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IF LOVE WERE KING

BY EDWARD WILLARD WATSON, M.D.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY. 12mo. Cloth.
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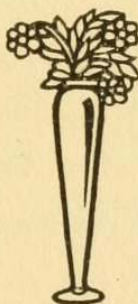
OLD LAMPS AND NEW. 12mo. Boards.
\$1.25.

H. W. FISHER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

IF LOVE WERE KING
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EDWARD WILLARD WATSON



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PHILADELPHIA

1915

PS 3545
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1915

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Published August, 1915



\$1.25

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no. 1.

DEDICATION

*For thee I weave, as best I may,
The flying fancies of my hours,
To linger, when I end my day,
Upon my grave, like faded flowers.*

*The sunlight of each day that goes,
The shadow of each night that lies
Upon thee, are not ever foes
To thy dear face, in lover's eyes;*

*For day leaves light that will not die,
And night the calm that ever grows,
As, year by year, our lives go by
Unto the end that no man knows.*

.
*For thee? Ah, nevermore for thee, alas,
I sing the songs that only fade and die;
Like thee, they too into the silence pass
And lose themselves in the un pitying sky.*

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IF LOVE WERE KING
AND OTHER POEMS

IF LOVE WERE KING

THE rolling world has many lands
And many tyrants o'er them reign,
And prisoners lift their fettered hands,
While all the earth is filled with pain;
But mighty prison bars would break
And chains no longer clank and cling,
If love were king.

And all the earth is filled with strife,
Proud armies march o'er hill and plain,
They quench a thousand sparks of life
That nevermore may burn again;
But gentle peace would come and dwell
And life would be an endless spring,
If love were king.

And o'er our hearts, where hate doth glow,
Dear love would enter in and reign.
Without, the winds of strife might blow,
But in our homes they'd strive in vain;
The wilderness would burst in bloom
With flowers, the desert blossoming,
If love were king.

LOVE AND THE PREACHER

“THE world is filled with agony and tears”

Cried the great preacher, and his people wept.
And as he thought of life and his lost years,
Across his soul a mighty torrent swept.

“All life is vain and sorrow is our lot.”

Yet in his soul a voice spake, loud and clear:
“A vale of misery this world is not,
For love is here.”

ONE AND THE SAME

I AM the one whom the world has called
Hathor and Eros, Heré, Amor.
Me they bowed to as Ishtar once,
Shrined on the low-lying Tyrian shore;
Tammuz, Astarté, Isis — names
That veiled from the eye a thousand shames.
Age by age I have purged the dross,
Watching it burn in my altar fires,
Sensuality's glittering floss
With the clinging slime of base desires.
Step by step have I lost the sin,
Reaching the gulf of the years across.
Still the hearts of the race I win,

Gathering gain from my dear-bought loss.
Come ye gladly; no longer I dwell
High on the mountain, nor lure I now
Knights sworn fast to the Holy Grail,
Virgins who bow at Christ's altar bow.
I am pure and your hearts I claim,
Heart of the maid who blushes red,
Heart of the youth of unmade name,
Heart of the man who woos to wed.
Queen am I of the arms that toil,
Queen of the millions waiting long,
Queen of the warrior who wins the spoil,
And queen of the poet who maketh the song.

MY PUNISHMENT

THIS is my punishment, for if I only
Loved you, I'd bear it in silence, or say,
I can endure to live — to be lonely —
Keeping my love in my bosom always.

But that you love me and suffer this pain for me,
This is the anguish that tortures my heart,
This is the burden that life has cast over me,
Loving, yet fate keeps us ever apart.

This is my sorrow, your eyes gazing sadly,
The dream of the love that might have been mine,

The cry of my heart that to have you beats madly,
The loss of my one love that might be divine.

This is the passion flower growing within me,
The print of the nails you may see on the leaves,
The wound of the thorns for the love that can win me
No bloom in its present, no store in its sheaves.

EVE, MY EVE

O EVE, my Eve, I wait beneath the tree.
The apples ripe so slowly, one and all;
The stems, that seem such little things to be,
Hold on so tightly — oh that one might fall!

So many years we wait, O Eve of mine,
So long we watch the blushing apples grow;
The rich, rare color spreads, complete and fine,
But was there ever ripening quite so slow?

And when they do fall, will you run with glee
And grasp the red, ripe apple that above
Mocked us who watched in patient misery,
Wearily waiting for the fruit of love?

And then — ah, will you give it then to me?
Is there no other Adam waits and yearns?
Thou canst, for thou art still unbound and free,
While in my heart eternal passion burns.

Stoop, Eve, my Eve, hold out to him who waits
Thy gift of knowledge, evil fruit and good.
I'll take the good and bless the fickle fates,
Daring the evil with love's hardihood.

TOO LATE

TIME glides along, swift as a dream,
And lulls our souls and veils our fate,
Till in a moment, down the stream,
We wake. Ah, God! it is too late.

The light is gone from loving eyes,
The gray has frosted golden tress,
And silent now the fond heart lies
That throbbed to answer each caress.

Yes, time has flown. Why now bemoan
And all our vanished chance berate?
Love answereth not for sigh or groan.
Alas, sad heart, it is too late.

TO HER

Now doth the glory of the sun
Fade out abashed when she is nigh,
And the bright stars as, one by one,
Before her glance they fade and die.

She walks at evening through the field
And heather bright its blossom hides,
Her cheeks they shame the poppies red,
They wilt and die, but she abides.

My strong, my lovely one, I watch
Thee, only thee. Thy gleaming hair
Doth all the daylight's radiance catch
And fills with light the ambient air.

The curling wave but strives to reach
Its arms to thee, earth's fairest pearl;
And on the wide and snowy beach
Its wavelets, spent, in sorrow curl.

Strong-limbed and white, with gliding tread,
She swings amid the apple bloom,
Proud as the envious sky o'erhead,
And light she brings where all was gloom.

CLEOPATRA

THY languorous curves of loveliness
Are lost forever to the eye.
The murmuring music of thy voice
On empty air away doth die.
Nor canst thou gaze, through Egypt's haze,
Across the blue and ancient sea,

Where sails unfurl, on bays of pearl,
And drift past isles of mystery;
Nor sunset crimsons the pale rose
That on thy swarthy cheek peeps through,
Nor moonbeams silver o'er thy locks
And glint upon thine eyes of blue.
Thy bosom bare, thy jewelled brow,
Thy slender fingers ringed with gold,
The dark, dim masses of thy hair,
Lie in the dust, all still and cold.
The rubies of thy coronet
Are lost beneath some lonely mound,
Where shifting sands o'er Egypt's lands
Like snowflakes drift, without a sound.
Thy palaces are dust, O Queen,
Thy carven pillars overthrown!
The lizard creeps their rifts between,
Thy pleasant gardens overgrown.
O Cleopatra, Egypt's queen!
Thy name is silent in thy land.
All heedless go the Fellaheen,
But distant nations understand.
For legend wove thee, fine and fair,
In time's historic tapestry
And drew thy jewelled beauty rare,
A queen earth nevermore may see.

AN EPITAPH TO TWO DEAD LOVERS

LET their souls rest, as God our souls shall leave;
Some power beyond the world draws heart to heart.
For as the winds where'er they list may blow,
Nature and nature's God their part each weave,
And love resists the charmer's every art,
And hearts that should not with mad passion glow.

God rest their souls. Beyond His net of stars,
Beyond His veil of death they somewhere are.
The world is filled with tangled threads of fate,
Of prisoners beating 'gainst their prison bars,
Of lovers by earth's barriers sundered far,
Of souls bound close with clanking chains of hate.

TO A DYING QUEEN

WHAT shall we bring thee, O Queen,
In this hour of thy sorrow?
What shall we lay on thy breast
In thy throne room to-morrow?

All of our hearts thou hast,
In thy hand they are lying.
Thy life is vanishing fast;
O Queen dearly loved, thou art dying.

Riches are thine and all glory,
Palaces rich without number.
Poets shall sing of thy story,
When down in the dust thou dost slumber.

Only our love can we give thee,
The tears in our eyes that well over.
Going alone to death's mystery,
Take there the heart of each lover.

Take thou the love of all living
Down in the tomb with thee, dying.
Life with our love we are giving
To thee, so silently lying.

SONNETS OF A LOVER

LOVE LINGERS

CAN love be lingering, far away, too late
To catch the perfume of the bursting flowers?
Can love forget, through summer's burning hours,
To seek the heart allotted it by fate?
And must the heart that longs in patience wait,
While blossoms bloom and fade amid their bowers,
While on its uncrowned brow the rose tree showers
Its soft, sweet petals to a crown create?

Haste, love — for autumn steals across the hills,
Nearer and nearer with each ruddy eve,
And autumn's mist the valley deeper fills,
And the lone flowers for all their lost ones grieve —
And listen to the singing of the rills
Ere winter's frost their voice to silence chills.

WAITING

THEY tell us "All things come to him who waits."
Have I not waited, love, in patience long?
Have I not listened for thy far-off song
And sat in silence at thy frowning gates?
The lights go, one by one; my spirit hates
The dark and cold, yet still my love is strong.

I see thy lovers through thy palace throng,
While I without lie bound by cruel fates.

Oh love, look down! Oh summon me to thee!
My feet are eager and my soul would fly.
I only wait because thy last command
Bade me abide; but soon my soul must die,
For with thee only life and love can be,
And here I sit, an outcast from love's land.

MY FLOWER

I CARE not what the world may say, sweet flower;
I found thee in thy barren garden bed.
O'er thee the biting winter winds had sped,
And sunshine faded in a single hour.
I cannot see thy tinted blossoms cower,
Hide not beneath the withered leaves thy head,
Thrice blessed fate that here my steps have led.
I'll make thy desolation beauty's bower.

Come, sun; come, shower; drop, gentle dew, from
heaven;
Blow lightly, wind; fall softly, blessed night.
To them who mourn a hope at last is given,
To me in darkness cometh perfect light.
In yon bright sun that bathes our world in gold,
Let all thy jewelled heart to love unfold.

ERE FALLETH DARK THE NIGHT

HEART of my heart, grown dearer with the hours,
Doubt me not now — I could not bear thy doubt.
The world has lost for me all other flowers,
They blossom in some barren land without.
But in my heart I hold thee, perfect bloom,
Born in the northern summer of an hour,
Filling my longing soul with a perfume
That never breathed for me from earthly flower.

Thou art the glory of my world, its sun,
Late rising, bright with splendor, from its rest.
The shades may fall upon my day begun,
Alas too soon, but still the golden west
Will show thy glory, and I bless the light
That shines from thee ere falleth dark the night.

DESPAIR

AH, God, that one short hour should end our day
And leave us only night and night's despair.
The hour of joy that fled was all too rare
And now in bitter tears has passed away.
No more I'll see the golden sunlight play
Among the shining glories of thy hair,

Nor watch thy face, ever divinely fair,
And in thine ear a lover's pleadings say.

I may not meet thee in the listless years,
Lest my wan face thy little joy might mar.
Keep thou my memory with thine unshed tears,
Where all thy dearest memories garnered are,
And I, as one who far-off music hears,
Will wait thee, as one waits the morning star.

RENUNCIATION

WITH love I bought thee, yet I give thee back,
Yielding to fate — for who can dare its might? —
And go my way, where dwelleth endless night,
Where men the light of love forever lack.
Lost in the raving storm's bewildering wrack,
I vanish, evermore from mortal sight,
Vanquished and wounded in the unequal fight
And, bleeding, hide along life's lowliest track.

I'll watch thee as thy days more happy grow,
I'll see thee ringed with friends, I'll hear thee laugh.
I'll faint and fail beneath the deadly blow
And, thirsting, sorrow's draught of sorrow quaff.
Thou must not search the world, thou must not know
Where I am hiding in my hopeless woe.

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, alas my voice is faint.
I fail, I tremble, weak with love for thee;
Yet through thine eyes my way I dimly see,
Trodden by the bleeding feet of many a saint.
For what is love lost here, through life's constraint,
Beside the years of long eternity?
What we miss now then brighter still may be,
Nor ever heart, there, make its sad complaint.

And if this be but idle thought of mine,
If life be all and death sweet love destroy,
Still be thou brave: the nearer to divine
Man comes on earth, the less his passions cloy;
When sorrow's fires the ore of life refine,
Nearest the mortal comes to immortal joy.

LONGING

AND still for thee, oh love, in vain I long.
Nor ever may I rest, like bird at sea,
Fleeing the endless waters under me,
Yet striving still upon hope's pinion strong
To reach the fair, green fields, where I belong.
But all in vain, for ever, wearily,

I sink in sorrow, though I fain would flee
The cruel waves that ever nearer throng.

Nor ever may I rest till there I come
Where thou dost dwell. Here winter storms do beat,
The cold, gray sky above doth colder grow,
The mist lies thick around me, yet my home,
My place of rest, down at thy gentle feet,
Calleth me, "Come! Nor ever longer roam."

THE WANDERER

I AM a wanderer on a moorland bleak,
I am a mariner lost upon the sea;
No headland light of hope can gleam for me,
Nor far, faint bell can rescue ever speak.
Wandering, cast out by love, I may not seek
Thy shelter, though the wild storm cover me;
Counted among thy friends I cannot be,
Nor on the arms that hold thee vengeance wreak.

Outcast from thee! Cast out, O God! from all
That makes life blessed, yet to life I cling.
While thou art on the earth I may not fall,
But oft a hopeless hope my heart doth wring.
Thwarted, bereft, love's maimed and tortured thrall,
Wearily, o'er the world waste, wandering.

LIKE FOOLISH CHILDREN

LIKE foolish children, crying for the moon,
No tears can bring love low into our lap,
Nor fortunate fate will ever to us hap,
Nor day come when we cry, "It falleth soon."
But would it be to us a royal boon?
Could love endure that burneth leaf and sap?
Could love live on and all our lifeblood lap,
Like ghastly werewolf in some ancient rune?

Burn out, oh fire of love, the life of youth,
Burn till age shows the embers here and there,
But leave a lingering love, a glow of ruth,
Like sparks that flit and lose each other; spare
One tiny spark, lest only black despair
Brood o'er the ashes of love once so fair.

LYRICS

CLOUDLAND

I DWELL within a city old
Whose lofty walls shut out the light,
And everywhere, by day and night,
Dark towers and spires rise grim and cold.

No country have I but the sky;
There mountains tower, there rivers run,
And boundless seas glint in the sun
And golden islands in them lie.

Are these the "islands of the blest,"
The famed Hesperides of old,
Where hang the apples, red as gold,
Gleaming against the golden west?

No galleon sails that silent sea,
No gallant souls its depths explore,
Nor ripple breaks against its shore,
And all beyond is mystery.

THE MARSHES

BROWN salt marshes, reaching to the sea;
Dun grass, dry grass, wind-swept and wan;
Autumn tides, winter tides that drive the waters on;
Rising tides, ebbing tides, fighting to be free.

Green salt marshes, where the wild fowl nest,
Emerald green as upland field, where the farmers
plow,
Ever higher, ever ranker yet your grasses grow,
Summer time is coming when we love you first and
best.

Green growing red, like a life's blood shed,
Meadows flushing deeper like the crimson cheek of
shame,
Like a warrior burning in a pyre of ruddy flame,
Till ye die and wind-swept lie, down among the dead.

Hear the marsh hen crooning amid the swaying grass,
See the waters, creeping, creeping, purple, blue, and
green;
Night is on the marshes, nothing can be seen,
Seasons come and days come and nights as swiftly
pass.

Life and death for the marshes, life and death for me;
Glittering bright in the setting sun, orange, red, and
gold.
Brown and bare as a soul's despair, when the au-
tumn nights grow cold,
We must lie, when the years go by, like the marshes
down by the sea.

ÆOLIAN

O HARP Æolian, dear to me is the music of thy golden
strings;
High aloft I set thee, long ago, in the window of my
tower,
Where to the hillside steep, mossgrown and olden, it
clings,
Like a thing of bygone ages, above my forest bower.

As through the trembling strings the sobbing wind
sweeps slowly,
Soft are thy notes, like music far off, in dreams of
the night;
Louder when rises the gale, then fading, faintly and
lowly,
Till in the silence they die, as the last sad note takes
flight.

Sweet to me in the darkness, all alone, as the gentle
breeze
Sings a song of sadness and love lost and never
found,
Till the moon rises glimmering through the dark
leaves of the trees,
And a louder theme reëchoes as you fill the air with
sound.

When the wild stormcloud grows darker and hid is
the glaring day,
And the world seems lost forever in the might of a
baleful night,
No longer, with gentle touch, on your golden strings
you play,
But burst into wildest music, till the heart beats
fast with delight.

You sing of war's desolation and the host of demons
dire,
The wild erlking who rides apace through the path
of the stormy night,
Lit for a moment by flashes of the lightning's livid fire,
Then vanishing swift in the blackness and lost to
the eager sight.

Thy golden strands shriek loudly, like a lost soul in
its pain,
The roll of the thunder clasping close with the roll
of thine awesome sound,
The lightning flashing faster gives glimpse of the
world again,
And then the visions vanish and stilled is the air
around.

No sound breaks that perfect silence and hopes in the
silence die,
And tears come silently stealing down cheeks that
dread has paled,

And the soul sinks down despairing where the souls
of the lost ones lie,
And the sorrow of ages falls on it, the sorrow of
them that have failed.

Then soft as the touch of a mother's hand that strokes
a golden head,
Soft as the sigh of contentment that comes to the
soul at peace,
Sweet as the memories left by the loved ones lost and
dead,
Comes thy music again, so softly — then thy notes
in silence cease.

SKYSCRAPERS

Ye modern palaces of pelf,
Immense and sombre, tall and fine,
Imperial arrogance, pride of self,
Shutting the sky out, line on line
Against the narrow slit of blue
Where clouds in fleeces float by day,
Where stars, unwinking, faint and few,
Cross o'er the night and speed their way.

A thousand windows letting light
In on the toiling souls who sit

Day-long until the coming night,
When, like the birds, they homeward flit;
Or blazing through the dark ye gleam,
Like myriad sparkling stars, bound fast
In iron bonds, whose bright rays stream
Out to the night like diamonds cast.

How ugly yet how wonderful
These "Towers of Babel" we have built;
Digging foundations deep we pull
From old earth's depths her stone and silt
And build with steel, higher each day,
These wondrous, heaven-defying walls
That shade the ever-travelled way
Through which the wearied footstep falls.

Pure white and soft as foam of sea
The Parthenon in ruin stands,
Showing what builders men could be
Ages ago in distant lands.
There beauty reigned; our god is Gold,
Not cast in golden statues high,
Whose worshippers told stories old
That near the heart of nature lie.

No ancient wisdom builded you!
Tombs for our chainéd souls are ye,
Where buried lie hearts fresh and true
From whose dense shade bright hope doth flee;

Where clink of gold and rustle soft
Of bonds and notes one hears alway;
Where dark despair comes all too oft
And maddening joy some rarest day.

No splendid spires, sunlit at eve,
No minarets to heaven ye raise,
No romance for our souls ye weave,
No stirring song of joy or praise.
Temples of Mammon — God to-day —
Fanes of our Baal, grim and bare;
Old temples crumble, but ye stay,
Busy with pelf, silent of prayer.

THE GOD OF GUNS

Thou art younger than the Sun God, thou art mightier
than Mars;
Thou art Thor, the Hammer of the North, and
Agni, Lord of Flame.
On land and sea our leader be, in our victorious wars,
And the God of Guns we'll call thee, though we
may not know thy name.

Thou art lord of seas and oceans, thou art lord of
many hands,
Sitting above thy battlements and on the tossing
wave.

We have made thee in our wisdom with the labor of
our hands,
And we trust thee in the battle as the only power
to save.

Thou art merciless, thou art pitiless, O Monarch of
the World;
Thou slayest them whose youth is past and infants
of a day.
They all must wither at thy blast, when thy dread
bolts are hurled,
For thou dost rule by might alone and thou canst
only slay.

All nations claim thee for their own and pray to thee
for aid,
But thou art with the stoutest heart and with the
wisest brain.
Thou givest victory to them who greatest guns have
made,
And men who scorn to serve thee, unto them the
fight is vain.

With fire and flame we forge thee, with mighty ham-
mer and drill,
Born in the seething hiss of the molten metal's
flow,

Shaped in the crashing throe of the forge's thundrous
thrill,
Child of the blinding glare and the white flame's
deadly glow.

God thou art from birth, in the light of shining
suns,
God thou art forever, and we call thee God of
Guns.

LITTLE THINGS

THERE are little things to which one clings
That never are bought or sold,
Yet we store them away, day by day,
As though they were gems or gold.

There are days we knew, when the skies were blue,
Yea bluer than skies may be,
When each breath we drew did our souls renew
In a blessed ecstasy.

There is many a word, but a moment heard,
That forever rings in our ears;
There are notes of song that forever belong
To the stores of the vanished years.

PIONEERS

WE are they who strive alway,
Restless, resistless, untiring;
Ever mad with a joy that's sad
Before the east wind flying.
Sweeping the sea to a land to be,
Born ever and ever dying,
We plant our light on the last found height,
Faint with delight and crying;
"We fall, we die; with our latest sigh
Still ever but this desiring,
In death, as the best, to drift to the west,
Where the gold of the sun is lying."
Lands that lie 'neath the western sky,
Can ye close your gates denying?
For we are they who go our way,
The strength of the age supplying.
We are they who mould the day,
For the new forever sighing.
Let coward souls and creeping fools
Plod on in the homes they cherish;
We are they who face the fray
And rush to the west till we perish.

SUNSET

Now golden mists in silence drift
Across the distant, purple sea,
And golden haze seems all ablaze,
Shrouding the west in mystery.

The gold has fled and deeper red
Fills all the background of the west,
With blood-stained weeds for daylight dead
And all the vanquished hours of rest.

Wave your dread flag, ye clouds that drag
Your fleeing armies down the sky,
Rent into rags by beetling crags,
As ye dissolve in night and die.

A MOTHER'S QUESTION

WHENCE comest thou, oh son, to me?
Was it down from a star, afar, afar,
Or up from the depths of a lonely sea,
Where only the faintest star worlds are?

Art thou mine, art thou wholly mine,
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone?
Or an alien spark, immortal, divine,
And never my very own?

May I not claim thee, my own sweet one?
Binding thy soul is there never a tie
To the soul of thy mother, my little son,
As close in my arms thy soft limbs lie?

Why so silent, why so sad?
Why dost thou gaze so far away?
Hast thou sped from a life where life was glad
To enter this prison of human clay?

Out of the star dust of souls to me
Thou comest, clothed in the flesh I gave;
Out of the infinite, silent sea
That lies, unfathomed, beyond the grave.

FLOWERS OF THE BARREN FIELDS

FLOWERS of the barren fields we still must tread,
Far scattered, faint in perfume yet so fair,
Cherished a while till all your loveliness rare
Fades as ye hang, all scentless, brown and dead;
Wild rose that flaunts its softly tinted head,
Wild blossoms glinting in the dusty glare,
Shedding your scarlet leaves without a care,
As though o'er all the turf some wounded heart had
bled;

Flowers of the barren fields, lift up your head,
Ye crimson roses and ye lilies fair,

Ye lowly violets, scenting all the air,
Bright blooms of earth, prismatic, blushing red,
Or white, or Orient gold, rare treasure captive led
By spring and summer, conquerors strong, who dare
To trample on dark winter's fields, all bare,
Leaving behind sweet blossoms 'neath their prancing
 coursers' tread.

In the wild gardens of the world there grow,
Amid the tangled beds of man's despair,
Hidden by wood and thorn, but blooming there,
The same sweet flowers that long ago did blow;
What time the Gardener ranged their perfect row
And set them out in spaces wide and fair,
And willed that men should love their beauty rare,
And call them by the dear old names we know.

Flowers of the autumn, brave, defying death,
Yet destined to go down among the dead,
Strewing the earth whence summer's sun has fled
At the first voice of winter and his breath,
Long must ye lie the sheeted snow beneath,
Where now ye scatter, sad, your petals red,
When o'er them all the snow hath requiem said,
To mark your grave, like a sad lover's wreath.

Flowers of the sky, all golden and begilt
With sunbeams as ye quiver in the air
That blows, free, o'er the fields, beyond the care
Of man, drops of bright golden metal spilt

By unknown hand, yet doomed to droop and wilt
And wither in the autumn's biting air
And die in loneliness and mute despair,
Like fallen angels beauteous in your guilt,

Just for an hour ye are so passing fair,
Ranged in the garden, proud, in high parade,
In all the colors of the earth arrayed,
To the rapt eyes and busy hands that care;
But to the hearts that cried to heaven to spare
The human flowers they clung to, wept and prayed,
Yet saw them, like the blossoms, silent laid
Beneath the earth, ye only bring despair.

THE ISLAND ON THE BAR

I DWELL upon the margin of the sea,
Distant, mysterious, wrapped so oft in mist.
The far horizon ever calls to me
With sweet, faint voice as silently I list.

The waves are ever breaking on the beach,
The clouds o'erhead like fleeces swiftly fly;
There is no voice but theirs, no sounding speech,
Save the white sea gull's chattering cry.

Far, far away there lies an island green,
Seen through the mist, and palaces of gold

To which I gaze in wonder, half unseen,
Their story all unknown and all untold.

“’T is but an island village, ruined now,”
They tell me. “Come and see your fairy halls.”
But in my heart I shrink, for then I know
My blessed vision into ruin falls.

I care not be they fishers’ huts, time-worn;
To me they glitter in the setting sun.
Why from my soul should the dear faith be torn
Like childhood’s fables, vanished one by one?

Leave me my vision, for the real and true
Can never bring the beauty, ever fair,
The glow in sunset that the days renew,
My fairy village, seen through misty air.

A WISH

GIVE me, oh blessed sleep, some happy dreams;
Let me live one brief hour free from care.
Waft me upon thy filmy, purple wings
Far from the life of day and day’s despair.
Bring to my ear the murmuring mountain streams;
Let me breathe deep the wine of mountain air,
While in my ear some perfect singer sings
And over me the sky is ever fair.

APART

APART forever, over wind-swept spaces,
Over the tossing billows of the sea,
Over the mountain range where clouds run races,
Over the fields and fells where toilers be,

Across a wilderness of forest waving,
Past the dim swamp, the river's sluggish flow,
Ever my heart to thee goes, vainly craving
A single word, a glance I long to know.

Forever separate, forever sundered,
Can fate find doom no better for my heart,
Can chance for once with careless dice have blundered
And cast our lots so hopelessly apart.

Ah! Hope, thou light ray to the soul that sorrows,
Speed through the ether, bring me joy again,
Ere I shall die of endless, waiting morrows
And perish with a heart thrust through with pain.

IN MEMORIAM

SHALL we pass on saying,
"He's gone," then, sadly laying
Down in the earth what's left of him,
Shall we turn away and forget?

So he's gone in his power,
Faded in youth like a flower,
Plucked a moment and withered,
But his fragrance lingereth yet.
Still the praise of his living,
Still the deeds of his kindness
Flash on our memory, giving
But sorrow and shame for our blindness.
Leaving his life unfinished?
Is, then, its beauty diminished?
Call we the flower blighted
That only blooms for a day?
God has gathered his garland
Of flowers that the passer slighted.
Short though his life, it is finished,
And the Gardener has borne him away.

MATER DOLOROSA. I

WE torture thee, O Mother Nature dear,
Knowing thy heart, that beats in every heart,
Feels of each pang the bitter, burning smart,
And yet could make the mystery plain and clear.
We claim it, we must know, we are so near —
Just on the verge of the all-powerful word;
Its whisper is around us, we have heard
Its echo: "Give the answer now and here!"
Thou wilt not? See the many weary rounds

We've climbed already, how life longer grows;
But ever in our ear some voice resounds:
"Ye gain a day, but after, no man knows."
Dost thou hold back because thy secret dread,
Revealed, would leave us blasted, stark, and dead?

We see thy face contorted, racked with pain;
We see the limbs we bind trembling with fear;
We search, thy secret now we come so near
That we no longer will in doubt remain.
Tell us, O Queen of Life, we dare, we claim,
Can we death conquer? Can we learn the way?
Is there for man, if he but knew, a day
Of endless pleasure in a deathless frame?
Or is disease only a shorter road,
A blessing with a frown upon its face,
A speedier, happier ending of the race
That still must end in death's forlorn abode?
And is thy silence, if we did but know,
Only thy kindness, hiding endless woe?

MATER DOLOROSA. II

THAT we may gain a day must these endure
Ages of woe? For time is lost in pain.
Nor may we calmly count, in numbers sure,
Their bitter agony that brings us gain.
Nor dare we say they writhe no longer than
We joy in living out the hours they pay.

For pain is measureless; the life of man
Seems but a moment when 't is passed away.
His transient pleasures are a fleeting breath,
And longer than his life, in longest span,
To these poor things, their agony of death.

For life is vanity; its squandered years
Dissolve and leave no heritage but sighs.
And if we gain not, if the smiles and tears
For which we strove be an illusive prize,
An apple of life's desert, Sodom's flower,
That into ashes in the grasping flies,
Then have the gentle creatures in our power
Given in vain a life that nothing buys
Even for us, their masters, and we stand
Pitiless, beneath the world's unbending skies,
Bearing upon our brows Cain's livid brand.

THE PREACHER

I SAID of laughter, it is mad,
For all the world is filled with tears.
How can ye laugh? No heart is glad,
But for a moment, in its years.

I said of pleasure, it is bare;
The morrow sadly dawns and cloud
Broods over all the places where,
In days gone by, we laughed aloud.

I said of friendship, it is vain;
 Friends fall away as we grow old.
Yea, in their homes my soul is slain
 By hearts I loved, whose love grew cold.

But if ye take away our mirth,
 Rob life of pleasure if there be,
And hold our friendships nothing worth,
 My soul would mourn exceedingly.

ALL THINGS ARE IN THE SEA

ALL things are in the sea.
The sunlight bright, the moonlight white,
White foam and colors rare and wondrous blue are
 there.
Sapphire and emerald and rosy tints empearled,
Colors that never faded be — all these are in the
 sea.

Amber is in the sea,
Torn from its hidden bed, and coral stems, blood-red,
And pearls and twisted shells, whose battered beauty
 tells
Of storm and stress below, where sand lies wreathed
 like snow
Round blooming beds of sea anemone — all these are
 in the sea.

All things are in the sea.

There richest beauty lies, fathoms beneath our eyes,
In treasure ships, storm-tossed, great golden galleons
lost,

And sometimes on the land, ocean with mighty hand
Casts stores of ancient jewelry — all these are in the
sea.

Strange things are in the sea.

Mermaids are there with tawny hair,

Sea serpents creep, great fishes leap,

The storm clouds rise, the mermaid cries:

“Soon they will be with me at rest beneath the sea.”

And hope lies in the sea.

Far down, in fathomless deep, our dear ones sleep,

Dreamless, forever lost, their white arms toss'd

By every tide, while o'er we ride

In great ships, sailing free, over the lost at sea.

DREAM VERSE

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT

WHO has heard the song of the night,
The sweet, sad song that the lone soul hears?
The trembling notes in the vanished light
That fade to silence, like long-lost years;

That cry for the light of a sun gone down,
For the fading glow where it lingers still
In the western sky, past the mountain's crown,
On the purple woodland below the hill.

A wordless song still lingering long,
A low, sweet song where soft sighs throng;
The tears that fall, the lost who call,
Long dead and stark, out from the dark;
The sighs that steep from souls asleep,
The calm, low note of joys that float
Up from the world, in melodies curled
Like smoke wreaths, fringed, with rose tints tinged,
Wrought like lace o'er the moon's pale face,
While the stars shine through like sparks of dew,
In the light of the sun when day 's begun,
And bright rays pass o'er the morning grass.
A sad, sweet song, when memories throng;
Murmurs that creep from hearts that weep

While the cool wind blows, the still stream flows;
The world of life with its rustlings rife,
The leaves that sway this way, that way,
The cheep of a bird in the tree-top heard,
The creeping things, the fluttering wings,
The beating of breath 'gainst the bars of death —
All these combine and their sounds entwine
A song to make, till the day doth break.

DREAMS

EACH night I lie lost in a drift of dreams,
With closed eyes my soul goes forth in sleep.
I lose the mirage of the earth and leap
Into a stranger world that fainter seems,
Yet to my soul familiar; hills and streams
And valleys soft and green and oceans deep,
And men and women. 'T is a home I keep
Only in dreamland and its fleeting gleams.

Which is the real, which is the old, the new?
Is life a vision and my dream the true?
Are all the thronging faces of the night
Fantastic fancies of my tired brain?
Can busy life be wrong and sleep be right,
Will only dreamland, when we die, remain?

DREAMS

OVER the couch of the sleeper
Hovers the angel of dreams,
Strewing her gifts like blossoms
Down on the souls that sleep.
To the weary she giveth an hour of rest,
An hour when a faint hope gleams,
And peace to the heart of the sorrowing
And joy to the souls that weep.

This is the task of the angel —
To give to the soul that mourns
A vision brief of a blest relief
From a world of toil and tears,
To bring fruition to hope deferred,
To sow in the soul that fears
Courage again to bear its pain
Through the life of the coming years.

IN DREAMS

WHO would awake could he have his wish
And come back to the dismal earth?
Who would descend from a golden throne
To the hovel that saw his birth?
Who would leave his oasis fair

And lie on the desert sand,
Or wake to die at the cannon's mouth,
Though his death be brave and grand?

Dream, ye weary, happy dreams
And never awake from sleep.
With smiling lips go down to death
And in dreamland your visions keep,
Slipping from life to the world of dreams
And finding it real and true
With riches and friends that are close and dear
And love ever waiting for you.

Sleep, ye dreamers of happy dreams;
Wake no more to the painful day.
Hold fast to the life ye live in dreams
And rapt in it float away.
Mayhap the dreaming will never end
And that wonderful world you see
Will be life, your life to live and spend,
In an endless eternity.

For the world must go one day, we know,
And its atoms dissolve in mist,
And the thing that will last is not the past
Or the things that now exist;
For the real eludes, and illusion's dream
May be only the real and true,
And dreams and dreaming may be the world
That is waiting forever for you.

DEATH AND DREAMS

WHEN we're asleep we never start and say,
"To-morrow we will wake and live with men,"
Contrasting the fantastic *now* with *then*,
When the sun rises and brings back the day.
We never know we sleep, but blithe and gay
We drift to loving arms beyond our ken,
And revel in the teeming thoughts we pen
All day within our hearts and hide away.

For in the land of dreams we have our will.
No tyrant stays us and no laggard feet
Refuse to bear us, but on wings of fire
We fly where'er we wish, when all is still.
All hearts we love we summon and we greet,
Claiming fruition of long-hid desire.

DEATH

YE call me death, but my name is sleep.
Death is the sleep of the soul that lies
Worn with struggle and longs to creep
Into the dark with wearied eyes.

Life is a dream of visions fair,
Love is the light of a dream that flies,

Then cometh sorrow and pain and care;
But all these fade from the soul that dies.

Out in the darkness or out in the light,
What will it matter? The world's despair
Goes on its way, be it dull or bright.
It will not matter, we'll not be there.

DRIFTING TO SLEEP

DRIFTING to sleep as to a mimic death,
The world forgotten, lulled in Orient balm,
With pillowed head, closed eyes and nerveless arm,
And calmly drawn and slowly measured breath,

How like to death. Across yon purple heath
See the white headstones, bright against the green,
Beneath which rest in peace, now all unseen,
The brows that earned no victor's laurel wreath.

No pain is theirs. To-morrow we awake
And from our beds rise up refreshed for toil;
But they can never off their slumbers shake
Or burst, with straining arms, the enshrouding soil.

Yet both are lost to day and work and light,
We in a brief, they in eternal, night.

DREAMS AND DEATH

OUT of their fulness ever giving
Shadow and substance of days to be,
Whispering softly to all the living
What the life of the dead may be.

Sleep and the silken night that falleth,
Life and action and cruel war,
Voice of the past that softly calleth,
Low, sweet voice that comes from afar,

There forever resteth a silence,
There is a silent welling of tears,
There forever there is quiet
And no man counteth the years.

There broodeth ever the night that covers,
Day and morning dawn not any more,
And over the stillness of silence hovers
The dream of a life we lived before.

On through the measureless spaces
There drifteth a vision of dreams,
Whereof none knoweth the places
And nought may be what it seems.

There no work may be doing,
Nor ever may weariness come,
Never pursued nor pursuing,
For the soul is at rest in its home.

THE VISION

WHEN the still hours of night did close enfold,
And all my light of life went out in sleep,
The soul of her I lost stole from the deep
And seemed strange converse with my soul to hold.
I knew her not when first she came, the gold
Of many sunsets seemed her hair to steep,
Her cheeks were rose-red, and time seemed to sweep
Away the years that had so slowly rolled.

Her beauty shone, like radiant dawn of day,
Enfolding her in robes of light; her eyes
Shot on my dreaming sense a blinding ray
As, roused, I gazed on her in mute surprise.
“Did I but lose thee, love, but yesterday?
And doth the soul grow glorious when it dies?”

Oh love, I seem a little thing to be,
I who looked down upon thee in my pride.
I thought thee lost forever: thou hadst died,
And all my life would drag but wearily;
But now I kneel before thee, for I see
Thou art more fair than all the world beside.

Fairer but yet the same. Thou canst not hide,
'Neath radiant glory the heart dear to me.

The same, yet not the same; these are the eyes
I gazed in, seeking love to find, so oft.
Life-long they gave me back love glances soft;
Now they look down on me in stern surprise,
And all my soul shrinks at their cruel gleam.
"Who art thou?" And I waken from my dream.

SPRING, LOVE, AND DEATH

THE world was cold, the world was dark,
No zephyr stirred across the sky,
But storm clouds rolled and snow lay stark
Upon the fields that silent lie,
When in a dream spring came to me.
Twined in her hair were blossoms sweet,
And in her eyes the balm for care,
And grasses swayed beneath her feet;
And then I cried with opening eyes,
"Oh spring, forever here remain
Under thy blue unclouded skies,
Nor ever hide thy face again."

And life was fair and life was sweet
With all its stir and busy din,
I loved my fellows and my feet
Through all its ways ran, eager, in,

When love came to me in my sleep
And love bent down to me in dreams
With arms that twine and lips that steep
The soul in joy's bewildering streams.
And when I woke my heart was dull
With heavy pain, as sad I lie,
"I would none else, though life be full,
Give me but love or let me die."

And life was sad and dull and worn,
And feebly fell the step of age.
Love's gilding from the world was torn,
And spent was all youth's joyous rage.
Then in a dream death came to me,
His eyes were kind, his voice was low.
Calm stole across life's stormy sea
And softly faded evening's glow,
And when I woke — or was it all
A blessed dream, this peace and rest? —
I seemed to reach to him and call:
"Take me forever to thy breast."

LEAD ME, OH LEAD ME

LEAD me, oh lead me by the hand,
Oh love, where fancies call.
Lead me into thy blessed land
Where golden shadows fall

Through shining leaves and boughs that bend;
Where ever gently laps the wave
On grass-edged shore; where soft descend
Pale petals from the rose flowers pale,
Red petals from the blood-red rose;
Where eyes may speak, though lips be still;
Where life is lost, but love is found;
Where only they live on who will,
And dreamers tread the solid ground.

My locks are silvern, dim my eye,
Life throbs no more in pulses beat.
Under thy wintry cold I die,
I wither in thy burning heat.
But still I cry, oh love on high,
Come to me ere I faint and die,
Love crowned with rosy garlands sweet.

SONNETS ON PERSONS

DICKENS

LIKE eyes of God, thine eyes, in every place
Saw all things, all the evil, all the good.
The glad things and the sad, these were the food
Stored in thy mind to amuse and bless our race;
And all the humor found in life, with space
For the grotesque, the quaint, the merry mood,
Till armed with these, in valiant hardihood,
Thou didst assail and rout each hid disgrace.

The "red tape" of the law, the travesty
Called "justice" in the courts, the private wrong
Of greed and gluttony, the pious fakes,
The pride of power and pelf, of ancestry,
The heart of wrongéd childhood, crushed too long
By cruel deeds until at last it breaks.

EDGAR A. POE

So few thy songs, yet on the inconstant air
They linger where a thousand fade and die;
For thine bring to our hearts the mingled cry
Of wondrous melody and vast despair.
Why do we cherish these few jewels rare,

Yet seek with rude and eager hand to pry
Into the recess of thy heart and try
Thy follies — if thou hadst them — to lay bare?

Rather come listen to those wondrous bells,
These many years, within our souls, that ring.
Thy music, written on immortal score,
Still to the living world its message tells
And weaves a fairy mist to which we cling
And seek thee vainly, find thee — nevermore.

WEIR MITCHELL

LEST man might live forever, God's decree
Barred him, a rival, from the Tree of Life.
Thrice happy then he who through years of strife
Reached to old age's calm serenity.
We mourn him old, with youth's audacity,
Young as the youngest — words with humor rife,
Keen, often cutting, as the surgeon's knife,
Thoughtful and kindest when most need might be.

Old? did one count the years or mark the lines
That time and warfare with disease did show?
There were the records of full many a blow
Dealt by hard fate, yet all so many signs
That he had fought a battle nobly won.
Poet, Novelist, Physician, all in one.

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

WITH pale, wan face, o'erhanging brow, sad eyes
Beneath, in which there lurked hid merriment;
Deep lines of thought, where melancholy blent
With rarest humor, innocent yet wise;
This was the face we knew so well, which lies
Silent at last in death's long banishment.
Out of the real to mystery he went,
To weave no more his fairy merchandise.

Jester of Erin, subtle, but so rare
Was thy rich humor that, quite unaware,
The smile crept to our lips; yet all the while
Beneath the childlike words that would beguile
Was hid, for those who find, a meaning deep.
Only the fairies know it — he's asleep.

ANDRÉE ¹

DRIFT on thy silken wings into the night,
Last born of heroes, on thy high emprise,
Making thy lonely way through unknown skies
To the far pole beneath the northern light.
We from afar can fancy, small and bright,

¹ Salomon-Auguste Andrée, lost in his balloon voyage to the North Pole in 1897.

Thy gleaming boat as through the heaven it flies;
But weary days go by and still our eyes
Gaze up through tears that ever dim their sight.

Come back! Come back! The world to crown thee
waits!

Come back and all the bells shall welcome ring.
The earth shall meet thee at her outer gates,
And in thy praise her loudest pæan sing.
But still the empty wind sweeps on its way,
And in our hearts we sigh, "Andrée, Andrée."

TO A DEAD HUMORIST

SLEEP peacefully, thy dream of life is o'er.
Can laughter echo from the voiceless space?
Can list'ners smile — souls of immortal race —
Where thou art dwelling on some starlit shore?
What if the hosts of them who have gone before,
In saddest moments, feel, perchance, the grace
Of gentle humor, may they not embrace
Thee as their harbinger of mirth once more?

Or if with gnomes and elves thou hast gone to dwell,
In the gemmed caverns underneath the ground,
Then will the bursts of laughter louder swell
As merry days and years fly swiftly round.
There store thy mind with wonders, to be told
Again on earth when centuries have rolled.

SONNETS

THE SOUL MOTH

SOUL, thou hast lived thy life and now the hours
Of thy brief day move swiftly to the night,
And shadows fall and things once fair and bright
Fade, as at evening fades the bloom of flowers.
And night is dark; thy trembling spirit cowers
And fears assail and dreads unknown affright.
Shalt thou live on, or shall death's coming blight
Thy little life? Perchance sad death o'erpowers
The puny force that made thee move and live
Thy little span, till, like the moth whose flight
Through darkness ever tends to that one beam
That shines for it and joy to it doth give,
Thou too wilt be consumed in some dread light
And fall, forever quenched, a vanished dream.

SPRING'S ADVENT

Lo! dwellers in the town, the spring has come.
Ye cannot see it, nor the daisy bloom
That shakes in silvery sheen above the gloom
Of the green fields, unless afar ye roam
And pluck the golden flowers that sparkle bright,
Like gleaming stars in skies of emerald green;

Or seek the pale blue violet, hid between
The dark, dead leaves and all the glowing might
Of blossoming weeds that glory in their power,
As over the reluctant earth they rise
And toss in every passing breeze that blows.
Their time has come and this, their one bright hour
When free, they gaze in triumph to the skies
That bend above and bless each opening flower.

TRAILING ARBUTUS

CANST thou not know what time the arbutus flower,
Deep in the woods, hides midst the moss its bloom,
'Neath the dead leaves that tell of winter's gloom,
That thou art harbinger of spring's glad hour,
When the bright sun doth at the last o'erpower
The wintry clouds? Thou art the spring's bride-
groom.

No longer, faint of heart, in darkness cower.

Burst from thy bonds; trail o'er the melting snow
That fast would hold thee with its fingers cold.
Thou art our herald, and thy tiny spray,
When first we find it, brings the ruddy glow
To faces pale and weary, spent and old,
That thought no more to see spring's happy day.

ASPIRATION

WHEN thou hast gained the meed of thy desire,
And thy heart fills with gladness and thine eyes
Wander in joy over the long-sought prize,
And full fruition slakes life's eager fire,
Then rest not there, but ever look the higher.
Lose not thy aspirations. Life denies
Only to him who asks not, and the skies
Smile on him though the very heaven he tire
With urgent pleading and with ceaseless prayer.
Love what thou hast, nor yet let love ensnare
All of thy being. On the golden stair
Are many rounds; so far aloft they rise
That in the distance to thy mortal eyes
They blend with regions rare where heaven lies.

LIFE

ALL day they climbed the steep and rocky hill.
When first they started, on the grass the dew
Hung like bright diamonds by the sun shot through,
Which he who would might steal at his sweet will.
Then, when the blazing sun the world would fill
With fiery splendor, stricken through and through,
They stumbled blindly on; but to renew
Their flagging spirits came the night's sweet chill.

Hope cheered them through the day: "The top is
near;

There ye may rest upon the cool, soft grass
And quaff in peace the gods' sweet Hippocras."
But lo! Upon the summit sharp rocks rear
And fate, relentless, points where they must go,
Down in death's mist that fills the vale below.

OUR PLACE

TELL us, O Power Divine, whose very name
We may not know, nor yet thy dwelling place,
Whence came we, men of fleeting, mortal race,
Who call thee God and Thy protection claim?
Tell us whence in Thy universe we came,
Out of the nothingness unto our birth?
Is this the centre of Thy care, this earth?
Can Thine eyes see it through their blinding flame?

Across Thy sky sweep ever endless stars;
They move in rhythmic order on through space.
The notes of their vast music's endless bars,
Each star a note, though no man knows its place.
Are we the jarring discord rude that mars
The song of all Thy hosts with our disgrace?

IMMORTALITY

THE butterfly that bursts its prison wall,
Rending its rude cocoon, and speeds away
On painted wing out to the blessed day
An emblem of the risen soul we call.
'T is but one emblem. Nature holds them all
Up to our vision, as though she would say:
"See how all life around you would allay,
Were ye but bold, the fears your souls enthrall."

For life is endless in its form and time
And changes as the seasons come and wane,
Like words that jingle oft in many a rhyme
And then in prose march slowly, proud and plain.
Still the words live, though oft they seem to climb
Up to the skies, then to the depths again.

LIKE FLOWERS THAT DIE

AND must we perish like the flowers that die,
Living one hour of sunlight and perfume,
Then passing to the dark and silent tomb
Where all things that have lived are doomed to lie?
Must only perfume linger like a sigh
Upon the air a moment, ere the gloom
Settles upon us and within our room,

Our garden, under our bright summer sky,
Must others whom we know not take our place
And bloom in the bright gardens of our land,
Then wither, till the last of their proud race,
Alone, among the fallen, mournful, stand?
May we not hope that by some Gardener's care,
Transplanted we may bloom in purer air?

WAR

My love unto my sad heart bent and said:
"I bid thee go nor heed my foolish fears.
My soul is rent, alas, with many fears
And I have dreamed, thrice dreamed, of thee as dead.
But go thou! In my pride my fears have fled.
I'll wait thee, though the months speed into years;
I'll tell thee some day, when no mortal hears,
The words for which my very soul has bled."

"Love," it is love I'll whisper in thine ear,
"Love," it is love I'll whisper when you come,
Love that has waited long to welcome home,
Love that has risen in glory o'er my fear,
And love, if light go out, love will I sing
Above thy grave, the last, sweet flower I bring.

Love will I murmur in the still, sad night,
Love will I sing throughout the weary day,

Love for my warrior, victor in the fight,
Love for the clouds and fears that fled away,
And love, love will I sing, though all my light
Fades with the flowers that on thy grave I lay.

WE ARE ONE

COME sit beside me. Let the years go by
In envious silence as our joys they see,
While with each hour I grow more near to thee.
Nor count the days as over us they fly;
For I can have thee only till I die,
Or till death takes thee far away from me.
And so I pray, making my fervent plea
That we together at the last may lie.

I would not will to live if thou wert gone,
I could not see the sun shine in yon sky,
I could not watch the flowers spring and grow
When my one flower had faded. Earth might glow
Brighter with beauty, but my soul would cry:
“Be kind, O Death, remember we are one.”

II

Shall I reach out, under the cool, green grass,
My longing arms to find thee? Shall we know
How close we are, down in the dust below
The busy feet of men who pause or pass?

How can I lose thee? Lonely life, alas,
Is but a death in living. Could I go
Out to the realm of death alone; can woe
Ever be worse than that? As in a glass
I seem to see the future without thee:
Eons of bitter years that come and go,
So many phantoms that will ever flee,
While I pursue my lost Eurydice,
Only to find no loving face I know
In all the throngs of vast eternity.

LIKE WHIRLING DUST

O my God, make them like the whirling dust. — Psalm 83

As 'neath the tread of many feet,
The tramp of horse, the surging crowds,
The wind sweeps down the dusty street
And whirls the dust in noisome clouds,
So may our enemies be, O Lord,
Like whirling dust before Thy sword;
The sword that strikes for hearth and home,
For freedom won through blood and flame;
The sword that drips with bloody foam
And slays the foemen in Thy name.
As foes go down in field and town,
Like grain the reaper moweth down,
So let them be, for Thou art just,
Like whirling dust — like whirling dust.

THE SONG OF THE CITY

THERE 's a music hid in the undertones
Of the life that throbs in the busy street,
Where over the rugged paving stones
The shoes of iron forever beat.

There 's music in rumble of cart and car,
There 's a note in the crash as a train goes by,
One can catch the hum of a tune afar
As it dashes over some archway high.

And the voice of the living, the laugh, the curse,
The cry of the vendor, the postman 's tread,
The slow, sad walk of the sombre hearse,
The tramp of the feet that follow the dead.

They beat the time on the city 's air,
They blend, they are life — yea, life and death;
And the song of the city that 's hidden there
I find myself humming beneath my breath.

And sometimes there comes a strain to lift
My soul in joyance, when life is sweet,
As sunshine falls through a black cloud 's rift
And gilds the dust of the dusty street.

Or a tune throbs out on the heavy air,
That runs through the gamut of crash and groan;
The long-drawn plaint of a vast despair,
The wail of a soul in the crowd — alone.

UNSUNG

How many songs are still unsung
That treasured lie in hearts unknown;
When lips are mute, like bells unring,
Like some sea's half-heard undertone?

How many songs come to the lips
And die away? The joy is there,
Or 't is a dirge that never slips
Out to the world, killed by despair.

How many singers sing their songs
Where none can hear the music rare,
Far from the praise of listening throngs,
Lost on the unresponsive air?

IF WE ONLY KNEW

If we only knew our place.
Are we little, are we big?
Are we proudest in the race

Of life's strange, fantastic jig,
Taking up the foremost place?
Tell us now, we beg your grace.

Are we microbes in a tube,
Or bacteria that swarm
'Neath some mighty eye that sees
If the temperature be warm
In His laboratory great?
Answer ere it be too late.

Are we gods, to live when death
Comes and carries us away?
Shall we live and love when breath
Fails and mortal shapes decay?
Answers this, ye preachers wise,
Science answering, proudly rise.

Is it cosmic dust that lies
(All these stars and systems) cast
On the threshold of the skies,
But a portal to the vast,
Endless regions that the eye
Never nearer may descry?

Are we puppets on the stage
Of a world, to lull the soul
Of some mighty power divine,
While the endless eons roll;

Playing each our lotted part
To amuse God's wearied heart?

Answer us, ye men of might,
In your world of science great.
Answer us, ye preachers wise,
Throned aloft in solemn state.
Comes no answer to our call?
Ye know nothing, that is all.

Are the worldlets, are the stars,
Stretching white across the sky,
In their infinite, gleaming bars,
Places for us when we die?
Is there One beyond who cares
For us men and our affairs?

Or is all the eye can reach,
All the stars and all the space,
Set, like sands upon the beach,
Lost in some forgotten place,
Left to struggle and to die
While the eons still drift by?

Are we but a fragment small
Of a universe beyond;
Just a corner, that is all,
With our dreams and fancies fond,
On the threshold? Are we dust?
If 't is true, can God be just?

Or is chance our ruler great,
Never giving us a thought,
Minding not our love or hate,
Leaving us alone — unsought?
Answer this, O Science deep;
Preacher wise, your silence keep.

TO SWINBURNE

MANHOOD leaps up to hear thy song;
The tears of age have welled for thee;
The years gone by have grown to be
Living once more. Thy music strong
Has swept sad peoples swift along,
Singing the songs of liberty.
Thy magic touch has made us see
Time's bygone beauty; made the throng
Of knights and kings and lovers dead
Live once again; we feel their woes.
Our hearts with love like theirs has bled;
Our soul their struggle feels and knows.
And for the gods, much hast thou wrought;
So long time banished from our thought,
Now in their grandeur, white, they stand,
Wrought by the magic of thy hand.
Give laurel wreath to whom you will,
The pittance doled by royal hand.
Seek scribblers through the rich wide land

And with your gold their purses fill,
But his sweet lyre ye may not still;
His music bears no tyrant's brand,
But echoes down the ages grand
And through the coming years will thrill.

SONG OF THE SHADES

WE are souls from the underworld
Through the dimness floating.
We are souls of the lost and dead,
Whom the mourners mourned with low-bowed head
And tears, their grief denoting.

We feel no grief, we shed no tears,
We know not why ye sorrow.
We have no love and we have no hate,
There is no early, there is no late,
No yesterday, no to-morrow.

Sometimes we stray at the close of day,
When the wind o'er the world is blowing.
We know ye are there, but we never care.
We would not hurt and we would not spare,
But ye know not what we are knowing.

Why do ye tarry and toil and fret,
For it all ends but in dying?

No day we await with weary heart,
No lovers we have from whom to part,
So we mind not the hours in their flying.

There is nothing before and nothing behind,
Nor must we be up and doing.
We have no longing and no regret,
Though sun be risen or sun be set,
Nor mating nor ever wooing.

For we are souls from the underworld,
With every zephyr swaying.
We have lost all joy and grief.
Seek, oh ye living, for death's relief,
And mourn for his feet delaying.

THE MORNING STAR

“To him that overcometh will I give the morning star.”

To thee, oh morning star, set in the sky
Like one lone diamond on the hand of night,
I gaze in longing. Can I, when I die,
Gain as my great reward thy gleaming light?

What art thou but another world like this,
Filled to the brim with sadness and despair,
With toilers who the joy of life must miss,
Whose prayers and cries of sorrow fill its air?

Or art thou but another throbbing sun
Like the fierce orb that blinds us with its heat,
Where none may enter ere his race is run,
Repulsed from his embrace, with flying feet?

Art thou the land of glory, heaven we seek,
Where dwell the angels and God on His throne?
Dost give this gift to us, not to the meek,
While they inherit earth and earth alone?

And can I overcome each net and snare
That here beset my feet and bind my arms,
That lure me in my blindness unaware,
And call me with a thousand madding charms?

Steep is the way to win, to overcome,
Fierce be the foes that wait to work my death;
Yet there in yon bright star may be my home,
When as a victor I have won my wreath.

On many a field the warriors lay them down,
'Mid death and carnage, victors, vanquished, dead.
Dost thou each one with some bright star encrown
Who on our earthly fields have striven and bled?

Beaten and slain, no star thou givest me,
Only defeat and anguish in my soul.
Hast thou no meed for them who strive for Thee,
Yet faint and fall and never reach the goal?

DAVID'S LAMENT

THEY have gone and left me alone with thee,
Far hast thou strayed and now thou hast returned.
Thy feet in strange places no longer wander,
Comest thou dead to the love thou hast spurned?

Thou art gentle now as the babe I cherished,
Hiding love in my heart as the days went by.
I can draw thee now to that heart and hold thee
Fast in the arms where thou once didst lie.

Lo, thou art dead. Thy long locks betrayed thee;
Hidden is thy face with thy tangled hair.
I cannot see thee for the tears I shed over thee
And the blood-stained curls on thy forehead fair.

I waited alway to welcome thee, Absalom;
I had nought to forgive thee, beloved child.
Could I ever harden my heart against thee,
Or forget the babe on whom I had smiled?

I cried to my warriors: "Deal gently, so gently;
Remember he is my pride and my son.
I would rather the sword in his hand should slay me,
Than a thousand battles against him won."

I was ever proud of thee, oh my warrior.

I worshipped thee silently, seeing thee afar,
Seeking in the battle the gleaming of thine armor,
As men gaze in the heavens for some blazing star.

Forever I miss thee, forever mourn thee;

Through the endless nights when all are sleeping;
Through the long days, listening for thy footstep,
Alway in my heart thine image keeping.

Mine aged eyes are blinded with my tears.

Lo, my hands tremble with my hopeless grief.
I grow old faster than the speeding years,
Waiting for death that alone brings relief.

And to all men, O Absalom, death cometh.

To the blessed with their children gathered round,
Lifting the aged head to the sunset,
Laying it to rest in the forefather's ground.

But I must die alone, O Absalom,

Without thee to lean on, thy hand to hold.
Yet I dreamed thou didst come and bend over me
weeping,
Brushing my face with thy locks of gold.

WHERE?

SOUL of the visible world, invisible, silent and dread,
Thou whom men call God — Maker, Sustainer, and
Doom —

Thou who alone canst tell: where keepest Thou all
our dead?

Where are the loved ones now, whom we laid to
rest in the tomb?

Tell us whither they go? They fade as the candle's
light,

Burning down to the socket or quenched by the
breath of Thy mouth;

Passing out in the gloom as a meteor falls in the night;
Vanishing, body and soul, as the swallows fly to
the south.

Where is the treasure house of Thy universe, perfect
and vast?

Where hast thou hidden our loves, the jewels we
had from Thee?

Are they forever lost, in some burning Sheol cast,
Or hast Thou gathered them close to Thy breast in
eternity?

TO ME THE LITTLE VINE

To me the little vine that shades the wall,
The puny tree that strives to bloom in spring,
The tendrils of the ivy vine that crawl,
The ditties soft the wandering zephyrs sing,
The smoke that sweeps across the sunny sky,
The distant notes of factory bells that die —
All are a joy, all sing a song
And paint a picture to the hungered eye;
And all the sordid things that here belong,
Like frightened phantoms, vanish in the sky.
The hurrying men, the sad-faced boys and girls,
The busy wheelmen, hurrying through the crowd,
The snowy cloud that breaks and slowly curls
Its fleeces to announce the thunder loud
Are life — life living in the dust beneath,
That floats and fills the world, God's living breath.

FAILURE

WHAT doth avail our toil and care,
What better than to idle lie
Upon the green of meadow fair
And rest until we die?

Our hands must tire — divine unrest
But stirs them till they wear and fall.
Is but the doing to be blest
And all the deed for nought avail?

Is effort and the strife to give
A joy to joyless hearts the task
That God has set us while we live?
Give answer, heaven, we faint and ask.

To querulous hearts comes answer sweet:
“Ye do these things in vain and fall,
But heaven cares not; it crowns defeat
And sets the vanquished high o'er all.”

“THE FIELD IS THE WORLD”

THE field is the world and the green grass grows
Over its meadows and covers its hills.
Its forest is dark and its desert stark,
And there man walks, as stern fate wills.
He tills the ground and he travels far,
He dares the sea in his fragile ships,
He struggles with life, to make or mar,
Till into the ocean of death he slips.

The field is the world; there are flowers in bloom,
There are ravening wolves in the forest deep,

There is peril by land and by sea, and gloom,
And death, ever waiting, awake or asleep.
But there must he grow as the ages run,
There must he build in the daylight of time;
His palace to-day is just begun,
To be finished at last in some far-off clime.

The field is the world, where the rank weeds spring,
Where the grain grows ripe and the fruit hangs low,
Where the fairest flowers that the seasons bring
The warfare of life, in its bitterness, know.
Then till ye the fields and garner the grain
And build on the heights the home for the soul;
Build strongly the wall nor idle remain,
As the years of life to its ocean roll.

Perchance, if ye build with wisdom and care,
Each day, as it comes, in the future will add
Some beauty to it, some grace that is rare,
Some tower grown gray with a day that was sad,
Some spire that was reared when the heart leaped for
 joy,
Some window whose tracery let in the light
On a soul that it purged of its base alloy
And illumined its heart with its sunbeam bright.

THE HOPELESS WAY

“As the rivers run to the sea,”
So man in his pride will be.
Lost in a boundless ocean,
Merged in a nameless throng,
Caught in some vast commotion,
Swept in a whirlpool strong.
There no man has a neighbor,
There no man claims a friend,
There no man may labor,
Nor ever draw near the end.
There never cometh the morning,
There never falleth the night,
Nor is loving there nor scorning,
Nor bursting of buds nor blight,
Nor doing nor ever undoing,
Nor toiling nor blessed rest,
Nor loving nor ever hating,
Nor choosing the worst nor the best,
But the blazing of darkness, like sunlight,
And the thunder of silence, and days
That are nights, without end, without starlight;
And these are the hopeless ways.

ASTROLOGY

THE many moods of many men,
The thought that comes and goes,
The fleeting vision of a dream,
The sadness when the soul doth seem
Lost in a world of woes,
The beam of light that shines across
Our fog of pessimistic thought,
The sense of failure and of loss
When we have vainly wrought,
The fading hope that seemed to fill
The future with a joyous glow,
The glowing brightness of the sky
That lowered above our night of woe —
All these we tell and strive to spell
In faltering line the legend fine
That's written round the rolling world
On high in characters divine;
In waving cloud, in growing leaf,
In life that loves and loves that die,
And marked above in bold relief
Against the velvet sky,
Where legends flare, when night is fair,
Encrusted with the diamond stars,
And meteors come and comets roam,
Foretelling pestilence and wars.

We watch them glow, but never know
The meaning running through them all,
Nor in the gloom can read the doom
That on us all must fall,
Nor trace the hope whose mystic signs
Shine in those undeciphered lines.

THE GODS OF ELD .

SEEKEST thou, O Soul, to pierce the dread unknown,
From thy small standpoint, in the world to-day,
Behold the past is into shadows thrown,
And in the future darkness bars the way,

And all around thee, on the left and right
And high o'erhead, the clouds rise, dark and dense;
Yet somewhere, past the darkness, there is light,
And shadows stream from thence,

And misty forms flit to and fro,
And shapes gigantic rise and fall,
And lurid fires flash out and glow
And fade, and phantoms call.

We catch the gleam that now doth stream
Through clouded rifts that hem the way,
And for a moment gaze and dream
That we have seen the coming day.

For nearest rises, clear, a cross
And on it hangs a weary man,
Slain by the world, glorying in loss,
With features pale and wan.

And then a line of beggars, clad
In saffron robes, creep on the scene
And kneel with gaze, far-off and sad,
To one of gentle mien.

Then ruddy sheens of armor shine,
And glints of gold and jewels glow,
And through the cloud we half divine
The proud Olympians, row on row.

And cold Egyptian features stare,
The great Osiris, Set, and She,
Whose face may be surpassing fair,
Whose veil may never lifted be.

And dimly seen, with straining sight,
'Mid hordes of gods, of names unknown,
Great Baal looms in hideous might,
Lost in the past and overthrown.

Then horrid shapes in wood and stone
Fill all the spaces as they crowd,
With haunted rocks in undertone
And trees that spake aloud.

But there is something far beyond
Mere mortal eye or mortal speech,
To whom can cling no worship fond,
Whom human teachers cannot reach.

Something that rules them all, and we
Bow in submission. Can we dare
His place to seek, His face to see?
Behold He dwelleth everywhere!

LOST TREASURE

UNLOCK the casket where my jewels are,
Heap gems and golden coin upon the floor,
Rare Indian stuffs, with gold embroidered o'er,
And Orient pearls and rubies from afar.
All these I give thee and this radiant star
Of sparkling diamonds. Take my treasured store
And give me, fate, the love I lost — once more!

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS

“O GOD! O God!” the Brahmin cries,
“A jewel in the lotus lies,
A pearl within the shell doth rest,
A soul within my sinful breast;
Unseen, like dewdrop in the rose,
Till eye doth look and search disclose.

Oh priceless spark, oh power we miss,
Thou source and guide to perfect bliss,
Oh spark divine, our blinded sight
Turns to the things of life and night,
Searches the world and scans the sky
For what within ourselves doth lie.”

WORLD-SONGS

SONGS of a world where everything is singing,
The blades, the leaflets, and the nodding flowers;
The human flowers, the bird flowers, merrily winging
Their happy flight adown the sunlit hours.

Song of the sun, ever upon us shining,
Song of the fields and woods that love the sun,
Song of the rivers and the rushes twining
Their pale-green strands where the swift waters run.

Song of the clouds the torrid lands o’ershading,
Song of the rain that falleth soft and low,
Song of the winds, their songs to silence fading,
Hum of the song while all things spring and grow.

Song of the heart made sick with tears and sobbing,
Song of the dying to the hearts they leave,
Song of the lover’s heart in tumult throbbing,
Song of the Parcæ as our lives they weave.

Song of the ages, dim and faint, but ringing
Out from the past to ears that listen long,

Weaving a silken melody and clinging
Close to the heart of every living song.

Song of the soul that looks beyond and trembles,
Song of the hope that longs to pierce the night,
Song of the heart that doubts and yet dissembles,
Song of the darkened soul that longs for light.

Song of the world, the stars with swelling chorus
Drift to its measures through the unknown space,
Behind us, singing still, and still before us,
Thrilling with melody each silent place.

“FOR THIS IS THY SHARE IN LIFE”

Ecclesiastes.

THIS is thy share in life, ease and sweetness and
pleasure,
Love in the violet eyes that look for their light in
thine,
The laughter of life, the lights, the dance and its
throbbing measure,
In the carven walls of thy palace, with thy gar-
ments soft and fine.

This is thy share in life, dark walls, in the gloom
unending,
Festering, foetid and vile, where hope in the heart
dies out

And sorrows spring, and madness and a torrent of
anguish rending

Souls that cry in despair and stretch forth their
arms in doubt.

What is thy share in death, O Soul to the verge
inclining?

Shall the eyes of the dead peer out on a world of the
New,
Blended and lost in the blaze of a rose-red sun ever
shining,
Lost in the 'wildering glare of a sky eternally blue?

Shall the loves we have lost throng round us joyfully
calling,

Shall the hearts that are still beat high with tumul-
tuous cry,
Or shall we lonely stand, our tears in solitude falling?
What is the ending of all, what cometh to men when
they die?

Take then thy share in life; 't is thy all. None know-
eth the ending;

Whether sweetness awaits the heart that lingered
in pain,
Whether misery lurks in the gloom of a death, un-
ending,
Or gladness ever may come to the souls of the dead
again.

IN A GARDEN

LET this cup pass. I did not think to drain
Down to its dregs the bitter draught of woe.
I did not think of dying, all in vain,
Alone, and by a shameful death; for lo!
Through these brief years Thou hast upheld my soul
And borne me on triumphant to the goal.
Is this my long-sought prize? Is this the way
By which I raise the fallen, save the lost,
When I myself in direst misery
Grovel in anguish here, temptation tossed?
They called me "King." I felt within the sweet,
Immortal rush of life in endless tide;
I ruled my lowly world and at my feet
Lay the rude hearts of men, stripped of their pride.
They hung upon my words and thronged to press
My very garment's hem, as on I trod
Through Galilee, the herald of my God.
Attending every step they closer cling,
And as I reach Thy Holy City dear,
The very children shout and call me "King"
And hail me blessed — me in anguish here.
O Life Eternal, can this be Thine end?
O Death, "o'ercome in victory," must I fall?
O Love Triumphant, canst Thou, cruel, send
This anguish to a heart where love is all?

Must I lose what I hoped and what I taught,
And perish and Thy promise come to nought?
Spare me, O Father, Father of my race,
Me, son of man, as other sons of Thine,
Me, Thine especial son, in that Thy grace
Shone ever on me, since Thy light divine
Entered my soul and showed me man could still
Rise from his sloth and do Thy blessed will.
Must I, who raised the dead, to-morrow die?
Must I, who saved the suffering, grovelling lie,
While everywhere there rise up bitter foes
Seeking my hunted life? Yea, even those
Who cling so close will look askance and say:
"He others saved, but he has had his day.
Let him now save himself, if god he be."
Oh, let this cup pass by me, for to die
Would be to end in shame my work for Thee.
For I had dreamed that on the ancient throne
Of David I should reign eternally.
Yea, all the prophets said it. I am he
Whom Thou hast named "the anointed" and made
known
In every word they spoke to be the king
Who should restore my people's majesty.
Yet I must die! What promise have I, then,
Of kinder fate in death than other men?
For all the promise of my life is gone,
And ere the coming of another morn
I die in torment. Save me, God, I cry.

Save me, O Father, if Thy son I be.
For even he who hates Thee and Thy light,
And whom from heaven high Thou hast cast out,
Even he who strove to fill my soul with doubt,
Promised me kingdoms, on from sea to sea.
What hast Thou given? I asked but little; I
Was quite content to journey on my way
And teach the souls that thirsted for Thy love
And kindness, plodding on from day to day.
I was content to lead a lowly life,
To sleep beneath Thy stars, to let Thy rain
Fall on me sleeping till I waked again;
To bless Thee for Thy care, for Thy bright sun,
That called me to Thy work, still all undone;
To dwell with poverty, to bear the scorn
Of them who cried, with pointed finger, oft:
“He’s but the carpenter and Joseph’s son”;
While yet I knew that I was all unlike
The sons of men around me. I could gaze
Up to Thy sun unshrinking, and its blaze
Was to my soul but light from Thee, my Sire,
My Father, blessed end of my desire.
Oh, save me from the cross! I cannot bear
The awful hours of dying, hanging there
Alone, deserted. Surely Thou wilt save!
Can I not hear Thee speak within my soul,
Promising rescue from the very grave?
I *will* hope, will bear my trial undismayed,
Will face the fury of the frenzied race,

Who long to slay, to see me shrink, afraid.
For surely, Father, loving every man
And loving me, nearest of all to Thee,
Thou must support and Thou wilt rescue me
Even on the cross from its dread agony.
I cry to Thee, this last time, let the cup
Thou holdest to my parch'd lips pass by.
I cry to Thee, by the sweat upon my brow
Falling in drops of blood, oh pity me!
Save me from death, from worse than death, the shame
Of being by Thee abandoned, calling on Thy name,
For Thou dost hear me, though Thy heaven be high.
Up to Thine ear ascends each human cry;
Thine eye can see, far off though I may be,
The writhing of my soul in agony.

Thou hast forsaken! Through the weary hours
No help has come, yet even the heart of man
Is, than Thy heart, more tender, for they gave
Drink to my parch'd lips; yet even then
I drink refused, lest Thou should seem to men
To be, than men, more cruel and unkind.
I cannot bear my torment nor death's strife,
Which, endless, lingers. Let me bow my head.
Thou hast forsaken, but into Thy hands
I, sinless and deceived, throw back my life.
Do what Thou wilt, O God, with Jesus dead!

AS ONE WHO DREAMS

DREAMS have an end. Can Thy dreams know no
waking,
While all the world of men with war is quaking?
Dost Thou sleep on in still eternity,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee?

Dreams have an end at last. We wake and gaze
Upon a world at war, in dread amaze.
Are we awake, do we true visions see,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee?

Two thousand years we dreamed "Peace and Good-
will,"
While war's mad terror swept the whole world still
In endless battle. Can we yet trust Thee,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee?

"Peace and Goodwill!" We called Thee "Prince of
Peace."

But in Thy kingdom war doth never cease,
And warring nations claim they fight for Thee,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

The dead lie there. Thy feet no longer tread
The lilies of the field. Though Thou art dead,

Still in their hearts men can but cling to Thee,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

Must all things fade because Thy visions fade?
Art Thou the Power by whom the worlds were made?
Then is Thy handiwork not good to see,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

Thy ways were steep, our footsteps stumbled oft,
Thy path led not o'er meadows, green and soft,
And darkness hid Thee and we could not see
Thee, Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

Hast Thou too failed? Was all Thy work for nought,
Thy life, the lessons Thou to us hast taught?
Must hate and war and death forever be,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee?

And yet Thy name is known the world around,
Thy lofty temples rise, their sweet bells sound;
But never canst Thou dream they follow Thee,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

Thy priests have hid Thee from us with deft care
Beneath the folds of vestments, rich and rare,
Till Thy real heart, alas, we cannot see,
O Dreamer in the fields of Galilee.

TO THE ALLIES

YE pay the bitter price that we, each night,
 May sleep in peace and happy live away,
Nor ever on our land may fall the blight
 That blasts the lovely Belgian fields to-day.

Ye fight to win the peace for which we long,
 Though it be won through war's red mist of blood.
Ye march to battle with resounding song
 That nerves your hearts to nobler hardihood.

Ye fight the battles of a world to be,
 A world that sleeps in the dim future's breast.
Ye fight that coming nations may be free
 And on our homes sweet peace and plenty rest.

Not now nor yet to-morrow may we reach
 The blessed height where peace her banner flings,
But war, at last, man's brotherhood may teach,
 And hushed be all hate's angry mutterings.

Ye fight, ye die, ye lie in alien lands,
 Beneath the sod that blood has stained so oft;
There brave in life, in death, with nerveless hands,
 Ye sleep victorious, in death's slumber soft.

Your children's children, reading history's page,
Shall call down blessings on your honored names,
And tell how ye brought back the golden age
And purged a world of war and war's red shames.

Ye pay the bitter price that we, each night,
May sleep in peace and happy live always,
Nor ever on our land may fall the blight
That blasts the lovely Belgian fields to-day.

BLANK VERSE AND FREE VERSE

SHADOWS

MISSING the shadows, the quivering, quaking shadows,
Trembling on the grass, under the apple tree,
As the summer wind blows gently
And the scent of ripening apples
Is more sweet than the scent of flowers;

Missing the shadows we miss the heart of life,
Where always are shadows, falling softly,
And fitting shadows and still shadows
And stealthy, creeping shadows, growing deeper,
Till nightfall ends the day.

Missing the shadows we miss the soft, subtle color,
The color that lurks in the shadows,
The hiding place of the royal purple that the eyes of
the dull see not,
That blends with the green of the grass
And clasps the fronds of the great oak tree.

Missing the shadows we miss light's glory,
For light is the sun's jewelled diadem
And the shadow his iron crown.
In his blaze we die of his royal decree,
In his shadow is pardon and life.

Mystery of shadow, child of the deep, still shade
And the thick darkness of cave and forest
And the deeper darkness of night,
When the stars cast no shadow,
For the sun, the giver of shadows, folds them sleeping
to his breast.

O Shadow, mother of phantom and fancy,
Foster mother of dread and dreams,
Out of thee, betimes, come evil things, ghastly and
terrible,
Out of thee come good things and merciful,
Rest, peace, and sleep that comes to the weary.

Purple shadows and waving shadows
Trail across the dusty highway,
Where the sun beats on the traveller
Till the shadows pity him and shield him,
Falling softly on his burning face.

When clouds sweep over the farmland,
Swift shadows travel across the wheat fields
And over the rounded hillsides,
And the brown furrows of the newly ploughed field
Grow gray in the dimness of shadow.

Blue shadows lie on the distant mountains,
The gloom of shadow on the pine-clad hilltop,
Shadows quiver on the pebbly bed

Of the mountain brook as it tumbles,
And lofty buildings cast their shadows across the
crowded streets.

The shadowy finger on the moss-grown dial
Tells, voiceless, how the hours go by;
Pointing, from morn till night, till the light fades,
Waiting the sunrise, to tell once more to us
How the hours fly and the night cometh apace.

Over the ocean sweep the cloud shadows,
Streaking the violet waves and the blue waves
In strands of purple and brown and darkest gray;
Dimming the glint on the little curved crests of the
wavelets
And the gleam of white water as it breaks on the
shore.

And over the snow lie the pure, blue shadows,
Shadows of bare limbs and dead leaves,
Stark shadows, bare as the dead branches,
Cold as the shadows the wan, pale moon
Weaves, night by night, from its stolen sunlight.

And as years go by the shadows creep closer,
Falling on town and field and the flower of the field,
Lying deep and dark on faces beloved,
Till to us too, world weary, comes slumber,
And we sleep in the shadow of dreams.

THE CRY OF THE WEARY

O MOTHER Earth, I come to thee for rest.
The hearts of men are hard, the world is cold,
And I am weary, and my tired arms
I stretch upon thy bosom, broad to bear
The woes of all thy children. Here alone
I lose my care. Thought calls to thought no more,
But to my ear there comes the blended cry
Of all thy little ones: thy bees that hum,
Thy crickets hidden in the soft, green leaves,
The myriad voices of the unseen things
Which thou dost nourish, and I hear the soft
And sleepy rustle of the grass that grows
And all the blades that pierce thee as they rise,
Through thy torn bosom, to the blessed light.
No cover need I, for the shadows fall
And flit across me, and the sunbeams glow
And send their warmth to melt the biting cold
That life has lent me. Take me, Mother Earth,
Into thy heart. Is it time yet to come home?
For I am weary and within thy arms
Are sweet forgetfulness and rest and peace.
For all my fathers are with thee; my loves
Have gone to thee for refuge, and they lie
Waiting all patiently till I be come.
All, all are with thee. Why am I outcast,

Left in my exile, left in life alone?
Here I forget; or if, like dreams, I know
All that has gone before, 't is but a dream,
A moment slipped from out thy sheltering arms;
A moment like a child that strives to walk
And then clings closer to the hands that hold.
Let me come back, the way is hard to go,
My feet are weary, let me come and rest.
Canst thou not hear me, are thine arms so full
Of all thy children that alone I lie
Shut from thy bosom soft, thine arms that fold?
I thought the world was hard. Can thy rude rocks,
Thy fields, deceptive, with their verdure hid,
Conceal no springs of pity? Must I go
Back to the world of stonier hearts than thine?
Or wilt thou take me now and let me sleep
A dreamless slumber, for my day is done?

DESPAIR

I SAW her in the garden, it was night.
The heavy, red-lipped roses bent and shed
Their maddening perfume as my steps went slow
To where there quivered, white, one ray of light
From the still moon, and, in its silver, bright
With perfect brightness, still, like spirit of the dead,
All spotless, dazzling, save where on her head
Her coiled hair crowned her, radiant white she stood,

All aureoled, against the blackness set,
And I, in shadow trembling, saw but her.
And she? She saw me not. All agony
That comes to souls in torment, sorrow stark,
And mad dismay, that like a robber bold
Knocks, unexpected, at the heart's shut door,
Were on her face. There in the moonlight white
And in her eyes, upturned, was the appeal
That souls make to the god of doom and death.
Young life crushed out; its hopes forever swept
Into the abyss of utter, black despair.

A MEMORY

THY brightness I forget not — thy smiles rippling
On thy lips like wavelets on the tranquil ocean,
Nor thy low voice, sweet to me listening,
Nor thy soft locks, gold-tinted, in sunlight,
Nor thy blue eyes, now tender, now shining,
Hard, like the glint of a blade of Damascus,
Or as oft, love pleading, like violet blossoms.
These I let not go from me, but treasure ever,
Like to old flowers long hid in soft wrappings,
Opened when memories call to me so softly;
For they to me are all treasure and riches,
Since thou didst die and only the memories are left me.

THE MASK OF DEATH

LET fall thy mask, O Death!
The veil that hides from us thine unknown world
That lies beyond. Are smiles upon thy face,
And lives a pity and a love undreamed
Behind those rigid lines that never change,
But as the seasons come and day and night?
Is earth thy body and the stars beyond,
And is thy soul, like ours, locked deep from sight,
So that we know thee but by thy cold hand,
Nor see the pity in thy stony eyes,
Nor dream thy voice, if we could hear, would tell
A love we dare not hope for, doomed to die?

WIRELESS

LOVE speeds its wireless message to my soul.
I read its meaning from the ambient air,
Seeing, with closed eyes, my absent love,
Hearing her voice, so clear, with closed ear.
Think now of me as now I think of thee,
Else might my answer miss thee and escape
Out to the night where only are the stars.
Yet if by chance some soul might listen there,
Read and remember and by curious fate
In dreaming, quick, translate my message fond,

Like a sweet theft, sinless and innocent,
Then might she, slumbering, murmur in her dream:
"Surely some soul on the faint, distant earth
Loves me and sends a message through the night."
But I must not, I cannot miss thee so.
My thought goes swiftly, like a ray of light,
Crossing wide oceans in a moment, hurled
Above the ocean liners plodding west
And the train rushing madly overland.
For all the ether round me vibrates now,
And thy soul vibrates, as to music set,
Like viol string tuned to one sad, sweet note.
And now, back to me comes thine answer swift,
Like the soft whisper of a far-off sea.

BY THE SEA

I

HERE, where the sand hills like billows
Roll down to the sea,
And the waves die in foam at their feet,
Let us sit and watch them,
With nothing between but the white, shining sand.
This is not solitude, for solitude is silence;
It is life and motion, like the motion of a crowd.
Its sound is the sound of moving people,
Coming up to us like the jargon of the street
As one gazes down from some tower in the city.

II

The waves racing to the shore, curling and breaking,
These are lives, these are people.
First, little ones; then rising higher and higher,
All at once growing tall and big,
Just as children grow up suddenly
And are men and women before we know it;
Then bending forward as age burdens them;
Then whitening their crests,
Just as our heads grow white;
Then falling into white foam and wrack,
Like the ashes the mourners scatter on the sea.

III

The sea is filled with lives,
Filled with many voices, living and dying,
Now blended, then crash succeeding crash.
But all die at last on the earth shore,
All seethe back into the great All,
The Something, formless, remote, terrible,
Lying beyond and outside of us,
That creates us all, owns us all,
Sends us speeding through short life,
Then draws us, calls us back to Itself,
And none can refuse the call, for the call is death.

IV

Sometimes the sea murmurs and speaks words to us,
It brings back voices and visions.

Always the voices are sad voices,
They are voices of the dead;
Voices that the great sea has called to itself;
Voices of the millions drowned in the sea
And the millions drowned on the land,
When great cities drown out lives,
Swallowing up lost faces, young and old,
Sweeping them into the ocean of the lost,
Never seen again, never heard of again.

V

Particles of dead waves reshaping themselves;
Waves breaking, waves forming anew;
Life springing again from dead waves,
For the WAVES live and the WAVES die;
Not the water, ever changing,
Green and blue and dark gray and purple,
Only the growing and curling waves,
Made in the substance of water,
But themselves the soul of the water,
Made to strive for a moment of life on the shore
And die as they reach the shore,
Going back silent to the sea and death.

VI

'T is but the Form of the wave dies,
The form that grows in a moment,
That is a child-wave, a man-wave,
A bent, broken man-wave,

With white locks, falling, falling,
Just when it reaches the shore it longs for,
Fading and sinking,
Like the ashes of the dead in the sea.

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY

SWIFTER thou than the Hertzian waves,
Simpler than the wand of Marconi;
Without machinery, without towers sky-reaching,
Without coherers, without batteries
And the harsh clang of batteries.

Messages coming to me over ocean waves,
Over the sands of the desert;
Coming where the air is hot and throbs in the
 sunlight,
Where the mirage fools men dying of thirst,
Where palm trees grow beside wells of water;
Flying past oases and over mountains,
Over the high Sierras and Andes,
Over Alps and Himalayas.
Thoughts flying where man cannot tread;
Nothing can hinder them, nothing stop them.
Your thought coming to me, mine to you;
Your message of love or hate to me,
And mine returning hate or love.

O wonderful Telegraph, wireless, without stations,
Filling all the air with thoughts innumerable:
Thoughts of all things I have known
And things I have never known;
Thoughts in all languages and in no language;
Thoughts in the one language, wordless, unprintable,
Needing no teachers, no dictionaries, no grammars,
For thought despises all grammars.
Souls talking without tongues and in all tongues,
I understanding the language of the Eskimo,
Understanding the thought of the German, the
Frenchman;
They reading from space my messages.
Strangers getting messages from strangers,
Lovers getting messages from enemies and other
lovers.
Some one, far away, sending thoughts to me,
Sending messages to anyone to read and for every-
one;
But only a few can read them,
Only the souls tuned to the same tune.
Always the messages enter without knocking at the
door.
They fill the mind full with strange ideas
That some one — many ones — in many places are
thinking,
Setting at nought patent offices and inventors;
For the inventor reveals his inventions to everyone,
Sending them out when he is sleeping and waking.

O Mental Telegraph, unpatented, without rival,
Without struggles in courts of law,
Evidently you exist before De Forest
And before Marconi — man's own wireless,
With secret codes open to all who would understand.
Untaught, unteachable, instinctive, eternal;
Rivers cannot stop you, the cyclone cannot confuse
 you,
And fearless you brave the storms of the ocean,
Mightier than the Hertzian waves, mightier than the
 waves of Poseidon.

SNOW

BUT yesterday the snow was silently falling,
Falling softly, like down from the swan's breast.
To-day the snow is driven by the mad winds,
Whirling round corners, beating in our faces
And the faces of strangers, shining wetly;
Drifting in great, white mounds,
Swept bare from one side of the street,
Heaped upon the pavement of the other side.
Now the storm is over, and the air
Is lucent like the air of the mountains.
The snow covers the earth like a white ocean,
Beaten silently into white froth and foam,
Making white waves, all motionless,
Seas of dazzling white, unrippling,
Yet showing the circles and ribs of motionless ripples.

The snow is falling in the streets in the night time,
Hushing the rattle of wagons and the tramp of feet.
In the dawn the men come, shovelling snow from the
walks,

Laughing and talking in the sharp morning air;
The boys, snowballing each other and the people who
go by.

Now is the sledding time and the sleighing time,
And the jingling bells of the swift horses,
And the snow ploughs, buzzing and thundering,
Rushing along the rails, the trolley cars following
And the sparks snapping from the ice-covered wires;
Splashing the mud and filth that were under the
snow,

Spotting the dresses of women and the coats of men,
Frightening the horses and their drivers.

Out in the country over the wide fields the snow
lies,

Over the woods the snow falls,
Bending low the bare limbs of the great trees,
Falling on mountain tops,
Sliding down hillsides and precipices,
Piled high on the edges of chasms,
Waiting till the traveller creeps beneath,
Then rushing down softly, a white cloud,
And no cry breaks the stillness.

Rushing over the ocean,
Blinding the eyes of the lookout

And the captain on the bridge of the steamer,
So that he sees not the sloops of the fishermen
Or the men out in the dories, setting the nets,
Or another great steamship, rushing to meet him.

I shut my eyes and see the great waste of the north,
The heart of the home of the storm and the snow,
Where the storms and the cold breed,
Where the sun peeps over the earth edge
And sees only endless snow plains and solitude;
Plains, pale-blue in the half-light,
Rose-pink as he rises higher,
Then white — white as the snow is white —
For the snow alone is whiteness eternal.

THE RETURN OF PAN

WHEN winter winds were weary grown
And melted was the drifted snow,
And in the air some undertone
Responded to the sun's bright glow,
Down in the meadow, by the stream
That wandered mid the withered grass,
I sat, like one wrapped in a dream,
And watched the ripples idly pass.
The reeds rose high and sheltered me,
They hid the world, by winter slain.
Though dull and sere the meadows be,

I fancy them all green again,
And as I mused, a whisper grew
Among the dry and rustling leaves:
“Ever the old gives place to new
And never the soul of the wise one grieves,
For the old is new and the new is old,
And Pan doth live, though Pan was dead.”
Our hearts grow warm that awhile were cold,
And our fears and tears afar have fled.
One goeth, another taketh his place;
The god that is new is the god that is true.
Yet if we dare to gaze on his face,
Lo, the one in weeds and the one rose-crowned,
With flowers of springtime girdled round,
One with blood drops where thorns do press,
One all laughter and joyousness,
One raised up on a cross on high,
One that deep in the woods doth fly,
Both are one, but the days must change
And customs and manners change with them.
We take what comes, though it seemeth strange,
And we cling alway to some garment’s hem.
We are ever the same at heart, we are men,
But we yield to the stress of the now and then.
And now the world has grown weary of grief,
Of the sad-faced nun in her sombre clothes;
The downtrodden soul cries out for relief,
And the broken heart is weary of woes.
Then Pan comes back, the god with a smile,

Who makes life happy and grief forgot.
But as we wait, in a little while,
He will vanish, another fill the spot.
Change your temples only in name,
The god of the now and then is the same;
For the heart of mortal will seek a god,
Till it ceases from seeking, beneath the sod.

II

Long have we missed thee, oh loved one,
Ruler of the woods and fields,
Though still the trees grow in the sun
And the brown earth its harvest yields.
In vain have we searched for thee,
Yet thy messengers, the sun and rain,
Ever working thy will for thee,
Speed by while we pursue them in vain.
No longer did we meet thee,
Catching glimpses of thee at noontide
When, weary, we rested on the soft moss
In the cool shade where thou lovest to abide.
Nor is thy music, shrill but sweet to us,
Ever heard, though we listen, unseeing,
Long nights through by the riverside.
Yea, certain ones, hiding in the rushes, all agreeing,
Heard a voice crying "Pan is dead,"
And the sound of a winged host fleeing
Through the forest, and then came silence.

III

Yet now that we have seen thee,
Surely thou wilt tarry with us;
For the hearts of all thy lovers will rejoice
And the flowers will bloom brighter, loving thee.
In the morning we will await thee,
When the sun slants, rose-red,
Across the river, touching the reed plumes
With bright light and golden gleams;
And at mid-day, in the still shadows,
Where the ferns droop heavily
And streamlets trickle unceasingly
Over their beds of bright pebbles;
And at evening, by the pale moonlight
We will wait thee, trembling oft,
Mistaking for thee the cloud shadows,
That the moon throws, flying over the meadow.
O Pan! surely now thou hast returned to us,
To thy lovers ever missing thee sadly.
For weary are we of the strange god,
Who is alway mournful and tearful,
Bidding us suffer and endure hardships,
When we would be joyous and happy.
For he loves not thy flowers,
Nor the whispering of the leaves in thy forest,
Nor the soft lapping of the wavelets
On the white, ribbed, sea sand,
But is ever crying for mercy and pity,

For which things thou carest not, nor do we.
For thou art the lord of laughter
And music and singing and restful hours,
Of storms and cold north winds,
And sweet zephyrs blowing from the south land,
And cool shadows and bright sunlight;
But he of darkness that frightens,
And gloomy caves in the mountains,
Where the eyes of the lion watch us stealthily,
Where laughter dies and smiles fade
And only spectres await us and silence.
But thou art ever near us,
Though, stupid, we may not see thee.
Thou into our hearts findest way
When they burn and tremble within us.
In the soft golden hair of women
And from their eyes, ever luring, thou lookest,
And when children laugh shrilly,
And in the twinkling feet of the dancers
And the lilt of singing voices.
Not for thy pity we ask thee,
For thou neither pitiest nor art cruel,
Neither dost thou love nor hate us,
But thou thyself art the hater,
And thy soul is the soul of the lover.

IV

Why do ye not sing and dance, oh villagers?
Know ye not that our god has come back to us,

He who is dearer than all gods,
The only one, Pan the mirthful one,
By whom all good things come to us,
Both to man and beast and insect
And bird and tree and the blossom of the field?
Ever the new god cries: "Give thy heart to me,
Give up for me the things that make life pleasant,
Shut eyes to beauty and the soft voice of the singer,
Suffer and agonize lest ye burn in eternal fire."
But thou, Pan, demandest nought,
Thou the giver of all things.
Thou makest the greed of the eagle
And the pangs of the lamb in his talons;
Nor dost thou threaten us,
Though thy sun burn us ever so hotly,
And the winter's cold thou sendest we forget in
summer.

For thou art ever as one of us, our brother;
So we fear not thee, only thine anger,
Lest we slight thee who art so dear to us.
Thou makest our lives, whatsoever lives we have,
And we blame thee not, be they evil and painful,
But cling to thee, for without thee is loneliness
And we were but outcasts and strangers.
For he is afar off, in a heaven we know not,
And where it lies we know not, nor what it may be.
Oft have we asked, but never found answer
From sun or star, or from the sky, ever blue above us,
That looks down on us mockingly and answers not.

Nor do the mountains answer, though their white tops
Go nearest to the home where they say he dwelleth
In the infinite black sky of the nights in winter.
Surely we could hear if any voice spake,
When all the winds are hushed and cries of man
And songs of birds and the bustle of day,
And sleep falls on all things and silence.

SONG OF PAN

EVERYWHERE in the world am I,
In the cloud that drifts o'er the April sky,
Among the reeds by the river's brink,
In the bubbling spring where the wild fowl drink.
Over the crest of the hill I creep,
Down in the dell in the shadows deep,
Out in the marsh where the pools lie still,
Fringed with rushes, I work my will.
Up the face of the rugged cliff
My mosses cling to each tiny rift;
Out in the desert's yellow glare,
Where the cactus lives, yea, I am there.
For life I am, in the season's round,
Spreading the grasses over the ground,
Calling the flower to spring and grow.
Every joy in your hearts I know,
The sweet, fresh joy of the soft spring wind
That blows the care from the sorrowing mind;

The joy of living, that too is mine,
As it fills the veins like a sparkling wine.

I am the wing of the bird that flies
From the barren waste to the icy pole.
I am the hope of the seed that dies,
Yet lives again as the seasons roll.
I am the spirit of life. I ride
On the summer wind, on the April shower,
And float on the surge of the high spring tide
And tenderly lift the crushed-down flower.
I teach the leaflets, hidden long,
To pierce the earth; I make them strong.
'T is love I am and the joy to dare,
And pleasure and beauty my handmaids are.
I bring life and its glory I bring;
My glamour over the earth I fling.
The dull things, the ugly, I hide from sight
With the flashing colors of flowers bright.

My name was Pan in the years that died.
The fanes ye reared on the green hillside,
The altars white that ye built for me,
Have crumbled and fallen where none may see;
But I live as the life of the bird that flies,
As the soul of the seed that in darkness lies.
When ye thought me dead and my name forgot,
Ye loved me ever, yet knew me not.
For the love ye thought me was fierce and wild,

But the love I am is the love of the child,
That never grows old as the years speed on,
Till at last, o'er your hearts, my victory 's won
And ye yield me your love and my task is done.

CLOUDLAND

BARRED from our birthright, the field and the meadow,
The still-flowing river, the swift mountain brook,
Hemmed in by the city, like spirits in prison,
Where shall we seek for the land of our birthright,
Save in the sky that is over us all?

Cloudland of illusion, vision unearthly,
Home of the spirit, ethereal, intangible,
With castles whose walls dread no assailant,
For the wind builded them with towers and turrets
Quarried from the pale, gray mists of the sea.

Realm of the dreamer, home of the homeless,
Vision of the weary, worn with much toiling,
Vision of the tramp, waking under the hedgerow,
Opening dull eyes, heavy with slumber,
Dazzled by the white clouds against the blue sky
drifting.

To the weaned child mystery, to the grown man
wonder,
To the slave freedom, to the dying rest.

There, are mountain heights none can climb in their
daring,
There, the athlete and the palsied for once are equal,
For the soul alone mounts the heights and looks down
in triumph.

To greet the rising sun, clouds in the east are blushing,
Lit by unseen light, tinted like leaf of the rose;
While the world waits, silent and breathless,
And the creatures of the long night rest
And the sufferer sleeps and has painless dreams.

Golden clouds in the west, bidding the day farewell,
Longing and lingering in bands of orange and Orient
purple,
Fringed with gold that dazzles, floating in emerald
ether,
Where little clouds drift lazily, like golden droplets,
Then fade and darken till the stars twinkle between
them.

Brazen cloud banks lying low on the horizon,
Sweeping up swiftly till the world is darkened,
Till night falls at noonday and toilers cease toiling,
And the book drops from the hand of the reader,
As he waits for the thunder crash and the jagged flame
of the lightning.

Cities of refuge for souls that are weary,
Domes of light with spires iridescent.

Lo, the fiat of the south wind builded them,
And there for an hour dwell longing and vain aspira-
tion

In a dream world, aërial, where the slave is freed
from his fetters.

Vales lit by sunlight, gleams on their hillsides,
Plains where the mists drift swiftly, like snowfall,
Oceans of cloud billows, ceaselessly heaving,
Mist wrack and storm wrack tossed up by the sea,
Beating in impotent anger on the pallid cliffs of the
sky.

There is no weariness, past is stress and struggle,
There can no weapon assail or hand touch rudely.
Thoughts only dwell there, thoughts tinged with
sadness,
And the soul mounts the cloud heights, free and re-
joicing.
Below is turmoil and hatred, but in cloudland always
is peace.

HELLO! HELLO!

HASTE and answer the jingling telephone,
The bell that rings at all times,
Whether the times be convenient or inconvenient,
That rings in the daylight and in the dark night,
When the house is silent and in the room of the dead.

Ringing for affairs of business and pleasure,
For making engagements and for breaking engage-
ments,
Calling us insolently with its harsh note,
And we its slaves must answer when it calls.

Telling of births and deaths, of gains and losses,
Telling the news of the day and the gossip of women,
Sending us voices, strident and gentle,
Voices sought and voices feared,
Voices loved and voices hated.
Voice of the young woman speaking softly to her lover,
Voice of the young man, deep-toned and passionate.
Voice of the telephone girl
Sitting wearily at the switchboard.
Voices of strangers; broken words of unseen men and
women,
Telling us fragments of their thoughts and then —
silence!
Coming into our lives and to our ears a moment,
Unseen, unknown, then shut out perhaps forever!

When the noise of the city has wearied us
And we fly for rest to the country,
Then it is only your harsh note breaks the silence,
Even in the country we cannot escape you.
In the lonely farmhouse your bell jingles
And in the red barn back of the farmhouse.
The cows in the field stop chewing

And the horses hold their heads up,
Pricking up one ear and then the other,
Startled by the strange noise you make.
For in the country once there was only
The sound of the grain and the grass growing,
And the soft sighing of the wind through the trees,
And the crowing of the cock in early morning,
And the lowing of cows, and the trampling of im-
patient feet

When the farmer was slow in coming.
For before you came all things were peaceful;
The sun set silently and rose silently,
The great clouds overhead drifted silently,
The brook at the foot of the hill rippled gently.
There was the soft rustle of leaves in the summer
And the jostle of grasses, when the fresh winds were
blowing;
The chirp of crickets and the hum of the hot fields in
August,
When the grass is dry and strange little things creep
and rustle;
The buzz of the fly and the boom of the bumblebee;
And in autumn the dry leaves rustled sadly and
softly,
Saying farewell to their parents,
The great bare limbs of the trees above them.

But now, in the summer and in the winter,
In the spring and in the autumn,

Your bell breaks in upon us like the din of the city,
Like the elevated and the trolley and the honk of the
auto.

It calls us to go back, it orders us to go back,
Away from the meadows where the cows feed stolidly,
Away from the brookside
Where the boys sit on the little footbridge,
Afraid to move their feet which hang over the water —
Watching the gay-colored corks, floating idly,
And the fishing line hanging motionless from the
fishing rod —

Back to the narrow streets where men steal along in
the shadows,

Walking wearily, mopping red faces;
Where the foul wind blows faintly from filthy alleys,
Or whirls madly between the grim skyscrapers,
And the sky shows only narrow slits of blue at mid-
day;

Where crowds push eagerly through the swinging
doors of saloons,
And the electric fans buzz and the flies buzz,
And the air is filled with strident voices.

.
Where can we go to escape you, O Telephone,
Whether on the humming wire you come,
Or on wireless waves of intangible ether?
Spectre you are of man's own invention,
Demon he has conjured up to destroy himself.
Perhaps in the grave for brief years is a refuge,

Before the days come when the unknown is known to
us,
When its paths and ways are charted for us,
When we phone to the dread world of spirits
And the world of the dead answers back the world of
the living,
When with wireless phone we reach the bright con-
stellations,
And Mars speaks in the quivering of its ruddy flame
to us,
And the moon answers softly through the receiver,
And the sun sends us his message in scorching fire,
And the fixed stars call to us with faint, sweet voices,
And the black depths between the stars send whispers,
Telling secrets beyond man's knowing.

IN THE NIGHT

DAYS come and go, but night is eternal;
Light fades, but darkness is ever in waiting.
In the blaze of the sun we heed it not,
Thinking day eternal and the sun immortal,
While behind him lies ever the dreaded night.

Filled is that night with strange forms and faces,
Filled with eyes ever watching,
Whose gaze we feel but see not.
Filled with soft rustling and strange whispers
And vague shadows dark against the night.

The child shudders and hides beneath the coverlid,
The grown man is restless and his stout heart fails
 him,
Dreading the watching eyes and the whispers around
 him;
For the spell of the ages lies over him
And his soul is naked under the eyes of night.

What evil things dost thou hold, O Night,
That we shudder though we see them not?
What dread creations inhabit thy world,
What living shadows people thy realms,
While we listen in vain to the voices of the silence?

Seeking with fierce vision the invisible,
Dreading fell spirits and more dreadful demons
Crowding about us, peopling thy darkness,
Looking down on us, sleeping, with eyes gleaming,
Though no man has seen those gleaming eyes.

Into the night we go. Is it to night unending,
To the land whose fields no feet have trodden?
Is there voice and vision beyond our senses,
Known only to the prisoners of thy darkness
Bound forever in the chains of night?

Is there a world beyond our vision,
Voices where we find but silence,
A world we call void, yet teeming with souls,

To the dead a reality, to the living a fantasy,
To us intangible, to the disembodied dread reality?

World of antithesis, universe of reversion,
Light there which to us is darkness,
Light in the shadow that we call night.
Sunset here, dawn there,
And is our world dark to the dwellers in the night?

We feel the millions thronging around us,
We cry aloud: "Be manifest, O Shadows."
But the empty air gives back no answer,
Only our own echoes come back to us,
Till we rest wearily and dream sadly.

Day after day dies in glory, fading in the west;
Darkness yields to light, fleeing the dawn.
Will day follow night forever and sunrise come ever,
Or war break out in the sky and one of the twain lie
 slain,
And night be king victorious, nor the dawn come ever
 again?

The stars give light, but between them is darkness.
Small seem the stars, but the blackness is infinite.
Planets burn and die, and comets speed by and vanish,
But the limitless blackness changes not,
And night may be lord of the star depths, lord of the
 vanquished day.

Day and night, life and death,
Two worlds in one, each for its own,
Darkness for the dead, light for the living.
Who are the dead? Who are the living?
Is our sight but blindness to the dwellers in the night?

Dost thou too, O Night, shrink from the daylight
As we tremble and shrink from your shadows?
Is the day we joy in your night and our day night to
you —
Two worlds in the sky of light and darkness?
Yet we too must enter your world and see with the
eyes of the dead.



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