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*A Wreath for  
Edwin Markham*





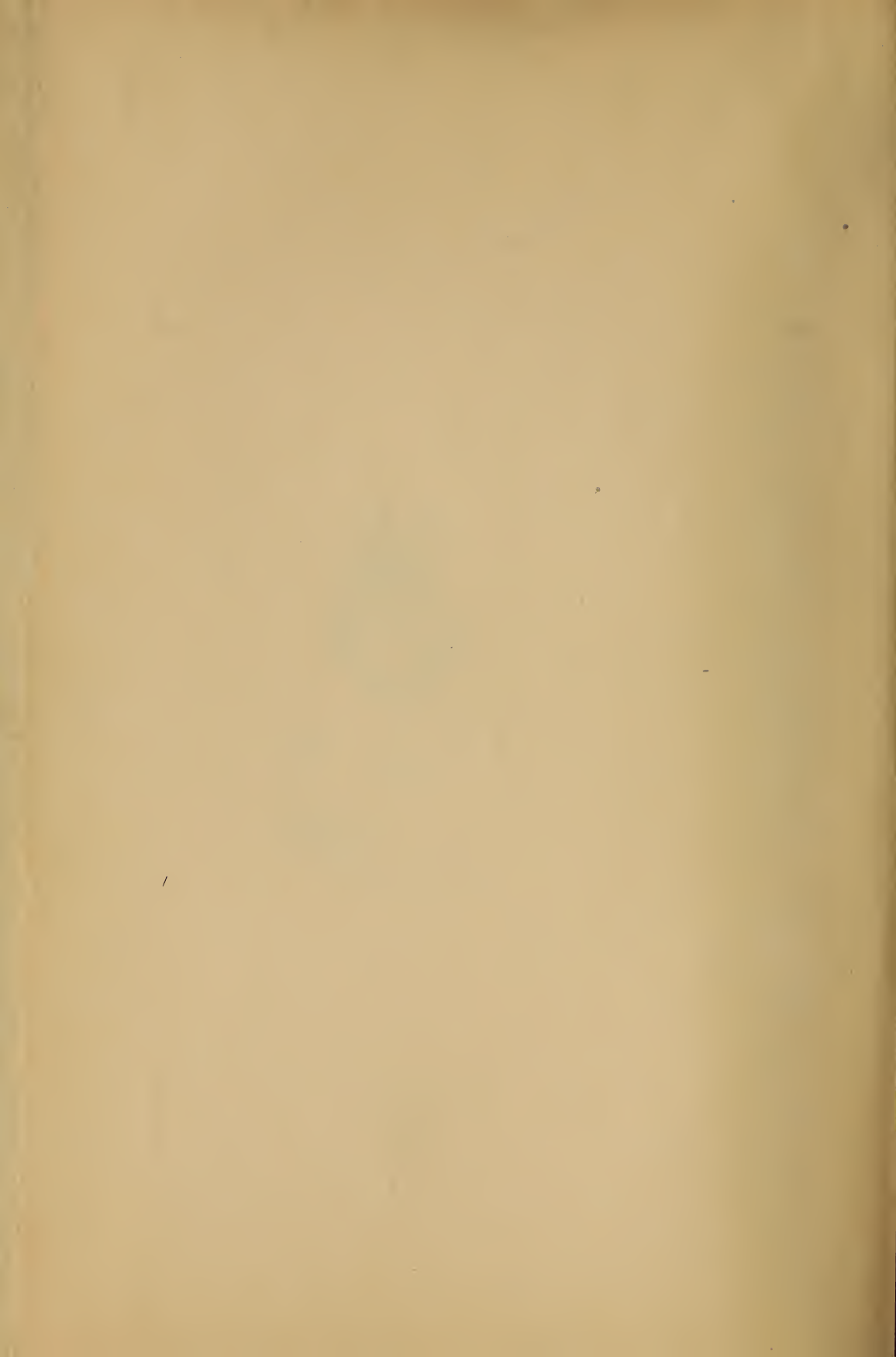
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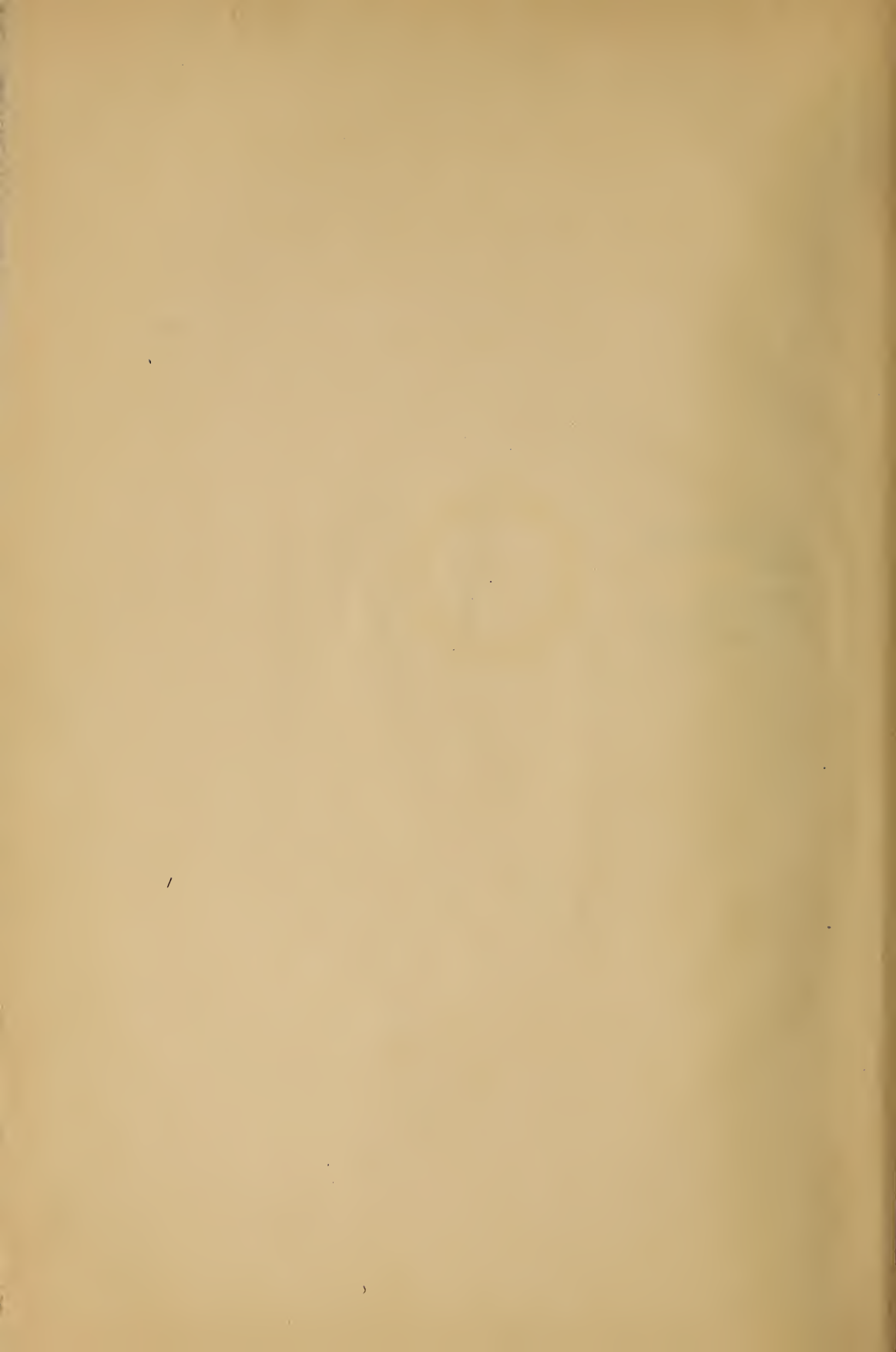








A WREATH  
FOR  
EDWIN  
MARKHAM





*A Wreath for Edwin Markham*

*Tributes from the Poets of America  
on his Seventieth Birthday  
April 23, 1922*



*Chicago  
The Bookfellows  
1922*

Three hundred copies of this first edition have  
been printed in the month of September, 1922

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## FOREWORD

Edwin Markham, Bookfellow No. 56, spent his seventieth birthday at Bookfellow Lodge in Chicago, upon which occasion were read the poetic tributes here presented. They represent the respect and love of the poets of America for the author of one of the world's great poems, as well for his noble character as for his high achievement, and this book is published by THE BOOK-FELLOWS as a fitting memorial to a dear and worthy comrade. It was done by all the co-producers with great good-will and so will be received by lovers of poetry and high endeavor the world over.

The portrait-profile of Mr. Markham was drawn for this book by Earl H. Reed, Bookfellow No. 2173. Lettering on the title-page and cover is by Will Ransom, Bookfellow No. 1500.

The poetic tributes are by

Wallace Bruce Amsbary

Bertha Avery

Claribel Weeks Avery

Faith Baldwin

William E. Barton

Ruth Bassett

Katharine Lee Bates

Charles G. Blanden

Louis James Block

William Stanley Braithwaite

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Lydia Avery Coonley Ward  
Owen P. White  
William Thornton Whitsett  
Charles Erskine Scott Wood  
Clement Wood





*AD EDWINUM MARKHAM*

EDWINUM laeto colimus hac die,  
Ejusque excelsos canimus canores—  
Tempora cingant rutilisque sertis  
EDWINUM MARKHAM.

—FR. JEROME





*A WREATH FOR EDWIN MARKHAM*



*FROM HIS NATIVE STATE*

Here is a hail from Oregon—  
The land where your eyes first saw the sun.  
Wherever you go till your race is run  
There'll be always a hail— from Oregon!  
—JOSEPH ANDREW GALAHAD

Greetings from distant Oregon—  
Where mists are colored with the sun;  
Whose pride is great, and justly great,  
In you, her Poet Laureate!  
— HAZEL HALL

*FROM THE GOLDEN WEST*

Homer's head and Milton's art  
Shelley's soul and Lincoln's heart!  
Wind and water, earth and sky,  
Bless the good man passing by!

— GEORGE STERLING

Now in that church of souls you willed  
The candles waver and the chants are stilled —  
And yet your brave expectancy will smile  
Hearing dream Brotherhoods that sing in file.

— JAMES RORTY

Somewhere you learned that beauty is love  
And somehow you fashioned the secret in art.  
O Poet, yours is the priesthood that serves  
The altar of Beauty with flame from the heart.

— SARA BARD FIELD

Old Man, — I, an old man, hasten here to greet you  
To place a willow and a laurel on your brow —  
You shall live on and Death can not defeat you,  
You, who know the sweat of those that hoe and plough.

— CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

Songbirds in one fair April weather,  
Green hills with the poppies aflame,  
And sea-breezes hurrying eastward,  
Thee, Poet and Brother acclaim.

— AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT

Why should he dread the years which but endow  
With mellow beauty all the gracious whole —  
Which do but add a luster to his brow  
And inches to the stature of his soul!  
— ANNA SPENCER TWITCHELL

From where the o-o stirred the fire-born soil  
To a new bloom, we send to you today,  
Poet who sang so fittingly of toil,  
Aloha, friendliest word the tongue can say.  
— CLIFFORD FRANKLIN GESSLER

He lived, he learned to know  
Humanity  
And that Man with the Hoe.  
— CHARLES FARWELL EDSON

*SOME NEW YORK BOOKFELLOWS*

Reflected in his verse, as in his face,  
Is power and is glory and is grace.

— WILLIAM GRIFFITH

His years are as a tree, with leaves of truth,  
With fruit of beauty, ripely russet-red,  
With roots struck deep into the soil of youth  
And on God's living waters ever fed.

— FAITH BALDWIN

Poet of the high place,  
All that our hearts would say,  
Our pens but dimly trace.  
Hail to thy natal day!

— IDELLA JANES HARRISON

The years walk gaily side by side with you,  
And each one, as it greets you, takes your hand  
And whispers, "Comrade, you will understand,  
I bring you only what is kind and true."

— MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

If in that far home-town beyond the skies  
All men must ply some trade to find heaven sweet,  
Yours be the joy to fashion, kind and wise,  
The Shoes of Happiness for earth-worn feet.

— ETHEL FEUERLICHT

Seventy and twenty are fifty years apart,  
But he has youth eternal who bears a singing heart,  
Twenty years or seventy — 'tis all the same to one  
Whose heart runs up the Hills of Dawn to greet the rising  
sun.

— THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE BUGLE BLOWN AT DAWN

While we toiled in the cruel dark,  
You found the splendor of the height;  
You are a bugle blown at dawn,  
Waking your brother in the light.

— CLEMENT WOOD

*FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS*

Time, always writing, sees no trace  
Of all he writes on Markham's face.  
On Markham's face he writes in vain:  
Apollo rubs it out again.

— EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Great memories garland this fair April day  
When Shakespeare came and Wordsworth went away;  
This day, elect for precious death and birth,  
Brought Markham's brother-smile to sweeten earth.

— HELEN GRAY CONE

Hail we his hoar-headed prime, at the peak of his pride  
stands the poet;  
Wisdom more mellow than wine, faith that is finer than  
gold.

— BABETTE DEUTSCH

Leonine spirit, proclaiming the morning!  
Awed not by enemies, heeding no warning,  
Sing thou man's triumphs, scorning  
His backslidings.

— MILES M. DAWSON

May Life in turn bestow upon you duly  
That happiness your honored presence brings  
To other souls, and that content, — for truly  
She holds within her hands few better things.

— ANTOINETTE DECOURCEY PATTERSON



Once, on a Western coast, where the winds and the sea  
are wild,  
The gods leaned down and blessed a new-born wonder  
child.  
They gave him the stuff of dreams, the gift of iron song,  
A voice that would cry unafraid in the face of the world's  
deep wrong;  
And they filled his heart with a sense of pity and pain  
for the poor—  
He sang, and the whole world listened; he sang—and  
his songs shall endure.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

The Years, like torches, flare and fade,  
And most things pass, and most things die,  
But beauty, by the poet made,  
Links century with century.

—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Hail! Mighty singer of celestial song!  
You walk in beauty through the crowded throng,  
Beloved of all mankind; your voice shall be  
Deathless as music in eternity.

—BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

We would remember and forget—  
Forget old Time today;  
Remember you are with us yet,  
To cheer us on our way.

—ELIZABETH CRIGHTON

*SOME NEW ENGLAND GREETINGS*

The spirit weaveth wings  
From earth's few, fragile years,  
For what far journeyings  
Beyond what flaming spheres!

— KATHARINE LEE BATES

To reach the height of seventy years that shine  
Upon rich fruitage of a gift divine,  
Is heritage enough for any man  
To feel that he has justified God's plan.

— RUTH BASSETT

Strong Saxon English builds our Markham's verse;  
It rolls with fine sonorous organ-power;  
It holds a volume in a couplet terse;  
'Tis not ephemeral, like a pretty flower.

— NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

My verse is like a tiny fire of spills  
That burns behind the bars,  
The Priest of Beauty stands upon the hills  
And makes his song of stars.

— CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

When the white haired poet counts his years  
He counts the songs that he has sung,  
Then sings again to greet the dawn,  
Because his heart is young.

— WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

There's one Edwin Markham, the Man with the Hoe;  
Through life's fertile furrows he weeded his row,  
And harvested song that the future may know  
That the hoe'll be to Markham what the raven's to Poe!

— WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

*SONGS FROM THE SOUTHLAND*

Genius, passing on her way,  
Paused where a new-born infant lay,  
And gently with her fingertips  
She touched the child upon the lips.

—OWEN P. WHITE

Out of your manly heart a brutal wrong  
Wrung that compassionate foreboding song.  
Seventy years! Your song in seventy more  
Will have burnt out our shame from crust to core.

—ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

Though not for me to bend the knee  
To potentates and kings,  
Yet glad enow I lowly bow  
When Edwin Markham sings.

—WILLIAM THORNTON WHITSETT

Dear Master, though I may not come today  
And at your feet learn from your wisdom gray;  
Yet in the name of all who dream and sing,  
The love and homage of the craft I bring.

—EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

As long as men shall toil  
His honored name will be  
Wreathed with the laurel bright  
Of immortality.

—MARY TARVER CARROLL

This pilgrim-poet shall not quench his thirst  
From fragile goblet filled with purple wine;  
His cup God shaped where singing waters burst  
In grottoed coolness, 'mid wild columbine.

— ELIA W. PEATTIE

*HERE ARE VIRGINIANS*

The great ones come with laurel and with bay  
To greet a Master crowned with fruitful years.  
In my small garden but one flower appears;—  
It is rosemary that I send today.

— JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

Magician! By the power of your word  
A humble hoe became a flaming sword;  
It smites us — fools, kings, cowards — to our knees,  
Wounded with shame for our iniquities.

— MARY SINTON LEITCH

You were no careless jester with the muse,  
Your Pegasus no mere high-prancing steed,  
To plowman's work you bound his mighty thews  
For ages long to serve the poor man's need.

— ELIZABETH MAC VEAGH

Like his own west country,  
Staunch and free he stands,  
And holds a nation's lyric life  
Within his kindly hands.

— VIRGINIA TAYLOR McCORMICK

Here's to friend Markham, a man among men,  
Whose years are the Biblical threescore and ten,  
May he garner four-score, and a few decades more,  
Enjoying the laurels achieved by his pen.

— DAVID IRVING JANES

The poet, author, friend,  
With outstretched hands we meet you,  
With loving hearts we greet you  
And best of wishes send.

— BY A LADY OF EIGHTY

So many songs are of your weaving,  
And some are gold and some are red,  
Some are for gladness, some for grieving;  
You bid us choose—bitter or sweet—  
The dream? The bread?—  
Poppy or wheat?—

— JOHN R. MORELAND

*SUNG WITH A SMILE*

OF EDWIN BY EDMUND

Bowed by the weight of "Centuries" he stands,  
"Smart Sets" of "Nations" also in his hands,  
And reads the ponderous praise which shall be said  
Of Edwin Markham after he is dead.

— EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Howdy, you ole Son of a Gun,  
I'm sure plumb glad to greet yer  
An' I sure hopes when you'r one-naught-one  
We'll meet again an' eat yer.

— ORVILLE LEONARD

With this great truth a hit you've scored;—  
The hoe is mightier than the sword.  
And this again you've made us know;—  
The man is mightier than the hoe.

— GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR

AT THE BIRTHDAY OFFICE

A birthday? For you, sir? I say now! My word!  
Don't you think, on the square, sir, it's rather absurd  
For a blooming immortal with truth on his tongue  
To claim that he's growing— Well, take it! Write  
"young."

— RICHARD R. KIRK



Come with all jollity and joys!  
Take cares outside and park 'em.  
Let's celebrate the Birthday Boys;  
Bill Shakespeare and Eddy Markham.

— ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

*JUST OURSELVES*

He ploughs the fields and turning up the earth  
Out of the muck and dark brings God to birth.

— LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

With vision keen, with noble purpose thou  
Hast stress'd the Age's wrongs in purple phrase;  
With much concern, the smug complacent now  
Harkens in fear to thy disturbing lays.

— WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

EVENING

Hope guards the gates of sunrise, Faith kneels adown the  
west,  
When floats thro' sunset's glories, largesse of calm and rest  
Of eventide,  
And even's star  
Shines tranquil o'er the harbor-side,  
The furled sail, the lulling tide,  
The beaten spar.

— E. SEWELL HILL

Untiring minstrel of our social need,  
With message strong  
To hearten souls oppressed, and lives that bleed,  
Bowed down by wrong.

We greet you as the herald of a hope,  
Since dawn began,  
Urgent, inspiring, matchless in its scope, —  
The brotherhood of man.

— CHARLES R. WAKELEY

In words not many, thoughts few if any,  
I'm uttering now what little I can,  
Heaven gild ye, God yield ye,  
O Poet that sings to the heart of man!

—EMMA KENYON PARRISH

You have no thought for lords and kings,  
Disdaining caste and clan;  
You gave conviction rhythmic wings  
And challenged Earth for Man.

—THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

The gold and crimson sun across the sea,  
The morning with its glorifying breath,  
The surging forth of Love, Fraternity,  
The Man victorious over Time and Death.

—LOUIS JAMES BLOCK

Beauty he saw and seized,  
And in his lines confined;  
So shall the world be pleased  
His name to beauty bind.

—HENRY DUMONT

A Master mind; a singer's soul,  
Whose verse stirs hearts the good to win.  
The world will crown with laurel wreath,  
The pen that points the whole world kin.

—D. J. DONOVAN

## HIS HOE AND YOURS

Ten thousand eyes ere yours beheld him lean  
Upon his hoe, and looking no more knew;  
But you dug deep and with an edge most keen, —  
Justice and brotherhood behind you grew.

— WILLIAM E. BARTON

What glass can tell the sands that flow  
Through years and days of joyous giving?  
Only the true in heart can know  
That but the loving are the living.

— MINNA MATHISON

Baptismal drop of genius, wisdom's tear,  
Man's benediction, beauty's chastened flame,  
And all the vanished snows of yesteryear,  
White poet, weave to-day your crown of fame!

— VINCENT STARRETT

O Seer, who sees the great eternal plan  
Of peace on earth to all the nations free,  
Who dreams and prays the brotherhood of man,  
And Light across the Aprils yet to be.

Poet and prophet from the Golden Gate,  
That swings the world in from the Sunset Sea,  
Who champions labor with a love so great,  
It circles all the world:

We welcome Thee.

— EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY

*FROM ALL AROUND*

Here is the love I love to send,  
With all my heart I greet you thus,  
Dear friend who has the world for friend,  
Your birthday is your gift to us.

—ZONA GALE

May songs thrill your heart with each morning's glow,  
And peace fill your soul when the sunsets go.

—CLARA CATHERINE PRINCE

May beauty of a dream of Brotherhood  
Still light thy path uncounted years apart,  
A torch revealing happiness and good  
To all men here, Great Understanding Heart!

—MYRTELLA SOUTHERLAND

There is no age to thought.  
The years but open up new trails.  
And some there be who follow, some who lead—  
A leader thou!

—JEAN PALMER NYE

Dear poet friend, an April too I chose  
To slip into this world of verse and prose;  
And singing here beneath your stately tree,  
My song shall celebrate your jubilee.

—JOHN KEARNS

If "to grow old in Heaven is to grow young,"  
As bard and sage have sung;  
This day that marks your birth  
Proclaims a Heaven on Earth.

— PAULINE FLORENCE BROWER

Shakespeare's April, Shakespeare's day,  
Launched you on your singing way;  
And today your valiant mirth,  
Like April's sun, renews our earth.

— LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

Speaking me face to face — no never —  
But height to height and depth to depth — forever!  
— BERTHA AVERY

You made a gallant truce with Time  
And flung it to the breeze —  
To waft your galaxy in rhyme  
Spanning two centuries.

— MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

#### ENTERING THE HARBOR

Pilot of a white-sailed ship  
On life's uncharted sea;  
God your Captain; on the prow  
A wingèd Victory.

— WHITELAW SAUNDERS

As peasants, bowed in wordless prayer  
When drifts the Angelus at even;  
We smaller ones stand hushed today,  
Before the song your heart has given!

— JAY G. SIGMUND

Man, out of the West!  
Man, out of the loins of the tender and glowing West!  
Thou, for our honor and glory and strength —  
We greet thee!

— JOSEPHINE CRAVEN CHANDLER

Heart throbs and fire and sunset gleams  
You weave into a song,  
And all the world lays down its dreams  
To listen long.

— REBECCA HELMAN

Unbowed by seven decades straight he stands  
And passes on to youth the torch of flame;  
The homage of our words, our hearts, our hands  
We offer now to Edwin Markham's name.

— M. V. P. HAZELTON

The years are only rocks, on which he scales  
The heights. From each, his searching eye unveils  
New sweeps of earth whereon his brothers tread;  
New glories in God's heavens overhead.

— JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

ON RETURNING EDWIN MARKHAM'S GOLD SPECTACLES

I send you back your crystal glasses  
In which the golden vision passes.  
O, would we wore those magic rings  
Thro' which to see the heart of things!

— JOHN JEROME ROONEY

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

*On meeting him at the California Market with  
Albert Bender*

Down from spaces I had come, from the Orient, the sea,  
Down to the tallest offices on earth. . . .  
But, close to the Golden Gate, a poet greeted me  
With plains of wisdom and with peaks of mirth.

— WITTER BYNNER

Yea, surely, he who chose to come to earth  
Upon the date of Master Shakespeare's birth  
Could be no less than what he is this morn —  
Poet beloved, unto the purple born.

Hail! O Singer, our hearts are yours today;  
Our little fames, like weeds, shall pass away,  
But yours, as great and green as Ygdrasil,  
Fills earth with loveliness — and long shall fill.

Three score years and ten! This means naught to one  
Whose works, like marble temples in the sun,  
Stand forth at noon in flawless lines of white,  
And charm the everlasting stars at night.

— CHARLES G. BLANDEN



## THE SWORD

*To E. M., after reading "The Man with the Hoe"*

Over the moiling jungle of the world, God frowned —  
Beholding the broken millions bowed upon the ground,  
The sunken-eyes, and those with ageless sorrows numb, —  
The predatory few, the driven dumb.

Splendid His wrath: behind a thundering fusillade,  
From a flapping scabbard of the clouds He flashed a blade;  
And lunging His lightning-jagged sword of mighty girth  
Across the dark, He plunged it in the earth.

Oh, beautiful the leafy tapestries of night,  
The cheery bough, the darkling swallow in its flight;  
More beautiful the flaming wrath that makes men free  
To look upon the bird, the bough, the tree.

—LEW SARETT

Democracy's great Champion, brave and bold,  
Flung out his thunder-song across the years,  
Calling the world to reckoning for tears  
The toiler wept in heat and rain and cold.  
The Shepherd of the fields of lyric gold  
For Song's proud feet prepared a path that cheered  
Love-brooding youth, grief-stricken age, and reared  
For men his mount of beauty, fold on fold.

Belovèd Master, skilled in flaming line, —  
Seeker and shaper of the dream divine, —  
Your help has eased the burden of the world,  
Where Right's poor, trampled banners lie unfurled;  
You lifted high Love's cup of deathless youth,  
With hands that knew the white-winged bird of truth.

— J. CORSON MILLER

## DOWN THE LINE

Seventy years — a mystic phrase.  
The heart has thronged with meanings —  
Completion, judgment, retrospect  
Are in it — a questioning of the ways  
The soul has come, the forces that direct;  
A wonder at the chances that spelt fate  
Upon one's own blind path,  
And down obliterated roads  
Where dim ancestral figures bore our loads.

Reading, O poet, the story of your house,  
A hundred times your type is there,  
That Apollonian face and air,  
That cry for justice, that insistent dream  
Of life more full and fair.

I feel a host behind you down the years,  
A tempo in their blood that beats in yours,  
Something they dowered you with of high and fine  
That still in you endures.

Today I see them down the centuries stand  
Each with importunate hand  
Upon the shoulder of the next ahead,  
Unseen, deflecting you to left or right,  
Unnoted, giving rhythm to your step,  
Unheard, giving you your power of words to smite,  
Uplooking, giving your eyes  
That large and fearless outlook toward the skies.

But hold, I hear you say,  
What of the hap of circumstance to sway,  
The pull of some strange star to swerve  
The course; the spell of books whose soul  
Goes into ours? Ah true, these things may curve

Man's path — advance his soul, delay,  
Yet never alone he picks the road he tries.  
We beckon, or thrust back, the good  
The wrong, because of olden evil forsworn,  
Or good upheld, while we were yet unborn —  
Because of will that stood,  
Or failed, long since, and lies  
Coiled up in us today,  
Augmented, lessened on the way.

They had a will to goodness, that old breed;  
And what of you sprung from their seed —  
A scholar finding books as close as friends,  
Mankind's all-lover who least of these defends,  
A thinker most at home in things unseen,  
An artist feeling beauty a pain that stings,  
A poet wondering at all human things, —  
You, blending two old lines in one, glean  
Best of both, you emphasize  
The justice they for centuries claimed.  
The order and the beauty they have named,  
You sound in clearer voice,  
You frame with sharper choice.

You spoke the word that is the century's key  
Crying the world unsafe that does not loose  
For ampler human use  
The toil-bound drudge made brute and blind  
That we may rest cultured and fine and free.  
You spoke when none were speaking, none dared speak;  
Your call went traveling on the wind  
Across the continent and the sea  
In pentecostal tongue;  
And shall be heard and sung

Until your happy trine of good  
Is safe for all — bread, beauty, brotherhood.

— ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

Somewhat more than thirty-five years ago, Edwin Markham came upon a small print of Millet's celebrated painting, "The Man with the Hoe," and the pain of it filled his heart. He placed the print upon his wall and, looking at it, jotted down what he calls the rough "field notes" of his now famous poem. Four years later he chanced upon the original painting, and for him it became at once "the most solemnly impressive of all modern paintings." It came to him "wrapped around with more terror than the fearsome shapes of Dante." For an hour he stood before the painting, absorbing its majestic despair, the terrible import of its admonition. When he had returned to his study, in Oakland, California, he resurrected his "field notes," and wrote the poem as we know it to-day.

The manuscript reproduced in facsimile in this brochure, is the first, the original, copy of the poem in its final state. The verses were published in the *San Francisco Examiner*, and shortly they electrified the nation. They were copied far and wide, and their fame was known and celebrated in foreign lands. Over night, as it were, their author became the most talked-of poet in the world. The poem made him thousands of friends, and many critics. To-day it is one of the most famous poems in the English language. Whatever else he may write — and he has written many other notable poems, some of them, in the opinion of critics, better than "The Man with the Hoe" — Mr. Markham always will be remembered as the author of that tremendous work, which so admirably supplements the great painting that inspired it.

—VINCENT STARRETT

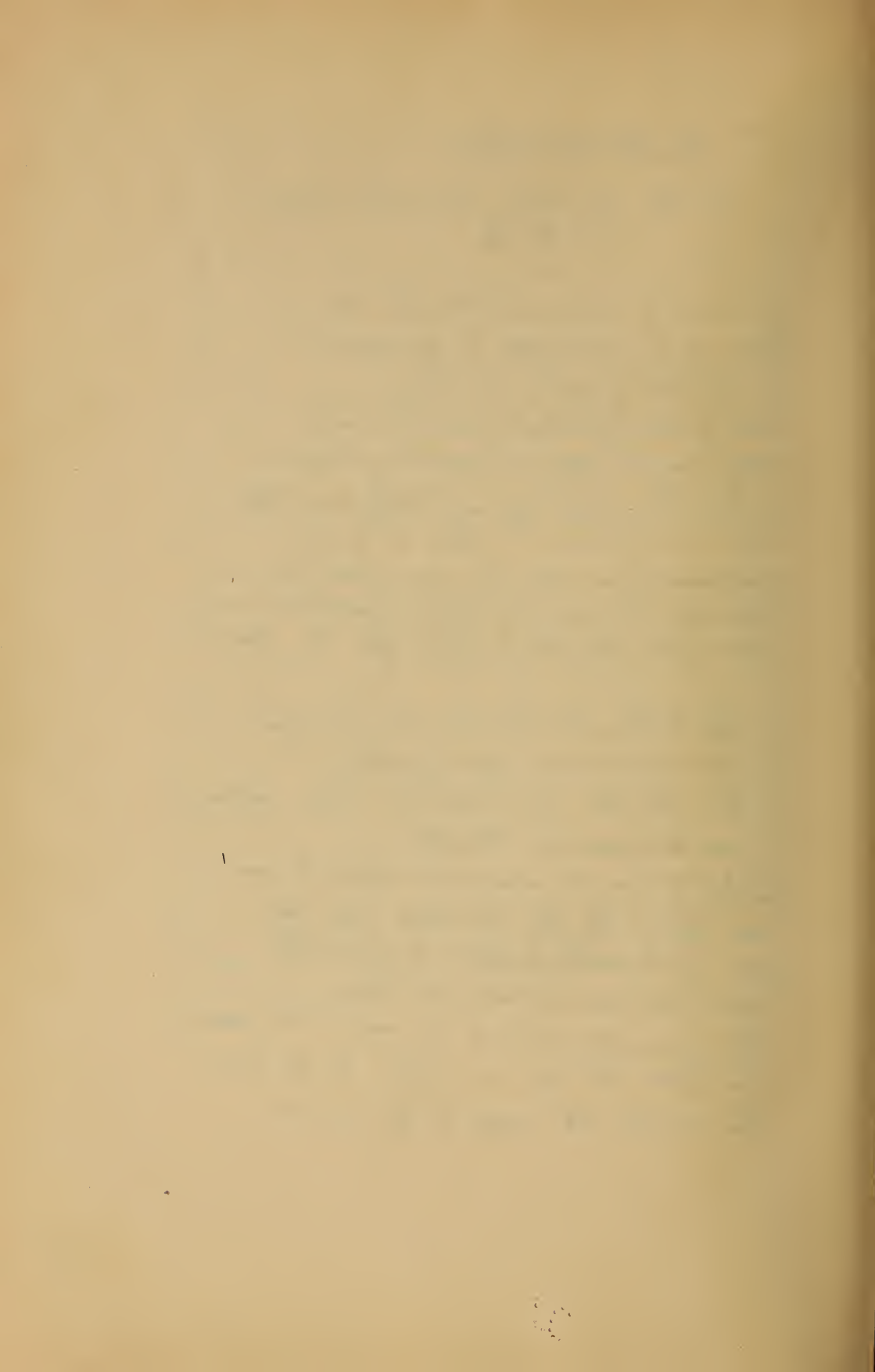
## The Man with the Hoe.

Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting,  
now in this city.

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Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned; a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

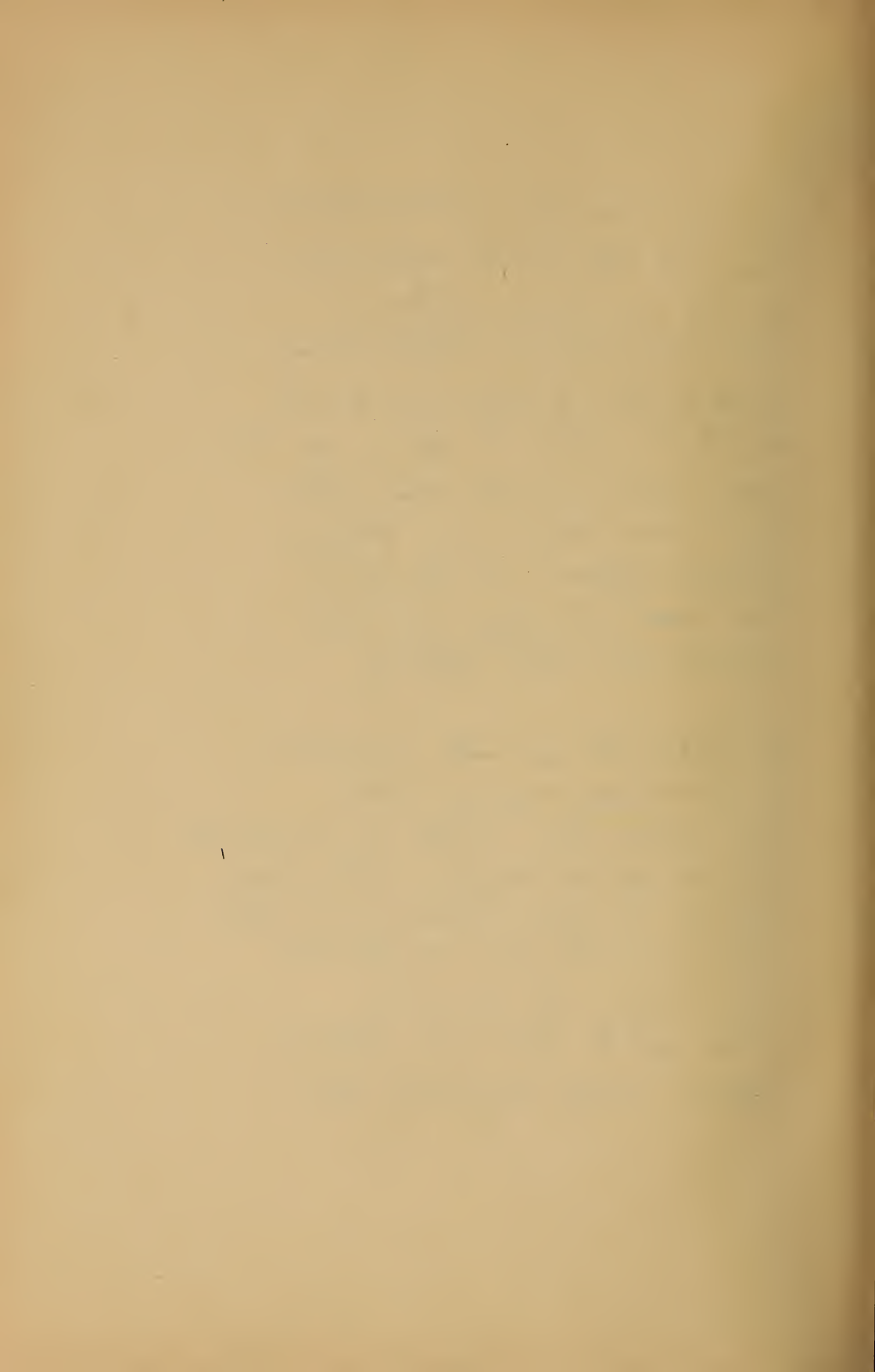
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land,  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the dream He dreamed who shept the seas  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this —  
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —  
More fraught with menace to the universe.





What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
 Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
 Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
 Grieves protest to the Judges of the World  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quencht?  
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
 Give back the upward looking and the light;  
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
 Touch it again with immortality;  
 Make right the immemorial infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?



O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the Future reckon with this man?  
 How answer his brute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —  
 With those who shaft him to the thing he is —  
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
 After the silence of the centuries?

Edwin Markham.

San Francisco, California:  
 Written in the dawn of the 20th Century.  
 [The original Ms.]





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