



THE VOICES
OF SONG

A BOOK OF
POEMS

JAMES W. FOLEY



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James W. Foley

For Agnes Carroll
Pasadena, Calif
January, 1917

THE VOICES OF SONG

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To

MY FRIEND

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE

WHOSE CHEER HAS BEEN CONSTANT AND

WHOSE COUNSEL WISE

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

IT is now thirty-five years since I struck the Little Missouri, not long after it had been reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad. For a dozen years I owned a ranch, and at one time two ranches, on the river. At that time the country was in every respect a typical region of the old West—the west of the cattlemen; the west of Remington's pictures and Wister's tales. Indeed, as regards many of the old-timers there was a strong flavor of Bret Harte about them: I remember well a cowboy ball where in the lancers I stood opposite a lady whose partner, with whom she "danced down the middle," was "the man who shot Sandy McGee."

Among the friends I made was the father of the author of this volume. Mr. Foley was one of the comparatively few men of that time

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

and region who was devoted to reading and to books. Now and then, after six or eight weeks on the range with valued friends who were distinctly of a non-literary type, I would come in to spend an evening with Mr. Foley for the especial purpose of again listening to speech about books. At that time the present poet was one of the small Foley boys, and seemed far more likely to develop into a cow-puncher than a literary man. At different times he and his brothers worked for me and with me.

I think it was the author himself who, on one occasion in my absence, joined with my foreman Sylvane Ferris in improvising, out of my rather large collection of somewhat uncertain-tempered horses, a pair which it was deemed possible to harness to a wagon in order to take a certain Eastern college professor and his wife out to see the Bad Lands. The team, which was driven by "Foley's boy," ran away, and the unfortunate professor broke his leg. Sylvane Ferris related the incident to me, explaining that he had called on the professor—who was then undergoing convalescence in the very unattractive local hotel—and had

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

told him that in view of the accident he would not charge him anything for the rig. The professor retorted with some acerbity that he was glad some consideration was shown him, for he had begun to believe that the runaway team had been given him on purpose. "By George!" said Sylvane, "it made me hot to call that a runaway team. Why, one of them horses never could have run away before! He had never been druv but twice! As for the other horse, maybe he'd run away a few times; but there were lots of times he *hadn't* run away!"—which last statement Sylvane considered a guarantee of gentleness sufficient to please the most exacting.

So I can testify from personal knowledge that Mr. Foley writes his Western sketches not out of books, but out of his own ample experience, and as an old friend of the Little Missouri days I wish him well.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAGAMORE HILL,
July 4, 1916.



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THE VOICES OF SONG

THE VOICES OF SONG

THEY come to me on wings of air, with
plaintive lullabies,
And many songs and music rare they
bring from domeless skies.
Ah, me! They bid my soul be fair, and nobler
dreamings rise!

Naught am I but interpreter of dreams they
bring to me
In hidden harmonies that were all veiled in
mystery
Until She bade them speak through Her—and
She is Poetry.

So many, many moods beguile the sweetness
of Her hours!
She frowns, and now again Her smile has all
the speech of flowers,

THE VOICES OF SONG

And lulling dreams Her moments while in
cool and shady bowers.

And often in the moonless night on wings of
lurid flame,
Her head all aureoled with light, in majesty
She came,
And bade me reach my pen and write—nor
theme I knew, nor name.

Nor aught vouchsafing me of why, in Her
imperious mood,
She bade me only write, and I but little
understood,
Save I was slave to Her, to die or flourish, as
She would.

Then voices whispered in my ears, like songs
from distant choirs,
And one told me the tale of tears, and one of
those hot fires
That flame through all the sweep of years in
Time's consuming pyres.

And one was Laughter's merry tune, and one
was like the rain

THE VOICES OF SONG

That in the gloomy night-tide's noon but
beats and beats again,
Till crackling sedge and sandy dune are wet
with tears of Pain.

Then War's tumultuous voice arose, in the
harsh notes of Hate,
And thrusts and shots and shouts and blows,
and thirst insatiate
For blood, and a red river flows where beakèd
vultures wait.

And Love's voice was among the rest that
murmured in my ears,
With flute-like carolings, all blest with the
delight of tears,
As Grief, her sister, sably drest, walked with
her down the years.

My soul was but a harp, and She played
gloriously and long,
As might a Master, curiously, with practiced
touch and strong,
Strike all the waiting strings to see if it were
fit for song.

THE VOICES OF SONG

Then all the babbling tongues were stilled,
and in the dreamy night
My flagging pen to words I willed. Alas!
I could not write,
And darkness all my senses filled that She
had made so light.

Nor soul of man has understood, nor tongue
of man can say
Why never comes She when I would, nor
prayers will bid her stay,
But, like a lass for favor sued, turns in caprice
away.

But Genius, like a lover, knows the songs of
seraphim
That follow in Her train, and goes with
laughing eye or dim
To sit with Her when Music flows and She
would speak with him!

THY PITY, LORD

THY PITY, LORD

THE FIELD

BESIDE the cross we knelt and prayed;
“Nay, Lord—not pity for these dead,
For these have done with hate and war
So what do they need pity for?
These dead have all Life had to give,
Thy pity, Lord, for these who live.”

THE FACTORY

Above the bier we looked and wept—
The little casket where she slept,
Whose childish soul was glad no more
To hear the shrieking and the roar
Of wheel and chain and belt and shaft;—
This child of bondage;—how she laughed,
I think, to be at rest and keep
The final faith of Life with sleep.

THY PITY, LORD

Above that bier we stood and said:
“Nay, Lord—not pity for this dead,
For she is one with Thee, who cried
So long for all the world denied;
But God, Thy pity and Thy grace
For her who takes this dead child’s place.”

THE TENEMENT

Above the place we stood, where went
The gray hearse from the tenement,
Hot, stinking, foul, into the shade
Of trees that was so long delayed
She could not wait to see—nor heard
That long-dreamed singing of the bird
In its own far-off tree—the song
A world of strife withheld too long.

Above that place we stood and said:
“Nay, Lord—not pity for this dead
Who sleeps at last in one cool spot
That all Life’s struggles yielded not;
Thy pity, God, for those who bent
Their ways back to the tenement.”

THY PITY, LORD

THE PRAYER

O God, Thy pity wilt Thou give
To these, Thy children, who must live;
To these who sorrow by the chance
Of unpropitious circumstance;
To these worn threadbare at the loom;
To these grown pallid in the gloom
Of shut-in places, and who cry
Too soon for death, yet do not die.
Thy dead have all Life had to give—
Thy pity, God, for these who live.

FRANCE

FRANCE

THE Old Man and the Lad set forth
By valleys cool and green,
With vines upon belovèd hills
And woods and brooks between.

Then out upon the open plain
They came, and all around
Were crosses, white, like snow, and thick,
So thick, upon the ground.

The Old Man bared his head, nor spake,
His eyes were moist and dim;
The Lad held fast the Old Man's hand,
And closer crept to him;
Then lifted off his cap, nor knew
He why he did, and gazed
In silence where, upon the field
The crosses were upraised.

FRANCE

Then in his childish wonder cried:

“See! See! The crosses are
So thick there is scarce room for more,
And they are scattered far
As I can see on every hand!”—

“Hush, Lad, and bow thy head;
These are the dead who died for France,
For France,” the Old Man said.

“But there are many, many here,”

The wondering Lad replied,—
“Well I remember in my school
A lad there was who died,
And there were tears on every side,—
How could enough tears be
When all beneath these crosses died
As you have told to me?”

“Aye, there were tears, Lad—tears that came
From hearts, like blood, and wet
Were all the eyes of France, like mine,
And are, and will be yet
An hundred years.” And then he brushed
The tears away: “’Twas chance
I came to weep just then,” he said,
“These died for France—for France.”

FRANCE

“But life is sweet,” the Lad replied,

“So sweet; and love is, too,
And air is oh, so fine to breathe
And fields to wander through!
Death is so terrible and cold.”

The Old Man shook his head:
“Nay, Lad—Death has no terrors bold
If 'tis for France,” he said.

“Life were not sweet except for France,
Air were not good for breath,
Fields were not fair to wander through,
And all of life were death
If France should be no longer France,
And these who died were glad
That France, mayhap, should still be France
For you to love, my Lad.”

“And were they young and fair and strong?”
The Lad in wonder cried;

“Why could they not have lived, I say?”—

“'Tis France that would have died
Had they not died for love of her,
For such the circumstance
Of trial was,” the Old Man said,
“They could not live—and France.”

FRANCE

“But what can be so dear as life,
And light and love and breath?
What treasure in the world be worth
The awful price of death?”
Thus spake the Lad. “Nor wealth, my Lad,
Nor pomp, nor circumstance,
Nor crown, nor sceptre, nay—nor aught
In all the world, but France.”

The Old Man and the Lad went forth
By valleys cool and green,
With vines upon belovèd hills
And woods and brooks between.
“See! See! ’tis Home,” the Lad cried out
With skip and spring and dance.
The Old Man’s eyes were wet: “Aye, ’tis!”
He murmured,—“Home—and France!”

THE CHOSEN ONES

THE CHOSEN ONES

THAT fellowship of genius, unconstrained
Of place or riches; nor its precincts
gained

Of loud alarm; for a brazen gate,
Thick-metaled, bids the wanderer await
Until the sacred password is approved
By Him who loveth art for art beloved.

Nor ever ringeth false upon His ear
That magic word that bids the gate swing
clear,

The moated ditches close, the drawbridge fall,
The sentinels move harmless on the wall,
The feast be spread, the laureled wreath be
wove,

For him who bears the signet-ring of Love.

Not any soul discordant at the feast,
Not any greatest one or any least,

THE CHOSEN ONES

But all of common stature, having sipped
The cup whose golden sides have dripped and
dripped

With the rare wine of Song, whose vineyards
lie

Where the clear blue of the Parnassian sky
Dips down to earth to lift the souls of men
That fell from Heaven back to Heaven again.

And in that din and clamor I await
The message that He sends who guards the
gate,

To bid me come within or bid me lay
My dreams aside and diligently stray
By field and stream and under the blue sky,
Seeking the truth afar with eager eye.

Through many a sleepless night and weary day
To serve with gladness, suffer, learn, and pray,
Until I gain the Secret, and the gate
Shall be flung wide and those great souls
await

To welcome me, who, like me, unafraid,
Untiring, patient, at the altar laid

THE CHOSEN ONES

Their offerings once and once and once again,
And once a hundred times, and more; till then
They learned that Patience was the word that
bade

The gate swing wide and waiting souls be
glad!

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

I KNOW a garden fair to see, where haunting
 memories there be
 Of treasures lost and joys of ours, forgotten,
 left among the flowers,
Like toys of children strewn upon the playground
 of the leaf and lawn.
And many stand without the gate who learn
 with hearts disconsolate
It swings but out and none may go in search
 of treasures scattered so,
For Time is keeper of the way—the Garden
 there is Yesterday.

All day I stood beside the gate from dawn to
 dusk, and saw them wait
To plead with him to clear the way, that they
 might search in Yesterday;

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

But to them all he shook his head: "The way forever closed," he said.

"I lost a child," the mother cried; "a sweet-heart, I," the lover sighed;

"A song," the poet said, "was there, sweet-voiced, ineffable and rare";

But Time, unyielding, held the way: "The place is mine—'tis Yesterday!"

And came a schoolgirl, tearful-eyed: "My playmate!" sorrowful, she cried;

The felon said: "My liberty—will you not give it back to me?"

"My gold," the miser prayed, "'tis there, the hoard I loved and could not spare";

"My youth is there," the old man said; the widow whispered low: "My dead";

"My honor," faltered the weak knave; "my strength," the sodden, sotted slave,

As one by one they came to pray they might go back to Yesterday.

And somewhere in the Garden gleam the gems of innocence and dream;

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY

Somewhere are all the loves that were—the
eyes and cheeks, the lips of Her;
Somewhere the hearts from sorrow free and all
the joy that was to be;
The peace of Honor yet unsoiled; Ambition's
sweetness still unspoiled;
The ties of love, the strength of youth, the
hearts of hope, the ways of truth;
But Time is keeper of the way—the place is
his—'tis Yesterday!

THE PLACE THAT IS HOME

THE PLACE THAT IS HOME

THE uncertain hum of the prairies when
twilight is dim,
The wash of the seas on a battlement
rocky and grim,
The unbroken forest that breathes a druidical
hymn.

The plainsman, sun-beaten, hears voices from
hollow and swell,
And where from the mist of the distance the
deep shadows fell,
They came with low murmurs—the hum of
the tenantless shell.

The woodsman hears voices—the sigh of the
bough, swinging low,
The flutter of leaves in the dusk, till their
choruses grow

THE PLACE THAT IS HOME

To be the sweet songs that his forest has
taught him to know.

The sailor hears voices—the wash of the low-
lying sea,
The flap of the gull in the dusk and the
harmonies he
Has learned from the deep, as the Master has
bade it to be.

The plainsman heard voices—the song that
the forester knew,
And shuddered at dusk, for his burden of
lonesomeness grew,
Nor comfort he found in the song of the oak
tree or yew.

The woodsman heard voices—the wash of the
low-lying seas
And shuddered at dusk, for they were not the
sweet harmonies
His Master had taught him to know in his
leaves and his trees.

The sailor heard voices—the murmur of hollow
and swell

THE PLACE THAT IS HOME

And shuddered at dusk when his burden of
lonesomeness fell
Upon him alone, with the hum of the tenant-
less shell.

And yet all alone in the night where the thick
shadows creep,
The plainsman is bold on his prairies and lays
him to sleep,
Nor the woodsman fears aught of his trees,
nor the sailor his deep.

THE DEATH OF POETRY

THE DEATH OF POETRY

[There is no demand for poetry, according to one of the greatest of international publishers.—Daily Paper.]

LAY her and her muted lyre
Here together on this pyre.
And the laurels she has won,
Lay them, lay them one by one
As a pillow for her head,
Who lies here, forlorn and dead.

None to mourn her, none to praise.
Homer loved her in his days,
Sappho struck the lyre of her,
Petrarch was her worshiper,
Virgil, Dante—all are mute,
Hers a split and silenced lute.

Burns her erring child and poor,
Byron wooed her and did Moore

THE DEATH OF POETRY

From her happiest moods beguile
Sweetness in a worded smile.
And where subtle Shelley slept
She once paused an hour—and wept.

Regal, beautiful, she stood
In her glorious goddess-hood;
Bade Shakespeare, her child, to be
By her own divinity
God-like, and, what ways she trod,
Hallowed man and worshiped God.

By vagrant stream and eerie wood
She wandered with the merry Hood.
Piped her pastoral lays oft were
With Goldsmith as interpreter,
And Whitman knew her dreamy days,
And went with her up mountain ways.

When gloomy Poe her favor sued,
She listened and she understood.
Holmes claimed her joyous presence oft,
And Bryant knew her in her soft
And gracious whiles, and Whittier
In green fields would walk with her.

THE DEATH OF POETRY

A minister to grief, she moved,
By many wooed; yet few she loved,
And those belovèd best, she lent
Her grandeur of the firmament,
Of seas and skies and subtle arts,
Of love and grief and human hearts.

Here upon the funeral pyre
Lay her and her muted lyre.
Know ye, mourners at her bier,
'Tis a goddess that lies here,
And above thee all as far
As the weeping angels are.

THE DYNAMITERS

THE DYNAMITERS

[On the destruction of the Los Angeles *Times*, 1911]

LABOR, weep! These dead are thine,
Broken-limbed and torn and maimed.
What of creed that's thine or mine?
Silenced now, we stand ashamed.
How now do these dead arise,
Mocking us! Are these but lies
Told of Labor's brotherhood?
How these ghosts of dead intrude
In our every solitude,
Crying shame! For they were one—
One with us from sun to sun;
One in dreams of labor done;
One in hope and one in need;
One in manhood, aye, and creed.
How these bodies bleed and bleed!
Stands aghast thy shuddering line.
Labor, weep! These dead are thine.

THE DYNAMITERS

Labor, see what Hate hath done—

Hate, a follower of thy camp,
Skulking near thy lines! That one
Slew these toilers. See the damp
On these bloody brows, where sweat
Of their labor beaded yet.

Death done in the dark, and, lo!
Hate hath slain no single foe,
But, like Cain, hath wrought this woe
In his brother's house, and laid
On anhungered orphans made,
Burdens that strong fathers prayed
They might long be strong to bear
Ere the fatherless must share.

Now are helpless dead heaped there.
What foul victory death has won!
Labor, see what Hate hath done!

Labor, wake! Now shalt thou cleanse
These foul altars where they pray—
These that kill; and scourge them thence.

Labor, 'tis the breaking day
Of the time to be when each
Shall be free, with hand and speech.

Labor, since thou art so strong,

THE DYNAMITERS

One with Might and Power, not long
Wilt thou battle wrong with wrong.
Brotherhood need not be vain.
These be branded red, like Cain,
Who shall slay, as Hate hath slain.
Right shall be thy sword, bright-steeled;
Aye, and Justice be thy shield.
Thou shalt meet no foes but yield.
See, the night of Hate is gone.
Labor, wake! It is the dawn!

THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN

THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN

[On the assassination of the Russian Premier]

WASTE bullets and vain knives,
And idle blows!
Spilled blood and forfeit lives,
And all the woes
Or darker Tyranny revisited
On the raw back and blood-bespotted head
Of coward wretch and crawling fugitive!
This all the help the Assassin hath to give
His country in its throes!

Candle and crucifix
About a bier!
Moist blossoms, wavering wicks;
The grenadier
With solemn tread on guard above this clay!
Once more hath Murder taken pride away

THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN

And pomp and vanity of place and power
From this poor tenement! And in this hour
Grief hath its tear.

Knout and the noose!

Shrill cry and bitter woe!

A myriad furies loose!

Blood upon snow!

Death in the scourge of thongs and crimsoned
whips!

Blood flecking cheeks and red froth upon lips!

Death's glut and feast and horrid carnival!

A corpse, shot-pierced, gloom-shrouded in a
hall,

A headless trunk below!

Limbs broken in the mud

By Cossack steeds!

Blood spilled for blood!

Wan widows' weeds!

Slain men, in gutters cast; or, purple-clad,

Upon a bier of gold—and Hate run mad

With fingers dripping red; blows struck for
blows;

Blood on the ermined robes, and on the snows

Where Exile bleeds!

THE DEATH OF STOLYPIN

Waste knout and vain the noose,
And useless blows;
Spilled blood and fury loose—
Again the woes
Of plotted murder soon revisited
On medaled breast and coroneted head
Of potent prince or subtle minister;
Red, red and ever red the shadows stir
On Neva's snows!

THERE ARE THREE SORROWS

THERE ARE THREE SORROWS

THERE are three Sorrows, worth my
while to grieve:

Death, when I may be called upon to
leave

The friends I love, or they to part from me
As mariners upon the uncharted sea

That stretches, bleak and black, here at my
feet,

Where ships go forth to join the phantom fleet
Of souls adrift upon an unknown shore,
And what my port, I may return no more.

There are three Sorrows, worth my while to
name:

Dishonor, with the burden of its shame,
Bidding me bow my head and cast my eyes
Upon the ground; a life of tinsel lies,

THERE ARE THREE SORROWS

Of practiced subterfuges and deceits,
Dishonesties, ill-guarded trusts, and cheats;
Dishonor of myself, for that I slept
Upon the post I had, in honor, kept.

There are three Sorrows, worth my while of
tears:

Lost Faith—that I had hallowed all these
years

Of love and friendship—faith that lies in dust
With all the joys and symbols of my trust;
Faith that was like a joyous dream, and left
Me wide awake and wondering—bereft
Of what I dreamed I had—a broken vase
That had my heart for its abiding place.

There are three Sorrows, worth my whole to
share:

All else that seemeth sorrow I may repair
With a soft word, a smile, a hope, that swings
The gate into the garden of better things;
So I shall measure up the grief to see
If it be aught or part of these, the Three,
And if it be not one of these worth while
I shall be glad, and melt it with a smile!

A HUMAN LIFE

A HUMAN LIFE

A SHIP that throbs along in storm's
distress
Till lost in oceans of forgetfulness.
A tangle of sweet flowers whose petals turn
To ash of unfulfillment in an urn.

A wisp of tangled threads, whose parted ends
No deft hand joins, no endless effort mends.
A play whose fickle players merely greet
And go and leave the story incomplete.

A bud that opens brilliant at the dawn,
Flings sweet perfume a moment and is gone.
A breath between a cradle and a bier,
The blending of a smile, a sob, a tear.

A book whose pages turn with each new day,
Till Time has read the tale and cast away.

A HUMAN LIFE

A mask worn till a passing play is done,
To cloak a wraith and hide a skeleton.

A lie, whose ghostly semblance is concealed
Till in a shroud its untruth lies revealed.
A thing that shapes the sod for a brief day
And dies and leaves its slave of Earth more
clay.

A story that is told ere 'tis begun,
A song that only whispers and is done;
A thing that chains the lightnings and that
stirs
The deep—the elements its messengers.

Lord of the sea and sky, a ruler proud
That quakes at storms and trembles at a cloud;
That comes and goes on wings unseen—a germ
That grows to fill a grave and feed a worm.

BLOWING BUBBLES

BLOWING BUBBLES

A LAD with a long-stemmed pipe and a
bowl,
With a radiant eye and a sunlit soul,
And over the bowl the bubbles rolled
In heaps and clusters like grapes of gold.
“And what are you doing, my Curly Head?”
“I’m blowing bubbles,” the youngster said,
“For I like to see them rise and blow
Far as the winds will let them go
Before they burst, as they must, and then
I fill my pipe and I blow again.”

And the Youth with his strength was just ahead
With a bounding pulse and cheeks flushed red
In the glow of health and over the bowl
Of Life he stood, where the bubbles roll
And cluster thick as the blossoms do
On the cherry trees when the April’s new:

BLOWING BUBBLES

“I’m blowing bubbles,” I heard him say,
“And they gleam and rise and float away
And burst as bubbles must, and then
I fill the pipe and I blow again.”

And the Maiden stood with her wind-tossed
hair

And her cheek like the rose leaf, pink and fair,
Over the bowl, whence the bubbles float,
And she had a song in her pretty throat:

“See the bubbles that blow for me
Bearing the joys that are soon to be,
And I love to see them rise and blow
Far as the winds will let them go
Till they burst in mist, as they must, and then
I may fill the pipe and blow again.”

And Age was a little farther on
When the sun sank low and the day near gone,
Bending over the bowl with a smile
That was only the ghost of its earlier while;
And the bubbles rose, but small and few
Nor clustered thick as they used to do.
But Age went mumbling along his way:
“See the bubbles—they burst to-day

BLOWING BUBBLES

As bubbles must, in the mist, but then
I may fill the pipe and blow again.”

A pipe and a bowl and you and I
Bending above and the bubbles lie
Clustered thick, and the dreams we bear
Rich as the colors tinted there;
And the pipe is cracked and the bowl is, too,
But the bubbles rise as they used to do
And we love to see them break and blow
Far as the winds will let them go,
And what if they burst, as they must?—for
then
We may fill the pipe and blow again.

THE SECRET

THE SECRET

THERE'S a little word called "Sweetheart;" it's as old as heaven's blue;
'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and
its joy is ever new.

It was Love's first murmured message, spoken
in the ears of Love,

When the Earth took shape from nothing and
the blue sky arched above.

It has come through Time unmeasured, it has
lived unnumbered years,

It was born of smiles and laughter and has
dried Grief's countless tears;

It's the magic soul of Music and the living fire
of Art,

And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little
word—"Sweetheart."

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden
hear and smile!

THE SECRET

It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered
the Afterwhile

Of the years to peace and gladness and the
dreary days and long

Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered
evensong.

It has made the heart go leaping of the school-
boy at his play,

And has filled with gladder dreaming all the
sunshine of his day.

It has bridged world-sundered chasms and
has played the noblest part

In the life and strife of being—just that little
word—"Sweetheart."

It has cheered the eve of battles, it has fired
the Heart of Dawn,

It has braved the mouth of cannon and has
borne war's banners on.

It has lured the soldier deathward, where the
scarp was red and steep,

It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen lips
of Sleep.

It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired
the souls of men,

THE SECRET

Beaten back on shores of failure to be bold and
strong again;
In the hermit's cloistered silence or in traffic's
busy mart,
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

And forever and forever through the endless-
ness of Time,
It shall hallow song and story and shall be the
soul of rhyme;
It shall be a part of being, much as heartbeat,
much as breath,
It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow
of death.
So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper
thee the key,
Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death,
and Mystery,
Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius,
toil or art—
It is of all, in all, through all—just that little
word "Sweetheart."

THE JUDGMENT

THE JUDGMENT

THE world and what is of the world shall
fade
And in the dust and embers, dead, be
laid.

Ambition, fame, degree and love and lust
Shall totter, fall, and crumble in the dust.

The stars die and the radiant sun grow cold,
And gloom and shroud the universe shall hold.

The lover's lute, the brazen trump, the lyre
Be cast upon a common funeral pyre.

The sighs of toiling millions shall be stilled,
Nor space nor time with struggling being
thrilled.

But emptiness in gloom, and space shall hold
But space; and nothingness shall space enfold.

THE JUDGMENT

And Silence, sombre, still, shall sit and brood
Upon his vast dominion—Solitude.

Time stand beside the yawning pit and grave
Of things and ponder what is good to save

From all the ash and wreck of worlds, and
 pause,
Adjust the balances and read the laws,

Weigh wealth and honor, fame, degree, and
 pride,
But with a frown to cast them all aside.

And raise his voice and in the solitude
Shall cry: "O God, is there no perfect Good?"

Space all unfathomed echo with the cry
And Silence shall still brood, but not reply.

And Time shall cry again: "Whom shall I
 save
From out this depth of ash and wreck and
 grave?"

THE JUDGMENT

Lo! A voice whispers in the solitude:
"Save all in whom thou findest any good!"

Time speaks once more betime the task is done:
"Lord, Thou hast bidden me save every one!"

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

JUST an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that
you knew

When your mother sat up to mend
stockings for you

With a ball of red yarn and a bag full of hose
And a goose-eggish thing that slipped down in
the toes.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of the kind that
brings tears

To your eyes when you think of the toil of her
years,

And wonder how ever she laid every curl
On a half-dozen heads—such an old-fashioned
girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl, of an age ere the flat,
Or of winters in this place and summers in
that.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

Of the kind that you knew when you went with
bare legs
In the days when you ransacked the manger
for eggs.
Just an old-fashioned girl in a blue gingham
gown
That is leading your fancy some forty years
down
On the pathway of years, till the hum and the
whirl
Of the day you forget with that old-fashioned
girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of that out-of-date
day,
When you knew all the hymns and she found
time to play
On the organ in church, and you knelt with her
there
And repeated—what was it?—ah, yes!—'twas
a prayer!
Such an old-fashioned thing, as you think of it
now
With the years writ in wrinkles on temple and
brow,

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL

But the years back there gleam with the luster
of pearl

When you walked hand-in-hand with that old-
fashioned girl.

Just an old-fashioned girl of those old-
fashioned days,

And she knelt in the night with a prayer that
she'd raise

Up a son to be manly and honest and true.

. . . There's a mound where the wild-flowers
nodded and grew

Ere the world bade you come, and a love that
lies there

With its heart in the dust, but its essence as
rare

As the breath of the rose and as pure as the
pearl

That shall tinge all your dreams of that old-
fashioned girl.

THE LAST APPEAL

THE LAST APPEAL

FOR her sake I will woo thee,
Aye, Fortune, and sue thee
For peace; I will bow thee my arrogant
pride.

For her sake I will bend thee
My head, and will lend thee
My struggles again, what thy caprice betide.

Think not that I fear thee!
Myself, I would jeer thee
And bid thee defiance to do what it please
Thee to do; but to render
To her what the tender
Heart's love of me bids, I will crook thee my
knees.

I come not to woo thee
For fame, nor to sue thee,

THE LAST APPEAL

But only as pleader for her when I
see .

Her so crushed in her spirit;
Ah, Jade—thou must hear it,
The prayer that goes from me to heaven—
and thee.

Think not I am pleading
For self; were I bleeding
And battered thy minions should still taste
my sword;
But, ah! 'Tis not human
To withhold from woman
The little she craves, when by woman
adored.

Not wealth beyond measure,
Not gold of thy treasure,
But, ah! just enough of thy goodness to lay
Before her, and reaping
My joy in her weeping
Of pride in my conquest, find comfort to-day.

So for her sake I woo thee,
Again I will sue thee,

THE LAST APPEAL

For her sake I come and I fawn like a
cur
Begging food; but remember
My last ashing ember
Shall hate thee—but still I will woo thee—
for her!

THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

HE sits there at the fireside, where the
mellow light is gleaming
O'er the columns of the little country
paper that he holds,
And something he has read there seems to set
his fancy dreaming,
While memory's panorama of forgotten
days unfolds.
Its quaint and homely phrases all incline him
to reflection;
Some sweetness of enchantment as he lays
the paper down
Strips the bitter peel of sorrow from the fruit
of recollection,
He tastes the mellow sweetness of the little
country town.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

He sees, at even, a cottage where the lamp-
light's dimly straying
Through the window, thickly bowered with
the honeysuckle vine;
To his ears come strains of music—there's a
sound of someone playing
On a little cottage organ and the notes of
Auld Lang Syne.
He hears the tea things clatter, sees a woman's
figure flitting
Here and there, belike some fairy, and the
shimmer of her gown;
And longing leads his fancy to the place where
he is sitting
Just across from her at table in the little
country town.
What spell lies on its columns? There rise
lusty tones and laughing,
A rioting of young folks through the open
parlor door,
The place resounds with revelry and badinage
and chaffing,
Someone has brought his fiddle from the
little country store.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

The merry songs from lad and lass in lusty
tones are swelling,
The sparkling cider passes in the earthen
jug and brown;
What silver-throated eloquence of memory is
telling
The story of the glory of the little country
town!

Yet he sits here alone, where are dreamy
shadows dancing,
And silent, save for voices that his memory
may hear;
The eyes that o'er the columns of the little
paper glancing,
Like violets, dew-misted, in the passing of
a tear.

For some, as he, are missing from the circle
once unbroken,
And one he knows lies sleeping where the
autumn leaves are brown;
His hair is white, like silver, yet in fancy he has
spoken
With all those lads and lasses of the little
country town.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN

The misty eye of sorrow at the bush of dreams
is seeking

The rose of recollection with the fragrance
of its morn,

And in the ear of memory the voice of grief
is speaking—

The hand that plucks the blossom knows the
sharpness of the thorn.

His dreams die with the embers at the fireplace
—ah, the pity!

The paper falls from listless hands and idly
flutters down.

How lonely, lonely, lonely is the sullen, smoky
city,

When the heart has come from straying in
the little country town!

ONE OF THESE DAYS

ONE OF THESE DAYS

SAY! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside!
Life is so large and the world is so wide.
Days are so short and there's so much
to do,

What if it was false—there's plenty that's
true.

Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it away
Now and forever, so what do you say?
All of the bitter words said may be praise
One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate,
Find something better to cherish than hate.
There's so much good in the world that we've
had,

Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.

Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be,
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free,

ONE OF THESE DAYS

We shall be walking in sunshiny ways
One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away,
Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;
Flowers are so fresh by the wayside and wood,
Sorrows are blessings but half understood.
Say! Let's not mind it, however it seems,
Hope is so sweet and holds so many dreams;
All of the sere fields with blossoms shall blaze
One of these days.

Say! Let's not take it so sorely to heart!
Hates may be friendships just drifted apart,
Failure be genius not quite understood,
We could all help folks so much if we would.
Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side,
See what his dreams are and learn how he
tried,
See if our scoldings won't give way to praise
One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch out and
rise
Out of the byways and nearer the skies.

ONE OF THESE DAYS

Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and
deep

Where some tired traveler may lie down and
sleep.

Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now;
So much to do if we just find out how!

We may not be here to help folks or praise
One of these days!

SORROW

SORROW

WHAT is the chiefest sorrow?
 "'Tis shame," thus Honor cried.
 "'Tis failure," said Ambition;
 "Nay, infamy," said Pride.
Cried Gluttony, "'Tis hunger."
 The Cynic said "'Tis breath."
While Love gazed on a cold, dead child
 And murmured, "Nay, 'tis Death."

What is the chiefest sorrow?
 Said Wealth, "'Tis beggary."
"'Tis loss," the Miser muttered,
 And Sloth said: "Industry."
"'Tis war," Peace shyly whispered;
 "'Tis ignorance," the Sage.
While Youth peered far into the years
 And murmured, "Nay, 'tis age."

SORROW

What is the chiefest sorrow?

“’Tis duty,” Vice replied.

“’Tis waste,” Thrift boldly answered.

“’Tis life,” thus Failure sighed.

“Nay, ’tis but grief,” said Pleasure,

“Defeat,” said Victory,

Said Truth, “’Tis Thine, my Master,

Thine in my sin and me.

“Yet though in pride and power,

I had forgotten Thee;

Though Thine the chiefest sorrow,

Thine in my sin and me,

The tears that flow from Heaven

Are Sorrow’s victory,

The flower of Thy pardon

Blooms in Gethsemane.”

SOMEWHERE SHINES A STAR

SOMEWHERE SHINES A STAR

MISTS of the twilight creep,
Creep from the deeps afar,
And all of the children of Nature
sleep,
But somewhere shines a star.

Shades of the night tide flow,
Soothèd the surge and swell
Of the sullen day, but sweet and low
Tinkles an evening bell.

Up from the moorlands rise
Shadows, and darkness streams,
But somewhere, out of the misted skies,
Brightly a beacon beams.

Eventide and dark,
Dirge of the day and knell,
But voices speak in the silence—hark!
Whispering: “All is well!”

SOMEWHERE SHINES A STAR

Mist of the twilight creeps
Out from the deeps afar,
Over thy life, and Gladness sleeps,
But somewhere shines a star.

Shades of the night tide flow,
Sorrow strikes a knell,
But out of the twilight sweet and low
Tinkles an evening bell.

Up from thy sorrows rise
Shadows, and darkness streams,
But somewhere, out of the sullen skies,
Brightly a beacon gleams.

Eventide and dark,
Dirge of thy joy and knell,
But voices speak in the silence—hark!
Whispering: "All is well!"

Swift as the swallow's flight
Joy to the mists afar,
But out of the depths of the dismal night
Somewhere shines a star.

MAKE-BELIEVE

MAKE-BELIEVE

LET'S dream, like the child in its playing,
Let's make us a sky and a sea,
Let's change the things 'round us by
saying

They're things that we wish them to be.
And if there is sadness or sorrow,
Let's dream till we charm it away,
Let's learn from the children and borrow
A saying from Childhood—"Let's Play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty,
Let's play there are roses in bloom,
Let's play there is pleasure in duty
And light where we thought there was gloom.
Let's play that this heart with its sorrow
Is bidden be joyous and glad,
Let's play that we'll find on to-morrow
The joys that we never have had.

MAKE-BELIEVE

Let's play that regret with its ruing
Is banished forever and aye,
Let's play there's delight but in doing,
Let's play there are flowers by the way.
However the pathway seems dreary,
Wherever the footsteps may lead,
Let's play there's a song for the weary
If only the heart will give heed.

Let's play we have done with repining,
Let's play that our longings are still,
Let's play that the sunlight is shining
To gild the green slope of the hill,
Let's play there are birds blithely flinging
Their songs of delight to the air,
Let's play that the world's full of singing,
Let's play there is love everywhere.

RESIGNATION

RESIGNATION

A BROKEN mother to the Buddha
brought
A lifeless child; with hands outstretched
besought

That mighty prophet to recall the breath
Forth flown, and steal away the sting of death.

Tearful she pleaded and with piteous gaze;
The Buddha stooped, from her bent knees to
raise

The stricken mother; took from her the child
And spake in gentle accents, soothing, mild,
That hushed her grief and checked the flooding
tears:

“Be still thine heart, and quieted thy fears;
Thy child shall be restored again to thee
When thou hast sought and found and brought
to me

RESIGNATION

A grain of corn, from hovel, hut or home
(No limits give I in thy quest to roam),
Whence Death has stolen parent not, or child."
Eager she heard, and her distress beguiled,
Lighted her eyes, the Buddha's name she
 blessed
And turned and sped fleet-footed on her quest.

Sped on the years and yet she sought in vain,
With eager voice inquired and sought again.
But here a parent gone and here a son,
And here a daughter—always finding one
Forever absent; still, with footsteps fleet
She sped, to find some circle quite complete.
Asked at each door with mutely pleading
 eyes
And hungry yearning for the ordered prize;
Despairing not till worn with toil and time,
With patience tireless and with hope sublime,
Again the Buddha in her anguish seeks,
Recounts her journeys and her failure speaks.

The Buddha softly, sadly speaks again:
"Hast thou not learned thy search would not
 be vain

RESIGNATION

Were there the power thou wouldst have me
declare?

Dost thou not see that Death is everywhere
But in that circle of Eternity
That comes with only waiting patiently?"

A SONG OF GLADNESS

A SONG OF GLADNESS

EACH little day
That slips away
And finds for thee no pleasure,
That steals along
Without a song,
Is just a wasted treasure.

The sands that pass
Through the hour glass
And find thee in repining,
Mark the lost hours.
The freshest flowers
Blow when the sun is shining.

Thou shalt not grope
For the lost hope
Through darkness dim, unending.

A SONG OF GLADNESS

Ne'er vain regret
Succeeded yet
A broken thread in mending.

The chance that's lost,
Let not the cost
Be flowing tears and sighing,
When countless more
From life's vast store
Are to be had for trying.

So put away
Thy cares to-day,
And cease thy fate reviling;
For Chance eludes
The soul that broods,
And courts the soul that's smiling.

LINES TO A MOTH

LINES TO A MOTH

BLIND thing! Thou scourge of fretful
dame

That stumblest in the glaring light
To beat thy blistered wings in flame—

What stubborn blindness marks thy flight!

What is it leads thee to the light?

What ignorance that bids thee fly
Upon the flame whose scorching blight
Thy folly findeth but to die?

Is then thy ignorance so gross,
So sotted thy intelligence

As not to learn from scourge or loss
Or profit by experience?

A moment and I saw thee fling
Thyself upon the flame and then
Reel from the light with scorched wing,
And now I find thee there again.

LINES TO A MOTH

Blind, blind thou art! A stubborn fool!
To teach thee wisdom all has failed,
For ere thy blistered wings are cool
Thou'rt back to where thou wert assailed.

Yet, stay, thou dullard! In thy flight
Some subtle message bids me see
Myself, a struggler in the light
Of knowledge that is not for me.

Like thee, I beat my wings in vain
Upon the candle's wick, to find
My little soul in dust again,
My little vision dull and blind.

Like thee, I crave the fiercer light
Of learning and the mystery
Of Life, and in my stumbling flight
I am but dull and blind, like thee.

I called thee dullard for thy way—
I tender my apology,
Thou art a fool, again I say—
Thou art a fool—a fool like me!

A FRIEND WENT THEN

A FRIEND WENT THEN

HUSH! A friend went then!
Went with a tear of sorrow in his eye;
A friend too old to lose, too young to
die.

Went at a hasty word of mine and hot,
Grieved in his inner heart and then—was not.
He lives and speaks with me, but naught
beside,
My friend has died.

Hush! A friend passed on!
Passed on in silence, uncomplainingly,
Nor stopped to parry angry words with me.
Passed on, sore hurt, but keeping back his tears,
Passed on upon the stony way of years,
Well knowing me, but though he bows his
head—
My friend is dead.

A FRIEND WENT THEN

Hush! A friend is lost!

A sneer of mine, that cost me but a breath,
And fell my friend, sore wounded, to his
death;

Nor made he any cry to tell the pain

He felt—just went and came not back again,
And though to-day again our pathways
crossed,

My friend is lost.

Hush! A friend was slain

Just then—struck down in the broad light of
day!

As fell a crime, I know, as ever lay

At murder's door—it cost me but a jeer

At him who craved my sympathy—a tear

I shed and bid him come to me in vain—

My friend is slain.

COMRADES

COMRADES

I WANT to meet the Day
With gladness and a smile,
I want to keep the Way
With hopefulness the while,
I want to see the task
With clearness and delight,
All this I come to ask,
And sleep and peace at night.

I want to be content
And yet unsatisfied,
To do the things I meant
To do, or know I tried.
I want to see in dusk
And sunset's flaming fire
A beacon—not the husk
Of day's unfilled desire.

COMRADES

Whoso may go my way
I want to walk with me,
To hope with if I may,
To pray with if need be.
Whoso may teach, to learn
Of him whereof I need,
Whoso may learn, to preach
Perhaps a better creed.

Whoso is weak, to bring
My strength where'er he lies,
Whoso is strong, to cling
To him that I may rise.
Whoso may grieve, to brave
With him the quivering lip,
Whoso may smile, to crave
A joyous fellowship.

Will you not walk with me
Upon the way awhile?
I crave your sympathy,
I offer you a smile.

COMRADES

The way be steep and long,
I ask to grasp your hand,
I offer you a song,
Will you not understand?

THE QUEST

THE QUEST

“WHERE lies the town of Happiness?”
Cried the youth to the wrinkled
sage,
As they met one day on the weary way
That lies 'twixt Youth and Age.
The gray-haired wise man shook his head:
“'Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?
I pray we reach it soon!”
For risen high in the molten sky
Was the sun that marked Life's noon.
But again the wise man shook his head:
“'Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?”
The youth was old and gray,

THE QUEST

With shoulders bent, and eyes intent
Where the road stretched forth, away.
The wise man sadly shook his head:
“’Tis a little farther on,” he said.

“Where lies the town of Happiness?”
Down, down in the dust he fell;
His voice was shrill and the death films fill
His eyes. Mused the sage: “’Tis well.”
And there gleamed in his eye a tear unshed:
“For me, ’tis farther on,” he said.

A HYMN TO HAPPINESS

A HYMN TO HAPPINESS

LET us smile along together,
Be the weather
What it may.

Through the waste and wealth of hours,
Plucking flowers

By the way.

Fragrance from the meadows blowing,
Naught of heat or hatred knowing,
Kindness seeking, kindness sowing,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

Let us sing along, beguiling
Grief to smiling

In the song.

With the promises of heaven

Let us leaven

The day long.

Gilding all the duller seemings

With the roselight of our dreamings,

A HYMN TO HAPPINESS

Splashing clouds with sunlight's gleamings,
Here and there and all along.

Let us live along, the sorrow
Of to-morrow
Never heed.

In the pages of the present
What is pleasant
Only read.

Bells but pealing, never knelling,
Hearts with gladness ever swelling,
Tides of charity upwelling
In our every dream and deed.

Let us hope along together,
Be the weather
What it may,
Where the sunlight glad is shining,
Not repining
By the way.

Seek to add our meed and measure
To the old Earth's joy and treasure,
Quaff the crystal cup of pleasure,
Not to-morrow, but to-day.

INDESTRUCTIBLE

INDESTRUCTIBLE

A WREATH of roses hung upon a stone,
Above me, this alone.

A sob that floats, and falling tear on tear
Descending here.

Some soul in sorrow kneeling at the tomb,
And in the gloom,

Pouring above me to the silent air
Its deep despair.

Though cold the pulseless clay and deaf the
ear,

Yet I still hear.

Though the thick shadows endlessly shall flow,
Still shall I know.

INDESTRUCTIBLE

Though from the dumb, dead tenement in
flight

Wing life and light,

Yet not deserted lies the silent clay,
For Love shall stay.

Crumble the stone and in the dust shall lie,
Yet Love not die.

Through the long night when the dark shadows
creep,

Not even sleep,

But whisper from the silence of the bier:
"Lo! I am here."

THE PLACE BEYOND

THE PLACE BEYOND

THEY call the Place To-Morrow—After
While,
The Way, Be-Patient, Keep-of-Heart-
and-Cheer.

'Tis over there, a bit beyond the stile,
A little farther on, but never here.
And all day long and through the fretful night
I saw them struggle, toil, keep dreaming on
Through valleys, up the hills and o'er the
height,
But ever when they reached there it was
gone!

And if they toiled a mile, it moved a mile
Along the road. At break of every day
They thought to reach it in a little while,
But at the dusk it seemed as far away

THE PLACE BEYOND

As when the day began; they saw the lights
That flickered through the dusk a weary
mile
Along the road, and some toiled on o' nights—
They call the Place To-Morrow—After
While!

And some fell faint and some were red and
strong
With coursing blood that would not be
denied.
If through the valleys dim the way was long,
The Place was just upon the other side.
If up the hills the journey led, and steep
And rough the way, the bells of it rang clear;
And some I saw to run and some to creep,
And fell a curse, and now and then a tear.

Oft in the twilight, voices from the dusk
About the Place bade fallen men to rise;
Fame sang the glories of her certain Husk
And Beauty lured men on with wanton eyes.
Worn women heard the chant of Rest, so near,
And yet no nearer ever, day on day,

THE PLACE BEYOND

But oh, the bells at Vespers echoed clear—
They call the Place To-Morrow—or
Someday!

They call the Place To-Morrow—After While.
With gleaming tower on tower and spire on
spire,
It rises there, ten leagues, a league, a mile
Beyond the day—the City of Desire!
Long days of Rest are there, and Joy and Peace
And Music and Content and Sorrows Done,
Of Dreams Come True and Longings Bidden
Cease,
Of Weary Hearts Made Glad and Struggles
Won.

So I will join you, Brother, on the Way
They call Have-Patience, Be-of-Heart-and
Cheer,
And we will look a league beyond the day
Whence come the voices, musical and clear.
'Tis just across the valley, o'er the height,
Adown the road, a step beyond the stile.
Let's toil a day and dream another night—
They call the Place To-Morrow—After
While!

THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST

THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST

BRING me a bowl of sunshine, Lass,
From the fount of a rosy dawn,
A frozen rainbow for my glass
Ere the sparkle of it is gone,
The silver lining of a cloud
As a cloth for my table here,
And sing me a merry song aloud
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

Bring me the blue of a sunny sky
And cast it overhead;
Lay me a rug of clover by
Like a wave of velvet spread,
Shower me over with cherry flowers
Just bursting to full bloom,
To freshen this perfect day of ours
With spice of their sweet perfume.

THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST

Drape me the black of a midnight sky,
And stud it with stars of white,
To hang my walls with a tapestry
Rare as the peace of night,
Stretch me a frieze of clouds that lie
Over the sunlit hills,
Where the bowl of sunshine, brimming high,
Just overflows and spills.

And my cloth shall be soft as the rose's cheek,
And my heart-strings shall be atune,
All, all of my bidden guests shall speak
With tongues of the birds in June.
So,—a bowl of sun from a rifted cloud,
And set it before me here,
And sing me a merry song aloud
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

THE PARTED THREADS

THE PARTED THREADS

IF he came back, I wonder would he know
The voices whispering of the long ago?
If he came back, I wonder would he see
The beauties, buried now, that used to be?
If he came back, back from the dust and dead,
I wonder would he seek the broken thread,
And follow on, o'er sod and o'er the sea,
Until it led him back to youth and me?

If he came back, I wonder would he share
My dreams? Or would the roses in my hair
Be but dull, scentless flowers of the spring,
Speechless and silent, mute, nor whispering
The secrets once they told? Or would they
glow
With the sweet memories of long ago,
Where every petal quivered with the weight
And grandeur of a rapture passionate?

THE PARTED THREADS

If he came back, I wonder would he feel
The rapture of the hopes that used to steal
From out the tinted twilight as we stood
Beneath the boughs in the thick, leafy wood,
Thrilled with the song whose silent melody
None heard in all its ecstasy but we?
Would he now hear that whispered song and
 low
If he came back, who went so long ago?

Where ends the song that is yet half unsung?
In the still mound, where the green turf up-
 flung?
Dies all the music, or but hid in air,
Trembling, yet mute, in that vast Otherwhere?
The threads now parted, who shall mend again,
Weld broken links, restore the chain? And
 then
When they come back who have been gone so
 long,
I wonder will they know the old, sweet song?

WINTER AND SUMMER

WINTER AND SUMMER

SNOW on the hilltops, drear and bleak,
Snow in the vales where the shrill winds
speak

In mournful tones; but deep, and deep
Down, down, beneath, the flowers sleep.

Green are the hilltops, fresh and fair,
Sweet is the breath of the scented air,
Loosed the chains of the ice-locked lake,
And the sad heart smiles and the flowers wake.

Snow on the heart that is riven and bleak,
Snow on the heart where voices speak,
Voices of grief that is deep and deep,
Yet still in the heart the flowers sleep.

A whisper of hope on the scented air,
Flown is the snow and the bleak heart fair;
Dull Grief's grim fetters break and break,
And the sad heart smiles and the flowers wake.

SONG OF ENDEAVOR

SONG OF ENDEAVOR

'T IS not by wishing that we gain the
prize,
Nor yet by ruing,
But, from our fallings, learning how to rise,
And tireless doing.

The idols broken, nor our tears and sighs
May yet restore them.

Regret is only food for fools; the wise
Look but before them.

Nor ever yet Success was wooed with tears;
To notes of gladness
Alone the fickle goddess turns her ears,
She hears not sadness.

The heart thrives not in the dull rain and mist
Of gloomy pining.

The sweetest flowers are the flowers sun-kissed,
Where glad light's shining.

SONG OF ENDEAVOR

Look not behind thee; there is only dust
And vain regretting.

The lost tide ebbs; in the next flood thou must
Learn, by forgetting.

For the lost chances be ye not distressed
To endless weeping;

Be not the thrush that o'er the empty nest
Is vigil keeping.

But in new efforts our regrets to-day
To stillness whiling,

Let us in some pure purpose find the way
To future smiling.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

DID you give him a lift? He's a brother
of man,
And bearing about all the burden he
can.

Did you give him a smile? He was downcast
and blue,

And the smile would have helped him to
battle it through.

Did you give him your hand? He was
slipping down hill,

And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.

Did you give him a word? Did you show him
the road,

Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like
you,

But the grasp of your hand might have carried
him through.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and
a smile

Were what he most needed that last weary
mile.

Do you know what he bore in that burden of
cares

That is every man's load and that sympathy
shares?

Did you try to find out what he needed from
you,

Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the
fight,

When a lift just in time might set everything
right?

Do you know what it means—just the clasp of
a hand,

When a man's borne about all a man ought to
stand?

Did you ask what it was—why the quivering
lip,

And the glistening tears down the pale cheek
that slip?

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Were you brother of his when the time came
to be?

Did you offer to help him or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of
man,

To find what the grief is and help when you
can?

Did you stop when he asked you to give him a
lift,

Or were you so busy you left him to shift?

Oh, I know what you meant—what you say
may be true—

But the test of your manhood is, What did
you DO?

Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him
the road,

Or did you just let him go by with his load?

THE WAY TO GALILEE

THE WAY TO GALILEE

CHRIST, all these creeds of theirs and
mine!

These winnowed weeds of word and
sign!

These mummeries of form and place!

Lives there in these Thy gentle grace?

Wilt Thou not come again, to be

The Truth that lighted Galilee?

Christ, all this gilt! This panoply!

Was Thy blood spilt to ransom me,

Or canonize the thorn and cross?

Creed deifies this ash and dross.

So wilt Thou not come soon, that we

May learn the way to Galilee?

Christ, all this show! This pomp of kings!

When Thou wert low with simple things;

THE WAY TO GALILEE

When fields abroad Thy temples were,
And Thou of God the minister!

Wilt Thou not come again, to prove
The simple faith of human love?

Christ, far, how far from Calvary
Thy temples are—the creeds there be!
This rise and fall of creed on creed,
When Love is all the Faith we need!

Christ, wilt Thou come again and be
Our Guide, to find us Calvary?

THE WAKING

THE WAKING

NAY, nay, not tears, not tears!
The noblest soul is not the soul that
fears

The rushing darkness; and the dread of night
Is not for those who, be how grim the plight,
See light afar, and Faith's bright gems adorning
The sullen skies, streaked with the hope of
Morning.

'Tis only sleep—the sleep before the waking;
The darkness but the deeper for the breaking
Of Dawn so soon to be. There is no weeping
In dreamland, where the wrested soul is
sleeping.

This silent tenement speaks but release
From toil outworn into the ways of Peace.

His are the shaded groves, the paths untrod,
The dreams of Saints, the promise vast of God,

THE WAKING

The ecstasy of Knowledge earned at last
When all the burden of the flesh is cast
Into the gaping tomb; and Glory breaks
In radiant light upon the soul that wakes.

What is this Voice that through the mists is
calling:

“Lo, in my hand is every sparrow’s falling!”
Father, my Father, be my faith unswerving,
Thine be command and mine alone the serving.
Thine be the wisdom. Mine, a garland
wreathing,
But to press on, mine Amen humbly breathing.

SMILES TO-DAY

SMILES TO-DAY

FATE, would thou wert a flower lass,
Bright-eyed, red-cheeked, and as we
pass

With heavy hearts, would thou mightst cry
Thy wares of smiles and we might buy:

“Smiles to-day! Smiles to-day!
Smiles! Sweet smiles to coax away
Thy cares! Light hearts! This way!
This way!
Oh, who will buy my smiles to-day!”

Ah, more than busy wouldst thou stand
To deal them out with lavish hand,
Could every sad heart hear thy cry
And of thy wares might choose and buy:

“Smiles to-day! Smiles to-day!
Smiles! Sweet smiles to lure away
The sting of sorrow! Hearts made gay!
Oh, who will buy my smiles to-day!”

WAR

WAR

UNANGERED columns hurled upon a foe;
Blood-guiltless souls made gory at a
word;
Cheeks drenched with tears, and widowed
women's woe
In the long wail of cloistered sorrow heard.
Man at a cry made furious and grim
With scent of blood and smoke of bursting
shell;
Dead faces on a field upturned to Him,
And spirits flown—to Heaven or to Hell?
Smoke, like the fumes from Hell's own caldron
curled;
Men schooled to murder at a bugle's blare;
Emblems of empire from a staff unfurled,
Blades drawn from scabbards, bidden slay,
nor spare.

WAR

Man and his brother, Man, the tie forgot,
Each with his eye light with the lust of Cain;
Blood, as the breech of belching cannon, hot,
Leaping to splash the battled hill or plain.

Night! And long trenches with the dead thick
laid.

Sleep! And wan beacons flaring in the sky.
Rest! Claims a truce the blood-incrusted
blade.

Dreams! Of the dead by those so soon to
die.

Hark! 'Tis the bugle! And, with bloody
hands,

Sleep greets the dawn and Murder comes
from bed!

Lives are the ancient sacrifice of Lands.

Vainglory heaps her altar fires with dead.

IF WE HAD THOUGHT

IF WE HAD THOUGHT

IF we had thought,
 How much of good
 We might have done.
What we have rued,
Of haste or pride
 Or anger wrought,
Might not have been
 If we had thought.

The hasty word,
 That hurt a heart,
The pride that made
 The hot tears start,
The taunt that stung,
 The anger hot
Might have been spared
 If we had thought.

IF WE HAD THOUGHT

If we had thought,
 How much of grief
We might have eased.
 What sweet relief
To aching hearts
 We might have brought
In sympathy
 If we had thought.

If we had thought,
 Some means each day
We might have found
 To smooth the way
Of some tried soul,
 Some desert spot
We might have cheered
 If we had thought.

And yet one deed
 In kindness done,
More glory brings,
 More fame has won,
Than countless good
 We would have wrought
To all the world
 If we had thought.

A MIDWINTER PASTORAL

A MIDWINTER PASTORAL

THE frost gleams thick on the window
pane,
The cart wheels creak down the
frozen lane;
High from the chimneys everywhere
Rise threads of smoke to the biting air;
The barn door creaks with a plaintive twinge,
Where the glistening frost tints the rusted
hinge.

The old pump cries—a shivering cry;
While “Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!” tramp
the horses by.

The chore boy shivers as he stands
And beats his sides with his mittened hands,
While the ice forms thick on the old pump
spout,
As the glistening water gushes out.

A MIDWINTER PASTORAL

There's hoarfrost deep on the great ox yoke,
And the breath of the oxen comes like smoke;
The clothes hang stiff on the swaying line,
And the house dog stands with a piteous whine
At the closed storm door; and the milk cows wait
With huddled bulks at the barnyard gate.

The prying youngster, unafraid,
Dares tip his tongue to the frosted blade
Of the axe that lies at the chopping-block;
The erstwhile strut of the barnyard cock
Is only a stiff and stilted round
As he picks his toes from the frozen ground.

There's snow inch-deep where the cows once
browsed,
There's frost nail-thick on the beasts unhoused.
The chore boy stamps in the drifted snows
To coax the warmth to his tingling toes,
As he drives his fork in the sodden hay,
And the day is gray in a gloomy way.

There's a "Crunch!" and "Crunch!" as foot-
steps stalk
Down the sounding length of the pine board
walk.

A MIDWINTER PASTORAL

The well-wheel squeaks with a frosty note
And the well-rope's stiff with an icy coat,
Where gathered oxen drink their fill
With updrawn backs, and a shiver chill.

The shed door creaks with a shivering sound
As the soapsuds splash on the frozen ground
Where a pail from the half-bared arms is
 swung
Of the kitchen maid who gives quick tongue
In a treble "B-r-r-r-h-h!" and a grateful
 change
Soon finds at the glow of the kitchen range.

The chore boy beds his beasts, and then
Shoos back to its perch a vagrant hen;
The sodden snow from his feet he knocks
Ere he piles the depths of the great wood-box
With snowy sticks; and when 'tis laid,
He steals a kiss from the kitchen maid.

The fields are white and the earth is dead;
The frost snaps time to the chore boy's tread,
Stands thick, like snow, on the window pane,

A MIDWINTER PASTORAL

And the cart wheels creak down the frozen
lane,
While rise from the chimneys everywhere
Thin threads of smoke on the frosty air.

A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT

A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT

SWEETHEART of mine, could I steal
 back to thee,
 Back through the misted deeps, from
 Spiritland,
Or could I wing a whisper, tremblingly,
A message thou couldst hear and understand,
No words save only these I'd breathe to air,
Soft as the drowsy summer winds might sigh,
Light as the nestling roses in thy hair:
"Sweetheart of mine, I love thee—do not
 cry."

Mother of mine, could I look back to thee,
To see thee sitting silent and alone,
In the half-light, half-night, and could I see
Thy tear-wet cheek, and hear the heart-
 wrung moan;

A MESSAGE FROM THE NIGHT

Ah, Mother mine, if I could whisper low
A message from that Otherwhere, to fly
Upon the wings of Love, the song would blow:
“Mother of mine, I love thee—do not cry.”

Father of mine, could I call back to thee,
Back through the silent mists and sombre
shade,

When thou art cloaked in Grief and Memory,
Thy heart with mine in the deep darkness laid;
Could I, from the sad silence, speak and say
The words that wake within my heart, to dry
Those unshed tears, close to thine ears I'd lay
My lips—“Father, I love thee—do not cry.”

Oh, Love of mine, where'er thou art or how
Thou wert in lifetime linked to me,
Could I, from the far distance, on thy brow
Lay soft a spirit hand and lovingly
Speak to thee, light as leaf upon the air
Floats down, or light as sleeping lilies lie
Upon the eddyng waters, thou wouldst share
My message: “Sweet, I love thee—do not cry.”

CONTENTMENT

CONTENTMENT

LIVE in To-day, nor count the Future's
sorrow;
Live in To-day, nor dream the Future's
pain;
Live in To-day, there may be no To-morrow—
To-day's delights thou mayst not know
again.

Smile in To-day; whate'er the morrow's
bringing,
Smile in To-day, while yet thy heart is glad;
Be thou the songster all this day of singing,
To-day is bright—To-morrow may be sad.

To-day Life's harp is tuned to notes of glad-
ness,
Deft Happiness the sweetest notes may raise.
To-morrow strikes its wailing strings to sad-
ness,
And Memory only mournful music plays.

AT THE WAR OFFICE

AT THE WAR OFFICE

A WOMAN poor and a peeress proud,
A dingy room and a crushing crowd,
The gloom of death and grave and
shroud,
A stifled cry and a sob, aloud.

A heart grows cold, and an eye has read,
A soul has writhed, and a lowered head
Is bowed, and a trembling tongue has said:
“My God! My God! And *he* is dead!”

A wail, a sob, and a bitter cry,
An anguished tear in a woman's eye,
A peeress' face where agony
Is carved, and a mutely murmured “Why?”

A woman stares and a peeress starts.
Without, the din of traffic's marts
Throbs in the streets. Lie far apart
Their lives, but close, so close their hearts.

BENEATH THE SNOWS

BENEATH THE SNOWS

THERE are flowers of good cheer growing
close by the way
That stretches from dark to the dawn,
Full wreathed in the green leaves of smiles, so
they say,
And never or ever are gone.
The snows of misfortune deep mantling the
ground,
The blasts from the Northland grow shrill,
Beneath we may find them full blooming
around,
And pluck them whenever we will.

There are ripples of laughter down deep in the
heart,
As flowers that bloom 'neath the snows;
Though fettered with ice there is water apart,
That tinkles and trills as it flows.

BENEATH THE SNOWS

The breath of Misfortune may strew its hoar
frost,

The moan of the winter be chill,
The music of joy be afar but not lost,
And we may still hear, if we will.

There are songs of delight on the wings of the
wind,

Though hoarser the tempest we hear,
Though fierce in its raging the wild storm has
dinned

Its discord of strife on the ear,
The deep diapason, the storm's sullen roar,
Shall sink to a murmur, be still,
And songs that are sweeter shall tremble once
more,

The songs we may hear, if we will.

ALONE

ALONE

I THINK ten million worlds there be
 Instead of one; and ten times ten;
 A world for you and one for me,
 A world for each one soul again.
And each is peopled with its dreams,
 Its hot ambitions and desires,
Each has its fields and running streams,
 And its low burning altar fires.

And you and I walk far apart,
 You in your world and I in mine;
You with the comrades of your heart
 And dreams, and cheering suns may shine
Upon the ways you go, and I
 May speak with you, but from you far
As deeps of sea from vaulted sky,
 As pit of earth from peak of star.

Each life a universe where runs
 Space I may fathom not or you,

ALONE

Its independent course of suns,
Its sunshine, shower, and its dew.
Each throb of heart, each thrill of soul
A blazing comet in the blue,
And lightnings flash and billows roll
For me, but all unseen to you.

Across a chasm black as ink
And deep as chaos we join hands
In hollow greeting, and we drink
A pledge, and neither understands.
And we set out upon the way,
Each with his world of mind and heart,
And will be as we have been aye,
A hundred million miles apart.

So what of us may be the soul
Walks all alone upon its way
To its extinction or its goal,
Where life shall ripen or decay;
Walks all alone and none may see
What dreams may be or what have been—
Your world for you, my world for me,
That none may know or enter in.

COMPENSATION

COMPENSATION

HAD we not met we had not known these
sighs,
These heartaches and these leaden-
wingèd years,
The sorrows speaking in these grief-wet eyes—
Had we not met we had not known these
tears.

And yet, had we not met, we had not known
The bliss of gladness in those other whiles,
Ere the gay-plumaged yesterday had flown—
Had we not met we had not known those
smiles.

FORSAKEN

FORSAKEN

HIGH in the tree is an empty nest
Whence the fledglings of yesterday
are flown;

Hovers a bird in a vague unrest,
Wondering, it may be, and all alone.

Wondering, it may be, or East or West
Or South or North swept the wings untried,
Wondering over an empty nest
And the blue of the infinite sky, so wide.

High in the attic's a trundle bed
Whence the child of a Yesterday is flown;
Hovers a woman, with tears unshed,
Wondering, it may be, and all alone.

Wondering, it may be, or East or West
Or South or North roams the youth untried,
Wondering over an empty nest,
And an empty heart;—and the world so wide!

A CREED

A CREED

TO be earnest, to be strong,
To make light the way with song;
Slow to anger, quick to praise,
Walking steadfast through the days,
Firm of purpose, sure of soul,
Pressing onward to the goal,
Upright, even, undismayed,
Sure, serene, and unafraid.

To be patient, to be kind,
To be purposeful, and find
Sweetness all along the way;
Loath to judge, but firm to say
Truth with unrelenting tongue;
By no cavil veered or swung
From the right, and to endure
Hopeful, helpful, clean, and pure.

A CREED

To be gentle, to forgive,
True to life and glad to live;
To be watchful and to be
Rich with boundless charity;
To be humble in success,
Strong of heart in bitterness,
Tender, gracious, thoughtful, good
In our man- and womanhood.

To be smiling, to be glad
For the yesterdays we've had;
To be grateful all the way
For the beauties of to-day;
To be hopeful and to see
In the days that are to be,
Bigger, better, broader things,
Robes of purple, crowns of kings!

THE ARCHER'S SHAFT

THE ARCHER'S SHAFT

A FEATHERED arrow to his bow
The archer Hatred fitted taut,
Drew tight the bowstring, kneeling low,
And forth a venomed message shot.

So full his quiver he forgot,
Ere died the twang of his bowstring,
The poisoned shaft that forth he shot,
The venomed message set a-wing.

Until, as through the wood he sped
Another day, he found it where
A heart, fell stricken, lying dead,
The shaft had pierced and quivered there.

VANITIES

VANITIES

“GIVE me Fame,” cried the genius.
The wizard’s smile was grim—
His arm stretched forth and a taste-
less fruit

Plucked from a rotten limb.

“But I seek Fame,” cried the genius,
“Ye have given me instead
A rotten fruit.” The wizard spoke:
“This is Fame,” he said.

“Give me Power,” cried the monarch.
The wizard smiled again.

A crown of thorns he gave to him
And a sword with a bloody stain.

“But I seek Power,” cried the monarch,
“What have ye given instead?”
The wizard spoke: “I tell thee, Sire,
These are Power,” he said.

VANITIES

“Give me Love,” cried the maiden.

The wizard sadly smiled—

A bleeding heart he gave to her,

And the form of a cold, dead child.

“I asked for Love,” wept the maiden,

“Ye have given me Grief instead.”

The wizard sighed and softly spoke:

“Love is Grief,” he said.

“Give me Peace,” cried the weary soul.

The wizard laughed aloud,

Drew forth from his store of treasure

And gave to him a shroud.

“I asked for Peace,” he shuddered,

“Ye gave me Death instead.”

The wizard mused. “I tell thee

That this is Peace,” he said.

THOSE OTHER DAYS

THOSE OTHER DAYS

DO you remember, dear, those other days
That blossomed in the Springtime
of our years,
Where Memory's fading love-light only plays
And we but see them dimly through our
tears?

Those other days, when hopes and hearts were
young,
When hand clasped hand in fullness of
content,
Those other days, when heart songs, though
unsung,
Yet in a sweet and glad attune were blent.

Those other days when, out among the flowers,
Like little children, innocent, at play,

THOSE OTHER DAYS

We plucked from Time the petals of the hours
And then, like children, tossed them all
away.

Love, could we but go back along the way,
And gather to our hearts those scattered
flowers,
Restore the petals to the rose to-day—
Ah, me! How jealously we'd guard those
hours!

THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW

THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW

I.—THE WORM

NOW am I like a worm condemned to
crawl,
My happiness to burrow in the
earth,
Seeking communion with the shape of all
My soul held dear; to shun the cup of mirth;
To banish laughter as a thing profane;
To weed myself in black; to rear a stone;
To bury hope; to wander down the lane
Of life forsaken, cheerless, and alone.

II.—THE CHRYSALIS

What shape takes now my soul that is not woe
Nor yet is happiness; but half between

THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW

The two; the earth where I was wont to go
For comfort chills me as a thing unclean;
I am who am wife nor maid, what bids me leave
This self-abasèd state and take on wings
To fly with? Is't forbidden I shall grieve
So long upon the dust of earthly things?

III.—THE BUTTERFLY

What airy wings are these, and delicate,
That lift my soul from earth and on this
flower
Of hope bid me to rest and sip, nor fret
Upon the sorrow of a vanished hour?
Was it my soul that yesterday was cast
Into the dust? O, Time, what magic lies
In that weird wand of thine that gives at last
To worms the shape and wings of butterflies?

THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS

THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS

THE sweetest song is the unsung,
Unspoken is the kindest word,
The clearest chime the heart's unrun,
The grandest music the unheard.

Nor singer grand, nor bard with lyre,
Within his sweetest song may hold
The fullness of the flaming fire
That leaps within, but is not told.

There is a grandeur and sublime
That lingers hidden in the heart;
That will not speak in note or rhyme,
The fire, unseen, that flames apart.

The grandest deed is that, undone,
Whose endless promptings veer and roll
But take no shape—the rayless sun
That shines unseen within the soul.

THE UNSOUNDED DEPTHS

And, deed or song or rhyme or word,
That soul may stir, or heart may fill,
There is a sweeter far, unheard,
An unseen beauty, grander still.

No tongue can tell the deepest roll,
Where, all unfathomed, sweep apart
The ocean waters of the soul,
The depths unseen, within the heart.

TAPS

TAPS

LIGHTS out! and darkness brooding
 deep around
Thee, soldier; not the trembling
bugle's sound
Nor volley thrice repeated o'er the mound
 Shall waken thee.

Lights out! Not where the flag of battle flies,
Nor here, where the sad, silent shadow lies,
Shall drumbeat call or bugle bid thee rise,
 But silently,

Thy duty done, thou sleepest. Rest thee well;
Nor any rude alarm shall strike and swell
To rouse thee—Glory stands thy sentinel.
 Good-night to thee!

WE FORGET

WE FORGET

WE lift Grief's brimming beaker up,
We drain the deep dregs from the
cup,

And while our lips with gall still wet
We vow remembrance—and forget.

We drink of Pleasure's nectar sweet,
We tread her clouds with wingèd feet,
And while the tingling pulses yet
Throb to her music—we forget.

A faith we pledge, a vow we plight,
Ah, me! How more than featherlight
Our pledges weight our souls—ere yet
The echoes falter, we forget.

We leash the beast Ingratitude
In better while, in greater mood,
And ere the chain grows taut, we let
The leash to slip—and we forget.

WE FORGET

We drink to Love, all protestful,
A pledge from out the grinning skull
Of long-dead Constancy—ere yet
The chalice empty—we forget.

We vow, in frail and failing mood,
Remembrance sweet and gratitude,
Until the burden of the debt
Chafes our light souls—and we forget.

To-day, bestrewn the troubled way
With fears, as saints we kneel to pray;
The way to-morrow unbeset,
Self-proud we rise—and we forget.

9

GIVE ME CONTENT

GIVE ME CONTENT

GIVE me content; all else is vain,
Nor power nor majesty may gain
The prize, and yet in me are blent
All these, the while I am content.

Give me content, nor anything
Beside, uncrowned I were a king
With this; and majesty its throne
Might forfeit, gained it this alone.

Give me content, nor any sigh
For things the which beyond me lie,
And mine a heritage that gold
Were dross beside, and honor cold.

Give me content—power or degree,
Fame, honor, genius, majesty,
Keep thou all these, for these all blent
Thou givest, when I have content.

A RAINY DAY

A RAINY DAY

PUDDLES and pools in the village street,
Dripping eaves, where the swallows
hide,

The splash and splash of horses' feet

Down the muddy lane, and the trees beside,
Sodden and soaked till the raindrops fall,

Like tears, and the twigs with jewels set
Of limpid water, and over all

A haze of mist, like a cloak all wet.

Under the boughs of the great oak tree

The glistening bulks of the huddled kine,

Driven from the pasture and rhythmically

Munching their cuds, and their broad backs
shine,

Drenched and matted with pelting rain,

Plaintively sounding a lowing wail,

A passing team in a muddy lane

And a muffled and melancholy hail.

A RAINY DAY

Blinding sheets of the driven rain,
Mist over hollow and plain and hill,
Splashing drops on the misted pane
That trickle down to the window sill;
Beaten fowls with their ruffled crests,
Crowding close to the sheltering wall,
Dripping orchards and sodden nests,
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

The herdsman lowers his broad hat brim
To a sheltering slant, and the raindrops
fall
From the beaded edge of the lowered rim
To the oilskin coat that envelops all
His length; the guiding collie stops
From gathering in the grazing flocks
To shake from his sides the glistening drops
That mat the mass of his silken locks.

The eave spout gushes its frothy streams,
Whence the rain barrel fills and overflows
Its sides, and the slate roof blacker gleams
Through the murk and mist; the housewife
goes

A RAINY DAY

From room to room lest the windows be
Unshut, and peers through the sodden pall
Without, and the rain beats endlessly,
With mist like a wet cloak over all.

Sullen and sodden and soaked and splashed
With pelting drops lies the distant field;
The roads lie heavy, and wet steeds, dashed
With mud, where a carriage, muddy-
wheeled,
Rolls down the road, and the drear day long
The weeping clouds no comfort hold,
The pelting rain dins a sullen song
And the day is gloomy, gray, and cold.

A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN

A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN

JUST a plain little woman, with plain
little ways,

Who "tidies" the parlor with sweep-
ing and dusting,

Whose nights are for resting between two
tired days,

Whose faith is abiding, Heaven-seeking,
God-trusting.

A tired little woman, who puts lads to bed,
And lassies, and tucks them all in with
caressing,

Who breathes a sweet prayer over each little
head,

And devoutly knows God and the worth of
His blessing.

A worn little woman, yet wearing a smile
That resists the attack of all time upon
beauty,

A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN

Who is, oh, such a distance from fashion and
style,

But always so close upon patience and duty.

Whose days are a struggle of making ends meet,

Whose brow is deep lined with the real cost
of living,

Whose soul has been tried fifty years and found
sweet,

Who knows naught of getting, but knows all
of giving.

A good little woman, who somehow has learned
The lesson of faith that withstands every
trial;

Whose wifehood and motherhood nobly have
earned

The crown of her glory with thorns of denial.

A real little woman, who gives to the world

Her children, reared up in the ways of right
living,

Whose brow is all laureled, whose heart is all
pearled

With year in and year out of loving and
giving.

A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN

A glad little woman for just a dim ray
Of light in this world with its wonder and
splendor,
Who is never too tired at the close of her day
To be watchful with love that is wistful and
tender.
Who knits and who patches, and over her
thread
And needle and yarn in the night-time is
bending,
When all of her world and its treasures in bed,
Whose rest ne'er begins and whose tasks
never ending.

A plain little woman with plain little ways,
Whose life is, God knows, such a dull little
story,
Who mothers a brood all her tired little days—
What measure of treasure shall be hers in
glory!
Who knows her as I do, and treasures the
smile
That resists the attacks of all time upon
beauty,

A PLAIN LITTLE WOMAN

Whose ways were so far cast from fashion and
style,

But, oh, who walked close beside patience
and duty?

FRIENDS OF MINE

FRIENDS OF MINE

GOOD-MORNING, Brother Sunshine,
 Good-morning, Sister Song,
 I beg your humble pardon
 If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping,
 To shut you out were sin,
My heart is standing open,
 Won't you
 walk
 right
 in?

Good-morning, Brother Gladness,
 Good-morning, Sister Smile,
They told me you were coming,
 So I waited on a while.
I'm lonesome here without you,
 A weary while it's been,

FRIENDS OF MINE

My heart is standing open,
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness,
Good-morning, Sister Cheer,
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way, I keep forgetting
I have to toil or spin
When you are my companions,
Won't you
walk
right
in?

NOT DEAD

NOT DEAD

THE vase is broken,
The flower is dead,
Its petals crumbled,
Its ashes spread.

Sweeps its ruins
The wandering gust,
The leaf to ashes,
The stalk to dust.

Claims its ashes
The waiting sod,
But something lingers
That came from God—

The soul of the flower
That lives for aye,
The scented memory
That cannot die.

NOT DEAD

The vase is broken,
The life is dead.
The cold clay crumbles,
In ashes spread.

The castle totters,
With earth is blent
The offcast mantle
And tenement.

Claims its ashes
The waiting sod,
But something lingers
That came from God.

The something voiceless,
Shapeless, vast,
The sweeter perfume
That lives at last.

In dust the flower,
The life is fled,
But something lingers
And is not dead.

THREE VISIONS

THREE VISIONS

I

A WAILING mite of mystery
That in a cradle cries;
A bud, Time-opened, where to see
A soul that sleeping lies;
A throbbing lump, that wonderingly
But stares with vacant eyes.

II

A restless Longing and a Sigh
That yearns and yearns and yearns;
A flame, fierce-fed, and flaring high,
That burns and burns and burns;
A soul, God-given, with a cry,
Returns, returns, returns.

THREE VISIONS

III

A shrouded shape that senseless lies
Soul-silent in the mists;
That coldly mocks at tears and sighs,
Nor knows, nor wills, nor lists;
A senseless thing, with lightless eyes,
And ribbons on its wrists.

LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH

LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH

LIVING and loving and dying,
Life is complete in the three.
Smiling or sobbing or sighing,
Which is for you or for me?
Hoping and struggling and striving,
Dreaming success by and by,
But whether we're driven or driving,
We live and we love and we die.

Aiming and hitting and missing,
Life is complete in the three.
The fickle world praising or hissing,
Which is for you or for me?
Striding or limping or creeping,
Time drives us heartlessly by;
Meeting and parting and weeping,
We live and we love and we die.

LIFE, LOVE, AND DEATH

Yearning, rejoicing, and mourning,
Life is complete in the three.
Sackcloth or garland adorning,
Which is for you or for me?
The web of our little day, stretchèd,
Meshes a sob or a sigh;
Joyful or joyless or wretched,
We live and we love and we die.

Wishing and fearing and fretting,
Life is complete in the three.
The world's remembrance or forgetting,
Which is for you or for me?
Gnarlèd and knotted and tangled
The skeins of our little lives lie;
Mud-splattered or jewel-bespangled,
We live and we love and we die.

SUBMISSION

SUBMISSION

LORD, only this I pray,
That every day
Some spirit from Thee sent
Bring me content.

That naught of anger, pride,
With me abide,
But in my heart to be
Humility.

Though the long way be lone,
Though bread or stone
Thou givest me, 'tis good
For gratitude.

Though the dark day be night,
The ray of light
Thy will denieth me
Some soul may see.

SUBMISSION

Lord, only this I pray:
 To every day
Thou wilt me reconcile
 And make me smile.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

AUTUMN, the artist, enters in at the
door of September,
Fields and the forests her studios;
with the hand of the Master
Mixes her colors and touches with gold the
green of the landscape.

Down from the whispering trees the gilded
leaves rustle and flutter,
Russet and yellow and gold, lying like half-
finished sketches
Scattered about by the winds.
Lies sere and yellow the stubble,
Yellow and russet and red, as were the
stripped fields the palettes
Whereon she mixes her colors.
Down the long hedgerows and copses,

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

Graceful she glides in the twilight and in the
night with the shadows
Plies all her brushes unthinking, inspired, as
the soul of the genius,
Glowing from unseen flames, glistens and
gleams and illumines
Darker souls with its light.
So Autumn the artist enters,
Fields and the forests her studios, with the
hand of the Master
Mixing her colors; and leaves from the whisper-
ing tree tops that flutter
Lie in the fields and scattered about like half-
finished sketches.

NOT AGAIN

NOT AGAIN

FAITH comes the once and not again,
And confidence; the heart is vain
To nurse to life the trust once slain.

Honor comes once and not again,
Sin-spotted now, all Time is vain
To cleanse and wipe away the stain.

Love comes the once and not again,
Word-wounded now, the heart is vain
To heal the scar or dull the pain.

Pure hearts come once and not again,
Tears, sighs, regrets, to cleanse are vain
The soul that in the slime has lain.

All flawless jewels, lightly tossed
Aside, yet, ah, the bitter cost
Of tears once any jewel lost!

SHIPS AT SEA

SHIPS AT SEA

I SHALL have treasures from far distant
 isles,
 When my ship shall come in.
Treasures of Hope and freight of Sunny Smiles,
 When my ship shall come in.
What ho, my lads! Faith, Effort, and Good
 Hope!
Fling out the sail and heave ye forth the rope!
Good cheer, my lads! What of the tempest's
 din?
Steer true, my lads! The battle we shall win,
 And my ship shall come in!

Who has upon the deep no argosies
 That some day shall come in?
Who has no Hopes upon the storm-lashed seas
 That some day shall come in?

SHIPS AT SEA

Who builds no signal fire along the shore?
Who prays not, in the storm's unceasing roar,
That Fortune may God-speed his craft and
 save
His freight of Hope from rock and reef and
 wave,
That his ship may come in?

Yet, ah! The ships set forth upon the sea
 That never shall come in!
The Hopes, with flashing sails, for you and me,
 That never shall come in!
The sad-eyed ones who watch above the wave
O'er the vast deep of life which is the grave
For countless throbbing hopes! The trem-
 bling lips
That quiver, when they would welcome the
 ships
That never shall come in!

THE HEART'S LOST

THE HEART'S LOST

NOT that the dead leaves are tossed
Is the sharpness of grief,
Not that the tints of the frost
Streak the green of the leaf.

Not in the shroud of the snow
That the winter has spread,
Not in the pall is our woe
For the summer that's dead.

Not that the ice fetters hush
The sweet voice of the rill,
Not that the song of the thrush
In the forest is still.

Not that the woodbine is dead
On the window and wall,
Not that the robin has fled
From the stripped tree and tall.

THE HEART'S LOST

Not that the ash of the rose
 In the dust scattered lies,
Not in the breath of the snows
 Or the winter's wild cries.

But, O Heart, what sorrows they bring,
 When the red leaves are spread!
And, O Heart, what dirges they sing
 To thee of thy dead!

THE FOOL

THE FOOL

THE Fool raised up a castle tall,
With haughty spire and pillared hall,
And circled 'round a mighty wall.

Bolted and barred, with donjon keep,
With mighty battlements and steep,
All moat-encompassed, wide and deep.

Raised he aloft the drawbridge wide,
Clanged he the massive door with pride:
"Safe here am I, whate'er betide."

Death dimly viewed his stout defense,
Smiled on the frowning battlements
And called his servant, Pestilence.

Set him upon the wind to ride.
"Go seek this haughty Fool," he cried,
"To strike him all his bars inside!"

THE FOOL

Grim frowns the castled pile and bold,
Grim frown the hoary stones and old.
Within the Fool lies, still and cold.

THE COST OF LIVING

THE COST OF LIVING

WHAT is the cost of living?
The price of bread and a bone?
The thirst of the parchèd lips for
drink

And the cry for food alone?
Masters of facts and figures,
Ye who have writ the scroll,
Count ye the cost as a huckster's charge,
With never a thought of soul?

Ye with the bloodless story
Of figures and fact arrayed,
Heard ye no tale of the mother's pain
On the bed where the child is laid?
Ye tell the cost of living,
Took ye no thought on it—
The anguished price that a mother pays
And the patience infinite?

THE COST OF LIVING

What is the cost of living?

Saw ye no blind and lame?

Heard ye no cry of a soul's despair?

Saw ye no blush of shame?

Met ye no disappointed?

Dried ye no tearful eye

That wept o'er the clay of an idol dead

Ere the sun was noonday high?

What is the cost of living?

Heard ye of none who died

High on a cross of shattered hopes

And longings unsatisfied?

Saw ye no slaves unwilling?

Heard ye no bitter cry

Of men accursed with the taint of sin,

Fearing to live or die?

What is the cost of living?

All of our toil and tears,

All of our doubts and sorrows,

All of our woes and fears.

Grim, and with greed increasing,

Life for his debt claims pay,

Never the sum decreasing,

Now or ever or aye!

THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER

*THE RETURN OF THE
DREAMER*

I HEARD, half nodding in my chair,
A rap upon my door,
And bade come in who might be there,
Ashamèd that my floor
Should be so littered and ill kept;
And then he opened wide
My study door, as I half slept,
And softly stepped inside.

His face was freckled with the sun,
His legs bare from the knee,
His trousers rested on their one
Support unsteadily;
He lifted off a worn straw hat
From tangled, uncombed hair,
But he had eyes to tell me that
His soul was fine and fair.

THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER

I closed and laid aside the book

That rested on my knee—

His face had a familiar look

That interested me:

The turned-up nose, the bare, brown knee,

The straw hat he had thrown

Aside, the smile, the voice—yes, he

Was someone I had known.

Then in my lap he sat him down,

In a familiar way,

Nor seemed to fear that I would frown

On him or say him nay.

“We made a pledge one time,” said he,

“A promise and a prayer,

As long ago as memory,

Do you remember where?

“We made it with the dew at morn,

When noontime splendors gleamed;

When wearied with our play and worn,

Beneath some bough we dreamed;

Where brooks above their pebbles purled,

Abreast the hilltops, too;

A pledge of service to the world

Of steadfast faith and true.

THE RETURN OF THE DREAMER

“We pledged it when, with pillowed head,
And wearied from much play,
We both lay fast asleep in bed
And dreamed of that Someday,
When we should falter not or weep,
But count life’s glory fair,
If we the pledge might always keep,
The promise and the prayer.

“I feared somehow our faith might be
Less steadfast with the years,
That sorrow might cloud memory
And hope grow faint with tears;
So I am come again to you
From Sometime and Somewhere
To bid you say the pledge anew,
The promise and the prayer.”

He smiled and slipped down from my knee—
And then I knew his name,
And bade him stay and dream with me;
But quickly as he came
He went out by my study door,
The soul of him so fair,
And left me all alone once more,
Alone, and dreaming there.

THE WAYS OF A BOY

THE WAYS OF A BOY

THIS is the way a boy comes home,
And the way it shall ever be:
A scamper of feet through the leaf
and loam,
And the chase of a vagrant bee;
A coat cast off and quite forgot,
A whistle and ringing cheer,
And a romp near every well-loved spot,
On the way from There to Here.

This is the way a boy makes haste,
And the way it has ever been:
A squirrel seen is a squirrel chased,
A top is made to spin,
A tree's to climb and a brook's to wade,
And the shade is a place to lie,
After the zest of the game well played
Where the sun was hot and high.

THE WAYS OF A BOY

This is the path a boy calls straight:
By every winding way
Where berries are or wild birds wait,
Or squirrels dart at play;
By banks that bid you sit and cool
Two dusty feet and brown
In the pebbly shallows of the pool
That's just half-way from Town.

This is the errand swiftly done,
As doing shall ever be:
An ounce of care to the pound of fun
And an hour that grows to three;
A fence to climb and a rail to stride,
With berries to hunt and share,
And a breathless quarter-hour beside
A timid ground-hog's lair.

Oh, this is the thing a boy calls Care,
And the thing it shall ever be:
An old straw hat that's lost somewhere
In the shade of a far-off tree;
A shirt that's damp and trousers rent,
A bruise or a hornet's sting,
And lagging footsteps choreward bent
In the soft twilights of Spring.

THE WAYS OF A BOY

So these are the ways that boys all know,
And so may they ever be:
Fancies as fickle as winds that blow,
And dreams as deep as the sea;
Heaven above where the blue sky smiles,
With no day overlong;
And a whistle of merry tunes that whiles
A whole world into song.

THE SAND MAN

THE SAND MAN

LITTLE heads are nodding now,
nodding, half asleep,
Sand man's coming 'round.
Twilight growing dimmer now, shadows fall-
ing deep,
Sand man's coming 'round.
Little hands are quiet now; sleepy, sleepy
head,
Drooping, drooping eyelids that are heavier
than lead,
Time that little children all were bundled off
to bed,
Sand man's coming 'round.

Birds no longer singing now; all asleep—but
hark!
Sand man's coming 'round.

THE SAND MAN

Don't you hear him creeping, creeping softly
through the dark?

Sand man's coming 'round.

Children never see him, but they surely cannot
doubt,

When their little eyes are full of sand he
scatters all about,

And rub and rub as rub they will they cannot
get it out.

Sand man's coming 'round.

Little ones are dreaming now, dreaming with
a smile,

Sand man's been around.

Little eyes half open but he closed them after
while,

Sand man's been around.

Whispered in each ear, oh, such a sleepy
lullaby,

Touching with his wand of sleep each struggling
little eye,

Till it couldn't keep from closing tight, no
matter how it try.

Sand man's been around.

THE SAND MAN

Children growing older now, shadows falling
deep,

Sand man's coming 'round

Coming 'round to coax his grown-up children
off to sleep,

Sand man's coming 'round.

Lights are growing dimmer now; weary heart
and head,

Toil is nearly over; comes the time for rest
instead,

Eyes on earth are closing now. Sleep! To
bed! To bed!

Sand man's coming 'round.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

THE LITTLE BROTHER

HE'S not as big as us or strong,
But when we go somewhere,
He always wants to go along
And wants to have his share
Of all the fun, but he's tired out
Before a half a mile,
So then we boys take turn about
And carry him a while.

His feet are not as tough as ours,
But white and tender too,
And he can't stand a couple hours
Of walking like we do,
So when we reach a stony place
He looks up with a smile,
And then somebody pats his face
And carries him a while.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

And then he wraps his arms around
Your neck and holds on tight,
Until he gets down on the ground
Again and walks all right;
And my! He runs and jumps about
And feels his very best,
Because when he was tired out
He had a little rest.

And if we have to cross the creek
On stepping-stones, you see,
You hear him pipe up shrill and speak:
"Who's going to carry me?"
And then Bill Briggs or Henry Jones
Will lift him the same way
And walk across the slippery stones
As if it was just play.

And he is never scared at all,
Because he always knows
That none of us will let him fall,
No matter where he goes.
And if his legs should start to ache
From how he runs and plays,
He knows some one of us will take
And carry him a ways.

THE LITTLE BROTHER

And when we're going home at last
And pretty nearly there,
We carry him, and he is fast
Asleep and doesn't care
For any troubles in the world,
And doesn't know it's night,
And both his little arms are curled
Around your neck so tight.

And then, the first thing that he knows
He's home and safe in bed,
Somebody's taken off his clothes
And laid his curly head
Upon the pillow, and it seems
He's glad as he can get,
Because he looks as if he dreams
He's being carried yet.

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR

PRAY, where are the toys of Yesteryear:
The jumping-jack with its flaring red,
The fuzzy dog and the antlered deer,
The drum with its sticks and tuneful head,
The Noah's ark with its wooden crew,
The building blocks with the letters on?
The child has toys that are bright and new,
But where, pray where, have the old friends
gone?

Somewhere in the attic in corner dark
The jumping-jack and the split drum lie,
The wooden crew of the Noah's ark,
And the tin of the battered infantry.
There, half by the rubbish and dust concealed,
The fuzzy dog and the wooden deer,
The building blocks with their colors
peeled
Half off and the stringless top,—all here.

THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR

Pray, where are the toys of the Yesteryear:
The gaudy dreams with their colors gay,
The castled hopes that were passing dear,
The joys of our boyhood's merry play?
The man has toys that are bright and new,
On the wreck of dreams new dreams appear,
But where are the hopes of the flaring hue
That were our toys of the Yesteryear?

Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams
fade,
The broken idol and shattered vase,
The castled hopes in their ruins laid
Come here to a common trysting place.
Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days,
The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are here
That made us glad in a hundred ways,
And these are the toys of the Yesteryear.

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

*THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY
BELL*

I

I WAS born of the dreamings of Men;
Of their glorious visions and vast;
Of the hopes of great souls that were cast
Into my being; and then
High in my tower I sang
Liberty's song, and I rang
All of the dreams they had dreamed
Over and over again.
God, how I rang! And it seemed
I was alive, with a soul; and my voice
Cried from my great throat: "Rejoice, ye!
Rejoice!
Freedom is born in the armor of Right!
Freedom is born in the glory of Might!
Freedom is born, with a banner of Light

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

White as the heat of her great soul's desires;
Pure as the glory to which she aspires;
High as the dreams of her patriot sires!"

II

I was cast by the might of free souls;
Cast in the furnace of Thought,
Blazing and fiery and hot.
God from his eternal scrolls
Gave me the letters to make me a name,
Letters to blaze with a luminous flame;
Letters to live through the Ages the same;
Letters to humble the Tyrant in shame;
"Liberty!" Aye—and a Glory to be
High as God's Heaven and deep as His sea,
Wide as His universe—just, aye, as He!

III

In the consecrate souls of the just
My voice has been heard all the years.
I am hallowed with blood and with tears.
Kings assailed me with blood and with lust,
But ever, up, up from the dust

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

My soul has been lifted again
By the might of the souls of just men,
Who poured in the furnace wherein I was cast
The dreams and the visions of all ages past;
The blood of the heroes who died for my
 name
With souls that were white as my letters of
 flame;
The glory of lives that were given for me,
The love that was deep as the fathomless sea
Of Right and of Justice—that Men should be
 free!
And to the red furnace wherein I was
 wrought
Came patriot martyrs with souls flaming hot
And swords gleaming sheathless—and died
 near that spot.

IV

I am Truth, I am Love, I am Light,
I am God's promised glory made sure.
I am man's aspiration grown pure.
I am Justice and Mercy and Right,

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

I am God in the souls of just men
To lift them to Heaven again.

I am wealth beyond riches and power above
kings;

I am every edged sword from a scabbard that
springs

In defense of the Right. I am mankind
set free.

I am past dreams made perfect and glories
to be.

I am Freedom's fair flag never more to be
furled.

I am God in His Heaven and Man in God's
world.

V

I am courage full-steeled,
Bidden die but not yield
When the just cause is mine.

I am altar and shrine
Of my land and of thine,

Where the prayers of a patriot army were said,
Where Freedom came, weeping, to hallow her
dead.

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

I am every tradition of Honor and Fame,
I am Liberty blazing in letters of flame
To light Glory's pathway for souls without
shame.

VI

Let me swing!
Let me ring!
Hear me sing!
Hear me bring
My message of Freedom—God's voice set
a-wing
Proclaiming and naming each man to be king!
Aye, cherish thou must
Me, ye souls of the just,
Nor Dishonor taint me
Nor foul purpose rust,
For do ye not cherish
Me then shall ye perish
With all of thy temples laid crumbling in
dust,
With all of thy glories grown foul with the
lust
Of honor's betrayal and unhallowed trust.

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

VII

Did ye think I was cracked,
With my tongue ever stilled?
That the soul of me lacked
God's own spirit that filled
The souls of my sires when they heard me
and thrilled
To the notes of my music—to His purpose
willed
By patriot martyrs in blood that was
spilled
That we all might be free?
Know ye these things of me:
That my spirit is deathless and ever shall
be,
That my strength grows yet greater in souls
of the free.
To slay every tyrant and free every slave;
To brand every bigot and scourge every knave;
To smite every coward who skulks in my
path,
To fright every traitor with fear of my wrath,
To seize from Dishonor the foul spoil it
hath.

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

To set on Oppression the mark of my heel;
To bid every sapper of freedom come feel
The weight of my arm at the edge of my
 steel;
 To blast with my lightnings the judge in his
 gown,
 The king in his ermine, and cast them all
 down,
In death and dishonor, in wreck and in dust,
Who dares to be faithless to me and my trust!
 Aye, see me incarnate Truth, Justice, and
 Right,
 As God of my fathers was incarnate Might,
Ye builders of Temples and makers of laws
Who treat with Dishonor, nor serve in my
 cause,
 And know I shall smite thee and scourge thee
 and make
 Thy names to be mocked through the world
 for my sake!

VIII

But ye, O ye Freemen, who hallow my shrine
With lives consecrated to my cause and thine,

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

How high shall I write thee in letters of
flame

Who live for my glory and die for my name!

Whose Faith shall be long,

Whose great souls shall be strong

Forever and ever to echo my song,

To strive with injustice and battle with wrong;

To seek out Oppression and brand it with
shame;

To fathom corruption and blast it with flame

Of Justice's hot anger, how high may it be,

How trenched and secure in the shadow of me.

IX

So cleanse ye my temples and guard every
shrine

To cherish in splendor these glories of mine,

Till Evil shall hate thee,

But glory await thee,

And new joy elate thee,

Thy soul to be stirred

Above every measure, beyond every word,

Because of my message thy soul now hath
heard.

THE VOICE OF THE LIBERTY BELL

X

My sires have baptized me with blood and
with tears—

Ye greet me with tumult and shouting and
cheers,

But do ye baptizeme, ye men without shame,
Again, as my sires did, in Liberty's name.

No bloody baptism of fire and the sword,

A richer baptism of faith in the Lord,

Of trust in His purpose, of part in His plan,
Of His chiefest glory in justice to Man;

Of past dreams made perfect, of glories to be,

Of lives consecrated that men shall be free;

Of Hope to be glad as the spirit of me;

Of Love to be wide as the sweep of the sea;

Of right to be sure and eternal as He

Who blazed me in luminous letters of flame
To light Glory's pathway for souls without
shame!



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