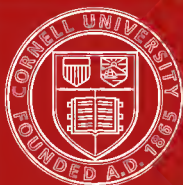


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WHITE--In Saadi's Rose Garden

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In Saadis rose garden ...



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Roses.



From James J. White

In Saädi's Rose Garden



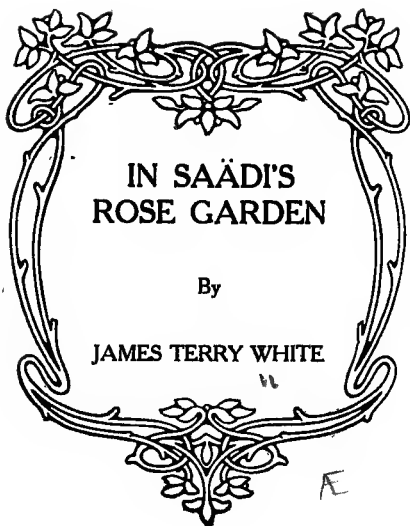
Teach me, O Saädi, how to make
My life as beautiful as thine; —
Like thee, to live for others' sake,
And share with all, my oil and wine; —
Teach me, in lavish alms, like thee,
My heart to spend!

*Nay! Nay! No virtue is in me; —
I had a FRIEND.*



By JAMES TERRY WHITE.





IN SAÄDI'S
ROSE GARDEN

By

JAMES TERRY WHITE

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IN SAADI'S ROSE GARDEN.

DOTH FRAGRANCE VANISH WITH THE ROSE?

Oh I hapless Vase! But how doth it befall
Thy cast-out fragments so much scent enclose?
"This sweetness is not of myself at all;
But once, O Saadi, once I held a Rose."

Blest lot! With me a sweetness also stays;
It scents the chamber of my dreams, and strews
With happy, perfumed memories my days;
Keeps life abloom. I, too, once held a Rose.

A GARDEN WRAITH.

Sweet Presence, that so charms my soul,
Must thou forever be unviewed?
Must thou my longing ne'er console?—
My seeking arms always elude?

Art thou a disembodied Joy?—
Love's lost Delight now sought in vain?—
A Memory, Time cannot cloy,
Of passion's ecstasy—and pain?

"No Saadi; but I can atone
For Life's arrears; my breath bestows
A gift, to all but thee unknown;—
I am the Fragrance of a Rose."

—Copyright by Harper & Bros., 1907.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A ROSE.

A Rose. Life hath unnumbered Roses strewn
Across my path; and they were all so fair,
I did not note if one perchance had thrown
Its tendrils round my heart,—and rooted there.

One was, I know, a rose of Babylon,
Which bared a blushless bosom to be kissed;
But charms of Grace and Fragrance ever won
From me a sweeter joy and readier tryst.

But once I found in far-off Khorassan
Earth's perfect bloom,—a wondrously white rose.
It blossomed high above the reach of man,
Peerless and pure as its own mountain snows.

Afar I watched its growth and grace sublime,
Its ever-new surprises of delight.
Ah, Allah! if I could but upward climb
Unto the rare perfection of that height!

"Still strive, O Saadi. To the unattained
Thy poet soul forever must aspire.
My virgin bloom to thee were naught, if gained.
Kismet! — I am the Rose of Thy Desire."

THE ROSE OF MY DESIRE.

O Rose of My Desire, through all my days
The beauty of thy fragrant perfectness
Will the ideals of heart and soul upraise,
And all the energies of mind impress.

And if Life's ministry may not suffice
To gain what I have sought with utmost breath,
Life even will I give to pay the price,
And on glad wings will seek thee after death.

For what is death? Only Life's battle fought;
A folding of the hands from Care's release;
A gathering mist, o'erclouding sight and thought;—
Then Allah's greeting voice, "*With thee be peace!*"

An interval of blissful, dreamless rest;
And then a Song sung by the Starry Choir
That wakens to new life;—then thy white breast
And perfumed heart, O Rose of My Desire.

LIFE'S OBLIGATION.

*"Take heart, O Saâdi! Ne'er despond,
Though from each summit gained
There stretch forth ever heights beyond,—
Ideals, to be attained!*

*"Life's Rescript simply is, to climb,
Unheeding toil and tire;
Failure hath no attainment of crime,
If thou but still aspire."*

TO KNOW LOVE CARETH STILL.

I sent my soul into the Invisible,
Some wishful word my far-off friend to tell,
And this is what my soul brought back to me:—
To know Love careth still, and all is well.

Though wistful eyes thy face no longer see,
My Soul is never far, sweet friend, from thee;
What though our hands be sundered, heart to heart,
In thought, Love ever holdeth thee and me.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE.

If thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves,—sell one, and with the dole
Buy Hyacinths, to feed thy soul.

—Copyright by the Century Co., 1907.

UNFULFILLED DESIRE.

*The Scent of the Box is only
perceived at a distance.*

This faint aroma of the Box,
Eluding all attempts to find,—
Is it a Spirit, Memory locks
In haunted chambers of the mind ?

To me it is the coy Caress,
Love promises,— and ne'er bestows ;
The Phantom of a happiness,
That vanished with the earliest rose ;

It is the Song of last year's bird,
Life's discord cannot quite efface ;
The Ghost of the half-spoken word,
That haunts the heart's last trysting place,

When Love looked back,—then went his way,
And said it not ;
Th' Unspoken Word, Love meant to say, —
And then forgot.

IN SPRING'S DISGUISE.

She came, bosomed with youth, rose-cheeked with sunshine,
And all the flowers came forth to kiss her feet ;
The bees returned their humming to her singing,
And all the birds her song strove to repeat.

She came, attired in apple-bloom and fragrance,—
God's promise diademed upon her brow ;
Men saw her radiant youth, and called her, Springtime ; —
But, Sweetheart, only I knew it was *Thou*.

SYMPATHY.

Simply a touch of the hand,
One little word ;
Sunshine shone over the land ;—
Then sang a bird.

Sunshine may give place to rain,
Hope be deferred ;
But through the loss and the pain
Still sings the bird.

UNSATISFIED.

Is ever Happiness content,
Though Joy be given its fullest scope ?
Beyond every accomplishment,
There needs must be *another Hope*.

BY THE DEEP SEA.

Reply to an Invitation to the Seashore.

The Sea, the crooning, restful Sea,—
And human sympathy *together!*
The Sea was ever kind to me,—
And sweet is human sympathy.
I hear the call, but know not whether
'Tis from the Sea,—or, dear, from *thee*.

Although the Sea inspires like wine,
Without Love's touch—so deft at smoothing
Care's restless pillow—I would pine;
And though broad-breasted and benign,
Does pain and heartache find their soothing
Upon her bosom,—or on *thine?*

The Sea hath harmonies that throng
The Soul, some answering chord entreating;
But do these strains, heart-tuned and strong,
To ocean's orchestra belong?—
The Sea's refrain are they repeating?—
Or are they, dear, *thy* happy song?

A SINGLE ALIF WERE THE CLUE

Imprisoned in the Shell
Are echoes of the far-off ocean's roar.
May not our hopes of Immortality,
That deep within us dwell,—
Instinctive to the soul, and more and more
Insistent to the heart,—may not they be
Soul-echoes of the swell,
That ceaseless beats on an Eternal shore?

REVIVING OLD DESIRES.

*"O Primavera, gioventù dell' anno!
O Gioventù, primavera della vita!"*
— *An Old Song.*

When bud and bird, these fledglings of the Spring,
In fuzz and feather, dance in wood and glen,
My youth in me reawakes, and would take wing;—
But how can the lost feathers grow again?

And yet—Ambition's prizes still are fair;
My heart is even younger than of old;
Though turned to silver is my sweetheart's hair,
My eyes can only see the old-time gold.

O Youth! to thee my happiest memories cling;
My joy, my hope, my life are all in thee.
Take wing, with thy companions of the Spring,
And with thee, in thy homing flight, — *take me!*



WHAT THE CHILD-SOUL SAID TO THE MOTHER.

*In heaven their angels do always behold the face
of my Father.*—Matt. xviii, 10.

As I beheld God's face,
I heard Love calling me
Out of the boundless space,
Across Life's mystery,
Across Life's mystery
Will grief and pain wait me,
If I, unguiled, become a child,
And come to dwell with thee?

But Love constraineth me,
With its soft, mother call,
And I *must needs* choose thee
To bear me through earth's thrall.
To bear me through earth's thrall,
Up to Love's highest bliss,
I need to know *Life's* weal and woe,
And feel a *mother's* kiss.

So I have come to thee,
In thy white arms to stay,—
That *thou* mayst mother me
Through Life's uncertain way.
Through Life's uncertain way
Love, too, shall make thee blest,
Until at last, our travail past,
Both find Love's perfect rest.

—Copyright by F. A. Munsey, 1905.

AT EVENTIDE.

"At eventide there shall be light."
Why should I ever fear the night?
God's love and constant care attest,
He will not suffer me—*His guest*—
To thread the Dark without a light.

The light of life is Love; and quite
Content am I, if but Love might
Be near, when I lie down to rest
At eventide.

And Love, if we but read aright,
Is God, who is the Light of Light,
What fear have I of Love's behest,
When Love through Life hath made me blest?
That Love *I trust*, to be my light
At eventide.

*Written and privately
printed by James T. White,
for his Friends, Christmas,
1907.*

