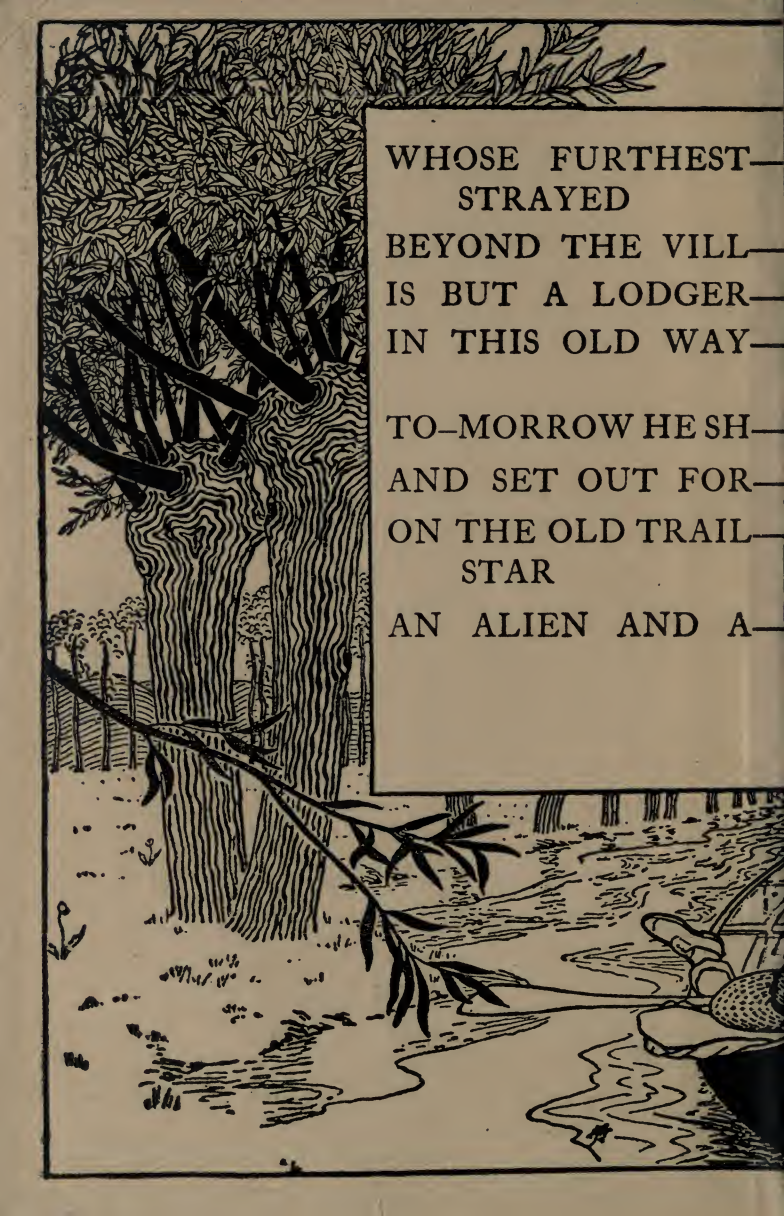


*More* SONGS *from*  
VAGABONDIA

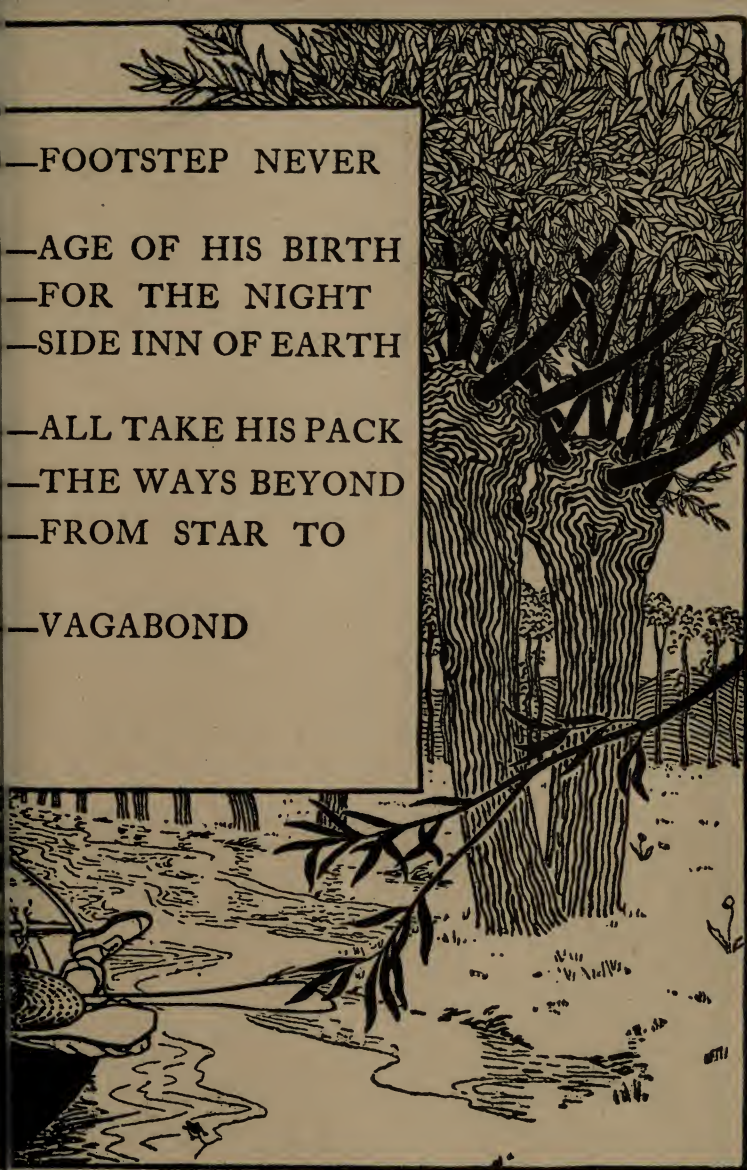


BLISS CARMAN  
RICHARD HOVEY



WHOSE FURTHEST—  
STRAYED  
BEYOND THE VILL—  
IS BUT A LODGER—  
IN THIS OLD WAY—  
TO-MORROW HESH—  
AND SET OUT FOR—  
ON THE OLD TRAIL—  
STAR  
AN ALIEN AND A—

—FOOTSTEP NEVER  
—AGE OF HIS BIRTH  
—FOR THE NIGHT  
—SIDE INN OF EARTH  
—ALL TAKE HIS PACK  
—THE WAYS BEYOND  
—FROM STAR TO  
—VAGABOND



23  
150

The  
HELEN HOYT  
LYMAN  
LIBRARY  
of  
MODERN  
POETS

University  
of California  
Berkeley



Ernest Edward Nelson.

1916

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA

**T**HE publishers announce for  
the holiday edition these three  
books :

*Songs from Vagabondia*

*More Songs from Vagabondia*

and

*Last Songs from Vagabondia*

Now issued in limp leather bind-  
ings, neatly boxed. Price \$3.00  
per set.

---

**SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.**  
**BOSTON**



MORE SONGS  
FROM  
VAGABONDIA

BLISS CARMAN  
RICHARD HOVEY  
DESIGNS BY  
TOM B METEYARD

*Ernest Edouard Halseh*



BOSTON  
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY  
M CM XI

COPYRIGHT, 1896,  
BY BLISS CARMAN AND RICHARD HOVEY.

First edition (750 copies) October, 1896  
Second edition (750 copies) December, 1896  
Third edition (750 copies) November, 1899  
Fourth edition (750 copies) October, 1901  
Fifth edition (750 copies) November, 1903  
Sixth edition (750 copies) November, 1905  
Seventh edition (1000 copies) February, 1908  
Eighth edition (1000 copies) March, 1911

To M. G. M., so good to lighten cares,  
The boys inscribe this second book of theirs.

To Jack Lyman I  
give this book as a token  
of the old comfortable and  
loving friendship between us.

Ernest Nelson  
June Fifth 1919  
San Francisco.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

Handwritten text line, possibly a date or a specific reference.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a date or a specific reference.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

Handwritten text line, possibly a name or a subject.

## CONTENTS

JONGLEURS	R. H.	1
EARTH'S LYRIC	B. C.	5
THE WOOD-GOD	R. H.	6
A FAUN'S SONG	R. H.	7
QUINCE TO LILAC	B. C.	7
AN EASTER MARKET	B. C.	11
DAISIES	B. C.	13
THE MOCKING-BIRD	R. H.	13
KARLENE	R. H.	14
KARLENE	B. C.	16
CONCERNING KAVIN	B. C.	21
KAVIN AGAIN	R. H.	21
ACROSS THE TABLE	R. H.	21
BARNEY MCGEE	R. H.	22
THE SEA GYPSY	R. H.	25
SPEECH AND SILENCE	R. H.	26
SECRETS	R. H.	26
THE FIRST JULEP	B. C.	26
A STEIN SONG	R. H.	27
THE UNSAINTING OF KAVIN	B. C.	28
IN THE WAYLAND WILLOWS	B. C.	29
WHEN I WAS TWENTY	B. C.	31
IN A SILENCE	R. H.	32
THE BATHER	R. H.	33
NOCTURNE: IN ANJOU	R. H.	33
NOCTURNE: IN PROVENCE	R. H.	34
JUNE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON	R. H.	35
A SONG FOR MARNA	R. H.	38
SEPTEMBER WOODLANDS	R. H.	38
NANCIBEL	B. C.	39
A VAGABOND SONG	B. C.	39
THREE OF A KIND	R. H.	40
WOOD-FOLK LORE	B. C.	42
AT MICHAELMAS	B. C.	44

THE MOTHER OF POETS	B. C.	48
A GOOD-BY	B. C.	49
IN A COPY OF BROWNING	B. C.	49
SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF	R. H.	53
AT THE ROAD-HOUSE	B. C.	56
VERLAINE	R. H.	58
DISTILLATION	R. H.	59
A FRIEND'S WISH	R. H.	59
LAL OF KILRUDDEN	B. C.	60
HUNTING-SONG	R. H.	61
BUIE ANNAJOHN	B. C.	62
MARY OF MARKA	R. H.	63
PREMONITION	R. H.	63
THE HEARSE-HORSE	B. C.	64
THE NIGHT-WASHERS	B. C.	64
MR. MOON	B. C.	66
HEM AND HAW	B. C.	70
ACCIDENT IN ART	R. H.	71
IN A GARDEN	B. C.	71
AT THE END OF THE DAY	R. H.	72

*And ever with the vanguard  
The vagrant singers come  
The gamins of the city  
Who dance before the drum*

## JONGLEURS.

WHAT is the stir in the street?  
Hurry of feet!  
And after,  
A sound as of pipes and of tabers!

Men of the conflicts and labors,  
Struggling and shifting and shoving,  
Pushing and pounding your neighbors,  
Fighting for leeway for laughter,  
Toiling for leisure for loving!  
Hark, through the window and up to the rafter,  
Madder and merrier,  
Deeper and verier,  
Sweeter, contrarier,  
Dafter and dafter,  
A song arises, —  
A thrill, an intrusion,  
A reel, an illusion,  
A rapture, a crisis  
Of bells in the air!

Ay, up from your work and look out of the window!  
“Who are the newcomers, Arab or Hindoo?  
Persians, or Japs, or the children of Isis?”  
— Guesses, surmises —  
Forth with you, fare  
Down in the street to draw nearer and stare!  
Come from your palaces, come from your hovels!  
Lay down your ledgers, your picks and your shovels,  
Your trowels and bricks,



*Fongleurs.* Hammers and nails,  
Scythes and flails,  
Bargains and sales,  
And the trader's tricks,  
Deals, overreachings,  
Worries and griefs,  
Teachings and preachings,  
Boluses, briefs,  
Writs and attachments,  
Quarterings, hatchments,  
Clans and cognomens,  
Tomes, prolegomens,  
Comments and scholia,  
(World's melancholia) —  
Cast them aside, and good riddance to rubbish!  
Here at the street-corner, hearken, a strain,  
Rough and off-hand and a bit rub-a-dub-ish,  
Gives us a taste of the life we'd attain.

Who are they, what are they, whence have they  
come to us?

Where will they go when their singing is done?  
What is the garb they wear, tattered and sumptuous,  
Faded with days and superb in the sun?

What are they singing of?

Hush!

. . . There's a ringing of

Delicate chimes;

And the blush

Of a veiled bride morning

Beats in the rhymes.

Listen!

Out of the merriment,

Clear as the glisten

Of dew on the brier,

A silver warning!

Sudden, a dare —  
Lyric experiment —  
Up like a lark in the air,  
Higher and higher and higher,  
The song shoots out of our blunder  
Of thought to the blue sky of wonder,  
And broken strains only fall down  
Like pearls on the roofs of the town.

Somebody says they have come from the moon,  
Seen with their eyes Eldorado,  
Sat in the Bo-tree's shadow,  
Wandered at noon  
In the valleys of Van,  
Tented in Lebanon, tarried in Ophir,  
Last year in Tartary piped for the Khan.  
Now it's the song of a lover;  
Now it's the lilt of a loafer, —  
Under the trees in a midsummer noon,  
Dreaming the haze into isles to discover,  
Beating the silences into a croon;  
Soon  
Up from the marshes a call of the plover!  
Out from the cover  
A flurry of quail!  
Down from the height where the slow hawks  
    hover,  
The thin far ghost of a hail!  
And near, and near,  
Throbbing and tingling, —  
With a human cheer  
In the earth-song mingling, —  
Mirth and carousal,  
Wooing, espousal,  
Clinking of glasses  
And laughter of lasses —

*Fongleurs.* And the wind in the garden stoops down as it  
passes

To play with the hair  
Of the loveliest there,  
And the wander-lust catches the will in its snare;  
Hill-wind and spray-lure,  
Call of the heath;  
Dare in the teeth  
Of the balk and the failure;  
The clasp and the linger  
Of loosening finger,  
Loth to dissever;  
Thrill of the comrade heart to its fellow  
Through droughts that sicken and blasts that  
bellow  
From purple furrow to harvest yellow,  
Now and forever.  
How our feet itch to keep time to their measure!  
How our hearts lift to the lilt of their song!  
Let the world go, for a day's royal pleasure!  
Not every summer such waifs come along.

Now they are off to the inn;  
Hear the clean ring of their laughter!  
Cool as a hill-brook after  
The heat of the noon sets in!  
Gentlemen even in jollity—  
Certainly people of quality!—  
Waifs and estrays no less,  
Roofless and penniless,  
They are the wayside strummers  
Whose lips are man's renown,  
Those wayward brats of Summer's  
Who stroll from town to town;  
Spendthrift of life, they ravish  
The days of an endless store,

And ever the more they lavish  
The heap of the hoard is more.  
For joy and love and vision  
Are alive and breed and stay  
When dust shall hold in derision  
The misers of a day.

*Fongleurs.*

### EARTH'S LYRIC.

APRIL. You hearken, my fellow,  
A Old slumberer down in my heart?  
There's a whooping of ice in the rivers:  
The sap feels a start.

The snow-melted torrents are brawling;  
The hills, orange-misted and blue,  
Are touched with the voice of the rainbird  
Unsullied and new.

The houses of frost are deserted,  
Their slumber is broken and done,  
And empty and pale are the portals  
Awaiting the sun.

The bands of Arcturus are slackened;  
Orion goes forth from his place  
On the slopes of the night, leading homeward  
His hound from the chase.

The Pleiades weary and follow  
The dance of the ghostly dawn;  
The revel of silence is over;  
Earth's lyric comes on.

*Earth's* A golden flute in the cedars,  
*Lyric.* A silver pipe in the swales,  
And the slow large life of the forest  
Wells back and prevails.

A breath of the woodland spirit  
Has blown out the bubble of spring  
To this tenuous hyaline glory  
One touch sets a-wing.

### THE WOOD-GOD.

**B**ROTHER, lost brother!  
Thou of mine ancient kin!  
Thou of the swift will that no ponderings smother!  
The dumb life in me fumbles out to the shade  
Thou lurkest in.  
In vain — evasive ever through the glade  
Departing footsteps fail;  
And only where the grasses have been pressed,  
Or by snapped twigs I follow a fruitless trail.  
So — give o'er the quest!  
Sprawl on the roots and moss!  
Let the lithe garter squirm across my throat!  
Let the slow clouds and leaves above me float  
Into mine eyeballs and across, —  
Nor think them further! Lo, the marvel! now,  
Thou whom my soul desireth, even thou  
Sprawl'st by my side, who fled'st at my pursuit.  
I hear thy fluting; at my shoulder there  
I see the sharp ears through the tangled hair,  
And birds and bunnies at thy music mute.

A FAUN'S SONG.

COOL! cool! cool!  
Cool and sweet  
The feel of the moss at my feet!  
And sweet and cool  
The touch of the wind, of the wind!

Cool wind out of the blue,  
At the touch of you  
A little wave crinkles and flows  
All over me down to my toes.

"Coo-loo! Coo-loo!"  
Hear the doves in the tree-tops croon.  
"Coo-loo! Coo-loo!"  
Love comes soon.

"June! June!"  
The veery sings,  
Sings and sings,  
"June! June!" —  
A pretty tune!

Wind with your weight of perfume,  
Bring me the bluebells' bloom!

QUINCE TO LILAC: To G. H.

DEAR *Lilac*, how enchanting  
To hear of you this way!  
The Man who comes a-mouching  
To visit me each day

Says you too have a lover  
Far lovelier than I.

*Quince to  
Lilac.* And from his rapt description,  
She loves you gloriously.

The Man prowls out each morning  
To see if spring's begun.  
What infinite amusement  
These creatures offer one!

He asks me such conundrums  
As no one ever heard:  
The name of April's father,  
The trail of every bird,

What keeps me warm in winter,  
Who wakes me up in time,  
And why procrastination  
Is such a fearful crime.

And yet, who knows? He may be  
Our equal ages hence —  
With such pathetic glimmers  
Of weird intelligence!

But this your blessed alien,  
Why strays she roving here?  
Was Orpheus not her brother,  
Persephone her peer?

Was she not once a dryad  
Whom Syrinx lulled to sleep  
Beside the Dorian water,  
And still her eyelids keep

The glad unperished secret  
From centuries of joy,  
And memories of the morning  
When Helen sailed for Troy?



Is her name Gertrude, Kitty,  
Hypatia, or what?  
I seem to half remember,  
And yet have quite forgot.

*Quince to  
Lilac.*

That soft Hellenic laughter!  
I marvel you don't make  
An effort to be early  
In budding for her sake.

Just fancy hearing daily  
That velvet voice of hers!  
How do you quell the riot  
Of sap her coming stirs?

Perhaps she puts her face up,  
(Dear Charity she is!)  
For messages of summer  
And better worlds than this.

You cannot blush, poor Lilac;  
It is not in your race.  
I simply should go crimson,  
If I were in your place.

Do tell her all your secrets!  
The Man declares she knows  
Better than any mortal  
The wonder-trick of prose.

*Our* prose, I mean, — how beauty  
Appears to you and me;  
The truth that seems so simple,  
Which they call poetry.

They put it down in writing  
And label it with tags,

*Quince to Lilac.* The funny conscious people  
Who mask in colored rags!

They have a thing called *science*,  
With phrases strange and pat.  
My dear, can you imagine  
Intelligence like that?

And when they first discover  
That yellows are not greens,  
They pucker up their foreheads  
And ponder what it means.

And then those cave-like places,  
Churches and Capitols,  
Where they all come together  
Like troops of talking dolls,

To govern, as they term it,  
(It's really very odd!)  
And have what they call worship  
Of something they call God.

But Kitty, or whatever  
May be her tender name,  
Is more like us. She guesses  
What sets the year aflame.

She knows beyond her senses;  
Do tell her all you can!  
The funny people need it, —  
At least, so says The Man.

Good-by, dear. I must idle.  
Sweet suns and happy rains!  
How nice to have these humans  
With their inventive brains, —

Their little scraps of paper !  
They certainly evince  
Remarkable discernment.  
Your ever loving *Quince*.

*Quince to  
Lilac.*

## AN EASTER MARKET.

**T**O-DAY, through your Easter market  
In the lazy Southern sun,  
I strolled with hands in pockets  
Past the flower-stalls one by one.

Indolent, dreamy, ready  
For anything to amuse,  
Shyfoot out for a ramble  
In his oldest hat and shoes.

Roses creamy and yellow,  
Azaleas crimson and white,  
And the flaky fresh carnations  
My Orient of delight, —

Masses and banks of blossom  
That dazzle and summon the eye,  
Till the buyers are half bewildered  
To know what they want. Not I.

Who would not rather be artist  
And slip through the crowd unseen  
To gather it all in a picture  
And guess what the faces mean?

So down through the chaffering darkies  
I pass to the sidewalk's end,  
Through the smiling gingham bonnets  
With their small farm-stuff to vend.

*An Easter  
Market.* When, hello! my dreamer, sudden  
As call at the dead of night,  
What sets your pulses a-quiver,  
What sets your fancy alight?

Sure of it! Mayflowers, mayflowers,  
Scent of the North in spring!  
Out in the vernal distance,  
Heart of me, whither a-wing?

“Give me some!” Clutch the first handful,  
Hungering rover of earth!  
How I devour and kiss them,  
Beauties that brought me to birth,

Away in the great north country,  
The land of the lonely sun,  
Where God has few for his fellows,  
And the wolves of the snowdrift run.

Once more to the frost-bound valley  
Comes April with rain in her jar;  
I can hear the vesper sparrow  
Under the silver star.

And many and dear and gracious  
Are the dreams that walk at my side  
From the land of the lingering shadows,  
As out of the throng I stride.

Oh, well for you, mere onlooker,  
Who drift through the world's great mart!  
But we of the human sorrow  
Have a joy beyond your art.

## DAISIES.

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune  
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,  
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,  
The orioles whistled them out of the wood ;  
And all of their singing was, " Earth, it is well !"  
And all of their dancing was, " Life, thou art good !"

## THE MOCKING-BIRD.

**H**EAR! hear! hear!

Listen! the word  
Of the mocking-bird!

*Hear! hear! hear!*

*I will make all clear;*

*I will let you know*

*Where the footfalls go*

*That through the thicket and over the hill*

*Allure, allure.*

How the bird-voice cleaves

Through the weft of leaves

With a leap and a thrill

Like the flash of a weaver's shuttle, swift and  
sudden and sure!

And lo, he is gone — even while I turn

The wisdom of his runes to learn.

He knows the mystery of the wood,

The secret of the solitude;

But he will not tell, he will not tell,

For all he promises so well.

KARLENE.

WORD of a little one born in the West, —  
How like a sea-bird it comes from the sea,  
Out of the league-weary waters' unrest  
Blown with white wings, for a token, to me!

Blown with a skriel and a flurry of plumes  
(Sea-spray and flight-rapture whirled in a gleam!)  
Here for a sign of the comrade that looms  
Large in the mist of my love as I dream.

He with the heart of an old violin,  
Vibrant at every least stir in the place,  
Lyric of woods where the thrushes begin,  
Wave-questing wanderer, still for a space, —

What will the child of his be (so I muse),  
Wood-flower, sea-flower, star-flower rare?  
Worlds here to choose from, and which will she  
choose,  
She whose first world is an armsweep of air?

Baby Karlene, you are wondering now  
Why you can't reach the great moon that you see  
Just at your hand on the edge of the bough  
That waves in the window-pane — how can it be?

All your world yet hardly lies out of reach  
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes.  
You are a seed for the sky there to teach  
(And the sun and the wind and the rain) as it grows.

Just a green leaf piercing up to the day,  
Pale fleck of June to come, just to be seen  
Through the rough crumble of rubble and clay  
Lifting its loveliness, dawn-child, Karlene!



Fragile as fairycraft, dew-dream of love, —  
Never a clod that has marred the slim stalk,  
Never a stone but its frail fingers move,  
Bent on the blue sky and nothing can balk !

*Karlene.*

Blue sky and wind-laughters, that is thy dream.  
Ah the brave days when thy leafage shall toss  
High where gold noondays and sunsets a-stream  
Mix with its moving and kiss it across.

There the great clouds shall go lazily by,  
Cool thee with shadows and dazzle with shine,  
Drench thee with rain-guerdons, bless thee with  
sky,  
Till all the knowledge of earth shall be thine.

Wind from the ice-floe and wind from the palm,  
Wind from the mountains and wind from the lea —  
How they will sing thee of tempest and calm !  
How they will lure thee with tales of the sea !

What will you be in that summer, Karlene ?  
Apple-tree, cherry-tree, lily, or corn ?  
Red rose or yellow rose, gray leaf or green ?  
Which will you choose now the year's at its  
morn ?

Somewhere even now in thy heart is the will, —  
“ I shall be Golden Rod, slender and tall —  
I shall be Pond Lily, secret and still —  
I shall be Sweetbriar, Queen of them all —

“ I shall give shade for the weary to rest —  
I shall grow flax for the naked to wear —  
Figs for a feast and all comers to guest —  
Wreaths that girls twine in the laugh of their hair —



*Karlene.* "Ivy for scholars and myrtle for lovers,  
Laurel for conquerors, poets, and kings —  
Broad-spreading beech-boughs whose benison  
covers  
Clamor of bird-notes and flutter of wings —

"I shall rise tall as an elm in my grace —  
I shall be clothed as catalpa is clad —  
Poets shall crown me with lyrics of praise —  
Lovers for lure of my blossoms go mad!"

Which shall it be, baby? Guess you at all?  
Only I know in the lull of the year  
You have said now where your choosing shall fall,  
Only you have not yet heard yourself, dear.

So, like a mocking-bird, up in the trees,  
I watching wondering where you have grown,  
Borrow a note from a birdfellow's glees,  
Fittest to sing you, and make it my own.

Only I know as I wonder, Karlene,  
Singing up here where you think me a star,  
Heaven's still above me, and some one serene  
Laughs in the blue sky and knows what you are.

KARLENE.

GOOD-MORNING, Karlene. It's a very  
Fine beautiful world we are in.  
Well, you *do* look as ripe as a berry;  
And, pardon me, such a real chin!

9 And may I — Ah, thank you; the pleasure  
4 Is mine; just one kiss by your ear! —  
9 May I introduce myself as your  
8 Most dutiful godfather, dear?

10 I have fumed, like champagne that is fizzy,  
8 To pay my respects at your door.  
10 But the publishers keep one *so* busy.  
8 Forgive my not calling before!

9 Karlene, you're a very small lady  
8 To venture so far all alone;  
9 Especially into so shady  
8 A place as this planet has grown.

9 When *I* now, my dear, was at *your* age,  
8 When nobody tried to be rich,  
9 But lived on high thinking and porridge  
8 (And did n't know t' other from which!),

For a girl to go out unattended  
Was considered "not only unwise  
And improper —" Our grandmothers ended  
By lifting to heaven their eyes.

And yet even now, though it's shocking  
To slander these wonderful years,  
I dare say an inch of black stocking  
Could set all the world by the ears.

Black, mind you, not blue! It's a trifle;  
But trifling in stockings won't do;  
For love has an eye like a rifle  
(His bandage is slipping askew).

But there! You are simply *too* charming.  
No doubt you'll be modern enough

*Karlene.* (Though the speed of the world is alarming)  
To win with a delicate bluff,

As we say when we 're raking the chips in,  
On a hand that was not over strong —  
But I see you are pursing your lips in;  
Perhaps I am prating too long.

Anyhow you 'll be learned in isms,  
And talk pterodactyls in French,  
And know polyhedrons from prisms, —  
Though you may not know how to retrench.

You will fall out of love with digamma  
To fall in again with Delsarte;  
You will make a new Syriac grammar,  
And know all the popes off by heart.

What Socrates said to Xantippe  
When the lash of her tongue made him grieve;  
What makes the banana peel slippy;  
And what the snake whispered to Eve;

The music that Nero had played him,  
When Rome was touched off with a match;  
Why the king let the lady upbraid him  
For burning her buns in a batch;

Why Hebrew is written left-handed;  
And what Venus did with her arms;  
What the Conqueror said when he landed;  
The acres in Horace's farms;

The use of *hirundo* and *passer*:  
All this you will probe to the pith  
As a freshman at Wellesley or Vassar  
Or Bryn Mawr — though I prefer Smith.

You will solve every riddle in Browning;  
And learn how to paddle and swim;  
And save other people from drowning;  
And play basket ball in the gym.

But you 'll scorn to know why there 's a tax on  
All reading that is n't a bore,  
When Mallarmé 's filtered through Saxon  
And the Symbolists come to the fore.

All winter you 'll read mathematics  
(Oh, you 'll be a terrible "prod"),  
And in June, at the Senior Dramatics,  
You will play like a star. But it 's odd,

Since you 'll quote every cadence in Kipling  
And Arnold (of course I mean Matt.),  
If you don't make a bard of some stripling  
Before he knows where he is at.

I am sure you 'll be lovely as Trilby,  
The loveliest bud of the year;  
But remember, Karlene, I shall still be  
Your doting old godfather, dear.

When you hear Archimedes' conundrum,  
Like enough you 'll be wanting to try  
Whether one little girl *contra mundum*  
Can't lift the old thing with a pry!

You will turn up your nose at poor "Thy will,"  
With a haughty agnostical sniff,  
Till you find the imperative "I will"  
Has a future conditional "if."

And then you will come to your senses,  
And find out why women were made;

*Karlens.* And men too; and why there are fences  
All round the whole lot where you strayed,

While you wore yourself down to a shadow  
Yet failed to discover your sphere;  
For you 'll see Adam down in the meadow  
And think what a goosey you were!

And then when your classmates are singing  
Once more for good-by the old glees,  
And the round painted lanterns are swinging  
And sputtering out in the trees,

When everything stales and withers  
Except the great stars up above,  
Your heartstrings will all go to smithers,  
You 'll just be one crumple of love.

And Adam will be such a duffer  
(Dear fellow, I mean), he 'll contrive,  
Till you make him, to not make him suffer,  
The happiest mortal alive.

Oh, it makes me too ill to continue,  
Imagining how it will be  
When some dapper youth comes to win you  
And smiles condescension on me!

I shall loathe his immaculate breeding,  
And advise you in time to refuse.  
To think he will share in your reading,  
And even unbutton your shoes!

And yet when for that precious laddie  
Your hair is all crinkled and curled,  
I guess you 'll be just like your daddy,  
The dearest old soul in the world!

CONCERNING KAVIN.

WHEN Kavin comes back from the barber,  
Although he no longer is young,  
One cheek is as soft as his heart,  
And the other as smooth as his tongue.

KAVIN AGAIN.

IT is not anything he says,  
It's just his presence and his smile,  
The blarney of his silences  
That cocker and beguile.

ACROSS THE TABLE. To A. L. L.

HERE'S to you, Arthur! You and I  
Have seen a lot of stormy weather,  
Since first we clinked cups on the sly  
At school together.

The winds of fate have had their will  
And blown our crafts so far apart  
We hardly knew if either still  
Were on the chart.

But now I know the love of man  
Is more than time or space or fate,  
And laugh to scorn the powers that ban,  
With you for mate.

It's good to have you sitting by,  
Old man, to prove the world no botch,  
To shame the devil with your eye  
And pass the Scotch.



BARNEY MCGEE.

**B**ARNEY MCGEE, there's no end of good  
luck in you,  
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,  
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you,—  
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see! —  
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,  
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,  
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carroty, —  
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!  
Mellow as Tarragon,  
Prouder than Aragon —  
Hardly a paragon,  
You will agree —  
Here's all that's fine to you!  
Books and old wine to you!  
Girls be divine to you,  
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,  
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.  
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,  
That day at *Silvio's*, Barney McGee!  
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti  
there,  
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there, —  
Once more to drink *Nebiolo spumante* there,  
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!  
There where the gang of us  
Met ere Rome rang of us,  
They had the hang of us  
To a degree.  
How they would trust to you!  
That was but just to you.  
Here's o'er their dust to you,  
Barney McGee!



Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,  
But when you're in drink you're the pride of  
the intellect;

*Barney  
McGee.*

Divil a one of us ever came in till late,  
Once at the bar where you happened to be —  
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,  
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering —  
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,  
King of the Wander-kin, Barney McGee!

There's no satiety

In your society

With the variety

Of your *esprit*.

Here's a long purse to you,

And a great thirst to you!

Fate be no worse to you,

Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,  
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!

Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassinate, —

Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!

Bold when they're sunny and smooth when  
they're showery, —

Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!

Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!

How would they silence you, Barney *machree*?

Naught can your gab allay,

Learned as Rabelais

(You in his abbey lay

Once on the spree).

Here's to the smile of you,

(Oh, but the guile of you!)

And a long while of you,

Barney McGee!

*Barney* Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,  
*McGee.* Like *honorificabilitudinity*,  
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,  
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?  
Then your vivacity and pertinacity  
Carry the day with the divil's audacity;  
No mere veracity robs your sagacity  
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.  
When all is new to them,  
What will you do to them?  
Will you be true to them?  
Who shall decree?  
Here 's a fair strife to you!  
Health and long life to you!  
And a great wife to you,  
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you 're the pick of gentility;  
Nothing can phase you, you 've such a facility;  
Nobody ever yet found your utility, —  
That is the charm of you, Barney McGee;  
Under conditions that others would stammer in,  
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,  
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,  
Putting the glamour on prince or Pawnee!  
In your meanderin',  
Love, and philanderin',  
Calm as a mandarin  
Sipping his tea!  
Under the art of you,  
Parcel and part of you,  
Here 's to the heart of you,  
Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,  
You who were ever the first to defend a man,  
You who had always the money to lend a man,  
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!  
Sure, you 'll be playing a harp in beatitude  
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude) —  
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,  
You 'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.  
That 's no flim-flam at all,  
Frivol or sham at all,  
Just the plain — Damn it all,  
Have one with me!  
Here 's luck and more to you!  
Friends by the score to you,  
True to the core to you,  
Barney McGee!

#### THE SEA GYPSY.

I AM fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There 's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!  
With the sunset I must be  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the sea.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

THE words that pass from lip to lip  
For souls still out of reach!  
A friend for that companionship  
That's deeper than all speech!

SECRETS.

THREE secrets that never were said:  
The stir of the sap in the spring,  
The desire of a man to a maid,  
The urge of a poet to sing.

THE FIRST JULEP.

I LOVE the lazy Southern spring,  
The way she melts around a chap  
And lets the great magnolias fling  
Their languid petals in his lap.

I love to travel down half-way  
And meet her coming up the earth,  
With hurdy-gurdy men who play  
And make the children dance for mirth.

But best of all I love to steer  
For quiet corners not too far,  
Where the first juleps reappear  
With fresh green mint behind the bar.

P. S. Perhaps you'll think it queer,  
But I do not dislike a hint  
To let the juleps disappear  
And stick my nose into the mint.

## A STEIN SONG.

**G**IVE a rouse, then, in the Maytime  
For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into daytime  
With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing  
clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba  
And the birds are on the wing,  
And our hearts are patting juba  
To the banjo of the spring,  
Then it's no wonder whether  
The boys will get together,  
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty  
When the spring is in the air;  
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,  
And we've life and love to spare;  
And it's birds of a feather  
When we all get together,  
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,  
And the goal a golden thing,  
And that God is not censorious  
When his children have their fling;  
And life slips its tether  
When the boys get together,  
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

## THE UNSAINTING OF KAVIN.

**S**AIN'T KAVIN was a gentleman,  
He came from Tipperary;  
And woman was the only thing  
That ever made him scary.

For Kavin was a tender youth,  
And he was very simple;  
He feared the wiles of maiden smiles,  
And fainted at a dimple.

But when Kathleen at seventeen  
Came down the street one morning,  
The luck of man came over him  
And took him without warning.

Afraid to meet a foolish fate  
By green sea or by dry land,  
He fled away without delay  
And sought a desert island.

But even there he felt despair;  
For happiness is only  
The hope of doing something else;  
And he was very lonely.

He vowed to lead a life of prayer  
Because that he had lost her;  
And every time he thought of her  
He said a *Pater noster*.

Yet hard it is for man to change  
The less love for the greater;  
And every time he reached *Amen*,  
He must go back to *Pater*.



And so he grew a year or two  
Disconsolate and holy,  
While friends he 'd known long since had grown  
Papás and roly-poly.

*The Un-  
sainting of  
Kavin.*

Until one day, one blessed day,  
A-moping like a Hindoo,  
He saw Kathleen in mournful mien  
A-passing by his window.

He threw away his rosary,  
His *Paters* and his *Aves*;  
For love is stronger than the wind  
That wafts a thousand navies.

The holy man went forth to war,  
But not against the devil.  
He led the maid within for shade,  
And treated her most civil.

He gave her cakes, he gave her wine,  
He set his best before her;  
And then invited her to dine —  
Thenceforth — with her adorer.

Her little head went round for joy;  
She tried to kick the rafter:  
So Kavin was a saint no more,  
And happy ever after.

#### IN THE WAYLAND WILLOWS.

ONCE I met a soncy maid,  
Soncy maid, soncy maid,  
Once I met a soncy maid  
In the Wayland willows.



*In the Way-* All her hair was goldy brown,  
*landWillows.* Goldy brown, goldy brown,  
In the sun a single braid  
To her waist hung down.

Honey bees, honey bees,  
You are roving fellows !  
Idly went the doxy wind  
In the Wayland willows.

There I caught her eye a-dance,  
Through the catkins downy.  
"Heigho, Brownie-pate," said I ;  
"Heigho," said my Brownie.

Then I kissed my soncy maid,  
Soncy maid, soncy maid,  
Kissed and kissed my soncy maid  
In the Wayland willows.

Goldy eyes and goldy hair,  
And little gypsy bosom,  
Chin and lip and shoulder tip,  
Blossom after blossom !

Hand in hand and cheek by cheek  
All the morning weather !  
How the yellow butterflies  
Danced and winked together !

Till the day went down the hill  
Where the shadows waded.  
"Heigho, Soncy !" "Heigho, me !"  
Then I did as day did.

All her tousled beauty bright  
And teasing as before,  
I left her there in sweet despair,  
A soncy maid no more.

*In the Way-  
land Willows.*

#### WHEN I WAS TWENTY.

*I* *was June, and I was twenty.*  
*All my wisdom, poor but plenty,*  
*Never learned Festina lente.*  
*Youth is gone, but whither went he?*

Madeline came down the orchard  
With a mischief in her eye,  
Half demure and half inviting,  
Melting, wayward, wistful, shy.

Four bright eyes that found life lovely,  
And forgot to wonder why;  
Four warm lips at one love-lesson,  
Learned by heart so easily.

We gained something of that knowledge  
No man ever yet put by,  
But his after days of sorrow  
Left him nothing but to die.

Madeline went up the orchard,  
Down the hurrying world went I;  
Now I know love has no morrow,  
Happiness no by-and-by.

*Youth is gone, but whither went he?*  
*All my wisdom, poor but plenty,*  
*Never learned Festina lente.*  
*It was June, and I was twenty.*

IN A SILENCE.

HEART to heart!  
And the stillness of night and the moonlight,  
like hushed breathing  
Silently, stealthily moving across thy hair!

O womanly face!  
Tender and strong and lucent with infinite feeling,  
Shrinking with startled joy, like wind-struck water,  
And yet so frank, so unashamed of love!

Ay, for there it is, love — that's the deepest.  
Love's not love in the dark.  
Light loves wither i' the sun, but Love endureth,  
Clothing himself with the light as with a robe.

I would bare my soul to thy sight —  
Leave not a secret deep unsearched,  
Unrevealing its shame or its glory.  
Love without Truth shall die as a soul without God.  
A lying love is the love of a day  
But the brave and true shall love forever.

Build Love a house;  
Let the walls be thick;  
Shut him in from the sight of men;  
But hide not Love from himself.

Ah, the summer night!  
The wind in the trees and the moonlight!  
And my kisses on thy throat  
And thy breathing in my hair!

Silent, lips to lips!  
But our souls have held speech, thought answering  
echoing thought,  
Though the only words were kisses.

## THE BATHER.

I SAW him go down to the water to bathe ;  
He stood naked upon the bank.

His breast was like a white cloud in the heaven,  
that catches the sun ;  
It swelled with the sharp joy of the air.

His legs rose with the spring and curve of young  
birches ;  
The hollow of his back caught the blue shadows :

With his head thrown up to the lips of the wind ;  
And the curls of his forehead astir with the wind.

I would that I were a man, they are so beautiful ;  
Their bodies are like the bows of the Indians ;  
They have the spring and the grace of bows of  
hickory.

I know that women are beautiful, and that I am  
beautiful ;  
But the beauty of a man is so lithe and alive and  
triumphant,  
Swift as the flight of a swallow and sure as the  
pounce of the eagle.

## NOCTURNE: IN ANJOU.

I DREAMED of Sappho on a summer night.  
Her nightingales were singing in the trees  
Beside the castled river ; and the wind  
Fell like a woman's fingers on my cheek.  
And then I slept and dreamed and marked no  
change ;

*Nocturne:* The night went on with me into my dream.  
*in Anjou.* This only I remember, that I cried:  
“O Sappho! ere I leave this paradise,  
Sing me one song of those lost books of yours  
For which we poets still go sorrowing;  
That when I meet my fellows on the earth  
I may rejoice them more than many pearls;”  
And she, the sweetly smiling, answered me,  
As one who dreams, “I have forgotten them.”

### NOCTURNE: IN PROVENCE.

THE blue night, like an angel, came into the  
room, —  
Came through the open window from the silent sky  
Down trellised stairs of moonlight into the dear  
room  
As if a whisper breathed of some divine one nigh.  
The nightingales, like brooks of song in Paradise,  
Gurgled their serene rapture to the silent sky —  
Like springs of laughter bubbling up in Paradise,  
The serene nightingales along the riverside  
Purled low in every tree their star-cool melodies  
Of joy — in every tree along the riverside.

Did the vain garments melt in music from your  
side?  
Did you rise from them as a lily flowers i' the air?  
— But you were there before me like the Night's  
own bride —  
I dared not call you mine. So still and tall you  
were,  
I never dreamed that you were mine — I never  
dreamed

I loved you — I forgot I loved you. You were air  
And music, and the shadows that you stood in,  
                  seemed

*Nocturne:  
in Pro-  
vence.*

Like priests that keep their sombre vigil round a  
                  shrine —

Like sombre priests that watch about a glorious  
                  shrine.

And then you stepped into the moonlight and  
                  laid bare

The wonder of your body to the night, and stood  
With all the stars of heaven looking at you there,  
As simply as a saint might bare her soul to God —  
As simply as a saint might bathe in lakes of  
                  prayer —

Stood with the holy moonlight falling on you there  
Until I thought that in a glory unaware  
I had seen a soul stand forth and bare itself to  
                  God —

A saintly soul lay bare its innocence to God.

## JUNE NIGHT IN WASHINGTON.

THE scent of honeysuckle,  
Drugging the twilight  
With its sweet opiate of lovers' dreams!  
The last red glow of the setting sun  
On the red brick wall  
Of the neighboring house,  
And the scramble of red roses over it!

Slowly, slowly  
The night smokes up from the city to the stars,  
The faint foreshadowed stars;  
The smouldering night







*Tol' me she'd be there to-night.  
Wait there, child; I'm comin'.*

*June night  
in Wash-  
ington.*

Waves of dream!  
Spell of the summer night!  
Will of the grass that stirs in its sleep!  
Desire of the honeysuckle!  
And further away,  
Like the splash of far-off waves in the fluid night,  
The negroes, singing:

*Whip-po'-will tol' me,  
Tol' me in the evenin',  
"Down by the bend where the cat-tails grow."  
Wait there, child; I'm comin'.*

Lo, the moon,  
Like a galleon sailing the night;  
And the wash of the moonlight over the roofs  
and the trees!

Oh, my bride,  
Come down from yonder lattice where you bide  
Like a charmed princess in a Persian song!  
I look up at your yellow window-panes  
Set in the night with far-off wizardry.  
Come down, come down; the night is fain of you,  
The garden waits your footstep on its walks.

Lo, the moon,  
Like a galleon sailing the night;  
And the wash of the moonlight over the red brick  
wall and the roses!

A gleam of lamplight through an open door!  
A footfall like the wind's upon the grass!  
A rustle like the wind's among the leaves! . . .  
Dim as a dream of pale peach blooms of light,

*June night* Blue in the blue soft pallor of the moon,  
*in Wash-* She comes between the trees as a faint tune  
*ington.* Falls from a flute far off into the night. . . .  
So Death might come to one who knew him Love.

#### A SONG FOR MARNA.

**D**AME of the night of hair  
Like blue smoke blown!  
World yet undreamed-of there  
Lurks to be known.

Dame of the dizzy eyes,  
Lure of dim quests!  
World of what midnights lies  
Under thy breasts!

Dame of the quench of love,  
Give me to quaff!  
There 's all the world 's made of  
Under thy laugh.

Dame of the dare of gods,  
Let the sky lower!  
Time, give the world for odds, —  
I choose this hour.

#### SEPTEMBER WOODLANDS.

**T**HIS is not sadness in the wood;  
The yellowbird  
Flits joying through the solitude,  
By no thought stirred  
Save of his little duskier mate  
And rompings jolly.

If there 's a Dryad in the wood,  
She is not sad.  
Too wise the spirits are to brood;  
Divinely glad,  
They dream with countenance sedate  
Not melancholy.

**NANCIBEL.**

**T**HE ghost of a wind came over the hill,  
While day for a moment forgot to die,  
And stirred the sheaves  
Of the millet leaves,  
As Nancibel went by.

Out of the lands of Long Ago,  
Into the land of By and By,  
Faded the gleam  
Of a journeying dream,  
As Nancibel went by.

**A VAGABOND SONG.**

**T**HERE is something in the autumn that is  
native to my blood —  
Touch of manner, hint of mood;  
And my heart is like a rhyme,  
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson  
keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry  
Of bugles going by.  
And my lonely spirit thrills  
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

*A Vagabond Song.* There is something in October sets the gypsy  
blood astir;  
We must rise and follow her,  
When from every hill of flame  
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

### THREE OF A KIND.

THREE of us without a care  
In the red September  
Tramping down the roads of Maine,  
Making merry with the rain,  
With the fellow winds a-fare  
Where the winds remember.

Three of us with shocking hats,  
Tattered and unbarbered,  
Happy with the splash of mud,  
With the highways in our blood,  
Bearing down on Deacon Platt's  
Where last year we harbored.

We've come down from Kennebec,  
Tramping since last Sunday,  
Loping down the coast of Maine,  
With the sea for a refrain,  
And the maples neck and neck  
All the way to Fundy.

Sometimes lodging in an inn,  
Cosey as a dormouse —  
Sometimes sleeping on a knoll  
With no rooftree but the Pole —  
Sometimes halely welcomed in  
At an old-time farmhouse.

Loafing under ledge and tree,  
Leaping over boulders,  
Sitting on the pasture bars,  
Hail-fellow with storm or stars —  
Three of us alive and free,  
With unburdened shoulders !

Three of us with hearts like pine  
That the lightnings splinter,  
Clean of cleave and white of grain —  
Three of us afoot again,  
With a rapture fresh and fine  
As a spring in winter !

All the hills are red and gold ;  
And the horns of vision  
Call across the crackling air  
Till we shout back to them there,  
Taken captive in the hold  
Of their bluff derision.

Spray-salt gusts of ocean blow  
From the rocky headlands ;  
Overhead the wild geese fly,  
Honking in the autumn sky ;  
Black sinister flocks of crow  
Settle on the dead lands.

Three of us in love with life,  
Roaming like wild cattle,  
With the stinging air a-reel  
As a warrior might feel  
The swift orgasm of the knife  
Slay him in mid-battle.

Three of us to march abreast  
Down the hills of morrow !

*Three of  
a Kind.* With a clean heart and a few  
Friends to clench the spirit to! —  
Leave the gods to rule the rest,  
And good-by, sorrow!

WOOD-FOLK LORE. To T. B. M.

FOR every one  
Beneath the sun,  
Where Autumn walks with quiet eyes,  
There is a word,  
Just overheard  
When hill to purple hill replies.

This afternoon,  
As warm as June,  
With the red apples on the bough,  
I set my ear  
To hark and hear  
The wood-folk talking, you know how.

There comes a "Hush!"  
And then a "Tush,"  
As tree to scarlet tree responds,  
"Babble away!  
He'll not betray  
The secrets of us vagabonds.

"Are we not all,  
Both great and small,  
Cousins and kindred in a joy  
No school can teach,  
No worldling reach,  
Nor any wreck of chance destroy?"

And so we are,  
However far  
We journey ere the journey ends,  
One brotherhood  
With leaf and bud  
And everything that wakes or wends.

The wind that blows  
My autumn rose  
Where Grand Pré looks to Blomidon, —  
How great must be  
The company  
Of roses he has leaned upon,

Since first he shed  
Their petals red  
Through Persian gardens long ago,  
When Omar heard  
His muttered word  
Rumoring things we may not know!

Our brother ghost,  
He is a most  
Incorrigible wanderer;  
And still to-day  
He takes his way  
About my hills of spruce and fir;

Will neither bide  
By the great tide,  
In apple lands of Acadie,  
Nor in the leaves  
About your eaves,  
Where Scituate looks out to sea.



AT MICHAELMAS.

ABOUT the time of Michael's feast  
And all his angels,  
There comes a word to man and beast  
By dark evangels.

Then hearing what the wild things say  
To one another,  
Those creatures first born of our gray  
Mysterious Mother,

The greatness of the world's unrest  
Steals through our pulses ;  
Our own life takes a meaning guessed  
From the torn dulse's.

The draft and set of deep sea-tides  
Swirling and flowing,  
Bears every filmy flake that rides,  
Grandly unknowing.

The sunlight listens ; thin and fine  
The crickets whistle ;  
And floating midges fill the shine  
Like a seeding thistle.

The hawkbit flies his golden flag  
From rocky pasture,  
Bidding his legions never lag  
Through morning's vasture.

Soon we shall see the red vines ramp  
Through forest borders,  
And Indian summer breaking camp  
To silent orders.

The glossy chestnuts swell and burst  
Their prickly houses  
Agog at news which reached them first  
In sap's carouses.

*At Michaelmas.*

The long noons turn the ribstons red,  
The pippins yellow ;  
The wild duck from his reedy bed  
Summons his fellow.

The robins keep the underbrush  
Songless and wary,  
As though they feared some frostier hush  
Might bid them tarry ;

Perhaps in the great North they heard  
Of silence falling  
Upon the world without a word,  
White and appalling.

The ash-tree and the lady-fern,  
In russet frondage,  
Proclaim 't is time for our return  
To vagabondage.

All summer idle have we kept ;  
But on a morning,  
Where the blue hazy mountains slept,  
A scarlet warning

Disturbs our day-dream with a start ;  
A leaf turns over ;  
And every earthling is at heart  
Once more a rover.

*At Mich-* All winter we shall toil and plod,  
*aelmas.* Eating and drinking;  
But now 's the little time when God  
Sets folk to thinking.

“Consider,” says the quiet sun,  
“How far I wander;  
Yet when had I not time on one  
More flower to squander?”

“Consider,” says the restless tide,  
“My endless labor;  
Yet when was I content beside  
My nearest neighbor?”

So wander-lust to wander-lure,  
As seed to season,  
Must rise and wend, possessed and sure  
In sweet unreason.

For doorstone and repose are good,  
And kind is duty;  
But joy is in the solitude  
With shy-heart beauty.

And Truth is one whose ways are meek  
Beyond foretelling;  
And far his journey who would seek  
Her lowly dwelling.

She leads him by a thousand heights,  
Lonelily faring,  
With sunrise and with eagle flights  
To mate his daring.

For her he fronts a vaster fog  
Than Leif of yore did,  
Voyaging for continents no log  
Has yet recorded.

*At Mich-  
aelmas.*

He travels by a polar star,  
Now bright, now hidden,  
For a free land, though rest be far  
And roads forbidden,

Till on a day with sweet coarse bread  
And wine she stays him,  
Then in a cool and narrow bed  
To slumber lays him.

So we are hers. And, fellows mine  
Of fin and feather,  
By shady wood and shadowy brine,  
When comes the weather

For migrants to be moving on,  
By lost indenture  
You flock and gather and are gone:  
The old adventure!

I too have my unwritten date,  
My gypsy presage;  
And on the brink of fall I wait  
The darkling message.

The sign, from prying eyes concealed,  
Is yet how flagrant!  
Here 's ragged-robin in the field,  
A simple vagrant.

THE MOTHER OF POETS. To H. F. H.

THE typewriter ticketh no more in the twilight ;  
The mother of poets is sitting alone ;  
Only the katydid teases the noonday ;  
Where are the good-for-naught wanderbirds flown ?

Tom 's in the North with his purple impressions ;  
Dickon 's in London a-building his fame ;  
Fred 's in the mountains a-minding his cattle ;  
Kavanagh 's teaching and preaching and game.

Over in Kingscroft a toiler is writing,  
The boyish Old Man whom no fate ever floored ;  
Karl 's in New York with his briefs and his logic,  
That subtile mind like a velvet-sheathed sword.

Blomidon welcomes his brother in silence ;  
Grand Pré is luring him back to her breast ;  
Faint and far off are the cries of the city,  
There in the country of infinite rest.

All of them turn in their wide vagabondage,  
Halt and remember a place they have known,  
Where the typewriter ticketh no more in the  
twilight,  
And the mother of poets is sitting alone.

There they will surely some April forgather,  
Drink once together before they depart,  
One by one over the threshold of silence,  
On the long trail of the wandering heart.

Fear not, little mother, there may be a region  
Where poets have only to smile and keep still.  
The tick of the typewriter there will be useless,  
But there will be need of a motherkin still.

A GOOD-BY.

FOR love of the roving foot  
And joy of the roving eye,  
God send you store of morrows fair  
And a good rest by and by!

IN A COPY OF BROWNING.

BROWNING, old fellow,  
Your leaves grow yellow,  
Beginning to mellow  
As seasons pass.  
Your cover is wrinkled,  
And stained and sprinkled,  
And warped and crinkled  
From sleep on the grass.

Is it a wine stain,  
Or only a pine stain,  
That makes such a fine stain  
On your dull blue, —  
Got as we numbered  
The clouds that lumbered  
Southward and slumbered  
When day was through?

What is the dear mark  
There like an earmark,  
Only a tear mark.  
A woman let fall? —  
As bending over  
She bade me discover,  
“Who *plays* the lover,  
He loses all!”

*In a Copy of* With you for teacher  
*Browning.* We learned love's feature  
In every creature  
That roves or grieves;  
When winds were brawling,  
Or bird-folk calling,  
Or leaf-folk falling,  
About our eaves.

No law must straiten  
The ways they wait in,  
Whose spirits greaten  
And hearts aspire.  
The world may dwindle,  
And summer brindle,  
So love but kindle  
The soul to fire.

Here many a red line,  
Or pencilled headline,  
Shows love could wed line  
To golden sense;  
And something better  
Than wisdom's fetter  
Has made your letter  
Dense to the dense.

No April robin,  
Nor clacking bobbin,  
Can make of Dobbin  
A Pegasus;  
But Nature's pleading  
To man's unheeding,  
Your subtile reading  
Made clear to us.



*In a Copy of  
Browning.*

You made us farers  
And equal sharers  
With homespun wearers  
In home-made joys ;  
You made us princes  
No plea convinces  
That spirit winces  
At dust and noise.

When Fate was nagging,  
And days were dragging,  
And fancy lagging,  
You gave it scope, —  
When eaves were drippy,  
And pavements slippery, —  
From Lippo Lippi  
To Evelyn Hope.

When winter's arrow  
Pierced to the marrow,  
And thought was narrow,  
You gave it room ;  
We guessed the warder  
On Roland's border,  
And helped to order  
The Bishop's Tomb.

When winds were harshish,  
And ways were marshish,  
We found with Karshish  
Escape at need ;  
Were bold with Waring  
In far seafaring,  
And strong in sharing  
Ben Ezra's creed.

*In a Copy of Browning.* We felt the menace  
Of lovers pen us,  
Afloat in Venice  
Devising fibs;  
And little mattered  
The rain that pattered,  
While Blougram chattered  
To Gigadibs.

And we too waited  
With heart elated  
And breathing bated,  
For Pippa's song;  
Saw Satan hover,  
With wings to cover  
Porphyria's lover,  
Pompilia's wrong.

Long thoughts were started,  
When youth departed  
From the half-hearted  
Riccardi's bride;  
For, saith your fable,  
Great Love is able  
To slip the cable  
And take the tide.

Or truth compels us  
With Paracelsus,  
Till nothing else is  
Of worth at all.  
Del Sarto's vision  
Is our own mission,  
And art's ambition  
Is God's own call.

Through all the seasons,  
You gave us reasons  
For splendid treasons  
To doubt and fear;  
Bade no foot falter,  
Though weaklings palter,  
And friendships alter  
From year to year.

Since first I sought you,  
Found you and bought you,  
Hugged you and brought you  
Home from Cornhill,  
While some upbraid you,  
And some parade you,  
Nine years have made you  
My master still.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF: FOR THE UN-  
VEILING OF MR. PARTRIDGE'S STATUE  
OF THE POET.

THE body is no prison where we lie  
Shut out from our true heritage of sun;  
It is the wings wherewith the soul may fly.  
Save through this flesh so scorned and spat upon,  
No ray of light had reached the caverned mind,  
No thrill of pleasure through the life had run,  
No love of nature or of humankind,  
Were it but love of self, had stirred the heart  
To its first deed. Such freedom as we find,  
We find but through its service, not apart.  
And as an eagle's wings upbear him higher  
Than Andes or Himalaya, and chart  
Rivers and seas beneath; so our desire,

*Shake-  
speare  
Him-  
self.* With more celestial members yet, may soar  
Into the space of empyrean fire,  
Still bodied but more richly than before.

The body is the man; what lurks behind  
Through it alone unveils itself. Therefore  
We are not wrong, who seek to keep in mind  
The form and feature of the mighty dead.  
So back of all the giving is divined  
The giver, back of all things done or said  
The man himself in elemental speech  
Of flesh and bone and sinew uttered.

This is thy language, Sculpture. Thine to reach  
Beneath all thoughts, all feelings, all desires,  
To that which thinks and lives and loves, and teach  
The world the primal selfhood of its sires,  
Its heroes and its lovers and its gods.  
So shall Apollo flame in marble fires,  
The mien of Zeus suffice before he nods,  
So Gautama in ivory dream out  
The calm of Time's untrammelled periods,  
So Sigurd's lips be in themselves a shout.

Mould us our Shakespeare, sculptor, in the form  
His comrades knew, rare Ben and all the rout  
That found the taproom of the Mermaid warm  
With wit and wine and fellowship, the face  
Wherein the men he chummed with found a charm  
To make them love him; carve for us the grace  
That caught Anne Hathaway in Shottery-side,  
The hand that clasped Southampton's in the days  
Ere that dark dame of passion and of pride  
Burned in his heart the brand of her disdain,  
The eyes that wept when little Hamnet died,  
The lips that learned from Marlowe's and again

Taught riper lore to Fletcher and the rest,  
The presence and demeanor sovereign  
At last at Stratford calm and manifest,  
That rested on the seventh day and scanned  
His work and knew it good, and left the quest  
And like his own enchanter broke his wand.

*Shake-  
speare  
Him-  
self.*

No viewless mind! The very shape, no less,  
He used to speak and smile with, move and stand!  
God is most God not in his loneliness,  
Unfellowed, discreationed, unrevealed,  
Nor thundering on Sinai, pitiless,  
Nor when the seven vials are unsealed,  
But when his spirit companions with our thought  
And in his fellowship our pain is healed;  
And we are likest God when we are brought  
Most near to all men. Bring us near to him,  
The gentle, human soul whose calm might wrought  
Imperious Lear and made our eyes grow dim  
For Imogen, — who, though he heard the spheres  
“Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim,”  
Could laugh with Falstaff and his loose compeers  
And love the rascal with the same big heart  
That o'er Cordelia could not stay its tears.

For still the man is greater than his art.  
And though thy men and women, Shakespeare, rise  
Like giants in our fancy and depart,  
Thyself art more than all their masteries,  
Thy wisdom more than Hamlet's questionings  
Or the cold searching of Ulysses' eyes,  
Thy mirth more sweet than Benedick's flouts and  
flings,  
Thy smiling dearer than Mercutio's,  
Thy dignity past that of all thy kings,  
And thy enchantment more than Prospero's.

*Shake-  
speare  
Him-  
self.* For thou couldst not have had Othello's flaw,  
Nor erred with Brutus, — greater, then, than those  
For all their nobleness. Oh, albeit with awe,  
Leave we the mighty phantoms and draw near  
The man that fashioned them and gave them law  
The Master Poet found with scarce a peer  
In all the ages his domain to share,  
Yet of all singers gentlest and most dear!  
Oh, how shall words thy proper praise declare,  
Divine in thy supreme humanity  
And near as the inevitable air?

So he that wrought this image deemed of thee;  
So I, thy lover, keep thee in my heart;  
So may this figure set for men to see  
Where the world passes eager for the mart,  
Be as a sudden insight of the soul  
That makes a darkness into order start,  
And lift thee up for all men, fair and whole,  
Till scholar, merchant, farmer, artisan,  
Seeing, divine beneath the aureole  
The fellow heart and know thee for a man.

AT THE ROAD-HOUSE: IN MEMORY OF  
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

**Y**OU hearken, fellows? Turned aside  
Into the road-house of the past!  
The prince of vagabonds is gone  
To house among his peers at last.

The stainless gallant gentleman,  
So glad of life, he gave no trace,



No hint he even once beheld  
The spectre peering in his face ;

*At the  
Road-  
House.*

But gay and modest held the road,  
Nor feared the Shadow of the Dust ;  
And saw the whole world rich with joy,  
As every valiant farer must.

I think that old and vasty inn  
Will have a welcome guest to-night,  
When Chaucer, breaking off some tale  
That fills his hearers with delight,

Shall lift up his demure brown eyes  
To bid the stranger in ; and all  
Will turn to greet the one on whom  
The crystal lot was last to fall.

Keats of the more than mortal tongue  
Will take grave Milton by the sleeve  
To meet their kin, whose woven words  
Had elvish music in the weave.

Dear Lamb and excellent Montaigne,  
Sterne and the credible Defoe,  
Borrow, DeQuincey, the great Dean,  
The sturdy leisurist Thoreau ;

The furtive soul whose dark romance,  
By ghostly door and haunted stair,  
Explored the dusty human heart  
And the forgotten garrets there ;

The moralist it could not spoil,  
To hold an empire in his hands ;  
Sir Walter, and the brood who sprang  
From Homer through a hundred lands,



*At the* Singers of songs on all men's lips,  
*Road-* Tellers of tales in all men's ears,  
*House.* Movers of hearts that still must beat  
To sorrows feigned and fabled tears;

Horace and Omar, doubting still  
What mystery lurks beyond the seen,  
Yet blithe and reassured before  
That fine unvexed Virgilian mien;

These will companion him to-night,  
Beyond this iron wintry gloom,  
When Shakespeare and Cervantes bid  
The great joy-masters give him room.

No alien there in speech or mood,  
He will pass in, one traveller more;  
And portly Ben will smile to see  
The velvet jacket at the door.

#### VERLAINE.

AVID of life and love, insatiate vagabond,  
With quest too furious for the graal he would  
have won,  
He flung himself at the eternal sky, as one  
Wrenching his chains but impotent to burst the  
bond.

Yet under the revolt, the revel, the despond,  
What pools of innocence, what crystal benison!  
As through a riven mist that glowers in the sun,  
A stretch of God's blue calm glassed in a virgin  
pond.

Prowler of obscene streets that riot reels along,  
 And aisles with incense numb and gardens mad  
     with rose,  
 Monastic cells and dreams of dim brocaded lawns,  
 Death, which has set the calm of Time upon his  
     song,  
 Surely upon his soul has kissed the same repose  
 In some fair heaven the Christ has set apart for  
     Fauns.

#### DISTILLATION.

**T**HEY that eat the uncrushed grape  
 Walk with steady heels ;  
 Lo, now, how they stare and gape  
 Where the poet reels !  
 He has drunk the sheer divine  
 Concentration of the vine.

#### A FRIEND'S WISH. To C. W. S.

**G**IVE me your last *Aloha*,  
 When I go out of sight,  
 Over the dark rim of the sea  
 Into the Polar night !

And all the Northland give you  
*Skoal* for the voyage begun,  
 When your bright summer sail goes down  
 Into the zones of sun !

## LAL OF KILRUDDEN.

**K**ILRUDDEN ford, Kilrudden dale,  
Kilrudden fronting every gale  
On the lorn coast of Inishfree,  
And Lal's last bed the plunging sea.

Lal of Kilrudden with flame-red hair,  
And the sea-blue eyes that rove and dare,  
And the open heart with never a care ;  
With her strong brown arms and her ankles bare,  
God in heaven, but she was fair,  
That night the storm put in from sea ?

The nightingales of Inishkill,  
The rose that climbed her window-sill,  
The shade that rustled or was still,  
The wind that roved and had his will,  
And one white sail on the low sea-hill,  
Were all she knew of love.

So when the storm drove in that day,  
And her lover's ship on the ledges lay,  
Past help and wrecking in the gray,  
And the cry was, "Who'll go down the bay,  
With half of the lifeboat's crew away?"  
Who should push to the front and say,  
"I will be one, be others who may,"  
But Lal of Kilrudden, born at sea!

The nightingales all night in the rain,  
The rose that fell at her window-pane,  
The frost that blackened the purple plain,  
And the scorn of pitiless disdain  
At the hands of the wolfish pirate main,  
Quelling her great hot heart in vain,  
Were all she knew of death.

Kilrudden ford, Kilrudden dale,  
Kilrudden ruined in the gale  
That wrecked the coast of Inishfree,  
And Lal's last bed the plunging sea.

*Lal of  
Kilrudden.*

HUNTING-SONG: FROM "KING ARTHUR."

O H, who would stay indoor, indoor,  
When the horn is on the hill? (*Bugle:*  
Tarantara!

With the crisp air stinging, and the huntsmen  
singing,  
And a ten-tined buck to kill!

Before the sun goes down, goes down,  
We shall slay the buck of ten; (*Bugle:* Tarantara!  
And the priest shall say benison, and we shall ha'e  
venison,  
When we come home again.

Let him that loves his ease, his ease,  
Keep close and house him fair; (*Bugle:* Taran-  
tara!  
He'll still be a stranger to the merry thrill of  
danger  
And the joy of the open air.

But he that loves the hills, the hills,  
Let him come out to-day! (*Bugle:* Tarantara!  
For the horses are neighing, and the hounds are  
baying,  
And the hunt's up, and away!

BUIE ANNAJOHN.

BUIE ANNAJOHN was the king's black  
mare,  
Buie, Buie, Buie Annajohn!  
Satin was her coat and silk was her hair,  
Buie Annajohn,  
The young king's own.  
March with the white moon, march with the sun,  
March with the merry men, Buie Annajohn!

Buie Annajohn, when the dew lay hoar,  
(Buie, Buie, Buie Annajohn!)  
Down through the meadowlands went to war, —  
Buie Annajohn,  
The young king's own.  
March by the river road, march by the dune,  
March with the merry men, Buie Annajohn!

Buie Annajohn had the heart of flame,  
Buie, Buie, Buie Annajohn!  
First of the hosts to the hostings came  
Buie Annajohn,  
The young king's own.  
March till we march the red sun down,  
March with the merry men, Buie Annajohn!

Back from the battle at the close of day,  
(Buie, Buie, Buie Annajohn!)  
Came with the war cheers, came with a neigh,  
Buie Annajohn,  
The young king's own.  
Oh, heavy was the sword that we laid on;  
But half of the heave was Buie Annajohn,  
Buie, Buie, Buie Annajohn!

MARY OF MARKA.

ERIC of Marka holds the knife :  
"A nameless death for a nameless life." —

"Mary of Marka, bid him stay,  
And the morrow shall be our wedding-day." —

"Will the blessing of priest give back my faith,  
Or life to the child you left to death?" —

Eric of Marka holds the knife,  
And turns to the mother that is no wife :

"Mary of Marka, have your will !  
Shall I spare him, or shall I kill?" —

"He wrought me wrong when the days were sweet,  
And he'll get no more but a winding-sheet."

PREMONITION.

HE said, "Good-night, my heart is light,  
To-morrow morn at day  
We two together in the dew  
Shall forth and fare away.

"We shall go down the halls of dawn  
To find the doors of joy;  
We shall not part again, dear heart."  
And he laughed out like a boy.

He turned and strode down the blue road  
Against the western sky  
Where the last line of sunset glowed  
As sullen embers die.

*Premonition.* The night reached out her kraken arms  
To clutch him as he passed,  
And for one sudden moment  
My soul shrank back aghast.

#### THE HEARSE-HORSE.

SAID the hearse-horse to the coffin,  
“What the devil have you there?  
I may trot from court to square,  
Yet it neither swears nor groans,  
When I jolt it over stones.”  
Said the coffin to the hearse-horse,  
“Bones!”

Said the hearse-horse to the coffin,  
“What the devil have you there,  
With that purple frozen stare?  
Where the devil has it been  
To get that shadow grin?”  
Said the coffin to the hearse-horse,  
“Skin!”

Said the hearse-horse to the coffin,  
“What the devil have you there?  
It has fingers, it has hair;  
Yet it neither kicks nor squirms  
At the undertaker’s terms.”  
Said the coffin to the hearse-horse,  
“Worms!”

#### THE NIGHT-WASHERS.

WHE-OOH, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
We are the brothers of ghouls, and who  
In the name of the Crooked Saints are you?



We are the washers of shrouds wherein  
The lovers of beauty who sainted sin  
Sleep till the Judgment Day begin.

When the moon is drifting overhead,  
We wash the linen of the dead,  
Stained with yellow and stiff with red.

Whe-ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
We are the foul night-washers, and who  
By the Seven Lovely sins are you?

Here we sit by the river reeds,  
Rinsing the linen that reeks and bleeds,  
And craving the help our labor needs.

Come, Sir Fop, fall to, fall to!  
Show us for once what you can do!  
One day there 'll be washing enough for you.

Wade in, wade in, where the river runs  
Clear in the moonlight over the stones!  
It 'll wash the ache from your scrofulous bones.

Whe-ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!  
We are the gossips of fame, and who  
By the Sinners' Litany are you?

Wade in, wade in! The water is cold,  
The stains are deep, and the linen is old;  
But surely the sons of the town are bold!

Work for us here till the break of day  
At washing the stains of the dead away,  
And you shall be merry, come what may!

*The Night-* From now till your ninetieth year begins,  
*Washers.* You shall sin the Seven Lovely sins,  
While wearing the virtue a cardinal wins.

Refuse, and your arms shall be broken and wried,  
To dangle like fenders over the side  
Of an empty ship on the harbor tide!

They shall gather a waist in their grip no more,  
As you wander the wide world over and o'er,  
With the curs at your heels from door to door.

With only a stranger to cover your face,  
You shall die in the streets of an outcast race,  
And your linen be washed in the market-place!

Whe-oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!  
We are the Scavenger Saints, but who  
In the name of the Shadowy Kin are you?

#### MR. MOON: A SONG OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

O MOON, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?  
Down on the hilltop,  
Down in the glen,  
Out in the clearin',  
To play with little men?  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
Hurry up your stumps!  
Don't you hear Bullfrog

Callin' to his wife,  
And old black Cricket  
A-wheezin' at his fife?  
Hurry up your stumps,  
And get on your pumps!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
Hurry up along!  
The reeds in the current  
Are whisperin' slow;  
The river 's a-wimplin'  
To and fro.  
Hurry up along,  
Or you 'll miss the song!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
We 're all here!  
Honey-bug, Thistledrift,  
White-imp, Weird,  
Wryface, Billiken,  
Quidnunc, Queered;  
We 're all here,  
And the coast is clear!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
We 're the little men!  
Dewlap, Pussymouse,  
Ferntip, Freak,  
Drink-again, Shambler,  
Talkytalk, Squeak;

*Mr. Moon.* Three times ten  
Of us little men!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
We 're all ready!  
Tallenough, Squaretoes,  
Amble, Tip,  
Buddybud, Heigho,  
Little black Pip;  
We 're all ready,  
And the wind walks steady!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
We 're thirty score;  
Yellowbeard, Piper,  
Lieabed, Toots,  
Meadowbee, Moonboy,  
Bully-in-boots;  
Three times more  
Than thirty score.  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
Keep your eye peeled;  
Watch out to windward,  
Or you 'll miss the fun,  
Down by the acre  
Where the wheat-waves run;

Keep your eye peeled  
For the open field.  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

*Mr. Moon.*

O Mr. Moon,  
There 's not much time!  
Hurry, if you 're comin',  
You lazy old bones!  
You can sleep to-morrow  
While the Buzbuz drones;  
There 's not much time  
Till the church bells chime.  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Mr. Moon,  
Just see the clover!  
Soon we 'll be going  
Where the Gray Goose went  
When all her money  
Was spent, spent, spent!  
Down through the clover,  
When the revel 's over!  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

O Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?  
Down where the Good Folk  
Dance in a ring,  
Down where the Little Folk  
Sing?  
Moon, Mr. Moon,  
When you comin' down?

## HEM AND HAW.

HEM and Haw were the sons of sin,  
Created to shally and shirk;  
Hem lay 'round and Haw looked on  
While God did all the work.

Hem was a foggy, and Haw was a prig,  
For both had the dull, dull mind;  
And whenever they found a thing to do,  
They yammered and went it blind.

Hem was the father of bigots and bores;  
As the sands of the sea were they.  
And Haw was the father of all the tribe  
Who criticise to-day.

But God was an artist from the first,  
And knew what he was about;  
While over his shoulder sneered these two,  
And advised him to rub it out.

They prophesied ruin ere man was made:  
"Such folly must surely fail!"  
And when he was done, "Do you think, my Lord,  
He's better without a tail?"

And still in the honest working world,  
With posture and hint and smirk,  
These sons of the devil are standing by  
While Man does all the work.

They balk endeavor and baffle reform,  
In the sacred name of law;  
And over the quavering voice of Hem  
Is the droning voice of Haw.

## ACCIDENT IN ART.

WHAT painter has not with a careless smutch  
Accomplished his despair? — one touch  
                  revealing

All he had put of life, thought, vigor, feeling,  
Into the canvas that without that touch  
Showed of his love and labor just so much  
Raw pigment, scarce a scrap of soul concealing!  
What poet has not found his spirit kneeling  
A-sudden at the sound of such or such  
Strange verses staring from his manuscript,  
Written he knows not how, but which will sound  
Like trumpets down the years? So Accident  
Itself unmasks the likeness of Intent,  
And ever in blind Chance's darkest crypt  
The shrine-lamp of God's purposing is found.

## IN A GARDEN.

THOUGHT is a garden wide and old  
For airy creatures to explore,  
Where grow the great fantastic flowers  
With truth for honey at the core.

There like a wild marauding bee  
Made desperate by hungry fears,  
From gorgeous *If* to dark *Perhaps*  
I blunder down the dusk of years.



AT THE END OF THE DAY.

THERE is no escape by the river,  
There is no flight left by the fen;  
We are compassed about by the shiver  
Of the night of their marching men.

Give a cheer!

For our hearts shall not give way.

Here 's to a dark to-morrow,

And here 's to a brave to-day!

The tale of their hosts is countless,  
And the tale of ours a score;  
But the palm is naught to the dauntless,  
And the cause is more and more.

Give a cheer!

We may die, but not give way.

Here 's to a silent morrow,

And here 's to a stout to-day!

God has said: "Ye shall fail and perish;  
But the thrill ye have felt to-night  
I shall keep in my heart and cherish  
When the worlds have passed in night."

Give a cheer!

For the soul shall not give way.

Here 's to the greater to-morrow

That is born of a great to-day!

Now shame on the craven truckler  
And the puling things that mope!  
We 've a rapture for our buckler  
That outwears the wings of hope.

Give a cheer!

For our joy shall not give way.

Here 's in the teeth of to-morrow

To the glory of to-day!

# Songs from Vagabondia

By BLISS CARMAN & RICHARD HOVEY

16mo, paper boards, with cover and end paper  
decorations by Tom B. Meteyard. \$1.00.

---

A book full of the rapture of the open air and the open road, of the wayside tavern bench, the April weather, and the "manly love of comrades." . . . The charm and interest of the book consist in the real, frank jollity of mood and manner, the gypsy freedom, the intimate, natural happiness of these marching, drinking, fighting, and loving songs. They proclaim a blithe, sane, and hearty Bohemianism in the opening lines. . . . The mood is an unusual one, especially in verse, but welcome, if only as a change, after the desperate melancholy, the heart-sickness, and life-weariness of the average verse-writer — *London Athenæum*.

Between the close covers of this narrow book there are some fifty-odd pages of good verse that Bobby Burns would have shouted at his plough to see and Elia Lamb would have praised in immortal essays. These are sound, healthy poems, with a bit of honest pathos here and there, to be sure, but made in the sunlight and nurtured with wholesome, manly humors. There is not a bit of intellectual hypochondria in the little book, and there is not a line that was made in the sweat of the brow. They are the free, untrammelled songs of men who sing because their hearts are full of music, and who have their own way of singing, too. These are not the mere echoes of the old organ voices. They are the merry pipings of song-birds, and they bear the gift of nature. — *New York Times*.

The authors of the small joint volume called "Songs from Vagabondia" have an unmistakable right to the name of poet. These little snatches have the spirit of a gypsy Omar Khayyám. They have always careless *verve*, and often careless felicity; they are masculine and rough, as roving songs should be. . . . You have the whole spirit of the book in such an unforgettable little lyric as "In the House of Idiedaily." — FRANCIS THOMPSON, in *Merry England*.

---

*For sale by all Booksellers, or sent postpaid by the publishers*

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY · BOSTON

# Last Songs from Vagabondia

By BLISS CARMAN & RICHARD HOVEY

16mo, paper boards, with cover and end paper  
decorations by Tom B. Meteyard. \$1.00

---

This third collection makes a fitting close to the fresh and exhilarating poetry of the two preceding volumes of the series. It contains, in addition to verses set aside for this purpose by both authors prior to Mr. Hovey's death, certain later poems by Mr. Carman, reminiscent of his friend and fellow-vagabond.

"The sight of 'Last Songs from Vagabondia' must raise a pang in many breasts, a remembrance of two best of comrades sundered. They were mad carols, those early Vagabondian lays, with here and there a song more seriously tuned, but beyond their joyous ebullition were beauty of no uncertain quality, the riches of Vagabondia—love and youth and comradeship—and the glamour of the great world unexplored. All those qualities are embodied in these 'Last Songs,' nor is the joy in living absent, only softened to a soberer tone. The themes vary little, the joys of the road are still undimmed, there is ever closer cleaving of comrade to comrade, and there is the old buckling on of bravery against the battle; underneath all this a note hitherto unheard in Vagabondia, a sense of the inescapable loneliness of every soul. Both Mr. Carman and Mr. Hovey have perfect command of the lyric form, both the power to imprison in richly colored verse a complete expression of the wander-spirit." — *Boston Transcript*.

"Worthy to take their place alongside their charming and inspiring predecessors." — *Boston Journal*.

"One finds in this volume the breadth of view, the spontaneous joy, the unexpected outlook, and the felicity of touch which betray the true poet." — *The Outlook*.

"The charm of the verses, especially of the lyrics, is as great in this as in the two previous volumes." — *New Orleans Picayune*.

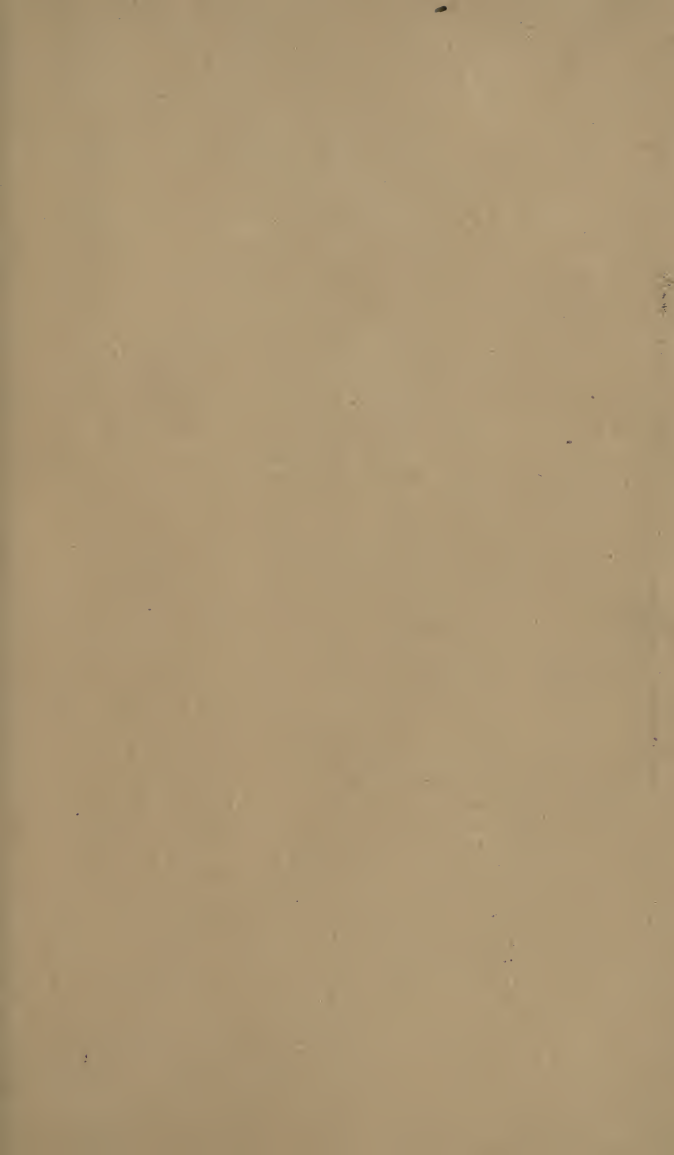
---

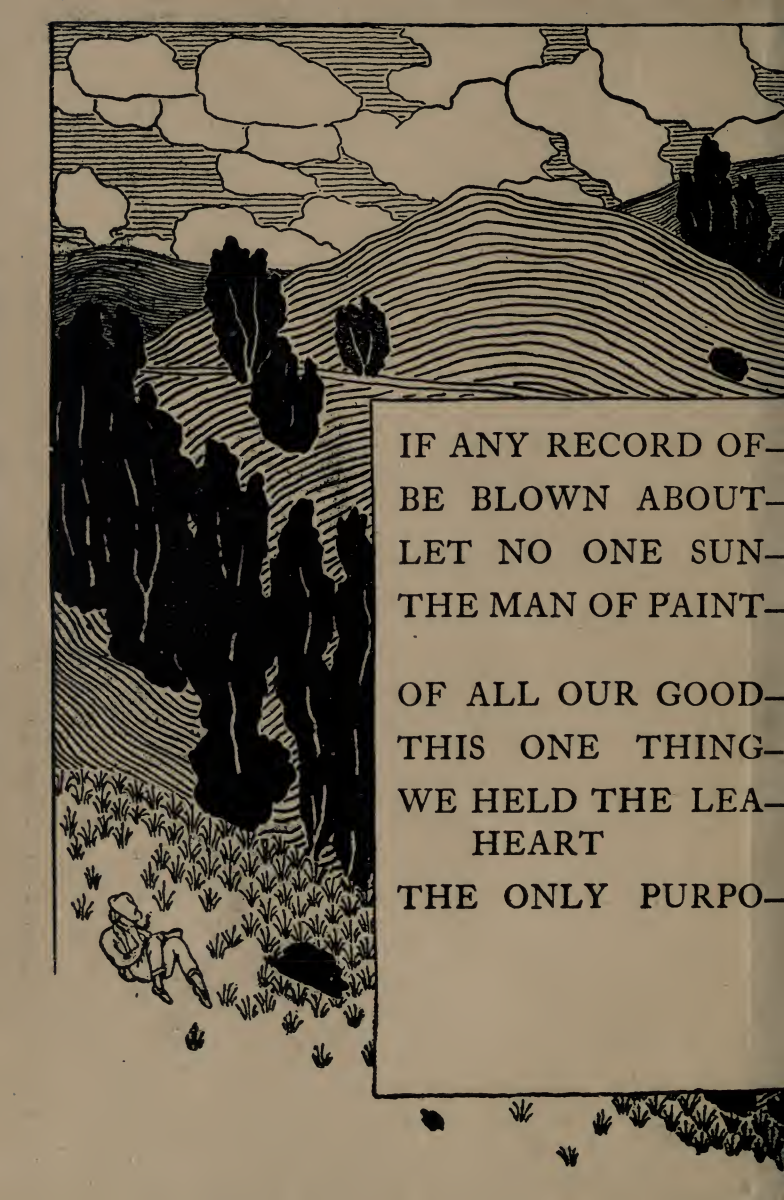
*For sale at all Booksellers, or sent postpaid by the publishers*

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY · BOSTON

THIS BOOK WAS PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON  
AND SON, AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAM-  
BRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, DURING MARCH, 1911

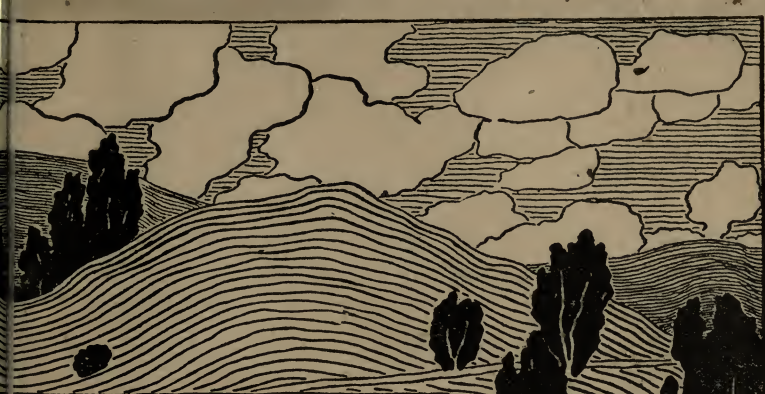
11  
E23  
94





IF ANY RECORD OF—  
BE BLOWN ABOUT—  
LET NO ONE SUN—  
THE MAN OF PAINT—  
  
OF ALL OUR GOOD—  
THIS ONE THING—  
WE HELD THE LEA—  
HEART  
THE ONLY PURPO—





—OUR NAMES  
—THE HILLS OF TIME  
—DER US IN DEATH  
—THE MEN OF RHYME  
  
—OF ALL OUR BAD  
—ONLY IS OF WORTH  
—GUE OF HEART TO  
  
—SE OF THE EARTH



