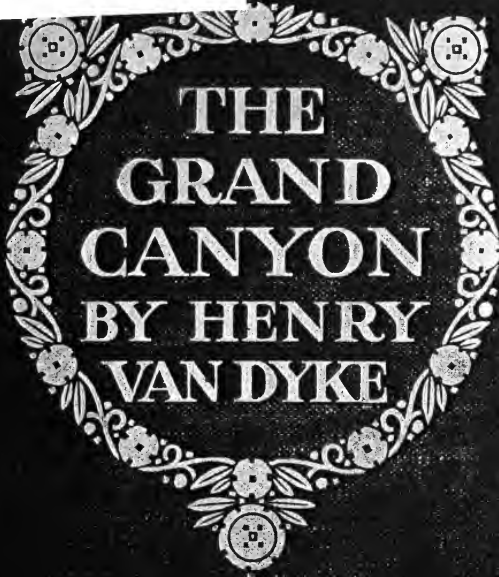


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THE  
GRAND  
CANYON  
BY HENRY  
VAN DYKE



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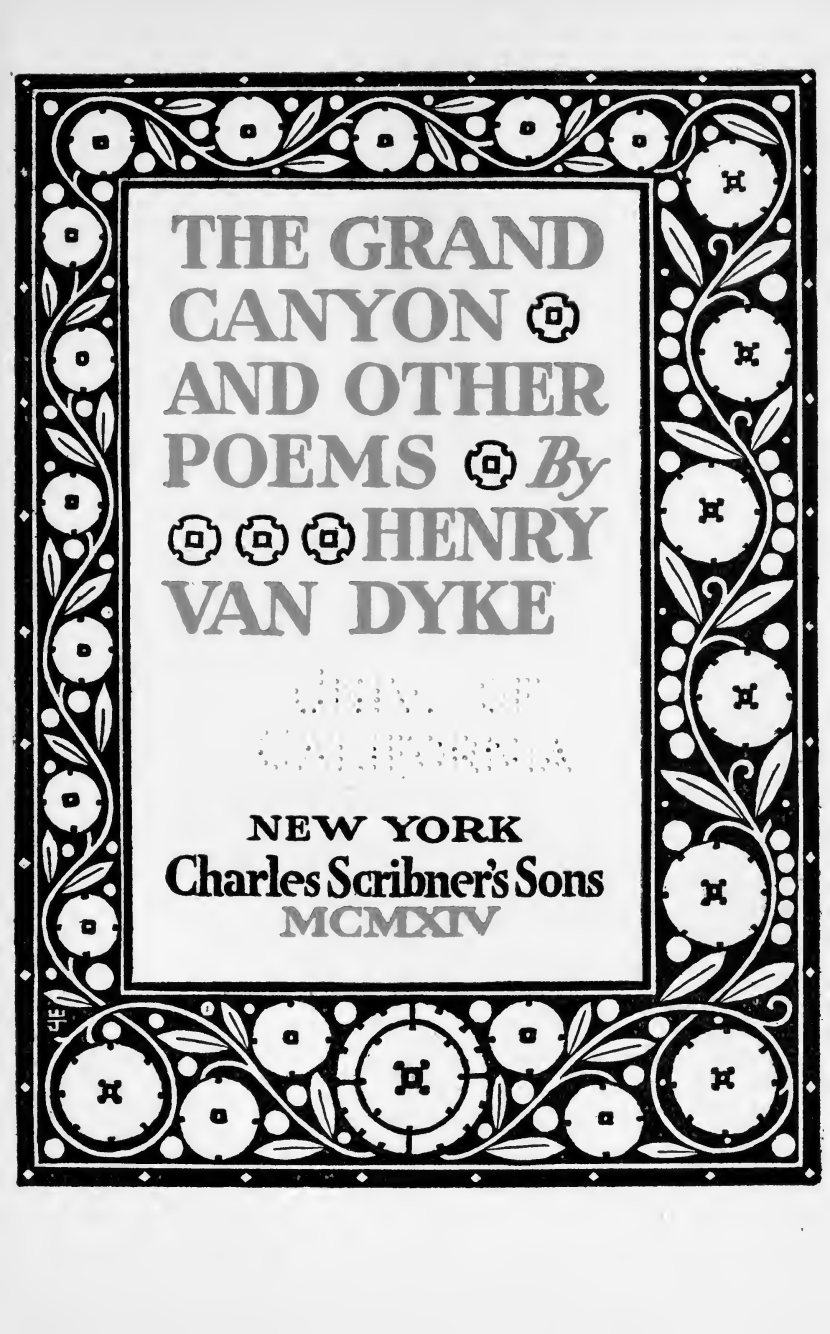
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# THE GRAND CANYON







THE GRAND  
CANYON ◻  
AND OTHER  
POEMS ◻ *By*  
◻ ◻ ◻ HENRY  
VAN DYKE

NEW YORK  
Charles Scribner's Sons  
MCMXIV

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THE HOUSE OF  
MAGNIFICENT



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THE GRAND CANYON  
AND OTHER POEMS



# THE GRAND CANYON

## DAYBREAK

**W**HAT 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 dearth 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!

'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 vital flood of radiance leap  
Across the chasm; and crest the farthest rim  
Of alabaster with a glistening white  
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 neighbored there  
By fortresses that Titans might defend,  
And amphitheatres where Gods might strive.  
Cathedrals, buttressed with unnumbered tiers  
Of ruddy rock, lift to the sapphire sky  
A single spire of marble pure as snow;  
And huge ærial palaces arise  
Like mountains built of unconsuming flame.  
Along the weathered walls, or standing far  
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 close 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  
Are wide diffused. [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?

[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 Californian Gulf.  
But now, O sunken stream, thy splendour lost,  
'Twixt 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  
And thoughtless 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  
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  
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 wordless 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.

## SIERRA MADRE

**O** MOTHER mountains! billowing far to the  
snow-lands,  
Robed in aërial amethyst, silver, and blue,  
Why do ye look so proudly down on the lowlands?  
What have their groves and gardens to do with  
you?

Theirs is the languorous charm of the orange and  
myrtle,  
Theirs are the fruitage and fragrance of Eden of  
old, —  
Broad-boughed oaks in the meadows fair and fer-  
tile,  
Dark-leaved orchards gleaming with globes of  
gold.

You, in your solitude standing, lofty and lonely,  
Bear neither garden nor grove on your barren  
breasts;  
Rough is the rock-loving growth of your canyons,  
and only  
Storm-battered pines and fir-trees cling to your  
crests.  
Why are ye throned so high and arrayed in splen-  
dour

Richer than all the fields at your feet can claim?  
What is your right, ye rugged peaks, to the tender  
Queenly promise and pride of the mother-name?

Answered the mountains, dim in the distance  
dreaming:

“Ours are the forests that treasure the riches  
of rain;  
Ours are the secret springs and the rivulets gleam-  
ing  
Silverly down through the manifold bloom of  
the plain.

“Vain were the toiling of men in the dust of the  
dry land,  
Vain were the plowing and planting in water-  
less fields,  
Save for the life-giving currents we send from the  
sky-land,  
Save for the fruit our embrace with the storm-  
cloud yields.”

O mother mountains, Madre Sierra, I love you!  
Rightly you reign o'er the vale that your bounty  
fills, —  
Kissed by the sun, or with big, bright stars above  
you, —  
I murmur your name and lift up mine eyes to  
the hills.

Pasadena, March, 1913.

# TEXAS

## A DEMOCRATIC ODE \*

### I

#### THE WILD BEES

**A**LL along the Brazos river,  
All along the Colorado,  
In the valleys and the lowlands  
Where the trees were tall and stately,  
In the rich and rolling meadows  
Where the grass was full of wild-flowers,  
Came a humming and a buzzing,  
Came the murmur of a going  
To and fro among the tree-tops,  
Far and wide across the meadows.  
And the red-men in their tepees  
Smoked their pipes of clay and listened.  
“What is this?” they asked in wonder;  
“Who can give the sound a meaning?  
Who can understand the language  
Of a going in the tree-tops?”  
Then the wisest of the Tejas  
Laid his pipe aside and answered:  
“O my brothers, these are people,  
Very little, winged people,  
Countless, busy, banded people,

\* Read at the Dedication of the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, October, 1912.

Coming humming through the timber.  
These are tribes of bees, united  
By a single aim and purpose,  
To possess the Tejas' country,  
Gather harvest from the prairies,  
Store their wealth among the timber.  
These are hive and honey makers,  
Sent by Manito to warn us  
That the white men now are coming,  
With their women and their children.  
Not the fiery filibusters  
Passing wildly in a moment,  
Like a flame across the prairies,  
Like a whirlwind through the forest,  
Leaving empty lands behind them!  
Not the Mexicans and Spaniards,  
Indolent and proud hidalgos,  
Dwelling in their haciendas,  
Dreaming, talking of tomorrow,  
While their cattle graze around them,  
And their fickle revolutions  
Change the rulers, not the people!  
Other folk are these who follow  
When the wild-bees come to warn us;  
These are hive and honey makers,  
These are busy, banded people,  
Roaming far to swarm and settle,  
Working every day for harvest,  
Fighting hard for peace and order,  
Worshiping as queens their women,  
Making homes and building cities  
Full of riches and of trouble.



All our hunting-grounds must vanish,  
All our lodges fall before them,  
All our customs and traditions,  
All our happy life of freedom,  
Fade away like smoke before them.  
Come, my brothers, strike your tepees,  
Call your women, load your ponies!  
Let us take the trail to westward,  
Where the plains are wide and open,  
Where the bison-herds are gathered  
Waiting for our feathered arrows.  
We will live as lived our fathers,  
Gleaners of the gifts of nature,  
Hunters of the unkept cattle,  
Men whose women run to serve them.  
If the toiling bees pursue us,  
If the white men seek to tame us,  
We will fight them off and flee them,  
Break their hives and take their honey,  
Moving westward, ever westward,  
There to live as lived our fathers.”  
So the red-men drove their ponies,  
With the tent-poles trailing after,  
Out along the path to sunset,  
While along the river valleys  
Swarmed the wild-bees, the forerunners;  
And the white men, close behind them,  
Men of mark from old Missouri,  
Men of daring from Kentucky,  
Tennessee, Louisiana,  
Men of many States and races,

Bringing wives and children with them,  
Followed up the wooded valleys,  
Spread across the rolling prairies,  
Raising homes and reaping harvests.  
Rude the toil that tried their patience,  
Fierce the fights that proved their courage,  
Rough the stone and tough the timber  
Out of which they built their order !  
Yet they never failed nor faltered,  
And the instinct of their swarming  
Made them one and kept them working,  
Till their toil was crowned with triumph,  
And the country of the Tejas  
Was the fertile land of Texas.

## II

### THE LONE STAR

Behold a star appearing in the South —  
A star that shines apart from other stars,  
    Ruddy and fierce, like Mars!  
Out of the reeking smoke of cannon's mouth  
That veils the slaughter of the Alamo,  
    Where heroes face the foe,  
One man against a score, with blood-choked breath  
Shouting the watchword, " Victory or Death — "  
Out of the dreadful cloud that settles low  
    On Goliad's plain,  
Where thrice a hundred prisoners lie slain  
Beneath the broken word of Mexico —  
Out of the fog of factions and of feuds  
    That ever drifts and broods  
Above the bloody path of border war,  
    Leaps the Lone Star!

What light is this that does not dread the dark?  
What star is this that fights a stormy way  
    To San Jacinto's field of victory?  
    It is the fiery spark  
    That burns within the breast  
Of Anglo-Saxon men, who can not rest  
    Under a tyrant's sway;  
    The upward-leading ray  
That guides the brave who give their lives away  
    Rather than not be free!  
O question not, but honour every name,  
Travis and Crockett, Bowie, Bonham, Ward,  
Fannin and King, all who drew the sword  
And dared to die for Texan liberty!  
Yea, write them all upon the roll of fame,  
But no less love and equal honour give  
To those who paid the longer sacrifice —  
Austin and Houston, Burnet, Rusk, Lamar  
And all the stalwart men who dared to live  
Long years of service to the lonely star.

Great is the worth of such heroic souls:  
Amid the strenuous turmoil of their deeds,  
They clearly speak of something that controls  
The higher breeds of men by higher needs  
Than bees, content with honey in their hives!  
    Ah, not enough the narrow lives  
    On profitable toil intent!  
And not enough the guerdons of success  
Garnered in homes of affluent selfishness!  
    A noble discontent  
    Cries for a wider scope  
To use the wider wings of human hope;  
    A vision of the common good  
Opens the prison-door of solitude;  
    And, once beyond the wall,  
    Breathing the ampler air,  
    The heart becomes aware  
That life without a country is not life at all.  
    A country worthy of a freeman's love;  
    A country worthy of a good man's prayer;  
    A country strong, and just, and brave, and  
    fair,—  
    A woman's form of beauty throned above  
    The shrine where noble aspirations meet —  
    To live for her is great, to die is sweet!

Heirs of the rugged pioneers  
Who dreamed this dream and made it true,  
Remember that they dreamed for you.  
They did not fear their fate  
In those tempestuous years,  
But put their trust in God, and with keen eyes,  
Trained in the open air for looking far,  
They saw the many-million-acred land  
Won from the desert by their hand,  
Swiftly among the nations rise, —  
Texas a sovereign State,  
And on her brow a star!

### III

#### THE CONSTELLATION

How strange that the nature of light is a thing  
beyond our ken,  
And the flame of the tiniest candle flows from a  
fountain sealed!

How strange that the meaning of life, in the little  
lives of men,  
So often baffles our search with a mystery un-  
revealed!

But the larger life of man, as it moves in its sec-  
ular sweep,  
Is the working out of a Sovereign Will whose  
ways appear;  
And the course of the journeying stars on the  
dark blue boundless deep,  
Is the place where our science rests in the reign  
of law most clear.

I would read the story of Texas as if it were  
written on high;  
I would look from afar to follow her path  
through the calms and storms;  
With a faith in the worldwide sway of the Reason  
that rules in the sky,  
And gathers and guides the starry host in  
clusters and swarms.

When she rose in the pride of her youth, she  
seemed to be moving apart,  
As a single star in the South, self-limited, self-  
possessed;  
But the law of the constellation was written deep  
in her heart,  
And she heard when her sisters called, from the  
North and the East and the West.

They were drawn together and moved by a com-  
mon hope and aim —  
The dream of a sign that should rule a third  
of the heavenly arch;  
The soul of a people spoke in their call, and Texas  
came  
To enter the splendid circle of States in their  
onward march.

So the glory gathered and grew and spread from  
sea to sea,  
And the stars of the great republic lent each  
other light;  
For all were bound together in strength, and each  
was free —  
Suddenly broke the tempest out of the ancient  
night!



It came as a clash of the force that drives and  
the force that draws;  
And the stars were riven asunder, the heavens  
were desolate,  
While brother fought with brother, each for his  
country's cause —  
But the country of one was the Nation, the  
country of other the State.

Oh, who shall measure the praise or blame in a  
strife so vast?  
And who shall speak of traitors or tyrants  
when all were true?  
We lift our eyes to the sky, and rejoice that the  
storm is past,  
And we thank the God of all that the Union  
shines in the blue.

Yea, it glows with the glory of peace and the  
hope of a mighty race,  
High over the grave of broken chains and buried  
hates;  
And the great, big star of Texas is shining clear in  
its place  
In the constellate symbol and sign of the free  
United States.

## IV

### AFTER THE PIONEERS

After the pioneers —

Big-hearted, big-handed lords of the axe and the  
plow and the rifle,

Tan-faced tamers of horses and lands, themselves  
remaining tameless,

Full of fighting, labour and romance, lovers of rude  
adventure —

After the pioneers have cleared the way to their  
homes and graves on the prairies:

After the State-builders —

Zealous and jealous men, dreamers, debaters, often  
at odds with each other,

All of them sure it is well to toil and to die, if need be,  
Just for the sake of founding a country to leave  
to their children —

After the builders have done their work and  
written their names upon it:

After the civil war —

Wildest of all storms, cruel and dark and seem-  
ingly wasteful,

Tearing up by the root the vines that were split-  
ting the old foundations,

Washing away with a rain of blood and tears the  
dust of slavery,

After the cyclone has passed and the sky is fair  
to the far horizon;

After the era of plenty and peace has come with  
full hands to Texas,

Then — what then?

Is it to be the life of an indolent heir, fat-witted  
and self-contented,  
Dwelling at ease in the house that others have  
builded,  
Boasting about the country for which he has  
done nothing?  
Is it to be an age of corpulent, deadly-dull pros-  
perity,  
Richer and richer crops to nourish a race of Phi-  
listines,  
Bigger and bigger cities full of the same confusion  
and sorrow,  
The people increasing mightily but no increase of  
the joy?  
Is this what the forerunners wished and toiled to  
win for you,  
This the reward of war and the fruitage of high  
endeavor,  
This the goal of your hopes and the vision that  
satisfies you?

Nay, stand up and answer — I can read what is  
in your hearts —  
You, the children of those who followed the wild  
bees,  
You, the children of those who served the Lone  
Star,  
Now that the hives are full and the star is fixed  
in the constellation,  
I know that the best of you still are lovers of  
sweetness and light!

You hunger for honey that comes from invisible  
gardens;  
Pure, translucent, golden thoughts and feelings  
and inspirations,  
Sweetness of all the best that has bloomed in the  
mind of man.

You rejoice in the light that is breaking along  
the borders of science;  
The hidden rays that enable a man to look through  
a wall of stone;  
The unseen, fire-filled wings that carry his words  
across the ocean;  
The splendid gift of flight that shines, half-cap-  
tured, above him;  
The gleam of a thousand half-guessed secrets,  
just ready to be discovered!  
You dream and devise great things for the com-  
ing race—  
Children of yours who shall people and rule the  
domain of Texas;  
They shall know, they shall comprehend more  
than their fathers,  
They shall grow in the vigour of well-rounded man-  
hood and womanhood,  
Riper minds, richer hearts, finer souls, the only  
true wealth of a nation—  
The league-long fields of the State are pledged to  
ensure this harvest!

Your old men have dreamed this dream and your  
young men have seen this vision.  
The age of romance has not gone, it is only be-  
ginning;  
Greater words than the ear of man has heard are  
waiting to be spoken,  
Finer arts than the eyes of man have seen are  
sleeping to be awakened —  
Science exploring the scope of the world,  
Poetry breathing the hope of the world,  
Music to measure and lead the onward march of  
man!

Come, ye honoured and welcome guests from the  
elder nations,  
Princes of science and arts and letters,  
Look on the walls that embody the generous  
dream of one of the old men of Texas,  
Enter these halls of learning that rise in the land  
of the pioneer's log-cabin,  
Read the confessions of faith that are carved on  
the stones around you:  
Faith in the worth of the smallest fact and the  
laws that govern the starbeams —  
Faith in the beauty of truth and the truth of per-  
fect beauty,  
Faith in the God who creates the souls of men by  
knowledge and love and worship.

This is the faith of the New Democracy —  
Proud and humble, patiently pressing forward,  
Praising her heroes of old and training her future  
    leaders,  
Seeking her crown in a nobler race of men and  
    women —  
After the pioneers, sweetness and light!

October, 1912.

## TURN O' THE TIDE

**T**HE tide flows in to the harbour, —  
The bold tide, the gold tide, the flood o'  
the sunlit sea, —  
And the little ships riding at anchor,  
Are swinging and slanting their prows to the  
ocean, panting  
To lift their wings to the wide wild air,  
And venture a voyage they know not where, —  
To fly away and be free!

The tide runs out of the harbour, —  
The low tide, the slow tide, the ebb o' the  
moonlit bay, —  
And the little ships rocking at anchor,  
Are rounding and turning their bows to the  
landward, yearning  
To breathe the breath of the sun-warmed  
strand,  
To rest in the lee of the high hill land, —  
To hold their haven and stay!

My heart goes round with the vessels, —  
My wild heart, my child heart, in love with  
the sea and the land, —  
And the turn o' the tide passes through it,  
In rising and falling with mystical currents,  
calling  
At morn, to range where the far waves foam,  
At night, to a harbour in love's true home,  
With the hearts that understand!

Seal Harbour, August 12, 1911.



## RAPPEL D'AMOUR

**C**OME home, my love, come home!  
The twilight is falling,  
The whippoorwill calling,  
The night is very near,  
And the darkness full of fear,  
Come home to my arms, come home!

Come home, my love, come home!  
In folly we parted,  
And now, lonely hearted,  
I know you look in vain  
For a love like mine again;  
Come home to my arms, come home!

Come home, dear love, come home!  
I've much to forgive you,  
And more yet to give you.  
I'll put a little light  
In the window every night, —  
Come home to my arms, come home.

## THE FIRST BIRD O' SPRING

TO OLIVE WHEELER

**W**INTER 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;"  
'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.

## “GRAN’ BOULE”

A SEAMAN’S TALE OF THE SEA

**W**E 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!

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.

So that was old Poisson's dream, — 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.  
I'm seek 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!  
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;  
So they told the Cap' he must run the "Bridget"  
again,  
To fetch a cargo from Moisie, two thousand quin-  
tals 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 beside, —

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.

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 mus-  
tang 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?  
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 clam-  
bered 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;  
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"

**H**ONOUR 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 STANDARD-BEARER

### I

“**H**OW can I tell,” Sir Edward 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 mirk 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 Edward 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 —

Victor, hid by the raven's wing!

After the battle had passed we found

Only one thing, —

The hand of Sir Edward gripped around

The banner-staff of his King.

## 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,  
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!

## CHRISTMAS TEARS

**T**HE 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.

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!

## 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!

Mount Desert, August 1, 1912.

# THREE PRAYERS FOR SLEEP AND WAKING

## I

### BEDTIME

**E**RE 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,  
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,  
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.

INSCRIPTION FOR A TOMB IN  
ENGLAND

**R**EAD here, O friend unknown,  
Our grief, of her bereft;  
Yet think not tears alone  
Within our hearts are left.  
The gifts she came to give,  
Her heavenly love and cheer,  
Have made us glad to live  
And die without a fear.

1912.

## THE TALISMAN

**W**HAT 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.

## THORN AND ROSE

**F**AR richer than a thornless rose  
Whose branch with beauty never glows,  
Is that which every June adorns  
With perfect bloom among its thorns.

Merely to live without a pain  
Is little gladness, little gain,  
Ah, welcome joy tho' mixt with grief, —  
The thorn-set flower that crowns the leaf.

June 20, 1914.



## STAIN NOT THE SKY

**Y**E gods of battle, lords of fear,  
Who work your iron will as well  
As once ye did with sword and spear,  
With rifled gun and rending shell, —  
Masters of sea and land, forbear  
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air!

With patient daring man hath wrought  
A hundred years for power to fly;  
And will you make his wingéd thought  
A hovering horror in the sky,  
Where flocks of human eagles sail,  
Dropping their bolts of death. on hill and dale?

Ah no, the sunset is too pure,  
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright  
For wings of terror to obscure  
Their beauty, and betray the night  
That keeps for man, above his wars,  
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!  
Your footsteps in the sea are red,  
And black on earth your paths appear  
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.  
Pass on to end your transient reign,  
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,  
The right ye shielded will abide;  
The world at last will learn to trust  
In law to guard, and love to guide;  
And Peace of God that answers prayer  
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

March 5, 1914.

**CARMINA FESTIVA**



## HOW SPRING COMES TO SHASTA JIM

I NEVER saw 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 Kiplin's, nor yet no Lon-  
don Jacks,  
To make up guff about it, while 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 that's only  
fakes!  
Machines an' barns an' buildin's, they never give  
no sign;  
But the livin' things look lively when Spring is  
on the line.

She doesn't come too suddin, nor 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, for Spring ain't goin'  
ter fail.

She's loopin' down the hillside, — the drifts 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' for 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!

The underbrush is risin' an' spreadin' all around,  
Just 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 or 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, or else a  
bunch o' deer;  
But never a heathen goddess or god 'ill meet our  
eyes;  
For why? There isn't any! They're just a pack  
o' lies!

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 un-  
derstood,  
To be alive in Springtime would make a man feel  
good.

California, 1913.

## ANGLERS' FIRESIDE SONG

**O**H, the angler's path is a very merry way,  
And his road through the world is bright;  
For he lives with the laughing stream all day,  
And he lies by the fire at night.

Sing hey nonny, ho nonny  
And likewise well-a-day!  
The angler's life is a very jolly life  
And that's what the anglers say!

Oh, the angler plays for the pleasure of the game,  
And his creel may be full or light,  
But the tale that he tells will be just the same  
When he lies by the fire at night.

Sing hey nonny, ho nonny  
And likewise well-a-day!  
We love the fire and the music of the lyre,  
And that's what the anglers say!

To the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club, April, 1913.



## A BUNCH OF TROUT-FLIES

For Archie Ruttledge

**H**ERE'S a half-a-dozen flies,  
Just about the proper size  
For the trout of Dickey's Run,—  
Luck go with them every one!

Dainty little feathered beauties,  
Listen now, and learn your duties;  
Not to tangle in the box;  
Not to catch on logs or rocks,  
Boughs that wave or weeds that float,  
Nor in the angler's "pants" or coat!  
Not to lure the glutton frog  
From his banquet in the bog;  
Nor the lazy chub to fool,  
Splashing idly round the pool;  
Nor the sullen hornèd pout  
From the mud to hustle out!

None of this vulgarian crew,  
Dainty flies, is game for you.  
Darting swiftly through the air  
Guided by the angler's care,  
Light upon the flowing stream  
Like a wingèd fairy dream;  
Float upon the water dancing,  
Through the lights and shadows glancing,  
Till the rippling current brings you  
And the filmy leader swings you  
Where a speckled beauty lies  
Watching you with hungry eyes.

Here's your game and here's your prize!  
Hover near him, lure him, tease him,  
Do your very best to please him,  
Dancing on the water foamy,  
Like the frail and fair Salome,  
Till the monarch yields at last;  
Rises, and you have him fast!  
Then remember well your duty, —  
Do not lose, but land, your booty;  
For the finest fish of all is  
*Salvelinus Fontinalis.*

So, you plumed illusions, go,  
Let my comrade Archie know  
Every day he goes a-fishing  
I'll be with him in well-wishing.  
Most of all when lunch is laid  
In the dappled orchard shade,  
With Will, Corinne, and Dixie too,  
Sitting as we used to do  
Round the white cloth on the grass  
While the lazy hours pass,  
And the brook's contented tune  
Lulls the sleepy afternoon, —  
Then's the time my heart will be  
With that pleasant company!

June 17, 1913.

## A BALLAD OF SANTA CLAUS

For the St. Nicholas Society of New York

**A**MONG the earliest saints of old, before the  
first Hegira,  
I find the one whose name we hold, St. Nicholas  
of Myra:  
The best-beloved name, I guess, in sacred nomen-  
clature, —  
The patron-saint of helpfulness, and friendship,  
and good-nature.

A bishop and a preacher too, a famous theolo-  
gian,  
He stood against the Arian crew and fought them  
like a Trojan:  
But when a poor man told his need and begged  
an alms in trouble,  
He never asked about his creed, but quickly gave  
him double.

Three pretty maidens, so they say, were longing  
to be married;  
But they were paupers, lack-a-day, and so the  
suitors tarried.  
St. Nicholas gave each maid a purse of golden  
ducats chinking,  
And then, for better or for worse, they wedded  
quick as winking.

Once, as he sailed, a storm arose; wild waves the  
ship surrounded;  
The sailors wept and tore their clothes, and  
shrieked "We'll all be drowned!"  
St. Nicholas never turned a hair; serenely shone  
his halo;  
He simply said a little prayer, and all the billows  
lay low.

The wicked keeper of an inn had three small ur-  
chins taken,  
And cut them up in a pickle-bin, and salted them  
for bacon.  
St. Nicholas came and picked them out, and put  
their limbs together, —  
They lived, they leaped, they gave a shout, "St.  
Nicholas forever!"

And thus it came to pass, you know, that maids  
without a nickel,  
And sailor-lads when tempest blow, and children  
in a pickle,  
And every man that's fatherly, and every kindly  
matron,  
In choosing saints would all agree to call St.  
Nicholas patron.

He comes again at Christmas-time and stirs us up  
to giving;  
He rings the merry bells that chime good-will to  
all the living;  
He blesses every friendly deed and every free do-  
nation;  
He sows the secret, golden seed of love through  
all creation.

Our fathers drank to Santa Claus, the sixth of  
each December,  
And still we keep his feast because his virtues we  
remember.  
Among the saintly ranks he stood, with smiling  
human features,  
And said, "*Be good! But not too good to love your  
fellow-creatures!*"

December 6, 1907.

## THE LITTLE-NECK CLAM

A modern verse-sequence, showing how a native American subject, strictly realistic, may be treated in various manners adapted to the requirements of different magazines, thus combining Art-for-Art's-Sake with Writing-for-the-Market. Read at the First Dinner of the American Periodical Publishers' Association, in Washington, April, 1904.

### I

## THE ANTI-TRUST CLAM

For McClure's Magazine

**T**HE clam that once, on Jersey's banks,  
Was like the man who dug it, free,  
Now slave-like thro' the market clanks  
In chains of corporate tyranny.

The Standard Fish-Trust of New York  
Holds every clam-bank in control;  
And like base Beef and menial Pork,  
The free-born Clam has lost its soul.

No more the bivalve treads the sands  
In freedom's rapture, free from guilt:  
It follows now the harsh commands  
Of Morgiman and Rockabilt.

Rise, freemen, rise! Your wrath is just!  
Call on the Sherman Act to dam  
The floods of this devouring Trust,  
And liberate the fettered Clam.



## II

### THE WHITMANIAC CLAM

For the Bookman

**N**OT Dante when he wandered by the river  
Arno,  
Not Burns who plowed the banks and braes of  
bonnie Ayr,  
Not even Shakspeare on the shores of Avon,—  
ah, no!  
Not one of those great bards did taste true Poet's  
Fare.

But Whitman, loafing in Long Island and New  
Jersey,  
Found there the sustenance of mighty ode and  
psalm,  
And while his rude emotions swam around in  
verse, he  
Fed chiefly on the wild, impassioned, sea-born  
clam.

Thus in his work we feel the waves' bewildering  
motion,  
And winds from mighty mud-flats, weird and  
wild:  
His clam-filled bosom answered to the voice of  
ocean,  
And rose and fell responsively with every tide.

### III

## IL MERCATORE ITALIANO DELLA CLAMMA

For the Century Magazine

“CLAM O! Fres' Clam!” How strange it  
sounds and sweet,  
The Dago's cry along the New York street!  
“Dago” we call him, like the thoughtless crowd;  
And yet this humble man may well be proud  
To hail from Petrarch's land, Boccaccio's home, —  
Firenze, Gubbio, Venezia, Rome, —  
From fair Italia, whose enchanted soil  
Transforms the lowly cotton-seed to olive-oil.

To me his chant, with alien accent sung,  
Brings back an echo of great Virgil's tongue:  
It seems to cry against the city's woe, —  
In liquid Latin syllables, — *Clamo!*  
As thro' the crowded street his cart he jams  
And cries aloud, ah, think of more than clams!  
Receive his secret plaint with pity warm,  
And grant Italia's plea for Tenement-House Re-  
form!

## IV

### THE SOCIAL CLAM

For the Smart Set

**F**AIR Phyllis is another's bride:  
Therefore I like to sit beside  
Her at a very smart set dinner,  
And whisper love, and try to win her.

The little-necks, — in number six, —  
That from their pearly shells she picks  
And swallows whole, — ah, is it selfish  
To wish my heart among those shell-fish?

“But Phyllis is another's wife;  
And if she should absorb thy life  
'T would leave thy bosom vacant.” — Well,  
I'd keep at least thy empty shell!

V

THE RECREANT CLAM

For the Outlook

**L**OW dost thou lie amid the languid ooze,  
Because thy slothful spirit doth refuse  
The bliss of battle and the strain of strife.  
Rise, craven clam, and lead the strenuous life!

## ARS AGRICOLARIS

An Ode for the "Farmer's Dinner,"  
University Club, New York,  
January 23, 1913

**A**LL hail, ye famous Farmers!  
Ye vegetable-charmers,  
Who know the art of making barren earth  
Smile with prolific mirth  
And bring forth twins or triplets at a birth!  
Ye scientific fertilizers of the soil,  
And horny-handed sons of toil!  
Tonight from all your arduous cares released,  
With manly brows no longer sweat-impearled,  
Ye hold your annual feast,  
And like the Concord farmers long ago,  
Ye meet above the "Bridge" below,  
And draw the cork heard round the world!

What memories are yours! What tales  
Of triumph have your tongues rehearsed,  
Telling how ye have won your first  
Potatoes from the stubborn mead,  
(Almost as many as ye sowed for seed!)  
And how the luscious cabbages and kails  
Have bloomed before you in their bed  
At seven dollars a head!  
And how your onions took a prize  
For bringing tears into the eyes  
Of a hard-hearted cook! And how ye slew  
The Dragon Cut-worm at a stroke!  
    And how ye broke,  
Routed, and put to flight the horrid crew  
Of vile potato-bugs and Hessian flies!  
    And how ye did not quail  
Before th' invading armies of San José Scale,  
    But met them bravely with your little pail  
    Of poison, which ye put upon each tail  
O' the dreadful beasts and made their courage fail!  
    And how ye did acquit yourselves like men  
    In fields of agricultural strife, and then,  
    Like generous warriors, sat you down at ease  
    And gently to your gardener said, "Let us  
    have *Pease!*"

But *were* there Pease? Ah, no, dear Farmers, no!  
The course of Nature is not ordered so.

For when we want a vegetable most,

She holds it back;

And when we boast

To our week-endly friends

Of what we'll give them on our farm, alack,

Those things the old dam, Nature, never sends.

O Pease in bottles, Sparrow-grass in jars,

How often have ye saved from scars

Of shame, and deep embarrassment,

The disingenuous farmer-gent,

To whom some wondering guest has cried,

“How *do* you raise such Pease and Sparrow-  
grass?”

Whereat the farmer-gent has not denied

The compliment, but smiling has replied,

“To raise such things you must have lots of  
glass.”

From wiles like these, true Farmers, hold aloof;  
Accept no praise unless you have the proof.  
If niggard Nature should withhold the green  
And sugary Pea, welcome the humble Bean;  
Give it the place of honor at your table, —  
To speak for 'tself the Bean is amply able!  
Even the easy Radish, and the Beet,  
If grown by your own toil are extra sweet!  
Let malefactors of great wealth and banker-felons  
Rejoice in foreign artichokes, imported melons;  
But you, my Farmers, at your frugal board  
Spread forth the fare your Sabine Farms afford.  
Say to Mæcenas, when he is your guest,  
“No peaches! try this turnip, 'tis my best.”  
Thus shall ye learn from labors in the field  
What honesty a farmer's life may yield,  
And like G. Washington in early youth,  
Though cherries fail, produce a crop of truth.



But think me not too strict, O followers of the  
    plow  
Some place for fiction in your lives I would allow.  
In January when the world is drear,  
And bills come in, and no results appear,  
    And snow-storms veil the skies,  
    And ice the streamlet clogs,  
Then may you warm your heart with pleasant lies  
And revel in the seedsmen's catalogues!  
What visions and what dreams are these  
    Of cauliflowers obese, —  
Of giant celery, taller than a mast, —  
    Of strawberries  
Like red pincushions, round and vast, —  
    Of succulent and spicy gumbo, —  
    Of cantaloupes, as big as Jumbo, —  
    Of high-strung beans without the strings, —  
And of a host of other wild, romantic things!

Oh, why should Starr declare  
That modern habits mental force impair?  
And why should H. Marquand complain  
That jokes as good as his will never come again?  
And why should Bridges wear a gloomy mien  
About the lack of fiction for his Magazine?  
The seedsman's catalogue is all we need  
To stir our dull imaginations  
To new creations,  
And lead us, by the hand  
Of Hope, into a fairy-land.

So dream, my friendly Farmers, as you will;  
And let your fancy all your garners fill  
With wondrous crops; but always recollect  
That Nature gives us less than we expect.  
Scorn not the city where you earn the wealth  
That, spent upon your farms, renews your health;  
And tell your wife, whene'er the bills have shocked  
her,  
"A country-place is cheaper than a doctor."  
May roses bloom for you, and may you find  
Your richest harvest in a tranquil mind.







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