Enchantment, soft, mysterious, sweet,
Look up at the palace walls!
Look up at the carvings that ever meet
In graceful arches—

—'Tis a Soft Venetian Song.

The Varied Grace of Nature's Face.

BY

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AUTHOR'S EDITION.

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DAISIES.

In the waving green grass
  On the top of the hill,
Where soft winds murmur
  And never are still,
Golden-eyed daisies
  Rear their white crowns,
Graceful and dainty,
  Far from the towns.

A feeling of happiness
  Steals o'er my mind
When, in the waving grass,
  Daisies I find.
Many sweet memories
  Round your stems cling,
Of words, thoughts and day-dreams,
  Of old songs you sing.

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PREFACE

WHAT is my work? I do not toil;
  The great world's workshop ne'er have known;
Free from trouble, from care, turmoil,
  My life is all my own.
What shall I do with the precious gift?
  I must write it, clear and fair,
In Time's thick day-book. I must uplift
  My life, that it shames not there
Great names of the Past and Present time.
  Would I dare to write it down,
Covered with blots, and scratches, and grime,
  To add a scowl or a frown
To that spotless book? I will try and try,
  If some day my name I may write
In the book of thoughts before I die.
  Then my life will add to the light
Of the ages. If not; if it be not writ
  In that fair book, I will add
No good to the world, no help; not one bit
  To man's good. What life more sad!

There's a page for me all fresh and white.
  Take care! The mind must be clean,
The heart be true and the eyes be bright,
  To preserve its glistening sheen.
Each word that I shape must be clear,
  Each thought that I shape be good,
Each friendship I make sincere,
  If I add to the page as I should.
Oh that I might to the world
  Give one thought—one lasting line!
Something upon the flag, unfurled
  To the gaze of the coming—a sign,
To show to those, who seem not to see
  The beautiful all around,
The glory of every-day sights; to free
  One song of one sad sound;
To add a little—one word, one thought.
  What an honor, a glory, to wear
On one's written name one deed, that naught
  Could erase from its presence there!

THE VARIED GRACE OF NATURE'S FACE.

THE PEARL AND THE SHELL.

Out of the sky came a sea-shell,
  Pink at its narrow base,
On distant, faint wings paling
  To films of snowy lace.

A pearl in its heart lay glowing;
  It shone all silvery white
In the depths of the curving sea-shell,
  A disk of purest light.

Then all but the jewel vanished,
  Dissolving, dispersing soon;
For the shell was a cloud at sunset,
  The pearl is the shining moon.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

How clear upon the quiet evening air
  Fall sounds of Nature's children from above,
On leafy boughs, or o'er the white fields fair,
  Where speak all living things of Nature's love.

The wild birds twitter in the green lace-work
  That holds all life within its meshes soft;
Here squirrels chatter, there the insects lurk;
  Now all is silent. Then, from up aloft,

There comes a concert, blending in a song
  From strong, untutored throats. 'Tis Nature's cry,
More glad, more sad than all those that belong
  To truer songsters, though I know not why.

For has a bird a thought—a soul? Ah no!
  'Tis Nature singing in each little throat,
And as we nearer to true Nature go
  More thrilling is the song, more true the note

To move our hearts; to give to us the peace
  That steals down gently as the lengthening rays
Shoot o'er the grass when noisy labors cease,
  And all the restfulness of summer days:

The fields, the flowers, the trees that soft lights find,
  The waving branch, the slender quivering blade
Of grass, imprint upon the influenced mind
  A glory that will never pale nor fade.

ROME.

I HAVE seen thee, ancient Rome,
  Walked on stones that Cæsar trod
Down the Forum's paved expanse,
  Every temple to a god!
In the midst a column rises
  Bearing Phocas' name and life,
On the right the Arch of Severus,
  Showing victory in the strife;
While beneath it runs a paving
  Leading down from Tolus' Head,
Called for ages, "Sacra Via,"
  Where the heroes, long since dead,
Proudly marched into the Forum,
  Loudly hailed by Romans there,
How the banners waved them welcome
  As the eagles rose in air!
Just beside it is the rostra
  Where the prows from Actium shone,
Where the orators in words fought,
  All unarmed and all alone;
But their power has lasted longer
  Than the proudest warrior's sword;
Their words have been of greater worth
  Than suppressing Saxon horde.
All about it rise the temples,
  Shrines to Saturn, Kings, and Peace,

Graceful columns still uprising,
  Longing for their home, fair Greece.
Down beyond the fluted pillar
  A basilica still stands,
With its rows of broken columns,
  Where the merchants from all lands
Met to talk of trades and barter;
  And perhaps to cast a glance
At the circles in the pavement,
  For the ancients played at chance.
Still those circles in the pavement
  Show as clearly as of old,
Telling how a rooted evil
  For all ages keeps its hold.
From that heap, but once a temple,
  On the day "Great Cæsar" fell
Antony drew the people round him,
  All the bitter news to tell;
Then far down these narrow highways
  Eager, frenzied, did they run;
But the speaker turned and murmured:
  "Let them go, 'tis done, 'tis done!"
In this atrium, long deserted,
  Burned the virgins' sacred fire;
But the altar's cold and empty;
  Long ago did it expire!
'Gainst the walls, the stony vestals
  Look in horror at their fane,

Now besieged by wandering pilgrims;
  They will never move again.
Turned to stone in holy horror,
  Through the ages long they stand,
Watching changes, many changes
  Coming to their sunny land.
Modern Rome! yet still the ancient
  Stands aloof, nor heeds its march;
Never changing, never changing,
  In its temple or its arch.
Underneath the Arch of Titus
  Nero swept with glittering train
To the fights, the cruel slaughters,
  That were never seen again,
Even in Rome, so fierce and bloody,
  And when he had passed away
Rose his statue tall and shining
  Just beside the Sacred Way;
So the Theatre of Flavian
  Changed its name to one we know,
From the bronze, colossal statue
  On the pedestal below.
Climb the mighty Colosseum,
  Look down on the emperor's throne,
Facing full the broad arena,
  Silent, lifeless, empty, lone!
But the sun shines brightly, clearly,
  On the massive arches high;

Great stones glowing red and fiery
  'Gainst the deep blue southern sky.
Stones on stones they piled to build it!
  Stone by stone 'twas torn away!
But bricks and mortar stood against
  The ravage of that day.
Now they prize the place they pilfered
  For the money that it brings.
How the Roman spirit's fallen!
  How 'tis turned to minor things!
But we look upon the same stones,
  And we people it again;
All the houses of the Palatine,
  Every palace, bath, and fane;
Still the paintings and mosaics
  Made by other centuries' hands
Show us what their arts and thoughts were,
  What they lent to other lands,
And the Lares on the threshold
  Guard their homes in peace or war;
Though one never pours an offering,
  Though their worshippers are far,
Far away in bright Elysium,
  Thoughtless of their former home,
Of the city of the glorious past,
  Far ruling, ancient Rome.

STRINGS OF AMETHYSTS.

The Grecian isles, the purple mounts,
That lie upon the crystal sea,
Are strings of amethysts she counts,
Athene, tall, and fair, and free.
Each jewel means a legend told,
Each isle a gem upon the chain
Of myths and fancies, strung on gold
Of sunset clouds along the main.

WILD GRAPE BLOSSOMS.

Did you ever ride in June through a wood,
When an odor made you wonder if it could
Be the air that you were breathing, just the air;
Seemed that all the fields were wreathing blossoms fair;
Giving forth a gracious perfume, fresh and soft,
Winging down from every leaf-roof up aloft,
Where the wild grape loves to curl, and climb, and cling,
Endless tendrils creeping, round each branch to fling?
Just an odor like a song the fairies know,
Just the faintest breeze that ever wind did blow,
Just the whisper of a thought too fair to be,
Just the blending of the ripples on the sea;
These, all these, like scattered pictures come and go,
When the wild grapes strew their bounty high and low,
Unseen blossoms breathing peacefulness and rest;
Odors far too faint and subtle to suggest.

INSPIRATION.

There comes a feeling in my heart
  That welleth up again,
That leads me from the world apart,
  A subtle, joyous pain.
'Tis not my beloved books I seek,
  Not for knowledge unknown,
But a thirst to impart, though weak,
  The message that to me is blown
By the winds. The strength and glory
  Of inspiration on life;
To tell the whole pure story,
  And free my thoughts from strife;
How best to bring to the vision
  Of those whose eyes do not see,
How to win their clear decision
  And their thoughts untrammeled, free,
To the life of joy and gladness
  From one look into Nature's soul;
To feel too a tremulous sadness
  In the beauty and truth of the whole.
Each his own guide must become
  To that peerless place of rest,
For the air, too light, might tire some
  Or make them dizzy at best.
Gradually up in the mind-soul
  Must we travel day by day,

Till we see the clouds of indifference roll
  In dissolving mists away.
No more can a cloud take flight
  From that space far down below
To sadden inspiration's height,
  Where the flowers of happiness grow.

INVITATION.

Come, read with me a story
  Of most charming ancient lore,
Lit with deep and blazing glory,
  Always new, though read before.
Every day are added lines
  To this weird and fitful tale;
Every hour the land in light combines,
  Each leaf-blade brings its frail,
But growing chapter to the whole;
  Come, read fair Nature's book,
Come, drink deep draughts from Nature's soul
  In this green and grass-grown nook.

A DROWSY AFTERNOON.

What must the wind be saying,
  As whispering, slipping down,
With cornstalks lightly playing,
  He glides through the sleepy town

That the summer sun so drowsy made;
He hears no answering sound,
He creeps along, almost half-afraid
Of the stillness all around;
But his footsteps the insects have waked,
His breath has shaken the leaves,
And softly the lawn he has raked
With his fingers. The bright sun grieves,
And withdraws his golden glory
From lawn and garden green,
But the wind sings on his story
In shadow or sunlight sheen.

AN ANSWER.

You think a poet ne'er should cease
From murmuring an endless song,
His every thought for you release,
If it be light or long.

Can streams forever laugh among
The stones and waving grass?
Sometimes their song cannot be sung
For those who, listening, pass.

Sometimes the winter freezes light
Their heart-strings' eager beat;
Sometimes the sun is far too bright,
Too strong the summer's heat.

Far up 'mong the snow peaks
It trickled in slow drops
From hundreds of glaciers—

—THE RHONE.

And oft comes in a poet's life
  Weather by cold winds brought,
There sometimes comes an inward strife
  To steal from him his thought,

To bear away the fantasy,
  Or turn an image cold,
And that wild careless melody
  Is never told.

THE RHONE.

[ABOVE LAKE GENEVA.]

Down the broad valley
The swift torrent rushes,
Ice cold from the glaciers
It foams on the rocks,
In whirlpools and deep holes
It gurgles and gushes,
The thick walls and stone-work
It laughs at, and mocks.

Far up 'mong the snow peaks
It trickled in slow drops
From hundreds of glaciers,
To gather in streams,
That fell down headlong
From the steep cliffs and hill-tops,
Slid down the smooth slopes,
Or hid in the deep seams.

On, on, to the blue lake
It turns and it tumbles,
To be lost on its surface,
So smooth, broad, and calm,
But over the stones
How it roars, and it grumbles
Till it reaches Lake Leman,
A smooth, calming balm.

Soon lost in the blue lake,
It flows past that green shore
Most pictured and sung of
In tale, and in song;
It knocked on the dungeon
And many a hole wore
In the wall that confined there
Brave Bonnivard long.

For a time it flows calmly,
Past Vevey and Lausanne,
The green banks of Schweiz,
The steep hills of Savoy;
But soon with its temper
The swift-rushing, rough Rhone,
Shoots out of the lake
With a wild shout of joy.

Soon lost in the blue lake,
It flows past that green shore
Most pictured, and sung of
In tale, and in song.

—THE RHONE.

ISLE OF CAPRI.—BAY OF NAPLES.

THE snowy gull over the blue sea glides
In the shadow of Capri's rocky sides,
Where the water is deepest of indigo blues,
And far, farther down 'mong the clearest of hues
And shades of the color, all gleaming and white,
The shells of the ocean bed shine in the light.

Through a low rocky arch the old boatman rowed in
To a cavern, far bluer and brighter within;
A sheen and a shimmer on the clear water shone,
A glitter and glimmer, reflected alone
Thro' the small rounded entrance that leads to the world,
By which the clear water from turquoise is pearled.

In the deep fairy cavern low murmurings rang;
Come, list to the song that the cave fairies sang:
Up from the ocean bed,
Light as the foam
Rose a bright sea nymph one day,
Thinking, 'tis said,
O'er the smooth sea to roam
'Mong the steep purple islands of fair Naples' bay.

Into this grotto blue
'Neath the clear ocean's wave,
Glided the sea nymph so bright;
Never in water's hue

Had she seen such a cave,
Resting within from her long weary flight.

Charmed by our lovely home,
Under its spell,
She joins her song with us now,
Begging you not to roam
More in the field or dell,
Come, 'neath the green mountain's brow.

Joy is eternal here,
All our world's bright,
O listen! O list to our song!
Never know we a fear
Playing in bluest light,
Come, live with us, live with us long!

Ah! the sea fairies' song was enticing and clear,
And we longed to float ever, and ever to hear
But the murmur of waves and the tales that they told;
Yet the old boatman's heart was so stony and cold
That he rowed us away, until all we could see
Was a little dark hole, where the fairies are free.

MOONLIGHT.

The air to-night is mild as June,
The shining, round, bright silver moon,
Looks through the limbs, still bare of leaves,
And throws dark shadows 'neath the eaves

And o'er the ground, in waving lines,
Like mystic, cabalistic signs,
Moved slightly as the branches sway
Below a sky as bright as day;
Unfathomed stories printed there—
Tales of the earth—songs of the air.

THE BEGINNING OF AUTUMN.

[A MEMORY OF GENEVA.]

I CAN never forget the picture
Of a cluster of slender trees,
Turned yellow and brown by the sunshine—
Some fallen leaves whirled by the breeze

O'er the gray paving stones of a court and a road,
At the top of a gentle hill,
In the mellow shadows of a building old,
A spot so calm and still

That a nameless feeling of sorrow and joy,
Whispered by winds still fair,
Made the whole world seem more sadly sweet,
And blew onward every care.

So we lingered there in the sunshine,
Watched the first leaves rustle and fall,
Whirling about in the autumn breeze,
In the shade of an old stone wall.

THE ROSE AND THE SAND.

[FAREWELL TO CAIRO.]

A ROSE bent over a grain of sand,
  In the delicate beauty of yellowish pink,
And wondered where, in what far-off land,
  Were such hard smooth crystals; and could not think

Why she found them there, in those lofty halls,
  By the side of her slender flower vase.
She bent down low to the shining balls,
  And wafted a breath from her fair sweet face

O'er the sand, that lay on the table there
  In a smooth and yellow mound,
That a traveler brought with greatest care,
  The grains that he gathered around

The base of the pyramids, lofty and great,
  On the edge of the desert plain,
Looking over the valley of orange and date,
  Where the flood for months has lain

On the fertile fields—to the city beyond
  Where the rose gardens flourish and bloom.
The sand had seen a palm tree's frond,
  But ne'er had it felt the perfume

That was wafted so gently down over it now.
  'Twas the breath of the fair and unknown.

It pondered and pondered, and wondered how
  Such a delicate flower was sown.

And the rose whispered low in a sweet perfume,
  "I am the type of the Nile,
Of the fertile Delta, the land of bloom
  That stretches for many a mile."

And the sand, shifting down in a gentle breeze,
  Answered, "I am the desert so wide
That in Egypt so well with the valley agrees
  And bounds it on every side."

The rose and the sand I send to thee;
  May thy days be fair in the land,
And think a little sometimes of me
  As thou lingerest 'midst roses and sand.

RECOLLECTION.

Yes, sweetest happiness is recollection!
For in it every joy is oft repeated,
And all the sorrows melt into a cloud
To hasten o'er the distant horizon.
All that is fair, each word, each thought
Remains, to cheer us on to newest enterprise.
The sights are best that were seen yesterday,
Touched by the rosy lips of Memory.
Come then and tell me of the joyful Past,

And after all is well thought-on, well-sung,
Let's seek again new treasures for our minds
To hold, and weave into the endless chain
Of happiness, that in a garland grows
Of blooming flowers, till all the mind and soul
Are deep embalmed in earth's sweet harmonies.

SNOW MUSIC.

A FEATHERY snow stole down last night
And whispered soft, as slow it fell,
Faint, gentle music, sweet and light,
More mystical than words can tell;
Flew in a shower of downy flakes
That the evergreens caught in their arms—
Strong arms that a light wind scarcely shakes—
And preserved them from all alarms.
Then as the light came over the trees
They stretched out their branches in greeting,
To the gift sent down from northern seas
To the day, by the hours fleeting.

SPRING FLOWERS.

SMOOTH white petals around the hem,
Within, a small red frill,
Some little green buttons to hold the stem;
That is the gay jonquil.

The daffodil hides in a yellow bell,
  But she waves her arms to the breeze;
She has many secrets, deep, to tell
  Of the flowers whose coming she sees.

Anemones, so delicate and fair,
  Flowers of the wind and gentle rain,
You come with spring's first warm, inviting air,
  To sprinkle blossoms o'er the grass again.

Deep blue bunches nestling down,
  Hiding each modest head
Beneath the leaves from April's frown,
  Violets bloom in a mossy bed.

Shining gold in the soft green grass,
  The buttercups are here;
They glitter and laugh with all who pass,
  They have lost a spring flower's fear.

I know why you look so gay, so gay,
  Dandelion buttons close to the ground;
You are fresh and bright on the dustiest day,
  Though so lowly, seen all around.

I thought the snow had come back to-day
  'Mong the plum trees all abloom,
Until from the breath of each pure white spray
  Stole a delicate, faint perfume.

The grass is high beneath the green trees
  That cast cool shadows so broad and dark,
The lilac plumes in a southern breeze
  Toss to and fro; a last bright spark

Lingers upon the burning bush;
  The jonquils white, in long rows
Beside the path, bend over and push
  Their neighbors, as the wind blows.

The quince tree blossoms of pink I see,
  Fairer the apple with faint perfume;
As the poet said, the soul of the tree
  Has come forth in its fair and delicate bloom.

DOGWOOD.

Great silent flowers of purest white,
  Apart from other wild blooms you seem—
A cold, mysterious, Alpine height
  Looking down on the green hills and stream.

As the train sped on 'mid woods and fields
  To the city noisy and great,
Through the door a fragrance the crab tree yields
  Made us long to linger, to wait
Beside the winding quiet stream,
  Where the pink blooms fill the air
With perfumes that truly the sweetest seem
  Of all wild blossoms fair.

The dark brown calycanthus,
  A perfume of strawberries fresh,
Teaching that in the quietest face
  May be hidden, a golden mesh
Of thoughts so fair and charming,
  A mind so fresh and sweet,
That you wonder why you were blinded
  When you and this friend did meet;
For after you fold it closer
  The odors grow sweeter, to last
Long after the flower is faded,
  Its freshness a thought of the past;
And often a perfume steals toward you
  When the flower hides shyly away,
As the deeds of those fairies on earth
  Hidden well from the curious day.

Scarlet honeysuckle,
  Trumpet delicate and bright
Lined with golden pollen,
  Where the humming bird so light
Poised, in mid-air, sipping
  Honey hiding at the base,
Flitting to each slender blossom
  With a sweet and airy grace.

Thick, white, heavily-scented flowers
  On bushes that grow by the fence,

You hasten us on to the summer hours
  Syringa; the warm days commence.

As I wandered through the garden
  I met a cornflower gay;
He stood erect and slender,
  While his loose hair blew this way
And that, in the southern breezes
  That came from over the hill,
Kissing the tiny rosebuds;
  The birds began to trill
That summer was coming, was coming,
  That the cherries would soon be red,
That the bees had commenced their humming
  By the sweetest blossoms led.

THE OLD ICE WITCH.

[Suggested by an old woman singing, with a zither accompaniment, in the ice cavern of Grindelwald Glacier, and two children who sang outside.]

In a green ice cave, far, far away,
An old witch lived for many a day
In the "cold dark North;" and two children fair,
With bright blue eyes, a beauteous pair.

On harp strings, made of their golden hair,
She played all day an echoing air,
While they sang 'mong the rocks with voices sweet,
As the little snowbirds flew about their feet.

Did you ever ride through Cairo streets
On a donkey of queerest clip?

—Cairo Streets.

The old witch sat in her cavern cold,
Watching over a pot of gold,
Singing and playing an echoing air
Only heard by some straying polar bear.

But the birds remembered the children's song;
They carried the news for a distance long,
To a city far down on a bright blue sea,
To tell the story so strange to me.

CAIRO STREETS.

Did you ever ride through Cairo streets
On a donkey of queerest clip?
Past gay bazaars of rugs and shoes,
The stately desert ship,
With your little steed's necklace jingling,
His little legs shaved in lines,
The donkey boy screaming and yelling
At the long-robed Arab, who dines
Before the door of his tiny shop,
Or smokes his pipe in the way;
At the women who stride with bending step,
On their heads a jar or tray?
He cries "Mushaus" and "Mína."*
He keeps an astonishing pace,

* "Mushaus,"—get out of the oad; "Mína,"—to th left of the road.

And pokes his burro hard and fast
  As he joins in the long mad race.
No matter how narrow and crowded the streets,
  No matter how sharp are the turns,
We rush along in a wonderful way,
  For the youngest child soon learns
How to live in the track,
  And not under the feet,
Their ears are sharp,
  Their sandals are fleet.
The clamor, the clatter, the hammer, the patter,
  'Tis the funniest thing in the world
To mount a donkey, then shout "Kulló,"†
  And through Cairo streets be whirled.

AUGUST.

Golden rod nodding, and daisies tall,
  The rocky bed of a dried-up rill,
The first faint whisperings of Fall
  In the branches over the hill;
The narrow road and the winding trail
  Half hidden in sumach's red plumes,
Fair summer's flowers, faint blue and pale,
  'Mid Autumn's hardier blooms.

† "Kulló," everywhere.

'Mid gay bazaars of rugs and shoes.

—Cairo Streets.

FIREFLIES.

Over the field of daisies white
Softly steals down the summer night.
Then fireflies come from the trees and grass,
Flicker and shine as they pass and repass

O'er the snowy expanse of daisy heads,
Far on where the shade of the orchard spreads;
The firefly greatest among them all
Shines high above the oak trees tall:

On a pale blue ground the evening star
Twinkles and glows in the sky so far,
Ever at watch o'er the smaller lights
On these tranquil, warm, fair summer nights.

Great men their influence shed afar,
As the mellow light of the evening star,
But those who possess less wealth or wit
Like fireflies, ever in unison, flit.

MOZART, "THE KING OF TONES."

[After the first presentation of "Idomeneus" before the Elector Karl Theodore, at Munich, 1781.]

At his father's feet he lay
  Blessed by that old trembling hand;
'Twas the glad and crowning day!
  Son and father both so grand –

Mozart elder in the wonder
  And the pride of his dear son,
When the tones had rolled as thunder,
  Or as fountains, all ears won;
There the young and pale musician,
  All his strength merged into joy,
With the clear, sweet intuition
  That the father blessed his boy.
The last notes had richly sounded
  Through gay Munich's opera, crowded;
The applause with might resounded;
  Now the seats and aisles were shrouded
In still darkness. Not a footfall,
  Only where the stage lights glimmered
On a space about the leader's stall,
  On the picture shone and shimmered
Of the father, proudest-hearted,
  Who had watched throughout the night,
Of the son, his fair hair parted
  By the hand that lay so light
On his forehead, bubbling, teeming now
  Beneath the brow so calm,
With tones that might draw back and bow
  All Munich to yield the palm.
Now these lights, too, are extinguished;
  Out into the world again
Mozart goes, the crowned, distinguished,
  Soul of tones, but life of pain.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

[INTERIOR.]

Down from the windows there fell in a flood,
  The full rich glory of purple light
On the pavement of marble, in mosaic wrought,
  Fell from a glorious height,

Far up 'mong the pillars that rise to the roof,
  So beautiful, airy and grand,
Where the saints and the martyrs watching over the
  In their countless niches stand. [church,

All in the darkness that middle aisle;
  But down from the pulpit high
The gilded bronze threw a brighter light,
  The odor of incense floated by;

And behind the glitter, behind the sheen,
  Three windows shining rise,
That glow with a thousand figures burnt,
  Three windows of wondrous size.

As I look up at the shining throng
  It larger seems to grow,
And all in a mist of roseate light
  To rise up from below,

To float away in the rafters high,
  A countless procession of light
To leave the dim church choir behind—
  I turned—'twas almost night.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

[EXTERIOR.]

A FOREST of poplars turned to stone,
  Against a pale gold sunset sky,
Far above them, pointed and lone,
  A statue of stone on its pedestal high;
While from each slender poplar tree
  A figure looks to the Lombard Plain,
Over the city, silently,
  Through sunshine and through rain,
Ever watching its spotless trust,
  Carved out of marble white,
Standing against the golden sky
  All in the sunset light.

TO A BABY PICTURE.

LITTLE girl up in the picture frame,
  Is it true that I once was you?
With curling black hair, and a baby name.
  Little girl, you never grew;

But the tiny white dress with 'broidery round
  Is as fresh as on that day
When they painted your cheeks, so rosy and round,
  Your eyes that they said were gray.

Your good-luck coin hangs from its chain,
  Upon it a French king's head—

Unused, it long in a drawer has lain,
  But into good-luck has the baby led.

Baby, baby, with laughing eyes,
  Do you think I was ever you?
Open your lips in glad surprise
  And tell me it is true.

AUTUMN DAYS.—FLORENCE.

A LONG, broad, level, brownish road,
  Sycamore trees on either side,
The withered, turned-up leaves blow past,
  Telling a tale of summer-tide.

Whenever I see that yellowish light
  Creep over the leaves of green,
A feeling of restfulness and content,
  A feeling of happiness keen,

Takes me away from my daily thoughts,
  Away from the world around:
I only look at the yellowing leaves
  That lie on the brownish ground.

As old clothes give more pleasure and rest
  Than the finest satin or lace,
So do these worn-out summer's robes,
  As they blow about my face.

EGYPT.

THE land of the rose and the jasmine,
The land of the sand and the stone,
The land of sweet-scented gardens,
The land of the pyramids lone.

The graceful palms that wave their slender fronds.

—The Sun and Moon in Egypt.

THE SUN AND MOON IN EGYPT.

[On the road from the Pyramids to Cairo.]

O GOLDEN moon that looks down on the Nile!
  The sandy desert hills in clearest light,
The graceful palms that wave their slender fronds,
  The flooded fields all silent in the night!
You shine upon this broad and rippling sea
  That covers well the fertile land beneath;
While low green islands rise above the wave,
  And tall straight corn-fields with their cold green sheath.

All things at rest in nature. Brightly o'er
  You gaze upon the pigmy people's haste,
Who ride along upon their stately ships,
  On through the green trees to that yellow waste—
The Desert of Sahara, rising up
  Above the fertile Delta of the Nile,
Stretching afar to Western Afric' sands
  For many a long, and dry, and weary mile.

Just where the fields so green and desert meet,
  The oldest works of man look down on them,
As if to show the end of blossoming,
  The dreary desert wastes that seem to hem
Around about this greenest bit of life;
  They stand above with broken steps and rough.
How did they raise those square and heavy stones?
  Where did they find a quarry large enough?

Awe inspiring, towering up so high,
  Cold and unflinching, like the fates of old,
Looking far off into the future land,
  Farther than all the ancient stories told;
But when the sun set in the distant West,
  We saw that promised land all glowing gold
And brilliant red behind the desert sand,
  No more the pyramids looked stony cold.

Only dark fingers, pointing clearly up,
  Engraved upon the glowing golden light,
And happiness and hope and perfect peace
  Stole down upon us with the wondrous sight.
All things were bright; even 'neath the level lake
  A golden column glowed with richest hue,
That the moon's shining ball had pointed out
  Far down where shining crops once bloomed and grew.

And this seemed but a promise of the next,
  The root from which the golden wheat will spring,
The fairy gift that sailed down through the sky
  As lightly as the white gulls on the wing;
'Twas in the palace of the man who looks
  All night upon the earth with smiling face,
And when he sees a country that he loves
  To shine upon, he sends down to the race

Such bits of brightness, that make all things fair,
  The golden wheat and corn, and hanging fruit,

Just where the fields so green and desert meet—

—The Sun and Moon in Egypt.

Dates and bananas, yellow roses' hue,
  The cotton's bloom, the slender bamboo flute.

You look so calm, benign, protecting, kind,
  O beautiful, round, shining, golden ball!
Where'er I see your face, on every shore,
  You send a welcome to the travelers all,
That makes the place a home, the world a friend;
  A face that changes not with climes and sands;
You always speak a language clear and plain.
  We part, but soon to meet, in other lands.

TO A ROSE.

Fairest of earthly possessions,
  Sweetest, most delicate one,
Flower for tender confessions;
  Be you of gold, as the sun,

Crimson as bright clouds at sunset,
  Pale as the dawn's coming light,
With heavy and cool morning dew wet,
  Or touched by the breezes of night.

Be you pure as the drift-snow of winter,
  Be you glowing as summer's bright sun,
The sunshine, that wonderful tinter,
  Has made you the fairest, sweet one.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADE.

The road that I love best to follow
Winds o'er the hill and down a hollow,
Where graceful sprays of elder white
Breathe sweetest fragrance day and night.
Among their thick leaves, darkest green,
A rustic bridge peeps out between
The branches, o'er a tiny stream
Where here and there a bright pool's gleam
Shows where the shallow water lies—
This hidden streamlet's sparkling eyes.
It winds beside a meadow's edge
Shaded by one long, wild-grown hedge,
Below a fringe of elm trees tall
From which the cool, dark shadows fall
Upon the fields, now cleared of grain,
Sweet from the hay that long had lain
In the all-warming harvest sun,
That makes the wild flowers laugh, each one.
Upon a hill the oat fields bend
In gray, and blue, and green, which blend
Like ocean waves that wash the shore—
How gently do these grain waves roar!
They whisper to the breezes soft
That whisper back on hill tops oft;
They whisper to the roses wild
That in great masses long have smiled

Upon the sun, deep pink or fair,
Graceful and bright, without a care.
The hardy golden daisies, too,
With centers of a nut-brown hue
Stand clustering in merry groups.
Not one among them bends or droops,
But all erect, on sturdy stems,
Form garlands for the bright green hems
That edge the fields and orchards now
Laden with ripening fruit; each bough
Weighed down with apples, yellow, red,
Or still fresh green. This road has led
Me oft far o'er the neighboring hill,
And others on in windings, till
The dear home village spread beneath
The groves of Webster. Many a wreath
Of memories could I weave and twine
Around the hills that I call mine,
Covered with grand old forest trees.
Between them spreading lawns one sees
And grape vines' twisted trunks, that hang
In loops and swings, 'mong woods that rang
With Indians' whoop and wild beasts' cries
Ere they were seen by Frenchmen's eyes.
Then came the fearless pioneers
Who mowed their way not knowing fears;
Leaving the wood's majestic height
And opening vistas for the sight

Of drooping hickories, graceful elms
That onward rose through woodland realms;
The Norway spruces planted, larch
And pine, that formed in years an arch
Sometimes, or nook deep-wrapped in shade,
Or arbor that the branches made.
Of that great book the sunshine weaves
We have how many, many leaves,
As soft winds wander gently by,
Telling a tale in each low sigh
Or rustle! Never can the book
Be read too much. Each tiny nook
Is full of stories; each bough sings
Of birds, and bees, and insects' wings,
Of sights since man first pierced these shades
And wandered through the sunlit glades.
The great oaks twist their branches high;
They look so gnarled—I wonder why!

SANTA BARBARA.

Santa Barbara, my heart and soul were thine
As I stood before thy ancient, holy shrine.
Father Junipero toiled far up the way,
And built two towers here to greet the day
As it looked o'er the blue waters, and the isles,
And the sea-cliffs stretching onward many miles.

Hoary gray and massive, this square ancient pair,
Pierced by one long, winding, narrow, stony stair.
O! the view that stretched below us when we rested
O'er the pointed front: one tower, scarce molested
By the stranger, looking down into a space
Walled about and green with graves, a quiet place.

In the other, hung the two large Spanish bells,
Cast about with Latin names and dates, like spells;
While across the quaint and sloping red-tiled roof,
Hidden 'mong the walls, lay charmingly aloof
From the outer world the blooming inner court,
Closed to women (two have entered by report).
Down upon the snowy arches poured the light,
Thickly in the sunny square bloomed roses bright;
Brown and heavy robe, with white rope 'round the waist,
Wore a brother, who this tranquil beauty faced
Through the long, warm, drowsy, brilliant summer day,
Waiting for the tranquil night, the hour to pray
In the church below us, dim, and cool, and long,
'Mid the painted saints' and angels' evensong.

Softly shake the eucalyptus' drooping leaves.
What the memory for which its sighing grieves?
Father Salvierderra? Yes, but he was old,
A long, good life had led, the story told.
And Ramona! ah, Ramona! she was fair,
As the wings of night fell down her long dark hair.

Was she not much happier later with Felipe
When the Indian lover's passion heart did sleep?
Sleep! O restless Alessandro, could you lie
Peacefully? 'Twas best, 'twas best that you should die.

Eucalyptus, cease your sighing! cease! oh cease!
In the Santa Clara Valley there was peace;
When the beauteous Indian maiden laid her head
On Felipe's shoulder, all her sad days fled.

THE ICE QUEEN'S JEWELS.

Bejeweled, bedecked is the garden fair
Which, at sunset, reared its bushes bare;
For the ice queen came, and in darkness cased
Each branch in a frozen coat, and laced
A network of ice threads in and out
Circling the fruit trees all about
With a diamond coat. How each small twig shines!
The fences stretch in sharp, shining lines!
Now as the day begins to dawn,
And the garden shines dim in the pale light wan,
She drops her necklace, a shower of pearls,
That the wind now catches, now whirls and whirls,
Till the jewels lie scattered all over the grass;
As night o'er the west hill seems to pass,
It leaves the morn so stern and cold
This pure ice wonder to behold.

'TIS A SOFT VENETIAN SONG.

[Suggested by a tiny silver gondola.]

HERE is a tiny silver boat
  That has touched the Venetian shore—
Isles that seem to gently float
  Without a sail or oar.

Strangely there with startling motion
  The gondolas swiftly glide
Over the smooth, the dark blue ocean,
  Scarce moved by the gentle tide.

How softly glows the moonshine
  O'er the city's marble face!
A long and shimmering, sparkling line
  Across the wave I trace;

It comes to meet the slender boat
  Over the rippling water.
What joy to be fore'er afloat!
  What joy to pause, to loiter

Beneath some stately rounded dome
  Dark 'gainst the bright moonlight;
Never, nevermore to roam,
  Never to leave this night!

The songs come softly floating
  From the music boat so bright,

Hung round with rosy coating
  Of awning and lamp light;

A man's clear voice is singing,
  He is only a gondolier,
But the strong true notes are ringing,
  Still singing to my ear.

He stands upon the high black stern.
  'Tis a soft Venetian song—
That it is no dream, I ne'er shall learn,
  Oh, may it last, last long!

The music boat is moving past.
  Come, gondolier, follow, fly!
The boats are motionless and cast
  Black figures on the sky—

Quaint, graceful prow of shining steel,
  Body of gloomy black,
A pointed, carved and slender keel;
  The gondolier, with back

Bent slightly on the single oar—
  When, at the short command,
The barks shoot forth and gently soar,
  Moved by each strong lithe hand.

Again are the boatmen in motion
  With a swinging, wonderful bend
Again do we glide o'er the ocean.
  The songs, far distant, lend

Enchantment, soft, mysterious, sweet.
  Look up at the palace walls!
Look up at the carvings that ever meet
  In graceful arches, where falls

The moonshine, making them purely white!
  Was ever a dream more fair?
Let us follow the shimmering road of light,
  Follow, follow, and ne'er

Float away from this fairy scene
  Where sights are worldly never!
The airy gondolas stand between
  The sea and the sky forever.

The music boat is floating past.
  Pursue, pursue, my boat!
Let the moonlight ever last,
  Let us ever be afloat

On this street the most enchanting,
  Paved by the silvered moon;
The shadows grow deeply slanting,
  We must leave the broad lagoon.

Palaces wrought by fairy hands,
  Palaces golden and white,
Among the nights in many lands,
  None are fairer than your night

SKY AND SUNSHINE.

A break in the clouds,
  The blue, blue sky,
The wild North wind
  Comes whistling by.

A quick glad joy
  In the sparkling light,
In the blue above
  And the dark cloud's flight.

A thought that has made
  One more bright space,
That future clouds
  Can never erase.

THE DESERT AND DELTA.

Out in the sands of the desert
  O'erlooking the plain of the Nile,
In tents 'mong the smooth, sandy billows,
  The Bedouins the sunshine beguile.
Tall and dark, bright and strong, quick in temper
  Is the child of the desert and sand,
In the folds of his flowing white mantle,
  As he leads forth his small, restless band.
These tombs all around near a city
  Once stood, and the Pyramids brown

Heliopolis, obelisk lonely—

—The Desert and Delta.

Slowly rose, by the wealth of kings builded,
  To keep their names still in renown.
But only the Bedouin and stranger
  Look up at the mountains of stone,
Feel the past glory lingering 'round them,
  The grandeur all silent and lone;
The child of the desert is eager,
  And brings forth a camel and boy:
"Mount, ride to the Sphinx," he commands you.
  On a camel! What unthought-of joy!
To the Sphinx with its smile ever widening
  As centuries chip off its face,
Time, fanatics, Turks, men of all nations,
  Leaving now but a vanishing trace
Of its beauty; but wondrous it still is,
  Still watching the sun rise each day
That for centuries, o'er the sand billows,
  Has lighted its face, wan and gray.

To the Island of Roda we must go
  Says Absalom Levi, our guide,
Between sailing and dervishes howling
  An afternoon sunny divide.
Pandemonium of Koran and music,
  Hair, prayer, eyes and cries, in a whirl;
Arms in motion, souls steeped in emotion,
  Shouting forth from the Koran each pearl
Of truth. Deaf to truth or to falsehood

When that noisiest hour was o'er,
We took a last glance, where they sat
'Mid a circle of skins on the floor.
Isle of Roda, a lotus leaf floating
On the level expanse of the river,
Where the rushes that once hid a cradle
Still bend in the current, and shiver
In the breeze that is driving our sail boat
Back to old Cairo's city of gloom:
The narrowest ways, and the churches
Half buried and cold as a tomb.
A drive to the mosque alabaster,
A gem on the Citadel's crown;
To the West, the dark Pyramids pointing,
As the sun in a glory goes down:
Down, down, where the desert lies burning
And panting in infinite space,
Leaving only an infinite yearning
Its farthest boundaries to trace.

To the East, to the Tombs of the Khalîfs
Fresh energy takes us next day
On donkeys, by brisk Arabs driven
Down the noisy, thick-peopled highway,
The "Muski," the heart of the city,
To those sand dunes o'erlooking the town
Where the mosques, alabaster-lined, scattered
O'er the level, are slow-crumbling down.

To the East, to the Tombs of the Khalifs—

—THE DESERT AND DELTA.

Domes in plastered design fantastic,
  Tall minarets slender and white;
Below lie the mazes of buildings,
  Countless minarets taking their flight
Above the striped walls of their white mosques,
  O'er the domes, smooth and rounded, that rear
Many heads above each of the churches;
  The tall spires on the sky clear
Soar above them with mystic suggestion,
  Above the bazaars' noisy ways,
Above turbans and gowns of all colors
  Through the sun's hot and glaring noon rays,
When the streets are half-silent, deserted;
  Till Cairo wakes in the cool hours,
As the muezzins' strange echoing chanting
  Resounds from the minaret towers.

Through shaded drives bordered by corn fields
  We are taken some five miles away
To the Tree of the Virgin, still standing,
  It is claimed, from that far distant day
In the centuries past, when the Virgin
  Rested under the sycamore's shade.
How twisted the heavy-barked trunk is!
  What a stunted, gray form Time has made.
But a jasmine vine trails all about it,
  Hides the low fence around it in bloom,
And lends to the spot a sweet memory,

A subtle and gracious perfume.
Heliopolis, obelisk lonely,
Only trace of a city deep-hid,
Partly covered itself by Time's earthworks
The waving green corn fields amid.
The busy bees build in the carving
Of the characters cut in your stone,
An Arab group roasts the ripe corn ears—
A happy and bright modern tone -
Their blue robes that shine in the green fields,
The obelisk, ancient and gray,
The blending of Past and of Present
In the thick Delta life of to-day.

We hasten by train to the sea shore,
The desert walls slowly recede,
A caravan follows the old path;
We pass quickly by in our speed
Through low mud towns, each on its rough mound
Built up on its ancestor's wall,
The houses that stood there before them
Adding to the town's height by their fall;
Ever raising them up and still upward
Above the Nile's rising each year,
Looking high over stretches of flood land
Above all the danger and fear;
While profiting from the Nile's bounty
Brought down as a midsummer gift,

A drive to the mosque alabaster,
A gem on the Citadel's crown—

—THE DESERT AND DELTA.

Their food for a whole year supplying
  Their lowly condition to lift.
Alexandria, you too are fading,
  Pompey's Pillar, the brilliant bazaar;
The Egyptian ship heads to the Northward.
  No more will you seem a land far
From our knowledge, but nearer will cluster
  The places that form now a part
Of our lives, and impressions, and pleasures.
  Ah! Seeing is better than Art.

MAN AND THE WIND.

MAN.

Question: WHENCE do they come,
These sweet and gentle thoughts,
Suggestions fair and clear;
The dreamy winds
That whisper songs of joy,
Of hope or fear,
Echoing the moods
Of those who list and hear?

Musing: You always seem to sing the song
  That murmurs in my heart.
You ever bring a pleasant throng,

Which of the life a part
So great, so wondrous, forms
That in the end it seems
To banish all alarms
And whisper in my dreams.

THE WIND.

I am the thoughts of men,
So fleeting, changing so
You never know the when,
Or how, or why, or so
Of other minds; yet still
I know them every one
And clamber o'er a hill,
Or whistle to the sun,
And sing the thoughts of man;
If he be gay or sad,
Or as the streams began
In spring, deep, cool, and glad—
A mind as peaceful, fresh,
Unmoved among the wood,
But deep and with a mesh
Of sunshine that is good.
For each one I can bring
A song full, clear and sweet,
Blowing on joyous wing
The bright thoughts to your feet.

TO A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

SOMEBODY fastened you close to his heart,
  Violets, lying there crushed in the street,
Ne'er thinking that you would so soon be a part
  Of the earth, trodden over by hundreds of feet.
Too delicate, graceful, and fair to suggest
  Such an end, on the rough paving lying;
Now there is left but one hope for your rest,
  That they tread lightly on you there, dying.

ON THE PIER AT COPPET, LAKE GENEVA.

[Near the Chateau of Madame de Stael.]

LIKE a thousand stars the water shines,
  The waves lap on the shore,
The fisherman watches his fishing lines,
  The soft winds sigh, "No more!"

Less than a hundred years ago,
  In the chateau on the hill
Great men and women met to show
  What they thought was good or ill;

Politics, religion and the king,
  The literature of many lands
They questioned; gathering in a ring
  About one woman with nervous hands,

Waving a slender branch or vine
  To right and left as she talks,
Quoting some short, concisive line
  Along the shady walks.

Beyond the ivy-clad wall of stone
  Voltaire, Gibbon and Byron too,
Rested, 'tween wit and beauty thrown,
  De Stael and Recamier, those two:

The brightest woman in France was one—
  Too bright Napoleon thought,—
The other by her lasting beauty won
  The world's admiration unsought.

And when we asked a child in the street
  Who lived in the old chateau,
She answered, "Mam'selle," in accent sweet,
  And wondered we did not know,

For the countess, De Stael's niece, lives there.
  Perhaps sometimes she dreams
Of the garden peopled with voices clear,
  So real the old time seems.

Perhaps she sees her bright grand-aunt,
  Waving a branch or vine
That she nervously plucked from a creeping plant,
  Or a low-hanging, long-leaved pine.

And perhaps De Stael, beside the way,
  Picked a twig from the self-same vine,
Where I gathered a bunch of leaves to-day
  In the shade of a rustling pine.

A FISHERMAN'S SONG ON LAKE GENEVA.

On a turquoise lake,
  With a turquoise sky,
We sail away 'mong mountains high,
  On Geneva's lake,
  With a silvery wake,
Where stately swans float slowly by.

With our sails full set,
  And a dragging net,
The boat skims over the lake so wide;
  Like a swallow's tail
  Is the lateen-sail
That bears the boat on her larboard side;

Till the day is done,
  And the setting sun
Lights up the snow-peaks, lone and grand;
  O'er a sea of gold,
  With fish in the hold,
Our bark hastens on to the land.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

How dark are the shadows,
How bright is the light
That the fair moon lets fall on our land!
Beneath the dark trees
All is mystery, night;
On the smooth lawn, a shining clear band

Of silvery whiteness;
The tips of the leaves,
Transformed by the same gentle touch,
Seem growing like her
Who this radiance weaves
O'er Nature she e'er loves so much.

The tower's black outline
Against the broad walk
Is accented now by the moon.
O what would we know
If the flowers could talk,
The waves clearly whisper, the wind hums a tune

That our dull ears could hear;
That our hearts could respond
To the beauty of Nature we see!
But she is so great
In her silence, beyond
That we not yet are worthy to be.

In silent communion
She still is unseen;
Yet she dwells in each leaf bud, each flower.
However unconscious
We long may have been,
All true hearts must yield to her power;

Must watch her unceasing,
Must wonder and wait
For the blooming of each fair sweet thought
In this way, in silence,
By fragrance and light,
Are her long lasting, deep lessons taught.

THE FROZEN FOUNTAIN.

[SOPHIA, BULGARIA.]

A FOUNTAIN laughed in the sunny light,
The soft breeze hummed a song,
The birds caught bugs in the roadway bright,
And took cool draughts and long.

An old ogre came along that way,
"I'll have no mirth," he growled.
In frozen jets stood the fountain's spray;
Around the North wind howled.

He turned all the gay little birds dull brown,
Their tiny toes froze in the snow;
The ogre shook his icy crown,
And oh! how the winds did blow!

ATHENS.

The hills around the Attic plain
  Glow reddish gold in sunset lights,
And softly blue, when night again
  Creeps from the sea along the heights.

The ocean lying 'mong the isles
  Forms mirrors, framed in marble white,
Where gods perchance did see their smiles
  In shimmering, shining, crystal light.

The temple walls rise purely white,
  Like cameos on the deep blue sky,
Wrought by the jewelers of might
  Out of the earth, for praise on high.

A mighty storm of Turkish ball
  Mowed down the columns, shafts and points;
With leafy heads the pillars fall,
  To lie like reeds in broken joints.

Some stand as slender flower stalks
  Left by the mower's hasty blade,
That still wave by the barren walks
  And aisles that the sharp scythe has made.

They show how fair the harvest bloomed.
  'Twas left ungathered where it lay,
When last the cannon o'er it boomed;
  'Tis left unto the present day.

The temple walls rise purely white,
Like cameos on the deep blue sky—

—ATHENS.

Farewell, ye last enduring flowers.
  Phœbus for thee has still a care,
And patriots' tears in misty showers
  Will keep thee long from withering there.

FROST FLOWERS.

Tiny white frost flowers glinting,
  Late in spring, upon the grass
Jack Frost left, in airy printing,
  As one night he chanced to pass.

"Ah," he cried, "you say the garden
  Far more beauteous doth shine.
Pray just let me ask your pardon
  As I say more fair is mine.

"For those blossoms on the tree boughs
  Droop at last, to fade and fall.
Little time the seeking earth allows
  To hide and bury all.

"But my frost flowers in the sunshine,
  With one flash of sparkling joy,
Leaving not a trace to make us pine
  For the earth and its alloy,

"Leap into the air above them,
  Join that clear, ethereal sphere,
Far from boundaries that closely hem;
  The last moment a great tear

"For the world, its passing beauties;
Then the tear is lost in air;
Free from earth's successive duties
My flowers need no thought or care."

ON SEEING A FLOCK OF WILD DUCKS FLY OVERHEAD.

A FLASH of blue and silver,
Against the azure sky,
A flock of swift-winged wild ducks
Fly like an arrow by.

Their heads together pointed
To the Eastward move the wings,
Full extended to the breezes,
Close, compact, the whole flock clings.

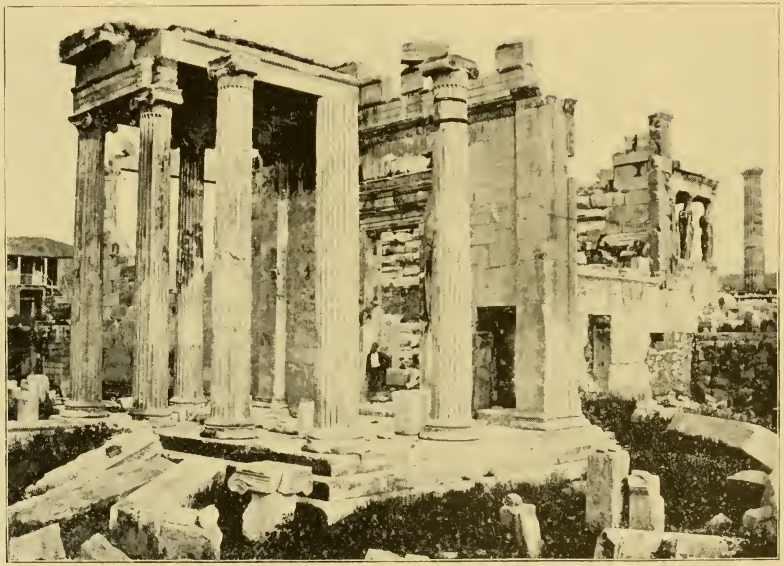
Off into the misty blueness
They are gone, a passing thought;
But the flash of blue and silver
In a memory was wrought.

THE SNOW GIFT.

WOODS against the dim sky line
Lifting branches bare of leaves,
Like a mesh of lace-work fine,
That each wild tree-spirit weaves.

A mighty storm of Turkish ball
Mowed down the columns, shafts and points.

—ATHENS.



Up above, as snowy ranges
  Seen across a calm blue sea,
Full of wonderful, fair changes
  Float the clouds, piled high and free.
So with wonder, adoration,
  To the mounts does man uplift
Heart and soul, in admiration
  Of this pure, inspiring gift.

THE SMALL HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE.

[On seeing the woodman's mark.]

'Tis best that they should cut you down
  A small horse-chestnut 'mong the forest trees.
Here is the woodman's mark—one deep, rough frown
  On the smooth bark. He is the one that frees
Each life of oak, or elm, or maple trunk.
  What life is all around!
And here the deep-brown leaves are torn and shrunk,
  From which, without a sound,
The life has fled; that lie upon the earth,
  To rest in withered heaps
Beneath this tree, whose slender girth
  Will soon be circled. How the sunshine creeps
Across the grass. And this will soon grow o'er
  The spot on which the trunk shall fall,

In floods about it will the sunshine pour,
  To warm and strengthen all.
'Tis not alone that we should live and die
  In selfish personality. The way
In which we add to this great world of life is why
  We come here; that some day,
The leaves we scattered ere we were cut down
  Flying afar may take some thought or deed
To living heart; or smooth a wayward frown
  By some act, slow-grown, from deep-fallen seed.
Then let the sunshine glow when we are gone;
  Then let the freshest flowers bloom fairer still;
Perhaps we added one bright spot—just one—
  Upon the grass-grown fields of life's green hill.

SUNRISE ON PILATUS-KULM, LAKE LUCERNE.

On Pilate's crest we stood, and looked,
  Where the first streaks of rosy light,
Behind the hills and mountains green,
  Brought them so clear-cut to our sight.

Then the pink stole around the sky,
  And through the air, superb and grand,
Rose in their everlasting snow,
  The glories of the Oberland.

Peaks upon peaks, and over all
  A chain of mountains purely white
Against that roseate, wondrous shade;
  Lonely, inspiring, awful sight!

And beautiful, ethereal,
  Like pyramids of snow they stand,
The Jungfrau, Mönch and Wetterhorn,
  The highest in the Oberland.

Then watch the light steal down the slopes,
  Turning the bluish shade to white,
While black the farther sides become;
  And looking onward to the right

The bluish shade still lingers there,
  On peaks that still in twilight stand,
Among their brothers all around,
  Not dreaming of the sunny land.

Then in the East, the red ball rose
  O'er Rigi's green and wooded crest,
To drive the silver moon away,
  And morn' star to the distant West.

Next from the valleys, there arose
  A mist, mysterious, dim and gray,
That crept up to the mountains high
  As if to hide their peaks away

From those who dared to gaze upon
  Such beauty, silent, awful, grand,
To linger at the highest shrine:
  The snow peaks of the Oberland.

ON BOARD THE "DAKAHLIAH."

[On the Mediterranean, between Alexandria and Athens.]

Could the clear sea be more fair or smooth?
  Could the cloud-islands look more white?
The ship's broad waves are the sounds that soothe,
  The surface is bathed in light.

The sky and the sea have no boundary line,
  The cloud-lands float on the blue
Of delicate shades, that with waves combine,
  In one glassy, yet changing hue.

Ripples follow the swift-going ship
  Like myriad of water bugs dark,
The broader waves with a deeper dip,
  Form many a wavering mark.

Nearer and clearer, the purple steeps
  Of the isles of Greece stand out,
Their peaks reflected in crystal deeps,
  As they lie in clusters about.

And yet how shadowy, distant, dim,
  Seem these lands dreamt of so long,

As unreal as the filmy light clouds' brim,
The isles beloved, renowned in song.

Which seem most substantial to me,
Those light cloud-lands of the sky,
Or the purple isles of the crystal sea?
I shall find out by-and-by.

TO THE STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

[AT FERNEY, NEAR GENEVA.]

A LITTLE, thin, bent-over, bright-eyed man,
Still smiling kindly, in the sunny square
Of a town that he founded and cared for himself,
In his long fur coat and powdered hair.

His hat is folded beneath his arm,
With the other he leans upon his cane,
Ever watching the people and town
That he many times rescued from famine and pain.

On this, warm, bright, beautiful autumn day,
Old women sit in the little square,
Near the wise old patriarch of Ferney—
The benefactor, philosopher, writer, Voltaire.

The children still smile to see his face;
Their grandmothers tell them of times long past

When the old man hobbled about the streets,
Watching his dear town to the last.
As I look up at the kind, bright face,
He seems to step down from his pedestal white,
To speak to the people, to visit the poor,
Then step back to his silent watch at night.

A JANUARY BREEZE.

Said the wind to a maid
He met by the way,
"Come on, come on!
Let's play, let's play!"
He twisted her veil,
He tumbled her hair,
He parted her curls
Combed out with much care,
He blew her short cape
Up over her head,
Then twisted her hat on one side.
As I've said,
It was good fun for him
Till the maid had departed,
Then the wind laughed aloud
As onward he darted.

NATURE.

My joy is by the wayside,
  Along some cooling stream,
Where sparkling waters gently glide,
  And bright waves laugh and gleam.

My joy is 'mong the flowers wild
  That lift each dainty head,
Each one a careless, happy child,
  By Nature nursed and fed.

My joy is in the forest green,
  Where moss has thickly spread
A fairy forest, rarely seen
  If one but looks o'erhead

At rustling leaves and branches
  Against the deep blue sky;
There are a thousand chances
  That it would be passed by.

Yet this is a tiny greenwood,
  Where insects small creep by,
And wonder if they ever could
  Look above a moss-tree high.

Nature now so fair and charming,
  Nature bright and full of light,
Nature changing and alarming,
  She is always to our sight

Wonderful and full of beauty,
  Grand, inspiring, full of thought,
Nature always does her duty,
  Be she charming, dark, or fraught

With a storm cloud black and fearful,
  With a smile or with a frown;
Be she cheerful, be she tearful,
  On her children she looks down.

With a tear the plants awaken,
  With a smile the flowers bloom,
With a laugh the fruit is shaken
  Ripe and glowing; and the loom

Is enriched as she grows brighter,
  And when darkest she appears,
She is making our lives lighter
  By the patient thought of years.

TO AN UNKNOWN PORTRAIT.

[Suggested by a Portrait in the National Gallery, London.]

Ye portraits on the gallery walls
  Marked down below, "Unknown;"
Ye pictures in this century's halls,
  The ages long have sown
New thoughts, new faces on the earth.
  Do you not sometimes yearn

For that dead century of your birth
  That we can scarce discern,
Seen far away by your dark eyes
  In memory's distant time?
You stand far back in shadowy size,
  You glowed once in your prime,
Upon the canvas seamed and scarred.
  Grown now so dim and dark.
None think that this your face has marred,
  But gaze at every mark,
At every stroke of painter's brush,
  Blent deep to colors rich,
And whisper "He is looking, hush!"
  Ah! can a thought, a wish,
That passes through an artist's brain
  Last when his name is gone,
When no one knows whose face is plain
  Within the frame; though but what's done
Is brought down through the centuries long?
  The eyes look clearly still,
As deeds, whose influence ever strong,
  Have lost the print of will
Which first shaped them for future walls,
  Scarce knowing what it did;
Whose looks will shine in lofty halls
  When earth itself is hid.

THE CASTLES OF THE AIR.

Lit by the half-clouded sun,
  Lofty beyond compare,
Rise in their changing traceries,
  The Castles of the Air.

Bulwarks dark and majestic,
  Towers whose heavy walls,
I know, overlook the sunshine
  That softly behind them falls.

Walls may be thick and frowning,
  Blackened by massive towers,
But over them flows the sunshine
  In happy and healthful showers.

See! see! the cloud-walls are falling,
  They sink in the distant west,
And all that is left is a pathway
  Of light, to a night's sweet rest.

OVER THE CAMPAGNA.

A TENDER blue is the noonday sky,
  Nearer the horizon, white;
Yellow the smooth Campagna's fields,
  Darker the mountain's height.

Oh, green and fresh in the distance clear
  Are the wooded Alban hills;
With their snow-white villages climbing up
  To kiss the sun, which fills

The skins of the white and purple grapes
  That heavily hang from the vines;
Ripening olives on silver trees,
  Giving the oils and wines.

A monastery shines on the mountain top
  To check the too eager race,
Who love their sunny southern slope,
  And bask in the bright sun's face;

O'erlooking the wide and winsome plain,
  Where down in the misty light,
The Rome of the present and the past
  Survives from many a fight.

That giant dome of Michael's art
  Above all lesser things,
Higher still in the wanderer's thought
  Rises ancient Rome, the wings

Of the eagle ever soaring aloft
  To guard her city old;
Though conquerors come, and conquerors go,
  Who dares loose that eagle's hold?

Rome! Rome! as ever strong,
  As ever, thou art free!
Thy ruins scorn the pilferer's touch
  And strangers ever bend the knee
Of homage, lasting long,
  To thee.

Still farther off the ocean rises,
  A blue line 'gainst the sky,
By which the first of Roman race
  Came from Troy's walls so high.

The ages glide so swiftly,
  As drops of rosy wine;
But we dream away in the golden age,
  As if we had found the mine

Of happiness, everlasting, bright,
  In a vine-clad Alban hill,
And sing away in the summer sun
  With never a thought of ill.

Forever, forever, under the vine,
  Come rest thy careworn head,
And think of naught but a whispering breeze,
  Stealing down to thy leafy bed.

THE POOR-HOUSE WINDOWS.

At seven fifteen, the fourteenth of July,
When the sun had sunk low down in the sky,
And the clouds, gold-rimmed and flecked with pink,
Seemed now to expand and now to shrink,

The poor-house windows, that high up stand
On the eastern hills, and from all the land
Surrounding are seen, began to glow,
Shining and dazzling, row upon row.

Were they on fire? All seemed so bright,
Those squares of ruddy, fiery light;
The tiny windows above the eaves
Had caught the sparkle. The sunlight weaves

A semblance of flames to the topmost points.
How long it lasts! 'Tis strange it appoints
The home of paupers to gladden and light
Before the world is left to the night.

The winter evenings must warmer be
To those who so late the sun may see;
The summer sunsets must seem more fair
As the brightness lingers and wavers there.

And now it is fading, the clouds in the west
Are silver and gray; a wind full of rest
And gentleness rustles among the trees;
The night is come and the daylight flees.

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

[OREGON.]

SUNSET on broad Columbia! Burnished gold
  Reflected from the sky's deep lighted edge,
Which mountains, bluest of the blue, enfold,
  Above the green-banked river—one long ledge
Of deepest turquoise 'neath the amber sky;
  The stream another sky, smooth glazed below;
Between four giant snow peaks, clear and high,
  Their huge forms on the sea of color throw.

Mount Helens all in snowy mantle dressed,
  A gorgeous, marble, scintillating dome,
Where rosy light her outlines have impressed—
  A perfect wave of sunset tinted foam,—
From base to summit rising o'er the range,
  Not even her white foot hidden by the hills,
Calling up thoughts and fancies new and strange
  That all the waving light with glory fills.

And then Mount Rainier, peering o'er the heights,
  To view Columbia flowing broadly by,
Though distant, clearly seen on such June nights,
  Its double point all whitely clad and high.
Mount Adams, too, is far away, its peaks
  Standing as crystal on the golden sky;
Not glorious, but purely white, it seeks
  Each color-loving, mountain-loving eye.

Mount Jefferson, the pyramid, called "Hail!"
  To Mount Hood, loveliest peak, in rosy light,
Until the sky tints growing faint and pale,
  Mount Hood, a phantom, rose up in the night.
Glorious in sunlight, delicate in shade,
  A dream of rose tints, spirit of the night,
Your beauties ever change, but never fade—
  The subtle, wondrous, beauteous power of light.

UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

Sweet and fresh is the southern breeze
Under the low-hung apple trees;
Green is the grass
To those that pass,
Under the apple trees.

Gnarled and brown are the branches old,
But robes of leaves their trunks enfold;
All is so fair,
Lingering there,
Under the apple trees.

Shadows and lights that dance and play
With the golden-rod beside the way;
Meadow all bright,
Then the fading light,
Under the apple trees.

Outlines uncertain, and gray and dim,
No one can tell which is leaf or limb.
Witching times these
In the southern breeze,
Under the apple trees.

THE CROCUS.

Though the wind is still cold
  There's a warmth in the air,
A longing to fold
  All things that are fair

In one's arms; and we seek
  In the grass for an hour,
The anemone meek
  Has not lifted her flower,

Of a delicate pink
  Shading up to pure white,
As the fair dawn, the link
  Between darkness and light.

Yet the grass has grown green
  With its transparent blades.
When held up between
  The sun, all the shades

Are fresh, delicate, clear.
  There was no other thing,
Though we sought far and near
  For the tokens of spring,

When under a tree,
  Sheltered well from the cold,
By "The Green Gate" I see
  A gay crocus, bold.

One small yellow flower
  And its grass-like green leaves
Springing up—a rich dower
  The sun sometimes weaves

Before other creations;
  A fair cloth of gold,
Worth more than all nations
  To fashion and mold.

What a message of hope,
  Of joy and content,
Growing on this green slope,
  The life earliest sent!

The evergreens watch you,
  The vines clasp your stem,
The gentlest winds touch you,
  The spring's first pure gem.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The tall shaft of the Golden Gate,
  Majestic, ushers in
To sights that long for man did wait
  In silence; or with din
Of rushing waters boiling loud,
  Of quick escaping steam,
That hangs above, a misty cloud
  Through which the fountains gleam.

In the liquid depths of a pool of green
  Shines the clear "Morning Glory,"
Beneath the surface, calm, serene,
  Its deep cup spreading, hoary
From minerals in the boiling drops
  That bubble up the stem,
Reaching below the great workshops
  That deck this strangest gem.

The geysers roar, and spout, and splash,
  From mouths of depth unknown;
Around about, the hot waves dash,
  The earth gives many a groan.

Not far away a peaceful lake
  Lies sleeping 'mong the hills,
Its azure waves a picture make
  That all the distance fills

With lights and shadows. On the Bay
  Of Naples, in the gleam,
I seem to hear the soft winds say
  'Tis an Italian dream.

The purple clouds piled fold on fold
  Across the waves so bright;
A face cut in the mountains bold,
  An Indian's, 'gainst the light
Is clear cut, black, and sharp defined.
  Then to the cañon deep,
With rainbow colors brightly lined
  On precipices steep;

Tall spires, castles, cut and worn;
  The river, far, far down,
Falling below, all rent and torn
  On rocks that glare and frown;
Torn in a thousand drops of spray,
  Snowy and clear, like pearls pure white,
Flowing fast on its bright green way
  'Mongst cliffs and crags of light.

The wonderful, the beautiful, the grand
  In this great Park of Nature find a place,
From geyser mouths to lake, and rainbow sand,
  The dark pine woods and precipices grace.

HEIDELBERG.

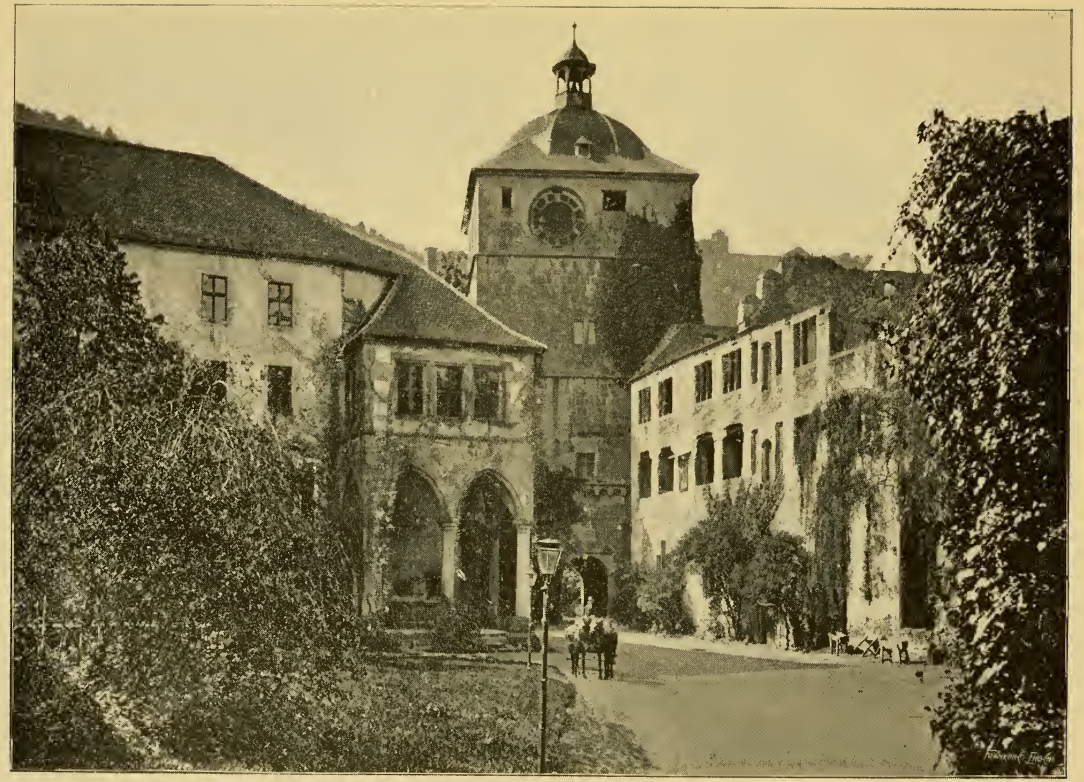
The broad low window all in light,
  The garden dim and dark,
The students, singing through the night,
  Send echoing music from the park;
The wooded hill beyond, a wall
  Of blackness, where one ray
From lofty heights its light lets fall—
  A glittering star, astray.

Morning, there is the castle old!
  That gray, majestic pile,
Last night deep-hid in shadowy fold
  Of evening's mantle, all the while.
Up by the winding, shady path
  Above the Neckar's stream;
What charm this ancient woodland hath,
  A strange mediæval dream!

"The moat is deep, the tower is high,
  The walls are still upright,
But enter, ladye, pass not by,
  At the castle gate waits a faithful knight.
Come through the great watch tower,
  The coat-of-arms, o'er the gate,
Emblem of feudal strength and power,
  Of a mighty and olden state.

Come through the great watch tower—

—HEIDELBERG.



"Rupert built this Gothic wing,
The imperial eagle carved thereon,
In fourteen hundred crownéd King
Of Rome. At Rhens he his robes put on.
Crossing the level road again,
Pause at this ancient well a time,
Upheld by columns that Charlemagne
Once placed in his palace at Ingelheim.

"Still glorious stand the inner walls,
Which emperors' statues and saints' adorn;
On their stony heads the sun's rays fall
Unbidden; no beggar more forlorn."
"Interminable seem these winding ways
Sir Knight, half-ruined, and half-walled in,
Traces of halls in better days,
And many shadowy rooms therein."

"Come to the balcony, stranger fair;
In this turret rest, look down
At the clustered houses below us, where
Is passing, the life of a modern town;
While the octagon tower above us stands,
Clasping young ivy, a century old;"
"Sir Knight!" the ladye held up her hands,
"Sir Knight! young ivy!" His brow grew cold.

"Come back to the court," he grimly said.
They passed through an archway low,

And stood, as the knight had silently led,
In the sun's last, fading glow,
Before a lofty façade, where placed
In niches, many and high,
Quaintly carved statues the spaces graced,
Princes of thrones that in dust now lie.

"My niche is there," the knight bent low,
"Farewell, 'tis my only day
In the century," wan his face did grow,
Cold his eyes; his hair was gray.
"Farewell!" The ladye, trembling, turned;
Then upward gazed from the courtyard lone—
The sun's last, lingering brightness burned
High over a knightly form of stone.

TO PIKE'S PEAK.

[From the Plain.]

GIANT of the pleasing valleys,
Sentinel of the boundless plain,
Clear-cut on a sky of azure,
Drawing o'er it clouds and rain;

Broad, majestic, red, and barren,
Boulder-strewn above the pines,
Cherishing the fairest blossoms
In its hard and rugged lines.

Peak of grandeur! Peak of beauty!
  Found a century since by Pike;
Rearing high its rocky headland,
  Seeming misty clouds to strike;

Beckoning to the snow and rain-drops,
  Clasping close each flower bright,
Till, straight looking towards the "Far West,"
  Pike's Peak bids the sun "Good Night."

DON AND I.

Of all life's countless pleasures,
  The happiest, best, beside,
That is new at each day's dawning,
  Is the early horseback ride;

With the dew-drops on the meadow
  Like meshes of pearl-strung lace,
The sunbeams slanting across them,
  The fresh breeze in your face.

We understand each other
  Fleet-footed Don, and I.
What rides we have had together
  When no one else was nigh!

Over the windy hilltops,
  On through the wood's deep shade,

Stopping to pick a blossom,
  Or rest in a sunny glade;

Don, with a thoughtless freedom,
  Eating the flowers of gold,
That I try to pick on the saddle
  From their tall stalks. When the cold

Has driven the last blooms southward,
  O'er the hard and frosty way
We will speed, till the glow of the motion
  Has tempered the cold of the day.

Oh! nothing can freshen the spirits,
  Or rest hand and foot in an hour,
As a ride through the woods and the meadows
  In their beauty of leaf, twig and flower.

TO AN OLD SATCHEL.

[Covered with Foreign Hotel and Custom-house Posters.]

Old satchel! old satchel! all covered with scars,
  With bruises and scratches,
  You've been through the wars;
Have traveled on high seas, and tumbled in cars;
  Been thrown down the hatches
  Through all kinds of snatches;
Gone headlong in 'buses, and would have seen stars.

Full often, if only you'd had heels or head;
Yet still you have patches
That do well instead;
For they show in large letters where'er you were led;
Some stuck close in batches,
Some round, the eye catches;
And all advertising in gold, white, or red.

Far Constantinople first here has its due
On one side; 'tis interminably long,
And evidently greatly despises the hue
Of the large round Hanover patch of bright blue
That it doesn't think there should belong;
Considering it still a great wrong
Not to stand 'mong a far Eastern few.

Close by, a small stamp of Verona proclaims
The town of love songs and romance,
Of faithful, brave knights and beautiful dames,
And thought brings up many fair names
That those noted dramas enhance,
Where, seen by a lingering glance,
Is the "balcony," famous and old window frames.

There's a custom-house mark on this same battered side,
And with chalk you are pretty well "cus'd;"
But don't this respectable satchel deride,

There are some other stains, worn leather beside,
And a good deal of most ancient dust;
An ink stain, if tell it I must;
Its catches still shine with deep pride.

Then there's one with the Pyramid, Sphinx and the Nile;
Next it Berne, with a bear;
And a yellow one which, in the greatest of style,
Has Dresden upon it. And many a mile
Has it gone. 'Tis a curio rare,
Preserved with surprising good care
'Twill be pensioned, and then put on file.

A MEMORY OF THE "IONIA."

"THE Plain of Troy!" the captain said.
We stood beside him on the bridge,
And looked where many a Grecian led
His warriors brave. Far off a ridge
Of mountains rose against the blue;
Between the slopes and restless sea
Green grasses sparsely scattered grew
Upon the level, far as we
Could gaze; a few trees, where a stream
Wound from the hillside to the shore.
Your head on the ship's rail, sit and dream
Of Greece and Troy in days of yore.

Now along the narrow street,
Crossed with high and slender stepping-stones
Touched by gay Pompeiian feet.

—Naples and Pompeii.

NAPLES AND POMPEII.

Before I visited the city,
  I had read on Naples bay,
With passion born of nearness,
  Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;"

In the warm Italian sunlight,
  Shining white the curving shore,
Green the hill of Posilipo,
  Blue and smooth the bay's wave-floor.

Sparkling as if set with jewels
  In mosaics' thousand tints,
From the whitest, clearest ripples,
  To the deepest, bluest dints.

Far out rises rocky Capri,
  Purple at the early morn,
When the bay is filled with fishing boats;
  Then the brighter lights adorn

Its high crests with greenest foliage;
  Sunset comes. It fades again
Into dreams the most delicious,
  Resting to the heart and brain.

Oh, dear Naples, how I love thee!
As I walk beside the shore,
Even when the skies are threatening,
And the waves, with sullen roar,

Beat against the rocky barrier,
Tossing up the foaming spray;
'Gainst the shore they beat far higher
On the last day of Pompeii.

Black Vesuvius lowered over,
Clothed in clouds of twisting smoke;
Then the restless earth was shaken,
All its sleeping powers awoke;

And the hot and seething lava
Covered Herculaneum soon;
Stifling ashes showered over,
All the hot air seemed to swoon.

Ashes sifted to the sea shore,
Buried deep each narrow way
In the rich, the brilliant city,
Gay and laughing, bright Pompeii.

'Twas the end. Yet look, the city
Has come back, back from the dead!
Though the people fled in terror,
Saved themselves, here in their stead

Lived the town. They long have perished,
  But the city, saved to-day
By Vesuvius; for in this time
  'Twould have surely passed away.

Here the Forum stands as ever,
  A great, level, stone-paved space;
Broken columns all around it,
  At one end the temple's face,

Steps that lead up to the altar;
  Now along the narrow street,
Crossed with high and slender stepping-stones
  Touched by gay Pompeiian feet.

Here the chariots rolling over
  Wore a deep and lasting rut;
All the house walls still are standing;
  Floors are paved; rooms frescoed, but

All is silent. Yes, 'tis truly
  But a "city of the dead,"
Though the sun seeks to revive
  Its roofless homes. A flower's head

Peeps between the stones and mortar.
  Bright the frescoed gods and wreaths,
Kept beneath the close-packed ashes;
  Standing here one quickly breathes

The fresh air, and sometimes glances
  Toward the mountains and the bay,
But the thoughtless "lazzaroni"
  Never think of that sad day.

In this garden Glaucus rested!
  Watched the tortoise's dull track
(The tortoise, found, is now at Naples),
  Watched it creeping forward, back;

And without the walls a villa
  On the stately street of tombs,
Where each monument elaborate,
  White and square, still proudly looms;

Villa of the rich old Diomede,
  Larger in its court and hall
Than the houses of the city,
  Overgrown the stones and wall

With white flowers sweet as honey,
  Waving grass, and thick-grown weed;
Crumbling are the doors and stairways
  That to rooms deserted lead.

But 'tis peopled by the shadows
  Of the ones who passed away
Or fled, frightened, from the city
  On the last day of Pompeii.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

THE triple stars in Orion's belt
  Flitter, and flicker, and gleam,
While under the trees so dreamily
  Streams the glowing moon's soft beam;
There, in a sky of azure deep,
  Are set the gems of night,
Brighter than diamonds, more lasting, true,
  In their softening, watching light;
Fairer than diamonds, yes, fairer by far
  These jewels of all mankind,
Lightening, sparkling, brightening,
  Come hither, come seek and find;
Come into the glorious starlight,
  And breathe in the noiseless tale,
That the stars are forever singing
  To the moonlight, pure and pale.

A STRING OF GREEK BEADS.

[Bought at Athens, Greece.]

WHAT hangs from the cabinet's corner there?
  A string of smooth-worn beads,
Shining from fingers' constant wear,
  Pierced, oblong, hardened seeds.

'Tis the plaything of the modern Greek,
  Not the child, but the man; as he talks,
A restless motion his smooth hands seek,
  As he waits for a friend, or walks

At a leisurely pace, in an Athens' square
  Where each political view
Of the many parties, and how they fare,
  Is discussed in daily review.

On the shaded deck of an East-bound ship
  The Hellenic captain stands,
And as he watches the rise and dip
  Of the prow, the beads in his hands

Rattle, as nervously to and fro
  He slips them from hand to hand,
When the warm South winds with softness blow
  From the shores of the Afric land.

'Twas down at the foot of Hermes street
  In an Athens' corner shop
We chanced an obliging man to meet,
  For, though oft the beads would drop

As we helped him to string them on stronger cords,
  He picked them up every one,
And bade us farewell with unknown words
  When his trade with us was done.

So, on the cabinet's corner there,
  Hangs one of those selfsame strings;
Where are its former comrades? where?
  In the land where Sappho sings.

SUNSET.

Out of the meadow springing,
  Sweet clover, white and red;
Bees for their honey winging,
  Where the daisy waves its head;

Graceful and slender yarrow
  Its rounded spray uplifts;
The grass blades, straight and narrow,
  Toss ever in shining rifts.

The orchard, beyond the woodland,
  Deep green on the fair blue sky,
Where the snowy banks of a cloudland
  Float, slowly dissolving, by.

The peaks of an Alpine chain they seem,
  Heaped up to a dizzy height;
The Oberland in a gentle dream,
  Fairer than dreams of night.

The Meramec hills in the amber West
  Stand out in deep blue lines;
Of all fair sights, home sights are best,
  Where restfulness combines

With beauty of the day and night,
  The sunshine and the moon,
The cooling woods, the flowers bright,
  The charming hours of June.

AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.—NAPLES.

[After a visit to the region about Lake Avernus, near Naples.]

To Virgil's Tomb we wend our way,
  Through vines trained high in garlands green,
Studded with white and purple fruit,
  And olive trees of silver sheen.

Up to a hollow in the hill,
  Above a busy Naples' street;
But quiet, restful, shaded, lone,
  Steps worn but by true pilgrims' feet,

For the path is steep, and the hill is high,
  Three children show the way
To a ruined mound, in a crevice deep,
  Where once was placed a poet's clay.

Till Cape Misenum rose in sight—

AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.—NAPLES.

The niches round the low arched room
  Are empty. Not a single trace
Of urns or pillars, snowy white,
  That once this ruined tomb did grace.

But garlands twine, and vines wreathe round
  The openings made in roof and wall
To honor him who sung of fields,
  And woods, and bravest heroes all.

By his deft hand long fallen Troy
  Rises again before our eyes;
From the wooden horse pour forth the Greeks,
  Through the dark street Æneas hies

With old Anchises on his back,
  The boy Iulus by his side,
While following close upon his steps
  His patient wife does silent glide.

And then they sailed upon the sea,
  They wandered North, and South, and West,
Driven by storms and hardest fates
  From shore to shore without a rest

Till Cape Misenum rose in sight, (Bay of Baiæ)
  And Cumæ's white and jagged hill,
They gladly landed on the beach,
  And resting, ate and drank their fill.

But good Æneas hastened on
  To find the Sibyl, old and gray,
In Cumæ's rock beside the shore,
  To ask, to beg, the hidden way,

Reaching far down to Pluto's realms
  Where old Anchises long did roam;
The Priestess pointed to the wood
  That closed about her dreary home.

"Search for the golden branch," she cried,
  "And if your life be pure and right,
'Twill yield with ease unto your hand,
  Then bring it back to me at night."

Æneas sought the dark grove through,
  And after struggles, long and deep,
Found the bright branch, upon a tree
  That grew along the hillsides steep

'Round dread Avernus' gloomy lake.
  The aged Sibyl led him down,
Where in the rock a passage long
  Pierced to the place of dread renown.

Through caverns long and high they went,
  Down, down a steeper, narrower way,
Until they reached the blackest Styx,
  Far from the warm, clear light of day.

Holding aloft the golden branch,
  Hero and Sibyl on the brink,
Beguiled the boatman of the dead
  Until, before he half could think

That living forms were moving o'er
  The wave, forbidden but to shades,
They reached the distant, gloomy shore,
  Where memory of the past, that fades

So quickly in this busy life,
  Still lives in forms of deepest woe,
And farther on in brightest light,
  Here meet again the friend and foe.

Ah! many are the pictures strange,
  And beautiful and thrilling too,
That this great poet gave to us.
  He stands among the shining few.

Farewell, ye vineyards, olives, pines!
  Farewell, green Posilipo's hill!
Your memory is a golden dream,
  That long and oft my thoughts will fill,

With scenes so fair, so lovely, bright;
  With breath of oleanders, pines;
With sweetest grapes of clearest hue,
  With Virgil's everlasting lines.

THE RAINBOW AT LUCERNE.

It rained all day at fair Lucerne,
  The clouds hung o'er the mountains high,
Pilatus wore his cap of gray,
  Like molten lead the lake did lie.

But suddenly the sun broke through,
  And flooded all the lake with light,
The slopes of Rigi, smooth and clear,
  Was ever such a sight!

A rainbow spanned the lake of green,
  And stretched its ends from shore to shore,
Arch over arch of colors bright,
  Surpassing sights of ancient lore.

Full twenty minutes joined the banks,
  And covered lake, and mount, and town
With a sheen so wonderful, so grand,
  It seemed the light had all come down

From every part of earth and sky
  To make this picture, wondrous, bright,
To join a hundred thousand drops
  In one grand spectacle of light.

And soon old Pilate raised his head
  To cast aside the mist of gray;
The sun shone brightly on his crest,
  The lake was dark no more that day.

ON LAKE LUCERNE.

I saw a stalwart youth to-day
In trousers short, and alp array,
The Edelweiss was in his hat.
Do you suppose he climbed for that?

Or rushed up Rigi's sloping side,
For surely 'tis a thrilling ride!
Then bought the flowers at Vitznau town
To win a passing brief renown?

TO A GERMAN HELMET.

[A PICTURE OF STRASSBURG.]

Your polished, flashing, rounded crown
Shines in the streets of every town
In German land; where music calls
The loiterers to the doors and walls,
And lines of glistening guns file down
The quaint streets of an ancient town.
'Tis war, war, war, where'er you go;
Each talks and dreams of vanquished foe,
And half the men you chance to meet
Wear uniforms. The drum's loud beat

Awakens one at break of day,
When rural guards take their brisk way
Along the roads, for march at morn,
And later, all dust-soiled and worn,
But making merry music still,
Return to barracks on the hill.
You gleam on every soldier strong
Who proudly walks among the throng,
Erect, unmoved in face, beneath
The shining steel; with sword in sheath
Clanging upon the paving stones,
Reminding one of heroes' bones.
How you are polished by his hand
To flash at concerts, in this land,
Where every open, shaded space
Is set with tables and a place
For music! There the helmets shine
As swiftly passes rosy wine,
And more of beer than aught else known.
Where are there enough hop vines grown
For German beer? Music, and war,
And beer, the occupations are;
And so the helmet sees it all,
But will it ever hear a call
To war again? That time is past;
But still the helmet long will last,
And many years will soldiers drill
Within the barracks on the hill.

THE JUNGFRAU.

[FROM INTERLAKEN.]

JUNGFRAU,
Spotless brow,
Mantle white,
Smoothest slope,
Radiant with hope,
Glorious sight.

Peering out,
Dispelling doubt,
Awe-full at dawn,
Dazzling fair
'Mid earth and air,
Outline clear-drawn.

Mountains gray
Guard the way,
In the valley deep,
Dark with trees,
O'er which one sees
The snowy steep.

Down that green vale
It rises pale,
Bride of the Day,
Soaring above,
As perfect love,
Beauteous alway.

An Alpine rose
When sunset glows
In deepening light;
An edelweiss
Against the skies
Of darkening night.

Snowy heights burning,
Deep-tinted turning,
Twilight here, sunlight there,
Vision so bright,
Wondrously white
Through the clear air.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

[Suggested by the discovery that January and June were missing in a package of old magazines.]

JANUARY and June are gone!
  Did they run away together?
How could they join their wayward hands—
  Such different kinds of weather?

Among the fair month-sisters
  They never were known to agree.
Why should they have decided
  As friends and companions to flee?

'Tis wonderful beyond measure,
  And if, in the coming year,
June is a trifle wintry,
  A trifle chilling and drear,

Or New Year a trifle sultry
  And warm in the midst of the day,
You will know that they went together
  And together have lost their way.

A SMALL ROMAN LAMP.

Of what Roman's head do you bear the stamp,
Tiny, earthen, red-brown hand-lamp?
A shallow, circular, rounded bowl,
Shaped for the wick at one end, with a hole;
At the other with handle for finger and thumb,
Oh, head of a Roman, why are you dumb?
The light that flared from the opening small,
Beside your head, lit floor and wall,
Or a soldier's face, or a monk's sad eye,
Or a lounger that near your flame passed by.
Perchance the porter at palace gate
Was cheered by your gleam at an hour late,
As he waited his master or guarded the door
In troublous times. Perchance on the floor—
A cold stone floor—you were placed below
The shrine of a god, and flickering low,

You shone on the walls with statues graced,
In a temple the "Sacra Via" faced,
A way that the king with pomp did tread
From the Capitol Hill (called from "Caput," head)
To the Arch of Titus, with structures lined,
The fairest marbles that Rome could find.
Here is the Vestal Virgins' shrine;
There, above on the hill, combine—
To form an imposing ruined mass—
The palace homes of the highest class
Of ancient Rome. Whence did you come?
Yes, you will be forever dumb;
But I know you were bought in a Roman street,
I know you have guided a Roman's feet,
I know you were molded from Roman clay
And have seen the light of a Roman day.

LIFE'S GARDEN.

He who his own self does conquer
  Wins the world at one quick blow,
Never is the way so crooked
  That he cannot make it grow

Straight and clear, a pleasant pathway
  Through a garden bright and long;
Keep it always fresh with roses;
  Root out each weed small but strong.

Think not that this is a garden
  Hedged around by high stone walls,
Where no pleasures gaily wander,
  Where no sunshine warmly falls.

'Tis all open, sweet with flowers.
  Gladness comes like sunshine down,
As the owner, ever seeking,
  Pulls up each tough weed's dark frown.

So all life will glow and blossom
  With no wilderness of weeds;
Bright, and ever stronger growing
  From the well-sown, early seeds.

If you think the one who wrote this
  Doesn't know enough, just look
For the facts I've briefly mentioned,
  In a larger gardening book.

FIRENZE.

[FLORENCE.]

Upon the broad Lungarno
  A stranger walked that day
In the fairest of art cities,
  Beside the level way,
Now stopping where a stone wall
  Invited him to rest,

To watch the gentle Arno
  Float slowly towards the West.
A bridge here spans the river,*
  So the houses ever meet,
And the shops, built close together,
  O'er the waters form a street.
Little shops with gay, bright trinkets,
  Filling windows cramped and small.
Stranger still, above the housetops,
  On the roof, is built a hall
For dark portraits old and stately,
  Joining galleries large, and hung
With the gems of many ages;
  Statues too, that had been flung
From their pedestals in battle,
  Covered with the dust of years,
Found by workmen digging deeply;
  Some were given with oaths and tears
In a country, fallen, conquered
  By imperial Rome's strong hand;
Some were chiseled from the native rock
  By the genius of this land.
Brave Niobe and her children
  Brought together here again,
In their varying expressions,
  Gaze with hope or cry with pain.
Portraits of the popes and painters;

* Ponte Vecchio.

Flora, with her golden hair;*
Countless others by old masters,
But not one so glorious, fair,
As Murillo's grave Madonna
In the Pitti. Faint lights gleam
Round the Virgin's head mysterious.
'Tis a vision and a dream.
On he walked through echoing hallways,
Studied gems and the array
Of carvings, caskets, marbles,
Wealth of a far-distant day.
Out in the Boboli Gardens,
Stately paths and walls and trees,
And long arbors formed by branches,
Marble nymphs that gaily seize
Bunches of the crisp brown leaves.
Summer time has passed away,
Gentle autumn now is coming,
Earth has donned a bright array.
You may wander by the river,
You may wander through the park;
Speechless stand before the Duomo
Snowy, chiseled, cut and marked
In a thousand airy tracings,
Figures, faces, twisting shafts;
At the Baptistery doorways
Whose closing softly wafts

* Titian.

A thought of the great Michael:
  They, in shining bronze, were fit
For the doors of Paradise.
  That gilt is worn off, but still lit
With the deep words of the sculptor.
  His house not far away*
Reveals the home-life of the artist
  On canvas, stone. What can we say?
For the man was learned in many arts,
  Each of which one deems great.
Here he lived. His tiny workshop,
  Tools, pen, carvings—all relate
To his strong life in its chilhhood,
  Ere the Moses of his art
Came to life—most stern of statues,
  Grandly formed, it stands apart
In one's thoughts from works of marble.
  Others lived here. In the square
By the Church of Santa Croce
  Dante stands with stately air:
On his head a wreath of laurel,
  Round his form a flowing gown.
What a profile for a sculptor!
  Some as equal in renown
Within Santa Croce's shadows
  Lie to dream the years away.
Rossini, Michael, Galileo.

* Casa Buonarotti.

Ne'er will the clear southern day
Shine again upon their faces;
But our thoughts have grown more clear,
And our hearts become the warmer
As we see their works, or hear
The great thoughts that were for others.
When their forms had passed away
To the dim, dark Santa Croce,
Earth was given its brightest day.

TO A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I WONDER how many thoughts you hold
Confided by pages torn?
How many secrets you could unfold,
And messages many adorn
With words that lay between the lines,
Flying out as the paper parted;
Dates and numbers, and mystic signs
Set free by a tear, and started
On a whirling journey round and round
In the basket? How many a thought,
Stately or merry, with bow or bound,
As the mood of the writer taught;
Till with half-closed eyes I seem to see
An incense rise in the air
From all these messages set free
By each little cut or tear:

An incense that blends in a rosy mist,
  For I'll dream all the words were kind.
The unkind ones that have been missed
  I shall try hard never to find.

HISTORIC LEAVES.

[GERMAN CASTLES.]

WHERE'ER there stands a ruin high
Rearing its huge tower to the sky,
Thick vines of ivy o'er it creep;
Now falling in a daring leap

From some old casement deep and barred,
By weather, time, and long war scarred;
Now with its leaves the sturdy plant
Glides up the walls, all sunk and slant,

And hides the cracks and openings wide
With strong tough branches side by side.
The stones between look grander still,
Decked with the vine, as does the hill

Which, clothed in woods of cooling green,
And bare crags shining gray between,
Ne'er tries the eye with all sides rough,
And intersperses green enough

To make it all a grand fair scene
Of rocks and woods and treetops green.

Then let the ivy ever cling,
Ye ruins of which poets sing!

It clings about your hoary walls,
As do the legends of those halls
Where knights so brave all things did dare,
Long fought, long sought, and oft did swear

Allegiance to their prince or king.
Of those times did the minstrels sing;
But 'tis far best to sit and dream
Beside a sparkling, singing stream,

And look up at a castle old
Among the waving pine trees bold;
And let the legends wander by,
Up through the forest, dark and high,

While all the tales are gently sung
By Nature's minstrel, ever young;
While flags wave on the castle wall,
And mysteries lurk in pine trees tall.

MIND PICTURES.

'Tis very queer
How plain, how clear,
Past scenes are to the mind.
True nature bright,

Bathed in sunlight,
Our brains can ever find.

The water shines,
The wave combines
In thousand glistening hues;
The cobble stones,
So hard on bones,
Even through the thickest shoes.

A shining dome,
A morning's roam
Through some gray, ancient street;
A tiny shop
Where we did stop;
Stones touched by heroes' feet.

A shady wood
Where statues stood,
So slender, white and fair;
A waving palm,
The sea so calm,
A winding, stony stair.

An Arab guide
With stately stride;
A donkey's jingling chain;
A Bedouin wild
Who gaily smiled;
An ancient ruined fane.

The purple isles,
The misty miles,
The ruins white as snow;
A carrier strong,
A careless song;
Then how the winds did blow!

A fountain old,
A story told,
The Danube's yellow stream;
A picture fine,
A mystic sign,
The sea's rough, sullen gleam.

The mist and smoke,
A passing joke,
The fresh green English fields.
A last farewell,
A tinkling bell;
The sea my pencil wields.

A clear bright morn,
A star forlorn,
The rippling wave and foam;
Fire Island Light,
A glorious sight;
America, my home.

SWANNANOA.

[Near Ashville, N. C.]

FIERY glows the Southern sunset,
  Black the distant range, outlined
On the day's most beauteous story
  By night's waving heights defined;
Up and upward, sinking, rising
  Till Mount Pisgah's tree-decked throne
Culminates the ebon background,
  Where the sun sets wild and lone.

Nearer, nearer, as the distant
  Peaks are darkened, in the light
Round hills autumn-decked are shining,
  As some glorious jewel might;
Red oak, spots of blazing crimson,
  Maple, gold and rich among
Browner leaves, or where a huge pine
  Cool green, near the light is flung.

Swannanoa, winding, silent,
  At our feet, among the wood,
On where shallow stretches ripple,
  And the black-skinned fisher stood.
Swannanoa, Swannanoa,
  Sliding, gliding through the hills;
Underneath the horses treading,
  How each hoof-beat splashes, trills

At the deep and shady fording,
Close beside a farm-house gray,
Bare and leaning, chimney crumbling,
Standing there as if to say,
"Wind on river in your steep banks,
Laugh on, I must leave you soon,
For your life is always morning,
Mine has lingered long past noon.

"Mine is fading, as the boarding
Of my shaking walls and roof,
Man will soon with caution leave me,
Nature will not stand aloof.
So, as long as my head rises
O'er your moving, singing way,
Will you greet me at the dawning
Of each long and dreamy day?"

"Greet you!" trilled the singing river,
"'Tis my place in life to greet
Every friend, and every stranger
On my way I chance to meet.
For the earth's deep beauties ever
Mirrored are within my eyes,
Grace and joyousness of Nature
That in my heart never dies.

"Soft the winds that tell of mountains,
Sweet to me leaves floating by,

And the field-flowers looking downward
At my image of the sky.
Every singer's song is tender,
Sinking deep into my ear,
I shall greet thee then as ever,
True is Nature, do not fear."

ATTIC FANCIES.

SLOWLY the headlands rear above the waves,
Softly the storied sea the deep hull laves,
Slender, on hills red-white, in lasting peace
Stand your fair ruins, ever charming Greece,
Oh! the first marble temple that we saw,
Wrapped round in ancient, all-pervading awe;
Then rose the city of the Attic plain,
And all its history was lived again:
Lives, lives of past war ages, how they flocked
Upon that sunny plain, when Fancy knocked
At stern Reality's fast-crumbling door,
Where cold, clear facts can never enter more.
Drop your anchor in the round, deep-sheltered bay
"The Piræus," port of Athens of to-day,
Then take the road that still leads to the town,
Between the sites of twin-walls crumbled down
That joined the fortress city to the bay.
How many, many feet have trod the way!

How many hearts, upon the plain
Have throbbed and sobbed, nor lived their lives in vain.
Though modern Athens is but young and small,
There lie ruins under many a fresh stone wall.
Tower of the Winds, and market, ye have told
Tales that long were buried in the hidden fold,
The many centuries' growth of earth and wall,
But in Greece the new, before the old, must fall.

There you stand within your violet hill-crown,
Acropolis, on ruins looking down,
Where theaters and temples round your base
Cling close to the vast, towering hill's face,
Made stronger by a thick, high Turkish wall,
Built from fragments of the Parthenon's sad fall;
Nor can time, nor enemy destroy the rest.
In Athena's home much lingers, to the west,
All that double row of columns on the front.
The middle walls and pillars bore the brunt
Of explosives stored by careless Turkish hands,
Lit by bombs from Venice's besieging bands.
The Parthenon! The Parthenon! A mad,
Unreasoning fury comes, a dreaming sad
Of what you once were, what you still might be,
If only Greece from Turks had e'er been free;
Stately, though broken; beauteous, though half-rent;
Wondrous in strength and power, never spent.
No man could look upon your glorious face

And, looking, say you needed one more grace.
And turning round, another temple fair,
But slender, smaller, with Ionic air,
The tomb of Erectheon joyous stands,
As if to lead the soul to fairer lands;
'Twere hard to find on earth a brighter plain,
A bluer sea, or more aspiring fane.
By the Propylæa, columned, massive gate,
Is the temple where an old man once did wait
For white or black sails, winging home from Crete,
Where Theseus and the Minotaur did meet.
Black sails Ægæus saw: his son was dead!
The cliff below was soon his dying bed.
He leaped the parapet: forgetfulness
To change the sails: for Athens, one man less.
The "Wingless Victory" temple to the sea
Looks ever, wondering how old is he,
For in blue and shining radiance he lay
From her first remembrance unto this new day.

The unfruitful sea! What traces you do wear
Of all life's varied happenings you bear
Across your waves? No message can we trace
Upon your vast and ever-changing face.
A tiny piece of land holds all the story.
You toss your weather-beaten, long locks hoary;
Perhaps you tell it all in unknown tongue.
Each wave that on the hard sand beach is flung

May be a chapter from an epic, wrought
By all the battles on the wide sea fought,
And every wave that gently slips along
In summertide may murmur a sweet song
Of galleys decked in purple and rich gold,
The splendor of the Greeks and Romans old.
Yet we can grasp the story of the land;
It slips not ever from our questioning hand—
'Tis not the same wave, but the self-same stone
That wears upon it each past century's tone.

SUNRISE OFF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Dawn was shimmering on the broad wave,
  Day was breaking o'er the sea,
That Marmora's isles with light did lave,
  And forced gray mists to flee.

The Asian headlands far off rose;
  Now up above the foam
Of Bosphorus, there radiant glows
  Each shining snowy dome,

Each minaret-point of sparkling gold
  'Mid gardens green and fair,
That all the wealth of tints enfold
  In shades deep, warm and rare.

A stairway grand on either bank
  Of the winding Golden Horn—
Palaces, mosques high, rank on rank,
  Jewels that might adorn

A way leading up to Allah's throne
  From emerald wave to turquois crest,
Each step a shining, snowy stone,
  Which no earthly feet have pressed;

Set deep in lapis-lazuli green,
  The glancing sky tint of sparkling beryl,
'Mid alabaster's transparent sheen,
  And the tear-drop clouds of misty pearl.

O, Constantinople, the shrine of the East,
  Mirrored fair in the shimmering sea,
All breathless we bow at this rich color feast
  Too softly enchanting to be.

ALEXANDRIA.

[EGYPT.]

Out of the sea there rises
  A stretch of yellow sand—
One of those swift surprises,
  The first faint sight of land.
No mountains towering upward,
  No cliffs bleak on the shore,
But only a desert landward

And the delta's field-decked floor;
Only a modern city
Despoiled of its ancient fame,
Once the seat of brave and witty,
In far lands full great in name.
Built in a sunny corner
Where sea, desert and delta meet,
All the wealth of the Nile to adorn her,
Was laid at her proud white feet.
To Ptolemy first, scholars seeking,
Sailed to that long unknown shore
Where, in Egypt, Greek rulers were speaking,
Who had opened the land's long-closed door.
From all countries the kings sought to borrow
Much valued, historical pages,
Which to the world's infinite sorrow
Are lost to enquiring ages.
The greatest books Ptolemy treasured,
To the owners sent copies well-penned,
With a sum of gold, carefully measured,
That complaints they might never dare send.
Its volumes by thousands were numbered,
With worth far too great to be known.
When eleven Greek Ptolemies slumbered
To a wonder world-wide it had grown.

Cleopatra, not the least of your mad wiles
In result, came to pass, on that day

When Cæsar, urged on by your false smiles,
  Burned your brother's armed fleet in the bay.
'Twas war time: the red galleys floated
  To the shore, the hot fire soon spread—
All was lost of the library noted,
  On the world's riches fast the flames fed.
From your granaries you squandered the corn-wealth;
  From your people you taxed the last breath,
Not for buildings, for army, for truth, health,
  But a song and a dance to the death.
'Tis not your mad life that I most mourn,
  Nor the heroes whose cards you did play,
But peasants, poor, half-clothed, forlorn,
  And armies you turned in a day.
The face of the conflict you oft changed,
  In Asia, in Rome, and in Greece,
Your influence o'er the wide seas ranged,
  In the end, only death brought you peace.

We wander through narrow, bright highways—
  They say 'tis Mahomet's birthday—
Down crowded and noisy, dark byways,
  Hung with lamps, flags and broad awnings gay;
In the midst, Pompey's Pillar, the only
  Tall monument left on the sand:
Thoughtless present, and gray past so lonely
  Mingling close, at the gates of the land.

NATURE'S SONG.

EACH life is but a tone
  In Nature's perfect song.
We each can do alone
  Our part in the great throng;

Alone, but in the song so great
  A place it well must hold,
Adding one more tone to create
  A melody of gold.

Each life adds something more
  To Nature's endless tune,
A thought, a word, to pour
  In joyous notes, that soon

Swell louder as the nations grow
  In heart, in mind, in soul,
Rising to high notes from the low,
  To make the perfect whole.