



THE RETINUE  
*AND OTHER POEMS*

KATHARINE LEE  
BATES





Class PS 1077

Book B4 R4

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**









The Retinue  
and other Poems

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

## FAIRY GOLD

A dainty fairy play, followed by a representative collection of Miss Bates' poems, including many not previously printed.

---

*Half Japan Vellum*

\$1.50 net

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY  
NEW YORK



**THE RETINUE**  
**AND OTHER POEMS**

BY  
KATHARINE LEE BATES



NEW YORK  
**E. P. DUTTON & CO.**  
681 FIFTH AVENUE

1918

PS1017  
B4R4

COPYRIGHT 1918  
By E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

*All Rights Reserved*



MAY 15 1918

*Printed in the United States of America*

©GLA497289

no 1

81-04  
P  
C  
S

INSCRIBED  
TO  
OUR SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM



## SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

*They veiled their souls with laughter  
And many a mocking pose,  
These lads who follow after  
Wherever Freedom goes;  
These lads we used to censure  
For levity and ease,  
On Freedom's high adventure  
Go shining overseas.*

*Our springing tears adore them,  
These boys at school and play,  
Fair-fortuned years before them,  
Alas! but yesterday;  
Divine with sudden splendor  
—Oh, how our eyes were blind!—  
In careless self-surrender  
They battle for mankind.*

*Soldiers of Freedom! Gleaming  
And golden they depart,  
Transfigured by the dreaming  
Of boyhood's hidden heart.  
Her lovers they confess them  
And, rushing on her foes,  
Toss her their youth—God bless them!—  
As lightly as a rose.*

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM</i> . . . . .	vii
THE RETINUE . . . . .	I

### LYRICS OF THE WAR

1914

MARCHING FEET . . . . .	7
FODDER FOR CANNON . . . . .	9
TO OUR PRESIDENT . . . . .	10

1915

WILD EUROPE . . . . .	11
WHEN THE MILLENNIUM COMES . . . . .	12
THE MORNING PAPER . . . . .	14
THE CRY . . . . .	15
THE HORSES . . . . .	17
ONLY MULES . . . . .	18
THE SUBMARINE THAT SANK THE "LUSITANIA" . . . . .	20
THE BABIES OF THE "LUSITANIA" . . . . .	20
OUR CROWN OF PRAISE . . . . .	21
HOW LONG? . . . . .	22

1916

WHAT IS CHRIST? . . . . .	27
CHILDREN OF THE WAR . . . . .	29
THE LEAST OF THESE . . . . .	30
MOTHER . . . . .	31

	PAGE
MIST . . . . .	31
THE U-BOAT CREW . . . . .	32
THE RED CROSS NURSE . . . . .	33
TO CANADA . . . . .	35
THE CONQUEROR . . . . .	37

## 1917

TO PEACE . . . . .	39
OUR PRESIDENT . . . . .	40
THE NEW CRUSADE . . . . .	41
SOLDIERS TO PACIFISTS . . . . .	43
THE GERMAN-AMERICAN . . . . .	45
NEW ROADS . . . . .	46
THREE STEPS . . . . .	47
HIS BIT . . . . .	48
WAR PROFITS . . . . .	49
BABUSHKA . . . . .	50
RUSSIA . . . . .	52
OUT OF SIBERIA . . . . .	53
TO ITALY . . . . .	55
JERUSALEM . . . . .	56
OUR FIRST WAR-CHRISTMAS . . . . .	58
TO HEAVY HEARTS . . . . .	59
THE PURPLE THREAD . . . . .	61
FREEDOM'S BATTLE-SONG . . . . .	63

## OVERSEAS

STARLIGHT AT SEA . . . . .	69
WINGS . . . . .	69
MAN OVERBOARD . . . . .	71
THE LIGHTHOUSE . . . . .	71
THE "TITANIC" . . . . .	73
THE THRACIAN STONE . . . . .	74
APOLLO LAUGHS . . . . .	77
SHAKESPEARE'S FESTIVAL . . . . .	78



## CONTENTS

xi

	PAGE
LYDD . . . . .	79
THIS TATTERED CATECHISM . . . . .	83
WHEN CAP'N TOM COMES HOME . . . . .	84
AT STONEHENGE . . . . .	85
GEORGE MACDONALD . . . . .	86
THE PRESENCE CHAMBER . . . . .	87
SPAIN . . . . .	88
MY LADY OF WHIMS . . . . .	90
NORTHWARD . . . . .	93
GRAVES AT CHRISTIANIA . . . . .	93
THE DEATH OF OLAF TRYGGVISON . . . . .	94

## FROM SPRING TO SPRING

NOT YET . . . . .	109
THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS . . . . .	111
IN THE OAK . . . . .	112
THE END OF MAY . . . . .	113
EAVESDROPPING . . . . .	114
WAYWISE . . . . .	115
IN A NORTHERN WOOD . . . . .	116
THE CREED OF THE WOOD . . . . .	117
OUR FIRST FAMILIES . . . . .	118
THE PERFECT DAY . . . . .	119
IN AUGUST . . . . .	121
PLAYMATES . . . . .	122
APRIL IN SEPTEMBER . . . . .	124
A MOUNTAIN STORM . . . . .	125
NIGHT AND MORNING . . . . .	126
THE SUNSET, WOVEN OF SOFT LIGHTS . . . . .	127
WHITE MOMENTS . . . . .	128
AROUND THE SUN . . . . .	130
BEYOND . . . . .	133
NEW YEAR . . . . .	135
YELLOW WARBLERS . . . . .	137

The war lyrics here collected were written, with a single exception, in the years indicated, and so record the gradual change, experienced by many Americans, from consternation at the horror of war itself to recognition of the supreme issues involved.

Nearly all the poems in this volume are reprinted from one or another of the following periodicals,—*The American-Scandinavian Review*, *The Art World*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Boston Transcript*, *The Century Magazine*, *The Christian Endeavor World*, *The Churchman*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Designer*, *The Forum*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The Independent*, *Life*, *The Minaret*, *The New York Sun*, *The New York Times*, *The New York Tribune*, *The Outlook*, *Scribner's Magazine*, *The Sonnet*, *Suburban Life*, *The Yale Review*, *The Youth's Companion*.

## The Retinue



## THE RETINUE

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS FERDINAND, Austrian  
Heir-Apparent,  
Rideth through the Shadow Land, not a lone  
knight errant,  
But captain of a mighty train, millions upon  
millions,  
Armies of the battle-slain, hordes of dim  
civilians;

German ghosts who see their works with tor-  
tured eyes, the sorry  
Specters of scared tyrants, Turks hunted by  
their quarry,  
Liars, plotters red of hand,—like waves of  
poisonous gases  
Sweeping through the Shadow Land the host  
of horror passes;

Spirits bright as broken blades drawn for  
truth and honor,  
Sons of Belgium, pallid maids, martyrs who  
have won her  
Love eternal, bleeding breasts of the French  
defiance,  
Russians on enraptured quests, Freedom's  
proud alliance.

Through that hollow hush of doom, vast, un-  
visioned regions,  
Led by Kitchener of Khartoum march the  
English legions,  
Kilt and shamrock, maple leaf, dreaming  
Hindoo faces,  
Brows of glory, eyes of grief, arms of lost  
embraces;

Like a moaning tide of woe, midst those pale  
battalions  
From the Danube and the Po, Arabs and  
Australians,

Pours a ghastly multitude that breaks the  
heart of pity,  
Wreckage of some shell-bestrewed waste that  
was a city;

Flocking from the murderous seas, from the  
famished lowland,  
From the blazing villages of Serbia and Po-  
land,  
Woman phantoms, baby wraiths, trampled by  
war's blindness,  
Horses, dogs, that put their faiths in human  
lovingkindness.

Tamburlaine, Napoleon, envious Alexander  
Peer in wonder at the wan, tragical com-  
mander,  
Archduke Francis Ferdinand—when shall his  
train be ended?—  
Of all the lords of Shadow Land most royally  
attended.





## Lyrics of the War



# Lyrics of the War

— 1914 —

## MARCHING FEET

THESE August nights, hushed but for drowsy  
peep  
Of fledglings, tremble with a strange vibration,  
A sound too far for hearing, sullen, dire,  
Shaking the earth.  
Even within the swaying veils of sleep  
We are haunted by a horror, a mistrust,  
A muffled perturbation,  
Vaguely aware  
Of prodigies in birth,  
Of brooding thunders unbelievable,  
Fierce forces that conspire  
Against mankind.  
We start awake ;

Our eyelids down, but still we feel the beat,  
Dull, doomful, irretrievable,  
Of Europe's marching feet,  
Enchanted, blind,  
By wizard music led  
Over crushed blossoms, through the mocking  
dust,  
To baths of blood and fire.  
Beyond the seas, in these hushed hills we dread  
That hollow, rhythmic tread  
Of nation against nation,  
That ancient, bitter thrust  
Of war against a world that might be fair  
As any golden star that rides the air.  
We cannot rest for marching feet that must  
Harvest and home forsake,  
Inexorably called to take  
The road of desolation,  
Trampling on hearts that break.  
The purple glooms, all sweet  
With dewy fragrance, bear

## FODDER FOR CANNON

BODIES glad, erect,  
    Beautiful with youth,  
Life's elect,  
    Nature's truth,  
Marching host on host,  
    Those bright, unblemished ones,  
Manhood's boast,  
    Feed them to the guns.

Hearts and brains that teem  
    With blessing for the race,  
Thought and dream,  
    Vision, grace,  
Oh, love's best and most,  
    Bridegrooms, brothers, sons,  
Host on host  
    Feed them to the guns.

TO OUR PRESIDENT

HOPE of the Nations, lift thy stricken heart.  
Thyself art Sorrow, and to thee the cry  
Of battle-anguish comes more piercingly  
Than even in those months of sneer and smart,  
When thou so steadfastly didst bear thy part,  
True Champion of Peace. And now, when  
    high  
The war-storm rages, when home's darlings  
    die  
By mangled thousands, lift thy stricken heart  
For a white shield of mercy, torch that throws  
Its reconciling gleam across the seas.  
O thou in love and grief pre-eminent,  
Divine shall be thy comfort to appease  
These bleeding Christian armies, sudden foes  
That slaughter in a fierce astonishment.

— 1915 —

## WILD EUROPE

WILD Europe, red with Woden's dreadful  
dew,

On fire with Loki's hate, more savage than  
Beasts that we shame by likening to man,  
Was it toward this the toiling centuries grew?

Was it for this the Reign of Love began  
In that young heretic, that gracious Jew,  
Whose race His followers flout the ages  
through?

Is Time at last a mere comedian,

Mocking in cap and bells our pompous boast  
Of progress? Nay, we will not bear it so.  
A million hands launch ships to succor woe;  
The stars that shudder o'er the slaughtering  
host

Rain blessing on the Red Cross groups that go  
 Careless of shrapnel, emulous for the post  
 Where foul diseases wreak their uttermost  
 Of horror. Saintship walks incognito

As scoffing Science, but Christ knows His  
 own.

Sway as it may, the wargod's fell caprice,  
 The victories of Love shall still increase  
 Until at last, from all this wail and moan,

Rises the song of brotherhood to cease  
 No more, no more,—the song that shall atone  
 Even for this mad agony. The throne  
 That war is building is the throne of Peace.

## WHEN THE MILLENNIUM COMES

WHEN the Millennium comes  
 Only the kings will fight,  
 While the princes beat the drums,  
 And the queens in aprons white,



Arnica bottle in hand,  
Watch their Majesties throw,  
With a gesture vague and grand,  
Their crowns at the dodging foe,  
Poor old obsolete crowns  
That Time hangs up in a row.

When the Millennium comes  
And the proud steel navies meet,  
While the furious boiler hums,  
And the vengeful pistons beat,  
The sailors will stay on shore  
And cheer with a polyglot shout  
The self-fed cannon that roar  
Till metal has fought it out,  
But the warm, glad bodies of boys  
Are not for the waves to flout.

When the Millennium comes,  
Love, the mother of life,  
Will have worked out all the sums  
Of our dim industrial strife,

And every man shall be lord  
 Of his deed and his dream, and the lore  
 Of war shall be abhorred  
 As a dragon-tale of yore,  
 Myth of the Iron Age,  
 A monster earth breeds no more.

### THE MORNING PAPER

*Carnage!*

Humanity disgraced!  
 Time's dearest toil effaced!  
 Poison gases and flame  
 Putting Nero to shame!  
 Bayonet, bomb and shell!  
 Merry reading for hell!  
 The wickedness! the waste!

*Courage!*

To gain their fiery goal,  
 Some crumbling, blood-soaked knoll,

How fearlessly they fling  
Their flesh to suffering,  
Offer their ardent breath  
To gasping, shuddering death!  
O miracle of soul!

## THE CRY

MULTITUDINOUS the cry beating on the smoke-  
veiled sky

Since the first war-wrath burst on immortal  
Belgium,

—Roar of cannon, shriek of shells, toll of  
earthward-crashing bells,

Thunder of the bomb exploding, careless  
where its tortures come.

Under all, the dreadful moan of the battle-  
field, far-strown

With those cleft bodies left like a wreck of  
broken spars.

Oh, the Raphaels, Davids lost in that welter!  
 Oh, life's cost,  
 As a giant tread had crushed into dark a  
 sky of stars!

And for every dying throb of those millions,  
 women sob;  
 East or west, a mother's breast is the same  
 to cherish sons;  
 From the Ganges, Danube, Rhone, sorrow  
 wails her antiphone  
 To the doomful, mad torpedo, the colossal  
 slaughter-guns.

There's no silence left on earth for the dream  
 that brings to birth  
 Beauty, grace, no fair space on this crim-  
 soned, tattered chart,  
 Not one walled and cloistered spot where on  
 every air come not  
 Groanings of a hurt creation, troubling all  
 the joy of art.

But a hope has gone abroad, a hope that  
crowns the sword;  
Faces shine with divine courage for a gain  
high-priced.  
Peace shall be the prize of strife, death shall  
yet deliver life,  
That this cry may nevermore beat upon the  
heart of Christ.

## THE HORSES

“Thus far 80,000 horses have been shipped from  
the United States to the European belligerents.”

WHAT was our share in the sinning,  
That we must share the doom?  
Sweet was our life's beginning  
In the spicy meadow-bloom,  
With children's hands to pet us  
And kindly tones to call.  
To-day the red spurs fret us  
Against the bayonet wall.

What had we done, our masters,  
That you sold us into hell?

Our terrors and disasters  
Have filled your pockets well.  
You feast on our starvation;  
Your laughter is our groan.  
Have horses then no nation,  
No country of their own?

What are we, we your horses,  
So loyal where we serve,  
Fashioned of noble forces  
All sensitive with nerve?  
Torn, agonized, we wallow  
On the blood-bemired sod;  
And still the shiploads follow.  
Have horses then no God?

### ONLY MULES

“The submarine was quite within its rights in sinking the cargo of the *Armenian*,—1,422 mules valued at \$191,400.”

No matter; we are only mules  
And slow to understand

We drown according to the rules  
Of war, we contraband

War reckons us as shot and shell,  
As so much metal lost,  
And mourns the dollars gone to swell  
The monstrous bill of cost.

Would that we had been wrought of steel  
And not of quivering flesh!  
Of iron, not of nerves that feel,  
And maddened limbs that thresh

The sucking seas in stubborn strife  
For that dim right of ours  
To what no factory fashions, life,  
No Edison endowers.

Our last wild screams are choked; you  
know  
It does not matter, for  
We're only mules that suffered so,  
And contraband of war.

THE SUBMARINE THAT SANK THE  
"LUSITANIA"

SPINDRIFT white shall her victims stand  
On the ivory quay, untrod  
By living feet, when she nears Ghoststrand,  
To point her out to God.

THE BABIES OF THE "LUSITANIA"

THOSE rosy, dimpled darlings cast  
So roughly to the sea,  
Wondering their bathtub was so vast,  
Reaching for breast and knee,

Too innocent to understand  
What hate and murder are,  
But puzzled that the dandling **hand**  
Had let them drop so far,

Swallowing like milk the bitter foam,  
Dismayed to miss their breath,



Our little guests from Heaven went home  
In the great arms of Death.

O Land of Toys and Christmas Trees,  
Dear Land of Fairy Tales,  
How will your heart be panged for these  
When war's red frenzy pales!

God pity Germany in all  
The grieving years to be  
When through her cradle-songs shall call  
Drowned babies from the sea.

### OUR CROWN OF PRAISE

A PRAISE beyond all other praise of ours  
This nation holds in jealous trust for him  
Who may approve himself, even in these dim,  
Swift days of destiny, the soul that towers  
Above the turmoil of contending powers,  
A beacon firm, while seas of fury brim  
The world's long-labored fields and vineyards  
trim,  
Remembering forests and unconscious flowers.

Our nation longs for such a living light,  
 Kindred to stars and their eternal dreams,  
 A steadfast glow whatever breakers roll,  
 Cleaving confusions of the stormy night  
 With gracious lusters and revealing gleams,  
 —Longs for the shining of a Lincoln soul.

### HOW LONG?

How long, O Prince of Peace, how long? We  
     sicken of the shame  
 Of this wild war that wraps the world, a roar-  
     ing dragon-flame  
 Fed on earth's glorious youth, high hearts all  
     passionate to cope  
     —O Chivalry of Hope!—  
 With the cloudy host of the infidel and the  
     Holy Earth reclaim.

For each dear land is Holy Land to her own  
     fervent sons

Who fling in loyal sacrifice their lives before  
the guns,  
But when they meet their foes above the battle-  
smoke, they laugh,  
And all together quaff  
The cup of welcome Honor pours for her slain  
champions.

Oh, if a thousandth part of all this treasure,  
purpose, skill,  
Were poured into the crucible transforming  
wrong and ill,  
By the white magic of a wise and generous  
brotherhood,  
To righteousness and good,  
The world would be divine again, with every  
war-cry still.

Poor world so worn with wickedness, be-  
dimmed with rage and fear,  
Sad world that sprang forth singing from  
God's hand, a golden sphere,

O yet may Love's creative breath renew thee,  
fashioned twice

A shining Paradise,  
Unsullied in the astral choir, with Joy for  
charioteer.

How long shall bomb and bullet think for  
human brains? How long

Shall folk of the burned villages in starving,  
staggering throng

Flee from the armies that, in turn, are  
mangled, maddened, slain,

Till earth is all one stain  
Of horror, and the soaring larks are slaugh-  
tered in their song?

Oh, may this war, this blasphemy that blots  
the globe with blood,

Slay war forever, cleanse the earth in its own  
mighty flood

Of tears, tears unassuageable, that will not  
cease to fall

Till Time has covered all  
Our guilty century with sleep, and the new  
eras bud!

How long? The angels of the stars entreat  
the clouded Throne  
In anguish for their brother Earth, who  
stands, like Cain, alone,  
And hides the mark upon his brow, the while  
their harps implore

The Silence to restore  
Peace to this wayward Son of God, whose  
music is a moan.

Come swiftly, Peace! Oh, swiftly come, with  
healing in thy feet;  
Bring back to tortured battlefields the waving  
of the wheat;  
Bring back to broken hearths, whereby the  
wistful ghosts will walk,  
Blithe hum of household talk,  
Till childhood dare to sport again and maiden-  
hood be sweet,

Though thou must come by crimson road, with  
 grief and mercy come,  
 Not with the insolence of strength, the boast  
 of fife and drum;  
 Come with adventure in thine eyes for the  
 splendid tasks that wait,  
     To weld these desolate  
 Crushed lands into the fellowship of thy  
 millennium.

O Peace, to rear thy temple that no strife may  
 overawe!  
 O Purity, to fashion thee a palace without  
 flaw!  
 O Love, the radiant heresy of a youth in  
 Galilee,  
     To build the state on thee,  
 And shape the deeds of nations by thy yet  
 untested law!

— 1916 —

## WHAT IS CHRIST?

## I

OH, what is Christ, that we should call on  
Him?

Wasted Armenia, in her utter woe,  
Dies in the mocking desert, calling so.  
Hyænas tear her children limb from limb.  
The clouds, soft dimpled once with cherubim,  
Now screen the flight of Lucifers that strow  
Their fiery seed where clustered households  
know

'Twixt sleep and death one flaring interim  
Of agony, brief as the broken prayer.  
What prayer? What Christ? Himself He  
could not save.

From first to last, when hath He saved His  
own?

Stephen's young body, battered stone by stone,

Edith Cavell in her most holy grave,  
 For His helpless host of martyrs witness bear.

## II

Thought casts the challenge. Faith must lift  
 the glove.

Most true it is Christ doth not save the flesh.  
 God's dreamy Nazarene, caught in the mesh  
 Of ignorance and malice, whitest dove  
 Net ever snared, took little care thereof.

Not His to plead with Pilate, nor to thresh  
 Those priestly lies. He died, to live afresh  
 Spirit, not body; not the Jew, but Love.

Love, the one Light in which all lusters meet,  
 Ultimate miracle, far goal of Time!

Even to-day, when all seems lost, they feel,  
 Those nations that like hooded sorrows kneel,  
 Their prayer's deep answer, loathing war as  
 crime,

Longing to gather at Love's wounded feet.



## CHILDREN OF THE WAR

SHRUNKEN little bodies, pallid baby faces,  
Eyes of staring terror, innocence defiled,  
Tiny bones that strew the sand of silent places,  
—This upon our own star where Jesus was  
a child.

Broken buds of April, is there any garden  
Where they yet may blossom, comforted of  
sun,  
While their sad Creator bows to ask their  
pardon  
For the life He gave them, life and death  
in one?

Spared by steel and hunger, still shall horror  
blazon  
Those white and tender spirits with anguish  
unforgot;  
Half a century hence the haggard look shall  
gaze on  
The outrage of a mother, shall see a grand-  
sire shot.

Man who wings the azure, lassoes the hoof-  
sparkling,  
Fire-maned steeds of glory and binds them  
to his car,  
Cannot man whose searchlight leaves no  
horizon darkling  
Safeguard little children upon our golden  
star?

### THE LEAST OF THESE

THE wolf of want is howling  
At doors no angel keeps.  
Young Mary smiled on her Holy Child,  
But many a mother weeps.  
  
The Kings of the East brought treasures  
Uncounted and unpriced.  
Who bears a gift to arms that lift  
A little famished Christ?

## MOTHER

“MOTHER! Mother!” he called as he fell  
In the horror there  
Of a bursting shell  
That strewed red flesh on the air.

Far away over sea and land  
The knitting dropt  
From an old white hand,  
And a heart for an instant stopt.

But it was Death, dark mother and wise,  
All-tenderest,  
Who kissed his eyes  
And gathered him to her breast.

## MIST

ON the mountain side they fashion,  
Those rifting shreds of storm,  
A figure of strange passion,  
A winged and sworded form.

Majestic, wild, colossal,  
 With angry arm thrown high;  
 Those swaying shoulders jostle  
 The glory from the sky.

Then flows the happy hour.  
 That tyrant of the mist  
 Turns to a wavering tower  
 And melts in amethyst,

Foretelling thus the cycle  
 —O speed it, Holy Dove!—  
 When the Archangel Michael  
 Shall vanish into Love.

### THE U-BOAT CREW

ALAS, alas for those blond boys who stalk  
 Their prey in ambush of the shuddering  
 seas,  
 Whiling the wait with merry, tender talk  
 Of some dear knot of flower-clad cottages

Beyond the Rhine! The merchantship draws  
on;

Their swift torpedo strikes its mark; the  
sea

Moans with the dying; for a victory won

They thank the pagan god of Germany.

Happier to die the hideous, smothering death,  
Too deep for mercy, in their own snared  
trap,

Than live to learn how time interpreteth

The cause they served; the tragical mishap

Of pride that pledged The Day and brought  
The Night;

—Than live to loathe their Fatherland, a  
name

So high, so fallen, that betrayed their bright  
Young loyalty to savageries of shame.

### THE RED CROSS NURSE

ONE summer day, gleaming in memory,

We drove, my Joy and I,

Through fragrant hawthorn lanes  
Gold-fringed with wisps of rye  
Brushed off the harvest wains,  
From that old, gladsome town of Shrewsbury,  
Throned on twin hills and girdled by a loop  
Of the brown Severn, out to Battlefield.  
Henry the Fourth with his usurping sword  
Smote here the haughty Percies,  
And after builded here, as due to Him  
Who made rebellion stoop  
And lesser traitors to chief traitor yield,  
A church. Decayed, restored,  
Its centuries afford  
To stranger eyes, enshadowed by the view  
Of that ridged burial plain from which it grew,  
No sight more sacred than a crude  
Image of visage dim,  
Hewn by some ancient tool from forest wood,  
Our Lady of the Mercies.

Even so long ago amid the slaughter,  
Hushed now beneath its coverlet of flowers,

Groped this imperfect dream  
Of Pity, pure, divine.  
Madonna, look to-day upon thy daughter  
And know her by the crimson cross, the sign  
Of love that shall at last, at last redeem  
This war-torn world of ours.

## TO CANADA

OUR neighbor of the undefended bound,  
Friend of the hundred years of peace, our kin,  
Fellow adventurer on the enchanted ground  
Of the New World, must not the pain within  
Our hearts for this wide anguish of the war  
Be keenest for your pain? Is not our grief,  
That aches with all bereavement, tenderest for  
The tragic crimson on your maple-leaf?

Bitter our lot, in this world-clash of faiths,  
To stand aloof and bide our hour to serve;  
The glorious dead are living; we are wraiths,  
Dim watchers of the conflict's changing curve,

Yet proud for human valor, spirit true  
 In scorn of body, manhood on the crest  
 Of consecration, dearly proud for you,  
 Who sped to arms like knighthood to the  
 Quest.

From quaint Quebec to stately Montreal,  
 Along the rich St. Lawrence, o'er the steep  
 Roofs of the Rockies rang the bugle-call,  
 And east and west, deep answering to deep,  
 Your sons surged forth, the simple, stooping  
 folk

Of shop and wheatfield sprung to hero size  
 Swiftly as e'er your Northern Lights awoke  
 To streaming splendor quiet evening skies.

Seek not your lost beneath the tortured sod  
 Of France and Flanders, where in desperate  
 strife

They battled greatly for the cause of God;  
 But when above the snow your heavens are  
 rife



With those upleaping lusters, find them there,  
Ardors of sacrifice, celestial sign,  
Aureole your Angel shall forever wear,  
Praising the irresistible Divine.

## THE CONQUEROR

Not the Prussian, the forsworn,  
By whose fury overborne,  
Martyred Belgium, you lie  
Bruisèd with all injury.  
Through your peace red paths he clove,  
Burning, slaying, making spoil  
Of your shining treasure-trove,  
Ancient wisdom, beauty, toil;  
Drenching hearth and shrine and sod  
With the blood that cries to God.

Futile all that savage force.  
Time in his æonian course  
Still shall clarion your fame.  
Yours the triumph; his the shame.

On your honor he made war,  
But his guns have battered down  
Only forts. Inheritor  
Of unparalleled renown,  
Belgium, your name shall be  
Brighter than Thermopylæ.

None could scorn you, had you said:  
"Hopeless are the odds, and dread  
Will the fiery vengeance fall  
On our homes. In vain we call  
For help that still delays. We yield."  
But unflinching from your fate,  
Up you flung your slender shield,  
Bore the onset, held the gate  
For the priceless hour, and saved  
Liberty, yourself enslaved.

No; thrust down to serfdom, still  
Your unmasterable will,  
Your high fortitude and faith  
Outwear exile, anguish, death.

On his strip of coast your king  
Holds your glorious flag unfurled;  
Your great priest, unfaltering,  
Peals the truth across the world.  
With your neck beneath the sword,  
You are victor, you are lord.

— 1917 —

## TO PEACE

THE cup, the ruby cup  
Whence anguish drips,  
At last is lifted up  
Against our lips.

Though we, till seas run dry,  
Your lovers are,  
How can we put it by,  
Red cup of war?

We champion your task;  
Your wounds we bind;

Behind the battle mask  
Our eyes are kind.

Upon this foaming edge  
Of blood and flame,  
With shuddering lips we pledge  
Your name.

### OUR PRESIDENT

God help him! Ay, and let us help him, too,  
Help him with our one hundred million minds  
Molded to loyalty, so that he finds  
The faith of the Republic pulsing through  
All clashes of opinion, faith still true  
To its divine young vision of mankind's  
Freedom and brotherhood. May all the winds,  
North, south, east, west, waft him our honor  
due!

For he is one who, when the tempest breaks  
In shattering fury, wild with thunder-jars

And javelins of lightning that transform  
All the familiar scene to horror, makes  
A hush about him in the heart of storm,  
Remembering the quiet of the stars.

## THE NEW CRUSADE

LIFE is a trifle;  
Honor is all;  
Shoulder the rifle;  
Answer the call.  
*"A nation of traders"!*  
*We'll show what we are,*  
*Freedom's crusaders*  
*Who war against war.*

Battle is tragic;  
Battle shall cease;  
Ours is the magic  
Mission of Peace.  
*"A nation of traders"!*  
*We'll show what we are,*

*Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

Gladly we barter  
Gold of our youth  
For Liberty's charter  
Blood-sealed in truth.  
*"A nation of traders"!*  
*We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

Sons of the granite,  
Strong be our stroke,  
Making this planet  
Safe for the folk.  
*"A nation of traders"!*  
*We'll show what we are,  
Freedom's crusaders  
Who war against war.*

Life is but passion,  
Sunshine on dew.

Forward to fashion  
The old world anew!  
*"A nation of traders"!*  
*We'll show what we are,*  
*Freedom's crusaders*  
*Who war against war.*

## SOLDIERS TO PACIFISTS

Not ours to clamor shame on you,  
Nor fling a bitter blame on you,  
Nor brand a cruel name on you,  
    That evil name of treason,  
You who have heard the ivory flutes,  
Who float white banners, brave recruits  
Of Peace, seeking to pluck her fruits  
    In bud and blossom season.

A sterner bugle calls to us;  
More direful duty falls to us;  
God grants no garden-walls to us  
    Till the scarred waste be delivered

From dragon passions that destroy  
 All sanctitudes of faith and joy;  
 We, too, are on divine employ;  
     By sword shall sword be shivered.

Cherish your bud, star-eyed of bloom,  
 Dawn-flower of hope, belied of gloom,  
 While, surges of the tide of doom,  
     The gathering nations thunder  
 Against a red, colossal throne;  
 Cherish it, that the seed be sown  
 At last even where that monstrous stone  
     Crushes life's roots asunder.

Follow your flutes the fairy way;  
 Wing-sandaled, climb the airy way,  
 The wonderful, unwary way,  
     Too lovely for derision;  
 While we, your comrades at the goal,  
 Step to the drum-beat and unroll  
 The flag of Freedom, every soul  
     Obedient to its vision.



## THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

HONOR to him whose very blood remembers  
The old, enchanted dream-song of the  
Rhine,  
Although his house of life is fair with shine  
Of fires new-kindled on the buried embers ;  
Whose heart is wistful for the flowers he  
tended  
Beside his mother, for the carven gnome  
And climbing bear and cuckoo-clock of  
home,  
For the whispering forest path two lovers  
wended ;  
Who none the less, still strange in speech and  
manner,  
With our young Freedom keeps his plighted  
faith,  
Sides with his children's hope against the  
wraith  
Of his own childhood, hails the Starry Banner

As emblem of his country now, to-morrow;  
 A patriot by duty, not by birth.  
 The costliest loyalty has purest worth.  
 Honor to him who draws the sword in sorrow!

## NEW ROADS

FAR road for words that rush,  
 Arrowing space,  
 Swifter than meteors flush  
 Star-road in race.

*Wireless! Tireless, leaping the wave!  
 Roger Bacon laughs in his grave.*

One road, o'er-steep to climb  
 Since world began,  
 Winged in our wonder-time,  
 Sun-road for man.

*Air-ship! Fair ship, soaring the blue!  
 Galileo had burned for you.*

Dread road for Freedom's sons,  
 Sworn to release

Life from the threat of guns,  
Red road to peace.

*New knights! true knights! gleam of God's  
blade!*

*Lincoln leads in the Last Crusade.*

## THREE STEPS

THREE steps there are our human life must  
climb.

The first is Force.

The savage struggled to it from the slime  
And still it is our last, ashamed recourse.

Above that jagged stretch of red-veined stone  
Is marble Law,  
Carven with long endeavor, monotone  
Of patient hammers, not yet free from flaw.

Three steps there are our human life must  
climb.

The last is Love,

Wrought from such starry element sublime  
As touches the White Rose and Mystic Dove.

Poor world, that stumbles up with many a  
trip,  
A child that clings  
To the great Hand, whose lifting guardian-  
ship  
Quickens in wayward feet the dream of wings!

### HIS BIT

GALLANTLY swung the old carpenter up to his  
door,  
Drums and fifes in his tread,  
But softly he crossed the braided mats on the  
floor,  
Gently he stroked her head.

“More folks were there at the station than  
ever I knew,  
Bidding the lad good-by.  
Here’s a daisy he picked at the platform’s  
edge for you,  
Kissing it on the sly.

“He’ll do his part, our boy, on the fighting  
line”;

—She caught the flower to her lips—

“And you with your knitting, and I have  
signed up for mine,  
Work on the wooden ships.

“Oh, but it’s hard to be old when the bugles  
call,

Yet I hav’n’t lost my chance.

I’ll be in the shipyard the day the first trees  
fall,  
Before the boy’s in France.”

## WAR PROFITS

THE horns of the moon are tipped  
With pearl. Her lover, wooed  
By charms and won, Endymion,  
Inherits quietude.

*White the gleam  
Of the dream  
On his eyes.*

The horns of the sun are dipt  
In ruddy flame that flings  
Adventurous young Icarus  
To earth on ruined wings.

*But he flew,*

*But he knew*

*Winds and skies.*

Lucifer's horns have a crust  
Of gold and topaz gem  
On points that thrust to yellow dust  
The heart that covets them.

*Heed! take heed!*

*For by greed*

*Glory dies.*

### BABUSHKA

THOU whose sunny heart outglows  
Arctic snows;  
Russia's hearth-fire, cherishing  
Courage almost perishing;

Torch that beacons oversea  
Till a world is at thy knee;  
Babushka the Belovèd,  
What Czar can exile thee?

Sweet, serene, unswerving soul,  
To thy goal  
Pressing on such mighty pinions  
Tyrants quake for their dominions  
And devise yet heavier key,  
Deeper cell to prison thee,  
Babushka the Belovèd,  
Thyself art Liberty.

Though thy martyr body, old,  
Chains may hold,  
Clearer still thy voice goes ringing  
Over steppe and mountain, bringing,  
Holy mother of the free,  
Millions more thy sons to be.  
Babushka the Belovèd,  
What death can silence thee?

## RUSSIA

WHAT sudden voice peals to the Caucasus,  
To Finland and the bitter Caspian,  
To those Siberian prisons whither man  
Shall seek as to a shrine, that mutinous,  
Divine word Liberty? Impetuous  
She rises, Holy Russia, shakes the ban  
From her stooped shoulders of colossal span,  
A youth in diamond mail, miraculous.

Is this the foretaste of a harvest worth  
All agony of its encrimsoned sod?  
Are dreams come true? Does this wild roar  
of wars,  
That wellnigh breaks the shuddering heart of  
earth,  
Sound in the hearing of the far-off stars  
A golden voice of Freedom, voice of God?



## OUT OF SIBERIA

SHAKERAGS, cripples, gaunt and dazed,  
Prison-broken hosts on hosts,  
Torture-scarred and dungeon-crazed,  
Down the convict road they pour,  
More and more and myriads more,  
Terrible as ghosts.

Shuffling feet that miss the chain,  
Shoulders welted, faces hoar,  
Sightless eyes that stare in vain,  
Writhen limbs and idiot tongue,—  
They are old who were so young  
When they passed before.

Grimy from the mines, a stain  
And a horror on the white  
Sweep of the Siberian plain,  
These, grotesque and piteous, these  
Fill the earth with jubilees,  
Flood the skies with light.

While each squalid tatter spins  
At the sport of wind and snow,  
Russia hails her paladins,  
And with cheer or sob proclaims  
Long unspoken hero names,  
Names they hardly know.

They unto themselves are vague,  
Even as they tear the bread  
That their famished fingers beg;  
They themselves are specters, who  
Melt into their retinue  
Of unnumbered dead.

From the shackles, from the whips,  
Over frozen steppes they stream,  
Quavering songs on ghastly lips,  
Haggard, holy caravan,  
Saviours of the soul of man,  
Martyrs of a dream;

Martyrs of a dream fulfilled,  
Givers who have paid the price,

Homing now to hearths long chilled,  
Guests exalted over all  
At glad Freedom's festival,  
Saints of sacrifice.

## TO ITALY

BRIGHT valor, smitten by so shrewd a blow,  
Drooping thy golden wing like wounded  
plover,

What great, grieved faces o'er the battle hover,  
Patriot Mazzini; Fra Angelico,  
Forsaking his own seraphs for thy woe;  
Savonarola, still his country's lover  
Despite the flames; longing for walls to cover  
With such a fresco, Michael Angelo.

Pity in those sweet eyes of Raphael  
For all Madonnas whose young sons lie slain;  
Chagrin in Dante's, that his far-famed hell  
Fades to a fantasy but weak and vain  
By scenes no wildest dream could parallel,  
Vast agony of thy Venetian plain.

## JERUSALEM

At last, at last the Crescent  
Falls back before the Cross.  
Great spirits, incandescent  
With longing and with loss,  
Gleam from the clouds, crusaders  
Who knew no requiem  
While Saladin's invaders  
Possessed Jerusalem.

King David harps for Zion  
A glad, celestial psalm;  
The face of the young lion  
Is toward the sacred palm;  
New Europe's noblest nation  
Has won the diadem  
Of him who brings salvation  
To thee, Jerusalem.

Isaiah, Hosea, Amos,  
Who cried against thy sin,

Whose vision saw thy famous  
Bright bulwarks beaten in  
And made a cup of trembling,  
God's house a broken gem,  
On all the winds assembling  
Comfort Jerusalem.

The Christ, Messiah proven,  
Whose Gentile armies free  
Thy walls, not battle-cloven,  
But won with jubilee;  
As when thy people, pressing,  
Would touch His garment's hem,  
Enters with love and blessing  
Thy gates, Jerusalem.

Arise and shine, O City,  
The joy of all the earth!  
Show poverty God's pity;  
Teach misery God's mirth.  
Be thou to all the nations  
A light, ay, even to them  
Who wrought thy tribulations,  
Holy Jerusalem!

## OUR FIRST WAR-CHRISTMAS

HARD to wait for the postman's tramp  
Up the snowy walk, for the hand that  
    gropes  
Deep in his pack, while the children  
    tease  
For the rainbow-ribboned packages,  
And women wax faint with their fearful  
    hopes  
For those tattered, grimy envelopes  
With the foreign stamp,  
—Word, dear word from overseas,  
From the fleet, the trench, the camp.

Oh, not jewels nor curious toys  
Of art and fashion, no gift most rare  
Can gladden those eyes that weep in the  
    hush  
Of lonely nights, can bring the flush  
To faces white with their silent prayer,

Like the letters, precious beyond compare,  
From our soldier-boys,  
Letters to laugh over, cry over, crush  
To the lips, our Christmas joys.

## TO HEAVY HEARTS

HEAVY hearts, your jubilee  
Droops about the Christmas Tree.  
Sudden sighs cut off the laughter,  
For a haunting pain comes after  
All your gallant glee,  
—Pain for your soldiers far away to-night,  
(O cloud that darkens on the Christmas star!)  
Sons, husbands, those who wreathed your  
world with light,  
Far, far, so far.  
*Be comforted! They never were so near.*  
*In life's deep center of self-sacrifice*  
*You meet with vision clear.*  
*There in love's purest paradise*  
*The touch of soul on soul is close and dear.*

Not to-night shall soft cheeks glow  
 Where the Druid mistletoe  
 Weaves its charm, while hollies twinkle;  
 For the lads in some grim wrinkle  
 Of the earth crouch low.  
 Hard is their Christmas in the aching trench,  
 Or in the listening darkness mounting guard,  
 Haggard with cold and sick with creeping  
 stench,

—Hard, hard, so hard.

*Be comforted! That hardness is their pride.  
 Salute the strength that can endure the stress  
 Of such a Christmastide.  
 Our earth made beautiful shall bless  
 Their stern young manhood nobly testified.*

Silver chimes are on the air,  
 Sweet and blithe—too blithe to bear;  
 And what singing hearth rejoices,  
 Missing the belovèd voices  
 That were merriest there?  
 The booming cannon are their Christmas bells;



(O Holy Child, how many a homeless waif!)  
Their carols are the hiss and crash of shells.  
God keep them safe!

*Be comforted! For safe they are within  
His quiet hand, your soldiers who fulfil  
In steadfast discipline,  
Like those calm stars, His patient will  
That is the peace beneath all battle-din.*

## THE PURPLE THREAD

“The priests distributed various coloured silken threads to weave for the veil of the sanctuary; and it fell to Mary’s lot to weave purple.”—*The Book of the Bee*, ch. XXXIV.

### I

THE chosen maidens, Weavers of the Veil,  
Kneeling in crescent, from the High Priest  
took  
Their wisps of silk in slender hands that shook  
Lifting the colors to their lips rose-pale  
With holy passion,—colors like the frail

Spring flowers of Carmel, blue as that glad look  
 Of dancing iris, scarlet as a nook  
 Of wild anemones, or gold as sail  
 Seen from its summit 'neath the Syrian moon.  
 But Mary caught her breath in one swift sob  
 Of pain uncomprehended ere it fled,  
 Leaving her heart with some strange fear  
 a-throb,  
 For the wise priest, as one conferring boon,  
 Had meted out to her a purple thread.

## II

O mothers of the race, ye blessèd ones  
 Who weave with cherubim the veil before  
 The Holy Place of God, the mystic door  
 Of life, proud mothers of belovèd sons,  
 To-day you send them forth to front the guns,  
 Waving your boys farewell with smiles that  
 pour  
 Strength into their young souls. Your pray-  
 ers implore  
 The Mercy Seat; your love, an angel, runs

Before them with wild, shielding arms out-  
spread.

O Weavers of the Veil, however varies  
The silk assigned, exceeding great reward  
Is yours, for you—O you, most sacred  
Maries,  
To whom is given grief's royal, purple  
thread—  
Make beautiful the temple of the Lord.

## FREEDOM'S BATTLE-SONG

RED, white, blue, the flag that leads us  
on,  
Stripes as red as blood well shed by many a  
hero gone.  
Now 'tis ours to storm the towers of tyranny  
and wrong,  
Freedom's sons who front the guns with Free-  
dom's battle-song.

*Fly the flag from dome and steeple,  
Fly the flag from home and school,*

*Flag of Freedom's birth,  
 While we battle that the rule  
 Of the people  
     By the people  
         For the people  
 Shall prevail o'er all the earth.*

Red, white, blue, the flag that leads us on,  
 White as peace for whose release our fighting-  
     gear we don ;  
 Peace enchained, crushed, profaned, shall yet  
     in beauty stand,  
 Yet shall bless with fruitfulness her desolated  
 land.

*Fly the flag from dome and steeple,  
 Fly the flag from home and school,  
 Flag of Freedom's birth  
 While we battle that the rule  
 Of the people  
     By the people  
         For the people  
 Shall prevail o'er all the earth.*

Red, white, blue, the flag that leads us on,  
Blue as skies whose starry eyes shall see our  
victory won.

Freedom's sons and champions, to her our  
hearts are true,

We who fight for Human Right, and the Red,  
White, Blue.

*Fly the flag from dome and steeple,*

*Fly the flag from home and school,*

*Flag of Freedom's birth,*

*While we battle that the rule*

*Of the people*

*By the people*

*For the people*

*Shall prevail o'er all the earth.*



## Overseas





## STARLIGHT AT SEA

OVER the murmurous choral of dim waves  
The constellations glow against the soft  
Ethereal dusk,—forever fair, aloft,  
Serene, while man climbs painfully from caves  
To cities, clamorous cities, life that raves  
Like surf against the rocks. It is not oft  
Our cities glimpse the stars, their luster scoffed  
Away by low, hard glitter that outbraves  
Night's blessing of the dark. But here upon  
Mid-ocean, all whose muffled voices ring  
A rapture lost to our vexed human wills,  
We see the primal radiance that shone  
On chaos,—see the young God shepherding  
His gleaming flocks on the empurpled hills.

## WINGS

GRAY gulls that wheeled and dipped and rose  
Where tossing crests like Alpine snows  
Would shimmer and entice;

A stormy petrel, Judas soul,  
Dark wanderer of the waste, whose goal  
No mariner hath seen ;

And flaming from the vanished sun  
A wondrous wing vermilion,  
A bird of Paradise,

A soaring wing that shone so far  
The orient horizon bar  
Flushed, and the sea between

Like an Arabian carpet glowed  
With changeful hues where subtly flowed  
Some magical device ;

And one pale plume in heaven's dim dome  
Above that fairy-colored foam,  
The new moon's ghostly sheen.

## MAN OVERBOARD

YOUNG, the naked stoker who went  
Mad with the fires and leapt to the sea,  
Boyhood still in the voice that sent  
One shrill cry back from eternity.

Perchance from the phosphorescent gleams  
That shot through our wake of swirling foam,  
On his delirious brain flashed dreams  
Of a waiting mother, an English home.

The ocean clad him in cool, soft robe;  
The ship fled on, as the guilty flee;  
And the sun, a crimson-belted globe,  
Slipped down to comfort him under the sea.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

IN seas far north, day after day  
We leaned upon the rail, engrossed  
In frolic fin and jewel spray  
And crystal headlands of the coast.

Those beauties held so long in gaze  
Have melted from my mind like snow,  
But still I see through rifted haze  
The wizard tower and portico

That flashed one instant, white and whist,  
A grace too exquisite to keep,  
A picture springing from the mist  
As a dream comes shining out of sleep.

I do not know what name he wrote,  
Our captain, in his good ship's log,  
For that sea-wraith,—how men denote  
Our fleeting phantom of the fog;

But yet across the world I thrill  
With rapture of that ivory gleam,  
That sudden shaft of glory, till  
It wears the wonder of a dream.

THE "TITANIC"

As she sped from dawn to gloaming, a palace  
upon the sea,

Did the waves from her proud bows foaming  
whisper what port should be?

That her maiden voyage was tending to a  
haven hushed and deep,

Where after the shock and the rending she  
should moor at the wharf of sleep?

Oh, her name shall be tale and token to all the  
ships that sail,

How her mighty heart was broken by blow  
of a crystal flail,

How in majesty still peerless her helpless head  
she bowed

And in light and music, fearless, plunged to  
her purple shroud.

Did gleams and dreams half-heeded, while the  
days so lightly ran,

Awaken the glory seeded from God in the soul  
of man?

For touched with a shining chrisim, with love's  
fine grace imbued,

Men turned them to heroism as it were but  
habitude.

O midnight strange and solemn, when the ice-  
bergs stood at gaze,

Death on one pallid column, to watch our hu-  
man ways,

And saw throned Death defeated by a greater  
lord than he,

Immortal Life who greeted home-comers from  
the sea.

### THE THRACIAN STONE

"The faeries gave him the propertie of the  
Thracian stone; for who toucheth it is exempted  
from grieve."

THE fairies to his cradle came to play their  
fairy part,

Their footsteps like the laughter of a leaf;

They touched him with the Thracian stone  
that setteth free the heart  
—O dream-enchanted, singing heart!—for-  
ever free from grief.

The wind it could not blow a way that failed  
to please him well ;  
Beyond the rain he saw the March skies blue  
With hope of April violets ; he cast his fairy  
spell  
Over our flawed and tarnished world, creat-  
ing all things new.

He bore the burden of his day, the burden and  
the heat,  
As blithely as a seagull breasts the gale,  
Glorying that God should trust his strength.  
The color of ripe wheat  
Was on his life when it was flung beneath  
pain's threshing-flail.

He fronted that grim challenge like some re-  
splendent knight

Who rides against foul foes of fen and  
wood;  
With ringing song of onset, his spirit, hero-  
bright,  
Went tilting with a sunbeam against the  
dragon brood.

Then dusky shapes stole on him, Queen of  
the Quaking Isle,  
Queens of the Land of Longing and the  
Waste;  
He bowed him to their bidding with a secret  
in his smile;  
He quaffed their bitter cups that left am-  
brosia on the taste.

Last came the King of Terrors, and lo! his  
iron crown  
Had twinkled to a silver fairy-cap;  
Like two old friends they took the road to  
Love-and-Beauty town,  
That's here and there and everywhere on  
all the starry map.



## APOLLO LAUGHS

“APOLLO laughs,” the proverb tells,  
Far echo of old oracles,  
A Delphic waif,—“Once in the year,  
Apollo laughs.” O laughter clear  
As sunshine, blithe as golden bells!

What mortal folly parallels  
Olympian jest and so impels  
To mirth till Heaven’s bright charioteer,  
    Apollo, laughs?

’Tis when the annual critic knells  
The death of poetry, while swells  
Some faint, fresh wood-note, pioneer  
Of music earth shall thrill to hear.  
Then at Apollo’s infidels  
    Apollo laughs.

## SHAKESPEARE'S FESTIVAL

WHILE we keep our Poet's Tercentennial,  
 Every school and city with its emulous  
 Antic or solemnity, what tremulous  
 Laughter on the air! O Puck perennial!

Leave us clumsy mortals to our drolleries,  
 Strenuous gambols of Shakespearean grati-  
 tude,  
 And be off to find him in Beatitude,  
 Win his genial glance with elf cajoleries,

And then tell him of our sage frivolity  
 Till his golden laughter wake eternity,  
 And about him flock his old fraternity,  
 All his scapegrace fellows of the quality,

Greene not jealous, Heminge no more stam-  
 mering,  
 Marlowe one white flame of passion glorious,

Rare Ben modest, vagabonds victorious,  
All about the Master crowding, clamoring,

Talking all at once in odes and triolets,  
Sonnets like the stars for prodigality,  
While Will Shakespeare loafs with Immor-  
tality  
On a stolen bank of Arden violets.

## LYDD

*For the Reunion of the Bates Family at  
Quincy, August 3, 1916*

FAR away on the sunny levels  
Where Kent lies drowsing beside the sea,  
Where over the foxglove as over the foam  
The gray gull sails, is our ancient home.  
Wide though we wander, something follows,  
The cradle-call from a village hid  
Under the cloud of rooks and swallows  
That love its thatches and orchards, Lydd.

Here they sported in rustic revels,  
Our sturdy forbears, while ale flowed free,  
Richard and Susan and Sybil and John,  
All their jollity hushed and gone;  
Our grandsires proud of their scraps of Latin,  
Our grandams, "notable huswifs" all;  
We may touch the very settles they sat in,  
But they, like their shadows upon the wall,

Have slipped from their sweet, accustomed  
places,

Stephen, Samuel, Ellen, Anne.

The pewter flagons they valued so  
Stand, though battered, in shining row,  
But the hands that scoured them, long since  
folded,

Lips that smacked over them, long since dust,  
Are known no more in the town they molded  
To civic honor and neighbor trust.

Ah, for their quaint, forgotten graces,  
Flushing raptures of maid and man,

James and Alice, Thomas and Joan,  
Blood of our blood and bone of our bone!  
Only the trampled slabs and brasses  
That floor the aisles of the old church tell  
Their dates and virtues to him who passes,  
How long they labored in Lydd, how well.

Their Catholic sins have all been shriven,  
And their Puritan righteousness pardoned,  
too.

Lax and merry, or holy and harsh,  
They have flown to Heaven from Romney  
Marsh,

Lydia, David, Joshua, Zealous,  
"Katharine Spinster," yet still on earth  
Their wraiths abide in our being, jealous  
For the brief, blunt name and its modest  
worth.

For each of us is phantom-driven,  
A haunted house where a glimmering crew  
Of dear and queer ancestral ghosts  
Quarrel and match their family boasts,

Color our hair and fashion our noses,  
 Shape the deed and govern the mood;  
 In every rose are a thousand roses;  
 Every man is a multitude.

A patchwork we are of antique vagaries;  
 Primitive passions trouble our pulse.  
 "Margery, relict of Andrew Bate,"  
 Clement, Rachel and William hate  
 And adore in us. No vain sunriser  
 In all our clan, but he owes the praise  
 To some progenital dew-surpriser  
 Who knelt to the dawn in pagan days.

Sailors that steered for the misty Canaries,  
 Fishers whose feet loved the feel of the dulse,  
 Agnes, Simon, Julian, George,  
 Faithful in kitchen, hayfield and forge,  
 Give us our dreams, our sea-love, the voices  
 That speak in our conscience, rebuke and for-  
 bid.

Hark! In our festal laughter rejoices  
 A quavering note from the graves of Lydd.

## THIS TATTERED CATECHISM

THIS tattered catechism weaves a spell,  
Invoking from the Long Ago a child  
Who deemed her fledgling soul so sin-defiled  
She practised with a candle-flame at hell,  
Burning small fingers, that would still rebel  
And flinch from fire. Forsooth not all be-  
guiled  
By hymn and sermon, when her mother  
smiled,  
That smile was fashioning an infidel.

“If I’m in hell,” the baby logic ran,  
“Mother will hear me cry and come for me.  
If God says no—I don’t believe He can  
Say no to mother.” Then at that dear knee  
She knelt demure, a little Puritan  
Whose faith in love had wrecked theology.

WHEN CAP'N TOM COMES HOME

WHEN Cap'n Tom comes home, and his sea  
chest

Is opened, oh, the shells that rainbow foam  
Tossed on far shores, by us to be possessed  
When Cap'n Tom comes home!

Cocoanuts for which gray, chattering mon-  
keys clomb;

Tamarinds, and dates, and luscious sweet-  
meats pressed  
Into blue jars of quaint pagoda dome!

Canaries, corals, shimmering shawls and, best  
Of all, keepsakes that on wild seas a-roam  
He carved from whale's tooth for a village  
blest

When Cap'n Tom comes home!



## AT STONEHENGE

GRIM stones whose gray lips keep your secret  
well,  
Our hands that touch you touch an ancient  
terror,  
An ancient woe, colossal citadel  
Of some fierce faith, some heaven-affronting  
error.

Rude-built, as if young Titans on this wold  
Once played with ponderous blocks a striding  
giant  
Had brought from oversea, till child more  
bold  
Tumbled their temple down with foot defiant.

Upon your fatal altar Redbreast combs  
A fluttering plume, and flocks of eager swal-  
lows  
Dip fearlessly to choose their April homes  
Amid your crevices and storm-beat hollows.

Even so in elemental mysteries,  
 Portentous, vast, august, uncomprehended,  
 Do we dispose our little lives for ease,  
 By their unconscious courtesies befriended.

### GEORGE MACDONALD

I HEARD him preach in Oxford years ago,  
 A snowy-haired and tender-faced apostle.  
 I watched the beech against the window blow,  
 And listened to the throstle.

And still a waving branch to memory brings  
 Those deepset eyes and drooping lids as  
 pressed  
 Upon too much by earthly visionings  
 And wistful for their rest.

Still in the flutings of a thrush will sound  
 Words that upon us then but lightly fell,  
 Because they were as simple and profound  
 As some brief parable

Told by the master to the hungry folk,  
While the disciples murmured, but the foam  
Wrote it again on Patmos, and it spoke  
Above the rage of Rome.

## THE PRESENCE CHAMBER

*(Switzerland)*

BEHOLD a temple builded not by hands.  
Columns of mist, all shimmering with sun,  
Stream heavenward from the deep-cut vales  
that run  
Between the mountains, and the vault ex-  
pands,  
Splendor of turquoise, groined with opal  
bands.  
Cloud tapestries, of pearl and amber spun,  
Veil in that glorious pavilion,  
Mosaic-paved with cities, lakes and lands.  
But far withdrawn in utter light of light,  
Holy of Holies, is the God to whom

Our souls, that make their own enshrouding  
night,  
Lift piteous prayer : "Deliver us from gloom,"  
Yet shrink affrighted from the answering,  
white,  
Unbearable Divine that would illumine.

## SPAIN

ACROSS New England snows  
Flash visions from afar,  
Lithe gipsies on their toes  
Dancing to gay guitar ;  
With gesture fierce, bizarre,  
They lilt some old refrain  
In whose wild measures are  
The witcheries of Spain.

The stinging north wind blows,  
But with a ruddy jar  
Poised on her proud head goes  
A maiden like a star

While, biting his cigar,  
Her lover, scorned again,  
Loads on his ass-drawn car  
The oranges of Spain.

As keen as cameos  
Against yon gray cloud-bar  
Shine out a tower of rose,  
A spire like flaming spar,  
Gold shrines whose candles char  
The world to ashes, train  
Of pilgrims, globular  
Pomegranates flushed with Spain.

What freak of calendar,  
What frostwork on the pane,  
What angry sleet can mar  
My picture-book of Spain?

## MY LADY OF WHIMS

*(A medieval Spanish legend slanderously setting forth the utter unreason of woman.)*

ROMAQUIA sat and wept her  
 Lace mantilla full of tears.  
 King Abit laid by his scepter,  
 Left the Council of the Peers.  
 "Now what sorrow makes thee cry, mate?  
 Queen of Seville, sobbing so?"  
 "'Tis your Andalusian climate.  
 Oh, I want to see the snow."  
 "Speak thy wish and it is granted;  
 Thine to bid and mine to please."  
 All the hills and plains he planted  
 With a myriad almond trees.  
 When the suns of February  
 Made them white with blossoming,  
 Romaquia was so merry  
 That she kissed the happy king.

*“Every ill has its panacea,”  
Wrote the learned King Abit,  
Smiling on his Romaquia,  
While he wondered at his wit.*

Romaquia sat and wept her  
Dainty fan into a dud.  
King Abit threw by his scepter  
With an unmajestic thud.  
“What’s the trouble, top of treasures?”  
“See those women by the flood  
Kneading bricks, but I’ve no pleasures.  
I can’t dabble in the mud.”  
Loud he called his master mason  
And in bower of eglantine  
Built a jade and jasper basin,  
Filled with rose-water and wine.  
Then for mud he poured in spices,  
Ginger, mace and cinnamon,  
Sugar, honey, syrups, ices,  
That the Queen might have her fun.

*“Every ill has its panacea,”  
Wrote the learned King Abit,  
Wondering if his Romaquia  
Recognized her husband’s wit.*

Romaquia in her garden  
Watered all the trees with salt  
Till they faded, and the warden  
Was beheaded for the fault  
Of his lachrymose sultana.  
Oleander, citron, balm,  
Orange, lemon and banana,  
The pomegranate, myrtle, palm,  
All were drooping for distresses  
That the Queen poured out in tears,  
Pouting at the King’s caresses  
Till he longed to box her ears.  
“Let me be!” she snapped. “You squeeze  
me,  
Clumsy thing! You never try  
In the very least to please me,  
So of course I have to cry.”



*“Every ill has its panacea,”  
Wrote the rueful King Abit,  
“Every ill but Romaquia.  
Wives’ caprices wear out wit.”*

## NORTHWARD

THESE palms weave shadows of delight,  
But the truant heart flies forth  
To birch-boles glistening more than white  
In the forests of the North.

## GRAVES AT CHRISTIANIA

WE bore them their own wild heather  
And ash-boughs jeweled red,  
There where they sleep together,  
Greatest of Norway’s dead.

More than the hush of churches  
Is the hush where Ibsen lies,  
Columned by poplars and birches,  
Vaulted by glorious skies.

Over that heart undaunted  
 Soars a shaft of labrador,  
 Black yet beauty-haunted,  
 Marked with the hammer of Thor.

But what memorial lifted  
 To Björnson, loved of the folk?  
 We sought till our quest had drifted  
 Where tender voices spoke,

Where never a rail encloses  
 That resting-place of fame,  
 A little plot of roses,  
 Nameless nor needing name.

## THE DEATH OF OLAF TRYGGVISON

### I

BLUE as blossom of the myrtle  
 Smiled the steadfast eyes of Olaf  
 On the host of ships that harried  
 His enraged, gold-glittering Dragon,

Snared within that ring of sea-birds,  
By their fierce beaks rent and bitten ;  
All men knew the crimson kirtle,  
Rich-wrought helm and shield that dazzled  
Back the whirling wrath of sword-edge,  
But the king, while doom yet tarried,  
Bleeding fast beneath his byrny,  
Still throughout the savage hurtle  
Of the ax-play and the spear-play,  
Blinding storm of stones and arrows,  
Shivering steel and shock of iron,  
Stood erect above the slaughter,  
An unblenching lord of battle,  
Till about his knees were drifted  
Heaps of slain, his last earl smitten.  
From the poop then sprang King Olaf,  
Faring on his farthest journey,  
With his shield above him lifted,  
Shield whose shimmer mocked the rattle  
Of the missiles rained upon it,  
Down into the deep sea-water.

*Nevermore shall he thrust keel  
 Into billow, fain to feel  
 Pull of rudder 'neath his hand,  
 Swing of tide that bears his folk  
 On to spoil some startled strand,  
 Rick and homestead wrapt in smoke.  
 All the daring deeds are done  
 Of King Olaf Tryggvison.*

## II

As the red-stained waves ran o'er him,  
 Faithful to their friend, sea-rover,  
 Hid the flickering shield forever  
 From the fury of his foemen,  
 Hushed the war-din to his hearing,  
 Sweetened on his swooning senses  
 Even that wild roar of victory,  
 Through the dim green gloom appearing  
 Women's faces flashed before him.  
 Fair the first, but wan with vigil,  
 Mother-tender, mother-valiant,  
 Face of Astrid, she who bore him

On a couch of ferns and clover  
In a little, lonely island,  
Warded only by her fosterer,  
Old Thorolf, who would not sever  
His rude service from her sorrows;  
She who flitted with her man-child  
On from fen to forest, hunted  
By the murderers of his father,  
Every rustling branch an omen  
Of the dangers darkening over  
That rich seed of frail defenses;  
She whose last look smiled him cour-  
age,  
Rosy wean of three rude winters,  
When the pirate crew had seized them,  
Sold the gold-haired boy and mother  
Into sundering thraldom, slaughtered  
Old Thorolf as stiff and useless.  
Then the face of Queen Allogia,  
Like a sudden shield, white-shining,  
Raised between the vengeful blood-wrath  
And the lad whose earliest death-blow

Smote the slayer unforgotten  
Of Thorolf. Soft gleamed another,  
Younger face, white rose of passion,  
Geira, to whose grace her lover  
Bowed his boyhood's turbulences,  
Gentled in that blissful bridal,  
Till death stole upon their joyance,  
Gathering her fragrant girlhood  
Like a flower, and frenzy-driven  
Forth King Olaf fared a-warring,  
South-away to sack and harry  
Every quiet shore that silvered  
On his homeless, waste horizon.  
Still amid the flying splinters  
Of the swords, and famous morrows,  
When the Norns did as it pleased them  
With their secret shuttle, twining  
In the pattern of his life-days  
Strands of mirth and splendor only  
For the rending, for the strewing  
On the whirlwind, still the Viking  
Was of women loved and hated.

Swift their faces glinted on a  
Drowning sight,—the Irish Gyda,  
Wise of heart to ken a hero,  
Stepping by her silken suitors,  
Choosing for her lord the towering,  
Shag-cloaked Northman, rough and royal;  
Then Queen Sigrid, called the Haughty,  
With the blow his glove had given  
Whitening on her lips, a striking  
That became his scathe; young Gudrun,  
Who, to her slain father loyal,  
Would her bridegroom's breast have riven,  
Glorious as he slept beside her,  
With a stab too long belated,  
With the steel he, waking, wrested  
From that slender hand; and Thyri,  
Clinging, coaxing, pouting, weeping,  
Craving still the thing denied her,  
With a sting in all her sweetness,  
Yet to him a new Madonna  
For the baby-boy who nestled  
On her bosom, all bedrifted

With her yellow hair, their starry  
 Little son too dear for keeping,  
 Tender guest that might not tarry,  
 Though upon those tiny temples,  
 Crystal cold beneath the kisses,  
 Like midsummer storm came showering  
 Down the last wild tears of Olaf,  
 Ever longing, ever lonely.

*Nevermore to him, who there  
 Chokes with brine, shall maidens bear  
 Honey-mead in well-carved cup,  
 While the harpers strike the strings,  
 And the songs and shouts go up  
 Till the hollow roof-tree rings.  
 All the wine of life is run  
 For King Olaf Tryggvison.*

## III

All had vanished from the vision  
 Of those blue eyes, blankly staring  
 Through that pall of purple waters,



Through that peace below all motion  
Of intoning tides and billows,  
Where sad palaces are peopled  
By the gods he had forsaken.  
Too divine for vain derision  
And the empty sound of censure,  
Wondered they upon the waster  
Of their temples, their blasphemers,  
As that drifting body rested  
On the knees of Ran, the husher  
Of all hearts beneath the ocean.  
Many mariners, far-faring  
By the swan-road, subtly taken  
In her nets, have proved her pillows  
Soft with slumber. Azure-vested  
Clustering came her thrice-three daughters,  
While her lord, the hoary Ægir,  
From his castle coral-steeped  
Wended slow, the seaweed woven  
In his mantle. Comely Niörd,  
Crowned with shells, and mystic Mimir,  
Ay, and many another followed,

Musing on this altar-crusher,  
 On this sleeping king, awaker  
 In a realm not theirs, this taster  
 Of strange bread and wine, this dreamer  
 Of the new dream that had cloven  
 Even their dusk region hollowed  
 Out of chaos by All-Maker,  
 By the Power past peradventure.

*Nevermore shall Olaf's rod  
 Smite a silent, oak-hewn god;  
 Nevermore shall Olaf's torch  
 Fire great Woden's house, or Thor's,  
 Where the stubborn heathen scorch,  
 Constant to their ancestors,  
 —Souls too steadfast to be won  
 By King Olaf Tryggvison.*

## IV

From that pallid body parted,  
 Sped the proud, impetuous spirit  
 Forth to seek his throne of splendor,

Not the benches of Valhalla  
In the ancient Grove of Glistening,  
Palace wrought of spears, roofed over  
With gold shields, the tiles of Woden,  
Where brave warriors feast forever  
On the boar's flesh, making merry  
With the foaming mead, with minstrels  
And the hero-sport of battle,  
But that far more dazzling dwelling  
Of the young God radiant-hearted,  
Christ, whose loyal earl was Olaf.  
Oh, what welcome would he merit,  
He, the new faith's fierce defender,  
Forcing thousands, as a drover  
Urges wild, unwilling cattle,  
To the font, their blond heads shrinking  
From the sacred dew? Who would not  
Be faith-changers, take the christening  
At his gracious word, gainsayers  
Of his will, had been the players  
In grim shows,—maimed, torn asunder,  
Stoned, slow-strangled with the swallowing

Of live snakes. So did he sever  
 Norway from her shrines, excelling  
 All Christ's folk in fealty. Should not  
 Horns blow up for him in Heaven,  
 Olaf Tryggvison, who even  
 Had the wizards well outwitted,  
 Bidding them to feast, and firing,  
 While they drowsed there, dull with drink-  
     ing,  
 Hall and all; caught those who flitted,  
 Chained them fast on tide-swept skerry,  
 Sorcerers whose best spell-singing  
 Had not stayed the waves from following?  
 Are not saints and angels listening  
 For his rumored coming, choiring  
 Till their praises are as thunder  
 Of great minster-bells a-ringing?

*Olaf stood imparadised  
 In the loneliness of Christ,  
 Of the White Lord Christ, Who said:  
 "Only precious stones of pity,*

*Holy pearls of peace may build  
For each soul the Shining City.  
When in thee is Heaven fulfilled,  
I shall claim my champion,  
Not King Olaf Tryggvison,  
But my shepherd Mercy, fed  
On Love the wine and Love the bread."*



From Spring to Spring





## NOT YET

Not yet hath Nature, lovely colorist,  
Bestirred her from creative dream to fling  
Soft flame upon the woods,—nay, not to dip  
One pleading maple-tip  
In carmine; all the waiting world is whist,  
Alert to hear the first faint flutes of spring.

Not yet the tingling flood of blue and gold  
Is poured through heaven, but o'er the misty  
pond,  
Quiet as patterned silk, flushed saplings lean;  
And the auspicious green  
Through the deep woods and on the unpathed  
wold  
Brightens in patient moss and wistful frond.

Not yet cascades of melody invoke  
The holy dawn, but all the air perceives,

By some fine thrill, the rushing northward  
flight

Of myriad wings, despite  
The nonchalances of this crookback oak,  
Still clinging to its russet shreds of leaves.

Not yet the laughing hid-folk of the earth  
Thrust up white helm and golden coronet,  
Sweet elfin host armored in gossamer,  
But gentle tremors stir  
The conscious mold; new beauty comes to  
birth  
Under the snow's fast-melting coverlet.

Not yet, not yet the yearly miracle  
Is wrought, but ecstasy is on the wing,  
And her divine, irrevocable flight  
Is swift as all delight.  
The heart is hushed as for the sacring-bell,  
Awe-smitten by expectancy of spring.

## THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

THE poor earth was so winter-marred,  
Harried by storm so long,  
It seemed no spring could mend her,  
No tardy sunshine render  
Atonement for such wrong.  
Snow after snow, and gale and hail,  
Gaunt trees encased in icy mail,  
The glittering drifts so hard  
They took no trace  
Of scared, wild feet,  
No print of fox and hare  
Driven by dearth  
To forage for their meat  
Even in dooryard bare  
And frosty lawn  
Under the peril of the human race;  
And then one primrose dawn,  
Sweet, sweet, O sweet,  
And tender, tender,  
The bluebirds woke the happy earth  
With song.

IN THE OAK

THE leaves and tassels of the oak  
Were golden-green with May,  
Pavilion whence forever broke  
Some angel roundelay.

A carol like a glory came  
From topmost twig astir,  
Enkindled by a flying flame,  
The scarlet tanager.

The tree was glad as Paradise  
When, eager soul on soul,  
The saints flock home. There glistened  
twice  
A wild-throat oriole;

And once the grosbeak's rosy breast  
Poured its enchanted hymn;  
While sunny wing and jewel crest  
Lit many a blissful limb.

The whole wide world was in my oak  
Whose catkins danced for mirth,  
—Plumes gray as curling city smoke,  
Plumes brown as fresh-plowed earth;  
Even heaven had graced our festival,  
For oft the loving eye  
Would find, coaxed by a wistful call,  
The bluebird's fleck of sky.

## THE END OF MAY

THE fragrant air is full of down,  
Of floating, fleecy things  
From some forgotten fairy town  
Where all the folk wear wings.

Or else the snowflakes, soft arrayed  
In dainty suits of lace,  
Have ventured back in masquerade,  
Spring's festival to grace.

Or these, perchance, are fleets of fluff,  
Laden with rainbow seeds,

That count their cargo rich enough  
Though all its wealth be weeds.

Or come they from the golden trees,  
Where dancing blossoms were,  
That now are drifting on the breeze,  
Sweet ghosts of gossamer?

### EAVESDROPPING

THOUGH the winds but stir on their hoary  
    thrones  
Of hemlock and pungent pine,  
All the whispering woodland tones  
Gossip of things divine,—

Why God is gray in the granite rock,  
And green in the lichen flake,  
And swift in the darting swallow-flock,  
And slow in the lapping lake;

Why God is sweet in the hermit-thrush,  
And hoarse in the frog; and why

His touch on the bee is golden plush,  
And gauze on the stinging fly;

Why God is life in the mushroom there,  
And death in the toadstool here;  
Mirth in the dancing maidenhair;  
In its hidden adder, fear.

Oh, if this berry that stains my lip  
Could teach me the woodland chat,  
Science would bow to my scholarship,  
And Theology doff the hat.

## WAYWISE

THE darkest wood that the north-wind stings  
Hath its balsamum and its silverlings,  
Its violet interspace.

The bitterest sea that the wan moon knows  
Hath its hushful archipelagoes,  
Its coral populace.

And the weariest burden mortal bears  
Hath, woven in with its somber cares,  
Some broidery of grace.

IN A NORTHERN WOOD

FRAGRANT are the cedar-boughs stretching  
green and level,  
Feasting-halls where waxwings flit at their  
spicy revel,  
But O the pine, the questing pine, that flings  
its arms on high  
To search the secret of the sun and escalate  
the sky!

Rueful hemlocks, gaunt and old, with boughs  
a-droop, despairing,  
Clutch for touch of mother-earth; the while  
the pine is daring  
To rock the stars amid its cones and lull them  
with its croon,  
And snare the silver eagle that is nested in  
the moon.



## THE CREED OF THE WOOD

A WHIFF of forest scent,  
Balsam and fern,  
Won from dreary mood  
My heart's return,  
From its discontent,  
Joy's run-away,  
To the sweet, wise wood  
And the laughing day.

Simple as dew and gleam  
Is the creed of the wood!  
The Beautiful gave us life,  
And life is good.  
Be the world but a dream,  
Let the world go shod  
With peace, not strife,  
For the Dreamer is God.

## OUR FIRST FAMILIES

SWEET are the manners of the wood,  
 Our only old society,  
 Where all the folk are glad and good  
 In unrebuked variety.

Within this gentle commonweal  
 No envy falls with fairy gold  
 On jewel-weed and Solomon's seal,  
 Moth mullein and marsh marigold.

No rubied vines despise the lot  
 Of ragged neighbors; whether moss  
 Be flat or tufted matters not,  
 Pale peat or glittering feather-moss.

The common milkwort holds estates  
 And wears his purple royalty;  
 The bluets keep their ancient traits  
 With quiet Quaker loyalty.

These families of long descent,  
Our tutors in amenities,  
Have pedigrees of such extent  
They well may share serenities.

Ere first the hollow Catacombs  
Thrilled to a Christian litany  
There bloomed beside the redmen's homes  
Spicebush and fragrant dittany.

This rock's huge shadow rested on  
Gentian and nodding trillium  
Before the rise of Babylon,  
Before the fall of Ilium.

### THE PERFECT DAY

God made a day of blue and gold,  
Sweet as a violet,  
As merry as a marigold;  
It may be shining yet  
In some blest vale, some dreamy dell  
Among the heavenly hills,

Where here and there the asphodel  
 Is flecked by daffodils  
 And gentians, flowers that twinkled on  
 The fields our childhood knew,  
 Too lovely for oblivion,  
 Fed with immortal dew.

That summer day, all murmurous  
 With laughters of old mirth,  
 How tenderly 'twould comfort us,  
 Still homesick for the earth;  
 With what dear touch 'twould fold us in,  
 As to a mother's knee,  
 From those strange spaces crystalline  
 Of vast eternity,  
 —A day God saw with smiling eyes,  
 The summer's coronet!  
 In His far cycles of surprise  
 It may be shining yet.

## IN AUGUST

BESIDE the country road with truant grace  
Wild carrot lifts its circles of white lace.  
From vines whose interwoven branches drape  
The old stone walls, come pungent scents of  
grape.

The sumach torches burn; the hardhack glows;  
From off the pines a healing fragrance blows;  
The pallid Indian pipe of ghostly kin  
Listens in vain for stealthy moccasin.  
In pensive mood a faded robin sings;  
A butterfly with dusky, gold-flecked wings  
Holds court for plummy dandelion seed  
And thistledown, on throne of fireweed.

The road goes loitering on, till it hath missed  
Its way in goldenrod, to keep a tryst,  
Beyond the mosses and the ferns that veil  
The last faint lines of its forgotten trail,  
With Lonely Lake, so crystal clear that one  
May see its bottom sparkling in the sun

With many-colored stones. The only stir  
 On its green banks is of the kingfisher  
 Dipping for prey, but oft, these haunted nights,  
 That mirror shivers into dazzling lights,  
 Cleft by a falling star, a messenger  
 From some bright battle lost, Excalibur.

### PLAYMATES

SUMMER fervors slacken;  
 Sumac torches dim;  
 There's bronze upon the bracken;  
 September has a whim  
 For carmine, pearl and amber  
 Touches on her green;  
 Busy squirrels clamber;  
 Restless birds convene.

Where Indian pipe still blanches,  
 Where hoary lichen flakes  
 Forest trunks and branches,  
 The golden foxglove makes

A mimic wood that tosses  
Warning to the trees,  
Then droops upon the mosses,  
Heavy with bloom and bees.

What rumbelow of revel  
Deep in those honey-jars!  
A saffron moth, with level  
And languid motion, stars  
The air until he settles  
At the last pink-clover inn,  
Ignoring prouder petals  
That would his favor win.

Among those wildwood vagrants  
I strolled, alone no more.  
Was it the sweet-fern fragrance  
That stirred a long-sealed door  
Of Time's enchanted tower?  
A little maid ran free  
And for one sunny hour  
My childhood played with me.

## APRIL IN SEPTEMBER

WHAT song is in the sap of this brave oak-tree  
 That to the north-star faces,  
 Ravened each June by caterpillar masses  
 Till all its leaves are laces,  
 Poor shreds whose very shadow grieves the  
 grasses?

I leave it then, but roses and the smoke-tree  
 Look from the lawn below it  
 And watch for that gold witch, Midsummer  
 Weather,  
 With magic breath to blow it  
 Free of its foes, whose wings make mirth  
 together.

Vital as Igdrasil, immortal folk-tree,  
 When I return, its losses  
 Are all restored, its fresh, soft foliage gleam-  
 ing  
 With peach and citron glosses,  
 A Druid that is never done with dreaming.



## A MOUNTAIN STORM

OUR blue sierras shone serene, sublime,  
When ghostly shapes came crowding up the  
air,  
Shadowing the landscape with some vast  
despair;

And all was changed as in weird pantomime,  
Transfigured into vague, fantastic form  
By that tremendous carnival of storm.

Pilgrim processions of bowed trees that climb  
To sacred summits, in the clashing hail  
Shuddered like flagellants beneath the flail.

Most gracious hills, in that tempestuous time,  
Went wild as angered bulls, with bellowing  
cry  
And goring horns that strove to charge the  
sky.

Masses of rock, long gnawed by stealthy rime,  
 With sudden roar that made our bravest  
     blanch,  
 Came volleying down in fatal avalanche.

All nature seemed convulsed in some fierce  
     crime,  
 And then a rainbow, and behold! the sun  
 Went comforting the harebells one by one;

And all was still save for the vesper chime  
 From far, faint belfry bathed in creamy light,  
 And the soft footfalls of the coming night.

### NIGHT AND MORNING

THE night was loud with tumult; trees were  
     torn  
     Sheer from their roots by the delirious wind;  
 In some waste dreamland wandered all for-  
     lorn  
     A smitten soul, bewildered, broken, blind.

The mists had lifted; evanescent gleams  
Of tender emerald lighted every leaf,  
While from a casement smiled, escaped from  
dreams,  
A quiet face made exquisite by grief.

THE SUNSET, WOVEN OF SOFT  
LIGHTS

THE sunset, woven of soft lights  
And tender colors, lingers late,  
As looking back on all day's dreary plights,  
Compassionate;

—The foolish day of hopes so high,  
Who counts her hours by blunders now,  
Yet wears at last this jewel-crown of sky  
Upon her brow.

Out to eternity she goes,  
Not for her failure scorned, but see!  
Our poor day flushed with beauty, one more  
rose  
On God's rose-tree.

WHITE MOMENTS

THE best of life, what is it but white moments?

Those swift illuminations when we see  
The flying shadows on the fragrant meadows  
As God beholds them from eternity.

White moments, when the bliss of being wor-  
ships,

And fear and shame are heretics that burn  
In holy fire of exquisite desire  
For love's surrender and for love's return.

White moments, when a Power above the  
artist

Catches his plodding chisel, sets it free,  
And from each urgent stroke there springs  
emergent  
The wayward grace that laughs at industry.

White moments, when the drowsing soul,  
sense-muffled,

Is stung awake by some keen arrow-flight

And rends the bestial, claiming its celestial  
Succession in the lineage of light.

White moments, when the spirit, long con-  
fronted

By all the bitter formulæ of fate,  
Inveterate romancer, finds its answer  
In some mysterious faith inviolate.

White moments, when the silence steals on  
sorrow,

And in that hush the heart becomes aware  
Of wings that brood it, visions that seclude it  
Forevermore from folly, fear and care.

The best of life, what is it but white moments?

Freedoms that break the chain and fling the  
load,

Irradiations, ardors, consecrations,

—The starry shrines along our pilgrim road.

## AROUND THE SUN

THE weazen planet Mercury,  
 Whose song is done,  
 —Rash heart that drew too near  
 His dazzling lord the Sun!—  
 Forgets that life was dear,  
 So shriveled now and sere  
 The goblin planet Mercury.

But Venus, thou mysterious,  
 Enveilèd one,  
 Fairest of lights that fleet  
 Around the radiant Sun,  
 Do not thy pulses beat  
 To music blithe and sweet,  
 O Venus, veiled, mysterious?

And Earth, our shadow-haunted Earth,  
 Hast thou, too, won  
 The graces of a star  
 From the glory of the Sun?

Do poets dream afar  
That here all lusters are,  
Upon our blind, bewildered Earth?

We dream that mighty forms on Mars,  
With wisdom spun  
From subtler brain than man's,  
Are hoarding snow and sun,  
Wringing a few more spans  
Of life, fierce artisans,  
From their deep-grooved, worn planet  
Mars.

But thou, colossal Jupiter,  
World just begun,  
Wild globe of golden steam,  
Chief nursling of the Sun,  
Transcendent human dream,  
That faints before the gleam  
Of thy vast splendor, Jupiter.

And for what rare delight,  
Or woes to shun,

Of races increate,  
New lovers of the Sun,  
Was Saturn ringed with great  
Rivers illuminate,  
Ethereal jewel of delight?

Far from his fellows, Uranus  
Doth lonely run  
In his appointed ways  
Around the sovereign Sun,—  
Wide journeys that amaze  
Our weak and toiling gaze,  
Searching the path of Uranus.

But on the awful verge  
Of voids that stun  
The spirit, Neptune keeps  
The frontier of the Sun.  
Over the deeps on deeps  
He glows, a torch that sweeps  
The circle of that shuddering verge.



On each bright planet waits  
Oblivion,  
Who casts beneath her feet  
Ashes of star and sun,  
But when all ruby heat  
Is frost, a Heart shall beat,  
Where God, within the darkness, waits.

## BEYOND

COLOSSAL orb of space,  
Sparkling with diamond  
Of countless star on star,  
All whirling with wild grace  
In their enwoven dance  
Illimitably far,  
What lies beyond  
Your vasty hollow girdled by that bright  
River of stellar spray  
We call the Milky Way?  
Immeasurable ball,  
Compassed and clasped in light,

Can you be all,  
A flock of fireflies circling in the night,  
A maze of jewels that the toss of Chance  
Let fall,  
Sun, planet, asteroid,  
One globe of glories in the utter void?

What lies beyond?  
Does the sheer Dark immerse  
Infinity, drowning the last faint gold  
Of fleeting comets, lost and vagabond?  
Or is this astral universe,  
All that our utmost vision may behold,  
But one amidst a host of star-strewn spheres,  
Each zoned with its own stream  
Of softer gleam,  
Perchance each dowered with wonder, love  
and tears?

What lies beyond?  
The puny human heart still stirs  
Against those flaming barriers,  
That proud, impenetrable dome

Of fire and ether, seeking for a home,  
A Soul that shall respond  
To all its questions, longings and despairs.  
Is space but raiment that the Spirit wears,  
A gem-embroidered mantle to conceal  
And yet reveal  
In splendors of surprise  
Beauty ineffable,  
Immanuel?  
Or shall we rise,  
Higher than dream of Dante ever trod,  
From star to star, from empyrean on  
To empyrean, till the sun that shone  
Over our vexed mortality be wan,  
Through life on life, eternal range  
From form to form, from change to change,  
To find the Unknown God?

## NEW YEAR

WHITE year, white year,  
Muffled soft in snow,  
A diamond spray whose gems are gone

Before their grace we know,  
 A crystal-coated spray whose hours  
 Melt when looked upon,  
 Hoarfrost stars and hoarfrost flowers,  
     White year!

Green year, green year,  
 Sweet with sun and showers,  
 A windblown spray whose blossoms bright  
 Are the seven-colored hours,  
 A dancing spray whose leaves are days,  
 A spray whose leaves delight  
 In azure gleam and silver haze,  
     Green year!

New Year, new year  
 From rosy leaf to gold,  
 A shining spray on the Tree of Time  
 Where myriad sprays unfold,  
 A spray so fair that God may see  
 And gather it, bloom and rime,  
 To deck the doors of Eternity,  
     New Year!

## YELLOW WARBLERS

THE first faint dawn was flushing up the skies  
When, dreamland still bewildering mine eyes,  
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long,  
—A winter wild with war and woe and  
wrong—

Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,  
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet  
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew  
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,  
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue,

Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles,  
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measure miles  
Innumerable over land and sea  
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,  
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee,

Foretelling in delicious roundelays  
Their dainty courtships on the dipping sprays,

How they should fashion nests, mate helping  
mate,  
Of milkweed flax and fern-down delicate  
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once  
more  
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open  
door,  
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings.  
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things,  
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.

POEMS BY  
**EVELYN UNDERHILL**

The Historian and Poet of Mysticism

Author of

*Mysticism, The Mystic Way, etc.*

**Immanence: A Book of Verses**

Net \$1.25

**Theophanies: A Book of Verse**

Net \$1.50

Mysticism is a term which has long been current to cover a multitude of different matters, from the highest spiritual perception down to the lowest charlatanry. Miss Underhill by her writings has done more than any living English writer to redeem the word and give it its true significance.

These books of pure and exquisite verse are mystical in the finest sense, and proclaim the author's relationship to the great mystics of old time.

There is solace and refreshment in these poems for the soul that is striving to compass the invisible realities.

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

*Two Books of Poetry for Mothers*

# Feelings and Things

BY

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

Net \$1.00

A book of delightfully humorous and delicate verse interpretive of the mind and feelings of a child.

Under the titles "Happy Ones," "Wistful Ones," "Solemn Ones," and so forth, Miss Wallace has caught the yearnings and wonderings that a child feels, and which every mother will recognize with a wave of recollection. The poems are also singularly well suited for reading aloud or for recitation by the young people.

# Songs of a Mother

BY

MARIETTA MINNEGERODE ANDREWS

*Illustrated in black and white by the Author*

Net \$1.00

The deepest feelings which the realization of motherhood brings to a woman, as well as the little everyday incidents which are so precious in later remembrance, are expressed in sympathetic, intimate verse by the author, who is known not only as a writer and teacher but as a strenuous worker in the cause of Woman.

E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



**LIBRARY OF CONGRESS**



00011349158

