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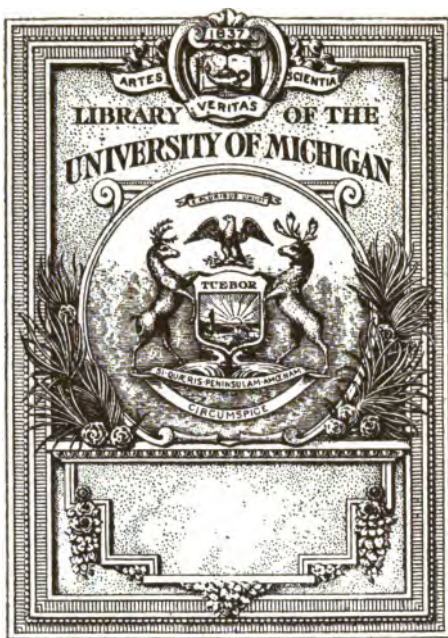
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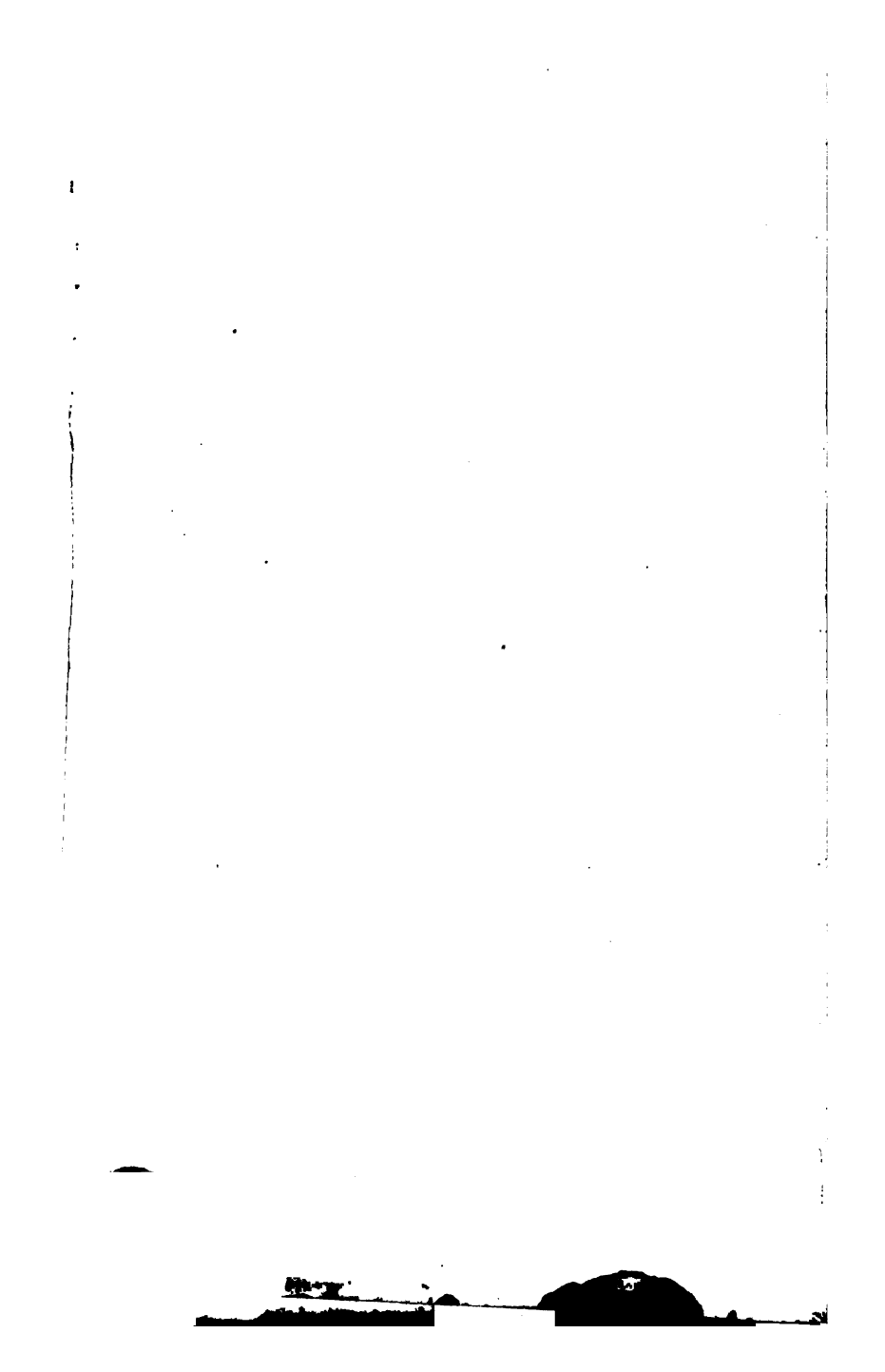
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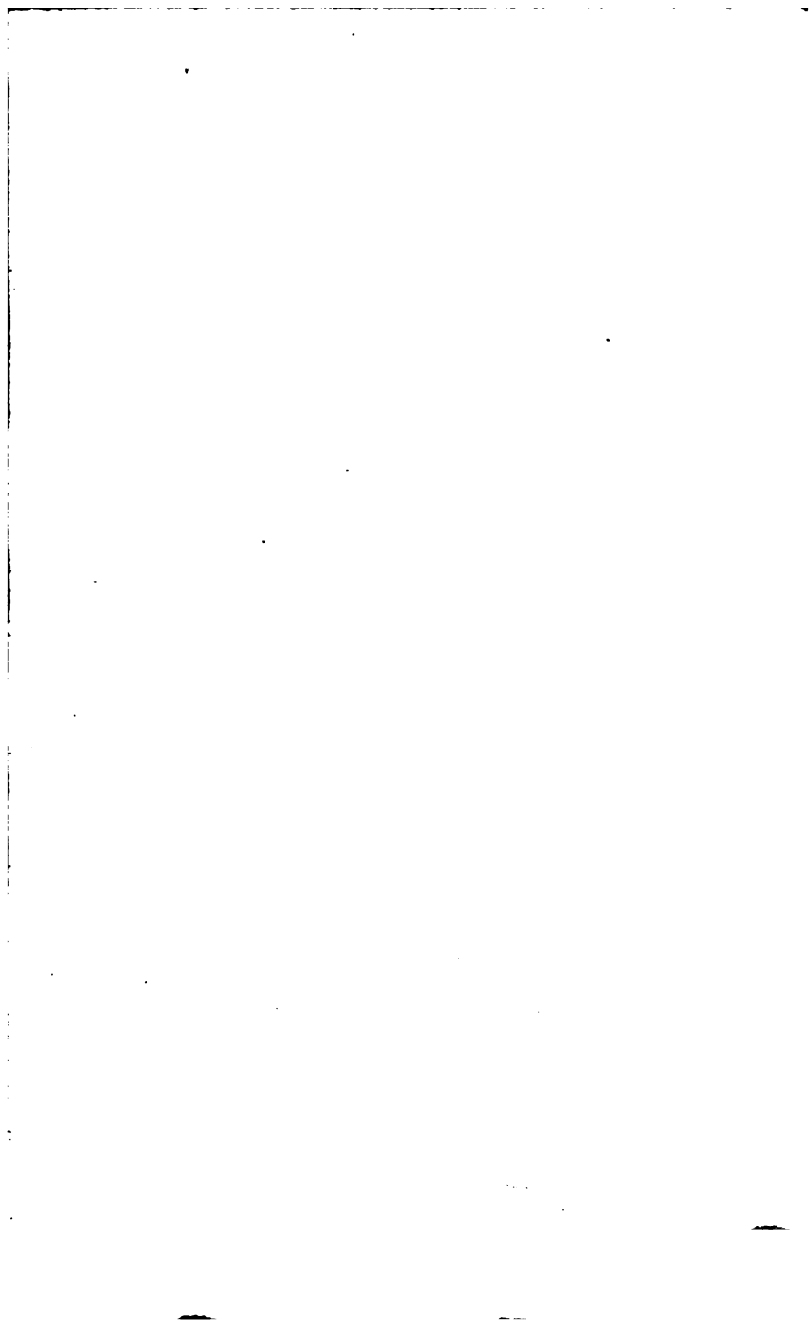
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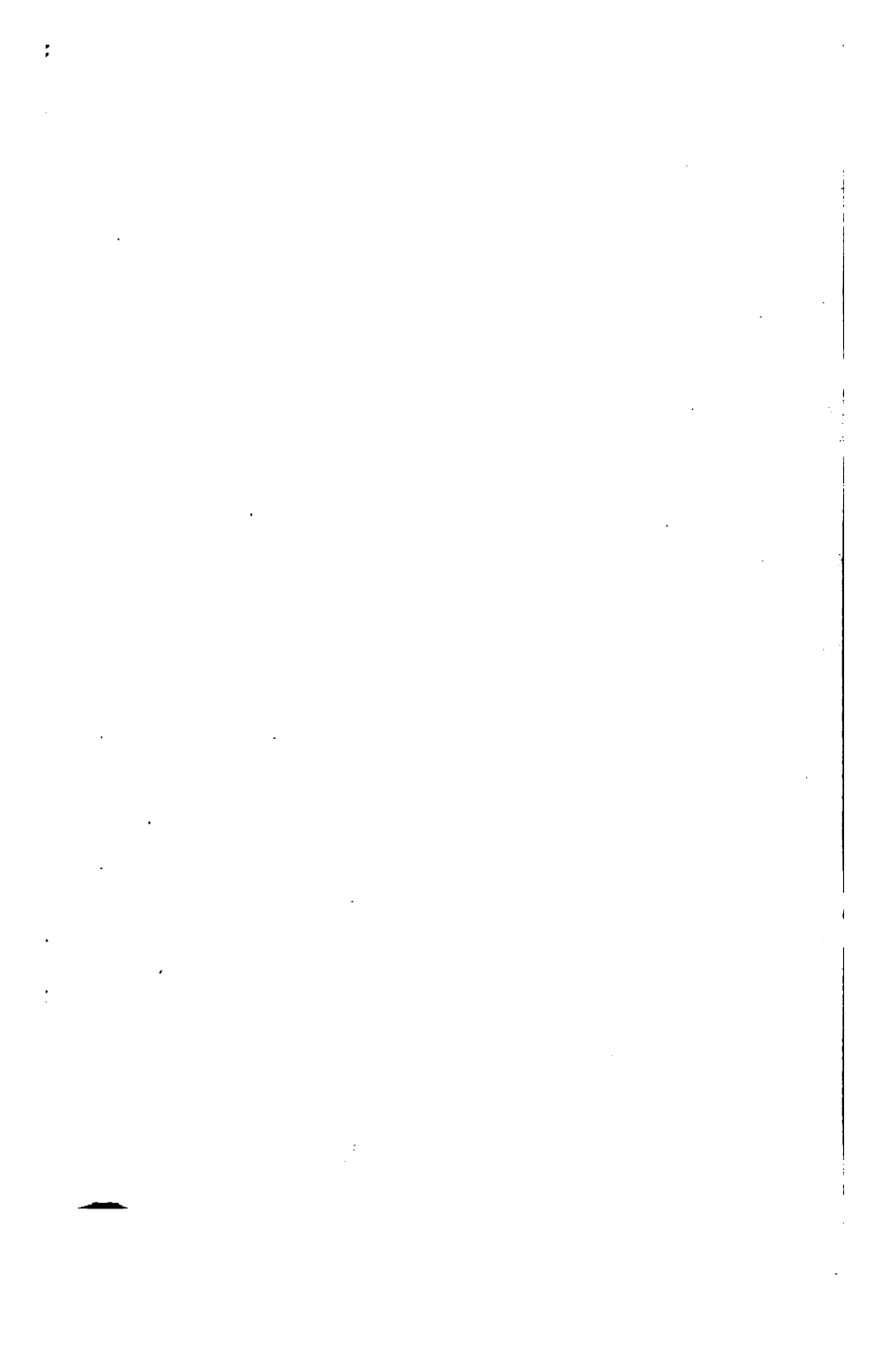
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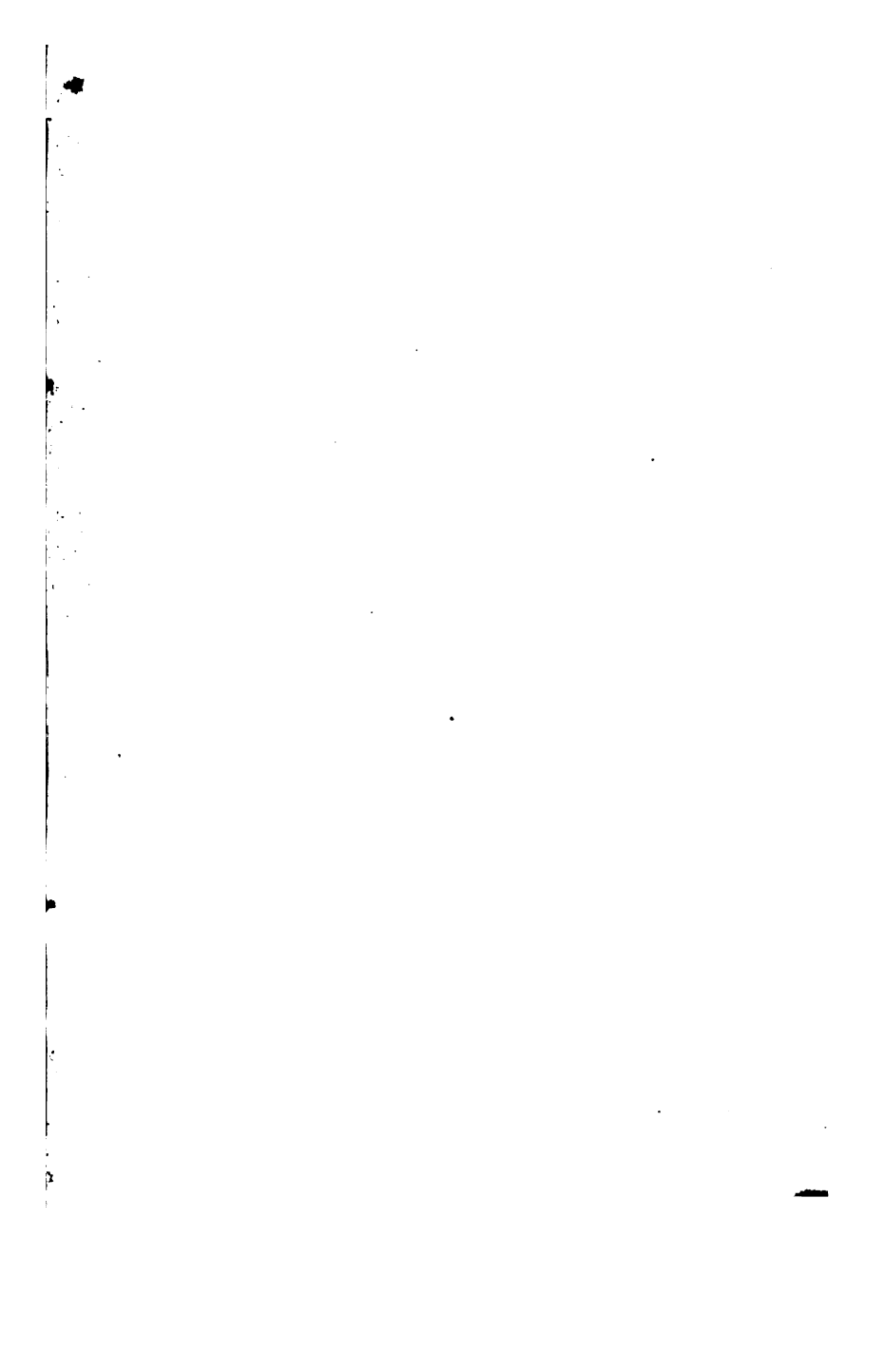
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*TRIALOGUES*

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WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

# TRIALOGUES

BY

WILLIAM GRIFFITH, 1876 -



KANSAS CITY, MO.  
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUBLISHING CO.

*mdcccxcvii*

Of this Limited Edition of Tri-  
logues two hundred and fifty copies  
have been printed.

This number is . 20

*William Griffith.*

26 Mar. 23. E.H.N.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

---

IN INTRODUCING THE OLD FORM  
OF ELIZABETHAN DIALOGUE IN AMERICA,  
I HAVE ATTEMPTED TO  
OUTLINE THREE PHASES OF CHARACTER OR,  
MORE PARTICULARLY, OF LIFE IN  
OUR LARGE CITIES.  
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF "SUMMER," AND  
"AUTUMN" NONE OF THE  
TRIALOGUES HAVE APPEARED HERETOFORE;  
AND THESE ARE NOW REPRINTED  
WITH THE PERMISSION  
OF MR. WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE,  
EDITOR OF "THE LOTUS."

*ix*

394291

*Gladly I live, and gladly did I weave  
And gather all these dreams for nothing  
more  
Than for my friends who came to me.  
They leave—  
And I have pressed each hand and shut  
the door.*

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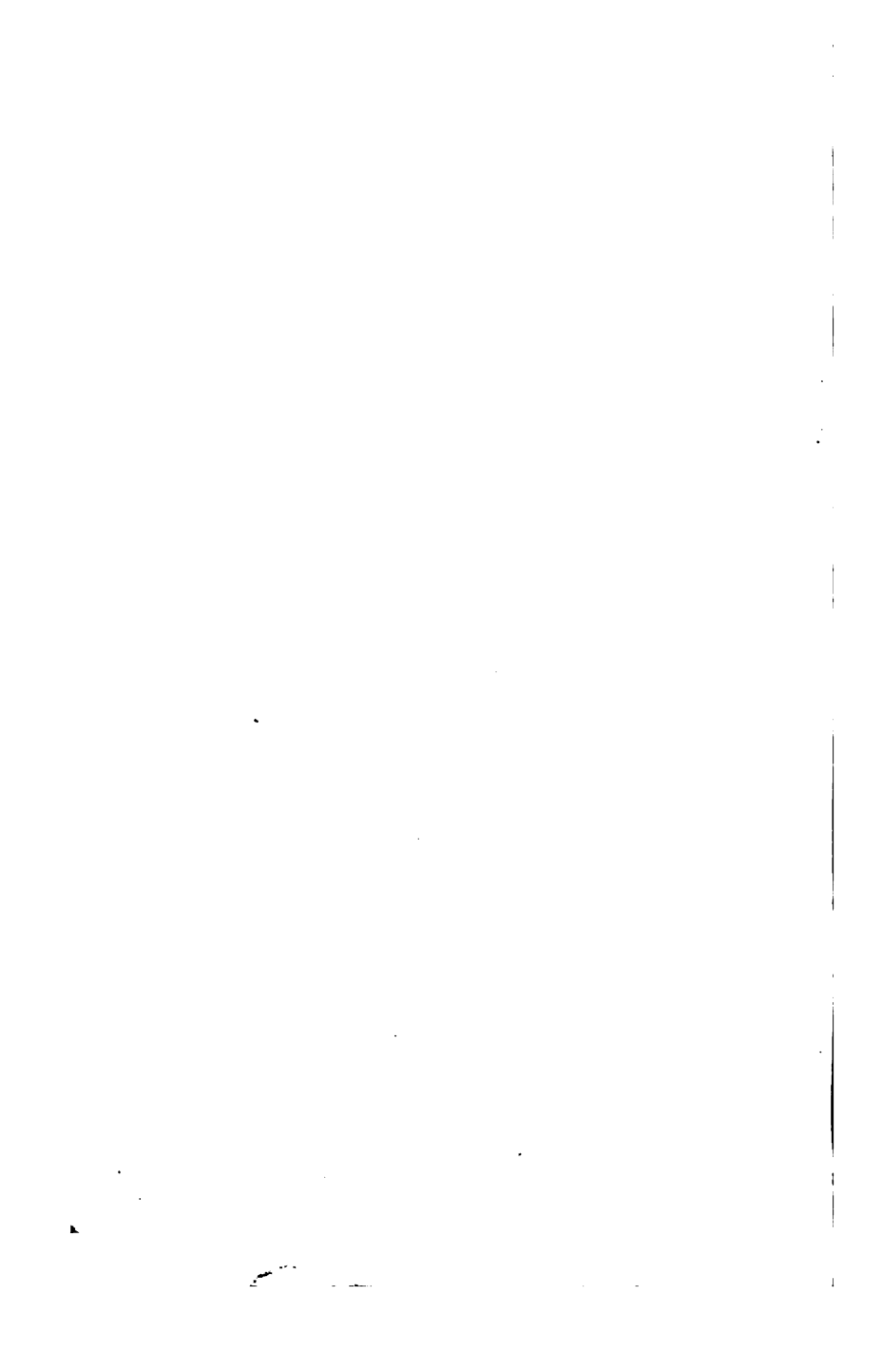
THE HON. CHARLES L. DOBSON



*SPRING*

**SCENE:** A Western City; Room in a  
Public House.

**TIME:** The Morning.



## SPRING.

PERSONÆ, { ALAN,  
              NORMAN,  
              GILES.

ALAN.

I am unwell; some shadow daunts  
My dreams: where I should see,  
That vasty, uncouth vision haunts  
Each budding memory.

NORMAN.

An ill-starred mood.

ALAN.

Its presence grows;  
Takes height; a whisper peals,—  
Thence up, for days, unnumbered woes  
Come snapping at my heels;

*TRIALOGUES.*

While elfin-footed fancies race  
Down labyrinths immense,  
Of awful glooms where errors gaze  
On smiling innocence.

NORMAN.

Reveal the image: it is dim.  
My faith! I cannot see.

ALAN.

Fo ficol! It is Fortune's whim  
To jest at misery.  
And still, in spirit, I expand;  
Till now uplifted O  
Here at the sun, from where I stand,  
The earth swings far below!  
Light floods the world: each filmy mote;  
Each star up-swimming high—

*SPRING.*

NORMAN.

Good-lack!

ALAN.

I watch arising float  
Across the day's great eye.

NORMAN.

And now?

ALAN.

Ah, see the twilight swo on  
Now from her eastern bowers,  
Her face unveiled, a chastened moon  
Steps forth among her flowers.

NORMAN.

The image falls; each starlit steep  
Sweeps slowly into view—  
Uncurtained clear, yet wherefore leap,  
Coercive unto you,

*TRIALOGUES.*

These dreams in melancholy dreamt,  
Though prophecies to see?  
Cambyses' vein—

ALAN.

I will attempt  
To tell you faithfully.  
A child, at home to country ways,  
'T is here these many years,  
A sickening sun has led my days  
Through uncongenial spheres.  
At eve, its sprawling avenues  
Upreaching through the gloom,  
One nest, the writhing city views  
Its over-arching tomb;  
Where happy harlots nightly throng,  
Obscurely disarrayed,  
With glaring, high, fantastic song  
While virtue weeps dismayed;

*SPRING.*

And each poor beggar, day by day,  
Amid the sights that breed  
Through uncouth alleys, strolls—the  
prey  
Of every crouching need.

Imagination first waylaid  
These unenticing themes;  
Eftsoons deep sympathy had made  
Them shapers of my dreams,  
When soft! remembering that hope  
Is haply to forget,  
I spun each sighing, sandy rope  
For happiness and yet—

Once here when, raving in his cell  
At some gaoler's nod,  
They said the prisoner prayed to hell,  
I almost doubted God.

TRIALOGUES.

NORMAN.

All reason rests unreconciled  
When melancholy broods,  
And, Alan, why to-day these wild,  
Premeditated moods?

To-day!—when forth the starling's  
*lauds*

Through heaven's rafters ring,  
Till ho! yon very sun applauds  
The jocund shout of Spring?

ALAN.

Stay, camarado! On the street  
This drowsy afternoon,  
Across the way, I chanced to meet  
Our apparitioned June.

It was a lady, O to see,  
One beautiful delight!



*SPRING.*

Unknown a liliated prophecy  
Had blossomed on my sight,  
As vanishing, another face  
Was summoned up to me,  
Of one whose smile shall only grace  
A treasured memory:  
And all in silence I have felt  
The magic of the lark;  
And here, these many moments, dwelt  
With other days—but hark!

*(Singing heard without.)*

*SONG.*

*They have asked me why the flowers,  
Lady mine,  
Fill my days with saddened hours,  
As they pine.*

TRIALOGUES.

*Surely they know not the room,  
In Dream's chambers, where the gloom  
May be sweetened by their bloom,  
Lady mine!*

*If I plucked the stars for roses,  
Lady mine,  
And told all that Day discloses,  
As the shine  
Of the sunlight strikes the shade  
Round the golden petals laid  
On your bosom, they would fade,  
Lady mine.*

*But if I could run a brook,  
Lady mine,  
That with chatters through each nook  
Would entwine  
In its silver, laughing flow  
All the roses, do you know  
What the breeze would whisper low,  
Lady mine?*

SPRING.

NORMAN.

What odd musician dotting there  
In Fancy's train, beguiles  
The zephyr's harping of an air  
To Phyllis?

ALAN.

It is Giles.

*(Enter Giles still singing.)*

*Ah! the falling years grow heavy,*

*Lady mine,*

*Tho' the blossoms in your bevy*

*Still are fine:*

*Do you know what Time will do*

*To the roses plucked for you,*

*When the sun has left no dew,*

*Lady mine?*

*TRIALOGUES.*

ALAN.

A-ha! with Cupid from the woods!  
The king-cups you have seen,  
Approaching, doff their little hoods  
Before the fairy queen.

NORMAN.

Queen o' the fairies! You allow  
Such rhymes?

GILES.

I' faith! I seem  
To see the fairies even now  
As in a boyish dream,  
  
There deep down in a sylvan dell,  
All trooping through the shade,  
Step by step to the cowslip's bell,  
A gorgeous cavalcade.

*SPRING.*

The little warriors gathered round,  
Their leafy lances bent,  
A beetle shrill, his bugle wound,  
Proclaims the tournament.

While hushed as now the airy sprites  
Upraise a muffled cheer,  
Twinkling dim, the glow-worm lights  
His swinging chandelier.

*NORMAN.*

Alack! Our jocund friend, returned  
From where the twilight veils  
A countryside, has only learned  
To label fairy tales.

*GILES.*

Stand to your ears! A starry fay,  
With heaven listening  
Out on the hills, taught me to-day  
A song the linnets sing.

*TRIALOGUES.*

NORMAN.

What?

ALAN.

What? Proceed!

GILES.

Stay, let me think!

NORMAN.

Yea!—Alan, would you pin  
The angels down? Come, let us  
drink—

Our comely Spring.

ALAN. GILES.

Begin.

NORMAN.

Up comrades then, and shut the door  
In Melancholy's face!  
This game of life must end before  
'T will out who drew the ace.

*SPRING.*

A stout heart is the merry heart ;  
Your weeping heart is frail ;  
So ho! with fellowships for part,  
I sing the humming ale.

CHORUS.

We sing the humming ale, good friend !  
But here 's a health to you,  
With one more, when the game shall  
    end,  
To show the cards we drew.  
Heigh-ho! the bowl, from brim to brim,  
Lies full. Fill a cup.  
While now the rosy apples swim,  
All hael! Drinc it up.

ALAN.

The city holds for some, mayhap,  
A jolly life, but O

*TRIALOGUES.*

As early Spring forefeels the sap  
Awaken through the snow,  
Give me the sturdy roving foot,  
Then with a shouldered load,  
When Hope brings in an easy boot,  
I sing the open road.

CHORUS.

We sing the open road, good friend!  
But here 's a health to you,  
With one more to the nappy blend  
Of Saxon in the brew.  
Heigh-ho! the bowl, from brim to brim,  
Lies full. Fill a cup.  
While now the rosy apples swim,  
All hael! Drinc it up.



*SPRING.*

GILES.

The clamor of the towns may sleep  
A thousand years and still—  
Dreams in a thousand hearts shall leap,  
Touched by the urging Will.  
The east may blight the winds that  
    bless;  
The wander-child may rove;  
But O for hope and happiness,  
I sing the song of love.

CHORUS.

We sing the song of love, good friend !  
But here 's a health to you,  
With one more to the hopes that send  
The parting moments through.

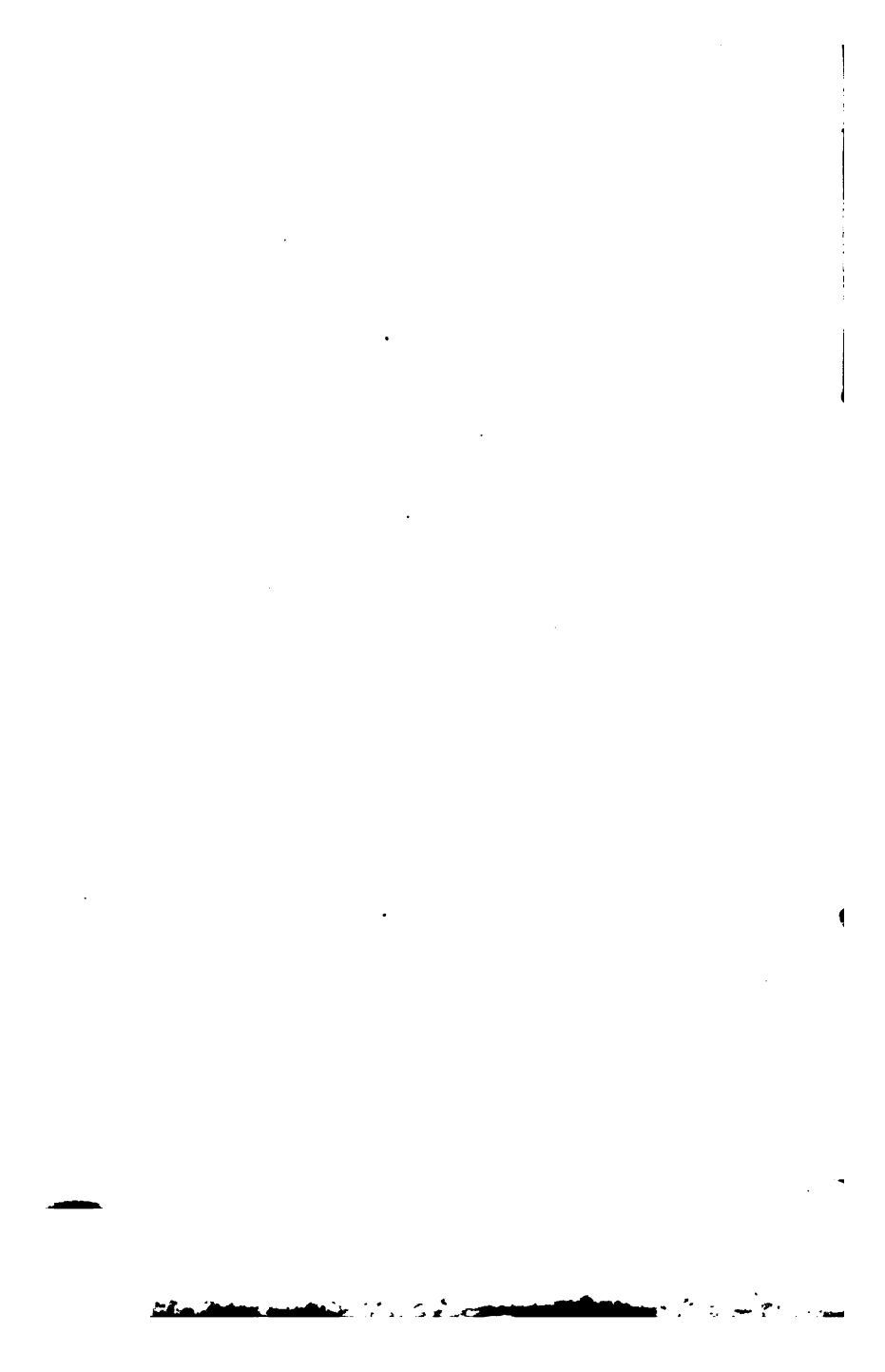
*TRIALOGUES.*

Heigh-ho! the bowl, from brim to brim,  
Lies full. Fill a cup.  
While now the rosy apples swim,  
All hael! Drinc it up.

*SUMMER*

**SCENE:** The Same.

**TIME:** At Night.



## SUMMER.

PERSONÆ, { GILES,  
              NORMAN,  
              ALAN.

GILES.

A clear soprano, filled of sun,  
The skylark weaves his wedding-song.

NORMAN.

The redbreast's throated musics throng  
At Summer's wand and Spring is done.  
Sweet marigolds, a pledge of hope,  
Adorn the marshes at her tread.

GILES.

A thousand gardens now are spread  
With showers of pinks and heliotrope.

*TRIALOGUES.*

NORMAN.

And daisy-blossoms fringe the lanes.

GILES.

And where the drowsy primrose naps  
A livelong day, the preachers' caps  
Are filled once more with summer rains.

While soft! the orioles have made  
Their marriage-hymns.

ALAN.

Alack! you would  
Out-summer Summer at your mood  
Of preachers, weddings! Heaven's  
aid!

A distant sound of weary feet  
Arises slowly to my ears;  
Yon deepening fountain-head of tears  
Afar off playing up the street.

*SUMMER.*

GILES.

Mark there the redstart's alto ring!

ALAN.

You 'd have me watch the roses blush.

GILES.

About this hour a conscious hush  
Spreads shattered where the linnets  
sing.

NORMAN.

A conscious hush.

GILES.

Yea, through the land,  
Each from his shell-releasing rift,  
The nested little songsters lift  
Their singing worlds at Summer's  
wand.

ALAN.

A threadbare topic hackneyed.

*TRIALOGUES.*

GILES.

Nay, nay!

ALAN.

Then, comrade, let us see  
These blooms that flush your memory—

NORMAN.

With blossoms of the countryside.  
Quick, shade the lamps!

ALAN.

Ay, turn them out!

GILES.

A moment's breath! You may not see.

NORMAN.

Dive deep! We're pledged to secrecy.

ALAN.

Begin while silence soothes the doubt.  
We wait.



*SUMMER.*

GILES.

No more! The vision fills,  
Afar, with clouds of azure foam:  
I watch the ploughboys winding home  
Where twilight washes on the hills.

A distant ridge: with shaded eyes,  
I stand, I gaze; a herdsman's call  
Fades far away—one rapturous fall,  
Ere faint lo, lo! the echo dies,

As softly yonder drifting slow,  
Now throated full, now clear and lone,  
The dim thrush drops a trembling tone  
With peals of musics laughing low.

Thence murmurous hark! the night-  
ingale  
Chaunts forth in strong, melodious  
ease,

*TRIALOGUES.*

Till high, there—white with galaxies,  
The queen-moon dons her silver veil;

Whilst slowly dying out again,  
Again the wildish wood-notes break  
With throbbing waves: the zephyrs  
shake—

And darkness overruns the plain.

ALAN.

A climbing vision.

NORMAN.

Ay, a dream!  
I saw the very shapes take wing.

ALAN.

'T is strange—of shepherds you should  
sing,  
While yonder hellish whistles scream.

*SUMMER.*

NORMAN.

A *rara avis* sight to see  
When skylarks carol in the street.

GILES.

Extremes, wide-circling, often meet—  
And discord strengthens harmony.  
Now, Alan, why forever dwell  
On direful woes and ancient wrongs?  
Your dreams a-ha! wing many songs.

ALAN.

I hardly know. I cannot tell.  
Above me, latterly each day,  
Some couching sorrow grimly peers,  
With hanging jaws.

NORMAN.

Defenseless fears.  
Unleash the dogs and trudge away.

*TRIALOGUES.*

A danger, wooed in willfulness,  
Caps vanity.

GILES.

And once decoyed,  
Decisive moments, unemployed,  
Make rapid runners of distress.

ALAN.

I cannot move, and O the sting  
Of final doom when all is done  
And He has said—"Yon drowsy one,  
Yon lowly one did only sing" !

NORMAN.

Nay; come, pour out the ruddy ale,  
While foaming there the billow breaks :

GILES.

And while the distant boscaje shakes  
With long, clear whistles of the quail.

*SUMMER.*

If duty has been reckoned least,  
A song is nobler never sung.

*NORMAN.*

Right, comrade, rosaries are strung  
For penitents as well as priest.

*ALAN.*

Delay me not! Tho' feeble speech  
May touch the story clumsily,  
Some brooding image follows me—  
Prodigious in its subtle reach.

I gaze from Heaven's lowest gate  
Adown Her vasty, starlit hall:  
I watch the nations rise and fall,  
Like shadows, at the whim of Fate.

A moment near, a moment gone,  
Beneath ten thousand watching eyes,

*TRIALOGUES.*

One thunderous rush rings out and  
dies—  
And still the world moves on and on ;  
While sweeping down each azure road  
With banners fading one by one,  
The cohorts pass and—here alone,  
I dream the solitude of God.

GILES.

Unreal reality.

NORMAN,

Ha!—Yes.

The very phrase, the very phrase.  
But come, a health! One more—to  
raise  
This siege of Alan's moodiness.

GILES.

Dread Eracles' shade!

*SUMMER.*

NORMAN.

To Alan ;—then,  
Good-night.

GILES

You leave?

NORMAN.

My holiday.

GILES.

And whither?

NORMAN.

England.

GILES.

What? Hooray!  
Come fill—to all true Englishmen.

ALAN.

A health to England? Why not, pray!  
Our great America? I fear—

TRIALOGUES.

GILES.

No more, we drink!

ALAN.

Then let us hear,  
All standing now, from Norman.

NORMAN.

Stay!

*We have heard the toast to a people  
Who inherit the English tongue;  
By the men of the world's four-quarters  
Their praises have been sung,—  
And a day may yet see the nations,  
In the West, wield a kindred sword,  
With the strength as of brothers braving  
An oriental horde.*

*For the East's a Babel erected  
By the yesterdays' thousand years,  
Where a current slowly gathers  
The rhythm now that nears*



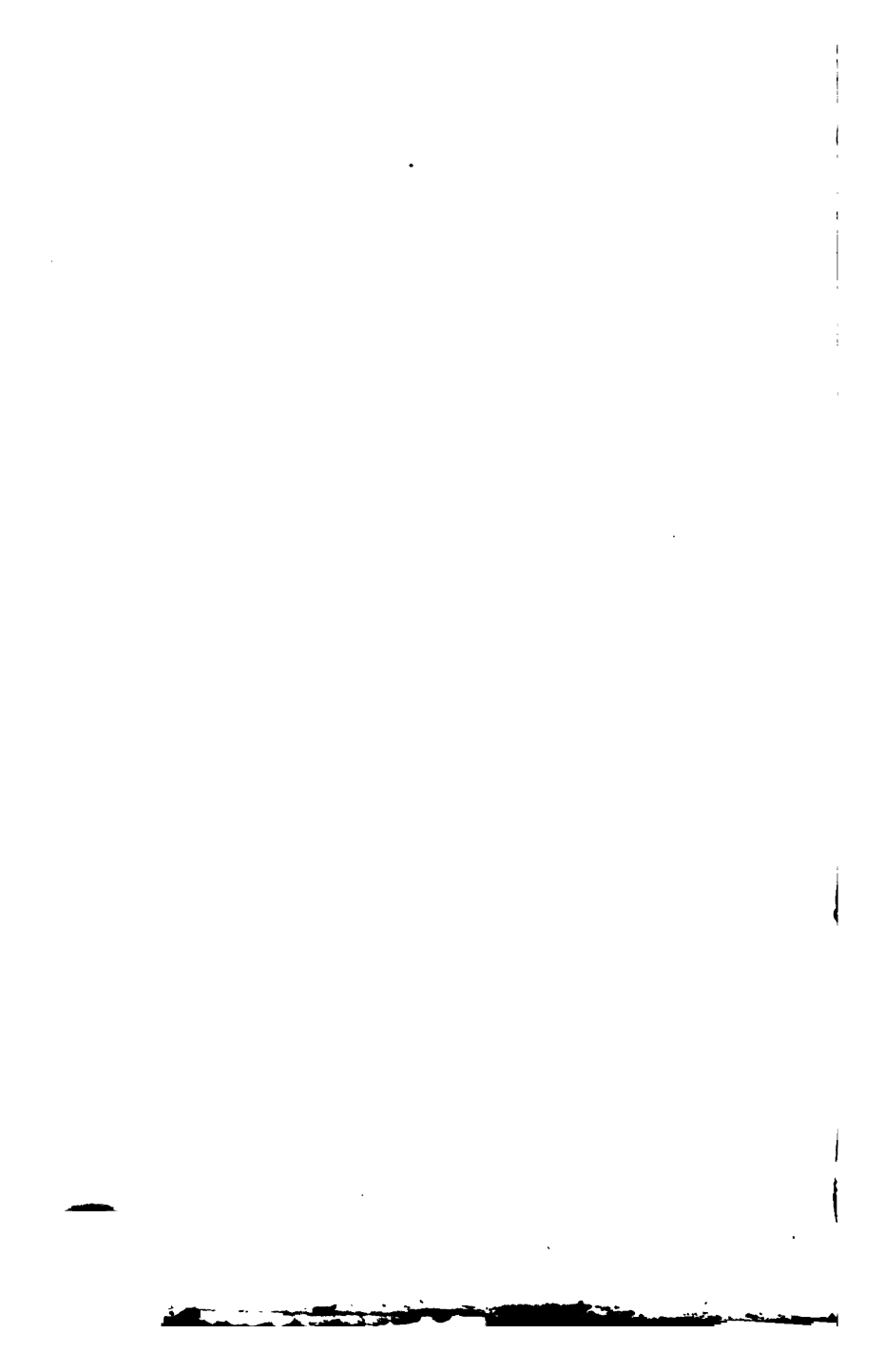
SUMMER.

*Where the Western waters are chanting  
Songs under the golden sun,  
With a nebulous chorus singing—  
The end has not begun.*

*But I toast not the West, her children,—  
Nor the East, nor the South, nor  
North;*

*But to-night, as the starry cohorts  
Break ranks and sally forth,  
With a health to a greater kindred  
On either side of the sea,  
I drink that the sun forever  
Light all the nations free.*

*So fill up to the brim your glasses,  
And now, as brothers may,  
While the fellowship of the nations  
Swings down the broader day,  
Let us drink to the Earth's fore-fathers;  
To the Universal Plan;  
To the Law of a kindred children,  
From the Straits to Hindostan.*



*AUTUMN*

**SCENE:** The Same.

**TIME:** The Afternoon.

10

10

AUTUMN.

PERSONÆ, { ALAN,  
              { GILES,  
              { NORMAN.

*(All entering.)*

ALAN.

How long?

NORMAN.

Four months.

ALAN.

Four months away!

My faith! and you return to meet,  
Here in an overburdened day,  
The rush and clamor of the street!

*TRIALOGUES.*

Where men, who toil for daily bread,  
Must follow as the phantom leads—  
And have placed on each brow, instead  
Of coronals, a flow of beads!

Words fail me utterly to think  
How, Norman, you, who had the sea  
Before your eyes, could cease to drink  
The nectar of such luxury.

NORMAN.

But—

ALAN.

Though Content can house the sun  
When Joy sits by the ingle-hearth,  
There is no joy for anyone  
Denied the freedom of the earth.  
And I, and I, the sorry slave  
Of ink, have penned but hollow words

*AUTUMN.*

For weeks, because I dared not brave  
Dismissal and go where the birds,  
Across the dreamy, golden hours,  
Through sunny afternoons took  
flight—

And, singing, wakened in the flowers  
The pulses of a new delight.

But here through endless toil I stay  
To keep away the fear of Need,  
Of Need, the child of sick Delay,  
With thoughts of other mouths to feed ;  
While over and above it all  
I feel the hornets of Distress,  
As now and then I half recall  
Some old, forgotten happiness.

GILES.

I' faith, Alan ! Whom have you met

*TRIALOGUES.*

To introduce so much of gloom?  
In happiness one must forget.

ALAN.

My Spring, that left, forgot to bloom.

And happiness, tho' erstwhile sweet,  
Was but as poppies ere they swoon  
With faces shyly raised to meet  
A fatal kiss, the kiss of noon.

For days grow long and one grows  
tired

Of shaping ways and means to fit:  
You may not know, but I am hired—  
The latest auctioneer of wit.

With all the harvest of a youth  
Misspent, I now am left by Art,  
With patched-up songs to bear—  
forsooth!

The burden of a wasted heart.



*AUTUMN.*

NORMAN.

Pray heaven stay! I feel but now  
Beneath Thought's tardy finger-tips,  
The way your name begins to flow  
Through Europe on a thousand lips.  
I heard it in a London mart;  
I heard it near Berlin amid  
The caravans, and in the heart,  
The very heart of old Madrid,  
I heard men marvel as they praised  
The mighty Mother who, at last,  
Brought forth and mightily upraised  
A singer who could shame the past.

ALAN.

Yet in War's breath, it doth suffice  
To say that we who sing—alack!  
Are but as foolish little flies  
Blown in a dusty window-crack.

*TRIALOGUES.*

So out with cares and let us hear  
How Giles has found the countryside,  
And how the golden fields appear  
With portaled harvests opened wide.  
Long, long—

GILES.

Enough, the word is made!  
Lo! summoned in a dream, bedight  
With rosy meadow-lands of shade,  
The orchards gather into sight,  
As through the apples, high and low,  
In ruddy colors deeply spread  
From core to rind, the sun melts slow  
With gold upcaught across the red;  
While here and there, with sighs and  
calls,  
A wandering brooklet, as it rings

*AUTUMN.*

Beneath the heaven, chants—then falls  
And down the meadow softly sings.

A light wind shifts; the air is stirred  
With secret whispers far and near:  
Another word—ah me! a word  
Had made the rose's meaning clear.

I see the fields; I catch the scent  
Of odors from the fresh split wood,  
Where bearded lips and stains are blent  
With autumn rains and all is good.

An air, arising, turns and lifts  
The fallen leaves where they had lain  
Beneath the trees, then weakly shifts  
And slowly settles back again;  
While with far shouts, now homeward  
bound,  
Across the fields the reapers go,

*TRIALOGUES.*

And lo! with darkness closing round,  
The lilies of the twilight blow.

ALAN.

Ah me! and still the sootish towns  
Grow greater with increasing flocks  
Of men who, risking Nature's frowns,  
Chance all upon the rise of stocks.

So trolls, and Art is but a mood  
Of Nature's placed within the eyes  
Of fools who crave a dotard's food,  
Mixed half with truth and half with  
lies.

NORMAN.

Your figure errs upon the part  
Of droves and flocks: why it is fleece  
Half clothes the world, and as for Art—  
The city is a masterpiece.

*AUTUMN.*

GILES.

And I oft think it is but meet  
That beauty never grows so fair  
But that men, searching in the street,  
May find it there, may find it there.  
So, Norman, soft, and let us hear  
Of England with its ancient halls—  
And into Europe bring us near  
The brave old warriors' sturdy walls:  
When victor over vanquished stood—  
And men thought chivalry to be  
A pilgrimage in manlihood,  
Before the shrine of courtesy.

NORMAN.

True then—but customs never stay,  
And there is little to relate  
Beyond such things as be to-day,  
With chivalry, passed out-of-date.

*TRIALOGUES.*

Still, as when in that Minster aisle  
Amid the tombs, at times I see  
A stately vision slowly file  
From the old realms of pageantry ;

When England's lion-hearted king  
Was royally her troubadour—  
And he, of fame still echoing,  
Belied his youth at Agincourt,—

Long ere those simple warrior lords,  
Within the Temple Garden's gate  
Stood, and on high, with fiery words,  
Raised the red rose and wrecked a  
state.

But battles serve Life's massive chart,  
As periods alone for those  
Who rule an august people's heart  
Above high feuds of warring foes ;

*AUTUMN.*

And Shakespeare, as he lives to-day,  
Is still the master who can sing  
Such songs as only singers may  
When joy-bells of a nation ring.

ALAN.

Ay, ay indeed! A king to reign!  
A prince among the men of rhyme!  
A man bid by the Fates remain  
Forever at the heart of Time!

GILES.

Immortal mortal!

ALAN.

Chaucer's peer!  
Our El Dorado of romance!  
Our mine of gold!

NORMAN.

In truth, I fear  
No eulogies are left for France!

*TRIALOGUES.*

Nor for the Man of Destiny  
Who, in his hour of triumph—lo !  
With unawed will was soon to see  
The ruined dream at Fontainebleau.  
So, closing let us mourn the night,  
Wherein the heavens, once again,  
With Europe watching, leap to light  
Above the star—the star of Spain.

GILES.

We will not mourn; we will not end  
While Hope and Love continue great.  
The West is strong.

ALAN.

The West will lend  
Her strength to aid a crippled state.

NORMAN.

Then ho, for this young land of ours!



*AUTUMN.*

ALAN.

• This child of nations, brave to do!

GILES.

Hurrah! we bring her native flowers.

NORMAN.

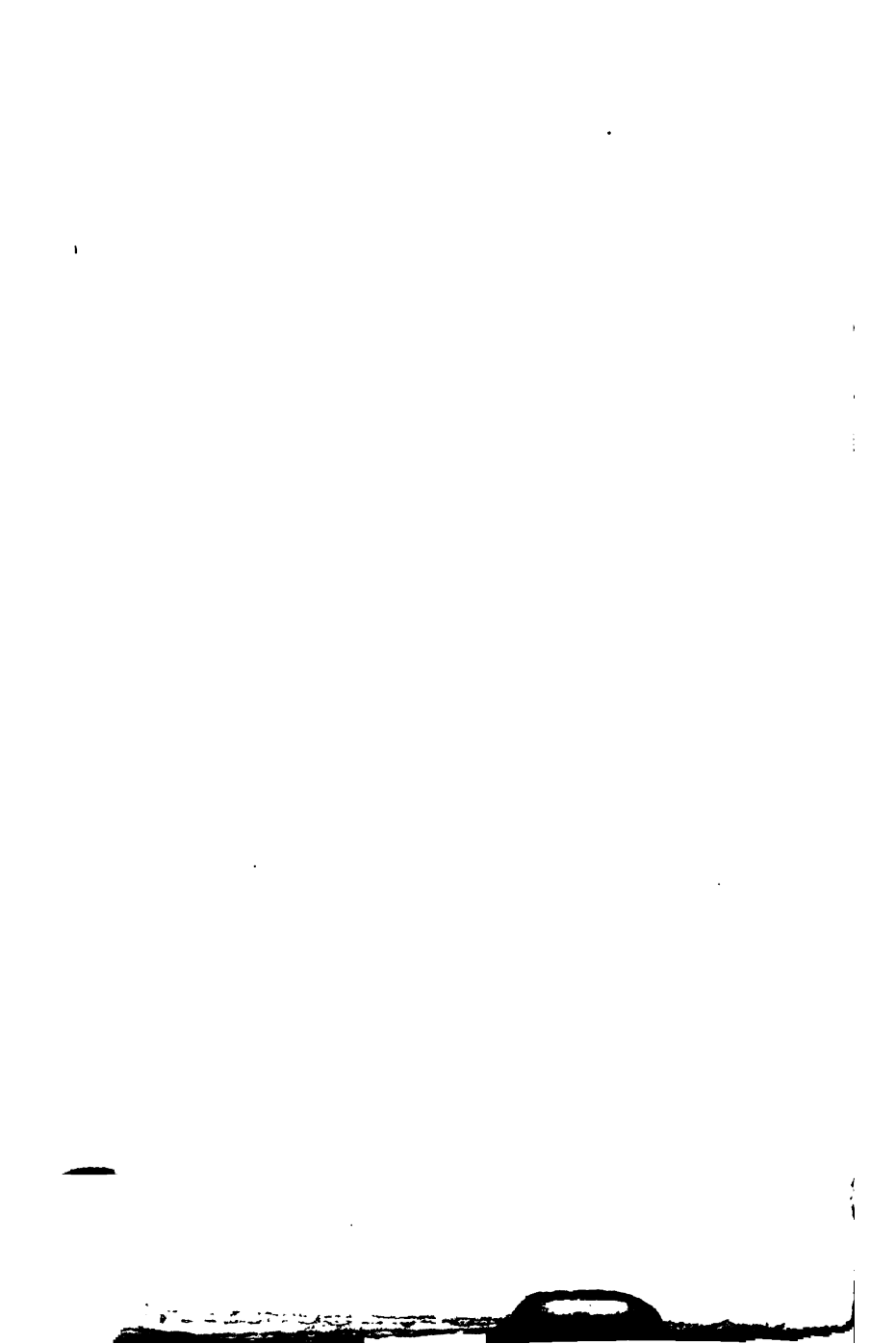
We bring her amaranth and rue.



*WINTER*

**SCENE:** The Same.

**TIME:** At Night.



## WINTER.

PERSONÆ, { NORMAN,  
ALAN,  
GILES.

NORMAN.

A dolour, Alan, though you know  
To brood thus over wrongs,  
By nursing half-feigned, sickly woe,  
Gives birth to crippled songs?

Why, comrade, woe is but the one  
Wan dew-drop in a cup,  
To live a moment ere the sun  
Forever dries it up.

So come, bring in the rosy ale!  
A brimmer? To be sure!

*TRIALOGUES.*

For, out of Eden, hopes prevail,  
We know, but to endure.

Pile on the logs.

ALAN.

Your mood is light;  
Nathless 't is lighter still  
Must be the hearts of those, to-night,  
Who wist evade the chill:

When crouching snithe within its lair,  
Now shrewdly shifting—hark!  
How clean the claws of Winter tear  
The marrow of the dark.

Ah, comrades, do you know how wild,  
How piercing, incomplete,  
Is silence when a little child  
Begs vainly through the street?

*WINTER.*

I see the idle workman roam,  
Wan victim of his fate,  
Half starved with charity become  
A last year's fashion-plate.

And O by many a hearth—Distress,  
The mother, hollow-eyed,  
Concealing from a childish guess  
Her poor heart-broken pride!

I hear the Christian curse his birth,  
With strong men crying out  
Against the heavens and the earth,  
In agonies of doubt.

I see Despair traced on the wall,  
Where none knew what it meant—  
And, leaving, only could recall  
Some smothered discontent.

*TRIALOGUES.*

Again they meet. Lo, lo—the tread  
Of lawless bands! I see,  
Now on a thousand faces spread,  
The scowl of anarchy.

GILES.

Enough, speak not these whiles of  
things  
So blighting to our cheer:  
But rather list—the birch log sings  
A welcome to the year.  
The glad New Year, for through the  
land  
I know joys still prevail;  
So let the world swing by, and hand,  
Ho! hand around the ale.  
And mark you how the flame-flowers  
soothe  
The Old Year into glee,



*WINTER.*

With yon log crooning low to smooth  
Your frowns of anarchy.

ALAN.

My anarch frowns?

GILES.

Yes.

ALAN.

Sure you know  
They shadow darkened moods.  
I ken not why. But ah, the glow  
Of flame-flowers scents the woods!

NORMAN.

What? Ho, a gull! Such flowers are  
fair,  
But claim for them a scent,  
And Ä, before the gods, declare  
You are a *decadent*.

*TRIALOGUES.*

ALAN.

So—joins another now to cry  
A hackneyed phrase at large  
Through literature—

NORMAN.

Perpoll!

ALAN.

And fly

No reasons with the charge?

NORMAN.

Then, comrade, tell us how you write  
That dreadful passion here,  
And how the learned critics slight  
A modern sonneteer.

ALAN.

The tale is less than many think  
Who christen it divine,

*WINTER.*

With no emotions taught to drink  
Remembrance as of wine.

My days are spent pursuing Art,  
With Nature for a guide,  
Amid the lilies of the heart,  
Through fibres pushed aside.

Wherefore I cull me here a rose  
With lilies in between,  
And reap but where Another sows,  
To sow where others glean.

While plucking blossoms, now and  
then,

For Love's own sake, I know,  
Hope's death! nor how nor even when  
Another one will grow.

And so, beneath the weight of Time,  
My heart, with making sure

*TRIALOGUES.*

Of songs ere caged within a rhyme,  
Wists them evade the lure.

But still the worst—

GILES.

Out with your moods—  
And quick, the flagons bring!  
For yonder lo! I see the woods,  
Now carpeted with Spring;  
While wafted through the breezes, all  
Impearled with dewy gems,  
The flowers drift up before they fall  
To settle on the stems.  
And there the sleepy roses peer  
Around the passing herds,  
With blowings quelled as if to hear  
Some carol of the birds:

*WINTER.*

While back and forth the king-cups  
skip  
About the blossom queen;  
All watching now the crocus trip  
A measure down the green.

ALAN.

The wind raves on. I see the snow  
Silt softly through the street,  
With muted echoes from the slow,  
Slow tramp of tired feet.

Where sad hearts pass, who feel the  
stern  
Necessities that prop  
Their failing strength, and O but  
learn  
The hopelessness of hope!

NORMAN.

A midnight bell—

*TRIALOGUES.*

GILES.

No more, for lo!

I only see the woods,  
As down the year, beyond the snow,  
A rosy orchard buds;

Wherein by many a spreading tree,  
Beneath the blossoms' sway,  
In sweet forgetfulness, I see  
The little children play.

While vocalized, the air now shakes,  
As, after waiting long  
Beside her nest, the mother breaks  
Into a world of song—

Till gathering from far and near,  
The wondrous lyrics ring,  
With daffodils aroused to hear  
The leaping laugh of Spring;

*WINTER.*

For high the golden day has grown,  
Where, with the darkness gone,  
Around the lily stars are blown  
The roses of the dawn.

NORMAN.

Hurrah, hurrah! And Fate now pins  
On high a starry page.

ALAN.

A dawn?

GILES.

The dawn—

NORMAN.

Whereof begins  
Another golden age.

ALAN.

O what a sorry jest! It rings  
With mockeries of Art.

*TRIALOGUES.*

NORMAN.

It is no jest; for Joy still sings  
Deep in the Day's great heart.

ALAN.

I fear the songs know much distress.

NORMAN.

Your Fear 's a parasite.

ALAN.

Then tell us of this happiness.  
This lyric-grown Delight—

NORMAN.

Shall sing forever and for aye  
Its sweet *Magnificat*,  
While lad and lass together stray;—

GILES.

High heaven echoes that,  
For it is Love makes manhood great.



WINTER.

NORMAN.

Love's loveliness unfurled,—  
All drink: A master of its fate—  
The world.

ALAN.

Alas!

GILES.

The world!

THE END.