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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A Book of Verses

A Book of Verses

BY

Robert Loveman

Philadelphia

J. B. Lippincott Company

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ROBERT LOVEMAN

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TO
LILLIAN AND ERNEST LOVEMAN

AUTHOR'S NOTE

FOR kind courtesies regarding the reprinting of poems in this volume, my thanks are due to the Editors of *Lippincott's Magazine*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Critic*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Independent*, and *The Youth's Companion*.

R. L.

DALTON, GEORGIA, March, 1900.



Table of Contents

DEAR LITTLE VERSE, 13
THE CRUISE, 14
SONG, 15
POMPEII, 16
LINES AT SEA, 17
AN EXILE, 18
ONE DAY, 19
OUTWARD BOUND, 20
WITH OMAR IN THE ORIENT, 21
TO HER, 23
AERE PERENNIUS, 24
SONG, 25
MY SOUL WAS THIRSTY, 26
IN ENGLAND, 27
BEHIND THE SCENES, 28
THE RIDE, 29
PARIS, 30
HEINE, 31
PROCLAMATION, 32
CYRANO SPEAKS, 33
SONG, 34
THE HEART OF GOD IN NATURE, 35

RICHES, 37
THE SECRET, 38
THE SIREN CITY, 39
À L'OPERA, 40
THE PICTURES, 41
SONG, 42
LINES, 43
LULLABY, 44
IF HONOR STAY, 45
THE POET'S REALM, 46
LINES, 47
SONG, 48
ELDORADO, 49
THE CAPTAIN, 50
SONG, 51
AT LETHE WHARF, 52
A PRAYER, 53
LINES AT SEA, 55
THE POET, 56
DREAM KISSES, 57
MOODS, 58
REVENGE, 59
A DEED, 60
A GLASS OF TOKAY, 61
IDENTITY, 62
SONG, 63
THE POET'S HERITAGE, 64
LINES, 65
THE NEW BOY, 66

LAST NIGHT, 67
SONNET, 68
LINES, 69
VOICES, 70
MARIANNA ALCAFORADO, 71
THE MYSTERY, 72
THIS COAT OF CLAY, 73
WAVES, 74
LINES, 75
SONG, 76
TO ELIZABETH, 77
THIS WOULD BE A BLESSED DAY, 78
WRATH AND LOVE, 79
SONG, 80
LINES, 81
ALL ATONING END, 83
IN PINK AND WHITE, 84
THE POET'S SOUL, 85
LEPERS, 86
SONG, 87
NOT WITH FEAR, 88
SONG, 89
FROM DEVONSHIRE, 90
TREES, 91
GRIEF, 93
TO THEE, 94

DEAR LITTLE VERSE

DEAR little verse, the careless eye
And heedless heart will pass thee by,
And never needst thou hope to be
To others as thou art to me.

For lo, I know thy bliss and woe,
Thy shallows, depths, and boundless heights,
How thou wast wrought, patient and slow,
Through crucibles of sleepless nights.

THE CRUISE

THE crescent moon's a yellow boat
 Upon the evening sea,
And every little star afloat
 Doth bear her company.

Nightly they cruise their ocean o'er,
 Until, the darkness gone,
They anchor by some silent shore,
 Upon the isle of dawn.

SONG

WHEN song-bird thoughts within his heart
 Make melody sublime,
The Poet snares them by his art
 Into a cage of rhyme.

And there the captive fancies beat
 Their wings against the bars,
The music, soft and low and sweet,
 Ascending to the stars.

Yet evermore they long to be
 Back where the surges roll,
Untamed, unfettered, wild and free,
 Within the Poet's soul.

POMPEII

POMPEII sat smiling in the sun,
She was a city young and fair,
The loved, the cherished, chosen one
Of grim Vesuvius tow'ring there.

Pompeii woke trembling in the night,
O livid night of lava sweat!
She hung her head to shut the sight,
And in her terror hideth yet.

LINES AT SEA

WE understand the leagues of land,
The mountain and the vale,
The desert's hush, the meadow's blush,
The jungle and the trail.

But all the sea is mystery,
From farthest shore to shore,
Where white ships trip, and slip, and dip,
And dance across her floor.

AN EXILE

I AM an exile, in disgrace,
And sorrow banished from her face :
Now some such woe as mine, I ween,
Napoleon knew at Saint Helene.

I am an exile, fettered, ta'en
To deserts drear of her disdain ;
Will pity ne'er her bosom stir
For my high crime of loving her ?

ONE DAY

UP the empurpled east behold
The royal squadron of the sun,
O'er ocean skies of blue and gold,
The daily pilgrimage begun.

Across the noon, and far away,
Asail on an imperial quest,
Until the fleets at anchor lay
In some still harbor down the west.

OUTWARD BOUND

WHEN I am outward bound at last,
About my couch I pray,
No ghosts of sins from out my past
Will drive my peace away.

I trust none come from out those years,
And my departure see,
Or whisper in my dying ears,
“Dost thou remember me?”

WITH OMAR IN THE ORIENT

I LEAVE the western world to-day,
And ever eastward bear away
To tropic Persia's land of palm,
Of attar, aloe, myrrh, and balm;
Across the mountain and the sea,
My Pegasus shall carry me,
Until I breathe the bloom and scent,
With Omar in the Orient.

His nightingale will sing to me
All of the olden melody,
The wind will rifle gardens sweet,
And rain the roses at my feet;
His verses underneath the bough,
The loaf of bread, the wine,—and Thou,
All in one dream of beauty blent,
With Omar in the Orient.

Away with sorrow, grief, and care,
O, Saki, love and peace are there ;
Away with all the ghostly fears
That low-browed Superstition rears ;
Parwin, Mushtari, softly shine,
And light me onward to the shrine,
Where I may pitch my happy tent,
With Omar in the Orient.

TO HER

HER mind's a garden, where do grow
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row ;

Her soul is as some lucent star,
That shines upon us from afar ;

Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep,
Where swirling waves of passion sweep,

Aye, deeper than the deepest sea,
And wide as woman's mystery :

O man, the mariner, beware—
Yet will I chance a shipwreck there.

AERE PERENNIUS

NATIONS and men may pass away ;
A fragrant thought can never die ;
The soul beneath its potent sway
Ascends on high.

Poet, if thy dear verse doth hold
Fast in its heart one truth sublime,
There shall it gleam, a star of gold,
And outlive time.

SONG

LOVE is hot, and love is cold,
Love is gentle, love is bold,
Love can perish in a day,
O and love can last away ;
Love hath rived my heart in twain,
Love hath healed the hurt again,
O sweet Love !

Love is heaven, love is hell,
A dream, a truth, a miracle ;
Love doth ripple like a rill,
Love can roar the torrent still ;
How can weakling words portray,
That which over all hath sway,
O sweet Love !

MY SOUL WAS THIRSTY

My soul was thirsty till she came,
My heart was hungry till her eyes
Lighted love's fuel into flame
And taught me Paradise.

I hunger and I thirst no more ;
Lo, 'tis a fount where honey drips ;
I drink a thousand kisses from
The chalice of her curvèd lips.

IN ENGLAND

THIS is the England, this the earth,
That gave majestic Milton birth ;
This is the olden golden clime
Of lofty prose, of lilting rhyme ;
Here Poesy's pure soul was won
By the sweet strains of Tennyson ;
For him her eyes knew no eclipse,
And he might kiss her lyric lips ;
This is great England ; here was wrought
The noblest monument of thought
That man e'er builded up to God
Out of his bosom's sacred sod,
For this the soil, and this the clime,
That gave a Shakespeare to all time.

BEHIND THE SCENES

BEHIND the scenes the kings and queens
Are merely mortals ; Juliet leans,
A tired girl, against the screens,
 Behind the scenes.

The final act is on, and lo !
The loving heart of Romeo
Must crack with misery and woe ;
The noble Paris, too, shall die,

And tears spring up in every eye ;
Then exit all, while rogue and saint
Are scrubbing off the mask of paint,
 Behind the scenes.

THE RIDE

LITTLE fellow, come to me,
For a ride upon my knee ;
Here we go, so brisk and bright,
Through the village of Delight,
Up the happy hill of Joy,—
Goodness, what a heavy boy !
Down through Merry, Cheery Lane,
Now we gallop home again.

What a canter we have had,
You and I, my laughing lad !
Such sport one may only see
On a tried and trusty knee ;
There, dismount, thou roguish sprite,
Hitch the horse up good and tight ;
Next time we will take a run
Round the bailiwick of Fun.

PARIS

THIS is Paris, *s'il vous plait*,—
Careless, debonair, and gay,
Love and laughter, song and shout,
Women, wine, and merry bout.

This is Paris, *le voici*,—
Music, mirth, and misery,
Art divine, and sodden shame,
Glory, poverty, and fame.

This is Paris, *écoutez*,—
After night must come the day,
Weak, inconstant, yea, accurst,
Folly's bubble soon will burst.

HEINE

A MATTRESS grave, poor stricken Jew,
For years his broken body knew,
His pale brow wet with deadly dew,
A mattress grave.

Below his prison place of pain,
Thronged all the gay Parisian train,
And helpless in his attic room,
Of anguish, agony, and gloom,

This wounded soul of song and wit,
Pressed wearily through days of doom,
O, pity, grief, and woe of it,
A mattress grave!

PROCLAMATION

ROBIN in the red cravat,
When winter days are done,
A memorial meeting to
Emily Dickinson.

The humming-bird and butterfly
Will tell of her and weep,
But she can never heed them,
“Being just asleep.”

CYRANO SPEAKS

I, CYRANO DE BERGERAC,
Can have nor sleep, nor peace, alack !
In my poor semblance now they rage,
And fiercely strut upon the stage.
The actors are a worthy crew,—
Coquelin and Irving, Mansfield too.
I bid them all go hang and pack,—
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

I, Cyrano de Bergerac,
The mimic world upon my track,
Ah, rare Roxane, before all men
We are impaled on Rostand's pen.
Once every tumult filled my breast,
And now they will not let me rest,
But I am dragged, unwilling, back,—
I, Cyrano de Bergerac.

SONG

WHEN nights are calm, and days are dear,

What can one do but sing ?

When happiness is everywhere,

What can one do but sing ?

The mountains melt along the sky,

The snowy pigeons circling fly,

A thousand visions kiss the eye,—

What can one do but sing ?

When hope is thronèd in the heart,

What can one do but sing ?

When pity pleads, and sweet tears start,

What can one do but sing ?

A thousand lights are in the sky,

A thousand thoughts about me fly,

A thousand visions kiss mine eye,—

What can I do but sing ?

THE HEART OF GOD IN NATURE

I BEAR no ill to any hill,
I'm brother to the trees,
My mind doth melt to mountains,
And my soul doth seek the seas ;
I greet the sun uprising
With a friendly, loving nod ;
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

To me a star is not afar,
The moon doth know my face,
I often dream beneath her beam,
And sue her sovereign grace ;
The sky and air are very fair—
Queen rose and golden-rod ;
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

A little day, and then away
Unto another shore ;
Some hasting years of bliss and tears,
Then Charon at the oar ;
Whatever cometh after
Our sojourn 'neath the sod,
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

RICHES

WHAT to a man who loves the air
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame to one
Who is a brother to the sun;
Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth—
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams immortal that unroll
And burst to blossom in his soul?

THE SECRET

OF one great secret Omar knew
Little as I, as much as you ;
And Shakespeare's soul and Milton's brain
Perplexèd paused at death's domain.

Dear God, Who gave us thought and breath,
Divulge the mystery of death !
What suns shall light, what waters lave,
The mystic shores beyond the grave ?

THE SIREN CITY

PARIS sparkles as she lies,
All unbosomed to the sun ;
For the prize within her eyes
Battles have been lost and won.
She is haughty, she is vain ;
In her arms the serpent Seine,
And with wooing, cooing wiles,
Paris dazzles, Paris smiles.

Paris hath a mighty heart,
Siren of the cities she,
Nobly wedded unto Art,
Music, Marble, Poetry ;
Heedless, happy, night and day,
She doth dance the years away.
With her graces and her guiles,
Paris loves, and dreams, and smiles.

À L'OPERA

MUSIC swells my sluggish blood
To a raging purple flood,
Music rainbows on my brain
All the vanished years again.

Music in my soul doth stir
Sleeping memories of her ;
Can nor time, nor any art,
Drive this woman from my heart ?

THE PICTURES

THIS Corot is the "Ville D'Avray,"
That Rousseau is a prayer in gray,
The Inness "Landscape" seems to me
A spot I knew in Normandy.

Here is Fromentin's "Oasis,"
"Jeanne D'Arc" by rare Rosetti this,
And now a Troyon, happy chance,
That it should be, his "Coast of France."

Van Dyck, Fortuny, Ziem, Duprè,
All in immortal, brave array ;
This last is living flesh aglow,
Breathed from the brush of Bouguereau.

SONG

WHEN I an infant, peaceful lay

 Upon my loving Mother's breast,
She softly sung me, night and day,
 Sweet lullabies of faith and rest.

Through all my youth, through all my years,

 Her gentle songs have followed me,
The tender fountain of my tears
 Leaps up at their dear melody.

So all my days are days of song,

 And when shall come my life's eclipse,
O happy fate, to drift along
 To death with songs upon my lips.

LINES

I OWE no map allegiance,
 I am prince, I'm king, I'm czar,
My courier winds bring odors
 From Arabian fields afar ;
I drink the wine of sunset,
 I drain the cup of noon,
December is a bliss to me,
 An ecstasy is June.

The morning is a rapture,
 The midnight is a mood,
I sit at feasts of fancy,
 Where Gods confer the food ;
And then the vision passes,
 From joy to grief and gloom,—
And I see a Poet dying
 In a narrow little room.

LULLABY

SLIP away to Slumber Land,
 Baby, O, my baby,
Weary little foot and hand,
 Baby, O, my baby ;
You shall have a rattle, and
A woolly dog, a dragon grand :—
Finest fellow in the land,
 Baby, O, my baby.

Cuddle down and close your eyes,
 Baby, O, my baby,
See how snugly there he lies,
 Baby, O, my baby ;
Stars are peeping from the skies,—
How one so young can be so wise,
Is mightiest of mysteries,
 Baby, O, my baby.

IF HONOR STAY

ALL is not gone if Honor stay,
Though friends forsake, and foes betray,
Though torture rend thee limb from limb,
And faith is dead, and hope is dim.

If on thy bosom's sacred throne,
The Truth doth reign, supreme, alone,
Away! thou bauble Life, away!
Nothing is gone if Honor stay.

THE POET'S REALM

LITTLE fortune hath the Bard
But a store of coinèd kisses,
Who can deem his doom so hard
When the Matrons and the Misses
Pay him for songs with blisses ?
They are taken with his eyes
And his saint-seducing sighs,
They are ravished by the chimes
Of his silver-sounding rhymes,
And though man be unapproving,
Every maid is sweet and loving ;
Poor, rich Poet, all his share
Of gold is in his Lady's hair ;
All his diamonds, stars that rise
In the evening of her eyes ;
Cold and bare,—his garret gleams
With the lightning of his dreams,
Dreams, dispelling fear and doubt,
Dreams, that drive the hunger out ;
Though Fate oft may overwhelm,
King is he of Fancy's realm.

LINES

It's very, very queer the way
They call this, Night, and that, the Day,
And then to parcel off the space,
And give each Week a little place.

And then reduce to months and years,
Our sorrows, blisses, hopes and fears ;
'Tis very, very strange to me,
That such a foolish thing should be.

My calendar and clock shall go,
I want no dates of joy or woe,
The dawn and dusk together blend,
And stars shine out unto the end.

And this is all ; life is so sweet,
So grand, so glorious and complete,
So wrought of love and ecstasy,—
No man shall name my things for me.

SONG

I LIKE no book whose hero goes
Page after page through desert prose,
And wanders wearily along,
Far from the happy hills of song.

For me a heroine who trips
With lilting lyrics on her lips,
And lovelight in her eyes sublime,
By rippling rivulets of rhyme.

ELDORADO

THE yellow thirst that maddens men,
Doth lead them over bog and fen,
Through sullen seas to climes of cold,
Where wait the fertile fields of gold.

O life, O love, O hope, O fate,
Unceasing ever, early, late,
We see in dreams, by night, by day,
Some Eldorado—far away.

THE CAPTAIN

WHAT did the noble captain do,
Facing the death and dark,
So many souls in jeopardy
On his belovèd bark ?

What did the fearless captain say,
Or e'er he knew the worst ?
" The women and the children,"
Was his order first.

Did he look up and calmly pray,
Facing the dark and din,
" God, let me die a thousand deaths,
But moor my vessel in" ?

SONG

IF thou art not kind,
What will profit thee
Wealth of purse or mind,
If thou art not kind?
Grief and misery
Must thy portion be,
If, alas! thy heart be blind
And, poor wight, thou art not kind.

Kindness, and the earth is bright,
Kindness, and the load is light,
Kindness, and the weary way
Laughs with love and roundelay;
King is he in all his blood
Who is first in doing good;
God pity him whose heart is blind
And, alas! who is not kind.

AT LETHE WHARF

At Lethe wharf, what fleets of rhymes,
And books and tomes of bygone times,
Forgotten crafts of many climes,
At Lethe wharf.

A thousand Poets dreamed of bliss,
A thousand Poets felt the kiss,
That Fame would press upon the brow,
But where the silent squadron now?

Close to a dismal sunken pier,
Blown by the winds of fate and fear,
They ride the tide from year to year,
At Lethe wharf.

A PRAYER

DEAR GOD! these narrow, mouthing fools,
Who mewling prate their puny creeds—
These babes from theologic schools,
Who tell a throbbing world its needs.

They howl and whine of Greek and Jew,
Of fiends below and saints above ;
They rave a thousand tirades through
Without a syllable of Love.

But creed, and creed, and creed, and creed,
That stifles heart, and soul, and mind ;
Out of Thy goodness and their need,
Teach them the gospel of the kind.

Thy myriad races mercy sue,
 But here and there a solemn clown,
Claims heaven only for the few
 Within his little tribe and town.

Dear God! Dear God! in Thy vast grace,
 Who art the Father of a Host,
Shall these blind zealots see Thy face,—
 And countless, loving billions lost?

LINES AT SEA

THESE are the laughing waves,
This is the happy sea,
Below are the coral caves,
And all is mystery.

Out of the dust we came,
Unto the dust we flee,
Weak, impotent, and lame,
O man, thou mystery!

THE POET

HE dwells apart, the birds and bees
Tell him their sweetest mysteries ;
From nature, tender, good, and true,
He garners wisdom's honey-dew.

The sky, the mountain, and the mead
Are precious books where he may read,
Writ in the sunshine, on the sod,
The word, the thought, the love of God.

DREAM KISSES

I SLEPT, I dreamed I held her close,
And lavished kisses on her mouth,
Free as the lover wind bestows
On maiden meadows in the south.

I slept, I dreamed, I waked to woe,
O dawn, O dark, O vast eclipse!
I waked my lonely state to know,
Her moist dream kisses on my lips.

MOODS

To-DAY my heart is warm as wine,
And riotous with bliss ;
To-day within this soul of mine
The sweetheart fancies kiss.

And yesterday from early dawn,
At every coward breath,
A thousand demons urged me on
To some impending death.

REVENGE

WITH burning brain and heart of hate,
I sought my wronger, early, late,
And all the wretched night and day
My dream and thought was slay, and slay.

My better self rose uppermost,
The beast within my bosom lost
Itself in love; peace from afar
Shone o'er me radiant like a star.

I slew my wronger with a deed,
A deed of love; I made him bleed
With kindnesses, I filled for years
His soul with tenderness and tears.

A DEED

HE did a deed, a gracious deed—
He ministered to men in need ;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed—
Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.

A GLASS OF TOKAY

IN land afar 'neath Autumn skies
Some singing girl with love-lit eyes,
Pluck'd from the heavy hanging vine
The grapes that held this golden wine.

And I to-day, in after years,
Telling a truce to haunting fears,
Hold the warm beaker to my lips—
And kiss her blushing finger-tips.

Her happy laugh and careless song
This mellow tide has cherished long,
And drinking deep, methinks her voice
From out its depths bids me rejoice.

And what would soothe thy cares and mine
Sooner, O friend, than such rare wine,
Whose magic mirror holds in thrall
Maid, music, autumn skies, and all.

IDENTITY

TELL me, after life,
What shall be ;
Tell me, after strife,
Of death's mystery ?

For weal or for woe,
Beyond the sky,
God, let me know
That I am I.

SONG

A SUNSHINE heart,
 And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
 And right for wrong ;
Softly speak to the weak,
 Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
 And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
 And a soul of song,
What though about thee
 Foemen throng ?
All the day, on thy way,
 Be thou strong ;
A sunshine heart,
 And a soul of song.

THE POET'S HERITAGE

SOME men have wealth and vast estates,
And acres broad and palace gates,
One is a prince and one a king,
And one an humble underling.

And lo! the poet, what hath he,
That he doth trudge so merrily?
About his happy footsteps throng
A thousand little waifs of song.

LINES

My office is on land and sea,
The hours, all eternity ;
I get a message from the rill,
I send a letter to the hill,
And come an Alp or Apennine,
I claim him bosom friend of mine ;
For very many years I've known,
The Arctic Belt, the Torrid Zone.

The forests, lakes, the mountains, streams,
I've seen them all—in dreams, in dreams ;
I listen, and they whisper me
Of Light, of Life,—Infinity ;
The gulfs below, the stars above,
Come crying “ Love, and Love, and Love ;”
Some morning when the compass veers,
I hope to meet some other spheres.

THE NEW BOY

HERE'S a health unto the boy,
He's a jewel and a joy!
Bless his little footsy feet,
Aint he cute, and aint he sweet?

See him fold his tiny fists,
Creased and wrinkled at the wrists,
Hear him crow, and hear him coo,
Baby, here's a health to you!

Father's happy, Mother's glad,
Blessings on the little lad!
Eyes of dawn, and tears of dew,
Baby, here's a health to you!

LAST NIGHT

LAST night I sojourned for a season brief
In goodly company ; Hamlet the Dane
Was there, and sweet Ophelia once again
Wept while she sang, her being rent with grief ;
Othello came with Desdemona ere
Iago's poison rankled in his heart ;
Orlando, swearing death should never part
His soul from fairest Rosalind's, drew near ;
And then while mirth and revel reigned supreme,
And all my soul was glad, I oped mine eyes
And marvelled much that this was all a dream,
And my dear vision vanished to the skies ;
I waked to see my phantom friends no more,
My Shakespeare lying closed upon the floor.

SONNET

LAST night mad devils from an hundred hells
Ran shrieking through my racked and fevered brain,
My parched, enfeebled body throbbled with pain,
And wild eyes leered at me from dungeon cells ;
The sky hung starless, and the earth lay dead,
A gulf beneath me, and the dark o'erhead ;
Then a soft voice, sweeter than chiming bells,
Soothed every harsh, discordant note of woe,
And from green meadows, and from fragrant dells,
I felt again the cooling breezes blow ;
The tempest in my soul became a calm,
Gone all the anguish and the terror now,
For bending o'er me with her breath of balm,
My dear Love sat, her hand upon my brow.

LINES

I AM no politician,
I do not understand,
But could I be Ambassador,
I'd go to Nature land ;
Be friendly with the Forests,
And any ragged tree,
Or lonely rock, could tell its woes
With confidence to me.

Make treaties with the sunsets,
The flowers, birds, and bees,
With raging, frantic oceans,
And smiling, happy seas ;
No rare acute diplomacy
Is necessary here,
One only needs to love them much,
And hold them very dear.

VOICES

THERE are voices in the air crying, "Come,"
They stir me like the magic of a drum,
On the land and on the sea,
O my soul, let us be free,
Voices, voices, ever calling to me, "Come."

There are voices in the air calling, "Come,"
O the sealèd eyes, and lips that are dumb,
Just to dream beneath the sky,
Just to live, and love, and die,
And the voices, O the voices, crying, "Come."

MARIANNA ALCAFORADO

(LOVE-LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN.)

BETRAYED, deserted, torn with Love,
Alas, poor nun of Beja,
He was a wolf and thou a dove,
Sweet trusting Nun of Beja ;
Into thy convent cote he came,
He brought thee bliss, despair and shame,
And death,—and everlasting fame,
Dear love-lorn Nun of Beja.

When life's mad, burning day was done,
Sad, hopeless Nun of Beja,
Didst thou, beyond the stars and sun,
Triumphant Nun of Beja,—
Thou who didst all thy soul resign,—
Find that the highest bliss was thine,
Immortal through thy love divine,
Undying Nun of Beja ?

THE MYSTERY

I PRAY thee, Lord God, answer me,
Thou madest man, and what is he?
And if his soul survive the clay,
And cometh then, or night, or day?

I pray thee, Lord God, answer me,
Behind, before, are mystery;
And if man's spirit wings away,
And cometh then, or night, or day?

THIS COAT OF CLAY

THIS coat of clay doth hinder me,
I should away, I would be free,
This fickle flesh doth hold me here,
Betwixt a rapture and a fear.

O, brave new battles to be won,
Beyond the summit of the sun!
I should away, I would be free,
This happy dust detaineth me.

WAVES

THE waves have a merry day,
When the sun and sea are gay,
Laughing, leaping, climbing, clinging,
Dancing, creeping, soaring, singing,
Now they lift their silver lips,
And their rain-bow tinted tips ;
Merry, merry is the day,
When the ocean is at play.

The waves have a dreary night,
With the ocean in affright,
Running, raving, seething, scowling,
Frothing, foaming, hissing, howling,
Then beneath the tempest's breath,
Ships and men go down to death ;
Dreary, dreary is the night,
With the ocean in affright.

LINES

IF thou art in a grievous mood,
Seek out some sylvan solitude,
Tell all thy hearted woes and ills,
Unto the sympathetic hills,
Or to the sea, and hear her voice,
Bidding thee conquer and rejoice ;
The mountain, valley, and the glen
Will lead thee to thyself again,
Will soothe thy sorrow, right thy wrong,
And kiss thy lips to sweetest song ;
O trust in Nature, love but her,
The best, the wisest comforter.

SONG

I HEARD a bird flood all the night
With strains of rapture and delight,
The leaves leaned low to listen, and
The sleepy trees could understand.

Many the birds—and folk by day,
Sing when the golden world is gay;
But, O my heart, the men of might,
Who bravely sing through sorrow's night!

TO ELIZABETH

ELIZABETH, Elizabeth,
Thy lips might lure a man to death,
Thy face, thy form, thy bosom's swell,
Might tempt a man to happy hell.

And yet if for some grace of thine,
He should his soul to woe resign,
Thy sweet eyes wet with tearful rain,
Would lead him heavenward again.

THIS WOULD BE A BLESSED DAY

THIS would be a blessed day,
If a verse would pass my way,
If a rose-leaf rhyme would drip
All its dew upon my lip,
Come in tender, loving guise,
Make a river of mine eyes,
Circle in the air and rest
In the bastion of my breast.

Muse, dear Muse, O bring to me
One deep draught of Poetry,
I am thirsting and I long
For a flagon full of song,
Muse, dear Muse, without thine art
Midnight hovers o'er my heart,
Hell were heaven with thee, and
Without thee, earth is arid land.

This would be a blessed day,
If a verse would pass my way.

WRATH AND LOVE

WRATH is a wrinkled hag, hell-born,
Her heart is hate, her soul is scorn,
Blinded with blood, she can not see
To do a deed of charity.

Love is a maiden young and fair,
She kissed the brow of dumb despair
Till comfort came ; ah, love is she,
Whose other name is Charity.

SONG

A KNITTER in the sun is one
Who weaves the tangled threads of thought
Into a perfect robe of rhyme,
Who blends the multi-colored words
To one harmonious whole ;
And then if he hath wisely wrought,
And garnered in the fields of thyme,
Hath caught the carol of the birds
To echo ever in his soul,—
O joy unspeakable for one,
Who is a knitter in the sun.

LINES

POET, Poet, enter in,
Guiltless be thy soul of sin,
A double blessing on thy brow,
Holy is the moment now.

Poet, this should be to thee,
The sweetest sanctuary,
Rarest day twixt life and death,
When mind of man travaileth.

Poet, Poet, enter in,
Follow faithful, thou shalt win,
God hath sworn to give to thee
Deathless immortality.

Poet, in thy days of youth,
Banish error, worship truth,
When thou art infirm and old,
Happiness shall thee enfold.

Poet, Poet, enter in,
Thou art priest and paladin,
Who hath fear of hell or death,
When mind of man travaileth ?

ALL ATONING END

I AM so overwhelmed with shame,
For evil I have done,
I hate the sound of my vile name,
O weak, unworthy son!

O'erwhelmed with grief and shame am I,
Dear God, I pray Thee send
Me some white deed in which to die;
An all atoning end.

IN PINK AND WHITE

IN pink and white the orchards lie,
Fragrant beneath an April sky,
The golden summer draweth nigh
 In pink and white.

A robin in an apple-tree,
Is carolling in ecstasy—
And O puissant heart of me,

That little recks of fate or fear,
For Preciosa's cheek is near,
Where blushes blossom all the year
 In pink and white.

THE POET'S SOUL

WITHIN his soul are singing birds
And diamond thoughts and golden words,
Mountains, meadows, lowing herds,
 Within his soul ;

And joy and sorrow, darkness, light,
Sunshine and shadow, day and night,
Hatred of wrong and love of right ;

And one eternal, constant prayer,
A hunger and a thirst are there,
For deathless deeds to do, to dare—
 Within his soul.

LEPERS

“UNCLEAN! Unclean!” the wretched lepers cry,
“Unclean! Unclean! O mortal, come not nigh,
Nor touch our garments, lest the dread disease
Doom thee to death and untold agonies.”

And thou and I, base moral lepers, vile,
Who greet the righteous with a conscious smile,
We deem our grainèd spots unknown, unseen,
Thou, thou, and I, should stand and cry, “Unclean!”

SONG

THE valiant sun leaps up the east,
Soul of myself be strong!
Death is the dessert to life's feast,
Soul of myself be strong!
Over the arching, lucent sky
Gay cloud craft are sailing by,
We love, we weep, we dream, we die,
Soul of myself be strong!

Youth is hasty, age is slow,
Soul of myself be strong!
Into the night we groping go,
Soul of myself be strong!
After the darkness cometh light,
Wrong shall captive be to right,
Mine eye is fixèd on the height,
Soul of myself be strong!

NOT WITH FEAR

THE poet hath no fear of death,
Nor any fear of life ;
The poet with his honey breath
Doth drown the strains of strife ;
And only when his muse is near
The poet trembles—not with fear.

The poet hath no fear of man,
Nor any fear of hell ;
His soldier-soul doth boldly plan
To conquer, to excel ;
But when his worshipped muse is near
The poet trembles—not with fear.

SONG

My lyric pen is palsied when
Some sin is heavy on my soul,
When conscience, dun as murky night,
Rebels against my wrong of right,
Proclaims me traitor in the fight,
And all unworthy of the goal,
Some demon daunts my lyric pen.

My lyric pen is swiftest when
A light illumineth my heart,
Some sense serene of duty done,
Some noble enterprise begun,
A foe forgiven, battle won ;
Oh, then with an immortal art
An angel speeds my lyric pen.

FROM DEVONSHIRE

FROM Devonshire these roses came,
With souls of sweetness, hearts of flame,
They bear a message mute frae hame
 From Devonshire.

To thee each petal must recall,
Some memory that doth enthrall,
Of England, blown across her wall ;

To me—they mirror in my mind,
Warm with the wooing of the wind,
Another rose—of womankind,
 From Devonshire.

TREES

THE trees within the wood,
Are patient, wise, and good,
They light the forest aisles
In the summer with their smiles,
And in winter-time they know
All the glory of the snow ;
Every bird may build and brood,
In the trees within the wood.

The trees within the wood,
Are much misunderstood,
They are beautiful and kind
To the fickle-minded wind ;
They are fondly gazed upon
By the yellow, mellow sun ;
There is fuel, there is food,
From the trees within the wood.

The trees within the wood
Are of every hue and mood,
Some are solemn, some are gay,
Some prefer the night to day ;
When I transmigrate I'll be
Just a mighty monarch tree,
Lofty, and of royal blood,
Growing great within the wood.

GRIEF

GRIEF came by and beckoned me,
 (Pity my bleeding eyes,)
I was buoyant, young, and free,
 Now am I wounds and sighs ;
Grief called out " O, Ho ! O, Ho !
What dost thou know to tell of woe ?
Let me but clutch thee ;" so, and so ;—
 (Pity my sunken eyes.)

Grief on me hath set his seal,
 (Pity my poor dim eyes,)
These old wounds so slowly heal,
 In days of youth be wise ;
Here, pale Sorrow, face me fair,
I'll fight thy legions of despair,
Until no enemy is there,
 Despite my sightless eyes.

TO THEE

I

At first, at last, at birth, at death,
 We come to Thee,
Still let us with our latest breath,
 Sing praises to Thee :
By day, by night, through storm and calm,
 We come to Thee.
O let our life be one sweet psalm,
 To Thee, to Thee.

II

Father, when pain and anguish are,
 We come to Thee,
A good deed shineth like a star,
 To Thee, to Thee,
Over the narrow span of years,
 We come to Thee,
After the sorrow and the tears,
 To Thee, to Thee.

Our souls have known the dark travail,
 We come to Thee,
Sun, moon, and stars, their faces pale,
 To Thee, to Thee,
Dear God, the journey's end is near,
 We come to Thee,
In faith and love, without a fear,
 To Thee, to Thee.

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