

A decorative border in a golden-brown color frames the text. It features stylized, flowing lines that resemble leaves and stems, with small, pointed floral motifs at the top and bottom centers. The border is symmetrical and elegant.

LOVE, FAITH
AND
ENDEAVOR

HARVEY CARSON GRUMBINE



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LOVE, FAITH AND
ENDEAVOR

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By
Harvey Carson Grumbine



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TO MY FATHER
WHATEVER IS WORTHY IN THESE VERSES
IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

Acknowledgment is gratefully made of permission to reprint in this book certain poems which have appeared in *The Outlook*, *Putnam's Magazine*, *The Bohemian*, *The Gray Goose*, and *The Pennsylvania German*.

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OF
LOVE

TWO LITTLE SHOESSES WITH THEIR NECKTIES ON

THERE are two little fairy feet in a place not
far away
That came a-pattering up to me and said to me
one day:
 “My papa said ’e would,
 If I’d be real good,
Buy me the nicest pair o’ shoeses ’at choo ever
sawn,
A pair o’ ’ittle shoeses ’ith their neckties on.”

Those shoeses they be slippers and those slip-
pers they be new;
I think they are just stunning,—yes I dooses, so
I do:
 And so would you, suppose
 You saw their little bows.
My tough old prosy head and heart are both
completely won
All by those little shoeses with their neckties on!

Now tripping up and down the hall and skip-
ping up the stair,
Quite radiant in their fleet delight there scintil-
late a pair
 Of scampering little feet,
 So nimble and petite
That on my word and honor it is jolly, jolly fun
To see those little shoeses with their neckties on.

The sunbeams of the dawning and the star-light
of the night
They cannot twinkle brighter than those little
beams of light—
Those merry little feet,
So tireless and so fleet,
A-running hither, thither, just as fast as they can
run—
Those darling little shoeses with their neck-
ties on.

Ah, here around the corner now they come a-pit-
ter-patter—
Oh! What a merry, joyous, careless romp and
jump and clatter!
I'll just pretend to hide
Behind this curtain wide—
When—boo!—they dash and scamper—in a mo-
ment they are gone—
Those laughing little shoeses with their neck-
ties on.

And when I see them scoting with uproarious
hullabaloo,
I fancy me a child again to romp and scamper
too;
I wager I can beat
Those nimble little feet;—
Stop, wait! O dear! My breath! I'm beat!
I'm shamefully outdone
By those cunning little shoeses with their neck-
ties on!

A joyous burst of laughter and a tossing of the
curls,

A parting of two rosy lips, a gleaming as of
pearls:

“Say, Mister, Mister Man,
Come catch me if you can!—”

'Twould be enough to melt to love the heart of
any stone

To see those shoeses caper with their neck-
ties on.

And that's the reason why that I, though you
would scarce suppose

That I am much a ladies' man, am going to
propose:

I'm going to propose

To catch those little toes

That trip and clatter on the stairs and out upon
the lawn,

And hug me close those shoeses with their neck-
ties on.

TO CELIA

O PRETTY Celia, give me chance
To catch your casual smile and glance
As there, across the way, you stand
Three stories from the solid land
Within the window.

I grudge the curtain's floating lace
Its touch upon your winsome face,
And would, a spirit, I might hide
Behind the drapery by your side
Within the window.

The zephyr that, to you unknown,
Is from the azure spaces blown,
I would, I would I were, I vow,
To kiss the ringlet on your brow
Within the window.

But ah, alack! my wayward thought
Avails me little, avails me naught,
Although my eyes are resting still
Where erst you were beside the sill
Within the window.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

IT seems so long, Dear One, until the day,
When we shall meet again and ne'er to part,
I scarce can bide the time, but strive to stay
The pulsing flood of joy within my heart.

The sunshine comes,
The sunshine goes,
The shadow falls,
The bleak wind blows.

It seems so long, so long, Sweet One, and drear;
The day to crown our hopes with garlands
white
Is so far in the future, yet so near
I fear me Fate will trick us out of spite.

The sunshine comes,
The sunshine goes,
The shadow falls,
The bleak wind blows.

The days, the weeks in ponderous cycles pass,
Rolling a lumbering roundel of slow moons;
What dule and teen since last we met! My Lass,
My hope, unfed, with hunger droops and
swoons.

The sunshine comes,
The sunshine goes,
The shadow falls,
The bleak wind blows.

But, sun or shadow, sun and shadow still
Must ever mark the varying scroll of time;
Of shadow less, of sunshine more shall fill
Our common walk as in Arcadia's clime.

The sunshine comes,
The sunshine goes,
The shadow falls,
The bleak wind blows.

THE TRYSTING PLACE

O F an evening by the river
When the sun is in the West,
And the apple blossoms quiver,
By the toying winds caressed;
When the hills are bright with flowers
And the fields are gay with bloom,
Don't you deem it fun to linger
Till the shadows turn to gloom?
Ah, true, I do!
But tell me, do not you?

When the cares of day are over
And its lessons all are said,
Don't you like to play the rover,
Just by aimless fancy led
Where ten myriad myriad bluets
Nod approvingly their heads?
Don't you deem it fun to loiter
Where the Maybirds make their beds?
I trow I know!
But tell me, is it so?

By the Susquehanna's border
Past the dogwood in the dells,
Where the blue hills, ranged in order
Like so many sentinels,
Guard the village in the valley
Nestled close about their feet,
Don't you deem it fun to dally
There because—well, just to meet—
We two! Don't you,
Pray tell me, think so too?

Trudging up a leafy by-way
 With an epic of old time,
Turning from the noisy highway
 With its moil and toil and grime,
Giving dull old Care the go-by,
 And, to while the hours away,
Just pretending to be reading—
 In the bonnie month of May?
 Why, yes! So O guess!
 But *do* you acquiesce?

LOVE'S AWAKENING

THE rain beat drear on the window-pane
In the sough of the wind full mournful;
I sighed to think my sighs were vain
And the looks of my Love full scornful.
Is she a wicked coquette? Ah me,
The mask of her lovely seeming
With embers of piquant *diablerie*
Aglow 'neath her eyelids' dreaming!

The rain beat loud on the window-pane,
The blast screamed shrill in its ire;
The tortured heart of me was fain
To break with its fevered fire.—
And yet the rain hath wept enow,
The tempest spent its plaining:
Bright dawn hath risen to kiss Love's brow
And flout her wicked feigning.

THE SWEDISH MAID

The wearing apparel and other personal property belonging to the late Miss Jennie Johnson will be sold at auction this evening. The above announcement completes the finishing chapter of a most romantic and interesting story. The heroine was a young girl of scarcely twenty years. A year ago she was living happily with her parents in her Swedish home with bright prospects for the future. She had a lover and he went to America to make a home for the girl behind him. After being there for a few months, he wrote in glowing terms of the new country in which he was, and sent for her to come that they might be married. She came, but alas! her lover had proved faithless. He refused to marry her. Here she was alone with no friends to shelter her. Thrown upon her own resources, she undertook to support herself; but, being unaccustomed to work and almost heart-broken, she soon began to decline and finally died. Her clothes are to be sold to pay for the expense incurred upon her sickness and burial.—*Middletown (Conn.) Herald.*

“MY love is away in the far-off land
O'er the ocean's waters, waste and wide;
And here I, lonely and love-lorn, stand
Who have promised to be his wedded bride.

“The cold moon shines on me, alone,
And the stars burn dim for me in the sky;
My song is tuned to a lifeless moan
And the light is dead in my faded eye.

“O I must, I will, be near him again
And nestle me close to his stalwart side;
I'll hasten my flight o'er the trackless main
With love for my hope and God for my guide.

“I’ll say good-bye to my native hills,
To my Swedish home where my parents dwell;
For the hope to see him is one that thrills
Me through and through, too deep to tell!

“I’m off o’er the bright blue ocean’s waste,
I’m off and away to his manly breast;
O speed, good ship! O haste thee, haste!
Away to the love-land far in the West!

“He builded a cot, he says, on the shore
Where Connecticut’s waters roll to the sea;
And there we’ll gather our thrifty store—
I will live for him and he for me.

“This fair-famed country over the sea
Is rich in joy and goods and gold—
The land of the strong and brave and free;
And his love, he writes, shall ne’er grow old.”

.

At length an end to the dreary sail,
An end to her search in the “land of gold”;
But pity her broken and anguished wail
When she found him false and his love grown
cold.

A year’s slow moons have rolled around,
And the hand of death hath laid her low
In an inland town, ’neath a simple mound,
Where Connecticut’s murmuring waters flow.

But the brand of Cain be stamped on the face
Of the traitor wretch that dealt this blow
At the fair Swede maid of simple grace
Whose sorrows are mute 'neath the sod and
snow.

PASTOURELLE

(From Paul Heyse)

WHEN branch and bush melodious ring,
 (Teerewit, cuckoo, teerelee!)
When robins from the alders sing,
 (Teeyo, teeyo, tseekee, tseekee!)
Whoever then will pine and sigh,
He is a lout, God pity him;
The throstle singeth "Pity him";
The jay, he shrilleth scornfully,
 "Hehee, teerewit, tseekee!"

One morn I chanced the wood along,
 (Teerewit, cuckoo, teerelee!)
There sat a maiden blithe in song,
 (Teeyo, teeyo, tseekee, tseekee!)
I said to her, "Sweet shepherdess,
I love thee with all tenderness."
Quoth she, "Thou simple suitor bold,
Canst warm me in the winter's cold?"
The throstle whistled mockingly,
 "Hehee, teerewit, tseekee!"

I called upon a priest one day!
 (Teerewit, cuckoo, teerelee!)
"O help me, holy man, I pray."
 (Teeyo, teeyo, tseekee, tseekee!)
"God pity thee, my lad," he said.
"Go quickly, bring the silly maid;
My blessing keepeth snug and warm,
Year in, year out, from ill and harm
The pair that singeth blithe and free,
 'Praise God,—teerewit, tseekee!'"

IN THE CLOVER

I

SWEET clover,
In the breeze
Thy lover,
The bee,
Doth hover thee over,
Merrily buzzing whither he please;
With a zum-zum drone
Comes he
Alone;
For a kiss
Hums he—
But one—
And wilt thou refuse him this?

He is gone,
Sweet clover!
When will such another
Bold rover
For kissing thee
Come,
And missing thee,
Hum
Away the far field over!—
Thy lover
No more, but gone!

See, again he comes
Through the heat;
For thy sweet
He hums
With freight of gold—
Honey-dust!
O yield the fate of old
Thou must;—
Thy dower
To his power
Entrust!

II

Sweet maids
In the clover,
Lift your heads,
Give over!
Hear Ariel:
“Where the bee sucks merrily,
There suck I;”
And dare he all
This
But to miss?
Beware ye all!—
Some chance hour
In his power
He'll snare ye all
For the bliss
That surely, surely, is his!

OF
EXILE

THE RAIN

THE sing-song of the dripping rain,
The dull gray sky o'erhead,
They lull in me the restless pain
With which my soul is fed;
I think of the time when, but a boy,
'Neath the attic roof I lay
In my father's house, and my boyish joy
As I heard the rain's soft play
Lives in me yet to-day.

The cottage by the green hillside,
The church by the wood hard by,
The room where my sainted mother died—
Where I should like to die—
They live again in the sad refrain
And the dull drip-drop of the steady rain.

The garden where the hammock swung
In the shade of a spreading tree,
The tunes that my sister played and sung—
They all come back to me.
The village school and the blacksmith shop
With its bursting sparks of gold,
The robin in the apple-tree top—
All this, and more untold,
The dripping drops unfold.

The mulberry tree that I used to climb
And rob of its luscious store—
O wind, O sea, bear me back to the clime
Where my home-sick fancies soar!
O wind, O sea, bear me back, I pray,
To the attic where a child I lay.

And I again a boy would be,
A boy with his bold day-dreams,
Who sailed away o'er the enchanted sea
Where a radiant beacon beams.

.

The beacon is out and the dreams are o'er,
And hope is faded and sear;
But my faint heart yearns for the scenes of yore
Which the musical rain's soft cheer
Recalls to my eye and ear.

HOME-SICK

A WAY from home in a dreary land
Where men are cold with a freezing pride,
Where fists are hard as Ishmael's hand
And quick to strike, but slow to guide;—

I look to catch a brother's eye
That he may see my loss, my aim,
My weakness, and, in sympathy,
Pronounce the word of cheer or blame.

But I look, I hope, I wait in vain;
The mad wind snarls on the snowy street,
Hurling his hate on the window-pane
With mocking gibes in swirls of sleet.

And, heavy with an unnamed grief,
I think of death without despair.
What matter? I must find relief!—
But, hark! A step upon the stair.

A knock. The door swings open wide.
There enters One with gracious mien.
He seats Him by my lone fireside,—
'Tis Christ, the lowly Nazarene!

Though his face is strange, I know it well;
'Tis that which in my dreams has shone—
A look of passion none can tell,
And love to make the wide world one.

Softer than oil the words He spoke,
Yet drawn swords to my naked breast:
"O take upon your neck my yoke,
Brother, and I will give you rest."

OF NATURE

CROCUSES AND VIOLETS

CROCUSES and violets,
How bright and fair ye bloom to-day!
For you I tune my triolets,
Crocuses and violets,
And let others sigh regrets
For that June's so far away;
Crocuses and violets,
How bright and fair ye bloom to-day!

Vanguard of the hosts of flowers,
Trumpeters of conquering joys,
Blaze the way for soother hours,
Vanguard of the hosts of flowers!
Blessings for your balmy dowers
Now that sleety winter cloys,
Vanguard of the hosts of flowers,
Trumpeters of conquering joys!

TREASURE-TROVE

DOTTING the edge of the country road
Near where the farmer his harvest sowed,
There bloom in all their shining array
The dainty Fivefingers, resplendent and gay.

Clustering close in a worm-fence nook,
Out of their emerald covert they look
And spangle the green of the velvety grass,
Nodding their heads to the people who pass.

They are the bravest flowers of May,
For, vaunting their wealth in a debonair way,
High in their spreading hands they hold
Their lavish treasure of jewels and gold.

All along where the roadways run
They bow to th' imperial orb of the sun,
And fill their cups with the dews and the
 showers
To drink a health to the passing hours.

MAY

SWEET month of May, the loveliest of the year!

When all the world, arrayed in garb of green,
Smiles like a comely girl; when far and near,

On hill-top and in valley, there is seen
In all its grandeur the handiwork of God:

The leafy trees, the bursting buds, the sod

Up-sprouting with blue violets atween

The blades of springing grass; in modest mien
Anemones hold up their heads and nod

To stirring winds, and mark the place where trod

Erstwhile the foot of April wet and gray.

O hail, and hail again, sweet month of May!

A GARDEN IDYL

O COME into the garden, Maud,
O come, for it is May;
The peach-tree is in blossom, Maud,
The plum-tree too is gay;
The apple-tree is putting forth
Its buds of pink and white,
And all around the garden shines
A diamond burst of light.

The pease are peeping through the earth
To view the life around,
The onions are four fingers tall
Above the mouldered ground;
The lettuce spreads its crinkled hands
To catch the dewy air,
And the radishes are certainly
Attesting they are there.

O come into the garden, Maud,
O come, for it is May,
And look upon the tuber just
Up-shooting through the clay;
The bean-stalk too is taking root,
The corn is up in rows,
And Mother Earth is putting on
A brand-new suit of clothes.

JUNE

OUT on the hills,
 Away from the throng,
 Where the fountain spills
 And the days are long,
There let me linger and learn to forget
The city's mordant hurry and fret,
 For it is June.

Give me a line
 And hand me a hook,
And let me recline
 In a leafy nook,
Close to the edge of the lucid stream;
There let me dally and angle and dream,
 For it is June.

Adown the glade
 Where the daisies grow,
In the midst of the shade
 Where the buttercups blow—
O there I must hie me and make me a home
And heal mine eyes in the pool of Siloam.

DECEMBER

HIGH like skeletons grim
The trees hold up their arms;
The last leaf's hurried from its limb
By the tempest's wild alarms;
The river ripples gray and cold,
And autumn's o'er like a story told.

Deep in the lonely wood
The leaves lie thickly strown;
The timorous rabbit finds him food,
The snow-bird seeks his own;
The cricket long has ceased his song,
For the breath of winter's cold and strong.

Close to the level plain
The snow clings like a sheet;
The chimney moans as if in pain,
Lashed by the hissing sleet;
And all good men are glad to be
Where the Yule-log sparkles merrily.

ON SEEING A CROCUS AND A
DANDELION IN JANUARY

THE weary watcher at the window stands
With moaning heart all dolorous and for-
lorn;

“Ah, when will break the lilac-scented morn?
When will these icy fetters burst their bands?”

The weary watcher wrings his pleading hands:

“And are my hopes of all fruition shorn—
The sunnier smiles of May and April worn?
Has winter frozen, then, Time’s hour-glass
sands?”

Behold a crocus, in his eye a tear,

Meek tribute to the season’s sorrows old,

And there a dandelion flaming bold:

“We are the changelings of the yester-year,

Strewn flowers fallen from his funeral bier;

We too must pass into his grave grown cold.”

THE PASSING OF WINTER

LOCKED in a cold embrace
Lies the silent river;
Hither, thither, shadows chase,
Dark and darker ever.

Sharp the north-wind blows,
Whistling 'round the corner;
Drearly the day will close,
Die without a mourner.

All o'ercast the sky,
Dun and bleak the wood;
Let Old Winter quickly die
For his sullen mood.

Though the sky be dun,
Though the day be drear,
Well I know the Spring-time sun
Will restore good cheer.

Clouds again shall break,
Days again be brighter;
Vernal chords again shall wake,
Heavy hearts grow lighter.

SAFE

HOW the rain pours!
The demon of night is loose!
How the wind roars!
With a swash and a swirl
And a swish,
The winds whirl
And dash and splash,
So you cannot choose
But wish
To be
Comfortably
Tucked snug and warm
From harm
By your fireside,
Or in your trundle-bed.

Then let the storm chide
And blow!
You can abide
Its dread
Roar. Go
And be satisfied.

THE CENTURY OAK

THE century oak, rugged and gaunt,
Holds high to-day, as he was wont
A hundred years ago, his head,
Hoary with snows that have vanishèd,
Defiant and grim to the wind's wild taunt.

The hooting owl finds here a haunt,
And feathered choristers now chaunt
As when the century's dawn made red
The century oak.

No season's coil his heart can daunt;
Processive years their changes vaunt,
But, constant till the line have fled
And mouldered in oblivion's bed,
He holds his own, rugged and gaunt,—
The century oak.

PARADISE SWEET

PARADISE Sweet, delicious fruit
Vertumnus proffered in his suit
Of her whose love he could not choose
But win, or die if she refuse—
Pomona, nymph of chaste repute.

Though Pan might pipe his amorous lute
And Cupid wing his darts to boot
For him, she was not fain to lose
Paradise Sweet.

To all gods else ungracious, mute,
She held it meet to spurn, confute
Th' Olympian rout, save one whose dues
Lay in a gift of regal hues,—
Vertumnus, lord of Hybla fruit
And Paradise Sweet.¹

¹ A very toothsome apple.

MY GARDEN

THE broad catalpa lifts his pleading palms;
The maple burns his altar-candle red;
The golden-glow, by breath of Heaven fed,
Bends to the breeze his reverent salaams.
The humble-bee drones forth his pious psalms,
Sweet chorister of peace and lowlihead;
The pansy bows above his dewy bed
Obeisance to the South-wind's censèd balms.

So may the air of Heaven take my soul
And fan its latent love to eager flame;
So may the sun of God's warm love incline
My will to own the magic of His name;
So may each influence of His grace combine
To lend my life to His divine control.

OF THE STUDY

TO A SCHOLAR

ENSCONCÈD here among these speaking
tomes

Of treasured wit caught from the mind of time,
What pleasure to imagination comes,
What wisdom from the wise when in their prime;
How sweet the days to learning consecrate,
The evenings passed in study how sublime,—
Ensconcèd here among your tomes, elate
With largess brought from each Protean clime!
Ensconcèd here a guest among the great
And mighty of the vellum page and scroll,
Cup-bearing eunuchs on your pleasure wait
And embassies here parley with your soul;
An emperor among these tomes, what fate
Of mart and trade can stultify your state?

TO A TEACHER

IF days be filled with pleasant ministries,
Why shouldst thou pine for things thou hast
not sought?

If day and night be such that thou art brought
But one step nigher the immortal skies;

If life emit a fragrance such as lies

In scented herbs, why shouldst thou pine? No lot
Could yield thee more, though every hour were
fraught

With argosies of pearls and purple dyes.

Then why repine? The far-off interest

Of years laid by in service of the least

Of them that need thy help, to more shall grow;

Like bread cast on the waters, to a feast

Feeding a multitude; then shalt thou know

Thy fill of joys and say, "Aye, this was best!"

TO MY ARM-CHAIR

DEAR, steadfast friend, capacious comforter,
Mute minister of solace and of rest,
Sweet soother for the highway's clash and stir,
Swift Veillantif in dreamland's luring quest!
To thee I hie me at the spring of night
Obedient to thine eloquent behest
To mount and spur away in airy flight.
Then leap I to the saddle with new zest,
Leaving behind the fret of dusty noon,
Charging the bastions of the star-paved West
To scale the summit of one golden boon:
To browse on Academia's woody crest
And amble to Castalia's murm'ring tune.
On, on, my steed, beyond the dreaming moon!

OF FAITH
AND ENDEAVOR

FOR THE LONG JOURNEY

WHEN I am ill,
Place me near the window, Dear,
That I may see the people in the street,
Their kindly faces glowing
With salutation meet
To hearten me.

When I am dead,
Lay me by on the upland high
That I may see the starry heavens near,
Their kindly faces beaming
With invitation clear
To beckon me.

A HOME AT LAST

YEA, I have builded me a dwelling-place—
A lawn for summer evenings with a garden
For spade and mattock; and for your soul's
warden

On long cold winter nights, a wide fire-place
To toast your feet, "invite your soul" and trace
The spirit's flight. Across the way fair Arden,
Where Puck and Ariel trip the dewy sward on
And Rosalind pursues her am'rous chase.
Then fling the door wide open and let in
The bidden guest, and bring the bread and wine!
Here wassail, drink-hail, till the rafters spin,
Here twine us garlands of the hop and vine.
All hail the joys that mem'ry bringeth in,
Long life to those in future here shall shine!

TO SLEEP

THE day is done, and, stalking through the town,
Swarth night's abroad, clad in his sable vest,
And burghers stout ensconced are at rest
Upon their pillows lavendered, of down.
Thus fortified, I scout the glooming frown
Of sable night within my sun-bleached nest,
And heal my beating temples on the breast
Of sweet repose upon my couch of down.—
Of sweet repose, the sweeter that dull care
Hath heavy hung amid the heat of day;
The sweeter now for that I strive and dare
And hew and draw upon the dusty way
At noon as when reveille thrills the air:
Then haste thee, sleep, on me thy guerdon lay!

DEATH

IN the dying year, when the ramping North-
wind blows

With hissing sough upon the ivy green,
Striking deep wounds with frosty fang and keen,
Rending the quick with fierce devouring snows,
Not vauntingly the ivy and the rose,
But welcoming with pale or blushing mien
The dule of death, array them in the sheen
Of holiday to hail a long repose.

So, late or soon come God's ambassador,
With trumpet flare, or swiftly unawares,
Pray, let there be nor hurried step nor stir
Of anxious fear; let music minister
A gracious welcome—this no time for cares;
Go, spread the feast and open wide the door.

THE LAMP OF LIFE

THE pander, sated with a plenteous ease
And drunken to his fill of pleasure's wine,
With Circe's devotees transformed to swine,
Too late shall cry to Heaven to appease
His fevered thirst; but, panther-like, must seize,
To rend with tooth and claw incarnadine,
With angry greed and passion-flaming eyne,
Blood-reeking innocence for lechery's fees.

Then do not, friend, set too much store by sense,
Nor nurse the flesh with overzealous care;
The lamp of life, alight with prurient flare,
Can only stench a beacon of offence;
But trim the wick with lustral flame to burn
That trooping years may pause and view and
learn.

PELLINORE

THE golden distances that fringe the morn
Once flung a promise to the eager gaze
Of Pellinore the bold; and, with amaze,
Ambition burgeoned like the flowering thorn
For knightly quest. Anon there trilled, up-
borne

Above the ruddy boles of leafy ways,
Hurtling a summons to adventurous frays,
The tirra-lirra of King Arthur's horn.
And, as it grew, filling the living air,
Pellinore heard and drew his maiden blade,
Riding apace with jingling spur and mail
To win or die. For that his heart was fair
His sturdy shoulders kissed in accolade
Excalibur, his lips the Holy Grail.

FINDING GOD

ORION, warder of yon star-strewn dome,
The Pleiads laughing through their golden
hair,

The serried files of the Milky Way, and there
The sentinel of the North, proclaim the home
Of the living God. The glow-worm in the loam,
The robin piping in the ruddy air
Of April mornings, and the dewy hare
Outrunning the mist wherever he doth roam,—
These too His hand proclaim. His dwelling-
place

No eye can measure and no ear explore;
But this I know, I feel it more and more:
'Tis here and now, in these my feet and hands,
My breath, my heart, and all the living face
Of earth, and sky, and sea, and clouds, and lands.

CANAAN

“**A**ND they went forth to go to Canaan land,
And to the land of Canaan they did come.”
Ah, happy pilgrims to a destined home
Directed by Jehovah’s guiding hand,
What time ere that ye had your purpose planned
How far had your unguided feet to roam?
Was guidance always yours vouchsafed, the dome
Of Heaven ever at your eyes’ command?
Thrice happy pilgrims ye whose sandaled feet
Nor thorn nor bramble tangles nor leaves torn,
Nor doubt nor siren lust nor hate nor scorn,
Ere forth ye fare with dauntless courage meet,
True to the compass of One Purpose sweet
As music on the Bridegroom’s nuptial morn.

ACROSS THE VOID OF NIGHT

ACROSS the void of night
Two points of yellow light
Like eyes
Look through the window-pane
And gild the slowly falling rain.

Across the void of doubt
Two stars, once nearly out,
Like flame
Burst on my darkened faith
And rout the brooding shades of death.

ENVOY

An if Sister Charity
Abide by my fireside,
Sweet Faith
Is come to ope for me
The doors of immortality.

DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES

THIS day we lift our souls to God
And plead His saving grace;
We bow our wills to Jesu's rod,
Our petty ills efface;
In His warm bosom fold our hands
And close our eyes to view
Winged seraphs waving with their wands
A welcome to far Canaan's strands;
We pray
That they
Our own dark hearts illumine will
And make our wailing grief be still.

This hour we cry our keen remorse
For trespass of His will,
For straying from His love-lit course
To tangled paths of ill.
Diseased in soul, attainted, weak,
Through Christ's atoning grace
Deliverance we humbly seek:
The benison that crowns the meek
This day
We pray
Our own rich heritage may be
For earth and for eternity.

Attainted, foul, but stricken down
 With shame and penitence,
Our trespasses we freely own,
 Our palsied impotence;
Though serpent-stung, temptation-lured,
 Through Christ's restoring touch
Our smarting wounds shall yet be cured,
The Prince of Darkness felled, immured,
 And we
 Through Thee,
O Lord, shall feel our pulses heal
And thrill with all God's wealth of weal.

SWEET CHAPEL HOUR

A HYMN

SWEET chapel hour, our cares we bring
In penitence an offering
Upon the altar of the Lord,
Pleading the promise of His word.—

The promise that, when two or three
Are come to seek in company
Fulfillment of their meek request,
He giveth what is meet and best.

Our cares, our cross aloft we hold
For Him to fashion into gold—
For Him to reckon for our tears
The far-off interest of years.

Our cares, our cross—what else beside
Could satisfy the Crucified?
What gold for Him without alloy,
The Prince of Cares, the King of Joy?

Sweet chapel hour, sweet chapel hour,
Possess us with thy healing power!
O take our burden for His love,
His Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

THE IVY AND THE ELMS

I

THE ivy clings to the chapel wall
Aspiring steadfastly
To climb aloft to the belfry tall
And know the mystery
That swells afar from the peal of the bells—
Celestial history.

As the ivy clings, cling feet and hands,
Aspiring heavenward
To mount aloft where Moses stands,
Beholding there the Lord
Unroll in a cloud of fire the scroll
Of His everlasting word.

II

The elms uprear their suppliant palms
And leafy phylacteries
To swing to the winds the odorous balms
That from their censers rise—
That spread abroad and float to the skies
In votive ministries.

As the elm-tree pleads, plead heart and tongue
In measured voice and time;
Sing, soul, to the soul of Love a song
Shall with His music chime—
Shall bring from above the rush of His wing,
The breath of His peace sublime.

PRO CHRISTO ET LITERIS ¹

BE this our motto writ in flame,
Pro Christo et Literis,
Before our vision e'er the same,
Pro Christo et Literis,
On palimpsest and classic tome,
On ivied wall, aspiring dome,
On foreign shore, at shrine of home—
Pro Christo et Literis.

Be this our sword to win the fight,
Pro Christo et Literis;
Be this our beacon-fire by night,
Pro Christo et Literis;
Be this our pibroch in the fray,
The sign of valiance for dismay,
The trumpet-call to win the day—
Pro Christo et Literis.

Be this our comfort in distress,
Pro Christo et Literis;
Be this our prayer to cheer and bless,
Pro Christo et Literis:—
To Christ and Culture ever cleave,
For God and Truth all things achieve,
For Light and Love fight on believe—
Pro Christo et Literis.

¹ The motto of the University of Wooster.

For Thee we count all loss a gain,
 Pro Christo et Literis;
With Thee we cure all grief and pain,
 Pro Christo et Literis;
With Thee we break dark Error's chain,
With Thee we'll wake the world again,
With Thee we'll shake her heart and brain—
 Pro Christo et Literis.

Then, comrades, rise and join the throng
 Pro Christo et Literis;—
The saints who led to right the wrong
 Pro Christo et Literis;
Come, lave your souls in bliss divine,
Come, see the Lord in glory shine,
Come, drink new valor at His shrine—
 Pro Christo et Literis.

OMNIA VINCIT VERITAS

ART seeking for pelf or power of king
In the hot raging battle on life's ringing
plain?

Art fighting for fame with a sword or a sling—
Goliath or David—the victor or slain?
Embossed on his shield the hero will
wear
This legend in letters refulgent and fair,
Omnia vincit veritas.

Art lolling in palace of marble and granite,
Bedecked with the splendors of Ormus and
Jewry?

Believe it, all these shall be counted but vanit-
Y the day when the goats shall taste of
God's fury.
The glitter of rubies and diamonds and
paste
Shall pale in the flash of His winnowing
blast:
Omnia vincit veritas.

A shameless impostor may thrive for a day
And prink bar-sinister with purple and er-
mine—

The robe of fine purple will fall to decay,
The ermine the prey of corruption and
vermin.

Yet this legend is proof to the moth and
the rust,
This legend embossed on the shield of
the just—
Omnia vincit veritas.

The serpent of slander may coil on the tongue
Of oily civility fluting its charms;
Beware the false lyrics the Lorelei sung!
Fling off the fell spell! Rouse! Haste thee
to arms!
Up, gird thee for battle and break the
soft snare!
Shout, shout the good pibroch upon the
glad air—
Omnia vincit veritas.

Green malice may hurtle a Parthian javelin
And envy devise a pitfall for thy feet;
Whatever the lot the weird Fates be unravelling,
The truth will prevail when the story's complete;
The Truth! Let it flame from the hand
of the Lord
As it flashed in the lightning of Sinai's
word—
Omnia vincit veritas.

EQUANIMITY

NO surcease needs the pulsing heart of man,
No respite from its unremitting toil;
Through light and gloom, from peace to fretting
broil,

It pours its tide since first its currents ran.
And, though the years that life's brief firelight
fan

May prove it true and bring it lustrous spoil,
Or play it false and yield dry husks of coil,
It pulses on as when its life began.

So let the Will her restless spirits train
And hold in leash the hyen in the blood,
Or prick the lagging genii of the brain
And spur them to a fuller meed of good;
Rule thou within, fair mistress of the free,
O bride benign, hight Equanimity!

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THE SUSQUEHANNA

ALONG the river's widening shores
The willows sway and bend
And whisper to the wind;
The boatman idly dips his oars
Where lengthening shadows send
Their long arms far behind.
He sings, " My life be like this river
That floweth calmly on forever.

O blessedness serene
That feels no wracking change
Of passion or of woe;
No transport rapt or keen,
But love of simple range
Blithe hearts need only know;
Just as the placid river flows
May all my days move to their close!"

NIGHT

I

WITHOUT I know the astral graces sweep
In whirl diurnal to a stately tune
Unheard of ear, but seen of eye—a Run-
Ic symphony around the skyey deep.
Within all things dispose themselves to sleep:
Hushed is the patient mother's soothing croon;
And there upon the carpet loosely strewn
The infant's mimic world, a ruined heap.

We strive by faith; we droop in doubt; we scorn
The darker ways; we earn our daily bread:
Ulysses-like at morn we hail the wars;
At noon sailing high-crested seas,—are borne
At length to the westering sun uncomforted.—
Within the scattered toys—without the stars.

OBLIVION

II

BEHOLD swarth Night, emerging from his
lair

In misty lowlands where the river creeps
With slow meander to its destined deeps,
Uppgathered his pinions on the air;
And, glooming through the casement on the
stair,

He frighteneth a child of Dawn, who weeps
To see his fairy house of Day in heaps
Of smudgy ruins, erst his palace fair:—

His palace, with a turret hewn of blue,
An ærie for his eyes to fly afar
Above the hills, above the level plain,
Above its market cries and din and jar,
Its stress of battle and its throes of pain.
Behold, swarth Night now summoneth his due!

JUBILEE ODE

In commemoration of the half-million endowment campaign for the University of Wooster.

“O YEAR of joyous jubilee,
 Wooster is free!
From near and far
 And all the world around
To the utmost star
 Let the happy news resound—
 ‘Wooster is free’!

“Oh let the tidings run
 Merrily 'round the world,
Swift as the fleeting sun,
 Bright on his shafts imperaled—
 ‘Wooster is free’!

“O tell it to her sons,
 Go, tell it to her daughters
 Beyond the farthest waters
E'en where the Jordan runs!
In the distant palmy isles
 Within the tropic seas;
 Beyond the Hebrides
And Caucasus' defiles;
In stupefied Cathay,
 In Hindustan and Ind;
In every heathen way
 Where lies the fettered mind—
Break forth, O Golden Day,
 And say
‘Wooster is free,
Ye shall be free,
And God shall reign to Eternity’!

“From every hill shall rise
His incense to the skies;
His praises loud shall ring
Where men and angels sing,
‘Wooster is free’!

“His truth, like living light,
Shall spread from pole to pole;
His choral anthems roll
Beyond the bounds of sight.
Lo, Light and Love with Honor, Truth—
These blessed four,
Children of immortal youth,
Angelic spirits of the Lord,
Shall multiply for evermore,
Singing their Maker’s word
And calling forth to all the seas and lands,
‘In triumph, all ye people, clap your hands—
Wooster is free’”!

This anthem benedict
The organ of the soul
Swelling, roll on roll,
Discourses in delight.
O listen with the inner ear
And hear!
O lift a loving eye and see
The vision of our Deity—
It is our jubilee!
And offer up
To Him our cup,
Filled full and over-brimming
With joys the Saints are hymning!

“Lo, Wooster is free!
Love and Honor, Light and Truth,
These four
As of yore
Shall run from shore to shore
And gather in the youth
To nurture them for liberty—
For Wooster *is* free!
Henceforth
The sons and daughters of the North,
The Golden West, the Homeland East,
Prisoners of hope released,
Shall come in search
Of Alma Mater—Mother Church—
Shall go elate
The loyal children of the Church and
State!
For Wooster is free!”

O listen while again the choral throng
Chant forth in numbers sanctified and strong:

“Yea, Wooster is free!
Shod with fire, His flaming Word,
By Love and Duty spurred,
His Holy messengers shall go
From tropic heat to polar snow
 To spread abroad the truth;
 His valiant youth
 Shall walk with Science
 In meet reliance
Upon the dictate of His laws;
Patience in reverence shall pause
To press from fact to primal cause
 And humbly walk with God
Where thunderbolts obey his nod—
 Where stars of night
Whisper the secrets of His might.
 No sun shall dim
Its light to those in search of Him;
 No planet roll
In vain for them who read His scroll.
 The farthest bound
 Of thought profound
Shall flame across the glowing page
And thrill the bosom of the sage!

“Religion, Science, eye to eye,
Shall read the riddles of the sky,
And Art with hallowed feet explore
The myst'ries of earth's darkest shore.
Dame Nature, veiled with beauty, shall reveal
The fount of wisdom and the joys that heal—
For Wooster is free!”

So rise the strains of heavenly gratitude
To Him who is the Giver of All Good ;
To God, the Father of All Righteousness,
And Christ, our Savior, nailed upon the tree
That we, defiled, might undefiled be
And cured forever of our sins' distress.

O join, ye people, all ye people join
And chant a prayer unto our Lord divine—
A prayer of praise and joyous jubilee
To Him who gave that Wooster might be free!

THE SABLE AND GOLD
(WOOSTER FLAG SONG)

THOU flag we love all flags above,
Five hundred fists thy colors hold;
Five hundred breasts thy glory sing,
Thou Sable and thou Gold!

Chorus

All hail the banner that we bear,
Its colors free unfold!
And fling upon the waving air
The Sable and the Gold!

Let Echo fill our towered hill
And o'er our ivied turrets roll;
Brave hearts abound with glorious sound—
Five hundred as one soul!

Let Honor pale, let Valor fail,
Let Love her sacred flame defy;
Let Virtue hide her head in shame
Ere we thy name deny!

Let traitors doom themselves to gloom
And cowards earn the frown of scorn;
No craven clown shall bear Thee down,
No dastard see Thee torn!

No lusty foe shall ever know
The valor that we dare uphold;
For what can daunt the men who vaunt
The Sable and the Gold!

FRUITION

TO do, to dare, to sweep the living strings
That, breathing, make up life's Æolian
lyre,

Re-echoing here on earth the heavenly choir
Reverberant with thunder on their wings!
To dare, to do, to search the hidden springs
Where life evolves from matter like to fire
Kindled to flame in bosoms that aspire—
This, Ruddy Youth in hope exalted sings.
And Age—shall Age dispel the golden dream,
Or Hope give o'er and falter on the way?
Wearied and faint, footsore, renounce the gleam
The heyday paths of morning purpling o'er?
Nay, rather, on and forward whence no more
The dream shall dim, but burst Resplendent
Day.

FOR LIFE

NOT in warring creeds,
Not in the clash of deeds,
Not in the din of fight,
Empanoplied with might,
Comes Faith.

Not in the stress of doubt
Nor dialectic rout;
Not in the hot acclaim
Of Jahveh's potent name
Comes Hope.

Not in the pride of sense
Nor Justice' recompense;
Not in smiling ease
Nor eager art to please
Comes Love.

But silently, like rain
Upon the thirsting plain,
Come Faith and Hope and Love
The waiting heart to prove.

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