

PS  
3537  
.C2654  
1912



Scum  
o' the  
Earth



Robert  
Haven  
Schauffler

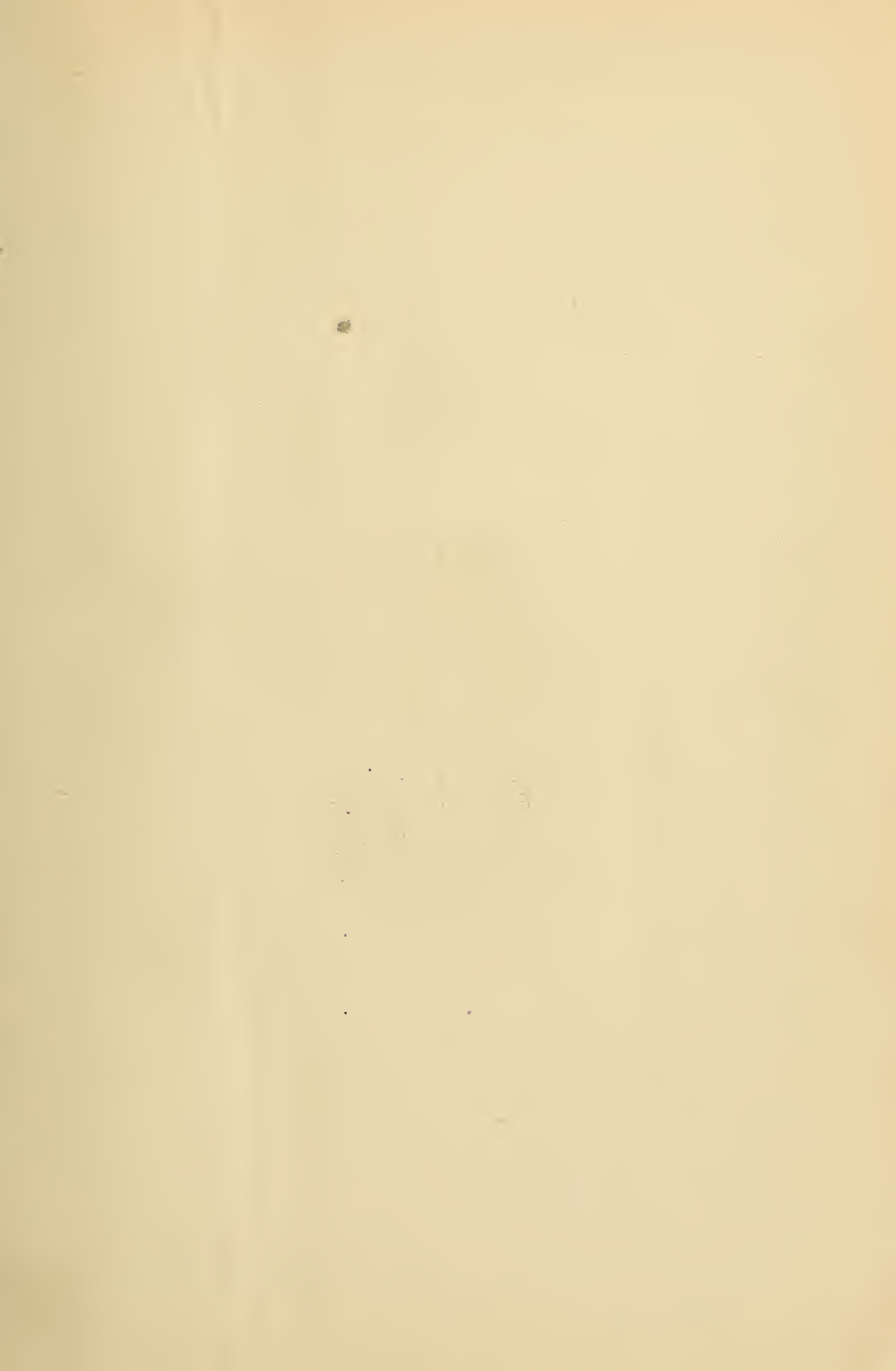


Class PS 3537

Book C 26 S 4

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1912

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**







By Robert Haven Schauffler

---

SCUM O' THE EARTH AND OTHER POEMS.  
THE MUSICAL AMATEUR.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

SCUM O' THE EARTH  
AND OTHER POEMS









# Scum o' the Earth

## And Other Poems

By Robert Haven Schauffler



Boston and New York  
Houghton Mifflin Company  
1912

PS 3537  
C 26 S 4  
1912

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Published April 1912*



\$ 1.00

© Cl. A 314030

m-1

TO THE MEMORY OF MY  
MOTHER  
CLARA GRAY SCHAUFFLER  
POET, MUSICIAN, AND  
FRIEND OF THE "SCUM O' THE EARTH"



## CONTENTS

### I. BROTHER HEIRS

“Scum o’ the Earth” . . . . .	3
A Pittsburg Library . . . . .	8
To a Democratic Mountain . . . . .	9
Epigram (with a handful of Plymouth arbutus) . . . . .	13
Washington . . . . .	14

### II. ÉLAN DE VIE

Friend Soul . . . . .	23
To My Mother . . . . .	24
A Silenced Song . . . . .	25
The Gleam . . . . .	26
Dusk and Dawn . . . . .	27
The Death of Attainment . . . . .	28
Athenian Hymn (to the Unknown God) . . . . .	30
Monte Cavo (after the Italian of Carducci) . . . . .	32
The Source . . . . .	36
New Gods for Old . . . . .	37

## CONTENTS

### III. THE INFINITE ART

Marsyas . . . . .	41
Growth . . . . .	47
Music . . . . .	48
The Symphony . . . . .	49
The Violin . . . . .	50
'Cello Moods . . . . .	52
For a Venetian Pastorale by Giorgione . . . . .	54
The Music Maker . . . . .	56

For their kind permission to reproduce poems in this volume thanks are due to the following magazines : *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, *The Metropolitan*, *Success*, *The Yale Review*, *The Independent*, and *The Outlook*.



I

BROTHER HEIRS





## “SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

### I

At the gate of the West I stand,  
On the isle where the nations throng.  
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,  
Young fellow from Socrates’ land? —  
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong  
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?  
So you’re of Spartan birth?  
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band —  
Deathless in story and song —  
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass? . . .  
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!  
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,  
That have doomed you to march in our “immigrant  
class”  
Where you’re nothing but “scum o’ the earth.”

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,  
What dower bring you to the land of the free?  
Hark! does she croon  
That sad little tune  
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea  
And mounted in gold for you and for me?  
Now a ragged young fiddler answers  
In wild Czech melody  
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers.  
And the heavy faces bloom  
In the wonderful Slavic way;  
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,  
Suddenly dawn like the day.  
While, watching these folk and their mystery,  
I forget that they’re nothing worth;  
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,  
And men of all Slavic nations  
Are “polacks” — and “scum o’ the earth.”

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,  
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

Astare at Manhattan’s pinnacles now  
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;  
Within your far-rapt seer’s eyes  
I catch the glow of the wild surmise  
That played on the Santa Maria’s prow  
In that still gray dawn,  
Four centuries gone,  
When a world from the wave began to rise.  
Oh, it’s hard to foretell what high emprise  
Is the goal that gleams  
When Italy’s dreams  
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.  
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;  
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;  
Angelo brought us there to dwell;  
And you, are you of a different birth? —  
You’re only a “dago,” — and “scum o’ the earth”!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong  
Calling you “scum o’ the earth,”  
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,  
Of the features tender yet strong, —

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery  
Mingled with patience and dread?  
Have not I known you in history,  
Sorrow-bowed head?  
Were you the poet-king, worth  
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?  
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art  
Foretold how the rabble would mock  
That shepherd of spirits, erelong,  
Who should carry the lambs on his heart  
And tenderly feed his flock?  
Man — lift that sorrow-bowed head.  
Lo! ’t is the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.  
You’re merely a butt for our mirth.  
You’re a “sheeny” — and therefore despised  
And rejected as “scum o’ the earth.”

v

Countrymen, bend and invoke  
Mercy for us blasphemers,  
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,

“SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

Nations of darers and dreamers,  
Scions of singers and seers,  
Our peers, and more than our peers.  
“Rabble and refuse,” we name them  
And “scum o’ the earth,” to shame them.  
Mercy for us of the few, young years,  
Of the culture so callow and crude,  
Of the hands so grasping and rude,  
The lips so ready for sneers  
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.  
Mercy for us who dare despise  
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;  
Mothers of men who shall bring to us  
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;  
Children in whose frail arms shall rest  
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,  
Help us incarnate dreams like these.  
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.  
Help us to father a nation, strong  
In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

## A PITTSBURG LIBRARY

FROM your smoky river-height  
Radiate both warmth and light:  
Warmth of understanding hearts,  
Light of learning and the arts;  
Beckoning the "scum of earth"  
To a day of second birth.

As the furnace-flare below  
Glorifies the murky flow  
Of Monongahela's stream,  
So you light the shadowed faces  
Of these folk of sadder races,  
Luring them to learn and dream.



## TO A DEMOCRATIC MOUNTAIN

*(For the guest-book at Brighthurst)*

SMOULDERING flame  
Died in the west  
As level we came  
With this mountain crest  
To look on the play  
Of myriad stars  
In a heaven of earth,  
With silvery bars  
Where the moon's young girth  
On the ripples lay.

Then, — ah, then  
In the glimmering day,  
The prospect wide  
Of the Jersey fen,  
Of Newark Bay  
And the faëry tide  
Of mist that swum  
Round lithe-stemmed towers

TO A DEMOCRATIC MOUNTAIN

That decked, like flowers,  
The gem-girt slum  
Of the city of men: —  
Piteous place —  
Haunt of proud birth  
And the great unblessed,  
Of the Tory mind  
And the starved and blind,  
Of the dizzy with race  
And the dizzy with dearth,  
And of those whose jest  
Is the “scum o’ the earth.”

How good was flight  
From that ill-starred sight!  
How blesséd, to share  
The catholic air  
So large and still  
Of Brighthurst’s height.

For these who gaze down  
On the piteous town  
From a summit fairer

TO A DEMOCRATIC MOUNTAIN

Than Tmolus Hill,  
Through an ether rarer  
Than theirs whom fate  
Gives the Golden Horn  
Or the Golden Gate —  
Hide no smug hate,  
Condescension, or scorn  
For the “humbly” born,  
For the lantern-bearer  
From isles of the morn,  
For Plato’s son,  
Leonardo’s race,  
Or Tolstoy’s face; —  
For any one  
Of whatever birth  
Under the sun.  
For their hearts have a girth  
That encompasses earth.

So, for this height  
No benefice  
More ample and bright  
May be craved than this:

TO A DEMOCRATIC MOUNTAIN

*With that bounty of rest,  
Of art's living balm  
And nature's glad calm, —  
With that bounty of peace  
And sudden surcease  
Of terror and dearth  
Wherewith it has blessed  
The despised, the oppressed  
And rejected of earth: —  
With measures like these  
Of fortune and mirth  
May Brighthurst be blest.*

## EPIGRAM

*(With a handful of Plymouth arbutus)*

THE *Mayflower* once filled this shore  
With seekers after truth and duty;  
And yet, each April, fills it o'er  
With seekers after hidden beauty.

Would it had taught the Fathers why  
Truth without beauty's half a lie.  
And would it might to us express  
The beauty of their holiness.

## WASHINGTON

OFF with the ruffle!  
Away with the wig!  
No more shall they muffle  
The soul of our big  
Father of men.  
Stockings of silk, —  
All of that ilk —  
Strip them away  
Swift as we may!  
Joyously then  
Burn the false reams  
Of the Reverend Weems, —  
Myth of the hatchet, —  
Others to match it.  
Now see a man  
Young for his age,  
With a hearty laugh,  
Lips that could quaff,  
Lips that could rage,  
An eye for the stage,

WASHINGTON

Or a fishing-rod,  
A close-run race,  
Or a charming face.  
No statue, he!  
Look, and we see  
No carefully shod  
Gray demi-god  
Carved by smug preachers  
And treacherous teachers.  
Down with the wig  
And the mask of the prig!  
Do what they can  
To smooth and conceal it,  
They're forced to reveal it —  
He was a *man!*

His was the kind  
Of young man's mind  
That never said "die"  
As the ice crunched by  
And shattered his raft  
In the frontier stream.  
He but sputtered and laughed

WASHINGTON

And clove with his friend  
By the moon's pale gleam  
To the grim swim's end.

None other bore  
On that bloody shore  
By dread Duquesne  
A heart so cool,  
A head so high,  
(Though fever-sore  
And spent with pain)  
As Braddock's "fool."

Pray, what kind  
But a sportsman's mind  
Could so often rebound  
At no matter what cost  
From shock and disaster  
And swiftly re-master  
More than was lost,  
To the heartening sound  
Of the fife's cheery round?  
Or was it some nice



WASHINGTON

Powdered prig in a wig  
Poled the Delaware's ice  
To the jubilant foe  
To bring him that shocking  
Torn Christmas stocking  
That ruddied the snow?

And, when as Chief  
Men labeled him "thief,"  
"Ingrate," "traitor,"  
"Would-be king,"  
"People-hater," —  
Everything  
That could cause him grief, —  
How the serpent's tooth  
Devoured his youth!  
Mark how he aged,  
Agonized, raged,  
Swore — for relief —  
He had rather be pent  
Safe in the womb  
Of the wordless tomb  
Then be President.

WASHINGTON

(When burst such a groan  
From a statue of stone?)  
Yet helmward abided  
That sportsman's hand  
Until it had guided  
The vessel to land.

Here, then, he stands,  
The true Washington,  
Sire of the lands  
Of the North and the South.  
Love he commands  
As no second one  
Under our sun.  
Mind not the mouth  
So prim and so stern;  
An old age heroic  
But made it *seem* stoic.  
Mark the kind eyes  
That glimmer and burn  
So wistful and wise  
So brimmed with concern,

WASHINGTON

The brotherly hands  
That beckon and yearn.

Ah, no less brotherly hands  
Had welded these western lands;  
Eyes of no cooler light  
Had held these states, by the might  
Of their loving, passionate will,  
In the cording of common bands.  
Full well know we whence came  
Those spirits of thunder and flame  
That met at Chancellorsville!  
Aye, and we know full well  
Whence, after that four years' hell,  
Came the soul of a later day  
When sad Mississippi mothers  
And girls with slain sweethearts and brothers  
Bore lilies and roses to lay  
On the mounds both of Blue and of Gray.

No! 't was no statuesque sire  
That left us in Lincoln his son —  
A great-heart with malice toward none,

WASHINGTON

A great-hand with sinews of fire; —  
That left us a Roosevelt at need,  
When Mammon had blunted the breed,  
To rake our souls out of the mire.

Off with the ruffle!  
Away with the wig!  
No more shall they muffle  
The soul of our big  
Father of men.  
Though they do what they can  
To smooth and conceal it,  
Manfully, then,  
Let us reveal it: —  
*He was a man!*

II

ÉLAN DE VIE



## FRIEND SOUL

FROM the zest of the land of the living,  
From work and reflection and play,  
From the getting of love and the giving  
I hasten away.

For I have a friend from the highland  
Who's larked with me long on my plain;  
And now to his glamorous sky-land  
We're posting amain.

Up yonder his mansions are legion;  
Though he's met on the street with a stare  
Here, where I'm the lord of the region, —  
So turn about's fair.

We leave the snug inn on the highroad.  
I wave to my valley with pride.  
Then we turn up the beckoning by-road  
And swing into stride.

## TO MY MOTHER

I SEE your face as on that calmer day  
When from my infant eyes it passed away  
    Beyond these petty cares and questionings,  
    Beyond this sphere of sordid human things, —  
The trampled field of time's capricious play.

Bright with more mother-love than tongue can say,  
Stern with the sense of foes in strong array,  
    Yet hopeful, with no hopefulness earth brings,  
    I see your face.

O gracious guarder from the primrose way,  
O loving guide when wayward feet would stray,  
    O inspiration sweet when the heart sings,  
    O patient ministrant to sufferings,  
Down the long road, *madonna mia*, may  
    I see your face.



## A SILENCED SONG

Love stole behind me as I sang  
And laid her cool, sweet finger-tips  
Lightly upon my careless lips.

    There rang  
All round about a magic melody  
That ever echoes thrillingly in me.

Now since love came my lips are sealed, and fain  
    Would dumb remain  
If so my soul may lose no lightest strain  
Of that compelling melody.

## THE GLEAM

FOLLOW thy star through life's dark-shadowed hollow ;  
Follow that gleam though never so faint or far ;  
With all the might of thy soul-sinew, follow  
Thy star!

So shall these narrow confines fail to bound thee;  
So shall the fiend set snares for thee in vain;  
So shall the nearing choirs of heaven sound thee  
A strain.

## DUSK AND DAWN

TWILIGHT, and dun, weird tapestries  
About the bier of day are drawn.  
Night-preludes moan in every breeze,  
But in my heart — the dawn.

Night in the dungeon of my brain;  
Hope's last pretense long gone;  
Despair is knocking, but in vain,  
For in my heart — the dawn.

## THE DEATH OF ATTAINMENT

(DOUBLE SONNET)

*"That sweet bloom of all that is far away."*

RUSKIN.

NOT blazing down at noontide, close and keen,  
But dust-bedimmed at birth and death of day —  
New from the dark or soon to pass away —  
The very splendor of the sun is seen.  
A desert-garden of beguiling green  
Oft vanishes as hot feet haste that way,  
And often the first kiss leaves cold and gray  
The ashes of a passion that has been.

O sweet, fresh bloom of all at the verge of sight,  
Turning to dust as eager fingers greet  
What so they longed for. Bitter born of sweet,  
When many men come to know your worth aright?  
Attainment, clad in robes of dazzling white,  
Lures us to her far throne. We clasp her feet,  
Only to find her robe her winding-sheet;  
Her throne, her tomb, — her kingdom, utter night.

THE DEATH OF ATTAINMENT

“Would God that I had died for you,” we wail,

“Were you alive, here were true paradise.”

But lo, a shining presence from that grave

Stands forth, and a great voice — “Attainment dies

Still, as men crown and hail her queen, — to save

Her chosen ones from lives without avail;

To show this frail hour’s mutability

Outlined against the grandeur of the past, —

The future’s glorious infinitude;

To show that from no vessel earthly-rude,

May man be filled, nor till he quaff at last

Wine of the grapes of God eternally.”

## ATHENIAN HYMN

(TO THE UNKNOWN GOD)

NIGHT-FOLDED unreality  
(If such a phantom-god there be)  
We raise our timid song to thee.

They say thy home is in the deep,  
Below Poseidon thou dost keep  
Thy throne, where sunbeams never sleep.

They say thy home is in the sky;  
Thou flashest an all-seeing eye  
Down on the peak where Zeus doth lie.

But if thou art so far from here,  
That thou to man dost not appear  
How is it that we feel thee near,

Or seem to feel, when sinks the heart?  
Do we then know thy healing art, —  
Or is it of our dreams a part?

ATHENIAN HYMN

Sometimes we seem to feel thee nigh  
In moments when the soul mounts high, —  
Seem to behold thee eye to eye.

And then thy majesty we deem  
More radiant than Apollo's beam  
Or the Cloud-Gatherer's lightning gleam.

Then earth returns thy mien to mar,  
Leaving thee phantom-like and far,  
Like lustre from a hidden star.

## MONTE CAVO

*(After the Italian of Carducci)*

HAIL! king of beech trees on this mountain crest,  
Raising aloft thy rugged bole and thick,  
And, like a many-branching candlestick,  
Reaching thy gracious arms above the rest.

The young trees murmur and gleam in the sun, and toss,  
Breeze-fondled. Vibrant harmony they sing,  
Stung with desire; and every fibrous thing  
Takes, in the sun and the wind, a rarer gloss.

The undulating lines of the foothills join  
The little towns vivaciously together,  
Saluting each by each; and from the nether  
Soft sliding shadows seek their vantage-coign.

Good-morrow, Frascati! whose buoyant, teeming air  
Is impregnate with young creativeness.  
When the good autumn comes, your peasants press  
Grand liquor from your vineyards everywhere.



MONTE CAVO

Good-morrow, Rocca di Papa! high, so high  
You cling upon your crag precipitous,  
Like flocks of mountain goats the impetuous  
Assault of wolves has come to terrify.

Good-morrow, Marino! and Castel Gandolfo, good-  
day!

Who offer your lips for the hearty breeze to kiss,  
Respecting your ancient, rustic beauty — this  
That holds in crescent-wise arms the emerald bay.

Behold Albano, Genzano, and, by the tall bridge,  
Arricia, comrade of Nemi which ruled the towns  
neighboring

What time the feudal Orsini, mighty laboring,  
Piled them a massive stronghold high on the ridge.

Closed in the whorls of the hills as in whorls of a  
shell,

There the sad waves of the two lakes curl ever-  
more,

Mournfully washing on desolate reaches of shore  
Rich on a time with forests no iron dared fell.

MONTE CAVO

Wide the campagna extends, in silence furled —  
In silence profound and in its potent peace.  
And far beyond the pallid fields one sees  
The sacred place that once contained the world.

Lies the City, wrapped in a vaporous shroud,  
Like to a person by deep sleep oppressed.  
Never an echo carries to this crest  
Aught of the mighty clangor of its crowd.

Here it is sweet to lie and quite forget  
All of the tumults and annoys of life.  
All of the tumult here,— the murmurous strife  
Of young leaves that upon the green twigs fret.

By every plant that sheds a murmur dim  
Upon the air; by every nimble stem;  
By every stone and tree, — by all of them  
Is raised a solemn, an imperious hymn:

*“I hymn the candid praises of eternal  
Life that is in the flame and in the spring, —  
In insect, ocean, planet, everything, —  
In the rude clod and in the Judge supernal ;*

MONTE CAVO

*Of life that knows to whizz and hum and boom.*

*Eternally it murders and it mates.*

*In action and in thought it radiates,*

*And glows within the cradle and the tomb.”*

Spread over me, O beech, thy mighty arms,

Who viewest from thine height the plains and skies.

This hour is mine, though countless unborn eyes

Shall know in coming centuries thy charms.

## THE SOURCE

UNTO the blooms of the mystical garden of solace,  
Unto the boles of the boundless garden of peace, —  
Shut from the rumor of earth's loud pleasures and fol-  
lies, —  
Bourne where earth's passionate discords dwindle and  
cease, —  
Where the fountain of life, more vast than the cup of  
the ocean,  
Is brimming the souls of men with its quickening po-  
tion, —  
Thither I send my drooping, battle-scarred soul;  
Knowing that after one golden hour of ease, —  
With the lilt of creation's dawn in its every motion, —  
Back shall it wing to me, masterful, buoyant, whole.

## NEW GODS FOR OLD

THEIR God was a god of fire, aloof on a great white throne,

Where a chosen angelical choir sang praises in monotone.  
His pity was tyrant's pity. Their tears were bondmen's tears.

And bolts from his luminous city sowed earth with griefs and fears.

Our God is large like the ocean, and we are the waters that run

With a sure, eternal motion to be with a greater at one.  
We may scavenge the dross of the nation, we may shudder past bloody sod, —

But we thrill to the new revelation that we are parts of God.



III

THE INFINITE ART





## MARSYAS

MOVED by the song of breeze-swept wood and wave,  
Close to the shingle on a leafy mound  
Sat Marsyas. It was the holy hour  
When the light hands of two eternities —  
The shining future and the shadowy past —  
Sweep soft the strings of life, while from their lips  
The hymn of sunset rises. On his face, —  
Shot with the sparks of joy and dear desire, —  
A richer glow than that of westering sun;  
For now the mood was on him and he felt  
Stirring within, the world-old harmonies.  
“O thing of light moving within my breast,”  
He sang, “unfathomable gift of song,  
Thy spirit is the spirit of the sea  
That thralls in his wide lap this little land —  
Mighty wave-melodist — with surge-chorales,  
With lullabies of foam, war-blasts of surf,  
Tender nocturnes of calm; nay, deeper yet,  
Yet more compelling than old ocean’s throb,  
This tide of music surging in my soul.

MARSYAS

Apollo, lord of life and light and song,  
Fast filling the wide theatre of the west  
With echoes of the hymns Olympus hears, —  
Thy spirit of supernal melody  
Hath glided down some slanting eastward beam  
And passed within my breast, — such poems of tone  
As thou art wont to make with the young stars  
Of morning for a prelude to the dawn.  
And now, when I set this captive music free  
To fare again to thee, ruler of song,  
No mere serenity of godlike bliss  
Shall then pervade it wholly, nor the drone  
Of passionless existence in the air.  
For all the reedy notes I pipe to thee  
Shall flame with that strange fire that springs to life  
When lip meets human lip. Nor shall the note  
Of woe — unknown to thee — be wanting, heard  
When hands, unsatisfied, grope in the dark.  
And so, perchance, upon a river reed,  
My breath may form for thee immortal strains  
Touched with the poignance of humanity.”

*(Marsyas plays)*

## MARSYAS

Drawn by these strange, new wood-notes came the god  
To see begin that struggle never to end, —  
The travail of man's spirit to escape  
From the enfolding fetters of the flesh.  
He saw a fair, divinely featured man  
Playing with delicate fingers on a pipe,  
And there on his upturned face a something played  
Kin to the radiance of the molten sky.

He ended, and the god took up the strain  
With lyre and voice; and then the slight, sweet tune,  
Uplifted as on wings, was changed, set free,  
Transfigured, till it seemed as though the waves  
Of light were waves of sound, swift, passionate,  
Intense, tone-radiance flowing from the sun  
Without an effort and without a pause;  
The glory of the day that crowns the sea  
And fills the misty far-off isles with gold.  
The gamut of all passion, swiftly swept,  
Shone there, a perfect rainbow.

Marsyas

Listened with wonder stealing in his eyes  
And joy before undreamed. But suddenly,

## MARSYAS

As one who in the full, free glow of health  
Perceives a fever-venom in his veins,  
He felt the fire of that too perfect song  
Scorching his very soul. He snatched the reed,  
Snapped it and flung it in the tangled grass,  
And, tortured, cried, "Woe me, these notes of mine,  
Are to Apollo's song mere infant wails  
In the vast concord of the choiring worlds.  
Though well I know my song might be as his  
Could I unmute my soul, brushing aside  
These mufflings of inexorable flesh!  
Alas, man's art is but a bruised reed  
Hid in the towering forests of the gods,  
Fit only to be snapped and flung aside  
And perish in the splendor of the sun!"  
With a despairing cry he started up,  
And wandered forth into the gathering gloom.  
His spirit—tense as lute-strings tightly drawn  
That make a mournful music in the wind—  
Flayed by the keen, flame-edge of his ideal,  
And joyless as the woods before the dawn.

## MARSYAS

A sudden light, and Marsyas was aware  
Close by him of the presence he had shunned.  
Who laid aside the lyre, addressing him  
With stern benignity in every word:  
“Oh, Marsyas, most godlike among men,  
I saw thee when thy soul flamed out in song,  
Lit by a spark from heaven: and I saw  
That fire work devastation in thy breast.  
But grudge not thou the price the artist pays  
For his diviner moments. 'T is a law,  
Immutable and just, that on those waves  
That mount the highest, deepest furrows tend;  
And ever on the forest floor at noon  
The blackest shadows lurk along the roots.  
So when thou weighest thy late-quivering songs  
In the cool hands of reason, finding them  
Scant of the things that make a song divine,  
And pangs the common man may never feel  
Do violence to thine unarmored spirit,  
Be comforted, remembering that thine eyes  
Never have looked unblinded on my face,  
Free from mist-veilings in the cloudless blue.  
For if the soul should move itself aright

## MARSYAS

And speak from out the breast like god to man,  
In sheer expression of the infinite  
Man's earth-compacted flesh would melt away  
In the fell glare of that apocalypse.  
Then, Marsyas, play with lifted heart the notes  
'T is given thee to sound for the delight  
Of dumb souls groping at expression's gate;  
And so thou play'st true artist, at the last,  
In perfect measures, unalloyed and free,  
Thou too shalt touch the eternal harmonies."

Apollo ceased and smiled upon the man —  
First of the race of human artist-kind —  
Then took his lyre and passed between the trees,  
A brightness in the dull blot of the night,  
While wakened breezes whispered among the strings.  
But Marsyas heeded not the going god,  
For from his eyes looked forth an inner light.

## GROWTH

THE climax of the perfect symphony  
Sounds not at its beginning. Lone and low  
The voices enter, ceasing often, so  
As young birds newly learning melody.  
But others plunge in that harmonious sea;  
And now, from crystal tube, and reed, and bow,  
And brazen throat, a full concurrent flow  
Of music swells in rich sonority.

Soul, fret not if the music of thy life  
To thee sound thin and weak. An age remote  
Uttered chaotic preludes to these years.  
Play well thy part, though with harsh discords rife —  
Lo! thou shalt touch a nobler, deeper note,  
And join to swell the music of the spheres.

## MUSIC

*"Music is Love in search of a word."*

SIDNEY LANIER.

Is music "love in search of words"? Not so.  
For love well knows he never may express  
In words a tithe of all his tenderness,  
Nor paint in human speech a passion's glow  
Lit by his flame. Too deep and still, too low  
Even for angels' ears, the sacredness  
Of meaning when two hearts together press  
And feel from eye to eye love's secret flow.

But music is a house not made with hands,  
Built by love's Father, where a little space  
The soul may dwell; a royal palace fit  
To meet the majesty of its demands;  
The place where man's two lives unite; the place  
To hold communion with the infinite.



## THE SYMPHONY

CARRY me home to the pine wood;  
Give me to sleep by the sea;  
Leave me alone with the lulling tone  
Of the south wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord;  
Sick of the clash of this strife, —  
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain,  
And I yearn for the symphony — *life*.

## THE VIOLIN

SOMETIMES the violin seems to me  
A type of what the soul must be

When it has put aside the bark  
And come from out the friendly dark

Where wayward forest breezes run —  
To lie and mellow in the sun.

The master with unerring hand  
Prepares it for the spirit-land.

But ever, as the seasons roll  
Their roundelay through branch and bole, —

What though its voice has come to be  
The voice of immortality? —

The old old spirit stirs within  
The nature of the violin.

THE VIOLIN

And so, as if some dear, dead friend  
A word to those behind might send,

It speaks to common human ears  
Of morning blessings, evening tears;

And runs, with more than mortal art,  
The gamut of the human heart.

## 'CELLO MOODS

TO-DAY the sense of spring fills all my frame;  
And, thrilling, stirs and throbs in me as when  
The sap began to course, like liquid flame,  
In March, in my old tree-home far from men.  
And now my song grows free and clear again  
And full of vibrant, vernal murmuring  
Reëchoing bird notes out of brake and fen  
That tell of youth and young love on the wing  
And all the myriad joyous mysteries of spring.

As the fair, sensuous body of the mere  
Swerves to the influent moon, as rhyme sways  
rhyme,  
I feel the bounding pulses of the year,  
Quick with the boundless vigor of their prime  
Beat in their forest ocean. On a time  
The warm, rich life of summer surged in me.  
And still my finer spirit-senses chime  
With subtle instincts of that soulless tree  
And the mysterious power that moves the summer sea.

'CELLO MOODS

Now through my voice there rings a richer tone.

The lustre of my breast reflects the fires

Of foliage like a royal mantle thrown

To deck my ancient home. My song aspires

To the rare mellowness of autumn choirs,

Enriched by summer's teaching in my wood.

I sing the sober grandeur that attires

The full, fair form of nature's womanhood,

Dreaming the infinite, now first half understood.

The bleak wind moans and from the sodden trees

Where first my maker found me comes a wail

Of winter's bitterness. But not with these

Orphans of summer, smitten by the gale,

Lies now my lot; within the mystic pale

Of art I may forget those forest pains

In voicing forth this time-untrammelled tale

Of dawning love that mounts through bright cloud-  
lanes

Straight to the upper choirs on radiant music strains.

## FOR A VENETIAN PASTORALE

BY GIORGIONE

*(In the Louvre)*

PLAY on, my brother, play;  
Nor let tone's lulling ecstasy surprise  
The singing of thy lute-chords into calm.  
How good to float away  
An hour from out the thralldom of the eyes;  
To taste the balm  
Of this benign, unsensual draught of tone;  
To wend cool spirit-ways alone,  
Unmindful of what glowing mysteries,  
What passion flowers are lurking in the grass;  
Nor thrill when her rich languorous pipings pass  
To merge in thy compelling harmonies.

Play on, my brother, play;  
For one swift hour to-day  
Our spirits, freed from sight's insistent mesh,  
Have overcome the indomitable flesh,

FOR A VENETIAN PASTORALE

And sensed the end  
Whereto our beings tend.  
Hark what the noon-stars say.  
Play on, my brother, play.

## THE MUSIC MAKER

*(In memory of an evening at Richard Watson Gilder's home)*

BENEATH the bow  
Your live chords, 'cello mio, throb and stir, —  
My viol-like, dreamful child of Gasparo, —  
Raising from reverie your Lombard voice,  
And bidding us rejoice,  
In all the things of soul and sense that make  
These beauty-consecrated chambers glow  
As though they were  
In your ancestral home by Garda lake.

Now, as beneath the tense exultant fingers,  
The music flows or lingers,  
The presence of the viol passes quite;  
And, for a little space,  
Rapt out of touch and sight,  
With Bach the master I am face to face.

And now  
In ways unlike the labored ways of earth —



## THE MUSIC MAKER

I know not how —  
That part of man which is most worth  
Comes forth at call of this old sarabande  
And lays a spirit-hand  
With mine upon the strings that understand.  
Our painter lends his palette to a tone  
That is no more mine own.  
Lo! he that 'from the sterile womb of stone  
Raises up children unto God' is there  
To make this sarabande in form more fair;  
And our dear poet with the glowing eyes  
Brings to the shrine of tone his evening sacrifice;  
While, filling all the place, below, above,  
There radiates the starlight of my love.

O comrade heart, shall life be thus when we —  
Beyond the portal of eternity —  
Shall enter into that long ecstasy?

Shall we float thus upon a flood of tone,  
Discumbered of these garments long outgrown,  
Alone, yet gloriously un-alone?

THE MUSIC MAKER

Yes, love, we shall re-live this great to-day,  
When our sheer souls, in the immortal way,  
Have uttered what our lips might never say.

THE END



The Riverside Press  
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS  
U . S . A

---

---

# The Piper

## *A Play in Four Acts*

---

*£300 Stratford Prize Play*

---

“WE have no other American poet whose muse is capable of such a sustained and inspired flight in the atmosphere of poetic drama.”—*New York Times*.

“Scarcely any praise can be too high for it . . . there has been no such beautiful child-play for many years. Perhaps there never was one so beautiful.”—*Sir Edward Russell, in Liverpool Post*.

“We do not ever remember to have seen anything upon the stage in this country or the continent so deserving of preservation as ‘The Piper.’”—*London Academy*.

“The play should have nearly as large a popular appeal as had ‘The Blue Bird,’ while in quality, in workmanship, in purity of theme and beauty of sentiment, it is quite the finest thing that an American dramatist has produced.”—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

“A play of strength and beauty . . . a play aglow with living dramatic interest. . . . Every scene has a loveliness of its own.”—*New York Tribune*.

“As the genius of Goethe recreated the ‘Faust’ legend and made it his own for all time, so Josephine Preston Peabody has set the seal of ownership upon the story of the ‘Pied Piper of Hamelin.’ The comparison is a daring one, but those who have read the tragedy of ‘Marlowe’ will have acquired the habit of regarding this writer as a dramatic genius. Her work is more than a prophecy, it is an installment of the new drama, the basis of which is a courageous and non-apologetic idealism.”—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

*\$1.10 net. Postpaid \$1.20*

---

# The Singing Leaves

*A Book of Songs and Spells*

---

“I HAVE sipped at it intermittently, and find it delightful. There is a spontaneity about it which is very winning; and the sense of colour and April light seems everywhere.” — *Austin Dobson*.

“The book is filled with a thousand delights for all real lovers of poetry. . . . Her metres are the winds that blow her to her destined bourne, — . . . the temple of the little secrets of great magics.”

*The Critic, N. Y.*

“The poems . . . show a rare gift of lyrical melody, and all are full of a vividness of imagination and subtle humor which gives them a very unusual and delightful flavor.” — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

“There is verily a magic quality to these songs and spells; child-like, fairy-like are they; whimsical, musical, and altogether lovely; the work of a true poet.”

*The Churchman, N. Y.*

“Your songs? Oh! The little mothers  
Will sing them in the twilight,  
. . . Then the little rabbit folk  
That some call children,  
Such as are up and wide  
Will laugh your verses to each other,  
Pulling on their shoes for the day's business,  
Serious child business that the world  
Laughs at, and grows stale;  
Such is the tale  
— Part of it — of thy song-life.”

*Ezra Pound, in “A Lume Spento.”*

*Small 18mo, \$1.00 net. Postage 5 cents.*



APR 25 1912





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 407 677 9