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THE
LONGING OF CIRCE
AND
OTHER POEMS
BY
CAMERON MANN





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AND
OTHER POEMS

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CAMERON MANN

PRIVATELY PRINTED

NEW YORK

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THE
LONGING OF CIRCE
AND
OTHER POEMS

THE LONGING OF CIRCE

THE vapid years drag by, and bring not here
The man for whom I wait;
All things pall on me, in my heart grows fear
Lest I may miss my fate.

I weary of the heavy wealth and ease
Which all my isle enfold,
The fountain's sleepy splash, the changeless breeze
That bears nor heat nor cold.

With dull, unvaried mien my maids and I
Glide through our household tasks,
Gather strange herbs, weave purple tapestry,
Distil in magic flasks.

Most weary am I of these men, who yield
So swiftly to my spell,—
The beastly rout now wandering afield
With grunt and snarl and yell.

THE LONGING OF CIRCE

Ah, when, in place of tigers and of swine,
Shall he confront me, whom
My song cannot enslave, nor that bright wine
Where rank enchantments fume?

Then with what utter gladness will I cast
My sorceries away,
And kneel to him, my lord revealed at last,
And serve him night and day.

KNIGHT, DEATH, AND DEVIL

FROM DURER'S ETCHING

NO need to hold thine hour-glass up, O Death,
With that triumphant leering at the sand,
Whose scanty heap declares short space for breath,
Ere I lie breathless in this land.

Full well I know my night is drawing near;
Yea, even now the shining sun is gone,—
The court, the tilt, soft speech in lady's ear,
Talk with brave friends of battles won.

No more shall sound for me,— Ah nevermore,—
The war-cry blithe amid the press of knights,
Whose pennons wave above the joyous roar
Where comrade by his comrade fights.

Alone I ride where serpents slime the stones,
Where stunted trees twist out from riven rocks;
My horse's shoes crush scattered mouldy bones,
And smitten skulls roll off with mocks.

KNIGHT, DEATH, AND DEVIL

And thou foul Fiend, I know that thou art there,
In fitting shape, with loathsome show adorned;
Through steel back-piece I feel thy hateful glare,
Goat-monster, taloned, hoofed and horned.

But not your thrall, as in mad days of yore,
O Death and Devil, do I ride along.
The tough silk bands are broken which I wore,
A captive carrolling a song.

I wore thine, Death, when my wine-misted eyes
Saw not thy steed fast-tethered to my own,
Nor heard I, midst the noisy revelries,
Each step ring out thy bell's harsh tone.

I wore thine, Devil, when thou wast to me
A shining spirit stirring eager blood,
When lawless love seemed gallant chivalry,
And fame of men the highest good.

But now I ride, with armor riveted,—
For I have seen, and all the danger know,—
But visor up, and gazing straight ahead,
Unfearing, whereso'er I go.

KNIGHT AND LADY

FROM DÜRER'S WOODCUT

A FLOWER tall, a landscape tame,
A strong wind blowing o'er the lea,
A gallant knight, a haughty dame,
A skeleton behind a tree.
O Dürer, saw you thus always
Our life and love as Death's mere prey?

So be it then. At least, thy knight
And lady walked on unconstrained;
And planned and promised in despite
Of lurking Death. When he complained
Of her reserve, and urged his fear,
Her eyes still whispered "Persevere."

What then she would not grant, she showed
Sometime should be all his; the days
Lay in long stretch ahead, and glowed
With sunshine, rang with happy lays.
You see sarcastic Death behind.
But they saw not:—Death is more kind.

THE MISSOURI

I

BETWEEN low brinks of ragged clay
The rapid river takes its way.

The heavy, tawny waters flow
As if their road they did not know;

Swirl off in loops, spread out in lakes,—
Whose sandy shoals trail sluggish wakes.

They gnaw away the tumbling banks,
Mow down their leafy willow ranks.

They dwindle, till the dust blows round
Where fishes swam and men were drowned;

Then flood the bottoms miles away,—
Fence, barn, and house their scattered prey.

But yet, far back, the hills remain
Which all their wanderings restrain.

THE MISSOURI

II

O mighty river, we may see
Our new democracy in thee.

No Rhine art thou, with cliffs beset,
And castles on each parapet;

No Thames, of placid, even tide,
With grass lawns edging either side;

But strong, and turbid, and perplexed,
By frequent whirls and eddies vexed,—

At times an overwhelming fall
Of brute destruction,—yet through all

Large wealth bestowing,—grain and woods
Upspringing where once swept thy floods.

And so we know, whate'er thy force,
God's laws will hold thee to His course.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PRAIRIE

SAID the Mountain to the Prairie,
“I tower up on high”;
Said the Prairie to the Mountain,
“I spread from sky to sky.”

Said the Mountain to the Prairie,
“The streams gush from my snow”;
Said the Prairie to the Mountain,
“Through me the rivers flow.”

Said the Mountain to the Prairie,
“Bright gems are on my breast”;
Said the Prairie to the Mountain,
“With flowers I am drest.”

Said the Mountain to the Prairie,
“The warriors I breed”;
Said the Prairie to the Mountain,
“All humankind I feed.”

Said the Mountain to the Prairie,
“On me man’s faith is won”;
Said the Prairie to the Mountain,
“On me man’s work is done.”

SPRING AND FALL FLOWERS

THE blossoms of Spring are as frail as sweet;
They lurk in the mossy woods,
Where sheltering branches over them meet,
And a damp warmth round them broods.

The Wake-Robin droops from its triple leaf
Toward the Violet's dusky blue;
The Bloodroot Stars, for a moment brief,
Shine white as the snow used to do.

Rich Orchids perplex with their intricate grace;
Pitcher-plants turn a crimson wheel;
Azaleas make flaming and fragrant space;
And Asarums give velvety feel.

But frail as fair are the blossoms of Spring;
The forest soon shows only leaves;
And whoso therein goes a-wandering,
For a vanished loveliness grieves.

The blossoms of Autumn are brilliant and bold;
They troop out facing the sun,
In squadrons massed and columns unrolled,
Assured that their battle is won.

SPRING AND FALL FLOWERS

Their petals shut not at the coming of night,
Nor fall at the coming of day;
Their hirsute stalks still stand upright,
When the wind has blown all that it may.

Across the meadows Boneset, Milkweed,
Sage, Balm, Mint, Dragonhead,
Contest with grass and sedge and reed,
And stoutly hold their stead.

On slopes and ledges the Thistles throng,
With Tyrian purple crowned;
The boastful Sunflowers tramp along
Over all the wayside ground.

On the headlands and beside the fence,
By brookside and road-edge,
The Goldenrods, in cohorts dense,
Form their triumphant hedge.

The Autumn flowers must also die,
But not as the Spring flowers died,—
Those lapsed in a helpless infancy,
These fall like men in their pride.

ORCHIDS AND SUNFLOWERS

IN shy recesses of the boggy wood,
Where daylight flickers through a latticed roof,
The orchids bloom,—rare, haughtily aloof,
Each swaying at its individual mood.

What ages of development have passed;
What countless toil of bees and butterflies
On petals, stamens, pistils, nectaries;
To make these what we see them at the last.

Such quaint corollas of contorted grace,
With banners, fringes, spurs,—of many hues
And shapes and fragrances! We cannot choose
But rank them as the *noblesse* of their race.

By road and lane and up the slope of hill;
In meadows where the ploughshare soon may speed,
And cottage gardens where the poultry feed;
The stalwart sunflowers swagger as they will.

ORCHIDS AND SUNFLOWERS

Upon a single plan they all are built;—
Unnumbered florets packed to make one whole,—
The patened gold of its broad disk their sole
Display; in it each little shining spilt.

Here is the sturdy *bourgeoisie* of flowers,—
The strength and glory rising from the mass,—
Each blossom born and bred within a class
Where none above its fellows ever towers.

Our Science,—tracing out what Nature would
And works, in life's long processes,—descries
A higher stage in sunflower companies,
Than any orchid gains in solitude.

And yet, although full pleasantly we greet
The sunflowers as we pass, we swiftly press
To that secluded spot of wilderness
Wherein we hope some orchid strange to meet.

NORTH DAKOTA

VAST the green floor of the prairie,
Vast the blue dome of the sky;
But in all the spacious Temple
No worshipper save I.

No chorus of voices is pealing;
Only the wind doth sing;
And only the flower corollas
Throw incense as they swing.

Yet, from the sun's gold altar,
God makes His glory known;
And His Presence fills the Temple,
Where I bow down alone.

THE CITY OF ROCKS

New Mexico

HERE, where the cacti and the yuccas blow,
The tides of ocean once swept to and fro.

These crags, which all day long the sunshine laves,
Were shaped and polished by recurrent waves.

Where now sprawl lichens,—yellow, red, and green,—
Such colours were in branching seaweed seen.

In these high corridors, where lizards dart,
Fish swam, and lazy mollusks gaped apart.

Thus follows change on change; and who can say
What life may dwell here on some future day.

ACOMA PUEBLO

A THOUSAND years, with clinging foot and hand,
They climbed the winding path their toil had worn,
And from this huge rock fortress gazed in scorn
At savage foemen camping on the sand.

Here had they built their houses, hither borne,
On patient backs, the produce of their land;
Here moulded clay, and woven basket strand;

Here laid their dead, with rites not all forlorn.
No wonder that they yet dwell on this hill,—
Although the fertile valleys now are clear
Of hurtling arrow and of brandished spear,—
That day by day they clamber up it still;
And on its summit deities adore,
And rear their children, as in days of yore.

NOVEMBER SONG

THE sunshine is languid and broken,
Which used to pour down in bright flood;
A sentence of death has been spoken,
For lowland and upland and wood.
The brook-fringe of sedges and rushes
Stands stiff in its dull, rusty gray;
And the glow of the rich forest flushes
Has quite passed away.

In each gust the dry branches are falling;
Leaves aimlessly drift through the air;
To each other the last birds are calling,
“Let us flee from this land of despair.
Its berries are shrivelled, ferns blackened;
Its pools and streams cluttered with waste.
Let our speed to the South be unslackened;
From death let us haste.”

But, their acorns the oaks are outpouring;
Long ago maple keys floated down;
From asters and goldenrods soaring,
The seed-bearing plumelets have flown.
Though the old life and joyance are over,
All things are preparing new birth;
In the wreck of the earth we discover
The promise of earth.

THE COLOURS

O GREEN is the colour of buoyant hope;
The springtide grass is green,
And the oak and beech and maple leaves
Which make the forest sheen.

And red is the colour of passionate love;
For that is the rose's hue,
When it opens its fragrant heart to greet
The winds which come to woo.

And yellow's the colour of power and wealth,—
The colour of the sun,
Of dandelions and marigolds,
His children every one.

And blue is the colour of truth and faith;
Its blossoms, alas, are few;
Yet above the clouds abides a sky
Of never-fading blue.

But brown is the colour of rest and peace;
Woods, gardens and meadows turn brown,
And the dust of men, like the kindred dust
Where it at last lies down.

A GENTLE BLUEBEARD

YES, Dear, this is your house; do as you please;
Keep, change, cast out,—whatever suits you best.
Walk through room after room,—here are the keys.
But stop! That key does not go with the rest.
Is there no door it opens? Yes; but then
There's nothing worth while stored up there! 'Tis
just
The merest closet, a small dingy den,
With scattered rubbish thickly clothed in dust;—
A photograph now faded into naught,
A rose in pieces, on discoloured leaves
The lines wherein long since somebody sought
To tell a story no one now believes.
When did I get those letters? Years ago,
While I was still a sentimental boy,—
And you, a baby, taught your dolls to sew,
And gravely mimicked housewifely employ.
May you go in and clear the room? Ah no!
Let it stay as it is; it does no harm.
You see, I'm used to having it just so;
Although unentered, it retains a charm.

A GENTLE BLUEBEARD

You need not be disturbed. A skeleton
Abides in every home; you would search far
Before you found the closet holding one
With bones so slight and fleshless as these are.
No tragedy is hinted at by them;
They do not call for either frown or sigh;
They ask you not to pardon or condemn;
They rustle this, "There was a time,—gone by."

HIS CONGRATULATIONS

AND so you soon will marry! Strange
That news should cause me any ache.
I have not cared my state to change;
Nor thought, for your sweet sake,
I would the risks of wedlock undertake.

I always liked you; well content
With such calm friendship as you gave;
From that smooth ground to climb ascent,
And plant my flag to wave
In lordship of your heart, I did not crave.

To sit and talk with you apart,
And watch the changes of your face,
I found delightful; your deft art
Would cast transforming grace
Round all the daily nothings that take place.

All over now! You wonder why,
And say our friendship still should last;
Your husband only gains what I
Asked not for, sauntered past,
Nor even one swift glance of longing cast.

HIS CONGRATULATIONS

Well, hear my parable of change.

There was a garden once, whose gate
For me stood open. I could range
Its alleys without bate;
Came not too early, nor stayed there too late.

Another walks it now as lord;
New roses bloom for him alone;
I enter but by his accord;
And catch the fragrance blown
By blossoms far off from my path of stone.

But why complain, who never sought
Those flowers in their secret dell?
Alas! those days they burgeoned not.
Had I but guessed,—ah well,
I might myself have plucked them, who can tell.

MAN AND SUPERMAN

WHO shall be saved? is the question sharp,
When the vessel strikes the ice.
"Those who can save themselves, of course,"
Says the Superman, in a trice.

Who shall be saved? On the sinking craft
Are huddled the poor and the rich.
"Let the guilty poor," says the Superman,
"Go down in the ocean ditch."

Who shall be saved? Here is genius rare,
And here is the stupid brain.
"Let the dullards drown," says the Superman,
"We shall need our wits again."

Who shall be saved? These women are weak,
And athletes pace the deck.
"Put the men in the boats," says the Superman,
"And row them away from the wreck."

O, the Superman for the foolish play,
And the novel we idly scan;
But when the grip comes, thank God that he made
Most men the common man.

A MODERN DECALOGUE

I

HAVE but one God; and let Him be
A God acceptable to thee.

II

Unto no graven image bow;
We print all wealth on paper now.

III

Blaspheme no holy thing by word;
Enough that it is deftly slurred.

IV

Desist one day each week from work,—
And all the rest, if you can, shirk.

V

Let parents not in poorhouse sit;
Newspapers will get hold of it.

A MODERN DECALOGUE

VI

Destroy no man with sword or gun;
He can be otherwise undone.

VII

Keep to thine own wife; but, of course,
Thou mayest have others, by divorce.

VIII

By no means snatch; how very crude,
When 'tis so easy to delude.

IX

Speak out no lie. Insinuate;
Much safer, and of greater weight.

X

Naught covet! Well,—here I opine
We must reduce our laws to nine.

THE ODYSSEY

LO, here an entrance to a time long past,
When still the world had secret ways; ere men
Had hewn broad roads through all the forests; when
The mountains kept their narrow valleys fast,
And ocean stretched beyond all mortal ken.
Sweet faces smiled from fountains; in the blast
Dread voices spoke; bright gods and monsters vast
On every island held their court or den.
A glorious world! which heroes wandered through
With eyes as eager as a child's, and found
Each day some strange and perilous work to do,
Some task whereby a man was shamed or crowned.
For though Odysseus led a stalwart crew,
Alone at last he reached the native ground.

A PARTING WORD

AFTER THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE

“**KING**, Lords, and Commons,”—so you style
The free Republic of this Isle,—
One from the democratic West,
Of late your kindly-treated guest,
Would say his word of gratefulness,
And debts of centuries confess.
A host of us can claim no trace
Of bloodship with your English race;
But stronger than all ties of blood
Is spiritual fatherhood.
You gave our speech, religion, law;
You first our great ideals saw;
Your Bible, Shakespeare, Parliament,
Shape life upon our continent.
So far the old and rich bequest
Our gratitude abides professed;
And for all recent courtesy,
Accept this simple word from me.

THE CHRISTMAS CONTRASTS

THE countless stars, each one a world, look down;
A few sheep huddle on the hillside brown.

Angels, archangels, cherubs, seraphs, blaze;
Some simple shepherds listen in amaze.

A maid fulfils what mighty prophets said;
Wan, weak, and lying in a cattle-shed.

Almighty Love upon this earth appears;
But shows Himself through baby smiles and tears.

THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS

MISTLETOE, Ivy, and Holly!
Romance and Remembrance and Mirth!
In parlor and hall, on pillar and wall,
Let the green garlands twine, the bright berries shine,
For Christmas is here, Old Christmas so dear;
Let the old and the young be jolly
In this blithesomest tide of the earth.

Hang the Mistletoe bough, overladen
With its fruit of mysterious spell,
In some quiet nook where no one may look
At the two face to face in their first glad embrace,
While the white berries gleam over love's young
dream,
As the youth stands there with the maiden
He shall cherish so long and so well.

Wreathe all the old portraits with Ivy
As the myrtle creeps green on a grave;

THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS

And though the tears start, while the fire-flashes dart
Along face after face, each still in its place,
 There are yet hopes which burn in our hearts that
 so yearn,
 And not bitterly, aimlessly strive we;
But lift up our thoughts and are brave.

 So deck all the house with the Holly
Stout tree of endurance and cheer,
With its life and its glow in the cold and the snow;
Let the carols ring out, and the children all shout;
 For Christmas is here, Old Christmas so dear;
 Let the old and the young be jolly
On this joyfulest day of the year.

STAR AND CHILD

THERE came a Star in Heaven;
There came a Child on Earth;
By God they both were given;
For men they had like worth.
For the Star was the Child in Heaven,
And the Child was the Star on Earth.

Still glows that Star in Heaven;
Still smiles that Child on Earth;
Love still in light is scriven;
And Christ comes in each birth.
So gaze we off into Heaven,
And serve we here upon Earth.

Blaze out, O Star, from Heaven;
Call out, O Child, from Earth;
With faith and hope still leaven
Our sorrow and our mirth.
That we may share gladness of Heaven,
That we may make gladness of Earth.

THE MYRRH

THERE is jubilant music in Heaven above;
And each Shepherd in ecstasy stands;
There is Joseph's bent knee, and Mary's sweet kiss;—
But the Babe is in swaddling-bands.

Gold and Frankincense heap at the soft little feet,—
A King and a Priest to declare;
But only the Myrrh of dull bittersweet,
Are the small hands holding there.

Though the King shall rule, and the Prophet-Priest
save,—
In the glorious coming years,—
Yet the Man must first walk to His Cross and His
Grave,
On the road of toils and tears.

OMNIA NOVA

II CORINTHIANS, V, 17

THE selfsame stars are showing now,
Above Dakota's prairie,
Which shepherds viewed, when Christ was born,
From Hebrew uplands airy.

The selfsame doubts and pains and griefs,
Of old Jerusalem City,
Are prompting now man's bitter cry
For light and balm and pity.

There seems no change on land or sea,
In rain or breeze or flower,—
No change of human might or chance,
In dungeon or in tower.

The phrases Greek and Persian used,
And Indian and Roman,—
We hear them all around today,
From drooping man and woman.

OMNIA NOVA

All seems the same, the hapless same;—
So sounds repeated voicing;—
All fact opposed to noble hope,
All knowledge to rejoicing.

Ah no! not so! For Christmas points
A new star in the heaven,
A new life springing up on earth
And a new vision given.

We gladly hail, on Christmas Day,
A dawning fresh and splendid;
We see man's griefs and pains and doubts
By a new Man transcended.

THE EARTHLY VESTURE

IN haste the Shepherds ran to Bethlehem,
And in the rock-hewn cradle viewed the Sign,
A Babe in swaddling-clothes,—of Whom to them
The Angel said, “This is the Man Divine,”
How it could be, they did not know;
But worshipped, certain it was so.

In haste Apostles to the Garden ran,—
Whose rock-hewn tomb proclaimed a message clear.
The folded grave-clothes whisper, while they scan,
“Free from mortality, He is not here.”
How it could be, they did not know;
But joyously confessed it so.

We too, on Christmas and on Easter morn,
In haste of faith and hope and love may press,
And find Him,—in our human nature born,
But Victor over all its unsuccess,—
No more in swaddling or in shrouding dress.
How it can be, we may not know;
But only pray since it is so.

PASQUE-FLOWERS

WHILE still the snow-drifts in the hollows lie;—
 Before a furry willow catkin swells
In sunbeams falling from a wintry sky;—
 Or any bird his loving passion tells;—
Some daring blossoms of cerulean hues
 Are on our brown Dakota prairie rife,—
Soft stars, in lilacs, lavenders, and blues
 And purples,—symbols of the Risen Life.
“Pasque-Flowers,”—thus through Hebrew, Greek,
 and French,
 Their name derives,—unto the Paschal Moon
 They gaze, and joyous hail the Easter Sun.
Their buoyant paeon no harsh wind can quench;
 Their buds of penitential color soon
 Expand, and central gold shows victory won.

AN EASTER SONG

LILIES and pansies and roses,
Affections and thoughts and dreams!
From prison mould, where, dark and cold,
The roots lay still and felt no thrill,
In one glad blaze of varied rays
The flowers leap, as the sunshine streams
And fills the garden closes.

Lilies and pansies and roses,
Affections and thoughts and dreams!
Red, fragrant fire of high desire.
Mystery's blue with gold shot through,
Sweet visions dight in vesture white,—
The sad heart bathed in Easter beams,
Such blossoming discloses.

“FIRST TO MARY MAGDALEN”

IN the early dawn of Easter
When the Lord would tell to men
That He from death had risen
To bless them once agen,
He,—first of all Disciples,—
Sought Mary Magdalen.

Not unto Simon Peter,
So prompt with word and blow,
Not unto wealthy Joseph,
So lavish to bestow,
Not to sage Nicodemus,
Did glorious Jesus go.

But a weak and simple woman,—
Whose tidings met with scorn,—
He found among the olives
On Resurrection Morn;
And with his greeting “Mary”
The great good news was born.

“FIRST TO MARY MAGDALEN”

And still the tale abideth
In Mark Evangelist,
How just to love,—love only,—
Showed our Lord Jesus Christ
What riches, strength, and learning,
Without love, had not wist.

MOON AND SUN

ALL night o'er fragments of the wreck
The tide of moonlight flowed.
Each stain of sweat and bloody fleck
The gaunt Cross plainly showed.
And by the road, there cast away,
Some withered palm and hyssop lay.

All night through garden olive boughs
The moonbeams trilled, and shone,—
Where One to them would not arouse,—
Against a Tomb of stone,
Within whose walls, both night and day,
The Body of Lord Jesus lay.

All night above Jerusalem
The Paschal Moon went on,
Bringing nor peace nor hope to them
From whom their Love was gone,
Who scarcely had the heart to pray
As they in sleepless chamber lay.

MOON AND SUN

But when the Paschal Moon sank down,
Up rose the Easter Sun,
With glory evermore to crown
What Cross and Tomb had done.
And henceforth Sun and Moon each bring
A song for joyous men to sing.

EASTER SONNETS

I

IN one for whom the earthly years have been
An apathetic round of sullen toil
Or greedy grasping after sordid spoil,
Or frantic revel, where wild dancers spin,
What hope can rise another life to win?
Must he not rather from the thought recoil,—
And, sick of dull satiety of sin,
Wish but to mingle with the senseless soil?
Far better that his atoms should dispart
Forever,—like the clouds which wander by,
And sudden-melting leave a vacant sky,—
Should utterly dissolve,—brain, nerves and heart,—
Than that again his hands should work base art,
And evil visions greet his shameless eye.

II

But unto one who gazes from a life
Where fine aspiring clothes itself with deed;
For whom new years to larger yearning lead;
For whom the air is with brave beckonings rife;

EASTER SONNETS

Sad is a night, becalming all the strife,—
Ending at once all helping and all need,—
Which furls the banner and estops the fife,
And offers nothingness as man's sole meed.
O, how his spirit cries against such fate,
And further joy in further task demands,—
If not here, then in undiscovered lands,
Where still it may God's work participate;
And with what keen encouragement elate
He looks where,—Lo! the Risen Jesus stands!

THE RED BREAST

CHILDREN, have you heard the story
Of the gallant little bird,
Who beheld the Lord of glory
Hanging on the tree of shame,
And, his heart with pity stirred,
Flying to the rescue came?

On the cross-arm perched he quickly,
Seized a nail-head with his beak,
Where the blood was flowing thickly;
At it pulled and tugged and strove;
But his force was all too weak,
And he could not make it move.

Still he struggled, till the feathers
Of his breast were deeply stained
With a red no earthly weather's
Wind and rain should wash away;—
And the gules he thus had gained,
Blazoned there, would ever stay.

THE RED BREAST

Finally, and very sadly,
He his useless toiling ceased,
But, while taunts and curses madly
Down below at Jesus roared,
From the soldier and the priest,
He a hymn of praise outpoured.

When at last the dread day ended,—
With the Body laid to rest,
And the Soul, to God commended,
Safe in happy Paradise,—
He, within his close-by nest,
Waited for the Lord to rise.

Therefore now, with ruddy plumage
On each faithful little breast,
Robins bring their Easter homage,
While the holy church-bells ring,
North and South and East and West
Calling men to hail their King.

IN MEMORIAM

LOUIS SANFORD SCHUYLER

WHEN some great deed of sacrifice is done
Ever will rise the thought in aching hearts,
“Alas, what waste! Into how many parts
Could that have been divided, which now, one
Wild gift of love, is almost careless thrown
Down at the Master’s feet.” Thy death but starts
The censure, “Whom thy sympathetic arts
Could cheer and help, thou leavest to their moan.”
But thou hadst learned the lesson once was taught,—
That lavishness is sometimes duty’s claim,—
When Jesus said a good work had been wrought,
Coeval with His Gospel in its fame.
Thy brief yet lasting service was to show
The Church that still her martyr spirits glow.

HEAVEN

“PRESS on to Heaven,”—so goes the common
speech,

Cast loose from these garbage-foul quays, and sail
For happy islands far beyond the reach

Of this deceptive present, dark and stale.

Vain thought! that eyes, which see naught here, shall
hail

A joyous light on some untrodden beach,
And, what familiar voices could not teach,

In stately song of seraphs shall prevail.

The heavenly sunbeams on earth's highways fall;

The blessed angels move through worldly din;

Not over seas but in the streets they call;

At every step we meet celestial kin.

In Sacramental parts is shown the All,

The gate to God stands open here,—press in!

THE DAY

THEY longed for the Day; they schemed for the
Day;

And they made it dawn at last.

Their devil-led host rushed out on its prey,

And its breath was a furnace blast.

But the morrow brings up the Other Day,—

Which, since God is, must be,—

Darker than night o'er their shattered array,

And changeless on land and sea.

AMERICA, AMERICA

WITH purest snow thy mountains shine,
America, America!

Thy prairies teem with grain and kine,
America, America!

Land of the oak and palm and pine,
Of orchard-gold and iron mine,
Be ever ours as we are thine,
America, America!

Land bought by our forefathers' blood,
America, America!

Where alway since free men have stood,
America, America!

Sworn to maintain the common good,
In faith and hope and hardihood,
Respondent to thy noblest mood,
America, America!

Forever may thy banner wave,
America, America!

Though all around thy foemen rave,
America, America!

We will be vigilant and brave,
We will give all our fathers gave,
Thy life and splendid fame to save,
America, America!

HIS SIN

IT never leaves him. Only to his eyes
Revealed, it faces them alway. While friends
Encircle him with kindly smiles, it bends
Its stern regard, in pitiless surprise
All do shun him not. When alone it blends
Itself with what he looks on; by him wends
The summer woods, stands under winter skies,
And points him out for Nature to despise.
He cannot shake it off;—one word defends
Its right to clutch and hold,—“*Thou didst*,” it cries.

A PRAYER

O SPLENDID Vision, Jesus Christ!
Lord of the Cross and Eucharist!
I glimpse Thy Face across the years,—
But faintly through my doubts and fears.
What art, or canst Thou be, to me?
What am I truly unto Thee?

The wondrous Gospel Tale I read;
I hear the Church's happy Creed;
But see Thee not in earth's turmoil,
Nor feel Thee in my passions' coil.
Wilt Thou be anything to me?
And am I somewhat unto Thee?

At times I seem to hear Thee knock;
And yet the door does not unlock.
O give me faith and love and hope,
That with my self shall strongly cope.
Let me know what I am to Thee,
And so become Thou all to me.

BEREAVEMENT

NOT that the sun is greater far
 Than many a star,
Is our world left in darkling night,
 Reft of his light.
It is his nearness to the earth
 He shines upon
That makes the dimness and the dearth,
 When he is gone.

Not that thou wast a soul unique,—
 Whom all must seek
That crave full sympathy and love,—
 Does thy remove
Leave me so empty and forlorn.
 But I resign,—
And this is why I hopeless mourn,—
 What was all mine.

A CHILD'S DEATH

A TINY blade of grass has withered on the prairie;
A water drop breathed back from ocean to the skies;
And now the total landscape widens dim and dreary,
And on the water surface no bright bubble lies.

From myriads uncounted a single face is missing,—
A sturdy, brave-eyed boy, with tossing golden
hair,—
And so all else seems hopeless,—thinking, toiling,
kissing,—
What made this earth so precious is no longer
there.

QUIS DESIDERIO

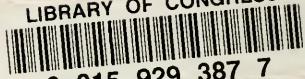
THE story is not new. A thousand men
Can tell it, with the selfsame heavy heartache.
There was that night of expectation; while
The wan wife wrestled gladly with her doom;
Till, on its morn, the ruddy doctor cried
“You have a son,” and smiling quaffed his wine.
Then followed days of alternating joys,—
The joy of seeing baby limbs grow strong,
The joy of seeing baby mind grow keen,
The joy of seeing baby soul grow loving.
Alas, my brothers, for that time gone by,
When we held our brave boy in warm embrace,
And read to him old ballads and wild tales!
And then, ah then, the day whose dismalness
Is scorched on memory, indelible;—
A little night-gowned figure, on whose face
The fight with pain had carved its plaintive lines,
Pushing away the bitter medicine,—

QUIS DESIDERIO

But at the word, "Take it for father, Dear,"
Obediently drinking. All in vain!
And now upon the wooded hill a grave,
Where flowers bloom each resurrecting Spring.
But what reply or help to us who mourn
Insatiate for that dear golden head?
None, save as trusting to His word Who said
"Suffer the little children come to Me."



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