

WILLIAMS  
VERSE



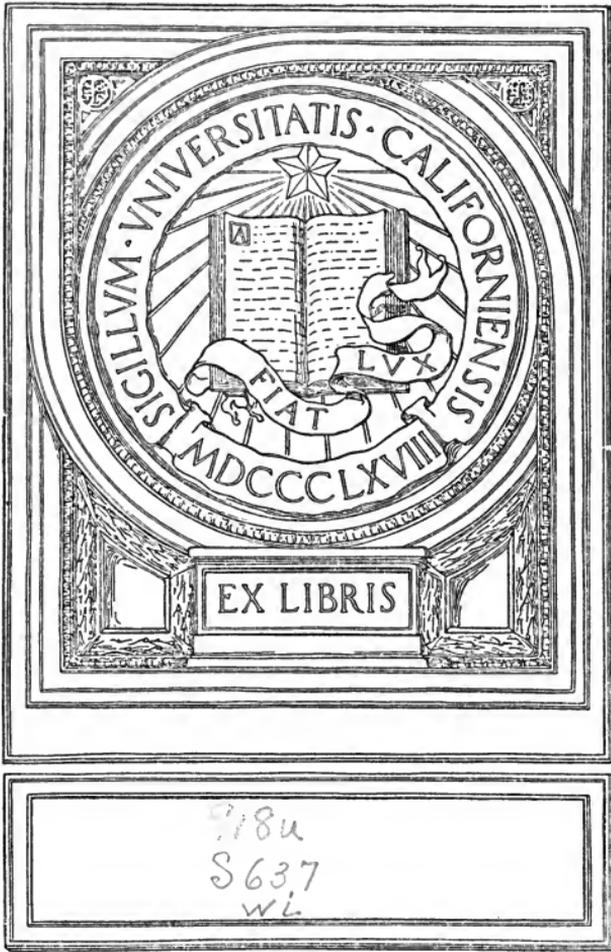
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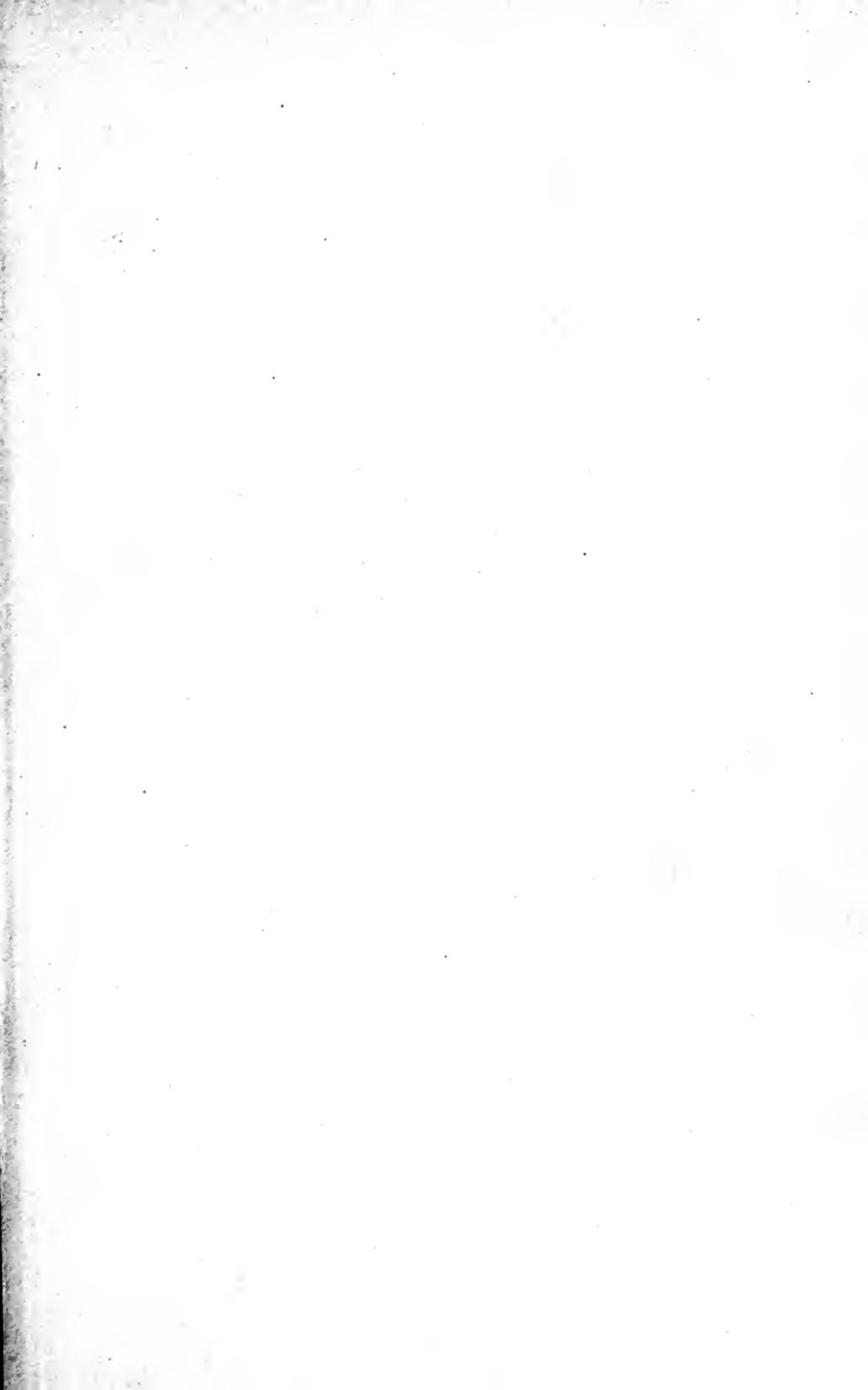


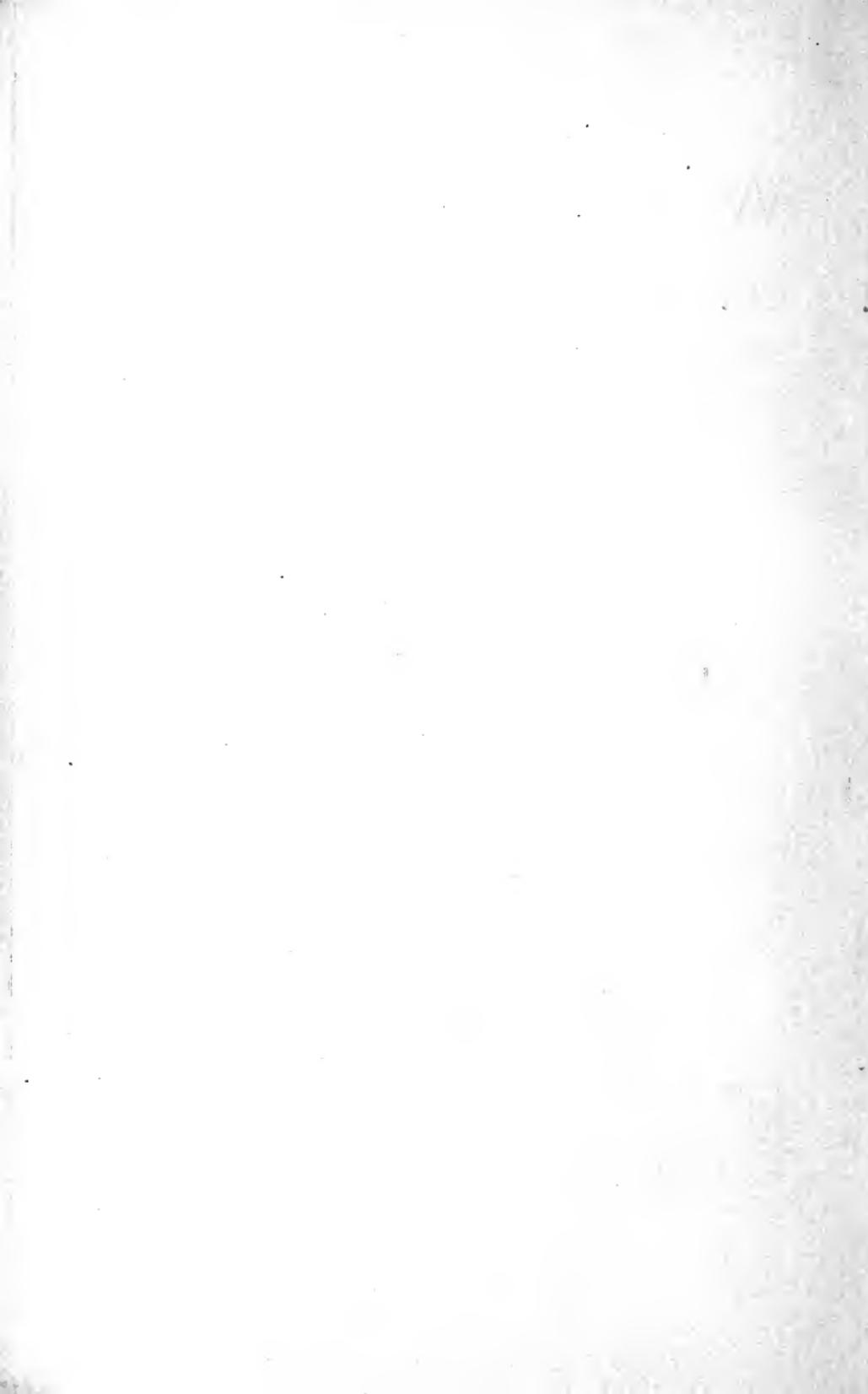
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# WILLIAMS VERSE

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EDITED BY

FREDERIC MILLER SMEDLEY  
FRANK HAMMOND GRIGGS  
AND HOWARD OPDYKE . . .

—  
CENTENNIAL EDITION  
—

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TO  
THE CENTURY  
OF  
ACTIVITY AND PROGRESS  
WHICH HAS ATTENDED  
WILLIAMS COLLEGE

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## PREFACE.

IN introducing this little volume of *Williams Verse* to the college world, the editors have acted with many compunctions, feeling as they do their inability to throw a proper appreciation into the work. It has, however, been evident for some time that a volume of such verse should be collected, which would bring into prominence that department of college literature in which Williams has shown herself particularly capable. What occasion could be more fortunate for its appearance than the centennial anniversary which the College is about to celebrate? Thus a modest collection of what has appeared in our periodicals in all the wide range from the sonnet to the lighter verse, more recently so noticeable in undergraduate publications, will prove, it is hoped, a fitting souvenir of an observance which is dear to every Williams man.

The poems contained within these covers represent what has seemed the best of verse production which has appeared in our college periodicals—

judged, that is, from the standpoint of the reader who enjoys and criticises such writings, but is confessedly unable to produce a single stanza worthy of being printed.

The editors are particularly indebted to the collection of *Williams Verses* which appeared some six or seven years ago, and to Mr. Abbott and Mr. Richardson, more especially, for the aid which their excellent taste in selection has given them, and they regret exceedingly the incursion which it seemed right to make into their territory. Thanks are also due Mr. Burr, our College librarian, for his assistance in obtaining complete files of the publications which Williams has in turn fostered—the *Quarterly Athenæum*, *Argo*, *Fortnight*, *Literary Monthly*, *Weekly*, and *Gulielmsonian*. Much kindly assistance has been rendered the editors by many of the alumni in determining the authorship of anonymous verse. The necessity for some reference to Williams songs has led to the placing of a few of the more distinctive at the end of the volume.

FREDERIC MILLER SMEDLEY, '93.

FRANK HAMMOND GRIGGS, '93.

HOWARD OPDYKE, '93.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, May, 1893.



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## Selections from *The Argo*.

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### THE BIRTH OF THE SONNET.

BESIDE the southern sea, in days of old,  
Once stood Apollo, with the Graces three,  
The Muses, and their mother Memory,—  
In all fourteen,—to sing the age of gold :  
And first Apollo's voice in music rolled,  
Then each in turn sang to the listening sea,  
Till Memory took up the melody,  
And in her thoughtful voice the end was told.

Thus, then, was born the Sonnet. 'T is the lord  
Of all the figments of a poet's brain,  
If to its fourteen lines he can award  
That order of Apollo and his train,—  
The God of Song to strike the opening chord,  
While Memory evokes the closing strain.

*E. G. Benedict.*

## ROSES.

YOU plucked a rosebud yesterday,  
As I was standing by your side,  
To give me. Were you thinking, pray,  
Of what the flower signified?

For roses have a subtle sense,  
A sense which is not shown above ;  
And when a maid a rose presents,  
Its hidden meaning is, I love.

Take back your rose,—unless you knew  
That such a meaning I would guess.  
The flower, though given e'en by you,  
Is worse to me than valueless.

But if you knew what roses meant,  
Take back your rose, I still repeat,  
To find there, not the love you sent,  
But mine amid the petals sweet.

*E. G. Benedict.*

SUN AND MOON.

[From an Iceland Myth.]

THE Sun and Moon lived side by side  
In the ages long ago,  
She was a maiden full of life,  
And he a warrior hot for strife ;  
He fain would have her for his bride.  
She loved him, yes,  
But she ever answered, no.

The Sun and Moon lived side by side,  
In the ages long ago,  
And ever he wooed her his wife to be,  
But the Moon still clung to her coquetry,  
And the patient love of the Sun defied.  
She loved him, yes,  
But she ever answered, no.

Too long to play with the Sun she tried,  
In the ages long ago ;  
And now forever faded and old,  
Pale and lifeless and wofully cold,  
She must wander over the heaven wide.  
She loved him, yes,  
But too long she answered, no.

And so it is that the Moon alway,  
As she wanders the heaven through,

Looks ever down with a gentle face  
 On things that are old and commonplace  
 In the bright and garish light of day ;  
     She pities them,  
 But she cares not for the new.

*G. L. Richardson.*

### THE GRAVE OF MERLIN.

THE forest of Broceliande  
 Grooms o'er the yellow stretch of sand  
 Beside the tossing, purple sea  
 Which breaks on dreamy Brittany.  
 But never noise from out the deep,  
 Or boom of breakers on the steep,  
 Passes beyond the silent band  
 Which marks the wood Broceliande.

There in the magic forest's shade  
     Lies Merlin, Arthur's wizard friend ;  
 By her he loved the best betrayed,  
     He sleeps the sleep that knows no end.  
 Merlin the old, who lived of yore,  
     Merlin the proud, who lived to rule,  
 Merlin the wise, who knew all lore,  
     Merlin the lost, who loved,—a fool.

The sunlight shimmers through the trees,  
 The softly-crooning summer breeze  
 Pauses upon its vagrant way,  
 The hare speeds past, a flash of gray,  
 And full-throat birds their singing cease ;  
 Where Merlin sleeps reigns perfect peace,  
 And o'er him blows a banner grand,—  
 The forest of Broceliande.

*E. G. Benedict.*

## BALLADE OF REVERIE.

### I.

**I**N the pine forests deep and dim and wide,  
 Where balmy odors blow from every tree,  
 Where "dowery dells" arbutus blossoms hide,  
 And Nature seems in sweet repose to be,  
 And naught disturbs my silent reverie ;  
 There lying, lazy, rhyming line to line,  
 I watch the swift clouds floating, dreamily,  
 I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

### II.

When, all the west with rich red pigment dyed,  
 The sun sets glorious in a golden sea,  
 And comes the gentle twilight to divide  
 The day from night ; when o'er the silent lea

There buzzing comes a big belated bee,  
 Weighted with honey of the eglantine,  
 Who flies toward home and passes near to me—  
 I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

## III.

When by clear streams that gently downward slide  
 And murmur softly in their quiet glee ;  
 When Dian rises and begins to glide  
 Between the stars e'en as she still would flee  
 Orion and his importunity ;  
 When nightingales sing from the swaying vine,  
 Then with my soul from cares and troubles free,  
 I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

## L'ENVOI.

Yes, when I lie in wildwood greenery,  
 And watch the morn, the noon, the night decline,  
 My soul is thrilled with silent sympathy—  
 I dream sweet dreams in reverie divine.

*I. W. Allen, Fr.*

## TO AN OLD SPANISH FAN.

OH! black lace fan, with sweet perfume,  
 Thou didst belong to some fair maid  
 Of ancient Spain, who in her bloom,  
 On moonlit evenings often strayed

Where golden orange blossoms glow,  
By Guadalquivir's dreamy flow.

Her soft hair fallen about her face,  
She plucked the roses wet with dew  
That gained, when fastened in her lace,  
A sweeter odor than they knew ;  
And one she placed within her hair,  
That died with pride at being there.

With you, black fan, in her white hand,  
Giving it still a whiter hue,  
Where'er she went throughout the land  
The youthful nobles knelt to sue ;  
And one she loved above the rest  
And to his own her sweet lips prest.

But that was long, so long ago,  
In that fair land of ancient Spain.  
The flowers her hand no longer know,  
And gone is all the suitor train  
That followed her. She lies so deep  
The world has now forgot to weep.

*I. W. Allen, Fr.*

## BALLADE OF A DAINTY COQUETTE.

FACE of the daintiest shade,  
 Eyes of the tenderest brown,  
 Ankle so neatly displayed,  
 Furbelowed, lace-betrimmed gown ;  
 Mistress of man and of clown,  
 Fashion's and Cupid's own pet,  
 Come and before her bow down,—  
 This is a dainty coquette.

Deadlier far than a blade  
 Swung by a knight of renown,  
 To the men's hearts is this maid ;  
 Much to be feared is her frown,  
 Forehead where old Time has plown  
 Not one small furrow as yet :  
 Come and before her bow down,—  
 This is a dainty coquette.

Fond of a sweet serenade,  
 And music her fancies to drown ;  
 Queen at a grand masquerade,  
 Meet for a jewel-starred crown ;

Known by her name throughout town,  
 Beauty and toast of her set,  
 Come and before her bow down,—  
 This is a dainty coquette.

## L'ENVOI.

Love is to her but a noun,  
 To her but a word is regret,  
 Come and before her bow down,—  
*This is a dainty coquette.*

*I. W. Allen, Fr.*

## JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

OH! I once did know a fellow, and he played  
 a yellow 'cello,  
 And if mellow, made it bellow in a way that  
 I despise :  
 When the boarders all were sleeping, he began his  
 practice keeping,  
 While we listened, weeping, heaping curses on his—  
 something—eyes.  
 Now one night about eleven, (he 'd been practising  
 since seven,  
 While we all were praying Heaven to send lightning  
 from the sky,)  
 William Simmons, slowly rising, said, "It will not  
 seem surprising  
 When I say there's no disguising that that there  
 young man must die!"

Then we crept upstairs in slippers, armed with  
broomsticks, shovels, nippers,  
And we tied him by the flippers, tightly down upon  
the bed,  
And a man for every hour, spite the victim's sour  
glower,  
Sat and sawed with all his power, on the 'cello near  
his head.

He assailed our mercies,—purses,—we played on  
with smiles like Circe's ;  
He, with curses, spoke of hearses we would occupy  
next day.  
But the more he kept on talking, all the louder we  
kept squawking,  
Thus effectually balking his attempts to get away.

'T was at four o'clock, with gladness we observed  
the signs of madness,  
With sadness for his badness, just at 6 A.M. he  
died,—  
We interred him at our leisure, but with pleasure  
without measure,—  
Let all 'cello-players treasure the dark warning here  
implied.

*E. G. Benedict.*

LOST.

○ ONE day while slowly sailing  
Upon a summer's sea,  
My hand in water trailing  
In idle reverie,  
Awakening from my dreaming,  
I saw a jewel bright  
Down through the depths go gleaming,  
And vanish out of sight.

To-day while fondly gazing  
Into thine eyes of brown,  
In their clear depths amazing  
Tenderly looking down,  
My heart went from my keeping,  
I know not how nor when.  
In spite of all my seeking,  
I find it not again.

My ring has gone forever,  
Far down beneath the wave.  
My heart returneth never ;  
Thine eyes, love, are its grave.

*H. G. Dunham.*

## INDISCRETION.

PRETTY little maiden,  
 Held in student's arms,  
 Blushing like a rose-leaf,  
 Heightening thus her charms,  
 Hears the student's watch tick,  
 Very loud and clear,  
 Oh, where think you then, sir,  
 Was her little ear?

Blushingly she falters  
 (Charming little miss)—  
 "Not a watch in college  
 Ticks so loud as this."  
 See, then, student-fellow  
 Properly enraged,  
 Takes the first train home, sir,  
 Says he 's not engaged.

*H. G. Dunham.*

## TOO UNFILIAL.

SHE always seems so meek and mild,  
 Her air so gracious, kind, and sweet,  
 By these fair ways I 'd be beguiled  
 And fain would worship at her feet.

But—still—I cannot bend the knee,  
 Though oft her praises I have sung,  
 Till I can see why she should be  
 So cruel to her mother-tongue.

*H. S. Underwood.*

### INVITING.

PRETTY and sweet, ever so neat,  
 Sitting alone in a *tête-à-tête* seat,  
 Seeming to say by her negligent air,  
 Come and sit side of me, sir, if you dare.

Saucy and pert, dying to flirt,  
 Knowing the ropes, and more than expert,  
 When she goes further, and seems to insist,  
 Who for the moment would dare to resist?

*D. C. Brewer.*

### A HEARTLESS TASK.

THE rhymester sings  
 An endless strain  
 Of smitten hearts  
 And Cupid's reign ;  
 Of sweetest lips  
 And eyes and hair ;  
 And secrets which  
 But two can share.

## WILLIAMS VERSE.

But do you know,  
 (The truth to own)  
 The rhymester's heart  
 Is wrought of stone?  
 To fickle maids  
 He gives no heed :  
 He simply writes  
 What men will read.

He rhymes a verse  
 About his Jane,  
 But as he writes  
 Oft grows profane ;  
 Then finishing  
 His hasty scrawl,  
 He *curses* it  
 And girls and all.

*S. T. Livingston.*

## THE SOFTEST TINT.

## RONDEL.

THE softest tint that nature knows  
 Reveals its beauty through a blush,  
 When all the distant skyland glows  
 At evening with a rosy flush.

And when to lure the artist's brush,  
 The peach its cheek in summer shows,  
 The softest tint that nature knows  
 Reveals its beauty through a blush.

Behind the ball-room's curtained plush  
 You 'll find, when begging for a rose,  
 That while the maiden answers, Hush !  
 And just outside the music grows,  
 The softest tint that nature knows  
 Reveals its beauty through a blush.

*D. C. Brewer.*

YE BALLADE OF YE POLYTE  
 HYGHWAYMEN.

I.

YE ancientt coachman grasped his cuppe  
 And quaffed ye myghtie ale,  
 And eke a gryn his face lytt uppe,  
 As thus he told hys tale :

II.

"Y' fegges, 't was fortie years agone,  
 A score of myles from town,  
 Ye Brighton mayl-coach, alle alone,  
 Went rattlyng o'er ye down.

## III.

“Ye coach itt had three mayds aboard,  
Three London maydens sweet,  
Who laughed ye whiles their father snored  
Upon ye hyndmost seat.

## IV.

“When uppe there came two hyghwaymen,  
Who stopped ye coach and swore  
They ’d kiss ye maydens, there and then,  
Wythouten pound fyve-score.

## V.

“Then out there spake ye London wyght,  
‘I ’ve pound fyve-score by me ;  
I ’ll gyve itt alle yn thys sad plyght,  
Soe thatt our lyves goe free.’

## VI.

“But then, wyth cheeks of reddest hues  
Outspake ye prettiest myss,  
‘I think ’t were best our pounds refuse,  
And lett them have their kyss.’

## VII.

“Wyth thatt ye thieves, oblygyng men,—  
To be polyte alle round,—  
Fyrst kyssed ye mayds each one, and then,—  
They took ye fyve-score pound.

## VIII.

“Ah! yn those days of '44,  
 'T was sport to dryve ye mayl,—  
 Would thatt those tymes myght come once more!  
 And would—I had more ale!”

*E. G. Benedict.*

## “CASTLES IN SPAIN.”

## BALLADE.

**G**MET a man of long ago  
 Who walked the king's highway,  
 His coat was torn, his step was slow,  
 And his scanty hair was grey;  
 Yet still he sang a roundelay,  
 And this the glad refrain:  
 “Whene'er I 'm sad, I wend my way  
 To castles built in Spain.”

I said to him, “Why sing you so,  
 And why are your looks so gay?  
 Your wrinkled features plainly show  
 That past is your lifetime's May,  
 And yet, bowed 'neath old age's sway,  
 You sing that merry strain,  
 And, poor as a mouse, can go, you say,  
 To castles built in Spain.”

The old man smiled, and said, "You know  
 That life is not always play.  
 'T is true my hair is white as snow  
 And I 'm weary with life's long fray,  
 But the realm of Thought is mine always,  
 And that is a vast domain,  
 And, poor or rich, one's thoughts can stray  
 To castles built in Spain."

## L'ENVOI.

Then who for a better lot could pray,  
 Or who of his own complain,  
 Whose mind is ever free to stay  
 In castles built in Spain?

*E. G. Benedict.*

## BALLADE OF THE HAUNTED STREAM.

## I.

 LIKE some fair girl who hastes to meet her  
 swain  
 Yet hesitates each step with maiden fear,  
 So the still stream glides downward to the main,  
 Pausing at times in fern-set pools,—and here,  
 Where bend the willow branches to the clear

Deep pool beneath, and where the forest hoar  
Seems whispering old tales of magic lore,  
They say by night the fairies dance in glee,  
And on the moss beside the curving shore  
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

## II.

From beds in purple buds where they have lain  
Until the mystic midnight time drew near,  
To chimes of harebells and the far off strain  
Of forest melodies, the elves appear  
In all the gorgeousness of goblin gear.  
With brilliant dress the golden-beetle wore,  
With scarlet plumes the humming-bird once  
bore,  
They come in troops from every flower and  
tree  
And round the fairy throne in concourse  
pour,—  
The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.

## III.

Yet mortal eyes see not the goblin train  
Whose bells sound faintly on the passer's ear,—  
Who dares attempt a secret sight to gain  
Feels the sharp prick of many an elfin spear,  
And hears, too late, the low malicious jeer,

As long thorn-javelins his body gore,  
 Until, defeated, breathless, bruised and sore,  
     He turns him from the haunted ground to  
     flee,  
 And murmurs low, as grace he doth implore,  
     “ The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry ! ”

## L'ENVOI.

Sweet mortal maid, that fairy world of yore  
 Has vanished—with the midnights that are o'er ;  
     Yet come and sit beside the stream with me,  
 That I, beholding thee, may say, “ Once more  
     The Queen of Elfland holds her revelry.”

*E. G. Benedict.*

## THE NIEBELUNGEN LIED.

**G**SAT in my room at midnight and read of the  
     days of old ;  
     I read of Sigmund and Signy, and Volsung  
     war-king bold ;  
 I read of the battles and sea fights, of harps and  
     stirring glees ;  
 And how in their storm-tossed galleys the bold earls  
     sailed the seas.

I read of harpings and joyance, now legends in  
Sagas told ;  
And how Queen Borghild's fearful hate lurked in  
the shining gold ;  
I read how the great tree Branstock grew upon the  
wide hall floor,  
And the massive rings of silver bound fast the castle  
door.

The Northern legends seized my soul; they wrought  
in my brain like fire,  
My heart-strings throbbed and fiercely strained with  
a vague and strange desire ;  
But past is the age of vikings, no more through the  
brazen horn  
Will blow the breath of warriors, in greeting to the  
morn.

The olden laws and customs are shattered as Sig-  
mund's glaive ;  
No more shall the golden galleys be borne on the  
rushing wave ;  
The mighty kings and warriors no more shall wield  
their sway,  
But the tales of their deeds of daring stir strong our  
blood to-day.

*F. W. Allen, Fr.*





## Selections from The Athenaeum.

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### FRA GIOVANNI.

[Giovanni del Papa, the tenor of the Sistine Chapel, is dead. If he had not been a monk, he would have been the greatest operatic star of the century.—*Telegram.*]

WHAT ! did God then give this man a voice,  
And he not use it ? Unto singing born,  
And let his gift through all his life be lost ?  
Since, save to careless strangers, at the mass,  
Who wondered at his passionate, rich tone,  
The singer of the Sistine was as mute ;  
Yea, being mute, was wise.

For though he might  
Have been the world's crowned King of Song,  
And known the thrill of royal power,  
As all men's lips hung breathlessly on his,  
While with white faces and with waiting hearts  
They strained to catch the music marvellous,—

Still, discontent would come ; the flower  
Of fame would lose its freshness, sad, gray skies  
Darken the morning sun, and there would be  
But disappointment for the end of all.

So, being cloistered, he was well content.  
We never knew what sudden storms of sound  
Broke in upon his dreaming loneliness,  
To beat and burst against the four bare walls,  
Till all the fragments fell to softer cadences,  
And melody stole in upon his hungry ear.  
Sweeter, for him, the solemn sound of bells,  
Calling the brethren to their daily prayers,  
Sweeter the incense slowly swung,  
The chanting hushed and low, the voice  
Of benediction and of perfect peace,  
Than all the glittering glory of the world.

So sleep soft, Giovanni ; may thine ears  
Soon hear the music of the morning stars.

*Bliss Perry.*

#### A RELIC OF THE PAST.

WHERE buildings rear their roofs on high,  
Hard by a city's busiest street,  
And constant noise of passers-by  
Is heard, and tread of hurrying feet ;

Where eager thoughts their fellows greet,  
An ancient churchyard seems misplaced,  
So near where men for traffic meet,  
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

But once, afar from curious eye,  
This churchyard was a still retreat  
That voices seldom came anigh ;  
Nor round it commerce surged and beat.  
But many a year, with cold and heat,  
Has fled. The names are half erased  
Upon the tombstones, once complete—  
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

Here summer violets dark and shy  
Scent all the air with perfume sweet,  
And feathered songsters of the sky  
With joyous songs the passers treat ;  
Here winter winds, with hail and sleet,  
Go whirling past in furious haste ;  
And snow wraps in its winding-sheet  
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

## L'ENVOI.

Those words, now almost obsolete,  
May tell of men and maids that graced  
Stations with glory once replete,  
The quaint inscriptions half effaced.

*T. D. Knight.*

## A WITHERED LEAF.

SEE a leaf upon my window sill,  
 Yellow and seared, beat down by autumn  
 rain,

And by no art can it again regain  
 Its color faded out by hoar-frosts chill,  
 Though it should be essayed by magic skill.

And so a withered hope, an aching pain,  
 A heavy sigh the lips can scarce restrain,  
 Regret, that keenest pleasure ne'er can kill,  
 Full oftentimes we unexpected find

In hearts where every throb seems only joy.  
 And oft, with clinging sorrow intertwined,  
 Whose clasp no merriment can quite destroy,  
 We find a heart, to sadness now resigned,  
 That once was happiness without alloy.

*T. D. Knight.*

## TO MY PIPE.

“OH! guardian genius,  
 As I hold the amber-tippèd stem  
 Firm set between my teeth, to-night,  
 Thou seem'st e'en a gem  
 That kings might leave their thrones to gain ;  
 Bishops forsake their church ;  
 And man might, sometimes, even leave  
 His sweetheart in the “lurch,”

And to thy magic influence,  
Thy subtlety and art,  
Might find his passions bound by thoughts  
That love can ne'er impart.  
For, like all things the dearest  
That God hath given man,  
Thy beauty 's in thy cheapness !  
For lo ! on every hand,  
Like water and like sunshine,  
With bridal-veil or pall,  
In gladness or in sorrow,  
Thou art in reach of all !  
Tho' some shall mould thee out of foam,  
Whence Aphrodite springs to them,  
Or bind thy bowl with bands of gold,  
Or tip with amber-clouds thy stem ;  
Others shall form thee out of clay,  
Nor for that prize thee aught the less,  
Or shun thy sweet companionship  
In gladness or distress.  
No, in every rank or station,  
In every tribe or caste,  
There is no tie will stronger bind,  
Or that will longer last ;  
Then come and be my mistress !  
Yet treat me with all grace,  
For the mistress with the master  
Should never change her place."

*F. W. Olds.*

## SKETCHES IN SONNETS.

## I.

## IN A HAMMOCK.

WITHIN a hammock swaying to and fro,  
Where sun and shady trees conspire to throw  
Mosaics bright and dark across the grass,  
Reclines at noon a white-clad pretty lass,  
With bronze-tinged hair wind-tangled o'er a brow  
That arches lovingly o'er eyes where pass  
Sweet girlish thoughts. Twin parted lips below  
Curve coyly to their source, and scarce surpass  
The fitting tints on cheeks and rounded throat.  
Soft open laces over neck and arms  
Grant modest glimpses of half-hidden charms,  
And grace the folds of clinging lawn, which float  
In careful negligence to where her feet  
Peep forth, the blushing clover blows to greet.

## II.

## WASHED ASHORE.

Cold gray fogs, drifting westward o'er the land,  
Shut out all distance, and enshroud a band  
Of mute, unhatted fishermen around  
A corpse with face upturned. At morn they found

Her lying thus, life raped ; one slender hand  
 Caressed by each sea wave that with the sand  
 Sought to conceal their deed ; her hair unbound,  
 Like some poor saint's areola ; her round  
 Sweet face, with death-kissed lips and staring eyes,  
 White as her breast, that never more would rise  
 In quickened breaths to greet her coming lover.  
 The fishermen, in silent sorrow, cover  
 The fair dead form, and, kneeling, pray ; afar  
 The waters mourn contritely on the bar.

*C. H. Perry.*

### A TRIO.

#### WISDOM.

**R**OSES fade and loving passes ;  
 Knowledge only bides away ;  
 Downcast eyes of witching lasses  
 Steal thy peace of mind away.

#### LOVE.

Minds forget and books grow musty,  
 Love alone takes care away ;  
 Hearts are young when brains are rusty,  
 Love I will while love I may.

## DEATH.

Foolish world with foolish guesses,  
 Books are idle, love is clay ;  
 Yet to still the doubt that presses,  
 Guess on, guess on, till my day.

*C. H. Perry.*

## VILLANELLE.

DOWN on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway,  
 Swift the sea-gulls swim the waters, bare,  
 Where the strong waves dash up their icy  
 spray.

When shrieking gusts the naked oak-trees flay,  
 And all their leaves in lofty circles bear,  
 Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway.

Far as the eyes can reach, there stretch away,  
 The brownish lines of shore, all sleet-clad there,  
 Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

The azure blue has dimmed to sullen gray,  
 No speck of color shows itself, save where  
 Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway.

The fisher-boats in many colors gay,  
 The greenish weeds, all show a blinding glare  
 Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.

So through the passionless December day,  
 While the wee snow-flakes flutter through the air,  
 Down on the shore the Ice-king holds full sway,  
 Where the strong waves dash up their icy spray.  
*G. O. Copeland.*

## THE MEETING.

DOWN in the meadow's flowers,  
 Close by the purling rill,  
 Keeping his tryst for hours  
 Stands he, and listens still.

Tripping over the daisies,  
 Borne on the softest wind,  
 Comes she, through meadow's mazes,  
 Only a tick behind.

Quick ! in his ear love's prating ;  
 Quick ! kiss his cheek so brown.

He was a tall reed, waiting ;  
 She was a thistle down.

*P. W. Blackmer.*

## SONNET TO THE MELIAN ZEUS.

THOU mighty Zeus, benign yet grand appears  
 Thy majesty. High o'er thy bending brows  
 Thy forehead thrills with thought; thine  
                   eyes arouse

My soul, with them, to contemplate the years,  
 Dispassioned. Thy conception so far nears  
 Some Soul's deep sense of God, that it endows  
 Thy marble with a grace that scarce allows  
 The name of idol. Now my vision clears,  
 And on thy sculptured form of stone I read  
 The written essence of some ancient's blind  
 Outreaching for the only God. Through thee,  
 Thy best, grand Zeus of Greece, I feel the need  
 Of man outspoken. Sculptor, I would find  
 Thy soul, and claim its fellowship for me.

*C. H. Perry.*

## MY QUEEN'S REIGN.

RAIN in the west.  
 Dark billows of storm clouds are creeping  
           Over the hills, while the mist in the air  
 Falls with a chill on the charge in my keeping,  
           Nora, so fond, with a rose in her hair.

Oh, that her heart grows no colder !  
 Would I could safely enfold her !  
 Rain in the West.

Rain in my face.

Big, wet drops are falling and breaking and  
 dripping  
 Down from my hat and like tears from my  
 eyes,  
 While at my side in *my* coat she is tripping,  
 And for her "thanks"—'t is a poor sacrifice.  
 Oh, that her heart grows no colder !  
 Yes, I will speak when I 'm bolder.  
 Rain in my face.

Rain in my heart.

Like soft, summer showers her rare smiles are  
 bringing  
 Life to my heart and its garden of weeds ;  
 Eyes bright with dew start Love's flowers a-  
 singing,  
 Nora, thy queen's grace my heart palace  
 pleads.  
 Oh, shall I ever be bolder ?  
 There—then I ought to have told her—  
 Reign in my heart.

*P. W. Blackmer.*

## BEFORE HER GLASS.

HE said that my gown made me look like a  
queen,  
    Though he never saw one, I am sure ;  
That my hair had a wave and a shimmering sheen,  
    And my mouth was alluring, demure.  
He said that my airs had a womanly grace,  
    Though he knows I am only a lass ;  
That my eyes—Pshaw ! the truth about figure and  
    face  
    I can see for myself in the glass.

But this is n't all that he told me to-night ;  
    There was something—a word or two more,  
Which did n't sound quite like the rest, though he  
    might  
    Say it just as he praised what I wore.  
Yet he told me he loved—(am I silly ?) *loved me*,  
    Though he knows I am only a lass,  
And I think—but, oh dear ! how I wish I could  
    see  
    *Just exactly how much*, in the glass.

*P. W. Blackmer.*

OCTOBER MUSINGS.

WHY do the graceful elm-tree's leaves  
In Fall from green to yellow turn  
And why the maple's clustered sheaves  
With varied crimsons deeply burn ?

Is it the Autumn's frosty kiss,  
In sport upon them lightly pressed,  
Which makes them, in their short-lived bliss,  
Blush deep, alarmed, and half-distressed ?

Or do the fays, with brush and paints,  
And palette in each cunning hand,  
Adorn the trees like pictured saints  
Who in cathedral windows stand,

Coming when mortals all at night  
In deepest sleep are fettered fast,  
And flitting ere the morning light  
Reveals the spells their art has cast ?

Or do they flush in haughty scorn,  
Defying Winter's coming reign ?  
Ah, no, such fancies flee forlorn,  
For it 's the decomposition and resorption of  
the chlorophyll bodies in the epidermis cells of  
exogenous stems, that every year renews the stain.

*A. W. Underwood.*

## SONNET.

 O-DAY amid the throng I saw a face  
 On which my eyes had never looked before,  
 Yet, as I conned the features o'er and o'er,  
 Strange corners in my memory bloomed apace  
 With flowers of recollection ; old by-ways  
 Of half-remembrance claimèd me once more ;  
 Till the thought seized me that upon the shore  
 Of being, where, before this idiot race  
 Of life did claim us, I must think we dwelt,  
 I had that sweet face seen,—it may be, felt.  
 The glad hope stirred within me as I mused :  
 Existence is a circle, and this augury gives ;  
 I yet shall ask, “ How have the hard worlds used  
 Thee, Love, in all thy intervening lives ? ”

*A. H. Talman.*

## ADRIFT.

 OVE is like an open sea,  
 He who loses chart must drift.  
 Youth and age can ne'er agree  
 Who the pilot is to be.  
 Wisdom begs, but beauty's plea,  
 With her smile, will gain the gift ;  
 Love is like an open sea,  
 He who loses chart must drift.

*P. W. Blackmer.*

## BOCCHERINI'S MINUET.


 UT upon the night air steals the music, soft  
 and low,  
 Trembling like a wind-swayed leaflet swing-  
 ing to and fro ;  
     Ah, the whispered moaning,  
     Ah, the soft intoning,  
 Ah, the dancers, buried long ago !

Louder grows the music now, and now a flickering  
 glow  
 Shines upon the ghostly dancers, moving there  
 below ;  
     Ah, the courtly graces,  
     Ah, the eager faces,  
 Of the dancers, buried long ago !

    How the jewels glisten,  
     Diamonds, lustre-robbing !  
     How the spectres listen  
     To the music, sobbing !

O'er the waxen floor the bowing shadows slowly  
 go ;  
 Then they vanish quickly, as the north wind drives  
 the snow ;  
     Was it only seeming ?  
     Was I only dreaming  
 Of the dancers, buried long ago ?

*G. A. Copeland.*

## WHO GAVE THE MOON HER RING?

THE moon came out with a ring to-night,  
 The bold stares of her guests undergoing ;  
     But her smile  
     Would beguile  
 Any lover who thinks he can read aright  
     What the blush on her cheek may be showing.

The wind looks askance at her hand so fair,  
     While he flurries her hair with his blowing,  
     And the clouds  
     Sweep in crowds  
 By the maid with the ring and the silver hair,  
     And the stars hot with jealousy glowing.

Did they think the moon too fair to be wooed ?  
     Ah ! the tryst where the blue lake is flowing !  
     I could tell  
     Very well

What she said to the ring and the lover who sued,  
     But I fear you would think me too knowing.

*P. W. Blackmer.*

## STONE HILL.

1853.

ROCKS and jagged rocks, dense shades ;  
 Wet moss and clinging vines and mould ;  
 Hot checkerberries, blush-cheeked maids,  
 And falling sunlit leaves of gold !  
 The chatty brook flows dull and chill ;  
 All nature frowns. Life's sweets are tart.  
 I 've played and lost—but you, fair Lill,  
 Think it 's a joke to break a heart.

1883.

The very spot ! 'T is little changed,  
 With trees, old jagged rocks and gray ;  
 Deep there below the brooklet ranged,  
 Fringed long with mosses, flowers gay.  
 The place is dear, this lovely hill,  
 Because, just thirty years ago,  
 'T was here I knelt before you, Lill,—  
 But bless my luck, you answered "*No.*"  
*P. W. Blackmer.*

## APHRODITE'S COLORS.

THEY say the ancient poets tell  
How Aphrodite used to dwell  
At Lemnos girded by the sea.  
And as, with brown hair floating free,  
She rested, on a summer's day,  
In shaded afternoon repose,  
She chanced to see a dancing ray  
Of sunshine kiss a damask rose ;  
And as each petal blushed more red,  
Fair Aphrodite spake and said :

“ Poor helpless things, it grieves me sore  
That your love should so soon be o'er.  
Bright ray, ere long you 'll pass away,  
And you, dear rose, will fade to-day.”  
She plucks the rose, e'en as she speaks,  
Touches the ray to her hair, and behold !  
The blush rose blooms in her queenly cheeks,  
And her brown hair changes to rippling gold.  
And the fairest goddess became more fair,  
With her blushing cheeks and gold-flecked hair.

*T. D. Knight.*

## THE FRIAR AND THE FOOL.

FRIAR ANSELMO lazily lay  
Under the convent's shade,  
As a fool passed, singing a roundelay  
In praise of the jester's trade,  
How a fool was mightier than a king  
Or his court could ever be.  
"H-m-m !" said the Friar, "the song I 'd sing  
Would be of another key.

"I 'd sing of the time when your keenest joke  
Falls flat on the silent air.  
I 'd sing of the bones your master broke  
When he threw you down the stair.  
I 'd sing of your back all scarred with wounds,  
Of the tawdry dress you wear ;  
Of the meal you and your master's hounds,  
In the greasy kennel, share."

"I 'd sing of a life without a friend,  
Of a selfish and lonely death—"  
But the fool never heard the sermon's end,  
For the Friar was out of breath ;  
So the fool on his way did steadily keep,  
And never an answer made,  
And Friar Anselmo went to sleep  
Under the convent's shade.

*G. A. Copeland.*

## YE ARBUTUS.

RIGHTE daintie is ye arbutus,  
 As annie flower may be ;  
 It nestleth on ye mountain side  
 With wondrous modestie.

Full often doth ye Junior love  
 Ye mountaine side to climbe,  
 To plucke ye fragrante arbutus,  
 And beare it home betime.

Ye Sophomore it doth delighte  
 To parte ye withered leaves,  
 Whyle from ye snowie buds beneath  
 Ye garland he unweaves.

And e'en ye Freshmanne hath been knowne  
 To laye it in a downie nest,  
 And sende it wythe a daintie verse  
 Unto ye mayde he loveth best.

But grief hath come upon them all,  
 And eache doth angrie curses hurle,  
 For eache hath sent ye arbutus  
 Unto ye selfe-same girl.

*Wyllys Rede.*

## TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A SONNET.

THOU dainty star of shaded pink and white,  
That in the morn of Spring-time makest  
known

That Winter's cold and cloudy night is flown  
Before the dawning day of warmth and light ;

Who seemest like a maiden's fancy free,  
The shy expression of her joyful heart,  
Untouched by pain or sin, unshaped by art,  
Embodiment of simple modesty,—

I would that ere thy beams shall pale and die  
Amid the blaze of Summer's noontide glow,  
And ere that coy and bashful witchery  
Give place unto grave ways and bolder brow,

My lonely life may sweeter, holier, be  
For thy soft grace and perfect purity.

*W. S. Pratt.*

IMPRESSIONS À LA FIFTEENTH  
AMENDMENT.

DE sho't-stop winks when de ball comin' hot,  
 An' say he did n' see it w'en fust it sta't,  
 De fielder he cuss w'en he drop de fly  
 An' holler to de cap'en de sun 's in his eye,  
 De batter mighty mad w'en he miss de ball,  
 But de umpire, he don' never care at all.

De baseman scowl w'en he hab to jump,  
 De catcher tired w'en de foul tips thump,  
 De cap'en weep w'en de men don' slide,  
 An' de scorer root w'en de base-hits tied,  
 De pitcher sad w'en he gib seb'n balls,  
 But the umpire leer ebry time dat he calls.

De runner brace w'en de ball am passed,  
 De pitcher squirm w'en de hits come fast,  
 An' fire de ball at de striker's head,  
 W'en de nine git blanked, de backer am fled,  
 De gran'-stand cheers w'en the fab'rites win,  
 But de umpire look like he made out ob tin.

De manager swear w'en de ball pass de fence,  
 An' de dead-beats yell, " Oh, darn de expense !"  
 De scorer fix up de errors at de close,  
 An' de nine dat wins, dey yell for deir foes,  
 But de umpire, he never smile nor frown,  
 But seems so big he can't look roun'.

*A. W. Underwood.*

## SONNET.

HE stood at eventide among the ferns,  
And paused to choose the rarest of them all,  
While slanting rays, through piny-needles  
flaked,

In gilded glory crowned her, in their fall,  
And fern and harebell bowed in wavy grace  
For that she deigned to notice them at all.  
The tufted moss a velvet carpet lay,  
Proud if her rustling dress might even touch,  
And where, perchance, her springy footstep fell,  
It shrank, abashed, as having asked too much.  
Thus, Nature, never doubting that in her  
As much of innocence as grace did meet,  
Poured all its golden glory 'round her head,  
And bowed in aspen-rev'rence at her feet.

*F. W. Olds.*







## Selections from The fortnight.

### WHERE HAREBELL DROOPS.

A FRAGMENT.

WHERE harebell droops,  
A horseman stoops  
And plucks the flower.

Would that some sprite  
Could grant its sight  
Protecting power.

Shadows may come ;  
Bees cease their hum ;  
The world grow still ;  
Save in the night,  
With faint moonlight,  
Sings gurgling rill.

We cannot tell  
When death's sad bell  
Will o'er us toll ;  
We cannot know  
Or weal or woe  
Awaits the soul.

*Samuel Abbott.*

## MY SHIP.

FARE away, on ocean's bosom,  
Where the sky, on every hand,  
Stretches till it meets the water,  
Leagues away from sight of land,  
Slowly forging through the ripples  
Raised by whiffs of evening breeze,  
Gently rising, softly sinking,  
On majestic, swelling seas,  
Rides a ship, a lovely vision  
Seen against the sunset glow,  
Every sail spread wide to capture  
Breaths of wind that come and go.

Night comes, but must pale his shadows ;  
Mellow moonlight, tenderly  
Every wavelet's crest caressing,  
Makes a path across the sea,  
Spreads a silver mantle o'er it ;  
Westward steers my ship, and soon  
Blowing free the night-wind rises,  
Fills her sails and speeds her on.

Wind of night, blow strong and steady,  
Wayward billows, gentle be ;  
Starry sky, look kindly downward,  
Bring my sailor home to me !

*T. M. Banks.*

## TO MY PONY.

AFTER BURNS.

THOU 'st borne me safe o'er classic soil,  
 And safe thro' monie a bloody broil,  
 And gi'n me help in a' my toil,  
     My bonnie steed.  
 Let ithers burn the midnight oil  
     Wha hate thy breed.

Wi' ye, thro' Gallia's fertile land,  
 Wi' ye, to Britain's rocky strand,  
 I followed Cæsar's conq'ring band,  
     My trottin' pride,  
 Wha, led by sae sma' mucker's hand,  
     I swiftly ride.

Wi' ye I enter Ilium's walls,  
 And wander thro' auld Priam's halls,  
 And sigh when valiant Hector falls,  
     My pony swift,  
 And laugh when sae puir grubber calls  
     To get a lift.

Guid health to thee, my bonnie steed,  
 Guid health to a' thy bonnie breed !  
 Whene'er a bit o' help I need,  
     I 'll gae to thee.  
 Thou 'st iver been i' word and deed  
     A friend to me.

*I. S. Underhill.*

## CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

21 B.C.

OLD Horace on a summer afternoon,  
 Well primed with sweet Falernian, let us say,  
 Lulled by the far-off brooklet's drowsy croon,  
 To a half-doze in a haphazard way,  
 Scratched off a half a dozen careless rhymes,  
 As was his habit. When next day he came  
 Awake to work, he read them several times,  
 In vain attempt to catch their sense and aim.  
 "What was I thinking of? Blest if I know,  
 Jupiter! What's the difference? Let them go!"

1886 A.D.

"Lines twelve to twenty are in great dispute,"  
 (Most learnedly the lecturer doth speak,)

"I think I shall be able to refute  
 Orelli's claim they 're taken from the Greek.  
 I think, with Bentley, Horace's purpose here  
 Is irony, and yet I do not know  
 But Dillenberger's reading is more clear,  
 For which he gives eight arguments, although  
 Wilkins gives twelve objections to the same"—  
 So on (*ad infinitum*). Such is fame!

G. L. Richardson.

## SONNET—A LEAF.

WITHIN these ancient pages laid to sleep,  
 By dainty fingers or a stronger hand,  
 A leaf, a stranger in a foreign land,  
 Whose faded veins some memory fondly keep.  
 Perchance, fresh moistened by the blinding tear,  
 Or kissed in trembling joy, it found a rest  
 Within the tome, fit host for such a guest.  
 Is it the wail of the poor heart-broken Lear,  
 Or love responsive, that its heart would sing?  
 Crumbled to dust. Yet is the leaf's soul fled,  
 If on the vellum, image of the dead,  
 An impress clings, type of the living thing?  
 Thus, mortal frame, when thou shalt fade away,  
 Thy shadowed self, a spirit, leaves the clay.

*Samuel Abbott.*

## A COQUETTE.

SHE steals blind Cupid's arrows from his quiver,  
 And bars them with the brightness of her  
 eyes,  
 Their tips she lightly feathers, Heaven forgive her!  
 With the redness of the lips you idolize.  
 She burnishes their points, with drooping lashes;  
 In the soft bewildering meshes of her hair  
 She deftly sets a dart; heartward it flashes,  
 Her sweet voice laughs and mocks at your despair.

*E. A. Blackmer.*

## HYLAS.

MANY years have left their shadows on the  
pathless flow of Time ;  
Many bards have with soft music sung  
their lays of ancient rhyme,  
Since the day when rosy Hylas plunged into Sca-  
mander's wave ;  
Since the am'rous Naiads bore him where no human  
arm could save.

On the waves swift Argo rested ; scarce a ripple  
stirred the sea,  
While across the Dardan meadows sighed the breezes  
soft and free ;  
Then the sun, in golden splendor, sank into a sea of  
flame,  
Darkness o'er the blue hills rested ; yet no fair young  
Hylas came.

For the water nymphs had loved him, when they  
saw his beauty rare,  
And with yielding lips caressing, they entwined him  
with their hair,  
Till they bound him, still entreating, with this soft  
and silken chain,  
Till they drew him 'neath the waters, whence he  
ne'er should come again.

Then the moon—a crescent jewel—edged the clouds  
 with silver light,  
 While they sped like shallops sailing, swift-winged  
 messengers of Night.  
 And the stream, dark-hued and sombre, sighed in  
 surges on the shore ;  
 Gently sighed among its rushes, “ Hylas ! Hylas ! ”  
 o'er and o'er.

Yet no voice replied in answer, though the sighing  
 louder grew,  
 Though with sorrow bowed the flowers, and their  
 tears were drops of dew ;  
 No sweet echo breaks the silence, though the heart  
 may hope and yearn,  
 O'er the stream a realm of quiet—on the shore the  
 empty urn.

*S. G. Tenney.*

### YE PRETTYE MAYDE.

RONDO, 1799.

Y<sup>E</sup> prettye mayde, wyth raven hayr  
 Thatt lyes upon her brow so fayr,  
 Trypps lyghtlye o'er ye meadowes gay  
 And syngs a quaynte old roundelay :  
 A ballade wyth a merrye ayre.

She meetes ye stalwarte squyre—beware !  
 Wyth those darke eyes doth she ensnare  
 Full many youtnes and say them nay—ye prettye  
 mayde.

She doth a dayntye kerchyeffe weare,  
 O would I myght yts honor share  
 And ev'ry breath of hers obeye !  
 Her tryste wyth me I 'd ne'er betraye,  
 Fayne would I wyn her—debonnayr—ye prettye  
 mayde.

*S. G. Tenney.*

#### A MODERN INSTANCE.

**G**F I were a knightly lover,  
 And you a lady fair,  
 If I were, say, Lord Roland,  
 And you my Lady Clare,

Then would I dare to enter  
 The combat fierce, and try  
 To win from you that favor  
 For which all lovers vie.

But, alas, I 'm a modern wooer,  
 And you, though fair, are poor.  
 So I think I 'll try it single,  
 Or a richer girl procure.

*E. L. Adams.*

## RONDEAU—AH LASSIE FAIR!

O H lassie fair ! thine eyes of blue  
 Betray a heart both warm and true—  
 Yet something bids me stay, beware,  
 For thou art false as well as fair,  
 As fickle as the morning dew.

Yet, pretty maid, I would I knew  
 The shortest way to win and woo,  
 For then my love should ne'er despair,  
 Ah lassie fair !

Her soft cheeks tinged a deeper hue,  
 A charming glance at me she threw,  
 She tossed her wealth of dark-brown hair,  
 With such a gay coquettish air,  
 "Monsieur, pardonnez moi—adieu,"  
*Ah, laissez faire !*

*S. G. Tenney.*

## A QUIET SMOKE.

G SAT me down to smoke ; one breath I drew,  
 Then puffed it forth, and straight around me  
 threw  
 A curling cloud, that thinned to misty blue,  
 And off did float.

I closed my eyes, but on my eyelids prest  
 The god of slumber sweet ; and I confest  
 His power o'er my frame, and sank to rest,  
                     From cares remote.

Ere long I waked ; and terror smote my soul ;  
 The pipe had slipped, the "Turkish" from the  
                     bowl  
 Thrown out, lay smold'ring, and had burned a hole  
                     In my best coat.

*T. M. Banks.*

### SONG : JACK FALSTAFF'S SACK.

#### RONDEAU.

##### I.

**J**ACK FALSTAFF'S sack was rich and rare,  
 As many merry bards declare ;  
 It had a flavor quite divine,  
 And jolly Jack did ne'er decline  
 To drain his bumper's gen'rous share.

##### II.

It drove away foreboding care  
 And banished troubles—Jack knew where ;  
 This rich old flood of Spanish wine—  
 Jack Falstaff's sack.

## III.

To drink like Jack, my boy, beware,  
 But that is neither here nor there.  
 Right merrily the beakers shine,  
 Here's health to thee ! here's wealth to thine !  
 And while we drink, we'll troll the air—  
 Jack Falstaff's sack.

*S. G. Tenney.*

## ARBUTUS.

**T**HOUGH covered long by lingering snows,  
 As soon as e'er the winter goes,  
 You peep from out your bright green clothes,  
 Announcing spring is here.

Soon from your hiding you'll be chased,  
 And then in dainty box encased  
 You'll go to grace my lady's waist,  
 Proclaiming her my dear.

A dainty note I'll then await  
 In anxious doubting for my fate,  
 And wondering if, at any rate,  
 Her blessed heart you're near.

*E. L. Adams.*

## TO THE VENUS DE MILO.

O LIFELESS clay art thou, and still,  
 Yet radiant with thoughts that fill  
 My little realm. Epitome  
 Of Grecian art, eternity  
 Can ne'er erase thy form divine  
 From shadows of forgotten time.  
 A master formed thee, lasting type  
 Of his true soul, a being rife  
 With purest harmony, from stone ;  
 And, by his carving, did enthrone  
 Upon thy white and speechless lip  
 The secret of his workmanship,  
 Ideal of true womanhood,  
 In whom is blended fair and good.

*Samuel Abbott.*

## SONG : THE VANISHED DAYS.

RONDEAU.

I.

THE vanished days ! how faint they lie  
 Like soft clouds in a summer sky ;  
 The shadows dark which they enfold,  
 The pleasures which long since are cold,  
 Like phantoms of the past flit by.

## II.

The night winds through the branches sigh,—  
 What does their moaning weird imply ?  
 Are they by spirits grimly tolled,—  
     The vanished days ?

## III.

What though my life doth swiftly fly  
 And Death's black stream is deep and nigh !  
 Far greater joys for me unfold  
 Than all this barren world can hold.  
 The future comes ; it will outvie  
     The vanished days.

*S. G. Tenney.*

## LIEDER OHNE WORTE.



WORDLESS, senseful songs so strangely  
     sweet,  
 That borne upon your melody's soft wings,  
 Laden with high thoughts of still higher things,  
 Persistent at my heart's barred window beat.

But when I open to you and do call  
 To know the mystic meaning that you bear,  
 Lo ! you are vanished,—there is nothing there  
 Save a great stillness brooding over all.

Your voice is silent ; but in moments sweet,  
 When in the cloud-land of a waking dream  
 I lose myself, forever still you seem  
 At the barred window of my heart to beat.

*G. L. Richardson.*

### IN HOLLAND BROWN.

#### RONDEAU.

**I**N holland brown she stands to greet  
 Me as I come adown the street ;  
 The sunlight falling on her hair  
 Leaves warm caresses gently there—  
 A picture with true grace replete !

The roses twining round her feet  
 Breathe gentle fragrance rare and sweet ;  
 She sings a merry rustic air—  
 In holland brown.

O years that fly so swift and fleet !  
 O storms that 'gainst her window beat !  
 Keep her from harm and tears and care !  
 That future hours may find her where  
 In days of June we used to meet,—  
 In holland brown.

*S. G. Tenney.*

## HER GLOVE.

IT is hers ! O torn and yellow glove,  
Which once upon my pretty love  
Was fair to see,  
I wonder not you clung so close,  
And could not from her fingers loose,  
But there would be ;  
And now that you are old and torn,  
And are no longer by her worn,  
So sad do seem.  
Ah me, I would that I could hold  
Her hand as close as you, of old,  
Though, like you, mean.

And yes, I would that I had known,  
Like you, her breath upon me blown,  
In winter's cold ;  
Or would that I had felt the touch  
Of her light fingers, showing much  
Of dainty mould.  
And now that you aside are flung,  
Cast off, the careless crowd among,  
O ragged glove,  
I 'll call you mine, and you shall be  
A treasure, which shall speak to me  
Of my sweet love.

*E. F. Thomas.*

## "GOOD-NIGHT."

WE would not speak : words are a bitter thing.  
Heart beats to heart and understands its  
own.

Shades, gliding from the silent pines, have flown,  
And, awed, the merry cricket dares not sing.  
We cannot speak, we may not meet again.

There is a presence here, unseen yet strong,  
That followed me amid day's surging throng,  
And now a hand upon my arm has lain.  
Ah Fate, so cold, that sneers at sobbing Love,  
Thou canst not check one kiss, one fond caress !  
Oh, cruel end to dreaming happiness,  
That saw fruition in the stars above !  
Dear trustful eyes, where tears have dimmed the  
sight,  
These lips will never say farewell ; " good-night."  
*Samuel Abbott.*

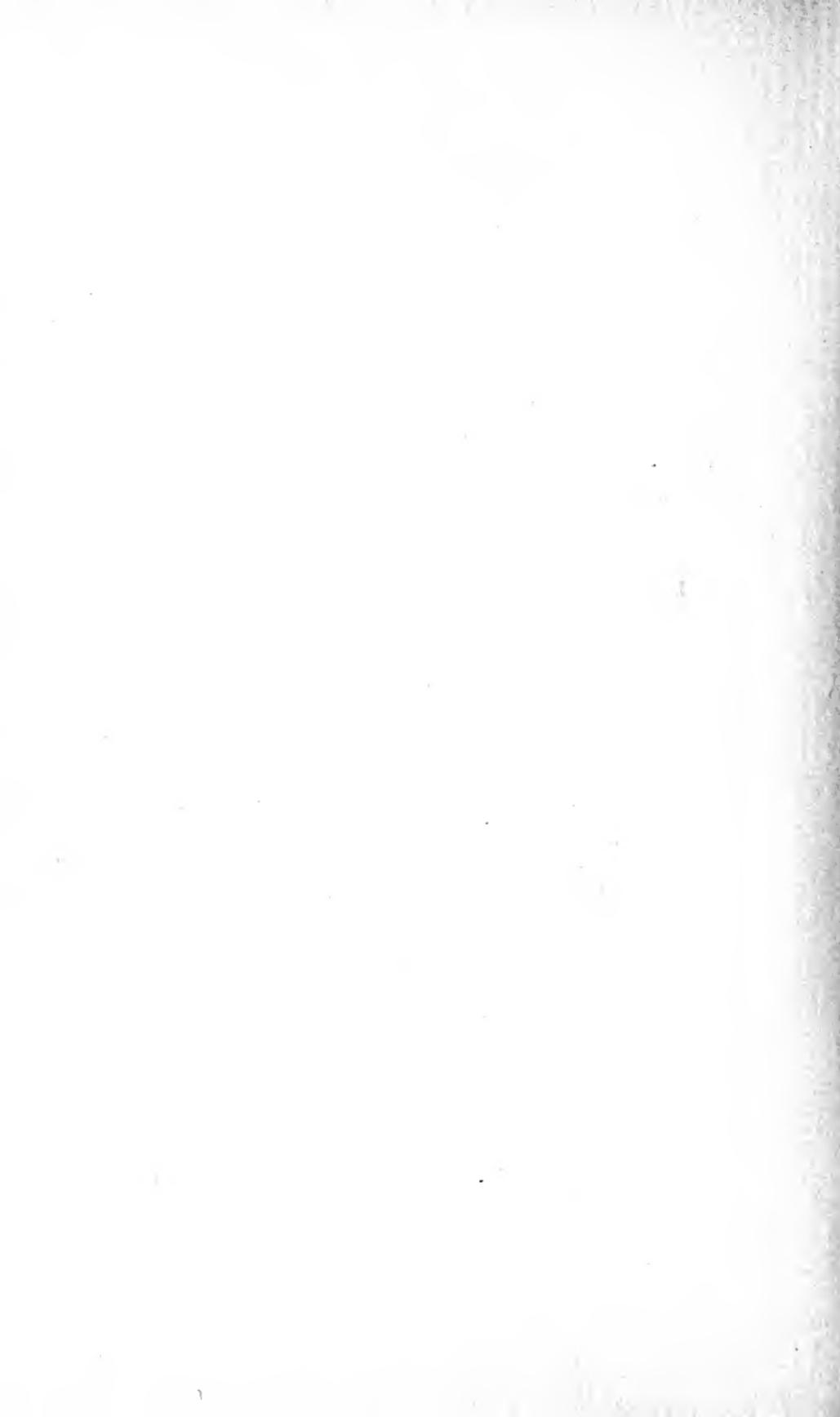
## ON RECEIVING A RUSKIN CALENDAR.

THE words of him who sees with clearer sight  
Than most men do the beauty in all things,  
To whom the swift months come on rapid  
wings,  
Bringing, each one, some new and fair delight,  
Shall tell me what, with blinded eyes and dim,

I cannot see—and yet I fain would know—  
Remind me, as the seasons come and go,  
Of the great world that is revealed to him.  
And like some conjurer of story old,  
He shall but touch my eyelids with his wand,  
And presto! I am in a fairy land,  
Full of such wonders as were never told  
In Turkish tales of good Alraschid's day.  
I thank you for it, friend, as best I may.

*G. L. Richardson.*







## Selections from The Gulielmsonian.

### IN TRANSEPT SEATS.

**G**N transept seats, sometimes a maid,  
By rare good fortune, has essayed  
To hear the long-drawn sermon out ;  
The Freshmen's heads are "right-about" ;  
No wonder she seems half afraid.

The glass throws in its sombre shade ;  
The droning preacher, undismayed,  
Winds on without a glance, no doubt,  
In transept seats.

My heart with love is over-weighed  
Before her eyes' fair cannonade ;  
For she hath put at once to rout  
All other thoughts by that sweet pout  
A heart beats mutual serenade  
In transept seats.

*E. R. White.*

## WHY READ ?

G WATCH the dying embers glow ;  
 A book rests on my knee—  
 Then falls ; my thoughts have wandered far  
 Beyond the cruel sea.

Why read ? No novelists portray  
 A face as fair as thine ;  
 Nor has a poet ever sung  
 A love as warm as mine.

'T is thus I write to her to-night,—  
 My shrine in distant Rome,—  
 More dear to me than to the saint  
 Is old St. Peter's dome.

## LA RÉPONSE.

I sit beneath Italia's sun,  
 A novel lies before me,  
 You 'll be surprised, yet—pardon please—  
 Its pages do not bore me.

Why read ? It pleases me to find  
 How weak the love I see  
 In all the noblest heroines  
 Compared to mine for thee.

*I. S. Underhill.*

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

HE never heard of rabbit,  
He never tasted pie,  
He never ate a sandwich,  
Or smelled of "extra dry ;"  
He never went to meeting,  
Or heard the matinée ;  
Of Ibsen or of Kipling  
He 'd not a word to say ;  
He shunned the "airy mazy,"  
And the waltz's dizzy whirl ;  
He never wore a collar  
When he went to see his girl ;  
Nor when he met a lady,  
Was he known to doff his hat ;  
He never owned a handkerchief,  
Or bought a new cravat.  
Perhaps you think our hero  
Was a "hoodoo," so to speak ;  
But you 're very much mistaken,  
For he was an ancient Greek.

*R. L. Hartt.*

## HIS ESSAY.

HE bought an essay weeks ago,  
It teemed with learned phrase,  
'Twas marked "V. H." and seemed not of  
These superficial days.

To-day his father happened in,  
 He thought his son was shirking,  
 "That essay is full proof," said he,  
 "'T is evident I 'm working."

The old man's pulse with wonder throbbed,  
 The tears began to flow,  
 "I wrote that essay, boy," he sobbed,  
 "Just thirty years ago."

*I. S. Underhill.*

### A TALE OF PASSION.

WITH longing eyes I sit and watch  
 The portal through which Chloe passed ;  
 With heavy heart I slowly count  
 The minutes since I saw thee last.  
 Oh cruel fair, to take delight  
 In vexing a love-stricken wight.

The moments fade away to hours,  
 And still I linger here alone.  
 The taunting echoes mock my sighs ;  
 To empty walls I make my moan.  
 Ah, Cupid, draw again thy bow,  
 Dispatch but do not torture so.

But hark ! she comes ! I hear her voice !  
 Farewell despair ! now dawns the day !  
 With nimble feet she kicks the door,  
 And in her hands she bears the tray,  
 Those pies ! That hash ! That H<sub>2</sub>O  
 I ordered three long hours ago !

*N. H. Thompson.*

VESPERA.

LOWLY the bell is pealing  
 The hour of prayer ;  
 Softly the notes come stealing  
 Over the air ;

And we gather in silence like monks of old  
 In their solemn processions when vespers tolled.

Softly the light is blending  
 With the gloom ;  
 O'er us a hush descending,  
 Fills the room ;  
 And we feel all discordant and troubling care  
 Borne away on the wings of psalm and prayer.

And now the grand old chorus,  
 Loud and clear,  
 Sending rapture o'er us,  
 Bursts on the ear,  
 While the organ is swelling the anthem strain—  
 How the melody tunes our cold hearts again !

Slowly the organ pealing  
 Sinks into rest,  
 Yet still comes music stealing  
 Into each breast ;  
 And the long line of figures wind slowly away,  
 Like a weird throng of shades in the evening's gray.

*S. T. Livingston.*

### TO JULIA ON WHISTLING.

JULIA, maids should never whistle.  
 Why? You know the ancient rhyme—  
 Whistling girls—ill fate is certain,  
 I would have you warned in time.

Julia, maids have never whistled  
 Though sometimes they say they do,  
 If "in private" how can men be  
 Sure their pretty words are true?

If they could, maids dare not whistle—  
 What?—Well then, let 's see *you* try.  
 My . . . lips . . . help it—there now, Julia,  
 Don't you see the reason why?

*P. W. Blackmer.*

## ODE TO DR. HOPKINS.

“GOD bless the dear old doctor!” lips once tuned  
To win a nation’s ear, have breathed the  
prayer

Echoed in reverence from a thousand hearts  
Of Williams’ sons. In olden times, ’t is said,  
Each cloistered school a patron saint revered,  
Whose spell benign infused a loftier zeal  
In recluse student, seeking buried lore  
From yellow pages. Greater than such saint,  
Thy presence here, loved Sage, has thrown around  
Our college richer blessing, whose sweet spell  
Reaches far out thro’ lives of noble men ;  
And manly souls have purer manhood found  
That they have learned of thee. O, ever rest  
O’er Alma Mater’s consecrated halls  
The blessing of thy life, that when to her,  
Her sons shall turn their thoughts, thy memory too  
Entwined with hers shall rise, and men shall know  
And better love her, thro’ their love for thee.

*G. H. Badger.*







## Selections from The Literary Monthly.

### NIGHT.

THE traveller Night is gliding through the  
street :

No word he speaks and noiseless are his  
feet ;

His breath is cold ; and with his mantle spread  
He flies like some grim spectre of the dead.

I strive in vain to find a well-known face,  
But all are muffled ; slow steps quicken pace ;  
And now fall fast the flickering flakes that fold  
The earth in winter's dread, relentless hold.

Ah, symbol of that ghostly winter night  
That comes when our short daylight fades from  
sight,

And we, like muffled spectres, haste away  
Alone, unknown, in single mute array,

From heartless winter and this traveller grim,  
 Gliding with noiseless feet when day grows dim,—  
 Whose shadowy form, on that glad distant shore  
 Of light eternal, we shall see no more.

*S. T. Livingston.*

### A WINTER TWILIGHT.

THE sun has set, the early coming night  
 Deadens the landscape to a chilly gray,  
 The naked trees against the mountains white  
 Loom black and gaunt. The slowly dying day  
 Leaves on yon mountain-top a warmer glow,  
 A faint, red tinge upon its cap of snow.

Cloudless and cold arches the winter sky ;  
 Upon the rolling fields that to the sight  
 Stretch far along, the evening shadows lie  
 Save where, amid the quickly gathering night,  
 From a lone farm-house window faintly shines  
 A light amid a grove of sombre pines.

Faster the shadows fall on hill and dale ;  
 A star, and then another, in the sky  
 Gleams out. The night-fog in its clinging veil  
 Enwraps the earth. The flush begins to die  
 Upon the mountain. Shrill and cold and drear  
 The chill wind whistles by. The night is here.

*G. L. Richardson.*

THREE KNOCKS.

WHEN Wisdom knocks without the gateway,  
Length of days, renown sincere  
For her gifts, O mind, awaken,  
Haste to answer, "Here."

When Love, the archer-boy, in slyness  
Through the window steals, and dear  
Wee hands tap at the Heart's barred chamber,  
Thou wilt answer, "Here."

When Death creeps toward the Soul's shut doorway,  
Swifter, bolder, year by year,  
When his knuckles smite the panel,  
Who shall answer, "Here" ?

INDIAN SUMMER.

⊖ UGHT not the summer dear,  
With brightness gone and death so near,  
Look back and smile  
One calm, sweet while ?

The hills are stilled,  
No longer thrilled  
With blithesome song of birds along  
The bosky ways they used to throng.

Dead are the flowers,  
 Gone are the gentle hours,  
 The summer fair lies dying, dying.  
 Can you wonder at our sighing, sighing?

O friend, O foe,  
 I surely know  
 That I can never go, nor let you go,  
 Except the one look back and leave the other so.

*C. H. Perry.*

#### SEVEN YEARS.

*(Parting.)*

WE are but boys ; at least we can but trust,  
 The misty years will bring us once again  
 To this loved spot, where oft our bodies lain  
 Upon the grassy sward, have lightly thrust  
 Aside the flower,—like us a child of dust,—  
 Within whose petaled cup the gentle rain  
 Had left a tiny drop ; and daisied chain  
 Stretched noddingly, with links that know not rust.  
 Brother,—for so in heart God wills we are,  
 And naught on earth annuls His own decree,—  
 The day is come when we must severed be,  
 I biding here, thou seeking lands afar.  
 Brave heart, I clasp thee to my yearning breast,  
 And in a brother's joy find dearest rest.

(*Returned.*)

At last, across the winter's snows returned,  
He waiteth for me,—yet not as of yore,  
With footsteps lightly summoned o'er the floor,  
That seemed as though his youthful nature burned  
To hold converse with mine. The boy has learned  
What we have yet to learn ; another door  
Has opened, all wondering he stands before  
The tenderest of brothers. He has returned.  
White roses lie above his silent heart,—  
In one a drop doth tremble as a voiceless tear ;  
Deep memories, the past has cherished dear,  
Are lingering in them, with their being part.  
Ah me, how years thwart every cherished plan,  
In God's vast epilogue naught save a span !

*Samuel Abbott.*

ON MILLET'S ANGELUS.

DIM, distant, tinkling chimes,  
That summoned men in olden times  
To pray the Virgin grace impart ;  
Ye solemn voices of a day gone by,  
Whose mystic strains of melody  
Alike touched peer and peasant's heart ;  
Your music falters in the fleeting years,  
Yet still comes faintly to our ears,  
Saved by a master's cunning art.

*E. L. Adams.*

## "DER TOD ALS FREUND."

THE aged sacrist at his casement  
 Gazes, weary, toward the west ;  
 Like the light his life is fading,  
 Death is calling him to rest.

Yes, his day and work are ended,  
 And the sinking sun's mild light  
 O'er the slowly drooping eyelids  
 Throws a peaceful, last good-night.

Grim death, masked in cowl and mantle,  
 Kindly rings the curfew bell,  
 And the lonely, dying bell-man  
 Bids the world a long farewell.

So through the sunset gate celestial,  
 With the knell of closing day  
 Pealing heaven's glad, welcome music,  
 The old man's soul is borne away.

*S. T. Livingston.*

## THE CAPTIVE'S DEATH.

WRAPPED in the slumb'rous folds of silent  
 night,  
 The city lies 'neath glitt'ring worlds of light ;  
 Thro' moonlit streets the winds their vigils keep,  
 While to the Tiber's waves they whisper—*sleep*.

Long since belated footsteps ceased to prate  
With chatt'ring echoes to the wall and gate.  
The busy, thronging marts of day are hushed,  
Deserted, save by one now lying crushed  
Beneath the weight of sorrow, chains, despair,  
A weary, unsold captive ; none to share  
His bitter shame and agony are near,  
To soothe, console, and check the coursing tear.  
His silvered locks and flowing beard are tossed  
About the drooping head in rev'rie lost.  
At last he moves, and gazes to the skies ;  
A melting anguish fills the agéd eyes.  
But now it changes into joy, he smiles  
As if some heav'nly view his sight beguiles.  
He feels no more the heavy iron band  
That clings with cruel grasp ; he sees a land,  
Far distant, and recalls a time long past—  
The days of youth, the scenes in childhood cast,  
When full of glee he plucked, in meadows sweet,  
The flowers and threw them in the brook, a fleet  
That glided to the murmur of the tide.  
Or when, far up the sunny mountain side,  
He led the flocks, and lingered there till day,  
His crimson portals closing, passed away.  
Or when in armor clad, on foaming steed,  
He bade farewell to mother, bride, and mead.

The wrinkled brow grows sad, his cheeks have  
paled ;

He shudders ; tries to rise, but strength has failed.  
 A sudden thought transforms his face to peace ;  
 Faint come the words, " At last, O God, release ! "  
 In gratitude his shackled arms he lifts,  
 A passing cloud, now by the breaking rifts,  
 Behold ! the struggle 's o'er, the soul has fled ;  
 Unknown, unwept, the lonely captive 's dead.

*H. M. Allen.*

### SONG.

**A**CROSS the hills the night wind comes,  
 The sunset glories die,  
 The evening star, a golden flame,  
 Drops down the western sky,  
 And thou, my love, and I, my love,  
 In the still twilight meet,  
 And through the dusky, winding ways  
 Wander with ling'ring feet.

There is a stillness in the air,  
 A calm of restful peace,  
 That brings relief from passing care,  
 From troubled thought release.  
 The dew-damp flowers, as we pass,  
 Breathe fragrance at our feet,  
 And breezes in the nodding grass  
 Whisper, " Ah ! love is sweet ! "

Gladness is in my heart to-night,  
A joy well-nigh divine,  
To think the thought too good for truth,  
That thou, my love, art mine.  
And thou, my love, and I, my love,  
Heed not the coming night,  
For to our eyes the vistas dim  
Are filled with visions bright.

So let me sing a song of songs,  
A song of love to thee,  
A song of what I hope our love  
To us, my love, shall be.  
That it may bind us each to each,  
Throughout the coming days,  
And side by side we still may go  
Through all life's winding ways.

*G. L. Richardson.*

#### IM ABEND.

FROM a lovely grove's cool shadows,  
Where a dainty rug is spread,  
Made of softest moss and flowers,  
Fit for none but fairies' tread ;  
Where the mellow rays of moonlight  
Through the leafy lattice peep,  
Tracing graceful, dreamy figures  
Where the shadows lie asleep—

Comes a magic invitation,  
 Gently borne to mortal sense  
 By soft sighing forest zephyrs  
 Fraught with sylvan redolence.  
 "Come," each sleepy flower murmurs  
 Through the drowsy woodland hum,  
 And the wakeful crickets chirping  
 Echo back in chorus, "Come."

*H. W. Edson.*

"I DARE NOT."

**D**REAMED, and thought one stood with  
 bended head,  
 And stretching forth his hand above my bed,  
 Lovingly spoke in tender voice and said :  
 "Go, I will show thee all that thou shalt be,  
 And all that thou shalt do, and unto thee  
 What fate shall fall through all futurity ;  
 What friends shall seek thee and what valiant foes  
 Thou shalt encounter,—yea, what joys and woes,  
 What strife, what gain, what labor, what repose—  
 These I will show thee. Now do thou arise."  
 Thus ended he his words ; in wild surmise  
 I feared and said : "I dare not lift my eyes" ;  
 But then he answered : "It is better so,  
 Else would thy Lord have given thee power to know,  
 Or would Himself have told thee, long ago."

*R. L. Hartt.*

## TINTS.

 SAID a rose to a lily, that pined with love,  
 "Come, let us wedded be!"  
 "Ah, sweetheart mine, what priest and shrine  
 Shall we seek, if I marry thee?"

"Why the loveliest shrine in the world so wide,"  
 Said the rose, "our shrine shall be."  
 Ah, sweetheart *mine*, thy face was that shrine,  
 The fairest on land or sea!

*Arthur Oliver.*

## A SUMMER SONG.

*(Suggested by the German of Opitz.)*

 OME, friend scholar, cease your bending  
 Over books with eager gaze;  
 Time it were such work had ending,—  
 Well enough for rainy days.  
 Out with me where sunlight pours,  
 Life to-day is out-of-doors!

Busy? Pshaw! What good can reach you  
 Frowning o'er that dog-eared page?  
 Yonder rushing brook can teach you  
 More than half your Classic Age.  
 Banish Greeks and siren shores,  
 Let your thoughts run out-of-doors!

Rest we here where none can spy us,  
 Deep in rippling fields of grass ;  
 Scented winds blow softly by us,  
 Lazy clouds above us pass ;  
 Higher yet my fancy soars—  
 All my soul is out-of-doors !

*T. M. Banks.*

### SPRING HOLIDAY.

*(Translated from the German of Uhland.)*

GOLDEN, fragrant, springtime day,  
 Joy of sense and spirit !  
 If my lips e'er tuned a lay,  
 Sure to-day you 'd hear it.

Why, ah why, on days like this,  
 Think of work or playing ?  
 Springtime is a time of bliss,  
 Made for rest or praying.

*H. W. Edson.*

### THE VIKING.

SKALL to the Viking ! Skall !  
 Following the white swan's path,  
 Sailing the witch-whale's bath,  
 Mock we the coward, Death,  
 Nor hear his call.

Shields gleam along our prow,  
 Dented by many a blow,  
 Swift gleam our swords and bright,  
 Sharp is our axes' bite,  
 Death dare not come, nor flight  
 To Viking's hall.

Skall to the Viking! Skall!  
 Following the white swan's path,  
 Sailing the witch-whale's bath,  
 In naught but hero's death  
 Shall Vikings fall.

*F. R. Tillinghast, Fr.*

#### TWILIGHT.

SHADOWS slowly stealing  
 O'er the dusky waters cool;  
 Corydon is kneeling  
 By the idle, listless pool.  
 Far beneath its placid surface  
 Shines the sand-bar's yellow gleam,  
 Nothing in the mirrored image  
 Mars the beauty of the dream.

Breezes softly stirring,  
 In the willows come and go,  
 The waters gently furring  
 With a foam as white as snow.

Through the spray is seen no gleaming ;  
 Drifting clouds obscure the light ;  
 Dimmer grow the tiny ripples  
 At the coming of the night.

*P. S. Allen.*

### SPELLING DOWN.

**G**N line of battle the spelling class stands,  
 With solemn faces and folded hands—  
 Waiting the word that shall make or mar  
 The cherished report of the anxious star.

O terrible word ! O sweet little lass !  
 How she 's struggled and toiled to be head of the  
 class !

Now she falters with tears in those eyes of brown,  
 And, with many a burning blush, goes down.

And the laddie who stood at her side in the line—  
 Just suppose his position were yours, or mine !—  
 He can spell the word, but he 's not even tried.  
 He would rather go down, just to sit at her side.

Sweet school-day love ! How long can it last ?  
 Must it change and fade when school-days are  
 past ?

Now the lad calls the lassie his promised bride,  
 Would he share a disgrace, just to sit at her side ?

*R. L. Hartt.*

## SERENADE.

BENEATH thy lattice, ivy-grown,  
 I've come again, sweetheart ;  
 I could not bear to be alone  
 Without thyself, sweetheart.

The waning moon and stars now reign  
 Above our heads, sweetheart ;  
 But love like mine can never wane,  
 In life or death, sweetheart.

See, here 's the rose to-night you gave,  
 I've treasured it, sweetheart ;  
 To me it is the sweetest, save  
 Thyself, my Rose, sweetheart.

*A. K. Willyoung.*

## BUCCANEER DRINKING SONG.

R-ECHO now, you solemn dunes,  
 The lover sighing doleful tunes,  
 The withered hag who sits and croons,  
 The merchant mourning lost doubloons.

*Vita misera !*

Leave to priests their beads and masses,  
 Seize the bright to-day that passes.  
 Here 's a health to wives and lasses,  
 Come, my bullies, clink your glasses.

*Vita beata !*

Sing the maiden's eye that flashes  
 'Neath the shadow of its lashes ;  
 Drink the wine, you old moustaches,  
 Man is made of dust and ashes.

*Vita misera !*

*P. S. Allen.*

### FIRESIDE DREAMS.

ABOUT the room with silent tread  
 The shadows come and go,  
 And Spanish castles rise and fade  
 In the dying embers' glow.

Visions of fame and faces fair  
 Come and are gone again,  
 As Past and Future gently blend  
 In the firelight's peaceful reign.

*J. R. Tillinghast, Fr.*

### SPRING FAITH.

*(Translated from the German of Uhland.)*

THE tender zephyrs lightly play ;  
 They sigh and hover night and day,  
 And everywhere they 're ranging.  
 'Mid fragrance sweet and music rare  
 My pining heart, forget thy care !  
 For soon will all, yes all, be changing.

The earth grows fairer day by day ;  
Could aught be fairer ? None can say.  
But soon will all, yes all, be changing.  
The farthest, deepest valleys bloom,  
My pining heart, forget thy gloom !  
For soon will all, yes all, be changing.

*H. W. Edson.*

### SUNRISE.

WANDERING wight from the night-wrack  
cold,

Shame on thy tattered gray !  
Cover thy rags with a robe of gold  
Meet for the blaze of day.  
The sun peers over the mountain old,  
And clouds must be up and away !

Shadows born of the brooding night,  
Hence with your glowing train.  
Doubts and terrors that cloud my sight,  
Off to the dark amain.  
Hope is high, and my heart is light,  
For day is awake again !

*T. M. Banks.*

## REVEALING.

OUR lives are diamonds digged from out the  
 clay,  
 Whose brilliance, crusted by the clinging  
 earth,  
 May lie forever hid.

But rendered up,  
 And in the immortal Lapidary's hand  
 Held to the wheel of this unresting world,  
 They show a thousand faces to the light,  
 And mirror back its beams a thousand ways,  
 Charming the eye with iridescent flame.

*T. M. Banks.*

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

PHILOSOPHERS have struggled sore  
 Since time began—perhaps before—  
 In their old-fashioned, rusty way,  
 That wearies men of humbler clay,  
 To find where life's true blessing lay.

The poets scarce concealed their mirth  
 At such display of conscious worth.  
 "To think," they cried in many an ode,  
 "Of moulding prudish, thread-bare code  
 To teach men virtue—*à la mode!*"

With the buried mass of ages  
 Lie the poets, lie the sages—  
 Forgot their maxims and their morals,  
 Passed away their dust, their laurels  
 Still the food for endless quarrels.

Do we find the puzzling question ?  
 May I offer a suggestion ?  
 Life's true blessing hidden lies  
 In no stern or solemn guise,  
 But—a glance from Dora's eyes.

*P. S. Allen.*

#### SERENADE.

SOFTLY the breath of a whispering breeze  
 Sighs in the boughs of the shadowy trees ;  
 While the bright hosts of the summer-night sky,  
 Gladden the world with a gleam from on high.

See, where a light on yon low eastern hill  
 Grows 'mid the glory that heralds it still ;  
 Now like a golden dome, fair as a dream,  
 Till the great moon rolls in splendor supreme.

Open thy lattice, love ! Look on the night !  
 Clearer thine eye than the heavens so bright,  
 Softer thy voice than the summer wind's sigh,  
 Fairer thou art than the Queen of the Sky !

*T. M. Banks.*

## THE HUNTER AND THE MAID.

THE hunter sang the wildwood through,  
     Heigho, the hunter's song !  
 And on his horn a blast he blew,  
     Heigho, full loud and long !  
 His maid was lonely in her bower ;  
     Heigho, the bonny maid !  
 Her love came not for many an hour ;  
     Heigho, how long he stayed !  
  
 At last the truant fared in sight ;  
     Heigho, how glad was she !  
 Their lovers' vows anew they plight,  
     Heigho, in merry glee !  
 The hunter and the maid are wed ;  
     Heigho, the wedding day !  
 The shadows from her life have fled ;  
     Heigho, thus ends my lay !

*E. L. Crandall.*

## TRIOLET.

SINCE I have looked upon your face,  
     I live in love and shall forever,  
     All others now have lost their grace  
 Since I have looked upon your face.  
 And shall another e'er replace

Your image in my heart ! Oh never,  
Since I have looked upon your face,  
I live in love and shall forever.

*E. R. White.*

### HOPE'S FAREWELL.

'T IS now all earth is robed in white,  
The land a cloudy visage wears,  
The birds to warmer climes have flown,  
The trees lie buried in deep sleep.  
When mortal man must wary be,  
Lest mother earth, invested thus,  
Shall throw upon her noble sons  
A cloak of melancholy gray,  
With brooch of deep despondency.  
And life, its brighter side eclipsed,  
While the sun's great light is hidden,  
Seems tangled in a maze of wrongs ;  
And too, with earth's retreating smile,  
All sense of joy has disappeared ;  
And pale despair, with wrinkled brow,  
Frowns dark upon man's efforts vain.  
Then Hope comes in all radiant,  
And making fast with chains of Love,  
The victim of her sister dread,  
Anchors him fast in holding ground,  
And, e'er departing, tells to him  
The secret of her blessed joys.

*L. P. Slade.*

## A VISION.

THROUGH all the way of shadows,  
 Through all the land of dreams,  
 That dim and misty region  
 Where never sunlight gleams,  
 There walks a pleasant vision,  
 With tender, happy eyes,  
 And in her face there shineth  
 A light that never dies.

Through all the way of shadows,—  
 My way of hope and plan,—  
 The land of dreams, uncertain  
 Since ever life began ;  
 Through all the darkened vista,  
 Where bright spots are but few,  
 There shines one ray of glory,  
 A faithful love and true.

O Fates, who through the ages  
 Spin out the threads of life,  
 The golden gossamers of joy,  
 The tangled skeins of strife,  
 I know not what awaits me,  
 But, be it good or ill,  
 Grant that my Love still love me,  
 And—send what else you will.

*G. L. Richardson.*

## SONNET.

(On a picture in the April, '88, Lippincott.)

○ FAIR, sweet face, O shadowy, pictured  
dream,

O lovely vision from the lovely South,  
Glad am I only o'er this page to dream.

Ah! happy he who from that perfect mouth  
Shall know warm kisses—in those tender eyes,

Under the drooping lashes, long and fine,  
The gleam of that glad light that never dies

Shall catch—O sweetness sweeter far than  
wine—

The honeyed wine of thine own sunny land,—

Only to see the beauty of thy face,

Only to feel the cool touch of thy hand,

Only to glimpse the glory of thy grace ;

O pictured maiden, lowly at thy feet

We bow, far-off, and whisper, Love is sweet.

*G. L. Richardson.*

## ARBUTUS.

g<sup>N</sup> wooded mountain slope, beside  
Some fallen tree or jutting stone .

Whose hard bare face the moss would hide,  
And give a softness not its own—

Where, save the road that winds below,  
 No sign of man is seen around—  
 Where murm'ring stream in ceaseless flow  
 Breaks silence with the only sound—

In such a quiet favored place  
 The arbutus has found retreat,  
 And here uplifts its modest face,  
 Here breathes abroad its perfumes sweet.  
 Pink dainty petals made more fair  
 By dead brown leaves that strew the ground,  
 Half hiding in their tender care  
 The simple blossom they surround :  
 A gentle messenger of spring  
 With graceful loveliness replete,  
 As fair a bloom as earth can bring,—  
 An emblem of the pure and sweet.

*Howard Kennedy, Fr.*

### SERVICE.

SEE thou be pure and high and know thy  
 worth,  
 But yet beware, lest thine o'erweening pride  
 Or self-esteem destroy thy usefulness.

. . . . .

Look off to yonder snow-clad mountain tall,  
 Whose robe of purest white is all a gleam

Under the noon-day sun. Though men may say,  
 "How beautiful, sublime!" to me it seems—  
 Wrapped in a mantle of exclusiveness  
 That chills the very air—to hold its head  
 In coldest unconcern above the earth,  
 Superior to its comfort or its claims.

But turn thine eye to where the rolling sun  
 Sheds floods of golden radiance everywhere;  
 Think how its beams, that grace the mountain's  
 crest,  
 Will cheer a corner in the peasant's cot,  
 Will chase the gloom from many a darkened mind  
 With their bright healing touch of kindness.

. . . . .  
 See thou be pure, but humble and sincere;  
 So, scorning not the touch of lower things,  
 While all secure from taint by conscious might,  
 May this thy purity be minister  
 Unto the sin and sorrow of the world.

*T. M. Banks.*

### NOT FOR ME.

DOWN to the mountains of the West  
 The golden moon is slipping slow,  
 Spreading a silvery, silken sheen  
 O'er the gray old clouds that sleep below.

Away in the East, the ruddy glow,—  
Amorous, full,—of the planet Mars  
Drives to a distance and half obscures  
The cold, pale, trembling, virgin stars.

Afar to the Southward, huge and black,  
Wrapped in a mystic, dreamsome haze,  
The cloak-clad sentries of slumber-land,  
Their rugged tops the mountains raise.

Under the hill stands the gray clock-tower,  
Tangling the moon in its belfry black,  
While below it the ivied walls  
Catch the breezes and hold them back.

Over the pathway, stately elms  
Bend to whisper and croon and coo,  
Till all their wet and kissing leaves  
Runs a passionate shiver through.

The birds in the branches wake anon,  
Twitter a moment and fall asleep,  
While, down by the river, the whip-poor-wills  
Plaintively tuneful vigils keep.

There seems a love-song in the air,  
The moon smiles softly—as at her sweet,  
A weight of tenderness seems to press  
Even the glow-worms at my feet.

But, lost my darling, nights like this  
Bring to me only increase of pain—  
Thou art another's—life is death—  
Chillness and gloom alone remain.

*E. L. Crandall.*

### ROUGHENED SEAS.

IGHTLY, on his ocean pillow,  
Slept the sea-gull, floating free ;  
On the sands there rolled no billow,  
When at dawn we put to sea.

Now, his warning weirdly shrieking,  
Scarce the sea-gull breasts the gale ;  
Rudder, mast, and prow are creaking ;  
Drips the foam from spar and sail.

Up the crest we dash, and totter,  
Down the trough we headlong leap :  
Ho ! though roars the rolling water,  
Straight to sea our course we keep !

Dim yon breakers, shoreward flashing ;  
Dim yon low, green islands grow ;  
Fast and free and far we're dashing,  
Lofty ships beside us go.

Yearn we now for morning's quiet,—  
 Seas of glass, with crimson wave?  
 No, we hail the billows' riot,  
 Gladdest when they maddest rave!

So, on life's wide, mystic ocean,  
 Launched we, in the blush of morn;  
 Danced our bark, with gentlest motion  
 Out, o'er gleaming waters borne.

Loud, ere long, swept storm winds roaring;  
 But our hearts swelled bold and high;  
 Nor, 'mid crash of waters warring,  
 Wished we morning's tranquil sky.

Soon shall fall the twilight tender,  
 Softly fall, o'er life and sea;  
 Then, in calm and crimson splendor,  
 Tranquil shall our haven be.

*Arthur Oliver.*

#### THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

**A** GOOD old English gentleman,  
 With acres broad and rent-roll long,  
 Who hunts the fox,  
 Nor heeds rough rocks,  
 And loves his wine and a hearty song.

And when the day's rough sport is o'er,  
He loves to dine in his oaken hall,  
    And hold wassail  
    With English ale,  
In the midst of his friends and kinsmen all.

He fought in Spain with the Iron Duke,  
And under India's scorching sun,  
    And he loves to expound  
    As the bottle goes round,  
How the battles were fought and the fields were  
    won.

His face well seasoned with sun and storm,  
And dyed with his excellent claret and port,  
    With his scarlet coat,  
    And the county vote,  
He is loved by all in field and court.

*H. W. Banks, Jr.*

### MOON FANCIES.

① SOMNOLENCE creeps o'er the silent sands,  
    That stills the quiver in the whisp'ring reeds ;  
    The mumbling sea is counting of his beads,  
Droning a prayer to the responsive lands.  
A dream comes floating from the feathery foam,  
Veiled in a fleece that seems itself a dream.

Along the white-capped crests, a wand'ring beam  
Of laughing, elfin light dares hither roam,  
Glinting some shell late stranded by the gale,  
E'en peering through the gateway of my soul,  
Where, brother tempests, love and wonder roll,—  
And bathes the portal with refulgence pale.  
Sweet symphony, though speechless yet so strong,  
Thy harmony thrills all my thought with song.

*Samuel Abbott.*

#### A VALENTINE.

G 'M penning you a greeting  
This sweet confession-time,  
With Cupid gently beating  
The music of its rhyme.  
Pray list to my entreating,  
Pray, read this pleading line,  
For I in song so deeply long  
To be your Valentine.

My page will soon be bearing  
This message Love has framed,  
And eager hopes preparing  
To share what it has claimed ;  
Let, dear, your heart be daring,  
Give Cupid but a sign  
That he may say for this one day  
I am your Valentine.

My page will whisper sweeter  
Confessions than I write ;  
His cunning wings are fleet  
Than flash of morning light.  
Forth, Cupid, then and greet her,  
Breathe magic words of thine,  
And backward fly and say that I  
May be her Valentine.

*S. T. Livingston.*

### CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

AS in some old cathedral's chill and gloom  
(Some vast memorial of the long ago),  
Where lengthening isles of shadowy columns  
loom,  
And arching stone looks down on stone below,  
Through one rich stained window comes a ray  
Of golden light athwart the carven stone,  
And gives to what it touches, cold and gray  
Before, a warmth and brightness once unknown ;

So in the winter's darkest days and drear,  
There comes the golden ray of Christmas-tide,  
The light and warmth and glow of Christmas  
cheer,

And failing hearts that battle, sorely tried,  
Grow strong again. We greet thee, happy Day !  
O golden Day of " peace, good-will to men !"  
Brighten the darkness of our lonely way,  
With light that shines, and fadeth not again.

*G. L. Richardson.*





## Selections from The Quarterly.

### MEMORY.

'T IS beauteous night ; the stars look brightly  
down  
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow,  
No light gleams at the window save my own,  
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.  
And now with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,  
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.  
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,  
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed-  
The enchanted shadowy land where Memory dwells?  
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone, and drear,  
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree,  
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed  
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,  
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,  
Are clustered joys serene of other days ;  
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend  
The weeping-willows o'er the sacred dust

Of dear departed ones ; yet in that land,  
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,  
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust  
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,  
As erst they did before the prison tomb  
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.  
The heavens that bend above that land are hung  
With clouds of various hues : some dark and chill,  
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade  
Upon the sunny, joyous land below ;  
Others are floating through the dreamy air ;  
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged  
With gold and crimson hues ; their shadows fall  
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,  
Soft as the shadows of an angel's wing.  
When the rough battle of the day is done,  
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,  
I bound away across the noisy years,  
Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,  
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,  
And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins ;  
When woke the first-remembered sounds that fell  
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn ;  
And wandering thence along the rolling years,  
I see the shadow of my former self  
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.  
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,  
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,  
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,

Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,  
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path  
 Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall ;  
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,  
 Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

*F. A. Garfield.*

### A SOPHIST.

“WHAT are you doing, Joe?” said I.  
 “Oh ! nothing, sir,” was Joe’s reply.  
 “And you, there, Tom, pray let me know”—  
 “I ’m busy, sir ; I ’m helping Joe.”  
 “Is nothing, then, so hard to do,  
 That thus it takes the time of two?”  
 “No,” says the other, with a smile,  
 And grins and chuckles all the while ;  
 “But we ’re such clever chaps, d ’ye see,  
 Nothing ’s too hard for Joe and me.”

### THE BROOK.

THROUGH the meadow, slowly winding  
 With a rippling murmur, finding  
 Way to run with tripping feet,  
 See the rounded pebble bounding,  
 Always singing, sighing, sounding,  
 Runs the brook with music sweet.

O'er its surface, sunbeams, dancing,  
Sport and play with wavelets, glancing  
    Back in trembling sprays of light,  
Which forever quake and shiver  
As the wavelets quiver, quiver,  
    Through the sunshine, warm and bright.

Now it runs on sand and shingle,  
And its waters seem to jingle,  
    As they swiftly hurry on.  
Now amid the rocks 't is falling ;  
And the echoes, sweetly calling,  
    Send us back its merry song.

Now it with the lilies dallies ;  
Then its little might it rallies,  
    And onward darts, with start and hiss,  
Speeding on with haste and hurry,  
Tumbling on, with whirl and flurry,  
    O'er each tiny precipice.

Now its little song 't is singing  
To mossy banks, where violets springing  
    Spread their perfume on the air.  
And each pretty floweret, bending  
O'er the water bright, is lending  
    Beauty to the Summer fair.

Now the brook with beauty 's teeming !  
And how bright its water 's gleaming

As it glides past rock and tree !  
 How it turns and twists and doubles,  
 How it bubbles, bubbles, bubbles,  
 On the journey to the sea.

Through the meadows gently winding,  
 With a rippling murmur, finding  
 Way to run with tripping feet,  
 O'er the rounded pebbles bounding,  
 Glides the brook with music sweet.

*G. P. Noble.*

### APOSTROPHE.

*(To the Bronze Statue on the Soldiers' Monument at  
 Williams College.)*

#### I.

THIS with a reverence that I seldom pay  
 Mere brass or marble, that I look on thee,  
 Thou eloquent memorial of a day  
 Whose like, Heaven grant, we never more may  
 see !

When arms unto the toga gave command,  
 And Mars, not Pallas, ranged the student band.

#### II.

When e'en this cradle in the mountains roared  
 With distant tones of internecine war ;  
 And the stern call to buckle on the sword  
 Swelled from the nation's capital afar ;

While the sweet cadence of the chapel bell  
Like notes of bivouac-rousing bugle fell.

## III.

When, armed to save the perilled nation's life,  
Each hamlet sent its youthful warriors forth,  
And Freedom's legions, marshalled for the strife,  
Poured like a deluge from the loyal North,  
To far-off battles, following the drum,  
Whence, ah, how many nevermore should come!

## IV.

Methinks, O image! on thy brow I see  
The spirit of that unforgotten time—  
The student-soldier tempered lovingly  
With sadness, chastening all their youthful  
prime—  
The patriot, musing o'er Antietam's plain,  
Or Gettysburg piled with its ghastly slain.

## V.

Forever on thy lofty pedestal  
Stand thou! a teacher of the days to come.  
Speak to old Williams' sons of those who fell  
For God, for Country, and for Freedom's home!  
And with these everlasting hills proclaim  
The martyr patriot's undying fame!

*E. W. B. Canning.*



## Selections from The Weekly.

### MY LADIE'S FAN.

MY ladie's fan is softe with down,  
And riche with mingled gold and brown,  
Inwrought with servyle patience, leste  
Som minor touch might fail of beste,  
And forfeit faire perfection's crowne.

Her glove, her shoo—which clame renown  
In tuneful verse—and eke her gown,  
With all their charms, doe but suggest  
My ladie's fan.

Its flutt'ring breth has power to drown  
The carkeing gossip of the town ;  
But when it swetely lies at rest  
Upon my gentle ladie's breast  
I 'd love to bee (oh, spare the frowne !)  
My ladie's fan.

*R. L. Hartt.*

## THE FOOL'S LOGIC.


 UOTH the much-witted fool to his master, the king :  
 " Clutch tightly your crown, for it 's logic I bring.

By logic the world makes its regular rounds,  
 And the prince will be king, sir, on logical grounds.  
 Of the princes," quoth he, " one reads day and night.  
 A 'book-worm,' you call him, O king ! am I right ?  
 You grant it. The other his learning confines  
 To the study of angles, the cosines and sines ;  
 The former 's a book-worm, the latter you 'd call ?  
 Why, bless me ! an—angle-worm. Logic—that 's  
 all."

*I. S. Underhill.*

## THE QUEST OF SPRING.


 OW Nature takes her shield anew,  
 That rusted all the Winter thro',  
 To garnish it for Spring.

She scours her fields of vert and green,  
 And brightens all the silver sheen ;  
 For Spring has won his spurs.

This rare emblazonry will be  
 Studded with gules of bush and tree,  
 In wonderful device.

Then errant over hill and dale,  
 A quest for Nature's Holy Grail !  
 He 'll find it sure in June.

*E. R. White.*

### LOVE'S ATTIC.

THE attic of young Cupid's house  
 I visited one day ;  
 To see the tattered bits of love,  
 That there were stored away.

For cast-off odds-and-ends of hearts,  
 About the place were strewn,  
 Like baubles of some other days,  
 That long ago had flown.

But yet, the withered roses there  
 —Frail wreaths from Love's own tomb,—  
 Upon the dusty mellow air,  
 Still shed a faint perfume.

*E. R. White.*

### A SUMMER'S LOVE.

LILY was enamoured of a rose,  
 And tried each livelong day, in vain, to tell  
 His tender love, and gentle throbbing throes ;  
 The rose blushed on unknowing at the well.

The lily's waxen face was turning pale,  
 When, tossing up and down, he saw above  
 A vagrant bee, to whom he told his tale,  
 And gave to him the mission of his love.

The bee buzzed to the rose and whispered low.  
 His embassy I 'm sure was not in vain,  
 For one can see them now when breezes blow  
 A nodding each to each across the lane.

*E. R. White.*

#### RONDEAU.

**G**N artless song of other days  
 Divides the retrospective haze,  
 That fills the Vale of Life, between  
 The now and then. Quite unforeseen,  
 The old dead memories upraise.

That there 's a wound that ever stays,  
 My sudden tremor well betrays,  
 And what has caused this heartache keen?  
 An artless song.

Yes ! When my vagrant fancy strays  
 In those but half-remembered ways,  
 I see a shrined but unthroned queen ;  
 A dreamy form with wistful mien  
 Comes back to me as some one plays  
 An artless song.

*E. R. White.*

## TIT FOR TAT.

HE timidly climbed up the brown-stone steps,  
 He timidly rang the bell,  
 He felt that this visit might be his last,  
 But why so he could not tell.

As he stood by the door the winter wind  
 Whirled in the streets about,  
 But above its roaring he heard her say:  
 "John, tell him that I am out."

As the door was opened with stately mien,  
 He said to the butler tall,  
 "Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments  
 And tell her I did not call."

*McGregor Fenkins.*

THE RIME OF THE COOKING-SCHOOL  
GIRL.

## PART I.

## I.

Pretty maiden  
 With a book,  
 She is learning  
 How to cook.

## II.

Sleeves rolled up and  
 Snowy arms,  
 Rosy cheeks and  
 Other charms

## III.

Help the maid to  
 Make a mash  
 As she tries to  
 Make the hash.

## IV.

Youth comes in and  
 Begs to eat  
 Something made by  
 Maiden sweet.

## PART II.

## I.

He has left us  
 Ever-more,  
 Left us for  
 Another shore,

## II.

Where the gentle  
 Breezes blow,  
 Where sweet-scented  
 Flowers grow.

## III.

They have laid him  
 'Neath the sod,  
 'Neath the fern and  
 Golden-rod.

## IV.

Sweetest maiden  
 Ever seen  
 Always keeps his  
 Grave quite green.

*F. T. Newcomb.*

## UPON THE STAGE.

UP on the stage one summer day,  
 The while it rumbled on its way  
 So slowly through the busy street,  
 Beside me sat a maiden sweet,  
 A-going to the matinée.

Just how it chanced I cannot say ;  
She stole my very heart away,  
She seemed so lovely, so petite,  
Up on the stage.

Thought I : " This girl will go astray ;  
A ballet holds the boards to-day."  
So thither then I turned my feet  
And from the very foremost seat  
I saw her dancing in the play  
Upon the stage.

*A. K. Willyoung.*

### THE SAILOR.

 SAILOR bold am I,  
For the dashing surf I sigh,  
I long to be  
Away on the sea,  
On the billows rolling high.

From port to port I sail,  
All over the world I roam,  
The briny wave  
I fearless brave,  
O the sea it is my home !

I've been from east to west,  
 I've coursed from shore to shore ;  
 I'm gay and free ;  
 It's not for me  
 To care or wish for more.

I love my saucy craft ;  
 I love to see her skim  
 O'er waters blue,  
 With helm so true  
 And sails and yards so trim.

A sailor's life—heigho !  
 A sailor's life for me ;  
 Come what may,  
 I'm bound to stay  
 On the dark and rolling sea.

*P. S. Wild.*

### THE FIRST QUARREL.

TEXT: *Smoking.*

“THE habit of smoking is vulgar, you know,  
 Only fit for those people whose instincts  
 are low,”

Insisted his wife as she sat by his side,  
 To which opposition he calmly replied :  
 “You'd surely call Milton a high-minded man,  
 Not so, my dear wife? His life did n't pan

Out a failure, you know ; well now I insist  
If all smokers are low he 's down on your list.

“ Carlyle, you 'll admit, was a genius, nicht wahr ?  
(Excuse me a jiff while I light my cigar.)  
He smoked like a chimney, Clarissa, my dear,  
While Lamb smoked each month more than I  
smoked last year.  
Old Newton at church with his conscience quite  
clear  
Fumed with tobacco the pews in the rear.

“ Your Dickens smoked too, while Thackeray's  
clothes  
Were soaked with tobacco fume thro' to his hose.  
In short, dear Clarissa, my list would contain  
The name of each genius from Raleigh to Twain.”  
Then smiling she answered, with logic elate :  
“ You promise to swear off until you are great ? ”  
*I. S. Underhill.*

#### ON THE BALCONY.

'T WAS just after twilight, and standing  
Alone on the balcony, I  
Was watching the gathering darkness  
And the stars coming out in the sky.

And she came to me there in the dimness,  
 Her little hand slipped into mine,  
 And we silently stood there together—  
 With feelings—ah ! who can define ?

Then I bent down and lovingly kissed her  
 As she stood there so close by my side,  
 And she took it all strangely demurely  
 And smiled, never thinking to chide.

From above, a small star, looking, saw me,  
 And tipped me a kind of a wink,  
 As if it would say, not unkindly,  
 You 're spooning, young fellow, I think.

But I was n't. Most every one kissed her.  
 My right was undoubted and clear,  
 For you see 't was my small baby sister ;  
 After all, it was n't so queer.

*J. T. Newcomb.*

### SONG.

THE winter sun is shining high  
 Across the snow,  
 And looks with brave and cheery eye  
 On men below.  
 But some see naught but clouds and rain,

Some but the hope of sordid gain,  
 And some, weighed down by sin and pain,  
 In darkness go,  
 Though still the sun is bright on high  
 Across the snow.

*T. M. Banks.*

### HARD-HEARTED.

HER wavy hair was black as coal ;  
 Her laughing eyes were jet ;  
 Her ev'ry smile showed teeth of pearl  
 Among red rubies set.

And so it was not strange that when  
 I sought her for my own,  
 I found—alas ! my blasted hope !—  
 I found her heart was stone.

*A. K. Willyoung.*

### A TRAGEDIE.

IN Mohawk vallye,  
 (1804)  
 Ten pritie maids  
 And youths—a score,  
 Went out upon  
 A sleighing partie.

In Mohawk vallie

(1804)

A band of Indians

Spilt ye gore

Of pritie maids and youths (a score)

—A slaying partie.

*H. W. Edson.*

### AT THE GERMAN.

 SOFT music filled the dancing-hall ;  
With measures sweet and low,  
Over the polished floor we tripped  
The light fantastic toe.

And as we swiftly whirled about,  
Her lips she gently stirred,  
And quickly forward then I leaned,  
To catch the whispered word.

I hoped to hear some word of love,  
Thus spoken as we danced,  
She slowly raised her eyes to mine,  
And then away she glanced.

How cruelly my hopes she dashed,—  
In accents short and terse,  
She softly said, beneath her breath,  
“ I wish you would reverse.”

*McGregor Fenkins.*

## ALUMNUS' REPLY TO INVITATION.

WOULD I had a bag of pelf  
 Big as the pack of Bunyan's sinner  
 I 'd send it down in lieu of self  
 To fill a chair at Williams' dinner.

Would I had Midas' chance of old,  
 I 'd starve a week and well afford it ;  
 I 'd turn all Boston bay to gold,  
 And bid old Williams come and hoard it.

Her pressing wants supplying thus,  
 I 'd fix the future to succeed it ;  
 I 'd Hoosac make a Pactolus,  
 To tap whenever she might need it.

E'en as it is, my hope is strong  
 That the old dame may be a winner ;  
 For I have known the proverb long—  
 "Ask men for favors AFTER DINNER."  
*E. W. B. Canning.*

## ALUMNI SONG.

US travellers,—who on a foreign strand  
 Have tarried many a year,—  
 The language of their native land,  
 Rejoicing, pause to hear ;  
 So let us summon back again  
 The words of bygone days,

And raise the old, familiar strain  
 To Alma Mater's praise.

Her counsels were our youthful guide ;  
 Their memory lingers yet,  
 Though feet that once walked side by side  
 In devious paths are set.  
 But wheresoe'er those feet may stray,  
 We firmly hold the clew  
 By which our thoughts retrace the way  
 To Alma Mater true.

With her our hearts responsive beat  
 In warm affections glow,  
 While Greylock stands, and at his feet  
 The Hoosac's waters flow.  
 Our youth was hers, and, manhood past,  
 E'en Death shall powerless be  
 To break the ties that hold us fast,  
 O Mother dear, to thee.

*T. W. Davis.*

#### A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Y<sup>O</sup>ON slopes of frosted silver stand  
 Full clear and bright against a sky  
 Intensely blue.

On either hand  
 Great, silent mountains nearer lie  
 In darker shade, and pencilled thick

With countless trunks of forests old,  
 All naked to the stinging cold.  
 The distant heights seem near,  
 And listen ! for I hear  
 The sighing of the leafless trees  
 A-swaying in the biting breeze.

*T. M. Banks.*

### RONDEAU.

THE name of Bess recalls from yore,  
 From quaint old England's foreign store,  
 The days when gallant sworded blades  
 Accompanied Falstaff on his raids  
 And listened to the oaths he swore.

At some old Inn's vine-trellised door,  
 The landlord's sack they can't ignore ;  
 And pledge, forgetting other maids,  
 The name of Bess.

But not the thought of past's quaint store,  
 Shall make me this sweet name adore,  
 But sunny strolls in glassy glades.  
 These memories my heart persuades,  
 I 'll ever love the girl that bore,  
 The name of Bess.

*E. R. White.*

## SPECULATION VS. EMPIRICISM.

SAID he, "Your lips look just delicious,"  
 And she, in sweet, blushing confusion,  
 Made answer both wise and capricious,  
 "Pray draw no such hasty conclusion."  
*R. L. Hartt.*

## DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

ALTHOUGH it shows a want of sense, they  
 say,  
 To quibble over straws and small affairs ;  
 Yet in Biology the other day  
 The wise Professor set us "splitting hares."  
*F. T. Harward.*

## A BANKRUPT VOICE.

ALTHOUGH he is a monied man,  
 It 's strange a hundred throats  
 Should raise, each time he tries to sing,  
 A protest 'gainst his notes !  
*E. R. White.*

## JINGLES OF ODD KEYS.

## I.

DO not wish to study hard  
 And swing a golden key ;  
 My watch a fine stem-winder is,—  
 What good would it do me ?

## II.

I touched the slender hand with mine,  
 And gazed on the pale cold face ;  
 It did not quail, the voice was mute ;  
 A change must have taken place.  
 I tried to think what I had done—  
 Indifference, thoughtless slight,  
 Unmeant neglect—there was the key,  
 The clock must be wound to-night.

*N. H. Dutcher.*

## MAY AND DECEMBER.

OVER the hills the May winds blow,  
 Sweet laden with scent and song,  
 And the budding branches whisper low  
 As the gentle breezes come and go,  
 And the vales with wild flowers throng.  
 But what care I for the merry lay  
 That the Spring-tuned songsters trill,  
 When you, my love, are far away  
 Over the hill.

Over the hills December's blast  
 Blows full loud and keen,  
 And the trees, gaunt-armed, as it rushes past  
 Wave branches bare and over-glassed  
 With Winter's white frost sheen.  
 But what care I though they toss amain,  
 And the winds blow fierce and shrill,  
 Since you, my love, are back again  
 From over the hill.

*J. T. Newcomb.*

#### QUATRAIN.

**W**E paddled on the river ;  
 What pleasure such as this !  
 Although we were not married,  
 It was canoe-bial bliss.

*E. R. White.*

#### MY FIRST LOVE.

**V**ISION steals upon my thoughts,  
 —A lithe little form in white ;  
 The fragrant haze floats back again ;  
 I dream of that moonlit night,  
 And sigh in vain for that sweet hour  
 When, charmed by the fair coquette,  
 I 'll find relief from reckless vows  
 Inhaling that cigarette !

*N. H. Dutcher.*

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

THE paper filled a column  
 With a story, long and solemn,  
 Of a righteous man's deplored de-  
 cline and fall :  
 How they dragged him to the station  
 In complete intoxication  
 After Mrs. So-and-So's delightful ball.

This modest little mention  
 Won such general attention  
 That in one short week the good man's grave was  
 dug.

Give the editor the glory,  
 For he might have told the story  
 In three such little words as

Jig,  
 Jag,  
 Jug.  
*R. L. Hartt.*

## A RETORT COURTEOUS.

LOVED her and tried to speak,  
 But words I could not find.  
 I said, "You sure would listen if  
 I could express my mind !"

“ Express companies will not take,  
 A thing that ’s quite so frail,  
 So wrap it up,” she laughing said,  
 “ And send it off by mail !”

*E. R. White.*

### DUPLICITY.

“ **G**’LL find a fence on which to sit,”  
 She whispered tenderly,  
 “ And there beneath the watching stars,  
 You may tell your love for me.”

My heart with joy was overweighed,  
 But pleasure changed to ire,  
 For when I found the trysting-place,  
 The fence was barbèd wire !

*E. R. White.*

### AFTER THE SEASON.

**H**IS face is bruised and battered and his ribs  
 are mostly shattered,  
 And his beauty is a long-forgotten dream,  
 But he ’s wined and dined and fêted, and with glory  
 he is sated,  
 For he ’s half-back on the college football team.

*T. H. Simmons.*

## CECILIA PLAYING.

HER execution wins unbounded praise,  
 But now that I have heard her  
 I must discard the euphemistic phrase,  
 And call it simply murder.

*R. L. Hartt.*

## A MAIDEN'S WAYS.

MAIDEN'S ways are sadly strange ;  
 They are, beyond a doubt ;  
 But no young man believes the fact  
 Until he 's found her out.

A maiden's ways are sadly strange ;  
 —A fact I used to doubt,—  
 Until a girl asked me to call,  
 And then—I found her out !

*A. K. Willyoung.*

## COUNTER-EVIDENCE.

ALWAYS shall remember  
 How her dainty little hand,  
 Pressed my own with gentler feeling  
 Than I dared to understand ;  
 How that gracious, tender pressure  
 Sent a thrill through all my frame,  
 Till I found myself submitting  
 To a power I could not name.

But think her not coquettish,  
 Or bold in making love ;  
 For she stood behind the counter,  
 And was fitting on a glove.

*R. L. Hartt.*

### TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

ONG years ago in Moses' time,  
 When people were troubled with woes,  
 They tore their hair and in their grief  
 They savagely rent their clothes.

And so it is in college now  
 When students are troubled with woes,  
 They tear no hair, but in their grief  
 They savagely rent their clothes.

*A. K. Willyoung.*

### THE TWO MAIDS.

WO maids as fair as maids can be ;  
 Fair twins, both blond are they  
 But both coquettes and shallow-souled,  
 Dressed up in style to-day.

They paint sometimes when color fails ;  
 Delight in laces fine :  
 Two maids, two ready-mades are they,  
 These russet shoes of mine.

*F. P. Kimball.*

## THE MODERN WAY.

TRADE has usurped the Muses' realm,  
 And Pan has fled the hills,  
 And woodland scenes are always marred,  
 By sundry "ads" of pills.

The nymphs and dryads all are dead,  
 Mythology must go,  
 These modern days would show a pan  
 Scoured by Sapolio !

*E. R. White.*

## A SPRING-TIME IDYL.

CROSS the road, a figure trim  
 Whose glancing eyes, beneath the brim  
 Of her new Easter hat, invite,—  
 Or seem to, with their roguish light,—  
 To join her in the twilight dim.

His heart beats with a sudden vim  
 As she throws back a glance at him ;  
 Her eyes exert a subtle might  
 Across the road.

O mocking fates ! For fortune grim  
 Denies this joy with cruel whim.  
 His face grows paler at the sight,  
 He's somewhat in Leander's plight ;  
 To talk with her he'll have to swim  
 Across the road.

*E. R. White.*





## Songs.

### THE MOUNTAINS.

OH, proudly rise the monarchs of our mountain  
land,  
With their kingly forest robes to the sky,  
Where Alma Mater dwelleth with her chosen band,  
And the peaceful river floweth gently by.

The snows of winter crown them with a crystal  
crown,  
And the fleecy clouds of summer round them  
cling ;  
The autumn's scarlet mantle falls in richness  
down,  
And they revel in the garniture of spring.

Oh, mightily they battle with the storm-king's  
pow'r ;  
And conquerors, shall triumph here for aye :  
Yet quietly their shadows fall at evening hour,  
While the gentle breezes round them softly play.

Beneath their peaceful shadows may old Williams  
stand,

Till suns and mountains nevermore shall be,  
The glory and the honor of our mountain land,  
And the dwelling of the gallant and the free.

CHORUS :

The mountains! the mountains! we greet you  
with a song

Whose echoes, rebounding your woodland heights  
along,

Shall mingle with anthems that winds and fountains  
sing,

Till hill and valley gaily, gaily ring.

*Washington Gladden.*

TO THEE, O WILLIAMS.<sup>1</sup>

TO thee, O Williams, true and tried,  
Our hymns of love we raise ;  
Each heart beats fast with throbbing zeal  
To sing thy fame in praise.

For thee the mountains give their voice

That thunders through the vale,

Thy strength can breast the angry flood

And winter every gale.

<sup>1</sup> Sung by the Williams Glee Club to air of Eichberg's  
National Hymn.

Oh, bind us to thee sure and fast,  
With chains of lasting steel,  
Each link a memory, pure and sweet,  
That doth a love reveal.  
O Brothers, stand we firm and strong  
For her whose name we bear ;  
And where our footsteps find a home  
We 'll plant her banner there.

*Samuel Abbott.*

## PARIS' SONG.

**I**N all Verona's wide domain,  
There's none so fair and sweet,  
As she who in my bosom reigns,  
And conquest makes complete.

Fair Juliet's eyes are diamonds bright,  
Like waters deep and clear,  
And at their bid in hapless plight,  
Fond Cupid doth appear.

She walks erect with queenly mien,  
Like men she doth disdain,  
While I whose love is all unseen,  
Alas, I love in vain !

*W. H. Edwards.*

## FRIAR'S SONG.

 SOLEMN and dignified  
 I make my stately way,  
 Praying and chanting  
 From dawn till the close of day.

O Judicare, Judicare Domine,  
 Praying and chanting  
 From dawn till the close of day.

Hist ! do a step I hear ?  
 Some one comes this way !  
 Hist ! not a step I hear !  
 No one comes this way !

Now for a little glee  
 Just for you and me,  
 To keep a sad heart from repining.  
 Too sad by half,  
 Let 's have a laugh.

Now a happy past  
 Rises to me,  
 Love was in a heart  
 Happy and free.  
 Now those days are dead ;  
 Gone from me,  
 For a grave lies  
 O'er the sea.

Now I see her there  
 Watching for me ;  
 Bright eyes, true eyes,  
 I loved thee.  
 Now tears in my eyes  
 Ever must be,  
 For a grave lies  
 O'er the sea.

*W. H. Edwards.*

BÉLINDA CLÁRISSA.

I.

DOWN by the river there dwells a little maiden  
 fair,  
 She is so pretty with big blue eyes and golden  
 hair,  
 And if you ask me, why I 'm always going there,  
 Don't you know? Speak it low, she loves me !

CHORUS :

Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! Then she 's the girl for  
 me,  
 Were she a perfect virago,  
 I 'd still be true, I love her so.  
 Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho ! My heart 's no longer  
 free,  
 And the reason is,—why, don't you know ? She  
 loves me !

## II.

What do we call her? Well, her first name is  
    Bélinda,  
Then she 's another, her second name is Clárisa,  
Jones is her last name, but she 'll change it soon  
    for, ah !  
Bélinda, Clárisa, she loves me !

CHORUS :

## III.

She has a mamma who loves me not, I 'm sorry to  
    say,  
She has a papa who hates me worse from day to  
    day,  
They set the bull-dog on me when I go that way,  
Bow, wow, wow ! there 's a row—she loves me !

CHORUS :

## IV.

Soon down the river our old barn-door will float  
    along,  
Down from her window there will be thrown a  
    clothes-line strong,  
Now for the parson, we will each to each belong,  
Bélinda, Clárisa, she loves me !

CHORUS :

*W. H. Edwards.*

## EPH. WILLIAMS.

## I.

○ H, here 's to the health of Eph. Williams,  
Who founded a school in Billville,  
And when he was scalped by the Indians  
He left us his "bood" in his will.

## II.

And out of this school grew a college,  
Renowned for base-ball and free-trade,  
And many a statesman and scholar  
Old Ephraim's boodle has made.

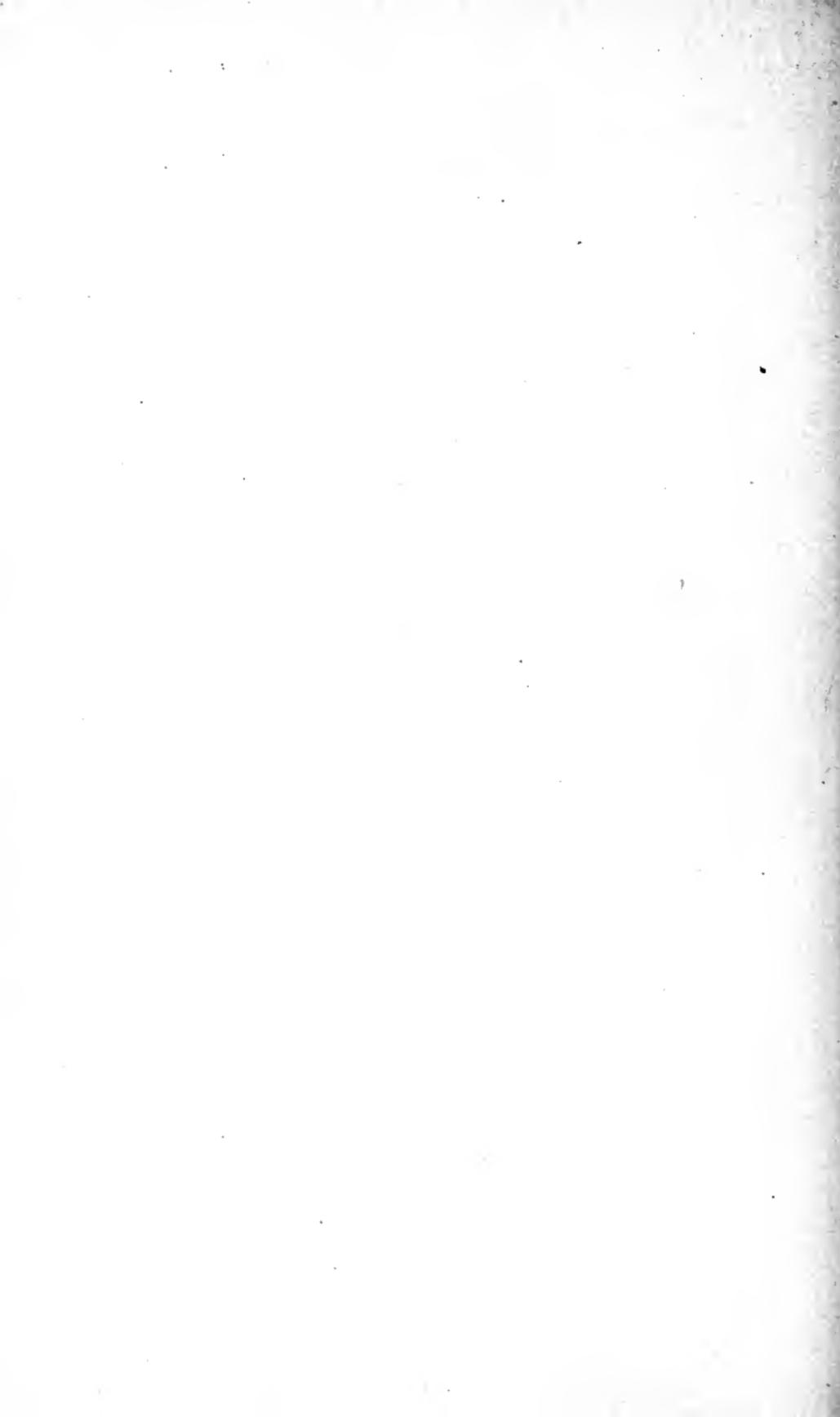
## III.

Oh, here 's to old Fort Massachusetts,  
And here 's to the old Mohawk trail,  
And here 's to historical Peri  
Who grinds out this sorrowful tale.









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