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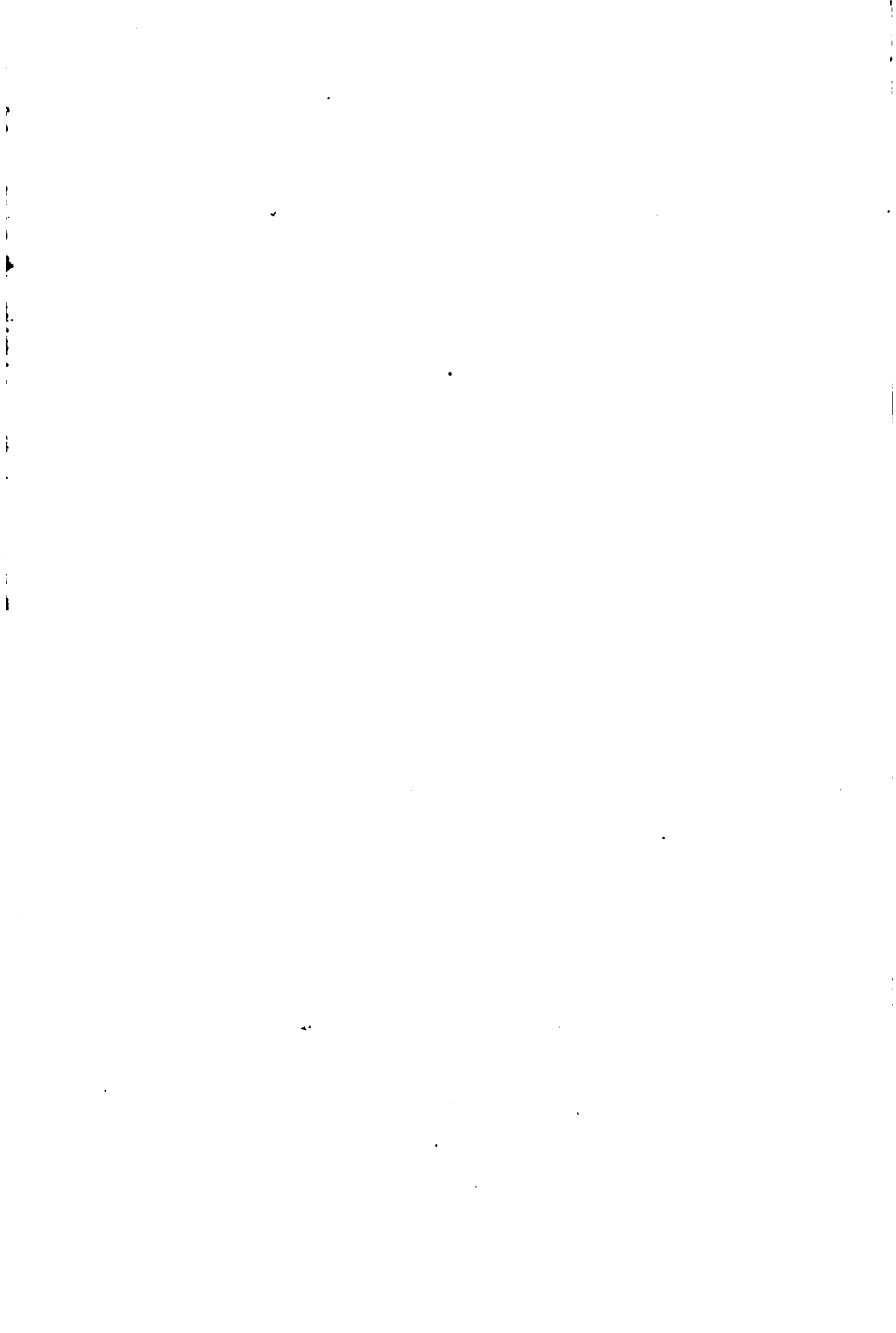
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LITTLE
SONGS
for TWO
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

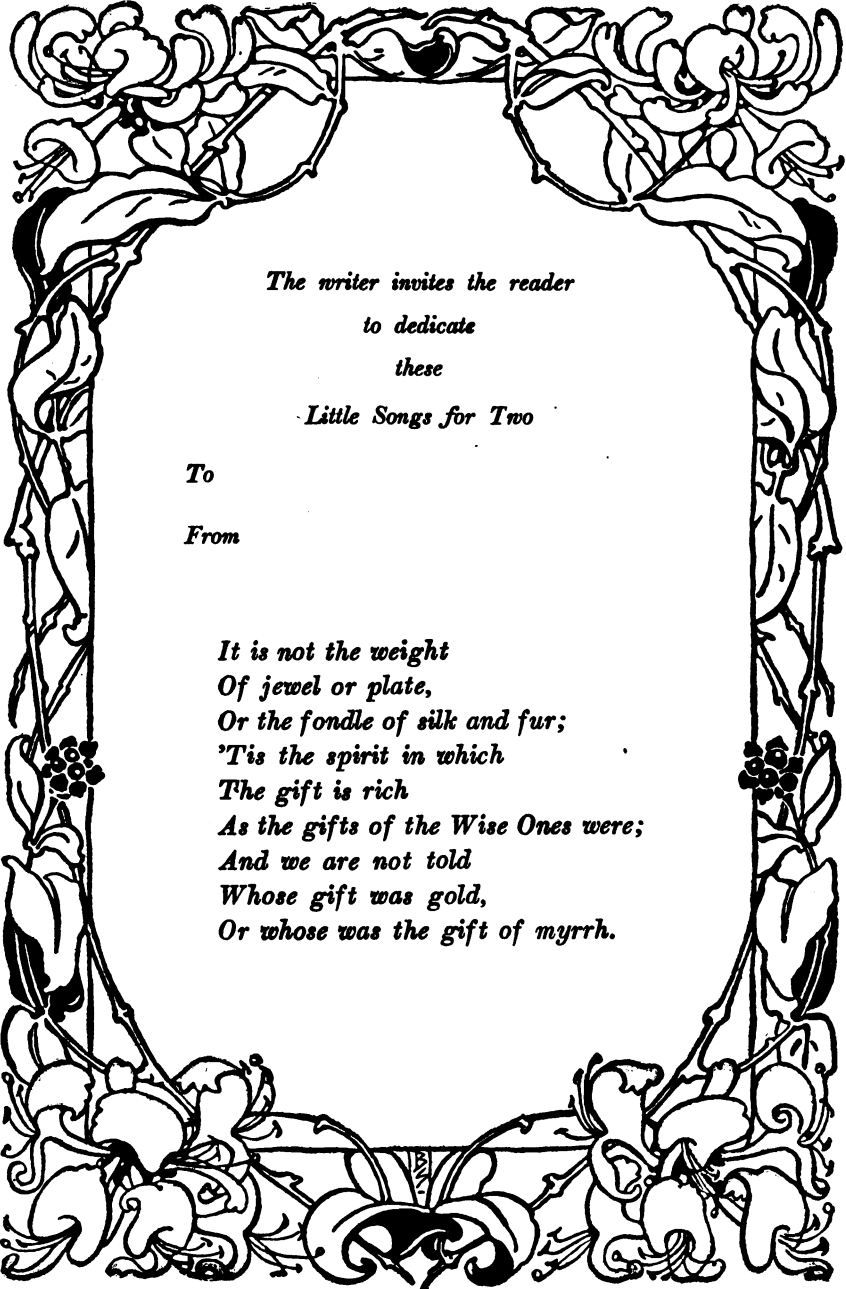












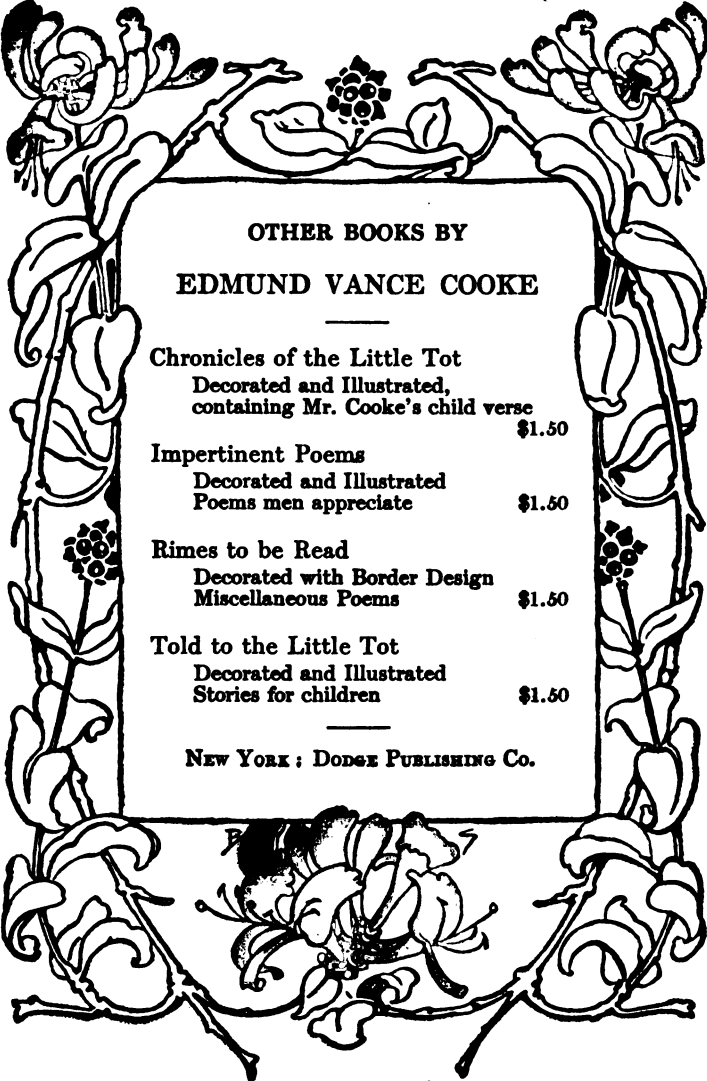
*The writer invites the reader
to dedicate
these*

Little Songs for Two

To

From

*It is not the weight
Of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk and fur;
'Tis the spirit in which
The gift is rich
As the gifts of the Wise Ones were;
And we are not told
Whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.*



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NEW YORK : DODGE PUBLISHING Co.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including what appear to be lilies and smaller blossoms, arranged in a symmetrical, Art Nouveau style.

LITTLE SONGS FOR TWO

By
EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Author of

“Chronicles of the Little Tot;”

“Told to the Little Tot;”

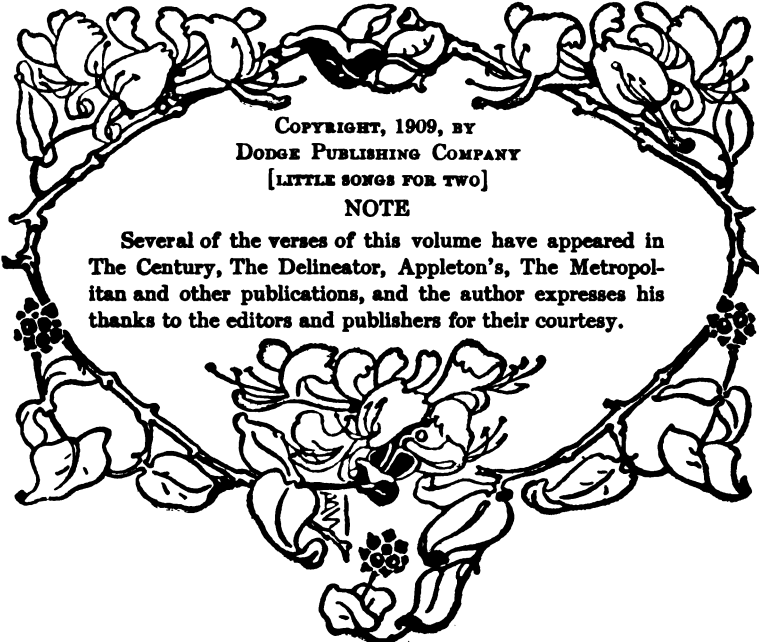
“Impertinent Poems;”

“Rimes to be Read.”



NEW YORK
DODGE PUBLISHING COMPANY
214-220 EAST 23D STREET

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[LITTLE SONGS FOR TWO]

NOTE

Several of the verses of this volume have appeared in The Century, The Delineator, Appleton's, The Metropolitan and other publications, and the author expresses his thanks to the editors and publishers for their courtesy.

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LITTLE SONGS FOR TWO



A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves and clusters of small flowers, arranged in a rectangular frame with ornate corners.

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A LITTLE SONG FOR TWO

A song from me to you, you say,
A tender song for every day,
A little song for two?
Why, dearest heart, no note or word
Which I have sung and you have heard
But sings to you, to you.

To you, my love, to you, to you.
My every song is ever true,
'And gladly, gladly yields its due,
As does my heart—to you!

And were there but one theme to choose,
One motive evermore to use,
It were no task to do.
I'd sing all songs of life in one,
And when the gallant strain were done
'Twould be a song to you.

To you, my love, to you, to you,
The tender strain were fully true,
And ever would it sing its due,
As does my heart—to you!

FROM HAND TO MOUTH

From hand to mouth! a wretched way
To live, the stern and learned say;
A shiftless, thriftless way aver
The wise; and unwise, too, concur.
And yet, and yet—mayhap they err.
Does not their judgment go astray?
Could I not view without dismay,
And even *welcome* life with *her*,
From hand to mouth?

I think I proved it yesterday.
When (deep in earnest, feigning play)
I kissed her glove. A half demur,
And in her eyes a sudden stir
And then—my glad lips leaped away
From hand to mouth!



FOR TWO

KISSES KEPT ARE WASTED

Kisses kept are wasted;
Love is to be tasted.
There are some you love, I know;
Be not loath to tell them so.
Lips grow dry and eyes grow wet
Waiting to be warmly met,
Keep them not in waiting yet;
Kisses kept are wasted;
Love is to be tasted.

Kisses kept are musty;
Words are dry and crusty,
If the sentences be not
Parted with the four-lipped dot.
Kisses are a blossom breed,
Blooming daily for your need;
Pluck them or they go to seed.
Dry, perhaps, and dusty;
Kisses kept are musty.



LITTLE SONGS

Kisses—not the hidden,
Not the base forbidden,
Not the meaningless, or mean,
Not the careless, but the clean;
Blossoms from a double root,
Twin-tones from a rhyming lute,
Wholesome halves of one ripe fruit—
Keep them and you waste them;
Give them and you taste them.



FOR TWO

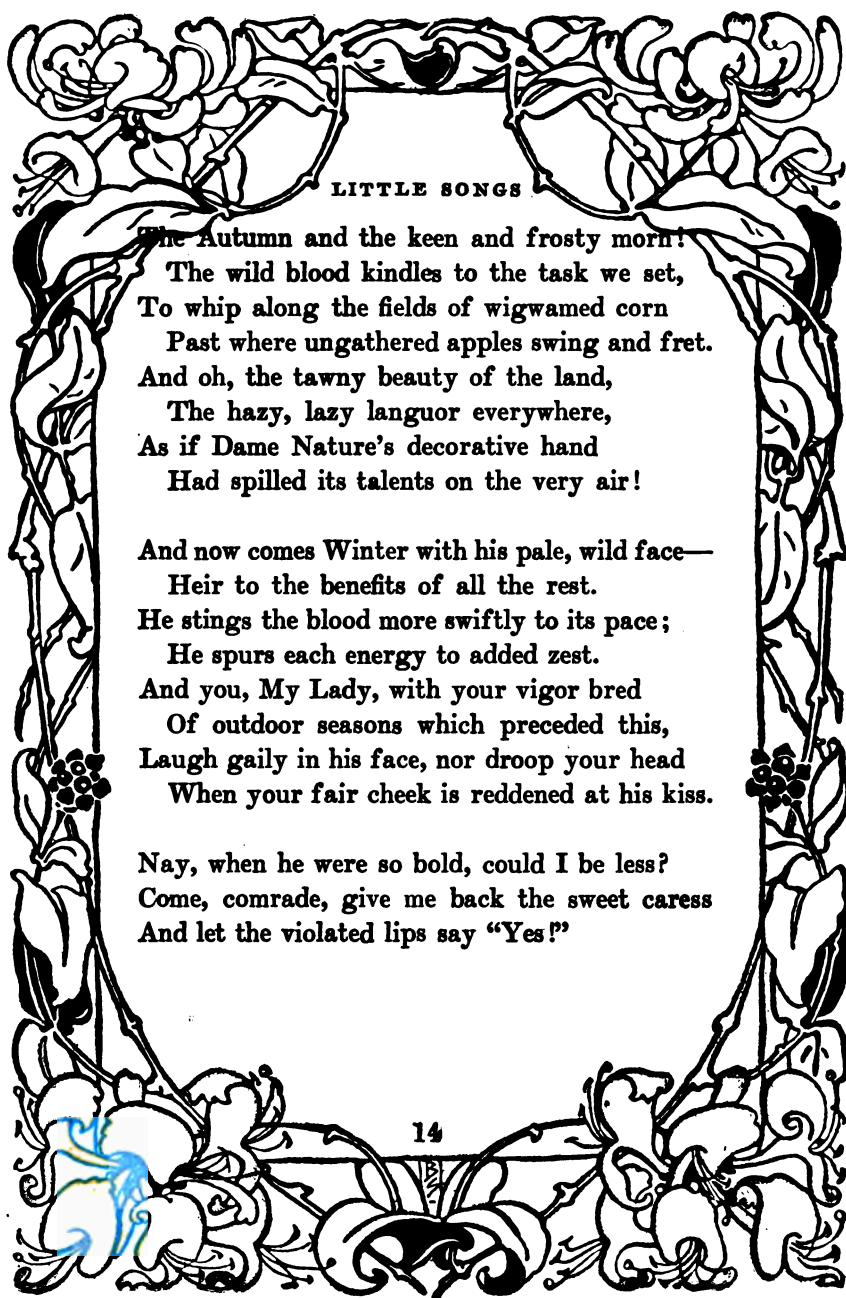
MY LADY OUT-O'-DOORS

The Spring, My Lady Out-o'-Doors, the Spring!
A hundred thousand years she knows, perchance,

Yet still as fresh-eyed, dew-lipped, bright a thing
As you. How Earth refreshens at her glance!

He spreads green velvet for her tender feet;
He strings with emeralds the barren wood;
He rinses all the air with showers sweet,
And Spring smiles on his work and calls it good.

Fair Summer! Oh, her long and happy days,
Beyond the mere seductiveness of speech,
Which lure us into cool and country ways
And spins along the ocean-hardened beach.
We breathe the air of dawning on the hills,
We search among old, quaint, historic sites:
Oh, we escape a hundred human ills
And find a hundred ever-new delights.

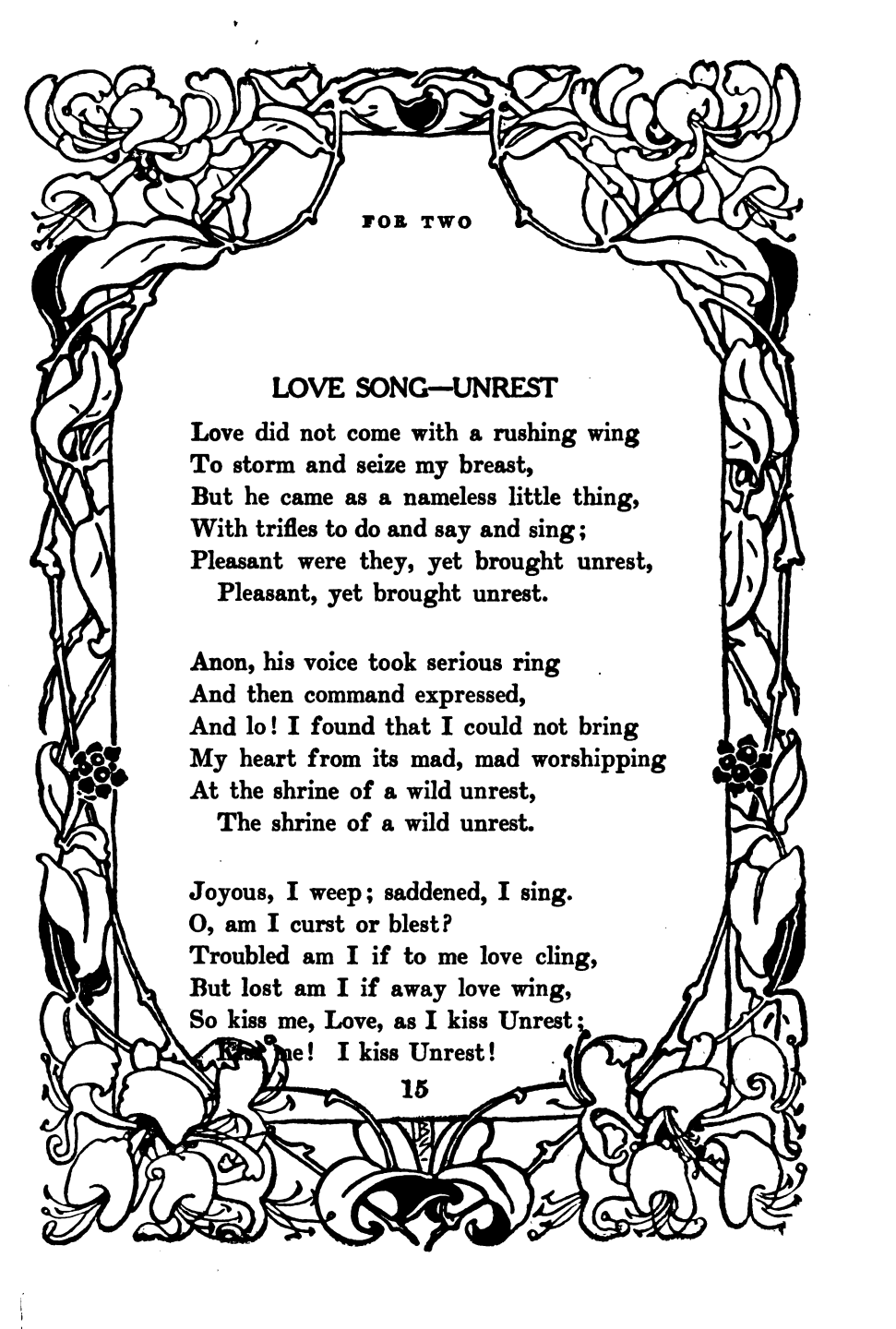


LITTLE SONGS

The Autumn and the keen and frosty morn!
The wild blood kindles to the task we set,
To whip along the fields of wigwamed corn
Past where ungathered apples swing and fret.
And oh, the tawny beauty of the land,
The hazy, lazy languor everywhere,
As if Dame Nature's decorative hand
Had spilled its talents on the very air!

And now comes Winter with his pale, wild face—
Heir to the benefits of all the rest.
He stings the blood more swiftly to its pace;
He spurs each energy to added zest.
And you, My Lady, with your vigor bred
Of outdoor seasons which preceded this,
Laugh gaily in his face, nor droop your head
When your fair cheek is reddened at his kiss.

Nay, when he were so bold, could I be less?
Come, comrade, give me back the sweet caress
And let the violated lips say "Yes!"



FOR TWO

LOVE SONG—UNREST

Love did not come with a rushing wing
To storm and seize my breast,
But he came as a nameless little thing,
With trifles to do and say and sing;
Pleasant were they, yet brought unrest,
Pleasant, yet brought unrest.

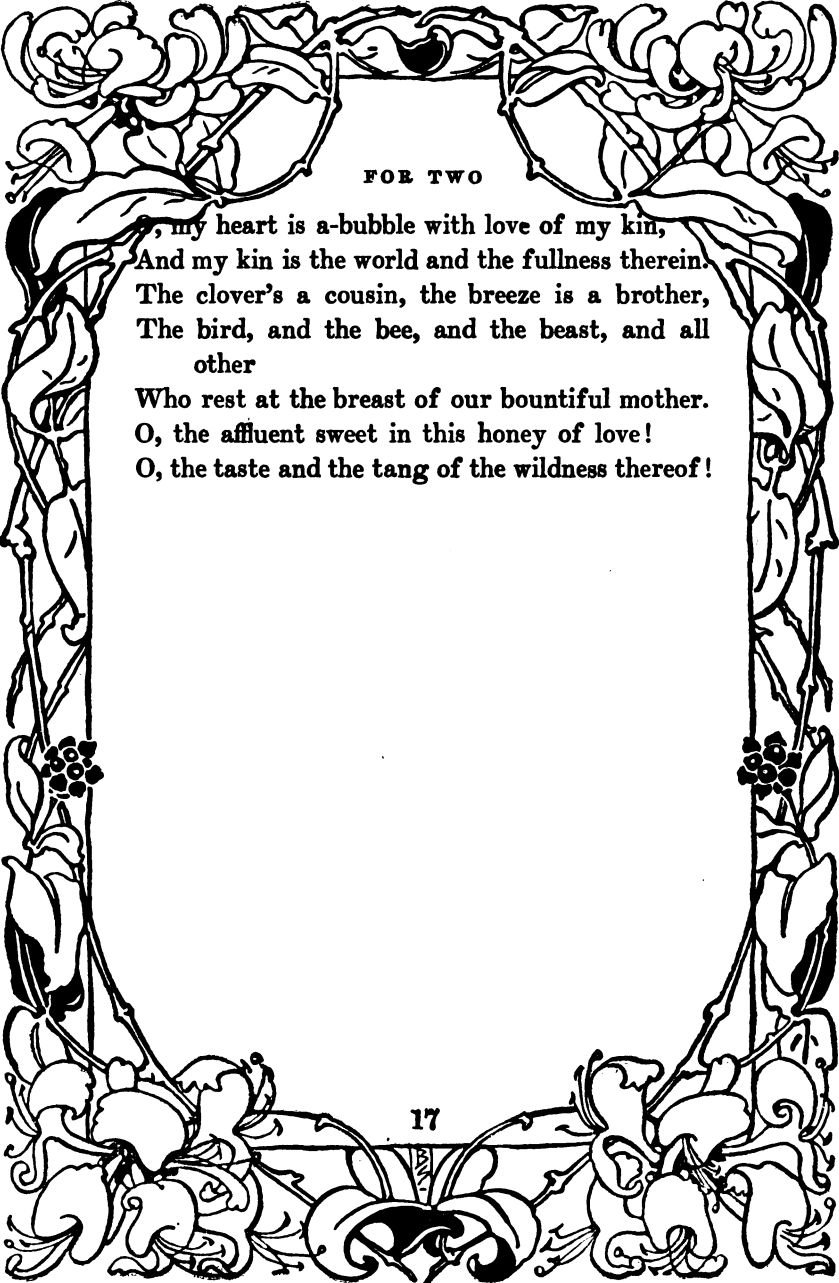
Anon, his voice took serious ring
And then command expressed,
And lo! I found that I could not bring
My heart from its mad, mad worshipping
At the shrine of a wild unrest,
The shrine of a wild unrest.

Joyous, I weep; saddened, I sing.
O, am I curst or blest?
Troubled am I if to me love cling,
But lost am I if away love wing,
So kiss me, Love, as I kiss Unrest;
Kiss me! I kiss Unrest!

IN THE COUNTRY

O, the melody made of no music or words!
The bassoon of the bees and the flute of the
birds,
The harp of the grove, where Aeolus, the rover,
Sings sweet on its strings as the breath of the
clover,
So sweet that the heavens are hushed and bend
over,
Or mayhap, as I listen, another refrain,
The organ of thunder, the drum of the rain.

O, the picture no painter can mimic or mix,
The melodious motion no canvas can fix!
The brisk little whisk of the squirrel, and the
play
Of the light on the green of the grass and the
way
The impudent robin perks up at the day.
O, the waves of the wind as they wash the fresh
sea
Of the meadow and bring back its perfume to



FOR TWO

O, my heart is a-bubble with love of my kin,
And my kin is the world and the fullness therein.
The clover's a cousin, the breeze is a brother,
The bird, and the bee, and the beast, and all
other
Who rest at the breast of our bountiful mother.
O, the affluent sweet in this honey of love!
O, the taste and the tang of the wildness thereof!

PALMISTRY

You doubt the ancient art, you say,
Which we call palmistry to-day?
You think it foolish fancy?
Oh, let me teach you! and the fee
Be only that you sit by me
To learn its necromancy.

Of course, you know, our hands must touch;
No, no, I did not squeeze it—much,
(Though I should love to dearly);
But surely you must understand
I first compress your little hand
To make the lines show clearly.

This Head Line, cut so keenly, shows
How well you realize my woes,
If you would only heed them,
So I must search your eyes to see
If they disclose a hope for me,
But ah! I cannot read them.



FOR TWO

Your Heart Line shows as clear and true
As I should hope it would—in you ;
You see the science of it?
And when—nay, little hand, be calm,
For when I kiss your rosy palm
It signifies I love it!

The Life Line—O my own, I pray
That there may never come a day
To bring a scar to dim it!
May not our life lines, sweetheart, run
Forever, side by side, as one
Unto their utmost limit?

PERFUME

A tiny, wandering sylphid brushed my lips,
As sped she from a field flower to the sky.
In that brief instant, as she passed me by,
A flutter of the diaphanic tips

Of ether wings waved dainty, grateful sips
Of half-forgot perfume to me, and I
Was fain to close my lids and softly sigh,
And lo! to-day for me was in eclipse.

The ghosts of glimmering stars of that last
night;
A witchery of voice, of glance, of dress,
An echo of a softly spoken "Yes,"
Lived once again. Then the disturbing light
Of this unblest to-day put forth its blight,
And all the fragrance turned to bitterness!



FOR TWO

RONDEAU—A MISTLETOE SPRAY

A mistletoe spray—so parched, so dry,
But the rarest blossom fails to vie,
As I hold it these brief feet in air,
And see! again she is standing there,
As pure and bright as the summer sky.
Nay, summer similes scarce apply.
'T is a long-spiced Christmas calls this sigh,
And only the fair Yule-tide may wear
A mistletoe spray.

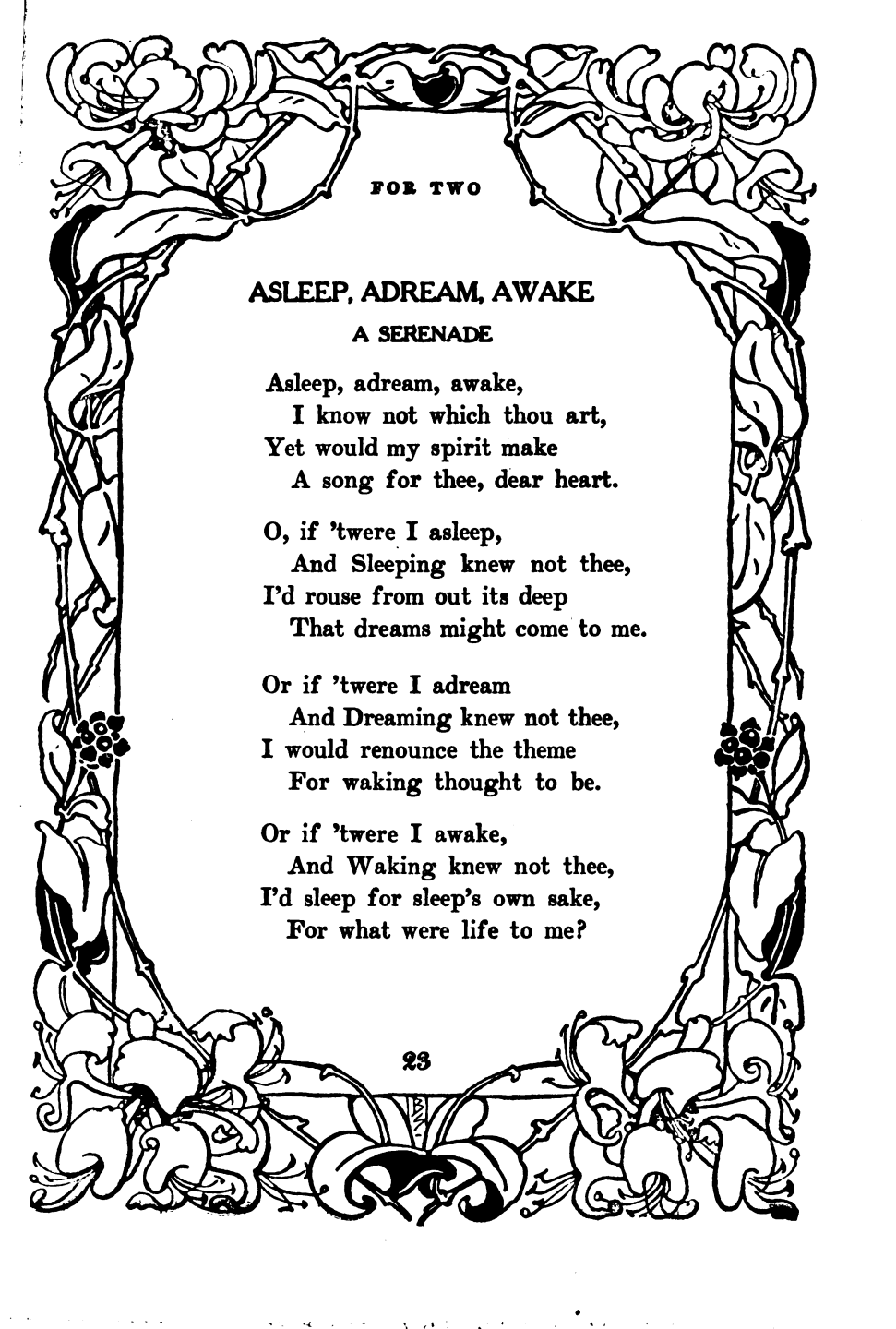
Sweet, on that day-of-the-days, when I
Dreamed the boy-god sped his shafts awry,
This it was told me to do and dare;
You under this in your sun-spun hair;
This—so I treasure it till I die—
A mistletoe spray!

A HUMAN LITTLE GOD

Love is so glad the parting pain is shared.
It would not even have the other spared
The lonely longing when we are apart;
Ah, Love's a selfish little god, sweetheart.

Love is so doubly joyful when we meet,
Because the joy is double and complete.
Joy is not joy when given to one alone;
Ah, Love's a generous little god, my own.

Love shares our pleasures and divides our
troubles
And lo! dividing halves while sharing doubles;
For this he asks full fealty—no less.
Ah, Love's a human little god, I guess.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves and clusters of small flowers, arranged in a rectangular frame.

FOR TWO

ASLEEP, ADREAM, AWAKE

A SERENADE

Asleep, adream, awake,
I know not which thou art,
Yet would my spirit make
A song for thee, dear heart.

O, if 'twere I asleep,
And Sleeping knew not thee,
I'd rouse from out its deep
That dreams might come to me.

Or if 'twere I adream
And Dreaming knew not thee,
I would renounce the theme
For waking thought to be.

Or if 'twere I awake,
And Waking knew not thee,
I'd sleep for sleep's own sake,
For what were life to me?

THE PARTING POINT

Because your way was West and mine is East,
I stand and look along the frosted track
As if by gazing I could call you back.
The Earth is clad in homespun, patched and
pierced
With gray and green. The fields have had a
feast
And left the fragments. Desolate and black
The river slinks away and from the stack
There crawls an airy genie, sable-fleeced.

The naked, shivering trees re-wave "Good-by,"
The mummied leaves leap up as on we fly.
The rails grow dim and narrow in our wake,
Till half I wish, half fancy, they could make
A pair of leading strings that they might tie
Our lives together, nevermore to break.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large, open flowers and smaller buds, all rendered in a black and white line-art style. The border frames the central text and the page number.

FOR TWO

AT A CAR WINDOW

" Vereint sind Liebe und Lens. "—Wagner.

An infant river creeps across a field,
A level green spreads out with lazy air,
And orchard trees lift arms as if in prayer
For strength again to live, to bloom, to yield.
The patient plow has recently unsealed
This stretch of honest earth, while here and there
A pale old farm-house seems to stand and stare,
Or some low, cringing thicket is revealed.

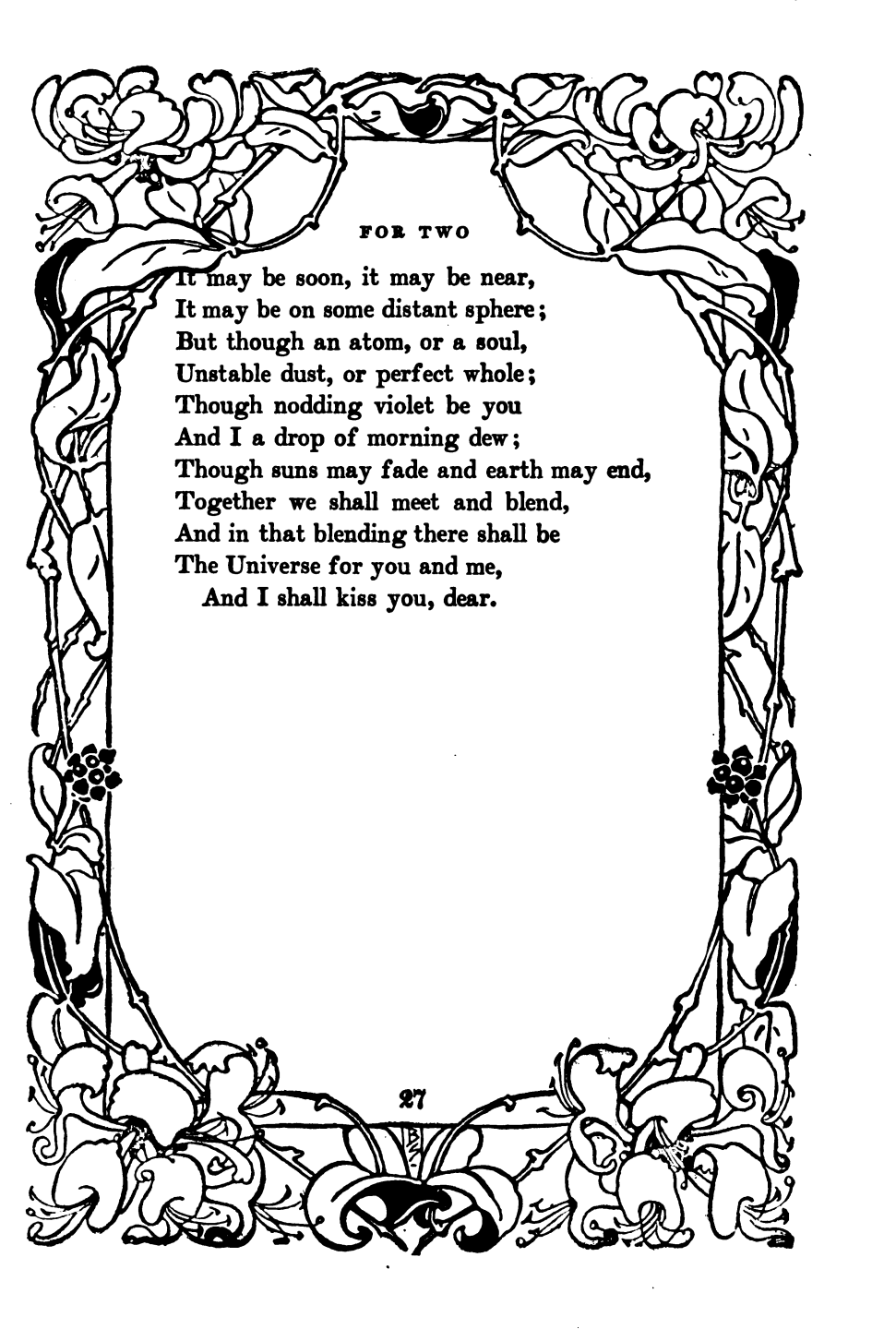
But I see none of these. My longing gaze
Wanders to where a bare wood's melting maze
Upreaches to the sky. So all my thought
Leaves this on-rushing car where you are not,
To mass around that fading parting-spot,
Till it and I are lost in bluish haze.

THREE KISSES

When first I kissed you, dear,
The moon's bright glory mocked the sun;
And moons? why, every star was one.
All men were good and brave and just,
All women fair, and fair to trust,
All happiness was thrall to me
And all the Earth was Arcady,
 When first I kissed you, dear.

When last I kissed you, dear,
I scorned all being—save the worm
To be with you a little term.
The stars had burned to cinders all,
The sky was nothing but a pall,
God was not God, but clumsy Knaves
All Earth was but your open grave,
 When last I kissed you, dear.

When next I kiss you, dear,
It may be æons hence, and you
Impalpable as Heaven's blue;



FOR TWO

It may be soon, it may be near,
It may be on some distant sphere;
But though an atom, or a soul,
Unstable dust, or perfect whole;
Though nodding violet be you
And I a drop of morning dew;
Though suns may fade and earth may end,
Together we shall meet and blend,
And in that blending there shall be
The Universe for you and me,
And I shall kiss you, dear.

REITERATION

From out the long ago,
There steals the beauty of a thought
A noble poet nobly wrought.
Its every word I know,
And yet I read it o'er and o'er
And every reading makes it more.

From out the dreamy past,
A fine old air, a dear old strain,
Floats back to memory again,
And memory holds it fast.
And still I love its sound as much
As though not knowing every touch.

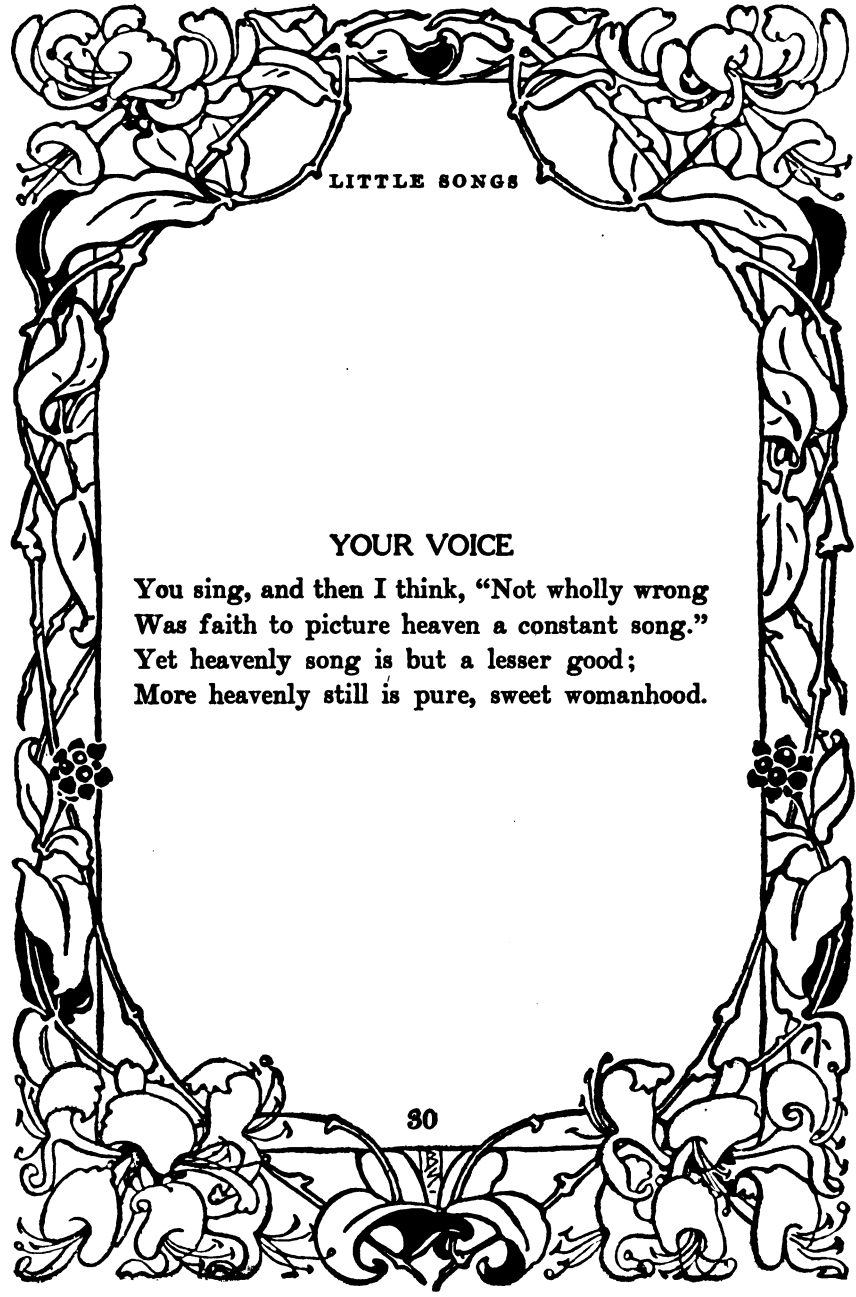
You love me. Yes, I know;
I know it well by life and death!
I know it by your latest breath
Which whispered, sweet and low.
Ah, me, the music of its vow!
O, sweetheart, say you love me, *now!*



FOR TWO

YOUR TEARS

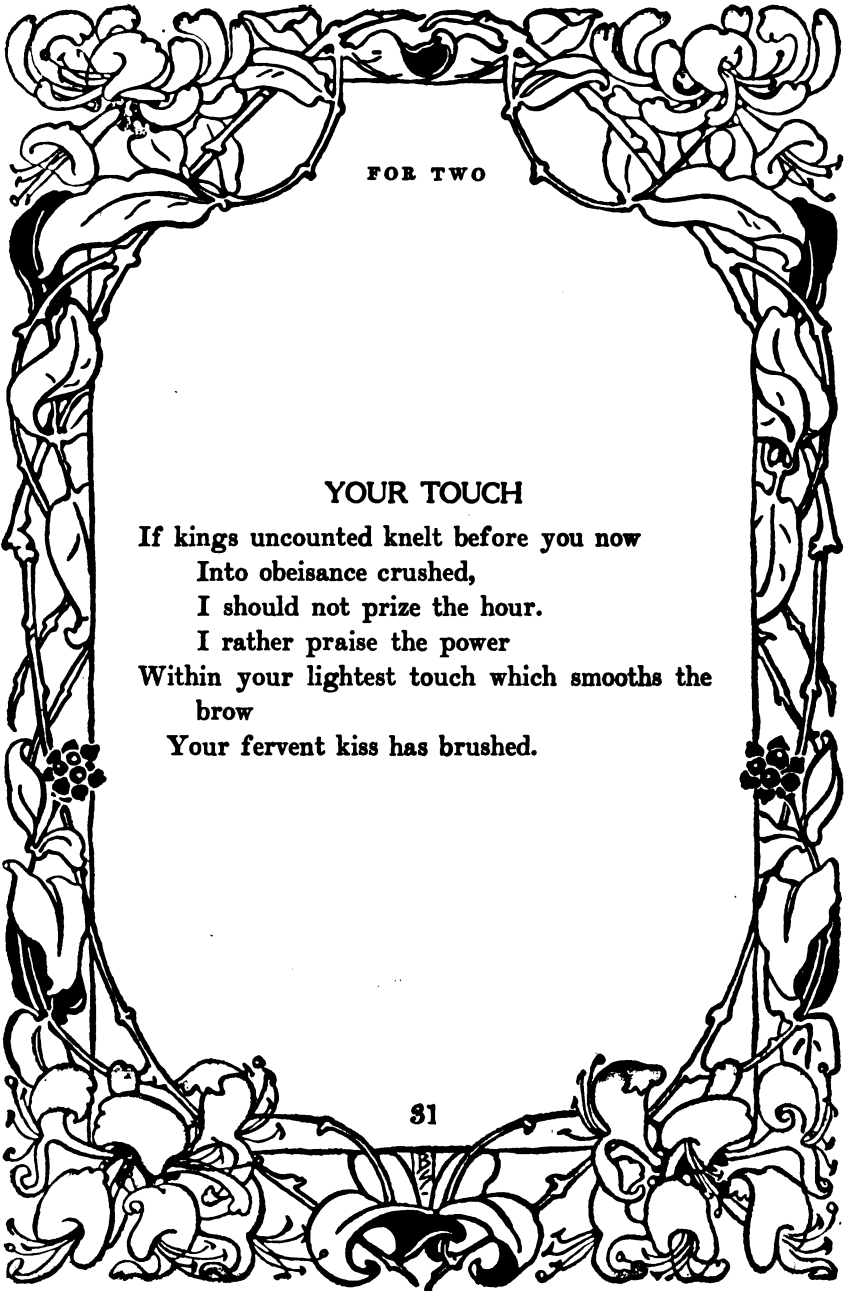
Twin jeweled drops of purest ray, beyond a
prince's prize;
The brilliance of the diamond on the blueness
of the skies!
Dear, let my eager kisses quaff away the tender
tears,
As poorer pearls from baser cups were drunk
in olden years.



LITTLE SONGS

YOUR VOICE

You sing, and then I think, "Not wholly wrong
Was faith to picture heaven a constant song."
Yet heavenly song is but a lesser good;
More heavenly still is pure, sweet womanhood.



FOR TWO

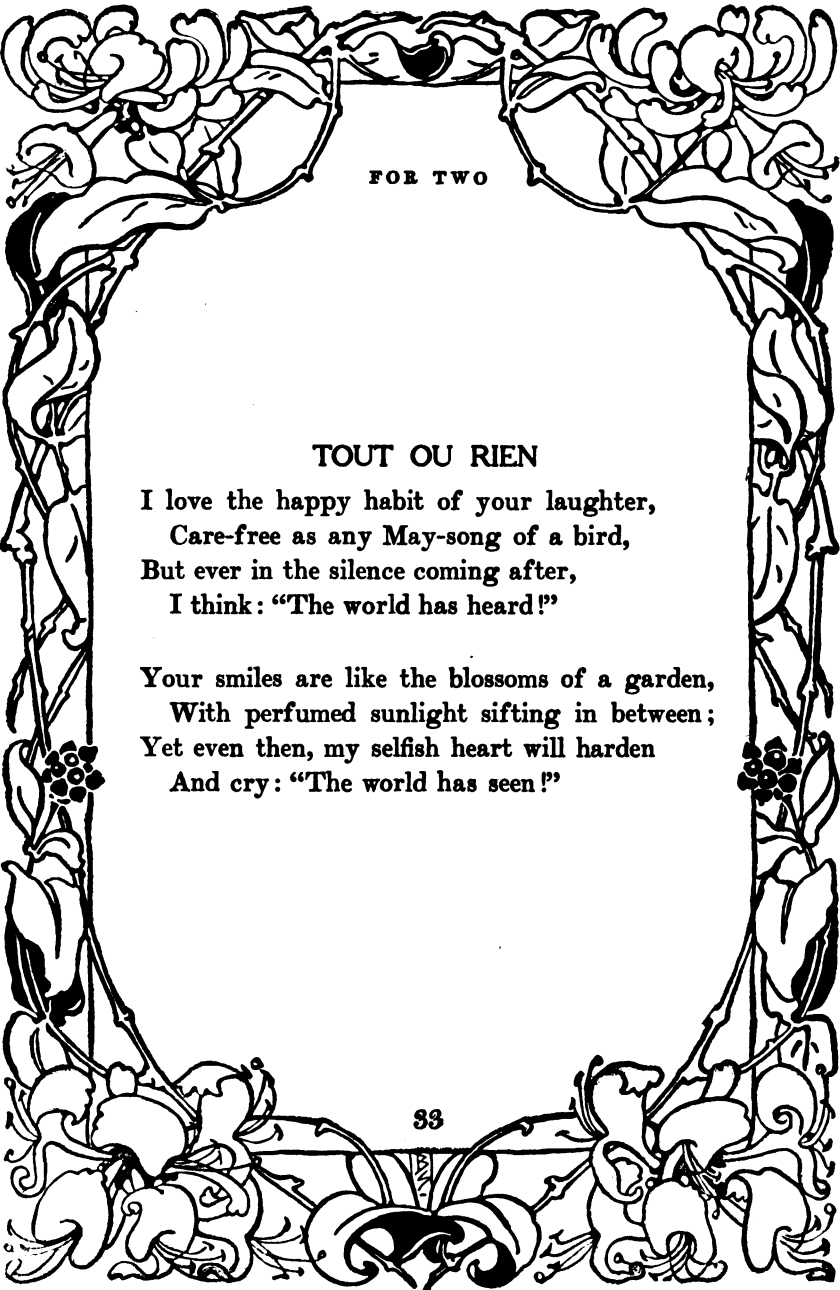
YOUR TOUCH

If kings uncounted knelt before you now
Into obeisance crushed,
I should not prize the hour.
I rather praise the power
Within your lightest touch which smooths the
brow
Your fervent kiss has brushed.

ASSURANCE

To-day you turned your face away
And seemed to doubt me.
To-night your acme of delight
Is but to flout me.
But, sweetheart, I will wait;
Love has no laggard gait,
And though he seem away,
Far off he cannot stay.
To-morrow you will say:

“Dear heart, of all the things thou art,
The best is boldness.
Believe me not when'er I grieve
Thy heart with coldness.
Take me within thy arms,
Shield me from doubting harms,
For I am thine always.
My love can never stray,
And did not yesterday!”



FOR TWO

TOUT OU RIEN

I love the happy habit of your laughter,
Care-free as any May-song of a bird,
But ever in the silence coming after,
I think: "The world has heard!"

Your smiles are like the blossoms of a garden,
With perfumed sunlight sifting in between;
Yet even then, my selfish heart will harden
And cry: "The world has seen!"

I WOULD

I would write of you, love, in an ode or a sonnet,
For the theme were a garb to the muse who
might don it
(Though flounced as an epic, or cut as a
ballad)

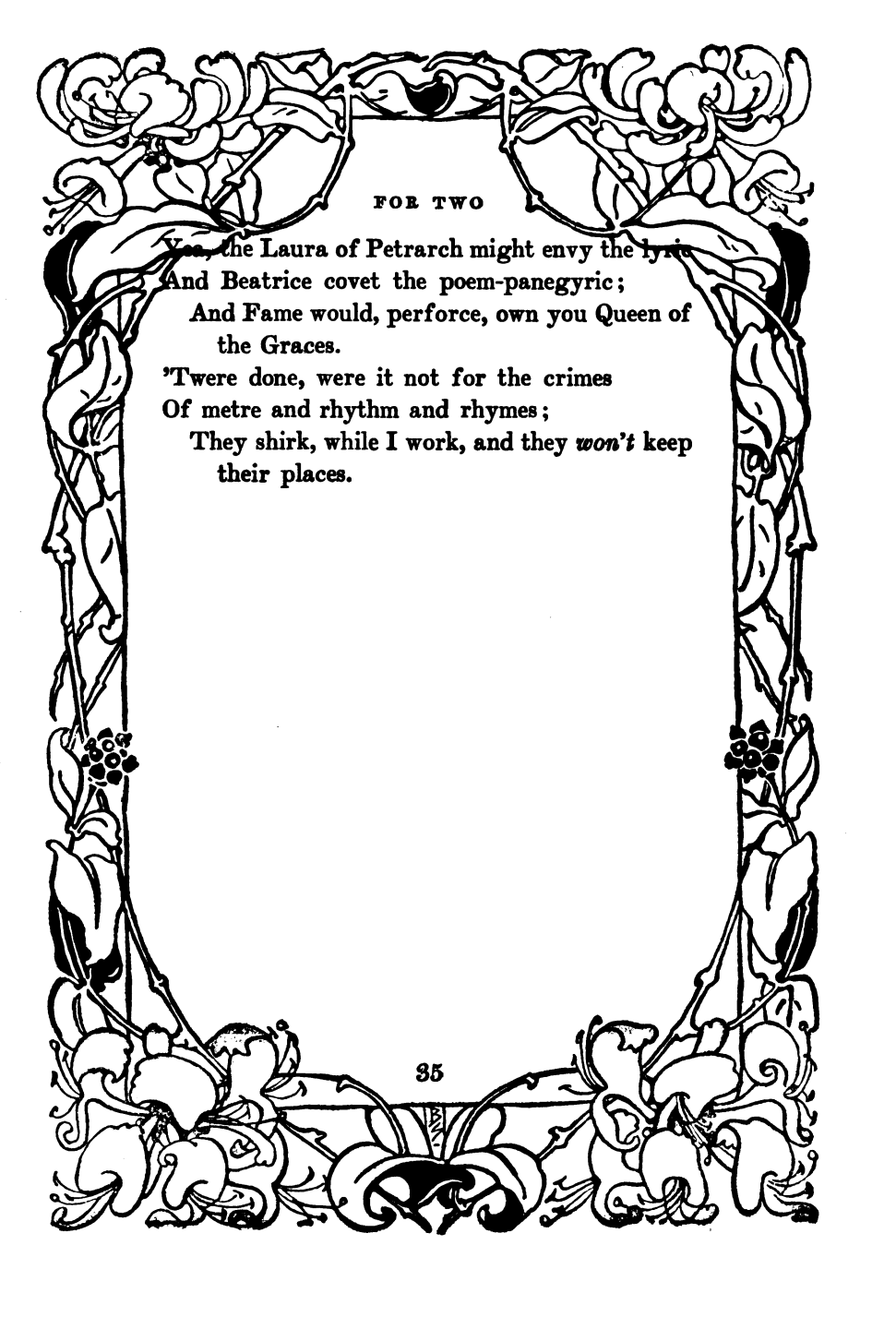
To heighten what charm she possesses,
And lighten the faults she confesses
And brighten her visage, no matter how
pallid.

If my pen were that shaft which the boy-god
let sink

In my heart and the fluid it touched were the ink,
I'd praise you in rubrics commanding in-
spection;

But, dear, every thought is so true
In loving allegiance to you,

It leads me to flee in your pleasing embrace.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including what appear to be pansies and other blossoms, with detailed leaves and stems. The design is symmetrical and fills the page around the central text.

FOR TWO

Yes, the Laura of Petrarch might envy the lyric
And Beatrice covet the poem-panegyric;
And Fame would, perforce, own you Queen of
the Graces.

'Twere done, were it not for the crimes
Of metre and rhythm and rhymes;
They shirk, while I work, and they *won't* keep
their places.

THE SONG YOU SANG FOR ME

Oh, sweeter, more sweet than the cultured tone
Of an opera singer's soaring notes,
Or the birds' glad glee, or the waves' sad moan,
Or the tuneful tinkle of art-made throats
Was the song you sang for me alone and all the
world was June,
Was the song you sang—'twas all our own—and
oh, my heart beat tune.

Your lips gave each number a soft caress
And bade it forever a fond good-bye;
'Twould be wondrous then if I prized them less
And did not dream with a wishful sigh.
O singer, the poet's words were naught and the
song without a key,
Till into those words you breathed your thought
and gave them a life for me.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including what appear to be tulips and other large-petaled flowers, with intricate leaf patterns. The design is symmetrical and fills the page around the central text.

FOR TWO

IN SORROW, NOT IN WRATH

Fair face, besmirched with kisses of dead men ;
Proud eyes, which did not melt at their distress,
Which feign, but never know a tenderness ;
White hands, which I shall never touch again ;
Sweet breath, which poisons like a stagnant fen ;
Rare hair, which hides a serpent in each tress ;
Rich lips, with honeyed falsehood to confess ;
I scorn you now, just as I loved you then.

Yet, were it given to me to sit above
Your petty world, that I might judge your
shame,

A shame you do not guess the burden of,
In calm dispassioned judgment I should name
The penalty incurred by all your blame :
'Twere only this, that some day you should love.

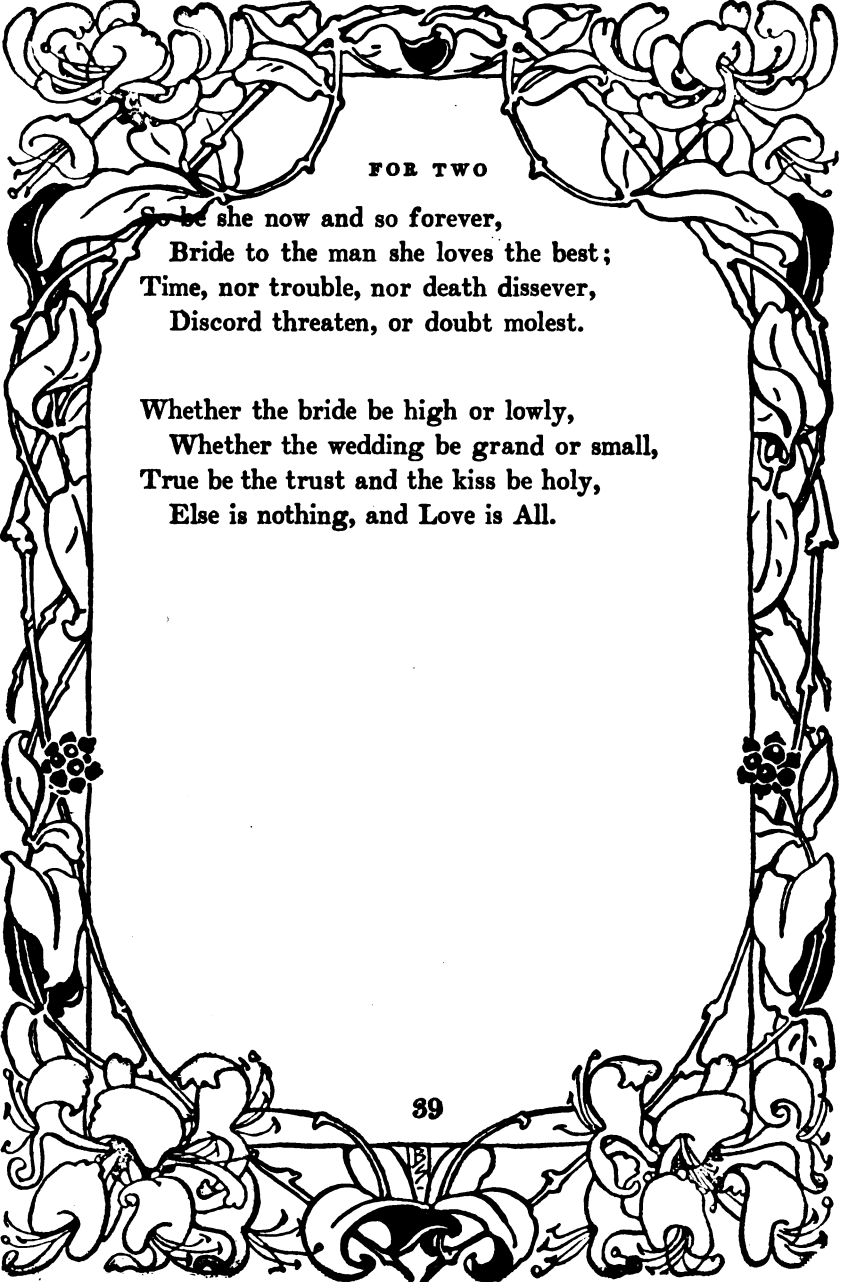
A BRIDE

Now in the month when the rose is blooming
White in its purity, pink in its pride;
Now in the blush of its sweet perfuming,
Fresh as the rose-leaf comes the bride.

Pure is the breath of a June-time morning,
Pure is the sunlight's dawning dart,
Pure is the bud with the dew adorning,
Purest of all is a maiden's heart.

Sweet is the music's peal and pleading,
Sweet its exultant throb and thrill,
Sweet is the calm and hush succeeding,
Sweetest of all is the bride's "I will."

Firm is the heart though the voice may falter,
Whole is her trust as the circling band
Welding, before the eternal altar,
Soul unto soul as hand to hand.



FOR TWO

So be she now and so forever,
Bride to the man she loves the best;
Time, nor trouble, nor death dis sever,
Discord threaten, or doubt molest.

Whether the bride be high or lowly,
Whether the wedding be grand or small,
True be the trust and the kiss be holy,
Else is nothing, and Love is All.

LOVE'S COURSE

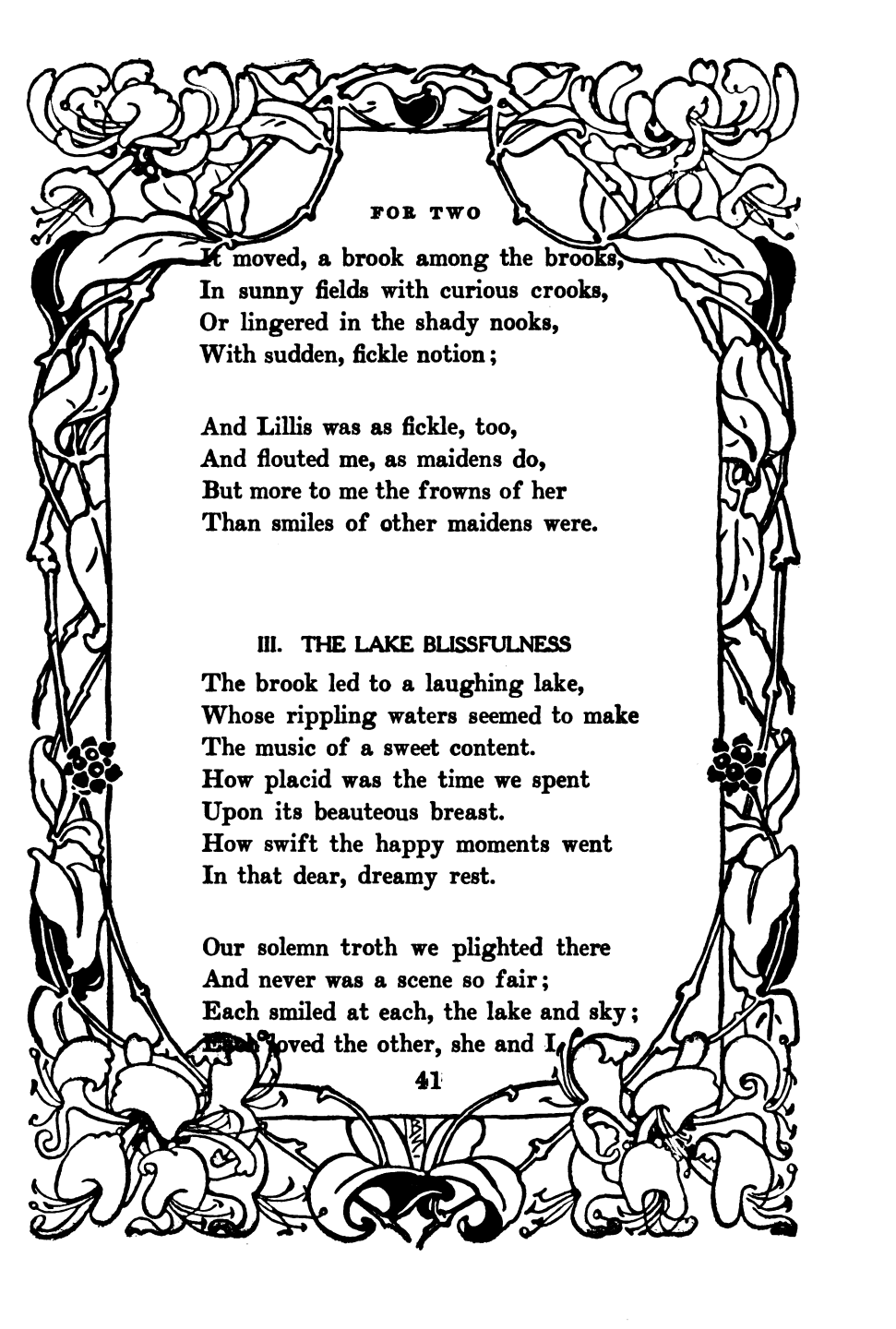
I. THE SPRING PLEASANTRY

When Lillis met with me
And I with Lillis met,
Our gladness bubbled gay and free
—A babbling spring it seemed to be—
I almost wish it were so yet;
Almost I wish it were so yet.

For minus care or deeper thrill
Than harbored in that little rill,
We dipped our fingers, drank our fill,
And said it was a pretty spring—
A rippling, dripping little thing,
Where love might stoop to wet his wing.

II. THE BROOK UNCERTAINTY

A sliding, gliding little stream
Took up the spring's emotion,
As graceful as a maiden's dream
When Love first claims devotion.



FOR TWO

It moved, a brook among the brooks,
In sunny fields with curious crooks,
Or lingered in the shady nooks,
With sudden, fickle notion ;

And Lillis was as fickle, too,
And flouted me, as maidens do,
But more to me the frowns of her
Than smiles of other maidens were.

III. THE LAKE BLISSFULNESS

The brook led to a laughing lake,
Whose rippling waters seemed to make
The music of a sweet content.
How placid was the time we spent
Upon its beauteous breast.
How swift the happy moments went
In that dear, dreamy rest.

Our solemn troth we plighted there
And never was a scene so fair ;
Each smiled at each, the lake and sky ;
And loved the other, she and I.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including what appear to be lilies and other blossoms, with detailed leaves and stems. The design is symmetrical and fills the page around the central text.

LITTLE SONGS

IV. THE RIVER JEALOUSY

The lake poured out its inmost heart
To make a gloomy river,
With sudden throb and angry dart
And all the air a-quiver.
The banks grew high and rough and steep
And rocky monsters seemed to leap
From out that dark and swirling deep
And set the stream a-shiver.

We knew not where that torrent led,
But on its banks were pallid dead,
But yet, in spite of wave and weather,
My love and I passed through together.

V. THE BREADTH AND DEPTH OF OCEAN

Down leaped the river to the sea,
But Love was ours, so what cared we?
And Lillis clung, and shared with me
The dangers of the ocean,
Where mighty storms swept o'er us
And great waves rose before us
And eddying currents bore us,
And all was frightful motion.



FOR TWO

Yet oft the sea is kind, and oft
The blue sky bends above;
The sun is warm, the air is soft,
And tender as our love.
And though the sea be broad and deep,
Yet calmly on its breast we sleep,
And deep as ocean's self shall be
My love for Lillis, hers for me.

LOYALTY

Prisoning your hand in mine, I mark the music
of your lips,
Looking in your loving eyes and solaced to my
finger tips;
Sunning in your gentle presence, thanking God
that you are you,
Yet I cannot help but wonder, is it true that
we are true?

Is the loyalty of love but as the loyalty of race?
Are we each to each just what we are because of
time and place?
Are you mine because you *are* mine? Could an-
other one be I,
If, when you were ripe for loving, that one hap-
pened to be by?

Would you still be mine in spirit though an-
other held this hand?
Would your heart contain a vacant niche it
could not understand?
Would you sometimes sit and dream of me whom
you had never met
As a memory of happiness which had not hap-
pened yet?



FOR TWO

POSSESSION

“Nay,” murmured the wife,
“Love is no longer your life.

“Seldom, too seldom, now
You breathe life into your vow.

“Rarely the love-words start
Hot from the core of your heart.

“Seldom the song you once sung
Trembles and thrills on your tongue.”

Answered the husband, “Look,
My love, at your favorite book.

“Do you remember how first
You read with a rapturous burst?

“Do you remember how, then,
You marked and re-marked it again,

“Scribbling some marginal note,
Or pausing to praise it and quote it.”



LITTLE SONGS

“Now, though you keep it close by,
Under your hand and your eye,

“Rarely you praise it the same,
Rarely you cite and exclaim,

“For it is needless. ’T is part
Of your own mind and your heart.

“Such, too, the history of
My book—our Volume of Love.”

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves and smaller blossoms, arranged in a symmetrical, Art Nouveau style.

FOR TWO

EN RAPPORT

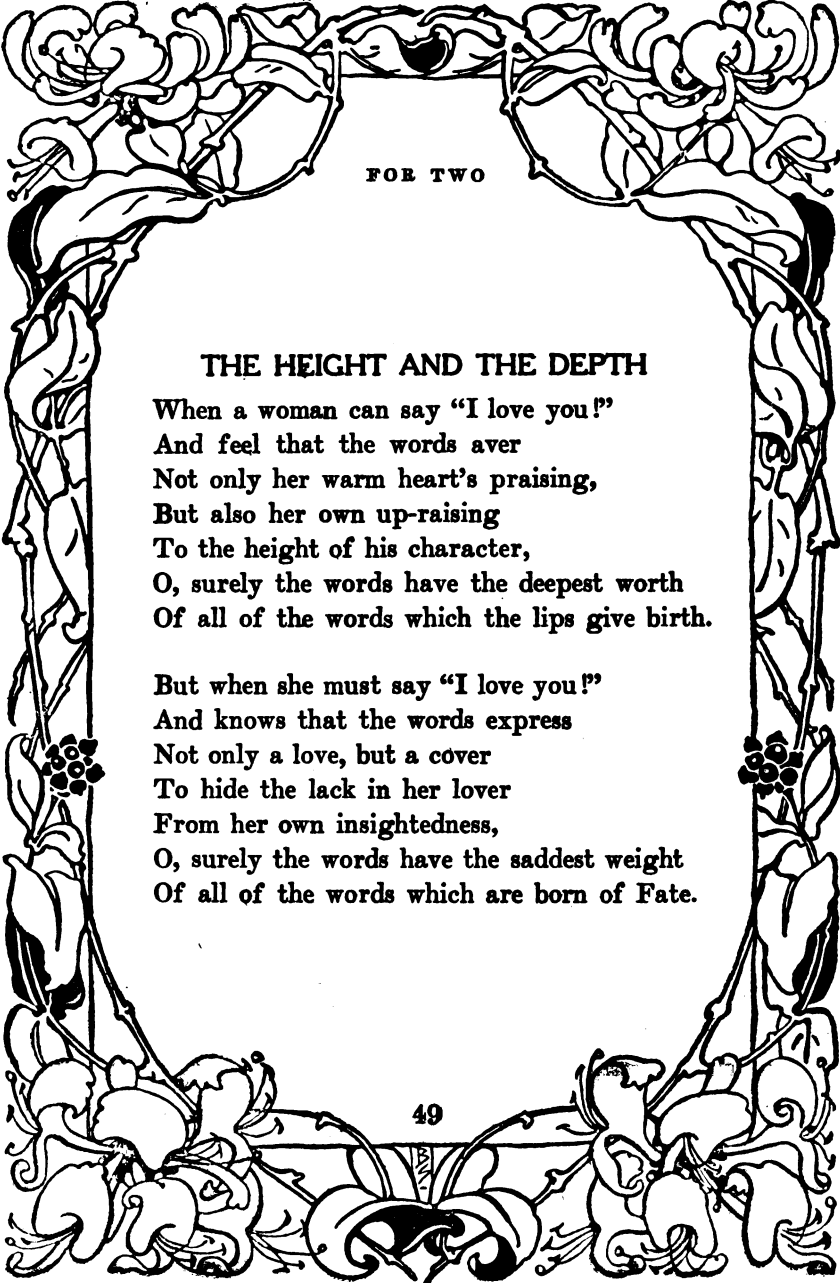
I would tell you, sweet, a thousand things
I feel when the robin redbreast sings
And the earth is softly warm and bright
And the sky has donned its blue and white,
As once in the long ago,
But, O, dear heart, there's never a word
By man pronounced or woman heard
Which tells that touch, which the redbreast
sings,
For words are coarse and cumbrous things
As surely you know, you know.

If I could but think the thousand things
I feel when the springtime bluebird sings,
I would send the dream its quiet course
Like the brooks' and breezes' flow and force
From out of the long ago,
But, sweetest heart, there's never a thought
Which poet or sage has ever wrought
To tell that trill that the bluebird sings,
For thoughts are feeble, futile things,
As surely you know, you know.



LITTLE SONGS

Yet truly, my own, we know the things,
Which the gentle Springtime softly sings;
And the happy heart leaps up in praise
Of the ceaseless flow of blessed days
 From out of the long ago,
For the quivering life my lips would tell
Is all that your own soul knows so well,
As the heart-string's truest note is known
By the chording heart to that same tone,
 So surely you know, you know.



FOR TWO

THE HEIGHT AND THE DEPTH

When a woman can say "I love you!"
And feel that the words aver
Not only her warm heart's praising,
But also her own up-raising
To the height of his character,
O, surely the words have the deepest worth
Of all of the words which the lips give birth.

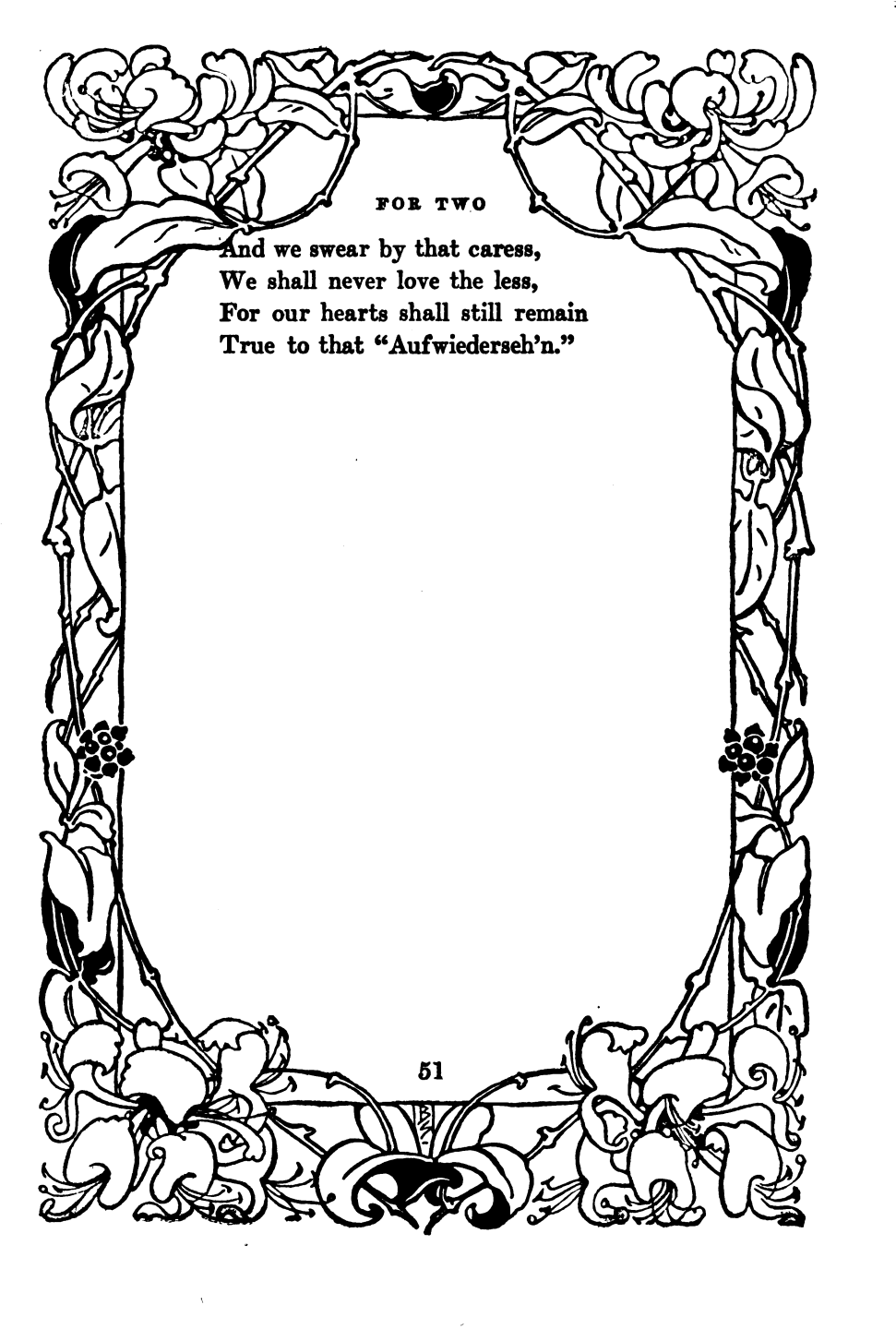
But when she must say "I love you!"
And knows that the words express
Not only a love, but a cover
To hide the lack in her lover
From her own insightedness,
O, surely the words have the saddest weight
Of all of the words which are born of Fate.

"THE PARTING GUEST"

"Maiden, from beyond the Rhine,
Liebchen, with the lips of wine,
Were these lips to visit thine,
What would those lips say to mine?"
Thus I spoke unto my dear,
Who knows my heart and has no fear,
"Liebchen, with the lips of wine,
"What would those lips say to mine?"

Said that maiden in reply,
—She who loves as well as I—
"Gentle sir, thy speech is plain,
But should these lips entertain
Thy bold lips, mine own were fain
Just to say 'Aufwiederseh'n,'
To repeat the old refrain
'We'll meet again; Aufwiederseh'n!'"

So, whene'er those lips meet mine
And I quaff their nectared wine,
When they part, they pout again
And that means "Aufwiederseh'n".



FOR TWO

And we swear by that caress,
We shall never love the less,
For our hearts shall still remain
True to that "Aufwiederseh'n."

HUMILITY TO PRIDE

Our arms close comrades? In your stately face
My gayness mirrored? Your proud voice and
mine

In pleased companionship? It is a grace
Diogenes himself would scarce decline.

I had not known this sweet and strange surprise,
Not known delight's soft fragrance such as
this,

Had I the joy to see *love* light your eyes,
To clasp you close and feel your luscious kiss.

For dainty vines embrace the meanest tree;
And little Cupid, when he draws his bow,
Is blinder than his slaves, or if he see,
He cares not if his aim be high or low.

The ardent sun of love shines not for me,
But mine the clear, ideal stars to view;
And I am proudly pleased that Fate's decree
Grants me these passionless bright smiles
from you.



FOR TWO

VANISHED

'Twere better had we never met,
And yet,
Our meeting I cannot regret.
Because the day has passed and night set in,
Why should one wish the day had never been?

Why did we only say "Good-bye?"
A sigh,
A word, had given doubt the lie.
One ardent smile had been a golden ray
To melt the coolness, which between us lay.

The radiant brightness of a glance,
Perchance,
Had lightened shaded circumstance.
A single glimmering, regretful tear
Had washed away my dismal, doubting fear.

No token came. We said "Farewell."
It fell
Like low-rung, sad-tongued, solemn knell;
And like a spirit's sigh it haunted me,
For 'twas a ghost of woe, which was to be



LITTLE SONGS

truant thoughts! why roam so far
To mar
The beauties of the things which are?
'T is folly thus, to look, with saddened sigh,
For vanished love-light when the day is by.



FOR TWO

COMPLETENESS

I said, ere yesterday had fled
I loved you truly
In every part, mind, soul and heart,
Nor was it said unduly.

Yet more than that which was before
Is that which holds me,
And so to-day, again I say
Love wholly now enfolds me.

But O, if one least whit I grow
By joy or sorrow,
Hear, sweetheart, now my tender vow,
I'll love you more to-morrow.

TO A MOTHER

As my wee head
Was comforted
Upon your shoulder,
So you must rest,
Upon my breast,
Since time is older,
And grants to me the strength and right
To be a mother's loyal Knight.

Nay, nay, because your locks are gray,
I will not have you say your day
Is fading,
For look! When aged grows the night
'Tis only then the morning light
Comes shading
The dark to gray,
And then, you know,
Day comes and all the shadows go.

Yes, now you mention it, I see
Those locks are few, but what care we
Though few, or many?
For well I know, dear, you loved me,
Ere I had any!



FOR TWO

Your eyes are now a lesser blue
Than once their color,
But what of that? I hold it true
They're but a softer, sweeter hue,
And softer is not duller.

I own, my deary, one might trace
Some recent lines upon your face,
Some curved, some crinkly,
But, dear, the beautiful design
We term a rose has line on line
Much, much more wrinkly.

Your mother-heart
Gave up a part
Of life to give my life its start
And its endurance,
And none can separate the mesh
Which makes us truly "of one flesh,"
So no assurance
Your Knight need vow to make him true,
Since he is only part of you!

SILENCE

There is no word or thought to measure Death.
They sorrow least who vent the clamorous breath
Of lamentation loudly to the sky,
Or build the sounding eulogy on high.
Words, words and words; what mean they when
we stand

Touching the cold and irresponsive hand,
Pressing the lips which keep their rigid line,
Searching the calm, calm face which gives no
sign?

There is no solace then. Who knows the word
To bid the stricken mourner "Be not stirred?"
Even God could comfort only if he gave
The dear life back again and spoiled the grave;
And that he may not do. Yet there is one
Whose word, whose glance, would turn the dark
to sun,

But ah! that one, the one who mutely lies,
Silence forever on the lips and eyes!

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large, open flowers and smaller buds, all rendered in a black and white line-art style. The border frames the central text, with the top and bottom sections being particularly dense with floral details.

FOR TWO

THE EMPTY HOUSE

The lawn flows smooth and the hedge is trimmed,
The garden shines in a blush of bloom,
The door swings wide on a hall undimmed
And the glad sun haloes the well-kept room,
Yet about the whole is a soulless air
And the spirit within one blights and warps;
Is it, perhaps, that the windows stare
Like the open eyes of a friendless corpse?
Or is it, perhaps, that the curtains stir
Touched by the breath of her — of her?

In every room is a subtle change
And every chair stands aloof, alone,
The kettle sighs on the kitchen range
And the children play in a half-hushed tone.
The naperied table spreads its wares
Like the victualling-place of a sordid inn;
From the music-room the piano glares
Showing its teeth in a ghastly grin.
And from dawn to dusk and dusk till dawn,
The house cries out "She is gone—is gone."



LITTLE SONGS

GOOD-BYE

I say "Good-bye;" I clasp your hand;
I hope that you may understand,
For somehow I can speak no word
Beyond the commonplaces heard
On every side. My tongue had planned
A hundred partings, yet I stand
And empty both of gay and grand,
I say "Good-bye."

My heart-strings tighten, strand by strand;
Again I struggle to command
Some meaning speech. Your eyes are blurred,
Your lips are parted. Mine are stirred
With unborn kisses, and—I—and—
I say "Good-bye."

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves and clusters of small flowers, arranged in a symmetrical, Art Nouveau style.

FOR TWO

ASUNDER

I. THE BACKWARD LOOK

My thoughts go back to meet the happy dawn;
The morning passes and the night is gone;
The rosy day is dead and draped in black,
As I sit in the darkness, looking back.

II. PLAYTIME

I remember how we played
In the sun and in the shade,
Chasing birds and butterflies,
Laughing at the shining skies,
Shining less than childhood's eyes;
Happy little man and maid
In the sun—and in the shade.

III. THE CHILDHOOD OF LOVE

“Let us live together always,” so we said,
“Till we’re grown and till we’re dead.
Underneath the apple tree
Is the house for you and me.”
So we made our wedding-feast,
As the sun shone in the East;
There we might be dwelling yet,—
But the afternoon was wet!



LITTLE SONGS

IV. LONDON BRIDGE

"London Bridge" we gayly sang
On a summer's day.
Little rival voices rang
In the childish play.

"Golden ring, or golden calf?
Let your choice be spoken!"
O, I heard my rival's laugh,
And London Bridge was broken.

V. FROLIC

Full of frolic, you and I
Raced two clouds across the sky.
Mine we called a woolly whale;
Yours a ship without a sail;
How we laughed when yours ran faster;
How we cheered when mine was master,
Till the clouds merged into one
And both together hid the sun.

VI. THE DANCE

Forward and back to the tinkling string;
Right hand 'round, as the fiddles sing;
Swing in the center and honey and wine!
Balance your partner down the line!

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves, smaller flowers, and clusters of berries, all rendered in a black and white line-art style. The border frames the central text area.

FOR TWO

Hold your hand as a flitting guest,
We are brow to brow, we are breast to breast
And then by another that hand is pressed
As the violin cries with a wild unrest.

But forward and back the couples go,
Right hand, left hand, *dos-a-dos*;
Swing in the center and honey and wine!
Balance your partner down the line.

VII. THE RIFT

No, no, I do not doubt you, dear.
'Twas but a word, a foolish fear.
'Tis only that I cannot bear
The smallest breath of you to share.
I want your every smile and tone
All for my own, my very own.
And you—but now that you are near,
No, no, I *will* not doubt you, dear.

VIII. THE TROTH

There are no other kisses like to those.
They own the sweet of violet and rose,
The softness of the moonlight on the sea,
The thrill of music's deepest ecstasy,
The warmth of spring-time—and your love for

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are arranged in a repeating pattern, with some larger blooms at the corners and smaller ones along the sides. The leaves are long and pointed, with detailed vein patterns.

LITTLE SONGS

They serve all good and master every ill,
They tell the inner tempest "Peace! be still!"
They strengthen and revive the wounded will;
They are the triumph of the pure and true;
They are the rapture—in one word—of *you*.

IX. UNFAITH

Would it were yesterday and I were dead!
Would it were morrow and this pain were
crushed!

Look on my bleeding faith; see where the red
From out the tender bosom warmly gushed,
Slain by the arrow which thy tongue hath sped.

Forgive thee? Oh, yes, even as thou wilt.
But, oh, forgiveness is so incomplete!
It ever leaves a bitter in the sweet,
It never can refill the cup once spilt,
And trust dies ever from but one deceit.

X. KISS AND FORGET

Kiss and forget.
The past is past.
Come, love and let
the memory fret!

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves and clusters of small flowers, arranged in a symmetrical pattern around the central text.

FOR TWO

Years travel fast
With no time for regret.
Love still endures
In my heart and yours,
Let us employ
All our days to enjoy.
Come, let us bury
The past and be merry!
Yes, sweetheart, let
Us kiss and forget.

XI. THE SCAR

I look upon your face and vow
It never was as dear as now.
You hold me closely to your breast
And cry our love stands every test.
But deep within the heart a scar
Looks out upon the things which are
And grimly smiles that you and I
Must try—alas, that we must try!

XII. ASUNDER

Not till the frost is flame
Can ever we be the same.
Not till the spilt wine, gathered up,
Goes to the brim the shattered cup



LITTLE SONGS

Not all the cloudless sky
Loses its deep, clear dye
May two, who were one, recall
Their past and again be all in all.

Nay, though the earth shall end,
Scarce shall our dead dust blend,
But our differing ghosts shall be blown afar
Till each shall lodge in a separate star.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large, open flowers and smaller buds, all rendered in a simple, line-art style. The leaves are elongated and pointed, with some showing detailed vein patterns. The overall effect is a classic, elegant frame for the poem.

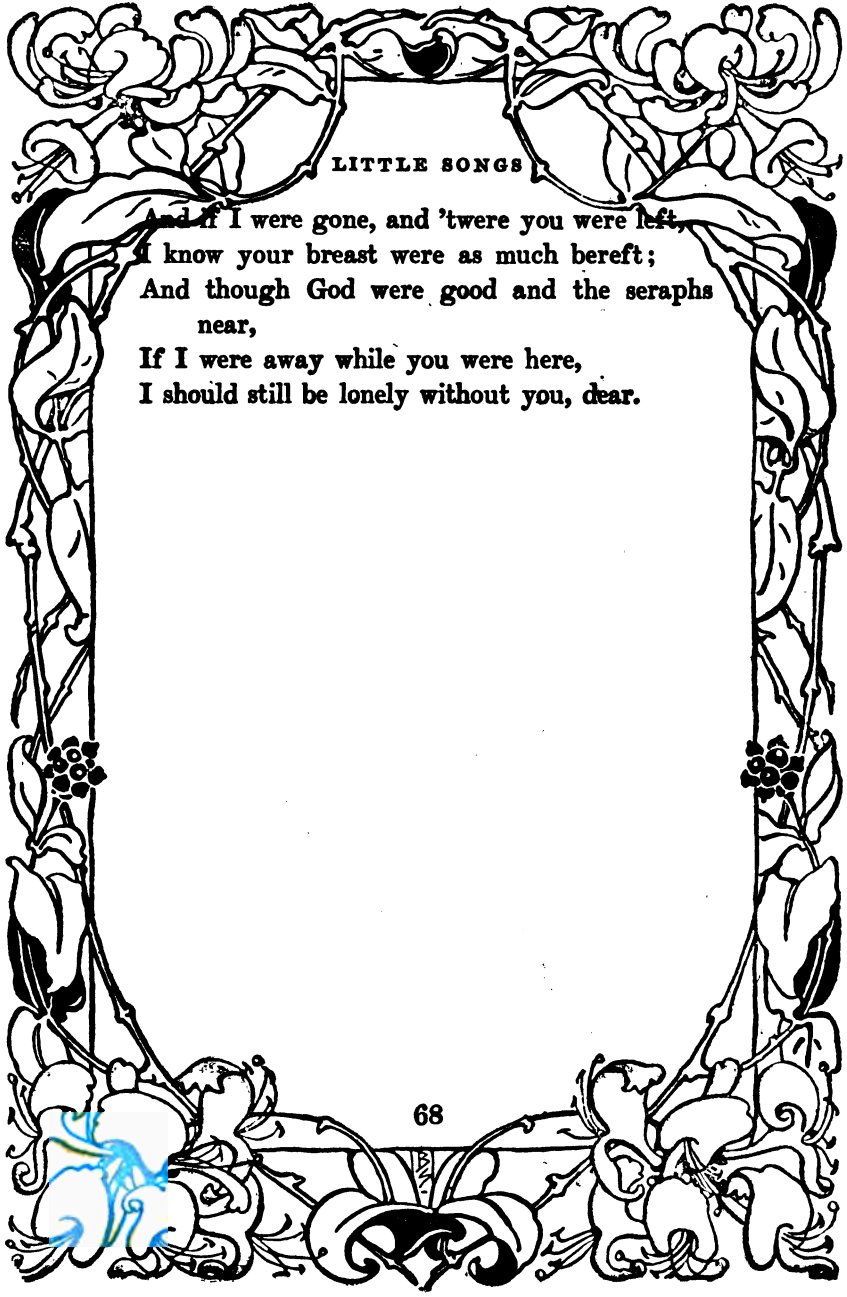
FOR TWO

FOREBODING

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Why, even now, if you be not here
For the shortest day, there's a certain lack
Which does not vanish till you come back.
And if you were gone forever, dear,
The aching throat and the hot, swift tear
Were a feeble vent and a futile due
To the aching absence, dear, of you.

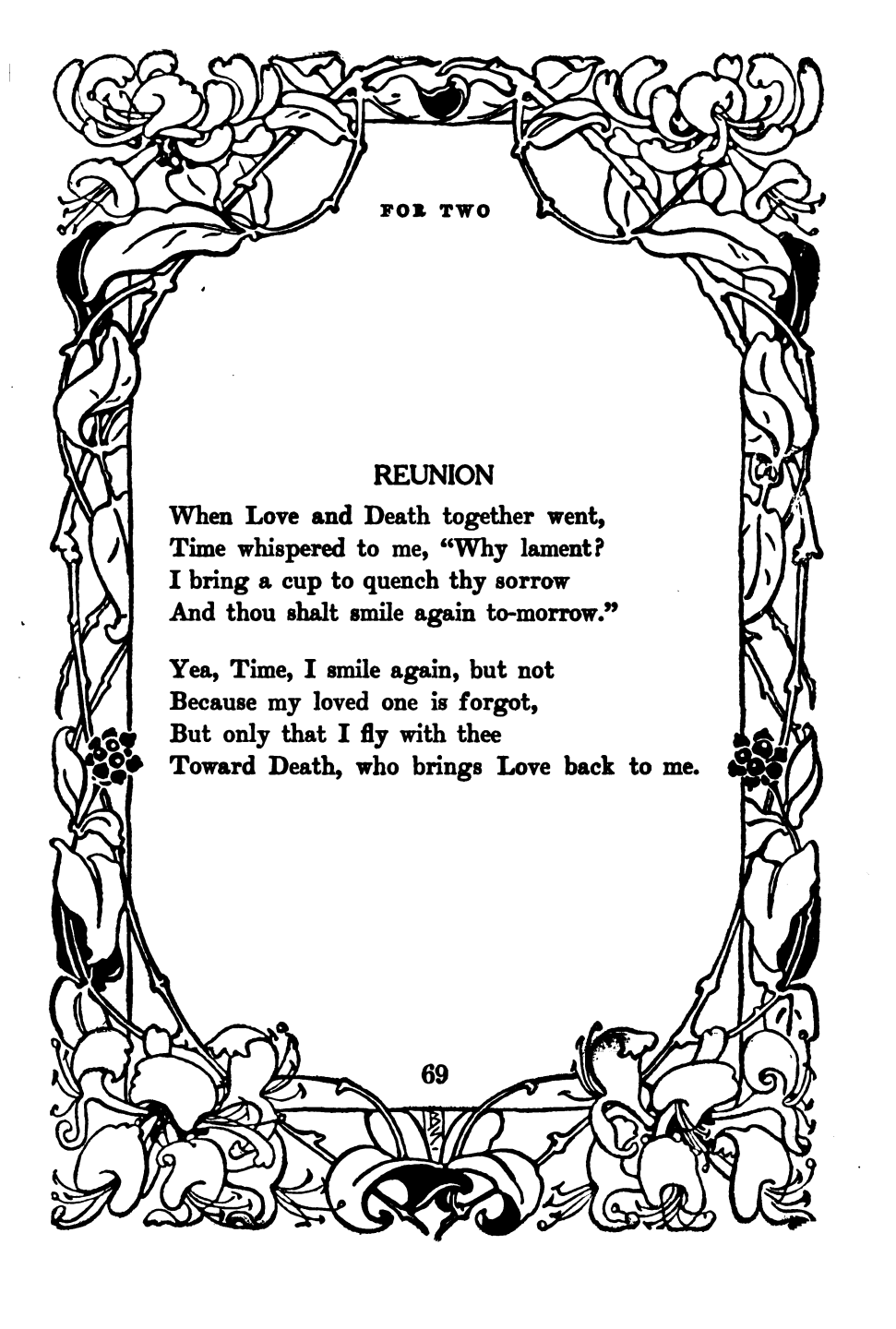
I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Kiss me again, so I know you're near!
Ah, should I reach for the old embrace
And my arms should close on a formless space!
In the midst of the world and its hollow cheer,
In the gayest throng, I should thrill with fear.
The fear of the void which the world would be,
If you were gone from the earth—and me.

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Though I still might heed the passing year,
Though I still might toil from sun to sun,
What would it be when the work were done?
You would not see and you could not share,
And what of the rest would really care?



LITTLE SONGS

And if I were gone, and 'twere you were left,
I know your breast were as much bereft;
And though God were good and the seraphs
near,
If I were away while you were here,
I should still be lonely without you, dear.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including large leaves, smaller flowers, and clusters of berries, all rendered in a classic, engraved style.

FOR TWO

REUNION

When Love and Death together went,
Time whispered to me, "Why lament?
I bring a cup to quench thy sorrow
And thou shalt smile again to-morrow."

Yea, Time, I smile again, but not
Because my loved one is forgot,
But only that I fly with thee
Toward Death, who brings Love back to me.





“AUFWIEDERSEH’N”



“AUFWIEDERSEH’N”

"AUFWIEDERSEH'N"

Kind word of hope, "Aufwiederseh'n,"
Reminding we shall meet again.
I would thy constant spell could bless
Each fading, fleeting happiness,
Like loyal, loving lips, which press
And only part to re-caress.

The sun sinks down and all is night,
But lo! in Heaven's awesome height
His splendors in the stars remain
As Nature's grand "Aufwiederseh'n."

So would I have thy presence lend
Its solace, even to the end;
And when one passes, pray detain
The thought of those who still remain
And rob the parting of its pain
With thy sweet hope,

"Aufwiederseh'n."









HW 2071 Q





HW 20





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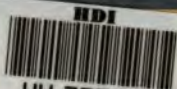




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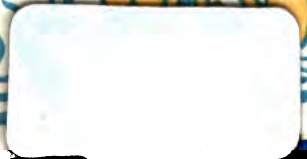


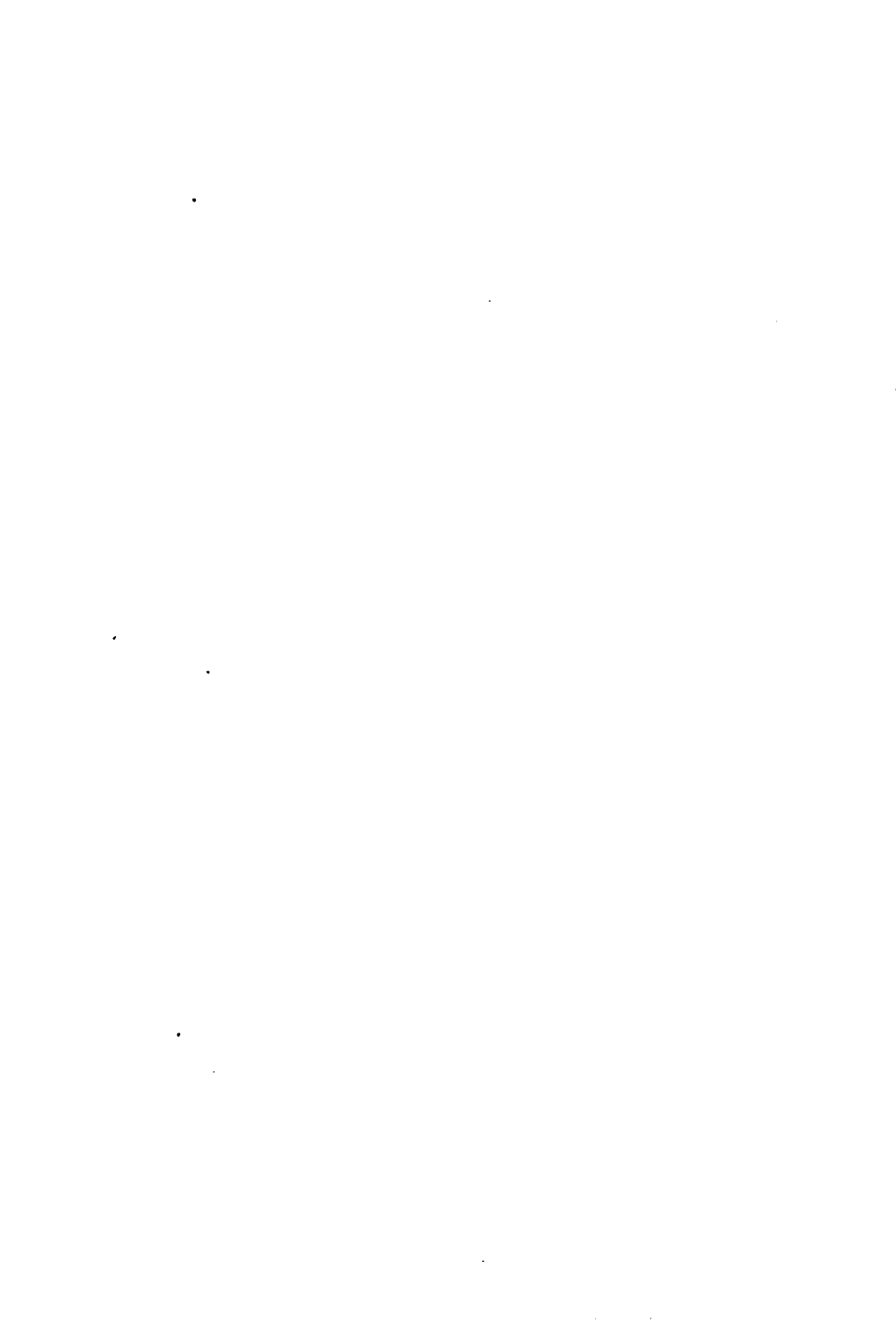


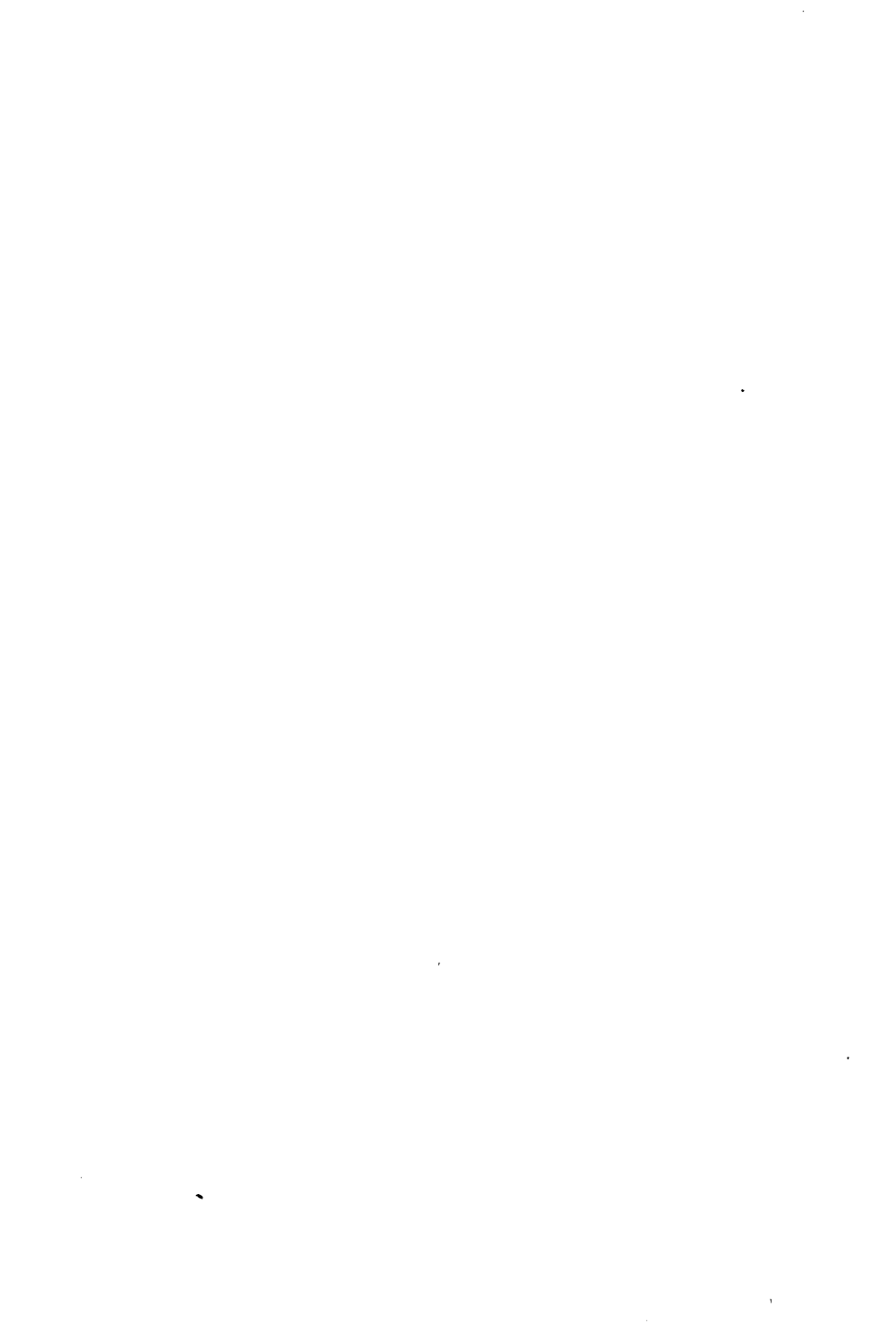


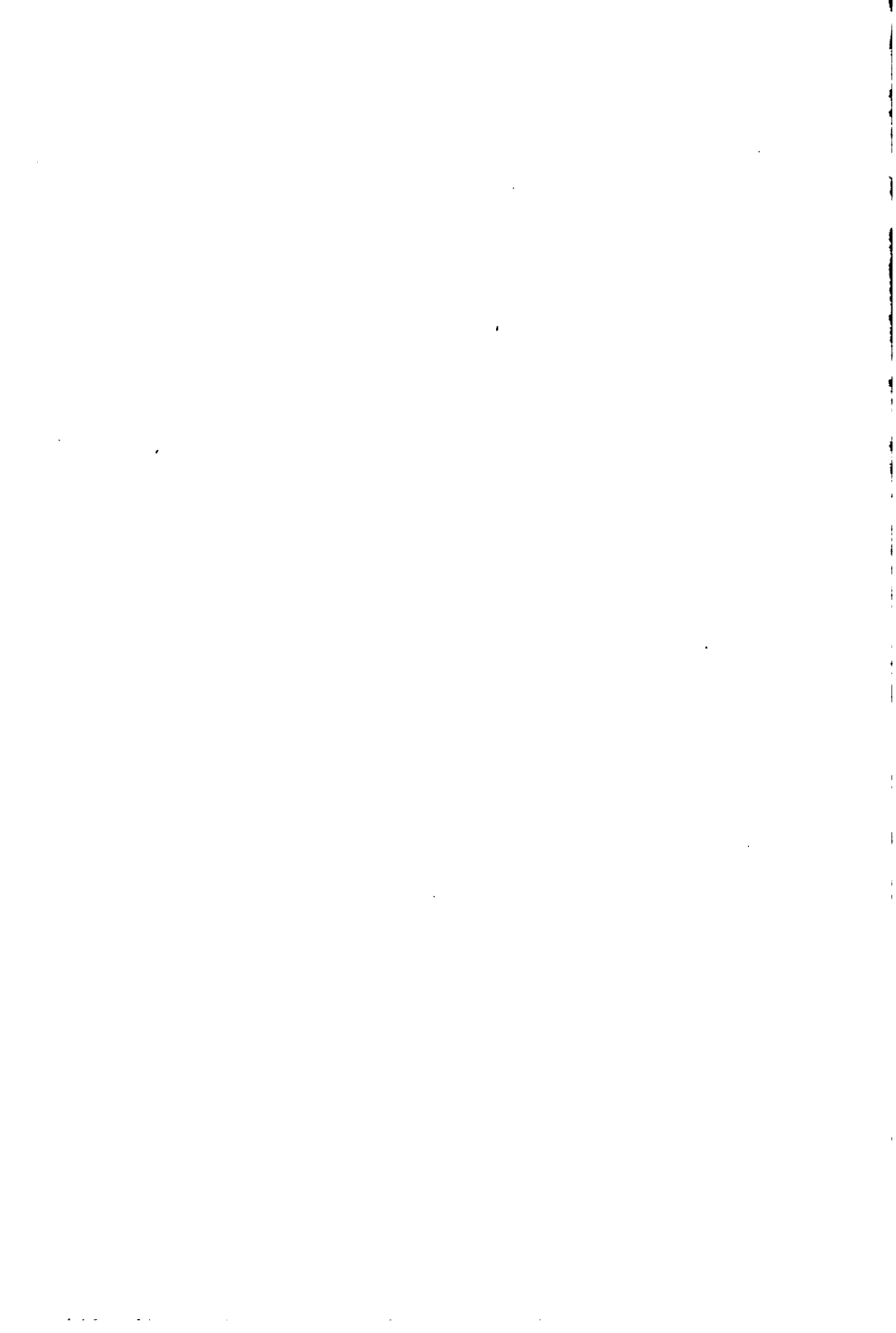


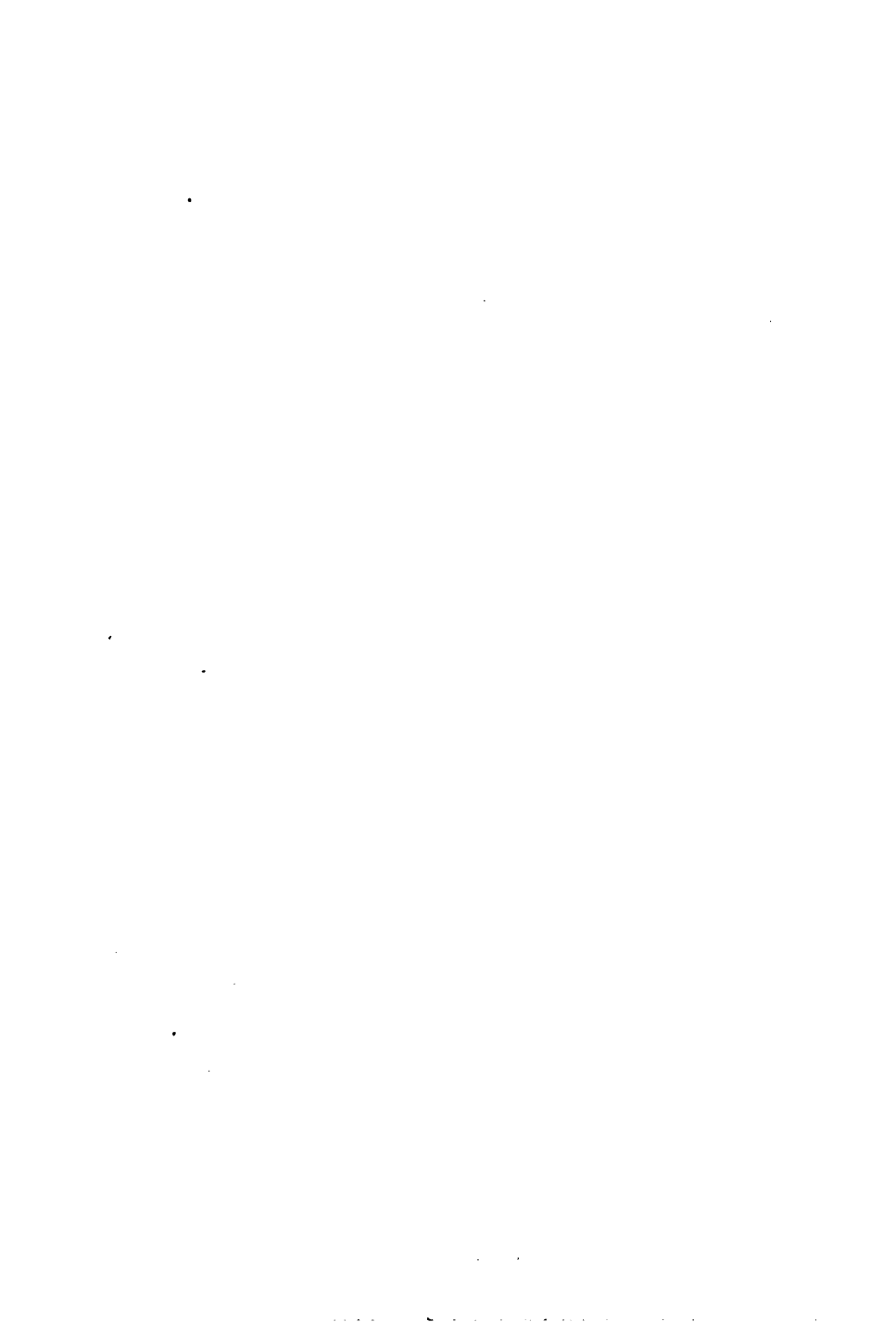
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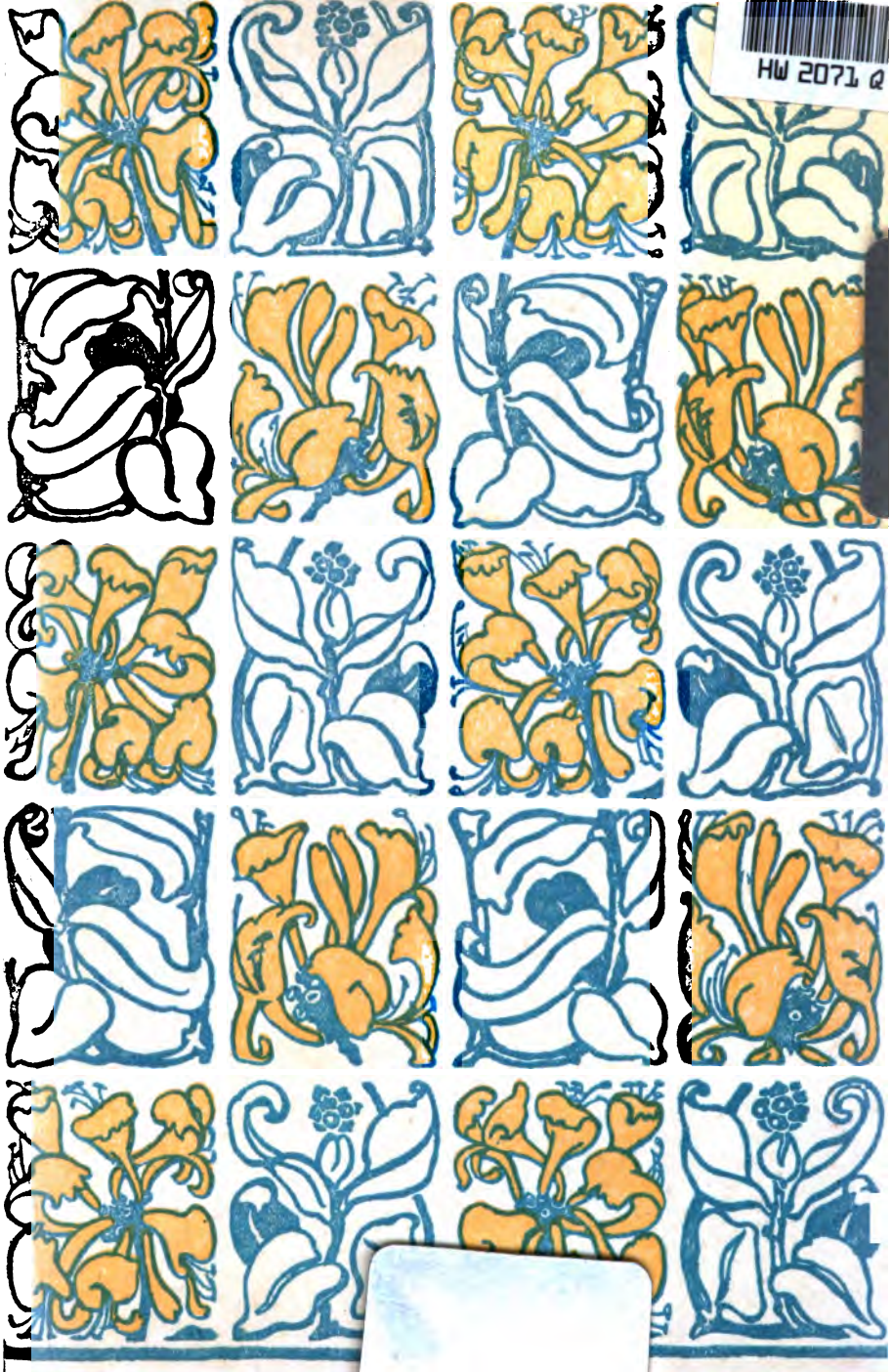


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