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By ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE

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DREXEL BIDDLE

PHILADELPHIA

LONDON



TO THE  
MEMORY OF MY MOTHER  
AND TO THE DEAR FRIENDS WHOSE FAITHFUL  
AND UNSELFISH AID WOULD HAVE BEEN  
NOT LESS CORDIALLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY HER THAN  
BY MYSELF  
IS THIS BOOK  
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## FOREWORD

FROM afar in the misty past I have cherished the wish to have my verses collected, and to see associated with them those two monosyllables to the embryo author of so momentous import—book-form.

Sometimes, furtively, hither and thither flickering like a will-o'-the-wisp across a fen, hope has come and gone; sometimes it has loomed before me, clear and lucent in glowing expansion—a veritable Fata Morgana; then, again, it has faded and vanished into such nothingness that, in pitying contempt of my past credulity, a scornful smile has curled my lip.

But now that, thanks to unexpected friendly aid, the desire has at last materialized, in trepidation I ask myself how will so long-wished-for an embodiment be regarded by those for whose patronage it purposes to sue? My case is much like that of a timid lad, who, never-

theless, for the sake of sport or good cheer, ventures alone, in the dark, through a wood. Every step in advance has its accompanying spectral tread; every tree-trunk its grinning, ambushed monster, until the poor boy emerges from the shadow, limp, chattering, and unable to enjoy that which has spurred him to submit to such an ordeal.

Therefore, knowing how decisively modern opinion judges poetry a parasitic product, and likewise knowing in what questionable esteem, barring orchids, all parasites are held, I come, with mingled eagerness and apprehension, to beg for a moment the indulgent reader's notice.

THE AUTHOR.

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MUSIC TRANSCRIPTS





## CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH

Inscribed to WALTER DAMROSCH

THE measured tread of feet :  
The drums' grim, muffled beat.  
Ended the strife, the grief, what we call life.  
Alas, that grief must be, and bitter strife !  
Now cometh heavy stillness, shadowy peace ;  
The wondrous and unutterable release.  
'Neath cypress boughs we bear the hero's bier,  
Whilst lower the skies above us, gray and  
drear . . .  
Down, down, far down to yon tenebrious vault  
The grandest form that pride did e'er exalt !

Yet tenderly the heart remembers him,  
And loving eyes grow ever moist and dim ;  
For very loath is Love to say farewell  
When for the loved one tolls the passing bell ;  
And strong is Love, and battles strenuously  
To guard his own from Death's chill mastery.

The measured tread of feet :  
The drums' grim, muffled beat.  
Ended the strife, the grief, what we call life.  
Alas, that grief must be, and bitter strife !  
Now cometh heavy stillness, shadowy peace ;  
The wondrous and unutterable release.  
'Neath cypress boughs we bear the hero's bier,  
Whilst lower the skies above us, gray and  
drear . . .  
Down, down, deep down to yon most dark-  
some tomb  
Amidst the silence of eternal gloom.

ON CHOPIN'S ETUDE IN C SHARP  
MINOR

**F**LICKERING leaves athwart the moon's  
wan light :  
A hush steals o'er my heart and o'er the night.  
Gliding like phantoms through my revery,  
Pass dreams of love in star-eyed fantasy.  
Then with the magic known but to that bird,  
A nightingale its jugjug maketh heard,  
So ear-elusive that my pleasure fades  
In listening, as it dies 'mongst dim glades.

Yet what strange flood of feeling fills my breast  
With this keen ecstasy of Love's unrest?  
As though they knew the peril lurking nigh,  
The leaves toss madly 'neath a darkened sky ;  
Whilst like a blast from the sirocco's mouth,  
A wild wind rushes from the unknown south.

But quickly doth it pass, and all the earth  
Is calm once more ; and in my soul hath birth  
Again the vision of the nightingale,  
The spectral love-plaint 'midst the leaf-dimmed  
veil  
Of pallid moonlight ; and a fairy stream  
Seems plashing from a fount, with silver gleam  
And glint of phantom ripples, on the marge  
Of woodlands dusk and limitlessly large.

CHOPIN'S POLONAISE IN A FLAT  
MAJOR

I

**B**LOW the bugle, forward spur !  
Let fierce strains your pulses stir !

Rouse ye, rouse ye, Vistula men !  
Raise high, raise high your good sword arm !  
With banners floating bright and wide,  
And temples flushed with patriot pride,  
March, march o'er steppe and stagnant fen,  
Gayly saluting War's alarm !

Of vintages 'tis sure the best,  
Wine sparkling through all our veins,  
And rapid as the Niemen's flood,  
This fiery, tingling Polish blood.  
Forever had wine fairer test  
Than to keep pure where slavery reigns ?

Sons of Warsaw ! as ye would chase  
Volhynian wolves 'mid frozen space,  
So haste to smite from off his throne  
The Tzar Wolf, grinning when ye groan !  
Why should not his own Neva's waves  
Engulf the beast that blood so craves ?

Blunt, rusty sword, flash clean and keen !  
Your blade must many a red field glean,  
And greet, on Moscow's grassy plain,  
Pity with pitiless disdain !  
Behold our country harks our vow  
To blot the stigma from her brow !

## II

"Tramp, tramp, tramp! Tramp, tramp,  
 tramp!" A sound  
 Of hoofs, that paw, with muffled bound,  
 The darkness. Rides a cavalcade  
 Now athwart Grodno's forest shade?  
 Yet what equestrians are these  
 Who, passing, thrill the midnight breeze?  
 Knights in armor, and dames whose grace  
 Is clad in filmy clouds of lace,  
 And silk and satin gowns, that trail  
 Spectrally down the beechwood vale;  
 Whilst such a glamour round is shed  
 As shrouds the disembodied dead!  
 Yea, Poland's noble slain have heard,  
 Grave deep, the oath our lips hath stirred;  
 They come to strengthen feeble feet,  
 To curse the voice that cries "Retreat!"  
 Only an instant do they pause,  
 These haughty scorers of Fate's laws!  
 Then in wavering, plumèd mass,  
 Onward the phantom troop doth pass,  
 Till like the melting of the mist  
 From Pripet's marshland moonbeam kissed,  
 It fades afar, upon the lea,  
 To sounds of faint, weird minstrelsy.

Blow the bugle, forward spur!  
 Let fierce strains your pulses stir!

## III

Treasure the vision in your souls,  
 Too humble sons of haughty Poles!

Let it fire you to break your gyves,  
To consecrate your aimless lives  
Unto the land that gave you birth,  
The saddest land on all God's earth !

Beat, beat, oh, drums ! and like the flow  
Of tidal waves, ye trumpets, blow !  
Swear, Poles, by Kasimir's dear name,  
Unto Russia—war, death, and flame !  
But, by yon stars that o'er us blink,  
To Poland—peace, life, joy, drink, drink !

### BERCEUSE

**T**HE darkness hushes the twilight breeze.  
Listen, sweet one, my babe so dear !  
Whilst night and silence hover near,  
A moonbeam kisses the white birch trees.

Soon in the slumberland thou wilt be,  
A land of magic mystery ;  
A land where all things grow so strange,  
Where, like the dawn clouds, they swiftly  
change.

These meadows broad seem as those where  
roam  
The flocks that feed our Polish home ;  
Yet there, from no rock-buttressed hill,  
Does the reed-fringed stream its ripples spill.

The eve star silvers the vast, dim plain ;  
A stripling shepherd pipes his strain ;  
But wherefore growls the shepherd's dog ?  
Are wolves' eyes glittering 'thwart the fog ?

Yet cheer up, darling ! We'll hie away.  
Oh, see the sunlight dance and play  
On gilded domes and snowy walls,  
And on green and scarlet Kremlin halls !

Or once more we'll speed to pasture lands,  
Where herdsmen guard their bovine bands,  
Whilst o'er the steppe winds wander, sweet  
With the scent of wild flowers' soundless feet.

Or gayer scenes than aught seen before  
Shall greet us on a balmy shore—  
Caiques that skim waves blue and cool ;  
Minarets and mosques of Istamboul.

Or in far-off, unknown Araby,  
Beside the pearl-embedded sea,  
We'll listen to the camel bells  
Tinkling down shadowy date-palm "tells."

Or in groves of lissom tamarisk  
We'll watch the nimble monkeys frisk,  
And see the huge gray elephants  
Plod where sunshine, banyan-darkened, slants.

Then in some spicy atoll, where sigh  
The cocoanut trees, and gulls oft fly  
Over the foam-flecked coral ring,  
We'll hark to the Southern Ocean sing.

The great Dark hushes the twilight breeze.  
Yet, sweet my child ! have thou no fear  
Of Night and Silence : Listen, dear !  
A moonbeam kisses the white birch trees.

## BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

Inscribed to E. P. WATSON

AS Milton sings, young bards by haunted  
streams  
Are charmed with magic scenes in sunset  
skies,  
So woos the low Andante ears and eyes,  
Gliding from Day to greet the Moon's first  
beams,  
Whereat the smiling Allegretto seems  
To scintillate ; like as a star might rise,  
Presto ! to vanish in subdued surprise  
At sight of the weird shadow dance of Dreams.

But hark ! What horns of some fantastic chase  
Wind 'thwart the forest, silvery, afar ?  
Swift-footed Echoes every note retrace ;  
And lo ! again Terpsichore doth star  
With twinkling measures all the sylvan space,  
Till dawn makes heard the wheels of her  
bright car !

## THE PRAIRIES OF THE EAST

Suggested by Borodin's " On the Steppes," and gratefully inscribed to Mr. Elliott Schenck, assistant conductor of the Damrosch orchestra.

BOUNDLESS as ocean billows, sweeps the  
grass  
Northward to *tundras* of unending cold ;  
Southward to where the sad-eyed exiles pass  
With thirsty lips across the Kirghiz wold.  
Dost hark the drowsy bleating of the flocks,  
Which mingles with the herdsman's tuneless  
song ?

The neigh of steeds that wait, with tethered  
hocks  
The Persian raid for which their masters  
long?

There comes a tinkling, as of camel bells,  
Where plods Kiakhta's tea-fraught caravan ;  
And sweet the plain, all blossom-spangled,  
smells  
Where once Mongolian gore in torrents ran.

In the tall reeds a cradle-croon awakes  
For yonder Tartar babe a waterfowl ;  
While here the mother foaming *kumiss* makes  
Beneath the black felt tent's storm-beaten  
cowl.

Beyond the Volga's forest-bordered flood,  
From far away upsteals a droning sound.  
It stirs the Turcoman's barbaric blood ;  
It makes the half-wild Cossack chieftain  
bound.

It wanders from the prairies of the East,  
The steppes that greet the rosy eastern sky,  
Where Freedom on her own great thoughts  
doth feast  
And, in the spirit, every chain defy.

'Tis the enchantment named the desert breeze,  
Which woos the world-worn like a lover's  
voice ;—  
Which thrills the heart that aught else may  
not please,  
And bids it still on nature's breast rejoice !



## ON TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SÉRÉNADE MÉLANCOLIQUE

NOTE.—In grateful remembrance of David Mannes' sympathetic violin solo playing of the composition, at Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, summer of 1901.

The writer imagines the Sérénade Mélancolique to be sung over the grave of a bride by the disconsolate bridegroom.

PENSIVE my gaze, and sorrowful the eve ;  
Low uttered murmurs o'er the moorland  
grieve.

Lonely my heart is, as yon starless lake,  
Where, light-denuded, heavy ripples break.  
I will steal forth to seek the moundless tomb,  
To chant a night dirge 'midst the chill, dumb  
gloom—

A serenade ironic 'neath black skies,  
Love's hopeless requiem where my lost life lies.

But why wail, heart? 'Tis, sure, the way of  
fate :

Such comes to all of us betimes or late.

Then up, and laugh—I tell you, up and laugh !  
And from the clouded glass the fell drink quaff !

What need of tears  
More than of fears ?

All is made one through lapse of years.

So up, and on ! a mocking song,  
And let the world swing right or wrong !

Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! I do not care.

I but the common lot must share.

Then up, and laugh—I tell you, up and laugh !  
And from the clouded glass the fell drink quaff !

Yet woe is me ! I cannot dance nor sing.  
The thoughts of old, like chains, about me cling,

My heart is breaking, though I do not weep ;  
And, worse than death, despair doth o'er me  
creep.

In vain I stand beside the moundless grave ;  
I cannot chant ; I only moan and rave :  
The eyes are sightless that could make life dear,  
The fondly-eager ears can no more hear,  
The lips are mute that made toil light and  
sweet—

Yea, all is stifled 'neath a winding sheet !

Hopeless I wait amidst the moonless night,  
Hearing the low-voiced wind take trackless  
flight.

Poison lurks in my panting, fevered breath :  
My soul is bitter as the Sea of Death !  
I've stolen forth to seek the moundless tomb,  
To chant a serenata 'midst the gloom—  
A song of frenzy and of endless pain ;  
But none shall listen : all is void and vain.

## LES PRELUDES OF FRANZ LISZT

Inscribed to JAN KOERT

**T**HE morning breeze salutes mine eager  
brow ;

I see the sunbeams, strangely prescient,  
Begild yon bulwark of far soaring hills,  
And flush with dawnfire myriad night-chilled  
rills.

On all I gaze in gladness reverent,  
So purposeful my spirit greets the Now.

And as I journey on, my joy grows large,  
Encompassing the girth of every sense,

And cloudless, save that on my sky's far marge  
There looms a cincture sinister, and tense  
With latent wrath ; yet know I naught of fear,  
Since storm and darkness to my soul are dear.

Yet beauty woos me ever forcefully  
In sky, in wood, in river and in wave ;  
And, mingling his grand flame with nature's  
light,  
To chant a pæan o'er the conquered night,  
Love bids me shun the perils I would brave  
With all his splendor of impassioned harmony.

With Love I wander through the happy meads  
Where piping shepherds gather on the grass ;  
With Love I turn from comment of great deeds,  
Willing to let the languid daylight pass  
Into the gloaming, nervelessly content  
Because of Love's exceeding blandishment.

Yet stay ! a shout, a bugle call ; the sky  
Is filled with lightnings ; thunders roll and  
crash !  
Away, O Love ! begone, ye pastoral sounds !  
Life pulses through me, thrills, and forward  
bounds.

Ah, Fate ! I hail thee, yield to thy stern lash,  
Whilst every fond appeal I do deny.

The battle thickens round me. How the steel  
Of grief and anguish does my bosom pierce !  
Yet, more and more returning, lo, I feel  
Love and calm echoes, 'midst the tumult fierce,  
Striving with hatred, giving balm to woe,  
And strewing blossoms o'er the path I go.

The martial clangor, like a storm-tossed sea,  
Beats in mine ears, that now do hark a strain  
Superbly grand, as if from some fair clime  
More than the highest heights of earth sublime ;  
And, 'midst the bloody sweat and bitter pain,  
God's paradisial portals ope for me !

#### REVERIE ON CHOPIN'S "BERCEUSE"

**I**N the dim, voiceless twilight time  
My hands with yearning seek the keys,  
Beneath which, like a fairy chime  
Or wafture of elysian breeze,  
Awakes the wondrous lullaby  
Of Poland's gentlest genius-child :  
To other days my thoughts then fly,  
By that dream-melody beguiled.

And Memory comes whispering  
Her secrets to my wistful heart,  
Till, touched by Sorrow's dusky wing,  
I feel the silent tears upstart,  
And then give sudden place to calm  
That fills with nameless peace my breast :  
As if my mother's cool, white palm  
Was on my burning forehead pressed.

And when the perfect last chords sigh  
Their exquisite, divine refrain  
And in the gathering darkness die,  
The silent tears come back again :  
As if, for that brief, precious space,  
My mother had Death's fiat mocked,  
And, like a babe, in her embrace,  
My soul to sweetest slumber rocked.

## AN OCTOBER SYMPHONY

“ALLEGRO !” Mark the sparkle on  
A yon leaves  
That, clad in scarlet splendor, feel no fear,  
Darting long flames across the gloomy mere  
Where yellow reeds uplift their barren sheaves,  
Yet where, 'midst tangled vines, the water  
grieves,  
Repeating its Andante, low and clear,  
From dawn till silver autumn stars appear,  
Then on till purple night its course achieves.

And oft a wind, blithe as a breeze in spring,  
Wafts over meadow, hedge, and tawny hill  
A Scherzo, whose quick notes jocosely fling  
Defiance to each threat of storm and chill,  
Then skyward rise, and in the vast blue sing  
A grand Finale that all space doth fill !

## A CELESTIAL PRELUDE

QUIETUDES of darkest, infinite blue,  
A thousand chastened love-fires blend  
in you.  
Ye have, by purity of tint, expressed  
The apotheosis of love's unrest.

Silvery sweeps of brightness glorified,  
Shimmering, flashing 'midst the day's white  
tide,  
Through you a million expiations seek  
Their triumph unto world-worn souls to speak.

## NOTTURNO

NEL mondo dovecchessia,  
Tra la polverosa via,  
Come cosa sacra e pia,  
Io t'aspetterò.

Dove stende il deserto,  
Silenzioso ed erto,  
Coll' occhio ben' esperto,  
Io t'aspetterò.

Come augello intra muri  
Di boschi folti e oscuri,  
Finchē la notte duri,  
Io t'aspetterò.

E dalle sue latebre  
Mio cor, fra le tenebre,  
Darà un canto funebre :  
“ Io t'aspetterò !”

Where tread the crowd's quick feet  
Along the dusty street,  
As in a calm retreat,  
I wait, I wait for thee.

Where spreads the desert's waste,  
By silence all embraced,  
With cheerful heart and chaste,  
I wait, I wait for thee.

Or like a bird at dark,  
'Mid some lone, shadowy park,  
Till gleams dawn's rosy spark,  
I wait, I wait for thee.

And with my last, faint breath,  
Deep in the depths of death,  
Listen what my soul saith :  
“ O love, I wait for thee !”

## A SONATA IN AZURE

A BLUE-CAPPED flood of blossoms, toss-  
ing wide,  
Greets the clear waters of a lake that slips  
Toward forelands where the violet mists  
eclipse  
The flash and flicker of the azure tide,  
And from one's view yon mountains partly hide,  
Which loom up with the majesty of ships  
Whose flag to foeman, small or great, ne'er  
dips,  
Whose masts and shrouds proclaim a well-earned  
pride.

Yet in that land, the Chinese sea beyond,  
Dwell folk, like their blue lake, of soul serene,  
Though gay as vintages of La Gironde  
When purple grapes on sunny slopes they  
glean—  
People who unto Hope's kind touch respond,  
Nor weary grow of Thrift's dull-paced rou-  
tine.





SONNETS



WALT WHITMAN

**J**UST as this world rewoke, refreshed, from  
sleep  
To hark the laughter of the Infinite,  
That never craveth sleep, One took his flight  
From earth to lands beyond the sombre Deep ;  
One, over whom no darkness could make creep  
Fear's chill, nor Doubt bring dimness of the  
sight ;  
But whose old age clasped Death with youth's  
warm might,  
With eyes wherein Love's deathless fire did  
leap.

Not less he cherished Art, but Nature more—  
Nature, who filled him with fierce ecstasies,  
Till seemed Song's ancient realm too strait a  
shore,  
And he sailed forth to chant 'midst wider  
leas:  
He showed, unwrought, the Future's golden ore,  
And touched stray chords of inchoate har-  
monies.

WALT WHITMAN: 1901.

NOTE.—Read by Henriette Hovey, at the dinner of the  
Walt Whitman Fellowship: International, New York, May  
31. The author was not present.

**H**E fell asleep when in the century's skies  
The paling stars proclaimed another  
day—  
He, genial still, amidst the chill and gray,  
With smiling lips and trustful, dauntless eyes ;

He, the Columbus of a vast emprise,  
Whose realization in the future lay ;  
He, who stepped from the well-worn, narrow  
way  
To walk with Poetry in larger guise.  
And fortunate, despite of transient griefs,  
The years announce him in a new-born age ;  
The ship of his fair fame, past crags and reefs,  
Sails bravely on, and less and less the rage  
Of gainsaying winds becomes ; while to his  
phrase  
The world each day gives ample heed and  
praise !

IN MEMORIAM. JOHN McCULLOUGH

REST after strife is his. Words passing  
sweet !

The meaningless, mad tempest surely past ;  
From nameless, dazing tortures free at last ;  
With hands crossed where the heart has ceased  
to beat !

Yet sad to know that ne'er again his feet  
Shall tread the stage whereon he woke such  
blast

Of passion, that men thrilled, or bowed, aghast,  
At what his art of feeling could entreat !  
He sleeps of pain triumphant, 'mid the flowers  
That friends have gathered in these new, strange  
hours—

In this vague dawn of Life that is to be  
This, as 'twere, sighting of the unknown shore,  
Whose fairy headlands dream across Death's  
sea,  
And yet, a Star of Erin shines no more !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: 1809-1894

DEAR Autocrat! whose will was but to  
serve

Thy willing subjects, be they far or near,  
To make the smile that upsprings from a tear,  
While yet the lips show sorrow's wistful curve.  
O kingly heart! so full of warmth and verve,  
Can it be true that thou hast known the fear  
Of death at last, the touch that makes all sere,  
'Gainst which no courage may the spirit nerve?

No! Death lays not his hand upon this head.  
He only bids her child kind Nature sing  
To sleep with echoes sweeter than aye bred  
Sea waves in Chambered Nautilus, and fling  
Her arms round him, whom age ne'er visited,  
Whose laughter ever kept its boyish ring!

Physician of the body and the mind,  
Whose eye and hand no better served the  
brain

Than did the song thy lips might not disdain  
And the wise words that distant peoples bind  
In amity! Death, sure, to thee is kind,  
And lets thee pass from thy sweet earthly reign,  
Like some new Ariel, knowing not earth's  
pain,  
Just as frost bugles 'thwart the forest wind.

“The last leaf upon the tree in the spring?”

Why, nay, dear Poet, that could never be!  
For the new leaves about thy form did cling  
And shared with thee their summer revelry,  
And now they bring thee to the harvesting  
Of autumn's golden ripe maturity!

## BISMARCK

**Q**UENCHED is the second of the three  
grand lights  
Regnant so long in European skies.

The Iron Chancellor superbly dies  
Just when, to give a people national rights,  
There, in the west, the arm of Justice smites.

Grant him the homage due the strong and  
wise ;

For seldom doth a star of Earth arise  
With lordlier ray to pierce our cloud-swept  
nights !

Gladstone and Bismarck, both in death's deep  
sleep.

Thou only, agèd Leo, dost remain  
To cast a faint, yet kindly, gleam afar,  
And haply, greet of Peace the kindling star—  
Thou only, who though least bound by life's  
chain,  
Still from thy sacred station watch dost keep !

## DAUGHTER OF POLAND AND OF THAT OLD RACE

Respectfully inscribed to Mme. SELMA KRONOLD-KOERT

**D**AUGHTER of Poland, and of that old  
race

Whose lips first whispered of the one high  
God,

Proud e'en to bow beneath His chastening  
rod,

If on their priestly robes they might but trace

His holy name ! Thou hast the subtile grace  
That will not spring forth from the West's  
cold sod ;

Thine artist spirit flies, where others plod ;  
Where others grope, thy glance doth all embrace.

“ Carmen ” has snared hearts 'mid Spain's  
southern hills ;

“ Nedda ” coquets with gay, papilio wings ;

“ Elisabeth ” a saintly flame distils ;

Love, scorn, and pity “ La Gioconda ”  
sings ;

The while “ Manon ” with passionate sadness  
thrills,

And “ Rachel's ” voice with Hebrew faith  
outrings.

#### BISMARCK AND THE KAISER

GRIEF in his looks, such as the royal Lear  
Might have revealed, and yet so calm  
and wise,

The hoary statesman, 'neath unkindly skies,  
Fortune's rude buffetings disdained to fear ;

Haughty, erect, he stood, what time the sneer  
Replaced the incense of applauding cries ;

Nor did his thoughts require of him disguise ;  
For they were noble as his eye was clear.

But, lo ! “ the winter of his discontent ”

Now dies 'mid triumph such as warriors know  
When, conquerors, they hark the heavens rent

With acclamations deep as ocean's flow ;

And see ! The emperor, his pride low-bent,

Greets with a kiss his princely, ancient foe !

GEORGE W. CHILDS: 1829-1894

A LAD, uncheered by Fortune's early smile,  
Stepped forth to work his way and win  
him fame—

A youth to whom no stain of toil meant shame,  
If Honesty commended him the while ;  
And he so wrought that things accounted vile,  
By a rare art no alchemist might claim,  
As purest gold 'neath his clean touch became ;  
For Goodness thus can blend and reconcile.

He forced the world to grant him amity ;  
E'en Fortune ceased to frown and called him  
" Son ;"

And he was hailed a prince, whose blazonry  
By kindly words and kindlier deeds was won ;  
And now, in his last sleep, on bended knee,  
Mankind repeats immortal Love's " Well  
done !"

" DEAR ONE, BEYOND THE TOUCH  
OF TIME OR CHANCE"

DEAR one, beyond the touch of time or  
chance,

How strong the current of my heart's regret  
Sweeps back this night to when our last words  
met

Amidst the agony of sob and glance !  
Sharp wounds that memory, as wounds a lance,  
Whilst with their silver bars the moonbeams  
fret

The chill snow fields, and the dark cedars net  
Their leaf-lacework and in the night-wind  
dance.



Afar, lost one, I gaze, to where you sleep,  
So yearning for an answer from your eyes  
That never slumber could, meseems, be deep  
Enough to guard you from my love's surprise ;  
That my heart's call must make your heart up-  
leap,  
To new, warm life, beneath the grave's dis-  
guise.

### CONSOLATION

I MISS you, miss you ! Yet no tears come  
fast  
To moisten sorrow's waste of solitude ;  
Only the heart, beneath closed lips, doth  
brood,  
And pause at each memento of the past ;  
E'en as at roadside shrines a pilgrim, cast  
By some stern penance on a journey rude :  
I starve therewith, yet make thereof my food  
While day endures and while night-watches  
last.

Yet list ! At times a shadowed happiness,  
Too fair for resignation, although less  
Than joy, is mine : as if the heavenly shore  
Loomed mist-clad, and a voice, for words too  
low,  
Swept round my soul in sweetest interflow—  
And then, then you are *nearer* than of yore !

## AN EPITAPH

A CRIPPLED woman erstwhile lived who  
wrought  
Coats and the like, as Tabitha once did ;  
Only she served for wage, her sad life hid  
Within a city lane ; yet those who sought  
Her there oft went away, most truly taught  
In patience, charity, and thoughts that bid  
Hope smile through tears ; for never was she  
rid  
Of what brings tears and sets all mirth at  
naught.

Thus followed year on year, till some kind  
eye  
Saw in a graveyard, in the self-same town,  
Her name carved on a slab that low did lie ;  
But queenly roses veiled the earth's chill  
brown,  
And violets, clad to match the cloudless sky,  
Wove from their buds a royal purple crown.

## AN EASTERTIDE

WHAT hurts and wounds and heartaches  
infants feel—  
Black eddies in the brook of childish glee !  
And, surely, youth from sorrow is not free  
Long ere the graver years upon it steal !  
Then think how many all a lifetime kneel  
To climb Want's Scala Santa wearily,  
Or walk, at best, well-clad, but miss the key  
That happiness' fair casket might unseal !

Yet mark yon babe clap merry hand 'gainst  
hand ;  
Youth knows ambition, hope, and passion's  
bliss ;  
And often man has force at his command ;  
While Love e'en whispers 'mid pain's mad-  
dened cry :  
“ Death's touch may be, like my deep, fervid  
kiss,  
To pleading doubt the glad, supreme reply !”

### TO THE EYE OF LOVE

**T**HEY whisper “ he grows old,” and bid  
me dwell  
Upon your slower speech, your slackened  
gait,  
Your cheek and brow deep-seamed, whilst  
ne'er elate  
Glow now your eye as once it did. They  
knell  
Thus wise ; but as for me, I, 'neath love's spell,  
All marks of age ignore in my heart's mate,  
Since love so blinds to fleeting things of fate  
That of their passage oft I could not tell !  
Yet, blinding thus, love gives me other sight,  
Far dearer, of the changes in your soul,  
That yearly, daily casts off some old blight,  
To gain the charm of some new self-control.  
So let lips carp, love ! I reck not time's flight,  
Finding you nobler as we near time's goal.

## UNION

**O**NCE when disaster—nay, when lightest  
cloud  
Of darkness crossed the sunshine of my ways,  
Sudden my breast waved full of dread dis-  
mays,  
And, bending earthward as a reed is bowed,  
Oft would I crouch, cold as a corpse in shroud—  
So, radiating not e'en feeblest rays,  
Did then for me the fire of courage blaze ;  
So readily my spirit then was cowed !  
But now ! Miraculous doth seem the change.  
Why, not fate's earthquake furies, nor fate's  
rude,  
Most maddened waves of vengeance could  
estrangle  
My soul from its firm grasp of fortitude !  
Love, means it not that your life is more dear  
To me than mine, that so I conquer fear ?

## THE TRUST OF LOVE

**I** TRUST you as I trust eternal law,  
For were I not, dear, in such wise to trust,  
Your vow of love would seem less than this  
dust,  
I brush from glove upon the wayside haw !  
Therefore I bid all human ravens caw,  
Slander at will and satisfy their lust  
Of falsehood, since by Love's clear glance  
most just  
Your fealty is proved to show no flaw !

Love's rights—a magna charta freely given—  
Brook not renewal, and, each other shriven  
Of doubt, its chains we now for aye off shake,  
And do erase their stigma from our life,  
And swear to be, whatever oaths men break,  
You, loyal husband, I, your faithful wife !

#### A SONNET

USED to its showers, we would that spring  
might stay,  
And ruefully forecast the summer's heat ;  
When summer hath some time usurped  
spring's seat,  
Oft we, forgetting dread, do summer pray  
To tarry, and when autumn comes we say,  
Thereto grown used : " Fair time ! " and  
hate the sleet ;  
Yet, wonted grown to winter, we entreat :  
" O, crystal beauty ! Go not thou away ! "

Therefore I query if, when this life-pulse  
Stops short at fiat of those lips we dread,  
We shall so frame our souls to the indulse,  
Chill state toward which we now reluctant  
tread,  
That 'mid its formless dreams we'd fain not  
hark  
When Life anew calls us from dust and dark.

## SOTTO MARE

UNDER the purple billows of those straits  
Which Afric's cliffs from Calpe's hill  
divide—

Ne'er ruffled by the mantling surface-tide—  
Rolls a dark flood past Hercules' famed gates,  
A flood whose force no scorching drought  
abates,

That withers all the Atlas mountain side.

The Midland Sea, by that vast stream sup-  
plied,

Renews the commerce of her girdling States.

So throbs there under men's brief cares and  
joys

Striking the bass to treble tones of strife,  
A flood that loses not its equipoise

Amid the strange vicissitudes of life ;  
But on, like those hid deeps of Tarif's reef,  
It sweeps, unchanged by any passing grief !

## SONNET

OLAK prince, large-limbed, and helmeted,  
tall pine,

As on me ye gaze down in silentness—

Despite the breeze that round your boughs  
doth press

And carry to you this quaint thought of mine—

The passionate feelings which my heart incline

To converse with you, do they naught confess

Save my growth outward 'neath life's fuller  
stress

And evolution ? This their only sign ?

Or is the evolution of yon trees  
In its way potent likewise, unities

With my life seeking, and, with veiled eyes,  
Hands stretch ye to me ; while I think, in  
pride,

Your muteness with my mind to magnetize ?  
Does life pulse not less strong on either side ?

## THE REJECTED JAPANESE LOVER

NOTE.—In Japan it is etiquette for a lover to select some choice plant and place it at night in a vase or flower-pot that hangs suspended by three slender chains from the veranda of such dwellings as possess one or more marriageable daughters. Should his suit be favored the floral gift is watered and carefully tended ; but if, on the contrary, his advances are coldly received by the maiden, or if her kinsfolk object to the alliance, the plant is found withered and forsaken in the garden-walk the following morning.

WHERE golden-red the lush persimmon  
grows,

Where dusk-green sway the pine boughs  
dreamfully

I choose, my love, I choose at night for thee,  
With fervent vows, a fragrant-petaled rose—  
White as camellias of the isle whence blows

A spice wind o'er the blissful, deep blue sea,  
And where the long-necked storks feed, tem-  
pest-free,

On sweet palm-buds or ebon-glossy sloes !

I place it 'neath thy porch within a vase,

To tell, love, how my heart for thee beats true,  
And of thy heart to beg a tender grace,  
When, wistfully, at dawn I pass thy door.

Yet what see I, there, dying in the dew ?

My rose, outcast, that whispers : “ Hope no  
more ! ”

## TWO COLOR SONNETS

### SONETTO GIALLO

' MIDST old-gold hues a dame with tawny  
hair  
Sits, clad in amber silk; her gold-green  
bird—  
A pet to indolent tortoise cat preferred—  
Praising his lady's fulvid tresses rare,  
Liquidly thrills the topaz-tinted air  
With song as rich as that in weird glens heard  
From nightingales, ere yellow moonbeams  
gird  
The dreaming maids who dark mantillas wear.  
Winds, softly blown from El Dorado, float  
Through citrine screens, and to the lady's feet  
Waft—see! a gilt-edged, orange-scented  
note,  
Which, grasping lioness-like, she tears with fleet,  
Swift hands; then reads, and frowning cries,  
“Artful, as are its writer's gold-brown eyes!”

### SONETTO AZZURRO

Soft, silver moon rays streak the dim-blue  
night;  
In shadows cyanine a pale maid sleeps;  
And watch, 'midst purpling boughs, an owlet  
keeps—  
Though of the maid he never hath a sight—  
Whilst glide the sapphire hours in silent flight.  
Solely on her a star from violet deeps,  
Through mists of amethyst and turquoise  
peeps,  
As calm she dreams, half-hid from azured light.



Yet, list! a sound of shaken grapevine  
sheaves  
Startles the owlet 'midst the purpling leaves;  
But the pale maiden never even sighs,  
Nor wakes to see a face that, bending down  
Over her casement hyacinthine-brown,  
Looks light of love from two dark, true blue  
eyes!

## TWO SONNETS IN MEZZOTINT

### SONETTO BIANCO

**W**HITE peaks climb o'er white peaks, and,  
spreading 'neath  
Them, roll vast wan-blue glaciers to a plain  
Whose firs and laurels scarcely show a stain  
Of color, for the snow, which wraps both heath  
And hamlet in its cyclopean sheath;  
Whilst stillness, meet for lethal caves, doth  
reign  
Over veiled highway, garden, field and lane,  
Except when winds arise and gnash their teeth.  
Yet not less hueless nor less chill, for aye,  
A face hath grown that used to blush alway  
For beauty's sake—grown thus in tomb, so  
white  
That not a whiter rises where the gale  
Shrieks woe to seamen's graves 'neath boreal  
light—  
A face, 'mid shroud's folds, moveless, lily-  
pale.

SONETTO OSCURO

Ebon-black mullions, web-wise, here cross-lance  
An alcove, through which, 'mid the moon-  
less skies,  
Like dying brands of guardless camp-fires,  
rise  
Stray stars in view, with such cloud circum-  
stance  
As well befits these murky trees which glance  
Stark limbs out, o'er a path all vague sur-  
mise,  
Where sight the keenest needs be very wise  
To tell a stone from bramble, save by chance.  
Then would your gaze revert and eye the  
room?  
Penumbra, like a taper-lighted tomb,  
Salutes you! And I should be as the scene,  
Kept I not, deep in soul, a glimmer dim,  
Dark-lantern fashion; but whose ray, so mean,  
Whispers, "Faint not; thou yet shalt glad  
lamps trim!"

AN ALPINE LAKE

FAR up, so high that e'en the sunbeams wear  
The solemn glamour of those altitudes  
Amid whose crags the lammergeier broods,  
Bidding defiance to the sharp-lipped air,  
A little lake rests in the mountain's care  
And scans the sky in all its varied moods;  
When thunders peal, or when comes inter-  
ludes  
Of winds Æolian to murmur there.

For ages, in its lone expectancy,  
That highland pool has questioned time and  
space,  
To all the under world unknown, so free,  
So clothed with an austere Druidic grace  
That men would whisper there instinctively,  
As though intruders in some holy place.

#### AN UPLAND BROOKLET.

**A**N upland brooklet trickles with soft sound  
Over a wall of lichen-mantled rock,  
That was uplifted 'mid some cosmic shock  
When the earth's pulse less soberly did bound,  
And when the land in tropic garb was gowned  
With tall tree ferns, whose fronds would  
interlock  
To let amphibia beneath them flock  
What time the sun flung fiery javelins round.

Listen how low the murmur of the stream !  
Yet through it echoes a far-off refrain  
Of Alpine grandeur, crag, and glacier gleam ;  
As if the brook, so high above the plain,  
Shared the ecstatic secret of the dream  
That visits them who nigh Life's heart have  
lain.

#### WITH NATURE

**H**USH me to-day on thy calm, gracious  
breast,  
Mother, new-risen from the wintry sod !  
To-day let me forget that men must plod,

And delve, and grieve, since thy face speaks  
such rest,  
Such joy of peace, beyond all saintly quest  
That seeks the heights by angel footsteps  
trod ;  
For thy deep eyes reflect the smile of God,  
E'en as cathedral panes the golden west.

Divesting me of every slavish care,  
I hearken unto what thy spirit saith,  
Whose kind monitions so impregn the air  
That they become my very life and breath ;  
And clasped in thy warm arms that crush  
despair,  
My soul laughs at the dwindling shadow,  
death.

#### THE MATIN BELL

**S**WEET as the first low warble of a bird  
Fluttering o'er the night's yet unstirred  
deeps,  
On, through the vast obscurity, it sweeps ;  
Mysterious, likewise, as the voices heard  
Ere dim eyes close, when dull ears catch no  
word  
Of friends who whisper, "Hush, the tired  
one sleeps !"  
While Sorrow nigh the couch mute vigil  
keeps  
And strives to feel the calm by Faith con-  
ferred  
Thus now, before the coming of the light,  
Floats unto me the murmur of that chime,

Harmonious herald of the new day's fight  
'Gainst darkness; listen how its echoes climb  
Yon airy heights, to welcome, in his might,  
The sun, who soon shall grace the hour of  
prime!

## THE CITY AND THE RIVER

A RIVER flowing 'thwart a town I saw,  
Where many a wharf pushed out from  
either bank,  
With many a warehouse, gabled, grim, and  
dank,  
Wedged in between; whilst, 'mid the night  
air raw,  
Turrets and domes loomed dimly, and the maw  
Of some huge jail uprose, whose chains must  
clank  
Dirge-like, meseemed, o'er roofs—set rank  
on rank—  
Of palace homes and cots of mud and straw.  
And, lo! inverted, 'midst the misty night,  
Their million scintillations in that wave  
The city lamps reflected, all a-light;  
And then one boat, like to a pilot brave,  
Forsook its quay and seaward bent its flight,  
While to its prow those spectral sparkles  
clave.

## ORION AND THE CITY.

I SAW Orion rise o'er roof and spire  
'Mid a vast city, where full many a street  
Flowed, river-like, with waves of human feet;  
While, from a hall lit by electric fire,

Crowds issued who had gathered to admire  
A singer famed ; and lively was the heat  
Of critic speech, as group and group did  
meet,  
To praise with warmth, or blame almost with ire.  
Yet not an eye turned from the lamp-hedged  
way  
To mark the splendor of the stellar shield  
That shone a billion ages ere earth's day,  
And that will lift on high its beamy field,  
In cosmic triumph, when mankind's life-play  
Shall, ages long, have ceased, by Death's  
hand sealed.

#### IN PRIMAL DAYS

**I**N primal days of Greek supremacy,  
When every shadow was personified,—  
When Fancy would in nothing be denied  
The exercise of boundless liberty,—  
There dwelt a fascinating mystery  
In every glade, where nymphs and fauns did  
glide ;  
While oreads were on the heights espied,  
And sirens filled the waves with melody.

For us such fictions long have been dispelled ;  
Yet have we gained a charm of scenic phrase  
And are by psychic influences held  
More curious than the fabled Cretan maze ;  
And what if now the lyre's refrain be quelled?—  
Athwart our souls the symphony's echo  
strays.

## TO "A RED, RED ROSE"

**V**OLUPTUOUS rose! ere thy brief day  
be fled,  
Ere earth take, leaf by leaf, from thee the  
price  
Of this wine-ruddy blush, which would entice  
Fancy, e'en as a bee, to thrust its head  
Into thy cup of sweetness darkly red,  
I would give thee, in phrase of rare device,  
To one whose picturings of paradise  
Do purity and passion fitly wed.

Thou breathest not alone of Sharon's plain,  
Church portal, garden wall, and cottage  
porch ;  
Thou likewise art the soul-flame of some  
torch  
Held high in flowery feasts at Pæstum's fane ;  
And thou art wrought of sunbeams that did  
scorch  
The groves where Persia's bard sang love's dis-  
dain !

## THE FORSAKEN HOMESTEAD

**M**UTE stands this old white mansion and  
forlorn ;  
Snows match them with its ruined porticoes,  
And now and then a gust of night-wind blows  
The wintry bloom up 'gainst yon casement shorn  
Of curtain and of glass. Yet here was born  
Many a joy to bless life's count of woes,  
And in these doors—too warped this night  
to close !—  
Many a star-heard sigh foretold love's morn.

The last to dwell within its low-ceiled walls  
Now lives in one of those grand modern piles  
Where flash electric rays athwart the halls  
O'er rare moquettes and statues' marble  
smiles ;  
Yet thence, somehow, ne'er such a splendor  
falls  
As once the old home lamp threw on the  
tiles !

### MOONLIGHT IN THE SMALL HOURS

CALM as the sleep of one at perfect rest,  
In mind and heart with heaven and the  
world,  
The moonlight of the small hours lies im-  
pearled  
On twig and branch ; while, on pine-boughs  
impressed,  
It turns them snow-white as King Henry's crest,  
That oft wooed victory, nor ever furred  
Its plumes to foemen when rebellion hurled  
Her darts to stay its patriotic quest.

These shadows fill my spirit with their peace,  
A quietude more eloquent than speech :  
As if one touch a hand that could release  
From peril, though storm winds should rave  
and screech—  
Such sense of trust as bids Fear's whispers cease  
And lifts my soul far from Doubt's chilling  
reach.



## BEFORE THE DAWN

THE midnight darkness pales ; my lamp  
burns low,  
And yesterday's long echo now becomes  
As faint as league-remoteattoo of drums :  
One with the past its agitations grow ;  
While, like a daring oarsman, thought doth row  
Far forth to where a new-born day-breeze  
hums  
O'er mist-enshrouded waves, and half-be-  
numbs,  
Before it can a quicker pulse bestow.

And then, amidst the stillness and the chill—  
The semi-chaos of this neutral hour  
When feeblest shows the force of nerve and  
will,  
When children, roused from dreams, in  
terror cower,—  
The morning star, clear as a harp's first thrill,  
Beams its evangel, hails the coming power !

## THE TAJ MAHAL

Suggested by W. F. DIX's "Intaglios of the East"

FAIR beyond fairest speech of mortal tongue,  
Love's fire wrought into marble imagery,  
A wordless yet impassioned litany  
For centuries by earth to heaven sung,  
There, on the Jumna's banks, to life hath  
sprung  
The Taj in womanliest majesty ;  
E'en might a milk-white lily bud so be  
Upon Nirvana's mystic ocean flung.

Purer of aspect than the purest snow,  
Yon dome and minars cleave the Indian  
sky,  
Begirt with palms, dusk cypresses arow,  
And peach-boughs where the bulbul  
comes to sigh ;  
While e'er, 'neath moonlight or the stars'  
soft glow,  
They tell of love that doth all deaths  
defy.

### DISCONTENT

**T**HERE stretch the cool green waves, white  
foam, gray rocks ;  
Here, close at feet, these mounds of tawny  
sand ;  
While strands, mixed hues, of sunlit cloud  
imband  
The blue deeps where at heaven's door ocean  
knocks.  
Darting athwart them, gulls whirl in sparse  
flocks,  
As now the breeze is making in to land ;  
But not a sail in sight on either hand,  
And, save the surf-beat, silence all inlocks.  
Life may be full of color, yet one waits,  
Unsatisfied, at bar of unpassed gates,  
Owner of much, but asking evermore  
That fate would other, fairer gifts bestow—  
Something not cloud, nor wings, nor surf-  
born snow,  
Nor cool green waves upon the tawny  
shore.

## COMPENSATION

Affectionately inscribed to HORACE L. TRAUBEL

HOW oft we grope, blind beggars on Life's  
way,  
Or walk as folk in some lane intricate,  
With head downcast and unelastic gait,  
Thinking how stale all is, and dull and gray,  
And what a bitter burden is the clay  
Wherefrom we have been shaped by clumsy  
Fate ;  
While scarce we deem as worthy our estate  
As that of shadows lost in blaze of day !  
Till, with no token, comes a gleam of  
grace—  
The clasp of hands long severed by harsh  
Time,  
The charm or hue of thought on some dear  
face,  
Or reminiscent pathos of a chime—  
And, free of soul and with firm tread, we  
pace  
The plenteous prairies of a griefless  
clime.



LYRICS



## MONITIONS

I YEARN to feel the dusky kiss of Night ;  
I hunger for the vision now unseen,  
The essence pulsing 'neath each veil and  
screen—

All that eludes the whirlwind of Time's flight.  
This world of seeming grows so stale and  
small,  
Who, with the larger longing, but would  
roam  
Beyond the limits of earth's touch and  
tone,  
Where strange new gleams on unknown  
glories fall ?

I yearn to walk the inner way, so near,  
Yet further from the course we blindly run  
Than, from ours, moves the utmost cosmic  
sun—

I yearn till through desire mine eyes grow clear.  
For symbols, in themselves, are these de-  
sires,  
Vague marks on fly-leaves of a book  
unturned,  
Faint hints of fairer knowledge yet un-  
learned,

Tokens of Life 'neath grander stellar fires.  
Hark ! Hear I not the tread of Destiny ?  
In this expectant and mysterious hour,  
Thrilled by the stirrings of a latent power,  
I touch the robe of Immortality !

## THE INFINITE SYMPATHY

LONG, long ago I left the way  
Sought by good folks when they would  
pray.

To me their "straight path" seemed not  
clear ;

Thickly, for me, brier and thorn  
Made either border harsh and drear ;

So I forsook it, one glad morn.

Nor evermore would I retreat

To supplicate the "Mercy Seat,"

Because I felt the vast command

Of increate Infinity

Could not be stayed by my weak hand,

Upraised however piously.

Then afterward, as in a brook,

Upon Love's face I came to look ;

While in my breast a tender fear

Rebuked me, as with selfishness,

And for Love's solitude a tear

Descended, and content grew less.

So now, though I for nothing plead  
That may serve soul's or body's need,

I ever seek Love's unseen ear,

To give my meagre dole of cheer ;

For "God is Love," and Love must yearn

To feel our spirit's close embrace,

And Love's great heart with joy must burn

To have our love-thoughts people space.



## IN EARLY WINTER

Affectionately inscribed to RUDOLPH HENDRICKS

**S**EEMING to wear a tawny hue  
Till lost in distance-hazy blue,  
Pale shadows o'er yon slope are borne,  
Like phantoms of the garnered corn.

Yet see! where 'mongst bleak trees they  
glide,

They darken, as though joy had died  
Beneath those boughs, all gray and gaunt,  
With twigs that snap like some keen taunt.

Oft there the little wind-whirls rest  
An instant on the dead leaves' breast;  
Then, sudden, start afresh and rise  
With utterance of impish cries.

For far on high they hark the roar  
Of mighty kinsmen, wild and frore,  
Tossing and leaping in the shrouds  
Of dismal passing ships of clouds.

Until the last faint sun ray fades  
And frost and gloom enwrap the glades;  
And lofty wind and humble breeze,  
With the lone slope, in silence freeze.

## 'MID SUMMER NOONTIDE DREAMS

'**M**ID summer noontide dreams  
When tree boughs cease to sway,  
Though sad the fancy seems,  
It charms me in a way—

It charms me, yes, to flee  
In spirit to a place  
Where, full of liberty,  
I erst looked on Joy's face.

To flee away, and there  
To lay me down to sleep  
Until the grass shall dare  
Round feet and hands to creep.

Round feet and hands and breast,  
Round lips and brow and eyes,  
Clasping me in sweet rest,  
Aye, hid from sun and skies.

While over me the song  
Of meadow larks shall ring,  
As once it thrilled along  
The rose-paths of the spring.

## FEBRUARY

**H**OMELY, with sparse gray hair and  
oldish look,  
Nothing to fix the unobservant gaze,  
She every morn the path of drudgery took,  
To tread it far beyond the twilight haze.  
Yet, now and then, the eye of insight keen  
Might see flit over her set, faded face  
Remembrances of beauty that had been—  
The pressed-rose fragrance of a vanished  
grace.  
And sometimes, when the stress of toil was o'er,  
A smile of youth about her lips would cling,  
As if she looked, through some long-snow-  
bound door,  
On violets and song-birds all a-wing.

## CONFESSION

I AM so humble that I dare not say  
The precious words which for an answer  
pray ;

I am so haughty that I could not take  
Aught you might give me, save for Love's own  
sake.

I am content, 'mid care, or grief, or task,  
To let my heart in your remembrance bask—  
The only sunshine needed for its bloom,  
A beam that puts to flight the thought of  
gloom.

For, in the darkness when day sounds take  
wing,

Recalling you, my heart shall softly sing ;  
As, amongst leafage of some dew-chilled lawn,  
A robin greets the dusk ere cometh dawn.

And with my heart I am so wholly free  
That I must give and give spontaneously,  
Nor ever grudge, though no heart make  
return

So long as in this world life's lamp shall  
burn.

Yet, should a true response at last be mine,  
A priceless bounty from the hand divine,  
My heart, for joy, would neither laugh nor  
leap,

But, like a shining, sun-kissed shower, weep.

## JAYME

JAYME, Jayme ! Spanish name  
Whispered 'neath Valencian skies ;  
On my lips it is a flame  
Fed by your deep, fervid eyes.

Jayme, Jayme ! mystic dreams  
Hover round and with me dwell,  
Fairer than were Tempe's streams,  
If myself your name I tell.

Why, I know not, neither care ;  
Yet when you are near, the time  
Festive seems, and through the air  
Joy bells, for me, chime and chime.

Jayme, Jayme ! while I live  
Naught more exquisite or true  
Unto me can Love e'er give  
Than the treasured thought of you.

## IN THE WEST

OVER there, in the sunset west,  
A dear one sleeps whom my heart loves  
best—

Over there, where the daylight dies  
'Midst the perfect silence of the skies.

Over there, in the darkling west,  
How deep, how deep, is my dear one's rest !  
So deep there is no joy nor pain  
May ever break its quiet again.

Over there, in the starlit west,  
Tall spruce-trees chant o'er my dear one's  
    breast,  
And, 'thwart their boughs, draw from above  
Gleams of the splendor of deathless love.

### TRUE GRIEF

**S**UCH quietude is here, for outward eyes !  
Scarce any effort mars the cheerfulness  
    That to a busy world the lips confess,  
Yet that the heart most utterly denies.

For grief is cunning, gentle sir or dame !  
    Say what ye will, when its own depth it feels,  
    True grief its hoarded bitterness conceals  
With skill that puts a miser's craft to shame.

It knows to smile not less than villainy ;  
    It hides, 'neath roses, hyssop, thorn, and rue ;  
    And in its pride but to the chosen few  
Will it consent to show its misery.

### PAIN AND DEATH

**I**N the deep night a shape drew near my bed,  
A dark, grim thing ; whereat I moaned  
    in dread ;  
“ Begone, O Death ! Not yet thine hour is  
    due.”  
Then on his face a pleading glance I threw.

But at mine imploration he down-bent  
An eye of mockery, that with hatred blent,  
And sneered: "It is not Death, poor wretch!  
In vain  
Callest thou me in such wise. I am Pain.  
Through heat and cold I wing my stealthy way,  
And by the couch of sickness love to stay."

Yet, lo! when night began at last to wane,  
And Dawn almost made heard her sweet refrain,  
A pale, sad form approached my pillow side—  
Gently, how gently, did his footsteps glide!  
Glad grew my soul. I whispered: "This is  
Life,  
Come with the day to end for me Pain's  
strife!"

But as I raised mine eyes to see him smile,  
And mark his gaze free of all taint of guile,  
Words from him broke that made my heart up-  
leap:  
"I am the angel that brings dreamless sleep."

## YOUTH AND I

'TIS said that Youth and I have parted,  
And at the words I breathe the sigh  
Of one who, though not valiant-hearted,  
The cruel truth will not deny.

Ask you what quarrel wrought such issue?  
Which was recreant to Love's vow?  
The matter is of so close tissue  
It could not be unravelled now.

Once passed, thought we, a harmless  
“Stranger ;”

We brushed against his garment's skirt.  
Time was his name ; but where the danger ?  
Who dreamed his presence could do hurt ?

Yet suddenly there entered in us  
A subtle palsy of delight ;  
Olden gay pastimes could not win us ;  
Bright hours grew dull, in our despite.

And as it, in most cases, chances,  
Wider the breach yawned day by day,  
Until, with cold, averted glances,  
At last each went the lonely way.

Yet still, sometimes, in furtive meetings  
We look each other in the face,  
Striving to give coy, silent greetings,  
That may recall the dear, lost grace.

Our hands outstretch, as if for clasping ;  
Our lips fond phrases seem to seek ;  
Then draws the “Stranger” nigh, and, gasp-  
ing,  
We turn away ; we dare not speak.

## THE SECRET

**S**OFTLY, winds ! softly blow—  
Nay, do not blow, soft winds !  
But whisper low,  
Low, sweet, and calm as mountain pines  
That ne'er the tempest know.

I have a secret—hush !  
That ye must never tell  
As on ye rush ;  
But hidden with you let it dwell,  
And none its beauty crush.

Quick ! take it from my heart,  
Lest I should selfishly  
Refuse to part  
With aught of its dear entity—  
Snatch it, and southward start !

But still, for you, I fear  
It is too sadly sweet.  
It needs the tear,  
The sob, and the fierce, fatal heat  
Of Sorrow's lips, that sear.

And yet a moment stay  
Your viewless, downy wings,  
Till I do pray  
You pardon that my spirit clings  
To it, and must, always.

## LOVE AND AMBITION

**I**N the young artist's ecstasy,  
Drunken with praise of myriad eyes,  
She laughed beneath the starlit skies,  
And whispered : “ Naught shall conquer me ! ”

“ What glance, what touch shall bid me stay  
My step, or still my cry to Fame,  
From whose fair hand a wreath I claim  
Not woven for earth's common clay ? ”



No pleasure's charm, no prayer's grace  
Should make her, swerving, miss the goal  
Set for her earnest, haughty soul,  
That brooked no secondary place.

From Love she turned ; she mocked his chains,  
Because she felt so truly bold,  
And had, she deemed, a heart so cold  
And an ear deaf to all fond strains.

Yet when the play of Life was done  
And the shadowy curtain fell,  
She breathed a name I dare not tell ;  
But Love, at last, yes, Love had won !

#### IT IS NOT TRUE

**I**T is not true  
That joy lies dead,  
Although to-day our hearts have bled—  
For me and you  
It is not true.

It is not true  
That life is vain,  
If from our tears life one drop gain  
Of Love's pure dew—  
It is not true.

It is not true  
That death can end  
What joy's loss doth almost amend  
'Neath sorrow's hue—  
It is not true.

By heaven's blue,  
By passion's fire,  
By our love's deep, yet chained desire,  
It is not true,  
It is not true.

#### THEN AND NOW

**I**N the old time my heart could speak,  
Could whisper back its love reply,  
With eye downcast and blushing cheek,  
Beneath the summer's glad blue sky.

In the old days my lips did yearn  
Beneath their mask of modesty,  
When all Love's charm was yet to learn—  
And Passion's fervid errantry.

But now Love seems a calm, sweet sleep ;  
'Mid the chill gray thus hath it grown—  
So sorrow tried, so strong, so deep,  
Like a grand organ's deepest tone.

And now my soul so high doth soar,  
Naught lesser than Love's face it sees,  
Where unfaith ne'er can reach it more  
Amid God's own infinities !

## THE MEADOW LARK

**I**N the dim dawn, while yet the mists bespray  
With woolly films these fields which now I  
view ;

In the vague neutral hour, before the day  
Marks the pure skies reflect her orb's pure  
blue ;

'Mid the mind's first uncertain waking gleams,  
With the ear scarce to consciousness rewon,  
A sound as from the fading shore of dreams,  
Outspeeds the gold quadriga of the sun ;

A flute-clear strain, that floats above the meads,  
Mixing its echoes with the morning breeze :—  
That seems to sing a greeting to the weeds,  
And all the lowland's humble entities.

I hark, but cannot see the minstrel bird,  
Though well I know that, as he upward  
springs,  
Not on him is the loftier flight conferred :  
Earth keeps anear her those impetuous wings.

I hear him celebrate his happiness ;  
Yet find I not a sad note with it blent ?  
As if he dared at times a wish confess—  
To soar, to lose in strife his life's content.

## AT SUNSET

**L**AST night, while yet the shadows gathered  
pale,  
I heard a thrush, from o'er the meadow way,  
In some secluded thicket of the vale,

His music-laden pater-noster say,  
More fraught with faith than aught our lips  
may pray.

And just because of its exceeding trust  
I listened as if chained to that retreat.  
A-tremble at the faintest west-wind gust  
That came to frolic round the garden seat,  
Or stir the sleepy grass beneath my feet.

I did not ask to learn the secret sense,  
The perfect import of the songster's call ;  
I only knew it bore my spirit hence,  
Upon the rippling of its rise and fall,  
To feel the Love that binds the all in all.

Nor can I tell what instant its strain passed  
Into the flood-tide of night's symphony—  
Death, as we name it, though it is the last,  
Supreme expression of Life's entity,  
When the soul finds how truly it is free !

#### NOVEMBER WINDS

**N**OVEMBER winds, that drearily  
Moan over brown, denuded plains,  
Come hither, and relate to me  
The story hid 'neath your wild strains !

To-night my spirit is akin  
To your woe-burdened savageness ;  
It hears strange music in the din  
And tumult of your fierce distress.

Your lamentations pierce my breast,  
And touch a stormy current there,  
Which, like a river of unrest,  
Echoes the voice of your despair.

The elements that men call dumb  
Instinct are with the cosmic life.  
From one great source all passions come.  
To intermix in fruitful strife.

We only dream we dwell apart ;  
Brothers we are of sun and wind ;  
We laugh or weep with Nature's heart ;  
Our moods are phases of her mind.

#### WIND VOICES IN MARCH

**N**O cunning measure do I sing ;  
I only come with throbbing breast,  
From out the midnight's dark unrest,  
To whisper what the March winds bring.

I lean here, on the window-sill,  
And, while the hours glide down time's  
stream,  
I hark, as in some changeful dream :  
And all the house is dumb and chill.

Listen ! the winds their force subdue,  
Till on the eaves their frigid stress  
Falls like a zephyr's light caress  
Where violets match heaven's blue.

And I am ready to give tears  
As tribute to such lullaby,  
Which touches me as would a sigh  
From far-away and gladder years.

But soon succeeds a tumult fierce,  
A clash of chords, as though some harp  
Rehearsed a war-chant, rude and sharp,  
Where donjon walls the heavens pierce.

A-sudden I grow strangely bold :  
Then tingles in my veins a fire ;  
I feel revive in me such ire  
As stirred the pilgrim hosts of old.

And now ring outcries on the air,  
Like maddened curses of the lost  
By Stygian waters lashed and tossed—  
The speech of uttermost despair !

I shudder to the very quick ;  
I shut mine eyes in nameless dread ;  
As if to mark some ghostly tread,  
My breath I hold, mine ears up-prick !

Then, then, at last, a cadence comes,  
Like music in a fairy dell ;  
Their love the cooling ring-doves tell  
And o'er the thyme the blithe bee hums.

## A MARCH FANTASY

CLOSE-CURTAINED is the window-pane,  
But through it clamors, keen and cold,  
The tempest trumpeter's refrain,  
Stirring the earth 'neath frost and mould.

Wild, harsh, implacable, it leaps  
Across the waste of last year's bloom ;  
And yet, meseems, forth from it sweeps  
Enchantment o'er the night-time gloom

And plays upon my latent pride,  
Waking in me a long-mute voice ;  
As if my soul some force defied,  
And in the combat should rejoice

As if a demon rent his chain,  
A demon captive in my breast,  
And echoed back that storm's fierce strain,  
In merriment of mad unrest,

Until, in truth, I dare to deem  
It is a spirit of the vast,  
Snared in his own trap in a dream  
That plagued some midnight of the past.

## MYSTICISM

LAST night a host of cloud-borne fiends  
Swept, shrieking, from the sullen east ;  
Like ghouls bent on some horrid feast,  
They jeered athwart my casement screens.

Reason whispered : “ Be not afraid.  
’Tis but the blast in wintry boughs !”  
Yet Fancy so did me arouse  
That all my spirit grew dismayed.

And, when again I looked, the skies  
Were blacker-garbed than night could make,  
And from their depths worse yells did break,  
With still more horrible replies.

Yet, sudden, whilst I listened, lo !  
A silver sword-flash cleft the gloom—  
A scimitar of peaceful doom,  
With joy and courage in its glow.

Reason murmured : “ It is the moon !”  
But Fancy would not deign to hear,  
Yet laid aside with smiles her fear,  
To drink the health of night’s high-noon.

For well she deemed the right had won,  
As in some battle waged by men,  
And saw night’s orb light field and fen,  
As ’twere of Love the risen sun !

## THE SILENT LAND

**T**HE Silent Land. What undefined desire  
Wakes at these words, like to the lam-  
bent fire  
Seen over marshland wastes, at dead of night,  
Flickering far in weird, uncanny flight !



The Silent Land, which poets love to name ;  
Mysterious region, where the present frame  
Of all that is, beyond our fancy's range,  
Doth yield itself to supersensual change.

The Silent Land, where, dread as olden fates,  
Vague, sombre shadows guard the entrance  
gates,  
And where glide through the vapor sudden  
gleams,  
As 'twere, a spectral day's sunseting beams.

The Silent Land, whereon that wan sun-glow  
Spreads, as a red moon-ray o'er plains of snow,  
Upon which birch trees lean across the track  
Where wolves are wont to race in famished  
pack.

The Silent Land, a broad domain, so still  
That its deep quiet gives the heart a thrill—  
As when night-fowl sail by on noiseless wing—  
A thrill such as no sound hath power to bring.

The Silent Land, which stretches on and on,  
Dim outlined as the mist-veiled hills of dawn ;  
Vistas where human vision feebly gropes  
'Midst the long cypress boughs that gloom the  
slopes.

The Silent Land. No breeze ; and yet what  
wafts  
Are these which play about the portal shafts,  
Chilling the white-lipped wanderers who wait  
To pass the boundary of the unknown State !

## THE GEM WITHOUT A SETTING

NOTE.—A recently advanced hypothesis assumes that diamonds may be a product of interstellar origin.

ONE dusky night, far down the sky  
A meteor sped, and from it fell,  
As at my feet, a spark of light  
That dazed my sight.

Elusively it there did lie  
Till I bent low, as 'neath some spell,  
And took it, clasped it fervently  
Close unto me.

“A gem,” methought, “from out the heart  
Of some lost world dispersed through space ;  
A diamond, that clearly speaks  
Of stellar peaks.”

How I have treasured it apart,  
As 'twere some memoried, dear face,  
Till a rare setting I can find  
Round it to bind !

A frame-work dainty, yet so strong,  
To match its every color tone ;  
Like music, rippling, strangely sweet,  
Mine eye to greet.

But nay ! I ne'er shall list that song.  
Never such splendor may I zone  
With any circlet of desire  
Meet for its fire.

“LIKE CRESSETS IN THE ICE-KING'S  
HALLS”

LIKE cressets in the Ice-King's halls  
The stars gleam in the sky's bleak arch ;  
The fields beyond the manor walls  
Lie ravaged by the blast of March.

A maiden nigh the hearth-fire hears  
The wooing of an honest boy,  
Whose heart, free of all jealous fears,  
Pleads through his eyes for love and joy.

But she, in whimsical dissent,  
Ignores the sunshine of his soul,  
And, careless, talks of life's content  
Where South Sea waves in languor roll.

\*  
\* \*

The stars glow like the ruby sands  
In Oriental fantasies :  
The years have sped ; a lady stands  
Beneath the fragrant orange trees.

But solitude and silence wait  
Upon the glamour of the scene,  
Whereof, in woman's fairest state,  
She seems the lovely, uncrowned queen.

Yet now, with memory's clear eyes,  
She backward looks, and harks that blast,  
And learns too late her southern skies  
Were in the northern, love-lit past !

## THE LITTLE VISITOR FROM THE MOON

IT was at night, when noises oft astound,  
That suddenly I heard a click resound,  
Making me, though immersed in books of law,  
Turn from the lamp-lit page in quizzing awe,  
To ascertain if visible, and how shaped  
The creature was, whence that odd sound  
    escaped—

When, lo ! beside my chair, with gesture spry,  
There moved a tiny wight, scarce one inch  
    high—  
Black as a lump of glossy cannel coal,  
And furnished with two lights which seemed  
    to roll  
And, in the most pronounced electric guise,  
To serve as substitutes for human eyes.

“Whence and what art thou, midget of the  
    dark ?”

I asked in wonderment ; when, swift, a spark,  
Darting upon me from each vibrant light,  
And dazzling my somewhat bewildered sight,  
Gave due assurance that the mite had life,  
And vivid intellect with humor rife.

For then, in that quaint telegraphic click,  
It kindly told, just as a watch would tick,  
The whence, the wherefore, and the how it  
    came—

Though if I can't recall I'm not to blame !—  
Enough that it had trod in Fame's big shoon  
Amid the social fittest of the Moon.

“Being,” it quoth, “sans atmosphere you  
know,  
We Moon folks just spring up ; we never grow.  
We own no liking for your blending shades,  
Your varied intervals and subtile grades.  
In physics, morals, and high mental play,  
Our method swerves not from plain yea and  
nay.”

“While this sharp click-clack, save in dotted  
rune,  
Is our sole language and our only tune.  
With us electric shocks uphold the State ;  
We live, and work, and die as they dictate.  
We are, in fact, with all our frowns and smirks,  
A conscience series of magnetic jerks !

“Yet hark, Terrestrial ; for my words are true :  
We once existed just as you now do,  
Until long ages dried our ambient air,  
And put us on this pure electric fare.  
When water, wind, and gas from earth are  
gone,  
Like me you’ll dwindle to a clicking pawn.”

“Wholly electric both in form and mind,  
No doubt, the change will suit your eager kind.  
Averse from every action slow or slack,  
You’ll stand no compromise ’twixt white and  
black ;  
And marking but dense night or blazing noon,  
You’ll comprehend our status on the Moon !”

## THE CEDAR TREE IN WINTER

**G**REEN as the gem that Hope's eye loves  
to greet,  
The cedar smiles on winter's wind-swept  
waste ;  
So might a fair nurse, from whose willing feet  
Charity had all selfish tremor chased.

## THE ESTHONIAN MOTHER AND THE WOLVES

NOTE.—What is related in the accompanying verses actually took place in the year 1807, and we should add that, after reaching a place of safety and telling her fearful story, the wretched woman was immediately killed by a young man, who, without waiting to reflect and pity, horrified at such cowardice in a mother, caught up an axe and at one blow cut off her head.

**W**ITH horse and sleigh, along a road  
Where snow-crowned pine trees loom,  
A peasant mother bears her load  
Of three babes through the gloom.

No calm, white stars,  
Lighting the hours  
When dismal night-winds moan,  
Pierce through the gray  
Of clouds that stray  
Toward Viborg's marshes lone.

Bu' that is not the wind which howls  
In strange, uncanny guise !  
The woman knows those famished growls ;  
The poor horse onward flies !  
“ Mother, dear mother ! ” with a start,  
Exclaims one frightened little heart.

“ Oh, my poor child,  
Hush! Hoarsely wild,  
It is the wolves that bark!  
Hungry and cold,  
They grow so bold  
Within this forest dark!

“ Their famished yell  
The echoes swell  
Far down the birchwood glen.  
See! full of ire,  
Their eyes of fire  
I count—twice five, then ten!

“ Draw close, my child!  
Dear Saviour mild,  
Why come those feet so near!  
Where shall we flee?  
Their forms I see  
With deep and abject fear!

“ O Heaven, send us grace!  
Those jaws together crush!  
And, gaining on our pace,  
The beasts upon us rush!

“ If but the wind the snow upstirs,  
'Twill keep their fangs at bay,  
And we may reach the clump of firs  
Where broadens out the way!

“ But they leap along our tracks!  
Make haste, my brave old horse!  
And those teeth gnash at our backs  
With fast-increasing force!

“To save the older two  
Must I let baby go?  
O God, what shall I do;  
My hands, they tremble so!

“Two are left—yet these brute fiends—  
Father, forgive the wrong!—  
From the sleigh my Ivan leans!  
Die the weak, then, for the strong!

“Yet closer still they come,  
And clammy grows my cheek—  
Must I fill up the sum?  
Is my soul so vilely weak?

“Is it, indeed, too late  
To save him from such a fate?  
Beat, coward heart, beat fast;  
He is thy pride, thy last!”

“Dear mother,” cries the four-year-old,  
“Am not I very good?”  
She shakes—the wretch!—shakes off his hold,  
And gives the brutes their food!

And now the wolves have fled;  
But the babes, the babes are dead!  
Yes, all are dead and gone;  
Yet she is left,  
The mother, God-bereft,  
To face the wintry dawn!



## IN THE RAIN

**P**ULSELESS the air, in sullen rest ;  
Sad is the look the meadows wear ;  
While, from each leafy, dripping crest,  
The trees in moody silence stare.  
Gray skies their color-nullity  
Outspread above the dismal earth ;  
And one lone bird pipes tearfully  
The requiem of vanished Mirth.  
And the long, cheerless hours proceed,  
Their minutes weighted as with chains ;  
Only the patient heart takes heed  
To dream of sunshine when it rains !

## FERNS ON THE HEIGHTS

**F**AR, far up the rocky cliff  
Grow sprays of swaying fern,  
Upon whose gracile frondlets green  
The rays of noontide burn—  
A liliputian forest,  
That drinks the ardent light,  
Whilst, tardy-vanned 'mid azure sheen,  
The dove-white clouds take flight.

From so rare coigne of vantage  
The ferns defiance glance  
Upon me as I watch them there,  
The while winds laughing dance—  
Warm winds that slyly whisper :  
“ We know where bluebirds nest  
In boughs no hunter's gun shall dare  
To come nigh or molest.”

The roaming honey-seekers  
Have scarce explored the place,  
So high it lies, so far apart  
From haunts of their sweet chase ;  
And should the winds keep secrets,  
It shall all quiet rest,  
Even until frost goblins dart  
Along, with jibe and jest.

Oh, festive ferny dwellers,  
That clothe the craggy height  
With gentle graces meet for dells  
Of pastoral delight !  
May no feet try to reach you,  
May hands your fronds respect,  
The while you hark the bland wind-bells  
In happiest neglect !

Till winter still their chiming  
In clash of tempest song,  
Till snow and ice bind hill and plain,  
And chain the rivers strong—  
Then on your lofty eyry  
You ferns shall, shrivelled, cling  
Till April, robing you again,  
Make new sweet wind-bells ring.

“LEEWAY” (OR DRIFTING APART)

YOU plead : “ Together let us fare  
And, as of old, the glad days share ! ”  
For whilst I in the shadow stray,  
You ever walk the sunlit way.

You urge : “ Come now, with ready feet,  
Unto our one-time dear retreat ! ”  
But though I, acquiescent, smile,  
My heart is elsewhere all the while.

At times you dimly mark the change,  
With eyes so marvellingly strange.  
Then, from you—why should I deny ?—  
To hide the ugly truth I try !

Perhaps it is a sort of pride  
To keep you serving at my side ;  
Perhaps I merely do not choose  
To give you or myself “ the blues ! ”

I’ve liked to hear the sweet old name,  
Though to it I no more had claim :  
As to an echo oft we cling,  
When long before the song took wing !

And sometimes—we must be thus weak !—  
I’ve put my lips to your warm cheek.  
No Judas’ kiss, though all love’s glow  
Had vanished from it—well I know !

But, come ! A truce to cunning lies !  
Here is the truth, without disguise :  
So *living* was the love I knew,  
I’ve loathed to show it *dead* to you !

“ALAS, THE CHILL, WILD NIGHT!”

ALAS, the chill, wild night !  
It fills me with dismay—  
Blight of the blast, and blight  
Over my garden tossed—  
Bitter blight of the frost,  
Turning my gems to clay !  
For this my garden was a joy,  
Where gorgeous butterflies would toy  
With the sun's pure, unstinted gold,  
Ere ceased June's roses to unfold.  
But now—the night, the blast !  
Slaying my dear, last hope !—  
Only forebodings cast  
Their ghastly gleams, where grope  
My hands along the walls  
Of wind-beleaguered halls !  
Yet here the gladdest laughter dwelt ;  
Here, vowing faith, gay wooers knelt,  
As at Love's magic palace gate ;  
Whilst birds sang carols—mate to mate.  
I would I need not hark  
Unto the moan, the wail  
Of this mad storm ! So stark,  
So cold my pulses grow !  
My spirit *feels* the snow,  
The sleet, the wintry gale !

## A WAYSIDE WAIF

**T**HICK-TANGLED grew the wayside  
weeds,  
Sprung from a thousand sturdy seeds  
That recked not how the weather turned ;  
From every sort good cheer they earned  
And sustenance for rudest needs.

But, lo ! among them, coy and white,  
A rose that strove to drink the light  
Falling in many a broken ray,  
Yet feared the weeds would cry it nay,  
Smote, like a shame, upon my sight.

I felt the difference of worth ;  
I half reproached the dumb, blind earth,  
As if it might more favor show  
To the shy plant that sought to grow  
'Mongst mates of far less gentle birth.

Poor flower ! doomed to wilt and fade,  
Hast thou, more delicately made  
Than these that crushed thy purer bloom—  
These lives that must be thy life's tomb—  
Thus for thy dream of beauty paid ?

## VARIATIONS

**A** MIST upon the valley sleeps,  
Not one sun arrow strikes it through ;  
No zephyr in yon pine grove leaps,  
No bird flies 'mid the sullen blue ;  
Whilst I with well-worn fancies toy,  
And wish and wish for some new joy.

See! From the vale the mist is lifted,  
The sun sends down fair shafts of light ;  
With west-wind song the pines are gifted,  
And many a bird-wing flits in sight ;  
Whilst I, in fresher frame of mind,  
Draw new joy from the same old kind !

### THE PASSING BUTTERFLY

**G**LASSÉD in a limpid pool, where insects  
croon  
And fragrant mint the curving brink en-  
shrouds,  
I watch the panorama of the clouds,  
Whilst broods the azure-splendent August noon.  
And, sudden, 'thwart the clouds' reflected  
rings,  
My downcast eyes behold a butterfly,  
With broad, gold-spotted, blue-and-ebon  
wings—  
A wanderer 'twixt the true and pictured sky.

An airy palpability astray  
Among the coarser beauties of the scene,  
Too frail art thou to sport 'mid glare of day ;  
Bear elsewhere, butterfly ! thine elfin sheen.

Glide on, glide on to where, now loveless,  
sleeps  
Love's darling, and poise o'er the still, cold  
breast :  
But, oh ! deem not thou e'er canst break  
that rest,  
Deeper than earth's unfathomed, darkest deeps.

## THE JUNE ROBIN

ON yonder bough 'mid laughing light  
That erstwhile flashed about the flight  
Of his swift wings,  
In happiness without alloy,  
The very ecstasy of joy,  
A robin sings !

Because entangled in a mood  
That makes the spirit darkly brood  
On thoughts unkind,  
Before the songster hither flew  
No touch of youthfulness I knew  
In heart or mind.

But now my heart is as the bird's,  
And sunshine flickers through my words  
And my lips laugh :  
As if the wingèd Boy divine  
Had brought Jove's amber-lucent wine  
For me to quaff !

And 'mongst this new June's bloomy maze  
I tread a far-off June's green ways  
That were so sweet ;  
And, through the robin's tuneful art,  
In lost delights once more take part  
And lost loves greet !

## THE FROST-WITCH

### I

**H**ER keen blue eyes exult to see  
Fierce Northwind come, and in her glee  
She greets the monster merrily.

### II

And he, to win her smiles, doth nip  
The grass on lawns, and cause to drip  
Death-poison on the woodland's lip.

### III

She runs beside him, wild with hate,  
Or lurks behind him, mute as Fate,  
To blight all that escapes her mate.

### IV

Nook-sheltered fern, wall-shielded flowers,  
Fast-clinging vines on sun-kissed towers,  
And asters of the autumn bowers.

### V

All, all she wounds, until they grow,  
Beneath her touch, chill as the snow,  
Black, brown, and red with anguished woe.

### VI

Like a Bacchante, 'mongst the boughs  
She leaps, and bids her rugged spouse  
More truculently to carouse.

### VII

So doth she act till every hill  
Stands bare, and every stream grows still,  
And naught is left to bruise or kill.



## VIII

Then over her there steals a change :  
 Leaving Northwind alone to range,  
 Her mind from mirth she doth estrange.

## IX

As if remorse her breast did gnaw,  
 Feverishly she waits each thaw,  
 And with wild hands her hair doth claw ;

## X

And clothing her in gown of white,  
 She lieth down, and, day and night,  
 Bemoans her wicked, past delight ;

## XI

Till Heaven grows at last more kind,  
 And, with spring-blossoms round her twined,  
 She sinks to sleep and peace doth find.

## A WINTER NIGHT STORM.

**W**OUNDING the boughs that have no  
 leaves,  
 The northeast blast assaults these eaves,  
 Whereat in dread I hold my breath,  
 As though I heard the voice of Death.

And 'neath the cloud-strewn tortured sky,  
 Where yet a moon's ghost wanders by,  
 The pines form, on yon hillside lone,  
 As 'twere, an arc of some strange zone.

The segment of some circle vast  
 From mysteries of gloom up-cast,  
 Here only visible to sight  
 'Midst the tempest's evoking might.

Hush ! Is my pale lamp listening  
To secrets that these wind fiends bring ?  
A speech I know not, yet can fear,  
As close it whispers to mine ear !

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE YELLOW SHIELD

**T**HE Socialists are out to-day,  
But not on mischief bent.  
Look at them, garbed in brownish-gray,  
In conclave so intent.

Upon their breasts they badges wear  
Of modest yellow hue,  
Whose one device they all do share  
Beneath God's wintry blue.

For all are in such duty bound  
That not one voice objects :  
Each fellow has his vantage-ground,  
Which each, for each, respects.

They need no leader, though they mass  
Like violets in spring ;  
Or clover-blossoms 'midst the grass,  
Whence bees sweet treasure bring.

They chatter, only to agree  
Upon some settled plan,  
Whose wisdom all so clearly see  
That none uplifts his ban.

Behold the pretty, perching throng  
On yonder stalks of weeds !  
And listen to their cheery song  
While hunting frost-clad seeds !

Oh, they are but a company  
Of common yellow birds—  
Yet what a tale of comradeship  
They tell, with no big words!

## A THANKSGIVING PICTURE

[*A Sequence in Yellow*]

THE tawny fields reach upward to yon  
woods,  
Brown-purple in this latter autumn haze,  
Which, in the west, turns to an amber blaze  
Of cloud-flame where the setting daystar broods.

The tawny fields, whose gaudy pumpkins  
spread  
Among the straw-hued stubble of the corn  
A topaz splendor, though the land lies shorn  
Of clover pasture and of flower-bed.

The tawny fields— But see; a mansion looms,  
Yellow, betwixt those red-brown leafless  
boughs;  
There, this same eve, shall lovers seal true  
vows  
'Neath old-gold tapestries of stately rooms.

There gather friends, a genial laughing host;  
For 'tis Thanksgiving, and they homage pay  
To bride and groom, and gratefully would  
lay  
A wreath where mem'ries wake of many a  
toast!

And their good hearts with generous joy shall sing  
To view the gold-haired maid in old white  
lace ;  
Whilst her young lord, with all a knight's  
proud grace,  
On her fair finger slips the fair gold ring.

### THE BIRD WINGS

**A** LOFT ! aloft ! in morn's clear air,  
Above the meadow-belt of larch,  
Above the osage hedgerow's arch,  
Beyond the cornfields rustling fair,  
Oh, happy bird, on vibrant wing,  
Sing of thy nest, thy home nest, sing !

Bend, bend, ye maples, whisperingly ;  
Tall grasses, blink your dewy eyes,  
And give the bees a glad surprise ;  
And wave, ye oak-boughs, glisteningly ;  
While, as I gaze, the bird, still higher  
Fluttering, wends the heavens nigher.

Over her plumes the rath-light breaks—  
A tiny boat ! Her feather oars,  
In swift libration, as she soars,  
Scatter and part the sparkling flakes  
Of dawn-kissed ether far and wide ;  
While on she flies in warbling pride.

Then soft a voice doth seem to say :  
“ The nether wing a thought awakes  
Of night and wrong ; but that which shakes  
Ever above, in joyous sway.  
Means day and ecstasy of light—  
The triumph of the brave and right ! ”

I look, and lo ! dark shadows play  
Over the under wing called night ;  
But on the one of higher flight  
Brightness impends of perfect day.  
A-wish I breathe : “ Oh, may mine eyes  
See last the wing that skyward flies ! ”

Then, still the songster cleaves the light,  
Mounting to heights of purer dye,  
Till, fading, oh, my joy ! on high  
Her upper wing shows last in sight !  
And now the winds would have sur-  
cease !  
While on my heart falls sweetest peace.

#### A JUNE DREAM

**W**ARM is the wind, yet wild,  
Wild as a lawless child,  
Who feels the summer's joy  
Leaping along his veins—  
Yes, 'tis like some fair boy,  
Whose pulse for action strains,  
Who every curb disdains.

Ah, look, what glorious light  
Suffuses the blue skies !  
What gold-capped clouds arise  
In domes before my sight—  
A pageantry that shows  
Like Wizard Prospero's  
Vision of mystic guise.

Caressed by Fancy's lips,  
Mine eyes descry the ships  
That sailed of old the sea  
Nigh Baiæ's lordly shore,  
Or passed Inarime,  
With rose-wreathed prow and oar,  
To some wave-greeting door.

Some palace portal fair  
Of that enchanted land ;  
Perchance on Pæstum's strand,  
Whose fragrance-laden air  
Worked like the lotus spell  
That bade Ulysses dwell  
Free from all former care.

O names of Grecian choice,  
Like music's own sweet voice !  
Pæstum, Inarime,  
And, o'er the narrow main,  
Ætnean Sicily,  
The Syracusan plain,  
And Agrigentum's fane !

This warm yet wild June breeze  
My heart leads thus astray  
To regions far away—  
The land of thyme and bees,  
Of pastures nigh vast hills,  
Of nymph-delighting rills,  
And dryad-haunted trees.

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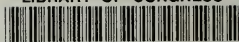
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