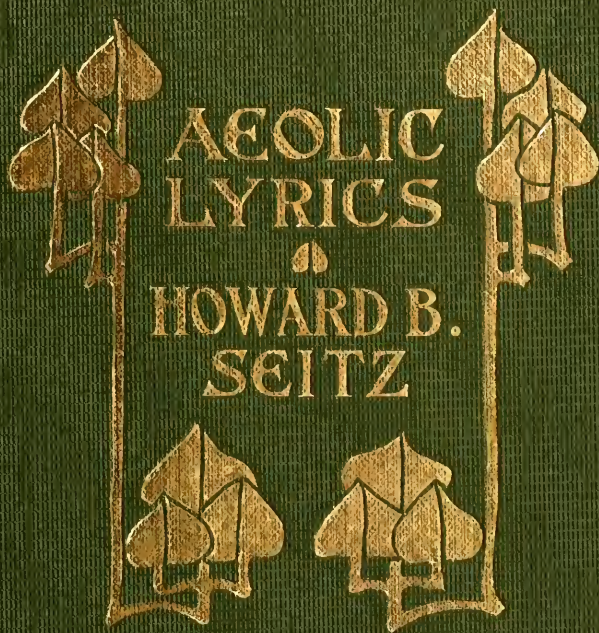


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Aeolic Lyrics

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By

HOWARD B. SEITZ

*Author of "Stephen Mulhew," a novel, Published
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PRO-LEAF

Zephyrs of feeling thrill and thrum the
bosom's strings,
And fling the alcyonian soul on soaring
wings.

· · · · ·
As pours the limpid purling rill,
As wells the kinglet's liquid trill,
So flow from out the mind of man
Fancies and thoughts the emotions fan.

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O BROOK!

By a clear purling brook in a moss-green glen,
Far from the busy life and strife of men,
I stroll and loll this early vernal day,
Content all care and rue to pass away.

'Tis sweet, O brook! again to hear you sing
With impulses of ev'ry springing thing,
Of bursting bud and tender em'erald blade,
Of bubbling bird trills and tinkling rills unstayed.

Wending your way thru swampy springing mead-
ows,
By spice and birch and golden glowing willows,
To lave the roots of buttonwood and maple,
Whose bloom glints forth and tints the green of
April.

Rushing headlong thru the bushy pasture wild,
Where, haply, by the bland south wind beguiled,
Are sheltered feathered pioneers of spring,
Where the chary fox sparrow and the red-wings
sing.

By arbutus-grown slopes softly are you led
Between ferny banks and o'er a stony bed,

Tumbling and murm'ring thru the woodland dells
Singing music sweet as far-off sheep-bells.

Rippling, dimpling, bubbling, blithely as you go.
Oh, that I the secret of your joy could know!
Still I linger and I listen to your merry lay;
And, O brook, I would that man were so contently
 gay!

TO THE VESPER SPARROW

Wee humble bay-wing of the greening pasture lane,
It calms and joys my heart to see thee reappear
To lift thy modest voice in quavering refrain
And swell the song of feathered choirs this spring-
ing year.

Thy strain hath not the joyful ringing melody
Of lark songs, nor the rapture of the song spar-
row.
Thy pensive lay is trilled with lyric euphony,
Like the purling fall of crystal rills that overflow.

Tho thou singest constant and unheeded unto men,
I love to hear thy soulful trills that lapse away
Serenely in the shrouding dusk above the fen
With the fading twilight of the dying day.

AUTUMN AUGURIES

The scattered yellow hickories of Chestnut Hill
Against the azure of the August sky
Merge the hues of April's greening deshabille
Into tinges of October's gilded scarlet frill,
And show me Autumn's drawing nigh.

The cornel-trees and sumacs in wild nooks
In mellow robes with one another vie,
The blushing maples bord'ring sluggish brooks
Mark Nature's languishment with lustrous looks—
Telling me that Autumn's drawing nigh.

The lanky stalk on which the goldfinch feeds
Its bursting thistle pod lifts high
Above the wayside fence and sister weeds;
Already fades the herds-grass in the meads—
Telling me that Summer's passing by.

I hear the liquid whistle of the plover
In the dewy morning's chilly sky;
The black-capped mocker mopes, the wren is som-
ber,
The song sparrow sings not as a lover—
Telling me that Summer's passing by.

Tho crickets and cicadas chirp with wonted style,
The katydids lamenting sigh
And weirdly chant in the gloomy forest aisle;
The toiling bees collect saccharic spoil,—the while
They warn me Autumn's drawing nigh.

Loose flocks of blackbirds and sweet-twitt'ring swallows

Now daily throng and dark the sky;
The warbler on its southward journey follows
The same sure instinct that will move its fellows,—
And warns me Autumn's drawing nigh.

And I am not too heedless to discern
Youth's guileless joys are lapsing by.
For Childhood's happy day I vainly yearn,
And to the Future dubiously turn,—
Seeing my Autumn looming nigh.

TO SPRING'S FIRST GEM

To thee, thou jewel of the bleak March wood!
I loose Euterpe's tongue;
For thee, Hepatica, thou queenly bloom!
Shall my humble lyre be strung.

Sweet firstling, flow'ring paragon of spring,
So modest, yet so bold,—
Why, O Paradisal blossom! dost thou gem
This wood-side bare and cold?

'Tis not to sate the searching scientist
And please his patient eye,
But the roamer's pensive mind and turmoiled heart
To cheer and pacify.

I highly treasure thee because thou art
The first fair flow'r of spring,—
Amidst this ill-disposed environment
A lovely little thing;

But much more dearly thee do I esteem
Inasmuch thou mindest me
Of one, whose radiant image gems my dreams,
A being sweet and pure like thee.

THE WILD MORNING-GLORY

There blooms before the heat of August noon
On the wood-border's sandy slope
A starlike flow'r that illumines the eyes and soon
Imbues my soul with splendent hope.

The trailing vine hides with a jealous care
This virgin cup of lucid dew
From early sun's oblique unthirsting glare,
As if the noontide scorch it knew.

But it is not concealed from looks of such
As seek surcease from human moil,
'Tis not withheld from the admiring touch
Of fingers that will not despoil.

Ay, well, O God! the morning's glory may it be,
To me 'tis as a morning-star!
Sublimely, mutely eloquent—extolling Thee—
Benign Creation's avatar!

When all without is locked in ice and snow
Still then before my eyes will loom
Beyond the dying embers' glim'ring glow
This Summer morn's untarnished bloom.

IN MEMORY OF MINNIE BLEY

There lies far back upon the meadow slope
A grave that holds the dust of youthful hope,
And between the green hedgerows shimmering
stands

A white slab that points toward yonder lands
And becks the tear-dimmed gaze from earth away
To the heavenly bliss of Minnie Bley.

The roses here unclosetheir scented bloom.
The woodbine's slender stem entwines the tomb.
In the hickory grove the mourning-dove
And his murmuring mate coo songs of love.
Here Memory recalls the happy day
When my heart was beloved by Minnie Bley.

A maiden pure with radiant beauty fair,
A queenly lily crowned with golden hair.
In her snowy breast throbbed a tender chord
That responded to love of mine outpoured.
But shining beings gently bore away
To the realms up above my bonnie Minnie Bley.

Ay, weep with me, ye drooping willows, weep,
As ye your wistful vigils softly keep,
By the side of the trembling aspen trees
That breathe grief to the gentle summer breeze,
And closely screen the burning sunshine's ray
From the grave of the sleeping Minnie Bley.

WHEN DEWDROPS SPARKLE IN THE
GRASS

When dewdrops sparkle in the grass
And silver streamlets by me pass,
Then cast aside the glist'ning glass
 With its deceitful dregs.
The revels of the giddy feast
May hold in bond the sensual beast,—
Thank Heaven, I'm again released!
 Amid the crystal-laden segs
Shoulder-deep I stand, and reverently view
Heaven's far-swept vault, and breathe thin
 sprays of dew.
Oh, could Morning's liquid clarity imbue
 My mind!—the spirit humbly begs.

A SOLITARY LOVER AND TWO WILD
ROSES

Tho it be the full meridian of June,
When from pain the mind should be immune,
The wood-throstle's golden fluted tune,
The wild grape's fragrant blooming bowers are
 jejune,—
Sweet anguish aches, and from my heart will not
 depart.

I roam among the old familiar haunts;
I dully hear the black-capped mocker's saucy taunts.
Ever and anon before me Mem'ry flaunts
An image that my restless spirit daunts.
Ah, could the dream transform to tactile form!

I pluck two blushing roses from the laden stem.
Oh, happy fancy! these thy sunny hair shall gem!
These thy lips will lushly touch! I'll send thee them!
These refresh my dream. These thou wilt not con-
 temn.
As now I think of thee, then thou wilt think of me!

PLEA FOR A BUTTERFLY'S FREEDOM

Ah, thoughtless little lad!
Wert thou to only know
How sweet is that existence,
Thou wouldst soon let it go
With glee upon its wings
Back to its happy sphere,
There to enjoy its life,
So short and yet so dear!

Wouldst thou not rather see
It dancing in the air
And sporting 'mid the clover
And its kinsfolk free and fair?
Ay, little brother mine,
It too delights to play,
And mark,—no creature is
As this so blithe and gay!

AT THE FIRESIDE

When the northwest wind chilling blows,
And when the fireside warmly glows,
Then truly Love's cup overflows,
From heart to heart this message goes:
 "We shall sever,—never—never!"

Cheerily cracked the cosy hearthstone.
Merrily beamed bright eyes that softly shone.
Two souls that knelt at Hymen's throne
Communed in an unuttered tone:
 "We shall sever,—never—never!"

The memories of Love's young year,
Of little children's prattling cheer,
Of mutual joys and throes, endear
The tie and whisper in each ear:
 "We shall sever,—never—never!"

As the sun fires Autumn's sere, so blushed
A mother's faded cheek and flushed
A sire's drawn brow; for each there gushed
One thought, to each all others hushed,—
 "We shall sever,—never—never!"

Recalled and sweetly are retold
Old words set up in types of gold;
From each to each 'tis fondly told
That God their bond would always hold:
 "We shall sever,—never—never!"

THE SUMMER ZEPHYR BLOWS

The Summer zephyr blows o'er billowed ripened
grain,
And whispers thru the bladed corn, and swells the
sweet refrain
That delicately comes from lush tall-standing grass
Where grasshoppers and contented crickets pass
Their chirring notes in ceaseless chorus. Softly stir
The taper chestnut leaves, and the poplars sway and
purr
In the woodland's mass of green; dead branches
weirdly creak.
Ripples murmur on the wave in the shallow creek.

FIRST LOVE

Tho all may quaff again out of the brimming bowl,
Is there one owns not that disappointment stole
The quintessential nectar from each sequent cup?
The pristine taste the memory will ne'er give up.

Nor reckless dissipation nor Labor's steep can
drown

Love that Death has severed or that Hymen failed
to crown.

Tho buried deep within the man and walled apart,
Anon sweet seraphs will unlock the vaulted heart.

THE LOVER'S INVITATION

Oh, come with me, my Love!
With azure skies above,
This bright morn of May
We'll blithely hie away
To the wild blooming glen
Where tread no feet of men,
Where Nature spreads green covers
For her secretive lovers.

Oh, wilt thou not be there,
Dear Love, with me to share
The mossy-cushion'd rock?
There I shall interlock
Thy little hand in mine;
As tendrils cling and twine
The rose, my arms enfold
Thee, and as softly hold.

There all day may be heard
Love lays from ev'ry bird.
And they too will hear me
Recite my love to thee.
The squatting squirrel peering nigh
May list for thy reply;
But only thou and I shall hear
Thy murmur in my ear.

The scarlet columbine
And honied woodbine
Invite the dewy kiss,

And entertain with bliss.
Thy ruby lips, thy smile demure,
Thy shining eyes, allure
Me to touch thy soul with mine
And feel the fire from thine.

As the broad-spreading mandrake
Protects its gem, I'll take
And shelter thee, fair flow'r,
Against all storms that lour.
Do not demur and hide
And stay far from my side.
Oh, come to me, sweet Love,
And be my tender dove!

DREAMING

Dreaming, dreaming, vainly dreaming:
Dreams all still more dreamlike deeming;
Hopes all almost hopeless seeming.
Ends are farther from me gleaming.

Vainly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, vainly dreaming
Well the future will be meeding;
Empty present by me speeding,
Wasted past, but little heeding.

Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, sweetly dreaming:
Soft eyes in my dreams are sheening;
Confidently, raptly weening
Trustful love upon me leaning.

Sweetly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, sweetly dreaming:
Coyish passion you are derring;
Lush lips languidly for mine are yearning,
Pulsing veins aflame like mine are burning.

Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, wildly dreaming:
Direful images devising;
Dubiously, daringly surmising
Somber doom before me rising.

Wildly dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, wildly dreaming;
Fading pleasure with the fleshling dying;

Fire the spirit purifying;
God the godlike glorifying.
 Dreaming, dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming:
Always brighter dreams conceiving;
Filigrees forever interweaving,
Dimly, grimly, madly to them cleaving.
 Ever dreaming.

Dreaming, dreaming, ever dreaming:
Sometimes doubtful, oft confiding;
Fearing evil is betiding.
Still I'm hopefully abiding.
 Dreaming, dreaming.

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

Beside the bier why should we rue and rave
With wailing heathen grief
In skeptic unbelief?

Lament not over the sod-covered grave
And the cold chiseled stone,—
From these the soul is flown.

Will we not meet in that mystic spaceful sphere
where dwell

The angels of soft flight
And Jesus, Prince of Light?

Ay, O Christian! rather our farewell,
Than sorrowful, be sweet,—
“Good-bye until we meet.”

The beaming orb has pow'r to resurrect
The numb bee and shriveled turf.
The moon sways the waves of surf.—

Has the Giver and the Master Architect
Designed the image of his eye
To breathe a trice and forlornly die?

LINES OF A YOUTHFUL PRINCE

Why am I made to feel so discontented,—
That the past is so ruefully lamented,
That the present confronts me sore impatient,
That the future again looms more repellent?

'Tis because the anemone is too fair
To breathe other than woodland's wild free air,
And a beauteous country lass too pure
To be stolen from Mother Nature.

Ah, fair maiden, I would that thou mightst know,—
When thy eyes, dark and deep with soulful glow,
And thy innocent glance first mirrored mine,
My heart humbled, and rose entwined with thine.

Then to hear thy sweet speech enrapt and filled
My warm heart with seraphic joy and thrilled
The soft chords in my breast with agitation,
As thy swan-white throat's chords in fluctuation.

Thy dark glossy hair shades a brow as queenly
As the Summer sky arched serenely
Far above the vile world; and thy pure soul
Doth contented wear meek woman's aureole.

Thy fantastic steps grace thy modest carriage.
Who would then your unpretending way disparage?
She, who holding to her allotted sphere
Is submissive, is man's bright angel peer.

Of the gods there is one boon that I would ask,
If in smiles of their favor I may bask:
To enthrall thy leal virgin heart and kiss
Thy chaste lips,—that indeed, for me full bliss!

THERE'S A WILD MOSSY GLEN

There's a wild mossy glen
Hidden from sight of men.
There me the beechwood stream
Lulls in Elysian dream.

Liver-leaves' curled pale tips,
Wax-lushed arbutus lips,
From the Spring's leaf-mould rise,—
Glinting Youth's morning skies.

Balmy winds waft sweet notes
From the wild wood-birds' throats,
Tingling the list'ning ear,
Wakening mem'ries dear.

Spring's soft green fairy opes
Buds, and revives fond hopes,—
Hopes that thrill far apart
Deep in the secret heart!

When the spring sunshine's beam
Dimples the murm'ring stream,
Won't you come with me then
To the wild mossy glen?

SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, SOME TIME,
SOME ONE

Somehow to us there seems to be
A happier realm beyond the sea;
Somehow for us a hopeful evening star
Beams in resplendence from afar.

Somewhere the flow'rs are blooming fair,
Rapturous music fills the air;
Somewhere the seraphs wing their flight
Gleaming with iridescent light.

Some time the struggling soul will rise
Clasping in peace the cherished prize,
Some time the golden bell will toll
Telling that Some One reached the goal.

A FIRST SPRING DAY

To-day reviving Nature sees
The warbling bluecoat reflect
The azure of the dome; the blackbirds tune the
breeze
With twanging dialect;
Meadow lark and song sparrow sing
In raptured joyful strain
The matins of returning Spring
And herald Ceres' reign.

Each clucking hen and lusty cock
Resound the hopeful note;
The country maid in charming frock
With music trills her throat.
In rustic lanes the tint of green
Is deep in springing blade.
The farmer heeds the bidding queen
And smooths his rusty spade.

Full flowing brooks bear melted snow
Thru meads from mountains' clutch,
And put the willows into glow
With water's magic touch.
The March sun, ling'ring warm along
The woodside, softly thrills
The sheeny beech and chestnut throng,—
Its mystic pow'r instills.

E'en so I feel within my heart
The spirit of the day:
In happy vein, with modest art,
I pen this vernal lay.

THE LOVER'S REQUIEM

Thou bloom'st no more,—soft blushing rose,
Of lovely mien and queenly pose.
Death blanched thy florid cheek and chilled
Thy veins, thy magic voice is stilled.
Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

Beneath the willow and green sod
Earth's beauty mingles with the clod;
But, as a star, there shines to me
The Light of Life that gleamed in thee.
Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

Tho deep and bitter was my grief
To find my sweetest bliss so brief,
Thy peace in Paradise I hold above
The throbs and throes of mortal love.
Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

The full charm of thy woman's grace
And sweetness of thy gentle face
Will linger by the rugged way
To thrill and soften life each day.
Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

The Pow'r that led thy chaste young soul
Will guide me to the holy goal,
And when life's subtile fibril parts
Eternally rejoin our hearts.
Sleep, Sweet Heart, sleep!

HER BIRTHDAY

May God, who has made you gentle, beautiful,
So amiable and so artless,
Add sweeter years to life yet bright and youthful,
And brim your chalice with love's largess.

May your beloved be standing by your side
On each recurring birthday,—
Guard you 'gainst ev'ry menace of the tide,
Caress, cheer you, and smooth your way.

And, Shipmate, when we've braved the weather
May we drift into port together!

THE CALL OF THE BLUEBIRD

With ruddy breast and coat of blue,
A bird, and yet, a prophet, too,—
Of Spring a tuneful harbinger,
Of joy a happy trumpeter!

Its voice is calling from the trees,
Its song is borne upon the breeze,—
A song of hope to weary ones,
A bugle call to moiling sons!

Wild nature's deep occulted note
Wells from this warbling bluebird's throat,
Falls upon a hapless list'ning ear,—
Awakes a soul and prompts a tear;

Recalls the joyful, dreamlike days
When nature's charming artless ways
And the sweet freedom of the wild
Were kindred to the simple child.

Oh, list, thou of the burdened soul,
Cease striving for a sordid goal!
Oh, come where life is all unbound,
Where beauty, bliss, and peace are found!

To feel no bond, to know no law,
And own a joy no man e'er saw,—
Ah, fettered heart, if thou couldst be,
As this, as happy, wild, and free!

EASTERTIDE

This recurring Eastertide,
As arose the Christ who died,
So revive the sere strewn glades,
So emerge the em'rald blades.

Now again do I renew
The chord twining me with you,—
As a bird song sweetly welling,
As a leaf-bud softly swelling.

THE LOVER'S LONGING

The chimes of city Sabbath bells
In distant lofty spires
Float o'er the valley like a chant
Of deep celestial lyres.

Alone upon the wooded slope
I dream and long for thee
To sweeten and fulfil my joy
And share my reverie.

TO THE IRISH

Here's to the Irish blood of surging flood and flow
That flush and mantle brow and cheek with blush
and glow,
To Irish beauty nourished under Irish skies,
The Irish spirit burnished deep in Irish eyes,
The vivid wit, the eloquence, the songs that start
From fervid Irish tongue and tingling Irish heart!

IN THE WORLD OF MY DREAMS

No nations and no creeds that passions fan
For religious and for patriotic clan.

Woman not man's mere lust-chattel.
No stint on childhood's romp and prattle.

TOLSTOY

A Great-Heart, scarred and chafing under bond,
Burst the manacles of Mammon's canting creed ;
A Gentle-Noble lived the Golden Law ; and donned
The peasant's smock, to bear, to plod, and bleed.

Artist, Liberal, O man almost divine !
Bearer of the Christian cross,—that crown is thine !

DEATH: UNLEASHING THE SOUL

Abroad the harrowed soul is now convoyed.
The Soul! untrammeled and majestic, cast
A wing across the verge of mortal void,
Ascending into the celestial vast!

O MY SOUL!

Where singing pleiad stars and spheres refulgent
roll,
Awing in ringing spaceful realms,—O my soul!

VICTOR HUGO

Your tragic master mind impelled a magic pen,—
Delineated in epopees of life
The throes and blood-throbs of the hearts of men
In lapse and flow of flesh and spirit strife.

Grim knight of Liberty with glowing lance,
Erect, defiant thunder-Thor of France,
Despots shiver at the lightning of your ire!
Poet of Light and Progress, twanging your majestic
lyre
For outcast poor and martyr young in fervent
plea,—
O eloquent Inspirer! you enkindle me!

YE MINDS OF FRANCE!

O ye immortal minds of tragic France!
Leading the daring van in man's advance;
Your quills, steeped in the heart's molt, swept with
 lucid grace
Words pulsing labored throbs of the aspiring race.

SCHILLER

Not yours vain erudition's pedant lore,
But yours the coursing fountain's silv'ry pour.
Emotive thought exuberates with music's art
And flows in noble numbers from your manly heart.

In youth you grandly sung the revolution song
Of the world's dispossessed, begrimed, and tragic
throng;
Pondered History's coruscant horoscope,
And voiced the madd'ning multitude's wild horrent
hope.

You fire the bounding bosom of aspiring youth,
Infuse with astral gleams of ideal-truth;
Exalt and stir his mind in sweet inspired unrest
To disclose the godlike in his human breast.

RUMI, THE PERSIAN MYSTIC

I salute and call to you, O seer of souls,
Soaring in the void beyond the outmost poles!

TO A BIRD'S-FOOT VIOLET IN
DECEMBER

Meek gemlet of the sparse-turfed open slope,
Cerulean star of April's floral pleiades,
Abloom amid bare earth and airs that freeze,
When I espied thy blue-lobed envelope
And stared and marveled that thine eye should ope
As in day dreams of placid sky and balmy
breeze,—
So, imaged 'mid my mind's dim filmy filigrees
I saw entwined the fresh flower of constant hope.

When on my sight thou glean'st, O modest
floweret!
I behold in thy serene, pellucid, sky-blue beam
An emblem of a gentle bonny eyelet
That enchants my mind, exalts my mounting
dream
With rapt inspiration glinting in its lucent
gleam,—
Soft, shining, blue like thee, O sweet star violet!

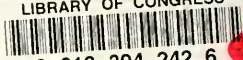
WOMAN: MASTER OF MAN

'Tis not in woman's Heaven instituted sphere
To command shrewishly, nor lowly to obey;
But tenderly to consecrate and nobly sway.
Not as a thrall in meek abjection to adhere,
But gentle angel guardian ever hov'ring near.
Not merely ministering in the carnal clay;
But of afflatus fire the animating fay,—
And, still, a placid pilot of his rash career.

Not man's mere mistress thru the passions' tyranny,
Mere mistress of desire, but queen in his esteem;
Not wielding in the flesh, but in the soul supreme.
Her kindled eye the pole-star of his destiny,
Her musing mind the matrix of his gestate
dream,—
Hers is the major chord in spirit symphony.

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