



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

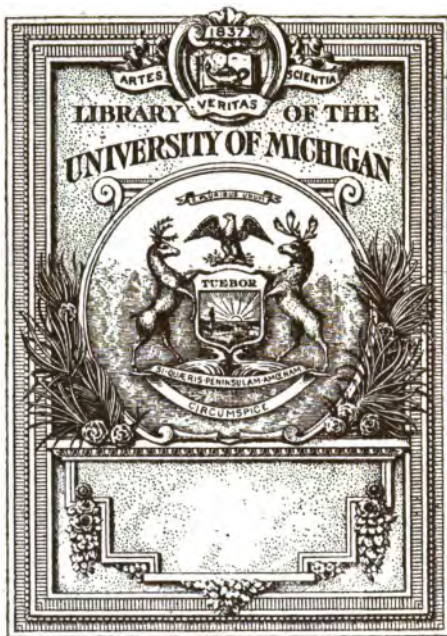
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

828
G8545
l

A 513863

Loves *and* Losses
of Pierrot

William Griffith



828
G 8545P

**LOVES AND LOSSES
OF PIERROT**

MR. SHORES' NEW BOOKS

- Mrs. Bobble's Trained Nurse**
By George Fox Tucker.
- Friendship and Other Poems** By B. H. Nadal.
- The Valley of Lebanon** By Helen S. Wright.
- Melinda and Her Sisters**
By Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.
- The Penny Ante Club** By Arthur J. Shores.
- Eat Your Way to Health**
By Dr. Robert Hugh Rose.





“Chilled in my heart,
Unspoken words
Become a sigh . . .”

LOVES AND LOSSES OF PIERROT

BY
WILLIAM GRIFFITH



FRONTISPIECE AND DECORATIONS
BY
RODNEY THOMSON

1916
ROBERT J. SHORES, PUBLISHER
NEW YORK

Copyright, 1916, by
ROBERT J. SHORES, PUBLISHER
New York

SHORES PRESS
NEW YORK

FOREWORD

Pierrot and his friends have become more than legendary—have become indigenous to poetry—and these verses, written in the leisure hours of a New York editor, express a personal, individual conception of the sad, the gay, immortal buffoons. Comprehended, in this cycle, are hardly more than the spring tides and currents of emotion. The author has chosen to dedicate it to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, the least American and the greatest American poet that has yet lived.

The poems have not been offered for previous publication other than to *Poetry*, of Chicago; *The Bellman*, of Minneapolis. and the Sun Dial Column, in the *New York Evening Sun*; to which credit is given for reprinting a few of them, with slight changes.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Pierrette	11
Forest Oracles	13
Tryst	14
Pierrot Gives an Accounting	16
Pierrot Puzzled	18
Pierrot in Lodgings	19
Pierrot the Derelict	21
Pierrot Appraises His Friends	25
Pierrot Makes a Song	27
The Stricken Pierrot	28
The Home-coming of Pierrette	29
Pierrot and Pierrette at the Window	30
The Protest of Pierrot	31
Pierrot Serenades Invisible Verandahs	32
Enigma	34
Pierrot Dispossessed	35
Reconciliation	37
Premonition	38
Omen	39
Pierrot Mourns the Death of Pierrette	40
Pierrette in Memory	42
Pierrot Writes His Epitaph	43

*Happy the songs of Pierrot,
If she but heeds them:
Happy for him to know
That some one needs them.*

*Happy, Pierrot, that a sigh,
In words, is fleeting.—
Ah! he would treasure most
A happy greeting.*

*Happy is he, is Pierrot,
With his friends near him.
Since his friends have to go,
Who else shall hear him?*

*Happy, if softly may fall
Upon these pages,
Shadows of hands that clasp
Across the ages.*

PIERRETTE

ONCE with the Graces
Was Jove estranged,
Weary of faces
That never changed.

Together draping
The world with night,
They thought of shaping
A new delight:

Imagined passion,
And dreamt repose,—
Something to fashion
Out of a rose.

By stars forsaken
Were lakes and skies,
Needed and taken
To make her eyes.

In their researches,
They found the grace
Of silver birches,
To match her face.

Devoid of pity
For one so fair,
They chose a city,
And sent her there.

In garden-closes,
The perfume yet
And grace of roses,
Betray Pierrette.



FOREST ORACLES

YVONNE, Pierrette and Columbine
Were strolling hand in hand:
Debating which was most divine,
The robin took a stand.

Cock-sure himself, with breast afire,
As breasts of robins are,
He chose Yvonne, whose whole desire
Was the moth for the star.

The barred-owl, looking very wise,
Chose Columbine to fill
The forest and the empty skies
With her warm crimson thrill.

Pierrette, of roses had been made,
Of moons and mystery;
And in her deep blue eyes were laid
The secrets of the sea.

The ring-doves balloted by rote,
And being most concerned,
Chose Pierrette, on a rising vote,
And joyously adjourned.

TRYST

TURNING a sudden corner,
She reached the trysting place:
The gods, grown weary of the sun,
Put twilight in her face.

Dreams, swift hopes, rising, falling,—
Too soon, too late, too soon,—
Were as a tide that rose and fell
At the will of the moon.

Around us was the star shine:
Like May in flowers clad,
Speaking she had the voice of brooks
That made the meadows glad.

She spoke of the great wonder
That in her heart was laid,
And in her life had come to pass:
Ah! need she be afraid?

The moon, with little vision,
Saw what was going on,
And by designing sorcery
Made me forget Yvonne —

**And lose her in this happy,
Inconsequential crowd;
Feeling in silence with Pierrette
What Pierrot sings aloud.**

PIERROT GIVES AN ACCOUNTING

I AM rich, but not in gold,
Very young when she is by:
In her absence then am I
Very old.

Old, so old that, in eclipse,
My desire begins to freeze:
Then come kisses — velvet bees
On her lips.

Redder lips there never were,
Thawing frozen passion through,
Until swarming kisses do
Warm the air.

With what rapture and desire,
Is my vagrant fancy filled!
Burning, where my veins were chilled,
What sweet fire!

Heart to heart and hour by hour,
Never a marauding bee
Cherished such a treasury
In a flower.

Wayward hair as dark as jet,
Blue eyes, tender as the dawn,
In a gown of snowy lawn,
Thrills Pierrette.



PIERROT PUZZLED

TODAY my fancy roams the fields,
Where daisies grow,
And what each witching petal yields,
Is fain to know.

She loves me or she loves me not,
Does Columbine? —
Pierrette, the fickle, has forgot
Poor me and mine.

Ah! how shall some few sous be made
To flatter them?
Could debts with kisses but be paid!
Each kiss a gem!

Today my fancy roams the fields,
Where daisies grow.
She loves me — loves me not. Which yields?
Which scorns Pierrot?

PIERROT IN LODGINGS

I LOOK at my room,
And my life narrows down
To the need of a broom,
For my garret and town.

The house-tops are gray
From this garret of mine,
But much harder than they
Are the souls — to define.

Oh, as drab and as dark
As my own garret floor,
They appear in the park,
So remote from my door!

But my garret is high,
And it looks over all,
Commanding the sky
And a view of the mall.

In luxurious cars
They loiter around,
Who may yet see the stars
From a hole in the ground.

Since the hole must be deep,
Still the digging goes on,
Though half the world sleep
Till the break of the Dawn.

Fear keeps some awake,
Who will sleep in the end,
And, dreaming, mistake
The Foe for the Friend.

But the Friend will arise
And the Foe will come down,
When the Janitor spies
My garret and town.



PIERROT THE DERELICT

CERTAINLY curious
Are our penurious
Selves — and absurd
Ways of a bird,
In his love-making;
Aching,
And breaking
Hearts and forsaking
Columbine, dear to us,
Pierrette, so near to us,
With no more reason
Than is in treason!
In, out of season
Wooing,
Pursuing
This light-of-love — and then
Others through bog and fen;
Miring,
Desiring,
Suddenly tiring;
Groping and stark
Daft and repeatedly shown to be blind
Moles of a kind;
Blinking
And winking,
Chaffing

And laughing,
Until trouble
Seems like a bubble
Blown of delight,
Or like a white
Wisp in the dark,
Time out of mind,
Time out of mind!

Cheery
And merry
As oaf or a faery
Fetch on a spree,
Are we — and free!
Scaramouche, Harlequin,
Ugly as sin,
Forcing a grin
Through thick and thin;
Hazy
And lazy
As some idle daisy.
Pipe Pantaloon,
Looking on life like the man in the moon!
Soon — very soon,
Ere we are laid
Folded away,
Will come a day,
Or night of reckoning!

Pixies are beckoning
Over the hedges,
Over the ledges,
Tripping
And skipping;
Trying to say,
As plain as day,
What is the way,
Happiest way of a man with a maid,
Man with a maid.

Never was wooing done,
Or such pursuing done —
Saving the elves —
As by ourselves!
Poverty, haunting us,
Daunting us,
Flaunting us,
Seems always wanting us
To be conventional.
Is it intentional
That we are shirking
Duties and smirking,
Instead of working
Six days in seven?
This side of heaven,
What is in store for us?
Where any shore for us?

Or any oar for us? —
Recklessly trimming
Sails — and then swimming
Round and about,
Giving a shout,
Ghostly, no doubt,
Ere we go down, down, down,
In sight of Town!

Who would behave
So, but a knave —
Thinking to save
Hardly another
Derelict brother
From such a grave,
Low, leaky grave?

PIERROT APPRAISES HIS FRIENDS

HUMBLY our names have come to live,
Like some desire
That the cold world must needs forgive —
Shadows of fire.

Our names are but as Harlequin,
As Columbine,
Or Scaramouche, whose gargoyle grin
Is most divine.

Pierrette? Shall not the whole world round
Still love her well,
After the years lose heart — and sound
The passing bell?

Upon the altar of her own
Frail self is laid
Shyly this gift — the giver grown
Somewhat afraid.

When my curbed passion is becalmed,
May, for all time,
Her elvish grace not be embalmed
In gracious rhyme?

May she not be forever dear,
Heroic, vain —
Something exquisite as a tear,
Shed of disdain?

Sharing with Columbine the crown,
In our poor crowd,
Her dream of riches and renown
Is to be proud.

Pierrette! It turns my vision gray,
To muse and know
That presently must come a day
For her to go.

She shall have gone from us and Rome,
But, seen afar,
Shining in spirit, may become
The evening star.

PIERROT MAKES A SONG

FILLED with coquettish art,
Blue-eyed and witty,
She of the fickle heart
Is void of pity.

She of the frosty air,
Whom love amuses,
Being so very fair,
Chills ere she chooses.

Who, given such a choice,
Would not be chosen?
Who, knowing her, rejoice
Not to be frozen?

Pierrette or Columbine?
Which has the vision
Still to hold me divine,
Or in derision?

THE STRICKEN PIERROT

SURGEON, cut deep
 Into my soul;
Put me to sleep
 And make me whole.
Repair and rinse
 My soiled desire;
Lance — lance the sins,
 Burn them with fire.

Surgeon, cut deep
 Into my heart;
As the knives creep,
 Find the bad part.
Purge me of lust,
 Fickleness, doubt,
Falsity — just
 Take despair out.

Surgeon, cut deep
 Into the breath
My faith must keep,
 Even in death.
Cut down my pride
 Close to the sod.
Dead . . . Say he died
 Playing with God.

THE HOME-COMING OF PIERRETTE

WHOSE foot-fall is it on the stair?
What sweet white spell
Is laid like perfume on the air,
Where we — we dwell?

A dear hand hovers at the door:
The gods begin
To open heaven more and more:
Come in — come in!

Since morning has she been away,
Whose absence makes
Each moment longer than a day
That never breaks.

Ah me! that she should ever fail
To gladden all
The poor place, like a nightingale,
At evenfall!

Blinded by star dust in our eyes,
Do we regret
Our home is very near the skies?
Pierrette, Pierrette!

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE AT THE WINDOW

WHAT though we shape no mighty thing,
In word or deed;
Nor sing as organ voices sing,
Hymning a creed!

Good-will, Pierrette, to all the crowd,
Is something still
Reserved for us to hum aloud;
To all, good-will!

Our windows, facing toward the sun,
Are dim and small;
And our own vision from each one
Is all in all.

Searching above and under ground,
Our fancies grope,
Only to learn what may be found
This side of hope.

What wonders haply glorify
The other side,
Where lurking, veiled from mortal eye,
The heavens hide!

THE PROTEST OF PIERROT

LIKE harsh bells tolling in a trance,
War is declared!
Pierrette, the happiness of France
May not be spared!

Think of sweet bleeding France — and all
The joy to come,
Being defeated: — and the pall
On hope and home!

Home — home, Pierrette, for us at least,
Who waited long,
And who had put aside the feast
To hear the song!

War is declared! Versailles ablaze!
The world is bared!
God! but the great nights and the days
Love had declared!

PIERROT SERENADES INVISIBLE
VERANDAHS

UNDER the moon,
Softly a song,
Only heart-long,
Being a croon,
Floats in the air,
Seeking a fair
Woman somewhere,
Under the moon.

Still are the stars,
Shining above —
Still and as cold
As buried love,
Are they tonight.
What of guitars!
Or any lute!
All being told,
She remains mute,
Somewhere: and quite
Still are the stars.

Chilled in my heart,
Unspoken words
Become a sigh,
Like frozen birds,

Fashioned to fly,
Under the sky.
Does anything
Remain to sing,
Or to aspire,
Even in part,
To the desire
Chilled in my heart?

ENIGMA

WHY is Pierrette more fair
Than Columbine?
Why has her dusky hair
Been so divine?

Why are her speaking eyes
Blue as the deep
Wells digged in Paradise,
Covered in sleep?

Why does her slightest word
Mean to me more
Than the apostle heard,
Off the far shore?

Who can say what she is?
Angel or elf?
Perhaps my Nemesis? —
Being herself.

She is a mystery.
Would I could tell
Whether she means to me
Heaven or hell!

PIERROT DISPOSSESSED

SOMETHING, in evil guise,
Baser than Baäl,
Taking me by surprise,
Sought my betrayal.

Something, of evil look,
Harkening after
Pierrette, stole in and took
My gift of laughter.

Spying our candle light,
Something came straying
Like a thief in the night,
Pierrette waylaying.

Ah! was it Harlequin,
Whose necromancy
Sufficed to let him in
And take her fancy?

From me the villain stole
Love — and professing
Poverty, took the sole
Thing worth possessing.

**Fool to ransack the sky,
Seeking a sonnet,
Instead of ways to buy
Pierrette a bonnet!**



RECONCILIATION

WHEN she came back, my heart had found
The secret spring;
The gates of heaven made no sound,
In opening.

When she came back, a needed song
Fell from the sky,
Like a spent eagle shot, but strong
In death to fly.

When she came back, the April world
Made itself heard,
Like thunder on a flower hurled,
Or on a bird.

Dawn — and the sable butterflies,
So black, so black!
Were as a rainbow in the skies,
When she came back.

PREMONITION

PIERRETTE and I went fishing,
Down on the Seine one day,
And wasted time in wishing
For good luck — on the way.

The bait was not inviting;
Or else the guiding powers
Forbade the fishes biting,
For hours and hours and hours.

I shudder at the shocking
Things said and done afloat,
But for the fear of rocking
A little cradle boat.

Upon it musing, thinking,
Night found us hand in hand:
The silly stars were winking
Before we came to land.

OMEN

PIERRETTE has gone to Bergamo;
The skies are overcast;
And on her track is blown the snow,
As by a phantom blast.

Pierrot, with half a life to live,
And with no heart to sing,
Remains for her but to forgive,
In Paris shivering.

She — she who once was like a lark,
Trailing a star, has flown
Into the silence and the dark,
And left Pierrot alone.

PIERROT MOURNS THE DEATH OF
PIERRETTE

AH! was the soul of Cain
More deeply shaken,
At the red dawn of pain,
Or more forsaken?

Ages or hours ago,
Was it the sighing
News came from Bergamo?
Pierrette was dying.

She who had meant so much,
Not to me only,
But whose dear voice and touch
Made life less lonely.

Ages or hours ago,
Was it the hurried
Message from Bergamo
Said she was buried?

Much had she been alone,
Gentle, forgiving,
Rapturous in her own
Wonder at living.

Placid and pale her brow,
Jealousies banished;
Nothing else matters now —
Pierrette has vanished.

Deep in my heart a drouth,
Parching, discloses
Cinders — and in my mouth
Ashes of roses.



PIERRETTE IN MEMORY

PIERRETTE has gone, but it was not
Exactly that she died,
So much as vanished and forgot
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous,
It came into her mind
That she was late. What could she do
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon —
Sh! — hardly made a stir;
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

PIERROT WRITES HIS EPITAPH

MINE was to hurry
No passing bell,
Having no credit
In heaven or hell.

Nor mine to worry
And droop and mope
Over the siren
Shadow of hope.

Ring from the steeple
This epitaph:
*Pierrot saw through them,
And died to laugh.—*

Saw through the people
Who seldom smile;
And made *her* happy
A little while.

MRS. BOBBLE'S TRAINED NURSE

By

GEORGE FOX TUCKER

Author of "A Quaker Home" etc.

Have you a sense of humor? Mr. Bobble had, which was all that saved his disposition when his home was invaded by a stiff and starched tyrant in a pretty white cap. If you have ever had a trained nurse in your home, you should read this book in order that you may laugh in retrospect at the things which seemed almost tragic at the time. If you have never had a trained nurse in your home, you may be sure you will have one some day, and should read it in order that you may laugh while you are able.

If you *are* a trained nurse, you should read it in order that you may govern with understanding the bewildered and sometimes rebellious subjects of your most potent scepter—the clinical thermometer.

When we read this book in manuscript, we laughed so hard that we could only stop when the doctor threatened to send for a trained nurse!

12mo, Cloth, \$1.00 net.

At All Bookstores

ROBERT J. SHORES,

PUBLISHER,

1977 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE PENNY ANTE CLUB

By ARTHUR J. SHORES

How much liberty should a man allow his wife?

Has woman ever established her claim to the possession of a soul?

Should doctors be prosecuted for experimenting upon their patients?

Does the practice of the law destroy the moral sense?

Do lawyers make the best judges?

Are men more open and above board than women?

These and many other questions are discussed in "The Penny Ante Club" in humorous fashion. This is distinctly a man's book and one which will be enjoyed by any man, married or single, whether or not he has ever "sat in" at a game of Penny Ante.

\$1.00 net.

At all booksellers or direct from

ROBERT J. SHORES,

PUBLISHER,

1977 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MELINDA AND HER SISTERS

BY

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT

AND

ELSA MAXWELL

“Brilliant satire,” says the *New York World*.
“Epigram and repartee sparkle from one end of
the skit to the other.”

This book, written by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont,
President of the Political Equality Association,
and Miss Elsa Maxwell of London, well-known
writer of musical comedies, has attracted more
attention than any other book of the year on the
subject of suffrage.

Here, for the first time, the subject of woman
suffrage is treated satirically with the satire on
the side of the suffragist.

12mo, boards, suffrage colors, 50 cents net.

At all booksellers or from

ROBERT J. SHORES,

PUBLISHER,

1977 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

