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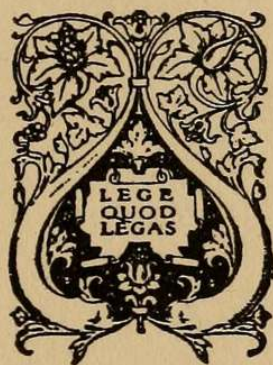


# At the Sign of the Muse

BY

PEARL L. NORTON

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no. 1.

To  
My Mother  
and Father





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**AT THE SIGN OF THE MUSE**



## I KNOW A PLACE

I KNOW a place where the ferns are like lace,  
And the columbine winks its blue eye;  
Where the rocks on each side are so high that  
they hide  
The turquoise blue of the sky.

And through this place where the ferns are like  
lace,  
And the columbine winks its blue eye,  
There tumbles a stream, foam-flecked and  
agleam,  
That laughs as it hurries by.

The rocks are all gray, shot with silver, and lay  
Piled up by a Master Hand,  
While the breath of the pine, like an incense  
divine,  
Perfumes the silence grand.

## A FRAGMENT

THE rocks and the sky,  
And the wind passing by,  
With the song of a bird on the wing.  
A rainbow-hued stream,  
In the sunlight a gleam,  
As reckless its wavelets fling.

That is all,— yet the fame  
Of no Florentine frame  
Could enfold such a picture of June.  
I can see the white rocks,  
And the sky's cloud-flocks,  
And the smile of Nature in tune.

## LINES ON KEATS

SINGER of lucent songs, dreamer of dreams,  
How short thy life! Thongs of visions it seems  
Bound thee 'twixt heav'n and earth.  
Racked to thy soul's core, lover in vain,—  
Did'st welcome the door that released thee from  
    pain,  
That tortured body and mind?  
And in fair Italy, chilling with death,  
Knowing its presence near, feeling its breath,  
Did'st thou regret?  
Let the world silent spin through æons of time,  
Thy name is written in letters of rhyme,  
Fair on the page of Fame.

## MELANCHOLY ANSWERED

SAD-COLORED sky, gray earth, and grayer day,  
Ushered at dawn by moaning of the sea.  
What is there else beyond this sullen sky?  
Another world, gray-curtained now from me?

What is the use of day succeeding day?  
To what an end will all these æons come?  
Only a little time for each of us,—  
Who knows the answer? Dead lips remain  
dumb.

And yet, methinks, across this crawling sea,  
That fawns upon the gray earth's granite  
lands,  
A tiny spark of light, perchance, appears,  
To raise the prostrate weeper on the sands.

My neighbor's beck'ning spark may not be  
mine,  
Nor come to me from out the same gray skies.  
And yet, 'tis there, and through the shrouding  
gloom,  
'Twill pierce the clouds before the watcher's  
eyes.



## MUSIC AND POETRY

THESE are twin muses, bound by chains  
Of endless tone and thought,  
Chains of sweet melody and word,  
By minstrelled-rhyming wrought.

Magic the one,— the other steeped  
In lore of fairyland,—  
Always these sisters, when invoked,  
Come to us hand-in-hand.

The poet sees a wordless song  
In a star beside the moon;  
The weaver of sweet songs can hear  
A verse to fit each tune.

Always together, single-voiced,  
Speaking a language one;  
Found by their seekers, dual-lived,  
In the realm of moon and sun.

## JERUSALEM

How many crimes done in thy name!  
How many deaths of storied fame  
Has history laid to thee!  
How many bright-speared armies, plumed,  
And sparkling in the sun, have loomed  
A menace against thee!

How many sieges 'gainst thy walls!  
How many battle cries and calls  
Have oft thy night-air filled!  
Ah, countless ruins blankly stare,  
And stand as witnesses. The blare  
Of brazen trumpets stilled.

Now, held in hostile Moslem hands,  
Thy minareted ruin stands  
Submissive to the rod.  
Now, the wrapped muëzzin, high in air,  
Calleth Mohammed's sons to prayer,  
In the Holy City of God.

## SUMMER AFTERNOON

BEES humming drowsily, drunken with sweet ;  
Little flowers drooping in the fierce heat ;  
Trees quiet, breezes still,  
Nature anapping till  
King Sun shall sleep.

Sunflowers, adoring, turned up to the sun,  
Eager for kisses burned on every one.  
Birds chirping, lazily,  
Clouds floating, hazily,  
Low shadows creep.

Warm scent of heliotrope, mingled with rose,  
And where the grass in lush fragrance grows,  
Tiny-voiced insects sing,  
Fluttering wing on wing,  
Nimbly aleap.

## THE POET

ONE who hears in the sea's low moan  
A voice of mystery ;  
Who sees a bee to a lily cling,  
And weaves a fantasy.  
Who watches with a keen delight  
The changing lights of sky,  
And like a miser of fair things,  
Gloats with gleaming eye.  
One who loves in the deep'ning dusk  
To tell a rosary of stars,  
And hear the night-wind's crooning voice,  
Singing from Venus to Mars.  
Who feels the kissing lips of spring  
In fragrance on him pressed,  
And in an ecstasy knows well  
To live is to be blessed.

## THE WEAVING OF THE RAINBOW

WHEN black-eyed Cleopatra's barge,  
With scented, silken sail,  
Went drifting down the mirrored Nile  
Before a summer gale,—  
The arrant wind, with fingers bold,  
Snatched up a flower rare  
That twined its scarlet petals in  
The slumb'ring queen's long hair.

A gondolier, his olive face  
Turned westward, plied his oar,  
And straight into the sunset slipped,  
And then was seen no more.  
He went to find the yellow gold  
That in the sunset lay,—  
A wondrous, glittering treasure pile,  
Heaped up at close of day.

There grew a tree on Java's isle,  
With globules, orange-hued,  
So-colored by the kissing lips  
Of Phœbus, in a mood  
Of wilful tenderness. And one  
Of those fair fruits was plucked  
By wand'ring wood-folk whom, they say,  
The satyrs do instruct.

A sparkling emerald once was filched  
From Persia's peacock throne,

And shahs for decades have searched far  
To find the wondrous stone.  
Its light was as the light that shines  
In cool sea caverns green.  
But never more was found the gem  
That cast such glamorous sheen.

A sea nymph twined a deep blue string  
Of lapis lazuli  
Among her shimmering tresses, wet  
With salt spray of the sea.  
And one blue stone slipped from her hand  
Into the waters bright;  
That stone was never seen again,  
By man nor water sprite.

When blue-eyed Paris lay in death,  
Upon his rich-hung bier,  
His curves of icy beauty veiled  
By clinging gauzes sheer,—  
One scarf of violet tinted silk  
Was taken by that Queen  
Of Love, fair Aphrodite, who  
Then crept away, unseen.

The red from Cleopatra's flower;  
The yellow of the gold  
Which that young gondolier had brought  
From sunset wealth untold;  
The orange from exotic fruit  
That grew in tropic lands;

The green from that bright pilfered gem,  
Stolen by unknown hands ;  
The blue from lapis lazuli,—  
Mother of ultramarine ;  
The violet of silken scarf ; —  
All are woven in a sheen.

And all these colors, blended, make  
The arch of beauty thrown  
Upon the curtain of the sky.  
It is a promise shown  
To us, who, watching, see it blend  
Into a perfect whole,—  
A promise of a time to come  
When man has reached his goal.

For that will be a perfect time,  
When no man, race, nor creed,  
Will set itself apart as if  
It only were to lead.  
But every man and every race,  
And all religious strife,  
Shall be together melted, all  
Into one faultless life.

## AUTUMN

SOFT haze and scented wind,  
And banks of goldenrod ;  
And purple thistles, nodding high,  
Above the lush green sod.

Half-clothed in colors gay,  
The trees like shrinking maids,  
Turn slim arms out against the wind's  
Caress a-down the glades.

A hint of sadness, too,  
Is borne upon the air.  
The crooning wind is like a dirge,—  
A requiem for the fair.



## ECHOES

THAT poppy that grew in your garden,  
That poppy, silk-petaled and fair,  
Lived only a day,— then it faded,  
But, ah, it was lovely while there.

That friend whom you loved in the years past  
Is gone now perhaps for aye,  
But the mem'ry of that lost friendship  
Is with you sweet today.

That smile that you gave was fleeting,  
'Twas gone in a moment, and yet,  
To the one who saw it, it lingers,  
As bright as the moment you met.

## CHANSON DE LA LUNE

SHE hung full-orbed and golden o'er the night,  
Like some quaint lamp of heavenly workman-  
ship.

A little cloud of fleecy, floating white  
Was creeping, like a timid swain to slip  
His arms about his love.

And all below was bathed in mystic light,  
A silver rain down-falling on the green;  
The cups of nodding lilies show the sheen  
Of moonlight brushed o'er satin petals white,  
As snowy as a dove.

The myriad grass-folk tune their violins,  
The humming-bird darts crooning o'er the rose.  
The dreamer sings a song of love. Soft blows  
The amorous southern wind. And so begins  
The song to Dian above.

*SEMPER FIDELIS*

WE climbed a mountain path together 'neath a  
sky  
Of softest azure, with the scent of pines  
Around us like sweet Nature's incense flung  
From that calm altar high.

We stood and listened, and together heard the  
fall  
Of purling, hidden waters, hastening fast  
A-down some mossy crevice, and a peace  
Descended over all.

Up to the high and rocky ledge we climbed, to  
gaze  
Upon a dozen peaks with snowy heads,  
And far below, the lake's bright blue was spread  
Beneath the sun's gilt rays.

In that cold clime, the icy hand of winter blast,  
Nor yet the melting kisses of the sun,  
Ere change the awesome faces of these guards,  
All faithful to the last.

## *AL FRESCO*

To brush across my lips a satin spray  
Of perfumed roses with the dew  
Of summer rain upon them,—'tis one way  
To get a little nearer to  
    The best of life.

To be alone upon a mountain side,  
And hear no sounds by mortal made;  
But tinkling hidden waters as they glide  
O'er smooth white stones. I'll be repaid  
    For aught of strife.

To be beside the rippled sea at eve,  
And watch the full-orbed moon arise,  
A silver globe of light,— ah, I believe  
All beauty seen through Nature's eyes  
    Enobles life.

## SUMMER

SUMMER is not a timid maid,  
To blush before our eyes,  
But a woman mature, with the power to lure  
In the season of sunny skies.  
Voice of a siren, honey-sweet,  
That sings upon a breeze,  
That is heavily hung with the songs that are  
    sung  
By the nymphs of the southern seas.  
Lips like a red, red rose, and they  
Are clinging close to earth.  
And the beautiful eyes of summer are wise,  
Though they seem but to mirror mirth.  
For ne'er will she stay till her lovers grow  
    weary,  
And seek a fair mistress anew ;  
But with song on her lips, and her arms full of  
    flowers,  
She wafts us a kiss, and,—“ *Adieu.*”

## ON A JAPANESE FAN

LITTLE Princeling, slant-eyed, bowing,  
Satin'd body bent, kowtowing,  
Evermore thy folded hands,  
On thy 'broidered breast's gay bands,  
Will rest supine.

Little Princess, red-lipped, smiling,  
Oh, the years you spend in whiling  
Time away with bows to him,  
(Sleek head bent, demure and prim),  
In costume fine!

Ne'er, O Princeling, thou'st embraced,  
Even once, thy lady's waist.  
Always, till this satin thing  
Shall rot with age, O Cho-Cho-Ting,  
Thou'lt toe that line.

It will ever be thy fate to  
Waste thy years and vainly woo  
Little Princess Chio-San,  
Little Lady of the Fan,  
But never thine.

## REGRET —?

WHY must the springtime vanish?  
Why must the flower fade?  
The bloom brush from the tinted grape,  
And the grass sear in the shade?

Why must the brightest eye turn dull,  
And the reddest lips grow pale?  
The sweetest melody be stilled,  
And the fondest heart-hopes fail?

Still,— the summer in gorgeous beauty  
Will follow when spring days wane.  
The tinted grape gives the perfumed wine,  
And the grass will be green again.

The eyes that we love will never dull  
For us, nor dear lips pale.  
All melody has echoes sweet,  
And hopes not always fail.

## TO THE MUSE

COME, gentle maiden, Muse divine,  
Thou with the mystic smile and eyes ashine;  
And lay thy finger-tips  
On my dumb lips.

Kiss thou my eyes that I may see  
The dawning beauties of sweet fantasy.  
Give me that inner sight  
That reaches light.

Ope thou my ears to Nature's tunes,  
And in the dusky eves or sultry noons  
Let me interpret all  
The melodies that fall.

Ah, let me write but one fair line  
That after I am gone will calmly shine  
Beside my name. Ah, Muse,  
Canst thou refuse?



## EVENING STAR

EVERY eve I greet with homage  
That far star's tranquil light ;  
Like a pendant drop of water,  
Trembling, crystal-like, and white.

Mayhap 'tis the resting place of  
Little souls in wingèd flight  
To the Paradise of Children,  
Land unknown, but no less bright.

Or, perhaps, those thoughts of poets,  
Thoughts ne'er written, save in heart,  
Heav'nward fly and hang in cluster,  
Radiant far than Dian's dart.

## A LULLABY

SOFT sighs the night-wind,  
Crooning a song;  
Angels watch o'er thee,  
And a mother's love strong.  
High in the heavens  
Night's lanterns gleam.  
Slumber, my darling,  
And sweet be thy dream.

## SUMMER TWILIGHT

THE golden time, the dearest hour  
Of all the day is here.  
The vague, sweet scents of grass and flower  
Come in my window near.

The sun in gorgeous beauty slept  
An hour ago, and now  
Fair Venus, shining-eyed, has crept  
To her high throne, aglow.

The beauty of the hour brings thought  
That's close akin to pain.  
A melody within me wrought  
Cries to be heard again.

I touch the keys, and as I play  
That sweet, sweet melody  
Comes blending softly with the day  
That's going, and to me,—

A peaceful thought, almost a prayer,  
A wonder at the ways  
Of Mother Nature, just as fair  
In nighttimes as in days.

## DRIFTING

Oh, let the oars be still, dear,  
And let us drift atune,  
Over the silvered, shimmering lake,  
That quivers 'neath the moon.

And let our hearts be one, dear,  
As faint the melody  
Of distant singers, floating comes  
Wafted to you and me.

For, ah, the summer night, dear,  
Is witchery, and strong  
The scented night-wind's now on us,  
With youth, and sings youth's song.

## NIGHT

SOFT falls the veil of night  
O'er the varied scenes of earth;  
Over the souls that are grieving,  
Over the children of mirth.

Casting its shadows o'er sages,  
And those who have life's path to tread;  
Glancing at poverty's victims,  
And those on whom riches are shed.

Deeper and darker the shadows,  
Still the evening breeze.  
Gently the tree-tops are swaying,  
All is wrapt in night's diocese.

## A LOVE LYRIC

A POET fell adreaming once in June,  
And dreamed he was in quest of Cupid's home.  
His thoughts went hand in hand with Fancy  
    gay,  
Who guided him lest he should roam  
From out the love-wrought way.  
His footsteps fell all noiseless on a path  
Flanked close on one side by a land  
Of velvet greenness, daisy flecked, and on  
The other ran a stream by white rocks spanned.  
These limpid, languid waters in their lace-fern  
    bed,  
Showed the dimpled blue of heaven  
As they smiled; and overhead  
The blue sky smiled in turn.  
Sometimes a tiny, tinkling sound he heard,  
As the dripping rocks were splashed.  
And once, an infant rainbow poised,  
And iridescent flashed.  
He passed through fairy woodlands, rich in all  
The youthful loveliness of spring,  
As fair as the Elysian Fields of old,  
And fragrant with the honeyed sweets that fling  
Themselves upon the soft winds, roaming  
    dreamily.  
And so he passed, the poet, wondering,  
And drowsy-eyed, till gradually,  
A soft, sweet languor came.

He dropped upon a mossy mound and soon  
Was slumb'ring there, 'midst leaf and bloom  
Of that fair woodland, and a hush swift flew  
Upon the place, and like a tomb  
Its silent beauty grew.

And soon sweet sounds of lyre-lipped melody  
Awoke the poet from his sleep.

And so he lay and listened to such strains  
Of music that set all his pulse aleap.

And then he rose and listening stood, and drip-  
ping pure,

Like unto drops of smoothly molten pearl,  
Softly the music sobbed, and then the lure  
Of melody grew still.

A mist of silver meshes then arose,

And the sunlight gleamed and glanced.

The poet turned his eyes upon a knoll

Where the dew on the greensward danced

Like gems on an emerald bowl.

And there a silver-latticed arbor stood,

And half embraced by blushing roses gleamed

A fragrant, dainty blend of silv'ry pink.

He nearer drew and stood, it seemed,

Before the door of Beauty's own domain.

For there, within, upon a bed

Of flushed rose petals, lay the god

Of Love and Lovers, fast asleep. And shed

By passing sunbeams, yellow glints of light

Were in scintillating glances

Making all the arbor bright.  
A cherub nestled close beside the couch,  
And now and then he touched his lyre sweet;  
While snowy doves flew in and out and dropped  
Fair offerings of flowers at Cupid's feet.  
The while the poet lay entranced, he saw  
The sleeper's eyelids ope, and square  
He looked into Love's eyes, and saw  
An answering smile of gladness,  
Well up in their clear depths fair.  
So the poet found his Cupid,  
And sweet his dream to him.  
For he found there an inspiration,  
Not new, but never dim.  
And this it is,—that always,  
For every soul there dreams  
A Cupid in a rosy bower,  
To be wakened when the gleams  
Of answering love are roused.  
And if no love comes surging  
From that other heart to yours,  
Then the Cupid still is sleeping  
On that other heart's calm shores.



## GOD'S MASTERPIECE

God holds us in the hollow of His hand.  
Beside His works, men as dwarfed pygmies  
stand;  
The tiniest insect of the grass is shaped  
With all the care that made the wooded land.

And yet, when He made man He placed the  
spark  
Of His own fire divine, that through the dark  
An urging something would make man to rise,  
And to the voice of high endeavor hark.

## MY ROSARY

A NUN in a cloistered convent  
Knelt with her rosary,  
And prayed the dear God that her soul  
Might daily purer be.

And so through the years her fingers  
The shining beads caressed,  
Till one little bead grew brighter,  
From much handling, than the rest.

And as through my fingers is slipping  
My rosary of life,  
Each day is a bead of mem'ry  
That stands for joy or strife.

And when at the end of all this,  
When the years have all been told,  
The ones that will shine the brightest  
Will be those that youth doth enfold.

## SPRING

A SOFTER note of crooning  
In the wafted scent-hung breeze,  
As if translating lyrics  
Sung on languorous southern seas.

Above, the azure sky, white-flecked;  
Below, the dainty flush  
Of fragrant-petaled orchards,  
'Neath the sun's warm kiss ablush.

The Pipes o' Pan resounding sweet,  
The song of a bird on the wing;  
God's breath of peace descending,  
And saying, "This is spring."

THE GHOST OF *LA BELLE DAME*  
*SANS MERCI*

YOUNG Adrien La Garraye was born  
In the south of sunny France,  
Where the purpling vineyards ripen fast  
Beneath the sun's hot glance.

But La Garraye a dreamer was,  
And one who loved to be  
Adrift upon the waters of  
His wand'ring fancy's sea.

He entered a cavern at sunset once,  
On the borderland of sleep;  
With thoughts all clothed in whimsical garb,  
And pulses all aleap.

He pushed a fringed curtain back,  
And gazed at a magic room,  
All silent save for tinkling sounds  
Of hidden fountains' tune.

The walls were hung with tapestries  
Of rare and lustrous sheen,  
The marble floor was laid with rugs,—  
'Twas the throne room for a queen.

In one far end a window set  
With jewels, flashing bright,

Cast o'er the lovely room below  
A strange and weird light.

And there, between two mirrors pale,  
Shadowed by palm leaves green,  
Hung the portrait of a woman,  
All alone amidst that scene.

He drew with soft steps the portrait near,  
And gazed on the beautiful face,  
And a ray from the window, flitting by,  
Lit up each smiling grace.

He turned from his thoughts to the doorway,  
And a woman, wondrous fair,  
The image of the portrait,  
Smiling, serene, stood there.

She beckoned; he heard sweetest music,  
And maidens beginning to sing;  
He found himself on an ivory throne,  
And he wore the crown of a king.

The room was golden with shining lights,  
A banquet was spread to him there;  
Soft gleaming mirrors reflected  
Silver and flowers rare.

He leaned from his throne to the woman,  
As she half reclined by him there;

He fastened a rose in her bodice,  
And one in her shining hair.

Her red lips were heavy with kisses,  
Her cheek was near to his breast,  
And then, *Mon Dieu*, on her forehead,  
In letters of fire was pressed,—

“I am *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*,”—  
Young Adrien blindly fled,  
Fled from the cavern that held the ghost  
Of that traitress, ages dead.

## AMBITION

It is not given to all to do  
A deed of deathless fame.  
But naught can stay the least of us  
From pure and lofty aim.

The man who lets a day go by  
Without a vision seen  
Of something nobler. Lo,— that man  
Has soiled that day's page clean.

If every goal, high placed, could lure  
But one step up each day,  
How short would seem the journey's length,  
Although a lifelong way!

## THE IMMIGRANT

HE comes with his heart aleap,  
With a fire in the blood of his veins.  
Though an unknown language fetters his  
tongue,  
His heart knows the patriot's pains.

But life full of plenty and ease  
Is not his in the Land of the Free.  
It is battle for life and meagre bread,  
In the new home 'cross the sea.

Oft the toil, the curse, and the strife,  
And the sweat of a laborer's day ;  
The heat and the stench of summer nights,  
And the winters that pinch him gray.

And out of it all he strides,  
With the look of a man fresh-purged  
By the white-hot fires of seething life  
That over him have surged.

And,— he stays, and yearningly loves  
The land he espoused years ago ;  
“ O God, in Thy mercy,” he prays,  
“ Keep this land where I'm free to fight on.”



## A MANSION OF OLD

It stands upon a wind-swept hill,  
With an avenue of pines  
Leading up to the balconied porch,  
Shadowed by moulding vines.  
Its roof is frail and blown with age,  
And its staring windows seem  
Peepholes into a darkened past,  
Fit for a bogie's dream.

But once these rooms, reechoed now  
By the breezes' plaintive sigh,  
Rang with the laughter and voices of youth,  
Silent now for years gone by.  
The maidens of a hundred years,  
With faces bright with youth,  
Tripped merrily down to the wide old hall,  
Quaint as an old-time booth.

Around the red-bricked fireplace wide,  
When the night was dark and cold,  
Stories of love and stories of war,  
Each with their charm, were told.  
The hound, a favored inmate there,  
On the hearthrug stretched and dreamed;  
Too, there were baskets of woodland nuts,  
Nearby the cognac steamed.

And then, perchance, the squire took down,  
From its resting place nearby,  
His worn old fiddle that could give  
Sweet strains that the night-winds sigh.  
Each merry maiden tripped the dance,  
And each laughing glance was held  
Fast in the mirror of Time's clutching hand,—  
And louder the music swelled.

And then, when darkness folded all,  
And the lights no longer shone,  
Dancing figures of nimble shade  
Fell on the lone hearthstone.  
I think, sometimes, the Fates will keep  
Watch o'er this trophy of Time,  
And each bygone thought and act will swathe  
From the hurrying age's grime.

## SUNRISE ON THE PRAIRIE

THE rosy morn comes dancing o'er the waste  
Of tangled grasses tall;  
Her gilded shafts of sunlight flash,  
As on the dew they fall.

The sky is like a sea shell,  
All pearly-tinted fair;  
And an infant breeze awakened,  
Murmurs plaintive on the air.

The regal disc that rises  
Above the faint sky line,  
Looks down on this fair dominion,  
As if to say, "'Tis mine!"

And this is the prairie sunrise,  
When the day awakes from sleep;  
When the sun grows bright, then brighter,  
And the gray mists skyward creep.

## SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE

AMBER and crimson and blue,  
With violet lights between ;  
And a hint of the coming nightfall,  
Softly dimming the sunset sheen.

Above, the orient splendor,  
Below, the western plain,  
Stretching away to the sky line,  
As over a boundless main.

The faint herb-scented breezes  
Pass lightly o'er the ground,  
And kiss the heads of the grasses,  
That in tangled heaps abound.

And this is the western prairie,  
When the day is tired unto death,  
And pillowing her head in the sunset,  
Slumbers with quiet breath.

## OMAR

WITHIN the wondrous portals of thy word  
Is stored the poesy of all the earth,  
I've opened wide the gate, and oft have heard  
The pulsing music that thy rhythm stirred.

Sweet, subtile words that paint in imagery  
Still sweeter scenes born in thy poet's mind;  
Words of soft, languorous syllables, and free,  
Unguarded words of wild abandon.— See!

This page with hyacinths is scented sweet,  
Another is bright-burnished by the moon;  
The nightingale, athrill, his wings doth beat  
On this fair page; and here two lovers meet.

When they who bar the cup of rosy wine  
Do frown upon thy song of revels gay,  
Let them but pause a moment at some line  
That will fore'er outlive their thoughts,— or  
mine.

O heathen bard! Thy ancient dust returned  
Unto the dust from which it first had come;  
Thou lived and loved and with thy passions  
burned,  
And now what tardy homage thou hast earned!

## FAME

MISTRESS of thousands, held in thrall  
By the magic of her face,  
She sounds her call, while around her fall  
The weaklings of the race.  
Deigning to smile on a lover strong,  
To the bold she gives her lips ;  
Yet e'en his song's not remembered long,—  
New singers him eclipse.  
Faint comes the muffled tread of feet  
That are marching to her shrine ;  
Mayhap, defeat will be their mete,  
Still they heed the call divine.  
Yet, ah, those few who conquering stand,  
In the sunshine of her smile,—  
They know the brand of her golden hand  
Was worth it all the while.

## SPRING SONG

THE spring's a lovesome thing, I hold.  
Mating birds apiping bold  
In green-frilled yew.  
Wooing winds aslipping by,  
Swaying tulips 'neath a sky  
Of azure hue.

Yet there fools be,— blind men, they,—  
Who in ignorance will say,  
“ There is no God.”

I smile to hear such words, for I  
Plainly have a sign close by,  
— Sign magical.  
It is but a bursting bud,  
Springing radiant from black mud,  
— A miracle!

## AFTERWARDS

WHEN all is done and The Book is shut,  
The last breath drawn and the last thong cut  
That binds us to the earth,  
The happiest souls will be they who learned  
To bow to Duty though yearnings burned  
For things outside the Law.  
When night is come and forever more  
The world will whirl in void, the door  
Of Paradise will swing,  
Ah,— wide for those who in darkness sat,  
Who turned from Happiness to that  
Which was the Right.



## RONDEAU

WE may ne'er meet the hero strong  
We celebrate in tuneful song,  
    But we can sing.  
Our eyes may ne'er those beauties greet  
Of which the poet tells us sweet,  
    But we can dream.  
Our Ship of Dreams may ne'er be beached,  
Our goal may never be quite reached,  
    But we can strive.  
We may not see the love that's near,  
Nor recognize its value dear,  
    But it is there,  
    A treasure rare.

## MIRACLES

THREE miracles I know we'll never understand,  
The magic spring, a white rosebud, and a  
baby's little hand.

The first comes with a kiss of fragrant dewy  
lips,  
And even as we wonder, lo! into the summer  
slips.

The second when unfurled, no mortal hand can  
close,  
For what did God so subtly plan as the heart  
of a budding rose?

The third is dearest of all, like a little leaf,  
tight-curved,  
Its tiny touch is powerful, because it rules the  
world.

## NOVEMBER DAY

A BLOOD-RED sun, like the eye of Fate,  
Gleams o'er a world that dies.  
Stark, spectre-trees raise piteous arms  
In suppliance to the skies.

A stricken flower on a broken stalk  
Droops its petaled face. The path  
Is strewn with dead and dying leaves,  
Flung there by the wind's fierce wrath.

A leaden sky framed 'round the sun ;  
A world in a mourner's shroud ;  
Faint song of tardy south-bound birds,  
And the wind bewailing loud.

## COUNSEL REJECTED

THE bearded Sage, with bent and hoary head,  
Spoke to fair Youth, and smiling gravely, said:

“Look not, O Youth, for Love in some rare  
    shape,  
And heralded by loud-resounding fame.  
Mayhap, within the eyes of a dear friend,  
Thou’lt recognize the sweetness of Love’s name.  
Look not across the rolling sea’s expanse  
For Love to bring across the world thy crown,  
Perhaps Love walks in modest company,  
Beside thee now, if thou wilt but look down.  
And ah, thou rash one, if there be a knock  
Upon thy heart’s door, some eventful day,  
Do not bar out the wand’ring traveller,—  
It may be Love itself thou turn’st away.”

And Youth, with starry eyes, heard all, but  
    sought  
The wondrous, ideal Love his fancy wrought.

## DREAM PHILOSOPHY

A DREAM came to me through the pall of night,  
And like the hand of God it boldly writ  
Itself upon my dreaming senses till  
Awakening, I felt the spell of it.

I thought I stood upon a wind-swept hill,  
While circling all about were mists of gray.  
And yet, through veiling shadows, I could see  
Before me, where the whole world plainly lay.

And then before my wondering eyes there  
    passed  
A motley crowd of dreadful, monstrous freaks,  
That gibbered, groped and crawled along  
    their way  
With hopeless faces, mouthing groans and  
    shrieks.

My heart grew sick within me, and I turned  
My eyes away in loathing and in fright.  
And then there burst upon my shrinking  
    gaze,—  
Close following on the wretched train,— a  
    light.

A yellow light, as if of countless suns,  
It came, and lit the way for dancing feet.

For now there came a second moving band,  
That lightly stepped to stringed music sweet.

Sweet-eyed and smiling-lipped the dancers  
came,  
Their perfumed gauzes floating 'round white  
limbs.  
With laughter low and whispered words they  
danced  
Their joyous dance that varied with their  
whims.

And as the happy band advanced and sang,  
Those other shapes of darkness shrank away.  
For lo! no vestige of their presence drear  
Could e'er remain where that great radiance  
lay.

A voice from out the mists then spoke to me,  
In measured tones: "The sins of earth and all  
Its sorrows are as naught beside the great  
Fair multitude of joys close to our call."

## ROSE DE PROVINS

*Rose de Provins*, with your petals soft  
And red as the blood of love,  
Ah, where did you get your perfume sweet?  
Is it heavenly distilled from above?

Crimson and deep is your heart, O rose,  
And daintily curled and rare.  
Ah, who but a God could tint you so?  
Will you tell me who made you so fair?

But, Rose, half hid there are terrible thorns,  
That stab with a cruel pain.  
And yet, with thy thorns, I'd rather thee  
Than a hundred pale flowers! And again,—

*Rose de Provins*, with your petals soft,  
And your red, red heart, I ask,  
Ah, where do you get your thorns, and why  
Does your beauty such cruelty mask?

## RENAISSANCE

WHERE are the silver mists all blown  
    After the dawn?  
Into the air a song is flown,  
    And whither gone?  
Whither the fragrance of the rose  
    That dying lies?  
To that same place where color goes  
    When sunset dies.  
To that fair haven past the bounds  
    Of myth and truth,—  
Dreamland of muted thoughts and sounds,  
    And dreams of youth.  
Where go the echoes of the strings  
    That silent lay?  
Where all the ghosts of those dear things  
    Lovers would say,  
Yet, bound by yearning shyness, leave  
    Unsaid by lips?  
They're in the elf-land, I believe,  
    Where sunset slips  
Eternally into the dusk,  
    The land, I ween,  
Of vanished Beauty,—scent of musk,  
    And eglantine,  
Rose-petaled sward and lapping lakes,  
    And sunny light!  
From drooping death on earth, swift takes  
    Its wingèd flight



Each fading beauty of this earth,  
    To live again,  
In loveliness, in a new birth,  
    Where no years reign.  
The prostrate heathen worshipping  
    The golden sun,—  
He knew his prayer would ever sing  
    When he was done.  
The dawning beauties of the morn  
    Die not at day.  
In land unseen they live, reborn,  
    And held alway.  
The echoed music sings fore'er,  
    In ecstasy.  
Dear words and sounds, and visions fair!  
    Eternity  
Is yours beyond the reach of man,  
    Always. For see!—  
The Land of Vanished Beauty can  
    Your haven be.

## LOVE'S HOUR

POETS may sing, as e'er they will,  
Of love mutually told and confessed.  
But there is a time more subtly dear,  
With which true love is blessed.

'Tis the hour when love is still untold,  
The time of trembling hopes,  
When ev'ry tender message glanced  
An answering gleam invokes.

When eye meets eye, and striking fire,  
Swift veils its sudden light;  
When touch of hands, the unsaid word,  
Half reveals love's secret bright.

For as the soul is dearer, far,  
Because 'tis never caught,  
So are lovers' thoughts more precious when  
With sweet mystery they're fraught.

The bud a promise lovely keeps  
Within each scented fold,  
And subtle, undefined joy  
Clings close to love untold.

## HOPE

WAND'RING one day o'er the fields of Time,  
The Fates found a sunbeam fair,  
Lying alone, 'midst the shattered aims  
Of ages of human despair.

The lonely sunbeam cast its light  
Over the gloomy scene,  
Striving to brighten the darkened way,  
And find some good to glean.

So they lifted it gently and sent it out  
To the struggling world of care,  
That its light might shine on a toiler's soil,  
And help it its trials to bear.

The little sunbeam was christened "Hope,"  
It lives in the world today;  
And 'long the path to Happiness,  
Its clear light shows the way.

## SPRING SPEAKING TO EARTH

BANISH all fears and away with dull care,  
Brighten thine eyes with a smile that is fair,  
Grief — dry thy tears and bind up thy hair,  
I am here!

List to a bird-song with love-notes between,  
Match a bright face with the sunlight's gilt  
sheen,  
Off with black garments and on with the green,  
I am here!

Turn not a deaf ear to strange voices that  
plead,  
Look in my mirrored eyes frankly and read,  
Does not God give us that which we need?  
I am here!

## DREAM LIFE

DREAM-FRAUGHT and dimly fair,  
There hangs the veil between  
Our daylight lives of waking hours  
And those short lives, which seen  
Through other magic eyes than ours,  
We view as on a screen.

We may be prince or queen,  
Or floating water sprite,  
The jewels of an empire may  
Deck us in colors bright  
We may inhabit isles of rare  
And million-dreamed delight.

A little while, and lo!  
The mystic place is flown.  
Another life confronts our eyes,  
Dream bubbles burst and blown.  
And yet an hour behind the veil  
May shape a poet's throne.

## MY DAY

My day because I love the sun  
And like a heathen of the olden times,  
I fain would bow my head and chant  
In toneless sacramental rhymes.

My day because my soul expands  
Till it is great enough to hold the thought  
That this is God's own precious gift to me,  
With His love towards me fraught.

My day, indeed, for I have felt  
Today a new sweet thing.  
This day's an answer to my questioning heart,  
That seeks the slow-stepped spring.

## ROSSETTI'S SONNETS

ONE verse like dawn's expectancy,  
Cool fingertipped and sweet,  
A whispered rhythm soft and low,  
Where murmured tones do meet.  
One verse like summer's hot noontide,  
When sunflowers woo the sun,  
And lifting up their faces give  
Their kisses till he's won.  
And one verse like the shadowed eve,  
With stardust over it,  
Fair, pensive-worded lines a gleam,  
By lady moon soft lit.  
Each separate word a shimmering pearl,  
Strung on a silver string,  
And slipping on to join the next,  
And make a perfect thing.

## THE LAND OF LOST DESIRES

THERE was a Soul in a prison-house,  
Tortured by Ambition's fires,  
And there came a day when the Soul escaped  
To the Land of Lost Desires.  
In wonder and expectant awe,  
The Soul passed through the gates  
Into a garden exquisite,  
And guarded by three Fates.  
Afar a palace stood a gleam;  
The Soul caught sounds of lyres.  
With quick'ning steps it sped towards  
The Palace of Lost Desires.  
Into a sunlit open court,  
The Soul slipped quietly.  
Six maidens fair to look upon,  
Reclined in postures free.  
And 'fore a maiden's silvered couch,  
A gray smocked slave knelt and  
With chainèd hands soft woke the strings  
To music for the band.  
The music ceased, a fluttering note  
Breathed from the quivering lyre.  
"What do ye here?" the maidens asked,  
"In this Palace of Lost Desires?"  
"I seek those things for which I yearned  
And lost long since in mires  
Of ignorance and prisoned life."  
"We are those Lost Desires!"



“Your separate names, I pray thee, then,  
That I may see if true  
Thou art those Lost Desires of mine,  
Which I may find anew.”

And so a maiden, tall and fair,  
With eyes like a calm sea,  
Arose and spoke to the awed Soul.

“I, Beauty am,” said she.

“I am desired by millioned hordes,  
Still I’m a Lost Desire.”

“Ah, yes, I know,” the Soul replied,

“Men say of them you tire.”

And then arose a maiden sweet,  
With deep alluring glance.

Her eyes one moment were a prayer,  
The next they seemed to dance.

“My name is Fame. Souls follow me.  
I beckon and they come.

Yet while they worship at my shrine,  
These Souls are stricken dumb.”

The Soul all humbly bowed him low.

“Thy torturing smile I’ve caught;  
But thou, indeed, wert lost to me,—  
I lost thee while I sought.”

A regal figure, proud-eyed, dark,  
Arose and calmly spoke,

“Men called me Wealth and died for me  
E’er since the world awoke.

More follow at my call, perhaps,

Than at my sisters' call.  
I offer less, though, in the end,  
A Lost Desire,— I pall.”  
A maiden with a raven veil  
Of rippling shining hair,  
Said to the Soul, “ My name is Power.  
They take me who will dare.”  
“ And I,” a maiden said (her face  
Was glowing like a star),  
“ Am Opportunity. To all  
I go, but drift afar.”  
And then a last fair maiden rose,  
All sweetly dignified.  
Her eyes were dusky stars ashine,  
Her lips with poppies vied.  
She stretched white arms out to the Soul.  
“ And I am Love,” she said.  
You find me in this palace lost,  
For some Soul thinks me dead.  
But I am really never lost,  
I'm not a Lost Desire.”

The words trailed off. A flashing light  
Blinded the Soul with its fire.  
And then all startingly its sight  
Grew clearer than before.  
A figure gray brushed past. A slave  
Was hast'ning towards the door.  
The Soul clutched at the garments gray.  
“ And you? ” he asked in fear.

“ Oh, *I* am Man. I am the slave  
Of all these maidens here.  
Do not detain me now, O Soul,  
For I must follow them.”  
His silver chains clanked 'gainst the floor,  
Beneath his garments' hem.  
Then saw the Soul that all the maids  
Had disappeared,— save one.  
And Love stood still with trembling lips,  
But radiant as the sun!  
“ Where are the others? ” asked the Soul.  
Love clasped hands on her breast.  
“ They all are here,” she said, “ for I  
Embody all the rest! ”  
“ 'Tis I who give to faces plain  
A Beauty all their own.  
And Fame I give to those who, spurred  
By me, reach for renown.  
And Love is Wealth, and I will come  
As Opportunity  
To those who truly love their work,  
And I am Power, for see!  
'Tis I who am all powerful,  
And Power give to a host,—  
To mothers, friends, to thrones, withal,  
To lovers give I most.”  
“ And in this Palace of Desires,—  
All Lost Desires,— you stay? ”  
So asked the Soul, the while Love smiled.  
“ Ah, no, we two away!

I go with you unto the end,  
For you have found me here.  
But first return to your prison-house.  
You lead, I follow, dear.”  
All dumbly then her mercy sought  
The suppliant Soul, for Love  
Above all things else in the world,  
The Soul desired. But Love,  
With sweet compelling eyes did speak,  
The Soul then led the way.  
And through the halls and gardens fair,  
Love followed close to stay.  
And lo! as went the silent twain  
To quaff the prison bowl,—  
It was no longer prison, but  
The mansion of the Soul!

## TWO MOTHERS

CRADLED in the arms of the young little moon,  
The little white star lay at rest.  
And it twinkled and smiled, and all too soon,  
Slipt over the rim of the west.  
Close in the arms, at a young mother's breast,  
A baby's dear head lay in sleep.  
And all too soon the world gay-dressed,  
Called him out of her keep.



## SOMEDAY

SOMEDAY there will be sun  
Enough to flood the sky;  
A smiling sky, with tiny flecks,  
When little clouds blow by.

Someday there will be joy  
Enough to fill the heart;  
And all the earth will seem to smile,  
And bid youth ne'er depart.

Someday there will be love  
Enough for ever and aye;  
And earth and heav'n will be the same,  
When dawns that sweet Someday.

And men go on and strain  
Their eyes 'long life's dim way;  
To seek the shining will-o'-the-wisp,  
The beck'ning sweet Someday.







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