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By Florence Earle Coates

POEMS. 2 vols.

THE UNCONQUERED AIR AND OTHER
POEMS.

MINE AND THINE.

LYRICS OF LIFE.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

POEMS

BY

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

2527/20

POEMS

BY

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

COLLECTED EDITION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME ONE



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 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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v. 1

To him who found me sleeping, all my soul
Locked in the dark enchantment of a dream
Of suffering and death: who broke the spell,
And led my faltering steps through twilight paths
Unto the fair, forgotten fields of life, —
To him I dedicate, with timid trust,
Whate'er of worthiest in thought or phrase
May mirror here the visions lent me since.

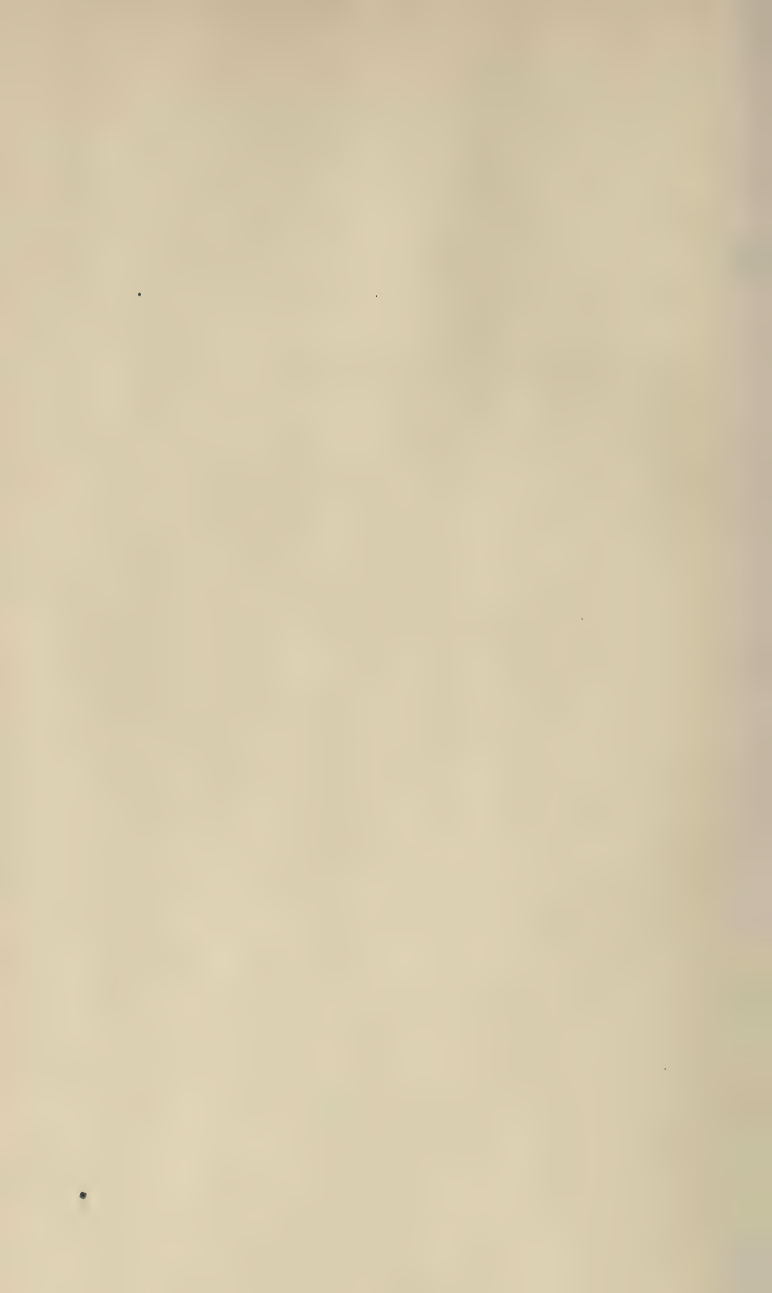
FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE POETRY OF EARTH

"The poetry of earth is never dead." — KEATS.

THERE is always room for beauty : memory
A myriad lovely blossoms may enclose,
But, whatsoe'er hath been, there still must be
Room for another rose.

Though skylark, throstle, whitethroat, whip-poor-
will,
And nightingale earth's echoing chantries throng,
When comes another singer, there will be
Room for another song.



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POEMS
VOLUME I

THROUGH THE RUSHES

THROUGH the rushes by the river
Runs a drowsy tremor sweet,
And the waters stir and shiver
In the darkness at their feet;
From the sombre east up-stealing,
Gradual, with slow revealing,
Comes the dawn, and with a sigh
Night goes by.

Here and there, to mildest wooing,
Folded buds are open-blown;
And the drops their leaves bedewing,
Like to seed-pearls thickly sown,
Sinking, with the blessing olden,
Deep into each calyx golden,
A supreme behest obey,
Then melt away.

And while robes of splendor trailing,
Fitly deck the glowing morn,

THROUGH THE RUSHES

And a fragrance, fresh exhaling,
Greet her loveliness new-born,
Midst divine melodic voicings,
Midst delicious mute rejoicings,
Strong as when the worlds began,
Awakens Pan!

LIFE

BEFORE we knew thee thou wert with us ; aye,
In that far time forgotten and obscure
When, doubtful of ourselves, of naught secure,
We feebly uttered first our human cry.

We had not murmured hadst thou passed us by,
And now, with all our vaunted knowledge sure,
We know not from what source of bounty pure
Thou camest, our dull clay to glorify.

Yet — for thou didst awake us when but dust,
Careless of thee — one tender hope redeems
Each loss by the dark river : more and more
We feel that we who long for thee may trust
To wake again, as children do from dreams,
And find thee waiting on the farther shore.

INTERCHANGE

THE oriole sang in the apple tree ;
The sick girl lay on her bed, and heard
The tremulous note of the glad wild bird ;
And, " Ah ! " she sighed, " to share with thee
Life's rapture exquisite and strong :
Its hope, its eager energy,
Its fragrance and its song ! "

The oriole swayed in the apple tree,
And he sang : " I will build, with my love, a nest,
Fine as e'er welcomed a birdling guest :
Like a pendant blossom, secure yet free,
It shall hang from the bough above me there,
Bright, bright with the gold that is combed for me
From the sick girl's auburn hair ! "

So he built the nest in the apple tree ;
And, burnished over, a ball of light,
It gleamed and shone in the sick girl's sight,
And she gazed upon it wonderingly :

But when the bird had forever flown,
They brought the nest from the apple tree
To the bed where she lay alone.

“O builder of this mystery!—”

The wide and wistful eyes grew dim,
And the soul of the sick girl followed him—

“Dear bird! I have had part, through thee,
In the life for which I long and long:
Have shared its hope, its energy,
Its rapture and its song!”

PROBATION

FULL slow to part with her best gifts is Fate ;
The choicest fruitage comes not with the spring,
But still for summer's mellowing touch must
 wait, —
For storms and tears, which season'd excellence
 bring ;
And Love doth fix his joyfullest estate
In hearts that have been hushed 'neath Sorrow's
 brooding wing.

Youth sues to Fame: coldly she answers, "Toil!"
He sighs for Nature's treasures: with reserve
Responds the goddess, "Woo them from the soil."
Then fervently he cries, "Thee will I serve, —
Thee only, blissful Love!" With proud recoil
The heavenly boy replies, "To serve me well,
 deserve!"

THE IDEAL

"Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so-unspeakable a desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold." — NOVALIS.

SOMETHING I may not win attracts me ever, —
Something elusive, yet supremely fair,
Thrills me with gladness, but contents me never,
Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
It shines beyond the farthest stars I see,
It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
Essays to reach it as I make reply;
I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
Yet know ere I attain it I must die!

PERDITA

(ON SEEING MISS ANDERSON IN THE RÔLE)

SHE dances,
And I seem to be
In primrose vales of Sicily,
Beside the streams once looked upon
By Thyrsis and by Corydon :
The sunlight laughs as she advances,
Shyly the zephyrs kiss her hair,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

Dance, Perdita ! and shepherds, blow !
Your reeds restrain no longer !
Till weald and welkin gleeful ring,
Blow, shepherds, blow ! and, lasses, sing,
Yet sweeter strains and stronger !
Let far Helorus softer flow
'Twixt rushy banks, that he may hear ;
Let Pan, great Pan himself, draw near !

Stately

She moves, half smiling
With girlish look beguiling, —
A dawn-like grace in all her face;
Stately she moves, sedately,
Through the crowd circling round her;
But — swift as light —
See! she takes flight!
Empty, alas! is her place.

Follow her, follow her, let her not go!
Mirth ended so —
Why, 't is but woe!
Follow her, follow her! Perdita! — lo,
Love hath with wreaths enwound her!

She dances,
And I seem to see
The nymph divine, Terpsichore,
As when her beauty dazzling shone
On eerie heights of Helicon.
With bursts of song her voice entrances
The dreamy, blossom-scented air,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

POETRY

CONTEMPLATIVE and fair, with look divine,
Her wistful vision fixed on the unseen, —
The future hers, as the long past has been, —
She waits apart. Who disregard her shrine,
Who pour to her libations of red wine,
Who heal their griefs at her loved Hippocrene,
She noteth not — enwrapt in thought serene,
And pondering grave meanings, line by line.

She has envisaged the veiled heart of things —
Has passed through Purgatory, and her way,
Darkling, unravelled through the deeps of Hell;
And thence arising where the blessèd dwell,
Has touched the stars with her aspiring wings,
And knows that she is deathless as are they!

MAN

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a Southern fountain;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain,
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another,
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw and knew — my brother !

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the cord that smote him bruised me ;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me ;
No phrase of reasoning judgement just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still — my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded ;
A gloom, more dreadful than Nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded ;

I thought of the power benign that made
 And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
 And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

ODE TO SILENCE

O THOU, sublime, who on the throne
Of eyeless Night sat, awful and alone,
Before the birth of Cronos — brooding deep
Upon the voiceless waters which asleep
Held all things circled in their gelid zone :
O Silence ! how approach thy shrine
Nor falter in the listening void to raise
A mortal voice in praise,
Nor wrong with words such eloquence as thine?

Amid the fragrant forest hush,
The nightingale or solitary-thrush
May, on thy quiet breaking, give no wound ;
For they such beauty bring as all redeems,
Nor fear to interrupt thy dreams
Or trouble thy Nirvana with a sound !

And though more fitting worship seem the breath
Of violets in the sequestered wood,
The zephyr that low whispereth
To the heart of Solitude,
The first unfolding of the bashful rose
That noiseless by the wayside buds and blows :

More fitting worship the far drift of clouds
O'er azure floating with a swan-like motion,
The Siren-lays faint heard amid the shrouds,
The voiceless swell of the unfathomed ocean,
The silver Dian pours on the calm stream
Where pale the lotus-blossoms lie adream, —

Yet, mother of all high imaginings,
In whom is neither barrenness nor dearth,
Wise guardian of the sacred springs
Whose fresh primordial waters heal the earth, —
O soul of muted fire,
Of whom is born the passionate desire
That gives to beauty birth, —

All music that hath been, howe'er divine,
All possibilities of sound are thine!
The syrinx-reed, the flute Apollo owns,
Symphonic chords, and lyric overtones,
First draw their inspiration at thy shrine.
There come heart-broken mortal things;
There once again they find their wings;
There garner dreams benign, —
O nurse of genius! unto whom belong
Beethoven's harmonies and Homer's deathless song!

IN DARKNESS

I WILL be still ;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry ;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For oh ! I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe !

Yes, something won ;
The harvest of our tears —
Something unfading, plucked from fading years,
Something to blossom on beyond the sun.
From sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane !

HOW WONDERFUL IS LOVE

HOW wonderful is love!

More wonderful, I wis,
Than cherry-blossoms are when spring's first kiss
Warms the chill breast of earth,
And gives new birth
To beauty! High above
All miracles — the miracle of love,
Which by its own glad and triumphant power
Brings life to flower.

Oh, love is wonderful!

More wonderful than is the dew-fed rose
Whose petals half unclose,
In welcome of the light,
When first the Dawn comes robed in vesture cool
Of fragrant, shimmering white! —
More wonderful and strange
Than moonrise, which doth change
Dulness to glory —
Yea, with a touch transforms the mountains hoary,
And fills the darkling rills with living silver
bright!

Not music when it wings

From the far azure where the skylark sings

Is wonderful as love! —

Not music when it wells

From the enchanted fairy-haunted dells

Where, shrined mid thorn and vine —

An ecstasy apart,

Drawn from the life-blood of a breaking heart —

The nightingale pours forth forever

The rapture and the pain that naught can sever,

Of love which mortal is, yet knows itself divine!

ISRAFEL¹

A DREAMER midst the stars doth dwell,
Known to the gods as Israfel.

His heart-strings are a lute ;
And when, the magic notes outpouring,
He parts his lips, the gods, adoring,
Listen in transport mute,
Subdued and softened by the spell
Of the dreamer, Israfel !

And mortals, as they toil apart,
Listen with awe, and call him — Art,
And fain his gift to gain,
Essay to imitate the fashion
Of his rare song, and breathe its passion, —
But, ah, they strive in vain ;
For his song is more than art,
Whose lute-strings are his heart !

And others, unto whom he wings
The sweetest melodies he sings,

¹ "The angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—KORAN. See EDGAR ALLAN POE.

In worship, name him — Love ;
Yet longing the pure strain to capture,
When at the very height of rapture,
 A sadness oft approve,
And fancy, strangely, that he wrings
The music from their own heart-strings !

BEFORE THE HOUR

UNTIMELY blossom! poor, impatient thing,
That starting rashly from the sheltering mould
Bravest the peevish wind and sullen cold,
Mistaking thine own ardors for the spring! —
Thou to my heart a memory dost bring
Of hopes once fair like thee, like thee too bold
To breathe their fragrance, and their flowers
unfold,
That droop'd, of wintry rigors languishing.

Nor birds, nor bees, nor waters murmuring low,
Nor breezes blown from any Arcady,
Found they, — earth's welcome waiting to be-
stow;
Yet sweet, they felt, sweeter than dreams, would be
The summer they had sought too soon to know, —
The summer they should never live to see!

MADONNA

HE gazed, the little vagrant lad,
 On the Madonna's gentle face;
And all his wistful visage sad
 Renewed its infant grace:
He gazed, reluctant to depart,
 Then kissed her, shyly, as he stood —
Ah, wondrous Art! his lonely heart
 But yearned to motherhood!

SONG OF LIFE

MAIDEN of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-kirtled, wingèd, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies —
Joy! — whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet — lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that to-day endears,
And benumbs the heart to-morrow,
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife, —
Give me of thy fulness, Life!
Nor deny me death!

THE UNCONQUERED AIR

I

OTHERS endure Man's rule : he therefore deems
I shall endure it — I, the unconquered Air!
Imagines this triumphant strength may bear
His paltry sway ! yea, ignorantly dreams,
Because proud Rhea now his vassal seems,
And Neptune him obeys in billowy lair,
That he a more sublime assault may dare,
Where blown by tempest wild the vulture screams !

Presumptuous, he mounts : I toss his bones
Back from the height supernal he has braved :
Ay, as his vessel nears my perilous zones,
I blow the cockle-shell away like chaff,
And give him to the Sea he has enslaved.
He founders in its depths ; and then I laugh !

II

Impregnable I held myself, secure
Against intrusion. Who can measure Man ?
How should I guess his mortal will outran
Defeat so far that danger could allure

For its own sake? — that he would all endure,
All sacrifice, all suffer, rather than
Forego the daring dreams Olympian
That prophesy to him of victory sure?

Ah, tameless courage! — dominating power
That, all attempting, in a deathless hour
Made earth-born Titans godlike, in revolt! —
Fear is the fire that melts Icarian wings:
Who fears nor Fate, nor Time, nor what Time
brings,
May drive Apollo's steeds, or wield the thunder
bolt!

IN THE TOWN A WILD BIRD SINGING

“Hear me, Theresa, Theresa, Theresa!”

HARK! Do I dream? Nay, even now I heard
The whitethroat's music, tremulous yet clear:
The very plaint, O lonely bird,
That often midst the greening woods hath stirred
My heart; but never here!

This is the City! High above the street,
Before my window singing in the dawn,
By what imagination dost thou cheat
Thy hope to utter melody so sweet,
Far from thy groves withdrawn?

Thy tones transport me, wistful, to the North,
Seeming to lay a touch upon my brow
Cool as the balsam-laden airs that now
Through pine-woods blow: they woo my spirit
forth —
Forth of the town — forth of myself. But thou?

Dost thou an exile wander from thy home
Or art thou hast'ning thither?

Through what beguilement dost thou friendless
 roam ?

And goest thou — ah, whither ?

Day quickly fades, Night may refuse her star,
 Clouds may arise, and elemental strife, —

Ah, hapless bird ! what *Wanderlust* of life
 Betrayed thy wings so far ?

Full as my soul of tremulous desires,

Thy voice I hear in supplication rise.

“Theresa !” dost thou call ? Unto the skies
 The plaint, adoring, holily aspires : —

“Theresa !” Is it *she* keeps watch o’er thee ? —
 Homeless — but free ?

Wise minstrel ! Thou dost well to call on her ;
 No saint was ever lovelier.

Her heart had room for such wide tenderness

As his who “Little Sister” called the birds,

And pity, deeper than all words,

Taught her, like him, to bless.

Silent ? Where art thou ? Lo, the City wakes !

Toil’s round begins, and calm the world forsakes.

Thou, too, art gone! — nor evermore shalt come
Without my window here at dawn to sing.

Adieu, strange guest! Theresa guide thy wing
Safe to the sweet wild woods that are thy home!

MORNING

I WOKE and heard the thrushes sing at dawn, —
A strangely blissful burst of melody,
A chant of rare, exultant certainty,
Fragrant, as springtime breaths, of wood and lawn.
Night's eastern curtains still were closely drawn ;
No roseate flush predicted pomps to be,
Or spoke of morning loveliness to me.
But for those happy birds the night was gone !

Darkling they sang, nor guessed what care consumes
Man's questioning spirit ; heedless of decay,
They sang of joy and dew-embalmed blooms.
My doubts grew still, doubts seemed so poor while
they,
Sweet worshippers of light, from leafy glooms
Poured forth transporting prophecies of Day.

“POOR LOVE!” SAID LIFE

“**P**OOOR Love!” said Life, “that hast nor gold,
Nor lands, nor other store, I ween;
Thy very shelter from the cold
Is oft but lowly built and mean.”

“Nay: though of rushes be my bed,
Yet am I rich,” Love said.

“But,” argued Life, “thrice fond art thou
To yield the sovereign gifts of Earth —
The victor sword, the laurelled brow —
For visioned things of little worth!”
Love gazed afar with dream-lit eyes,
And answered, “Nay: but wise.”

“Yet, Love,” said Life, “what can atone
For all the travail of thy years —
The yearnings vain, the vigils lone,
The pain, the sacrifice, the tears?”
Soft as the breath breathed from a rose,
The answer came: “Love knows.”

NEW YORK

A NOCTURNE

DOWN-GAZING, I behold,
 Miraculous by night,
A city all of gold.
 Here, there, and everywhere,
 In myriad fashion fair,
A mystery untold
 Of Light!

Not royal Babylon,
 Nor Tyre, nor Rome the great —
 In the all-powerful state
Her wisdom and her armèd legions won —
 Was so illuminate
As this strange world which, awed, I look upon.
With it compared, the ancient glories fail,
 And, in the glow it doth irradiate,
The planets of the firmament grow pale!

Night, birth-fellow to Chaos, never wore
A robe so gemmed before.

The splendor streams
In lines and jets and scintillating gleams
From tower and spire and campanile bright,
And palaces of light.

How beautiful is this
Unmatched Cosmopolis! —
City of wealth and want,
Of pitiless extremes,
Selfish ambitions, pure aspiring dreams ;
Whose miseries, remembered, daunt
The bravest spirit hope hath cheered —
This city loved and hated, honored, feared :
This Titan City, bold to dare :
This wounded Might
That, dreading darkness, covers up its care
And hides its gaping hurt 'neath veils of light!

Oh, I have looked on Venice when the moon
Silvered each dark lagoon,
And have in dreams beheld her
Clothed in resplendent pride,
The Adriatic's bride!
Naples I, too, have seen —
An even lovelier Queen —

And thought that nothing in the world ex-
celled her —

Nay, marvelled, as at close of day
I gazed across her opalescent bay
And saw Vesuvius burn on high
Against the soft Italian sky,
That anything on earth could wear
A charm so past compare !

But, O Manhattan ! Glowing now
Against the sombre night,
Thine opulence and squalor hid from sight,
Never was aught more beautiful than thou
Dost in thy calm appear —
So glorified and so transfigured here —
Since the Eternal, to creation stirred,
Breathed from His awful lips the mystic word : —
Let there be Light !

BROOK-SONG : TO THE SPRING

O BEAUTY! vision of forgotten gladness!
Fulfilment of a dream that ne'er betrays!
O miracle of hope, and balm of sadness!
Creative ecstasy and fount of praise!

.

I lay upon the ground and gave no token,
I hid my face mid sodden leaves and sere,
My languid pulses chill, my spirit broken, —
I knew not, O divine one! you were near;

For snows and frosts of winter, new-departed,
Still held my will in thrall and weighed me down;
And I forgot — forlorn and heavy-hearted —
Your promise, goddess of the violet crown!

But soft as music in remembrance sighing,
You fanned me with your wooing breath, and I
Who shed no tears when lone I seemed and dying
Wept at your touch, and knew I should not die.

Now by my banks are tender blossoms blowing:

In fragrant loveliness they smile on me, —

But I must hasten to the river, knowing

The river will lead onward to the sea.

High over me the budding branches quiver

With songs that swell in happy harmony;

But sweeter is the murmur of the river, —

The river that leads onward to the sea!

THE "PENSEUR"

(ON SEEING THE FAMOUS STATUE)

RODIN'S it was — this vital thing, this Soul,
This striving force imprisoned in clay,
This monster Shape inert, held in control
By that it doth enshrine :
Rodin's it was ; but, ah, to-day
It is the world's — and mine !

What mystery here is meant ?
Is this Time's great event —
This creature earthward sent
With subtle might against himself to strive —
To struggle upward from the brutish thing
And, ruling the blood's rioting,
Keep the celestial spark in him alive ?

What miracle is meant,
Suggested by this frame relaxed and bent ?
What wonders to this Titan are revealed,
Sitting enisled and motionless as if
Lone on some cloud-invested Teneriffe ?

Inward and inward still his vision sinks.
What does he here? — He thinks!

Thought is the travail that absorbs him thus;
Himself the workshop, most mysterious,
Wherein are wrought what human strengths there
be.

Detached, aloof, with eyes that seem to stare
Beyond us and beyond apparent things,
He gazes far into futurity,
And doth with gods unbourned horizons share.

For thoughts, upborne on never-tiring wings,
Boldly adventure regions foul and fair:
To Hades sink, then rise to Heaven again,
Still finding everywhere
The mystic threads whereof are joy and pain
Shaped in the penetralia of the brain!

TIME

WHAT thought can measure Time ? —

Tell its beginning, name

The void from which it first, faint-pulsing,
came ? —

Follow its onward going, —

A restless river without tumult flowing, —

Or with sure footing climb

Unto its unlit altitudes sublime ?

What thought can trace the wonders it hath seen —

Time, the creator of all that hath been,

Giver of bounty where was dearth,

Bringer of miracles to birth :

Time, through whose office is the seedling sown,

The fruit up-gathered, the ripe harvest mown,

And beauty made to glorify the earth ?

Before the land took shape and rose

Black and chaotic from the old, old sea,

Before the stars their courses chose,

Before the moon's most ancient memory,

Time to Earth's vision, veiled in night, appears

Back of the viewless cycles of the years.

The Hours, his little children, run
 Lightly upon his errands ever ;
By sure and swift relays is done
 His will, disputed never ;
The while these transient Hours infirm
Measure of mortal things the destined term.

Ah, me, the days ! the heavy-weighted years,
 Each with its Spring and Winter, dusk and
 dawn !

The centuries, with all their joys, and tears,
 That came, and now — so utterly are gone !
Gone whither ? Whither vanished so ?
Does broad Orion, or does Hesper know ?

There comes no answer. Are we dupes, indeed, —
 Offspring of Time, by Time relentless slain,
 Our purest aspirations dreamed in vain ?
 Ah, no : man's soul indignant doth disdain
Ignoble vassalage to such a creed,
Well-knowing it is free, —
 Aye, free ! — for present, past, and future blend,
 The segments of a circle without end,
Losing themselves in one, unbounded eternity !

LET ME BELIEVE

LET me believe you, love, or let me die !
If on your faith I may not rest secure,
Beyond all chance of peradventure sure,
Trusting your half avowals sweet and shy,
As trusts the lark the pallid, dawn-lit sky —
Then would I rather in some grave obscure
Repose forlorn, than living on, endure
A question each dear transport to belie !

It is a pain to thirst and do without,
A pain to suffer what we deem unjust,
To win a joy — and lay it in the dust ;
But there 's a fiercer pain — the pain of doubt ;
From other griefs Death sets the spirit free ;
Doubt steals the light from immortality !

CORA

I

WHEN through thy arching aisles,
O Nature, I perceive
What brooding stillness fills the lonesome choirs
Where, heaven'd late, thy sweet musicians sung ;

What rude benumbing touch
Strips from reluctant boughs
The languid leaves and bears to common view
The sacred nest, — the mute expressive nest,

Whose state defenceless tells
Of fledgeling treasures flown, —
Then, like the prudent birds, my thoughts take
flight,
Winging o'er wintry fields to find the spring.

II

Somewhere on Earth's cold breast
The dauntless crocus glows,
And fair Narcissus hangs his head and dreams.
There, — laughing, blushing, like a happy bride,

With tears in her sweet eyes
To kiss away — shyly
The Maiden comes, and, as she moves along,
The woods and waking wolds intone her praise.

I, too, where all things tell
Of Autumn chill and blight, —
I, too, will praise her, aye, with transport hymn
The unforgotten sweetness of the spring.

III

How desolate were Man
If, robbed of dear delight,
He might not with remembrance fond pursue
And find his happiness, and lead it back !

The mournful Stygian shades
Were less forlorn than he ;
For they have memory, and cannot lose
Bright visions once in conscious bliss possessed !

Through Hades' wailful halls,
Bereft of Proserpine,
They pensive glide, yet feel the far, sweet spring,
And seem to breathe lost Enna's distant flowers.

WHY DID YOU GO?

DEATH called, — but why did you go?

Did you not know
That life is better than death,
That snatches the breath
Out of joy? — that love is better than death?

Did you not understand
How guarded the Land
Where death leads? — that howe'er the heart yearn,
One may never return
From the gloom
Of that dwelling-place lone that doth hold and
entomb?

O my sweet!
Might I follow your feet, —
Afar from the sun and the bloom-scented air,
I would open once more
The inexorable door,
And drink of dark Lethe, your prison to share!

INDIAN-PIPE

IN the heart of the forest arising,
Slim, ghostly, and fair,
Ethereal offspring of moisture,
Of earth and of air ;
With slender stems anchored together
Where first they uncurl,
Each tipped with its exquisite lily
Of mother-of-pearl ;
Mid the pine-needles, closely enwoven
Its roots to embale, —
The Indian-pipe of the woodland,
Thrice lovely and frail !

Is this but an earth-springing fungus —
This darling of Fate
Which out of the mouldering darkness
Such light can create ?
Or is it the spirit of Beauty,
Here drawn by love's lure
To give to the forest a something
Unearthly and pure :

To crystallize dewdrop and balsam
And dryad-lisped words
And starbeam and moonrise and rapture
And song of wild birds?

DEATHLESS DEATH

IN MEMORY OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WE who have seen the seed fall without sound
 Into the lifeless ground,
Through wintry days are tempted to forget
How Spring will come with the first violet
 In her dark hair,
 Fresh and more fair
Than we remembered her, a glad surprise
In the veiled azure of her shadowy eyes.

Fear doth the heart deceive,
 And still we grieve
Where we should lift the voice
In triumph, and rejoice
 Amid our sorrow,
Because of what the past
Has given that is beauteous and shall last —
A heritage of blessing for the morrow.

Lo, in what perfect trust
Nature confides her darlings to the dust!

The rose, the crocus, the narcissus sweet,
She lays to rest, undoubting, at her feet
 Who from the meadows bright
Was snatched away to rule in the sad light
 Of Hades, and to learn
 Its lessons stern.

 For Nature's faith is deep
That, waking from the dark and dreamless sleep,
Her flowers toward the sun shall wistful yearn,
And in the fragrant breast of Proserpine return.

 Ah, lover true of men,
 Forgive, forgive us, then,
If choked by tears we falter in our praise,
Remembering that we no more again
Shall hold glad converse with your spirit brave,
Nor from your lips hear words that lift and save,
Through all the lengthening number of our days!

By the great Silence you are set apart
From all the restless travail of the heart
 That beats in us

 So passionate and strong —
Are passed beyond the evening angelus
 And Memnon's morning song.

.

Man's life on earth — how brief!
Yet we with Nature hold the high belief,
E'en when our hearts are breaking,
That death is but the vital way,
Darkness the shadow of the day,
And sleep the door to waking!

And shall we still with tears
Pay tribute sad to one whose soul endears
Even the dark, dark river it hath crossed?
Shall we in grief forget
The sweetness and the glory of our debt,
And that no good, once given, can be lost?

Distant your dwelling seems,
Poet and patriot! — but, ah, your dreams
Are living as the flame of sacrifice!
Therefore love's roses now
We lay amidst the laurel for your brow,
Grateful that souls like yours our earth
emparadise.

IN APRIL

WHEN beeches bud and lilacs blow,
And Earth puts on her magic green;
When dogwoods bear their vernal snow
And skies grow deep the stars between, —
Then, O ye birds! awake and sing
The gladness at the heart of Spring!

When flowers blossom for the poor,
And Nature heals the hurt of years,
When wondering Love resists the cure,
Yet hopes again, and smiles through tears, —
Then, O ye birds! awake and sing
The gladness at the heart of Spring!

LIMITATION

AS when the imperial bird, wide-circling, soars
From his lonely eyrie, towered above the seas
That wash the wild and rugged Hebrides,
A force which he unconsciously adores
Bounds the majestic flight that heaven explores,
And droops his haughty wing; as when the
breeze
Tempts to o'erleap their changeless boundaries
The waves that tumble foaming to those shores;

So thou, my soul! impatient of restriction,
With deathless hopes and longings all aglow,
Aspirest still, and still the stern prediction
Stays thee, as them, — “No further shalt thou
go!”
But, ah! the eagle feels not thine affliction,
Nor can the broken waves thy disappointment
know.

EARTH'S BLOSSOMS

EARTH has her blossoms, and the sea his shells
Wrought with as fine a workmanship, and fair
As they had been some god's peculiar care;
And in the heart of each a spirit dwells
Whose voice, in flowers, — for they to earth be-
long —
Is but a perfume, evanescent, sweet,
While in the sea-born shell, as seemeth meet,
It is an echo faint of an unending song!

PSYCHE

SOFTLY, with palpitating heart,
She came to where he lay concealed apart.
The lamp she held intensified the gloom
And in the dusk wrought shadowy shapes of doom.

Her starry eyes
O'er-brimmed with troubled tears,
Her pulses throbbing wildly in her ears,
She stood beside him where he lay,
Hushed in the deep
Of sweet, unconscious sleep.

But as she stifled back her sighs
And tried to look upon that cherished form,
Remembrance shook her purpose warm,
And, chiding, seemed to say, —
“Why seek to solve, why, curious, thus destroy
The mystery of joy?”

What doubt unblest, what faithless fear is this
That tempts to paths none may retrace,
That moves thee, fond one! to unveil the face
Of bliss?

Is 't not enough to feel it thine ?
Like Semele, wouldst gaze on the Divine ?
Secret the soul of Rapture dwells ;
Love gives, yet jealous test repels,
Nor will of force be known,
And bashful Beauty viewed too near — is gone."

AT BREAK OF DAY

I THOUGHT that past the gates of doom,
Where Orpheus played a strain divine
Of love importunate as mine,
Unto the dwellings of the dead I came through
paths of gloom.

Around me, looming dark through cloud,
Vast walls arose whence mournful fell
The shadow and the hush of hell ;
And silence, brooding, palpable, enwrapped me like
a shroud.

Naught blossomed there ; in that chill place
Where longing dwells divorced from hope,
Naught to a joyous horoscope
Lent prophecies of future grace, but — I beheld thy
face !

And I awoke, — songs trembling near, —
Awoke and saw day's chariot pass
Bright gleaming o'er the meadow-grass,
And knew this glad earth without thee, than realms
of Death more drear !

THE LARK

THERE is a legend somewhere told
Of how the skylark came of old
 To the dying Saviour's cross,
And circling round that form of pain
Poured forth a wild, lamenting strain,
 As if for human loss.

Pierced by these accents of despair,
Upon the tiny mourner there
 Turning his fading eyes,
The Saviour said. "Dost thou so mourn,
And is thy fragile breast so torn,
 That man, my brother, dies ?

"O'er all the world uplifted high,
We are alone here, thou and I ;
 And near to heaven and thee
I bless thy pity-guided wings !
I bless thy voice — the last that sings
 Love's requiem for me !

"Sorrow no more shall fill thy song ;
These frail and fluttering wings grown strong,

Thou shalt no longer fly
Earth's captive — nay, but boldly dare
The azure vault, and upward bear
Thy transports to the sky !”

Soon passed the Saviour; but the lark,
Close hovering near Him in the dark,
Could not his grief abate ;
And nigh the watchers at the tomb,
Still mourned through days of grief and gloom,
With note disconsolate.

But when to those sad mourners came,
In rose and amethyst and flame,
The Dawn Miraculous,
Song in which sorrow had no part
Burst from the lark's triumphant heart —
Sweet and tumultuous !

An instant, as with rapture blind,
He faltered ; then, his Lord to find,
Straight to the ether flew, —
Rising where falls no human tear,
Singing where still his song we hear
Piercing the upper blue !

GIVE ME NOT LOVE

GIVE me not love that would enthrall
A spirit panting to be free ;
But give me love which more than all
Would find it sweet to soar with me !
The bird that close to earth doth cling,
May, darkling, be content to sing,
But full the sunlight shines afar —
And there be heights where eagles are.

Give me not love which hour by hour,
Like to the rose doth pale its hue ;
But love still constant as the flower
That opens to each morn anew ;
Not love which, shadowed by the tomb,
A little space doth languid bloom,
But love that draws its deeper breath
From altitudes that know not death.

SIBERIA

THE night-wind drives across the leaden skies,
And fans the brooding earth with icy wings;
Against the coast loud-booming billows flings,
And soughs through forest-deeps with moaning
sighs.

Above the gorge, where snow, deep-fallen lies,
A softness lending e'en to savage things —
Above the gelid source of mountain springs,
A solitary eagle, circling, flies.

O pathless woods, O isolating sea,
O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,
O grievous distances, imagine ye,
Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold?
Free, in a dungeon, — as yon falcon free, —
It soars beyond your ken its loved ones to
enfold!

ALEXANDER III

(LIVADIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1894)

THE world in mourning for a Russian Tsar!
A despot of the nineteenth century
Mourned by the nations that have made men
free!

Ye captives of his rule! where'er ye be,
Whether in dungeons or in mines afar —
Wretches who mourn, yet mourn not for the Tsar, —
Forgive the tears that seem a wrong to grief
Barren of comfort and without relief;
The Tsar was Russia's martyr — as ye are!

He asked for peace, and she ordained him strife.
A Slav of simple heart, disliking show,
She bade him every lowly hope forego;
And placing on his brow her crown of woe,
Gave him a sovereignty with perils rife,
And 'neath his sceptre hid the assassin's knife.
So, masked as Fear, she broke his nerves of
steel
Upon the circle of her racking wheel,
And set a horror at his door of life!

Humanity but sorrows for her own ;

 The Autocrat she mourns not, but the man,
 Who, loving Russia, lived beneath her ban,
 Powerless to soften fate or change the plan
That called him all unwilling to a throne,
Hereditary evils to atone.

 She mourns not Cæsar, but the pathos old
 Of a quick conscience driven to uphold
A dynasty the world had long outgrown.

CRUEL LOVE — ANACREONTIC

I LOOKED from out my window once
And saw Love standing there ;
No cloak had he to cover him,
His dimpled feet were bare,
And fast and chill the snowflakes fell
On his ambrosial hair.

He lifted up to mine a face
Filled with celestial light ;
Fond, fond with pity grew my heart
To see his hapless plight,
And down I sped to offer him
Warm shelter for the night :—

“ Come in, come in, thou tender child,
A wanderer from thine own !
Hath all the world abandoned thee,
That thou art thus alone ?
Come in, come in ! that straightway I
For others may atone ! ”

I took his icy hand in mine, —
 Why swifter throbbed each vein ?
Was it the impulse of my blood
 To ease his frozen pain ? —
Yet still his lips refused to smile,
 Still fell his tears like rain.

Bashful he seemed, as half inclined
 To shiver there apart :
I led him closer to the fire,
 I drew him to my heart :
Ah, cruel Love ! my trustful breast
 He wounded with a dart !

Ah, cruel Love ! He smiled at last —
 A wondrous smile to see !
And passing from my sheltering door,
 With step alert and free,
He took my warmth, my joy with him, —
 His tears he left to me !

THE CHOSEN

DEATH pitying stood before one bent and old,
And said: — “Forbear your griefs, and go with
me :

The tale of your misfortunes — all is told,
And I am come at last to set you free.”

But, lo! the man fell trembling to his knees,
Affrighted, and entreating in sad plight: —
“Though poverty and pain deny me ease,
Yet spare me! — but a day — a single night!”

Then Death, disdainng misery so base,
Turned, silently, and sought whom life held
dear.

He found you, my belovèd! in the place
You glorified, and touched you with his spear;

And as one startled wakes from a fair dream
He fain would dream again, if that might be,
You looked on Death clothed in his might supreme,
And gave yourself to him, — forgetting me.

All beauteous in the blossom-time of youth,
Ere yet a cloud your radiance could dim, —
You knew him for God's messenger, in truth,
And like an angel, went away with him.

TO A POET

GIVE us one dream! —
One swift, authentic vision
Of perfect loveliness to snatch the breath :
One glimpse into unchartered realms elysian
Where never cometh death !

Sing us one song
Whose accent is immortal —
Enduring as the asphodel, the flower
That blooms unfading nigh to Hades' portal :
Sing us one song of power !

Brief, if you will, —
A word of life transforming :
A word hope's wearied vision to restore :
A vital word, our human heart-blood warming,
And . . . you need write no more !

A SEEKER IN THE NIGHT

I LIFT my eyes, but I cannot see ;
I stretch my arms and I cry to Thee, —
And still the darkness covers me.

Where art Thou ? In the chill obscure
I wander lonely, and endure
A yearning only Thou canst cure !

Once — once, indeed, in every face
I seemed thy lineaments to trace
And looked in all to find thy grace :

I thought the thrush — sweet worshipper ! —
From the minaret of the balsam-fir
Hymned forth thy praise, my soul to stir ;

I thought the early roses came
To lisp in fragrant breaths thy name,
And teach my heart to do the same ;

I thought the stars thy candles, Lord ! —
I thought the skylark as he soared
Rose to thy throne and Thee adored !

But now a labyrinth I wind,
And needing more thy hand to find,
Grope, darkling, Lord! — for I am blind!

Ah, bridge for me the awful vast,
That I may find Thee at the last! —
Then draw me close, and hold me fast!

BETROTHAL

BOTH your hands? . . . What mean they, dear?

I, unworthy, — dare I claim you?
Then, against the world, I hold you:
Mine — forever mine!

Men have waked from dreams of joy:
Teach me to believe this rapture!
Lift your eyes! O my beloved,
Let me read your heart!

Is it true? . . . Ah, me! those eyes!
How divinely kind! — how tender!
Doubt itself could not distrust them,
Or resist their light!

Dear, without you, I have been
Poorer than the humblest beggar
Who against your door at nightfall
Kneeling, asked for bread:

I have gazed upon your face
And have felt such fear oppress me

That I trembled. From this moment,
Nothing fear I more!

For whatever perils come,
Nothing henceforth can divide us;
Neither follies nor ambitions —
Neither joys nor tears:

Never can you go so far
That my love shall fail to find you;
Seeking ever to deserve you,
Upward striving still;

And though seas should lie between,
I shall feel that you are near me:
In the twilight and night-season
I shall hear your voice.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

ON that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

But when she saw her infant's face —
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart —
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear way that mothers are,
And heaven seemed nigh, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;
For at his touch her sense grew dim —
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low nestled in that manger-bed,

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart — poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her —
Best loved of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

REVEILLE

WHAT frolic zephyr through the young leaves
plays,

Scattering fragrance delicate and sweet?

What impulse new moves Robin to repeat

To pale Anemone his roundelays?

What winning wonder fills the world with praise

In this mysterious time? Lo, all things greet

A loved one, new redeemed from death's de-
feat —

A youth whose languid head fair nymphs up-
raise!

For him the crocus dons his bravery, —

And violets for him their censers swing;

For him the shy arbutus, blushfully,

Peeps through the mosses that about her cling;

Adonis wakes! Awake, earth's minstrelsy!

In swelling diapason hymn the Spring!

OF FUTURE DAYS

I DO not ask to know
Whither thy spirit after death shall go;
I only ask that I — where'er thou be —
 May follow thee.

 All torment and regret
Thou, with thy love, couldst teach me to forget;
And heaven — Alas! what hope of heaven for me
 Bereft of thee?

 Nay: faithless doubt and fear
I lose in Him who gave thee to me, dear!
He would not so unite to rend apart,
 Who made the heart!

DRYAD SONG

WHEN the wolds of Lycæus are silvery fair,
When Mænalian forests are doubtful and dim,
When the hound strains the leash and the wolf
quits his lair,
And the startled fawn flies from the fountain's
cool rim ;

When with panting delight we impatiently follow
The shuddering stags over hillock and hollow, —
A form from the shadows comes bounding out,
And we know it is Pan by his horrid shout :

A form from the shadows comes bounding out,
At head of the Satyrs' impetuous rout,
And we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
We know it is Pan by his horrid shout !

When hidden with Dian in deep woodland bower,
We loosen her quiver, her sandals unbind,
Bathe her beautiful feet in the pearl-trickling
shower,
Pellucid and pure ; when we deftly enwind

The silvery fillet that clasps and caresses
 The wonder and wealth of her shadowy tresses, —
 A face through the pleachèd blooms stealthily
 peers,
 And we know it is Pan by his furry ears :

A face through the pleachèd blooms stealthily
 peers,
 Makes mouths to affright us, then mocks at our
 fears,
 And we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
 We know it is Pan by his furry ears !

When, shunning the shafts of Apollo at noon,
 To the kindly green coverts we thankfully creep,
 Athirst for fresh runnels, and ready to swoon, —
 Oft, sudden, we come to one fallen asleep :
 Fallen asleep mid the tangle and grasses
 That trip up the confident clown as he passes,
 And fearful we peep at the form supine,
 For we know it is Pan, though he makes no sign.

And fearful we peep at the form supine,
 With the hoofs of a goat and the brow divine,
 For we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
 We know it is Pan, though he makes no sign !

When the shepherds are gone from the sunset hills,
 When evening is mildest in dingle and dale,
 Through the hush comes a sound that enraptures
 and thrills,

Light wafted along on the tremulous gale :
 So passionate-sweet, so wildly out-welling,
 That Ladon hears it with bosom swelling.

We listen and sigh, — sigh and listen again,
 For we know it is Pan by that melting strain !

We listen and sigh, — sigh and listen again,
 While the lithe reeds quiver as if in pain, —
 For we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
 We know it is Pan by that melting strain !

BEFORE THE DAWN

I LOOKED on beauteous forms, as I lay dreaming,
But on no form as beautiful as thine,
Who here, amid the moonbeams white and holy,
Standest in silence by this bed of mine.

I looked on faces fair, as I lay sleeping,
But on no face that seemed as nobly sweet
As that which in the pallid light above me
My wondering, half-awakened sense doth greet.

Who and what art thou? Have I kept thee wait-
ing?

My sleep was as a river deep and calm;
Bring'st thou perchance some word of import for
me?

Hast thou, for broken hearts, like mine, some
balm?

Who and what art thou? In my tranquil vision
I gazed through rifted clouds on azure skies, —
I seemed to gaze beyond them, — but naught
moved me

Like the deep pity in thy brooding eyes.

Why art thou here to-night? I have been lonely —
Have waited, prayed, for such an one as thou,
To still with presence kind my pulse's throbbing,
To lay a cooling touch upon my brow.

Tell me thy name! Then, pain and fear forgotten,
I straightway will arise and follow thee,
Who, so I think, art hither come to guide me
To larger hope and opportunity.

Tell me thy name! I long, I need, to hear it!
Thy name!—I may not plead, for failing
breath,—

*With look compassionate, the august stranger
Made answer very softly: "I am Death."*

A LITTLE MINISTER

FAR up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
Leave giant boulders swept and bare :
Where frequent lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry, —

I found a bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifting its head complacently,
As guarded by the tenderest care —
Far up the crag.

And often now, when fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
And as of old in my despair,
I bless the Power that set it there —
That tiny thing with courage high,
Far up the crag !

A REALM OF WONDER¹

FAR off there is a realm of wonder, —
 Know you its name?
No region the wide heavens under
 Could be the same!
Dark orange groves it hath, and alleys
 With sunlit verdure covered over
High-mounting hills, great river valleys
 Enriched by crops of maize and clover:
A Land apart, from all asunder, —
 Know you its name?

Walls hath it — two. One — of the mind, —
To the outside world forever blind,
Itself within itself hath still confined;
 Wherefore its brooding and exclusive spirit
Craves but for progress in experience sown,
Noiseless as Nature's own;
 And with that reverence it doth inherit,
Hearkens obediently its sages,
Mysteriously wise from distant ages,

¹ See *La Cité Chinoise* of Eugène Simon.

And with unconscious, tireless sacrifice
Creates a paradise.

A paradise you say,
Stretching away — and endlessly away! —
A garden — lovelily abloom
With rice and silk and tea,
Cotton and yam and wheat, all fair to see,
And breathing forth an exquisite perfume
Of mingled mulberry and orange blows,
Azalea and rose :

A garden, yet a tomb
Where myriads, sleeping, are remembered still
By myriads more, who glad their precepts keep,
And honor them in sleep.

What centuries of industries speak here !
What irrigating waters, silver-clear,
Skirting the uplands, rise, tier above tier !
What thronged canals, through the Delta plain
extending

Hundreds of miles !

What junks, what bankside villages unending,
What cottages with brown and green roof-tiles !
What fanes ! what wildwood temples without cease !
What unperturbed tranquillity ! what peace !

Far off there is a realm of wonder, —

Know you its name ?

No region the wide heavens under

Could be the same ! —

So calm, productive, full of beauty ;

Unto contentment so inviting !

A Land, through service and through duty,

The past and future so uniting

That Death itself them may not sunder ! —

Know you its name ?

Back of the centuries its birth-hour lonely

Men vainly seek :

Of its beginnings legend only

And myth may speak :

Ere Greece of beauty dreamed, or Rome of power,

In some mysterious, unrecorded hour,

Darkling from hushed obscurity it sprung

When the Nile gods and the Vedas yet were young.

TO ONE IN HOSPITAL PENT

LITTLE sister, everywhere
There is sorrow : here — where men
Greet the day-beam often when
They the lagging moments measure
By the suffering they bear —
Just as there !

Earth-born children all are due
At one goal, and none is free :
Nay ; not I, who seem to be
Privileged at large to wander
Where no walls obstruct the blue,
More than you !

But where tears have wet the sod,
Beautiful may flowers spring,
And in cages birds may sing ;
For there 's love, too, little sister,
Everywhere that grief hath trod ;
And there 's God !

A BALLAD OF A DRUM

THE Austrians at Arcola
(The fight had lasted long),
The Austrians at Arcola —
Some fifty thousand strong —
Assailed the bridge whereto the French
(A fourth their strength) had come,
With menace dire, and murderous fire ;
Then fled before a drum !

For Estienne at Arcola —
Heroic little lad ! —
Seeing the carnage on the bridge,
With soul grown sick and sad,
Had sworn that he, at least, would pass
Beyond the sanguine tide,
And beat his drum, whate'er should come,
Upon the farther side.

So Estienne at Arcola —
No fear had he to die ! —

With one brave Sergeant, swam the stream,
 His precious drum held high,
 And from the river dripping rose
 Amid the battle's hum,
 A French refrain, with might and main,
 To pound upon his drum.

The Austrians at Arcola

Seemed fifty thousand strong,
 But many were the raw recruits
 Among that mighty throng,
 Who hearing Frenchmen in the rear,
 Listened, confused and dumb,
 Then gave a shout, — “ We ’re hemmed
 about ! ”
 And fled — before a drum !

The courage shown at Arcola

By André Estienne —
 The lesson taught at Arcola
 Is wholesome now as then.
 Needs there a moral to the tale ?
 Then read in this its sum :
 The greatest strength may yield at length,
 When sounds a hero's drum !

CENDRILLON

" Vous l'avez dit: je suis le rêve."

I AM a dream,
A fairy gleam
Of rose and amethyst;
A creature of the moonlight and the mist,
Woven of stars that, meeting, silent kissed.
Think of me as a dream!

I am a note of melody that woke
Within your breast, and to your longing spoke:
A lonely strain
Of ecstasy and pain;
A hope that, glimpsed, must fade;
A form, illusion made,
That, vanishing, shall come no more again!

Regret me not that I
Must like to music die!
The virgin rose,
In blossoming, hastes to its fragrant close,
And whatso'er this magic hour I seem,
I am enchantment, only, and a dream, —
Love always is a dream!

NATURE

TO see thee, hear thee, wistful watch I keep—
Mother, who in Immensity dost dwell—
A child who listens for the boundless deep,
Her ear against a shell:

And vainly though I seek thy face to scan,
Lost in the vasty temple where thou art,
Faint breathings of thy voice æolian
Vibrate against my heart.

THE BURIAL OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
AT SAMOA

WHERE shall we lay you down to rest?
Where will you sleep the very best?
Mirthful and tender, dear and true—
Where shall we find a grave for you?

They thought of a spirit as brave as light,
And they bore him up to a lonely height,
And they laid him there, where he loved to be,
On a mountain gazing o'er the sea!

They thought of a soul aflood with song,
And they buried him where the summer long
Myriad birds his requiem sing,
And the echoing woods about him ring!

They thought of a love that life redeems,
Of a heart the home of perfect dreams,
And they left him there, where the worlds aspire
In the sunrise glow and the sunset fire!

BREATHLESS WE STRIVE

BREATHLESS we strive, contending for success,
According to the standards of our day.
What is success ? Is it to find a way
Wealth out of all proportion to possess ?
Is it to care for simple pleasures less
(While grasping at a more extended sway),
And sacrificing to our gods of clay,
Submerge the soul, at last, in worldliness ?

By Grasmere stands a cottage small and poor :
The Dove was once its emblem, and the sign
That marked it as a wayside inn obscure ;
But, frugal, dwelt high consecration here,
And gratitude still guards it as a shrine,
Hallowed by that success which time but makes
more dear !

THE RETURN¹

WHO knocks at the door so late, so late —
Who knocks so late at the door ?
Is it one who comes as a stranger comes,
Or one who has knocked before ?
Is it one who stays with intent to bless,
Or one who stands to implore ?

*My days have been as the years, she said,
And my heart, my heart is sore ;
Love looked in my face for a moment's space
One happy spring of yore —
Looked in my face with a wistful grace ;
And left me to grieve evermore !*

Through all the days the door stood wide,
For hope had breathed a vow
That love should ne'er be kept outside.

¹ "Romney, the painter, married at nineteen and had two children in 1762. He visited them only once, in 1767. When old, nearly mad, and quite utterly desolate, he found his way back to his wife in 1799, and she, after the neglect of nearly forty years, received him with forgiveness and kindness, affectionately nursing him till his death ; an act, as has been said, which, even from an artistic point of view, is worth all his pictures."

The years were long and hope hath died ;
The door at last is barred and fast —
Why comes this knocking now ?

*Yet woe the waiting heart, she said,
And the heart it waiteth for !
And woe the truth and wasted youth
That nothing shall restore !
The faith that's fled, the hope that's dead,
The dreams that come no more.*

Who knocks at the gate — so late, so late ?
Thou foolish heart, be still !
What is 't to thee if love or hate
Knocks in the midnight chill ?
Art thou, poor heart, compassionate ?
Is love so hard to kill ?

*Ah me ! the night is cold, she said ;
Would I might all forget ;
But memory lives when hope is dead,
And pity heals regret ;
As light yet lingers overhead
When sun and moon are set.*

MUSIC

THE might of music, and its mystic fire,
Will from no studied Art alone proceed ;
The soul of Orpheus must infuse the lyre,
The breath of Pan must blow the plaintive reed.

BASE-BORN

MY parents had great joy, I wis,
Of their young days of love.
In thought they were as deathless gods,
Mere human laws above:
As deathless gods! But I? — alas!
Of joy what can I tell?
Who am but as a broken vase
Beside a brimming well.

My parents in each other's eyes
Beheld the heavenly stars,
And found in one another's arms
The bliss that heaven unbars:
They vowed when pleasure filled the cup
None should resist its spell:
They quaffed, — and emptied me of joy,
Beside life's brimming well!

TRANSITION

A WAKE, my soul !

Thou shalt not creep and crawl —

An earth-bound creature, pitiful and small,
Whose weak ambition knows no higher goal !
O wistful soul,

When morning sings,

Forgetful of the night,

Bathe all thy restless being in the light ;

Till 'neath the mesh that close about thee clings
Thou feel thy wings !

Then find life's door, —

Trusting the instinct true

That points to Heaven and the aerial blue,

A wingèd thing impelled forevermore
To soar and soar !

EVERY HEART

WHEN wintry wells are water-filled,
And killing Death itself is killed,
Then wingèd things begin to build;
And maids and men with happy birds do sing,
For every heart 's a lover in the spring!

When brooklets ripple into song,
And strivings faint of life grow strong,
Then all things 'gin to dream and long;
And maids and men with wistful birds do sing,
For every heart 's a poet in the spring!

COLUMBUS

VICEROY they made him, Admiral and Don,
Wishing — good King and Queen! — to honor
him

Whose deeds should make all like distinctions
dim.

Columbus! Other title needs he none.

And they — in wisdom more than kingship
blest —

Go down to future days, remembered best
For service rendered to that lowly one.

Columbus! With proud love, yet reverently,
Pronounce that name — the name of one who
heard

A word of life, and, answering that word,
Braved death, unfearing, on the Shadowy Sea;
Who — seeking land not known to any chart,
That land by faith deep graven on his heart —
Found justice, truth, and human liberty!

PILGRIM SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE SOCIETY OF MAYFLOWER DE-
SCENDANTS IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PILGRIMS of the trackless deep,
Leaving all, our fathers came,
Life and liberty to keep
In Jehovah's awful name.
Neither pillared flame nor cloud
Made the wild, for them, rejoice,
But their hearts, with sorrow bowed,
In the darkness heard His voice.

Things above them they divined —
Thoughts of God, forever true,
And the deathless Compact signed —
Building *better than they knew* :
Building liberty not planned,
Law that ampler life controls,
All the greatness of our land
Lying shadowed in their souls.

In the days that shall succeed,
Prouder boast no time shall grant

Than to be of them, indeed,
Children of their Covenant:
Children of the promised day,
Bound by hope and memory,
Brave, devoted, wise, as they —
Strong with love's humility.

AN AMERICAN AT LINCOLN

THE vast cathedral-crown of the high hill,
The long, low-vaulted nave, the transepts where
The light is glory shed through windows rare
In rainbow tintings : glory deep and still,
Gift of a past forever present there !

Beyond the lantern, the carved Gothic Choir,
And, as interpreting the hallowed place
Athrob with harmonies, a boyish face —
English, yet with the look of awed desire
Which speaks America, — the younger race.

In the half-parted lips without a smile,
In the whole rapt, impassioned gaze,
I read the travail of the distant days,
The wistful hunger of the Long Exile —
The yearning that survives through all delays

I read thy soul, my Country ! thou dear Land
Across the deep and all-dividing sea !
I read thy soul and theirs who founded thee

With sacrifices few could understand —
Renouncing and enduring silently.

And I perceived that thou hast still retained
Their strength to toil, their courage to resist:
That seeking ardently whate'er they missed,
Thou hast remained — in spite of all, remained —
That which they made thee — an idealist!

And once again I felt how blest it is
To hunger and to thirst: anew I saw
That by eternal high-appointed law,
Sublimity and beauty most are his
In whom they move the deepest thrill of awe.

WAR

IN the beginning was I born,
With man from out the dust ;
And presently, from earth uptorn,
Came Cruelty and Lust.
Always, the vassals of my will,
They twain go with me still.

Where'er my flashing sword they see,
Where'er they scent my breath,
Quickly they follow after me,
Bringing despair and death ;
Yet still the mighty wear with pride
My liveries, crimson-dyed !

Once, long ago, in ages gone,
When man seemed as the brute,
I looked with dread to wisdom's dawn,
And virtue's ripening fruit :
Now sages wreath my brow with bays,
And poets chant my praise.

And once, in little Bethlehem —

Once only, not again —

Peace wore a royal diadem :

But I could trust to men,

And crucified upon a tree,

Peace is a memory !

“SO WAR HAS BEGUN”

SO war has begun, they say,
Well, Spring is here before it;
If war takes much away,
And leaves us to deplore it, —
Yet see! the woody dells once more
Are turning green, in spite of war.

On yonder maple tree
The misty buds are swelling;
Violets, timidly,
Peep from their mossy dwelling,
And bluebirds, far and near, outpour
Their brimming hope, in spite of war.

Rumor, with awful tales
Of death and of disaster,
May clamor through our vales,
But Spring comes hither faster,
Humming a tender rune of peace —
Breathing of bloom and life's increase.

Old soldiers still relate
 How at Resaca's battle, —
 As if to compensate, —
 Above the din and rattle
 Of musketry, continued long,
 A mockingbird sang rapturous song :

And one who lay near death, —
 A soldier sorely wounded,
 Drew less distressful breath,
 As clear that music sounded,
 And felt to his tired spirit come
 The most delightful dreams of home.

Ah, well ! we talk of war,
 But Peace is so much kinder,
 That all our strife is for
 Is just the hope to find her :
 And see ! — how Spring, with look serene,
 Is garlanding her halls in green !

MEMORY

IF it be true, as some aver,
With wisdom naught endears,
That portioned to each human lot
Are fewer smiles than tears, —

Then, merciful Mnemosyne,
How great to thee our debt,
That we remember all our joys,
Our sufferings forget !

AUTUMN

IN her arms unconscious lying,
Cytherea's love is dying.
On the hill and in the valley,
Through the grove and sun-lit alley,
Drooping flower and fading leaf
Share her grief.
But in realms of gloom and night
Proserpine enwreathes her hair,
And a gleam of tender light
Seems to pierce the darkness there:
"Ah!" she sighs, "I long have waited
With the calm of hopeless pain,
But to me, the sorrow-fated,
Comes the lost one back again!
Lovely things that seem to die
Hither now will quickly hie,
And to-morrow, in the gloom
Of this sad and sunless tomb,
Butterflies will lightly hover,
As o'er meadows fair;" she saith,
"For Adonis brings the clover
With his breath!"

JOAN OF ARC

HER spirit is to France a living spring
From which to draw deep draughts of life.

To-day, —

As when a peasant girl she led the way
Victorious to Rheims and crowned the King, —
High and heroic thoughts about her cling,
And sacrificial faiths as pure as they,
Moving the land she loved, with gentle sway,
To be, for love of her, a better thing!

Was she unhappy? No: her radiant youth
Burned, like a meteor, on to swift eclipse;
But where it passed, there lingers still a light.
She waited, wistful, for the word of truth
That breathed in blessing from immortal lips
When earthly comfort failed, and all around was
night.

ROUEN: IN THE PRISON OF
JOAN OF ARC

SHE laid her head upon the straw,
She who had crowned a king of France,
And angel shapes, whom no man saw,
For her deliverance,
Knelt at her feet — less pure, less sweet —
A blessing in each glance.

She laid her head upon the straw,
She who gave France her liberty,
And angel shapes, whom no man saw —
Ah me! how could men see? —
Watched till the day, then bore away
Something the flames set free.

“BLESSÈD”

BLESSÈD: so have they named her. With just
pride,
Deliberate care, and cautious circumstance,
The Holy Council have beatified
The Maid of Orleans, martyred child of France,
Who, at Domrémy's village altar kneeling, —
Ignored by friend and foe,
Through all her young unsullied spirit feeling
The tears of a despairing people flow, —
Implored relief; and following the word
Which none save she had heard,
Delivered France, and crowned her — long ago.
Rejoice, Domrémy, 'midst thy bowery green!
She was thine own, whom all, at last, would
claim —
The greatest miracle that Earth hath seen
Since out of Nazareth a Saviour came.
Lowly as thou (though sheathed in armor bright),
Her soul was as the snow —
Yea, as the lilies of her banner, white.

The Church hath blessed her ; but man's heart,
 less slow,
 Remembering her service and the price
 Of her dear sacrifice,
 Gave her the name of blessèd — long ago.

ONCE IN A STILL, SEQUESTERED PLACE

ONCE in a still, sequestered place
Where fell a shade, as of approaching death,
A lily drooped upon its wounded stem.
But, ah, how sweet its breath!

The shadow deepened into night,
Life flows no longer in the lily's veins;
But there where for a fragrant hour it bloomed,
A perfume still remains!

FRIENDS TO VIRTUE

“The gods whom we all belong to are the gods we belong to whether we will or no.”

INTO the theatre they came—
“Motley’s the only wear!”
Children of poverty, of shame,
Of folly, of despair.

Elbowing rudely, Jill and Jack,
A nearer view to win,
Youths, men, and women, white and black,
Pell-mell, they jostled in.

A wretched place of poor resort,
Far from the world polite,
Few pennies bought the meagre sport
So fruitful of delight,

And gazing there, each brutish face,
The godlike stamp resigned,
A tablet seemed whereon disgrace
Had written thoughts unkind.

“And what,” I mused, “will now be fed
To cater to their mood
Who, as their looks bespeak, have said, —
‘Evil, be thou my good’?”

“Order will surely be reversed,
Judgement will disappear,
The tricks of knaves will be rehearsed
To catch the plaudits here!”

Yet as I watched the varied throng,
My theories took flight,
For, lo, they still condemned the wrong,
They still approved the right!

The “villain” by his better art
Surprised from them no praise;
They frankly took the hero’s part,
Awarding him the bays;

For they, unlike the wise of earth,
Slight tribute paid to skill, —
Anhungered for a higher worth,
Lovers of virtue still!

BEETHOVEN

HE cursed the day that he was born:
And deaf and desolate,
Resolved, in bitterness forlorn,
To end his hapless fate.

But as the deeper silence grew, —
An exile from the throng,
His yearning spirit voices drew
From *inner* founts of song;

And he who called unfriendly death
To calm rebellious strife,
Won from his own despair the breath
Of an immortal life.

O GIORNO FELICE!

MY store is spent; I am fain to borrow:

Give me to drink of a vintage fine!

Pour me a draught — a draught of To-morrow,

Brimming and fresh from a rock-cool shrine:

Nectar of earth,

For the longing and dearth

Of a heart still young,

That waiteth and waiteth a song unsung!

Glad be the strain!

In the cup pour no pain:

Leave at the brim not a taste of sorrow!

Spring would I sing! for the bird flies free,

The sap is astir in the oldest tree,

And the Maiden weaves,

Mid a laughter of leaves,

The bud and the blossom of joys to be! . . .

Ay, Winter took all;

But I heard the Spring call,

And my heart, denied,

With a rapturous shiver —

Like that that makes eager the pulse of the river

When something at last tells it Winter is past —
Awoke at the sound of her voice, and replied.

A libation to Spring! — ah, quickly! pour fast!
She is there! She is here! — in the sky — on the
sea —

In the Morning-Land waiting my heart and me!

“IN MEMORY OF JEAN”¹

A LONE, alone in the still, deserted room,
He knew that she lay dead — that hope was past,
Knew she had left him in her bloom —
She, of his joys, the last !

Yet warm and tender as the day's caress,
There lingered in his breaking heart the light
She wore for him, the loveliness
Death's shadow could not blight ;

And in the silence feeling her so near —
Though wrapped from him in strange oblivion,
Longing that life should hold her dear
When he, too, should be gone, —

He strengthened for her sake reluctant breath,
And put away the dread of waiting years,
And wrote the story of her death,
And sealed it with his tears. . . .

¹ Jean Clemens, daughter of “Mark Twain,” died Christmas Eve, 11 A.M., 1909.

Four little months! and then — ah, seemed it long
 Reft of his treasure, here on earth to bide? —
When April sang its full, glad song
 They laid him at her side.

No partings more! In quiet now they sleep,
 Forgetful of all griefs that came between;
And through his brave, brave love, we keep
 The memory of “Jean”!

IMMORTAL

LIFE is like a beauteous flower,
Closing to the world at even, —
Closing for a dreamless hour,
To unfold, with dawn, on heaven.

Life is like a bird that nests
Close to earth, no shelter scorning,
Yet, upmounting from her breast,
Fills the skies with song at morning.

CHRISTMAS EVE

WOULD Jesus come to me, Mither,
The morrow's Christmas morn,
Wearin' the bonny smile he had
That day that he was born,
Around his head a wreath o' light,
And not a twig o' thorn, —

I'd open wide the doore, Mither,
The way that he'd come in ;
And not to gi' him pain at all,
I'd keep my heart from sin ;
And all I could to pleasure him
I'd right at once begin.

Not in a stall should he be laid,
But on me own fine bed ;
And half me porridge wi' me own
Small spoon should he be fed,
The while his Mither smiled, and shared
Wi' you the bit o' bread.

'T would be a time o' joy, Mither!
But thinkin' o' they things,
'T is may-be well he should be there,
Wi' ward o' angel-wings;
I doubt they 'd miss him so! — the kine,
The shepherds, and the kings!

“ASK WHAT YOU WILL”

ASK what you will, I must obey your hest!
Thus much, my lady-bird, seems manifest
To you and me, who well each other know.
What you, small tyrant, beg, I must bestow.
Come; falter not, but proffer your request!

Is it the flower I wear here on my breast?
My favorite nag? The book I love the best?
Some dainty gown? Some brooch or necklace?
No?
Ask what you will!

See how the sun, down-sinking to his rest,
Gilds with his glory all the roseate west!
I linger on, in life's chill afterglow.
Nay; smile, beloved! — like your mother — so!
Stay but a moment! Now — my own! my blest!
Ask what you will.

OLD ST. DAVID'S¹

"What an image of peace and rest." — LONGFELLOW

IN Radnor Valley, from the world apart,
The little Church stands peaceful as of old,
Guarding her memories yet half untold,
Deep in the silent places of her heart.

Life comes, and passes by her, as it wills ;
But musing on loved things evanishèd,
She keeps the generations of the dead, —
Herself unchanged amid her beauteous hills :

Unchanged, though full of change her days have
been
Since builded here, ere Washington was born,
She seemed the *home* of exiled hearts forlorn —
The open portal to hope's fair demesne.

Close as the ivy that adorns her walls,
So grateful thoughts have twined themselves and
clung
About this lowly sanctuary, sprung
From that necessity which ever calls

¹ Written by request of the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America and read at Old St. David's, May 21, 1904.

The soul of man to seek for something higher —
Anhungered for a more celestial bread
Than that wherewith his earthly life is fed —
And faith was kindled here, and patriot fire!

Yea; from this sacred pile, in days gone by,
Brave men, to duty nobly dedicate,
Went forth to strive against despotic fate —
Content for liberty to live — or die.

Some came not back; but some returned victori-
ous, —
Needing nor badge nor ribbon on the breast, —
To find here by the little Church their rest:
Heroes and martyrs lowly — yet how glorious! . . .

Healed of all hurt, emparadised afar
Though they abide, yet to our reverent sight,
About their graves there lingers still a light
Which is not as the light of moon or star;

And very peaceful after stormy days,
And sturdy as the antique oaks remain,
Which sentinelled the burial of Wayne, —
Illustrious beyond the need of praise, —

Old Radnor Church bestows her benison,
 Calling to us who from the past yet borrow,
 To love the right and, living for the morrow,
Fulfil the hopes of heroes that are gone.

So, through whate'er of change the future brings,
 Shall she our memories and faiths defend, —
 A temple of the highest to the end,
Immortal through the love of deathless things!

AMERICA¹

THEY children are inspired by thee :
Blest by thy gift of liberty,
They go to make the wretched free,
Mother-land !

They were indeed not sons of thine
Could they withhold that gift divine.
Of liberty thou art the shrine,
Mother-land !

Thy children glory in thy name ;
They write it, as with words of flame,
In deeds that put thy foes to shame,
Mother-land !

In deeds of daring unforecast,
In deeds of valor unsurpassed,
In deeds that make thee known at last,
Mother-land !

¹ Before the war for the liberation of Cuba.

Thy strength it was that made them strong;
Thy justice taught them hate of wrong;
They are of thee, to thee belong,
Mother-land!

Their lungs are filled with thy sweet breath;
Thy voice they hear, and what it saith;
They love thee, and they fear not death,
Mother-land!

TO THE RETURNING BRAVE

COME home! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits — and waits!

At duty's call she stilled her woe;
She smiled through tears and bade you go
To face the death you would not shun.
Brave hearts, return! Your task is done.

Not as you journeyed come you back!
A glory is about your track
Of deeds that vanquished tyranny
And set a tortured people free:

Deeds, sprung of manhood's finest grace,
That envious Time shall not efface;
Deeds that proclaim a Nation's worth,
And crown the Land that gave them birth.

America but waits to greet
And bless you, kneeling at her feet,

Your standards fair in honor furled,
The proudest mother in the world !

Come home ! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits !

MEMORIAL ODE¹

THE peace we longed to keep
Our fate denied;
Reluctant we awoke, as from a sleep,
And saw the face of duty deified.

We followed with dismay
The awful hand
That drew us, step by step, along the way,
And pointed to an agonizing land.

Nearer it led and nearer
To dreadful death,
While ever to the spirit whispered clearer
A voice that promised something more than breath:

A voice that prophesied
Of victory,
Through mildness and compassion sanctified,—
Of conquest that ennobles and makes free.

¹ Written by request of the City of Philadelphia for the Peace Celebration and read at Independence Hall, October 28, 1898.

America to-day

Binds in her hair

The olive and the undecaying bay:

An adult Nation, gloriously fair,

Who with a mother's pride

Her children gave,

Who feels their triumph, as her oceans, wide,

And sorrows for her unreturning brave.

Peace is their martyr-crown:

No length of years

Can chill her love or lessen their renown!—

But ah! her pæan falters, hushed in tears.

.

Who are these advancing

With bugle note and drum,

Their bayonets far glancing?

Say, who are these that come?

They are thy sons, Great Mother!

Such sons hath any other?

Be comforted, and bless them as they come!

Be comforted! Though all

Respond not to thy voice,

Though thine impassioned call
Some answer not, nor hear,
O Mother! with thy valiant ones rejoice,
Who died for Man, not glory,
And live in deathless story,
Joined to the names imperishably dear!

Blessèd who fall for Freedom,
Where her flag triumphant waves;
Blessèd who sleep in quiet,
With her laurel on their graves,
Remembered through the echoing years
And hallowed by a nation's thankful tears!
And blessèd, too, the living,
Who fill our hearts with hope and glad forgiving;
Who mid the battle's deafening roar,
When fell the ranks like autumn leaves,
Guarded the standard of the free,
The ægis of our victory:
Who, fevered and anhungered, bore
The more appalling tests of tragic War,
And laureate return, and bring to us their sheaves!

Warriors of the land
And warriors of the sea,

Bold to meet adversity
And constant to withstand ;
Heroes of battle, hospital, and tent,
Men chivalrous and never tired,
Women devoted, love-inspired,
Who nursed to life the loyal ones you lent ;
And ye — whom all must praise —
 Ye darker children of the nation !
Who with a patriot hope and proud elation,
Faced danger that the stoutest heart dismays ;
And in the trench and on the mesa saw,
In memory, the men who fought with Shaw
For freedom, at the parting of the ways :
 Thrice gallant souls ! who in the van
 Pressed forward, with one only plan —
 One purpose, to prevail ;
 And 'neath the Mausers' burning hail
 Sprang dauntless to the grave,
Your whiter comrades' threatened lives to save :
 Who, stumbling, falling, — forward, onward
 still, —
 Fought, step by step, up the dread hill,
Up to the crest where red the death-tide ran, —
Up to the high estate and dignities of Man !

Peace! Sound the drums! The great roll call!
Ah, many to Fame's clarion note
Make answer; but not all!
Yet ye, our brave! have planted seed —
Not for a day, but distant times remote,
Which priceless from the fruitful earth shall spring,
In harvest of pure thought and noble deed,
To bless the Land we love, immortal blossoming.

Into the unresponsive past
On wingèd feet the years fly fast:
Scarcely we pluck the blooms of May,
A shadow on the wold is cast,
And, lo! it is December;
Yet, as a light to guide our way,
Some visions of a troubled day
Gone by we still remember.

And one there is, one image, full of rest,
A memory of manhood singly blest,
The savior of our Nation and her Chief:
Matchless in judgment, love, compassion, power —
The Man meet for the hour.
Assailed by ignorance and half-belief, —

Each searching from too near a view
To read the soul of all our souls most true, —
 He went his way, unselfish, minist'ring ;
 But in the bud and promise-time of Spring
 He died — and then we knew.¹

So in the years to come, when we shall sleep,
 Tired pilgrims, at life's everlasting goal,
And the hid hands, that faithful minutes keep,
 Shall all the record of our times unroll,
 Our sons shall read, emblazoned on the scroll,
 His name revered and great,
 Who sways our continent with mild control :
Pilot whom war tempestuous could not whelm,
Who stood through every peril at the helm,
 Guiding to peaceful port our Ship of State.
He neither needs our praise nor vindication,
 Who in the coming years shall take his place
 With the wise rulers of the English race ;
A leader of the strength that fits a free-born nation!²

America, my home ! — how dear to-day !
 In beauty and augmented splendor,
 With smile of mother-love so tender

¹ Abraham Lincoln, April 15, 1865.

² William McKinley.

It doth each sacrifice for thee repay,
Thou standest regnant and secure,
Thy hands extended to the helpless poor,
Thy war-like brows unbent, thine armor laid away.

To love devoutly is to pray.

O Land ! for thee in thy victorious hour
We lift our souls in supplication,
That righteousness may sanctify thy power
And fill thee with that purer exaltation
Which bides with those who highest hests obey.
Oh, may the lips that praise thy strength,
Laud thee for justice, rather, and for truth,
Welling immediate from thy heart of youth,
To bless thy children first, and all mankind at
length !

BUFFALO

SEPTEMBER 6, 1901

A TRANSIENT city, marvellously fair, —
Humane, harmonious, yet nobly free, —
She built for pure delight and memory.
At her command, by lake and garden rare,
Pylon and tower majestic rose in air,
And sculptured forms of grace and symmetry.
Then came a thought of God, and, reverently, —
“Let there be Light!” she said; and Light was
there.

O miracle of splendor! Who could know
That Crime, insensate, egoist and blind,
Destructive, causeless, caring but to smite,
Would in its dull Cimmerian gropings find
A sudden way to fill those courts with woe,
And swallow up that radiance in night?

NATURA BENIGNA

I WEAVE the beginning, I fashion the end ;
Life is my fellow, and Death is my friend ;
Time cannot stay me,
Nor evil betray me, —
They that would harm me, unknowing, defend.

I ravel asunder, I knit every flaw ;
Blossoms I scatter, with tempests I awe ;
Birthplace of duty,
And shrine of all beauty, —
Firmly I govern, and love is my law !

LOVE IS PASSING

LOVE is passing through the street.
Love, imperishably sweet,
On his silver-sandalled feet
Draweth near.

Suppliant he came of yore, —
Comes he now as conqueror?
Will he, pausing at my door,
Enter here?

Once his lips were ruby-red,
And his wings like gold, outspread,
And the roses crowned his head,
As in story;

And though these he now disguise,
Ever a lost paradise
In the azure of his eyes
Keeps its glory.

Love is passing through the street —
Love, imperishably sweet,
And were death our way to meet,
I would dare it.

Come he suppliant, as before,
Come he as a conqueror, —
So he turn not from my door,
I can bear it!

TO ENGLAND

WE are not twain, but one: though seas divide
us —

The children of the English-speaking race —
This nothing now can change: whate'er betide us,
This is our *birthright* grace.

The tongue that holds our earliest recollection,
Whose accents moved us like a fond caress —
The tongue in which we lisped our first affection,
Attaches and doth bless.

America and England knit together —
Offspring of one great Mother, Sister Lands —
Need fear nor frowning fate nor boding weather,
While close are joined their hands.

Beneath the ocean-billow sways the cable
That gives them instant knowledge, each of each,
And were it sunk, their hearts would still be able
To find a way of speech.

America, who virgin prairies planted
To bless the alien, — Teuton, Latin, Gaul, —

Welcomes the poorest, as to realms enchanted,
And makes them English, all!

And still the elder, in the hour of danger,
The bond of kinship never quite forgot,
Speaks with commanding accent to the stranger:
“Be heedful; touch her not!”

Oh, we have felt — have felt with one another,
Sharing each other's hope, each other's dread;
And we have wept, as children of one mother,
Mourning our cherished dead.

Is't for ourselves this friendship hath caressed
us —

That Heaven hath strengthened so the English
speech?

Nay; God forbid! the mercy that hath blessed us
Hath a diviner reach!

If with new strength there come not larger kind-
ness,

Men's banners, proudly borne, were better furled;
If we no longer see, for selfish blindness,
Beyond our realms, the world, —

Then poor, indeed, though vast our rule supernal,
Who magnify the ill we might redeem;
Missing the glory of the hope eternal —
The godlike, human dream!

To solace life, there blooms on earth a flower
Whose deathless name is Love. Of its increase
Are born compassion, freedom, beauty, power;
And of its gift is peace.

O Sister Lands, thrice blest! though wisdom guide
us,
Yet in our hearts may love perfected lie,
Deep as the ocean that cannot divide us,
Kind as the arching sky!

ON THE DEATH OF LADY CURZON

JULY 17, 1906

I
INTO the light where beauty doth not pale,
Into the glory that can never fail,
Beyond our yearning care, she passed from view.
Two nations loved and claimed her, — English
flower, —
One gave her birth, one gave a regal dower,
But both — ah, both forgot how Heaven must
love her too !

BEREFT

DEATH took away from me my heart's desire, —
Full suddenly, without a word of warning;
Froze with benumbing touch her body's fire,
And darkened her young morning.

Death hid her then where she is safe, men say, —
Imprisoned in a deep-digged grave and hollow,
Where grief and pain may never find a way,
Nor any torment follow.

Safe! — and because of fear, they deem 't was best
For her, perchance, — this thing which they call
dying,
But cold she could not be against my breast
As there where she is lying!

Sometimes I dream, with sudden, wild delight,
That she escapes the cruel bonds that bind her,
And fond I seek through all the throbbing night,
But never, never find her!

Sometimes — But have the dead then no regrets?—

Ah, me! I think, though she hath so bereft me,
My loved one cannot be where she forgets

How *lonely* she hath left me!

TO BRITANNIA

*On seeing a picture of the cairn and cross under which lie Captain Scott
and his men*

BRITANNIA, they who perished here have
crowned thee —

Have proved the dauntless temper of thy soul ;
Great memories of the past, through them have
found thee

Intrepid as of old, untouched and whole.

Triumphant Mother ! Make an end to sighing
For these, thrice happy ! — with sonorous breath
Let bugles sing their requiem who are lying
In all the full magnificence of death !

They knew not failure : dream and aspiration
They knew, indeed, and love, and noble joy ;
And at the last faith brought them the elation
That Destiny is powerless to destroy.

The utmost summit of desire attaining,
What further is there left deserving strife ?
Ah, there is still the peerless hope remaining, —
In death to prove one's worthiness of life !

Sublime thy grief, Britannia! sons have crowned
thee —

With hard-won laurels have enwreathed thy
name :

Have shown the world the bulwark set around thee,
Adding new consecration to thy fame.

Nor have they blessed thee, only : Fate defying,
Others in lands remote shall fear contemn,
And find it easier, themselves denying,
To die like heroes, too, — remembering them.

They do not lie in lonely graves forsaken,
Who for high ends can so supremely dare ;
From human hearts they can no more be taken,
And Immortality is with them there.

TO WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

TELL us of beauty! Touch thy silver lyre
And bid thy Muse unfold her shining wings!
Tell us of joy — of those unaging things
Which wither not, nor are consumed by fire,
Things unto which the souls of all aspire!
Sing us the mystic song thine Erin sings,
Her poignant dreams, her weird imaginings,
With magic of thy “Land of Heart’s Desire!”

Let others hate! — from lips not thine be hurled
Reproaches; since all hate at last must prove
Abortive, though it triumph for a while.
The gospels that indeed have won the world
Laid their foundations in the strength of love.
Sing thou, a lover, of thy wave-washed Isle!

THE IRISH SHAMROCK IN
SOUTH AFRICA

O LITTLE plant, so meek and slight,
Tinct with the emerald of the sea
Which like a mother, day and night,
Croons melodies to thee ;
Emblem of Erin's hope and pride !
Though crushed and trampled under foot,
Thou still art found
The meadows round,
Up-springing from thine own sweet root !

Of sorrow thou hast been the sign
Through weary, unforgiving years ;
The dews upon thy tender vine
Have seemed thy country's tears ;
Now, now, forevermore, thou art
Symbol of all that's brave and true —
Blest as a smile
Of thy sunlit isle,
In the Old World honored, and the New !

For they lie asleep in a land of strangers, —
 Far from the home their fame endears —
 The Inniskillings, the Connaught Rangers,
 The Dublin Fusiliers ;
 And the little plant they loved so well —
 Better than fairest flower that blows —
 Is set apart
 In Britannia's heart
 With the Scottish thistle and the rose :

Is set apart, and never again
 Shall human eyes the shamrock see
 Without a thought of the heroes slain
 Whose splendid loyalty,
 Stronger than ancient hate or wrong,
 Sublimed them 'midst the battle's hell —
 A tidal wave
 From the souls of the brave,
 That made them deathless as they fell !

DITTY: MY TRUE LOVE'S EYES

MY true-love's eyes are a surprise
To put an end to ranging ;
They vary so, — come weal, come woe, —
One can but watch their changing !

Sometimes they shine with light divine, —
Twin deeps where moonbeams hover, —
Anon they seem like stars agleam,
With laughter brimming over.

My true-love's mouth is as the south
In time of blossom, sunny ;
A rose, in death, bequeathed it breath,
And bees have lent it honey.

But oh, her heart is still the art,
The magic fresh and living,
That wins the free her slaves to be
By its own gift of giving !

AB HUMO

THE seedling hidden in the sod
Were ill content immured to stay ;
Slowly it upward makes its way
And finds the light at last, thank God !

The most despised of mortal things —
The worm devoid of hope or bliss,
Discovers in the chrysalis
Too narrow space for urgent wings.

These are my kindred of the clay ;
But as I struggle from the ground
Such weakness in my strength is found,
I seem less fortunate than they ;

Yet though my progress be but slow,
And failure oft obscure the past,
I, too, victorious at last,
Shall reach the longed-for light, I know !

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

FAR, far the mountain-peak from me
Where lone he stands, with look caressing ;
Yet from the valley, wistfully
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
Upon that summit chill and breathless
Where throned he waits amid the snows ;
But from his presence wide outflows
Love that is warm and deathless !

O Symbol of the great release
From war and strife ! — unfailing fountain
To which we turn for joy's increase,
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace —
Thy peace upon the mountain !

ECHO CONSOLATRIX

I SAID, "She is gone from the grieving earth —
The Maiden, Spring; in the realms of Dis
She reigns o'er a world of tears and dearth,
With a homesick heart that yearns for this.
Frozen the meadows, the fields lie bare,
And afar, 'mid the fragrant dusk of her hair,
The violets dream of the light, in vain.
She is gone! — ah, will she return again?"

A voice breathed low, "Again."

I said, "In this joyless heart of me
Is a winter chill and comfortless:
I tire of the wail of the wind-swept sea,
My soul is afraid of its loneliness.
Is there a land, as poets tell,
Where beauty and love — as the asphodel
Unchanging — inhale an immortal air? —
And my little lad? — shall I find him there?"

The voice made answer: "There!"

MARS

IN the blue, cloudless heaven
A single star,
Lone torch and lamp of even,
Burning afar ;

Not with the radiance tender
Of other stars,
But with insistent splendor, —
Celestial Mars !

Above the summits hoary
Of ancient hills,
It yet pours out a glory
On lakes and rills,

As when Selene passes
Across the night
And her fair image glasses,
Leaving its light.

Strange planet! Thou dost awe me,
As by a spell;
Thou dost uplift and draw me
Where thou dost dwell!

Thy mysteries to capture
Let others guess;
Mine—mine to feel with rapture
Thy beauteousness.

DU MAURIER

TWO rocked his infant cradle as he slept,
And crooned for him their native lullabies.
One gave her sense of beauty to his eyes,
One taught his heart her smiles, the tears she wept.
Each made him love her as the child his home,
And, mother-wise, reclaimed his wandering
glance :
Belovèd England and belovèd France, —
Each drew him, though, afar, he could not come !

In his imagination, fleur-de-lis
And English daisy blossomed side by side,
And dreams were his, lost transports to renew.
Half exiled whereso'er he chanced to be,
Like migrant birds his thoughts went soaring
wide,
Wooded onward by the vision of the True !

NEAR AND FAR

THE air is full of perfume and the promise of the
spring,

From wintry mould the dainty blossoms come ;
There 's not a bird in all the boughs but 's eager
now to sing,

And from afar a ship is sailing home !

The cherry-blooms, all lightly blown about the ver-
dant sward,

With silver fleck the dandelion's gold ;
The jasmine and arbutus breathe the fragrance
they have stored ;

The crumpled ferns, like faery tents, unfold.

And low the rills are laughing, and the rivers in
the sun

Are gliding on, impatient for the sea ;
The wintry days are past and gone, the summer is
begun,

And love from far is sailing home to me !

Ah, blessed spring! — how far more sweet than any
spring of yore!

No note of all thy harmonies is dumb;
With thee my heart awakes to hope and happiness
once more, —

And from afar a ship is sailing home!

BE THOU MY GUIDE

BE Thou my guide, and I will walk in darkness
As one who treads the beamy heights of day,
Feeling a gladness amid desert sadness,
And breathing vernal fragrance all the way.

Be Thou my wealth, and, reft of all besides Thee,
I will forget the strife for meaner things,
Blest in the sweetness of thy rare completeness,
And opulent beyond the dream of kings.

Be Thou my strength, O lowly One and saintly !
And, though unvisioned ills about me throng,
Though danger woo me and deceit pursue me,
Yet in the thought of Thee I will be strong !

LOVE SAILED AT MORN

LOVE sailed at morn in a fragile bark,
With broidered pennants flying:
His skies with sudden storm grew dark,
Yet gallant Love, with courage gay,
Rode jocund on his conquering way,
The winds and the waves defying.

But when, all peril overpast,
In tranquil harbor lying,
He felt no more the billowing blast
Oppose his sails, Love, joy-becalmed,
Each foe subdued, each effort balmed,
Without a wound lay dying.

THE LITTLE LASS

AN OLD-TIME DITTY

AS Douglas to his castle came,
Emotion nerved his shatter'd frame,
And soft he pondered, — “Presently
My little lass will welcome me !

“As longs the miser for his gold,
As fever longs, with thirst untold,
So yearns my heart her face to see
Who yonder waits to welcome me !”

But as he turned his steed about,
A mournful peal of bells rung out ;
Whereat he cried, — “Nay, merrily !
Ring forth my bairn to welcome me !”

He entered at the castle gate ;
(None marked him come, for it grew late,)
He stood within his hall at last ;
(None noted him, for tears fell fast.)

Quoth Douglas : “ Friends, if me ye mourn,
With drooping heads and looks forlorn,
Now for your sorrows comfort ye, —
And fetch my lass to welcome me !

“ T is true that I from out the wars
Bring back a wound and many scars, —
But life is mine, and I am free,
And my brave lass hath ransom'd me ! ”

Up spoke an ancient servitor :
“ We mourn indeed the wrongs of war :
We bless thy loved return, — but she
No more shall rise to welcome thee ! ”

Sudden as falls the giant oak
When smitten by the lightning stroke,
So swoonèd Douglas to the ground,
And bled afresh his healing wound.

They strove to stay life's ebbing tide,
They chafed his hands, they swathed his side,
But Donald wailed, — “ Ah, woe is me ! —
Thy little lass hath welcomed thee ! ”

LOVE NEVER IS TOO LATE

LOVE never is too late ; it sums,
 Within itself, all that is lasting gain,
And, or at morn or midnight, comes
 With blessings in its train.

We tarry, slow to give, alas !

 But though delayed, love never is too late —
Love that has power beyond the grave to pass
 And enter Heaven's gate !

EAGLES

GIBERT'S BATTLE FOR THE AIR

IT rose, and swam into the sky —
The man-made bird;
And the great Eagles saw it fly —
Saw it, and heard
The whirring of its plumeless wings, —
The bird that mounts and soars, but never sings!

The falcon-eyes that face the sun
Blinked on the flight
Of the dread creature that had won
The unwelcome right
To leave its native earth, and dare
Intrude upon the monarch of the Air!

As moved the monoplane, the man,
Strange soul of it,
Sailing the sea cerulean,
The whole of it
Seemed his; aye, subject to his sway.
Then he beheld — an Eagle in his way!

Awed, each upon the other gazed
A moment's space,

When sudden-swooping talons grazed
 The pale man face,
 As the fierce earn, there, mid the skies
 Struck with blind fury at his rival's eyes.

Up-fluttering, the feathered king
 Plunged down again.
 His rushing anger seemed to bring
 Fate nearer; then
 The man-bird knew the moment's strife
 Not for supremacy alone, but life!

With nerve that grows in peril great,
 He toward him drew
 A thing to strengthen him with Fate,
 Whence instant flew
 A wingèd death, and far behind
 Headlong the Eagle fell, the abyss to find.

.
 Thy fight was over, glorious bird! —
 Thy scornful strength
 Which the sky's sovereignty conferred,
 Subdued at length, —
 An autumn leaf against the wind,
 In conflict with a greater power — called Mind!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

LIFE laid upon his forehead a caress
And, smiling, gave him for his birthright dower,
Humor and judgement, passion, purpose, power,
And gifts of vision, pure and limitless :
Then — for she ever tempers man's success,
Nursing the canker in Earth's fairest flower, —
She added pain ; and taught him, hour by hour,
To know that only blessèd which doth bless !

So, following the Gleam from early youth,
He lent a strengthening hand, and gave his heart,
And aided feet, less sure than his, to climb :
He sacrificed not others to his art,
But worshipped beauty with unselfish truth,
And lives, the well-belovèd of his time !

“GO NOT TOO FAR”

GO not too far — too far beyond my gaze,
Thou who canst never pass beyond the yearning
Which, even as the dark for dawning stays,
Awaits thy loved returning!

Go not too far! Howe'er thy fancies roam,
Let them come back, wide-circling like the swal-
low,
Lest I, for very need, should try to come —
And find I could not follow!

DĀI NIPPON

A PART from all,
 “Child of the World’s old age,”
Heedful of naught beyond the billowy wall
 That closely girt her island hermitage,
She pondered still with half-averted look
The early lessons of the great World-book,
 Nor cared to turn the page;

For a strange dread
 Possessed her. To invoke
Aid of her gods she tried, — scarce comforted
 That countless barrier-waves about her broke;
But when with bold command, in Yeddo Bay
A squadron anchored — oh, prodigious day! —
 The Orient awoke!

Though one long blind,
 At first in fruitless quest
Must grope her course, yet, with enlarging mind,
 She quickly clearer saw; and from her breast

Sent forth brave sons — of her new hunger taught —
Who, one by one returning, to her brought
The Wisdom of the West.

Then earth beheld,
With awe and wonderment,
Goliath by this stripling nation felled,
Which — rising by no tedious ascent —
Swift as the upward flight of wind-swept flame,
Leapt from obscurity to dazzling fame, —
Star of the Orient!

And yet she won
Sublimer victories,
Who, high enlightened all excess to shun,
Did not exact remorseless penalties,
Nor force a brave and fallen foe to drain
Humiliation's brimming cup of pain
Down to the poisoned lees.

In lieu of things
Ephemeral — less worth,
She full revealed the sweep of her strong wings,
And gained the suffrage of the grateful earth;

Choosing, as war should from her realms depart,
To give herself to the enduring Art
That was her own at birth.

Ah, great Japan, —

Who, staying griefs appalling,
Approved thyself magnanimous to man, —
The World, that long had felt thy charm
enthralling,
Has laid full many laurels on thy brow ;
But with a new, diviner accent now
She hears *the East a-calling!*

TOO LATE

THE words of love I never said to thee
 I whisper now,
The tenderness I might have given thee
 I offer now,
As at thy feet, who hopeless knelt to me,
 I, hopeless, bow.

The wintry bush in yonder hedgerow growing,
 A rose adorns,
And near and far are snowy clusters blowing,
 Where late were thorns ;
But still my heart, nor bud nor blossom knowing,
 Unpitied mourns.

I see the bird that to his mate is winging —
 His mate so dear,
The very heart within his breast is singing
 As he draws near,
And I, O love, too late my love am bringing —
 Thou dost not hear !

THE CLOUDS

THE clouds give back to earth again
The moisture they absorb ;
An atom floating in the sun
Is lasting as an orb.

We fear lest ill should fly itself,
And wrong at last prevail :
Lest good should lack its just reward
And light untimely fail :

We falter, and distrust the fate
We may not understand,
Interrogate the oracle,
When God is close at hand.

And still the clouds go drifting by,
Or fall in fruitful rain ;
High over us the stars, undimmed,
Benignant shine again ;

And from that temple, viewless, vast,
Where failure is unknown,
The Father of existences
Keeps watch above his own.

THE RETURN OF PROSERPINE

TO welcome her the Mother wakes
The myriad music of her rills,
And trims the border of her lakes
With sun-lit daffodils :
Softly she counterpanes the leas,
With primrose-bloom bedecks the vales,
While answering her wooing gales
Come ruby-pied anemones ;
And as her wintry doubts depart,
And brightening hopes foretell the morrow,
Such happiness o'erflows her heart
There 's left no room for sorrow !

I HEARD A VOICE

I HEARD a voice say : “ You,
Who worship, should pursue :
The good you dream of — do.

“ Arise ! — perfection seek.
Surmounting what is weak,
Toil on from peak to peak ! ”

“ Henceforth, through sun and shade,”
I answered, “ unafraid,
I follow the shy maid :

“ Yea, beauty to create,
Accept with heart elate
Whate'er may be my fate.”

Then, in youth's ardor, strong,
I toiled my way along,
Upon my lips a song ;

But as I climbed on high,
Toward the forbidding sky
Perfection seemed to fly ;

I HEARD A VOICE

And though I strove the more,
Still through some viewless door
She ever passed before.

Heart-wearied and forespent,
With body earthward bent,
I ceased from the ascent ;

Then, when hope seemed too late,
Despairing, — at Death's gate
I heard a voice say : " Wait ! "

FOR JOY

FOR each and every joyful thing,
For twilight swallows on the wing,
For all that nest and all that sing, —

For fountains cool that laugh and leap,
For rivers running to the deep,
For happy, care-forgetting sleep, —

For stars that pierce the sombre dark,
For Morn, awaking with the lark,
For life new-stirring 'neath the bark, —

For sunshine and the blessèd rain,
For budding grove and blossomy lane,
For the sweet silence of the plain, —

For bounty springing from the sod,
For every step by beauty trod, —
For each dear gift of joy, thank God !

TO HELEN KELLER

LIFE has its limitations manifold:
All life; not only that which throbs in thee,
And strains its fetters, eager to be free.
The faultless eye may not thy vision hold —
Maiden, whose brow with thought is aureoled —
And they who hear may lack the ministry,
The august influence, of Silence, she
Who brooded o'er the void in ages old.

Prisoner of the dark inaudible,
Light which the night itself could not eclipse,
Thou shinest forth Man's being to reveal.
We learn with awe from thine apocalypse,
That nothing can the human spirit quell,
And know him lord of all things, *who can feel!*

IN WINTER

IT will be long ere 'neath the sunlight dimpling,
The mountain snows melt back to earth's still
breast,

Ereswallows build, and wayward brooklets wimpling
O'er pebbly beds, wind by the pewee's nest,
Ere swells the lily's cup, ere transport strong
Thrills in the bluebird's lay, — it will be long!

It will be long ere dews and fresh'ning showers
Descend where latticed roses languid burn,
Ere, pale from exile, nodding wayside flowers
And timid woodland darlings home return,
Ere vesper-sparrows chant their Delphian song,
And larks at sunrise sing, — it will be long!

But though fierce blow the winds through forests
shrouded,
Where snows, for leafy verdure, cheerless cling,
Though seas moan wild, and skies are darkly
clouded, —

Within the heart that loves 't is always spring!
There memories and hopes, fresh-budding, throng,
And faith forgets that Winter lingers long.

EROS

I, WHO am Love, come clothed in mystery,
As rose my beauteous mother from the Sea,
Veiling my luminous wings from mortal sight —
Whether at noon or in the star-strewn night —
That I may pass unrecognized and free.

Ignoring them that idly seek for me,
Unto mine own, from all eternity
I come with heart aflame and torch alight —
I who am Love!

What bring I them? Ah, draughts that sweeter be
Than welling waters of Callirrhoe!

What give I them? Life! — even in Death's de-
spite;
And upward still I lead them to the height
Of an immortal passion's purity! —
I who am Love.

IN A TENEMENT

I THINK our alley's darker now
Since once I went away —
I can't exactly tell you how —
In a strange place to play
With other children like myself,
A whole long summer's day !

It was n't really there, I'm sure —
That place so strange to me,
For nobody was cold or poor :
It just was green, and free,
And up above there seemed of blue
A million miles to be.

The fairies live there ! — little Ruth
The lame girl told me so :
Yes ; and I know it for a truth
That there the fairies go,
And cover over all the trees
With flowers white as snow.

The flowers made in Fairyland
Have breath — oh, breath that's sweet!
For once I held them in my hand —
Far off from this dull street! —
And looked down in their hearts and saw
The tracks of fairy feet.

I dream at night of that strange place,
And in my dream, quite near,
They dance about before my face, —
The fairies kind and dear;
And, oh, I want to go to them!
You see, they can't come here!

SONG

FRRIENDSHIP from its moorings strays,
Love binds fast together ;
Friendship is for balmy days,
Love for stormy weather.

For itself the one contends,
Fancied wrongs regretting —
Love the thing it loves defends,
All besides forgetting.

Friendship is the morning lark
Toward the sunrise winging,
Love the nightingale, at dark
Most divinely singing !

DIVINATION

HOW do you know the Spring is nigh,
Heart, my heart!

Is it a something in the sky?

Is it a perfume wafted by?

Or is it your own longing's cry —

Heart, my heart?

Oh, yes, I know you've ways to tell,

Heart, my heart,

When Spring released from Winter's spell

Sows amaranth and asphodel:

Ways tender and impalpable,

Heart, my heart:

Signs that have never yet betrayed,

Heart, my heart: —

The bluebird's note in a leafless glade,

An answering rapture, half afraid,

The dream-filled eyes of a shy, sweet maid, —

Heart, my heart!

A MEETING IN THE FOREST

LEAVING my tent once as the dawn grew fair,
Behold ! we stood at gaze, a deer and I,
Regarding one another furtively, —
Too much surprised, too curious for a care
Beyond the miracle that each was there !
An instant, then — as arrow swift doth fly,
Sudden as light that darts across the sky —
Gone was he : and the wood seemed reft and bare.

What startled so the gentle, soft-eyed thing ?
'T was but my love his idle fear outran —
Love that would fain have fed him shoots of Spring,
Balsam and cedar from the groves of Pan !
Why fled he ? Ah, a voice admonishing
Whispered the free, wild creature : “ It is Man ! ”

BEATRICE BEFORE DEATH

On rereading Shelley's "Cenci"

THE day, from slumber waking, dawns most fair.

O Helios! — thou that abhorrest night,

Canst thou look down with radiance so bright

Upon a world woe-darkened? — look, nor care

What torments 'neath thy glorious beams prepare

For mortals whom relentless furies blight?

Some young, perchance, who never knew delight,

Some innocent, who long life's joys to share?

Forgive, O Heaven, if life I still desire!

There is a thought can make stern Death my
friend:

Let me remember what man was my sire —

I shall so long his part in me to fly,

That with impatience I shall wait my end,

And find it sweet, before I live, to die!

DEARTH

AS one who faring o'er a desert plain
Sees fountains clear in the mirage arise,
And, parchèd, longs the nectar sweet to gain
Which still before him flies —
So, wistfully, half doubting, half-believing,
Scornful of hope — yet hopeful, self-deceiving,
I thirst for love, which wastes before my eyes.

THE HERMIT

LISTEN! O listen! 'T is the thrush — God bless
him!

How marvellously sweet the song he sings!
All Nature seems to listen and caress him,
And Silence even closer folds her wings
Lest she should miss one faintly-throbbing note
Of high-wrought rapture, from that flute-like throat.

The warbling world, itself, is hushed about him;
No bird essays the amœbean strain:
Each knows the soul of Music — full without him —
Could bear no more, and rivalry were vain.
So, Daphnis singing in the tamarisk shade,
All things grew silent, of a sound afraid.

The aspens by the lake have ceased to shiver,
As if the very zephyrs held their breath:
Hearken how, wave on wave, with notes that quiver,
It rises now — that song of life and death!
“O holy! holy!” Was it heaven that called
My spirit, by love's ecstasy enthralled?

TRUE LOVE

TRUE love is not a conquest won,
But a perpetual winning ;
A tireless service bravely done
And ever new-beginning ;

Gold will not buy it for to-day
Nor keep it for to-morrow,
From Pleasure's path it turns away,
To make its bed with Sorrow.

White, Aphrodite, are thy doves,
But 'neath their snows are burning,
Undying flames, and he who loves
Aspires with flame-like yearning :

Aspires unto a far-off bliss
Whose vision makes him younger,
And moved to rapture by thy kiss,
Still for thy soul doth hunger !

PER ASPERA

THANK God, a man can grow !

He is not bound

With earthward gaze to creep along the ground :

Though his beginnings be but poor and low,

Thank God, a man can grow !

The fire upon his altars may burn dim,

The torch he lighted may in darkness fail,

And nothing to rekindle it avail, —

Yet high beyond his dull horizon's rim,

Arcturus and the Pleiads beckon him.

SONG

HER cheek is like a tinted rose
That June hath fondly cherished,
Her heart is like a star that glows
When day hath darkling perished,
Her voice is as a songbird's sweet,
The drowsy wolds awaking —
But, ah, her love is past compare,
And keeps my heart from breaking!

Lost sunbeams light her tresses free,
Along their shadows gleaming!
Her smiles entangle memory
And set the soul a-dreaming,
Her thoughts, like seraphs, upward soar,
Earth's narrow bounds forsaking —
But, ah, her love abides with me
And keeps my heart from breaking!

KINDRED

TENDER grass in April spring,
Scent of lilacs wet with rain,
Bluebird jubilantly singing
Snatches of a loved refrain,

Falcon soaring high above me,
Light of stars in deeps divine,
Creeping earth-bound things that move me
To compassion, ye are mine!

Wind in varied cadence playing
Mystic runes on harps unseen,
Blossom hardily delaying
Where lost summer late hath been,

Shadow drifting o'er the mountain,
Mist blown inward from the sea,
Hidden spring and bubbling fountain, —
Ye are mine and parts of me!

What am I? The stars have made me,
And the dust to which I cleave,
Rivers, and the hills that aid me,
Past and future, morn and eve,

Nightshade lightly plucked unknowing,
Roses fondly twined with rue,
Harvestings of mine own sowing
And from fields I never knew!

I have gained mid loss and capture
Strength not found in vanquishing,
Sharing oft the mountain rapture,
Trailing oft the broken wing;

Kindred with the sunlight streaming
Where nor dew nor rain-drop gleams,
With the parchèd desert dreaming
Incommunicable dreams,

Laid in cavern-bed at even,
Throned on rose-flushed Apennine —
Multitudinous earth and heaven,
Naught ye hold that is not mine!

MID-OCEAN

A WASTE of heaving waters to the far horizon's
rim,
And over them a vault of leaden gray ;
No warmer tint or shading to relieve the aspect
dim,
Save where the riven billows break away,
Revealing as we part them to the left hand and the
right,
Beneath each curling crest of foam, the marvellous
green light.

Here midst the heaving billows — this unending
stretch of sea

Where scarce an ocean-bird has strength to fly,
Unnumbered leagues from any strand where habita-
tions be,

Alone, no comrade vessel sailing nigh,
The deep unplumbed beneath us, and, above, a
frowning dome,
I do but turn my eyes on thee, and straightway it
is home !

SHAKESPEARE

O'ER-TOPPING all—upon how lone a height!—
A demiurge beneficent, a seer
Like his own Prospero, he doth appear,
'Mid clouds that half conceal him from our sight,
A being god-like in creative might:
He who so very human was! so near
To Nature that her voice through him we hear—
Her voice of truth and beauty infinite.

Shakespeare! With love and awe we breathe his
name
Who needs not mortal praise! Deathless in fame,
Far from our dull activities he seems;
But let us turn, a-wearied, from the strife,
To share with him the high adventure, — life,
Straightway we feel the stirrings of Great
Dreams!

THE VIOLIN

HE gave me all, and then he laid me by.
Straining my strings to breaking with his pain,
He voiced an anguish, through my wailing cry,
Never to speak again.

He pressed his cheek against me, and he wept —
Had we been glad together over much? —
Emotions that within me deep had slept
Grew vibrant at his touch,

And I who could not ask whence sprung his sorrow,
Responsive to a grief I might not know,
Sobbed as the infant that each mood doth borrow
Sobs for the mother's woe.

Wild grew my voice and stormy with his passion,
Lifted at last unto a tragic might;
Then swift it changed in sad and subtile fashion
To pathos infinite,

Swooning away beneath his faltering fingers
Till the grieved plaint seemed, echoless, to die ;
When, calm, he rose, and with a touch that lingers,
Laid me forever by.

Forever! Ah, he comes no more — my lover !
And all my spirit wrapped in trance-like sleep,
Darkling I dream that such a night doth cover
His grief with hush as deep.

MAN, THAT WILL NOT BE BEGUILED

MAN, that will not be beguiled
Like a fond and happy child
From his toil or futile strife,
Feels within his bosom burning
All the deep, impassioned yearning
Woven in the woof of life.

And though far, with weary feet,
He may wander, Man shall meet
No content until he come —
Soon or late, his fate compelling —
To Love's domed and star-lit dwelling,
For he has no other home.

A CATHEDRAL

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

IT rises by a frozen mere,
With nave and transepts of the pines
That towering 'mid the snows appear
Majestic and sublime ;
While, with a myriad fair designs
Of feathery-tufted tracery,
Their tops adorn with silver rime
The azure vault's immensity.

Rock-piled, the altar to the East
Lies argent-spread ; on either hand —
Meek servers at the lonely feast —
Surpliced and tall the birches stand,
Like ghostly acolytes,
And through ice-mailed branches pass,
Prismatic from celestial heights,
The tints of mediæval glass.

Awed, as in no cathedral raised
By human thought, alone, and still,
I muse on one who dying praised

The God of Being, here :
On him who welcomed with a will
The gift of life, the boon of death, —
The while he heard, deep-toned and near,
The solemn forest's organ-breath.¹

¹ Robert Louis Stevenson at Saranac.

A LITTLE SONG

ROSES are but for a day,
Amaranths endure for ever ;
Joys there be that fade away,
Dreams that perish never ;
But, whate'er the future 's holding, —
Crown of all, all else enfolding, —
Love lives on !

Well they know, who with content
Hear his oft-repeated story,
How to earthly glooms are lent
Reflexes of glory !
Rapture's first and final giver,
Star of Charon's rayless river, —
Love lives on !

TO SAPPHO DEAD

HOW glad you must be to lie at rest,
 Forgetful of him whom you loved so,
Of him who loved you not:
To leave all the watching and waiting,
The hoping and doubting, behind you —
To know no more of the longing
That burned like a fire at your heart!

How glad you must be to lose yourself —
Utterly, utterly, Sappho,
In sleep that is sleep indeed! —
To turn from the pain and the passion,
The dreams of delight that, on waking,
But mocked you and left you more lonely —
The visions that ever betrayed!

How glad, after all — oh, how glad to forget
The golden one, dread Aphrodite! —
The laughter deceitful and sweet
Wherewith from her own glowing bosom
She gave the red rose that consumed you,

Whose fire only floods all-embracing
Could cool, as they rocked you in sleep!

Hereafter for others her emblem shall bloom :
For others shall be the delusion,
The torturing doubt, the despair ;
But you, cradled deep mid the waters,
Naught heeding of ebb-tide or flowing,
Your heart pulsing not with their pulsing, —
You, Sappho, untroubled shall rest.

THE NEST

GLAD is the grove with light,
And the glen is song-caressed,
But longing comes ere night
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,
And distant hills more blue, —
Still claims that nest my care
In the dawn — in the dew;

For though the wild may woo
My wing to many a quest,
Sweet in the dawn and the dew
Are home and rest!

THROUGH THE WINDOW

THROUGH the window Love looked in
For an instant only,
And behold! — a little maid
In the silence lonely.

At his glance, her lily cheek
Took the tint of roses,
And her lips soft parted, like
A bud that half uncloses.

Gentle tremors filled her breast,
And her eyes grew tender
With a something wistful that
His presence seemed to lend her.

Ah, 't was strange! Love there looked in
For an instant only,
Yet the lass, so lone before,
Seemed, methought, less lonely.

LIFE

THOU art more ancient than the oldest skies,
But youth forever glances from thine eyes ;
Time wars against thee, and consumes thy fires,
Yet, wingèd, thou from ashes dost arise !

A MAID'S DEFENCE

'T WERE little to renounce what now I hold :
A treasure that makes poor, a pomp that tires,
A vernal glow that kindles autumn fires,
A youth that, wasteful in its haste, grows old ;
'T were little to relinquish pleasure doled
In meagre measure to my swift desires,
To give what nor delights me nor inspires,
In free exchange for Love's all-prizèd gold ;

Yet there is something it were pain to yield,
Which I should part with, Love, in welcoming
thee :

A shy uncertainty that dearer seems
Than e'en thy gifts, my firm defence and shield :
The dim ideal of my waking dreams,
The Love unknown, that distant, beckons me !

AT DUSK

EARTH, mother dear, I turn at last,
A homesick child, to thee!
The twilight glow is fading fast,
And soon I shall be free
To seek the dwelling, dim and vast,
Where thou awaitest me.

I am so weary, mother dear!
Thy child, of dual race,
Who gazing past the star-beams clear,
Sought the Undying's face!
Now I but ask to know thee near,
To feel thy large embrace!

Tranquil to lie against thy breast —
Deep source of noiseless springs,
Where hearts are healed, and wounds are
dressed,
And naught or sobs or sings:
Against thy breast to lie at rest —
A life that folds its wings.

Sometime I may — for who can tell ? —
 Awake, no longer tired,
And see the fields of asphodel,
 The dreamed-of, the desired,
And find the heights where He doth dwell,
 To whom my heart aspired !

And then — But peace awaiteth me —
 Thy peace : I feel it near ;
The hush, the voiceless mystery,
 The languor without fear !
Enfold me — close ; I want but thee !
 But thee, Earth-mother dear !

SONG

MY love is fairer than the tasselled corn
That matches with its gold the golden day ;
My love is sweeter than the breath of morn
Fragrant with new-mown hay.
There 's nothing dearer or more tender,
And day by day the Graces lend her
A smile, a tear, to bind the heart
And keep it hers alway !

JEWEL-WEED

THOU lonely, dew-wet mountain road,
Traversed by toiling feet each day,
What rare enchantment maketh thee
Appear so gay ?

Thy sentinels, on either hand
Rise tamarack, birch, and balsam-fir,
O'er the familiar shrubs that greet
The wayfarer ;

But here 's a magic cometh new —
A joy to gladden thee, indeed :
This passionate out-flowering of
The jewel-weed,

That now, when days are growing drear,
As Summer dreams that she is old,
Hangs out a myriad pleasure-bells
Of mottled gold !

Thine only, these, thou lonely road !
 Though hands that take, and naught restore,
Rob thee of other treasured things,
 Thine these are, for

A fairy, cradled in each bloom,
 To all who pass the charmèd spot
Whispers in warning : " Friend, admire, —
 But touch me not !

" Leave me to blossom where I sprung,
 A joy untarnished shall I seem ;
Pluck me, and you dispel the charm
 And blur the dream ! "

SAINT THERESA

WEARY and long the winding way ;
Yet as I fare, to comfort me,
Still o'er and o'er I tell the beads
Of love's perfected rosary.

The fire that once hath pierced the heart,
If from above, must upward flame,
Nor falter till it find at last
The burning fountain whence it came.

O fire of love within my breast —
O pain that pleads for no surcease —
Fill me with fervor ! — more and more,
Give me thy passion and thy peace !

O love, that mounts to paths of day
Untraversed by the soaring lark,
O love, through all the silent night
'A lamp to light the boundless dark,

O love, whose dearest pangs I bear,
This heart — this wounded heart — transform!
That all who seek its shelter may
There find a refuge safe and warm.

Were there no heaven of high reward,
Man's service here to crown and bless,
Were there no hell,— I, for love's sake,
Would toil with ardent willingness.

And if — O Thou that pitiest
The fallen, lone, and tempest-tost! —
If, Love Divine, Thou wilt but save
Whom *I* do love, none shall be lost!

THE HEART OF LOVE

I KNOW a place warm-sheltered from the world—
A place secure, in mild conditions blest,
Where fainting Toil, the homespun banner furled,
 May pause awhile and rest:
I know a place where fires burn late,
And Mercy, waiting at the gate,
 Still welcomes the oppressed!

I know a shrine more rich than Plutus' fane.
 An altar fragrant with celestial dew,
Where wavering souls their virgin faiths regain
 And energies renew.
I know a garden fair and free,
Where life yet wears, unfadingly,
 Lost Eden's roseate hue!

BETTER TO DIE

BBETTER to die, where gallant men are dying,
Than to live on with them that basely fly :
Better to fall, the soulless Fates defying,
Than unassailed to wander vainly, trying
To turn one's face from an accusing sky !

Days matter not, nor years to the undaunted ;
To live is nothing, — but to *nobly* live !
The poorest visions of the honor-haunted
Are better worth than pleasure-masks enchanted,
And they win life who life for others give.

The planets in their watchful course behold them —
To live is nothing, — but to nobly live ! —
For though the Earth with mother-hands remold
them,
Though Ocean in his billowy arms enfold them,
They are as gods, who life to others give !

ÉASTRE

I, WHO am ever young,
Am she whom Earth hath sung
From the far ages when from death awaking
She felt the dawn of life within her breaking —
A strange and inexperienced delight —
That warned the desert places of her night,
And, after bondage long,
Left her divinely free
To worship with an ecstasy,
Voiceless, that yet was song !

I am that she, Astarte named,
By proud Phœnicia and Assyria claimed,
Adored by Babylon and Naucratis.
From the moon, my throne of bliss,
On famed Hieropolis
Where stood my temple sanctified and hoary,
I poured such floods of silver glory
That mortals — blest my *palest* beams to see —
Fell prone upon the earth and worshipped me !

I am Aurora — goddess of the dawn!
 To heaven in my orient car updrawn,
 While wingèd joys fly after,
 I part with roseate hand the curtained dark.
 Mid bird-songs and celestial laughter,
 I perfume all the æther with my breath,
 And putting by the envious clouds of Death,
 With my insistent yearning
 Rekindle the sun's fire and set it burning.

Persephone am I — the Spring!
 Whom all things celebrate and sing.
 When glad from Hades' sombre home
 Back to the dear, dear earth I come,
 The gods themselves, my way befriending,
 Look down on me with shining eyes benign,
 And grant that, to my mother's arms ascending,
 Of miracles the loveliest shall be mine.

Howe'er men speak my name
 I ever am the same, —
 In herb and tree and vine and blossoming flower,
 Regenerating, consecrating power.
 Youth am I and delight.
 Astarte or Aurora, still the priest

Of mysteries beneficently bright.
The vivifying glory of the East,
The Spring, in vesture of transparent dyes
'Broidered with blossoms and with butterflies,
The door that leads from gloomy vasts of Death, —
I resurrection am! — new life! new breath!

SHE WILL NOT HEAR

SHE will not hear you if you sing,
Bluebird and whitethroat of the Spring!
Why did you stay away so long,
She wearying for your song?

She will not notice if you pass,
Sweet airs that woo the meadow grass!
Why could you not have spread, more fleet,
Soft carpet for her feet?

She will not see the crocus rise,
Nor smile into the violet's eyes;
Pale dogwood bloom from Winter snow
My darling will not know.

You come too late! too late, too late,
O longed-for Spring! She tried to wait,
Wistful your breathing joys to share.
Come now, — she will not care!

THE SONG THAT IS FORGOT

TIME, like to sand from out the glass, unceasing flows away ;

Then wherefore deem to-morrow more worth than yesterday ?

The fairest rose the future knows Time darkling will entomb

With the rose that breathed in Persia, long since, its rare perfume.

If sands of time, effacing, flow, then what — ah, what of fame ?

Nothing is lost that blesses the hour to which it came ;

Nay, questioning heart, which gave it most the world itself knows not —

The song that is remembered, the song that is forgot.

GREATNESS

MIDST noble monuments, alone at eve
I wandered, reading records of the dead, —
In spite of praise forgotten past recall;
And near, so sheltered one might scarce perceive,
I found a lowly headstone, and I read
The word upon it: HAWTHORNE — that was all.

THE LORDLY PINES

THE lordly pines like grasses wave,
And bend before the wind,
Content to compromise with Fate,
Security to find ;
But when the storm's full wrath is spent —
Its futile passion o'er,
The pines majestic lift their heads,
As lordly as before !

THE EMPTY HOUSE

I SEEMED to see thy spirit leave the clay
That was its mortal tenement of late;
I seemed to see it falter at the gate
Of the New Life, as seeking to obey
Some inner law, yet doubtful of the way
Provided for its passage, by that fate
Which makes birth pain, and gives to death such
state
And dignity, when soul withdraws its sway.

A tremor of the pale and noble brow,
A tightening of the lips, and thou wast gone —
Gone? — whither? Ah, the hush of death's abyss!
All tenantless thy beauteous form lay now
As the cicada's fragile shell outgrown,
Or as the long-forsaken, lonely chrysalis.

INFLUENCE

MY friend leaned o'er the flowery brink
Of evil, bending down to drink ;
But though he stooped, resolved to take
The harmful draught despite my fears,
He yielded for my pleading's sake,
Feeling my love and tears.

Again he stoops ; again I long
To save a fellow-man from wrong.
He was my friend ! Fain, in this hour,
Would I defend him as before :
I strive — but I have lost the power,
Who love him now no more.

REPROACH NOT DEATH

REPROACH not Death, nor charge to him, in
wonder,

The lives that he doth separate awhile,
But think how many hearts that ache, asunder,
Death, pitying Death, doth join and reconcile !

WATER LILIES

I GATHERED them — the lilies pure and pale,
The golden-hearted lilies, virgin fair,
And in a vase of crystal, placed them where
Their perfumes might unceasingly exhale.
High in my lonely tent above the swale,
Above the shimmering mere and blossoms there,
I solaced with their sweetness my despair,
And fed with dews their beauteous petals frail.

But when the aspens felt the evening breeze,
And shadows 'gan across the lake to creep,
When hermit-thrushes to the Oreades
Sang vesper orisons, from cloisters deep, —
My lilies, lulled by native sympathies,
Upfolded their white leaves and fell asleep.

DAPHNIS

HAIL, Solitude! hail, maiden coy and sweet!
The vesper veil descends, — hail, nymph
discreet!

We would awhile forget the din and roar
Of feverous life, contending evermore, —
Lead to thy hush'd retreat!

Where shall we find thee, who desire thee so?
Where 'midst the lengthening shadows dost
thou go?

Where slumberest thou when stars the night
adorn?

Where glide thy feet at morn?

Seek they that rugged promontory
Where Athos towers lone above the sea?
Stray they where 'gainst the mountains hoary
Axenos moaning beats incessantly?
Or all the day in some shy sylvan nook,
Where cowslips pale and daffadillies blow,
Tread they the mellow turf, or weedy brook
Whose wimpling waters prattle as they flow?

Goddess with breath of balm,
What dear contentments nestle in thy calm!
The leveret and the fawn pursue
Thy paths through coverts dim, the haleyon
 blue,
By seas Ægean, grieved remembrance heals.
 As she thy joyance feels,
And far below the merry-twinkling waves,
Bright Thetis breathes thy praise in orient
 caves.

And here, in this delightful wood,
Where saucy elves and winsome fairies bide,
We, also, would draw near thee, Solitude,
 And lay our cares aside:
Draw near thee, nymph demure, and drain,
From flowery cups that know no touch profane,
The dews, delicious brimming,
 Recline where poppies, purple-hued,
Droop low in lovely lassitude,
While belted bees in amorous mood
O'er thymy beds are swimming,
Or musing 'neath some drowsy hemlock, gain
The sweet Morphæan anodyne for pain.

Long, long ago, to such seclusion —
 Filled with accusing shame and grieved confusion —
 Life's noontide dark, its promise dead,
 The youthful Daphnis fled.
 Child of the God, ill could he brook
 That curious eyes should gaping look
 Upon the sightless face,
 Where, deeply written, burned his deep disgrace.
 Fearful of wrongs he could not see,
 He brought his bruised heart to thee.

And thou with solemn stillness didst caress him.
 Forbearing to afflict with comfort crude,
 Mistimed advice or cheap solicitude,
 Thou with thy mild tranquillity didst bless him.
 Thou didst not proffer fond, unmeaning words;
 But whisperings of leaves, and notes of birds,
 And breathings of fresh flowers; things which
 stole
 Through the unlighted chambers of his soul,
 And made him — how, he knew not — less alone.
 Like dreams that come where misery hath slept,
 Recalling tender hopes and pleasures flown,
 He welcomed them, and wept.

Then with unsteady hand from out his breast
He drew the pipe of Pan — the reedy flute
That long neglected in inglorious rest,
Dark, like his vision, lay there cold and mute.
Up to his quivering lips he raised it slowly ;
A moment paused, then blew a fainting strain :
His rigid brow relaxed, his head drooped lowly,
He felt the old, the sweet, immortal pain !
Again the mellow, melting notes he tried, —
Again meek Echo caught her breath and sighed.

Then freer, stronger, lovelier grew the lay ;
Uncertain fears fled guiltily away ;
The lilies, listening, paled, the breeze grew whist,
The violets flushed to deeper amethyst,
The restless Hours, departing, longed to stay.
And he forgot his melancholy state,
Fair Nomia's blissful love and fatal hate, —
In the rapt exaltation of his mind,
Forgot that he was blind ;
And poured that moving music in thine ear,
Which still Sicilian shepherds in the dawn
And deepening twilight, from some balmy lawn
Or grove of Ætna, fondly think they hear.

LIVE THY LIFE

LIVE thy life gallantly and undismayed :
Whatever harms may hide within the shade,
Be thou of *fear*, my spirit ! more afraid.

In earthly pathways evil springeth rife ;
But dread not thou, too much, or pain or strife
That plunge thee to the greater depths of life !

What though the storm-cloud holds the bolt that
sears ?

The eagle of the crag, that nothing fears,
Still, still is young after a hundred years !

OCTOBER

SWEET are the woodland notes
That gush melodious at morn from palpitating
throats,
In anthems fresh as dew! Aye, they are sweet!
But from that dim retreat
Where Evening muses through the pensive hours,
There sometimes floats along
A more appealing song.
So, love, thy voice breathes a diviner music in the
chill
Of autumn, when the glen is still
And Flora's gold all tarnished on the hill,
Than in the time when merry May calls forth her
bashful flowers.

THE POET

IS he alone? The myriad stars shine o'er him,
The flowers bloom for him mid wintry frost;
He needs not sleep to dream, — and dreams restore
 him
Whatever he has lost.

Is he forsaken? Beauty's self is nigh him,
Closer than bride to the fond lover's arms, —
Veiled, guarding still, to lift and glorify him,
The mystery of her charms.

Unto his soul she speaks in accents moving —
In moving accents meant for him alone,
Revealing, past all visioned heights of loving,
Far-beckoning heights unknown.

SONG

FOR me the jasmine buds unfold
And silver daisies star the lea,
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine,
I know the fountain's wayward yearning,
I love, and the world is mine !

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,
Still well remembered, grieve not me ;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story,
Sings the sea one strain divine ;
My clouds arise all flushed with glory, —
I love, and the world is mine !

MOTHERLESS

HE was so small, so very small,
That since she ceased to care,
'T was easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there ;
But though too slight a thing he seemed
Of interest to be, —
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
That now, since she had died,
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
With nothing much inside ;
But, ah ! a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief :
His shabby little bosom hid
A mighty, grown-up grief.

CIVILIZATION

OLD as the race of man,
Young as the child new-born,
From glooms Plutonian
I mount to paths of morn ;
And as I move o'er vale and hill,
Before me flees the night,
For on into the darkness still
I bear my light.

The desert stayed me long
Its fancied worth to tell ;
The savage, subtle and strong,
Opposed me, and he fell :
But the savage learned from conflict past
To battle and succeed,
And the foolish desert came at last
To bloom indeed.

I halt not for the maimed,
I wait not for the blind ;
My foot is never lamed,
Whoe'er may lag behind :

I hasten on, like the wind of God,
To the conquest He ordains :
Parting the human from the clod,
Undoing chains.

The thing that hindereth
My progress as I pass,
Is withered in my breath
Like parchèd summer grass.
I hasten on, like the wind of God,
That must unfettered blow,
Wooing the blossom from the sod
Where'er I go.

I taught the Hindoo throng
To worship : I awoke
The Pyrrhic phalanx strong,
To break the Persian yoke :
I set great Pharaoh's captives free,
The Tarquin's pride down-hurled,
And in a child of Galilee,
O'ercame the world !

COURAGE

'T IS the front toward life that matters most —
The tone, the point of view,
The constancy that in defeat
Remains untouched and true ;

For death in patriot fight may be
Less gallant than a smile,
And high endeavor, to the Gods,
Seems in itself worth while !

MEMORIA

IF only in my dreams I may behold you,
Still hath the day a goal ;
If only in my dreams I may enfold you,
Still hath the night a soul.
Leaden the hours may press upon my spirit,
Nor one dear pledge redeem, —
I will not chide, so they at last inherit
And crown me with the rapture of that dream.

Ten thousand blossoms earth's gay gardens cherish ;
One pale, pale rose is mine.
Of frost or blight the rest may quickly perish, —
Not so that rose divine.
Deathless it blooms in quiet realms Elysian ;
And when toil wins me rest,
Forgetful of all else, in blissful vision
I breathe my rose, and clasp it to my breast !

REJECTED

THE World denies her prophets with rash breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns ;
To Wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blessèd, though neglected and despised —
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed,
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprised,
Whisper the voices of Eternity !

RHAPSODY

AS the mother-bird to the waiting nest
As the regnant moon to the sea,
As joy to the heart that hath first been blest —
So is my love to me!

Sweet as the song of the lark that soars
From the net of the fowler free,
Sweet as the morning that song adores —
So is my love to me!

As the rose that blossoms in matchless grace
Where the canker may not be,
As the well that springs in a desert place —
So is my love to me!

COMBATANTS

HE seemed to call me, and I shrank dismayed,
Deeming he threatened all I held most dear ;
But when at last his summons I obeyed,
Perplexed and full of fear,
I found upon his face no angry frown, —
Only a visor down.

Indignant that his voice, so calm and sweet,
In my despite, unto my soul appealed,
I cried, "If thou hast courage, turn and meet
A foeman full revealed !"
And with determined zeal that made me strong,
Contended with him long.

But, oh, the armor he so meekly bore
Was wrought for him in other worlds than ours !
In firm defence of what he battled for,
Were leagued *eternal* powers !
I fell ; yet overwhelmed by my disgrace,
At last I saw his face.

And in its matchless beauty I forgot

The constant service to my pledges due,

And, with adoring love that sorrowed not,

Entreated, "Tell me who

Hath so o'erthrown my will and pride of youth!"

He answered, "I am Truth."

VICTORY

PEACE! for the silver bugles play,
And the glad fifes, with shriller sound;
The drum beats fast, and, far away,
Awakens joy profound.

From dawn unto the setting sun
We battled, and our foes have lost;
O heart, my heart, the day is won, —
Break thou, and pay the cost!

SONG

IF love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart enclose
No chalice of perfume ;

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume ;

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom.

INVIOABLE

“And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?” — EURIPIDES

WHEN I hear men discoursing idle things,
Who “beauty and corruption” would unite —
As who should say: “Now call we darkness
bright!”

My wondering soul more passionately clings
To every image, every strain that sings
Of beauty — still, ah, still the world’s delight! —
More valuing that bloom which knows not blight,
To which no touch of Time defacement brings.

From rocky Chios, from sweet Avon’s side,
From Athens, Sicily — our earth to bless —
From each dear Land where Joy hath dwelt with
Truth,

It comes adown Time’s inexhausted tide
In myriad form, the ancient Loveliness,
Wearing its glory of immortal youth!

END OF VOLUME I

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