pour
From the hidden door of the hive
Till you can count no more.

THE WHITE BEES

Now on the branches of hemlock and pine
Thickly they settle and cluster and swing,
Bending them low; and the trellised vine
And the dark elm-boughs are traced with a line
Of beauty wherever the white bees cling.

Now they are hiding the wrecks of the flowers,
Softly, softly, covering all,
Over the grave of the Summer hours
Spreading a silver pall.

Now they are building the broad roof ledge,
Into a cornice smooth and fair,
Moulding the terrace, from edge to edge,
Into the sweep of a marble stair.

Wonderful workers, swift and dumb,
Numberless myriads, still they come,
Thronging ever faster, faster, faster!

Where is their queen? Who is their master?
The gardens are faded, the fields are frore, —
What is the honey they toil to store
In the desolate day, where no blossoms gleam?

Forgetfulness and a dream!

But now the fretful wind awakes;
I hear him girding at the trees;

STORIES IN VERSE

He strikes the bending boughs, and shakes
The quiet clusters of the bees
 To powdery drift;
 He tosses them away,
 He drives them like spray;
He makes them veer and shift
 Around his blustering path.
 In clouds blindly whirling,
 In rings madly swirling,
 Full of crazy wrath.
So furious and so fast they fly
They blur the earth and blot the sky
 In wild, white mirk.
They fill the air with frozen wings
And tiny, angry, icy stings;
They blind the eyes, and choke the breath;
They dance a maddening dance of death
 Around their work,
Sweeping the cover from the hill,
Heaping the hollows deeper still,
Effacing every line and mark,
And swarming, storming in the dark
 Through the long night;

THE WHITE BEES

Until, at dawn, the wind lies down

Weary of fight.

The last torn cloud, with trailing gown,

Passes the open gates of light;

And the white bees are lost in flight.

Look how the landscape glitters wide and still,

Bright with a pure surprise!

The day begins with joy, and all past ill,

Buried in white oblivion, lies

Beneath the snow-drifts under crystal skies.

New hope, new love, new life, new cheer,

Flow in the sunrise beam, —

The gladness of Apollo when he sees,

Upon the bosom of the wintry year,

The honey-harvest of his wild white bees,

Forgetfulness and a dream!

III

LEGEND

Listen, my beloved, while the silver morning, like a
tranquil vision,

Fills the world around us and our hearts with
peace;

STORIES IN VERSE

Quiet is the close of Aristæus' legend, happy is the
ending —

Listen while I tell you how he found release.

Many months he wandered far away in sadness,
desolately thinking

Only of the vanished joys he could not find;
Till the great Apollo, pitying his shepherd, loosed
him from the burden

Of a dark, reluctant, backward-looking mind.

Then he saw around him all the changeful beauty
of the changing seasons,

In the world-wide regions where his journey lay;
Birds that sang to cheer him, flowers that bloomed
beside him, stars that shone to guide him, —
Traveller's joy was plenty all along the way!

Everywhere he journeyed strangers made him wel-
come, listened while he taught them

Secret lore of field and forest he had learned.
How to train the vines and make the olives fruitful;
how to guard the sheepfolds;
How to stay the fever when the dog-star burned.

THE WHITE BEES

Friendliness and blessing followed in his footsteps;
richer were the harvests,
Happier the dwellings wheresoe'er he came;
Little children loved him, and he left behind him
in the hour of parting,
Memories of kindness and a god-like name.

So he travelled onward, desolate no longer, patient
in his seeking,
Reaping all the wayside comfort of his quest;
Till at last in Thracia, high upon Mount Hæmus,
far from human dwelling,
Weary Aristæus laid him down to rest.

Then the honey-makers, clad in downy whiteness,
fluttered soft around him,
Wrapt him in a dreamful slumber pure and deep.
This is life, beloved: first a sheltered garden, then
a troubled journey,
Joy and pain of seeking, — and at last we sleep!

1905.

A LEGEND OF SERVICE

It pleased the Lord of Angels (praise his name!)
To hear, one day, report from those who came
With pitying sorrow, or exultant joy,
To tell of earthly tasks in his employ.
For some were grieved because they saw how slow
The stream of heavenly love on earth must flow;
And some were glad because their eyes had seen,
Along its banks, fresh flowers and living green.
At last, before the whiteness of the throne
The youngest angel, Asmiel, stood alone;
Nor glad, nor sad, but full of earnest thought,
And thus his tidings to the Master brought.
“Lord, in the city Lupon I have found
“Three servants of thy holy name, renowned
“Above their fellows. One is very wise,
“With thoughts that ever range beyond the skies;
“And one is gifted with the golden speech
“That makes men gladly hear when he will teach;
“And one, with no rare gift or grace endued,

A LEGEND OF SERVICE

“Has won the people’s love by doing good.
“With three such saints Lupon is trebly blest;
“But, Lord, I fain would know, which loves Thee
best?”

Then spake the Lord of Angels, to whose look
The hearts of all are like an open book:
“In every soul the secret thought I read,
“And well I know who loves me best indeed.
“But every life has pages vacant still,
“Whereon a man may write the thing he will;
“Therefore I read the record, day by day,
“And wait for hearts untaught to learn my way.
“But thou shalt go to Lupon, to the three
“Who serve me there, and take this word from me:
“Tell each of them his Master bids him go
“Alone to Spiran’s huts, across the snow;
“There he shall find a certain task for me:
“But what, I do not tell to them nor thee.
“Give thou the message, make my word the test,
“And crown for me the one who loves me best.”
Silent the angel stood, with folded hands,
To take the imprint of his Lord’s commands;
Then drew one breath, obedient and elate,

STORIES IN VERSE

And passed the self-same hour, through Lupon's
gate.

.
First to the Temple door he made his way;
And there, because it was a holy-day,
He saw the folk in thousands thronging, stirred
By ardent thirst to hear the preacher's word.
Then, while the people whispered Bernol's name,
Through aisles that hushed behind him Bernol came;
Strung to the keenest pitch of conscious might,
With lips prepared and firm, and eyes alight.
One moment at the pulpit step he knelt
In silent prayer, and on his shoulder felt
The angel's hand: — "The Master bids thee go
"Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
"To serve him there." Then Bernol's hidden face
Went white as death, and for about the space
Of ten slow heart-beats there was no reply
Till Bernol looked around and whispered, "*Why?*"
But answer to his question came there none;
The angel sighed, and with a sigh was gone.

.
Within the humble house where Malvin spent
His studious years, on holy things intent,

A LEGEND OF SERVICE

Sweet stillness reigned; and there the angel found
The saintly sage immersed in thought profound,
Weaving with patient toil and willing care
A web of wisdom, wonderful and fair:
A seamless robe for Truth's great bridal meet,
And needing but one thread to be complete.
Then Asmiel touched his hand, and broke the thread
Of fine-spun thought, and very gently said,
"The One of whom thou thinkest bids thee go
"Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
"To serve him there." With sorrow and surprise
Malvin looked up, reluctance in his eyes.
The broken thought, the strangeness of the call,
The perilous passage of the mountain-wall,
The solitary journey, and the length
Of ways unknown, too great for his frail strength,
Appalled him. With a doubtful brow
He scanned the doubtful task, and muttered
 "*How?*"

But Asmiel answered, as he turned to go,
With cold, disheartened voice, "I do not know."

Now as he went, with fading hope, to seek
The third and last to whom God bade him speak,

STORIES IN VERSE

Scarce twenty steps away whom should he meet
But Fermor, hurrying cheerful down the street,
With ready heart that faced his work like play,
And joyed to find it greater every day!

The angel stopped him with uplifted hand,
And gave without delay his Lord's command:

"He whom thou servest here would have thee go
"Alone to Spiran's huts, across the snow,
"To serve him there." Ere Asmiel breathed again
The eager answer leaped to meet him, "*When?*"

The angel's face with inward joy grew bright,
And all his figure glowed with heavenly light;
He took the golden circlet from his brow
And gave the crown to Fermor, answering, "Now!
"For thou hast met the Master's hidden test,
"And I have found the man who loves him best.
"Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply
"When he commands us, asking 'how?' or 'why?'
"He knows the cause; his ways are wise and just;
"Who serves the King must serve with perfect
trust."

February, 1902.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

I

THE other night I had a dream, most clear
And comforting, complete
In every line, a crystal sphere,
And full of intimate and secret cheer.
Therefore I will repeat
That vision, dearest heart, to you,
As of a thing not feigned, but very true,
Yes, true as ever in my life befell;
And you, perhaps, can tell
Whether my dream was really sad or sweet.

II

The shadows flecked the elm-embowered street
I knew so well, long, long ago;
And on the pillared porch where Marguerite
Had sat with me, the moonlight lay like snow.
But she, my comrade and my friend of youth,
Most gaily wise,
Most innocently loved, —
She of the blue-gray eyes

STORIES IN VERSE

That ever smiled and ever spoke the truth, —
From that familiar dwelling, where she moved
Like mirth incarnate in the years before,
Had gone into the hidden house of Death.
I thought the garden wore
White mourning for her blessed innocence,
And the syringa's breath
Came from the corner by the fence
Where she had made her rustic seat,
With fragrance passionate, intense,
As if it breathed a sigh for Marguerite.
My heart was heavy with a sense
Of something good for ever gone. I sought
Vainly for some consoling thought,
Some comfortable word that I could say
To her sad father, whom I visited again
For the first time since she had gone away.
The bell rang shrill and lonely, — then
The door was opened, and I sent my name
To him, — but ah! 'twas Marguerite who came!
There in the dear old dusky room she stood
Beneath the lamp, just as she used to stand,
In tender mocking mood.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

“You did not ask for me,” she said,
“And so I will not let you take my hand;
“But I must hear what secret talk you planned
“With father. Come, my friend, be good,
“And tell me your affairs of state:
“Why you have stayed away and made me wait
“So long. Sit down beside me here, —
“And, do you know, it seems a year
“Since we have talked together, — why so late?”
Amazed, incredulous, confused with joy
I hardly dared to show,
And stammering like a boy,
I took the place she showed me at her side;
And then the talk flowed on with brimming tide
Through the still night,
While she with influence light
Controlled it, as the moon the flood.
She knew where I had been, what I had done,
What work was planned, and what begun;
My troubles, failures, fears she understood,
And touched them with a heart so kind,
That every care was melted from my mind,
And every hope grew bright,

STORIES IN VERSE

And life seemed moving on to happy ends.
(Ah, what self-beggared fool was he
That said a woman cannot be
The very best of friends?)
Then there were memories of old times,
Recalled with many a gentle jest;
And at the last she brought the book of rhymes
We made together, trying to translate
The Songs of Heine (hers were always best).
“Now come,” she said,
“To-night we will collaborate
“Again; I’ll put you to the test.
“Here’s one I never found the way to do, —
“The simplest are the hardest ones, you know, —
“I give this song to you.”

And then she read:

*Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,
Zwei Kinder, jung und froh.*

.

But all the while, a silent question stirred .
Within me, though I dared not speak the word:
“Is it herself, and is she truly here,
“And was I dreaming when I heard

NEW YEAR'S EVE

"That she was dead last year?

"Or was it true, and is she but a shade

"Who brings a fleeting joy to eye and ear,

"Cold though so kind, and will she gently fade

"When her sweet ghostly part is played

"And the light-curtain falls at dawn of day?"

But while my heart was troubled by this fear

So deeply that I could not speak it out,

Lest all my happiness should disappear,

I thought me of a cunning way

To hide the question and dissolve the doubt.

"Will you not give me now your hand,

"Dear Marguerite," I asked, "to touch and hold,

"That by this token I may understand

"You are the same true friend you were of old?"

She answered with a smile so bright and calm

It seemed as if I saw the morn arise

In the deep heaven of her eyes;

And smiling so, she laid her palm

In mine. Dear God, it was not cold

But warm with vital heat!

"You live!" I cried, "you live, dear Marguerite!"

STORIES IN VERSE

Then I awoke; but strangely comforted,
Although I knew again that she was dead.

III

Yes, there's the dream! And was it sweet or sad?
Dear mistress of my waking and my sleep,
Present reward of all my heart's desire,
Watching with me beside the winter fire,
Interpret now this vision that I had.
But while you read the meaning, let me keep
The touch of you: for the Old Year with storm
Is passing through the midnight, and doth shake
The corners of the house, — and oh! my heart
 would break
Unless both dreaming and awake
My hand could feel your hand was warm, warm,
 warm!

1905.

‘‘GRAN’ BOULE’’

A SEAMAN’S TALE OF THE SEA

WE men that go down for a livin’ in ships to the
sea, —

We love it a different way from you poets that ’bide
on the land.

We are fond of it, sure! But, you take it as comin’
from me,

There’s a fear and a hate in our love that a lands-
man can’t understand.

Oh, who could help likin’ the salty smell, and the
blue

Of the waves that are lazily breathin’ as if they
dreamed in the sun?

She’s a Sleepin’ Beauty, the sea, — but you can’t
tell what she’ll do;

And the seamen never trust her, — they know too
well what she’s done!

She’s a wench like one that I saw in a singin’-play, —
Carmen they called her, — Lord, what a life her
lovers did lead!

STORIES IN VERSE

She'd cuddle and kiss you, and sing you and dance
you away;

And then, — she'd curse you, and break you, and
throw you down like a weed.

You may chance it awhile with the girls like that,
if you please;

But you want a woman to trust when you settle
down with a wife;

And a seaman's thought of growin' old at his ease
Is a snug little house on the land to shelter the rest
of his life.

That was old Poisson's idee, — did you know the
Cap'?

A brown little Frenchman, clever, and brave, and
quick as a fish, —

Had a wife and kids on the other side of the map,
And a rose-covered cottage for them and him was
his darlin' wish.

“I 'ave sail,” says he, in his broken-up Frenchy
talk,

“Mos' forty-two year; I 'ave go on all part of de
worl' dat ees wet.

“GRAN’ BOULE”

I’m seeck of de boat and de water. I rader walk
Wid ma Josephine in one garden; an’ eef we get
tire’, we set!

“You see dat *bateau, Sainte Brigitte?* I bring ’er
dh’are

From de Breton coas’, by gar, jus’ feefteen year
bifore.

She ole w’en she come on Kebec, but *Holloway*
Frères

Dey buy ’er, an’ hire me run ’er along dat dam’
Nort’ Shore.

“Dose engine one leetl’ bit cranky, — too ole, you
see, —

She roll and peetch in de wave’. But I lak’ ’er
pretty well;

An’ dat sheep she lak’ ’er captaine, sure, dat’s me!
Wit’ forty ton coal in de bunker, I tek’ dat sheep
t’rou’ hell.

“But I don’ wan’ risk it no more; I had *bonne chance* :
I save already ten t’ousan’ dollar’, dat’s plenty I
s’pose!

STORIES IN VERSE

Nex' winter I buy dat house wid de garden on France
An' I tell *adieu* to de sea, and I leev' on de lan' in
ripose."

All summer he talked of his house, — you could see
the flowers

Abloom, and the pear-trees trained on the garden-
wall so trim,

And the Captain awalkin' and smokin' away the
hours, —

He thought he had done with the sea, but the sea
hadn't done with him!

It was late in the fall when he made the last regular
run,

Clear down to the Esquimault Point and back with
his rickety ship;

She hammered and pounded a lot, for the storms
had begun;

But he drove her, — and went for his season's pay
at the end of the trip.

Now the Holloway Brothers are greedy and thin
little men,

With their eyes set close together, and money's their
only God;

‘‘GRAN’ BOULE’’

So they told the Cap’ he must run the ‘‘Bridget’’
again,
To fetch a cargo from Moisie, two thousand quintals
of cod.

He said the season was over. They said: ‘‘Not yet.
You finish the whole of your job, old man, or you
don’t draw a cent!’’

(They had the ‘‘Bridget’’ insured for all they could
get.)

And the Captain objected, and cursed, and cried.
But he *went*.

They took on the cargo at Moisie, and folks be-
side, —

Three traders, a priest, and a couple of nuns, and a
girl

For a school at Quebec, — when the Captain saw
her he sighed,

And said: ‘‘Ma littl’ Fifi got hair lak’ dat, all curl!’’

The snow had fallen a foot, and the wind was high,
When the ‘‘Bridget’’ butted her way thro’ the bil-
lows on Moisie bar.

STORIES IN VERSE

The darkness grew with the gale, not a star in the
sky,

And the Captain swore: "We mus' make *Sept Isles*
to-night, by gar!"

He couldn't go back, for he didn't dare to turn;
The sea would have thrown the ship like a mustang
noosed with a rope;
For the monstrous waves were leapin' high astern,
And the shelter of Seven Island Bay was the only
hope.

There's a bunch of broken hills half sunk in the
mouth

Of the bay, with their jagged peaks afoam; and the
Captain thought

He could pass to the north; but the sea kept shovin'
him south,

With her harlot hands, in the snow-blind murk, till
she had him caught.

She had waited forty years for a night like this, —
Did he think he could leave her now, and live in a
cottage, the fool?

“GRAN’ BOULE”

She headed him straight for the island he couldn't
miss;

And heaved his boat in the dark, — and smashed
it against *Gran' Boule*.

How the Captain and half of the people clambered
ashore,

Through the surf and the snow in the gloom of that
horrible night,

There's no one ever will know. For two days more
The death-white shroud of the tempest covered the
island from sight.

How they suffered, and struggled, and died, will
never be told;

We discovered them all at last when we reached
Gran' Boule with a boat;

The drowned and the frozen were lyin' stiff and
cold,

And the poor little girl with the curls was wrapped
in the Captain's coat.

Go write your song of the sea as the landsmen do,
And call her your “great sweet mother,” your
“bride,” and all the rest;

STORIES IN VERSE

She was made to be loved, — but remember, she
won't love you, —

The men who trust her the least are the sailors who
know her the best.

HEROES OF THE "TITANIC"

HONOUR the brave who sleep

Where the lost "Titanic" lies,

The men who knew what a man must do

When he looks Death in the eyes.

"Women and children first," —

Ah, strong and tender cry!

The sons whom women had borne and nursed,

Remembered, — and dared to die.

The boats crept off in the dark:

The great ship groaned: and then, —

O stars of the night, who saw that sight,

Bear witness, *These were men!*

November 9, 1912.

THE PROUD LADY

WHEN Stävoren town was in its prime
And queened the Zuyder Zee,
Her ships went out to every clime
With costly merchantry.

A lady dwelt in that rich town,
The fairest in all the land;
She walked abroad in a velvet gown,
With many rings on her hand.

Her hair was bright as the beaten gold,
Her lips as coral red,
Her roving eyes were blue and bold,
And her heart with pride was fed.

For she was proud of her father's ships,
As she watched them gaily pass;
And pride looked out of her eyes and lips
When she saw herself in the glass.

“Now come,” she said to the captains ten,
Who were ready to put to sea,

THE PROUD LADY

“Ye are all my men and my father’s men,
And what will ye do for me?”

“Go north and south, go east and west,
And get me gifts,” she said.

“And he who bringeth me home the best,
With that man will I wed.”

So they all fared forth, and sought with care
In many a famous mart,
For satins and silks and jewels rare,
To win that lady’s heart.

She looked at them all with never a thought,
And careless put them by;
“I am not fain of the things ye brought,
Enough of these have I.”

The last that came was the head of the fleet,
His name was Jan Borel;
He bent his knee at the lady’s feet, —
In truth he loved her well.

“I’ve brought thee home the best i’ the world,
A shipful of Danzig corn!”

STORIES IN VERSE

She stared at him long; her red lips curled,
Her blue eyes filled with scorn.

“Now out on thee, thou feckless kerl,
A loon thou art,” she said.

“Am I a starving beggar girl?
Shall I ever lack for bread?”

“Go empty all thy sacks of grain
Into the nearest sea,
And never show they face again
To make a mock of me.”

Young Jan Borel, he answered naught,
But in the harbour cast
The sacks of golden corn he brought,
And groaned when fell the last.

Then Jan Borel, he hoisted sail,
And out to sea he bore;
He passed the Helder in a gale
And came again no more.

But the grains of corn went drifting down
Like devil-scattered seed,
To sow the harbour of the town
With a wicked growth of weed.

THE PROUD LADY

The roots were thick and the silt and sand
Were gathered day by day,
Till not a furlong out from land
A shoal had barred the way.

Then Stävoren town saw evil years,
No ships could out or in;
The boats lay rotting at the piers,
And the mouldy grain in the bin.

The grass-grown streets were all forlorn,
The town in ruin stood,
The lady's velvet gown was torn,
Her rings were sold for food.

Her father had perished long ago,
But the lady held her pride,
She walked with a scornful step and slow,
Till at last in her rags she died.

Yet still on the crumbling piers of the town,
When the midnight moon shines free,
A woman walks in a velvet gown
And scatters corn in the sea.

1917.

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

THE SHALLOP ON HUDSON BAY

June 22, 1611

ONE sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one! For never ship but mine
Has dared these waters. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And floes to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
I name it! and that flying sail is mine!
And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
My ship *Discoverie*!

The sullen dogs
Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
Their food and bit the hand that nourished them,
Have stolen her. You ingrate Henry Greene,
I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
And paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
And brought you here to make a man of you!
You Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
Toothless and tremulous, how many times

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

Have I employed you as a master's mate
To give you bread? And you Abacuck Prickett,
You sailor-clerk, you salted puritan,
You knew the plot and silently agreed,
Salving your conscience with a pious lie!
Yes, all of you — hounds, rebels, thieves! Bring back
My ship!

Too late, — I rave, — they cannot hear
My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
Would be their answer; for their minds have caught
The fatal firmness of the fool's resolve,
That looks like courage but is only fear.
They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown;
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet on the Channel cliffs,
While passing mariners look up and say:
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men
"Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?

STORIES IN VERSE

Look, — there she goes, — her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share our little shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-bound ship, —
Too good an English sailor to desert
Your crippled comrades, — try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Against my knee. Do you remember still
The April morn in Ethelburga's church,
Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
To take the sacrament with all our men,
Before the *Hopewell* left St. Catherinc's docks
On our first voyage? It was then I vowed
My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
Until we found the water-path that leads
From Europe into Asia.

I believe

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
Not to divide, but to unite the lands.

And all the English captains that have dared
In little ships to plough uncharted waves, —
Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
Raleigh and Gilbert, — all the other names, —
Are written in the chivalry of God

As men who served His purpose. I would claim
A place among that knighthood of the sea;
And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
For, mark me well, the honour of our life
Derives from this: to have a certain aim
Before us always, which our will must seek
Amid the peril of uncertain ways.

Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
With courage, and we find along our path
A rich reward of unexpected things.
Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!

I know not why, but something in my heart
Has always whispered, "Westward seek your goal!"
Three times they sent me east, but still I turned
The bowsprit west, and felt among the flocs

STORIES IN VERSE

Of rattling ice along the Greenland coast,
And down the rugged shore of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and wooded bays
Where Gosnold sailed, — like one who feels his way
With outstretched hand across a darkened room, —
I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Land of Spice.
I have not found it yet, — but I have found
Things worth the finding!

Son, have you forgot

Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship *Half-Moon*, —
The flag of Holland floating at her peak, —
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels, to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan, lay above the bay: the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the sea.
And so we bore to westward of the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

Was troubled by a downward-flowing flood
That seemed to come from far away, — perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
Inland we held our course; by palisades
Of naked rock; by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals, and sent a boat
Upstream to find, — what I already knew, —
We travelled on a river, not a strait.

But what a river! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots

STORIES IN VERSE

Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale
The many-coloured mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyard on the slope
Where now the fox-grape loops its tangled vine,
And cattle feeding where the red deer roam,
And wild-bees gathered into busy hives
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine, —
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
Now looking deeper in my dream, I see
A mighty city covering the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth, —
The gateway city of a golden world, —
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a million busy men,
While to her open door across the bay
The ships of all the nations flock like doves.
My name will be remembered there! The world

HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE

Will say, "This river and this isle were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage."

Yes, I seek it still, —

My great adventure and my guiding star!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done;
We hold by hope as long as life endures!
Somewhere among these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
The channel opens to the Farthest East.
I know it, — and some day a little ship
Will push her bowsprit in, and battle through!
And why not ours, — to-morrow, — who can tell?
The lucky chance awaits the fearless heart!
These are the longest days of all the year;
The world is round and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.

So point her up, John King, nor'west by north
We'll keep the honour of a certain aim
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

July, 1909.

THE STANDARD-BEARER

I

“How can I tell,” Sir Edmund said,
“Who has the right or the wrong o’ this thing?
Cromwell stands for the people’s cause,
Charles is crowned by the ancient laws;
English meadows are sopping red,
Englishmen striking each other dead, —
Times are black as a raven’s wing.
Out of the ruck and the murk I see
Only one thing,—
The King has trusted his banner to me,
And I must fight for the King.”

II

Into the thick of the Edgehill fight
Sir Edmund rode with a shout; and the ring
Of grim-faced, hard-hitting Parliament men
Swallowed him up, — it was one against ten!
He fought for the standard with all his might,
Never again did he come to sight —

THE STANDARD-BEARER

Victor, hid by the raven's wing!
After the battle had passed we found
 Only one thing, —
The hand of Sir Edmund gripped around
 The banner-staff of his King.

1914.

MUSIC AND POETRY

MUSIC

I

PRELUDE

1

DAUGHTER of Psyche, pledge of that wild night
When, pierced with pain and bitter-sweet delight,
She knew her Love and saw her Lord depart,
Then breathed her wonder and her woe forlorn
Into a single cry, and thou wast born!

Thou flower of rapture and thou fruit of grief;
Invisible enchantress of the heart;

Mistress of charms that bring relief

To sorrow, and to joy impart

A heavenly tone that keeps it undefiled, —

Thou art the child

Of Amor, and by right divine

A throne of love is thine,

Thou flower-folded, golden-girdled, star-crowned

Queen,

Whose bridal beauty mortal eyes have never seen!

MUSIC AND POETRY

2

Thou art the Angel of the pool that sleeps,
While peace and joy lie hidden in its deeps,
Waiting thy touch to make the waters roll
In healing murmurs round the weary soul.

Ah, when wilt thou draw near,
Thou messenger of mercy robed in song?
My lonely heart has listened for thee long;
And now I seem to hear
Across the crowded market-place of life,
Thy measured foot-fall, ringing light and clear
Above unmeaning noises and unruly strife.
In quiet cadence, sweet and slow,
Serenely pacing to and fro,
Thy far-off steps are magical and dear, —
Ah, turn this way, come close and speak to me!
From this dull bed of languour set my spirit free,
And bid me rise, and let me walk awhile with thee.

II

INVOCATION

Where wilt thou lead me first?
In what still region

MUSIC

Of thy domain,
Whose provinces are legion,
Wilt thou restore me to myself again,
And quench my heart's long thirst?
I pray thee lay thy golden girdle down,
And put away thy starry crown:
For one dear restful hour
Assume a state more mild.
Clad only in thy blossom-broidered gown
That breathes familiar scent of many a flower,
Take the low path that leads through pastures
green;
And though thou art a Queen,
Be Rosamund awhile, and in thy bower,
By tranquil love and simple joy beguiled,
Sing to my soul, as mother to her child.

III

PLAY SONG

O lead me by the hand,
And let my heart have rest,
And bring me back to childhood land,
To find again the long-lost band
Of playmates blithe and blest.

MUSIC AND POETRY

Some quaint, old-fashioned air,
That all the children knew,
Shall run before us everywhere,
Like a little maid with flying hair,
To guide the merry crew.

Along the garden ways
We chase the light-foot tune,
And in and out the flowery maze,
With eager haste and fond delays,
In pleasant paths of June.

For us the fields are new,
For us the woods are rife
With fairy secrets, deep and true,
And heaven is but a tent of blue
Above the game of life.

The world is far away:
The fever and the fret,
And all that makes the heart grow gray,
Is out of sight and far away,
Dear Music, while I hear thee play
That olden, golden roundelay,
“Remember and forget!”

MUSIC

IV

SLEEP SONG

Forget, forget!

The tide of life is turning;

The waves of light ebb slowly down the west:

Along the edge of dark some stars are burning

To guide thy spirit safely to an isle of rest.

A little rocking on the tranquil deep

Of song, to soothe thy yearning;

A little slumber and a little sleep,

And so, forget, forget!

Forget, forget, —

The day was long in pleasure;

Its echoes die away across the hill;

Now let thy heart beat time to their slow measure,

That swells, and sinks, and faints, and falls, till all
is still.

Then, like a weary child that loves to keep

Locked in its arms some treasure,

Thy soul in calm content shall fall asleep,

And so forget, forget.

MUSIC AND POETRY

Forget, forget, —

And if thou hast been weeping,

Let go the thoughts that bind thee to thy grief:

Lie still, and watch the singing angels, reaping

The golden harvest of thy sorrow, sheaf by sheaf;

Or count thy joys like flocks of snow-white
sheep

That one by one come creeping

Into the quiet fold, until thou sleep,

And so forget, forget!

Forget, forget, —

Thou art a child and knowest

So little of thy life! But music tells

The secret of the world through which thou goest

To work with morning song, to rest with evening
bells:

Life is in tune with harmony so deep

That when the notes are lowest

Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and
sleep,

For God will not forget.

MUSIC

V

HUNTING SONG

Out of the garden of playtime, out of the bower of
rest,

Fain would I follow at daytime, music that calls to
a quest.

Hark, how the galloping measure

Quickens the pulses of pleasure;

Gaily saluting the morn

With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,

Echoing up from the valley,

Over the mountain side, —

Rally, you hunters, rally,

Rally, and ride!

Drink of the magical potion music has mixed with
her wine,

Full of the madness of motion, joyful, exultant,
divine!

Leave all your troubles behind you,

Ride where they never can find you,

Into the gladness of morn,

With the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,

MUSIC AND POETRY

Swiftly o'er hillock and hollow,
Sweeping along with the wind, —
Follow, you hunters, follow,
Follow and find!

What will you reach with your riding? What is
the charm of the chase?
Just the delight and the striding swing of the jubilant
pace.

Danger is sweet when you front her, —
In at the death, every hunter!
Now on the breeze the mort is borne
In the long, clear note of the hunting-horn,
Winding merrily, over and over, —
Come, come, come!
Home again, Ranger! home again, Rover!
Turn again, home!

VI

DANCE-MUSIC

I

Now let the sleep-tune blend with the play-tune,
Weaving the mystical spell of the dance;

MUSIC

Lighten the deep tune, soften the gay tune,
Mingle a tempo that turns in a trance.
Half of it sighing, half of it smiling,
Smoothly it swings, with a triplicate beat;
Calling, replying, yearning, beguiling,
Wooing the heart and bewitching the feet.

 Every drop of blood
 Rises with the flood,
 Rocking on the waves of the strain;
 Youth and beauty glide
 Turning with the tide —
 Music making one out of twain,
Bearing them away, and away, and away.
 Like a tone and its terce —
Till the chord dissolves, and the dancers stay,
 And reverse.

Violins leading, take up the measure,
Turn with the tune again, clarinets clear
Answer their pleading, harps full of pleasure
Sprinkle their silver like light on the mere.

 Semiquaver notes,
 Merry little notes,

MUSIC AND POETRY

Tangled in the haze
Of the lamp's golden rays,
Quiver everywhere
In the air,
Like a spray, —
Till the fuller stream of the might of the tune,
Gliding like a dream in the light of the moon,
Bears them all away, and away, and away,
Floating in the trance of the dance.

II

Then begins a measure stately,
Languid, slow, serene;
All the dancers move sedately,
Stepping leisurely and straitly,
With a courtly mien;
Crossing hands and changing places,
Bowing low between,
While the minuet inlaces
Waving arms and woven paces, —
Glittering damaskeen.
Where is she whose form is folden
In its royal sheen?

MUSIC

From our longing eyes withholden
By her mystic girdle golden,
 Beauty sought but never seen,
Music walks the maze, a queen.

VII

WAR-MUSIC

Break off! Dance no more!
 Danger is at the door.
 Music is in arms.
 To signal war's alarms.

Hark, a sudden trumpet calling
 Over the hill!
Why are you calling, trumpet, calling?
 What is your will?

Men, men, men!
Men who are ready to fight
For their country's life, and the right
Of a liberty-loving land to be
 Free, free, free!
Free from a tyrant's chain,
Free from dishonor's stain,

MUSIC AND POETRY

Free to guard and maintain
All that her fathers fought for,
All that her sons have wrought for,
Resolute, brave, and free!

Call again, trumpet, call again,
Call up the men!

Do you hear the storm of cheers
Mingled with the women's tears
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet?
Do you hear the throbbing drum
As the hosts of battle come
Keeping time, time, time to its beat?
O Music give a song
To make their spirit strong,
For the fury of the tempest they must meet.

The hoarse roar
Of the monster guns;
And the sharp bark
Of the lesser guns;
The whine of the shells,
The rifles' clatter

MUSIC

Where the bullets patter,
The rattle, rattle, rattle
Of the mitrailleuse in battle,
And the yells
Of the men who charge through hells
Where the poison gas descends,
And the bursting shrapnel rends
Limb from limb
In the dim
Chaos and clamor of the strife
Where no man thinks of his life
But only of fighting through,
Blindly fighting through, through!

'Tis done
At last!
The victory won,
The dissonance of warfare past!

O Music mourn the dead
Whose loyal blood was shed,
And sound the taps for every hero slain;
Then lead into the song

MUSIC AND POETRY

That made their spirit strong,
And tell the world they did not die in vain.

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn,
The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have
sworn,

That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.
Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord
Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
But the banners of Liberty proudly shall wave
O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

May, 1916.

VIII

THE SYMPHONY

Music, they do thee wrong who say thine art
Is only to enchant the sense.

For every timid motion of the heart,

And every passion too intense

To bear the chain of the imperfect word,

And every tremulous longing, stirred

By spirit winds that come we know not whence

And go we know not where,

MUSIC

And every inarticulate prayer
Beating about the depths of pain or bliss,
Like some bewildered bird
That seeks its nest but knows not where it is,
And every dream that haunts, with dim delight,
The drowsy hour between the day and night,
The wakeful hour between the night and day, —
Imprisoned, waits for thee,
Impatient, yearns for thee,
The queen who comes to set the captive free!
Thou lendest wings to grief to fly away,
And wings to joy to reach a heavenly height;
And every dumb desire that storms within the breast
Thou leadest forth to sob or sing itself to rest.

All these are thine, and therefore love is thine.

For love is joy and grief,

And trembling doubt, and certain-sure belief,
And fear, and hope, and longing unexpressed,
In pain most human, and in rapture brief

Almost divine.

Love would possess, yet deepens when denied;
And love would give, yet hungers to receive;

MUSIC AND POETRY

Love like a prince his triumph would achieve;
And like a miser in the dark his joys would hide.

Love is most bold,

He leads his dreams like armèd men in line;
Yet when the siege is set, and he must speak,

Calling the fortress to resign

Its treasure, valiant love grows weak,

And hardly dares his purpose to unfold.

Less with his faltering lips than with his eyes

He claims the longed-for prize:

Love fain would tell it all, yet leaves the best untold.

But thou shalt speak for love. Yea, thou shalt teach

The mystery of measured tone,

The Pentecostal speech

That every listener heareth as his own.

For on thy head the cloven tongues of fire, —

Diminished chords that quiver with desire,

And major chords that glow with perfect peace, —

Have fallen from above;

And thou canst give release

In music to the burdened heart of love.

MUSIC

Sound with the 'cellos' pleading, passionate strain
The yearning theme, and let the flute reply
In placid melody, while violins complain,

And sob, and sigh,

With muted string;

Then let the oboe half-reluctant sing

Of bliss that trembles on the verge of pain,

While 'cellos plead and plead again,

With throbbing notes delayed, that would impart

To every urgent tone the beating of the heart.

So runs the andante, making plain

The hopes and fears of love without a word.

Then comes the adagio, with a yielding theme

Through which the violas flow soft as in a dream,

While horns and mild bassoons are heard

In tender tune, that seems to float

Like an enchanted boat

Upon the downward-gliding stream,

Toward the allegro's wide, bright sea

Of dancing, glittering, blending tone,

Where every instrument is sounding free,

And harps like wedding-chimes are rung, and trumpets blown

MUSIC AND POETRY

Around the barque of love
That rides, with smiling skies above,
A royal galley, many-oared,
Into the happy harbour of the perfect chord.

IX

IRIS

Light to the eye and Music to the ear, —
These are the builders of the bridge that springs
From earth's dim shore of half-remembered
things

To reach the heavenly sphere
Where nothing silent is and nothing dark.

So when I see the rainbow's arc
Spanning the showery sky, far-off I hear

Music, and every colour sings:

And while the symphony builds up its round
Full sweep of architectural harmony
Above the tide of Time, far, far away I see
A bow of colour in the bow of sound.

Red as the dawn the trumpet rings;

Blue as the sky, the choir of strings
Darkens in double-bass to ocean's hue,

MUSIC

Rises in violins to noon-tide's blue,
With threads of quivering light shot through and
through;

Green as the mantle that the summer flings
Around the world, the pastoral reeds in tune
Embroider melodies of May and June.

Purer than gold,
Yea, thrice-refinèd gold,
And richer than the treasures of the mine,
Floods of the human voice divine
Along the arch in choral song are rolled.

So bends the bow complete:
And radiant rapture flows
Across the bridge, so full, so strong, so sweet,
That the uplifted spirit hardly knows

Whether the Music-Light that glows
Within the arch of tones and colours seven,
Is sunset-peace of earth or sunrise-joy of Heaven.

X

SEA AND SHORE

Music, I yield to thee
As swimmer to the sea,

MUSIC AND POETRY

I give my spirit to the flood of song!
Bear me upon thy breast
In rapture and at rest,
Bathe me in pure delight and make me strong;
From strife and struggle bring release,
And draw the waves of passion into tides of peace.

Remembered songs most dear
In living songs I hear,
While blending voices gently swing and sway,
In melodies of love,
Whose mighty currents move
With singing near and singing far away;
Sweet in the glow of morning light,
And sweeter still across the starlit gulf of night.

Music, in thee we float,
And lose the lonely note
Of self in thy celestial-ordered strain,
Until at last we find
The life to love resigned
In harmony of joy restored again;
And songs that cheered our mortal days
Break on the shore of light in endless hymns of praise.

December, 1901 — May, 1903 — May, 1916.

TO A YOUNG GIRL SINGING

OH, what do you know of the song, my dear,
And how have you made it your own?
You have caught the turn of the melody clear,
And you give it again with a golden tone,
Till the wonder-word and the wedded note
Are flowing out of your beautiful throat
With a liquid charm for every ear:
And they talk of your art, — but for you alone
The song is a thing, unheard, unknown;
You only have learned it by rote.

But when you have lived for awhile, my dear,
I think you will learn it anew!
For a joy will come, or a grief, or a fear,
That will alter the look of the world for you;
And the lyric you learned as a bit of art,
Will wake to life as a wonderful part
Of the love you feel so deep and true;
And the thrill of a laugh or the throb of a tear,
Will come with your song to all who hear;
For then you will know it by heart.

April, 1911.

THE FIRST BIRD O' SPRING

TO OLIVE WHEELER

WINTER on Mount Shasta,
April down below;
Golden hours of glowing sun,
Sudden showers of snow!
Under leafless thickets
Early wild-flowers cling;
But, oh, my dear, I'm fain to hear
The first bird o' Spring!

Alders are in tassel,
Maples are in bud;
Waters of the blue McCloud
Shout in joyful flood;
Through the giant pine-trees
Flutters many a wing;
But, oh, my dear, I long to hear
The first bird o' Spring!

Candle-light and fire-light
Mingle at "the Bend;"

THE FIRST BIRD O' SPRING

'Neath the roof of Bo-hai-pan
Light and shadow blend.
Sweeter than a wood-thrush
A maid begins to sing;
And, oh, my dear, I'm glad to hear
The first bird o' Spring!

The Bend, California, April 29, 1913.

MOTHER EARTH

MOTHER of all the high-strung poets and singers
departed,

Mother of all the grass that weaves over their graves
the glory of the field,

Mother of all the manifold forms of life, deep-
bosomed, patient, impassive,

Silent brooder and nurse of lyrical joys and sorrows!

Out of thee, yea, surely out of the fertile depth
below thy breast,

Issued in some strange way, thou lying motionless,
voiceless,

All these songs of nature, rhythmical, passionate,
yearning,

Coming in music from earth, but not unto earth
returning.

Dust are the blood-red hearts that beat in time to
these measures,

Thou hast taken them back to thyself, secretly,
irresistibly

Drawing the crimson currents of life down, down,
down

MOTHER EARTH

Deep into thy bosom again, as a river is lost in the
sand.

But the souls of the singers have entered into the
songs that revealed them, —

Passionate songs, immortal songs of joy and grief
and love and longing,

Floating from heart to heart of thy children, they
echo above thee:

Do they not utter thy heart, the voices of those
that love thee?

Long hadst thou lain like a queen transformed by
some old enchantment

Into an alien shape, mysterious, beautiful, speech-
less,

Knowing not who thou wert, till the touch of thy
Lord and Lover

Wakened the man-child within thee to tell thy
secret.

All of thy flowers and birds and forests and flowing
waters

Are but the rhythmical forms to reveal the life of
the spirit;

MUSIC AND POETRY

Thou thyself, earth-mother, in mountain and
meadow and ocean,
Holdest the poem of God, eternal thought and
emotion.

December, 1905.

MILTON

I

LOVER of beauty, walking on the height
Of pure philosophy and tranquil song;
Born to behold the visions that belong
To those who dwell in melody and light;
Milton, thou spirit delicate and bright!

What drew thee down to join the Roundhead
throng
Of iron-sided warriors, rude and strong,
Fighting for freedom in a world half night?

Lover of Liberty at heart wast thou,
Above all beauty bright, all music clear:
To thee she bared her bosom and her brow,
Breathing her virgin promise in thine ear,
And bound thee to her with a double vow, —
Exquisite Puritan, grave Cavalier!

II

The cause, the cause for which thy soul resigned
Her singing robes to battle on the plain,

MUSIC AND POETRY

Was won, O poet, and was lost again;
And lost the labour of thy lonely mind
On weary tasks of prose. What wilt thou find
To comfort thee for all the toil and pain?
What solace, now thy sacrifice is vain
And thou art left forsaken, poor, and blind?

Like organ-music comes the deep reply:

“The cause of truth looks lost, but shall be won.
For God hath given to mine inward eye
Vision of England soaring to the sun,
And granted me great peace before I die,
In thoughts of lowly duty bravely done.”

III

O bend again above thine organ-board,
Thou blind old poet longing for repose!
Thy Master claims thy service not with those
Who only stand and wait for His reward;
He pours the heavenly gift of song restored
Into thy breast, and bids thee nobly close
A noble life with poetry that flows
In mighty music of the major chord.

MILTON

Where hast thou learned this deep, majestic strain,
Surpassing all thy youthful lyric grace,
To sing of Paradise? Ah, not in vain
The griefs that won at Dante's side thy place,
And made thee, Milton, by thy years of pain,
The loftiest poet of the English race!

1908.

WORDSWORTH

WORDSWORTH, thy music like a river rolls
Among the mountains, and thy song is fed
By living springs far up the watershed;
No whirling flood nor parching drought controls
The crystal current: even on the shoals
It murmurs clear and sweet; and when its bed
Deepens below mysterious cliffs of dread,
Thy voice of peace grows deeper in our souls.

But thou in youth hast known the breaking stress
Of passion, and hast trod despair's dry ground
Beneath black thoughts that wither and destroy.
Ah, wanderer, led by human tenderness
Home to the heart of Nature, thou hast found
The hidden Fountain of Recovered Joy.

October, 1906.

KEATS

THE melancholy gift Aurora gained
From Jove, that her sad lover should not see
The face of death, no goddess asked for thee,
My Keats! But when the scarlet blood-drop stained
Thy pillow, thou didst read the fate ordained, —
Brief life, wild love, a flight of poesy!
And then, — a shadow fell on Italy:
Thy star went down before its brightness waned.

Yet thou hast won the gift Tithonus missed:
Never to feel the pain of growing old,
Nor lose the blissful sight of beauty's truth,
But with the ardent lips Urania kissed
To breathe thy song, and, ere thy heart grew cold,
Become the Poet of Immortal Youth.

August, 1906.

SHELLEY

KNIGHT-ERRANT of the Never-ending Quest,
And Minstrel of the Unfulfilled Desire;
For ever tuning thy frail earthly lyre
To some unearthly music, and possessed
With painful passionate longing to invest
The golden dream of Love's immortal fire
With mortal robes of beautiful attire,
And fold perfection to thy throbbing breast!

What wonder, Shelley, that the restless wave
Should claim thee and the leaping flame consume
Thy drifted form on Viareggio's beach?
These were thine elements, — thy fitting grave.
But still thy soul rides on with fiery plume,
Thy wild song rings in ocean's yearning speech!

August, 1906.

ROBERT BROWNING

How blind the toil that burrows like the mole,
In winding graveyard pathways underground,
For Browning's lineage! What if men have found
Poor footmen or rich merchants on the roll
Of his forbears? Did they beget his soul?
Nay, for he came of ancestry renowned
Through all the world, — the poets laurel-crowned
With wreaths from which the autumn takes no toll.

The blazons on his coat-of-arms are these:

The flaming sign of Shelley's heart on fire,
The golden globe of Shakespeare's human stage,
The staff and scrip of Chaucer's pilgrimage,
The rose of Dante's deep, divine desire,
The tragic mask of wise Euripides.

November, 1906.

TENNYSON

In *Lucem Transitus*, October, 1892

FROM the misty shores of midnight, touched with
splendours of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light more
clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was with
God in tune.

Brother of the greatest poets, true to nature, true
to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the human heart;
Who shall cheer us with high music, who shall sing,
if thou depart?

Silence here — for love is silent, gazing on the less-
ening sail;
Silence here — for grief is voiceless when the mighty
minstrels fail;
Silence here — but far beyond us, many voices cry-
ing, Hail!

LONGFELLOW

IN a great land, a new land, a land full of labour
and riches and confusion,
Where there were many running to and fro, and
shouting, and striving together,
In the midst of the hurry and the troubled noise,
I heard the voice of one singing.

“What are you doing there, O man, singing quietly
amid all this tumult?
This is the time for new inventions, mighty shout-
ings, and blowings of the trumpet.”
But he answered, “I am only shepherding my sheep
with music.”

So he went along his chosen way, keeping his little
flock around him;
And he paused to listen, now and then, beside the
antique fountains,
Where the faces of forgotten gods were refreshed
with musically falling waters;

MUSIC AND POETRY

Or he sat for a while at the blacksmith's door, and
heard the cling-clang of the anvils;

Or he rested beneath old steeples full of bells that
showered their chimes upon him;

Or he walked along the border of the sea, drinking
in the long roar of the billows;

Or he sunned himself in the pine-scented shipyard,
amid the tattoo of the mallets;

Or he leaned on the rail of the bridge, letting his
thoughts flow with the whispering river;

He hearkened also to ancient tales, and made them
young again with his singing.

Then a flaming arrow of death fell on his flock, and
pierced the heart of his dearest!

Silent the music now, as the shepherd entered the
mystical temple of sorrow:

Long he tarried in darkness there: but when he came
out he was singing.

And I saw the faces of men and women and children
silently turning toward him;

The youth setting out on the journey of life, and

LONGFELLOW

the old man waiting beside the last milestone;

The toiler sweating beneath his load; and the happy mother rocking her cradle;

The lonely sailor on far-off seas; and the gray-minded scholar in his book-room;

The mill-hand bound to a clacking machine; and the hunter in the forest;

And the solitary soul hiding friendless in the wilderness of the city;

Many human faces, full of care and longing, were drawn irresistibly toward him,

By the charm of something known to every heart, yet very strange and lovely;

And at the sound of his singing wonderfully all their faces were lightened.

“Why do you listen, O you people, to this old and world-worn music?”

This is not for you, in the splendour of a new age, in the democratic triumph!

Listen to the clashing cymbals, the big drums, the brazen trumpets of your poets.”

MUSIC AND POETRY

But the people made no answer, following in their
hearts the simpler music:

For it seemed to them, noise-weary, nothing could
be better worth the hearing

Than the melodies which brought sweet order into
life's confusion.

So the shepherd sang his way along, until he came
unto a mountain:

And I know not surely whether the mountain was
called Parnassus,

But he climbed it out of sight, and still I heard the
voice of one singing.

January, 1907.

THE VALLEY OF VAIN VERSES

THE grief that is but feigning,
And weeps melodious tears
Of delicate complaining
In self-indulgent years;
The mirth that is but madness,
And has no inward gladness
Beneath its laughter straining,
To capture thoughtless ears;

The love that is but passion
Of amber-scented lust;
The doubt that is but fashion;
The faith that has no trust;
These Thamyris disperses,
In the Valley of Vain Verses
Below the Mount Parnassian, —
And they crumble into dust.

PATRIOTISM

A M E R I C A

I LOVE thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
 Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
 All thy domains;

Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
 Wide to the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air, —
O land beyond compare,
 Thee I love best!

March, 1906.

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

DEAR to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of
America,
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of royal
splendour;
They are simple enough to be great in their friendly
dignity, —
Homes that were built by the brave beginners of a
nation.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New
England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm-trees feathering
over them:
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-
fashioned roses,
A fan-light above the door, and little square panes
in the windows,
The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and
hickory ready for winter,

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with
household relics, —

All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of
self-reliance.

I love the weather-beaten, shingled houses that front
the ocean;

They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is some-
thing indomitable about them:

Their backs are bowed, and their sides are covered
with lichens;

Soft in their colour as gray pearls, they are full of
a patient courage.

Facing the briny wind on a lonely shore they stand
undaunted,

While the thin blue pennant of smoke from the
square-built chimney

Tells of a haven for man, with room for a hearth
and a cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall
white columns,

They look through avenues of trees, over fields
where the cotton is growing;

PATRIOTISM

I can see the flutter of white frocks along their
shady porches,

Music and laughter float from the windows, the
yards are full of hounds and horses.

Long since the riders have ridden away, yet the
houses have not forgotten,

They are proud of their name and place, and their
doors are always open,

For the thing they remember best is the pride of
their ancient hospitality.

In the towns I love the discreet and tranquil
Quaker dwellings,

With their demure brick faces and immaculate
marble doorsteps;

And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their
high stoops and iron railings,

(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the
morning sunlight);

And the solid self-contained houses of the descen-
dants of the Puritans,

Frowning on the street with their narrow doors and
dormer-windows;

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of
Charleston,
Standing open sideways in their gardens of roses
and magnolias.

Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes
they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts
that have made the nation;
The glory and strength of America come from her
ancestral dwellings.

1909.

PATRIA

I WOULD not even ask my heart to say
If I could love another land as well
As thee, my country, had I felt the spell
Of Italy at birth, or learned to obey
The charm of France, or England's mighty sway.
I would not be so much an infidel
As once to dream, or fashion words to tell,
What land could hold my heart from thee away.

For like a law of nature in my blood,
America, I feel thy sovereignty,
And woven through my soul thy vital sign.
My life is but a wave and thou the flood;
I am a leaf and thou the mother-tree;
Nor should I be at all, were I not thine.

June, 1904.

SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

CHILDREN of the elemental mother,
Born upon some lonely island shore
Where the wrinkled ripples run and whisper,
Where the crested billows plunge and roar;
Long-winged, tireless roamers and adventurers,
Fearless breasters of the wind and sea,
In the far-off solitary places
I have seen you floating wild and free!

Here the high-built cities rise around you;
Here the cliffs that tower east and west,
Honeycombed with human habitations,
Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest:
Here the river flows begrimed and troubled;
Here the hurrying, panting vessels fume,
Restless, up and down the watery highway,
While a thousand chimneys vomit gloom.

Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,
Clank and clamour of the vast machine
Human hands have built for human bondage —
Yet amid it all you float serene;

PATRIOTISM

Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly
Down to glean your harvest from the wave;
In your heritage of air and water,
You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

Even so the wild-woods of Manhattan
Saw your wheeling flocks of white and gray;
Even so you fluttered, followed, floated,
Round the *Half-Moon* ereeping up the bay;
Even so your voices creaked and chattered,
Laughing shrilly o'er the tidal rips,
While your blaek and beady eyes were glistening
Round the sullen British prison-ships.

Children of the elemental mother,
Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries
Many a longing heart goes out to you.
Though the cities climb and close around us,
Something tells us that our souls are free,
While the sea-gulls fly above the harbour,
While the river flows to meet the sea!

December, 1905.

A BALLAD OF CLAREMONT HILL

THE roar of the city is low,
Muffled by new-fallen snow,
And the sign of the wintry moon is small and round
and still.

Will you come with me to-night,
To see a pleasant sight
Away on the river-side, at the edge of Claremont
Hill?

“And what shall we see there,
But streets that are new and bare,
And many a desolate place that the city is coming
to fill;

And a soldier's tomb of stone,
And a few trees standing alone —
Will you walk for that through the cold, to the edge
of Claremont Hill?”

But there's more than that for me,
In the place that I fain would see:

PATRIOTISM

There's a glimpse of the grace that helps us all to
bear life's ill,

A touch of the vital breath

That keeps the world from death,

A flower that never fades, on the edge of Claremont
Hill.

For just where the road swings round,

In a narrow strip of ground,

Where a group of forest trees are lingering fondly
still,

There's a grave of the olden time,

When the garden bloomed in its prime,

And the children laughed and sang on the edge of
Claremont Hill.

The marble is pure and white,

And even in this dim light,

You may read the simple words that are written
there if you will;

You may hear a father tell

Of the child he loved so well,

BALLAD OF CLAREMONT HILL

A hundred years ago, on the edge of Claremont
Hill.

The tide of the city has rolled
Across that bower of old,
And blotted out the beds of the rose and the daf-
fodil;
But the little playmate sleeps,
And the shrine of love still keeps
A record of happy days, on the edge of Claremont
Hill.

The river is pouring down
To the crowded, careless town,
Where the intricate wheels of trade are grinding on
like a mill;
But the clamorous noise and strife
Of the hurrying waves of life
Flow soft by this haven of peace on the edge of
Claremont Hill.

And after all, my friend,
When the tale of our years shall end,

PATRIOTISM

Be it long or short, or lowly or great, as God may
will,

What better praise could we hear,
Than this of the child so dear:

You have made my life more sweet, on the edge of
Claremont Hill?

December, 1896.

NATIONAL MONUMENTS

COUNT not the cost of honour to the dead!

The tribute that a mighty nation pays

To those who loved her well in former days

Means more than gratitude for glories fled;

For every noble man that she hath bred,

Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,

Immortalised by art's immortal praise,

To lead our sons as he our fathers led.

These monuments of manhood strong and high

Do more than forts or battle-ships to keep

Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify

The heart of youth with valour wise and deep;

They build eternal bulwarks, and command

Immortal hosts to guard our native land.

February, 1905.

THE STATUE OF SHERMAN BY
ST. GAUDENS

THIS is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that 'war is hell':
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

April, 1904.

‘‘AMERICA FOR ME’’

’Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and
down

Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues and
the kings, —

But now I think I’ve had enough of antiquated
things.

*So it’s home again, and home again, America for
me!*

*My heart is turning home again, and there I long
to be,*

*In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean
bars,*

*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full
of stars.*

Oh, London is a man’s town, there’s power in the
air;

And Paris is a woman’s town, with flowers in her
hair;

P A T R I O T I S M

And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to
study Rome;

But when it comes to living there is no place like
home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions
drilled;

I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing foun-
tains filled;

But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble
for a day

In the friendly western woodland where Nature has
her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something
seems to lack:

The Past is too much with her, and the people
looking back.

But the glory of the Present is to make the Future
free, —

We love our land for what she is and what she is
to be.

‘‘AMERICA FOR ME’’

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for
me!*

*I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the
rolling sea,*

*To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the
ocean bars,*

*Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full
of stars.*

June, 1909.

DEAR CALIFORNIA

(Sing to the old tune: "Araby's Daughter")

How bridal thy beauty, O dear California;
How lovely and fragrant, how rich and how rare!
Like a virgin arrayed for the day of her wedding,
Thy face is aglow and thy garments are fair!
 With snow on thy mountains,
 With gold in thy fountains,
Green fields at thy feet, orange bloom in thy
 hair,
Thou greetest the Sun as thy lover and bride-
groom, —
No land that he looks on with thee can compare.
Thy pines of the north are majestic in measure,
Thy palms of the south are a joy to the sight,
Thy wheatfields and orchards are fertile in treasure,
Thy stars are like gems on the forehead of night.
 Thy children adore thee,
 Thy God watches o'er thee,
To bless thee and keep thee and guide thee aright.
Be great in thy labor and glad in thy pleasure,
O dear California, our pride and delight!

1927.

BALLAD OF PRINCETON BATTLE

ALONG Assunpink's woody bank we left our camp-
fires bright,

While like a fox with padded feet we stole away by
night;

Cornwallis watched his Trenton trap,

And drained his glass, and took his nap;

But the ragged troops of Washington outflanked
him in the night.

Up and away for Princeton,

By a secret road to Princeton,

We dragged our guns with muffled wheels to win
another fight.

The icy trail was hard as iron, our footprints marked
it red;

Our frosty breath went up like smoke to the wink-
ing stars o'erhead;

By Bear Swamp and by Miry Run,

Our muskets weighed at least a ton;

We shivered, till o'er Stony Brook we saw the sun
rise red;

PATRIOTISM

Weary we tramped to Princeton;
But all of us at Princeton,
Would follow our Chief through thick and thin till
the last of us was dead.

We looked beyond the upper bridge, across the
swollen stream,
And there along the King's highway, we saw the
redcoats gleam;

'Twas Mawhood's regiment marching down
To finish us off at Trenton town!
"Go cut the bridge," — and Mercer's men crept
up along the stream,

But the British turned towards Princeton,
Came bravely back for Princeton;
And all the rest of that dim hour was wilder than
a dream.

They rushed thro' Will Clark's orchard, among the
naked trees;

With horse and foot they hammered hard; their
bullets sang like bees;

And Mercer fell, and Haslet fell;
The bayonets cut us up like hell;

THE PRINCETON BATTLE

The chain-shot mowed a bloody path beneath the
twisted trees.

It looked all black for Princeton,
We lost our hope of Princeton;
We wavered, and we broke and fled as leaves before
the breeze.

Then down the hill from Tom Clark's house, rode
Washington aflame
With holy ire, through smoke and fire like¹ mighty
Mars he came.

“Come on, my men, parade with me,
We'll make the redcoats turn and flee.” —
And up the hill, against the guns, rode Washington
aflame.

He turned the tide at Princeton;
The land was saved at Princeton;
And they who fought, and they who fell, won lib-
erty and fame.

Men praise our Chief for weighty words, for coun-
sel calm and high,
For prudence and enduring will, for cool, far-seeing
eye:

PATRIOTISM

One thing he had all else above, —
Courage that caught the soldier's love,
And made the soldier's loyal heart in danger's hour
beat high.

We saw it clear at Princeton;

'Twas written here at Princeton:

*The men who make a nation great are men who dare
to die.*

May 22, 1922.

THE BUILDERS

ODE FOR THE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF PRINCETON COLLEGE

October 21, 1896

I

INTO the dust of the making of man
Spirit was breathed when his life began,
Lifting him up from his low estate,
With masterful passion, the wish to create.
Out of the dust of his making, man
Fashioned his works as the ages ran;
Fortress, and palace, and temple, and tower,
Filling the world with the proof of his power.
Over the dust that awaits him, man,
Building the walls that his pride doth plan,
Dreams they will stand in the light of the sun
Bearing his name till Time is done.

II

The monuments of mortals
Are as the glory of the grass;
Through Time's dim portals

P A T R I O T I S M

A voiceless, viewless wind doth pass:
The blossoms fall before it in a day,
The forest monarchs year by year decay,
And man's great buildings slowly fade away.

One after one,
They pay to that dumb breath
The tribute of their death,
And are undone.
The towers incline to dust,
The massive girders rust,
The domes dissolve in air,
The pillars that upbear
The lofty arches crumble, stone by stone;
While man the builder looks about him in despair,
For all his works of pride and power are overthrown.

III

A Voice came from the sky:
"Set thy desires more high.
Thy buildings fade away
Because thou buildest clay.
Now make the fabric sure
With stones that will endure!

THE BUILDERS

Hewn from the spiritual rock,
The immortal towers of the soul
At Death's dissolving touch shall mock,
And stand secure while æons roll."

IV

Well did the wise in heart rejoice
To hear the summons of that Voice,
And patiently begin
The builder's work within:
Houses not made with hands,
Nor founded on the sands.
And thou, Reverèd Mother, at whose call
We come to keep thy joyous festival,
And celebrate thy labours on the walls of Truth
Through sevenscore years and ten of thine eternal
youth —
A master builder thou,
And on thy shining brow,
Like Cybele, in fadeless light dost wear
A diadem of turrets strong and fair.

PATRIOTISM

v

I see thee standing in a lonely land,
But late and hardly won from solitude,
Unpopulous and rude, —
On that far western shore I see thee stand,
Like some young goddess from a brighter strand,
While in thine eyes a radiant thought is born,
Enkindling all thy beauty like the morn.
Sea-like the forest rolled in waves of green,
And few the lights that glimmered, leagues between.
High in the north, for fourscore years alone
Fair Harvard's earliest beacon-tower had shone,
When Yale was lighted and an answering ray
Flashed from the meadows by New Haven Bay.
But deeper spread the forest, and more dark,
Where first Neshaminy received the spark
Of sacred learning to a woodland camp,
And Old Log College glowed with Tennant's lamp.
Thine, Alma Mater, was the larger sight,
That saw the future of that trembling light,
And thine the courage, thine the stronger will,
That built its loftier home on Princeton Hill.

THE BUILDERS

“New light!” men cried, and murmured that it
came

From an unsanctioned source with lawless flame;
It shone too free, for still the church and school
Must only shine according to their rule.

But Princeton answered, in her nobler mood,
“God made the light, and all the light is good.

There is no war between the old and new;
The conflict lies between the false and true.

The stars, that high in heaven their courses run,
In glory differ, but their light is one.

The beacons gleaming o’er the sea of life
Are rivals but in radiance, not in strife.

Shine on, ye sister-towers, across the night!
I too will build a lasting house of light.”

VI

Brave was that word of faith and bravely was it kept;
With never-wearying zeal that faltered not, nor slept,
Our Alma Mater toiled, and while she firmly laid
The deep foundation-walls, at all her toil she prayed.
And men who loved the truth because it made them
free,

P A T R I O T I S M

And clearly saw the twofold Word of God agree,
Reading from Nature's book and from the Bible's
page

By the same inward ray that grows from age to age,
Were built like living stones that beacon to uplift,
And drawing light from heaven gave to the world
the gift.

Nor ever, while they searched the secrets of the
earth,

Or traced the stream of life through mystery to its
birth,

Nor ever, while they taugth the lightning-flash to
bear

The messages of man in silence through the air,
Fell from their home of light one false, perfidious
ray

To blind the trusting heart, or lead the life astray.

But still, while knowledge grew more luminous and
broad

It lit the path of faith and showed the way to God.

VII

Yet not for peace alone

Labour the builders.

THE BUILDERS

Work that in peace has grown
Swiftly is overthrown,
When in the darkening skies
Storm-clouds of wrath arise,
And through the cannon's crash,
War's deadly lightning-flash
 Smites and bewilders.
Ramparts of strength must frown
Round every placid town
 And city splendid;
All that our fathers wrought
With true prophetic thought,
 Must be defended!

VIII

But who could raise protecting walls for thee,
Thou young, defenceless land of liberty?
Or who could build a fortress strong enough,
Or stretch a mighty bulwark long enough
 To hold thy far-extended coast
 Against the overweening host
That took the open path across the sea,

PATRIOTISM

And like a tempest poured
Their desolating horde,
To quench thy dawning light in gloom of tyranny?
Yet not unguarded thou wert found
When on thy shore with sullen sound
The blaring trumpets of an unjust king
Proclaimed invasion. From the ground,
In freedom's darkest hour, there seemed to spring
Unconquerable walls for her defence;
Not trembling, like those battlements of stone
That fell when Joshua's horns were blown;
But firm and stark the living rampart rose,
To meet the onset of imperious foes
With a long line of brave, unyielding men.
This was thy fortress, well-defended land,
And on these walls, the patient, building hand
Of Princeton laboured with the force of ten.
Her sons were foremost in the furious fight;
Her sons were firmest to uphold the right
In council-chambers of the new-born State,
And prove that he who would be free must first be
great
In heart, and high in thought, and strong

THE BUILDERS

In purpose not to do or suffer wrong.
Such were the men, impregnable to fear,
Whose souls were framed and fashioned here;
And when war shook the land with threatening
shock,
The men of Princeton stood like muniments of
rock.

Nor has the breath of Time
Dissolved that proud array
Of never-broken strength:
For though the rocks decay,
And all the iron bands
Of earthly strongholds are unloosed at length,
And buried deep in gray oblivion's sands;
The work that heroes' hands
Wrought in the light of freedom's natal day
Shall never fade away,
But lifts itself, sublime
Into a lucid sphere,
For ever calm and clear,
Preserving in the memory of the fathers' deed,
A never-failing fortress for their children's need.
There we confirm our hearts to-day, and read

P A T R I O T I S M

On many a stone the signature of fame,
The builder's mark, our Alma Mater's name.

IX

Bear with us then a moment, while we turn
From all the present splendours of this place —
The lofty towers that like a dream have grown
Where once old Nassau Hall stood all alone —
Back to that ancient time, with hearts that burn
 In filial gratitude, to trace
The glory of our mother's best degree,
 In that "high son of Liberty,"
 Who like a granite block,
 Riven from Scotland's rock,
 Stood loyal here to keep Columbia free.
Born far away beyond the ocean's tide,
He found his fatherland upon this side;
And every drop of ardent blood that ran
Through his great heart, was true American.
He held no fealty to a distant throne,
But made his new-found country's cause his own.
 In peril and distress,
 In toil and weariness,

THE BUILDERS

When darkness overcast her
With shadows of disaster,
And voices of confusion
Proclaimed her hope delusion,
Robed in his preacher's gown,
He dared the danger down;

Like some old prophet chanting an inspired rune
In freedom's councils rang the voice of Witherspoon.

And thou, my country, write it on thy heart:

Thy sons are they who nobly take thy part.

Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,

Wherever born, is born a son of thine.

Foreign in name, but not in soul, they come

To find in thee their long-desired home;

Lovers of liberty and haters of disorder,

They shall be built in strength along thy border.

Dream not thy future foes

Will all be foreign-born!

Turn thy clear look of scorn

Upon thy children who oppose

Their passions wild and policies of shame

To wreck the righteous splendour of thy name.

P A T R I O T I S M

Untaught and overconfident they rise,
With folly on their lips, and envy in their eyes:
Strong to destroy, but powerless to create,
And ignorant of all that made our fathers great,
Their hands would take away thy golden crown,
And shake the pillars of thy freedom down
In Anarchy's ocean, dark and desolate.

O should that storm descend,
What fortress shall defend
The land our fathers wrought for,
The liberties they fought for?
What bulwark shall secure
Her shrines of law, and keep her founts of justice
pure?

Then, ah then,
As in the olden days,
The builders must upraise
A rampart of indomitable men.
And once again,
Dear Mother, if thy heart and hand be true,
There will be building work for thee to do;
Yea, more than once again,
Thou shalt win lasting praise,

THE BUILDERS

And never-dying honour shall be thine,
For setting many stones in that illustrious line,
To stand unshaken in the swirling strife,
And guard their country's honour as her life.

X

Softly, my harp, and let me lay the touch
Of silence on these rudely clanging strings;
 For he who sings
Even of noble conflicts overmuch,
Loses the inward sense of better things;
 And he who makes a boast
Of knowledge, darkens that which counts the most, —
 The insight of a wise humility
That reverently adores what none can see.
 The glory of our life below
Comes not from what we do, or what we know,
 But dwells forevermore in what we are.
There is an architecture grander far
 Than all the fortresses of war,
 More inextinguishably bright
Than learning's lonely towers of light.
Framing its walls of faith and hope and love

P A T R I O T I S M

In souls of men, it lifts above
The frailty of our earthly home
An everlasting dome;
The sanctuary of the human host,
The living temple of the Holy Ghost.

XI

If music led the builders long ago,
When Arthur planned the halls of Camelot,
And made the royal city grow,
Fair as a flower in that forsaken spot;
What sweeter music shall we bring,
To weave a harmony divine
Of prayer and holy thought
Into the labours of this loftier shrine,
This consecrated hill,
Where through so many a year
Our Alma Mater's hand hath wrought,
With toil serene and still
And heavenly hope, to rear
Eternal dwellings for the Only King?
Here let no martial trumpets blow,
Nor instruments of pride proclaim

THE BUILDERS

The loud exultant notes of fame!

But let the chords be clear and low,

And let the anthem deeper grow,

And let it move more solemnly and slow;

For only such an ode

Can seal the harmony

Of that deep masonry

Wherein the soul of man is framed for God's abode.

XII

O Thou whose boundless love bestows

The joy of earth, the hope of Heaven,

And whose unchartered mercy flows

O'er all the blessings Thou hast given;

Thou by whose light alone we see;

And by whose truth our souls set free

Are made imperishably strong;

Hear Thou the solemn music of our song.

Grant us the knowledge that we need

To solve the questions of the mind,

And light our candle while we read,

To keep our hearts from going blind;

PATRIOTISM

Enlarge our vision to behold
The wonders Thou hast wrought of old;
Reveal thyself in every law,
And gild the towers of truth with holy awe.

Be Thou our strength if war's wild gust
Shall rage around us, loud and fierce;
Confirm our souls and let our trust
Be like a shield that none can pierce;
Renew the courage that prevails,
The steady faith that never fails,
And make us stand in every fight
Firm as a fortress to defend the right.

O God, control us as Thou wilt,
And guide the labour of our hand;
Let all our work be surely built
As Thou, the architect, hast planned;
But whatso'er thy power shall make
Of these frail lives, do not forsake
Thy dwelling: let thy presence rest
For ever in the temple of our breast.

SPIRIT OF THE EVERLASTING BOY

ODE FOR THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL

June 11, 1910

I

THE British bard who looked on Eton's walls,
Endeared by distance in the pearly gray
And soft aerial blue that ever falls
On English landscape with the dying day,
Beheld in thought his boyhood far away;
Its random raptures and its festivals
 Of noisy mirth,
The brief illusion of its idle joys:
And mourned that none of these can stay
With men, whom life inexorably calls
To face the grim realities of earth.
His pensive fancy pictured there at play
From year to year the careless bands of boys,
Unconscious victims kept in golden state,
 While haply they await
The dark approach of disenchanting Fate,

P A T R I O T I S M

To hale them to the sacrifice
Of Pain and Penury and Grief and Care,
Slow-withering Age, or Failure's swift despair.
Half-pity and half-envy dimmed the eyes
Of that old poet, gazing on the scene
Where long ago his youth had flowed serene,
And all the burden of his ode was this:
 "Where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise."

II

But not for us, O plaintive elegist,
Thine epicedial tone of sad farewell
To joy in wisdom and to thought in youth!
Our western Muse would keep her tryst
With sunrise, not with sunset, and foretell
In boyhood's bliss the dawn of manhood's truth.

III

O spirit of the everlasting boy,
 Alert, elate,
And confident that life is good,
Thou knockest boldly at the gate,

THE EVERLASTING BOY

In hopeful hardihood,
Eager to enter and enjoy
Thy new estate.

Through the old house thou runnest everywhere,
Bringing a breath of folly and fresh air.
Ready to make a treasure of each toy,
Or break them all in discontented mood;
Fearless of Fate,
Yet strangely fearful of a comrade's laugh;
Reckless and timid, hard and sensitive;
In talk a rebel, full of mocking chaff,
At heart devout conservative;
In love with love, yet hating to be kissed;
Inveterate optimist,
And judge severe,
In reason cloudy but in feeling clear;
Keen critic, ardent hero-worshipper,
Impatient of restraint in little ways,
Yet ever ready to confer
On chosen leaders boundless power and praise;
Adventurous spirit burning to explore
Untrodden paths where hidden danger lies,

P A T R I O T I S M

And homesick heart looking with wistful eyes
Through every twilight to a mother's door;
Thou daring, darling, inconsistent boy,
 How dull the world would be
Without thy presence, dear barbarian,
And happy lord of high futurity!
Be what thou art, our trouble and our joy,
Our hardest problem and our brightest hope!
And while thine elders lead thee up the slope
Of knowledge, let them learn from teaching thee
That vital joy is part of nature's plan,
And he who keeps the spirit of the boy
Shall gladly grow to be a happy man.

IV

What constitutes a school?
Not ancient halls and ivy-mantled towers,
 Where dull traditions rule
With heavy hand youth's lightly springing powers;
 Not spacious pleasure courts,
And lofty temples of athletic fame,
 Where devotees of sports
Mistake a pastime for life's highest aim;

THE EVERLASTING BOY

Not fashion, nor renown
Of wealthy patronage and rich estate;
No, none of these can crown
A school with light and make it truly great.
But masters, strong and wise,
Who teach because they love the teacher's task,
And find their richest prize
In eyes that open and in minds that ask;
And boys, with heart aglow
To try their youthful vigour on their work,
Eager to learn and grow,
And quick to hate a coward or a shirk:
These constitute a school, —
A vital forge of weapons keen and bright,
Where living sword and tool
Are tempered for true toil or noble fight!
But let not wisdom scorn
The hours of pleasure in the playing fields:
There also strength is born,
And every manly game a virtue yields.
Fairness and self-control,
Good-humour, pluck, and patience in the race,
Will make a lad heart-whole

PATRIOTISM

To win with honour, lose without disgrace.

Ah, well for him who gains

In such a school apprenticeship to life:

With him the joy of youth remains

In later lessons and in larger strife!

v

On Jersey's rolling plain, where Washington,

In midnight marching at the head

Of ragged regiments, his army led

To Princeton's victory of the rising sun;

Here in this liberal land, by battle won

For Freedom and the rule

Of equal rights for every child of man,

Arose a democratic school,

To train a virile race of sons to bear

With thoughtful joy the name American,

And serve the God who heard their father's prayer.

No cloister, dreaming in a world remote

From that real world wherein alone we live;

No mimic court, where titled names denote

A dignity that only worth can give;

But here a friendly house of learning stood,

THE EVERLASTING BOY

With open door beside the broad highway,
And welcomed lads to study and to play
In generous rivalry of brotherhood.
A hundred years have passed, and Lawrenceville,
In beauty and in strength renewed,
Stands with her open portal still,
And neither time nor fortune brings
To her deep spirit any change of mood,
Or faltering from the faith she held of old.
Still to the democratic creed she clings:
That manhood needs nor rank nor gold
To make it noble in our eyes;
That every boy is born with royal right,
From blissful ignorance to rise
To joy more lasting and more bright,
In mastery of body and of mind,
King of himself and servant of mankind.

VI

Old Lawrenceville,
Thy happy bell
Shall ring to-day,
O'er vale and hill,

PATRIOTISM

O'er mead and dell,
While far away,
With silent thrill,
The echoes roll
Through many a soul,
That knew thee well,
In boyhood's day,
And loves thee still.

Ah, who can tell
How far away,
Some sentinel
Of God's good will,
In forest cool,
Or desert gray,
By lonely pool,
Or barren hill,
Shall faintly hear,
With inward ear,
The chiming bell,
Of his old school,
Through darkness pealing;
And lowly kneeling,

THE EVERLASTING BOY

Shall feel the spell
Of grateful tears
His eyelids fill;
And softly pray
To Him who hears:
God bless old Lawrenceville!

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

PHI BETA KAPPA ODE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

June 30, 1910

I

ALL day long in the city's canyon-street,
With its populous cliffs alive on either side,
I saw a river of marching men like a tide
Flowing after the flag: and the rhythmic beat
Of the drums, and the bugles' resonant blare
Metred the tramp, tramp, tramp of a myriad feet,
While the red-white-and-blue was fluttering every-
where,
And the heart of the crowd kept time to a martial
air:

*O brave flag, O bright flag, O flag to lead the free!
The glory of thy silver stars,
Engrailed in blue above the bars
Of red for courage, white for truth,
Has brought the world a second youth
And drawn a hundred million hearts to follow after thee.*

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

II

Old Cambridge saw thee first unfurled,
By Washington's far-reaching hand,
To greet, in Seventy-six, the wintry morn
Of a new year, and herald to the world
Glad tidings from a Western land, —
A people and a hope new-born!
The double cross then filled thine azure field,
In token of a spirit loath to yield
The breaking ties that bound thee to a throne.
But not for long thine oriflamme could bear
That symbol of an outworn trust in kings.
The wind that bore thee out on widening wings
Called for a greater sign and all thine own, —
A new device to speak of heavenly laws
And lights that surely guide the people's cause.
Oh, greatly did they hope, and greatly dare,
Who bade the stars in heaven fight for them,
And set upon their battle-flag a fair
New constellation as a diadem!
Along the blood-stained banks of Brandywine
The ragged troops were rallied to this sign;

PATRIOTISM

Through Saratoga's woods it fluttered bright
Amid the perils of the hard-won fight;
O'er Yorktown's meadows broad and green
It hailed the glory of the final scene;
And when at length Manhattan saw
The last invaders' line of scarlet coats
Pass Bowling Green, and fill the waiting boats
 And sullenly withdraw,
 The flag that proudly flew
Above the battered line of buff and blue,
Marching, with rattling drums and shrilling pipes,
Along the Bowery and down Broadway,
Was this that leads the great parade to-day, —
The glorious banner of the stars and stripes.

*First of the flags of earth to dare
 A heraldry so high;
First of the flags of earth to bear
 The blazons of the sky;
Long may thy constellation glow,
 Foretelling happy fate;
Wider thy starry circle grow,
 And every star a State!*

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

III

Pass on, pass on, ye flashing files
Of men who march in militant array;
Ye thrilling bugles, throbbing drums,
Ring out, roll on, and die away;
And fade, ye crowds, with the fading day!
 Around the city's lofty piles
 Of steel and stone
 The lilac veil of dusk is thrown,
Entangled full of sparks of fairy light;
And the never-silent heart of the city hums
To a homeward-turning tune before the night.
But far above, on the sky-line's broken height,
From all the towers and domes outlined
In gray and gold along the city's crest,
I see the rippling flag still take the wind
With a promise of good to come for all mankind.

IV

O banner of the west,
No proud and brief parade,
That glorifies a nation's holiday
With show of troops for warfare dressed,

P A T R I O T I S M

Can rightly measure or display
The mighty army thou hast made
Loyal to guard thy more than royal sway.
Millions have come across the sea
To find beneath thy shelter room to grow;
Millions were born beneath thy folds and know
No other flag but thee.
And other, darker millions bore the yoke
Of bondage in thy borders till the voice
Of Lincoln spoke,
And sent thee forth to set the bondmen free.
Rejoice, dear flag, rejoice!
Since thou hast proved and passed that bitter strife,
Richer thy red with blood of heroes wet,
Purer thy white through sacrificial life,
Brighter thy blue wherein new stars are set.
Thou art become a sign,
Revealed in heaven to speak of things divine:
Of Truth that dares
To slay the lie it sheltered unawares;
Of Courage fearless in the fight,
Yet ever quick its foemen to forgive;
Of Conscience earnest to maintain its right

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

And gladly grant the same to all who live.

Thy staff is deeply planted in the fact

That nothing can ennoble man

Save his own act,

And naught can make him worthy to be free

But practice in the school of liberty.

The cords are two that lift thee to the sky:

Firm faith in God, the King who rules on high;

And never-failing trust

In human nature, full of faults and flaws,

Yet ever answering to the inward call

That bids it set the "ought" above the "must";

In all its errors wiser than it seems,

In all its failures full of generous dreams;

Through endless conflict rising without pause

To self-dominion, characterized in laws

That pledge fair-play alike to great and small,

And equal rights for each beneath the rule of all.

These are thy halyards, banner bold,

And while these hold,

Thy brightness from the sky shall never fall,

Thy broadening empire never know decrease.

Thy strength is union and thy glory peace.

PATRIOTISM

v

Look forth across thy widespread lands,
O flag, and let thy stars to-night be eyes
 To see the visionary hosts
Of men and women grateful to be thine,
 Who joyfully arise
From all thy borders and thy coasts,
And follow after thee in endless line!
They lift to thee a forest of saluting hands;
They hail thee with a rolling ocean-roar
 Of cheers; and as the echo dies,
There comes a sweet and moving song
Of treble voices from the childish throng
Who run to thee from every school-house door.
Behold thine army! Here thy power lies:
The men whom freedom has made strong,
And bound to follow thee by willing vows;
 The women grieved by the joys
Of motherhood to rule a happy house;
 The vigorous girls and boys,
Whose eager faces and unclouded brows
Foretell the future of a noble race,

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

Rich in the wealth of wisdom and true worth!
While millions such as these to thee belong,
 What foe can do thee wrong,
What jealous rival rob thee of thy place
 Foremost of all the flags of earth?

VI

My vision darkens as the night descends;
And through the mystic atmosphere
I feel the creeping coldness that portends
 A change of spirit in my dream.
The multitudes that moved with song and cheer
 Have vanished, yet a living stream
 Flows on and follows still the flag;
But silent now, with leaden feet that lag
 And falter in the deepening gloom, —
A weird battalion bringing up the rear.
Ah, who are these on whom the vital bloom
Of life has withered to the dust of doom?
These little pilgrims prematurely worn
- And bent as if they bore the weight of years?
These childish faces, pallid and forlorn,
Too dull for laughter and too hard for tears?

P A T R I O T I S M

Is this the ghost of that insane crusade
That led ten thousand children long ago,
A flock of innocents, deceived, betrayed,
Yet pressing on through want and woe
To meet their fate, faithful and unafraid?

Nay, for a million children now
Are marching in the long pathetic line,
With weary step and early wrinkled brow;
And at their head appears no holy sign

Of hope in heaven;

For unto them is given

No cross to carry, but a cross to drag.
Before their strength is ripe they bear
The load of labour, toiling underground
In dangerous mines and breathing heavy air
Of crowded shops; their tender lives are bound
To service of the whirling, clattering wheels
That fill the factories with dust and noise;

They are not girls and boys,

But little "hands" who blindly, dumbly feed
With their own blood the hungry god of Greed.

Robbed of their natural joys,
And wounded with a scar that never heals,

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

They stumble on with heavy-laden soul,
And fall by thousands on the highway lined
With little graves; or reach at last their goal
Of stunted manhood and embittered age,
To brood awhile with dark and troubled mind,
Beside the smouldering fire of sullen rage,
On life's unfruitful work and niggard wage.
Are these the regiments that Freedom rears

To serve her cause in coming years?

Nay, every life that Avarice doth maim
And beggar in the helpless days of youth,
Shall surely claim

A just revenge, and take it without ruth;
And every soul denied the right to grow
Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe.

Bow down, dear land, in penitence and shame!
Remember now thine oath, so nobly sworn,

To guard an equal lot

For every child within thy borders born!
These are thy children whom thou hast forgot.
They have the bitter right to live, but not
The blessed right to look for happiness.
O lift thy liberating hand once more,

P A T R I O T I S M

To loose thy little ones from dark duress;
The vital gladness to their hearts restore
In healthful lessons and in happy play;
And set them free to climb the upward way
That leads to self-reliant nobleness.

Speak out, my country, speak at last,
As thou hast spoken in the past,
And clearly, bravely say:

“I will defend

“The coming race on whom my hopes depend;

“Beneath my flag and on my sacred soil

“No child shall bear the crushing yoke of toil.”

VII

Look up, look up, ye downcast eyes!

The night is almost gone:

Along the new horizon flies

The banner of the dawn;

The eastern sky is banded low

With white and crimson bars,

While far above the morning glow

The everlasting stars.

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG

*O bright flag, O brave flag, O flag to lead the free!
The hand of God thy colours blent,
And heaven to earth thy glory lent,
To shield the weak, and guide the strong
To make an end of human wrong,
And draw a countless human host to follow after thee!*

PEACE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

O LORD our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May praise arise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

The strength of every State increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,

HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!

Thro' all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music of Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

THE RED FLOWER

June, 1914

IN the pleasant time of Pentecost,
By the little river Kyll,
I followed the angler's winding path
Or waded the stream at will,
And the friendly fertile German land
Lay round me green and still.

But all day long on the eastern bank
Of the river cool and clear,
Where the curving track of the double rails
Was hardly seen though near,
The endless trains of German troops
Went rolling down to Trier.

They packed the windows with bullet heads
And caps of hodden gray;
They laughed and sang and shouted loud
When the trains were brought to a stay;
They waved their hands and sang again
As they went on their iron way.

THE RED FLOWER

No shadow fell on the smiling land,
No cloud arose in the sky;
I could hear the river's quiet tune
When the trains had rattled by;
But my heart sank low with a heavy sense
Of trouble, — I knew not why.

Then came I into a certain field
Where the devil's paint-brush spread
'Mid the gray and green of the rolling hills
A flaring splotch of red, —
An evil omen, a bloody sign,
And a token of many dead.

I saw in a vision the field-gray horde
Break forth at the devil's hour,
And trample the earth into crimson mud
In the rage of the Will to Power, —
All this I dreamed in the valley of Kyll,
At the sign of the blood-red flower.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

“Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?”—*Question of the German Chancellor to the British Ambassador, August 5, 1914.*

A MOCKING question! Britain's answer came
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

“Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight
Till our last breath, and God defend the right!

“A scrap of paper where a name is set
Is strong as duty's pledge and honour's debt.

“A scrap of paper holds for man and wife
The sacrament of love, the bond of life.

“A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

“A scrap of paper binds us both to stand
Defenders of a neutral neighbour land.

“By God, by faith, by honour, yes! We fight
To keep our name upon that paper white.”

September, 1914.

THE BELLS OF MALINES

August 17, 1914

THE gabled roofs of old Malines
Are russet red and gray and green,
And o'er them in the sunset hour
Looms, dark and huge, St. Rombold's tower.
High in that rugged nest concealed,
The sweetest bells that ever pealed,
The deepest bells that ever rung,
The lightest bells that ever sung,
Are waiting for the master's hand
To fling their music o'er the land.

And shall they ring to-night, Malines?
In nineteen hundred and fourteen,
The frightful year, the year of woe,
When fire and blood and rapine flow
Across the land from lost Liège,
Storm-driven by the German rage?
The other carillons have ceased:
Fallen is Hasselt, fallen Diest,
From Ghent and Bruges no voices come,
Antwerp is silent, Brussels dumb!

P A T R I O T I S M

But in thy belfry, O Malines,
The master of the bells, unseen,
Has climbed to where the keyboard stands, —
To-night his heart is in his hands!
Once more, before invasion's hell
Breaks round the tower he loves so well,
Once more he strikes the well-worn keys,
And sends aërial harmonies
Far-floating through the twilight dim
In patriot song and holy hymn.

O listen, burghers of Malines!
Soldier and workman, pale béguine,
And mother with a trembling flock
Of children clinging to thy frock, —
Look up and listen, listen all!
What tunes are these that gently fall
Around you like a benison?
“The Flemish Lion,” “Brabançonne,”
“O brave Liège,” and all the airs
That Belgium in her bosom bears.

Ring up, ye silvery octaves high,
Whose notes like circling swallows fly;

THE BELLS OF MALINES

And ring, each old sonorous bell, —
“Jesu,” “Maria,” “Michaël!”
Weave in and out, and high and low,
The magic music that you know,
And let it float and flutter down
To cheer the heart of the troubled town.
Ring out, “Salvator,” lord of all, —
“Roland” in Ghent may hear thee call!

O brave bell-music of Malines,
In this dark hour how much you mean!
The dreadful night of blood and tears
Sweeps down on Belgium; but she hears
Deep in her heart the melody
Of songs she learned when she was free.
She will not falter, faint, nor fail,
But fight until her rights prevail
And all her ancient belfries ring
“The Flemish Lion,” “God Save the King!”

THE NAME OF FRANCE

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art, —
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil, and the strenuous fight
Of the human race, to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right, —
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,
At the touch of a courage that conquers fear, —
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong, —
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you *France!*

THE NAME OF FRANCE

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword, —
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere, —
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.

I give you *France!*

The Hague, September, 1916.

AMERICA'S PROSPERITY

THEY tell me thou art rich, my country: gold
In glittering flood has poured into thy chest;
Thy flocks and herds increase, thy barns are
pressed

With harvest, and thy stores can hardly hold
Their merchandise; unending trains are rolled
Along thy network rails of East and West;
Thy factories and forges never rest;
Thou art enriched in all things bought and sold!

But dost *thou* prosper? Better news I crave.

O dearest country, is it well with thee

Indeed, and is thy soul in health?

A nobler people, hearts more wisely brave,

And thoughts that lift men up and make them
free, —

These are prosperity and vital wealth!

The Hague, October 1, 1916.

MARE LIBERUM

I

YOU dare to say with perjured lips,
“We fight to make the ocean free”?
You, whose black trail of butchered ships
Bestrews the bed of every sea
Where German submarines have wrought
Their horrors! Have you never thought, —
What you call freedom, men call piracy!

II

Unnumbered ghosts that haunt the wave,
Where you have murdered, cry you down;
And seamen whom you would not save,
Weave now in weed-grown depths a crown
Of shame for your imperious head,
A dark memorial of the dead
Women and children whom you sent to drown.

III

Nay, not till thieves are set to guard
The gold, and corsairs called to keep

PATRIOTISM

O'er peaceful commerce watch and ward,
And wolves to herd the helpless sheep,
Shall men and women look to thee,
Thou ruthless Old Man of the Sea,
To safeguard law and freedom on the deep!

IV

In nobler breeds we put our trust:
The nations in whose sacred lore
The "Ought" stands out above the "Must,"
And honour rules in peace and war.
With these we hold in soul and heart,
With these we choose our lot and part,
Till Liberty is safe on sea and shore.

London Times, February 12, 1917.

THE PEACEFUL WARRIOR

I HAVE no joy in strife,
Peace is my great desire;
Yet God forbid I lose my life
Through fear to face the fire.

A peaceful man must fight
For that which peace demands, —
Freedom and faith, honour and right,
Defend with heart and hands.

Farewell, my friendly books;
Farewell, ye woods and streams;
The fate that calls me forward looks
To a duty beyond dreams.

Oh, better to be dead
With a face turned to the sky,
Than live beneath a slavish dread
And serve a giant lie.

Stand up, my heart, and strive
For the things most dear to thee
Why should we care to be alive
Unless the world is free?

May, 1918.

IN THE BLUE HEAVEN

IN the blue heaven the clouds will come and go,
Scudding before the gale, or drifting slow
As galleons becalmed in Sundown Bay:
And through the air the birds will wing their way
Soaring to far-off heights, or flapping low,
Or darting like an arrow from the bow;
And when the twilight comes the stars will show,
One after one, their tranquil bright array
 In the blue heaven.

But ye who fearless flew to meet the foe,
Eagles of freedom, — nevermore, we know,
Shall we behold you floating far away!
Yet clouds and birds and every starry ray
Will draw our heart to where your spirits glow
 In the blue Heaven.

For the American Aviators who died in the war.
March, 1919.

GOLDEN STARS

I

IT was my lot of late to travel far
Through all America's domain,
A willing, gray-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,

PATRIOTISM

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 flame, —

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

GOLDEN STARS

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 not they are 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 to-day,
Even as the heavenly stars we cannot see
Through the bright veil of sunlight,

P A T R I O T I S M

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
For ever and a day.

VI

O happy warriors, forgive the tear
Falling from eyes that miss you:

GOLDEN STARS

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!

PATRIOTISM

We want a better world than that of old.
Lead us on paths of high endeavour,
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.

Ode for the Memorial Service,
Princeton University, December 15, 1918.

SONNETS, LYRICS, AND
EPIGRAMS

THE THREE BEST THINGS

I

WORK

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
“This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
“Of all who live, I am the one by whom
“This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

II

LOVE

Let me but love my love without disguise,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
 But what I am, to that let me be true,
 And let me worship where my love is due,
And so through love and worship let me rise.

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
 To be completely known and all forgiven,
 Even as sinful souls that enter Heaven:
So take me, dear, and understand my worst,
And freely pardon it, because confessed,
And let me find in loving thee, my best.

III

LIFE

Let me but live my life from year to year,
 With forward face and unreluctant soul,
 Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
 From what the future veils; but with a whole
 And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

THE THREE BEST THINGS

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy!
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

A MILE WITH ME

O WHO will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day, —
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? — Farewell, we shall meet again!

RELIANCE

Not to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above:
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

DOORS OF DARING

THE mountains that inclose the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
“Push out, set sail, explore!”

The bars of life at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring, set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, “Too poor,” but freely give;
Sigh not, “Too weak,” but boldly try;
You never can begin to live
Until you dare to die.

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child, —
A stranger-child, yet to my heart most dear;
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
“Come in,” he said, “and play awhile with me;
“I am the little child you used to be.”

MY APRIL LADY

WHEN down the stair at morning
The sunbeams round her float,
Sweet rivulets of laughter
Are rippling in her throat;
The gladness of her greeting
Is gold without alloy;
And in the morning sunlight
I think her name is Joy.

When in the evening twilight
The quiet book-room lies,
We read the sad old ballads,
While from her hidden eyes
The tears are falling, falling,
That give her heart relief;
And in the evening twilight,
I think her name is Grief.

My little April lady!
Of sunshine and of showers
She weaves the old spring magic,

MY APRIL LADY

And my heart breaks in flowers!
But when her moods are ended,
She nestles like a dove;
Then, by the pain and rapture,
I know her name is Love.

A LOVER'S ENVY

I ENVY every flower that blows
Along the meadow where she goes,
And every bird that sings to her,
And every breeze that brings to her
The fragrance of the rose.

I envy every poet's rhyme
That moves her heart at eventime,
And every tree that wears for her
Its brightest bloom, and bears for her
The fruitage of its prime.

I envy every Southern night
That paves her path with moonbeams white,
And silvers all the leaves for her,
And in their shadow weaves for her
A dream of dear delight.

I envy none whose love requires
Of her a gift, a task that tires:
I only long to live to her,
I only ask to give to her,
All that her heart desires.

NEPENTHE

YES, it was like you to forget,
And cancel in the welcome of your smile
My deep arrears of debt,
And with the putting forth of both your hands
To sweep away the bars my folly set
Between us — bitter thoughts, and harsh demands,
And reckless deeds that seemed untrue
To love, when all the while
My heart was aching through and through
For you, sweet heart, and only you.

Yet, as I turned to come to you again,
I thought there must be many a mile
Of sorrowful reproach to cross,
And many an hour of mutual pain
To bear, until I could make plain
That all my pride was but the fear of loss,
And all my doubt the shadow of despair
To win a heart so innocent and fair;
And even that which looked most ill
Was but the fever-fret and effort vain
To dull the thirst which you alone could still.

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

But as I turned, the desert miles were crossed,
And when I came, the weary hours were sped!
For there you stood beside the open door,
Glad, gracious, smiling as before,
And with bright eyes and tender hands outspread
Restored me to the Eden I had lost.
Never a word of cold reproof,
No sharp reproach, no glances that accuse
The culprit whom they hold aloof, —
Ah, 'tis not thus that other women use
The empire they have won!
For there is none like you, belovèd, — none
Secure enough to do what you have done.
Where did you learn this heavenly art, —
You sweetest and most wise of all that live, —
With silent welcome to impart
Assurance of the royal heart
That never questions where it would forgive?

None but a queen could pardon me like this!
My sovereign lady, let me lay
Within each rosy palm a loyal kiss
Of penitence, then close the fingers up,

NEPENTHE

Thus — thus! Now give the cup
Of full nepenthe in your crimson mouth,
And come — the garden blooms with bliss,
The wind is in the south,
The rose of love with dew is wet —
Dear, it was like you to forget!

DAY AND NIGHT

How long is the night, brother,

And how long is the day?

Oh, the day's too short for a happy task,

And the day's too short for play;

And the night's too short for the bliss of love, —

For look, how the edge of the sky grows gray,

While the stars die out in the blue above,

And the wan moon fades away.

How short is the day, brother,

And how short is the night?

Oh, the day's too long for a heavy task,

And long, long, long is the night,

When the wakeful hours are filled with pain,

And the sad heart waits for the thing it fears,

And sighs for the dawn to come again, —

The night is a thousand years!

How long is a life, dear God,

And how fast does it flow?

The measure of life is a flame in the soul:

DAY AND NIGHT

It is neither swift nor slow.

But the vision of time is the shadow cast

By the fleeting world on the body's wall;

When it fades there is neither future nor past,

But love is all in all.

HESPER

HER eyes are like the evening air,
Her voice is like a rose,
Her lips are like a lovely song,
That ripples as it flows,
And she herself is sweeter than
The sweetest thing she knows.

A slender, haunting, twilight form
Of wonder and surprise,
She seemed a fairy or a child,
Till, deep within her eyes,
I saw the homeward-leading star
Of womanhood arise.

THE BLACK BIRDS

I

ONCE, only once, I saw it clear, —
That Eden every human heart has dreamed
A hundred times, but always far away!
Ah, well do I remember how it seemed,
Through the still atmosphere
Of that enchanted day,
To lie wide open to my weary feet:
A little land of love and joy and rest,
With meadows of soft green,
Rosy with cyclamen, and sweet
With delicate breath of violets unseen, —
And, tranquil 'mid the bloom
As if it waited for a coming guest,
A little house of peace and joy and love
Was nested like a snow-white dove.

II

From the rough mountain where I stood,
Homesick for happiness,
Only a narrow valley and a darkling wood

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

To cross, and then the long distress
Of solitude would be forever past, —
I should be home at last.
But not too soon! oh, let me linger here
And feed my eyes, hungry with sorrow,
On all this loveliness, so near,
And mine to-morrow!

III

Then, from the wood, across the silvery blue,
A dark bird flew,
Silent, with sable wings.
Close in his wake another came, —
Fragments of midnight floating through
The sunset flame, —
Another and another, weaving rings
Of blackness on the primrose sky, —
Another, and another, look, a score,
A hundred, yes, a thousand rising heavily
From that accursed, dumb, and ancient wood,
They boiled into the lucid air
Like smoke from some deep caldron of despair!
And more, and more, and ever more,

THE BLACK BIRDS

The numberless, ill-omened brood
Flapping their ragged plumes,
Possessed the landscape and the evening light
With menaces and glooms.
Oh, dark, dark, dark they hovered o'er the place
Where once I saw the little house so white
Amid the flowers, covering every trace
Of beauty from my troubled sight, —
And suddenly it was night!

IV

At break of day I crossed the wooded vale;
And while the morning made
A trembling light among the tree-tops pale,
I saw the sable birds on every limb,
Clinging together closely in the shade,
And croaking placidly their surly hymn.
But, oh, the little land of peace and love
That those night-loving wings had poised above, —
Where was it gone?
Lost, lost, forevermore!
Only a cottage, dull and gray,
In the cold light of dawn,

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

With iron bars across the door:
Only a garden where the drooping head
Of one sad rose, foreboding its decay,
Hung o'er a barren bed:
Only a desolate field that lay
Untilled beneath the desolate day, —
Where Eden seemed to bloom I found but these!
So, wondering, I passed along my way,
With anger in my heart, too deep for words,
Against that grove of evil-sheltering trees,
And the black magic of the croaking birds.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

THE river of dreams runs quietly down
From its hidden home in the forest of sleep,
With a measureless motion calm and deep;
And my boat slips out on the current brown,
In a tranquil bay where the trees incline
Far over the waves, and creepers twine
Far over the boughs, as if to steep
Their drowsy bloom in the tide that goes
By a secret way that no man knows,
Under the branches bending,
Under the shadows blending,
And the body rests, and the passive soul
Is drifted along to an unseen goal,
While the river of dreams runs down.

The river of dreams runs gently down,
With a leisurely flow that bears my bark
Out of the visionless woods of dark,
Into a glory that seems to crown
Valley and hill with light from far,
Clearer than sun or moon or star,

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

Luminous, wonderful, weird, oh, mark
How the radiance pulses everywhere,
In the shadowless vault of lucid air!
Over the mountains shimmering,
Up from the fountains glimmering, —
'Tis the mystical glow of the inner light,
That shines in the very noon of night,
While the river of dreams runs down.

The river of dreams runs murmuring down,
Through the fairest garden that ever grew;
And now, as my boat goes drifting through,
A hundred voices arise to drown
The river's whisper, and charm my ear
With a sound I have often longed to hear, —
A magical music, strange and new,
The wild-rose ballad, the lilac-song,
The virginal chant of the lilies' throng,
Blue-bells silverly ringing,
Pansies merrily singing, —
For all the flowers have found their voice;
And I feel no wonder, but only rejoice,
While the river of dreams runs down.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

The river of dreams runs broadening down,
Away from the peaceful garden-shore,
With a current that deepens more and more,
By the league-long walls of a mighty town;
And I see the hurrying crowds of men
Gather like clouds and dissolve again;
But never a face I have seen before.
They come and go, they shift and change,
Their ways and looks are wild and strange, —
This is a city haunted,
A multitude enchanted!

At the sight of the throng I am dumb with fear,
And never a sound from their lips I hear,
While the river of dreams runs down.

The river of dreams runs darkly down
Into the heart of a desolate land,
With ruined temples half-buried in sand,
And riven hills, whose black brows frown
Over the shuddering, lonely wave.
The air grows dim with the dust of the grave;
No sign of life on the dreary strand;
No ray of light on the mountain's crest;

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

And a weary wind that cannot rest
Comes down the valley creeping,
Lamenting, wailing, weeping, —

I strive to cry out, but my fluttering breath
Is choked with the clinging fog of death,
While the river of dreams runs down.

The river of dreams runs trembling down,
Out of the valley of nameless fear,
Into a country calm and clear,
With a mystical name of high renown, —
A name that I know, but may not tell, —
And there the friends that I loved so well,
Old companions forever dear,
Come beckoning down to the river shore,
And hail my boat with the voice of yore.

Fair and sweet are the places
Where I see their unchanged faces!
And I feel in my heart with a secret thrill,
That the loved and lost are living still,
While the river of dreams runs down.

The river of dreams runs dimly down
By a secret way that no man knows;

THE RIVER OF DREAMS

But the soul lives on while the river flows
Through the gardens bright and the forests brown;
And I often think that our whole life seems
To be more than half made up of dreams.
The changing sights and the passing shows,
The morning hopes and the midnight fears,
Are left behind with the vanished years;
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life-stream flows to the ocean,
While we follow the tide, awake or asleep,
Till we see the dawn on Love's great deep,
And the shadows melt, and the soul is free, —
The river of dreams has reached the sea.

1900.

A HOME SONG

I READ within a poet's book

A word that starred the page:

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage!”

Yes, that is true, and something more:

You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home:
For there the heart can rest.

“LITTLE BOATIE”

A SLUMBER-SONG FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

FURL your sail, my little boatie;
Here's the haven still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides in-streaming
Up the channel creep.
Now the sunset breeze is dying;
Hear the plover, landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying;
Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep.

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling, —
God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the wide and weary sea;
You're too slender, and too tender,
You must bide with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore and playing;
Come to harbour, no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Fold your wings, my weary dove.
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbour-lights of love.

1897.

A MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY

LORD JESUS, Thou hast known

A mother's love and tender care:

And Thou wilt hear,

While for my own

Mother most dear

I make this birthday prayer.

Protect her life, I pray,

Who gave the gift of life to me;

And may she know,

From day to day,

The deepening glow

Of joy that comes from Thee.

As once upon her breast

Fearless and well content I lay,

So let her heart,

On Thee at rest,

Feel fear depart

And trouble fade away.

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

Ah, hold her by the hand,
As once her hand held mine;
And though she may
Not understand
Life's winding way,
Lead her in peace divine.

I cannot pay my debt
For all the love that she has given;
But Thou, love's Lord,
Wilt not forget
Her due reward, —
Bless her in earth and heaven.

TO THE CHILD JESUS

I

THE NATIVITY

COULD every time-worn heart but see Thee once
again,
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass, — the vision of Thy
face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race.

II

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,
Exiled from heaven by love at thy birth,
Exiled again from thy rest in the manger,
A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth, —
Cheer with thy fellowship all who are weary,
Wandering far from the land that they love;
Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary,
Safe to its home in thy presence above.

CHRIST OUR COMRADE

O COMRADE of the Human Heart,
O Son of Love Divine,
Partaker of our Life Thou art
And we would share in Thine.

In Thee is manhood glorified,
In Thee is God adored;
Our heavenly Brother, earthly Guide,
Redeemer, Friend and Lord.

To all our learning lend Thy light,
To all our work, Thy grace;
Help us to honour Thee aright
Until we see Thy face.

O Jesus Christ of Nazareth,
Who died to make us free,
In youth and till our latest breath
We'll trust and follow Thee.

For the Chapel of Mercersburg Academy.
1926.

HYMN OF JOY

TO THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN'S NINTH SYMPHONY

JOYFUL, joyful, we adore Thee,
God of glory, Lord of love;
Hearts unfold like flowers before Thee,
Praising Thee their sun above
Melt the clouds of sin and sadness;
Drive the dark of doubt away;
Giver of immortal gladness,
Fill us with the light of day!

All Thy works with joy surround Thee,
Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays,
Stars and angels sing around Thee,
Centre of unbroken praise:
Field and forest, vale and mountain,
Blooming meadow, flashing sea,
Chanting bird and flowing fountain,
Call us to rejoice in Thee.

Thou art giving and forgiving,
Ever blessing, ever blest,
Well-spring of the joy of living,

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

Ocean-depth of happy rest!
Thou our Father, Christ our Brother, —
All who live in love are Thine:
Teach us how to love each other,
Lift us to the Joy Divine.

Mortals join the mighty chorus,
Which the morning stars began;
Father-love is reigning o'er us,
Brother-love binds man to man.
Ever singing march we onward,
Victors in the midst of strife;
Joyful music lifts us sunward
In the triumph song of life.

1908.

SONG OF A PILGRIM-SOUL

MARCH on, my soul, nor like a laggard stay!
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod, —
The path of faith, made by the sons of God.

Follow the marks that they have set beside
The narrow, cloud-swept track, to be thy guide:
Follow, and honour what the past has gained,
And forward still, that more may be attained.

Something to learn, and something to forget:
Hold fast the good, and seek the better yet:
Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth:
The Creeds are milestones on the road to Truth.

ODE TO PEACE

I

IN EXCELSIS

Two dwellings, Peace, are thine.

One is the mountain-height,
Uplifted in the loneliness of light

Beyond the realm of shadows, — fine,
And far, and clear, — where advent of the night
Means only glorious nearness of the stars,
And dawn unhindered breaks above the bars
That long the lower world in twilight keep.
Thou sleepest not, and hast no need of sleep,
For all thy cares and fears have dropped away;
The night's fatigue, the fever-fret of day,
Are far below thee; and earth's weary wars,

In vain expense of passion, pass
Before thy sight like visions in a glass, —
Or like the wrinkles of the storm that creep

Across the sea and leave no trace
Of trouble on that immemorial face, —
So brief appear the conflicts, and so slight

ODE TO PEACE

The wounds men give, the things for which they
fight!

Here hangs a fortress on the distant steep, —
A lichen clinging to the rock.

There sails a fleet upon the deep, —
A wandering flock

Of snow-winged gulls. And yonder, in the plain,
A marble palace shines, — a grain
Of mica glittering in the rain.

Beneath thy feet the clouds are rolled
By voiceless winds: and far between

The rolling clouds, new shores and peaks are seen,
In shimmering robes of green and gold,
And faint aerial hue

That silent fades into the silent blue.

Thou, from thy mountain-hold,
All day in tranquil wisdom looking down
On distant scenes of human toil and strife,
All night, with eyes aware of loftier life
Uplifted to the sky where stars are sown,
Dost watch the everlasting fields grow white
Unto the harvest of the sons of light,
And welcome to thy dwelling-place sublime

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

The few strong souls that dare to climb
The slippery crags, and find thee on the height.

II

DE PROFUNDIS

But in the depth thou hast another home,
For hearts less daring, or more frail.
Thou dwellest also in the shadowy vale;
And pilgrim-souls that roam
With weary feet o'er hill and dale,
Bearing the burden and the heat
Of toilful days,
Turn from the dusty ways
To find thee in thy green and still retreat.
Here is no vision wide outspread
Before the lonely and exalted seat
Of all-embracing knowledge. Here, instead,
A little cottage, and a garden-nook,
With outlooks brief and sweet
Across the meadows, and along the brook, —
A little stream that nothing knows
Of the great sea to which it gladly flows, —
A little field that bears a little wheat

ODE TO PEACE

To make a portion of earth's daily bread.

The vast cloud-armies overhead

Are marshalled, and the wild wind blows

Its trumpet, but thou canst not tell

Whence comes the wind nor where it goes;

Nor dost thou greatly care, since all is well.

Thy daily task is done,

And now the wages of repose are won.

Here friendship lights the fire, and every heart,

Sure of itself and sure of all the rest,

Dares to be true, and gladly takes its part

In open converse, bringing forth its best:

And here is music, melting every chain

Of lassitude and pain:

And here, at last, is sleep with silent gifts, —

Kind sleep, the tender nurse who lifts

The soul grown weary of the waking world,

And lays it, with its thoughts all furled,

Its fears forgotten, and its passions still,

On the deep bosom of the Eternal Will.

THREE PRAYERS FOR SLEEP
AND WAKING

I

BEDTIME

ERE thou sleepest gently lay
Every troubled thought away:
Put off worry and distress
As thou putttest off thy dress:
Drop thy burden and thy care
In the quiet arms of prayer.

*Lord, Thou knowest how I live,
All I've done amiss forgive:
All of good I've tried to do,
Strengthen, bless, and carry through:
All I love in safety keep,
While in Thee I fall asleep.*

II

NIGHT WATCH

If slumber should forsake
Thy pillow in the dark,

THREE PRAYERS

Fret not thyself to mark
How long thou liest awake.
There is a better way;
Let go the strife and strain,
Thine eyes will close again,
If thou wilt only pray.

*Lord, Thy peaceful gift restore,
Give my body sleep once more :
While I wait my soul will rest
Like a child upon Thy breast.*

III

NEW DAY

Ere thou risest from thy bed,
Speak to God Whose wings were spread
O'er thee in the helpless night:
Lo, He wakes thee now with light !
Lift thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.

*Lord, the newness of this day
Calls me to an untried way :
Let me gladly take the road,*

SONNETS, LYRICS, EPIGRAMS

*Give me strength to bear my load,
Thou my guide and helper be —
I will travel through with Thee.*

The Mission Inn, California, Easter, 1913.

THE WIND OF SORROW

THE fire of love was burning, yet so low
That in the peaceful dark it made no rays,
And in the light of perfect-placid days
The ashes hid the smouldering embers' glow.
Vainly, for love's delight, we sought to throw
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze:
In life's calm air and tranquil-prosperous ways
We missed the radiant heat of long ago.

Then in the night, a night of sad alarms,
Bitter with pain and black with fog of fears
That drove us trembling to each other's arms,
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.

HIDE AND SEEK

I

ALL the trees are sleeping, all the winds are still,
All the fleecy flocks of cloud, gone beyond the hill;
Through the noon-day silence, down the woods of
June,

Hark, a little hunter's voice, running with a tune.

“Hide and seek!

“When I speak,

“You must answer me:

“Call again,

“Merry men,

“Coo-ec, coo-ee, coo-ee!”

Now I hear his footsteps rustling in the grass:
Hidden in my leafy nook, shall I let him pass?
Just a low, soft whistle, — quick the hunter turns,
Leaps upon me laughing loud, rolls me in the ferns.

“Hold him fast,

“Caught at last!

“Now you're it, you see.

“Hide your eye,

“Till I cry,

“Coo-ec, coo-ee, coo-ee!”

HIDE AND SEEK

II

Long ago he left me, long and long ago;
Now I wander thro' the world, seeking high and low.
Hidden safe and happy, in some pleasant place, —
If I could but hear his voice, soon I'd see his face!

Far away,
Many a day,
Where can Barney be?
Answer, dear,
Don't you hear?

Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee!

Birds that every spring-time sung him full of joy,
Flowers he loved to pick for me, mind me of my boy.
Somewhere he is waiting till my steps come nigh;
Love may hide itself awhile, but love can never die.

Heart, be glad!
The little lad
Will call again to thee:
"Father dear,
"Heaven is here,
"Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee!"

1898.

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

WHEN the frosty kiss of Autumn in the dark
 Makes its mark
On the flowers, and the misty morning grieves
 Over fallen leaves;
Then my olden garden, where the golden soil
 Through the toil
Of a hundred years is mellow, rich, and deep,
 Whispers in its sleep.

'Mid the crumpled beds of marigold and phlox,
 Where the box
Borders with its glossy green the ancient walks,
 There's a voice that talks
Of the human hopes that bloomed and withered here
 Year by year, —
And the dreams that brightened all the labouring
 hours,
 Fading as the flowers.

Yet the whispered story does not deepen grief;
 But relief
For the loneliness of sorrow seems to flow
 From the Long-Ago,

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

When I think of other lives that learned, like mine,
 To resign,
And remember that the sadness of the fall
 Comes alike to all.

What regrets, what longings for the lost were theirs!
 And what prayers
For the silent strength that nerves us to endure
 Things we cannot cure!
Pacing up and down the garden where they paced,
 I have traced
All their well-worn paths of patience, till I find
 Comfort in my mind.

Faint and far away their ancient griefs appear:
 Yet how near
Is the tender voice, the careworn, kindly face,
 Of the human race!
Let us walk together in the garden, dearest heart, —
 Not apart!
They who know the sorrows other lives have known
 Never walk alone.

October, 1903.

THE WINDOW

ALL night long, by a distant bell

The passing hours were notched

On the dark, while her breathing rose and fell;

And the spark of life I watched

In her face was glowing, or fading, — who could
tell? —

And the open window of the room,

With a flare of yellow light,

Was peering out into the gloom,

Like an eye that searched the night.

*Oh, what do you see in the dark, little window, and
why do you peer?*

*“I see that the garden is crowded with creeping forms
of fear :*

*Little white ghosts in the locust-tree, wave in the night-
wind’s breath,*

*And low in the leafy laurels the lurking shadow of
death.”*

Sweet, clear notes of a waking bird

Told of the passing away

THE WINDOW

Of the dark, — and my darling may have heard;
For she smiled in her sleep, while the ray
Of the rising dawn spoke joy without a word,
Till the splendour born in the east outburned
The yellow lamplight, pale and thin,
And the open window slowly turned
To the eye of the morning, looking in.

*Oh, what do you see in the room, little window, that
makes you so bright?*

*“I see that a child is asleep on her pillow, soft and
white :*

*With the rose of life on her lips, the pulse of life in
her breast,*

*And the arms of God around her, she quietly takes her
rest.”*

Neuilly, June, 1909.

CHRISTMAS TEARS

THE day returns by which we date our years:
Day of the joy of giving, — that means love;
Day of the joy of living, — that means hope;
Day of the Royal Child, — and day that brings
To older hearts the gift of Christmas tears!

Look, how the candles twinkle through the tree,
The children shout when baby claps his hands,
The room is full of laughter and of song!
Your lips are smiling, dearest, — tell me why
Your eyes are brimming full of Christmas tears?

Was it a silent voice that joined the song?
A vanished face that glimmered once again
Among the happy circle round the tree?
Was it an unseen hand that touched your cheek
And brought the secret gift of Christmas tears?

Not dark and angry like the winter storm
Of selfish grief, — but full of starry gleams,
And soft and still that others may not weep, —
Dews of remembered happiness descend
To bless us with the gift of Christmas tears.

CHRISTMAS TEARS

Ah, lose them not, dear heart, — life has no pearls
More pure than memories of joy love-shared.
See, while we count them one by one with prayer,
The Heavenly hope that lights the Christmas tree
Has made a rainbow in our Christmas tears!

1912.

DOROTHEA

1888-1912

A DEEPER crimson in the rose,
A deeper blue in sky and sea,
And ever, as the summer goes,
A deeper loss in losing thee!

A deeper music in the strain
Of hermit-thrush from lonely tree;
And deeper grows the sense of gain
My life has found in having thee.

A deeper love, a deeper rest,
A deeper joy in all I see;
And ever deeper in my breast
A silver song that comes from thee!

Seal Harbour, August 1, 1912.

FOR KATRINA'S SUN-DIAL

IN HER GARDEN OF YADDO

HOURS fly,
Flowers die.
New days,
New ways,
Pass by.
Love stays.

Time is
Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice;
But for those who Love,
Time is not.

FOR THE FRIENDS AT
HURSTMONT

THE HOUSE

THE cornerstone in Truth is laid,
The guardian walls of Honour made,
The roof of Faith is built above,
The fire upon the hearth is Love:
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house shall never fall.

THE HEARTH

When the logs are burning free,
Then the fire is full of glee:
When each heart gives out its best,
Then the talk is full of zest:
Light your fire and never fear,
Life was made for love and cheer.

THE DOOR

The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride:
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside:
The fastening strong enough from robbers to defend:
This door will open at a touch to welcome every
friend.

FOR FRIENDS AT HURSTMONT

THE DIAL

Time can never take
What Time did not give;
When my shadows have all passed,
You shall live.

THE SUN-DIAL AT MORVEN

FOR BAYARD AND HELEN STOCKTON

Two hundred years of blessing I record
For Morven's house, protected by the Lord:
And still I stand among old-fashioned flowers
To mark for Morven many sunlit hours.

THE SUN-DIAL AT WELLS
COLLEGE

FOR THE CLASS OF 1904

THE shadow by my finger cast
Divides the future from the past:
Before it, sleeps the unborn hour,
In darkness, and beyond thy power:
Behind its unreturning line,
The vanished hour, no longer thine:
One hour alone is in thy hands, —
The NOW on which the shadow stands.
March, 1904.

TO JULIA MARLOWE

(READING KEATS' ODE ON A GRECIAN URN)

LONG had I loved this "Attic shape," the brede
Of marble maidens round this urn divine:
But when your golden voice began to read,
The empty urn was filled with Chian wine.

TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON

May 4th, 1898. — To-day, fishing down the Swiftwater, I found Joseph Jefferson on a big rock in the middle of the brook, casting the fly for trout. He said he had fished this very stream three-and-forty years ago; and near by, in the Paradise Valley, he wrote his famous play. — Leaf from my Diary.

WE met on Nature's stage,
And May had set the scene,
With bishop-caps standing in delicate ranks,
And violets blossoming over the banks,
While the brook ran full between.

The waters rang your call,
With frolicsome waves a-twinkle, —
They knew you as boy, and they knew you as man,
And every wave, as it merrily ran,
Cried, "Enter Rip van Winkle!"

JOY AND DUTY

“Joy is a Duty,” — so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ:
“Life is divine when Duty is a Joy.”

THE PRISON AND THE ANGEL

SELF is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to
light at last.

THE WAY

WHO seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are.

LOVE AND LIGHT

THERE are many kinds of love, as many kinds of
light,

And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.

There is love that stirs the heart, and love that
gives it rest,

But the love that leads life upward is the noblest
and the best.

FOUR THINGS

FOUR things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

THE TALISMAN

WHAT is Fortune, what is Fame?
Futile gold and phantom name, —
Riches buried in a cave,
Glory written on a grave.

What is Friendship? Something deep
That the heart can spend and keep:
Wealth that greatens while we give,
Praise that heartens us to live.

Come, my friend, and let us prove
Life's true talisman is love!
By this charm we shall elude
Poverty and solitude.

January 21, 1914.
To Hamilton Mabie.

WAYFARING PSALMS IN
PALESTINE

1907

THE DISTANT ROAD

BLESSED is the man that beholdeth the face of a
friend in a far country,

The darkness of his heart is melted by the dawn-
ing of day within him,

It is like the sound of a sweet music heard long ago
and half forgotten:

It is like the coming back of birds to a wood when
the winter is ended.

I knew not the sweetness of the fountain till I
found it flowing in the desert,

Nor the value of a friend till we met in a land that
was crowded and lonely.

The multitude of mankind had bewildered me and
oppressed me,

And I complained to God, Why hast thou made
the world so wide?

But when my friend came the wideness of the
world had no more terror,

Because we were glad together among men to
whom we were strangers.

PSALMS IN PALESTINE

It seemed as if I had been reading a book in a
foreign language,
And suddenly I came upon a page written in the
tongue of my childhood.

This was the gentle heart of my friend who quietly
understood me,
The open and loving heart whose meaning was
clear without a word.

O thou great Companion who carest for all thy
pilgrims and strangers,
I thank thee heartily for the comfort of a comrade
on the distant road.

THE WELCOME TENT

THIS is the thanksgiving of the weary,
The song of him that is ready to rest.

It is good to be glad when the day is declining,
And the setting of the sun is like a word of peace.

The stars look kindly on the close of a journey,
The tent says welcome when the day's march is
done.

For now is the time of the laying down of burdens,
And the cool hour cometh to them that have borne
the heat.

I have rejoiced greatly in labour and adventure;
My heart hath been enlarged in the spending of
my strength.

Now it is all gone, yet I am not impoverished,
For thus only I inherit the treasure of repose.

Blessed be the Lord that teacheth my fingers to
loosen,
And cooleth my feet with water after the dust of
the way.

PSALMS IN PALESTINE

Blessed be the Lord that giveth me hunger at
nightfall,
And filleth my evening cup with the wine of good
cheer.

Blessed be the Lord that maketh me happy to be
quiet,
Even as a child that cometh softly to his mother's
lap.

O God, thy strength is never worn away with
labour:
But it is good for us to be weary and receive thy
gift of rest.

THE GREAT CITIES

How wonderful are the cities that man hath
builted:

Their walls are compacted of heavy stones,
And their lofty towers rise above the tree-tops.

Rome, Jerusalem, Cairo, Damascus, —
Venice, Constantinople, Moscow, Peking, —
London, New York, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, —

These are the names of mighty enchantments,
They have called to the ends of the earth,
They have secretly summoned a host of servants.

They shine from far sitting beside great waters,
They are proudly enthroned upon high hills,
They spread out their splendour along the rivers.

Yet are they all the work of small patient fingers,
Their strength is in the hand of man,
He hath woven his flesh and blood into their glory.

PSALMS IN PALESTINE

The cities are scattered over the world like ant-hills,

Every one of them is full of trouble and toil,
And their makers run to and fro within them.

Abundance of riches is laid up in their treasuries,
But they are tormented with the fear of want,
The cry of the poor in their streets is exceeding bitter.

Their inhabitants are driven by blind perturbations,

They whirl sadly in the fever of haste,
Seeking they know not what, they pursue it fiercely.

The air is heavy-laden with their breathing,
The sound of their coming and going is never still,
Even in the night I hear them whispering and crying.

Beside every ant-hill I behold a monster crouching:
This is the ant-lion Death,
He thrusteth forth his tongue and the people perish.

THE GREAT CITIES

O God of wisdom thou hast made the country:
Why hast thou suffered man to make the town?

Then God answered, Surely I am the maker of
man:

And in the heart of man I have set the city.

THE FRIENDLY TREES

I WILL sing of the bounty of the big trees,
They are the green tents of the Almighty,
He hath set them up for comfort and for shelter.

Their cords hath he knotted in the earth,
He hath driven their stakes securely,
Their roots take hold of the rocks like iron.

He sendeth into their bodies the sap of life,
They lift themselves lightly toward the heavens.
They rejoice in the broadening of their branches.

Their leaves drink in the sunlight and the air,
They talk softly together when the breeze bloweth,
Their shadow in the noon-day is full of coolness.

The tall palm-trees of the plain are rich in fruit,
While the fruit ripeneth the flower unfoldeth,
The beauty of their crown is renewed on high forever.

The cedars of Lebanon are fed by the snow,
Afar on the mountain they grow like giants,
In their layers of shade a thousand years are dreaming.

THE FRIENDLY TREES

How fair are the trees that befriend the home of
man,

The oak, and the terebinth, and the sycamore,
The broad-leaved fig-tree and the delicate silvery
olive.

In them the Lord is loving to his little birds,
The linnets and the finches and the nightingales,
They people his pavilions with nests and with music.

The cattle also are very glad of a great tree,
They chew the cud beneath it while the sun is
burning,
And there the panting sheep lie down around their
shepherd.

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God,
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

Lord, when my spirit shall return to thee,
At the foot of a friendly tree let my body be buried,
That this dust may rise and rejoice among the
branches.

THE PATHWAY OF RIVERS

THE rivers of God are full of water,
They are wonderful in the renewal of their strength,
He poureth them out from a hidden fountain.

They are born among the hills in the high places,
Their cradle is in the bosom of the rocks,
The mountain is their mother and the forest is their
father.

They are nourished among the long grasses,
They receive the tribute of a thousand springs,
The rain and the snow provide their inheritance.

They are glad to be gone from their birthplace,
With a joyful noise they hasten away,
They are going forever and never departed.

The courses of the rivers are all appointed;
They roar loudly but they follow the road,
For the finger of God hath marked their pathway.

THE PATHWAY OF RIVERS

The rivers of Damascus rejoice among their gardens;

The great river of Egypt is proud of his ships;
But the Jordan is lost in the Lake of Bitterness.

Surely the Lord guideth them every one in his wisdom,

In the end he gathereth all their drops on high,
And sendeth them forth again in the clouds of mercy.

O my God, my life floweth away like a river:
Guide me, I beseech thee, in a pathway of good:
Let me run in blessing to my rest in thee.

THE GLORY OF RUINS

THE lizard rested on the rock while I sat among the
ruins,

And the pride of man was like a vision of the night.

Lo, the lords of the city have disappeared into
darkness,

The ancient wilderness hath swallowed up their
work.

There is nothing left of the city but a heap of frag-
ments;

The bones of a vessel broken by the storm.

Behold the waves of the desert wait hungrily for
man's dwellings,

And the tides of desolation return upon his toil.

All that he hath painfully built up is shaken down
in a moment,

The memory of his glory is buried beneath the
billows of sand.

THE GLORY OF RUINS

Then a voice said, Look again upon the ruins,
These broken arches have taught generations to
build.

Moreover the name of this city shall be remem-
bered,
For here a poor man spoke a word that shall not
die.

This is the glory that is stronger than the desert;
God hath given eternity to the thought of man.

THE TRIBE OF THE HELPERS

THE ways of the world are full of haste and turmoil;

I will sing of the tribe of the helpers who travel in peace.

He that turneth from the road to rescue another,
Turneth toward his goal:

He shall arrive in time by the foot-path of mercy,
God will be his guide.

He that taketh up the burden of the fainting,
Lighteneth his own load:

The Almighty will put his arms underneath him,
He shall lean upon the Lord.

He that speaketh comfortable words to mourners,
Healeth his own hurt:

In the time of grief they will come to his remembrance,

God will use them for balm.

He that careth for a wounded brother,
Watcheth not alone:

THE TRIBE OF THE HELPERS

There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is the Lord.

Blessed is the way of the helpers,
The companions of the Christ.

THE GOOD TEACHER

THE Lord is my teacher,
I shall not lose the way.

He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning,
He prepareth a lesson for me every day;
He bringeth me to the clear fountains of instruction,
Little by little he showeth me the beauty of truth.

The world is a great book that he hath written,
He turneth the leaves for me slowly;
They are inscribed with images and letters,
He poureth light on the pictures and the words.

He taketh me by the hand to the hill-top of vision,
And my soul is glad when I perceive his meaning;
In the valley also he walketh beside me,
In the dark places he whispereth to my heart.

Even though my lesson be hard it is not hopeless,
For the Lord is patient with his slow scholar;
He will wait awhile for my weakness,
And help me to read the truth through tears.

THE CAMP-FIRES OF MY FRIEND

THOU hast taken me into thy tent of the world, O
God,

Beneath thy blue canopy I have found shelter,
Therefore thou wilt not deny me the right of a
guest.

Naked and poor I arrived at thy door before sun-
set:

Thou hast refreshed me with beautiful bowls of
milk,
As a great chief thou hast set forth food in abun-
dance.

I have loved the daily delights of thy dwelling,
Thy moon and thy stars have lighted me to my bed,
In the morning I have made merry with thy ser-
vants.

Surely thou wilt not send me away in the darkness?
There the enemy Death is lying in wait for my soul:
Thou art the host of my life and I claim thy pro-
tection.

PSALMS IN PALESTINE

Then the Lord of the tent of the world made answer:

*The right of a guest endureth for a certain time,
After three days and nights cometh the day of departure.*

*Yet hearken to me since thou fearest to go in the dark:
I will make with thee a new covenant of hospitality,
Behold I will come unto thee as a stranger and be thy
guest.*

*Poor and needy will I come that thou mayest entertain me,
Meek and lowly will I come that thou mayest find a
friend,
With mercy and with truth will I come to give thee
comfort.*

*Therefore open thy heart to me and bid me welcome,
In this tent of the world I will be thy brother of the
bread,
And when thou farest forth I will be thy companion
forever.*

CAMP-FIRES OF MY FRIEND

Then my soul rested in the word of the Lord;
And I saw that the curtains of the world were
 shaken,
But I looked beyond them to the stars,
The camp-fires of my eternal friend.

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