



# SUCH AS THEY ARE

POEMS

BY T. W. HIGGINSON AND  
MARY THACHER HIGGINSON



ILLUSTRATED

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 1927 Copyright No. ....

Shelf 88

1893

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















SUCH AS THEY ARE



# SUCH AS THEY ARE

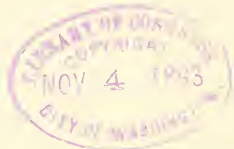
## Poems

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

AND

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON



BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1893

72 1987

S 8

1293

*Copyright, 1893,*  
BY ROBERTS BROTHERS.

University Press:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

OF the poems contained in this volume, the following have already been published in various periodicals :

The "Ode to a Butterfly," "Two Lessons," "The Horizon Line," "The Sleeping-Car," and "The Test" in the *Century Magazine* ; "The Anchored Dories" in *Harper's Magazine* ; "Rabiah's Defence" and "Ghost-Flowers" in the *Atlantic* ; "Pompeii" in the *Cosmopolitan* ; "An Egyptian Banquet" in *Scribner's Monthly* ; "Twilight" in *St. Nicholas* ; "An American Stonehenge" in the *New England Magazine* ; "Absent" and "Reprieve" in *The Independent* ; "Glimpsewood," "The Baltimore Oriole," "Nemesis," and the "Hermit Thrush" in *The Christian Union* ; "The Strength of the Hills," and "Joy cometh with the Morning" in *The Christian Register* ; "Inland," "Conquered," "Cobwebs," and "In a Rose Garden" in *Harper's Bazar* ; "Taking Leave" and "True to the May-flower" in the *Youth's Companion*.

The thanks of the authors are respectfully given to the editors and publishers of these various periodicals for the privilege of reprinting.



# CONTENTS.

---

## Part I.

(T. W. H.)

PAGE

THE TRUMPETER . . . . .	11
JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING . . . . .	12
AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET . . . . .	13
AN AMERICAN STONEHENGE . . . . .	14
THE HORIZON LINE . . . . .	16
RABIAH'S DEFENCE . . . . .	17
THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE . . . . .	21
THE SLEEPING-CAR . . . . .	22
NEMESIS . . . . .	24
MAB'S PONIES . . . . .	25
THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE . . . . .	26
ODE TO A BUTTERFLY . . . . .	27
THE TWO LESSONS . . . . .	30
CROSSED SWORDS . . . . .	31
AN OUT-DOOR KINDERGARTEN . . . . .	32
DIRGE . . . . .	34
FORWARD . . . . .	35
NATURE'S CRADLE-SONG . . . . .	36
ALBUM VERSES FOR CHILDREN . . . . .	38

## Part II.

(M. T. H.)

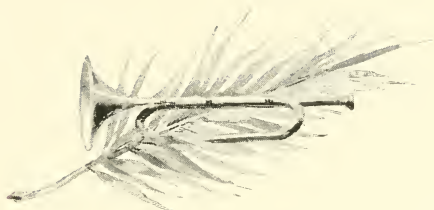
	PAGE
GLIMPSEWOOD . . . . .	43
THE HERMIT THRUSH . . . . .	44
THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS . . . . .	46
GHOST-FLOWERS . . . . .	47
INLAND . . . . .	48
THE TEST . . . . .	49
CONQUERED . . . . .	50
EXPECTANT . . . . .	52
THE ANCHORED DORIES . . . . .	54
TWILIGHT . . . . .	56
REPRIEVE . . . . .	57
BLOSSOMING . . . . .	58
POMPEII . . . . .	59
COBWEBS . . . . .	60
EXILES . . . . .	62
IN A ROSE GARDEN . . . . .	64
HE GIVETH SNOW . . . . .	66
ABSENT . . . . .	68
TRUE TO THE "MAYFLOWER" . . . . .	69
TO A POET ON HIS BIRTHDAY . . . . .	72
TAKING LEAVE . . . . .	73



PART I.

(T. W. H.)





### THE TRUMPETER.

I BLEW, I blew, the trumpet loudly sounding ;  
I blew, I blew, the heart within me bounding ;  
The world was fresh and fair, yet dark with wrong,  
And men stood forth to conquer at the song  
I blew, I blew, I blew.

The field is won; the minstrels loud are crying,  
And all the world is peace; and I am dying.  
Yet this forgotten life was not in vain;  
Enough if I alone recall the strain  
I blew, I blew, I blew.

JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING.

OUT of the dreams and the dust of ages,  
Hindu reverie, Hebrew boy,  
Deeds of heroes and lore of sages,  
Comes the hope that turns earth to joy.

But the rosy light of the morning teaches  
A blither knowledge than books can tell,  
And the song that rings through the orchard preaches  
The ceaseless message that all is well.

Hark to the lesson that Nature meaneth!  
List to the breeze on the pine-clad hill!  
See, the sun-rays stream to the zenith!  
Thrice the oriole whistles shrill.

Myriad odors are faint and tender,  
Sweet notes come from the woodlands far.  
Draw fresh life from the day's new splendor,  
Pluck thy hope from the morning star!

AN EGYPTIAN BANQUET.

A CROWDED life, where joy perennial starts ;  
The boy's pulse beating 'mid experience sage ;  
Wild thirst for action, time could ne'er assuage ;  
Countless sad secrets, learned from weary hearts ;  
New thresholds gained, as each full hour departs ;  
Long years read singly, each an opened page ;  
Love's blissful dreams and friendship's priceless gage ;  
A name grown famous through the streets and marts ;  
Knowledge advancing ; thoughts that climb and climb ;  
Aims that expand ; new pinions that unfurl ;  
Age that outstrips all promise of its prime ;  
Hopes which their prayers at utmost heaven hurl, —  
Till in an instant, in a point of time,  
Death, the Egyptian, melts and drinks the pearl.



### AN AMERICAN STONEHENGE.

FAR up on these abandoned mountain farms  
Now drifting back to forest wilds again,  
The long, gray walls extend their claspings arms,  
Pathetic monuments of vanished men.

Serpents in stone, they wind o'er hill and dell  
'Mid orchards long deserted, fields unshorn, —  
The crumbling fragments resting where they fell  
Forgotten, worthless to a race new-born.

Nearer than stones of storied Saxon name  
These speechless relics to our hearts should come.  
No toiler for a priest's or monarch's fame,  
This farmer lived and died to shape a home.

What days of lonely toil he undertook!  
What years of iron labor! and for what?  
To yield the chipmunk one more secret nook,  
The gliding snake one more sequestered spot.

So little time on earth; so much to do;  
Yet all that waste of weary, toil-worn hands!  
Life came and went; the patient task is through:  
The men are gone; the idle structure stands.

## THE HORIZON LINE.

WE wander wide o'er earth's remotest lands,  
Yet never reach those wondrous realms that are  
Bounded in childhood by thy shadowy bar,  
That 'twixt us and our fortunes ever stands.  
Though Caesar tread the globe with conquering bands  
He cannot touch thine outline faint and far  
That flies before him; and the heaven's least star  
Is not more safe from contact of his hands.  
O spell forever vague and hovering,  
Thou offerest endless balm for jaded eyes,  
Dull with achievement! Man until he dies  
Thy magic distance can no nearer bring, —  
Alluring, soft, elusive, still it lies  
On the throng'd earth one inaccessible thing.



## RABIAH'S DEFENCE.\*

GO not away from us; stay, O Rabbah, son of Mukâd!  
Soft may the clouds of dawn spread dew on thy  
grassy grave,  
Rabbah, the long-locked boy, who guardedst thy women,  
dead.

Fast rode the fleeing band, straight for the pass al-Khadîd,  
Mother and daughters, wives, and Rabbah the only man,  
Fleeing for honor and life through lands of a vengeful tribe.  
Sudden a moving cloud came swift o'er the hill behind.  
Dark rode the men of Sulaim, and Death rode dark in  
their midst.

"Save us!" the mother cried. "O boy, thou must fight  
alone!"

"Hasten, ride!" he said, calm. "I only draw rein till a  
wind

Blowing this dust away gives place to look for the foe."

\* The tradition may be found in Lyall's *Ancient Arabian Poetry*, page 56.  
The measure is an imitation of the Arabic Tawil.

His sisters moaned, "He deserts!" "Have you known it?" Rabiah cried.

The women rode and rode. When the dust cleared, his arrows sprang

Straight at the following foe: the pride of their host went down.

Swift turned Rabiah his mare, and o'ertook his retreating kin,

Halting to face again as the men of Sulaim closed round. Once more his mother called: "Charge thou again, O son! Keep off their hands from us all; meet them with shaft on shaft."

Still he kept turning, and aimed till every arrow was gone; Still rode the women on, — by sunset the pass was near. Still the black horses came, and Rabiah drew his sword, Checked for the last time there, and face to face with a clan.

Then rode Nubaishah up, son of the old Habib, Thrust young Rabiah through, and cried aloud, "He is slain! Look at the blood on my lance!" Said Rabiah only, "A lie!"

Turned and galloped once more, and faced when he reached al-Khadid.

There had the women paused, to enter the pass one by one. "Mother," he cried, "give me drink!" She answered, "Drink; thou art dead,

Leaving thy women slaves. First save thou thy women,  
then die!"

"Bind up my wound," he said; she bound with her veil.

He sang,

"I was a hawk that drove the tumult of frightened birds,  
Diving deep with my blows, before and again behind."

Then she said, "Smite again!" and he, where the pass  
turns in,

Sat upright on his steed, barring the road once more.

Then drew the death-chill on; he leaned his head on his  
spear,

Dim in the twilight there, with the shadows darkening  
down.

Never a dog of Sulaim came up, but they watched and  
watched.

The mare moved never a hoof; the rider was still as she;  
Till sudden Nubaishah shrieked, "His head droops down  
on his neck!

He is dead, I tell you, dead! Shoot one true shaft at his  
mare!"

The mare started, she sprang; and Rabiah fell, stone cold.  
Far and away through the pass the women were safe in  
their homes.

Then up rode a man of Sulaim, struck Rabiah hard with  
his spear,

Saying, "Thou Pride of God, thou alone of mortals wast  
brave.

Never a man of our tribe but would for his women die;  
Never before lived one who guarded them yet, though  
dead!"

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

A WINGED sunbeam flashes through the trees  
And whistles thrice, as if the air took voice  
And all the embodied springtime cried, "Rejoice!"  
The jocund notes enchant the morning breeze,  
Now here, now there, still shifting as they please, —  
"O fear not! all is well since I am here."  
The blind, the imprisoned, know that cry of cheer,  
And grief must yield to joy's blithe litanies.

A myriad blossoms cluster round his feet,  
And all the air is full of heaven-sent things.  
Hark! once again the jubilant treble rings,  
Swift as that hurrying flight, though wild and sweet.  
What room is left for meanness or deceit  
Or fear, in planets where the oriole sings?



## THE SLEEPING-CAR.

*Celum non animum mutant.*

WE lie with senses lulled and still  
'Twixt dream and thought, 'twixt night and day,  
While smoke and steam their office fill  
To bear our prostrate forms away.

The stars, the clouds, the mountains, all  
Glide by us through the midnight deep;  
The names of slumbering cities fall  
Like feathers from the wings of sleep.

Till at the last, in morning light,  
Beneath an alien sky we stand;  
Vast spaces traversed in a night;  
Another clime, another land.

## NEMESIS.

THE stern processional ascends the steep  
Of high Olympus, and the kings of song  
With ceaseless note the antiphony prolong  
Of those who robe in sackcloth. Sad and deep  
Their voices who the unchecked remembrance keep  
Of wandering passion. Fearlessly and strong  
Did Shakespeare wail the expense of spirit's wrong,  
And Burns the woe that poppied pleasures reap.

Easier for human hearts to bear a pain  
Than to forego the rapture that they miss.  
Men may repent, but how can they forget?  
Sin's retribution dwells in longings vain,—  
Not in remorse, but in the wild regret  
And helpless yearning for disastrous bliss.



## MAB'S PONIES.

FAR off among our pine-clad hills,  
When night is on the forest glade,  
Amid the shadowy rocks and rills  
There roams a tinkling cavalcade.

We sometimes hear, half waked from sleep,  
A nearer hoof, a phantom neigh,  
Till breezes from Monadnock sweep  
And bear the magic sounds away.

Their home is in the dusky woods;  
Their tramp is on the midnight sod;  
No eye descries their solitudes,  
The uplands where their feet have trod.

Above the works of farmers dead,  
Their fields untilled, their harvests gone,  
Romance resumes its airy tread  
Within the haunts of Oberon.

## THE MONK OF LA TRAPPE.

THAT silent man, who gazes on the waves,  
Clad in the garb which severs him from life  
And bars all hope of home or child or wife,  
Once knew the bliss that thrills, the grief that raves.  
Kings were his friends, and queens his meek-voiced slaves.  
Each crowded day with passionate impulse rife,  
He tasted hope, fear, anguish, longing, strife;  
Remorse that hates, yet seeks, condemns, yet craves.  
Perhaps some dream, as sinks yon evening sun,  
Leads back the dramas of his stormy prime,—  
Beauty embraced, foes quelled, ambitions won,—  
A tangled web of courage and of crime.  
Those years, long wholly vanished, throb for him  
Like pangs which haunt the amputated limb.



ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

THOU spark of life that waviest wings of gold,  
Thou songless wanderer 'mid the songful birds,  
With Nature's secrets in thy tints unrolled  
Through gorgeous cipher, past the reach of words,  
Yet dear to every child  
In glad pursuit beguiled,  
Living his unspoiled days 'mid flowers and flocks and  
herds!

Thou winged blossom, liberated thing,  
What secret tie binds thee to other flowers,  
Still held within the garden's fostering?  
Will they too soar with the completed hours,  
    Take flight, and be like thee  
    Irrevocably free,  
Hovering at will o'er their parental bowers?

Or is thy lustre drawn from heavenly hues,—  
A sumptuous drifting fragment of the sky,  
Caught when the sunset its last glance imbues  
With sudden splendor, and the tree-tops high  
    Grasp that swift blazonry,  
    Then lend those tints to thee,  
On thee to float a few short hours, and die?

Birds have their nests; they rear their eager young,  
And flit on errands all the livelong day;  
Each fieldmouse keeps the homestead whence it sprung;  
But thou art Nature's freeman, — free to stray  
    Unfettered through the wood  
    Seeking thine airy food,  
The sweetness spiced on every blossomed spray.

The garden one wide banquet spreads for thee,  
O daintiest reveller of the joyous earth!  
One drop of honey gives satiety;  
A second draught would drug thee past all mirth.  
    Thy feast no orgy shows;  
    Thy calm eyes never close,  
Thou soberest sprite to which the sun gives birth.

And yet the soul of man upon thy wings  
Forever soars in aspiration; thou  
His emblem of the new career that springs  
When death's arrest bids all his spirit bow.  
    He seeks his hope in thee  
    Of immortality.  
Symbol of life, me with such faith endow!

## THE TWO LESSONS.

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem :

Fortunam ex aliis. — *Æneas to Ascanius* (*Æneid*, xii. 435).

**L**EARN, boy, from me what dwells in man alone,  
Courage immortal, and the steadfast sway  
Of patient toil, that glorifies the day.  
What most ennobles life is all our own,  
Yet not the whole of life; the fates atone  
For what they give by what they keep away.  
Learn thou from others all the triumphs gay  
That dwell in sunnier realms, to me unknown.  
Each soul imparts one lesson; each supplies  
One priceless secret that it holds within.  
In your own heart — there only — stands the prize.  
Foiled of all else, your own career you win.  
We half command our fates; the rest but lies  
In that last drop which unknown powers fling in.

## CROSSED SWORDS.

**M**Y grandsire fought for England, sword in hand ;  
My other grandsire joined in high debate,  
To free a nation and to mould the State.  
Within my blood the two commingled stand,  
Yielding this heart, still true to its own land,  
A mingled heritage of love and hate.  
The peevish pens of London cannot prate  
So coarsely, but I feel the eternal band  
That binds me, England, to thy low-hung shore,  
Thy dainty turf, smooth stream, and gentle hill,  
So alien from our spaces vast and wild.  
Were England dying, at her cannon's roar,  
I think my grandsire's sword would stir and thrill,  
Though when this land lay bleeding, England smiled.



AN OUT-DOOR KINDERGARTEN.

O MISTS that loiter, vague and wild,  
Along the enchanted stream,  
Come lend your lesson to my child,  
And teach her how to dream.

O wood-thrush, murmuring tender lays  
From pine-tree depths above,  
Make her thy pupil all her days,  
And teach her how to love



Thou oriole, in thy blithesome chant  
A fearless counsel give ;  
Thy brave and joyous influence grant,  
And teach her how to live.

And guard her, Nature, till she bears,  
These forest paths along,  
A heart more joyous than thine airs,  
And fresher than thy song.

## DIRGE.

*A Scottish Echo.*

**H**EART of the oak-grain, full of trembling love  
(Oh and alas-a-day, oh and alas-a-day!),  
Glad eyes that looked around, within, above,  
(Ten thousand times good-night, and peace for thee!)

Up the long hillside, through the moonlit glade  
(Oh and alas-a-day, oh and alas-a-day!),  
Serene and pure, thine innocent steps have strayed  
(Ten thousand times good-night, and love for thee!);

But now released at length from life's low glen  
(Oh and alas-a-day, oh and alas-a-day!),  
Where shall thy paths be when we meet again?  
(Ten thousand times good-night, and heaven for thee!)

## FORWARD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.)

**I**T is a time of swell and flood ;  
We linger on the strand,  
And all that might to us bring good  
Lies in a distant land.

Oh, forward! forward! why stand still?  
The tide will not run dry ;  
Who in the flood ne'er venture will,  
That land shall never spy.



## NATURE'S CRADLE-SONG.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.)

*“Dreimal mit dem weissen Kleide”*

**T**HRIECE with winter's whitest snows  
Has thy mother decked thy bed,  
Thrice 'mid summer's loveliest glows  
Twined green garlands o'er thy head,  
Asking yet uncomforted,  
“Still thy slumber art thou keeping?”  
—Thou art still in cradle sleeping.

Thrice have come the soft spring showers  
Where thy quiet form reposes ;  
Thrice have blown the snow-drop flowers,  
Thrice the violets, thrice the roses,  
Murmuring oft with sweetest closes,  
“ Still thy soul in slumber steeping ? ”  
— Thou art still in cradle sleeping.

Thrice three hundred nights and morrows  
Moon and sun have watched thy dreaming ;  
Now they look with ceaseless sorrows  
O'er thee once with rapture gleaming ;  
Silent asks their steadfast beaming,  
“ Comes no light through darkness creeping ? ”  
— Thou art still in cradle sleeping.

Thrice spring zephyrs in their flowing  
Soft have rocked thee to repose ;  
Thrice rude Boreas, wilder blowing ;  
Every wind thy slumber knows,  
Striving, while the season goes,  
Which shall hold thee in his keeping.  
— Thou art still in cradle sleeping.

ALBUM VERSES FOR CHILDREN.

I. (M. W. H.)

**I**N days of old, the minstrel far did roam,  
Singing his lay, "Si douce est Margu rite ;"  
But now the minstrel only stays at home,  
Yet still he sings, "My Margaret is sweet."

II. (E. B.)

IN old books, the reader readeth  
Of three Saxon queens named Edith :  
One was brave, and one was bonny,  
And the third had heaps of money.  
Happier may this Edith be  
Than the happiest of the three.

## III. (A. B.)

What shall I give to thee, Annie darling,  
Playmate of mine by the ocean sands?  
Gems for the ears I have splashed with sea-foam,  
Or rings of pearl for the brown, brown hands?

Well that I am not a fairy, Annie!  
I might bring many a treasure-trove  
To win thy heart from its simple pleasures,  
And spoil the grave sweet smile I love.

I will kiss thee on thy forehead, Annie,  
And say, Be forever as thou art,—  
Woman's thoughts 'neath the brow of childhood,  
And childhood's dew on the woman's heart!





PART II.

(M. T. H.)



## GLIMPSEWOOD.

THE water glimmering through the leaves, —  
One soft blue peak above, —  
The murmuring quiet summer weaves, —  
This is thy home, dear love!

The pewee's call awakes the day,  
And in the twilight dim  
The hermit-thrush's thrilling lay  
Shall be thine evening hymn.

The forest birches wave and gleam  
Through boughs of feathery pine.  
Ah, no, dear love! 't is not a dream;  
This fairy home is thine.



THE HERMIT THRUSH.

**B**EHIND this leafy screen  
Which keeps the world away,  
A forest bird unseen  
To music sets our day.

Sometimes his voice is mute ;  
He ponders things divine ;  
Then sounds his magic flute,  
And makes the woods a shrine.

He chants of life above  
This realm that mortals know;  
He dreams of purer love  
Than human souls bestow.

O priest and choir in one!  
Still lend to earth thy wings,  
And show beneath the sun  
One heart that soars and sings.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

A MIDNIGHT hush pervades the air,  
No birdling chirps, no leaflet stirs;  
Midsummer heat is everywhere,  
Even among the firs.

What far-off sound grows on the ear?  
Through wild ravines it sweeps along,  
As if some swift-winged bird drew near  
To wake the night with song.

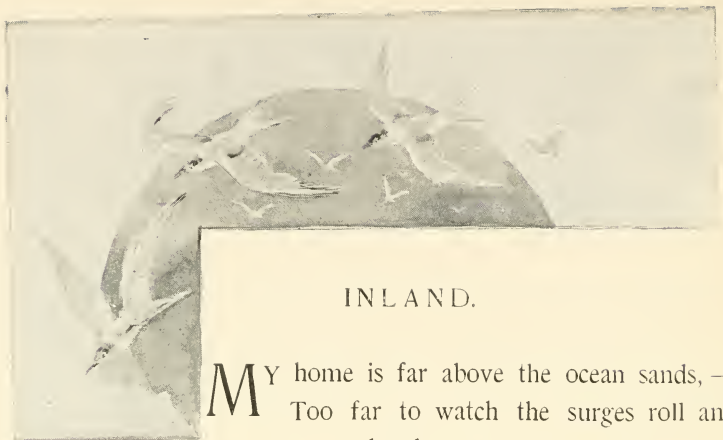
A rustle fills the birches tall;  
A sudden coolness fans the cheek:  
Monadnock's breath bears life to all  
Beneath his rugged peak.

For here each day is born anew,  
A chaste Diana, fresh and fair,  
Whose arrows, dipped in forest dew,  
Transfix each worldly care.

## GHOST-FLOWERS.

(*Monotropa uniflora.*)

I N shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,  
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,  
They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.  
No Angelus, except the wild bird's lay,  
Awakes these forest nuns; yet night and day  
Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.  
A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude  
Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray  
From spirit-gardens just beyond our ken.  
Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look  
Upon new loveliness, and watch again  
Their shy devotions near the singing brook;  
Then, mingling in the dizzy stir of men,  
Forget the vows made in that cloistered nook.



## INLAND.

**M**Y home is far above the ocean sands, —  
Too far to watch the surges roll and  
break ;

But every day across those meadow-lands  
Fly sea-gulls toward the lake.

No sound of dashing waves the silence brings ;  
No foam, like drifting snow, delights the eye ;  
Instead, a sudden cloud of rushing wings  
Glams white against the sky.

The sight of graceful schooners sailing fast,  
Straight for their harbor, is denied to me ;  
But I can count the fair gulls soaring past,  
They are my ships and sea.



## THE TEST.

“**T**HY love,” he cried, “is like a fragrant flower  
Whose stainless beauty cannot fade or die.”  
“And thine,” she blushing said, “is like some high  
Still tide that knows no ebb to check its power.”  
But when life’s changes brought a darkened hour,  
In secret each heart feared love’s doom was nigh.  
“The tide goes out; storms kill the blossom shy.”  
Then clasping hands, they turned to meet the shower;  
Courage and hope were nursed for many a day.  
At length the mists rolled off, their dream was true!  
Beneath no restless tide the anchor lay  
That held her safe; his deathless flower grew  
More fair; love’s test withstood, along their way  
Sang blithe content ’neath clouds or skies of blue.

## CONQUERED.

ONE day he said: "I long to go  
Where green fields slope to meet the tide,  
And sweet wild roses bud and blow  
Upon the cold rock's side;

"Where swallows nest in fragrant barns,  
With sea-winds blowing through the hay,  
And hills behind, with shadowy tarns,  
Look down upon the bay."

"Ah, yes!" she sighed, "I know it all, —  
The wooded isles, the curving shore,  
The plashing waves, the sea-bird's call,  
Sounds I shall hear no more!"

He brought pink clovers, and a sheaf  
Of daisies in their gold and white,  
Sweet-fern, blue harebells, bayberry leaf;  
She grasped them with delight.

“From breezy pastures they have strayed ;  
They bring me whiffs of cool salt air ;  
Before these spicy blossoms fade,  
Love, you must take me there !”

EXPECTANT.

AT dusk, within the land-locked bay,  
Like birds that seek the nest,  
Or children wearied with their play,  
The sloops come home to rest.

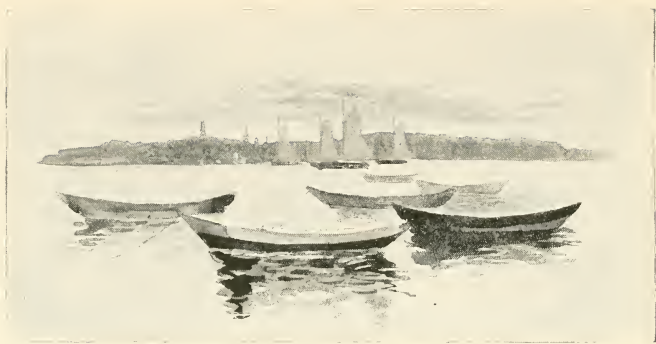
Then from a hamlet near the shore  
We watch the dropping sail,  
While floats across the lonely moor  
The whistling of the quail.

We strain our eyes till in the dark  
Yon point is lost to view;  
To-morrow shall we greet the bark,  
When wave and sky are blue?

And while beneath the veil of night  
These restless waters sleep,  
Each vessel burns a fairy light,  
The glow-worms of the deep.

A brooding mist the dawn may hide,  
The fog-bell sound its moan,  
And spectral schooners softly glide  
Into the gray unknown.

Oh, pray that when we hail with glee  
Their glad return at last,  
One fatal sign we may not see,—  
The flag half down the mast!



### THE ANCHORED DORIES.

AS lilies, floating side by side,  
Lie on the water's breast,  
So on this ever changing tide  
The tranquil dories rest.

A slender cord the only stay  
For blossom or for boat,  
Yet with the lily's poise and sway  
These graceful shallops float.

The bay becomes a golden floor  
Beneath the sunset's gleam ;  
Rose-petals, wafted from the shore,  
The tinted dories seem.

Before the gale brave vessels flee,  
And shun the tempest's shock ;  
But dauntless in the plunging sea  
These tiny coasters rock.

O heart of mine, so buoyant now,  
Hopes sink, with none to save ;  
But in life's storms, remember how  
The dories ride the wave !



## TWILIGHT.

A WEARY man sat lost in thought ;  
The firelight sank beneath his look ;  
And shadows, by his fancy wrought,  
Soon lurked in every nook.

A birdlike voice rang through the hall ;  
Two little feet danced down the stair ;  
The fire leaped up at that blithe call,  
And gleamed on shining hair.

“I am so glad,” the gay song was ;  
“So glad,” it echoed to and fro ;  
“I don’t know why, unless because  
You are papa, you know !”

Care fled before that sweet belief ;  
The shadows melted quite away ;  
The weary man forgot his grief,  
Forgot his hair was gray.



## REPRIEVE.

TEMPESTS and clouds made dark the day  
For fittul Madge and me ;  
At length repentance had its way,  
And brought her to my knee.

The softened eyes revealed a tear,  
But hope is brave at ten.  
“Will you forgive me, mother dear?  
Can I begin again?”

“Oh, child,” I said with weary sigh,  
“Too often you begin.”  
“Yes, mother;” and the calm reply  
Showed victory within.

In this remorseful heart sank deep  
My lambkin’s pleading glance :  
What if the Shepherd of the sheep  
Denied me one more chance ?

## BLOSSOMING.

O LILY bud! thy lovers wait  
To see thy bloom unfold;  
The fragrant petals open late;  
Unveil that heart of gold!

The sunbeams my impatience share;  
To other flowerets hie  
Those restless blossoms of the air,  
The bee and butterfly.

Serene and cold, the lily said:  
"My tryst is with the night;  
When fire-flies their radiance shed,  
I burst my fetters white."

And poised upon her stately stalk,  
I caught the gleam afar;  
What was it lit the garden walk,  
A lily or a star?

## POMPEII.

FRESH from the Carnival's grotesque delight  
We trod thy streets, O city of the dead,  
The pavements echoing back our conscious tread.  
About us rose the homes a sudden blight  
Had cursed, now hopeless as the fatal sight  
Of dread Medusa's face. The soul had fled,  
Leaving its mortal life a book outspread.  
Within those frescoed walls — bare rooms, once bright  
With children's glee — what warning could we find?  
In myriad haunting tones the answer came:  
“Let death move swift or slow, hold thou in mind  
Thy brothers' needs, nor seek for earthly fame;  
But let thy daily living yield mankind  
The priceless record of a lofty aim.”



### COBWEBS.

NO longer fairies hold their sway ;  
Yet tiny hammocks swing  
From waving summer boughs to-day,  
And to the grasses cling  
Soft headed veils of woven mist,  
Where elves were wont to hold their tryst.

The busy little gnome who spreads  
Unseen these dainty things  
Can mingle with his fragile threads  
No hope of future wings, —  
Unlike the rival worm who spins  
His silken shroud and heaven wins.

Nature has weavers who possess  
Beauty and power of song.  
The spider in his humble dress  
Is silent under wrong,  
And with his webs the vireos dare  
To make their pendent nests more fair ;

Yet still undaunted by his fate  
He hangs this shimmering lace  
On awkward wall or clumsy gate  
With matchless skill and grace ;  
But ceaseless foes his fabrics rend, —  
Titania's weaver has no friend.

## EXILES.

*(Silverton, Colorado.)*

VAST walls of rock on either side  
Surround our eagle-nest.  
Beyond, the world is fair and wide ;  
But on that mountain crest  
The red stone glimmers through the snow,  
The spruce grows green on slopes below ;  
The aspen waves its leaves of gold,  
And we forget that life of old.

Sometimes through boughs of stately elms  
The orioles flash in dreams ;  
But ere the thought our peace o'erwhelms,  
A nobler vision gleams  
From lofty peaks, where rays of light  
Dart swiftly on from height to height,  
Till far above us smiles the morn.  
Night lingers here, but day is born !

When silence seems too great to bear  
    Beneath those awful domes,  
A silvery tinkle fills the air,—  
    Down come the mountain gnomes!  
We watch the little *burros* creep  
Along the wild and slippery steep,  
Laden with wealth of shining ore;  
And loneliness is ours no more.

For clouds that other skies can show  
    The undimmed blue we see;  
And back and forth the miners go,  
    With hearts as brave and free  
As Alpine flowers beneath their feet,  
Or this crisp air so fresh and sweet.  
Dear Eastern homes with memories rife,  
Our hearts are yours, but here is life!

IN A ROSE GARDEN.

NO dowry for my girl have I,"  
He said with stately grace;  
"But I will give her, ere I die,  
These trophies of her race.

"Dear to my heart is every one;  
The fairest goes with you,—  
The rest, bequeathed by sire to son,  
Will bear transplanting too."

He led him to a garden door,  
And watched his rapt surprise:  
A wealth of roses blushed before  
The lover's wondering eyes.

They trailed their richness on the ground;  
They bloomed upon the wall;  
And in their midst his bride he found,  
The sweetest bud of all.



The father smiled, and hid his pain ;  
But from their wedding day  
His broken life began to wane,  
And swiftly ebb'd away.

And when his gentle spirit passed,  
In that rose-scented air,  
With roses, comrades to the last,  
They filled his vacant chair.



## HE GIVETH SNOW.

PAIN ushered in the sullen day.  
“Oh, cold, gray day!” I said,  
“I only asked one little ray  
Of hope, and hope is dead.”

Like some great brooding bird above,  
The sky let fall its feathery down.  
“Take the dark earth,” she said, “my love!  
Weave Nature’s bridal gown!”

I opened wide the snowy door ;  
The soft flakes fluttered round my head ;  
“ Beauty, at least, lives evermore.”  
I turned, but pain had fled.

## A B S E N T.

SHE never said, "Lost is my dearest one;"  
The phrase "not living" would have hushed her song  
Of faith. How could his silent voyage seem long  
When she, whose joyless days had now begun,  
Said "absent" with a smile which meant, the sun  
Was only dimmed by clouds? Then, if a throng  
Of painful thoughts pressed hard, it made her strong  
To think how he would wish life's duties done.  
In her sweet face, where grief had left its seam,  
A tender gladness dawned, as years took flight,  
And brought the meeting near. Nor did she dream  
That from her trusting heart there shone a light  
For eyes too weak to bear the larger gleam  
That led her on, as stars redeem the night.

TRUE TO THE "MAYFLOWER."

ABROAD.

I TALIAN skies, cathedrals grand,  
In vain their glories shed ;  
The sunsets of her native land  
The maiden craved instead.

The orange-tree cast down its gold  
To cheer her alien way ;  
She sighed, " Oh that I might behold  
The apple-boughs in May ! "

Proud nobles sought to win her smile,  
Forgetting rank and fame ;  
" Their crests," she said, " cannot beguile ;  
Of Pilgrim blood I came. "

The dazzling pomp of Church and State  
She met with gaze serene,  
And envied not the hapless fate  
Of one who lived a queen.

"Thank God," she wrote, "we have no art;  
In palaces I freeze;  
The tragic beggars wring my heart;  
Oh home beyond the seas!"

AT HOME.

We rode, one glowing afternoon,  
Along the mountain-side;  
From the still lake we heard the loon,  
And echoes weird replied.

The blue jay sounded his alarm  
Among the changing leaves;  
And here and there we passed a farm,  
And looked for garnered sheaves.

Among the rocks a farmer bent,  
His swaying scythe in hand;  
"Your toil," we said, "were better spent  
On fertile prairie land."

"New England's good enough for me!"

He cried, — "for me and mine!"

And stooping lower, he set free

A clinging blackberry-vine.

Then blowing with a cheerful nod,

Some thistle-down away,

He mowed again his golden-rod,

Content to call it hay.

TO A POET ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

(H. W. L., February 27, 1877)

THE young and rosy years, with footsteps fleet,  
Whose dreamy, echoing voices still resound,  
And other years, with mournful cypress crowned,  
Have laid their offerings at thy gracious feet,  
And won thy benediction, poet sweet!  
For in the darkest seas that grief can sound,  
What buoyant wings of faith thy songs have found!  
And now from every land thy lovers meet,  
And vie to heap their treasures at thy door.  
Here violets with woodland odors rife  
Breathe fragrant thoughts, and from a distant shore  
Come Easter lilies, stainless as thy life,  
While all unite in one prophetic cry  
"Thy years may wane, but thou canst never die."



TAKING LEAVE.

WHEN the thrush brief snatches sang  
Of his wondrous tune,  
And the woods no longer rang  
With the joy of June,  
Then we knew that day by day  
Summer's face would turn away.

From the ripened thistles went  
Floating wee balloons ;  
All seemed on a journey bent,  
In those August noons.  
But lake and sky wore deeper blue,  
To show that Summer's heart was true.

Soon the birches could not hold  
Back their yellow leaves ;  
Royal roads must shine with gold,  
Though the forest grieves ;  
Lighting now their torches red,  
Maples in the pageant led.

Shrildest herald of the fall,  
    Piped the busy jay ;  
Armies, mustering at his call,  
    Winged their silent way ;  
Drowsy crickets chirped good-by ;  
Lingered last one butterfly.

Not unguarded is the throne :  
    Chickadees are left,  
Pine and fir-trees hold their own ;  
    Can we feel bereft ?  
Nay, amid the snow and frost,  
Summer's colors are not lost.

THE END.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 973 389 0

