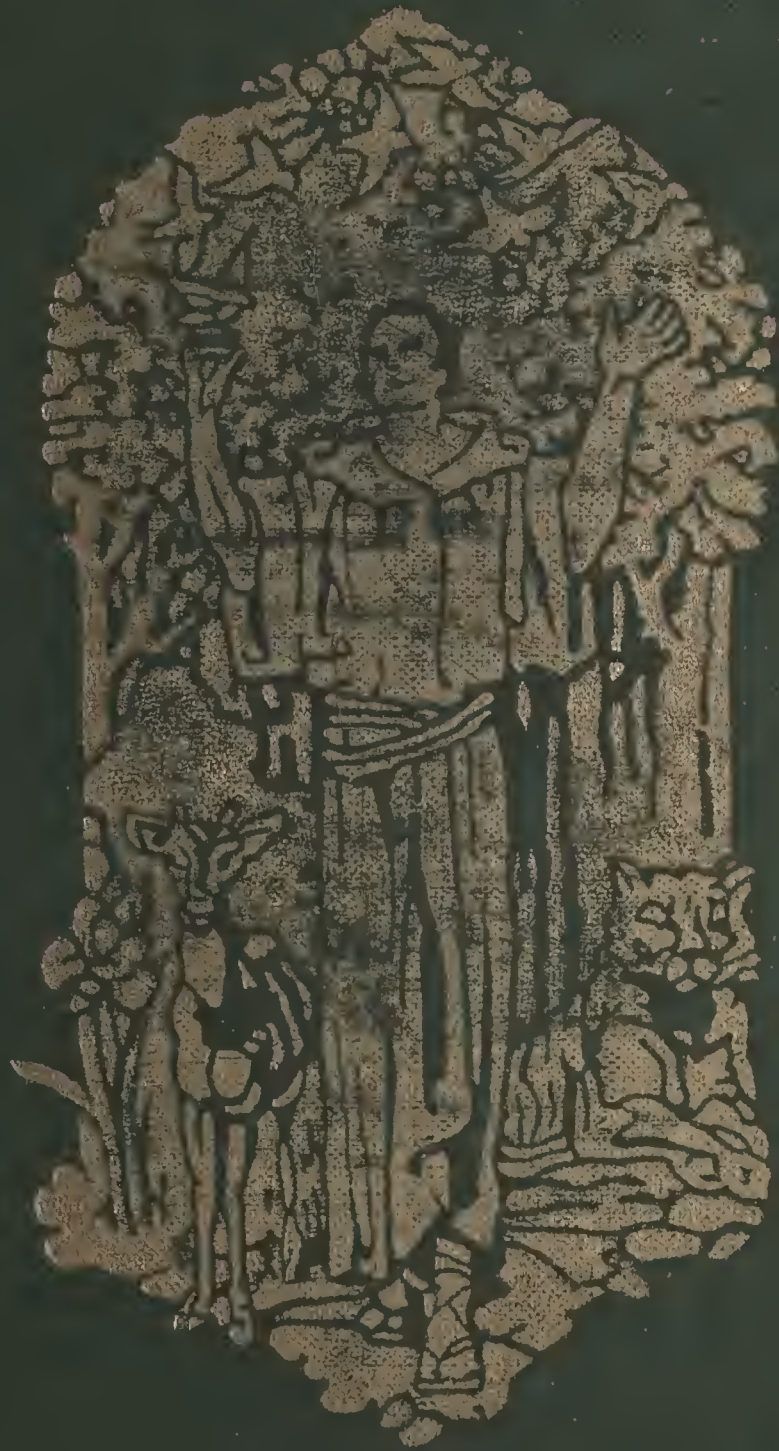


# POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS



FRANCES  
• E •  
CLARKE



Class PN 6110

Book A7C6

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> copy 2

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**

GPO









## POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

*An anthology of justice and mercy  
for our kindred in fur and feathers*









POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS.

# POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

*An anthology of justice and mercy  
for our kindred in fur and feathers*

Collected and edited by  
**FRANCES E. CLARKE**

With an introduction by  
**EDWIN MARKHAM**  
*Author of "The Man With the Hoe"*

ILLUSTRATED BY W. F. STECHER



BOSTON  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

Copy 2

PN 6110  
A7C6  
copy 2

Copyright, 1927  
By LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD Co.

*All Rights Reserved*

POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS



Printed in U. S A.

**Norwood Press**  
BERWICK & SMITH CO.  
NORWOOD, MASS.

APR 12 '27

*f*

© Cl A967751

*Dedicated*  
*To the memory and achievement of*

**HENRY BERGH**  
*(1813 – 1888)*

*First pioneer in humane work in the United States*  
*and*

*Founder and first President of*  
*The American Society*  
*for the*  
*Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*

M.F. 25/20-127.



## FOREWORD

THE quest for poems for this anthology has provided convincing proof that the poetry of the early English-speaking centuries is lacking in the spirit humane. Down to the middle of the eighteenth century no poet voices protest against cruelty to the lower creatures as did Montaigne in French literature, two hundred years before. Out of the ranks of the poets who sought inspiration in nature, birds, and the more beautiful of the wild animals, as the deer, no champion of humaneness arises till the age of romanticism. Occasionally a gentle note is heard, but it is quickly lost in the mighty orchestration of classical content and form. James Thomson in *The Seasons* makes ready the way. In his criticism of this work, Samuel Johnson remarks: "The reader of *The Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never felt what Thomson impresses."

Cowper and Burns are the first to denounce man's inhumanity to birds and other animals, and even to the lowest forms of life.

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and  
fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm,"

declares Cowper. And Burns, with a sob in his voice, cries in *The Wounded Hare*:

"Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,  
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye."

In gentler strain Burns quickens sympathy for helpless creatures with here a line and there a line, and now and then an entire poem; while Cowper consecrates much of his verse to a cause that received no legal recognition in his country till twenty-five years after his death.

The poetry of the gentle William Blake is suffused with loving pity for the little inhabitants of earth and air. Byron in casual flashes, but especially in his vituperative fling at mankind in the epitaph to his dog Boatswain, testifies to his affectionate sympathy for animals. Coleridge's masterpiece has for its theme:

" He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast."

But the humane trend in the poetry of the first half of the nineteenth century finds fullest expression in Wordsworth's nature poems.

The Brownings, Tennyson, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, William Morris, and Leigh Hunt, and lesser Victorian poets, have occasional verse pointedly humane.

In America, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, and several humbler poets were awakening sentiment chiefly through legend. *The Birds of Killingworth*, *The Emperor's Bird's Nest*, *The Bell of Atri*, *Walter von der Vogelweid* are a few of Longfellow's tales of justice. He states with characteristic sincerity:

" Among the noblest of the land,  
Though he may count himself the least,  
That man I honor and revere,  
Who, without favor, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The Friend of every friendless Beast."

Holmes pitied the caged lion. Emerson found a lesson in the brave gymnastics of the cheery little chickadee,



and wrote *The Titmouse*; and in *Forbearance*, he asks his reading public:

“Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?”

But not till the twentieth century is the humane cause consummated in both British and American poetry. In England, Arthur Symons proclaims:

“—— When I hear  
Crying of oxen, that, in deadly fear,  
Rough men, with cruel dogs about them, drive  
Into the torture-house of death alive,  
How can I sit under a tree and read  
A happy idle book, and take no heed?”

Ralph Hodgson defines his attitude toward the world's unthinking cruelty in his lovely lyric, *Stupidity Street*:

“I saw with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.”

And again in *The Bells of Heaven*:

“’Twould ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.”

## FOREWORD

In the same slender volume, *Poems*, is *The Bull*. "The poet," says William Lyon Phelps in commenting on this poem in *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*, "draws us for the moment from all other tragedies in God's universe."

James Stephens, the Irish poet, sings his devotion with plaintive tenderness in poem after poem, *The Cage*, *The Lark*, *Little Things*, and *The Snare*, to list only a few.

"And I cannot find the place  
Where his paw is in the snare:  
Little one! Oh, little one!  
I am searching everywhere."

William H. Davies expresses his humane creed nowhere else so succinctly as in the following lines:

"When I give poor dumb things my  
cares,  
Let all men know I've said my  
prayers."

Walter de la Mare in many a poem reveals a gentle understanding of "little things," as in *The Mother Bird*, *The Titmouse*, *Summer Evening*, *Earth Folk*, *Five Eyes*, and *All But Blind*. One poem of whimsical charm is *Nicholas Nye*, in which a child, perhaps child Walter de la Mare, holds silent and secret communion with a donkey, "Lame of a leg and old." In a concluding stanza their mutual regard attains perfect consummation:

"Seem to be smiling at me, he would,  
From his bush in the corner, of may,—  
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,  
Knobble-kneed, lonely and grey;

And over the grass would seem to pass  
 'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,  
 Something much better than words between me  
 And Nicholas Nye."

Occasionally Mr. de la Mare is frankly outspoken; to wit,—the opening lines of *I Can't Abear*:

" I can't abear a Butcher,  
 I can't abide his meat,  
 The ugliest shop of all is his,  
 The ugliest in the street."

Again his sentiment makes playful threat, as when Nemesis, in *Tit for Tat*, stalks after Tom Noddy, who "trod like a murderer through the green woods."

Thomas Hardy has dedicated many lines to the lowly wee inhabitants of his famous shire, declaring that posterity should know that "he strove that such innocent creatures should come to no harm." For the celebration in 1924, in London, of the centenary of The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the world's oldest animal welfare organization, he wrote an ode, *Compassion*. The following are the opening and concluding stanzas:

" Backward among the dusky years  
 A lonesome lamp is seen arise,  
 Lit by a few fain pioneers  
 Before incredulous eyes.  
 We read the legend that it lights:  
 ' Why should throughout this land of historied rights  
 Mild creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered, plead  
 Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, prisonment,  
 In deep dumb gaze more eloquent  
 Than tongues of widest heed? '  
 . . . . .  
 Cries still are heard in secret nooks  
 Till hushed with gag or slit or thud;  
 And hideous dens whereon none looks  
 Are blotched with needless blood.

## FOREWORD

But here, in battlings, patient, slow,  
 Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—  
 And on we labour stressful. ‘Ailnon!’  
 A mighty voice calls: ‘But may the good prevail!’  
 And ‘Blessed are the merciful!’  
 Calls yet a mightier one.”

Rudyard Kipling through living individualities portrayed in prose and verse in *The Jungle Book* has, without doubt, influenced reading interest in animal intelligence. *Toomai of the Elephants*, *The White Seal*, *Tiger-Tiger*, *Letting in the Jungle*, *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, *Outsong in the Jungle*, and “*Lukannon*” are unrivalled among masterpieces of their kind. “*Lukannon*” pleads more powerfully for conservation in the seal industry than tons of propaganda.

“*Wheel down, wheel down to southward! Oh, Gooverooska gol*  
*And tell the Deep-Sea Viceroy the story of our woe;*  
*Ere, empty as the shark’s egg the tempest flings ashore,*  
*The Beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!*”

is the final warning. *The Parade-Song of the Camp-Animals* in its kineographic review of animal service in the British army receives the reader’s repeated applause as each division swings into line, from the cavalry horses, cantering to the tune of *Bonnie Dundee*, to the screw-gun mules, grateful if they arrive on a mountain height “with a leg or two to spare!” “*The Power of the Dog*” evokes poignant reminiscence for every one who has loved and lost a dog.

John Galsworthy arraigns the human race in *Pitiful*. Each stanza is an indictment, to which incriminating testimony compels “This man of God’s” to plead guilty.

Norman Gale is one of the most generous contributors in poetry to the cause of animal welfare. There is a

singing quality in the verses in *A Merry-Go-Round of Song* and *A Flight of Fancies* that makes one wonder why musical settings have not been written for them. His *Collected Poems* adds to his humanitarian contribution such lyrics as *A Bird in the Hand*. A few lines are:

“Nay, polished beak, you are pecking a friend!  
 Bird of the grassland, you bleed at the wing!  
 Stay with me, love; in captivity mend  
 Wrong that was wrought by the boy and his sling.  
 Oh for a Priest of the Birds to arise,  
 Wonderful words on his lips that persuade  
 Reasoning creatures to leave to the skies  
 Song at its purest a-throb in the glade!”

*The Quails*, published in the *London Mercury* in 1921, and later in John Collings Squire's *Second Anthology of Modern Verse*, proclaims a poet in passionate revolt against cruelty as the offspring of deplorable ignorance. The author is Francis Brett Young, British novelist and poet. In a prefatory note to *The Quails*, Mr. Young states: “In the South of Italy the peasants put out the eyes of a captured quail so that its cries may attract the flocks of spring migrants into their nets.”

“All through the night  
 I have heard the stuttering call of a blind quail,  
 A caged decoy, under a cairn of stones,  
 Crying for light as the quails cry for love.”

These are the opening lines. They are followed by forty more as tender in their pathos, and then the concluding lines:

“Why should I be ashamed? Why should I rail  
 Against the cruelty of men? Why should I pity,  
 Seeing that there is no cruelty which men can image  
 To match the subtle dooms that are wrought against them  
 By blind spores of pestilence: seeing that each of us,

Lured by dim hopes, flutters in the toils of death  
On a cold star that is spinning blindly through space  
Into the nets of time?

So cried I, bitterly thrusting pity aside,  
Closing my lids to sleep. But sleep came not,  
And pity, with sad eyes,  
Crept to my side, and told me  
That the life of all creatures is brave and pitiful  
Whether they be men, with dark thoughts to vex them,  
Or birds, wheeling in the swift joys of flight,  
Or brittle ephemerids, spinning to death in the haze  
Of gold that quivers on dim evening waters;  
Nor would she be denied.  
The harshness died  
Within me, and my heart  
Was caught and fluttered like the palpitant heart  
Of a brown quail, flying  
To the call of her blind sister,  
And death, in the spring night."

Another noteworthy poem by this young author is *Bête Humaine* in *Five Degrees South*.

Alfred Noyes, G. K. Chesterton, Christopher Benson, Wilfred R. Childe, John Collings Squire, D. H. Lawrence, Harold Monro, Winifred M. Letts, and Dorothea MacKellar are among British poets who, in occasional poems, are arrayed on the side of pity and justice for animals.

In America there seems to be a steadily increasing interest in the humane theme. Perhaps no poet challenges attention more courageously than Henry Herbert Knibbs, author of *Riders of the Stars*, *Songs of the Outlands*, *Songs of the Trail*, and *Saddle Songs*, volumes of western verse. He stands four square in his denunciation of "Braves of the Hunt" who go out with

" . . . . . guides and gold and the polished  
tube of steel,  
Playing safe with the hunting-pack, the trap and the  
prism-glass; "

. . . . .

“Not with the strength of your brawn and thew matching  
the fury-fire  
Of the beast that fights for the life it loves; nay! but  
with sneaking skill.”

The following line affirms the need for conservation of wild animal life:

“. . . . . So do our monarchs pass.”

The American antelope, buffalo, and grizzly are passing, as are several species of bird life. The carrier pigeon has become extinct. “Hunt with the camera” is a timely slogan. American citizenship should have regard for the preservation of its country’s natural beauty and wild life, if not for its own enjoyment, then for the pride of posterity.

“O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea! ”

sings Katharine Lee Bates, another poet whose verses express a noble regard for the native beauty of her country. She, too, is quick to denounce needless destruction. *The Horses* and *Only Mules*, deploring the sufferings of mute victims of warfare, had considerable popularity during the World War. The former was written in reply to the news item: “Thus far 80,000 horses have been shipped from the United States to the European belligerents.” The latter took exception to the “rights” in the authorized statement: “The submarine was quite within its rights in sinking the cargo of the Armenian,—1,422 mules valued at \$191,400.” *To Sigurd* and *Laddie* are two elegies that hold solace

for readers bereft of dog companions. They are comforting sequels to Kipling's *The Power of the Dog*.

The author of *The Man with the Hoe* might be expected to enlist in service that looks toward higher civilization. Not a few of his poems bear testimony to such activity. *The Fate of the Fur Folk* was written in ardent protest to the use of the steel trap, "one of the most diabolical instruments of prolonged torture ever invented by the human mind." Well may Mr. Markham ask:

"Ladies, are the furs you wear  
Worth the hell of this despair?"

This poem was read at the world convention of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, held in New York City in 1923. It was later published by *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and is printed entire in Mr. Markham's introduction to this book.

The steel trap calls to mind another poet and another poem. The poet is Lew Sarett, whose volume, *Slow Smoke*, received in 1924 the annual award of *The Poetry Society of America*. The poem is *Four Little Foxes*, which appeared first in *The Atlantic Monthly*.

"Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;  
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found  
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—  
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;  
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,  
The four little foxes saw their mother go—  
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;  
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them  
from harm,  
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—  
Go lightly.



Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;  
 Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,  
 The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—  
                   Step softly.”

From his forest retreat in northern Wisconsin, Mr. Sarett writes: “And, peculiarly, many of the poems I plan to do lie in the field of your interest—poems on and for animals,—dogs, horses, deer,—creatures hunted and hurt.” In his rare volume, lyric compassion sings on page after page in such poems as,—*Breakers of Broncos*, *When the Round Buds Brim*, *Blacktail Deer*, *Ghost*, *Readers of Loam*, *Dynamite*, *Colloquy with a Coyote*, and *To a Wild Goose Over Decoys*.

Mahlon Leonard Fisher, editor of the brochure entitled *The Sonnet*, and author of *Sonnets: A First Series*, is another American poet endowed with humanitarian perception. Verification of this statement is provided by his companion sonnets, *Oxen* and *The Old Plough-Horse*, and by such lyrics as *In Cool, Green Haunts*:

“ A sweet, deep sense of mystery filled the wood.

    A star, like that which woke o’er Bethlehem,  
 Shone on the still pool’s brow for diadem—

    The first to fall of summer’s multitude!

In cool, green haunts, where, haply, Robin Hood

    Ranged royally, of old, with all his train,

    A hushed expectance, such as augurs rain,

    Enthralled me and possessed me where I stood.

Then came the wind, with low word as he went;

    The quick wren, swift repeating what he said;

    A chattering chipmunk lured me on and led

Where scented brakes ’neath some wee burden bent:—

    One look—’t was this those wild things yearned to  
                   say:

‘ A little brown-eyed fawn was born to-day! ’ ”

Several poets have written poems of humanitarian import, but probably not with humanitarian intent. One is Vachel Lindsay, who, in *The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken*, has given the world not only an immortal poem but a heart-breaking picture of broncho training. There is something to ponder in the bitter contrast of broncho and breaker:

“ You were born with the pride of the lords great and  
olden  
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.  
In all the wide farm place the person most human.”

. . . . .

“ But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,  
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips  
advancing.  
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.  
And they scourged you; with Hell in their speech  
and their faces,  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.”

Richard Burton, Robert Carr, James Beebe Carrington, Arthur Chapman, Francis Holman Day, Glenn Ward Dresbach, Louise Driscoll, Hamlin Garland, Strickland Gillilan, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, William Griffith, Edgar Guest, Arthur Guiterman, John Russell Hayes, DuBose Heyward, Charles Keeler, Jeannette Marks, Gertrude Huntington McGiffert, Angela Morgan, Christopher Morley, Cale Young Rice, Clinton Scollard, George Sterling, Charles Hanson Towne, and Florence Wilkinson are in the increasing number of American poets who are helping to create a new era for what is popularly known as the lower creation.

FRANCES E. CLARKE

# INTRODUCTION

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

*Author of "The Man With the Hoe,"  
and other poems*

GLIMPSES of animal life are woven into the race memory. Looking back over the vista of history, we find that the earliest traditions and records of the race reveal men at work with the animals about them as friends and servants.

An ancient tablet in Egypt, for instance, shows a man and an ox in the threshing field, the workman cheering on his patient work-mate with the words:

"Step along, step along faster . . .  
The husks for yourself:  
The corn for the master."

Indeed, Egypt went to the length of deifying certain animals for their strength or sagacity, and punished all who violated this sacredness.

Animals were lifted into a high place in all the ancient sacrifices intended to appease the anger of the gods. The Greeks offered to their hungry deities the savor of fat bulls,—offered the animals most prized and precious. In our own Scriptures, we find intimations of an old and tender bond between man and the animals. To appease and to please Jehovah, the ancient Hebrews brought to the sacrificial altar their most innocent and lovely possessions, the dove and the lamb.

So in the long march of the ancient religions, as well

as in the misty whirl of myth and fairy tale, animals have been man's comfort, man's help, man's hostages to the gods.

The dog was one of man's earliest companions. When Azarias and Tobias went forth, as told in the Apocrypha, "The young man's dog went with them." When in the Odyssey, Ulysses returned after his long absence in the Trojan war, his old dog welcomed him back.

And the horse has been loved and honored even from the ages of heroic myth. You remember the horses of Apollo. The shining Hours led them forth from the lofty stalls, led them forth harnessed and fed full of ambrosia; whereat the beamy God, seizing the reins, sprang to his place in the car and leaned forward as he urged across the perilous heavens the chariot of the sun.

At a later epoch in Egypt, we are told that Joseph gave corn in return for horses; and all through the Bible sounds the pleasant or terrible tramp and snort of these faithful multipliers of the strength and the speed of man.

The ancient teachers seem never to have forgotten utterly to impress upon men the duty of considering the rights of animals. We all remember that in the Ten Commandments it was ordained that cattle as well as menservants and maidservants should have their rest on the Sabbath day. We are told that in the destruction of Nineveh "much cattle" were spared; and we are told—with a touch of sweet humanity—that Jacob led the cattle softly on "as they were able to endure." We are also assured that the ox and the ass were not to plow together because of the unequal strain.

Turn now to India, and you will find that love and care for animals are urged upon men by the great Buddha Sakyamuni, that immortal prophet of the Orient. You remember how beautifully his early ministry began in that earnest protest, defending the swan injured by the flying arrow of the hunter. He finds the dying bird beside the way, and lifts it gently. You have read the story in *The Light of Asia*:

“ Then our Lord  
Laid the swan’s neck beside his own smooth cheek  
And gravely spake: ‘ Say no! the bird is mine,  
The first of myriad things which shall be mine  
By right of mercy and love’s lordliness.  
For now I know by what within me stirs,  
That I shall teach compassion unto men  
And be a speechless interpreter,  
Abating this accursed flood of woe,  
Not man’s alone.’ ”

It has been said that Buddha, more than Christ, has expressed a sympathy for our kindred of fur and feather. This is not the case, for Christ’s love and tenderness for these lesser kindred are expressed in His habitual word and attitude toward them.

So true is this that we feel that it was most appropriate that the birth of Jesus should have been in a manger in close neighborhood with the watching ox and ass. It appears at a later time that He approved of the recovery of the ox and ass when fallen into the pit, even upon the Sabbath day. He noted the sparrow on the wing, and He bears tender witness to the fact that a sparrow never falls without the Father’s notice. In His effective speech, He expresses His desire to inbrother the people of His disturbed chaotic Jerusalem. So He cries out: “ How often would I have gathered thy chil-

dren together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" He could not have conceived of this touching and powerful image unless He had often watched with tender interest the mother-hen gathering her chicks under her sheltering wings at the fall of the night.

Yes, His eye of compassion was ever alert to behold our humbler kindred. He saw the dove on the housetop. He saw the shepherds passing with their flocks in search of new pastures; and He noted with compassion a sheep which wandered lost and unshepherded on the perilous hillsides. He not only beheld the strayed sheep, but He also commemorates the shepherd who leaves his safely folded flock to go out to seek and recover the wandered one.

Besides all this, we find His ever-devoted follower, St. Francis of Assisi, turning with tenderness toward all animals, seeing in them our lesser brethren of the common way.

If the followers of Jesus have not always been kind to animals, we cannot charge their inhumanity to the compassionate One, the heart-warm nature-lover of Galilee.

Whatever else Jesus was, He was a poet; and the poets have always been on the side of the angels, on the side of humanity. Yet only in recent times have they spoken so frequently and so forcibly in defense of the oppressed.

However, as long ago as that old time when Greece was in her glory, we hear Æschylus in *Prometheus Bound* telling us that one of the three laws "of most revered righteousness" demands that we hurt no living thing. In little flashes of phrase, Shakespeare also lets out his

sympathy with animal life. He knows the nesting-place of the martlet or swallow on the castle eaves, and he pictures it for the heart as well as for the head:

“ This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his loved masonry, that the heaven’s breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,  
The air is delicate.”

And Shakespeare puts these compassionate words into the lips of Lear:

“ Mine enemy’s dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire.”

Two hundred years later, we hear cries of protest out of the wild heart of William Blake:

“ A robin redbreast in a cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage.  
  
A dog starved at his master’s gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State.  
  
A skylark wounded on the wing  
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.”

Long ago, all enlightened men realized that God is not pleased with blood sacrifice in His honor. But they have not yet fully learned that no harmless creature should be hurt or slain for any caprice of pleasure. Nor have certain women altogether learned that no little creature should be tortured or slaughtered to secure the feathers or the furs that contribute to the vanity of adornment.

In defense of these defenseless creatures, many of our

modern poets have spoken in impassioned terms. I myself in *The Fate of the Fur Folk* and in other verses have tried to cry protest against the immense cruelty of the steel-trap and other engines of animal suffering.

### THE FATE OF THE FUR FOLK

Early, while the east is pale,  
The trapper is out on the frozen trail;  
Cruel traps are on his back,  
Snares to line the woodland track;  
Day by day he links the chain  
Of these grim machines of pain,  
In whose merciless iron jaws  
Little fur folk die, because  
Men must high on Fortune ride,  
Women have an hour of pride.

Squirrel, ermine, sable, mole,  
Out for food from cliff and hole;  
Muskrat, silver fox and mink,  
At the stream for evening drink—  
All are tempted to this hell  
That some bank account may swell.

Ladies, do you think of this—  
Up where tempests howl and hiss,  
Where the folk of hill and cave  
Scream with no one there to save?  
Do you see them crunched and lone,  
Steel teeth biting into bone?



Ladies, did you ever see  
An otter gnawing to get free?  
Gnawing what? His fettered leg,  
For he has no friend to beg.  
Do you see that tortured shape  
Gnaw his leg off to escape?

Have you seen these creatures die  
While the bleeding hours go by—  
These poor mothers in the wood  
Robbed of joy and motherhood?  
Do you, when at night you kneel,  
See them in their traps of steel—  
Not alone by pain accurst,  
But by hunger and by thirst?  
Do you hear their dying cries  
When the crows pick out their eyes?

Yes, sometimes in dreams you hear  
Yells of agony and fear  
From the snare of iron teeth,  
With that panting thing beneath.  
For all night, where storms are whirled,  
Groans are curdling the white world—  
Groans of mothers dying so,  
Groans of little ones that go  
Homeless, hungry in the snow.

Ladies, are the furs you wear  
Worth the hell of this despair?

NOTE—The above poem will lead off the group of humane verses in Edwin Markham's *Collected Poems* to be printed in the Autumn of 1927. Free copies of this poem for distribution can be secured by writing—with self-addressed envelope—to Edwin Markham, West New Brighton, N. Y.

Frances E. Clarke has been touched by the pathos of all this Iliad of suffering. Helped by many comrades in this great compassion for the defenseless, she is working for the humane cause. And she has now compiled and edited this anthology of poems, selected from distinguished poets, living and dead.

This is the only anthology of its kind in America. The time is opportune for its appearance, for a great wave of humane sentiment is sweeping over the continent. We see this in the recent formation of a national society to abolish the use of the steel trap; we see it in the soaring membership of the Jack London Society, organized to protest against the training and exhibition of performing animals.

It is needless to say that all persons in sympathy with the animal kingdom will wish to do all in their power to make this volume a triumphant force in materializing and perpetuating the gospel of loving kindness.

# CONTENTS

## PRELUDE

Tewkesbury Road . . . . .	<i>John Masefield</i> . . . . .	3
A Song of Solomon . . . . .	<i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i> . . . . .	4
The Brother of a Weed . . . . .	<i>Arthur Symons</i> . . . . .	4
A Tulip Garden . . . . .	<i>Amy Lowell</i> . . . . .	7
The Marsh. . . . .	<i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i> . . . . .	7
Pitiful. . . . .	<i>John Galsworthy</i> . . . . .	8
On the Companionship with Nature . . . . .	<i>Archibald Lampman</i> . . . . .	10
The Seeing Eye. . . . .	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i> ✓ . . . . .	11
Brother Beasts . . . . .	<i>Cale Young Rice</i> . . . . .	11
The Bells of Heaven . . . . .	<i>Ralph Hodgson</i> . . . . .	13
An Answer. . . . .	<i>S. St. G. Lawrence</i> . . . . .	13
Questions . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> ✓. . . . .	14
Once on a Time . . . . .	<i>Margaret Benson</i> . . . . .	14
An Animal Song . . . . .	<i>Kathleen Conyngham Greene</i> . . . . .	15
April in the City . . . . .	<i>Elisabeth Scollard</i> . . . . .	16
A Brook in the City. . . . .	<i>Robert Frost</i> . . . . .	17
The Spirit of Nature . . . . .	<i>Richard Realf</i> . . . . .	18
His Epitaph . . . . .	<i>Clarence E. Flynn</i> . . . . .	18
On the Dedication of a Drink- ing Fountain. . . . .	<i>Charles Keeler</i> . . . . .	19
Compassion . . . . .	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> . ✓ . . . .	22

## THE ADORATION OF THE TREES

Good Company. . . . .	<i>Karle Wilson Baker</i> . . . . .	27
Sermons in Trees . . . . .	<i>Florence Wilkinson</i> . . . . .	27
Trees . . . . .	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> . ✓ . . . .	28
A Wasted Morning . . . . .	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> . . . . .	29
A B C's in Green. . . . .	<i>Leonora Speyer</i> . . . . .	30
Tree Feelings. . . . .	<i>Charlotte Perkins Gilman</i> . . . . .	31
The Healing of the Wood . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . .	32
My Legacy . . . . .	<i>Ethelwyn Wetherald</i> . . . . .	33
The Tree's Way . . . . .	<i>George Cronyn</i> . . . . .	33
Trees . . . . .	<i>Angela Morgan</i> . . . . .	34
Green Leaves . . . . .	<i>Basho</i> . . . . .	35
Tapestry Trees. . . . .	<i>William Morris</i> . . . . .	35
My Cathedral . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	37
To the Fallen Gum-Tree on Mt. Baw-Baw . . . . .	<i>Douglas W. Sladen</i> . . . . .	37
The Lesson of a Tree . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> . . . . .	39

## SONGS IN MANY KEYS

Stupidity Street . . . . .	<i>Ralph Hodgson</i> . . . . .	43
The Birds . . . . .	<i>Jack Collins Squire</i> . . . . .	43
Pensioners. . . . .	<i>W. M. Letts.</i> . . . . .	46
From "May-Day" . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	47
A Health to the Birds. . . . .	<i>Seumas MacManus</i> . . . . .	48
"Sing On, Blithe Bird" . . . . .	<i>William Motherwell</i> . . . . .	50
Chanticleer . . . . .	<i>Katharine Tynan</i> . . . . .	51
A Little Bird. . . . .	<i>Ellen M. Huntington Gates</i> . . . . .	52
The Bird Man . . . . .	<i>Lucy Branch Allen.</i> . . . .	53
The Mother Bird. . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> . . . . .	54
A Bird in the Hand. . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> . . . . .	55
A Meadow Tragedy. . . . .	<i>Dora Sigerson Shorter</i> . . . . .	56
The Rape of the Nest. . . . .	<i>Francis Adams.</i> . . . . .	56
My Thrush . . . . .	<i>Mortimer Collins</i> . . . . .	57
Thrushes . . . . .	<i>Evelyn Underhill</i> . . . . .	58
Thrushes . . . . .	<i>Karle Wilson Baker</i> . . . . .	58
The First Bluebirds. . . . .	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i> . . . . .	59
Birds . . . . .	<i>Katharine Morse</i> . . . . .	60
The Oriole. . . . .	<i>Louise Helen Coburn.</i> . . . .	60
To Some Philadelphia Sparrows	<i>Jeannette Marks.</i> . . . . .	61
The Song Sparrow . . . . .	<i>Henry van Dyke.</i> . . . . .	62
Chickadee . . . . .	<i>Hilda Conkling</i> . . . . .	63
The Titmouse . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> . . . . .	64
Titmouse . . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> . . . . .	67
Bob White. . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> . . . . .	68
Partridges . . . . .	<i>Alonzo Teall Worden.</i> . . . .	69
The Library Dove . . . . .	<i>John Russell Hayes</i> . . . . .	70
The Belfry Pigeon . . . . .	<i>N. P. Willis</i> . . . . .	71
The Wild Duck's Nest . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth.</i> . . . .	72
Wagtail and Baby . . . . .	<i>Thomas Hardy</i> . . . . .	73
The Owls . . . . .	<i>Helen Granville-Barker</i> . . . . .	74
The Sandpiper . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> . . . . .	74
To a Waterfowl . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . .	76
On Scaring Some Waterfowl in Loch-Turrit. . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	77
Wild Geese . . . . .	<i>Frederick Peterson</i> . . . . .	78
The Wounded Gull . . . . .	<i>Edmund Gosse.</i> . . . . .	79
Sea-Gulls of Manhattan . . . . .	<i>Henry van Dyke</i> . . . . .	81
The Sea-Mew . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> . . . . .	82
The Eagle . . . . .	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> . . . . .	84
The Loon . . . . .	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	84
The Black Vulture . . . . .	<i>George Sterling</i> . . . . .	85

# CONTENTS

xxix

## THE HORSE

The Old Plough-Horse. . . . .	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher.</i> . . . .	89
The Arab's Farewell to His Steed	<i>Caroline Norton.</i> . . . .	89
The Blood Horse . . . . .	<i>Bryan Waller Procter.</i> . . . .	92
Hassan to His Mare. . . . .	<i>Bayard Taylor.</i> . . . .	94
On the Passing of the Last Fire Horse from Manhattan Island	<i>Kenneth Slade Alling</i> . . . .	95
Dialogue of the Horses . . . . .	<i>Will Carleton</i> . . . . .	95
Dat Ol' Mare O' Mine . . . . .	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i> . . . .	97
Polo Ponies . . . . .	<i>Eleanor Baldwin.</i> . . . .	99

## "MY DOG AND I"

The Road to Vagabondia . . . . .	<i>Dana Burnet</i> . . . . .	103
My Dog. . . . .	<i>William Griffith</i> . . . . .	104
"Is Thy Servant a Dog?" . . . . .	<i>John B. Tabb</i> . . . . .	105
Bishop Doane's Tribute to His Dog Cluny. . . . .	<i>Bishop Doane.</i> . . . .	105
My Dog. . . . .	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i> . . . .	106
For a Little Brown Dog . . . . .	<i>Anonymous.</i> . . . .	107
My Dog and I . . . . .	<i>Norah M. Holland</i> . . . . .	108
Da Pup Een Da Snow. . . . .	<i>T. A. Daly</i> . . . . .	109
We Meet at Morn . . . . .	<i>Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley.</i> . . . .	111
Dreams . . . . .	<i>S. Virginia Sherwood.</i> . . . .	112
Lauth. . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	113
The Irish Wolf-Hound. . . . .	<i>Denis Florence McCarthy</i> . . .	113
At the Dog Show . . . . .	<i>Christopher Morley.</i> . . . .	114
In a Shop Window . . . . .	<i>Margaret E. Sangster.</i> . . . .	115
The Pup. . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> . . . . .	116
The Yellow Dog . . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> . . . . .	117
A Boy and His Dog. . . . .	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i> . . . . .	118
A Boy and a Pup. . . . .	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . . .	119
Little Lost Pup. . . . .	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . . .	120
The Dog. . . . .	<i>George Sterling</i> . . . . .	121
The Outcast . . . . .	<i>Henry Herbert Knibbs</i> . . . .	122

## THE CAT

In Honour of Taffy Topaz . . . . .	<i>Christopher Morley.</i> . . . .	127
The Gardener's Cat. . . . .	<i>Patrick R. Chalmers</i> . . . . .	127
To My Cat . . . . .	<i>Rosamund Marriott Watson.</i>	129
To My Cat . . . . .	<i>John G. Neihardt</i> . . . . .	129
To a Cat . . . . .	<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne.</i>	130
Pussy's Plea . . . . .	<i>Henry Coyle</i> . . . . .	133
"Doomed" . . . . .	<i>Anonymous.</i> . . . .	133

## CONTENTS

## BURDEN-BEARERS

The Donkey . . . . .	<i>G. K. Chesterton.</i>	137
A Friend in Need. . . . .	<i>Jack Burroughs</i>	137
I Am the Mule. . . . .	<i>Will Chamberlain</i>	138
The Burthen of the Ass . . . . .	<i>John B. Tabb</i>	139
Nicholas Nye. . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	140

## SMALL CREATURES

Snake. . . . .	<i>D. H. Lawrence.</i>	145
The Lizard. . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i>	148
To a Tree-Frog. . . . .	<i>Amélie Rives</i>	149
The Toad . . . . .	<i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	150
The Woodmouse . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	152
To a Field Mouse. . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i>	153
To a Wood-Rat. . . . .	<i>James Leo Duff</i>	155
Remorse on Killing a Squirrel in a Garden . . . . .	<i>William Ray</i>	155
A Neighbour. . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i>	157

## "UPON A THOUSAND HILLS"

A Cow at Sullington . . . . .	<i>Charles Dalmon</i>	161
The Old Brindle Cow . . . . .	<i>Thomas O' Hagan.</i>	161
The Kerry Cow . . . . .	<i>W. M. Letts.</i>	162
Cattle Before the Storm. . . . .	<i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	164
Feedin' the Stock. . . . .	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	165
The Stock in the Tie-Up. . . . .	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	168
I've Got Them Calves to Veal . . . . .	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	171
The Little Red Bullock . . . . .	<i>Herbert Tremaine</i>	173
The Cattle Train . . . . .	<i>Charlotte Perkins Gilman</i>	174
Sheep . . . . .	<i>William H. Davies</i>	175
A Child's Pet . . . . .	<i>William H. Davies</i>	176
The Calf. . . . .	<i>Eleanor Baldwin.</i>	177

## OXEN

Oxen . . . . .	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher.</i>	181
The Ox . . . . .	<i>Giosuê Carducci</i>	181
A Yoke of Steers . . . . .	<i>DuBose Heyward</i>	182
Crossing the Plains . . . . .	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	183

## "THE LAST AND LEAST OF THINGS"

All Things Wait Upon Thee . . . . .	<i>Christina Rossetti</i>	187
The Bee in Church . . . . .	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	187
A Bee Sets Sail. . . . .	<i>Katharine Morse</i>	188
The Humble-Bee . . . . .	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	189

# CONTENTS

xxxii

Indifference . . . . .	<i>Louise Driscoll</i> . . . . .	191
The Dragon Fly . . . . .	<i>Jessie B. Rittenhouse</i> . . . . .	192
A Caterpillar's Apology for Eating a Favorite <i>Gladiolus</i> . . . . .	<i>Charles Dalmon</i> . . . . .	193
The Captive Butterfly. . . . .	<i>Helen Granville-Barker</i> . . . . .	193
Bête Humaine . . . . .	<i>Francis Brett Young</i> . . . . .	194
A Cricket Singing in the Market-Place . . . . .	<i>Louella C. Poole</i> . . . . .	194
The Grasshopper . . . . .	<i>W. R. Childe</i> . . . . .	196
The Ants . . . . .	<i>John Clare</i> . . . . .	196
The Garden Spider . . . . .	<i>Charles Mackay</i> . . . . .	197

## IN STREAM AND SEA

"Lukannon" . . . . .	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> . . . . .	203
Minnows . . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> . . . . .	204
"Thou Little God Within the Brook" . . . . .	<i>Philip Henry Savage</i> . . . . .	205
The Fish . . . . .	<i>Rupert Brooke</i> . . . . .	205

## WESTERN TRAILS

The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken. . . . .	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> . . . . .	211
The Meeting. . . . .	<i>Arthur Chapman</i> . . . . .	212
A Coyote Prowled . . . . .	<i>Annie Elizabeth Cheney</i> . . . . .	214
Grizzly . . . . .	<i>Bret Harte</i> . . . . .	214
The Last Antelope . . . . .	<i>Edwin Ford Piper</i> . . . . .	215
To a Buffalo Skull . . . . .	<i>Robert V. Carr</i> . . . . .	216
To a Rattlesnake. . . . .	<i>Robert V. Carr</i> . . . . .	217
A Bison-King . . . . .	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> . . . . .	217

## FROM THE JUNGLE

The Tiger . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> . . . . .	221
The Panther . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	222
Toomai of the Elephants . . . . .	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> . . . . .	222
Beast and Man in India. . . . .	<i>John Lockwood Kipling</i> . . . . .	223
The Monkey. . . . .	<i>Nancy Campbell</i> . . . . .	225

## IN WAR SERVICE

A Mascot . . . . .	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . . .	229
The Fusiliers' Dog . . . . .	<i>Francis Doyle</i> . . . . .	230
The Turkish Trench Dog . . . . .	<i>Geoffrey Dearmer</i> . . . . .	232
The Dogs of War. . . . .	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i> . . . . .	233
The War-Horse Buyers . . . . .	<i>Arthur Chapman</i> . . . . .	234
The Army Horse . . . . .	<i>McLandburgh Wilson</i> . . . . .	235
The Horses . . . . .	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i> . . . . .	236

" Good-bye, Old Friend! "	<i>Anonymous</i>	237
The Horse	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	238
Gun-Teams	<i>Gilbert Frankau, R. S. A.</i>	240
" Bay Billy "	<i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	242
Sheridan's Ride	<i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i>	246
Miles Keogh's Horse	<i>John Hay</i>	248
Only Mules	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	250
The Lark	<i>Robert W. Service</i>	251
The Nightingales of Flanders	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	252

## IN LEGEND

The Homage of Beasts	<i>Augusta Larned</i>	255
" How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix "	<i>Robert Browning</i>	256
The Bell of Atri	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	259
Sir Bat-Ears	<i>Helen Parry Eden</i>	263
Fidelity	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	265
" Hold "	<i>Patrick R. Chalmers</i>	267
Beth Gélert	<i>Robert William Spencer</i>	269
The Birds of Killingworth	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	273
Pearl Seventy-Eight	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	281
One of His Animal Stories	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	282
The Emperor's Bird's-Nest	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	286
The Milan Bird-Cages	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>	288
Walter von der Vogelweid	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	291

## FOR VANITY

Four Little Foxes	<i>Lew Sarett</i>	295
The Kind Lady's Furs	<i>Strickland Gillilan</i>	295
To a Lady in Her Furs	<i>J. B. Carrington</i>	297
My Lady's Fur	<i>F. Ursula Payne</i>	297
For Vanity	<i>Hannah J. Dawtrey</i>	298
Dead Birds and Easter	<i>May Riley Smith</i>	299
Our Brothers of the Fields and Trees	<i>Charles Keeler</i>	301

## " BRAVES OF THE HUNT "

In Cool, Green Haunts	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i>	307
The Catch	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	307
The Quails	<i>Francis Brett Young</i>	308
The Bloodless Sportsman	<i>Sam Walter Foss</i>	311
A Poem for Prue	<i>Norman Gale</i>	312
How to Catch a Bird	<i>Leland B. Jacobs</i>	314
Wounded	<i>Florence Wilkinson</i>	315
The Puzzled Game-Birds	<i>Thomas Hardy</i>	316



# CONTENTS

xxxiii

To a Wild Goose Over Decoys . . . . .	<i>Lew Sarett</i> . . . . .	316
From " Windsor Forest " . . . . .	<i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . .	317
Wounds . . . . .	<i>Arthur C. Benson</i> . . . . .	317
No Sanctuary . . . . .	<i>Edwin Markham</i> . . . . .	318
The Widowed Eagle. . . . .	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . . . . .	319
The Wounded Hare. . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . .	320
The Beaver . . . . .	<i>Mary Howitt</i> . . . . .	321
The Snare . . . . .	<i>James Stephens</i> . . . . .	322
The Deer-Trapper . . . . .	<i>Francis Sterne Palmer</i> . . . . .	323
Braves of the Hunt . . . . .	<i>Henry Herbert Knibbs</i> . . . . .	324
The Hunt . . . . .	<i>Gertrude Huntington McGiffert</i> . . . . .	326

## IN CAPTIVITY

At the Zoo. . . . .	<i>Israel Zangwill</i> . . . . .	331
In the Zoo. . . . .	<i>George T. Marsh</i> . . . . .	331
To a Caged Lion . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . .	332
The Dromedary . . . . .	<i>A. Y. Campbell</i> . . . . .	333
The Captive Polar Bear . . . . .	<i>Stephen Gwynn</i> . . . . .	334
The Heart of a Bird. . . . .	<i>Dorothea MacKellar</i> . . . . .	335
The Captured Eagle . . . . .	<i>Janet Gargan</i> . . . . .	336
To a Captive Crane. . . . .	<i>Hamlin Garland</i> . . . . .	337
From " The Manciple's Tale " . . . . .	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> . . . . .	337
The Cage . . . . .	<i>James Stephens</i> . . . . .	338
Caged. . . . .	<i>Grace Denio Litchfield</i> . . . . .	338
To a Linnet in a Cage. . . . .	<i>Francis Ledwidge</i> . . . . .	340
The Sky-Lark Caged . . . . .	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> . . . . .	341
Mother Carey's Chicken. . . . .	<i>Theodore Watts-Dunton</i> . . . . .	343
The Caged Squirrel . . . . .	<i>Janet Gargan</i> . . . . .	347

## PERFORMING ANIMALS

Baboon . . . . .	<i>Charles Hanson Towne</i> . . . . .	351
Little Dog of Amusement Zoo . . . . .	<i>Alice Jean Cleator</i> . . . . .	353
Tigers. . . . .	<i>Louise Morgan Sill</i> . . . . .	353

## FOR THE CHILDREN

Little Friends in Fairyland. . . . .	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . . . . .	357
" I had a little pony " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	358
" A man went a-hunting at Reigate " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	359
" Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	359
" Come hither, sweet Robin " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	359
" There came to my window " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	360
" Mary had a little lamb " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	360
" I had a little Doggy " . . . . .	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i> . . . . .	361

A Question . . . . .	<i>Fairmont Snyder</i> . . . . .	361
The Wistful Waif . . . . .	<i>Fairmont Snyder</i> . . . . .	362
The Pets' Christmas Carol . . . . .	<i>Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr.</i> . . . . .	362
Three Things to Remember . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> . . . . .	363
Kindness to Animals . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	363
Hiawatha's Chickens . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	364
Hiawatha's Brothers . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> . . . . .	364
Little Gustava . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> . . . . .	365
Nature's Friend . . . . .	<i>William H. Davies</i> . . . . .	366
Dinah . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> . . . . .	368
I Like Little Pussy . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> . . . . .	369
The Gray Kitten . . . . .	<i>Jane Campbell</i> . . . . .	370
'F I Was Er Horse ! . . . . .	<i>Burges Johnson</i> . . . . .	370
The Cow . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> . . . . .	371
The Lamb . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> . . . . .	371
The Best Friend . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> . . . . .	372
Tit for Tat . . . . .	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> . . . . .	374
The Blue-Tit . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> . . . . .	375
If Ever I See . . . . .	<i>Lydia Maria Child</i> . . . . .	376
The Brown Thrush . . . . .	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> . . . . .	377
The Snow-Bird . . . . .	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> . . . . .	378
Nest Eggs . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> . . . . .	378
Little Bird . . . . .	<i>Madison Cawein</i> . . . . .	380
Meadow Talk . . . . .	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i> . . . . .	381
The Mischievous Morning-Glory . . . . .	<i>Mary Fenollosa</i> . . . . .	383
The Seed . . . . .	<i>Mary Fenollosa</i> . . . . .	384

## IN MEMORIAM

Laddie . . . . .	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i> . . . . .	389
To Sigurd . . . . .	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i> . . . . .	390
His Name was Bob . . . . .	<i>M. V. Caruthers</i> . . . . .	393
A Faithful Dog . . . . .	<i>Richard Burton</i> . . . . .	393
In Memory of a Dumb Friend . . . . .	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	394
To the Dogs of the Great St. Bernard . . . . .	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> . . . . .	395
A Dog's Grave . . . . .	<i>W. M. Letts</i> . . . . .	396
A Horse's Epitaph . . . . .	<i>Lord Sherbrooke</i> . . . . .	396
Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog . . . . .	<i>Lord Byron</i> . . . . .	397

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS . . . . .	399
INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . .	406
INDEX OF TITLES . . . . .	412
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	419



Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow  
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.

*Odyssey, BOOK XVIII.*

TRANSLATION BY ALEXANDER POPE.

# PRELUDE

## TEWKESBURY ROAD

*By John Masefield*

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows  
not where,  
Going through meadow and village, one knows not  
whither nor why;  
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen  
cool rush of the air,  
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift  
of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green  
fern at the brink  
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-  
gloves purple and white;  
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down in a troop  
to drink  
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on  
of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell  
of the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power  
of words;  
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple  
with mirth  
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild  
cry of the birds.

A SONG OF SOLOMON

*By Josephine Preston Peabody*

King Solomon was the wisest man  
Of all that have been kings.  
He built an House unto the Lord;  
And he sang of creeping things,

Of creeping things, of things that fly,  
Or swim within the seas;  
Of the little weed along the wall,  
And of the cedar-trees.

And happier he, without mistake,  
Than all men since alive.  
God's House he built; and he did make  
A thousand songs and five.

THE BROTHER OF A WEED

*By Arthur Symons*

I

I have shut up my soul with vehemence  
Against the world, and opened every sense  
That I may take, but not for love or price,  
The world's best gold and frankincense and spice.  
I have delighted in all visible things  
And built the world of my imaginings  
Out of the splendour of the day and night,  
And I have never wondered that my sight

Should serve me for my pleasure, or that aught  
Beyond the lonely mirror of my thought  
Lived, and desired me. I have walked as one  
Who dreams himself the master of the sun,  
And that the seasons are as seraphim  
And in the months and stars bow down to him.

## II

And I have been of all men loneliest,  
And my chill soul has withered in my breast  
With pride and no content and loneliness.  
And I have said: To make our sorrow less  
Is there not pity in the heart of flowers,  
Or joy in wings of birds that might be ours?  
Is there a beast that lives, and will not move  
Toward our poor love with a more lovely love?  
And might not our proud hopeless sorrow pass  
If we became as humble as the grass?  
I will get down from my sick throne where I  
Dreamed that the seasons of the earth and sky,  
The leash of months and stars, were mine to lead,  
And pray to be the brother of a weed.

## III

I am beginning to find out that there  
Are beings to be pitied everywhere.  
Thus when I hear, at night an orphaned sheep  
Crying as a child cries, how can I sleep?  
Yet the night-birds are happy, or I seem  
To hear them in the hollow of a dream,  
Whispering to each other in the trees,  
And through the window comes a leaping breeze

## 6 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

That has the sea-salt in it. When I hear  
Crying of oxen, that, in deadly fear,  
Rough men, with cruel dogs about them, drive  
Into the torture-house of death alive,  
How can I sit under a tree and read  
A happy idle book, and take no heed?

### IV

Why is not sorrow kinder to all these  
That have short lives and yet so little ease?  
Life is but anxious fear to lambs and hens,  
And even the birds are enemies of men's  
Because they rob a cherry-tree; the mole  
Cannot be left in quiet in his hole  
Though he is softer than a velvet gown;  
The caterpillar is soon trodden down  
Under a boot's ignorant heel, though he  
Is woven finer than old tapestry.  
The worm is close and busy and discreet,  
The foe of no man living: no man's feet  
Spare him, if he but crawl into the sun.  
Who can be happy, while these things are done?

### V

Why are the roses filled with such a heat,  
And are so gaudy and riotously sweet,  
When any wind may snap them from the stem  
Or any little green worm canker them?  
Why is the dawn-delivered butterfly  
So arrogant, knowing he has to die  
Before another dawn has waked his brother?  
Why do the dragon-flies outshoot each other



## PRELUDE

7

With such an ardour, knowing that the noon  
Will put away his shining arrows soon?  
Why is the seed that, having got to corn,  
Must come to bread, so eager to be born?  
Why is it that the joy of living gives  
Forgetfulness to everything that lives?

## A TULIP GARDEN

*By Amy Lowell*

Guarded within the old red wall's embrace,  
    Marshalled like soldiers in gay company,  
    The tulips stand arrayed. Here infantry  
Wheels out into the sunlight. What bold grace  
Sets off their tunics, white with crimson lace!  
    Here are platoons of gold-frocked cavalry,  
    With scarlet sabres tossing in the eye  
Of purple batteries, every gun in place.  
    Forward they come, with flaunting colours spread,  
With torches burning, stepping out in time  
    To some quick, unheard march. Our ears are dead,  
We cannot catch the tune. In pantomime  
    Parades that army. With our utmost powers  
    We hear the wind stream through a bed of flowers.

## THE MARSH

*By Glenn Ward Dresbach*

Farmlands about the marsh are dreary  
    With sameness and unending toil  
But in the marsh are groups of willows  
    And calamus grows in the treacherous soil.

## 8 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

A meadow brook through the cool lush grasses  
Makes pools where water lilies bloom,  
And bob-o-links shake dewy music  
On marsh airs dreamy with perfume.

One farmer said, "The place is worthless—  
The bogs and rains must have their way."  
Another said, "Our children plague us  
For sneaking to the marsh to play."

Some dreaming farm lad yet may wander  
Into the marsh and find the words  
To make them love it and hear its whispers  
Above the lowing of the herds.

He may—I doubt it since so many  
Who left their chores and ran with me  
Down to the marsh to play are dreary  
For beauty they no longer see.

Unheard the bob-o-links are singing,  
Unloved the willows sway in light—  
All that the grown folks near the marsh know  
Is distant sound of frogs at night.

### PITIFUL

*By John Galsworthy*

When God made man to live his hour  
And hitch his wagon to a star,  
He made a being without power  
To see His creatures as they are.

He made a masterpiece of will,  
Superb above its mortal lot,  
Invincible by any ill—  
Imagination He forgot!

This man of God's, with every wish  
To earn the joys of Kingdom Come,  
Will prison up the golden fish  
In bowl no bigger than a drum.  
And though he withers from remorse  
When he refuses Duty's call  
He'll cut the tail of any horse,  
And carve each helpless animal.

No spur to humour doth he want,  
In wit the Earth he overlords,  
Yet drives the hapless elephant  
To clown and tumble on "the boards."  
This man, of every learning chief,  
So wise that he can read the skies,  
Can fail to read the wordless grief  
That haunts a prisoned monkey's eyes.

He'll prate of "mercy to the weak"  
And strive to lengthen human breath,  
But starve the little gaping beak  
And hunt the timid hare to death.  
Though with a spirit wild as wind,  
The world at liberty he'd see,  
He cannot any reason find  
To set the tameless tiger free.

## 10 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Such healing victories he wins,  
And drugs away the mother's pangs,  
But sets his God-forsaken gins  
To mangle rabbits with their fangs.  
Devout, he travels all the roads  
To track and vanquish all the pains,  
And yet—the wagon overloads,  
The watch-dog to his barrel chains.

He'd soar the heavens in his flight  
To measure Nature's majesty,  
Yet take his children to delight  
In captive eagles' tragedy.  
This man, in knowledge absolute,  
Who right, and love, and honour woos,  
Yet keeps the pitiful poor brute  
To mope and languish in his Zoos.

You creatures wild, of field and air,  
Keep far from men, where'er they go!  
God set no speculation there—  
Alack!—We know not what we do!

### ON THE COMPANIONSHIP WITH NATURE

*By Archibald Lampman*

Let us be much with Nature; not as they  
That labour without seeing, that employ  
Her unloved forces, blindly without joy;  
Nor those whose hands and crude delights obey  
The old brute passion to hunt down and slay;  
But rather as children of one common birth,  
Discerning in each natural fruit of earth

Kinship and bond with this diviner clay.  
 Let us be with her wholly at all hours,  
 With the fond lover's zest, who is content  
 If his ear hears, and if his eye but sees;  
 So shall we grow like her in mould and bent,  
 Our bodies stately as her blessèd trees,  
 Our thoughts as sweet and sumptuous as her  
 flowers.

THE SEEING EYE

*By John Kendrick Bangs*

Small things and humble greatest lessons hold,  
 Which to the seeing eye they soon unfold—  
 As on some thorny road my way I pass  
 I get new courage from a blade of grass,  
 Which 'mid the turmoil and the weeds that kill  
 Holds fearlessly its course appointed still.

BROTHER BEASTS

*By Cale Young Rice*

Winter is here  
 And there are no leaves  
 On the naked trees,  
 Save stars twinkling  
 As the wind blows.  
 Soft to the branches  
 The little screech-owl  
 Silently comes,  
 Silently goes,  
 With weird tremolos.

## 12 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

I would go out  
And gather the stars  
The wind shakes down,  
Were they not scattered  
So far in the West.  
I would go ask  
The little screech-owl  
If he finds ease  
There in his nest  
After his quest.

I would go learn  
If the small gray mouse  
Who sets up house  
In the frozen meadow  
Dreams of the stars.  
Or what he thinks  
There in the dark,  
When flake on flake  
Of white snow bars  
Him in with its spars.

I would go out  
And learn these things  
That I may know  
What dream or desire  
Troubles my brothers  
In nest or hole.  
For even as I  
The owl and the mouse,  
Or blinded mole  
With unborn soul,  
May have some goal.

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN

*By Ralph Hodgson*

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven  
The wildest peal for years,  
If Parson lost his senses  
And people came to theirs,  
And he and they together  
Knelt down with angry prayers  
For tamed and shabby tigers  
And dancing dogs and bears,  
And wretched, blind pit ponies,  
And little hunted hares.

AN ANSWER

*By S. St. G. Lawrence*

You call them "beasts that perish," and you say  
That we, God's higher children, have the right  
To trample our dumb brothers in the clay,  
And use against them all our greater might;  
To force the horses on their weary way,  
Urged by the stinging whip and tight-drawn rein;  
To take the slow, dull cattle for our prey,  
And slay the furry creatures for our gain.  
They may not reach the heaven we hope to win,  
And so ten thousand of their lives are naught  
Against one human life, though dark with sin—  
Their soulless sufferings are not worth a thought.

## 14 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Not so, my friend; if this poor life be all  
Our Father has vouchsafed them, surely they  
To whom no glad to-morrow may befall  
Have all the better claim to their to-day.

### QUESTIONS

*By Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Is there not something in the pleading eye  
Of the poor brute that suffers, which arraigns  
The law that bids it suffer? Has it not  
A claim for some remembrance in the book  
That fills its pages with the idle words  
Spoken of man? Or is it only clay,  
Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,  
Yet all his own to treat it as he will,  
And when he will to cast it at his feet,  
Shattered, dishonored, lost for evermore?  
My dog loves me, but could he look beyond  
His earthly master, would his love extend  
To Him who—hush! I will not doubt that He  
Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
The least, the meanest of created things.

### ONCE ON A TIME

*By Margaret Benson*

Once on a time I used to dream  
Strange spirits moved about my way,  
And I might catch a vagrant gleam,  
A glint of pixy or of fay;



Their lives were mingled with my own,  
So far they roamed, so near they drew;  
And when I from a child had grown,  
I woke—and found my dream was true.

For one is clad in coat of fur,  
And one is decked with feathers gay;  
Another, wiser, will prefer  
A sober suit of Quaker gray:  
This one's your servant from his birth,  
And that a Princess you must please,  
And this one loves to wake your mirth,  
And that one likes to share your ease.

O gracious creatures, tiny souls!  
You seem so near, so far away,  
Yet while the cloudland round us rolls,  
We love you better every day.

### AN ANIMAL SONG

(For *Lone Hunter's Stories of the Fur Folk*)

*By Kathleen Conyngham Greene*

These are your brothers; listening you have heard  
Their thin faint voice that speaks without a word,  
That speaks from beast to beast since life began,  
And oh! so rarely speaks from beast to man.

For you, I think, with open eyes have trod  
The long, long road that leads at last to God:  
And over all the centuries between  
Look and remember where our lives have been.

And, seeing that we rose, can trust that they  
 Not unrecorded suffer day by day;  
 Can trace the purpose through their endless pain,  
 And hold their loves and labours not in vain.

These are your beasts. Too low, we say, for sin,  
 Unsharing in the fight the world must win:  
 We spurn them, scorn them, slaughter them for  
     play—  
 Are we more fit for Heaven than such as they?

### 'APRIL IN THE CITY

*By Elisabeth Scollard*

Her lyric laughter ripples down the street;  
 The echoing tread of feet  
 Goes surging by the door  
 As in the countless April tides of yore;  
 A tender touch of green  
 Amid the parks is seen,  
 And down the bay  
 The blue-gold flag of day  
 Has been unfurled across a height of sky;  
 A breeze drifts by . . .  
 Bringing a hint of dancing daffodils  
 And some quaint garden where the sunlight spills  
 Its mellow loveliness; the tired streets sing  
 Beneath the magic of another spring;  
 And yet how much, how more than much they miss  
 Who know no other April day than this  
 Deep in the heart of town!  
 Theirs is no wonder of green sprung from brown,

Music of melting snows  
Or song of wind that blows  
Across far hills where blue-eyed violets wake;  
They see no pine grove bordering a lake;  
The tragedy is theirs who never trod  
Paths made by God;  
An artifice of spring is all they know  
Here in the city's endless ebb and flow.

## A BROOK IN THE CITY

*By Robert Frost*

'A farmhouse lingers, though averse to square  
With the new city street it has to wear  
A number in. But what about the brook  
That held the house as in an elbow-crook?  
I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength  
And impulse, having dipped a finger length  
And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed  
A flower to try its currents where they crossed.  
The meadow grass could be cemented down  
From growing under pavements of a town;  
The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.  
Is water wood to serve a brook the same?  
How else dispose of an immortal force  
No longer needed? Staunch it at its source  
With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was  
    thrown  
Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone  
In fetid darkness still to live and run—  
And all for nothing it had ever done

## 18 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Except forget to go in fear perhaps.  
No one would know except for ancient maps  
That such a brook ran water. But I wonder  
If from its being kept forever under,  
These thoughts may not have risen that so keep  
This new-built city from both work and sleep.

### THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

*By Richard Realf*

O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows  
Which is not music; every weed of thine,  
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;  
And every humble hedge-row flower that grows,  
And every little brownbird that doth sing,  
Hath something greater than itself, and bears  
A living word to every living thing,  
Albeit it holds the message unawares.  
All shapes and sounds have something which is not  
Of them; a spirit broods amid the grass,  
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought  
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass,  
And touch of an eternal presence thrills  
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

### HIS EPITAPH

*By Clarence E. Flynn*

He wasn't rich; he wasn't great,  
His place was lowly and obscure.  
His clothing was not up-to-date,  
His house was tumble-down and poor.

No special honor did he claim.  
He never walked with lords and kings.  
No glory has illumed his name,  
But he was kind to helpless things.

He won no victories to boast.  
He made no conquests, waged no strife.  
He never led a conquering host;  
He lived an unpretentious life.  
But, when is writ the judgment scroll,  
And Time its final verdict brings,  
This will be said of him: his soul  
Was rich in love for helpless things.

ON THE DEDICATION OF A DRINKING  
FOUNTAIN

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

*By Charles Keeler*

The skies yielded up their bounty unto the earth;  
In the Sierra heights the thunder-cloud gave of its  
plenty,  
And the leaden curtain of the mist of the winter moons  
From seaward and the south swept in to drench the  
valleys;  
Yea, the teeming mothers of the heavens gave birth to  
the rain children,  
And the earth was gladdened and sent up pæans of joy.  
The grass-blades were the prayers of the grateful land,  
And the happy flowers were the hymns of the exultant  
earth.

## 20 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Then all the little rillets began to sing songs of praise ;  
Jubilant canticles of swelling brooks arose from every  
    mountain side,  
And the voices of streams all joined in a grand halle-  
    lujah chorus,  
And the rivers chanted in deep-voiced harmony thanks-  
    giving to the Sender of Rain.

O ye babbling brooks and mellifluous rills,  
O ye laughing waterfalls and crystal cascades,  
O ye joyous life-giving waters, careering deliriously  
    downward,  
Sing Te Deums triumphal on the awakening of spirit  
    from earth !

In the mountains loom the titan watchmen pine-trees,  
And the vast Sequoias near their sentinel towers anear  
    the streams ;  
In the valley-lands the oaks, benignant guardians,  
Spread their gnarled boughs beside the rivers.  
There the wild birds come to drink,  
And the thirsty bear leads forth her cubs to lap the tide,  
And the native woman, grinding acorns in potholes by  
    the river,  
Scoops up the water in the hollow of her hand to quench  
    her thirst.

Then, lo, another day, another race, another world !  
The white man, he who loves power more than beauty,  
The ravager of nature, the destroyer of the forest,  
The slayer of all wild things, of trees and flowers and  
    birds,

Cometh unto the land, and, glorying in his might,  
Lays waste all things most fair.  
He buildeth cities and the joyous streams he leadeth  
    into murky sewers,  
Yea, the sweet springs he polluteth and hideth beneath  
    the ground.  
Where once were flower-starred banks and sighing trees  
He buildeth drear walls and sad unlovely temples.  
But the still small voice of the brooklet aye whispers  
    unto him,  
And the mute appeals of thirsty brutes still clamor for  
    the life-giving water.  
Though the deer and the mountain lion no longer roam  
    abroad,  
The helpless beasts by man subdued look up into his face  
And silent beg for drink.

Then somewhere in the great cold heart of man  
Awakens the spirit of tenderness and compassion,  
And the selfish monster arouses out of his lethargy,  
And the God-spark kindles love in him,  
And he knows that the beast is his brother ;  
Aye, he knows that there is but one family and one  
    Father,  
And he loves the helpless ones and stretches out a hand  
    to them.

Come, come, O children, little brothers and great,  
Let us drink together, for this is the holy sacrament,  
This is the communion service in which we all may join,  
This, the life-giving water, O my brothers, little birds  
    and faithful dogs and patient horses,  
The same sweet water that quenches your thirst and  
    mine,

## 22 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Drink of this holy fountain reared in the midst of the  
sordid city,  
Drink that you may be appeased and satisfied,  
Drink, for such is the will of God, my brothers,  
And he who thinks of the least of the children of the  
all-merciful Father,  
Aye he shall be rewarded with the gift of love from on  
high,  
And the bond of fellowship shall gather him in with its  
benediction.

### COMPASSION

#### AN ODE

*In Celebration of the Centenary of the Royal Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*

*By Thomas Hardy*

#### I

Backward among the dusky years  
A lonesome lamp is seen arise,  
Lit by a few fain pioneers  
Before incredulous eyes.  
We read the legend that it lights:  
“Why should throughout this land of historied rights  
Mild creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered, plead  
Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, prisonment,  
In deep dumb gaze more eloquent  
Than tongues of widest heed?”



II

What was faint-written, read in a breath  
In that year—ten-times-ten away—  
A larger clearer conscience saith  
More sturdily to-day.

But still those innocents are thralls  
To throbless hearts, near, far, that hear no calls  
Of honour towards their too-dependent frail;  
And from Columbia Cape to Ind we see  
How helplessness breeds tyranny  
In power above assail.

III

Cries still are heard in secret nooks,  
Till hushed with gag or slit or thud;  
And hideous dens whereon none looks  
Are blotched with needless blood.

But here, in battlings, patient, slow,  
Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know —  
And on we labour stressful. “Ailino!”  
A mighty voice calls: “But may the good prevail!”  
And “Blessed are the merciful!”  
Calls yet a mightier one.

*January 22, 1924.*





The ADORATION  
of the TREES

There is nevertheless, a certain respect and a general duty of humanity that ties us, not only to beasts that have life and sense, but even to trees and plants.

*Of Cruelty.*

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

# THE ADORATION OF THE TREES

## GOOD COMPANY

*By Karle Wilson Baker*

To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees,  
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;  
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star  
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk  
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and  
fine;

And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue  
smoke—

*Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folk  
of thine?*

## SERMONS IN TREES

*By Florence Wilkinson*

The purple of early November  
Lies like a dream on the hill;  
In this basking hollow of woodland  
The berry-vines glitter and thrill,  
And a maple is hushed to remember  
Trancèd days of quiet September,  
And the gold that she used to spill.

## 28 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

My feet through the wood-path bearing  
Are an alien noise in the dale,  
Stirring to wings of terror  
A partridge or two from the trail;  
So with my uncourteous daring  
I have hindered their leisurely faring,  
The pretty brown birds of the dale.

I am humbled and full of repentance  
For my race's enmity,  
That these gentle-eyed wood-creatures  
Should whirl from their hostelry;  
And I fain would make their acquaintance  
That they should reverse the sentence  
And not be afraid of me.

A tawny squirrel comes whisking  
Around the bole of a tree,  
With his bright shy look untroubled  
And his tail a-quiver with glee;  
I am glad of his billowy risking,  
The trustful heart of his frisking;  
And I thank my brother the squirrel,  
For his friendliness to me.

### TREES

*By Joyce Kilmer*

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

### A WASTED MORNING

*By Abbie Farwell Brown*

I wasted a morning!

Where? And Why?

I let swift hours go silently by,  
As I lay at the foot of an ancient tree,  
And let God's universe talk to me.

Wind and shadow, cloud and bird,  
Spoke each to my heart a musical word.  
The little brown cone that fell on my cheek,  
The squirrel who mocked with an impudent squeak,  
The golden mushroom brimmed with death,  
The twin-flower blessing the air with its breath;  
Old spider spinning above my head  
A magical dream with her rainbow thread;  
The liliput vases of moss below;  
The sudden caw of a picket crow;

The rhythmical green of a supple snake  
 Quivering into a lair of brake;  
 The grumbling bee, the whispering pine—  
 What need had they for a word of mine?  
 They lived the poem; they wove the spell  
 No tongue could utter, no phrases tell;  
 And a human voice could but disgrace  
 The eloquent stillness of the place.

So I lay at the foot of the ancient tree,  
 And let God's free verse sing to me.

### A B C'S IN GREEN

*By Leonora Speyer*

The trees are God's great alphabet:  
 With them He writes in shining green  
 Across the world His thoughts serene.

He scribbles poems against the sky  
 With a gay, leafy lettering,  
 For us and for our bettering.

The wind pulls softly at His page,  
 And every star and bird  
 Repeats in dutiful delight His word,  
 And every blade of grass  
 Flutters to class.

Like a slow child that does not heed,  
 I stand at summer's knees,  
 And from the primer of the wood  
 I spell that life and love are good,  
 I learn to read.



TREE FEELINGS

*By Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

I wonder if they like it—being trees?  
I suppose they do. . . .  
It must feel good to have the ground so flat,  
And feel yourself stand right straight up like that—  
So stiff in the middle—and then branch at ease,  
Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and blow,  
And all those fringy leaves that flutter so.  
You'd think they'd break off at the lower end  
When the wind fills them, and their great heads bend.  
But then you think of all the roots they drop,  
As much at bottom as there is on top,—  
A double tree, widespread in earth and air  
Like a reflection in the water there.

I guess they like to stand still in the sun  
And just breathe out and in, and feel the cool sap run;  
And like to feel the rain run through their hair  
And slide down to the roots and settle there.  
But I think they like wind best. From the light touch  
That lets the leaves whisper and kiss so much,  
To the great swinging, tossing, flying wide,  
And all the time so stiff and strong inside!  
And the big winds, that pull, and make them feel  
How long their roots are, and the earth how leal!

And O the blossoms! And the wild seeds lost!  
And jewelled martyrdom of fiery frost!  
And fruit-trees. I'd forgotten. No cold gem,  
But to be apples—And bow down with them!

THE HEALING OF THE WOOD

*By Clinton Scollard*

To heal mine aching moods,  
Give me God's virgin woods,  
His cloistral solitudes,  
Where none intrudes!

A dim sequestered place,  
With leaves that link and lace,  
Where peace and primal grace  
Meet face to face.

There would I gain heart's-ease  
From the sweet calm of trees,  
And the low melodies  
Of birds and bees.

There would the balm distill  
A soothing for all ill;  
With cheerfulness the rill  
My heart would fill.

I would go softly thence  
With a far kindlier sense;  
With more benevolence,  
And less pretence.

Fairer the sky would ope;  
Less would I, faltering, grope;  
But tread life's onward slope  
With surer hope!

MY LEGACY

*By Ethelwyn Wetherald*

The little tree I planted out  
And often muse upon,  
May be alive to grow and thrive  
And out into the sunlight strive,  
When I am dead and gone.

So it shall be my legacy  
To toilers in the sun,  
So sweet its shade, each man and maid  
May be induced to take a spade  
And plant another one.

THE TREE'S WAY

*By George Cronyn*

The high trees are honest folk;  
They do not stand so much aloof  
Up under heaven's roof,  
Altho' they are earth's fairest cloak.  
Their lives are very calm and slow;  
They wait for coming things to come,  
They wait, they rest, they ponder some  
Purpose forgotten long ago  
Like quiet folk;  
And sometimes I am moved to stroke  
Hand-greeting as I pass them near,  
And often I am sure I hear  
An answer from these stately folk!

## TREES

*By Angela Morgan*

Trees are astronomers, benign and hoary,  
 Tellers of tall antiquity, who stand  
 Bastioned upon the bosom of the land  
 Yet freed eternally from earth's red story.  
 No lowly secrets of the dark soil  
 Command their toil;  
 Their learned eyes  
 Fastened in solemn rapture on the skies  
 Witness the bright procession of the stars move on  
 From early dark till dawn.  
 Seeing Orion with his blazing shield  
 Marshal his hosts upon the battlefield.  
 Beholding Perseus, whose winged leap  
 Turns the devouring demon into stone,  
 Melting the while a virgin heart from sleep  
 That fair Andromeda shall be his own.

Trees are historians who tell upon their pages  
 The pageantry of ages.  
 No earthly dwellers they  
 Who watch all day  
 The scenic splendor of the sky  
 Drifting by.  
 Battles and beauties, palaces that rear  
 Imperial domes within the painted atmosphere.  
 Princes on prancing steeds,  
 Heroic deeds  
 Unseen of man, whose eager hours are spent  
 In ways unseemly to the firmament.

Fever and fret are stranger to the trees  
Riding among the stars in giant ease,  
Dwelling amid an ecstasy of light. . . .  
Such glory as would stun our smaller sight.  
Trees are historians who strive to render,  
Year upon year, the record of the sky's splendor.  
Shedding their flaming stars for us to see,  
Printing their new green pages, tirelessly. . . .  
While we, who gather handfuls of their gold  
See not it is the starlight that we hold!

### GREEN LEAVES

*By Basho*

Ah, how sublime—  
The green leaves, the young leaves,  
In the light of the sun!

### TAPESTRY TREES

*By William Morris*

*Oak.* I am the Roof-tree and the Keel:  
I bridge the seas for woe and weal.

*Fir.* High o'er the lordly oak I stand,  
And drive him on from land to land.

*Ash.* I heft my brother's iron bane;  
I shaft the spear and build the wain.

## 36 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

*Yew.* Dark down the windy dale I grow,  
The father of the fateful Bow.

*Poplar.* The war shaft and the milking-bowl  
I make, and keep the hay-wain whole.

*Olive.* The King I bless ; the lamps I trim ;  
In my warm wave do fishes swim.

*Apple-tree.* I bowed my head to Adam's will ;  
The cups of toiling men I fill.

*Vine.* I draw the blood from out the earth ;  
I store the sun for winter mirth.

*Orange-tree.* Amidst the greenness of my night  
My odorous lamps hang round and bright.

*Fig-tree.* I who am little among trees  
In honey-making mate the bees.

*Mulberry-tree.* Love's lack hath dyed my berries  
red:  
For Love's attire my leaves are shed.

*Pear-tree.* High o'er the mead-flowers' hidden  
feet  
I bear aloft my burden sweet.

*Bay.* Look on my leafy boughs, the Crown  
Of living song and dead renown!

MY CATHEDRAL

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines  
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;  
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,  
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,  
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;  
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,  
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,  
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.  
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,  
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!  
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,  
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,  
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,  
And learn there may be worship without words.

TO THE FALLEN GUM-TREE ON  
MT. BAW-BAW

*By Douglas W. Sladen*

Yes, you lie there in state unearthly-solemn,  
As though you'd been a heaven-supporting column,  
Not a dead tree, of bark and foliage stript,  
Gigantic Eucalypt!

Your brothers, standing still, look half-defiant,  
Half in mute silence for the fallen giant:  
I doubt if aught so great e'er fell so far  
Except a falling star.

38 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

How tall would you have grown in course of Nature?  
How old are your five hundred feet of stature?  
Can you remember Noah and the flood

When you were yet a bud?

Standing beside your trunk, one almost fancies  
That he beholds the Middle Age romances,  
And that the stories travellers have told,

In books despised and old,

May not have been without some slight foundation,  
Though they, of course, lost nothing in narration:  
Herodotus we dare not now ignore

As Egypt we explore.

What have you witnessed in your long existence  
On remote ranges in the Gippsland distance?  
Have you seen savage empires rise and fall,

And stories tragical?

Did some black Dido, flying from her lovers,  
Found a new kingdom, happy in thy covers,  
Until a Maori Æneas came

And lit the cursed flame?

Or a dark Robin Hood devote his leisure  
To stealing skulls, and take a savage pleasure  
In making, what blacks have by way of, priests,

Uneasy at their feasts?

Or saw you earlier and gentler races,  
Of nobler instincts and with fairer faces,  
Die out before the circling boomerang

And the black serpent's fang?



You look like a great chip of the creation,  
A relic of the former Dispensation,  
When men were forced to spend nine hundred years  
Here in this vale of tears.

Yet to us, creatures of a day, it's soothing  
To know that, as trees go, your years are nothing:  
There's little in Australia but rocks  
Of old age orthodox.

Lie there in fallen majesty, I love you!  
May you lie there till the last trump shall move you,  
Magnificent as Cheops in his crypt,  
You dead king Eucalypt!

(This tree, lying in one of the gorges of Mt. Baw-Baw, Gippsland, Victoria, measured, as it lay 480 feet long, and where the top had been broken off, had a diameter of two feet. Our most eminent naturalist pronounces it to have been at least 40 feet longer, as it stood.)

## THE LESSON OF A TREE

*By Walt Whitman*

I should not take either the biggest or the most picturesque tree to illustrate it. Here is one of my favorites now before me, a fine yellow poplar, quite straight, perhaps ninety feet high, and four feet thick at the butt. How strong, vital, enduring! how dumbly eloquent! What suggestions of imperturbability and *being*, as against the human trait of mere *seeming*. Then the qualities, almost emotional, palpably artistic, heroic, of a tree; so innocent and harmless, yet so savage. It *is*,

## 40 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

yet says nothing. How it rebukes by its tough and equable serenity all weathers, this gusty-tempered little whiffet, man, that runs indoors at a mite of rain or snow. Science (or rather half-way science) scoffs at a reminiscence of dryad and hamadryad, and of trees speaking. But, if they don't, they do as well as most speaking, writing, poetry, sermons—or rather they do a great deal better. I should say indeed that those old dryad reminiscences are quite as true as any, and profounder than most reminiscences we get. (“Cut this out,” as the quack mediciners say, and keep by you.) Go and sit in a grove or woods, with one or more of those voiceless companions, and read the foregoing, and think.





SONGS IN  
MANY KEYS

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?

*Forbearance.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## SONGS IN MANY KEYS

### STUPIDITY STREET

*By Ralph Hodgson*

I saw with open eyes  
Singing birds sweet  
Sold in the shops  
For the people to eat,  
Sold in the shops of  
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
The worm in the wheat,  
And in the shops nothing  
For people to eat;  
Nothing for sale in  
Stupidity Street.

### THE BIRDS

*By Jack Collins Squire*

Within mankind's duration, so they say,  
Khephren and Ninus lived but yesterday.  
Asia had no name till man was old  
And long had learned the use of iron and gold;  
And æons had passed, when the first corn was planted,  
Since first the use of syllables was granted.

#### 44 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Men were on earth while climates slowly swung,  
Fanning wide zones to heat and cold, and long  
Subsidence turned great continents to sea,  
And seas dried up, dried up interminably,  
Age after age; enormous seas were dried  
Amid wastes of land. And the last monsters died.

Earth wore another face. O since that prime  
Man with how many works has sprinkled time!  
Hammering, hewing, digging tunnels, roads;  
Building ships, temples, multiform abodes.  
How, for his body's appetites, his toils  
Have conquered all earth's products, all her soils;  
And in what thousand thousand shapes of art  
He has tried to find a language for his heart!

Never at rest, never content or tired:  
Insatiate wanderer, marvellously fired,  
Most grandly piling and piling into the air  
Stones that will topple or arch he knows not where.  
And yet did I, this spring, think it more strange,  
More grand, more full of awe, than all that change,  
And lovely and sweet and touching unto tears,  
That through man's chronicled and unchronicled  
years,  
And even into that unguessable beyond  
The water-hen has nested by a pond,  
Weaving dry flags into a beaten floor,  
The one sure product of her only lore.  
Low on a ledge above the shadowed water  
Then, when she heard no men, as nature taught her,  
Plashing around with busy scarlet bill  
She built that nest, her nest, and builds it still.

O let your strong imagination turn  
The great wheel backward, until Troy unburn,  
And then unbuild, and seven Troys below  
Rise out of death, and dwindle, and outflow,  
Till all have passed, and none has yet been there:  
Back, ever back. Our birds still crossed the air;  
Beyond our myriad changing generations  
Still built, unchanged, their known inhabitations.  
A million years before Atlantis was  
Our lark sprang from some hollow in the grass,  
Some old soft hoof-print in a tussock's shade;  
And the wood-pigeon's smooth snow-white eggs were  
laid,  
High amid green pines' sunset-coloured shafts,  
And rooks their villages of twiggy rafts  
Set on the tops of elms, where elms grew then,  
And still the thumbling tit and perky wren  
Popped through the tiny doors of cosy balls  
And the blackbird lined with moss his high-built walls;  
A round mud cottage held the thrush's young,  
And straws from the untidy sparrow's hung.  
And, skimming forktailed in the evening air,  
When man first was were not the martens there?  
Did not those birds some human shelter crave,  
And stow beneath the cornice of his cave  
Their dry tight cups of clay? And from each door  
Peeped on a morning wiseheads three or four.

Yes, daw and owl, curlew and crested hern,  
Kingfisher, mallard, water-rail, and tern,  
Chaffinch and greenfinch, wagtail, stonechat, ruff,  
Pied warbler, robin, fly-catcher, and chough,

Missel-thrush, magpie, sparrow-hawk, and jay,  
 Built, those far ages gone, in this year's way.  
 And the first man who walked the cliffs of Rame,  
 As I this year, looked down and saw the same  
 Blotches of rusty red on ledge and cleft  
 With grey-green spots on them, while right and left  
 A dizzying tangle of gulls were floating and flying,  
 Wheeling and crossing and darting, crying and cry-  
     ing,  
 Circling and crying, over and over and over,  
 Crying with swoop and hover and fall and recover.  
 And below on a rock against the grey sea fretted,  
 Pipe-necked and stationary and silhouetted,  
 Cormorants stood in a wise, black, equal row  
 Above the nests and long blue eggs we know.

O delicate chain over all the ages stretched,  
 O dumb tradition from what far darkness fetched:  
 Each little architect with its one design  
 Perpetual, fixed and right in stuff and line,  
 Each little ministrant who knows one thing,  
 One learnèd rite to celebrate the spring.  
 Whatever alters else on sea or shore,  
 These are unchanging: man must still explore.

## PENSIONERS

*By W. M. Letts*

My Pensioners who daily  
 Come here to beg their fare,  
 For all their need dress gaily  
 And have a jaunty air.



With "Tira—lira—lira—  
Now of your charity  
Pray help the little brethren  
Of noble poverty."

One shines in glossy sable,  
One wears a russet coat,  
And one who seeks my table  
Has red about his throat.  
With "Tira—lira—lira—"  
Gay waistcoat, speckled vest,  
Black cap and fine blue bonnet,  
They all come bravely dressed.

To them I gladly scatter  
In this their time of need,  
Heap bread upon their platter  
And ask not for my meed,  
But in the jocund spring-time  
Their songs give back to me  
A thousand-fold—my brethren  
Of noble poverty.

From "MAY-DAY"

*By Ralph Waldo Emerson*

O birds, your perfect virtues bring,  
Your song, your forms, your rhythmic flight,  
Your manners for the heart's delight,  
Nestle in hedge, or barn, or roof,  
Here weave your chamber weather-proof,

Forgive our harms, and condescend  
 To man, as to a lubber friend,  
 And, generous, teach his awkward race  
 Courage, and probity, and grace!

### A HEALTH TO THE BIRDS

*By Seumas MacManus*

*Here's a health to the birds one and all!  
 A health to the birds great and small!  
 The birds that from hill and hedge call,  
 Through the highlands and islands of grey  
 Donegal—*

*Here's a health to them,  
 Health to them,  
 Health to them all!*

#### I

Here's a health to the mavis!  
 A health to the mavis that sits on the thorn,  
 And trolls a gay breastful to brighten the morn,  
 And lighten the load of the man in the corn!  
 May its breast ne'er be tuneless, its heart ne'er  
 forlorn—

A health to the mavis!

#### II

Here's a health to the leverock!  
 A health to the leverock that loves the blue sky!  
 No bog is too low, no hill is too high,  
 And the moor's not too poor, for the leverock to lie;  
 May its name, and its fame, and its song, never die!

A health to the leverock!

## III

Here's a health to the linnet!  
A health to the linnet that lilt on the tree,  
The little green linnet so pretty to see,  
The linnet whose tinkling tones gladden the lea—  
High health, and heart-wealth, little linnet, to thee!  
A health to the linnet!

## IV

Here's a health to the blackbird!  
A health to the blackbird who hides in the bush,  
In the glen, far from men, where the dark rivers  
rush,  
And rolls a full soul in the round notes that gush  
From his silver-toned throat at dawning's first  
flush—  
A health to the blackbird!

## V

Here's a health to the wren!  
Ay, a health to the wren, too, the devil's dear pet,  
Though thousands of years he's owed a black debt,  
And it's often we've made the vile thummikin  
sweat—  
But, away with old scores! forgive and forget!  
Here's a health to the wren!

## VI

Here's a health to the birds one and all!  
A health to the birds great and small—  
The birds that from hill and hedge call,

50 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Through the highlands and islands of grey  
Donegal—

Here's a health to them,  
Health to them,  
Health to them all!

“SING ON, BLITHE BIRD”

*By William Motherwell*

I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut  
from the tree,  
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.  
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly  
peer  
With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if  
harm were near;  
I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it  
was good  
To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was  
in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth  
sing;  
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his  
little wing.  
He will not fly, he knows full well, while chirping on that  
spray,  
I would not harm him for the world, or interrupt his lay.  
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with  
summer gladness;  
It has been aching many a day with measures full of  
sadness!

## CHANTICLEER

*By Katharine Tynan*

Of all the birds from East to West  
That tuneful are and dear,  
I love that farmyard bird the best,  
They call him Chanticleer.

*Gold plume and copper plume,  
Comb of scarlet gay;  
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,  
And whistles back the day!*

He is the sun's brave herald  
That, ringing his blithe horn,  
Calls round a world dew-pearled  
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold!  
He calls through creeping mist  
The mountains from the night and cold  
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,  
And calls the flowers to rise;  
The morning cometh, bringing  
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

*Gold plume and silver plume,  
Comb of coral gay;  
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,  
And summons home the day!*

## 52 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Black fear he sends it flying,  
Black care he drives afar;  
And creeping shadows sighing  
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest  
Have dear and pleasant cheer,  
But yet I hold the rarest  
The farmyard Chanticleer.

*Red cock or black cock,  
Gold cock or white,  
The flower of all the feathered flock,  
He whistles back the light!*

### A LITTLE BIRD

*By Ellen M. Huntington Gates*

I know a little bird that sings  
Its anthem from a slender tower,  
Then from a cedar bough it swings  
And seems as fragile as a flower.

I long to hold it in my hand  
And tell it of my passing days;  
I wish to make it understand  
How much I love its little ways.

But ah! the bird is wondrous wise;  
It sits superior in its place  
Till something calls it, and it flies  
And flings its shadow in my face.

Up! up it goes! an atom fine  
That knows the secrets of the Blue,  
And meets with no restraining line  
Among the clouds it passes through.

What thing is this that God has made  
And set between the earth and sky,  
So blithe and small, yet unafraid  
Among His thunderbolts to fly?

## THE BIRD MAN

*By Lucy Branch Allen*

Mr. Sylvanus McFarland of South Bristol, Maine, began at the age of seventy, carving and painting the birds of his locality. At the age of seventy-six, he had made and shipped to different parts of the world sixteen thousand birds. Over sixty varieties were represented.

His summer fled, but winter's chill  
Bred in him no deadening blight,  
For underneath his cunning hand there thrill  
To life, and wing o'er distant hills their flight  
Those little birds, those happy birds  
That sang along his morning way  
Of Beauty.

A robin in a mist of rain,  
A bluebird on a blossomy bough,  
A veery fluting from some shadowy lane—  
His old remembering fingers mold them now—  
Dawn's choristers, dawn's wingèd words  
Chanting at set of sun their lay  
Of Beauty.

O golden youth on the morning hill,  
 With softly fluttering wings fair  
 Visions wait! With all things lovely fill  
 Your soul; capture to-day life's glories rare,  
 Then set them free—late singing birds,  
 Fulfillment of your yesterday  
 Of Beauty.

### THE MOTHER BIRD

*By Walter de la Mare*

Through the green twilight of a hedge  
 I peered, with cheek on the cool leaves pressed,  
 And spied a bird upon a nest:  
 Two eyes she had beseeching me  
 Meekly and brave, and her brown breast  
 Throbb'd hot and quick above her heart;  
 And then she oped her dagger bill,—  
 'Twas not a chirp, as sparrows pipe  
 At break of day; 'twas not a trill,  
 As falters through the quiet even;  
 But one sharp solitary note,  
 One desperate, fierce, and vivid cry  
 Of valiant tears, and hopeless joy,  
 One passionate note of victory:  
 Off, like a fool afraid, I sneaked,  
 Smiling the smile the fool smiles best,  
 At the mother bird in the secret hedge  
 Patient upon her lonely nest.



## A BIRD IN THE HAND

*By Norman Gale*

Look at this ball of intractable fluff,  
Panting and staring with piteous eyes!  
What a rebellion of heart! what a ruff  
Tickles my hand as the missel-thrush tries,  
Pecking my hand with her termagant bill,  
How to escape (and I love her, the sweet!)  
Back where the clustering oaks on the hill  
Climb to the blue with their branches, and meet!

Nay, polished beak, you are pecking a friend!  
Bird of the grassland, you bleed at the wing!  
Stay with me, love; in captivity mend  
Wrong that was wrought by the boy and his  
sling.

Would that a Priest of the Birds might arise,  
Wonderful words on his lips to persuade  
Reasoning creatures to leave to the skies  
Song at its purest, a-throb in the glade!

Bow, woodland heart, to the yoke for a while!  
Soon shall the lyrics of wind in the trees  
Stir you to pipe in the green forest-aisle—  
God send me there with the grass to my knees!  
Trusting to-day an affectionate breast  
Full of its duty to welcome and share,  
Build from the twigs of my friendship a nest  
Not to be plundered, Delight of the air!

## A MEADOW TRAGEDY

*By Dora Sigerson Shorter*

Here's a meadow full of sunshine,  
 Ripe grasses lush and high;  
 There's a reaper on the roadway,  
 And a lark hangs in the sky.

There's a nest of love enclosing  
 Three little beaks that cry;  
 The reaper's in the meadow  
 And a lark hangs in the sky.

Here's a mead all full of summer,  
 And tragedy goes by  
 With a knife amongst the grasses,  
 And a song up in the sky.

## THE RAPE OF THE NEST

*By Francis Adams*

In early spring I watched two sparrows build,  
 And then their nest within the thickest hedge  
 Construct, two small dear mates within whose life  
 And love, foreshadowed and foreshadowing, I  
 Had some sweet underpart. And so at last  
 The little round blue eggs were laid, and her post  
 The mother brooding kept, while far and wide  
 He sought the food for both, or, weariness  
 Compelling her, he changed and kept his post  
 Within the nest, and she flew forth in turn.

One day, a schoolboy, or some other, came  
And caught her, took the eggs, and tore the nest,  
And went his way. Then, as I stood looking  
Through gathering tears and sobs, all swiftly  
winged,  
Food-bearing, came the lover back, and flew  
Into the thickest hedge. How shall we say  
How the sweet mate lost forever, the ruined home,  
And the hope of young, with all life's life and light  
Quenched at a moment forever, were to him?  
For grief like this grows dumb, deeper than words,  
And man and animal are only one.

## MY THRUSH

*By Mortimer Collins*

All through the sultry hours of June,  
From morning blithe to golden noon,  
And till the star of evening climbs  
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,  
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,  
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;  
Right seldom come his silent times.  
Linger, ye summer hours serene!  
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

Nor from these confines wander out,  
Where the old gun, bucolic lout,  
Commits all day his murderous crimes:  
Though cherries ripe are sweet, no doubt,  
Sweeter thy song amid the limes.

May I not dream God sends thee there,  
 Thou mellow angel of the air,  
     Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes  
 With music's soul, all praise and prayer?  
     Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:  
 His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly  
     Through silent ether's summer climes.  
 Ah, never may thy music die!  
     Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

### THRUSHES

*By Evelyn Underhill*

I think the thrush's voice is more like God's  
 Than many a preacher's telling of the Word;  
 I think the mother-thrush, who turns the sods  
 To find fat earth-worms for her baby bird—  
 And, worn by her maternal toil,  
 With busy eye and mild  
 That marks each subtle movement of the soil  
 Patiently tends upon her greedy child—  
     She is the feathery image of that grace  
     Which spends itself to feed our thankless race.

### THRUSHES

*By Karle Wilson Baker*

Through Tanglewood the thrushes trip,  
 As brown as any clod,  
 But in their spotted throats are hung  
 The vesper-bells of God.

And I know little secret truths,  
And hidden things of good,  
Since I have heard the thrushes sing  
At dusk, in Tanglewood.

### THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

*By Katharine Lee Bates*

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

## BIRDS

*By Katharine Morse*

A bluebird in an apple-tree  
 A glad adventure is to me;

While, sudden glimpsed, the swallow's dart  
 Like laughter flicks across my heart;

Grey-shadowed gulls with wide blown wings  
 Wake in me vagrant hankerings;

A silver thrush at dusk of day  
 Calls from dim woods and then I pray.

## THE ORIOLE

*By Louise Helen Coburn*

Hark! do you hear that note, sustained and clear?  
 Come, look into the top of yonder tree!  
 No, higher—higher yet! There, do you see?  
 It is the Oriole, that's lighted here  
 To bring a bit of tropic splendor near,—  
 A vision of the warmth and brilliancy  
 Of southern coloring to you and me.  
 Now he is stirring! There's a gleam of sheer  
 Translucent flame, and he has flown away.  
 We welcome, do we not, our timid guest;  
 Upon our tallest elm, if he will stay,  
 He and his mate shall hang their hammock nest,  
 Where the light zephyrs, that forever sway  
 The pendent leaves, shall rock their babes to rest.

## TO SOME PHILADELPHIA SPARROWS

*By Jeannette Marks*

Men say unfriendly words of you, poor birds!  
And I? I praise you for your saucy joy  
On dusty streets; I love you for your twitter  
In vines that cling to heated city walls;  
Your noisy congregations on the trees;  
Unchurchly ways of saying this and that  
About your brother men; your gaieties  
In parks near by a fountain's dripping brim.

Men say your manners are not fine. And, too,  
They call you scavengers, they call you thief  
And enemy to other prettier birds.  
Perhaps we are one feather, you and I!  
I would not hold it any grief to be  
Your brother bird upon the city street.

I love you, chatterers! Yet I have heard  
The lark in other lands, the thrush in this.  
Dull many a day had been without your din,  
Your wrangles under foot, your shameless ways.

Men say unfriendly words of you. Of me  
They speak unkindly, too. Yet see how gay  
We are! Ah, well, we are one feather, you  
And I! We have the city streets for plunder,  
The eaves for wonder, and above there is  
The sky!

## THE SONG SPARROW

*By Henry van Dyke*

There is a bird I know so well,  
 It seems as if he must have sung  
 Beside my crib when I was young;  
 Before I knew the way to spell  
 The name of even the smallest bird,  
 His gentle-joyful song I heard.  
 Now see if you can tell, my dear,  
 What bird it is that, every year,  
 Sings "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

He comes in March, when winds are strong,  
 And snow returns to hide the earth;  
 But still he warms his heart with mirth,  
 And waits for May. He lingers long  
 While flowers fade; and every day  
 Repeats his small, contented lay;  
 As if to say, we need not fear  
 The season's change, if love is here  
 With "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

He does not wear a Joseph's-coat  
 Of many colors, smart and gay;  
 His suit is Quaker brown and gray,  
 With darker patches at his throat.  
 'And yet of all the well-dressed throng  
 Not one can sing so brave a song.  
 It makes the pride of looks appear  
 A vain and foolish thing, to hear  
 His "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"



A lofty place he does not love,  
 But sits by choice, and well at ease,  
 In hedges, and in little trees  
 That stretch their slender arms above  
 The meadow-brook; and there he sings  
 Till all the field with pleasure rings;  
 And so he tells in every ear,  
 That lowly homes to heaven are near  
 In "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

I like the tune, I like the words;  
 They seem so true, so free from art,  
 So friendly, and so full of heart,  
 That if but one of all the birds  
 Could be my comrade everywhere,  
 My little brother of the air,  
 This is the one I'd choose, my dear,  
 Because he'd bless me, every year,  
 With "*Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer.*"

### CHICKADEE

*By Hilda Conkling*

*(Written at the age of six)*

The chickadee in the apple-tree  
 Talks all the time very gently.  
 He makes me sleepy.  
 I rock away to the sea-lights.  
 Far off I hear him talking  
 The way smooth bright pebbles  
 Drop into water. . . .  
 Chick-a-dee-dee-dee. . . .

## THE TITMOUSE

*By Ralph Waldo Emerson*

You shall not be overbold  
 When you deal with arctic cold,  
 As late I found my lukewarm blood  
 Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.  
 How should I fight? my foeman fine  
 Has million arms to one of mine:  
 East, west, for aid I looked in vain,  
 East, west, north, south, are his domain.  
 Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;  
 Must borrow his winds who there would come.  
 Up and away for life! be fleet!—  
 The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,  
 Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,  
 Curdles the blood to the marble bones,  
 Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,  
 And hems in life with narrowing fence.  
 Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,—  
 The punctual stars will vigil keep,—  
 Embalmed by purifying cold;  
 The winds shall sing their dead-march old,  
 The snow is no ignoble shroud,  
 The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,  
 'Twas coming fast to such anointing,  
 When piped a tiny voice hard by,  
 Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
*Chic-chicadeedee!* saucy note  
 Out of sound heart and merry throat,

As if it said, "Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces."

This poet, though he live apart,  
Moved by his hospitable heart,  
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,  
To do the honors of his court,  
As fits a feathered lord of land;  
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,  
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,  
Prints his small impress on the snow,  
Show feats of his gymnastic play,  
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death;  
This scrap of valor just for play  
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,  
As if to shame my weak behavior;  
I greeted loud my little savior,  
"You pet! what dost here? and what for?  
In these woods, thy small Labrador,  
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!  
What fire burns in that little chest  
So frolic, stout and self-possesst?  
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;  
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.  
Why are not diamonds black and gray,  
To ape thy dare-devil array?  
And I affirm, the spacious North  
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.

I think no virtue goes with size ;  
The reason of all cowardice  
Is, that men are overgrown,  
And, to be valiant, must come down  
To the titmouse dimension."

'Tis good-will makes intelligence,  
And I began to catch the sense  
Of my bird's song: " Live out of doors  
In the great woods, on prairie floors.  
I dine in the sun ; when he sinks in the sea,  
I too have a hole in a hollow tree ;  
And I like less when Summer beats  
With stifling beams on these retreats,  
Than noontide twilights which snow makes  
With tempest of the blinding flakes.  
For well the soul, if stout within,  
Can arm impregnably the skin ;  
And polar frost my frame defied,  
Made of the air that blows outside."

With glad remembrance of my debt,  
I homeward turn ; farewell, my pet !  
When here again thy pilgrim comes,  
He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.  
Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,  
Thou first and foremost shalt be fed ;  
The Providence that is most large  
Takes hearts like thine in special charge,  
Helps who for their own need are strong,  
And the sky doats on cheerful song.  
Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant  
O'er all that mass and minster vaunt ;

For men mis-hear thy call in Spring,  
 As 'twould accost some frivolous wing,  
 Crying out of the hazel copse, *Phe-be!*  
 And, in winter, *Chic-a-dee-dee!*  
 I think old Cæsar must have heard  
 In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,  
 And, echoed in some frosty wold,  
 Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.  
 And I will write our annals new,  
 And thank thee for a better clew,  
 I, who dreamed not when I came here  
 To find the antidote of fear,  
 Now hear thee say in Roman key,  
*Paeon! Veni, vidi, vici.*

## TITMOUSE

*By Walter de la Mare*

If you would happy company win,  
 Dangle a palm-nut from a tree,  
 Idly in green to sway and spin,  
 Its snow-pulped kernel for bait; and see,  
     A nimble titmouse enter in.

Out of earth's vast unknown of air,  
 Out of all summer, from wave to wave,  
 He'll perch, and prank his feathers fair,  
 Jangle a glass-clear wildering stave,  
     And take his commons there—

This tiny son of life; this spright,  
 By momentary Human sought,  
 Plume will his wing in the dappling light,  
 Clash timbrel shrill and gay—  
 And into time's enormous nought,  
 Sweet-fed, will flit away.

### BOB WHITE

*By Edgar A. Guest*

Out near the links where I go to play  
 My favorite game from day to day,  
 There's a friend of mine that I've never met,  
 Walked with or broken bread with, yet  
 I've talked to him oft and he's talked to me  
 Whenever I've been where he's chanced to be;  
 He's a cheery old chap who keeps out of sight,  
 A gay little fellow whose name's Bob White.

Bob White! Bob White! I can hear him call  
 As I follow the trail to my little ball—  
 Bob White! Bob White! with a note of cheer  
 That was just designed for a mortal ear;  
 Then I drift far off from the world of men  
 An' stand an' answer him back right then,  
 An' we whistle away to each other there,  
 Glad of the life which is ours to share.

Bob White! Bob White! May you live to be  
 The head of a numerous family!  
 May you boldly call to your friends out here,  
 With never an enemy's gun to fear;

I'm a better man as I pass along,  
For your cheery call and your bit of song;  
May your food be plenty and skies be bright  
To the end of your days, good friend, Bob White!

## PARTRIDGES

*By Alonzo Teall Worden*

Under the alders, along the brooks,  
Under the hemlocks, along the hill,  
Spreading their plumage with furtive looks,  
Daintily pecking the leaves at will;  
Whir! and they flit from the startled sight,—  
And the forest is silent, the air is still.

Crushing the leaves 'neath our careless feet,  
Snapping the twigs with a heavy tread,  
Dreamy October is late and sweet,  
And stooping we gather a blossom dead;  
Boom! and our heart has a thunderous beat  
As the gray apparition flits overhead.

Up from the path with a thunderous roar  
That startles the dreamer amid his dreams,  
Till he peers into vistas that open before  
For the flash of the plumage with silver gleams:  
Why, modest brown hermit, thus fearful of him  
Who would share in the secrets of forest and  
streams?

I lie on windrows of leaves and gaze  
 At thy innocent preening of serrate wing,  
 Or watch where the last crimson colors blaze,  
 And the red autumn leaves to the maple cling,—  
 Too fond of this life myself, to destroy  
 The motion and life I am worshiping.

### THE LIBRARY DOVE

*By John Russell Hayes*

*Columba, O Columba, come again,  
 And murmur softly at my window-pane!*

One day a dove in at our window flew,  
 A comely dove with neck of iris hue.  
 He seemed bewildered, far from home, and lost,  
 As if on some wild wind he had been tossed,  
 Then in the after-lull had drifted down  
 And sought a refuge in our friendly town;—  
 I know not,—but for weeks he lingered near,  
 And every day I heard his murmur clear  
 And soft as music from a fairy flute  
 Or far-heard throb of mandolin or lute,  
 So gently would he murmur.

He was tame,  
 And every morning to the window came  
 To eat the oats and corn I scattered there;  
 Then would he croon, and preen his feathers fair  
 And entertain me with his murmur sweet,  
 While sideways on the sill with dainty feet



He stepped, with air most solemn and sedate  
And head aslant, as pondering the fate  
That kept folks bound to books through such long  
hours

While all outdoors was bright with sun and flowers!

At last, in late October, off he flew.  
Alas, the lovely creature never knew  
How much I miss my little fairy friend,  
And how I hope a kindly fate will send  
This darling dove some day again to cheer  
Our dusty hours with murmured music clear.

*Columba*, with your lovely Latin name,  
Come back again as long ago you came,  
And croon your pensive songs upon the sill;  
Tap on the window with your little bill  
And tell us how the sunshine and the flowers  
Rebuke us for our long and bookish hours.  
*Columba, O Columba, come again,*  
*And murmur gently at my window-pane.*

## THE BELFRY PIGEON

*By N. P. Willis*

On the cross-beams, under the Old South bell,  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well;  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air.  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,

## 72 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'Tis a bird I love with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;  
I often stop with the fear I feel,  
He runs so close to the rabbit wheel.  
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—  
Chime of the hour or funeral knell—  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
When the tongue swings out to the midnight  
    moon,  
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon;  
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,  
When the child is waked with "Nine at night,"  
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unstirred;  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.  
Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee!

### THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

*By William Wordsworth*

The imperial Consort of the Fairy-King  
Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell  
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell

Ceilinged and roofed, that is so fair a thing  
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring  
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;  
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree  
bough,  
And dimly-gleaming nest—a hollow crown  
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:  
I gazed—and self-accused while gazing, sighed  
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!

## WAGTAIL AND BABY

*By Thomas Hardy*

A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;  
The wagtail, in a winking  
With terror rose and disappeared;  
The baby fell a-thinking.

### THE OWLS

*By Helen Granville-Barker*

Three little feathery owls flew overhead  
As I walked down the frozen garden path;  
One on the chestnut lit, one chose the pine,  
And one a twisted pear-tree, bare and brown.

There in the garden it was still as death;  
Beyond the wintry meadows glowed the west,  
Rose that receded swiftly into gray;  
The little owls and I seemed all that lived.

Softly I tiptoed near the chestnut-tree,  
Two little, shining, curious eyes looked out;  
And from the pear-tree two, and from the pine.  
I fancied for the moment we were friends.

### THE SANDPIPER

*By Celia Thaxter*

'Across the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit,—  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud black and swift across the sky;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white lighthouses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach,—  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Or flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong;  
He scans me with a fearless eye;  
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky;  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

## TO A WATERFOWL

*By William Cullen Bryant*

Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

ON SCARING SOME WATERFOWL IN  
LOCH-TURIT

*By Robert Burns*

Why, ye tenants of the lake,  
For me your watery haunt forsake?  
Tell me, fellow creatures, why  
At my presence thus you fly?  
Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties?  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free:  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,  
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.  
Man, your proud usurping foe,  
Would be lord of all below:  
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,  
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,  
 Marking you his prey below,  
 In his breast no pity dwells,  
 Strong necessity compels,  
 But man, to whom alone is given  
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,  
 Glories in his heart humane—  
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,  
 Only known to wand'ring swains,  
 Where the mossy riv'let strays;  
 Far from human haunts and ways;  
 All on Nature you depend,  
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,  
 Dare invade your native right,  
 On the lofty ether borne,  
 Man with all his powers you scorn;  
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,  
 Other lakes and other springs;  
 And the foe you cannot brave,  
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

## WILD GEESE

*By Frederick Peterson*

How oft against the sunset sky or moon  
 I watched that moving zigzag of spread wings  
 In unforgotten Autumns gone too soon,  
 In unforgotten Springs!



Creatures of desolation, far they fly  
Above all lands bound by the curling foam;  
In misty fens, wild moors and trackless sky  
These wild things have their home.  
They know the tundra of Siberian coasts,  
And tropic marshes by the Indian seas;  
They know the clouds and night and starry hosts  
From Crux to Pleiades.  
Dark flying rune against the western glow—  
It tells the sweep and loneliness of things,  
Symbol of Autumns vanished long ago.  
Symbol of coming Springs!

## THE WOUNDED GULL

*By Edmund Gosse*

Along a grim and granite shore  
With children and with wife I went,  
And in our face the stiff breeze bore  
Salt savours and a samphire scent.

So wild the place and desolate,  
That on a rock before us stood—  
All upright, silent and sedate—  
Of slate-gray gulls a multitude.

The children could not choose but shout  
To see these lovely birds so near,  
Whereat they spread their pinions out,  
Yet rather in surprise than fear.

80 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

They rose and wheeled around the cape,  
They shrieked and vanished in a flock—  
But lo! one solitary shape  
Still sentinelled the lonely rock.

The children laughed, and called it tame!  
But ah! one dark and shrivell'd wing  
Hung by its side; the gull was lame,  
A suffering and deserted thing.

With painful care it downward crept;  
Its eye was on the rolling sea;  
Close to our very feet, it stept  
Upon the wave, and then—was free.

Right out into the east it went,  
Too proud, we thought, to flap or shriek;  
Slowly it steered, in wonderment  
To find its enemies so meek.

Calmly it steered, and mortal dread  
Disturbed nor crest nor glossy plume;  
It could but die, and being dead,  
The open sea should be its tomb.

We watched it till we saw it float  
Almost beyond our furthest view;  
It flickered like a paper boat,  
Then faded in the dazzling blue.

It could but touch an English heart,  
To find an English bird so brave;  
Our life-blood glowed to see it start  
Thus boldly on the leaguered wave;

And we shall hold, till life departs,  
For flagging days when hope grows dull,  
Fresh as a spring within our hearts,  
The courage of the wounded gull.

## SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

*By Henry van Dyke*

Children of the elemental mother,  
Born upon some lonely island shore  
Where the wrinkled ripples run and whisper,  
Where the crested billows plunge and roar;  
Long-winged, tireless roamers and adventurers,  
Fearless breasters of the wind and sea,  
In the far-off solitary places  
I have seen you floating wild and free!

Here the high-built cities rise around you;  
Here the cliffs that tower east and west,  
Honeycombed with human habitations,  
Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest:  
Here the river flows begrimed and troubled;  
Here the hurrying, panting vessels fume,  
Restless, up and down the watery highway,  
While a thousand chimneys vomit gloom.

Toil and tumult, conflict and confusion,  
Clank and clamour of the vast machine  
Human hands have built for human bondage—  
Yet amid it all you float serene;

## 82 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly  
Down to glean your harvest from the wave;  
In your heritage of air and water,  
You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

Even so the wild-woods of Manhattan  
Saw your wheeling flocks of white and gray;  
Even so you fluttered, followed, floated,  
Round the *Half-Moon* creeping up the bay;  
Even so your voices creaked and chattered,  
Laughing shrilly o'er the tidal rips,  
While your black and beady eyes were glistening  
Round the sullen British prison-ships.

Children of the elemental mother,  
Fearless floaters 'mid the double blue,  
From the crowded boats that cross the ferries  
Many a longing heart goes out to you.  
Though the cities climb and close around us,  
Something tells us that our souls are free,  
While the sea-gulls fly above the harbour,  
While the river flows to meet the sea!

### THE SEA-MEW

*By Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

How joyously the young sea-mew  
Lay dreaming on the waters blue  
Whereon our little bark had thrown  
A little shade, the only one,  
But shadows ever man pursue.

Familiar with the waves and free  
As if their own white foam were he,  
His heart upon the heart of ocean  
Lay learning all its mystic motion,  
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

And such a brightness in his eye  
As if the ocean and the sky  
Within him had lit up and nurst  
A soul God gave him not at first,  
To comprehend their majesty.

We were not cruel, yet did sunder  
His white wing from the blue waves under,  
And bound it, while his fearless eyes  
Shone up to ours in calm surprise,  
As deeming us some ocean wonder.

We bore our ocean bird unto  
A grassy place where he might view  
The flowers that curtsey to the bees,  
The waving of the tall green trees,  
The falling of the silver dew.

But flowers of earth were pale to him  
Who had seen the rainbow fishes swim;  
And when earth's dew around him lay  
He thought of ocean's wingèd spray,  
And his eyes waxèd sad and dim.

The green trees round him only made  
A prison with their darksome shade;  
And drooped his wing, and mournèd he  
For his own boundless glittering sea—  
Albeit he knew not they could fade.

Then One her gladsome face did bring,  
 Her gentle voice's murmuring,  
 In ocean's stead his heart to move  
 And teach him what was human love:  
 He thought it a strange, mournful thing.

He lay down in his grief to die,  
 (First looking to the sea-like sky  
 That hath no waves) because, alas!  
 Our human touch did on him pass,  
 And, with our touch, our agony.

### THE EAGLE

*By Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands ;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
 He watches from his mountain walls ;  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

### THE LOON

*By Amelia Josephine Burr*

Where shaken shallows multiply the moon,  
 'Alone amid the silence laughs the Loon.  
 Heard far away across the night, he seems  
 Some happy wood-god laughing in his dreams.

## THE BLACK VULTURE

*By George Sterling*

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome,  
He holds unshared the silence of the sky.  
Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry  
The eagle's empire and the falcon's home—  
Far down, the galleons of sunset roam;  
His hazards on the sea of morning lie;  
Serene, he hears the broken tempest sigh  
Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.  
And least of all he holds the human swarm—  
Unwitting now that envious men prepare  
To make their dream and its fulfillment one,  
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm,  
Their hearts, contemptuous of death, shall dare  
His roads between the thunder and the sun.







# THE HORSE

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but  
the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

PROVERBS 12:10.

## THE HORSE

### THE OLD PLOUGH-HORSE

*By Mahlon Leonard Fisher*

Worn-out and useless, lone, he stands and dreams,  
Day after day, the long sweet summer through:  
The last turf-ridge upturned, what is to do  
Save watch the crow-hordes, or a hawk that screams  
High o'er his master's dooryard, till it seems  
The world was made a place for dreaming in?  
Around him, daisy-wheels ecstatic spin,  
And cattle splash, knee-deep, through cooling streams;  
But he, inert, thought-wrapt, oblivious, drifts,  
Dream-drawn, a-browse, towards other fields than these,  
Where first he felt the Spring's quick kiss, and seas  
Of green about him swam. . . . His bent head lifts . . .  
Like some sweet message caught from far-off lands,  
He hears his mother whinny, where he stands!

### THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED

*By Caroline Norton*

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by,  
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and  
fiery eye!  
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged  
speed,  
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab  
steed!

## 90 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy  
wind;

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind!

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his  
gold—

Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell—thou'rt sold, my  
steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must  
roam,

To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the  
stranger's home;

Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed  
prepare;

The silk mane that I braided once must be another's  
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but nevermore  
with thee

Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont  
to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy  
plain

Some other steed with slower pace shall bear me home  
again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing  
bright—

Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and  
light;

And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer  
thy speed,

Then must I startling wake to feel thou'rt sold, my  
Arab steed!

Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may  
chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy  
panting side,  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant  
pain,  
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each  
starting vein.

Will they ill-use thee? if I thought—but no, it can-  
not be;  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so  
free.  
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone this lonely heart  
should yearn,  
Can the hand that casts thee from it now command  
thee to return?

“Return!” alas, my Arab steed! what will thy master  
do,  
When thou that wast his all of joy hast vanished from  
his view?  
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through  
the gathering tears  
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage  
appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam with wearied foot  
alone,  
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast  
borne me on,

## 92 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and  
sadly think,  
“ 'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw  
him drink.”

When last I saw thee drink?—Away! the fevered dream  
is o'er!  
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no  
more;  
They tempted me, my beautiful—for hunger's power is  
strong—  
They tempted me, my beautiful—but I have loved too  
long—

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that  
thou wert sold?  
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back  
their gold!  
Thus—thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the dis-  
tant plains!  
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his  
pains.

### THE BLOOD HORSE

*By Bryan Waller Procter*

Gamarra is a dainty steed,  
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,  
Full of fire, and full of bone,  
With all his line of fathers known;

Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,  
But blown abroad by the pride within!  
His mane is like a river flowing,  
And his eyes like embers glowing  
In the darkness of the night,  
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how round his straining throat  
Grace and shifting beauty float;  
Sinewy strength is in his reins,  
And the red blood gallops through his veins:  
Richer, redder, never ran  
Through the boasting heart of man.  
He can trace his lineage higher  
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—  
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born  
Here, upon a red March morn.  
But his famous fathers dead  
Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,  
And the last of that great line  
Trod like one of a race divine!  
And yet,—he was but friend to one  
Who fed him at the set of sun  
By some lone fountain fringed with green;  
With him, a roving Bedouin,  
He lived (none else would he obey  
Through all the hot Arabian day),  
And died untamed upon the sands  
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands.

## HASSAN TO HIS MARE

*By Bayard Taylor*

Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!  
 On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!  
 Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,  
 Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!  
 And thou know'st my water-skin is free:  
 Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,  
 And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses!  
 Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye:  
 Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle,—  
 Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,  
 Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;  
 They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness  
 When they course with thee the desert-plains!

Let the Sultan bring his famous horses,  
 Let him bring his golden swords to me,—  
 Bring his slaves, his eunuchs, and his harem;  
 He would offer them in vain for thee.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!  
 And the splendor of the Pashas there:  
 What's their pomp and riches? Why, I would not  
 Take them for a handful of thy hair!

. . . . . ✓



ON THE PASSING OF THE LAST FIRE HORSE  
FROM MANHATTAN ISLAND

*By Kenneth Slade Alling*

I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense,  
As if a thunder-storm were under way;  
Magnificently furious, hurrying thence,  
The fire-eyed horses racing to the fray;  
Out of old Homer where the heroes are,  
Beating upon the whirlwind thunderous hoofs,  
Wild horses and plumed Ajax in his car:  
Oh, in those days we still possessed the proofs  
Men battled shouting by the gates of Troy,  
With shields of triple brass and spears of flame.  
With what distended nostrils; what fierce joy;  
What ring on stone and steel; those horses came;  
Like horses of gods that whirl to the dawn's burning,  
They came, and they are gone, and unreturning.

DIALOGUE OF THE HORSES

*(The Festival of Industry)*

*By Will Carleton*

FIRST HORSE

We are the pets of men—  
The pampered pets of men!  
There is naught for us too gentle and good  
In the graceful days of our babyhood;  
We frisk and caper in childish glee—  
Oh, none so pretty and proud as we!

They cheer and cherish us in our play—  
 Oh, none so smilingly sweet as they!  
 And when a little our lives have grown,  
 Each has a table and room his own,  
 A waiter to fill his bill of fare,  
 A barber to clean and comb his hair.

Yes, we are the pets of men—

The pampered pets of men!

They show us, gayly dressed and proud,  
 To the eager eyes of the clamorous crowd;  
 They champion us in the rattling race,  
 They praise our beauty and cheer our pace;  
 They keep for us our family trees—  
 They trumpet our names beyond the seas;  
 They hang our portraits on their walls,  
 And paint and garnish and gild our stalls.

Yes, we are the pets of men—

The pampered pets of men!

#### SECOND HORSE

We are the slaves of men—

The menial slaves of men!

They lash us over the dusty roads,  
 They bend us down with murderous loads;  
 They fling vile insults on our track,  
 And know that we cannot answer back;  
 In the winds of Winter, or Summer sun,  
 The tread of our toil is never done;  
 And when we are weak, and old, and lame,  
 And labor-stiffened, and bowed with shame  
 And hard of hearing, and blind of eye,  
 They drive us out in the world to die.

Yes, we are the slaves of men—  
 The slaves of selfish men!  
 They draft us into their bloody spites,  
 They spur us, bleeding, into their fights;  
 They poison our souls with their senseless ire  
 And curse us into a storm of fire.  
 And when to death we are bowed and bent,  
 And take the ball that for them was meant,  
 Alone they leave us to groan and bleed,  
 And dash their spurs in another steed!  
 Yes, we are the slaves of men—  
 The slaves of brutish men!

DAT OL' MARE O' MINE

*By Paul Laurence Dunbar*

Want to trade me, do you, mistah? Oh, well, now, I  
 reckon not,  
 W'y you couldn't buy my Sukey fu' a thousan' on de  
 spot.  
 Dat ol' mare o' mine?  
 Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy, an' she ain't no  
 shakes to see;  
 Dat's a ring-bone, yes, you right, suh, an' she got a  
 on'ry knee,  
 But dey ain't no use in talkin', she de only hoss fu' me,  
 Dat ol' mare o' mine.

Co'se, I knows dat Suke's contra'y, an' she moughty  
 ap' to vex;  
 But you got to mek erlowance fu' de nature of huh sex;  
 Dat ol' mare o' mine.

98 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Ef you pull her on de lef' han'; she plum 'termined to  
go right,

A cannon couldn't skeer huh, but she boun' to tek a  
fright

At a piece o' common paper, or anyt'ing whut's white,  
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

W'en my eyes commence to fail me, dough, I trus'es to  
huh sight,

An' she'll tote me safe an' hones' on de ve'y da'kes'  
night,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

Ef I whup huh, she jes' switch huh tail, an' settle to a  
walk,

Ef I whup huh mo', she shek huh haid, an' lak ez not,  
she balk.

But huh sense ain't no ways lackin', she do evah t'ing  
but talk,

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

X  
But she gentle ez a lady w'en she know huh beau kin  
see.

An' she sholy got mo' gumption any day den you or me,  
Dat ol' mare o' mine.

She's a leetle slow a-goin', an' she moughty ha'd to sta't,  
But we's gittin' ol' togathah, an' she's closah to my  
hea't,

An' I doesn't reckon, mistah, dat she'd sca'cely keer to  
pa't;

Dat ol' mare o' mine.

. . . . .

## POLO PONIES

*By Eleanor Baldwin*

Has Pegasus, then, visited the earth,  
Borne on great pinions lyrical with thunder,  
And these his foals,—this breed of racing wonder,  
Fearless and free, and sensible of worth?  
With flash of eye and silver gleam of girth.  
They charge, now neck to neck, now wheeled  
asunder,  
With shining sides, small feet that scorn to blunder,  
Dark nostrils trembling in their pride of birth.  
Sired from the skies, they eddy down the plain,  
Chestnut and black and the fast-flying dun,  
And swift and strong they crowd, and tense and  
fain,  
Eager as fire though the last goal is won,  
These wilding creatures gentled to the rein,  
These little brothers of the wind and sun.





"MY DOG  
and I"



He was a gash and faithfu' tyke  
As ever lapt a sheugh or dyke.

*Lauth.*

ROBERT BURNS.



## “MY DOG AND I”

### THE ROAD TO VAGABONDIA

*By Dana Burnet*

He was sitting on the doorstep as I went strolling by;  
A lonely little beggar with a wistful, homesick eye—  
And he wasn't what you'd borrow, and he wasn't what  
    you'd steal,  
But I guessed his heart was breaking, so I whistled him  
    to heel.

They had stoned him through the city streets, and  
    naught the city cared,  
But I was heading outward, and the roads are sweeter  
    shared,  
So I took him for a comrade, and I whistled him away—  
On the road to Vagabondia, that lies across the day!

Yellow dog he was ; but bless you—he was just the chap  
    for me!  
For I'd rather have an inch of dog than miles of pedi-  
    gree.  
So we stole away together, on the road that has no end,  
With a new-coined day to fling away and all the stars  
    to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at morning, when the wind is blow-  
    ing clean,  
And the yellow daisies fling their gold across a world of  
    green—

104 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

For the wind it heals the heartache, and the sun it dries  
the scars,

On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the stars.

'Twas the wonder of our going cast a spell about our  
feet—

And we walked because the world was young, because  
the way was sweet;

And we slept in wild-rose meadows by the little wayside  
farms,

Till the Dawn came up the highroad with the dead moon  
in her arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shining lane  
of skies,

And the Dream was at our heartstrings, and the Light  
was in our eyes,

And we made no boast of glory and we made no boast  
of birth,

On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the earth!

MY DOG

*By William Griffith*

To-day hell chuckled at another lie,  
That gave no human being any pain,  
Except one temporary soul. Nor Cain  
Was more heart-heavy when he came to die.

I branded him a cur that by-and-bye  
Would go the way of mongrels and be slain,  
By man nor God regretted; clear and plain  
Were the reproaches written in his eye.

He bridled slightly ere he slunk away  
 An hour ago and perished in a bog,  
 Saving two children who had gone astray:  
 Since when the sirens sounding through the fog  
 Are Gabriel horns that thunder me to pray,  
 Or to be damned for slandering my dog.

“ IS THY SERVANT A DOG? ”

*By John B. Tabb*

So *must* he be who, in the crowded street,  
 Where shameless Sin and flaunting Pleasure meet,  
 Amid the noisome footprints finds the sweet  
 Faint vestige of Thy feet.

BISHOP DOANE'S TRIBUTE  
 TO HIS DOG CLUNY

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God—  
 Since He is God on whom each one depends  
 For life, and all things that His bounty sends—  
 My dear old dog, most constant of all friends;  
 Not quick to mind, but quicker far than I  
 To Him whom God I know and own; his eye  
 Deep brown and liquid, watches for my nod;  
 He is more patient underneath the rod  
 Than I, when God His wise corrections sends.  
 He looks love at me, deep as words e'er spake;  
 And from me never crumb or sup will take  
 But he wags thanks with his most vocal tail;

And when some crashing noise wakes all his fear  
 He is content and quiet if I'm near,  
 Secure that my protection will prevail;  
 So, faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful, he  
 Tells me what I unto my God should be.

### MY DOG

*By John Kendrick Bangs*

I have no dog, but it must be  
 Somewhere there's one belongs to me—  
 A little chap with wagging tail,  
 And dark brown eyes that never quail,  
 But look you through, and through, and  
     through,  
 With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,  
 There is a little dog of mine  
 With cold black nose that sniffs around  
 In search of what things may be found  
 In pocket, or some nook hard by  
 Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs  
 The fringes of rebellious rugs,  
 Or with the mischief of the pup  
 Chews all my shoes and slippers up,  
 And when he's done it to the core,  
 With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs  
My little doggie sits and begs,  
And in a wistful minor tone  
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—  
I pray it be his owner's whim  
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,  
It may be by some garden-gate.  
With eyes alert and tail attent—  
You know the kind of tail that's meant—  
With stores of yelps of glad delight  
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,  
His nose two shaggy paws between,  
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut  
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but  
The other open, ready for  
His master coming through the door.

### FOR A LITTLE BROWN DOG

*Anonymous*

For a Little Brown Dog, who “sees” me down  
The hill to the car when I go to town,  
And carries my bag with an air of pride,  
As he trots sedately by my side,  
And waits to see that I'm on all right,  
And watches the car till it's out of sight—  
I thank thee.

For the way he tears down the hill to meet  
 That car at night on his mad little feet—  
 The car that will bring me, he knows, from town—  
 And the joyous greeting, as I step down,  
 A greeting the passengers hear, and see,  
 Every one of them envying me,  
     I thank thee.

For the great true heart that is in his eyes,  
 Tender, and patient, 'and brave, and wise,  
 That makes him know when I'm sick, or sad,  
 And, knowing, love me the more—dear lad—  
 With a love unquestioning, high and fine—  
 For all of that Little Brown Dog of mine,  
     I thank thee.

### MY DOG AND I

*By Norah M. Holland*

My dog and I, the hills we know  
 Where the first faint wild roses blow,  
     We know the shadowy paths and cool  
 That wind across the woodland dim,  
 'And where the water beetles swim  
     Upon the surface of the pool.

My dog and I, our feet brush through  
 Full oft the fragrant morning dew,  
     Or when the summer sun is high  
 We linger where the river flows,  
 Chattering and chuckling as it goes,  
     Two happy tramps, my dog and I.

Or, when the winter snows are deep,  
Into some fire-lit nook we creep  
    And, while the north wind howls outside,  
See castles in the dancing blaze,  
Or, dozing, dream of summer days  
    And woodland stretches, wild and wide.

My dog and I are friends till death,  
And when the chill, dark angel's breath  
    Shall call him from me, still I know  
Somewhere within the shadowy land  
Waiting his master he will stand  
    Until my summons comes to go.

And, in that life so strange and new,  
We'll tramp the fields of heaven through,  
    Loiter the crystal river by,  
Together walk the hills of God  
As when the hills of earth we trod,  
    Forever friends, my dog and I.

DA PUP EEN DA SNOW

*By T. A. Daly*

Deed you evra see Joy  
    Gona wild weeth delight,  
Jus' so lika small boy  
W'en som' brighta new toy  
    Mak's heem crazy excite',  
You would know w'at I mean  
Eef you jus' coulda seen—

Not so long time ago—  
 How my leetla fat pup  
 Ees first play een da snow.

O! I scream an' I roar  
 An' so shaka weeth laughtra,  
 Dat my sides dey are sore  
 For mos' three-four days aftra.  
 An' how mooch I would try,  
 I no speak weeth sooch skeell  
 I could put een your eye  
 W'at ees fresh een mine steell:  
 How dat leetla pup romp  
 All aroun' da whole place,  
 How he bark, how he jomp  
 An' fall down on hees face;  
 How he fight, how he bite  
 An' ees tumble aroun',  
 Teel hees cover' weeth white  
 Lik a leetla fat clown;  
 W'at su'prise fill hees eyes  
 W'en he see da flakes sail,  
 How he bark at da skies,  
 How he chasa hees tail.

O! I weesh I could show  
 How ees looka, dat pup,  
 How he puff an' he blow  
 W'en hees leecked by da snow  
 An' ees gotta geeve up.  
 'An' I sposa, no doubt,  
 You would say I am fibbin'



W'en I say hees tongue's out  
 Lika yarda peenk ribbon—  
 O! how mooch I would try,  
 I no speak weeth sooch skeell  
 I could put een your eye  
 W'at's so fresh een mine steell.  
 But I weesh you had been  
 Where you, too, coulda seen  
 W'at delighta me so—  
 How my leetla fat pup  
 Ees first play een da snow!

WE MEET AT MORN

*By Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley*

Still half in dream, upon the stair I hear  
 A patter coming nearer and more near,  
 And then upon my chamber door  
 A gentle tapping,  
 For dogs, though proud, are poor,  
 And if a tail will do to give command  
 Why use a hand?  
 And after that a cry, half sneeze, half yapping,  
 And next a scuffle on the passage floor,  
 And then I know the creature lies to watch  
 Until the noiseless maid will lift the latch,  
 And like a spring  
 That gains its power by being tightly stayed,  
 The impatient thing  
 Into the room  
 Its whole glad heart doth fling,  
 And where the gloom

Melts into light, and window blinds are rolled,  
 I hear a bounce upon the bed,  
 I feel a creeping toward me—a soft head,  
 And on my face  
 A tender nose, and cold—  
 This is the way, you know, that dogs embrace—  
 And on my hand, like sun-warmed rose-leaves  
     flung,  
 The least faint flicker of the warmest tongue  
 —And so my dog and I have met and sworn  
 Fresh love and fealty for another morn.

### DREAMS

*By S. Virginia Sherwood*

I sing of a dog, the dearest dog  
     That ever teased a shoe;  
 His ears were straight, and his eyes were bright,  
 And filled with an impish heathen light;  
     I loved him, and he loved me true.

We played together, Dreams and I,  
     We ran at a leaping pace,  
 We laughed and barked in the summer sun,  
 And I slept on the hill when the play was done  
     And Dreams had won the race.

And after the breeze had cooled my cheek,  
     And the summer sounds had sung  
 And hummed and rustled a lullaby,  
 I woke with a yawn and a happy sigh  
     At the touch of a rough warm tongue.

Ah, Dreams, you were ever so real to me,  
And I was glad and sad  
To look down into the eyes of you—  
So deep, so deep, for the size of you,  
Dear dog that I never had.

LAUTH

*By Robert Burns*

He was a gash and faithfu' tyke  
As ever lapt a sheugh or dyke.  
His honest, sawnsie, bawsint face  
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.  
His breast was white, his towsie back  
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black.  
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,  
Hung ower his hurdies wi' a swurl.

THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND

*(From “The Foray of Con O'Donnell”)*

*By Denis Florence McCarthy*

His stature tall, his body long,  
His back like night, his breast like snow,  
His fore leg pillar-like and strong,  
His hind leg like a bended bow;  
Rough curling hair, head long and thin,  
His ear a leaf so small and round;  
Not Bran, the favourite dog of Finn,  
Could rival John MacDonnell's hound.

As fly the shadows o'er the grass,  
 He flies with step as light and sure,  
 He hunts the wolf through Tostan pass,  
 And starts the deer by Lisanoure.  
 The music of the Sabbath bells,  
 O Con! has not a sweeter sound  
 Than when along the valley swells  
 The cry of John MacDonnell's hound.

### AT THE DOG SHOW

*To an Irish Wolf Hound*

*By Christopher Morley*

Long and grey and gaunt he lies,  
 A Lincoln among dogs; his eyes,  
 Deep and clear of sight, appraise  
 The meaningless and shuffling ways  
 Of human folk that stop to stare.  
 One witless woman seeing there  
 How tired, how contemptuous  
 He is of all the smell and fuss  
 Asks him, "Poor fellow, are you sick?"

Yea, sick, and weary to the quick  
 Of heat and noise from dawn to dark.  
 He will not even stoop to bark  
 His protest, like the lesser bred.  
 Would he might know, one gazer read  
 The wistful longing in his face,  
 The thirst for wind and open space  
 And stretch of limbs to him begrudged.

There came a little dapper, fat  
And bustling man, with cane and spat  
And pearl-grey vest and derby hat—  
Such were the judger and the judged!

IN A SHOP WINDOW

*By Margaret E. Sangster*

He was such a little puppy, in a window of a shop,  
And his wistful eyes looked at me, and they begged me  
    please to stop  
And buy him—for a window's awful lonely, and folk  
    pass  
And they make strange, ugly faces and rap sharply on  
    the glass!

He was such a cunning beggar, and his paws were soft  
    and wide,  
And he had a way of standing with his head held on  
    one side,  
And his mouth just slightly open, and he always  
    seemed to cry:  
“Take me from this horrid window, 'cause I'm ready,  
    most to die!”

He got tangled in my heart-strings, made me want to  
    break away  
From the lease I signed so gladly—was it only yester-  
    day?  
Said that dogs were not admitted. . . . He was not  
    a dog, not yet!  
Only just a tiny puppy—and his nose was black and  
    wet.

Did you ever speak unkindly of the friend you hold  
most dear?

Did you ever call out crossly, so that bystanders could  
hear?

Did you ever pull a curtain to shut out the smiling  
day?

That's how I felt—but more so—as I turned and  
walked away!

### THE PUP

*By Edgar A. Guest*

He tore the curtains yesterday,  
And scratched the paper on the wall;  
Ma's rubbers, too, have gone astray—  
She says she left them in the hall;  
He tugged the table cloth and broke  
A fancy saucer and a cup;  
Though Bud and I think it a joke  
Ma scolds a lot about the pup.

The sofa pillows are a sight,  
The rugs are looking somewhat frayed,  
And there is ruin, left and right,  
That little Boston bull has made.  
He slept on Buddy's counterpane—  
Ma found him there when she woke up.  
I think it needless to explain  
She scolds a lot about the pup.

And yet he comes and licks her hand  
And sometimes climbs into her lap  
And there, Bud lets me understand,  
He very often takes his nap.

And Bud and I have learned to know  
She wouldn't give the rascal up:  
She's really fond of him, although  
She scolds a lot about the pup.

### THE YELLOW DOG

*By Edgar A. Guest*

It was a little yellow dog, a wistful thing to see,  
A homely, skinny, battered pup, as dirty as could be;  
His ribs were showing through his hide, his coat was  
thick with mud,  
And yet the way he wagged his tail completely cap-  
tured Bud.

He had been kicked from door to door and stoned upon  
his way,  
“Begone!” was all he'd ever heard, 'twas all that folks  
would say;  
And yet this miserable cur, forever doomed to roam,  
Struck up a comradeship with Bud, who proudly  
brought him home.

I've never seen so poor a dog in all my stretch of  
years,  
The burrs were thick upon his tail and thick upon his  
ears;  
He'd had to fight his way through life and carried many  
a scar,  
But still Bud brought him home and cried, “Say, can  
I keep him, Ma?”

I think the homeless terrier knows that age is harsh and  
stern,  
And from the shabby things of life in scorn is quick  
to turn;  
And when some scrubby yellow dog needs sympathy and  
joy,  
He's certain of a friend in need, if he can find a boy.

### A BOY AND HIS DOG

*By Edgar A. Guest*

A boy and his dog make a glorious pair:  
No better friendship is found anywhere,  
For they talk and they walk and they run and they  
play,  
And they have their deep secrets for many a day;  
And that boy has a comrade who thinks and who feels,  
Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

He may go where he will and his dog will be there,  
May revel in mud and his dog will not care;  
Faithful he'll stay for the slightest command  
And bark with delight at the touch of his hand;  
Oh, he owns a treasure which nobody steals,  
Who walks down the road with a dog at his heels.

No other can lure him away from his side;  
He's proof against riches and station and pride;  
Fine dress does not charm him, and flattery's breath  
Is lost on the dog, for he's faithful to death;  
He sees the great soul which the body conceals—  
Oh, it's great to be young with a dog at your heels!



A BOY AND A PUP

*By Arthur Guiterman*

The Boy wears a grin,  
A scratch on his chin,  
A wind-rumpled thatch,  
A visible patch,  
A cheek like a rose,  
A frecklesome nose.

The Pup, though he may  
Be tawny as hay,  
Is blithe as a song;  
He gambols along  
And waves to each friend  
A wagglesome end.

With whistle and bark  
They're off for a lark;  
According to whim,  
A hunt or a swim,  
A tramp or a run  
Or any old fun.

They don't care a jot  
If school keeps or not,  
When anything's up,  
The Boy and the Pup,—  
That duo of joy,  
A Pup and a Boy!

## LITTLE LOST PUP

*By Arthur Guiterman*

He was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that;  
 For he never barked at a slinking cat,  
 But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,  
 With a drooping ear and a trembling paw  
 And a mournful look in his pleading eye  
 And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by  
 That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,  
 “O Mister, please may I follow you?”  
 A lorn, wee waif of a tawny brown  
 Adrift in the roar of a heedless town—  
 Oh, the saddest of sights in a world of sin  
 Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store  
 On my own red Bute—who is here no more)  
 So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,  
 And who so glad as that small lost pup!  
 Now he shares my board, and he owns my bed,  
 And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread;  
 Then, if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,  
 And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,  
 He asserts his right to assuage my woes  
 With a warm, red tongue and a nice, cold nose  
 And a silky head on my arm or knee  
 And a paw as soft as a paw can be.

When we rove the woods for a league about  
 He's as full of pranks as a school let out;

For he romps and frisks like a three-months' colt,  
And he runs me down like a thunder-bolt.  
Oh, the blithest of sights in the world so fair  
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air!

THE DOG

*By George Sterling*

“The dog!” a friend exclaimed; and hearing  
there

The swift contempt expressed,  
I wondered how an angel might compare  
The planet's worst and best.

Fidelity and love we value most:  
Of all the hearts that live,  
What one fidelity like his can boast,  
Or such affection give?

Love absolute, undoubting and untaught!  
How grudging seems our own,  
Compared to his, the changeless and unbought,  
From so scant nurture grown—

The careless word, the cold hand's hurried touch,  
The cast-off bone or crust!  
What squandering of all we value much  
Shall buy that perfect trust?

O true, deep eyes! O heart that so delights  
 To be the grateful slave!

O poor, dumb lips that kiss the hand that smites,  
 And mourn above its grave!

If truer soul be known, proclaim who can!  
 Nor would my tongue deny,  
 If heavenly tongue should praise a blameless man,  
 "The dog!" it well could cry.

### THE OUTCAST

*By Henry Herbert Knibbs*

With thrill of birds adown the dawn there came  
 A golden arrow through the eastern pass,  
 And in the gold were eyes of amber flame  
 That burned upon me from the dewy grass.

A wolf-dog, from some distant rancho strayed,  
 Had made his bed beneath the pepper-tree;  
 A great, gray ghost, sore-wounded, lone, afraid,  
 He growled deep-throated as he glared at me.

With kindly word I lured him from his bed  
 To proffer food and drink and nearer drew,  
 But in his eyes I saw affection dead;  
 'Twas only hate and hunger that he knew.

Poor brute, once brave and fearless as the best,  
 Faithful to some lost master's kindly hand,  
 I grieved that I had so disturbed his rest,  
 As trembling in the sun I saw him stand,

Fearful, and yet assured that in my voice

A friend he knew. He quivered, turned, and then,  
As though he had made choice against his choice,  
Betook him, limping, to the road again.

Slowly I followed, coaxing, calling, till

The very act of fleeing lent him fear,  
Swiftly he climbed the long, low, eastern hill,  
Gazed back an instant; turned to disappear;

And still I followed, sick at heart for him,

Sad for the strong, brave brute he once had been,  
As in the morning sun my eyes grew dim  
To see him stretched again amid the green,

Resting his battered head upon his paws,

Licking his wounds, then glancing wildly round;  
Ah, pity that his fear was without cause;  
I turned and left him stretched upon the ground

An outcast; but if human love for beast

Has any worth, I prayed that night would send  
An easy death. Ah, could he know at least  
How much, how much I would have been his friend!



# THE CAT



Please, friends, now have the grace  
To plead the cause of my ill-treated race!

*Pussy's Plea.*

HENRY COYLE.



## THE CAT

IN HONOUR OF TAFFY TOPAZ

*By Christopher Morley*

Taffy, the topaz-coloured cat,  
Thinks now of this and now of that,  
But chiefly of his meals.

Asparagus, and cream, and fish,  
Are objects of his Freudian wish;  
What you don't give, he steals.

His gallant heart is strongly stirred  
By clink of plate or flight of bird,  
He has a plummy tail;  
At night he treads on stealthy pad  
As merry as Sir Galahad  
A-seeking of the Grail.

His amiable amber eyes  
Are very friendly, very wise;  
Like Buddha, grave and fat,  
He sits, regardless of applause,  
And thinking, as he kneads his paws,  
What fun to be a cat!

## THE GARDENER'S CAT

*By Patrick R. Chalmers*

The gardener's cat's called Mignonette,  
She hates the cold, she hates the wet,  
She sits among the hothouse flowers  
And sleeps for hours and hours and hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce  
 With great majestic claws that pierce,  
 She sits by the hot-water pipes  
 And dreams about a coat of stripes ;

And in her slumbers she will go  
 And stalk the sullen buffalo,  
 And when he roars across the brake  
 She does not wink, she does not wake.

It must be perfectly immense  
 To dream with such magnificence,  
 And pass the most inclement day  
 In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime,  
 And only wakes at dinner-time,  
 And even then she does not stir  
 But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat,  
 She troubles not for mouse or rat,  
 But, when it's coming down in streams,  
 She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing,  
 Her dreams are so encouraging ;  
 She dreams that she's a tiger, yet  
 She's just a cat called Mignonette!

. . . . .

The moral's this, my little man—  
 Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you can,  
 And if you're humble in estate,  
 Dream splendidly, at any rate!

## TO MY CAT

*By Rosamund Marriott Watson*

Half loving-kindliness and half disdain,  
Thou comest to my call serenely suave,  
With humming speech and gracious gestures grave,  
In salutation courtly and urbane;  
Yet must I humble me thy grace to gain,  
For wiles may win thee though no arts enslave,  
And nowhere gladly thou abidest save  
Where naught disturbs the concord of thy reign.  
Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deign'st to dwell  
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,  
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;  
That men forget dost thou remember well,  
Beholden still in blinking reveries  
With sombre, sea-green gaze inscrutable.

## TO MY CAT

*By John G. Neihardt*

I watch you basking sleepy in the light,  
Majestic dreamer, humorously stern.  
Your little scratch-scarred nose betrays you quite,  
Yet how I long to know your thoughts, to learn  
What magic dreams beget themselves and burn  
Throughout your subtle nerves; for once I saw  
A cat's form graven on an antique urn,  
And round their god Egyptians knelt in awe.  
Was once thy hiss a blight, was once thy purr a law?

Perhaps through sentient chains of linkèd ages  
 Your soul has fled; yet like a haunting dream  
 Can recollect the prayers of swarthy sages,  
 Can hear the wash of Nilus' mystic stream!  
 It seems I see you basking in the gleam  
 Of desert dawns. Majestical you gaze  
 Into the eye of Ra, and dream a dream.  
 Vast multitudes wait breathless in amaze  
 For your oraculous purr to set their hearts ablaze!

Perhaps you think "How stupid grows the world,"  
 And pine for godhood, till you come to be  
 A broken spirit, like a war flag furled,  
 Or drought-drained river sighing for the sea!  
 What potent utterance do you waste on me  
 When I am kind and stroke your glossy fur?  
 What do you gaze on that I cannot see?  
 Perhaps if men could know the things that were,  
 Their petted faiths should quake and tremble at  
 your purr!

## TO A CAT

*By Algernon Charles Swinburne*

### I

Stately, kindly, lordly friend,  
 Condescend  
 Here to sit by me, and turn  
 Glorious eyes that smile and burn,  
 Golden eyes, love's lustrous meed,  
 On the golden page I read.

All your wondrous wealth of hair,  
    Dark and fair,  
Silken-shaggy, soft and bright  
As the clouds and beams of night,  
Pays my reverent hand's caress  
Back with friendlier gentleness.

Dogs may fawn on all and some  
    As they come;  
You, a friend of loftier mind,  
Answer friends alone in kind.  
Just your foot upon my hand  
Softly bids it understand.

Morning round this silent sweet  
    Garden-seat  
Sheds its wealth of gathering light,  
Thrills the gradual clouds with might,  
Changes woodland, orchard, heath,  
Lawn, and garden there beneath.

Fair and dim they gleamed below:  
    Now they glow  
Deep as even your sunbright eyes,  
Fair as even the wakening skies.  
Can it not or can it be  
Now that you give thanks to see?

May not you rejoice as I,  
    Seeing the sky  
Change to heaven revealed, and bid  
Earth reveal the heaven it hid  
All night long from stars and moon,  
Now the sun sets all in tune?

What within you wakes with day  
 Who can say?

All too little may we tell,  
 Friends who like each other well,  
 What might haply, if we might,  
 Bid us read our lives aright.

## II

Wild on woodland ways your sires  
 Flashed like fires;  
 Fair as flame and fierce and fleet  
 As with wings on wingless feet  
 Shone and sprang your mother, free,  
 Bright and brave as wind or sea.

Free and proud and glad as they,  
 Here to-day  
 Rests or roams their radiant child,  
 Vanquished not, but reconciled,  
 Free from curb of aught above  
 Save the lovely curb of love.

Love through dreams of souls divine  
 Fain would shine  
 Round a dawn whose light and song  
 Then should right our mutual wrong—  
 Speak, and seal the love-lit law  
 Sweet Assisi's seer foresaw.

Dreams were theirs; yet haply may  
 Dawn a day  
 When such friends and fellows born,  
 Seeing our earth as fair at morn,  
 May for wiser love's sake see  
 More of heaven's deep heart than we.

*PUSSY'S PLEA**By Henry Coyle*

Now is the winter of my discontent:

When summer comes, and all the world is gay  
With Nature's smile, my mistress hies away  
To shore and woodlands green, while I am pent  
In backyards lone and empty. Weak and spent  
From lack of food, I prow! by night and day  
O'er fence and gate, and howl my doleful lay,  
But there are none to heed a cat's lament.

Sad is my lot! why was I born a cat?

My lady's ugly poodle takes his nap  
On some hotel veranda in her lap.

Without a care he feasts and waxes fat  
The summer long. Please, friends, now have the  
grace

To plead the cause of my ill-treated race!

*"DOOMED"**Anonymous*

One day a statistician great  
Computed that the pussies ate  
Six million, thirteen birds a year,  
And called upon the clubs to hear  
His figures that were truly strange,  
And showed a quite stupendous range  
Of most laborious observation,  
Coupled with fine imagination.

He told how pussies in the spring  
    Made mince meat of the birds that sing.  
Descanted on this shame of shames,  
    While many gatherings of dames  
With aviaries on their hats  
    Wept at the perfidy of cats,  
And cried, "Our birds destroyed? No, no,  
    The cat is doomed and he must go."





# BURDEN-BEARERS



And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou hast smitten me these three times?

NUMBERS 22:28.

# BURDEN-BEARERS

## THE DONKEY

*By G. K. Chesterton*

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born ;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will ;  
Starve, scourge, deride me : I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools ! For I also had my hour ;  
One far fierce hour and sweet :  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

## A FRIEND IN NEED

*By Jack Burroughs*

There is a public garden in Bordeaux,  
Where, carved in true, compelling lines of stone,  
Rosa Bonheur, calm visaged and alone,  
Looks ever down upon the endless flow

Of life in the less rugged flesh. A slow,  
 Ungainly little donkey, as, wind-blown,  
 A weed into a garden drifts, unknown,  
 Stole in one day to feed where flowers grow.

A keeper, shocked that this dull beast should browse  
 Before the statue of the mighty dead,  
 Rushed up, with blows the sinner to arouse.  
 He stops, club poised above the shaggy head;  
 Calm eyes seem watching him; his head he bows,  
 And leads the dumb brute gently forth instead.

### I AM THE MULE

*By Will Chamberlain*

I am the mule, from ears which catch the gale  
 To that unresting terminus, my tail;  
 From downcast head and eye upon the soil,  
 Where burdens chain me to the post of toil,  
 To my one quick defense, the nimble heel,  
 Which lashing tyrants sometimes justly feel.  
 I climb the mountains where the eagles rule  
 And tramp the dingy mine-path—I, the mule.

I am the mule—the butt of countless jokes—  
 But since time was my neck has known the yokes  
 Of labor merciless, of crushing tasks which tell  
 Of human cruelty which breeds a human hell.  
 But as for me, without a sigh or tear,  
 Heat, cold or storm, I get my hell right here—  
 On city street, in miry, rustic pool;  
 My prayer a bray for pity on the mule.

I am the mule—where snows eternal cling,  
Or where tropics flaunt perpetual Spring;  
On trains which hide behind the mask of night,  
Where cotton bales are stacked and blackskins fight,  
Where bleak Alaska binds a pack of dust  
Upon the spine—the spoils of human lust—  
Or where for heartless Cubans I'm the tool  
To pull the ponderous cane-carts—I, the mule.

I am the mule, and when men madly fly  
To belching guns and paint a war-red sky,  
And cities tumble and armadas sink,  
I drag the cannons while the cowards slink.  
And when are ended all the blood-wet days  
Who ever hears for me a note of praise—  
I who have triumphs fashioned in the school  
Of world events—your humble slave—the mule?

### THE BURTHEN OF THE ASS

*By John B. Tabb*

On Christmas night at Bethlehem  
When Shepherds came, I watched with them  
    The Mother and the Child,  
Who, warned from Herod's wrath to flee,  
Were into Egypt borne by me,  
    Beyond the desert wild.

And back again, at Herod's death,  
I brought them home to Nazareth;  
    And when unto His own,  
With loud Hosannas to His Name  
As King the Son of David came,  
    My shoulders were His throne.

## NICHOLAS NYE

*By Walter de la Mare*

Thistle and darnel and dock grew there,  
 And a bush, in the corner, of may,  
 On the orchard wall I used to sprawl,  
 In the blazing heat of the day;  
 Half asleep and half awake,  
 While the birds went twittering by,  
 And nobody there my lone to share  
 But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and grey,  
 Lame of a leg and old,  
 More than a score of donkey's years  
 He had seen since he was foaled;  
 He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,  
 Would sometimes stoop and sigh,  
 And turn to his head, as if he said,  
 "Poor Nicholas Nye!"

Alone with his shadow he'd browse in the meadow,  
 Lazily swinging his tail,  
 At break of day he used to bray,—  
 Not much too hearty and hale;  
 But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,  
 And a clear calm light in his eye,  
 And once in a while he'd smile:—  
 Would Nicholas Nye.

Seemed to be smiling at me, he would,  
From his bush, in the corner, of may,—  
Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,  
Knobble-kneed, lonely and grey;  
And over the grass would seem to pass  
'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky,  
Something much better than words between me  
And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,  
The green of the glow-worm shine,  
The birds in nest would crouch to rest,  
And home I'd trudge to mine;  
And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,  
Asking not wherefore nor why,  
Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,  
Old Nicholas Nye.







# SMALL CREATURES



I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine  
sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

*The Task.*

WILLIAM COWPER.

# SMALL CREATURES

## SNAKE

*By D. H. Lawrence*

A snake came to my water-trough  
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,  
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark  
carob tree  
I came down the steps with my pitcher  
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was  
at the trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the  
gloom  
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,  
over the edge of the stone trough  
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,  
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a  
small clearness,  
He sipped with his straight mouth,  
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack  
long body,  
Silently.

Some one was before me at my water-trough,  
And I, like a second-comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,  
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,

And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and  
mused a moment,  
And stooped and drank a little more,  
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning  
bowels of the earth  
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me  
He must be killed,  
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the  
gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man  
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish  
him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,  
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to  
drink at my water-trough  
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,  
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?  
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?  
Was it humility, to feel honoured?  
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:  
If you were not afraid you would kill him.

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,  
But even so, honoured still more  
That he should seek my hospitality  
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough  
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,  
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air,  
    so black,  
Seeming to lick his lips,  
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,  
And slowly turned his head,  
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,  
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round  
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,  
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders,  
    and entered further,  
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his with-  
    drawing into that horrid black hole,  
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly draw-  
    ing himself after,  
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,  
I picked up a clumsy log  
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,  
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind  
    convulsed in undignified haste,  
Writhed like lightning, and was gone  
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the  
    wall-front,  
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with  
    fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.  
 I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!  
 I despised myself and the voices of my accursèd human  
 education.

And I thought of the albatross,  
 And I wished he would come back, my snake.  
 For he seemed to me again like a king,  
 Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,  
 Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords  
 Of life,  
 And I have something to expiate:  
 A pettiness.

### THE LIZARD

*By Edwin Markham*

I sit among the hoary trees  
 With Aristotle on my knees,  
 And turn with serious hand the pages,  
 Lost in the cobweb-hush of ages;  
 When suddenly with no more sound  
 Than any sunbeam on the ground,  
 The little hermit of the place  
 Is peering up into my face—  
 The slim gray hermit of the rocks,  
 With bright inquisitive, quick eyes,  
 His life a round of harks and shocks,  
 A little ripple of surprise.

Now lifted up, intense and still,  
Sprung from the silence of the hill  
He hangs upon the ledge a-glisten,  
And his whole body seems to listen!  
My pages give a little start,  
And he is gone! to be a part  
Of the old cedar's crumpled bark,  
A mottled scar, a weather-mark!

How halt am I, how mean of birth,  
Beside this darting pulse of earth!  
I only have the wit to look  
Into a big presumptuous book,  
To find some sage's rigid plan  
To tell me how to be a man.  
Tradition lays its dead hand cold  
Upon our youth—and we are old.  
But this wise hermit, this gray friar,  
He has no law but heart's desire.  
He somehow touches higher truth,  
The circle of eternal youth.

### TO A TREE-FROG

*By Amélie Rives*

Little enchanted leaf,  
    Apart from the tree yet of it,  
The magic of water made you  
    That so you love it;  
The brook gave you a voice,  
    Dew drops your eyes,  
Your little watery soul  
    From a mist did rise;

And so you're ever trilling,  
 While rain is rilling,  
 For sheer delight  
 In its wetness bright,—  
 And so you're ever crooning  
 With muted glee  
 While the wind his harp is tuning  
 To a higher key,  
 For well you know  
 When he doth so,  
 Full soon he'll strike the chord of power  
 That brings a shower,  
 And while the rain is rilling  
 Again you will be trilling;—

*“ Tree! Tree! Tree!  
 Dr-rink! Dr-rink!  
 Creek! Creek! Creek!  
 Br-rim a-br-rink!  
 Dr-r-r-ops in millions,  
 Billions, tr-r-rillions! ”*

It is ecstasy to be  
 A little green frog on a tree  
 When rain is rilling,  
 When summer showers are shrilling.

### THE TOAD

*By Arthur C. Benson*

Old fellow-loiterer, whither wouldst thou go?  
 The lonely eve is ours.  
 When tides of richer fragrance ooze and flow  
 From heavy-lidded flowers.



With solemn hampered pace proceeding by  
    The dewy garden-bed,  
Like some old priest in antique finery,  
    Stiff cope and jewelled head;

Thy sanctuary lamps are lit at dusk,  
    Where leafy aisles are dim;  
The bat's shrill piccolo, the swinging musk  
    Blend with the beetle's hymn.

Aye something paramount and priestly too,  
    Some cynic mystery,  
Lurks in the dull skin with its dismal hue,  
    The bright ascetic eye;

Thou seem'st the heir of centuries, hatched out  
    With æons on thy track;  
The dust of ages compasses about  
    Thy lean and shrivelled back.

Thy heaving throat, thy sick repulsive glance  
    Still awes thy foes around;  
The eager hound starts back and looks askance,  
    And whining paws the ground.

Yet thou hast forfeited thy ancient ban,  
    Thy mystical control;  
We know thee now to be the friend of man,  
    A simple homely soul;

And when we deemed thee curiously wise,  
    Still chewing venomed paste,  
Thou didst but crush the limbs of juicy flies  
    With calm and critic taste.

By the grey stone half sunk in mossy mold,  
 Beside the stiff boxhedge,  
 Thou slumberest, when the dawn with fingers cold  
 Plucks at the low cloud's edge.

O royal life! in some cool cave all day,  
 Dreaming old dreams, to lie,  
 Or peering up to see the larkspur sway  
 Above thee in the sky;

Or wandering when the sunset airs are cool  
 Beside the elm-tree's foot,  
 To splash and sink in some sequestered pool,  
 Amid the cresses' root.

Abhorred, despised, the sad wind o'er thee sings;  
 Thou hast no friend to fear,  
 Yet fashioned in the secret mint of things  
 And bidden to be here.

Man dreams of loveliness, and bids it be;  
 To truth his eye is dim.  
 Thou wert, because the spirit dreamed of thee,  
 And thou art born of him.

## THE WOODMOUSE

*By Mary Howitt*

Do you know the little woodmouse,  
 That pretty little thing,  
 That sits among the forest leaves,  
 Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red like the chestnut,  
And it is small and slim,  
It leads a life most innocent,  
Within the forest dim.

It makes a bed of the soft, dry moss,  
In a hole that's deep and strong,  
And there it sleeps secure and warm,  
The dreary winter long;  
And though it keeps no calendar,  
It knows when flowers are springing,  
And it waketh to its summer life,  
When nightingales are singing.

## TO A FIELD MOUSE

*By Robert Burns*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,  
O what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start away sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
 A daimen icker in a thrave  
     's a sma' request:  
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,  
     And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin':  
 And naething, now, to big a new ane,  
     O' foggage green!  
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',  
     Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,  
 And weary winter coming fast;  
 And cozie here, beneath the blast,  
     Thou thought to dwell,  
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past  
     Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble  
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble  
     But house or hald,  
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble  
     And cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou are no thy lane  
 In proving foresight may be vain:  
 The best laid schemes o' mice and men  
     Gang aft a-gley,  
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,  
     For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But, och! I backward cast my e'e  
On prospects drear!  
And forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess and fear.

## TO A WOOD-RAT

*Whose home was destroyed by a class in Zoology*

*By James Leo Duff*

Och, it pulls at me heart to see you afflicted,  
You with th' great, sobbin' eyes of ye there;  
Could the Irish stand by to see one evicted  
An' say, "I don't care?"

You that have labored your home to be earnin',  
You've toiled in th' buildin' be day an' be night.  
Now they've pulled it apart for th' sake of their  
learnin'—  
God send thim light!

REMORSE ON KILLING A SQUIRREL IN  
A GARDEN

*By William Ray*

Rash was the hand, and foul the deed,  
That gave thee, thus, to death a prey;  
Oh! I could weep to see thee bleed  
And pant thy gasping life away.

What hast thou done to merit death,  
 But gather for a future day,  
 Just to prolong thy little breath?  
 And yet I took thy life away.

For thou no wealth or fame didst crave,  
 No costly food, or clothing gay;  
 But only sought thy life to save;  
 And yet I took thy life away.

Poor little thing; how hard it strove  
 To shun the blow, as hid it lay:  
 But all could not my pity move,  
 I took its trembling life away.

Oh! how inhospitably vile!  
 It came, a stranger, here to stay;  
 To eat and drink, and live awhile,  
 But I have taken its life away.

Too late, I now repent the blow,  
 'Tis stiff, alas! and cold as clay!  
 Its life to me it did not owe,  
 And yet I took its life away.

The *power* which gave all nature law,  
 Whose summons we must all obey,  
 Gave thee thy vital breath to draw,  
 And yet I took that breath away.

Whether thou hast a mate to moan,  
 Or offspring dear, ah! who can say?  
 No harm to me thou e'er hast done,  
 And yet I took thy life away.

What millions do mankind destroy,  
Of their own race, for power or pay!  
Some would have kept thee for a toy,  
But I have toyed thy life away.

### A NEIGHBOUR

*By Norman Gale*

The Lord Almighty chose to give  
This hedgehog room enough to live  
Upon the world where you and I  
Look up to praise Him in the sky.

The hedgehog clearly understands  
The weakness of the little hands  
That seem, when he considers all  
His work and dangers, very small.

He steadily and strongly grows  
A bunch of thorns, to prick the nose  
Of any dog that dares attack  
The fortress on his rounded back.

If threatened, he applies the rule  
They taught him at his Infant School:  
He makes a ball of back and chest,  
And keeps on hoping for the best.

The Lord Almighty chose to give  
The hedgehog room enough to live  
Upon the world. I want to add  
That I, for one, am very glad.







For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle  
upon a thousand hills.

PSALM 50: 10.

## “ UPON A THOUSAND HILLS ”

### A COW AT SULLINGTON

*By Charles Dalmon*

She leaves the puddle where she drinks,  
And comes toward the roadway bar  
And looks into our eyes, and thinks  
What curious animals we are!

### THE OLD BRINDLE COW

*By Thomas O'Hagan*

Of all old memories that cluster round my heart,  
With their root in my boyhood days,  
The quaintest is linked to the old brindle cow  
With sly and mysterious ways.  
She'd linger round the lot near the old potato patch,  
A sentinel by night and by day,  
Watching for the hour when all eyes were asleep,  
To start on her predatory way.

The old brush fence she would scorn in her course,  
With turnips and cabbage just beyond,  
And corn that was blooming through the halo of the  
night—

What a banquet so choice and so fond!  
But when the stars of morn were paling in the sky  
The old brindle cow would take the cue,  
And dressing up her line she'd retreat beyond the fence,  
For the old cow knew just what to do.

## 162 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

What breed did you say? Why the very best blood  
That could flow in a democratic cow;  
No herd-book could tell of the glory in her horns  
Or whence came her pedigree or how:  
She was Jersey in her milk and Durham in her build,  
And Ayrshire when she happened in a row,  
But when it came to storming the old "slash" fence  
She was simply the old brindle cow.

It seems but a day since I drove her to the gate  
To yield up her rich and creamy prize;  
For her theft at midnight hour she would yield a double  
dower,  
With peace of conscience lurking in her eyes.  
But she's gone—disappeared with the ripened years of  
time,  
Whose memories my heart enthrall e'en now;  
And I never hear a bell tinkling through the forest dell  
But I think of that old brindle cow.

### THE KERRY COW

*By W. M. Letts*

It's in Connacht in Munster that yourself might travel  
wide,  
And be asking all the herds you'd meet along the  
country-side,  
But you'd never meet a one could show the likes of her  
till now,  
Where she's grazing in a Leinster field—my little Kerry  
cow.

“ *UPON A THOUSAND HILLS* ” 163

If herself went to the cattle fairs she'd put all cows to  
shame,  
For the finest poets of the land would meet to sing her  
fame;  
And the young girls would be asking leave to stroke her  
satin coat,  
They'd be praising and caressing her, and calling her  
a dote.

If the King of Spain gets news of her, he'll fill his purse  
with gold,  
And set sail to ask the English King where she is to  
be sold.  
But the King of Spain may come to me, a crown upon  
his brow.  
It is he may keep his golden purse—and I my Kerry  
cow.

The priest maybe will tell her fame to the Holy Pope  
of Rome,  
And the Cardinals' College send for her to leave her  
Irish home;  
But it's heart-broke she would be itself to cross the  
Irish sea,  
'Twould be best they'd send a blessing to my Kerry  
cow and me.

When the Ulster men hear tell of her, they'll come with  
swords an' pikes,  
For it's civil war there'll be no less if they should see  
her likes,  
And you'll read it on the paper of the bloody fight  
there's been,  
An' the Orangemen they're burying in fields of Leinster  
green.

There are red cows that's contrary, and there's white  
cows quare and wild,

But my Kerry cow is biddable, an' gentle as a child.

You may rare up kings and heroes on the lovely milk  
she yields,

For she's fit to foster generals to fight our battlefields.

In the histories they'll be making they've a right to put  
her name

With the horse of Troy and Oisin's hounds and other  
beasts of fame.

And the painters will be painting her beneath the haw-  
thorn bough

Where she's grazing on the good green grass—my little  
Kerry cow.

### CATTLE BEFORE THE STORM

*By Glenn Ward Dresbach*

About the water hole, half dried,  
The restless cattle weary eyed,  
Watching dark omens in the skies,  
Stir up the choking dust that settles  
Upon them with the flies  
That sting like nettles.

No shelter lifts where they may go.  
Far hazy hills in ragged row  
Are out where trails on distance break;  
And cattle group and mill together  
With rumps now hunched to take  
The lashing weather.

Sparse pasture cannot lure them back  
Along the plain while lightnings crack  
Long whips of flame the clouds writhe from.  
Though something tells them to beware it,  
The cattle tense and dumb  
Must stay and bear it.

### FEEDIN' THE STOCK

*By Holman F. Day*

Hear the chorus in that tie-up, runch, gerrunch, and  
runch and runch!

—There's a row of honest critters! Does me good to  
hear 'em munch.

When the barn is gettin' dusky and the sun's behind the  
drifts,

—Touchin' last the gable winder where the dancin'  
hay-dust sifts,

When the coaxin' from the tie-up kind o' hints it's five  
o'clock—

Wal, I've got a job that suits me—that's the chore of  
feedin' stock.

We've got patches down to our house—honest patches,  
though, and neat,

But we'd rather have the patches than to skinch on  
what we eat.

Lots of work, and grub to back ye—that's a mighty  
wholesome creed.

—Critters fust, s'r, that's my motto—give the critters  
all they need.

166 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

And the way we do at our house, marm and me take  
what is left,

And—wal,—we ain't goin' hungry, as you'll notice by  
our heft.

Drat the man that's calculatin' when he measures out  
his hay,

Groanin' ev'ry time he pitches ary forkful out the bay;

Drat the man who feeds out ruff-scuff, wood and wire  
from the swale,

'Cause he wants to press his herds'-grass, send his clover  
off for sale.

Down to our house we wear patches, but it ain't no-  
body's biz

Jest as long as them 'ere critters git the best of hay  
there is.

When the cobwebs on the rafters drip with winter's  
early dusk

And the rows of critters' noses, damp with breath as  
sweet as musk,

Toss and tease me from the tie-up—ain't a job that  
suits me more

Than the feedin' of the cattle—that's the reg'lar wind-  
up chore.

When I grain 'em or I meal 'em—wal, there's plenty in  
the bin,

And I give 'em Quaker measure ev'ry time I dip down  
in;

And the hay, wal, now I've cut it, and I own it and  
it's mine

And I jab that blamed old fork in, till you'd think I'd  
bust a tine.



“ UPON A THOUSAND HILLS ” 167

I ain't doin' it for praises—no one sees me but the pup,  
—And I get his apperbation, 'cause he pounds his tail,  
rup, rup!

No, I do it 'cause I want to; 'cause I couldn't sleep a  
wink,

If I thought them poor dumb critters lacked for fodder  
or for drink.

And to have the scufflin' barnful give a jolly little blat  
When you open up o' mornin's, ah, there's comfort,  
friend, in that!

And you've prob'ly sometimes noticed, when his cattle  
hate a man,

That it's pretty sure his neighbors size him up on that  
same plan.

But I'm solid in my tie-up; when I've finished up that  
chore,

I enjoy it standin' list'nin' for a minit at the door.

And the rustle of the fodder and the nuzzlin' in the  
meal

And the runchin's of their feedin' make this humble  
feller feel

That there ain't no greater comfort than this 'ere—to  
understand

That a dozen faithful critters owe their comfort to my  
hand.

Oh, the dim old barn seems homelike, with its overhang-  
ing mows,

With its warm and battened tie-up, full of well-fed sheep  
and cows.

## 168 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Then I shet the door behind me, drop the bar and drive  
the pin  
And, with Jeff a-waggin' after, lug the foamin' milk-  
pails in.

That's the style of things to our house—marm and me  
we don't pull up  
Until ev'ry critter's eatin', from the cattle to the pup.  
Then the biskits and the spare-rib and plum preserves  
taste good,  
For we're feelin', me and mother, that we're actin'  
'bout's we should.

Like as can be, after supper mother sews another patch  
And she says the duds look trampy, 'cause she ain't got  
goods to match.

Fust of all, though, comes the mealbins and the hay-  
mows; after those  
If there's any extry dollars, wal, we'll see about new  
clothes.

But to-night, why, bless ye, mother, pull the rug acrost  
the door;  
—Warmth and food and peace and comfort—let's not  
pester God for more.

### THE STOCK IN THE TIE-UP

*By Holman F. Day*

I'm workin' this week in the wood-lot; a hearty old job,  
you can bet;  
I finish my chores with a larntern, and marm has the  
table all set

“ *UPON A THOUSAND HILLS* ” 169

By the time I get in with the milkin’; and after I wash  
at the sink,

And marm sets a saucer o’ strainin’s for the cat and  
the kittens to drink,

Your uncle is ready for supper, with an appetite whet  
to an edge

That’ll cut like a bush-scythe in swale-grass, and  
couldn’t be dulled on a ledge.

And marm, she slats open the oven, and pulls out a  
heapin’-full tin

Of the rippin’est cream-tartar biskit a man ever pushed  
at his chin.

We pile some more wood on the fire, and open the  
damper full blare,

And pull up and pitch into supper—and comfort—and  
taste good—wal, there!

And the wind swooshes over the chimbly, and scrapes at  
the shingles cross-grain,

But good double winders and bankin’ are mighty good  
friends here in Maine.

I look ’crost the table to mother, and marm she looks  
over at me,

And passes another hot biskit and says, “ Won’t ye  
have some more tea? ”

And while I am stirrin’ the sugar, I relish the sound of  
the storm.

For, thank the good Lord, we are cosy, and the stock  
in the tie-up is warm.

I tell ye, the song o’ the fire and the chirruping hiss o’  
the tea,

The roar of the wind in the chimbly, they sound dread-  
ful cheerful to me.

170 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

But they'd harrer me, plague me, and fret me, unless as  
I set here I knew

That the critters are munchin' their fodder and bedded  
and comf'table, too.

These biskits are light as a feather, but, boy, they'd be  
heavier'n lead

If I thought that my hosses was shiv'rin', if I thought  
that my cattle warn't fed.

There's men in the neighborhood 'round me who pray  
som'w'at louder than me,

They wear better clothes, sir, on Sunday—chip in for  
the heathen Chinee,

But the cracks in the sides o' their tie-ups are wide as  
the door o' their pew,

And the winter comes in there a-howlin', with the sleet  
and the snow peltin' through.

Step in there, sir, ary a mornin' and look at their  
critters! 'Twould seem

As if they were bilers or engines, and all o' them chock-  
full o' steam.

I've got an old-fashioned religion that calkalates Sun-  
days for rest,

But if there warn't time, sir, on week days to batten a  
tie-up, I'm blest

I'd use up a Sunday or such-like, and let the durned  
heathen folks go

While I fastened some boards on the lintel to keep out  
the frost and the snow.

I'd stand all the frowns of the parson before I'd have  
courage to face

The dumb holler eyes o' the critters hooked up in a  
frosty old place.

“ UPON A THOUSAND HILLS ” 171

And I'll bet ye that in the Hereafter the men who have  
stayed on their knees  
And let some poor, fuzzy old cattle stand out in a tie-up  
and freeze,  
Will find that the heat o' the Hot Place is keyed to an  
extra degree  
For the men who forgot to consider that critters have  
feelin's same's we.

I dasn't go thinkin' o' tie-ups where winter goes whistlin'  
through.  
Where cattle are humped at their stanchions with  
scarcely the gumption to moo.  
But I'm glad for the sake of Hereafter that mine ain't  
the sin and the guilt,  
And I tell you I relish my feelin's when I pull up the  
big patchwork quilt.  
I can laugh at the pelt o' the snowflakes, and grin at  
the slat o' the storm,  
And thank the good Lord I can sleep now, the stock in  
the tie-up is warm.

I'VE GOT THEM CALVES TO VEAL

*By Holman F. Day*

It's a jolly sort of season, is the spring—is the spring,  
And there isn't any reason for not feeling like a king.  
The sun has got flirtatious and he kisses Mistress Maine,  
And she pouts her lips, a-saying, “ Mister, can't you  
come again? ”

The hens are all a-laying, the potatoes sprouting well,

172 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

And fodder spent so nicely that I'll have some hay to  
sell.

But when I get to feeling just as well as I can feel,  
All to once it comes across me that I've got them calves  
to veal.

Oh! I can't go in the stanchion, look them mothers in  
the eye,

For I'm mediatin' murder; planning how their calves  
must die.

Every time them little shavers grab a teat, it wrings  
my heart,

—Hate to see 'em all so happy, for them cows and  
calves must part.

That's the reason I'm so mournful; that's the reason  
in the spring

I go feeling just like Nero or some other wicked thing,  
For I have to slash and slaughter; have to set an iron  
heel

On the feelings of them mothers; I have got them calves  
to veal.

Spring is happy for the poet and the lover and the girl,  
But the farmer has to do things that will make his  
harslet curl.

And the thing that hits me hardest is to stand the lone-  
some moos

Of that stanchion full of critters when they find they're  
going to lose

Little Spark-face, Little Brindle—when the time has  
come to part,

And the calves go off a-blatting in a butcher's rattling  
cart.

Though the cash the butcher pays me sort of smooths  
things up and salves  
All the really rawest feeling when I sell them little  
calves,  
Still I'm mournful in the springtime; knocks me off my  
even keel,  
Seeing suffering around me when I have them calves to  
veal.

### THE LITTLE RED BULLOCK

*By Herbert Tremain*

“ Colleen, under the thorn-tree  
Wit' the sunbeams filtering through  
—Is it dreaming you are, sweet colleen,  
An' all the milking to do? ”  
. . . “ I'm thinking of my little red bullock  
That they're killing at Ballinasloe.

“ 'Twas myself that watched by his mother  
All night in the old tarred shed;  
An' as soon as her pain was over  
The creature put down her head,  
An' she licked him as clean as a sixpence  
—An' she no better than dead!

“ That's his field on the edge of the bogland  
Where there's bushes of wild sweet-gale. . . .  
Do you see where the wall is broken? . . .  
I usety come wit' my pail. . . .  
I think I can feel him sucking  
An' see him whisking his tail. . . .

“Agh, I’d reared him so big an’ so lovely  
 In the sun an’ the green an’ the blue!  
 . . . I’m a fool to be sitting here crying,  
 An’ all the milking to do.  
 . . . But it seemed like killing my baby  
 When they tuk him to Ballinasloe.”

### THE CATTLE TRAIN

*By Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

Below my window goes the cattle train,  
 And stands for hours along the river park,  
 Fear, Cold, Exhaustion, Hunger, Thirst, and Pain;  
 Dumb brutes we call them—Hark!

The bleat of frightened mother-calling young,  
 Deep-throated agony, shrill frantic cries,  
 Hoarse murmur of the thirst-distended tongue,  
 Up to my window rise.

Bleak lies the shore to northern wind and sleet,  
 In open-slatted cars they stand and freeze;  
 Beside the broad blue river in the heat  
 All waterless go these.

Hot, fevered, frightened, trampled, bruised, and  
 torn;  
 Frozen to death before the ax descends;  
 We kill these weary creatures, sore and worn,  
 And eat them—with our friends.



SHEEP

*By William H. Davies*

When I was once in Baltimore  
A man came up to me and cried,  
“Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,  
And we will sail on Tuesday’s tide.

“If you will sail with me, young man,  
I’ll pay you fifty shillings down;  
These eighteen hundred sheep I take  
From Baltimore to Glasgow town.”

He paid me fifty shillings down,  
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep;  
We soon had cleared the harbour’s mouth,  
We soon were in the salt sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea  
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;  
The second night they cried with fear—  
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,  
They cried so loud I could not sleep:  
For fifty thousand shillings down  
I would not sail again with sheep.

## A CHILD'S PET

*By William H. Davies*

When I sailed out of Baltimore,  
With twice a thousand head of sheep,  
They would not eat, they would not drink,  
But bleated o'er the deep.

Inside the pens we crawled each day,  
To sort the living from the dead;  
And when we reached the Mersey's mouth,  
Had lost five hundred head.

Yet every night and day one sheep,  
That had no fear of man or sea,  
Stuck through the bars its pleading face,  
And it was stroked by me.

And to the sheep-men standing near,  
"You see," I said, "this one tame sheep?  
It seems a child has lost her pet,  
And cried herself to sleep."

So every time we passed it by,  
Sailing to England's slaughter-house,  
Eight ragged sheep-men—tramps and thieves—  
Would stroke that sheep's black nose.

THE CALF

*By Eleanor Baldwin*

In a pasture toward the sun, O my brothers,  
I have seen him leap and run with the others.  
I have watched him as he fed,  
Nuzzling with his curly head,  
And his baby coat was red  
Like his mother's.

They have penned him in the train with the others,  
And that distant low of pain is his mother's.  
For they seized him as he nursed—  
Hot his hunger and his thirst  
In this groaning place accursed,  
O my brothers.

He is goaded from the car, and he smothers  
Where the wheels and pulleys are, O my brothers!  
For his fear has found its proof:  
By his hind and cloven hoof  
He is swung twixt floor and roof  
With the others.

Now the knife has crossed his throat—like the  
others.

Redder glows his little coat than his mother's.  
(Far the pastures toward the south!)  
Bitter drink for bitter drouth  
Is the dark blood in his mouth,  
O my brothers!





And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended? he whose toil,  
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest.

*The Seasons.*

JAMES THOMSON.

## OXEN

### OXEN

*By Mahlon Leonard Fisher*

Weary, they plod the ploughlands of the World.  
Wherever turf is turned their hooves have pressed.  
Gladly the great Earth-mother gives her breast  
For them to trample—her pure bosom, pearled  
With dews of innumerable mornings. Where were  
furlled  
Slit pitiful flags, their passing stills dismay:  
Yoke-ridden, mute, Peace binds on them her bay.—  
For this the goad, the lash, the curse age-hurled!  
Patient (Ah, theirs the patient eyes of Christ!),  
They tread the centuries. Behind them flows  
The furrowed glebe, and hath since Egypt rose,  
Starlike, above the Nile. They bide the tryst  
Man hath appointed; till he dig their graves,  
Serve him, complaintless, who hath made them  
slaves.

## THE OX

*From the "Poesie."*

I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling  
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.  
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!  
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,  
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,  
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.  
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart,

Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.  
 From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise  
   Thy breath's soft fumes ; and on the still air swells,  
 Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.  
 In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes  
   Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells  
 All the divine green silence of the plain.

*From the Italian of Giosué Carducci.*

*Translation of Frank Sewall.*

### A YOKE OF STEERS

*By DuBose Heyward*

A heave of mighty shoulders to the yoke,  
 Square patient heads, and flaring sweep of horn ;  
 The darkness swirling down beneath their feet  
 Where sleeping valleys stir and feel the dawn ;  
 Uncouth and primal, on and up they sway,  
 Taking the summit in a drench of day.  
 The night-winds volley upward bitter-sweet,  
 And the dew shatters to a rainbow spray  
 Under the slow-moving cloven feet.

There is a power here that grips the mind—  
 A force repressed and inarticulate,  
 Slow as the swing of centuries, as blind  
 As Destiny, and as deliberate.

They will arrive in their appointed hour  
 Unhurried by the goad of lesser wills,  
 Bearing vast burdens on.

*They are the great  
 Unconquerable spirit of these hills.*



## CROSSING THE PLAINS

*By Joaquin Miller*

What great yoked brutes with briskets low ;  
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,  
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,  
That turned so slow and sad to you,  
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,  
That seemed to plead, and make replies,  
The while they bowed their necks and drew  
The creaking load ; and looked at you.  
Their sable briskets swept the ground,  
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,  
Their great eyes shining bright like wine ;  
Two sullen captive kings were they,  
That had in time held herds at bay,  
And even now they crushed the sod  
With stolid sense of majesty,  
And stately stepped and stately trod,  
As if 'twere something still to be  
Kings even in captivity.

Permission to use this poem granted by Harr Wagner  
Publishing Company, San Francisco, California, publishers of  
Joaquin Miller's Complete Poems.





O'er folded blooms  
On swirls of mush,  
The beetle booms adown the glooms  
And bumps along the dusk.

*The Beetle.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

---

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

*Essay on Man, Epistle I.*

ALEXANDER POPE.

---

His labor is a chant,  
His idleness a tune;  
Oh, for a bee's experience  
Of clovers and of noon!

*The Bee.*

EMILY DICKINSON.

---

What more felicitie can fall to creature  
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,  
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,  
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,  
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

*Muiopotmos: or, The Fate of the Butterflie.*

EDMUND SPENSER.

---

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and  
be wise.

PROVERBS 6:6.

## “THE LAST AND LEAST OF THINGS”

### ALL THINGS WAIT UPON THEE

*By Christina G. Rossetti*

Innocent eyes not ours  
And made to look on flowers,  
Eyes of small birds, and insects small;  
Morn after summer morn  
The sweet rose on her thorn  
Opens her bosom to them all.  
The last and least of things,  
That soar on quivering wings,  
Or crawl among the grass blades out of sight,  
Have just as clear a right  
To their appointed portion of delight  
As queens or kings.

### THE BEE IN CHURCH

*By Alfred Noyes*

The nestling church at Ovingdean  
Was fragrant as a hive in May;  
And there was nobody within  
To preach, or praise, or pray.

The sunlight slanted through the door,  
And through the panes of painted glass,  
When I stole in, alone, once more  
To feel the ages pass.

Then, through the dim grey hush there droned  
 An echoing plain-song on the air,  
 As if some ghostly priest intoned  
 An old Gregorian there.

Saint Chrysostom could never lend  
 More honey to the heavenly Spring  
 Than seemed to murmur and ascend  
 On that invisible wing.

So small he was, I scarce could see  
 My girdled brown hierophant;  
 But only a Franciscan bee  
 In such a bass could chant.

His golden Latin rolled and boomed.  
 It swayed the altar flowers anew,  
 Till all that hive of worship bloomed  
 With dreams of sun and dew.

Ah, sweet Franciscan of the May,  
 Dear chaplain of the fairy queen,  
 You sent a singing heart away  
 That day, from Ovingdean.

### A BEE SETS SAIL

*By Katharine Morse*

The wind blows east, the wind blows storm,  
 And yet this very hour  
 I saw a bumblebee embark  
 In frigate of a flower;

An admiral in epaulets,  
He strode the scented deck  
And in the teeth of tossing gales  
He rode without a wreck.

More valorous adventurer  
I never hope to see,—  
Though mariners be gallant men, —  
Than that same bumblebee.

### THE HUMBLE-BEE

*By Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Burly, dozing humble-bee,  
Where thou art is clime for me.  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;  
I will follow thee alone,  
Thou animated torrid-zone!  
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
Joy of thy dominion!  
Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
Swimmer through the waves of air ;  
Voyager of light and noon ;  
Epicurean of June ;  
Wait, I prithee, till I come  
Within earshot of thy hum,—  
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,  
With a net of shining haze  
Silvers the horizon wall,  
And, with softness touching all,  
Tints the human countenance  
With a color of romance,  
And, infusing subtle heats,  
Turns the sod to violets,  
Thou, in sunny solitudes,  
Rover of the underwoods,  
The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
Tells of countless sunny hours,  
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound  
In Indian wildernesses found ;  
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen ;  
But violets and bilberry bells,  
Maple-sap and daffodels,  
Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
Succory to match the sky,  
Columbine with horn of honey,  
Scented fern, and agrimony,  
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue  
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;  
All besides was unknown waste,  
All was picture as he passed.



Wiser far than human seer,  
Yellow-breeched philosopher!  
Seeing only what is fair,  
Sipping only what is sweet,  
Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat  
When the fierce northwestern blast  
Cools sea and land so far and fast,  
Thou already slumberest deep;  
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;  
Want and woe, which torture us,  
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

### INDIFFERENCE

*By Louise Driscoll*

Over my garden  
An airplane flew,  
But nothing there  
Either cared or knew.

Cabbage butterflies  
Chased each other.  
A young wren cried  
Seeking his mother.

Gay zinnias  
With heavy heads  
Flaunted yellows  
And mauves and reds.

A humming-bird  
 On the late larkspur  
 Never knew what  
 Went over her.

Crickets chirped  
 And a blinking toad  
 Watched for flies  
 On the gravel road.

They don't care  
 How smart men are—  
 To go through Heaven  
 In a flying car!

To a yellow bee  
 On a marigold  
 The adventure seems  
 A trifle old.

### THE DRAGON FLY

*By Jessie B. Rittenhouse*

The day was set to a beautiful theme  
 By the blue of a dragon-fly  
 That poised with his airy wings a gleam  
 On a flower, as I passed by.

So frail and so lovely—a touch would destroy;  
 He seemed but a fancy, a whim;  
 Yet this gossamer thing is a breath of God's joy,  
 And Life is made perfect in him!

A CATERPILLAR'S APOLOGY FOR  
EATING A FAVORITE GLADIOLUS

*By Charles Dalmon*

Confuse me not with impious things ;  
But wait for the appointed hour  
When you shall see your vanished flower  
Reborn resplendent in my wings !

THE CAPTIVE BUTTERFLY

*By Helen Granville-Barker*

If I lie quite still in their net  
Good fortune may befall—  
They may think it was only a moth they  
caught—  
No butterfly at all !

But if once they learn of the blue  
And purple of my wings,  
And their flash, when the rays of the  
noonday sun  
Light all their golden rings ;

If once they know me the love  
Of the rose that sheltered me,  
And the playmate of all the garden  
flowers,—  
They will never set me free.

**BÊTE HUMAINE***By Francis Brett Young*

Riding through Ruwu swamp, about sunrise,  
 I saw the world awake; and as the ray  
 Touched the tall grasses where they dream till  
     day,  
 Lo, the bright air alive with dragonflies,  
 With brittle wings aquiver, and great eyes  
 Piloting crimson bodies, slender and gay.  
 I aimed at one, and struck it, and it lay  
 Broken and lifeless, with fast-fading dyes. . . .  
 Then my soul sickened with a sudden pain  
 And horror, at my own careless cruelty,  
 That where all things are cruel I had slain  
 A creature whose sweet life it is to fly:  
 Like beasts that prey with bloody claw. . . .  
     Nay, they  
 Must slay to live, but what excuse had I?

**A CRICKET SINGING IN THE MARKET-PLACE***By Louella C. Poole*

Down in the city's market-place,  
     To-day, as I passed by,  
 Above the tumult and the din  
     I heard a cricket cry.  
 Poor little straying vagabond,  
     Wee singer of the street,  
 Trilling in that mad wilderness  
     His song so blithely sweet!

I halted in that busy mart,  
    Amongst the produce there,  
For suddenly I seemed to see  
    A vista wondrous fair—  
Of God’s great open country,  
    Horizons dim and far,  
And that same call at even-fall,  
    When rose the first pale star.

I saw a brooklet edged with ferns,  
    Where tiny minnows play,  
Above the glittering golden sands,  
    At hide-and-peek all day;  
And rustling cornfields, meadows brown,  
    A-spangled with the dew;  
The hills with Indian summer haze  
    Ethereal and blue.

I heard the tinkling cow-bells,  
    And smelt the breath of kine,  
The scent of ripening orchards,  
    Grapes purpling on the vine.  
O vision fair, revealing  
    Such range of time and space!  
Moved nigh to tears, in softened mood  
    I left the market-place.

Ah, minstrel gay, wee troubadour  
    With voice so shrilly sweet,  
You little know what power you had  
    To spur my lagging feet,  
And bear my spirit far away  
    From all that rush and roar,  
To God’s own blessed country  
    And happy days of yore!

## THE GRASSHOPPER

*By W. R. Childe*

Upon a viol of carven jade,  
     With crystal stops and silver strings,  
 Unvexed, untiring, unafraid,  
     He strums and sings, he strums and sings.  
 Ah, what a music he imparts,  
     While every rich hill-meadow flames;  
 He is a wizard of wise arts,  
     He is a minstrel of sweet names.  
 Through the hot noonday's breathless hours  
     His delicate secret joy he tells,  
 Amid wind-murmuring azure flowers,  
     Wild crimson buds and golden bells.  
 Beneath the cold marmoreal horns,  
     Beside the river's gray-green foam,  
 He lifts his song to hail the morns,  
     And leads the coloured evenings home.  
 The peaks shine towering in the sun,  
     The waters leap, the sweet winds stir;  
 His faery praise he ne'er hath done,  
     That emerald lad the grasshopper.

## THE ANTS

*By John Clare*

What wonder strikes the curious, while he views  
     The black ant's city, by a rotten tree,  
 Or woodland bank! In ignorance we muse:  
     Pausing, annoyed,—we know not what we see,  
 Such government and thought there seem to be;

Some looking on, and urging some to toil,  
Dragging their loads of bent-stalks slavishly:  
And what's more wonderful, when big loads foil  
One ant or two to carry, quickly then  
A swarm flock round to help their fellow-men.  
Surely they speak a language whisperingly,  
Too fine for us to hear; and sure their ways  
Prove they have kings and laws, and that they be  
Deformed remnants of the Fairy-days.

## THE GARDEN SPIDER

*By Charles Mackay*

### I

Though fear'd by many, scorn'd by all,  
Poor spider on my garden wall,  
Accused as ugly, cruel, sly,  
And seen with an averted eye;  
Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim  
Some merit for thy injured name,  
If I have strength to right the wrong,  
Or in men's memory lives my song.

### II

Men call thee ugly;—did they look  
With closer eyes on Nature's book,  
They might behold in seeing thee  
A creature robed in brilliancy;  
They might admire thy speckled back  
Begemm'd with purple, gold, and black;  
Thy hundred eyes, with diamond rims;  
Thy supple and resplendent limbs.

## III

They call thee cruel; but forget,  
Although thy skilful trap be set  
To capture the unwary prey,  
That thou must eat as well as they.  
No pamper'd appetites hast thou;  
What kindly Nature's laws allow  
Thou takest for thy daily food,  
And kindly Nature owns it good.

## IV

Fie on us! we who hunt and kill,  
Voracious, but unsated still;  
Who ransack earth, and sea, and air,  
And slay all creatures for our fare,  
Complain of thee, whose instinct leads,  
Unerring, to supply thy needs,  
Because thou takest now and then  
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den.

## V

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,  
As if from earliest dawn of youth  
We did not lay our artful snares  
For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares,  
Or lurk all day by running brooks  
To capture fish with cruel hooks,  
And with a patient, deep, deceit  
Betray them with a counterfeit.



VI

So let the thoughtless sneer or laugh ;  
I'll raise my voice in thy behalf.  
The life thou livest, Nature meant—  
It cannot be but innocent ;  
She gave thee instinct to obey,  
Her faultless hand design'd thy prey ;  
And if thou killest, well we know  
'Tis need, not sport, compels the blow.

VII

And while I plead thy simple case  
Against the slanderers of thy race,  
And think thy skilful web alone  
Might for some venial faults atone,  
I will not pass unnoticed by  
Thy patience in calamity,  
Thy courage to endure or wait,  
Thy self-reliance strong as Fate.

VIII

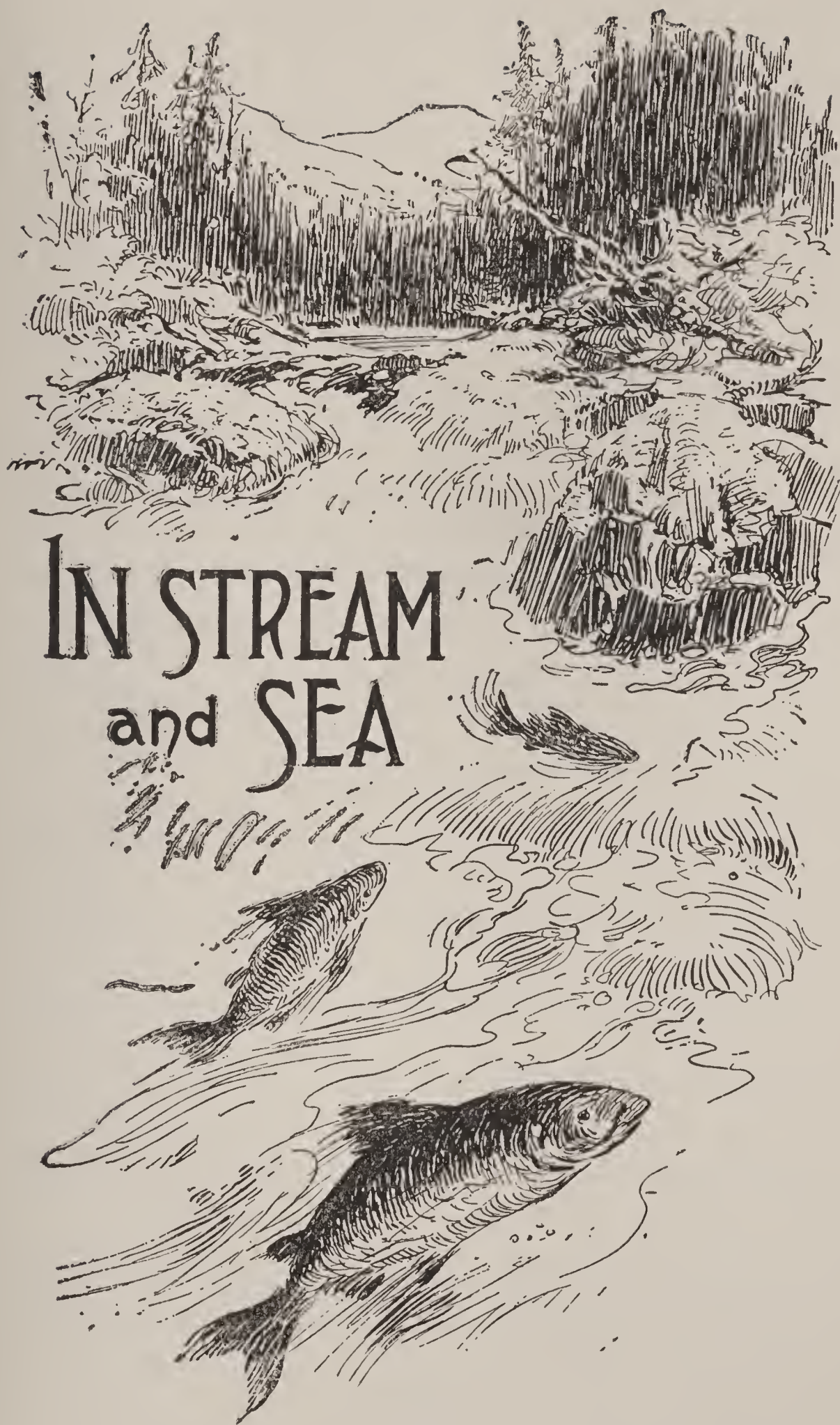
Should stormy wind or thunder-shower  
Assail thy web in evil hour ;  
Should ruthless hand of lynx-eyed boy,  
Or the prim gardener's rake, destroy  
The clever mathematic maze  
Thou spreadest in our garden ways,  
No vain repinings mar thy rest,  
No idle sorrows fill thy breast.

## IX

Thou mayst perchance deplore thy lot,  
Or sigh that fortune loves thee not ;  
But never dost thou sulk and mope,  
Or lie and groan, forgetting hope ;  
Still with a patience, calm and true,  
Thou workest all thy work anew,  
As if thou felt that Heaven is just  
To every creature of the dust,

## X

And that the Providence whose plan  
Gives life to spiders as to man,  
Will ne'er accord its aid divine  
To those who lazily repine ;  
But that all strength to those is given  
Who help themselves, and trust in Heaven.  
Poor insect! to that faith I cling—  
I learn thy lesson while I sing.



# IN STREAM and SEA

In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark ecstasies.

*The Fish.*

RUPERT BROOKE.

## IN STREAM AND SEA

### “ LUKANNON ”

*(Song of the Seal-Rookeries, Aleutian Islands)*

*By Rudyard Kipling*

I met my mates in the morning (and oh, but I am old!)  
Where roaring on the ledges the summer ground-swell  
rolled.

I heard them lift the chorus that drowned the breakers'  
song—

The Beaches of Lukannon—two million voices strong!

*The song of pleasant stations beside the salt lagoons,  
The song of blowing squadrons that shuffled down the  
dunes,*

*The song of midnight dances that churned the sea to  
flame—*

*The Beaches of Lukannon—before the sealers came!*

I met my mates in the morning (I'll never meet them  
more!);

They came and went in legions that darkened all the  
shore.

And through the foam-flecked offing as far as voice  
could reach

We hailed the landing-parties and we sang them up the  
beach.

*The Beaches of Lukannon—the winter-wheat so tall—  
The dripping, crinkled lichens, and the sea-fog drench-  
ing all!*

204 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

*The platforms of our playground, all shining smooth  
and worn!*

*The beaches of Lukannon—the home where we were  
born!*

I meet my mates in the morning, a broken, scattered  
band.

Men shoot us in the water and club us on the land;  
Men drive us to the Salt House like silly sheep and  
tame,

And still we sing Lukannon—before the sealers came.

*Wheel down, wheel down to southward! Oh, Gooverooska  
go!*

*And tell the Deep-Sea Viceroy the story of our woe;  
Ere, empty as the shark's egg the tempest flings ashore,  
The Beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!*

MINNOWS

*By John Keats*

How silent comes the water round that bend;  
Not the minutest whisper does it send  
To the o'erhanging shallows; blades of grass  
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass,—  
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach  
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach  
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;  
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,  
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle  
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle

Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand.  
If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
That very instant not one will remain;  
But turn your eye, and they are there again.  
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,  
And cool themselves among the em'rald tresses;  
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,  
And moisture, that the bowery green may live.

“THOU LITTLE GOD WITHIN THE BROOK”

*By Philip Henry Savage*

Thou little god within the brook  
That dwellest, friend of man,  
I oft have heard the simple prayer  
Thou tellest unto Pan:

That he who comes with rod and line  
And robs thy life to-day,  
May yet by the great god be taught  
To come some other way.

THE FISH

*By Rupert Brooke*

In a cool curving world he lies  
And ripples with dark ecstasies.  
The kind luxurious lapse and steal  
Shapes all his universe to feel  
And know and be; the clinging stream  
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,

Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides  
Superb on unreturning tides.  
Those silent waters weave for him  
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,  
Where wavering masses bulge and gape  
Mysterious, and shape to shape  
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,  
And form and line and solid follow  
Solid and line and form to dream  
Fantastic down the eternal stream;  
An obscure world, a shifting world,  
Bulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,  
Or serpentine, or driving arrows,  
Or serene sliding, or March narrows,  
There slipping wave and shore are one,  
And weed and mud. No ray of sun,  
But glow to glow fades down the deep  
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);  
Shaken translucency illumines  
The hyaline of drifting glooms;  
The strange soft-handed depth subdues  
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,  
As death to living, decomposes—  
Red darkness of the heart of roses,  
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies,  
And gold that lies behind the eyes,  
The unknown unnameable sightless white  
That is the essential flame of night,  
Lusterless purple, hooded green,  
The myriad hues that lie between  
Darkness and darkness! . . .



And all's one,  
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,  
The world he rests in, world he knows,  
Perpetual curving. Only—grows  
And eddy in that ordered falling  
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling  
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—  
The dark fire leaps along his blood;  
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,  
The intricate impulse works its will;  
His woven world drops back; and he,  
Sans providence, sans memory,  
Unconscious and directly driven  
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.

O world of lips, O world of laughter,  
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,  
Of lights in the clear night, of cries  
That drift along the wave and rise  
Thin to the glittering stars above,  
You know the hands, the eyes of love!  
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,  
The infinite distance, and the singing  
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,  
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around  
The horizon, and the heights above—  
You know the sigh, the song of love!

But there the night is close, and there  
Darkness is cold and strange and bare;  
And the secret deeps are whisperless;  
And rhythm is all deliciousness;

And joy is in the throbbing tide,  
Whose intricate fingers treat and glide  
In felt bewildering harmonies  
Of trembling touch; and music is  
The exquisite knocking of the blood.  
Space is no more, under the mud;  
His bliss is older than the sun.  
Silent and straight the waters run.  
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,  
And the dark tide are one with him.



# WESTERN TRAILS

The war-lord, yea, of a countless host,  
But gone is your kingly sway ;  
For never again will you head the herd  
In the spring when the young calves play.

*To a Buffalo Skull.*

ROBERT V. CARR.

## WESTERN TRAILS

### THE BRONCHO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN

*By Vachel Lindsay*

A little colt—broncho, loaned to the farm  
To be broken in time without fury or harm,  
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm,  
Calling “Beware,” with lugubrious singing . . .  
The butterflies there in the bush were romancing,  
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,  
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and  
olden

Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.  
In all the wide farm-place the person most human.  
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,  
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,  
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,  
With Greek-footed figures, and Parthenon paces,  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. “Keep whirling,” they said.  
The insolent sparrows called from the shed  
“If men will not laugh, make them wish they were  
dead.”

But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing,  
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing.  
ing.

## 212 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

You bantered and cantered away your last chance.  
And they scourged you; with Hell in their speech and  
their faces,  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

“Nobody cares for you,” rattled the crows,  
As you dragged the whole reaper next day down the  
rows.

The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.  
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing.  
You tangled the harness with bright eyes side-glancing,  
While the drunk driver bled you—a pole for a lance—  
And the giant mules bit at you—keeping their places.  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon your boyish heart broke.  
The hot wind came down like a sledge-hammer stroke.  
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.  
And they searched out your wounds, your death-  
warrant tracing.  
And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,  
Stopped the red reaper to give you a chance.  
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,  
O broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

### THE MEETING

*By Arthur Chapman*

When walkin' down a city street,  
Two thousand miles from home,  
The pavestones hurtin' of the feet  
That never ought to roam,

A pony just reached to one side  
And grabbed me by the clothes ;  
He smelled the sagebrush, durn his hide !  
You bet a pony knows !

I stopped and petted him, and seen  
A brand upon his side ;  
I'll bet, across the prairie green,  
He useter hit his stride ;  
Some puncher of the gentle cow  
Had owned him—that I knows ;  
Which same is why he jest says : “ How !  
There's sagebrush in your clothes.”

He knowed the smell—no doubt it waked  
Him out of some bright dream ;  
In some far stream his thirst is slaked—  
He sees the mountains gleam ;  
He bears his rider far and fast,  
And real the hull thing grows  
When I come sorter driftin' past  
With sagebrush in my clothes.

Poor little hoss ! It's tough to be  
Away from that fair land—  
Away from that wide prairie sea  
With all its vistas grand ;  
I feel for you, old hoss, I do—  
It's hard, the way life goes ;  
I'd like to travel back with you—  
Back where that sagebrush grows !

## A COYOTE PROWLED

*By Annie Elizabeth Cheney*

A coyote came one night to the sea,  
 And howled at the waves and howled at me,  
 And the white-maned monster roared and mumbled  
 At the dog that prowled and starved and grumbled.  
 Thin and lank and ruffled and grey,  
 He stalked and stalked in search of prey,  
 And snarled and snapped and wailed at fate  
 That dealt him dust and the dregs of hate.  
 I gave him a bone and words and sighs,  
 And he showed me his teeth and he showed me his eyes;  
 And his teeth were clean and strong and white,  
 And his eyes were fine as a frosty night.

## GRIZZLY

*By Bret Harte*

Coward,—of heroic size,  
 In whose lazy muscles lies  
 Strength we fear and yet despise;  
 Savage,—whose relentless tusks  
 Are content with acorn husks;  
 Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared  
 O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;  
 Whiskered chin and feeble nose,  
 Claws of steel on baby toes,—  
 Here, in solitude and shade,  
 Shambling, shuffling plantigrade,  
 Be thy courses undismayed!



Here, where Nature makes thy bed,  
Let thy rude, half-human tread  
    Point to hidden Indian springs,  
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,  
    Hovered o'er by timid wings,  
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,  
Where the wild bee bolds her sweets,—  
Epicurean retreats,  
Fit for thee, and better than  
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.  
In thy fat-jowled deviltry  
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;  
Thou mayst levy tithe and dole;  
    Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,  
From the pilgrim taking toll;  
    Match thy cunning with his fear;  
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;  
Yet remain an outlaw still!

## THE LAST ANTELOPE

*By Edwin Ford Piper*

Behind the board fence at the banker's house  
The slender, tawn-gray creature starves and thirsts  
In agony of fear. A dog may growl,  
It cowers; the cockcrow shakes it with alarm.

White frost lay heavy on the buffalo grass  
That winter morning when three graceful shapes  
Slipped by the saddle-back across the ridge  
Along the rutted pathway to the creek.  
In former years the track was bare, and worn  
With feet of upland creatures every day.

A boy spied these three outlaws. Two hours' chase,  
 Fifty pursuers, and the ways all stopped,—  
 Guns, dogs, and fences. Torn by the barbed wire,  
 Drilled by a dozen buckshot, one; the next,  
 O'erheaped by snapping jaws, cried piteously  
 An instant; but the last on treacherous ice  
 Crashed through, a captive.

Ropes—the jolting wagon—  
 Its heart was audible as you touched its fur.

Behind the board fence at the banker's house,—  
 Oh, once it capered wild on dewy grass  
 In grace and glee of dancing, arrowy bounds!—  
 At the banker's house, behind the high board fence  
 The last slim pronghorn perishes of fear.

### TO A BUFFALO SKULL

*By Robert V. Carr*

On the sable wall your great skull gleams,  
 A regal ornament;  
 A relic of weathered bone and horn,  
 Once lord of a continent.

The war-lord, yea, of a countless host,  
 But gone is your kingly sway;  
 For never again will you head the herd  
 In the spring when the young calves play.

All bleached with the merciless sun and rain  
 Of many and many a day,  
 You're all that is left to tell the tale  
 How the black lines passed this way.

## TO A RATTLESNAKE

*By Robert V. Carr*

You try your best to slip away  
Across the sun-baked alkali;  
And failing, rattle warning fair,  
While I decree that you must die.  
My gun roars out, I ride away,  
I've killed a rattlesnake, that's all;  
No more o'er sun-baked alkali  
Will that dread shape in hatred crawl.

“ In hatred crawl? ” Speak I the truth?  
I take your life as if I knew  
I had the right; yet I cannot  
Return that which I took from you.  
A baby has been known to lay  
Its little hands on you in glee,  
And you struck not. Perhaps my hate  
Is what stirs hate in you for me.

## 'A BISON-KING

*By Joaquin Miller*

Once, morn by morn, when snowy mountains flam'd  
With sudden shafts of light, that shot a flood  
Into the vale like fiery arrows aim'd  
At night from mighty battlements, there stood  
Upon a cliff, high-limn'd against Mount Hood,  
A matchless bull fresh forth from sable wold,  
And standing so seem'd grander 'gainst the wood

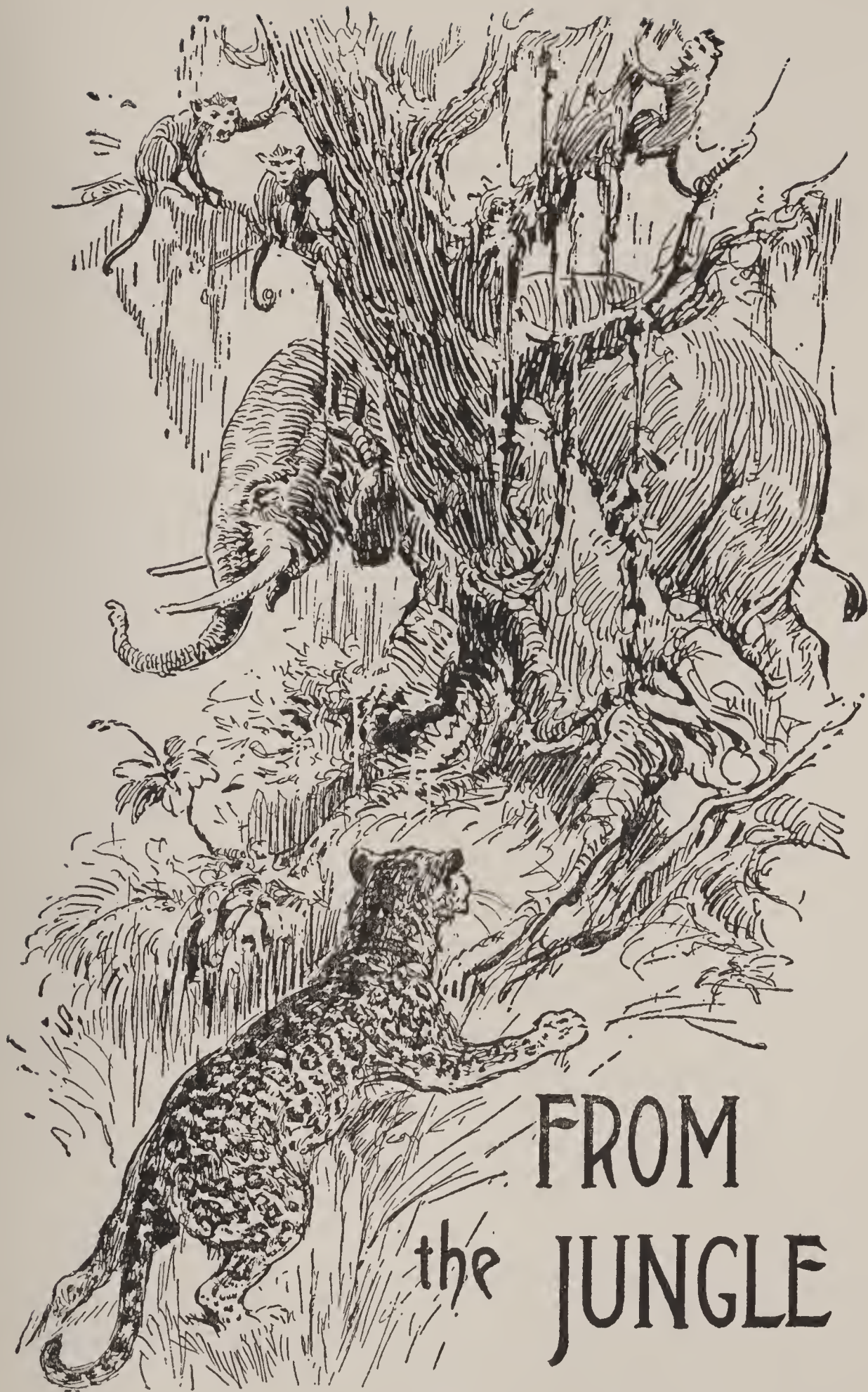
218 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Than wingèd bull, that stood with tips of gold  
Beside the brazen gates of Nineveh of old.

A time he toss'd the dewy turf, and then  
Stretch'd forth his wrinkled neck, and long and loud  
He call'd above the far abodes of men  
Until his breath became a curling cloud  
And wreathed about his neck a misty shroud.

Permission to use this poem granted by Harr Wagner  
Publishing Company, San Francisco, California, publishers of  
Joaquin Miller's Complete Poems.





FROM  
the  
JUNGLE

I will remember what I was, I am sick of rope and  
chain—

I will remember my old strength and all my forest-  
affairs.

*Toomai of the Elephants.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

# FROM THE JUNGLE

## THE TIGER

*By William Blake*

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did He smile His work to see?  
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## THE PANTHER

*By Edwin Markham*

The moon shears up on Tahoe now:  
 A panther leaps to a tamarack bough.  
 She crouches, hugging the crookèd limb:  
 She hears the nearing steps of him  
 Who sent the little puff of smoke  
 That stretched her mate beneath the oak.

Her eyes burn beryl, two yellow balls,  
 As Fate counts out his last footfalls,  
 A sudden spring, a demon cry,  
 Carnivorous laughter to the sky.  
 Her teeth are fastened in his throat  
 (The moon rides in her silver boat)  
 And now one scream of long delight  
 Across the caverns of the night!

## TOOMAI OF THE ELEPHANTS

*By Rudyard Kipling*

I will remember what I was, I am sick of rope and  
 chain—

I will remember my old strength and all my forest-  
 affairs.

I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugar-  
 cane.

I will go out to my own kind, and the wood-folk in  
 their lairs.



I will go out until the day, until the morning break,  
Out to the winds' untainted kiss, the waters' clean  
caress.

I will forget my ankle-ring and snap my picket-stake.  
I will revisit my lost loves, and playmates masterless!

## BEAST AND MAN IN INDIA

*By John Lockwood Kipling*

They killed a child to please the Gods  
In earth's young penitence,  
And I have bled in that Babe's stead  
Because of innocence.

I bear the sins of sinful men  
That have no sin of my own,  
They drive me forth to Heaven's wrath  
Unpastured and alone.

I am the meat of sacrifice,  
The ransom of man's guilt,  
For they give my life to the altar-knife  
Wherever shrine is built.

*The Goat.*

Between the waving tufts of jungle-grass,  
Up from the river as the twilight falls,  
Across the dust-beclouded plain they pass  
On to the village walls.

Great is the sword and mighty is the pen,  
 But over all the labouring ploughman's blade—  
 For on its oxen and its husbandmen  
 An Empire's strength is laid.

*The Oxen.*

The torn boughs trailing o'er the tusks aslant,  
 The saplings reeling in the path he trod,  
 Declare his might—our lord the Elephant,  
 Chief of the ways of God.

The black bulk heaving where the oxen pant,  
 The bowed head toiling where the guns careen,  
 Declare our might—our slave the Elephant  
 And servant of the Queen.

*The Elephant.*

Dark children of the mere and marsh,  
 Wallow and waste and lea,  
 Outcaste they wait at the village gate  
 With folk of low degree.

Their pasture is in no man's land,  
 Their food the cattle's scorn,  
 Their rest is mire and their desire  
 The thicket and the thorn.

But woe to those that break their sleep,  
 And woe to those that dare  
 To rouse the herd-bull from his keep,  
 The wild boar from his lair!

*Pigs and Buffaloes.*

The beasts are very wise,  
Their mouths are clean of lies,  
They talk one to the other,  
Bullock to bullock's brother  
Resting after their labours,  
Each in stall with his neighbours.  
But man with goad and whip,  
Breaks up their fellowship,  
Shouts in their silky ears  
Filling their soul with fears.  
When he has ploughed the land,  
He says: "They understand."  
But the beasts in stall together,  
Freed from the yoke and tether,  
Say as the torn flanks smoke:  
"Nay, 'twas the whip that spoke."

### THE MONKEY

*By Nancy Campbell*

I saw you hunched and shivering on the stones,  
The bleak wind piercing to your fragile bones,  
Your shabby scarlet all inadequate:  
A little ape that had such human eyes  
They seemed to hide behind their miseries—  
Their dumb and hopeless bowing down to fate—  
Some puzzled wonder. Was your monkey soul  
Sickening with memories of gorgeous days,  
Of tropic playfellows and forest ways,  
Where, agile, you could swing from bole to bole  
In an enchanted twilight with great flowers  
For stars; or on a bough the long night hours

Sit out in rows, and chatter at the moon?  
Shuffling you went, your tiny chilly hand  
Outstretched for what you did not understand;  
Your puckered mournful face begging a boon  
That but enslaved you more. They who passed by  
Saw nothing sorrowful; gave laugh or stare,  
Unheeding that the little antic there  
Played in the gutter such a tragedy.



IN  
WAR SERVICE

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

ISAIAH 2: 4.

# IN WAR SERVICE

## A MASCOT

*By Arthur Guiterman*

In the glow of their youth they have come, and they  
pass

With the flare of the steel and the blare of the brass;  
And the brave little dog, with a brisk little wag  
To his stump of a tail, trots along by the flag,  
At his post in the ranks like the rest of the corps,  
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

“They will go! They will go!” throbs a drum as it  
nears;

There’s the fall of a wail in the roar of our cheers.  
But the brave little dog is as gay as a lark;  
There is joy, there is heart in his brave little bark  
As he gambols behind or he frolics before,  
For the brave little dog is away to the war.

He’s away to the war. There’ll be need of him there—  
Of the stanch little tyke that’s the foe of despair;  
For there’s none that’s so old in the world, or so wise,  
But may find a new faith in the depth of his eyes,  
And his tongue is a balm to the heart that is sore;  
So the brave little dog is away to the war.

May the powers be good to the glad little elf,  
Who is first for his friends and is last for himself;  
May there still be a bone for his hunger to find,  
And a pat on the head from a hand that is kind;  
May the heaven of men keep a wide-open door  
For the brave little dog that’s away to the war.

## THE FUSILIERS' DOG

*(Run over, after having gone through the Crimean Campaign)*

*By Francis Doyle*

Go lift him gently from the wheels,  
And soothe his dying pain,  
For love and care e'en yet he feels  
Though love and care be vain;  
'Tis sad that, after all these years,  
Our comrade and our friend,  
The brave dog of the Fusiliers,  
Should meet with such an end.

Up Alma's hill, among the vines,  
We laughed to see him trot,  
Then frisk along the silent lines,  
To chase the rolling shot:  
And, when the work waxed hard by day,  
And hard and cold by night;  
When that November morning lay  
Upon us, like a blight,

And eyes were strained, and ears were bent,  
Against the muttering north,  
Till the grey mist took shape, and sent  
Grey scores of Russians forth—  
Beneath that slaughter wild and grim,  
Nor man nor dog would run;  
He stood by us, and we by him,  
Till the great fight was done.



And right throughout the snow and frost  
He faced both shot and shell ;  
Though unrelieved, he kept his post,  
And did his duty well.  
By death on death the time was stained,  
By want, disease, despair ;  
Like autumn leaves our army waned,  
But still the dog was there :

He cheered us through those hours of gloom ;  
We fed him in our dearth ;  
Through him the trench's living tomb  
Rang loud with reckless mirth ;  
And thus, when peace returned once more,  
After the city's fall,  
That veteran home in pride we bore,  
And loved him, one and all.

With ranks refilled, our hearts were sick,  
And to old memories clung ;  
The grim ravines we left glared thick  
With death-stones of the young.  
Hands which had patted him lay chill,  
Voices which called were dumb,  
And footsteps that he watched for still  
Never again could come.

Never again ; this world of woe  
Still hurries on so fast ;  
They come not back, 'tis he must go  
To join them in the past :

There, with brave names and deeds entwined,  
 Which Time may not forget,  
 Young Fusiliers unborn shall find  
 The legend of our pet.

Whilst o'er fresh years, and other life  
 Yet in God's mystic urn,  
 The picture of the mighty strife  
 Arises sad and stern—  
 Blood all in front, behind far shrines  
 With women weeping low,  
 For whom each lost one's fane but shines,  
 As shines the moon on snow—

Marked by the medal, his of right,  
 And by his kind keen face,  
 Under that visionary light  
 Poor Bob shall keep his place;  
 And never may our honoured Queen  
 For love and service pay,  
 Less brave, less patient, or more mean  
 Than his we mourn to-day!

### THE TURKISH TRENCH DOG

*By Geoffrey Dearmer*

Night held me as I crawled and scrambled near  
 The Turkish lines. Above, the mocking stars  
 Silvered the curving parapet, and clear  
 Cloud-latticed beams o'erflecked the land with bars  
 I, crouching, lay between  
 Tense-listening armies peering through the night,  
 Twin giants bound by tentacles unseen.

Here in dim-shadowed light  
I saw him, as a sudden movement turned  
His eyes towards me, glowing eyes that burned  
A moment ere his snuffling muzzle found  
My trail; and then as serpents mesmerize  
He chained me with those unrelenting eyes,  
That muscle-sliding rhythm, knit and bound  
In spare-limbed symmetry, those perfect jaws  
And soft-approaching pitter-patter paws.  
Nearer and nearer like a wolf he crept—  
That moment had my swift revolver leapt—  
But terror seized me, terror born of shame  
Brought flooding revelation. For he came  
As one who offers comradeship deserved,  
An open ally of the human race,  
And sniffing at my prostrate form unnerved  
He licked my face!

## THE DOGS OF WAR

*By Nora Archibald Smith*

Time was, and not so long ago, as men count time,  
When dogs were symbols of uncleanness,  
Wretched, abhorred, ranked with the scum of earth.  
No taunt, no insult deeper could be thought,  
When taunts were needed, than the old, old phrase:  
“Dog that thou art! Thou shameless and impenitent!”

Dogs such as these have had their evil day;  
No more they crawl and fawn, abased and suffering;  
No more they slink in gutters, feed from offal heaps.

Theirs is the post of pow'r, the warlike field,  
 And man, who once abused them, trusts to-day  
 In doggish fortitude, in doggish constancy.

Oh, wondrous change! Beasts that were scorned of all  
 Sit by their masters now, as loaded wains  
 Creep o'er the country with their freight of war.  
 The soldier drives, one arm about his friend,  
 And half his comfort in the endless days  
 Is the warm heart beside him, doglike answering.

Pariahs once, now mascots dearly prized;  
 Fugitives once, now messengers of war;  
 No creature's place so changed in common estimate.  
 Like beasts bewitched, in fairy tales of old,  
 Some magic touch laid on their shaggy heads  
 Has turned them all to kings, to four-foot potentates.

### THE WAR-HORSE BUYERS

*By Arthur Chapman*

Twenty of us ridin' bronks, headed for the war;  
 Twenty top-hand saddle-men, up in bustin' lore;  
 Off the ranges fast they come, hosses black and gray,  
 Hosses roan and calico, hosses brown and bay;  
 Saddle, bridle, cinch and ride—buck, you big hoss, buck!  
 You will be the captain's choice—'bye, old nag—good  
 luck!

*'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,  
 That's the way they pick 'em when the judges are at  
 work;*

'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,  
Farewell, Western mountain hoss, and don't you ever  
shirk;

Steel and lead and powder smoke, there acrost the  
way—

If it wasn't I'm a neutral I'd be off with you to-day.

All the range is bein' combed of the strong and fit;  
Bring more in, you wrangler men—let 'em taste the bit;  
Let the busters show each pace, 'neath the captain's  
eyes;

Good-bye, all of you to-day, to these Western skies;  
Twice around the ring you go—saddle off and stand  
While the captain tallies you for the fightin' band.

'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,  
That's the way they pick and choose for the game of  
war;

'Tillery and cavalry, 'tillery and cavalry,  
Little difference where you go—fightin' is in store;  
Little difference where you show—most of you must die;  
Western hosses, do your best—good luck, and good-bye!

### THE ARMY HORSE

*By McLandburgh Wilson*

Once they ploughed the fruitful field,  
Helped the reaper gain his yield,  
Came to eve with sweet content,  
Browsing when the day was spent.  
Now they lie with mangled hide,  
Fallen in the carnage tide.

What to them the sounding phrase  
 Which explains the bloody ways?  
 Honour, place or racial stem,  
 Slav or Teuton, what to them?  
 Torn and dead or death denied,  
 Fallen in the carnage tide.

Now they wage the battle hot,  
 Plunging under shell and shot,  
 Charging in the cannon's breath  
 Bearing dealers of the death,  
 Till in agony they bide,  
 Fallen in the carnage tide.

Theirs was not the chance to say  
 Words of peace to save the day.  
 They who could not hush the drum,  
 Whose Creator made them dumb,  
 Yet are one with those who ride,  
 Fallen in the carnage tide.

## THE HORSES

*By Katharine Lee Bates*

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

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

What had we done, our masters,  
That you sold us into hell?  
Our terrors and disasters  
Have filled your pockets well.  
You feast on our starvation;  
Your laughter is our groan.  
Have horses then no nation,  
No country of their own?

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

“GOOD-BYE, OLD FRIEND!”

*Anonymous*

*(An actual incident on the road to a battery position in  
Southern Flanders)*

Only a dying horse! Pull off the gear  
And slip the needless bit from frothing jaws.  
Drag it aside there—leave the roadway clear—  
The battery thunders on with scarce a pause.

Prone by the shell swept highway there it lies  
With quivering limbs, as fast the life tide fails.  
Dark films are closing o'er the faithful eyes  
That mutely plead for aid where none avails.

Onward the battery rolls—but one there speeds,  
 Heedless of comrade's voice or bursting shell—  
 Back to a wounded friend who lonely bleeds  
 Beside the stony highway where it fell.

Only a dying horse! He swiftly kneels,  
 Lifts the limp head and hears the shivering sigh,  
 Kisses the horse while down his cheek there steals  
 Sweet Pity's tear—"Good-bye, old man, good-  
 bye!"

No honors wait him, medal, badge or star,  
 Though scarce could war a kindlier deed unfold;  
 He bears within his breast, more precious far  
 Beyond the gift of kings, a heart of gold.

### THE HORSE

*By Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

*(Dedicated to the American Red Star Animal Relief)*

The man who goes into the fight,  
 With the heart of a volunteer,  
 Has the high ideal of doing right,  
 To conquer his pain and fear,  
 And the man who is forced to go  
 Has his pride, and his will, and his faith,  
 To help him over the road of woe  
 To the goal of a crutch, or death.

But the steed that is dragged from his stall  
 To be plunged in the hell of war—  
 Why what does he know of the country's call,  
 Or the cause he is suffering for?



But I think when he lies in his pain,  
Tortured and torn by the fray,  
He must long for the touch of a hand on his mane  
And the fields where he used to play.

The world as we see it now  
Is only half man-made;  
As the horse recedes with a parting bow  
We know the part he has played.  
For the wonderful brain of man,  
However mighty its force,  
Had never achieved its lordly plan  
Without the aid of the horse.

The forests felled by hand  
By the horse were carried away:  
And furrow and field were made to yield  
By his willing toil each day.  
He helped bring true in this age,  
The visions our forebears saw;  
And oft was given a grudging wage,  
Scant fare and a bundle of straw.

The horse has no passion to kill  
Like man and the tiger and bear;  
Yet slave of a murderous will  
To the front of the fight he must fare  
Now the heart of a horse has love  
For the master and home it knew:  
And the mind of a horse can prove  
That memory dwells there, too.

Oh, I think on the blood red sod  
Each wounded man prays to God:

And I think from the heart of a steed  
 There must rise in his hour of need  
 A cry for his master who seems  
 A god in his equine dreams.

### GUN-TEAMS

*By Gilbert Frankau, R. S. A.*

Their rugs are sodden, their heads are down, their tails  
 are turned to the storm.

(Would you know them, you that groomed them in  
 the sleek fat days of peace,—

When the tiles rang to their pawings in the lighted stalls  
 and warm,—

Now the foul clay cakes on breeching-strap and clogs  
 the quick-release?)

The blown rain stings, there is never a star, the tracks  
 are rivers of slime.

(You must harness up by guesswork with a failing  
 torch for light,

Instep-deep in unmade standings, for it's active-service  
 time,

And our resting weeks are over, and we move the guns  
 to-night.)

The iron tires slither, the traces sag; their blind hooves  
 stumble and slide;

They are war-worn, they are weary, soaked with  
 sweat and sopped with rain.

(You must hold them, you must help them, swing your  
lead and centre wide

Where the greasy granite pavé peters out to squelch-  
ing drain.)

There is shrapnel bursting a mile in front on the road  
that the guns must take;

(You are nervous, you are thoughtful, you are shift-  
ing in your seat,

As you watch the ragged feathers flicker orange flame  
and break)—

But the teams are pulling steady down the battered  
village street.

You have shod them cold, and their coats are long, and  
their bellies gray with the mud;

They have done with gloss and polish, but the fight-  
ing heart's unbroke.

We, who saw them hobbling after us down white roads  
flecked with blood,

Patient, wondering why we left them, till we lost them  
in the smoke;

Who have felt them shiver between our knees, when the  
shells rain black from the skies,

When the bursting terrors find us and the lines  
stampede as one;

Who have watched the pierced limbs quiver and the pain  
in the stricken eyes,

Know the worth of humble servants, foolish-faithful  
to their gun!

## "BAY BILLY"

By F. H. Gassaway

'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg—  
 Perhaps the day you reckon—  
 Our boys, the Twenty-second Maine,  
 Kept Early's men in check.  
 Just where Wade Hampton boomed away  
 The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,  
 And held it with a will;  
 Five several stubborn times we charged  
 The battery on the hill,  
 And five times beaten back, re-formed,  
 And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight  
 Spurred up a general's aid.  
 "That battery *must* silenced be!"  
 He cried, as past he sped.  
 Our colonel simply touched his cap,  
 And then, with measured tread,  
 To lead the crouching line once more  
 The grand old fellow came.  
 No wounded man but raised his head  
 And strove to gasp his name,  
 And those who could not speak nor stir  
 "God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,  
 That hero gray and grim;

Right well he knew that fearful slope  
    We'd climb with none but him,  
Though while his white head led the way  
    We'd charge Hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,  
    When, 'midst the storm of shell,  
Our leader, with his sword upraised,  
    Beneath our bay'nets fell;  
And, as we bore him back, the foe  
    Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept  
    And when the bugle said,  
"Up, charge, again!" no man was there  
    But hung his dogged head.  
"We've no one left to lead us now,"  
    The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,  
    The colonel's horse we spied—  
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,  
    His nostril swelling wide,  
As though still on his gallant back  
    The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place  
    That was of old his wont,  
And with a neigh, that seemed to say,  
    Above the battle's brunt,  
"How can the Twenty-second charge  
    If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,  
And gazed a little space;  
Above that floating mane we missed  
The dear familiar face;  
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,  
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle-call could rouse us all  
As that brave sight had done;  
Down all the battered line we felt  
A lightning impulse run;  
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,  
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height  
Died out the battle's hum,  
Vainly 'mid living and the dead  
We sought our leader dumb;  
It seemed as if a specter steed  
To win that day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark  
Sang in the merry skies,  
As if to e'en the sleepers there  
It bade awake! arise!—  
Though naught but that last trump of al  
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,  
Stretched out the long brigade;  
Trimly upon the furrowed field  
The troops stood on parade,  
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed  
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men  
Were in their place that morn,  
And Corp'ral Dick, who yester-morn  
Stood six brave fellows on,  
Now touched my elbow in the ranks,  
For all between were gone.

Ah! who forgets that dreary hour  
When, as with misty eyes,  
To call the old familiar roll  
The solemn sergeant tries—  
One feels that thumping of the heart  
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in falt'ring tone and slow  
The last few names were said,  
Across the field some missing horse  
Toiled up with weary tread.  
It caught the sergeant's eye, and quick  
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! there the old bay hero stood,  
All safe from battle's harms,  
And ere an order could be heard,  
Or the bugle's quick alarms,  
Down all the front, from end to end,  
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth  
Could still our mighty cheer.  
And ever from that famous day,  
When rang the roll-call clear,  
Bay Billy's name was read, and then  
The whole line answered, "Here!"

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE

*By Thomas Buchanan Read*

Up from the South, at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down:  
And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;  
'As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed;  
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering  
south,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,



Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under the spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;  
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
What was done? what to do? a glance told him  
both,  
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,  
because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was  
gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
 Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!  
 And when their statues are placed on high,  
 Under the dome of the Union sky,  
 The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
 There, with the glorious general's name,  
 Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:  
 "Here is the steed that saved the day  
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
     From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

### MILES KEOGH'S HORSE

*By John Hay*

On the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,  
     At the close of a woful day,  
 Custer and his Three Hundred  
     In death and silence lay.

Three hundred to three thousand!  
     They had bravely fought and bled;  
 For such is the will of Congress  
     When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,  
     The thriftiest under the sun;  
 The Reds are fifty thousand,  
     And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting men  
     Lay under the evening skies,  
 Staring up at the tranquil heaven  
     With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday  
In that fiery scorpion ring,  
Miles Keogh's horse at evening  
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,  
Where lay the three hundred slain,  
The horse Comanche wandered,  
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,  
Which future times shall read,  
While the love and honor of comrades  
Are the soul of the comrade's creed.

He said:

*Let the horse Comanche,  
Henceforth till he shall die,  
Be kindly cherished and cared for  
By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*He shall do no labor; he never shall know  
The touch of spur or rein;  
Nor shall his back be ever crossed  
By living rider again.  
And at regimental formation  
Of the Seventh Cavalry,  
Comanche, draped in mourning, and  
By a trooper of Company I,  
Shall parade with the regiment!*

Thus it was  
Commanded, and thus done,  
By the order of General Sturgis, signed  
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,  
 In his disastrous fall,  
 Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world  
 And glorified his pall,

This order, issued amid the gloom  
 That shrouds our army's name,  
 When all foul beasts are free to rend  
 And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people  
 That the sense of a soldier's worth,  
 That the love of comrades, the honor of arms,  
 Have not perished from earth.

### ONLY MULES

*By Katharine Lee Bates*

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

No matter; we are only mules  
 And slow to understand  
 We drown according to the rules  
 Of war, we contraband.

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

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

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

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

### THE LARK

*By Robert W. Service*

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,  
The guns have brayed without abate;  
And now the sick sun looks upon  
The bleared, blood-boltered fields of hate  
As if it loathed to rise again.  
How strange the hush! Yet sudden, hark!  
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,  
The leaping rapture of a lark.

A fusillade of melody,  
That sprays us from yon trench of sky;  
A new amazing enemy  
We cannot silence though we try;  
A battery on radiant wings,  
That from yon gap of golden fleece  
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things  
As joy and home and love and peace.

Pure heart of song! do you not know  
 That we are making earth a hell?  
 Or is it that you try to show  
 Life still is joy and all is well?  
 Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain  
 You beat into that bit of blue:  
 Lo! we who pant in war's red rain  
 Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too.

### THE NIGHTINGALES OF FLANDERS

*By Grace Hazard Conkling*

*"Le rossignol n'est pas mobilisé."*

A FRENCH SOLDIER,

The nightingales of Flanders,  
 They have not gone to war.  
 A soldier heard them singing  
 Where they had sung before.

The earth was torn and quaking,  
 The sky about to fall.  
 The nightingales of Flanders,  
 They minded not at all.

At intervals he heard them  
 Between the guns, he said,  
 Making a thrilling music  
 Above the listening dead.

Of woodland and of orchard  
 And roadside tree bereft,  
 The nightingales of Flanders  
 Were singing, *France is left!*



# IN LEGEND



I cannot tell how the truth may be;  
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## IN LEGEND

### THE HOMAGE OF BEASTS

*A Persian Fable*

*By Augusta Larned*

King Solomon, as I have heard,  
The language knew of every bird.  
He reigned alike o'er man and beast,  
And bade them to his marriage feast.

Slow filing past his ivory throne  
The animals came, one by one,  
And humbly made obeisance there  
For all their sovereign's gentle care.

The elephant, with mighty tread,  
This strange procession fitly led;  
And close behind the lion stalked,  
And all with due decorum walked.

Such gifts they brought to please the bride,  
As nature's richest stores supplied,  
And Solomon rejoiced to prove  
His subjects' loyalty and love.

Now far behind the stately train  
An ant came toiling o'er the plain,  
And in his mouth he dragged along  
A single grass-blade through the throng.

Nor him did Solomon contemn,  
 Nor this poor offering condemn;  
 The ant he welcomed to the feast,  
 E'en though the very last and least.

By honoring both great and small,  
 By scorning none and loving all,  
 Was Solomon the wisest king  
 In those old days whereof I sing.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS  
 FROM GHENT TO AIX”

*By Robert Browning*

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
 “Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-  
 drew;  
 “Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;  
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
 place;  
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas the moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-  
chime  
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent  
back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay  
spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick  
wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering  
knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like  
     chaff;  
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan  
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;  
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
     good,  
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is,—friends flocking round  
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
     Ghent.

## THE BELL OF ATRI

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
“ I climb no farther upward, come what may,”—  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blasts of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,  
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
 A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
 Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
 Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
 Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
 And prodigalities of camps and courts;—  
 Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,  
 His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
 Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
 Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
 To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
 And day by day sat brooding in his chair  
 Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need  
 To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
 Eating his head off in my stables here,  
 When rents are low and provender is dear?  
 Let him go feed upon the public ways;  
 I want him only for the holidays."  
 So the old steed was turned into the heat  
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;  
 And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
 It is the custom in the summer time,  
 With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;  
 When suddenly upon their senses fell  
 The loud alarum of the accusing bell!

The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:  
“Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a  
wrong!”

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
“Domeneddio!” cried the Syndic straight,  
“This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King; then said:  
“Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!  
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?  
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud: “Right well it pleaseth me!  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;  
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”



## SIR BAT-EARS

*By Helen Parry Eden*

Sir Bat-Ears was a dog of birth  
And bred in Aberdeen,  
But he favoured not his noble kin  
And so his lot is mean,  
And Sir Bat-Ears sits by the alms-houses  
On the stones with grass between.

Under the ancient archway  
His pleasure is to wait  
Between the two stone pine-apples  
That flank the weathered gate;

And old, old alms-persons go by,  
All rusty, bent and black,  
“Good day, good day, Sir Bat-Ears!”  
They say and stroke his back.

And old, old alms-persons go by,  
Shaking and well-nigh dead,  
“Good night, good night, Sir Bat-Ears!”  
They say and pat his head.

So courted and considered  
He sits out hour by hour,  
Benignant in the sunshine  
And prudent in the shower.

(Nay, stoutly can he stand a storm  
 And stiffly breast the rain,  
 That rising when the cloud is gone  
 He leaves a circle of dry stone  
 Whereon to sit again.)

A dozen little door-steps  
 Under the arch are seen,  
 A dozen agèd alms-persons  
 To keep them bright and clean ;

Two wrinkled hands to scour each step  
 With a square of yellow stone—  
 But print-marks of Sir Bat-Ears' paws  
 Bespeckle every one.

And little eats an alms-person,  
 But, though his board be bare,  
 There never lacks a bone of the best  
 To be Sir Bat-Ears' share.

Mendicant muzzle and shrewd nose,  
 He quests from door to door ;  
 Their grace they say, his shadow grey  
 Is instant on the floor—  
 Humblest of all the dogs there be,  
 A pensioner of the poor.

## FIDELITY

*By William Wordsworth*

A barking sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern;  
And instantly a dog is seen  
Glancing from that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry:  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height;  
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;  
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below!  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway or cultivated land,  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere;

Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud;  
 And sunbeams, and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past,  
 But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
 The shepherd stood; then makes his way  
 Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,  
 As quickly as he may;  
 Not far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground;  
 The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The man had fallen, that place of fear!  
 At length upon the shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear:  
 He instantly recalls the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell!  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well.  
 The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,—  
 This dog had been through three months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day  
On which the traveller thus had died  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side:  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows, who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate!

## " HOLD "

*By Patrick R. Chalmers*

I know, where Hampshire fronts the Wight,  
A little church, where " after strife "  
Reposes Guy de Blanquely, Knight,  
By Alison his wife:  
I know their features' graven lines  
In time-stained marble monotone,  
While crouched before their feet reclines  
Their little dog of stone!

I look where Blanquely Castle still  
Frowns o'er the oak wood's summer state,  
(The maker of a patent pill  
Has purchased it of late),  
'And then through Fancy's open door  
I backward turn to days of old,  
And see Sir Guy—a bachelor  
Who owns a dog called " Hold " !

I see him take the tourney's chance,  
And urge his coal-black charger on  
To an arbitrament by lance  
For lovely Alison;

I mark the onset, see him hurl  
 From broidered saddle to the dirt  
 His rival, that ignoble Earl—  
 Black-hearted Massingbert!

Then Alison, with down-dropped eyes,  
 Where happy tears bedim the blue,  
 Bestows a valuable prize  
 And adds her hand thereto;  
 My lord, his surcoat streaked with sand,  
 Remounts, low muttering curses hot,  
 And with a base-born, hireling band  
 He plans a dastard plot!

. . . . .

'Tis night—Sir Guy has sunk to sleep,  
 The castle keep is hushed and still—  
 See, up the spiral stairway creep,  
 To work his wicked will,  
 Lord Massingbert of odious fame,  
 Soft followed by his cut-throat staff;  
 Ah, "Hold" has justified his name  
 And pinned his lordship's calf!

A growl, an oath, then torches flare;  
 Out rings a sentry's startled shout;  
 The guard are racing for the stair,  
 Half-dressed, Sir Guy runs out;  
 On high his glittering blade he waves,  
 He gives foul Massingbert the point,  
 He carves the hired assassin knaves  
 Joint from plebeian joint!

. . . . .

The Knight is dead—his sword is rust,  
But in his day I'm certain "Hold"  
Wore, as his master's badge of trust,  
A collarette of gold:  
And still I like to fancy that,  
Somewhere beyond the Styx's bound,  
Sir Guy's tall phantom stoops to pat  
His little phantom hound!

## BETH GÊLERT

*By Robert William Spencer*

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerily smil'd the morn;  
And many a brach, and many a hound,  
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a lustier cheer;  
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last  
Llewelyn's horn to hear."—

Oh where does faithful Gêlert roam,  
The flower of all his race;  
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,  
"A lion in the chase"?

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board  
The faithful Gêlert fed;  
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,  
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John ;  
But now no Gêlert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells  
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little lov'd  
The chase of hart and hare ;  
And scant and small the booty prov'd,  
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied ;  
When, near the portal seat,  
His truant Gêlert he espied  
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,  
Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,  
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce surprise ;  
Unus'd such looks to meet,  
The favorite check'd his joyful guise,  
And couch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,  
And on went Gêlert too ;  
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.



O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
With bloodstain'd covert rent ;  
And all around the walls and ground  
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied—  
He search'd with terror wild ;  
Blood, blood he found on every side,  
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hellhound ! my child's by thee devour'd,”  
The frantic father cried ;  
And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
He plung'd in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,  
No pity could impart ;  
But still his Gêlert's dying yell  
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,  
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh ;—  
What words the parent's joy could tell  
To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap  
His hurried search had miss'd,  
All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread ;  
But, the same couch beneath,  
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!  
For now the truth was clear;  
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe;  
"Best of thy kind, adieu!  
The frantic blow which laid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deck'd;  
And marbles storied with his praise  
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmov'd;  
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewelyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,  
And there, as evening fell,  
In fancy's ear, he oft would hear  
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,  
And cease the storm to brave,  
The consecrated spot shall hold  
The name of "Gêlert's grave."

## THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

It was the season, when through all the land  
The merle and mavis build, and building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,  
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;  
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,  
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;  
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud  
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;  
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,  
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:  
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!”

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed  
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;  
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed  
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street  
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise  
Of oath and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,  
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;

274 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,  
    Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,  
That mingled with the universal mirth,  
    Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;  
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful  
    words  
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway  
    To set a price upon the guilty heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,  
    Levied black-mail upon the garden beds  
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay  
    The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;  
The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,  
    With fluted columns, and a roof of red,  
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!  
    Slowly descending, with majestic tread,  
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,  
    Down the long street he walked, as one who said,  
“ A town that boasts inhabitants like me  
Can have no lack of good society! ”

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,  
    The instinct of whose nature was to kill;  
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,  
    And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;  
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer  
    In Summer on some Adirondac hill;  
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,  
And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,  
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;  
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;  
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;  
There never was so wise a man before;  
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"  
And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region round.  
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;  
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one  
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart  
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,

276 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“ Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his Republic banished without pity  
The Poets; in this little town of yours,  
You put to death, by means of a Committee,  
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,  
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“ The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood;  
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,  
Jargonning like a foreigner at his food;  
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,  
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“ You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!  
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet  
As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?  
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!  
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!  
And when you think of this, remember too  
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“ Think of your woods and orchards without birds!  
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams  
As in the idiot's brain remembered words  
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more  
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“ What! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grasshopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir  
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,  
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

“ You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,  
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;  
 Even the blackest of them all, the crow,  
 Renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
 Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
 And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“ How can I teach your children gentleness,  
 And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
 For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
 Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
 Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
 The selfsame light, although averted hence,  
 When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,  
 You contradict the very things I teach? ”

With this he closed ; and through the audience went  
 A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves ;  
 The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent  
 Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;  
 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment  
 Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.  
 The birds were doomed ; and, as the record shows,  
 A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,  
 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,  
 But in the papers read his little speech,  
 And crowned his modest temples with applause ;  
 They made him conscious, each one more than each,  
 He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.  
 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,  
 O fair Almira at the Academy!



And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
O'er the fields and orchards, and o'er woodland  
crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their  
breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,  
While the young died of famine in their nests ;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found  
No foe to check their march, till they had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,  
Because like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,  
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;  
They were the terror of each favorite walk,  
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew  
It would not call the dead to life again;  
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came  
Without the light of his majestic look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,  
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have been  
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,  
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,  
All full of singing birds, came down the street,  
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,  
By order of the town, with anxious quest,  
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought  
In woods and fields the places they loved best,  
Singing loud canticles, which many thought  
Were satires to the authorities addressed,  
While others, listening in green lanes, averred  
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they  
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,  
 And everywhere, around, above, below,  
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away,  
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,  
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth  
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

## PEARL SEVENTY-EIGHT

*(From Pearls of the Faith)*

*By Edwin Arnold*

. . . . .  
 High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath  
 Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.  
 The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down  
 With lolling tongues; the camels moaned; a crowd  
 Passed with their pitchers, wrangling high and loud,  
 About the tank; and one dog by a well,  
 Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,  
 Glaring upon the water out of reach,  
 And praying succor in a silent speech,  
 So piteous were its eyes; which when she saw  
 This woman from her foot her shoe did draw,  
 Albeit death-sorrowful, and, looping up  
 The long silk of her girdle, made a cup  
 Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink  
 Until it touched the cool, black water's brink;  
 So filled th' embroidered shoe, and gave a draught  
 To the spent beast, which whined, and fawned and  
 quaffed  
 Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,  
 With such glad looks that all might understand

He held his life from her ; then, at her feet  
 He followed close all down the cruel street,  
 Her one friend in that city.

But the king,  
 Riding within his litter, marked this thing,  
 And how the woman, on her way to die,  
 Had such compassion for the misery  
 Of that parched hound: "Take off her chain, and  
 place

The veil once more above the sinner's face,  
 And lead her to her home in peace!" he said.  
 "The law is that the people stone thee dead  
 For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,  
 Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,  
 Not heard upon thy trial; this brute beast  
 Testifies for thee, sister! whose weak breast  
 Death could not make ungentle. I hold rule  
 In Allah's stead, who is 'the Merciful,'  
 And hope for mercy; therefore go thou free—  
 I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

### ONE OF HIS ANIMAL STORIES

*By James Whitcomb Riley*

Now, Tudens, you sit on *this* knee—and 'scuse  
 It having no side-saddle on;—and, Jeems,  
 You sit on *this*—and don't you wobble so  
 And chug my old shins with your coppertoos;—  
 And, all the rest of you, range round someway,—  
 Ride on the rockers and hang to the arms  
 Of our old-time splint-bottom carryall!—

Do anything but *squabble* for a place,  
Or push or shove or scrouge, or breathe *out loud*,  
Or chew wet, or knead taffy in my beard!—  
Do *anything* almost—act *anyway*,—  
Only *keep still*, so I can hear myself  
Trying to tell you “just one story more!”

One winter afternoon my father, with  
A whistle to our dog, a shout to us—  
His two boys—six and eight years old we were,—  
Started off to the woods, a half a mile  
From home, where he was chopping wood. We raced,  
We slipped and slid; reaching, at last the north  
Side of Tharp's corn-field.—There we struck what  
seemed  
To be a coon-track—so we all agreed:  
And father, who was not a hunter, to  
Our glad surprise, proposed we follow it.  
The snow was quite five inches deep; and we,  
Keen on the trail, were soon far in the woods.  
Our old dog, “Ring,” ran nosing the fresh track  
With whimpering delight, far on ahead.  
After following the trail more than a mile  
To northward, through the thickest winter woods  
We boys had ever seen,—all suddenly  
He seemed to strike *another* trail; and then  
Our joyful attention was drawn to  
Old “Ring”—leaping to this side, then to that,  
Of a big, hollow, old oak-tree, which had  
Been blown down by a storm some years before.  
There—all at once—out leapt a lean old fox  
From the black hollow of a big bent limb,—  
Hey! how he scudded!—but with our old “Ring”

284 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Sharp after him—and father after “Ring”—  
 We after father, near as we could hold!  
 And father noticed that the fox kept just  
 About four feet ahead of “Ring”—just *that*—  
 No farther, and no nearer! Then he said:—  
 “There are young foxes in that tree back there,  
 And the mother-fox is drawing ‘Ring’ and us  
 Away from their nest there!” “Oh, le’ ’s go back!—  
*Do le’ ’s go back!*” we little vandals cried,—  
 “Le’ ’s go back, quick, and find the little things—  
*Please, father!*—Yes, and take ’em home for pets—  
 ’Cause ‘Ring’ he’ll kill the old fox anyway!”  
 So father turned at last, and back we went,  
 And father chopped a hole in the old tree  
 And about ten feet below the limb from which  
 The old fox ran, and—Bless their little lives!—  
 There, in the hollow of the old tree-trunk—  
 There, on a bed of warm dry leaves and moss—  
 There, snug as any bug in any rug—  
 We found—one—two—three—four, and, yes-sir, *five*  
 Wee, weenty-teenty baby foxes, with  
 Their eyes just barely opened—*Cute?*—my-oh!—  
*The* cutest—the most cunning little things  
 Two boys ever saw, in all their lives!  
 “Raw weather for the little fellows *now!*”  
 Said father, as though talking to himself,—  
 “Raw weather, and no home *now!*”—And off came  
 His warm old “waumus”; and in that he wrapped  
 The helpless little animals, and held  
 Them soft and warm against him as he could,—  
 And home we happy children followed him.—  
*Old “Ring”* did not reach home till nearly dusk:  
 The mother-fox had led him a long chase—

“Yes, and a fool’s chase, too!” he seemed to say,  
And looked ashamed to hear us *praising* him.  
But, *mother*—well, we *could not* understand  
*Her* acting as she did—and we so *pleased!*  
I can see yet the look of pained surprise  
And deep compassion of her troubled face  
When father very gently laid his coat,  
With the young foxes in it, on the hearth  
Beside her, as she brightened up the fire.  
She urged—for the old fox’s sake and theirs—  
That they be taken back to the old tree;  
But father—for *our* wistful sakes, no doubt—  
Said we would keep them, and would try our **best**  
To raise them. And at once he set about  
Building a snug home for the little things  
Out of an old big bushel-basket, with  
Its fractured handle and its stoven ribs:  
So, lining and padding this all cosily,  
He snuggled in its little tenants, and  
Called in John Wesley Thomas, our hired man,  
And gave him in full charge, with much advice  
Regarding the just care and sustenance of  
*Young* foxes.—“John,” he said, “you feed ’em *milk*—  
*Warm* milk, John Wesley! Yes, and *keep ’em by*  
*The stove*—and keep your stove *a-roarin’*, too,  
Both night and day!—And keep ’em *covered* up—  
Not *smothered*, John, but snug and comfortable.—  
And now, John Wesley Thomas, first and last,—  
You feed ’em *milk*—*fresh* milk—and always *warm*—  
Say five or six or seven times a day—  
Of course we’ll grade that by the way they *thrive.*”  
But, for all sanguine hope, and care, as well,  
The little fellows *did not* thrive at all.—

Indeed, with *all* our care and vigilance,  
 By the third day of their captivity  
 The last survivor of the fated five  
 Squeaked, like some battered little rubber toy  
 Just clean worn out.—And that's just what it was!  
 And—nights,—the cry of the mother-fox for her  
     young  
 Was heard, with awe, for long weeks afterward.  
 And we boys, every night, would go to the door  
 And, peering out in the darkness, listening,  
 Could hear the poor fox in the black bleak woods  
 Still calling for her little ones in vain.  
 As, all mutely, we returned to the warm fireside,  
 Mother would say: “How would you like for *me*  
 To be out there, this dark night, in the cold woods,  
 Calling for *my* children?”

### THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
     With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
 I forget in what campaign,  
 Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
     Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
     In great boots of Spanish leather,  
 Striding with a measured tramp,  
 These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
     Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.



Thus as to and fro they went  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedgerows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
"Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the rumor,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
 Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
 Till the constant cannonade  
 Through the walls a breach had made,  
 And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
 Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
 Only not the Emperor's tent,  
 For he ordered, ere he went,  
 Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
 Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
 Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
 Singing o'er those walls of stone  
 Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

### THE MILAN BIRD-CAGES

A. D. 1485

*By Margaret J. Preston*

#### I

Just four hundred years ago,  
 (You may like to know)—  
 In a city old and quaint,  
 Lived a painter who could paint  
 Knight or lady, child or saint,  
 With so rich a glow,  
 And such wondrous skill as none  
 In the Land of Art had done.

## II

Should you ever chance to take  
(As you will) a foreign tour,  
Milan you will see, I'm sure,  
    For the Master's sake,  
And be shown, in colors dim,  
One grand picture drawn by him—  
Christ's *Last Supper*. If your eyes  
Fill, while gazing, no surprise  
Need be either yours or mine,  
    O'er that face divine.

## III

Then in Paris, if you go  
To the great Louvre Gallery, where  
Miles of paintings make you stare  
Till your eyes ache, they will show  
As they point the finest out,  
One the world goes mad about—  
Such a portrait, all the while  
How it haunts you with its smile,  
    Lovely *Mona Lisa!* she  
Can't be bought for gold, you see;  
Not if kings should come to buy,  
    —Let them try!

## IV

Oft the Master used to go  
(Old Vasari tells us so)  
To the market where they sold  
Birds, in cages gay with gold,

Brightly tipped on wing and crest,  
 Trapped just as they left the nest.  
 Thither went he day by day,  
 Buying all within his way,  
 Making the young peasants glad,  
 Since they sold him all they had;  
 And no matter what his store,  
 Counting birds and cages o'er,  
 He was always buying more.

## V

“Wherefore buy so many?” Well,  
 That’s just what I’m going to tell.  
 Soon as he had bought a bird,  
 O’er his upturned head was heard  
 Such a trill, so glad, so high,  
 Dropped from out the sunny sky  
 Down into his happy heart;  
 Filling it as naught else could—  
 Naught save his belovèd Art—  
 Full of joy, as there he stood  
 Holding wide the wicker door,  
 Watching the bright captives soar  
 Deep into the blue. You see  
 Why he bought so many: He  
 Did it just to set them free.

## VI

Love I Leonardo so  
 For his splendid pictures?—No!  
 But for his sweet soul, so stirred  
 By a little prisoned bird.

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Vogelweid the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest:  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.



FOR VANITY

Yet there in distant forests, where  
The little fur-clad creatures fare,  
Shrill cries of torture rend the air!

*To a Lady in Her Furs.*      JAMES BEEBE CARRINGTON.



## FOR VANITY

### FOUR LITTLE FOXES

*By Lew Sarett*

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound ;  
For in my windy valley yesterday I found  
Newborn foxes squirming on the ground—  
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow ;  
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,  
The four little foxes saw their mother go—  
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm ;  
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them  
from harm,  
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—  
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane ;  
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,  
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—  
Step softly.

### THE KIND LADY'S FURS

*By Strickland Gillilan*

The white wolves belled on the ermine's trail  
'Way up in the heart of the heartless north.

The ermine must haste ere his strength should fail;  
 In spite of the danger, he hurried forth.  
 He saw some food in a tempting cache;  
 He hastened to gulp it and hurry on—  
 Two jaws of a demon of steel went “Smash!”  
 And the animal's hope of life was gone!  
 A white man came ere the wolves might come,  
 And he carried that ermine's peltry home.  
 Milady she wears it with joy and pride,  
 Not caring a whit how the ermine died!  
 (He had tugged at the trap for hours—ha, ha!  
 Had struggled with all of his powers—la, la!  
 So laugh as you wear your furs, ma chère,  
 Laugh as you flaunt your furs!)

The small boy placed by the meadow creek  
 A steel trap held by a long strong chain.  
 For there the muskrats, he knew, would seek  
 Their nightly food—might they seek in vain!  
 A muskrat came, and the jaws went “Crunch!”  
 And the night—ah, the cruel night was young!  
 He gnawed at his leg—'twas a hideous lunch!—  
 But the terrible trap-jaws clung and clung.  
 The little lad at the dawning came,  
 (He was kind when he wasn't in search of  
 “game”);  
 He ripped from his victim the velvet hide,  
 For milady's wardrobe must be supplied!  
 (He had writhed in the grisly grip—ha, ha!  
 Nearly gnawed off his leg at the hip—la, la!  
 So merrily wear your furs, ma chère,  
 Merrily wear your furs!)

TO A LADY IN HER FURS

*By J. B. Carrington*

The furs you wear are rich and rare,  
Your face is smiling, sweet and fair,  
Dear TENDERNESS seems bidding there.

And as you step adown the way,  
Of fashion's pageant and display,  
You've not a care in all the day.

Yet there in distant forests, where  
The little fur-clad creatures fare,  
Shrill cries of torture rend the air!

MY LADY'S FUR

*By F. Ursula Payne*

'Tis midnight in the forest cold and bleak,  
The north wind drives the snow, the icy reeds  
Bend o'er a cruel trap where faint and weak  
A timid furry creature slowly bleeds.

Faintly above the wind she seems to hear  
Her little babies crying for her care;  
She writhes in agony, and moans in fear.  
For two long nights she has been dying there.

'Tis midnight in the city. Cold and keen  
The north wind blows the sparkling snow about.  
Before the opera house a limousine  
Stops to receive a lady coming out.

Her rich, warm cloak she draws about her, so ;  
 The soft fur rests against her glowing cheek.  
 This is the fur that just a year ago  
 Clad that poor forest creature, stiff and weak.

Could she but see that forest far away,  
 Could she but hear the suff'ring creature's cry,  
 The lady's laughter would not be so gay,  
 Her lips would breathe a sympathetic sigh.

She, who can move the very hearts of men,  
 Would storm great Congress at its mighty door,  
 Till legislation she would gain, and then  
 The cruel, cruel trap would be no more.

### FOR VANITY

*By Hannah J. Dawtrey*

I would the scene might flash before your eye  
 Of bonnie mother birds that bleed and die,  
 When you with plumage rare  
 Bedeck your hair,  
 For Vanity.

I would the piteous cry might haunt your ear,  
 Of helpless orphan broods that pine in fear,  
 When you white feathers wear,  
 Ye ruthless fair,  
 For Vanity.

I would these sights and sounds of useless pain  
Might burn themselves upon your heart and brain,  
    When you, unblushingly, dare  
        Such spoils to share  
        For Vanity.

Who loves the birdlings, gave them the plumage gay  
For their own joy,—the God to whom ye pray;  
    Remember when at prayer—  
        He does not care  
        For Vanity.

## DEAD BIRDS AND EASTER

*By May Riley Smith*

God thought it worth His while to make a bird—  
A joyous creature that could soar and float  
With sweetest melody man ever heard,  
Caught in the feathered meshes of its throat.  
And this rare thing with God's own touch upon it  
Is rended wing from wing to trim a bonnet!

It is an Easter morning, holy, calm,—  
And life, not death, is the glad theme to-day.  
The air is full of Spring's delicious balm,  
The maple buds are dropping on the way.  
And one I saw, with flush of crimson on it,  
Fall on the dead birds of a woman's bonnet!

What say the bells at these good Easter times?  
They tell of vanquished death, and risen life!  
Hush then, O bells, your inconsistent chimes.

You and the dull old world are hard at strife;  
 For surely when the crimson leaf fell on it,  
 I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet!

What does it cost, this garniture of death?  
 It costs the life that God alone can give,  
 It costs dull silence where was music's breath,  
 It costs dead joy that foolish pride may live;  
 Ah, Life and Love and Joy, depend upon it,  
 Are costly trimmings for a woman's bonnet!

Who would arrest the sweet pulse of a lark  
 That flutters in such ecstasy of bliss,  
 Or lay a robin's bright breast cold and stark  
 For such a petty recompense as this?  
 O, you who love your babies, think upon it.  
 Mothers are slaughtered just to trim your bonnet!

Will Herod never cease to rule the land  
 That we should slay sweet innocency so?  
 Is joy so cheap, or happiness sure planned?  
 Tell me, you who are intimate with woe—  
 Does your sad heart proclaim no ban upon it?  
 Would you slay happiness just for a bonnet?

And must God's choirs that through His forests rove  
 Whose matinees are free to high and low,—  
 Must His own orchestra of fields and grove,  
 Himself their leader, be disbanded so?  
 Nay, nay, O God, proclaim thy ban upon it.  
 Protect thy birds from sport, and greed, and bonnet!

Dead birds, and dead for gentle woman's sake  
To feed awhile her vanity's poor breath!  
And yet the foolish bells sweet clamor make  
And tell of One whose power has vanquished death.  
Ah, Easter time has a reproach upon it  
While birds are slain to trim a woman's bonnet!

## OUR BROTHERS OF THE FIELDS AND TREES

*By Charles Keeler*

I dreamed that I was Francis of Assisi  
In shadowy daisy field of misty dawn,  
The children of the air, my ministrants,  
Flocking about with matins of sweet song.

“My tiny choristers of field and tree,  
Blithe winged disciples,” so my sermon ran,  
“I bring the word of God to comfort you,  
Good tidings of our Savior Christ, the risen.”

And thereupon wings flapped about my face  
And cries derisive rang from feathered throats.  
“You of the Titan race,” they shrilly called,  
“Who preach of love and seek us but to slay,  
Apostates revelling in lust of blood!”

A mother robin 'plained: “What bliss was mine,  
What hope, what promise in those eggs of blue,  
Snug in my plastered cradle hid away  
Until the prying bandit eyes had pierced  
My leafy screen and my dear home despoiled!”

302 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

“ Alas,” outpiped the quail, “ the huntsman came  
And slew my chosen mate, and called it sport,  
While I am left in lonely copse to mourn.”

Then with a wail of anguish winged anigh  
A snowy egret like an angel white  
Out of the mist of heaven to challenge me:  
“ A host of wings erstwhile amid the trees,  
A throng of mothers’ hearts about the nests!  
Ah, little did they dream of ravage drear,  
That mothers of the lordlier race of men  
So craved our nuptial dower of airy plumes  
That they should have us slain in wantonness  
While all our little ones with piteous cries  
Awaited the slow stealing on of death.”

Thereat the frantic birds came clamoring round  
To mob me from the grove with mocking scorn,  
When loud a gun pealed forth its breath of doom,  
Some passing sportsman’s challenge to the throng,  
And lifeless fluttered down a feathery form.  
Startled I roused me from my sombre dream  
But shook not off the woodland reverie.

What is this life we take so wantonly?  
A spark of God’s great love so stamped upon  
Because we have the craft and lust to kill!  
What Golden Rule is made for man alone?  
The beast looks in your eyes and cries you shame.  
Let us renounce blood sacraments and dare  
To live untainted by corrupting flesh,  
And in the might of tenderness rejoice.  
Methinks that Buddha’s way leads unto peace



Through kinship with the least and lowliest lives.  
All are God's children, even as thou and I,  
United in the spirit of brotherhood,  
And in th' eternal reckoning shall be  
Accounted in the great Creator's plan.





“BRAVES of the  
HUNT”

Sport! to slay with no cause to slay—not even the pride  
of hate!

Courage? then stand to an even chance, facing a  
foeman's gun

Out in the open, eye to eye, for Honor of Kin or State,  
Oh, ye who slink in the woven blind seeking to kill—  
for fun!

*Braves of the Hunt.*

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS.

## “ BRAVES OF THE HUNT ”

### IN COOL, GREEN HAUNTS

*By Mahlon Leonard Fisher*

A sweet, deep sense of mystery filled the wood.

A star, like that which woke o'er Bethlehem,

Shone on the still pool's brow for diadem—

The first to fall of summer's multitude!

In cool, green haunts, where, haply, Robin Hood

Ranged royally, of old, with all his train,

A hushed expectance, such as augurs rain,

Enthralled me and possessed me where I stood.

Then came the wind, with low word as he went;

The quick wren, swift repeating what he said;

A chattering chipmunk lured me on and led

Where scented brakes 'neath some wee burden bent:—

One look—'twas this those wild things yearned to say:

“ A little brown-eyed fawn was born to-day! ”

### THE CATCH

*By John Kendrick Bangs*

I've enjoyed the chase to-day

Through the woodland wild.

Fortune in a lavish way

Hath my heart beguiled.

I have filled my game-bag well—

Better than I thought.

Fat and teeming it doth swell

With the things I sought.

Songs of birds, and songs of trees.  
 Gentle whisperings of the breeze.  
 Splendid mess of mountain air.  
 Odors of wild-flowers rare.  
 Happy thoughts that grew apace  
 As I watched the rilletts race.  
 Wondrous pictures in the skies.  
 Vistas soft for tired eyes.  
 Hints of peace, and hints of rest.  
 Gorgeous colors in the west.  
 Stores of gold flung far and wide  
 O'er the gleaming country-side,  
 As the sun smiled on the scene,  
 Lighting up the forest green.

O the joy, the glad delight,  
     O the taste of bliss,  
 Making homeward through the night  
     With a catch like this.

## THE QUAILS

*By Francis Brett Young*

(In the South of Italy the peasants put out the eyes of a captured quail so that its cries may attract the flocks of spring migrants into their nets.)

All through the night  
 I have heard the stuttering call of a blind quail,  
 A caged decoy, under a cairn of stones,  
 Crying for light as the quails cry for love.

Other wanderers,  
 Northward from Africa winging on numb pinions, dazed

With beating winds and the sobbing of the sea,  
Hear, in a breath of sweet land-herbage, the call  
Of the blind one, their sister. . . .  
Hearing, their fluttered hearts  
Take courage, and they wheel in their dark flight,  
Knowing that their toil is over, dreaming to see  
The white stubbles of Abruzzi smitten with dawn,  
And split grain lying in the furrows, the squandered gold  
That is the delight of quails in their spring mating.

Land-scents grow keener,  
Penetrating the dank and bitter odour of brine  
That whitens their feathers;  
Far below, the voice of their sister calls them  
To plenty, and sweet water, and fulfillment:  
Over the pallid margin of dim seas breaking,  
Over the thickening in the darkness that is land,  
They fly. Their flight is ended. Wings beat no more.  
Downward they drift, one by one, like dark petals,  
Slowly, listlessly falling,  
Into the mouth of horror:  
The nets . . . .

Where men come trampling and crying with bright  
lanterns  
Plucking their weak, entangled claws from the meshes of  
net,  
Clutching the soft brown bodies mottled with olive,  
Crushing the warm, fluttering flesh, in hands stained  
with blood,  
Till their quivering hearts are stilled, and the bright  
eyes,  
That are like a polished agate, glazed in death.

## 310 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

But the blind one, in her wicker cage, without ceasing  
Haunts this night of spring with her stuttering call,  
Knowing nothing of the terror that walks in darkness,  
Knowing only that some cruelty has stolen the light  
That is life, and that she must cry until she dies.

I, in the darkness,

Heard, and my heart grew sick. But I know that to-  
morrow

A smiling peasant will come with a basket of quails  
Wrapped in vine-leaves, prodding them with blood-  
stained fingers

Saying, " Signore, you must cook them thus, and thus,  
With a sprig of basil inside them." And I shall thank  
him,

Carrying the piteous carcasses into the kitchen  
Without a pang, without shame.

" Why should I be ashamed? Why should I rail  
Against the cruelty of men? Why should I pity,  
Seeing that there is no cruelty which men can imagine  
To match the subtle dooms that are wrought against  
them

By blind spores of pestilence: seeing that each of us,  
Lured by dim hopes, flutters in the toils of death  
On a cold star that is spinning blindly through space  
Into the nets of time? "

So cried I, bitterly thrusting pity aside,  
Closing my lids to sleep. But sleep came not,  
And pity, with sad eyes,  
Crept to my side, and told me  
That the life of all creatures is brave and pitiful



Whether they be men, with dark thoughts to vex them,  
Or birds, wheeling in the swift joys of flight,  
Or brittle ephemerids, spinning to death in the haze  
Of gold that quivers on dim evening waters;  
Nor would she be denied.  
The harshness died  
Within me, and my heart  
Was caught and fluttered like the palpitant heart  
Of a brown quail, flying  
To the call of her blind sister,  
And death, in the spring night.

## THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN

*By Sam Walter Foss*

“Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?  
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?”

EMERSON.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;  
I fish without a pole;  
And I bag good game and catch such fish  
As suit a sportsman's soul;  
For the choicest game that the forest holds,  
And the best fish of the brook,  
Are never brought down by a rifle shot  
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,  
I hunt for game in the trees,  
For bigger birds than wing the air  
Or fish that swim the seas.

A rodless Walton of the brooks  
 A bloodless sportsman, I—  
 I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,  
 The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,  
 The brooks for the fishers of song;  
 To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game  
 The streams and the woods belong.  
 There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the  
 pine,  
 And thoughts in a flower bell curled;  
 And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of  
 the fern  
 Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood  
 Till the going down of the sun;  
 There is plenty of game still left in the woods  
 For the hunter who has no gun.  
 So, away! for the fish in the moss-bordered brook  
 That flows through the velvety sod;  
 There are plenty of fish still left in the streams  
 For the angler who has no rod.

### POEM FOR PRUE

*By Norman Gale*

Bound, Hare, bound!  
 Here's a bully with a hound.  
 If you'd *really* rather not  
 Smell delicious in a pot,

Over briar and streamlet vault,  
Far from pepper, far from salt,  
Till at last your toothy foe  
Cannot see which way you go.

Bound, Hare, bound!

Here's a bully—

Yes, a bully with a yard or two of hound.

Look, Salmon, look!

Here's a bully with a hook.

If it's *really* not your wish  
Soon to decorate a dish,

Don't, by playing tug-of-war,

Help this man to carry more  
Silvered beauty home, and bite  
Far too much of it at night.

Look, Salmon, look!

Here's a bully—

Yes, a bully with a minnow on his hook.

Back, Fox, back!

Here are bullies in a pack.

If you *really* want to be  
Safe at home in time for tea,

Bid your pads and brain and breath

Hold you half a mile from Death

Hunting you since middle-day  
All along your twisty way.

Back, Fox, back!

Here are bullies—

Here are bullies with a horsey-doggy pack.

Run, Rabbit, run!

Here's a bully with a gun.  
If you *really* dread to lie  
Close to onions in a pie,  
Quit that turnip, and begin  
Legging homeward with the skin  
Just as dear, of course, to you,  
Powderpuff, as hers to Prue.

Run, Rabbit, run!

Here's a bully—  
Yes, a bully with a cartridge in his gun.

### HOW TO CATCH A BIRD

*By Leland B. Jacobs*

Don't hunt him with a sling or gun  
For that would surely spoil the fun;  
For when all life has left his breast  
You then can pick up all the rest—  
A crumpled body, red and small,  
A bit of plumage, that is all.  
You haven't got his song or call!

*Don't kill him!*

I'll tell a secret that I heard—  
The perfect way to catch a bird.  
Just get a bird book, called a guide,  
And with field-glasses at your side  
Go out into the woods and see  
The bird perched up in some tall tree;  
Stop, too, and hear his melody—

*You've got him!*

WOUNDED

*By Florence Wilkinson*

Let her creep to earth again, my children,  
She will never heed our signal calls.  
Do not whine along her track,  
She will not come footing back.  
She is wounded to the heart of her, my children,  
And the red blood follows where she falls.

Let her be, forget her steps, my children,  
Forgotten be the anguish and the length:  
Let her find a covert place,  
There to hide her glazing face  
And to stretch her grievous paws in silence, chil-  
dren,  
Dripping drop by drop her scarlet strength.

She will dread the common trail, my children,  
Crouching where the deepest shade is cast.  
Creatures of the earth and sky—  
None can comfort when we die  
Only dark and unremembering, my children,  
For we feel the Hour is come at last.

She will creep wet-foot and slow, my children;  
She will never heed the signal call.  
She will voiceless be and blind  
To her kin and to her kind,  
Waiting in the shadow, O my children,  
Wounded—For that is the End of all.

## THE PUZZLED GAME-BIRDS

*By Thomas Hardy*

They are not those who used to feed us  
 When we were young—they cannot be—  
 These shapes that now bereave and bleed us?  
 They are not those who used to feed us,  
 For did we then cry, they would heed us.  
 —If hearts can house such treachery  
 They are not those who used to feed us  
 When we were young—they cannot be!

## TO A WILD GOOSE OVER DECOYS

*By Lew Sarett*

“O lonely trumpeter, coasting down the sky,  
 Like a winter leaf blown from the bur-oak tree  
 By whipping winds, and flapping silverly  
 Against the sun,—I know your lonely cry.

I know the worn wild heart that bends your flight  
 And circles you above this beckoning lake,  
 Eager of neck, to find the honking drake  
 Who speaks of reedy refuge for the night.

I know the sudden rapture that you fling  
 In answer to our friendly gander's call—  
 Halloo! Beware decoys!—or you will fall  
 With a silver bullet whistling in your wing!

Beat on your weary flight across the blue!  
Beware, O traveller, of our gabbling geese!  
Beware this weedy counterfeit of peace!—  
Oh, I was once a passing bird like you.”

From “WINDSOR FOREST”

*By Alexander Pope*

With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,  
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;  
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,  
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade,  
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;  
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.  
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death:  
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

## WOUNDS

*By Arthur C. Benson*

The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing,  
And gained the holt, and ran a little space,  
Where briar and bracken twined a hiding-place;  
There lay and wondered at the grievous thing.

With patient filmy eye he peeped, and heard  
Big blood-drops oozing on the fallen leaf;  
There hour by hour in uncomplaining grief  
He watched with pain, but neither cried nor stirred.

The merry sportsmen tramped contented home,  
 He heard their happy laughter die away;—  
 Across the stubble by the covert-side  
 His merry comrades called at eventide;  
 They breathed the fragrant air, alert and gay,  
 And he was sad because his hour was come.

### NO SANCTUARY

*(An event that happened in November, 1924)*

*By Edwin Markham*

Over the hills with terror-cry,  
 An eagle burst into the sky.  
 Thousands of crows pursued him, filling  
 The heavens with sounds of curse and killing.  
 They rusht in raucous murder crowds,  
 Stung by some madness of the clouds.  
 Over my head there came to me  
 The thunder of an upper sea.

The noble bird in desperate hope,  
 Fled to a camp upon the slope,  
 Crasht down upon the men, that they  
 Might keep his enemies at bay.  
 It was good reasoning to suppose  
 That men have higher souls than crows.

What happened as a crowning proof  
 Of how divine a thing is man?  
 The men saw tragedy and ran  
 To shield the bird beneath their roof.  
 They scared away the murder bands,



Taking him in with happy hands.  
They brought him food and water, glad  
To soothe a fugitive, terror-mad.  
They felt the thrill of his great eyes  
That still burned with the upper skies.  
They loost him then to the airy spaces,  
To gladden upward-looking faces. . . .

No, no, you're wrong, my pen! Instead,  
They got their guns and shot him dead!  
And now, in bitter shame, I know  
How little a man transcends a crow!

## THE WIDOWED EAGLE

*By Edith M. Thomas*

Out from the aerie beloved we flew,  
Now through the white, and now through the blue;  
Glided beneath us hilltop, and glen,  
River, and meadow, and dwellings of men!

We flew, we flew through the regions of light  
And the wind's wild pæan followed our flight!  
Free of the world, we flew, we flew—  
Bound to each other alone,—we two!

To the shivering migrant we called, “Adieu!”  
Mid the frost-sweet weather, we flew, we flew!  
Till, hark from below! the hiss of lead,  
And one of us dropped, as a plume is shed!

## 320 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

Around and around I flew, I flew,  
Wheeling my flight, ever closer I drew!  
There, on the earth, my belovèd lay,  
With a crimson stain on her breast-plumes gray!

And creatures of earth we had scorned before,  
Now measured the wings that would lift no more:  
And I stooped, as an arrow is shot from the height,  
And sought to bear her away in my flight—

Away to our aerie far to seek!  
Well did I fight with talons and beak;  
But the craven foe, in their numbers and might,  
Bore her in triumph out of my sight!

### THE WOUNDED HARE

*By Robert Burns*

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,  
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;  
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

—Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,  
The bitter little that of life remains;  
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains  
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,  
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!  
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,  
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait  
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,  
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,  
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

### THE BEAVER

*By Mary Howitt*

Up in the north if thou sail with me,  
A wonderful creature I'll show to thee;  
As gentle and mild as a lamb at play,—  
Skipping about in the month of May;  
Yet wise as any old learned sage  
Who sits turning over a musty page!

Come down to the lonely river's bank,  
See driven-in stake and riven plank;  
'Tis a mighty work before thee stands  
That would do no shame to human hands.  
A well-built dam to stem the tide  
Of this northern river so strong and wide;  
Look! the woven bough of many a tree,  
And a wall of fairest masonry.  
The waters cannot o'erpass this bound,  
For a hundred keen eyes watch it round;  
And the skill that raised can keep it good  
Against the peril of storm and flood.

And yonder the peaceable creatures dwell,  
Secure in their watery citadel!  
They know no sorrow, have done no sin;  
Happy they live 'mong kith and kin,—

As happy as living things can be,  
 Each in the midst of his family!  
 Ay, there they live, and the hunter wild  
 Seeing how they were kind and good,  
 Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued;  
 And the very sight of their young at play  
 Hath put his hunter's heart away;  
 And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept,  
 As he thought of his own dear babes and wept.

### THE SNARE

*By James Stephens*

I hear a sudden cry of pain!  
 There is a rabbit in a snare:  
 Now I hear the cry again,  
 But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where  
 He is crying out for aid;  
 Crying on the frightened air,  
 Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid,  
 Wrinkling up his little face,  
 As he cries again for aid;  
 And I cannot find the place.

And I cannot find the place  
 Where his paw is in the snare:  
 Little one! Oh, little one!  
 I am searching everywhere.

THE DEER-TRAPPER

*By Francis Sterne Palmer*

At sight of him the birds berate;  
The blackbird points him to her mate,  
The bluejay screams a scathing word,  
Even the thrush is anger-stirred;—  
Stealthy his step by wood-path dim,  
Yet they know and jeer at him.

His coming makes the fields less gay;  
The men who work there look away,  
No welcome, only a half-hid sneer,  
For Paul who loafs—and traps the deer!

When night-mist softens clearings rough,  
And men who work have worked enough,  
Around the shanty doors you hear  
Laughing girls make music clear;  
Jest answers jest, heart's cheer to heart,—  
But Paul Fineffe still keeps apart!

Sleepin' he dreams, and seems to hide  
Close by a spruce-tree's shadowy side;  
A slender doe through the mosses stepped,  
Under her foot a deer-trap leapt  
And fastened on her, biting deep,  
Biting deeper at each wild leap!  
She is no stolid, brutish bear  
To crouch and wait the trapper there;

Frantic she plunges, crazed with fright,  
Bruised and broken, a piteous sight!—  
Paul sees and shudders and would away,  
But something holds him—he too must stay!

Such day-time joy, such night-time cheer,  
For Paul Fineffe who traps the deer!

### BRAVES OF THE HUNT

*By Henry Herbert Knibbs*

Braves! that go out with your guides and gold and the  
polished tube of steel,

Playing safe with the hunting-pack, the trap and the  
prism-glass ;

Slaying the Moose or the Silver-tip, e'en as you pause  
and kneel

Loosing the power that ye wield for shame. . . .  
So do our monarchs pass.

Not for the hunger of babes ye hunt; for mother or  
aged sire ;

Not to the Red Gods offering the blood of your lust  
to kill ;

Not with the strength of your brawn and thew match-  
ing the fury-fire

Of the beast that fights for the life it loves ; nay! but  
with sneaking skill

Ye speed the sting of the spreading slug, giving your  
lust a name ;

Sport! to shatter the buoyant life, to sever the liver  
thread!

Then ye stand with a gun in hand, grinning your pictured shame;

“See at my feet the mighty thing that I, yea, that I struck dead!”

When ye have toiled on the foot-worn trail till the hunger-pinch is keen;

When ye have stood as a man with men earning your wage through strife

Of the outland ways, ye have fair excuse to kill—an the kill be clean;

Then, perchance, will the vaunt be lost in fostering life with life.

Sport! to slay with no cause to slay—not even the pride of hate!

Courage? then stand to an even chance, facing a foe-man’s gun

Out in the open, eye to eye, for Honor of Kin or State,  
Oh, ye who slink in the woven blind seeking to kill—for fun!

Would that ye lay by the wounded thing that crawls to the brush to die;

Would that ye knew the biting pain and that lingering thirst of hell,

Writhing down to the darksome pit as ye vainly implored the sky,

Asking It if there once was God that made ye and loved ye well!

Perhaps, when the Hand that fashioned all shall strike,  
and the earth be dumb

Out of the dim and the voiceless vast—back to their  
 own again—  
 Herd and band and the mated beasts, fearless and free,  
 shall come,  
 Knowing naught of the ancient fear of a tribe that  
 were named as men.

### THE HUNT

*By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert*

Crash and off and away together  
 Over the moors and the purple heather,  
 Over the moors in the golden weather!  
 Huntsmen, gentlemen, hunters, all  
 Loosed at last by the harbourer's call!  
 Off and away! Like a swinging lash  
 Two score pitiless staghounds crash  
 Out through the broom with hot fixed eyes,  
 And surer and clearer and deadlier rise  
 Over the hills where the fresh track lies.

Hound to hound and horse to horse,  
 Mile on mile through the yellow gorse,  
 The scarlet coats, the bits a gleam,  
 The reeking flanks, the froth, the steam,  
 The reddening spurs and the daring leap  
 Down treacherous foothold of mountain sheep,  
 Up perilous steep, from ledge to ledge,  
 Around the covert and over the hedge,  
 Through wooded coomb and baffling glen,  
 Through glen and coomb—pack, hunters, and  
 men!



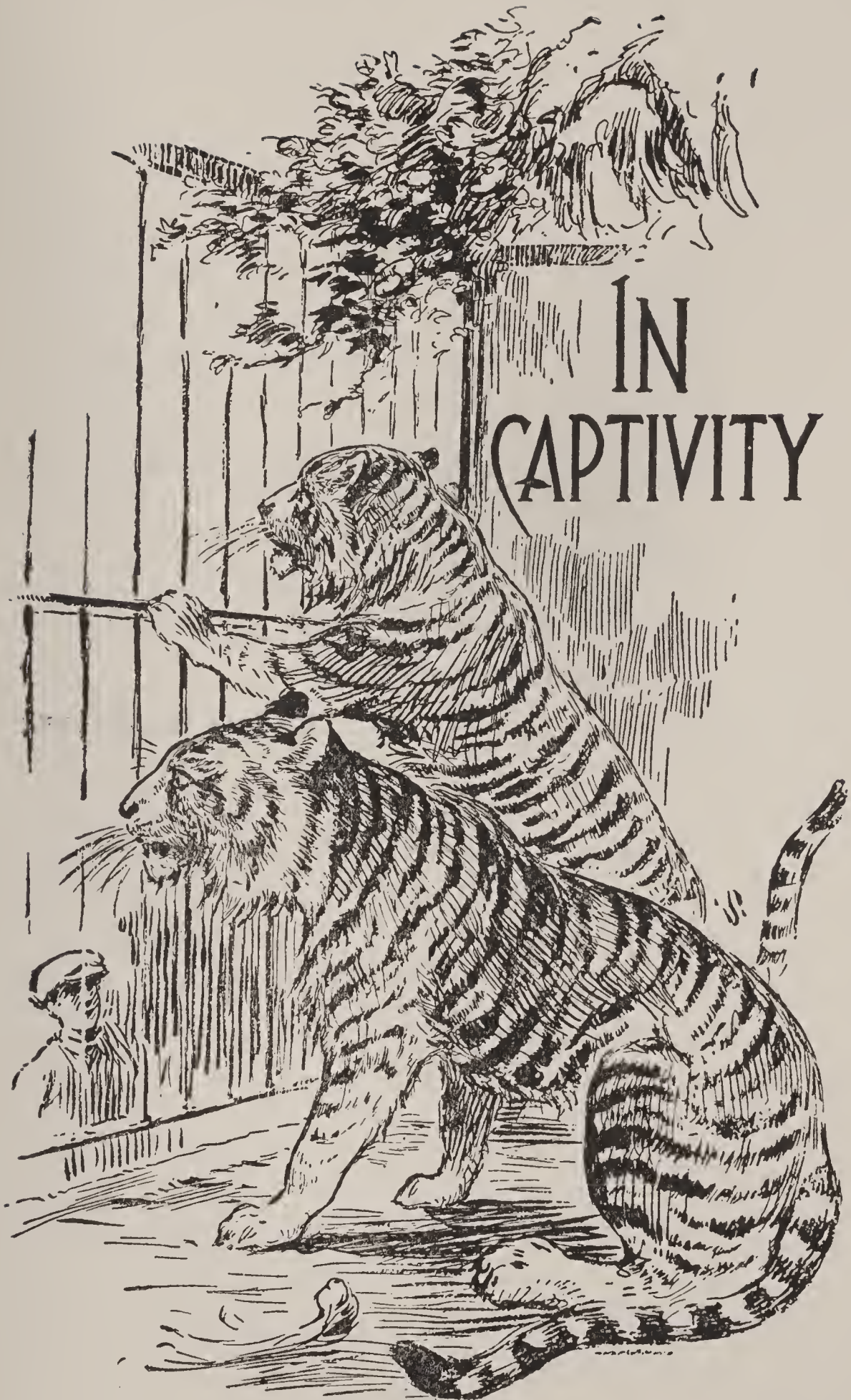
Beyond, the lordly wild red Deer,  
Gaining the cliff where the rocks fall sheer,  
Clears crag and chasm with breathless spring,  
Wheels down the wind like a bird on wing—  
Noble mile on mile with eyes on fire,  
Noble mile on mile through ooze and mire,  
Till his hide is black and his staunch limbs tire!  
At bay at last in brave defeat  
On a rocky ledge where the waters meet  
He turns on his foes with striking feet.

He rips a hound from flank to flank,  
The stream runs red from bank to bank.  
Hound after hound he grapples and turns,  
With tossing crest he fends and spurns,  
A death-trapped knight he fends and spurns.  
Death-trapped! The white blade at his throat!  
His proud head lowers, the hot hounds gloat,  
His royal antlers are borne away,  
A stately prize—brow, bay, and tray!

. . . . .  
Had God walked over His hills to-day!



# IN CAPTIVITY



Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds  
Behind the iron bars.  
Where'er they turn the hand of man  
Their straining vision mars,  
Save only when at night they gaze  
Upon the friendly stars.

*In the Zoo.*

GEORGE T. MARSH.

## IN CAPTIVITY

### AT THE ZOO

*By Israel Zangwill*

The sky is gray with rain that will not fall,  
The clayey paths are oozing ghostly mist.  
Reeking with sadness immemorial,  
The gray earth saps the courage to exist.

Poor tropic creatures, penned in northern land,  
I, too, desire the sun and am a slave.  
My heart is with you, and I understand  
The lion turning in his living grave.

## IN THE ZOO

*By George T. Marsh*

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds  
Behind the iron bars.  
Where'er they turn the hand of man  
Their straining vision mars,  
Save only when at night they gaze  
Upon the friendly stars.

See! there a golden eagle broods  
With glazed, unseeing eyes  
That never more will sweep the snows  
Where blue Sierras rise;  
And there, sick for his native hills,  
A sullen panther lies.

What dreams of silent polar nights  
 Disturb the white bear's sleep?  
 Roams he once more unfettered where  
 Eternal ice-floes sweep?  
 What memories of the jungle's ways  
 Does that gaunt tiger keep?

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds  
 Behind the iron bars,  
 For thus the ruthless hand of man  
 Each God-made creature mars.  
 But oh, what hungry eyes they raise  
 Up to the friendly stars!

### TO A CAGED LION

*By Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance  
 Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,  
 And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread  
 Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime;—  
 Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar,  
 Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace this narrow floor!

Thou wast the victor, and all nature shrunk  
 Before the thunders of thine awful wrath;  
 The steel-armed hunter viewed thee from afar,  
 Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path!  
 The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,  
 And crouched and panted as thy step went by!

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man  
Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing;  
His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind,  
And lead in chains the desert's fallen king.  
Are these the beings that have dared to twine  
Their feeble threads around those limbs of thine?

So must it be; the weaker, wiser race,  
That wields the tempest and that rides the sea,  
Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
Must teach the lesson of its power to thee;  
And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,  
Must bow thy savage strength, the mockery of a child!

## THE DROMEDARY

*By A. Y. Campbell*

In dreams I see the Dromedary still,  
As once in a gay park I saw him stand:  
A thousand eyes in vulgar wonder scanned  
His humps and hairy neck, and gazed their fill  
At his lank shanks and mocked with laughter shrill.  
He never moved: and if his Eastern land  
Flashed on his eye with stretches of hot sand,  
It wrung no mute appeal from his proud will.  
He blinked upon the rabble lazily;  
And still some trace of majesty forlorn  
And a coarse grace remained: his head was high,  
Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange were  
worn:  
There was not any yearning in his eye,  
But on his lips and nostril infinite scorn.

## THE CAPTIVE POLAR BEAR

*By Stephen Gwynn*

His dam lay, powerless now to help,  
White fur on snow with one red stain;  
A sailor caught the snarling whelp,  
Who never swam the seas again.

Huge now, he lies behind the bars,  
Stretches, and gapes, and idly rolls:  
Too soft to face the winds and stars  
That freeze above the icy poles.

Mangy and yellow-toothed and old  
He lies, and lolls an inky tongue;  
Yet in his brain's most inward fold  
Still lives the world where he was young.

For still he keeps the sharp fish-head,  
The sloping shoulder, the round limbs,  
To cleave the water, for the dread  
Of all that by the icefield swims.

Still upon keen, clear frosty days  
There comes a stirring in his blood,  
Inklings of his forefathers' ways,  
Of prey and battle in the flood.

He scents the blood of what they slew,  
He dreams, what he can never feel,  
How the snatched salmon quivers through,  
And how they tore the oily seal.



Forward and backward, like the tide,  
With ceaseless motion shambling slow,  
He sways himself from side to side,  
As if he rode the rocking floe.

Or in his tank—how cramped and small  
After wide waters of the pole!  
Contemptuously from wall to wall  
He surges with great wallowing roll.

He loves no keeper's hand; cold rage  
Haunts him for ever in his cell;  
Thus far he keeps his heritage,  
Tameless and unapproachable.

## A JAPANESE SONG

## THE HEART OF A BIRD

*By Dorothea MacKellar*

*What does the bird-seller know of the heart of a bird?*

There was a bird in a cage of gold, a small red bird  
in a cage of gold;

The sun shone through the bars of the cage, out of  
the wide heaven;

The depths of the sky were soft and blue, greatly to be  
longed for.

The bird sang for desire of the sky, and her feathers  
shone redder for sorrow;

And many passed in the street below, and they said one  
to another:

“ Ah, that we had hearts as light as a bird's! ”

*But what does the passer-by know of the heart of a bird?*

## 336 POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS

*What does the bird-seller know of the heart of a bird?*

“I have given grain for you to eat and water that you  
may bathe.”

Shall not this bird be content? is there need to clip  
her wings?

No, for her cage is very strong, the golden bars are  
set close;

Yet the real bird has flown away, very far away over  
the rice-fields;

There is only the shadow-body in the cage.

*What does the bird-seller care for the heart of the bird?*

### THE CAPTURED EAGLE

*By Janet Gargan*

He broods upon the highest perch  
Within the wire-encircled run—  
And motionless, his fierce eyes search  
The dazzling glory of the sun;  
He deigns no glance at curious crowds—  
Their speech comes like the muffled roar  
Below the sea cliffs wreathed in clouds,  
Far on a bleak and icy shore.

There was his nest, and from its height  
He watched, majestic as a king—  
The sun could blind not with its light,  
Nor feared he any living thing;  
A life in glorious freedom spent,  
To feed the eaglets all his care—  
But here he sickens, prison-pent,  
Untamed, though, in his fierce despair.

## TO A CAPTIVE CRANE

*By Hamlin Garland*

Ho, brother! Art thou prisoned too?  
Is thy heart hot with restless pain?  
I heard the call thy bugle blew  
Here by the bleak and chilling main  
(Whilst round me shaven parks are spread  
And cindered drives wind on and on);  
And at thy cry, thy lifted head,  
My gladdened heart was westward drawn.

O splendid bird! your trumpet brings  
To my lone heart the prairie springs.

From "THE MANCIPLE'S TALE"

*By Geoffrey Chaucer*

Take any brid, and put it in a cage,  
And do all thin entente, and thy corage,  
To foster it tendrely with mete and drinke  
Of alle deintees that thou canst bethinke,  
And kepe it al so clenely as thou may;  
Although the cage of gold be never so gay,  
Yet had this brid, by twenty thousand fold,  
Lever in a forest, that is wilde and cold,  
Gon eten wormes, and swiche wretchednesse.  
For ever this brid will don his besinesse  
To escape out of his cage whan that he may:  
His liberty the brid desireth ay.

THE CAGE

*By James Stephens*

It tried to get from out the cage ;  
Here and there it ran, and tried  
At the edges and the side,  
In a busy, timid rage.

Trying yet to find the key  
Into freedom, trying yet,  
In a timid rage, to get  
To its old tranquillity.

It did not know, it did not see,  
It did not turn an eye, or care  
That a man was watching there  
While it raged so timidly.

It ran without a sound, it tried,  
In a busy, timid rage,  
To escape from out the cage  
By the edges and the side.

CAGED

*By Grace Denio Litchfield*

It was born behind bars, but it knew it had wings,  
And it felt God had meant it for happier things ;  
And it sang of the joys that it never had known—  
Of fetterless flights over fields flower-strown :  
Of the green of the forest and gold of the wheat :

Of the thrill of the tree-top, just touched by its feet:  
Of the feel of a lily-leaf, brushed by its breast,  
And the splash of a raindrop, caught on its crest.  
It sang of the beauty, the rapture of flying,  
The palpitant air to its heart-beats replying,  
Naught over, naught under, save limitless blue  
And the music of wing-strokes, rhythmic and true.  
It sang, and men said that its song was good;  
    But not one understood.

They then brought in a wild bird, entrapped in a snare,  
And a day and a night held it prisoner there.  
And a night and a day, unbelieving, distraught,  
With impassible fate for its freedom it fought,  
Though it bled at the breast blindly beating the bars  
As if strength of desire should force way to the stars.  
And men pitied, and said: It was free its life long;  
Who could bid it endure but a day of such wrong?  
And they flung wide the door, and the bird, flashing  
    through,  
Swept away, like a leaf in a gale, from their view.

Then the other, behind the closed bars of its fate,  
Once again sang its heart out—its need, co-create,  
Of the Broad and the Boundless. In passionate song  
It besought men to right for one day its life's wrong—  
To bestow for a day, or for one only hour,  
The leave to make proof of its God-given power;  
For one hour only to float on free wings  
In the world where its soul lived—the world of best  
    things,  
Of commensurate effort and gain, of desire,  
Unlinked from despair, mounting higher and higher



## THE SKY-LARK CAGED

*By Alfred Noyes*

## I

Beat, little breast, against the wires,  
Strive, little wings and misted eyes  
Which one wild gleam of memory fires  
Beseeching still the unfettered skies,  
Whither at dewy dawn you sprang  
Quivering with joy from this dark earth and  
sang.

## II

And still you sing—your narrow cage  
Shall set at least your music free!  
Its rapturous wings in glorious rage  
Mount and are lost in liberty,  
While those who caged you creep on earth  
Blind prisoners from the hour that gave them  
birth.

## III

Sing! The great City surges round.  
Blinded with light, thou canst not know.  
Dream! 'Tis the fir-woods' windy sound  
Rolling a psalm of praise below.  
Sing, o'er the bitter dust and shame,  
And touch us with thine own transcendent flame.

## IV

Sing, o'er the City dust and slime;  
 Sing, o'er the squalor and the gold,  
 The greed that darkens earth with crime,  
 The spirits that are bought and sold.  
 O, shower the healing notes like rain,  
 And lift us to the height of grief again.

## V

Sing! The same music swells your breast,  
 And the wild notes are still as sweet  
 As when above the fragrant nest  
 And the wide billowing fields of wheat  
 You soared and sang the livelong day,  
 And in the light of heaven dissolved away.

## VI

The light of heaven! Is it not here?  
 One rapture, one ecstatic joy,  
 One passion, one sublime despair,  
 One grief which nothing can destroy,  
 You—though your dying eyes are wet  
 Remember, 'tis our blunted hearts forget.

## VII

Beat, little breast, still beat, still beat,  
 Strive, misted eyes and tremulous wings;  
 Swell, little throat, your *Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!*  
 Thro' which such deathless memory rings:  
 Better to break your heart and die,  
 Than, like your gaolers, to forget your sky.



## MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN

*By Theodore Watts-Dunton*

I cannot brook thy gaze, belovèd bird;  
That sorrow is more than human in thine eye;  
Too deeply, brother, is my spirit stirr'd  
To see thee here, beneath the landsmen's sky,  
Coop'd in a cage with food thou canst not eat,  
Thy "snow-flake" soil'd, and soil'd those conquering  
feet  
That walk'd the billows, while thy "*sweet-sweet-sweet*"  
Proclaim'd the tempest nigh.

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,  
Friend whom I bless'd wherever keels may roam,  
Prince of my childish dreams, whom mermaids nursed  
In purple of billows—silver of ocean-foam,  
Abash'd I stand before the mighty grief  
That quells all other: Sorrow's King and Chief,  
Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief,  
Then finds a cage for home!

From out thy jail thou seest yon heath and woods,  
But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers?  
Ah, no! those rain-drops twinkling on the buds  
Bring only visions of the salt sea-showers.  
"The sea!" the linnets pipe from hedge and heath;  
"The sea!" the honeysuckles whisper and breathe,  
And tumbling waves, where those wild-roses wreath,  
Murmur from inland bowers.

344 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

These winds so soft to others—how they burn!

The mavis sings with gurgle and ripple and splash,  
To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern;

And when the rain recalls the briny lash,  
Old Ocean's kiss we love—oh, when thy sight  
Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,  
The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—  
Bright as the lightning's flash—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,  
All kindly breaths of land-shrub, flower, and vine,  
Recall the sea-scents, till thy feather'd skin

Tingles in answer to a dream of brine—  
When thou, remembering there thy royal birth,  
Dost see between the bars a world of dearth,  
Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—  
So heavy and dark as thine?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (Thank God!),

Who loved thee more than albatross or gull—  
Loved thee, and loved the waves thy footsteps trod—

Dream'd of thee when, becalm'd, we lay a-hull—  
'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a child of six,  
To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,  
Climb'd up the boat and then with bramble sticks  
Tried all in vain to scull—

Thy friend who shared thy Paradise of Storm—

The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,  
Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form  
Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,  
And heard her call: "Come! for the welkin thickens,

And tempests mutter and the lightning quickens!"  
Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens  
Were daws or blue rock-doves—

Thy friend who owned another Paradise,  
Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit,  
Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice,  
While Triton, from afar, would sound salute:  
There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm;  
For marvellous strains, as of the morning's shalm,  
Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm  
Whose shores were Ocean's lute.

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,  
Far-glittering memories mirror'd in those eyes,  
As if there shone within each iris-ring  
An orbèd world—ocean and hills and skies!—  
Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep  
Conquer'd in sport!—yea, up the glimmering steep  
Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,  
Sported with victories!—

To see thee here!—a coil of wilted weeds  
Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,  
Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds—  
Winner in Mother Carey's Sabbath-fray  
When, stung by magic of the Witch's chant,  
They rise, each foamy-crested combatant—  
They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and  
pant  
Till albatross, sea-swallow, and cormorant  
Must flee like doves away!

346 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,  
And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,  
Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,  
Master and monarch of the wind and waves,  
Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,  
Ask'd ship for shelter—never till at last  
The foam-flakes hurled against the sloping mast  
Slash'd thee like whirling glaives?

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenn'd,  
Where scarce the great sea-wanderer fares with thee,  
I come to take thee—nay, 'tis I, thy friend!  
Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free;  
I come to tear this cage from off this wall,  
And take thee hence to that fierce festival  
Where billows march and winds are musical,  
Hymning the Victor-Sea!

. . . . .

Yea, lift thine eyes to mine. Dost know me now?  
Thou'rt free! thou'rt free! Ah, surely a bird can  
smile!

Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how  
I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,  
Whilst thou wouldst pat the waves, then, rising, take  
The morsel up and wheel about the wake?  
Thou'rt free, thou'rt free, but for thine own dear sake  
I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast:  
The road that turns for home turns never wrong;  
Where waves run high my bird will not be lost:  
*His* home I know: 'tis where the winds are strong—  
Where, on a throne of billows, rolling hoary

And green and blue and splash'd with sunny glory,  
Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—  
Prophetic Nature bares the secret of the story  
That holds the spheres in song!

## THE CAGED SQUIRREL

*By Janet Gargan*

As 'round and 'round he spins the wheel  
Within his cage of woven wires,  
What haunting memories may steal  
Across his heart—of forest spires,  
Of mossy banks, of bubbling springs  
That trickle from the fern-grown glades;  
Of happy furred and feathered things  
Within the silent, cloistered shades.

And thus when cold eyes oft-times stare  
To watch his flashing, agile dart,  
His treadmill 'round, then like a flare  
Of beating drums, his timid heart  
Will urge him on and on; perhaps,  
This cage is but a dream that holds,  
And he will wake to tree-trunk gaps  
And stores of nuts in mossy folds.

An evil dream that clutches tight  
And prisons in a tiny space,  
Where falls no golden, dusky light  
That softly sifts through leafy lace—  
Where are no great branched trees to run,  
No ripened nuts to fill his bin,  
Nor singing birds to greet the sun—  
Only a wheel that he must spin.



# PERFORMING ANIMALS



Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;  
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

DAVID GARRICK.

*Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.*



# PERFORMING ANIMALS

## BABOON

*By Charles Hanson Towne*

At eight o'clock in the evening,  
And at two in the afternoon  
The monster curtains open,  
The fiddles creak and croon;  
And then I bow to the people—  
A lumbering baboon.

I wonder why I do it?  
Why do the humans stare  
From even rows of shadow  
Behind the footlights' glare?  
Why do I go through my weary tricks  
On a table and a chair?

They laugh and clap and giggle,  
They never seem to tire,  
For I am quite amusing  
As I dance upon a wire,  
Or leap, at my master's signal,  
Through golden hoops of fire.

I cannot smile, like the people,  
I cannot speak at all;  
I pirouette insanely  
In the foolish carnival;  
Yet could I laugh, oh, I would laugh  
When the velvet curtains fall!

352 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

For I wonder why those people  
Sit in such even rows,  
And smile at my useless knowledge,  
Laugh at my mincing toes,  
And dream that they have wisdom!—  
How little a human knows!

And why do they always gather  
In houses bright and hot,  
When they might be out in the open  
In a place I've never forgot?  
Why do they live in a shell like this,  
And bid me share their lot?

And why is my life a schedule,  
Run by rote and rule?  
I was not meant for theaters,  
I was not made for school;  
I was not meant to caper here,  
A thing of ridicule!

I was not meant to be the slave  
Of a man in a shiny suit,  
Or bring the golden dollars in,  
To stand up and salute;  
The good God put me in the world  
To be a happy brute!

But at eight o'clock each evening,  
And at two in the afternoon  
The monster curtains open,  
The fiddles creak and croon;  
And I bow to the senseless people—  
A sensible baboon!

## LITTLE DOG OF AMUSEMENT ZOO

*By Alice Jean Cleator*

Little dog of amusement zoo,  
Who looks with quivering lips at you?  
Instead they laugh at your tricks and say:  
“ Well, how do they learn 'em anyway? ”  
“ How do they learn 'em? ” O let me tell,  
Hot irons, wire whips, and a life of hell!  
We say they are “ learned. ” They are clubbed and  
gripped  
And dragged and tortured and choked and whipped.  
Behind the scenes they are ruled by Fear.  
A “ rehearsal hour ” would you care to hear?  
“ How do they learn 'em? ” By pain, I say,  
Whose cries would haunt you for many a day.  
Who is to blame that these things are so?  
Managers, trainers, *and you who go!*  
Decree, O statutes, with righteous scorn  
A stop to “ pleasures ” of torture born.  
Then no more tricks for all such as you,  
Little dog of amusement zoo!

## TIGERS

*By Louise Morgan Sill*

I saw eight royal tigers in a ring  
Barred round with iron like a monstrous cage,  
And in the midst a man, a puny thing,  
With whip, pole, pistol shot defied their rage.

354 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Their golden bodies, like the cage black-barred,  
Were lithe as houris in a paradise,  
With sneering nose and snarling lips to guard  
The deathless fire of hatred in their eyes.

And for their righteous hate I loved them. Power  
Had violated, mangled—to its shame—  
Unconquerable beings for an hour.  
My spirit joined with theirs as flame to flame.

God-made they were. Let man respect their right!  
God-taught were they to love their freedom so.  
And, tragic puppets, prisoners of might,  
They were unchanged as water in its flow.

Whatever force may be in love or hate,  
The soul is scarless, and resists forever,  
Man's soul is like the tiger soul, its mate,  
That may be trapped and bent, but broken never.



FOR the  
CHILDREN

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

ISAIAH 11:6.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### LITTLE FRIENDS IN FAIRYLAND

*By Edith M. Thomas*

When I was a child I used to roam  
In wonderful regions, though near at home ;  
For I feigned that the Queen of Fairyland  
Made me a Knight, by the stroke of her wand—  
A Knight whose mission it was to seek  
And rescue the captive and the weak,  
Wherever I found them in her domain,  
Bind up their wounds and relieve their pain !

Now the cat, that under the trumpet-vine lay  
Was a tiger that crouched for a royal prey ;  
For the humming-bird, with his ruby gem,  
Was heir to a fairy diadem !  
So I drove Grimalkin far away,  
And the bird flew back to his mother fay.

If a fly was caught in a net of gauze,  
The spider a wicked enchanter was ;  
So I broke the net, and the fly went free ;  
But if ever the spider I chanced to see  
Adrift on the stream—a luckless rover—  
With a leaf for a raft, I helped him over !

If a honey-bee fell by the way, overladen,  
 I saw in her a patient maiden,  
 One of the toilers that gather nectar  
 For my Queen and her Court, so I must protect  
 her!

So I made a staff of a stem of grass,  
 And helped to her feet the fairy lass!

If I met a tortoise, clumsy and slow,  
 I took him along where he wished to go.  
 If a merry hopper by chance was lamed,  
 If a grig by some careless foot was maimed,  
 A litter of leaves I quickly made,  
 And carried the sufferer into the shade.

So I travelled abroad, the long summer days,  
 In the wonderful realm of the Queen of Fays.  
 Though I never came yet to the Court of the  
 Queen,

I have heard her voice, her smile I have seen!  
 Her voice, in the whispering leaves, I have heard,  
 In the hum of insect and twitter of bird;  
 And her smile with the sunny landscape blends,  
 And all of her subjects are my true friends.

### NURSERY RHYMES

I had a little pony,  
 His name was Dapple-grey  
 I lent him to a lady,  
 To ride a mile away.



She whipped him, she slashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I would not lend my pony now  
For all the lady's hire.

---

A man went a-hunting at Reigate,  
And wished to leap over a high gate;  
Says the owner, "Go round,  
With your gun and your hound,  
For you never shall leap over my gate."

---

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare;  
But let the little colt go bare.

---

Come hither, sweet Robin,  
And be not afraid,  
I would not hurt even a feather;  
Come hither, sweet Robin,  
And pick up some bread,  
To feed you this very cold weather.

I don't mean to frighten you,  
Poor little thing,  
And pussy-cat is not behind me;  
So hop about pretty,  
And drop down your wing,  
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind  
me.

There came to my window,  
 One morning in spring,  
 A sweet little robin;  
 It came there to sing.  
 And the tune that it sang  
 Was prettier far  
 Than ever I heard  
 On flute or guitar.

---

Mary had a little lamb,  
 Its fleece was white as snow;  
 And everywhere that Mary went,  
 The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,  
 Which was against the rule;  
 It made the children laugh and play  
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,  
 But still he lingered near,  
 And waited patiently about  
 Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid  
 His head upon her arm,  
 As if he said, "I'm not afraid—  
 You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
 The eager children cried.  
 "Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
 The teacher quick replied.

And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your will,  
If you are only kind.

---

I had a little Doggy that used to sit and beg;  
But Doggy tumbled down the stairs and broke his  
little leg.

Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,  
And you shall have a collar with a little silver bell.

Ah! Doggy, don't you think that you should very  
faithful be,  
For having such a loving friend to comfort you as me?  
And when your leg is better, and you can run and play,  
We'll have a scamper in the fields and see them making  
hay.

But, Doggy, you must promise (And mind your word  
you keep)  
Not once to tease the little lambs, or run among the  
sheep;  
And then the little yellow chicks that play upon the  
grass,  
You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you  
pass.

### A QUESTION

*By Fairmont Snyder*

When you go to get a drink,  
Do you ever stop to think,  
That dogs and cats, and squirrels, too,  
Get just as thirsty, dear, as you?

They cannot turn a faucet,—so—  
 All parched and thirsty they must go.  
 Oh, did you ever stop to think,  
 They cannot ASK you for a drink?

### THE WISTFUL WAIF

*By Fairmont Snyder*

Edward found a homeless dog  
 Out on Lonesome street,  
 Edward took it home with him  
 And gave it food to eat.  
 Quite unhappy seemed the dog—  
 It whined and sadly fretted;  
 All that ailed that poor dog was—  
 It wanted to be petted!

### THE PETS' CHRISTMAS CAROL

*By Winifred Sackville Stoner*

*(Countess de Bruche)*

“Tweet-tweet-tweet!” sang the canary,  
 Which meant that he was very merry  
 Because his little mistress Nell  
 On Christmas eve had fed him well.

“Bow-wow-wow!” sang the gay young pup,  
 “My master’s gone away to sup,  
 But though he won’t be here for tea,  
 Just see the meal he left for me!”

“ Mew-mew-mew! ” sang the mama cat,  
“ Such milk as this will make me fat,  
And I am feeling very gay  
This cold and frosty Christmas Day.”

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER

*By William Blake*

A Robin Redbreast in a cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

A skylark wounded on the wing  
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren  
Shall never be beloved by men.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

*Anonymous*

Little children, never give  
Pain to things that feel and live:  
Let the gentle robin come  
For the crumbs you save at home,—  
As his meat you throw along  
He'll repay you with a song;  
Never hurt the timid hare  
Peeping from her green grass lair,  
Let her come and sport and play  
On the lawn at close of day;

The little lark goes soaring high  
 To the bright windows of the sky,  
 Singing as if 'twere always spring,  
 And fluttering on an untired wing,—  
 Oh! let him sing his happy song,  
 Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

### HIAWATHA'S CHICKENS

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

### HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

*By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How the beavers built their lodges,  
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
 Why the rabbit was so timid,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

## LITTLE GUSTAVA

*By Celia Thaxter*

Little Gustava sits in the sun,  
Safe in the porch, and the little drops run  
From the icicles under the eaves so fast,  
For the bright spring sun shines warm at last,  
And glad is little Gustava.

She wears a quaint little scarlet cap,  
And a little green bowl she holds in her lap,  
Filled with bread and milk to the brim,  
And a wreath of marigold round the rim:  
“Ha! ha!” laughs little Gustava.

Up comes her little gray coaxing cat  
With her little pink nose, and she mews, “What’s  
that?”

Gustava feeds her,—she begs for more;  
And a little brown hen walks in at the door:  
“Good day!” cries little Gustava.

She scatters crumbs for the little brown hen.  
There comes a rush and a flutter, and then  
Down fly her little white doves so sweet,  
With their snowy wings and crimson feet:  
“Welcome!” cries little Gustava.

So dainty and eager they pick up the crumbs.  
But who is this through the doorway comes?  
Little Scotch terrier, little dog Rags,  
Looks in her face, and his funny tail wags:  
“Ha! ha!” laughs little Gustava.

“ You want some breakfast, too? ” and down  
 She sets her bowl on the brick floor brown;  
 And little dog Rags drinks up her milk,  
 While she strokes his shaggy locks, like silk;  
     “ Dear Rags! ” says little Gustava.

Waiting without stood sparrow and crow,  
 Cooling their feet in the melting snow;  
 “ Won't you come in, good folk? ” she cried.  
 But they were too bashful, and stood outside,  
     Though “ Pray come in! ” cried little Gustava.

So the last she threw them, and knelt on the mat  
 With doves and biddy and dog and cat.  
 And her mother came to the open house-door:  
 “ Dear little daughter, I bring you some more.  
     My merry little Gustava! ”

Kitty and terrier, biddy and doves,  
 All things harmless Gustava loves.  
 The shy, kind creatures 'tis joy to feed,  
 And oh, her breakfast is sweet indeed  
     To happy little Gustava!

## NATURE'S FRIEND

*By William H. Davies*

Say what you like,  
     All things love me!  
 I pick no flowers—  
     That wins the Bee.



The Summer's Moths  
Think my hand one—  
To touch their wings—  
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse  
Comes near to play;  
Indeed, he turns  
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well  
I rob no nest;  
When I look in,  
She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows.  
Or they would come  
After my voice  
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,  
Straight from my lip,  
My hand could not  
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,  
All things love me!  
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,  
Bird, Moth, and Bee.

DINAH

*By Norman Gale*

Our Dinah is a Persian cat  
Too beautiful for words!  
She wears about her neck a bell  
To warn the garden-birds.

Her eyes are blue as thrushes' eggs,  
Her coat is brown as cloves,  
And when she's wakeful, in my lap  
She kneads her little loaves.

If you could see how diligent  
Her paws are when they knead,  
You'd think she had at least a score  
Of kittycats to feed.

And often, lying in my lap,  
So velvety and still,  
With steadiness she grinds and grinds  
A little coffee-mill.

To hear the lovely miller grind,  
To watch her knead, is sweet;  
It makes me want to pick her up  
To kiss her face and feet.

I love her sleeping in the sun,  
A hot and silky bale;  
I love her when she tries to pounce  
Upon her shadow's tail.

I'd rather have her for my pet  
Than guinea-pigs or birds;  
For Dinah is a Persian cat  
Too beautiful for words!

## I LIKE LITTLE PUSSY

*By Jane Taylor*

I like little Pussy,  
Her coat is so warm;  
And if I don't hurt her  
She'll do me no harm.  
So I'll not pull her tail,  
Nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I  
Very gently will play;  
She shall sit by my side,  
And I'll give her some food;  
And she'll love me because  
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,  
And then she will purr,  
And thus show her thanks  
For my kindness to her;  
I'll not pinch her ears,  
Nor tread on her paw,  
Lest I should provoke her  
To use her sharp claw;  
I never will vex her,  
Nor make her displeas'd,  
For Pussy can't bear  
To be worried or teased.

THE GRAY KITTEN

*By Jane Campbell*

A homeless little kitten  
Came to the door one day,  
“ I’m cold and starved, oh, let me in! ”  
Its sad cries seemed to say.

I took it up and shut the door  
Upon the bitter storm,  
And put the little shiv’ring thing  
Before the fire to warm.

I gave it milk to drink, and smoothed  
Its pretty, soft gray fur,  
“ Poor pussy, stay with me,” I said.  
It answered with a purr.

And ever since that winter day  
I have so happy been ;  
I gained a merry playmate when  
I let my pussy in.

'F I WAS ER HORSE!

*By Burges Johnson*

'F I was er horse I'd hate t' wear  
A collar what didn't fit,  
An' blinder-things, an' I wouldn't care  
To chew on a iron bit.  
It ain't a way 'at I'd wanter live,  
To just go everywhere I was driv.

'F I was er horse, I guess you'd see  
I'd run away pretty quick!  
I'd tear my harness an' wriggle free  
An' go where th' grass was thick.  
I'd kick my heels, an' I'd neigh fer joy,  
But I ain't er horse, I'm er little boy!

## THE COW

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

The friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.

## THE LAMB

*By William Blake*

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,  
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice,  
 Making all the vales rejoice:  
     Little Lamb, who made thee?  
     Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee!  
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.  
 He is callèd by thy name,  
 For He calls Himself a Lamb:—  
 He is meek, and He is mild ;  
 He became a little child:  
 I, a child, and thou, a lamb,  
 We are callèd by His name.  
     Little Lamb, God bless thee ;  
     Little Lamb, God bless thee.

### THE BEST FRIEND

*By Norman Gale*

My Daddy is the truest friend  
     The birds have anywhere ;  
 If swimming on the beamy lake  
     Or flying in the air.

He knows their beaks and wings and tails,  
     Their topknots and their legs,  
 And how they make with clever bills  
     The cups to hold the eggs.

And sometimes when he sees a nook  
Of safety in the quick  
He says that he should build a home  
Just there, if he were Dick!

He gently peeps, and sure enough  
He very often spies  
A mother looking straight at him  
With rather worried eyes.

Thus every summer Daddy knows  
A thousand nests, or more,  
Among the lanes, upon the hills,  
And all along the shore.

He tells me where the chaffinch hides  
Away from all his foes  
The lovely cottage that he built  
So quickly with his nose!

He never shoots; he never steals  
The babies or the eggs,  
And never uses sticky stuff  
To worry little legs.

He even throws a kiss to birds  
Assembled overhead  
To gossip for a little while  
Before they go to bed;

And when they start for Africa,  
And other foreign lands,  
My Daddy watches from a hill  
The flitter-flutter bands.

374 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

He hates to lose them, but he knows  
The Spring will come again  
And toss a thousand thousand dears  
To field and wood and lane.

My Daddy is the closest friend  
The birds have anywhere;  
If swimming on the beamy lake  
Or twittering in the air.

TIT FOR TAT

*By Walter de la Mare*

Have you been catching of fish, Tom Noddy?  
Have you snared a weeping hare?  
Have you whistled, "No Nunny," and gunned a poor  
bunny,  
Or a blinded bird of the air?

Have you trod like a murderer through the green  
woods,  
Through the dewy deep dingles and glooms,  
While every small creature screamed shrill to Dame  
Nature,  
"He comes—and he comes!"?

Wonder I very much do, Tom Noddy,  
If ever, when you are a-roam,  
An Ogre from space will stoop a lean face,  
And lug you home:



Lug you home over his fence, Tom Noddy,  
Of thorn-stocks nine yards high,  
With your bent knees strung around his old iron gun  
And your head dan-dangling by:

And hang you up stiff on a hook, Tom Noddy,  
From a stone-cold pantry shelf,  
Whence your eyes will glare in an empty stare,  
Till you are cooked yourself!

### THE BLUE-TIT

*By Norman Gale*

He is nothing but a blue-tit,  
Just a bright and fluffy blue-tit,  
And he comes to peck my suet half a hundred  
times a day.

If he makes me mope or grumble  
'Tis because he will not tumble  
In my pinafore, and stop with me to whistle or  
to play.

He is hanging noddle downward,  
With his velvet noddle downward,  
And is staring at a sparrow that has found a  
crumb of bread.

I can guess what he is jotting  
In the tiny brain that's plotting  
How to drive away the sparrow and to eat the  
crumb instead!

376 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

As I watch him in the ivy,  
Soft as leaf upon the ivy,  
I am sorry that his mother cannot give him  
sweets and toys.

If he wore a little pocket  
I suppose he wouldn't stock it  
Full of sugar-plums and lollipops, like happy  
girls and boys.

He is nothing but a blue-tit,  
Just a shy and silky blue-tit,  
And I love to watch his antics half a hundred  
times a day.

If he makes me sigh or grumble  
'Tis because he will not tumble  
In my pinafore, and stop with me to whistle or  
to play!

IF EVER I SEE

*By Lydia Maria Child*

If ever I see,  
On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest,  
I must not in play,  
Steal the birds away,  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;  
So I'll speak to the birds  
In my softest words,  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then if I'm sad  
It will make me glad  
To think they are happy and free.

## THE BROWN THRUSH

*By Lucy Larcom*

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.  
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
Don't you hear? Don't you see?  
Hush! Look! In my tree,  
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do  
you see  
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper-tree?  
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little girl, little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!  
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,  
To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
But long it won't be,  
Don't you know? Don't you see?  
Unless we're as good as can be."

THE SNOW-BIRD

*By Frank Dempster Sherman*

When all the ground with snow is white,  
The merry snow-bird comes,  
And hops about with great delight  
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat  
A piece of cake or bread!  
He wears no shoes upon his feet,  
Nor hat upon his head.

But happiest is he, I know,  
Because no cage with bars  
Keeps him from walking on the snow  
And printing it with stars.

NEST EGGS

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

Birds all the sunny day  
Flutter and quarrel  
Here in the arbour-like  
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork  
The brown nest is seated;  
Four little blue eggs  
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,  
Staring like gabies,  
Safe in each egg are the  
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall  
Chip, and upspringing,  
Make all the April woods  
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,  
O children, and frailer,  
Soon in blue air they'll be  
Singer and sailor.

We, so much older,  
Taller and stronger,  
We shall look down on the  
Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying  
With musical speeches  
High overhead in the  
Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom  
And sensible talking,  
We on our feet must go  
Plodding and walking.

## LITTLE BIRD

*By Madison Carwein*

## I

A little bird sits in our cottonwood tree,  
 And perks his head and sings;  
 And this is the song he pipes to me  
 While he flirts his tail and wings:—

“ Hello! hello!  
 You jolly little fellow!  
 Hello! hello! I say!  
 Do you hear me every morning  
 How I try to give you warning?  
 With my little song adorning  
 Every day, every day;  
 With my little song adorning every day.  
 I want to tell you this, sir:  
 You are sweeter than a kiss, sir,  
 You are fairer than a posy,  
 With your face so fresh and rosy;  
 Oh, I love to see you merry at your play,  
     Every day;  
 I love to see you laughing at your play.  
     Hello! hello!  
 You merry little fellow!”

## II

And I run to the tree where he sings and sits,  
 High up on the topmost limb;  
 And he cocks his eye and flirts and flits  
 While I reply to him:—

“ Hello! hello!  
You cunning little fellow!  
Hello! hello! I say!  
You are complimenting early;  
And your song is clear and pearly  
As the dewdrop dripping nearly  
From the spray, from the spray;  
As the dewdrop dripping nearly from the  
spray.  
Your singing is far sweeter  
Than any rhyme or metre:  
Oh, I love to hear you whistle,  
Swinging lighter than a thistle,  
And I hope you’ll come and see me every day,  
Every day;  
I hope you’ll come and see me every day.  
Hello! hello!  
You darling little fellow!”

### MEADOW TALK

*By Nora Archibald Smith*

“ Don’t pick all the flowers!” cried Daisy one day  
To a rosy-cheeked boy who was passing her way.  
“ If you take every one, you will very soon see  
That when next summer comes, not a bud will there  
be!”

“ Quite true!” said the Clover,  
“ And over and over  
I’ve sung that same song  
To whoe’er came along.”

Quoth the Buttercup, " I  
 Have not been at all shy  
 In impressing that rule  
 On each child of the school."

" I've touched the same subject,"  
 Said Timothy Grass.  
 " ' Leave just a few flowers! '  
 I beg, as they pass."

Sighed a shy little Fern,  
 From her home in the shade,  
 " About pulling up roots,  
 What a protest I've made! "

" The children are heedless! "  
 The Gentian declared.  
 " When my blossom-time comes,  
 Not a bud will be spared."

" Take courage, sweet neighbor! "  
 The Violet said;  
 And raised in entreaty  
 Her delicate head.

" The children are thoughtless,  
 I own, in my turn;  
 But if we *all* teach them,  
 They cannot but learn."

" The lesson," said the Alders,  
 " Is a simple one, indeed,  
*Where no root is, blooms no flower,*  
*Where no flower is, no seed."*



- “ ’Tis very well said! ” chirped the Robin,  
From the elm-tree fluttering down ;  
“ If you’ll write on your leaves such a lesson,  
I’ll distribute them over the town.”
- “ Oh, write it, dear Alders! ” the Innocents cried,  
Their pretty eyes tearfully blue ;  
“ You are older than we are ; you’re strong and  
you’re wise—  
There’s none but would listen to you! ”

But, ah! the alders could not write ;  
And though the Robin knew  
The art as well as any bird—  
Or so he said—he flew  
Straight up the hill and far away,  
Remarking as he went,  
He had a business errand  
And was not on pleasure bent.

Did the children learn the lesson,  
Though ’twas never written down?  
We shall know when, gay and blithesome,  
Lady Summer comes to town.

## THE MISCHIEVOUS MORNING-GLORY

*(Adapted from the Japanese)*

*By Mary Fenollosa*

It was the rosy flush of dawn  
In beautiful Japan,  
When, from the house with swinging pail,

Came little Noshi-San,  
 Her strapped and lacquered wooden clogs  
 A-clicking as she ran.

She hurried to the mossy well,  
 Then paused, for—what a sight!—  
 Her bucket-pole was held secure  
 By tendrils curling tight,  
 And one great, dewy, purple bloom  
 Had opened to the light.

The dainty thief, with smile and nod,  
 Looked up as if to say,  
 “I got here first; and don't you think  
 That really I should stay?”  
 And Noshi gravely answered, “Yes,  
 I'll find another way.”

She sought a kindly neighbor's well  
 And, laughing, told her plight.  
 “Gift-water I must beg of you!”  
 The neighbor's smile was bright;  
 But, being Japanese, she thought  
 The child exactly right.

### THE SEED

*By Mary Fenollosa*

(Good-Night)

Here's a sleepy little seed  
 Wants to go to bed.  
 Tightly shut the little eye  
 In his sleepy head.

Dig a couch in earth for him,  
Soft and warm and deep;  
Tuck the cover gently in—  
Now he's fast asleep.

(Good-Morning)

What a yawn of little leaves!  
What a stretch of root!  
Baby seed is up at last;  
Now he wants to shoot!

Bring him bath of rosy dew,  
Give him yards of twine,  
Hear him laugh his tendrils out!  
Soon he'll be a vine.

(Growth)

Leaves are crowding thick and fast.  
Stems are brittle things!  
Grave responsibility  
High position brings.

Earth-worm dragons must be slain,  
Humming-birds defied.  
"Would I were a seed again!"  
Morning-glory cried.

(Blossoms)

Ah, a bud! all blue and white,  
Twisted like a shell.  
Something strange must happen soon,  
Any one can tell!

386 *POETRY'S PLEA FOR ANIMALS*

Something stirs against the dawn!—  
Is it bird or bee?  
Or a purple-hearted song  
Blown for you and me?



IN MEMORIAM

And when the stream  
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,  
A consciousness remained that it had left,  
Deposited upon the silent shore  
Of memory, images and precious thoughts,  
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

*Excursion.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## IN MEMORIAM

### LADDIE

*By Katharine Lee Bates*

Lowly the soul that waits  
At the white, celestial gates,  
A threshold soul to greet  
Belovèd feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun  
Cherubim children run;  
They welcome it from the wall;  
Their voices call.

But the Warder saith: "Nay, this  
Is the City of Holy Bliss.  
What claim canst thou make good  
To angelhood?"

"Joy," answereth it from eyes  
That are amber ecstasies,  
Listening, alert, elate,  
Before the gate.

*Oh, how the frolic feet  
On lonely memory beat!  
What rapture in a run  
'Tweixt snow and sun!*

“Nay, brother of the sod,  
 What part hast thou in God?  
 What spirit art thou of?”  
 It answers: “Love,”

Lifting its head, no less  
 Cajoling a caress,  
 Our winsome collie wraith,  
 Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,  
 Or kind voice bid: “Abide,  
 A threshold soul to greet  
 The longed-for feet.”

*Ah, Keeper of the Portal,  
 If Love be not immortal,  
 If Joy be not divine,  
 What prayer is mine?*

## TO SIGURD

*By Katharine Lee Bates*

Not one blithe leap of welcome?  
 Can you lie  
 Under this woodland mould,  
 More still  
 Than broken daffodil,  
 When I,  
 Home from too long a roving,  
 Come up the silent hill?  
 Dear, wistful eyes,  
 White ruff and windy gold



Of collie coat so oft caressed,  
Not one quick thrill  
In snowy breast,  
One spring of jubilant surprise,  
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never more  
Those royal romps of old,  
When one,  
Playfellow of the sun,  
Would pour  
Adventures and romances  
Into a morning run;  
Off and away,  
A flying glint of gold,  
Startling to wing a husky choir  
Of crows whose dun  
Shadows would tire  
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-day  
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching, you would  
catch  
A crow, O leaper bold,  
Next time,  
Or chase to branch sublime  
That batch  
Of squirrels daring capture  
In saucy pantomime;  
Till one spring dawn,  
Resting amid the gold  
Of crocuses, Death stole on you

From that far clime  
 Where dreams come true,  
 And left upon the starry lawn  
 Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so wondrous  
 sweet  
 Across the glimmering wold  
 That you  
 Would trustfully pursue  
 Strange feet?  
 When I was gone, each morrow  
 You sought our old haunts through,  
 Slower to play,  
 Drooping in faded gold;  
 Now it is mine to grieve and miss  
 My comrade true  
 Who used to kiss  
 With eager tongue such tears away,  
 Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is death,  
 Nor how vast Heaven may hold  
 All this  
 Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.  
 Christ saith  
 That not a sparrow falleth  
 —O songs of sparrow faith!—  
 But God is there.  
 May not a leap of gold  
 Yet greet me on some gladder hill,

A shining wraith,  
Rejoicing still,  
As in those hours we found so fair,  
To follow where love calleth?

## HIS NAME WAS BOB

*By M. V. Caruthers*

A little mongrel dog—he couldn't boast  
The smallest trace of blooded pedigree—  
All legs and feet, a no'count tail, that thumped  
Its joyous greeting at the sight of me—

But loving! There's no dictionary prints  
The word which, to my thinking, can express  
That look that shone in his brown eyes of trust,  
Solicitude and wistful tenderness!

O' nights his tawny head against my knee,  
We'd sit together—yesterday he died—  
And every one who loves a dog will know  
Just why, a lonely-hearted man—I cried!

## A FAITHFUL DOG

*By Richard Burton*

My merry-hearted comrade on a day  
Gave over all his mirth, and went away  
Upon the darksome journey I must face  
Sometime as well. Each hour I miss his grace,

His meek obedience and his constancy.  
 Never again will he look up to me  
 With loyal eyes, nor leap for my caress  
 As one who wished not to be masterless ;  
 And never shall I hear his pleading bark  
 Outside the door, when all the ways grow dark,  
 Bidding the house-folk gather close inside.  
 It seems a cruel thing, since he has died,  
 To make his memory small, or deem it sin  
 To reckon such a mate as less than kin.

O faithful follower, O gentle friend,  
 If thou art missing at the journey's end,  
 Whate'er of joy or solace there I find  
 Unshared by thee I left so far behind,  
 The gladness will be mixed with tears, I trow,  
 My little crony of the long ago!  
 For how could heaven be home-like, with the door  
 Fast-locked against a loved one, evermore?

#### IN MEMORY OF A DUMB FRIEND

*By Amelia Josephine Burr*

Strange that so small mortality should leave  
 So large an emptiness! for as we grieve  
 Your little life of seven happy years  
 Ended for us, one who could understand  
 Each subtle word, and answer hand with hand  
 Had hardly taken greater toll of tears.

Yet why should we not mourn as for a friend?  
 That name was yours; if every man would spend

His life as well, earth were not hard to save.  
Grant that God made your heart and brain but  
small.

What more has an archangel than his all?  
And all God gave to you, to us you gave.

## TO THE DOGS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD

*By Abbie Farwell Brown*

*(From the French of Chanoine Jules Gross of St.  
Bernard)*

Brave dogs of St. Bernard, companions dear  
On the pale mountains through the livelong year,  
To you, the hardy squires of our King,  
Who scorn the storm and hail, to you I sing!

Here in the misty cloudlands where we dwell,  
What matters avalanche and tempest fell?  
Our realm of pure white snow and ice is best;  
Our task to save the wanderer, cheer the guest.

Many have sung of Barry, good and great,  
His was a hero's life, a martyr's fate.<sup>1</sup>

And so, dear dogs, you all will live and die!  
Ah, you are dowered with beauty, strength and skill;  
Obedience, devotion and good will.

What wonder all men love you, as do I?

<sup>1</sup>The noble dog Barry saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first.

## A DOG'S GRAVE

*By W. M. Letts*

He sleeps where he would wish, in easy call,  
Here in a primrose nook beside the wall,  
And near the gate, that he may guard us all  
Even in death, our faithful seneschal.

I do not think the courteous Cherubim  
Will chide him if he waits, nor Seraphim  
Summon him hence till we may follow him  
Who knew no heav'n without—faithful Tim.

## A HORSE'S EPITAPH

*By Lord Sherbrooke*

Soft lies the turf on those who find their rest  
Beneath our common mother's ample breast,  
Unstained by meanness, avarice, or pride;  
They never cheated, and they never lied.  
They ne'er intrigued a rival to dispose;  
They ran, but never betted on the race;  
Content with harmless sport and simple food,  
Boundless in faith and love and gratitude;  
Happy the man, if there be any such,—  
Of whom his epitaph can say as much.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A  
NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

*By Lord Byron*

NEAR THIS SPOT  
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE  
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,  
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENCÉ,  
COURAGE WITHOUT FEROCITY,  
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICÉS.  
THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE UNMEANING FLATTERY  
IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,  
IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF  
BOATSWAIN, A DOG,  
WHO WAS BORN AT NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY, 1803,  
AND DIED AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808.

POEM TO THE SAME

When some proud son of man returns to earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,  
And storied urns record who rests below;  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should have been:  
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonored falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:

. . . . .  
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn;  
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;  
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

Cries still are heard in secret nooks,  
Till hushed with gag or slit or thud;  
And hideous dens whereon none looks  
    Are blotched with needless blood.  
But here, in battlings, patient, slow,  
Much has been won—more, maybe, than we know—  
And on we labour stressful. “Ailidon!”  
A mighty voice calls: “But may the good prevail!”  
    And “Blessed are the merciful!”  
    Calls yet a mightier one.

*Compassion.*

THOMAS HARDY.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the poets and publishers, whose generous cooperation made this volume possible, the indebtedness of the editor is hereby formally acknowledged:

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION—One selection from *The National Humane Review*.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY—One selection from its official organ, *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—Three selections from *Our Animal Friends*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY—"To a Waterfowl" from *The Poetical Works* of William Cullen Bryant; "The Blood Horse" by Bryant W. Proctor from volume 2, *Library of British Poets*; and, "Baboon," copyright by D. Appleton and Company, from *Selected Poems* by Charles Hanson Towne.

RICHARD BADGER—"My Legacy" from *The Radiant Road* by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

BARSE AND HOPKINS—"The Lark" from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* by Robert W. Service published by Barse and Hopkins, Newark, New Jersey.

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY—"One of His Animal Stories" from *The Book of Joyous Children*. Copyright, 1902. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

BRENTANO'S—"To a Linnet in a Cage" from *Complete Poems* of Francis Ledwidge.

JONATHAN CAPE, LIMITED—Poems from *Collected Poems* of William H. Davies.

THE CENTURY COMPANY—"Brother Beasts," copyrighted, and used with permission of Cale Young Rice, the author of the book (*Wraiths and Realities*) from which the poem is taken, and the publishers, The Century Company.

R. COBDEN-SANDERSON—"The Ants" from *John Clare: Poems, chiefly from MSS.*, edited by Edmund Blunden and Alan Porter.

CONSTABLE AND COMPANY—"Titmouse" from *The Veil* by Walter de la Mare. "Nicholas Nye" and "Tit for Tat" from *Peacock Pie* by Walter de la Mare.

- THE C. W. DANIEL COMPANY—"The Little Red Bullock" from *The Wide Garden and Other Poems* by Herbert Tremain.
- J. M. DENT AND SONS, LTD.—"My Dog and I" from *Spun Yarn and Spindrift* by Norah M. Holland, published by J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London and Toronto. "Thrushes" from *Theophanies* by Evelyn Underhill.
- DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY, INC.—Poems from *Poems* by Arthur Christopher Benson, *Complete Works* of William Blake, *Poems of Rupert Brooke*, *Complete Poems* of Paul Laurence Dunbar, *Coal and Candle Light* by Helen Parry Eden, *The Queen's Chronicler* by Stephen Gwynn, *Hail! Men* by Angela Morgan, *The Child World* by Gabriel Setoun, and *Poems* by Rosamund M. Watson. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.
- GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY—"In Memory of a Dumb Friend" from *In Deep Places* by Amelia Josephine Burr, copyright, 1914; "The Loon" from *Roadside Fire* by Amelia Josephine Burr, copyright, 1912; "Trees" from *Trees and Other Poems* by Joyce Kilmer, copyright, 1914; "At the Dog Show" and "In Honor of Taffy Topaz" from *Songs for a Little House* by Christopher Morley, copyright, 1917; "The Birds" from *The Birds and Other Poems* by J. C. Squire, copyright, 1920.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY—Poems from *Shoes of Happiness* by Edwin Markham, and *The Far Country* by Florence Wilkinson.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE AND COMPANY (America) and A. P. WATT AND SON (England)—"Toomai of the Elephants" and "Lukannon" from *The Jungle Book*, copyright, 1893, 1894, by Rudyard Kipling, published by Doubleday, Page & Company. "Beast and Man in India" by John Lockwood Kipling, from *Chapter Headings from Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918*. These poems are used by permission, authorized by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.
- DUFFIELD AND COMPANY—"The Deer Trapper" by Francis Sterne Palmer from *Camp Fire Verse* by William Haynes.
- E. P. DUTTON COMPANY—"The First Bluebirds," "The Horses" and "Only Mules" by permission from *The Retinue* by Katharine Lee Bates. Copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company. "To Sigurd" and "Laddie" by permission from *Sigurd: Our Golden Collie* by Katharine Lee Bates. Copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company. "The Donkey" by permission from *The Wild Knight and Other Poems* by G. K. Chesterton. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

- "'F I Was Er Horse" by permission from *Youngsters* by Burges Johnson. Copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company.
- "Pensioners" and "A Dog's Grave" by permission from *The Spires of Oxford* by Winifred M. Letts. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company.
- "The Heart of a Bird" by permission from *The Witch Maid* by Dorothea MacKellar. Published by E. P. Dutton and Company.
- "A B C's in Green" by permission from *A Canopic Jar* by Leonora Speyer. Copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company.
- THE FORUM—"Polo Ponies" by Eleanor Baldwin. Copyrighted by *The Forum* magazine.
- THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY—"To Some Philadelphia Sparrows" from *Willow Pollen* by Jeanette Marks, published by The Four Seas Company, Boston.
- ROBERT FROTHINGHAM—"A Horse's Epitaph" from *Songs of Horses* by Robert Frothingham.
- FUNK AND WAGNALLS COMPANY—"At the Zoo" from *Blind Children* by Israel Zangwill. Copyright, 1903, by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London.
- NORMAN GALE—Poems from *A Flight of Fancies*, *A Merry-Go-Round of Song*, and *Collected Poems*.
- M. H. GILL AND SON, LTD.—"A Health to the Birds" from *Ballads of a Country Boy* by Seumas MacManus.
- HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY—"Da Pup Een Da Snow" from *McAronie Ballads* by T. A. Daly. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., holders of the copyright.
- HARPER AND BROTHERS—"The Road to Vagabondia" from *Poems* by Dana Burnet, "The Dialogue of the Horses" from *Farm Festivals* by Will Carleton, "Tigers" from *Poems* by Louise Morgan Sill, and "To a Cat" from *Selected Lyrical Poems* by Algernon Swinburne. Harper and Brothers, publishers.
- "A Boy and a Pup" and "Little Lost Pup" by Arthur Guiterman, from *The Laughing Muse*, copyright, 1915, by Harper and Brothers, and "A Mascot" by Arthur Guiterman, from *The Mirthful Lyre*, copyright, 1918, by Harper and Brothers.
- HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY—"The Nightingales of Flanders" from *Wilderness Songs* by Grace Hazard Conkling, "The Marsh" and "Cattle before the Storm" from *The Enchanted Mesa* by Glenn Ward Dresbach, "A Brook in the City" from *Poems* by Robert Frost, and "Four Little Foxes" and "To a Wild Goose Over Decoys" from *Slow Smoke* by Lew Sarett.

THE JOHN HOPKINS PRESS—"The Burthen of the Ass" from *Father Tabb: A Study of His Life and Works, with Ten Hundred Unpublished Poems* by Francis A. Litz.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY—The extracts from *Heart of New England* by Abbie Farwell Brown, *Songs of Sixpence* by Abbie Farwell Brown, *Out Where the West Begins* by Arthur Chapman, *Poems* by Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Complete Poems* by Oliver Wendell Holmes, *Riders of the Stars* by Henry Herbert Knibbs, *Poems* by Lucy Larcom, *Complete Works* of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed* by Amy Lowell, *The Lifted Cup* by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, *Little-Folk Lyrics* by Frank Dempster Sherman, *The Christmas Child and Other Poems for Children* by Nora Archibald Smith, *Poems* by Celia Thaxter, and *Poems* by Bayard Taylor are used by permission of, and special arrangements with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

KELLY AND WALSH, Shanghai, China, and CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York—"Wild Geese" from *Chinese Lyrics* by Frederick Peterson.

MITCHELL KENNERLEY—Poems from *Songs of the Army of the Night* by Francis Adams, *Man-Song* by John G. Neihardt, and *Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week* by Dora Sigerson Shorter.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—"The Fate of the Fur-Folk" by Edwin Markham.

LIFE—"The Kind Lady's Furs" by Strickland Gillilan.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY—"Sheridan's Ride" by Thomas Buchanan Read, courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers, Philadelphia.

THE LONDON MERCURY—"The Quails" by Francis Brett Young.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY—"The Mother Bird" from *Songs of Childhood* by Walter de la Mare, and "Tapestry Trees" from *By the Way* by William Morris.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY—"My Dog," "The Catch," and "The Seeing Eye" from *The Foothills of Parnassus* by John Kendrick Bangs; "The Sea Mew" from *Poems* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent" from *Poems* by Robert Browning; "Indifference" from *Garden Grace* by Louise Driscoll, copyright, 1924, The Macmillan Company; "A Yoke of Steers" from *Skylines and Horizons* by DuBose Heyward, copyright, 1924, The Macmillan Company; "The Bells of Heaven" and "Stupidity Street" from *Poems* by Ralph Hodgson, copy-

right, 1917, The Macmillan Company; "The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken" from *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay; "Tewkesbury Road" from *Poems* by John Masefield, copyright, 1925, The Macmillan Company; "Birds" and "A Bee Sets Sail" from *A Gate of Cedar* by Katharine Morse, copyright, 1922, The Macmillan Company; "The Last Antelope" from *Barbed Wire and Wayfarers* by Edwin Ford Piper, copyright, 1924, The Macmillan Company; "Fur and Feather," "Hurt No Living Thing," "The City Mouse" and "These All Wait Upon Thee" from *Complete Works* of Christina Rossetti; "The Snare" and "The Cage" from *Songs from the Clay* by James Stephens, copyright, 1915, The Macmillan Company; "The Army Horse" from *The Little Flag on Main Street* by McLandburgh Wilson.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE AND COMPANY—"The Turkish Trench Dog" from *Poems* by Geoffrey Dearmer.

DAVID MCKAY COMPANY—"The Kerry Cow" from *Songs from Leinster* by Winifred M. Letts.

THE MOSHER PRESS—"April in the City" from *Candle and Cross* by Elizabeth Scollard.

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY, LTD.—"On the Companionship of Nature" from *Lyrics of Earth* by Archibald Lampman, published by arrangement with The Musson Book Company, Ltd., Toronto.

THE NORMAN, REMINGTON COMPANY—"The Gardener's Cat" and "Hold" from *Green Days and Blue Days* by Patrick R. Chalmers.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS—Poems from *The Marble House* by Ellen M. Huntington Gates, *Songs in Cities and Gardens* by Helen Granville-Barker, *In Woods and Fields* by Augusta Larned, *Collected Poems* by Grace Denio Litchfield, and *Florentine Cyle* by Gertrude Huntington McGiffert.

REILLY AND LEE COMPANY—"Bob White" and "A Boy and His Dog" from *When Day Is Done* by Edgar A. Guest, copyrighted, Reilly and Lee Company; "The Pup" from *Just Folks* by Edgar A. Guest, copyrighted, Reilly and Lee Company; "The Yellow Dog" from *The Passing Throng* by Edgar A. Guest, copyrighted, Reilly and Lee Company.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—"Compassion" by Thomas Hardy from *A Century of Work for Animals* by Edward G. Fairholme and Wellesley Pain.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS—Poems from *Collected Poems* by Edmund Gosse, *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Builders and Songs Out of Doors* by Henry van Dyke, and "In the Zoo" by George T. Marsh from *Scribner's Magazine*.

THOMAS SELTZER—"Snake" from *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* by D. H. Lawrence.

SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY—"To a Buffalo Skull" and "To a Rattlesnake" from *Cowboy Lyrics* by Robert V. Carr; "Little Bird" from *The Giant and the Star* by Madison Cawein; "Feedin' the Stock" from *Pine Tree Ballads* by Holman F. Day and "I've Got Them Calves to Veal" and "The Stock in the Tie-Up" from *Up in Maine* by Holman F. Day; "Thou Little God Within the Brook" from *The Poems of Philip Henry Savage*; "Is Thy Servant a Dog?" from *Poems* by John B. Tabb.

THE SONNET—"Oxen" and "The Old Plough-Horse" by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, and "In Cool, Green Haunts" from *Sonnets: A First Series* by Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY—"Chickadee" reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl* by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. "The Seed" and "The Mischievous Morning-Glory" reprinted by permission from *Blossoms from a Japanese Garden* by Mary Fenollosa. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. "To a Tree-Frog" reprinted by permission from *As the Wind Blew* by Amélie Rives. "The Bee in Church" reprinted by permission from *The Elfin Artist and Other Poems* by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. "The Skylark Caged" reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume II, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1910, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY—Verses from *Rhymes for Kindly Children* by Fairmont Snyder.

FREDERICK WARNE AND COMPANY, LTD.—A poem from *The Poetical Works of Charles Mackay*.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS—Poems from *Blue Smoke* by Karle Wilson Baker.

The list of acknowledgments should include tribute to the friendly interest of Honorable Percival H. Baxter, Miss Esther M. Davis, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, Mr. Albert F. Gilmore, Mr. William K. Horton, Miss

Emma L. Johnston, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, and the late Mrs. Ellin Prince Speyer; to the gracious coöperation of members of the staff of Pratt Institute Free Library, especially Mr. Edward F. Stevens, librarian, and Miss Annie Mackenzie and Miss Elin J. Lindgren; and to the clerical devotion of Miss Ruth Sasuly.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

<p>ADAMS, FRANCIS Rape of the Nest, The 56</p> <p>ALLEN, LUCY BRANCH Bird Man, The..... 53</p> <p>ALLING, KENNETH SLADE On the Passing of the Last Fire Horse from Manhattan Island.... 95</p> <p>ANONYMOUS "Doomed" ..... 133 For a Little Brown Dog 107 "Good - Bye, Old Friend!" ..... 237 Kindness to Animals... 363</p> <p>ARNOLD, (SIR) EDWIN Pearl Seventy-Eight... 281</p> <p>BAKER, KARLE WILSON Good Company..... 27 Thrushes ..... 58</p> <p>BALDWIN, ELEANOR Calf, The ..... 177 Polo Ponies..... 99</p> <p>BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK Catch, The..... 307 My Dog..... 106 Seeing Eye, The ..... 11</p> <p>BASHO Green Leaves..... 35</p> <p>BATES, KATHARINE LEE First Bluebirds, The... 59 Horses, The..... 236 Laddie ..... 389 Only Mules..... 250 To Sigurd..... 390</p> <p>BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER Toad, The ..... 150 Wounds ..... 317</p> <p>BENSON, MARGARET Once on a Time ..... 14</p> <p>BLAKE, WILLIAM Lamb, The..... 371 Three Things to Re- member ..... 363</p>	<p>Tiger, The..... 221</p> <p>BROOKE, RUPERT Fish, The..... 205</p> <p>BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL To the Dogs of the Great St. Bernard... 395 Wasted Morning, A... 29</p> <p>BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT Sea-Mew, The..... 82</p> <p>BROWNING, ROBERT "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"..... 256</p> <p>BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN To a Waterfowl..... 76</p> <p>BURNET, DANA Road to Vagabondia, The ..... 103</p> <p>BURNS, ROBERT Lauth ..... 113 On Scaring Some Waterfowl in Loch- Turit ..... 77 To a Field Mouse..... 153 Wounded Hare, The... 320</p> <p>BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE In Memory of a Dumb Friend ..... 394 Loon, The ..... 84</p> <p>BURROUGHS, JACK Friend in Need, A..... 137</p> <p>BURTON, RICHARD Faithful Dog, A..... 393</p> <p>BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD Inscription on the Monu- ment of a Newfound- land Dog ..... 397</p> <p>CAMPBELL, ARCHIBALD Y. Dromedary, The..... 333</p> <p>CAMPBELL, JANE Gray Kitten, The..... 370</p> <p>CAMPBELL, NANCY Monkey, The..... 225</p>
--	--



# INDEX OF AUTHORS

407

CARDUCCI, GIOSUÉ			
Ox, The .....	181	COYLE, HENRY	
CARLETON, WILL		Pussy's Plea .....	133
Dialogue of the Horses	95	CRONYN, GEORGE	
CARR, ROBERT V.		Tree's Way, The.....	33
To a Buffalo Skull....	216	DALMON, CHARLES	
To a Rattlesnake .....	217	Caterpillar's Apology, A	193
CARRINGTON, JAMES BEEBE		Cow at Sullington, A..	161
To a Lady in Her Furs	297	DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTUS	
CARUTHERS, M. V.		Da Pup Een Da Snow	109
His Name Was Bob....	393	DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY	
CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS		Child's Pet, A.....	176
Little Bird .....	380	Nature's Friend.....	366
CHALMERS, PATRICK R.		Sheep .....	175
Gardener's Cat, The...	127	DAWTREY, HANNAH J.	
" Hold " .....	267	For Vanity.....	298
CHAMBERLAIN, WILL		DAY, HOLMAN FRANCIS	
I Am the Mule.....	138	Feedin' the Stock.....	165
CHAPMAN, ARTHUR		I've Got Them Calves	
Meeting, The.....	212	to Veal .....	171
War-Horse Buyers, The	234	Stock in the Tie-Up,	
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY		The .....	168
From "The Manciple's		DEARMER, GEOFFREY	
Tale" .....	337	Turkish Trench Dog,	
CHENEY, ANNIE ELIZABETH		The .....	232
Coyote Prowled, A ....	214	DE LA MARE, WALTER	
CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH		Mother Bird, The .....	54
Donkey, The.....	137	Nicholas Nye.....	140
CHILD, LYDIA MARIA		Tit for Tat.....	374
If Ever I See.....	376	Titmouse .....	67
CHILDE, WILFRED ROWLAND		DOANE, WILLIAM CROSWELL	
Grasshopper, The.....	196	Bishop Doane's Tribute	
CLARE, JOHN		to His Dog Cluny... 105	
Ants, The.....	196	DOYLE, (SIR) FRANCIS HAST-	
CLEATOR, ALICE JEAN		INGS CHARLES	
Little Dog of Amuse-		Fusiliers' Dog, The....	230
ment Zoo .....	353	DRESBACH, GLENN WARD	
COBURN, LOUISE HELEN		Cattle Before the Storm	164
Oriole, The .....	60	Marsh, The.....	7
COLLINS, MORTIMER		DRISCOLL, LOUISE	
My Thrush.....	57	Indifference .....	191
CONKLING, GRACE WALCOTT		DUFF, JAMES LEO	
HAZARD		To a Wood-Rat.....	155
Nightingales of Flan-		DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE	
ders, The .....	252	Dat Ol' Mare O' Mine	97
CONKLING, HILDA		EDEN, HELEN PARRY	
Chickadee .....	63	Sir Bat-Ears.....	263

- EMERSON, RALPH WALDO  
 From "May Day"..... 47  
 Humble-Bee, The..... 189  
 Titmouse, The..... 64
- FENOLLOSA, MARY MCNEILL  
 Mischievous Morning-  
 Glory, The..... 383  
 Seed, The..... 384
- FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD  
 In Cool, Green Haunts 307  
 Old Plough-Horse, The 89  
 Oxen ..... 181
- FLYNN, CLARENCE E.  
 His Epitaph..... 18
- FOSS, SAM WALTER  
 Bloodless Sportsman,  
 The ..... 311
- FRANKAU, GILBERT  
 Gun-Teams ..... 240
- FROST, ROBERT  
 Brook in the City, A .. 17
- GALE, NORMAN  
 Best Friend, The..... 372  
 Bird in the Hand, A... 55  
 Blue-Tit, The..... 375  
 Dinah ..... 368  
 Neighbour, A ..... 157  
 Poem for Prue, A..... 312
- GALSWORTHY, JOHN  
 Pitiful ..... 8
- GARGAN, JANET  
 Caged Squirrel, The... 347  
 Captured Eagle, The... 336
- GARLAND, HAMLIN  
 To a Captive Crane.... 337
- GASSAWAY, F. H.  
 "Bay Billy" ..... 242
- GATES, ELLEN M. HUNTINGTON  
 Little Bird, A..... 52
- GILLILAN, STRICKLAND W.  
 Kind Lady's Furs, The 295
- GILMAN, CHARLOTTE PERKINS  
 Cattle Train, The..... 174  
 Tree Feelings ..... 31
- GOSSE, EDMUND  
 Wounded Gull, The... 79
- GRANVILLE-BARKER, HELEN  
 Captive Butterfly, The. 193  
 Owls, The..... 74
- GREENE, KATHLEEN CONYNG-  
 HAM  
 Animal Song, An ..... 15
- GRIFFITH, WILLIAM  
 My Dog..... 104
- GUEST, EDGAR ALBERT  
 Bob White..... 68  
 Boy and His Dog, A... 118  
 Pup, The ..... 116  
 Yellow Dog, The..... 117
- GUITERMAN, ARTHUR  
 Boy and a Pup, A..... 119  
 Little Lost Pup..... 120  
 Mascot, A..... 229
- GWYNN, STEPHEN  
 Captive Polar Bear, The 334
- HARDY, THOMAS  
 Compassion ..... 22  
 Puzzled Game-Birds,  
 The ..... 316  
 Wagtail and Baby..... 73
- HARTE, FRANCIS BRET  
 Grizzly ..... 214
- HAY, JOHN  
 Miles Keogh's Horse.. 248
- HAYES, JOHN RUSSELL  
 Library Dove, The..... 70
- HEYWARD, DUBOSE  
 Yoke of Steers, A..... 182
- HODGSON, RALPH  
 Bells of Heaven, The .. 13  
 Stupidity Street ..... 43
- HOLLAND, NORAH MARY  
 My Dog and I..... 108
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL  
 Questions ..... 14  
 To a Caged Lion..... 332
- HOWITT, MARY  
 Beaver, The..... 321  
 Woodmouse, The..... 152
- JACOBS, LELAND B.  
 How to Catch a Bird.. 314

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

409

JOHNSON, BURGESS	Emperor's Bird's-Nest, The .....	370	286
'F I Was Er Horse! ..	Hiawatha's Brothers...	370	364
KEATS, JOHN	Hiawatha's Chickens...	204	364
Minnows .....	My Cathedral .....	204	37
KEELER, CHARLES AUGUSTUS	Walter von der Vogel- weid .....	19	291
On the Dedication of a Drinking Fountain...	LOWELL, AMY	301	7
Our Brothers of the Fields and Trees....	Tulip Garden, A .....	28	197
KILMER, JOYCE	MACKAY, CHARLES	223	335
Trees .....	Garden Spider, The....	222	48
KIPLING, JOHN LOCKWOOD	MACKELLAR, DOROTHEA	203	148
Beast and Man in India	Heart of a Bird, The..	222	318
KIPLING, RUDYARD	MACMANUS, SEUMAS	122	222
"Lukannon" .....	Health to the Birds, A	324	61
Toomai of the Ele- phants .....	MARKHAM, EDWIN	122	331
KNIBBS, HENRY HERBERT	Lizard, The.....	10	183
Braves of the Hunt....	No Sanctuary.....	377	222
Outcast, The.....	Panther, The.....	122	222
LAMPMAN, ARCHIBALD	MARKS, JEANNETTE	10	113
On the Companionship with Nature .....	To Some Philadelphia Sparrows .....	377	61
LARCOM, LUCY	MARSH, GEORGE T.	255	331
Brown Thrush, The...	In the Zoo.....	145	3
LARNED, AUGUSTA	MASEFIELD, JOHN	145	3
Homage of Beasts, The	Tewkesbury Road .....	13	113
LAWRENCE, D. H.	McCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE	13	113
Snake .....	Irish Wolf-Hound, The	13	113
LAWRENCE, S. ST. G.	MCGIFFERT, GERTRUDE HUNT- INGTON	13	326
Answer, An .....	Hunt, The .....	13	326
LEDWIDGE, FRANCIS	MILLER, JOAQUIN	13	217
To a Linnet in a Cage	Bison-King, A.....	13	183
LETTIS, WINIFRED M.	Crossing the Plains....	13	183
Dog's Grave, A.....	MORGAN, ANGELA	162	34
Kerry Cow, The.....	Trees .....	46	34
Pensioners .....	MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER	46	114
LINDSAY, VACHEL	At the Dog Show.....	211	114
The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken	In Honour of Taffy Topaz .....	211	127
LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO	MORRIS, WILLIAM	211	35
Caged .....	Tapestry Trees.....	259	35
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	MORSE, KATHARINE	259	188
Bell of Atri, The.....	Bee Sets Sail, A.....	273	188
Birds of Killingworth, The .....	Birds .....	273	60
273	MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM	273	50
	"Sing On, Blithe Bird"	273	50

- NEIHARDT, JOHN GNEISENAU  
To My Cat..... 129
- NORTON, CAROLINE  
Arab's Farewell to His  
Steed, The..... 89
- NOYES, ALFRED  
Bee in Church, The.... 187  
Sky-Lark Caged, The.. 341
- NURSERY RHYMES  
"A man went a-hunt-  
ing at Reigate"..... 359  
"Come hither, sweet  
Robin" ..... 359  
"I had a little Doggy" 361  
"I had a little pony".. 358  
"Mary had a little  
lamb" ..... 360  
"Shoe the horse"..... 359  
"There came to my  
window" ..... 360
- O'HAGAN, THOMAS  
Old Brindle Cow, The. 161
- PALMER, FRANCIS STERNE  
Deer-Trapper, The .... 323
- PAYNE, F. URSULA  
My Lady's Fur..... 297
- PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON  
Song of Solomon, A ... 4
- PETERSON, FREDERICK  
Wild Geese ..... 78
- PIPER, EDWIN FORD  
Last Antelope, The.... 215
- POOLE, LOUELLA C.  
Cricket Singing in the  
Market-Place, A .... 194
- POPE, ALEXANDER  
From "Windsor Forest" 317
- PRESTON, MARGARET J.  
Milan Bird-Cages, The. 288
- PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER  
(BARRY CORNWALL)  
Blood Horse, The..... 92
- RAWNSLEY, HARDWICKE DRUM-  
MOND  
We Meet at Morn..... 111
- RAY, WILLIAM  
Remorse on Killing a  
Squirrel in a Garden 155
- READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN  
Sheridan's Ride..... 246
- REALF, RICHARD  
Spirit of Nature, The.. 18
- RICE, CALE YOUNG  
Brother Beasts ..... 11
- RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB  
One of His Animal  
Stories ..... 282
- RITTENHOUSE, JESSE B.  
Dragon Fly, The..... 192
- RIVES, AMELIE (PRINCESS  
TROUBETZKOY)  
To a Tree-Frog..... 149
- ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA  
All Things Wait Upon  
Thee ..... 187
- SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH  
In a Shop Window.... 115
- SARETT, LEW  
Four Little Foxes..... 295  
To a Wild Goose Over  
Decoys ..... 316
- SAVAGE, WILLIAM HENRY  
"Thou Little God With-  
in the Brook"..... 205
- SCOLLARD, CLINTON  
Healing of the Wood,  
The ..... 32
- SCOLLARD, ELISABETH  
April in the City..... 16
- SERVICE, ROBERT WILLIAM  
Lark, The..... 251
- SHERBROOKE, LORD  
Horse's Epitaph, A.... 396
- SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER  
Snow-Bird, The..... 378
- SHERWOOD, S. VIRGINIA  
Dreams ..... 112
- SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON  
Meadow Tragedy, A... 56
- SILL, LOUISE MORGAN  
Tigers ..... 353

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

411

<p>SLADEN, DOUGLAS W. To the Fallen Gum- Tree on Mt. Baw- Baw ..... 37</p> <p>SMITH, MAY RILEY Dead Birds and Easter 299</p> <p>SMITH, NORA ARCHIBALD Dogs of War, The.... 233 Meadow Talk ..... 381</p> <p>SNYDER, FAIRMONT Question, A..... 361 Wistful Waif, The.... 362</p> <p>SPENCER, ROBERT WILLIAM Beth Gêlert ..... 269</p> <p>SPEYER, LADY LEONORA (VON STOSCH) A B C's in Green..... 30</p> <p>SQUIRE, JOHN COLLINS Birds, The..... 43</p> <p>STEPHENS, JAMES Cage, The..... 338 Snare, The..... 322</p> <p>STERLING, GEORGE Black Vulture, The.... 85 Dog, The..... 121</p> <p>STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS Cow, The ..... 371 Nest Eggs ..... 378</p> <p>STONER, WINIFRED SACKVILLE Pets' Christmas Carol, The ..... 362</p> <p>SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES To a Cat..... 130</p> <p>SYMONS, ARTHUR Brother of a Weed, The 4</p> <p>TABB, JOHN BANISTER ("FATHER TABB") Burthen of the Ass, The 139 "Is Thy Servant a Dog?" ..... 105</p> <p>TAYLOR, JAMES BAYARD Hassan to His Mare... 94</p> <p>TAYLOR, JANE I Like Little Pussy.... 369</p> <p>TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD Eagle, The..... 84</p>	<p>THAXTER, CELIA LEIGHTON Little Gustava..... 365 Sandpiper, The..... 74</p> <p>THOMAS, EDITH M. Little Friends in Fairy- land ..... 357 Widowed Eagle, The.. 319</p> <p>TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON Baboon ..... 351</p> <p>TREMAINE, HERBERT Little Red Bullock, The 173</p> <p>TYNAN, KATHARINE Chanticleer ..... 51</p> <p>UNDERHILL, EVELYN Thrushes ..... 58</p> <p>VAN DYKE, HENRY Sea-Gulls of Manhattan 81 Song-Sparrow, The.... 62</p> <p>WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT To My Cat..... 129</p> <p>WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE Mother Carey's Chicken 343</p> <p>WETHERALD, ETHELWYN My Legacy ..... 33</p> <p>WHITMAN, WALT Lesson of a Tree, The 39</p> <p>WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER Horse, The..... 238</p> <p>WILKINSON, FLORENCE Sermons in Trees..... 27 Wounded ..... 315</p> <p>WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER Belfry Pigeon, The.... 71</p> <p>WILSON, MCLANDBURGH Army Horse, The.... 235</p> <p>WORDEN, ALONZO TEALL Partridges ..... 69</p> <p>WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM Fidelity ..... 265 Wild Duck's Nest, The 72</p> <p>YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT Bête Humaine..... 194 Quails, The ..... 308</p> <p>ZANGWILL, ISRAEL At the Zoo..... 331</p>
---	--

## INDEX OF TITLES

A B C's in Green .....	<i>Leonora Speyer</i>	30
All Things Wait Upon Thee .....	<i>Christina Rossetti</i>	187
"A man went a-hunting at Reigate" .....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	359
Animal Song, An .....	<i>Kathleen Conyngham Greene</i>	15
Answer, An .....	<i>S. St. G. Lawrence</i>	13
Ants, The .....	<i>John Clare</i>	196
April in the City .....	<i>Elisabeth Scollard</i>	16
Arab's Farewell to His Steed, The .....	<i>Caroline Norton</i>	89
Army Horse, The .....	<i>McLandburgh Wilson</i>	235
At the Dog Show .....	<i>Christopher Morley</i>	114
At the Zoo .....	<i>Israel Zangwill</i>	331
Baboon .....	<i>Charles Hanson Towne</i>	351
"Bay Billy" .....	<i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	242
Beast and Man in India .....	<i>John Lockwood Kipling</i>	223
Beaver, The .....	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	321
Bee in Church, The .....	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	187
Bee Sets Sail, A .....	<i>Katharine Morse</i>	188
Belfry Pigeon, The .....	<i>N. P. Willis</i>	71
Bell of Atri, The .....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	259
Bells of Heaven, The .....	<i>Ralph Hodgson</i>	13
Best Friend, The .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	372
Bête Humaine .....	<i>Francis Brett Young</i>	194
Beth Gêlert .....	<i>Robert William Spencer</i>	269
Bird in the Hand, A .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	55
Bird Man, The .....	<i>Lucy Branch Allen</i>	53
Birds .....	<i>Katharine Morse</i>	60
Birds of Killingworth, The ..	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	273
Birds, The .....	<i>Jack Collins Squire</i>	43
Bishop Doane's Tribute to His Dog Cluny....	<i>Bishop Doane</i>	105
Bison-King, A .....	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	217
Black Vulture, The .....	<i>George Sterling</i>	85
Blood Horse, The .....	<i>Bryan Waller Procter</i>	92
Bloodless Sportsman, The .....	<i>Sam Walter Foss</i>	311
Blue-Tit, The .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	375
Bob White .....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i>	68
Boy and a Pup, A .....	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	119
Boy and His Dog, A .....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i>	118
Braves of the Hunt .....	<i>Henry Herbert Knibbs</i>	324
Broncho That Would Not Be Broken, The..	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	211
Brook in the City, A .....	<i>Robert Frost</i>	17

# INDEX OF TITLES

413

Brother Beasts .....	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>	11
Brother of a Weed, The .....	<i>Arthur Symons</i>	4
Brown Thrush, The .....	<i>Lucy Larcom</i>	377
Burthen of the Ass, The .....	<i>John B. Tabb</i>	139
Caged .....	<i>Grace Denio Litchfield</i>	338
Caged Squirrel, The .....	<i>Janet Gargan</i>	347
Cage, The .....	<i>James Stephens</i>	338
Calf, The .....	<i>Eleanor Baldwin</i>	177
Captive Butterfly, The .....	<i>Helen Granville-Barker</i>	193
Captive Polar Bear, The .....	<i>Stephen Gwynn</i>	334
Captured Eagle, The .....	<i>Janet Gargan</i>	336
Catch, The .....	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	307
Caterpillar's Apology, A .....	<i>Charles Dalmon</i>	193
Cattle Before the Storm .....	<i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	164
Cattle Train, The .....	<i>Charlotte Perkins Gilman</i>	174
Chanticleer .....	<i>Katharine Tynan</i>	51
Chickadee .....	<i>Hilda Conkling</i>	63
Child's Pet, A .....	<i>William H. Davies</i>	176
"Come hither, sweet Robin" .....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	359
Compassion .....	<i>Thomas Hardy</i>	22
Cow at Sullington, A .....	<i>Charles Dalmon</i>	161
Cow, The .....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	371
Coyote Prowled, A .....	<i>Annie Elizabeth Cheney</i>	214
Cricket Singing in the Market-Place, A....	<i>Louella C. Poole</i>	194
Crossing the Plains .....	<i>Joaquin Miller</i>	183
Da Pup Een Da Snow .....	<i>T. A. Daly</i>	109
Dat Ol' Mare O' Mine .....	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	97
Dead Birds and Easter .....	<i>May Riley Smith</i>	299
Deer-Trapper, The .....	<i>Francis Sterne Palmer</i>	323
Dialogue of the Horses .....	<i>Will Carleton</i>	95
Dinah .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	368
Dog's Grave, A .....	<i>W. M. Letts</i>	396
Dogs of War, The .....	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i>	233
Dog, The .....	<i>George Sterling</i>	121
Donkey, The .....	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	137
"Doomed" .....	<i>Anonymous</i>	133
Dragon Fly, The .....	<i>Jessie B. Rittenhouse</i>	192
Dreams .....	<i>S. Virginia Sherwood</i>	112
Dromedary, The .....	<i>A. Y. Campbell</i>	333
Eagle, The .....	<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i>	84
Emperor's Bird's-Nest, The..	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	286
Faithful Dog, A .....	<i>Richard Burton</i>	393
Feedin' the Stock .....	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	165
Fidelity .....	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	265
First Bluebirds, The .....	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	59
Fish, The .....	<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	205
'F I Was Er Horse! .....	<i>Burges Johnson</i>	370

For a Little Brown Dog .....	<i>Anonymous</i>	107
For Vanity .....	<i>Hannah J. Dawtrey</i>	298
Four Little Foxes .....	<i>Lew Sarett</i>	295
Friend in Need, A .....	<i>Jack Burroughs</i>	137
From "The Manciple's Tale" .....	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	337
Fusiliers' Dog, The .....	<i>Francis Doyle</i>	230
Gardener's Cat, The .....	<i>Patrick R. Chalmers</i>	127
Garden Spider, The .....	<i>Charles Mackay</i>	197
"Good-Bye, Old Friend!" .....	<i>Anonymous</i>	237
Good Company .....	<i>Karle Wilson Baker</i>	27
Grasshopper, The .....	<i>W. R. Childe</i>	196
Gray Kitten, The .....	<i>Jane Campbell</i>	370
Green Leaves .....	<i>Basho</i>	35
Grizzly .....	<i>Bret Harte</i>	214
Gun-Teams .....	<i>Gilbert Frankau</i>	240
Hassan to His Mare .....	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	94
Healing of the Wood, The .....	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	32
Health to the Birds, A .....	<i>Seumas MacManus</i>	48
Heart of a Bird, The .....	<i>Dorothea MacKellar</i>	335
Hiawatha's Brothers .....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	364
Hiawatha's Chickens .....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	364
His Epitaph .....	<i>Clarence E. Flynn</i>	18
His Name was Bob .....	<i>M. V. Caruthers</i>	393
"Hold" .....	<i>Patrick R. Chalmers</i>	267
Homage of Beasts, The .....	<i>Augusta Larned</i>	255
Horse's Epitaph, A .....	<i>Lord Sherbrooke</i>	396
Horses, The .....	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	236
Horse, The .....	<i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	238
"How They Brought the Good News From Ghent to Aix"	<i>Robert Browning</i>	256
How to Catch a Bird .....	<i>Leland B. Jacobs</i>	314
Humble-Bee, The .....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	189
Hunt, The .....	<i>Gertrude Huntington McGiffert</i>	326
I Am the Mule .....	<i>Will Chamberlain</i>	138
If Ever I See .....	<i>Lydia Maria Child</i>	376
"I had a little Doggy" .....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	361
"I had a little pony" .....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	358
I Like Little Pussy .....	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	369
In a Shop Window .....	<i>Margaret E. Sangster</i>	115
In Cool, Green Haunts .....	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i>	307
Indifference .....	<i>Louise Driscoll</i>	191
In Honour of Taffy Topaz .....	<i>Christopher Morley</i>	127
In Memory of a Dumb Friend .....	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i>	394
Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog	<i>Lord Byron</i>	397
In the Zoo .....	<i>George T. Marsh</i>	331
Irish Wolf-Hound, The .....	<i>Denis Florence McCarthy</i>	113



## INDEX OF TITLES

415

"Is Thy Servant a Dog?" .....	<i>John B. Tabb</i>	105
I've Got Them Calves to Veal .....	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	171
Kerry Cow, The .....	<i>W. M. Letts</i>	162
Kind Lady's Furs, The .....	<i>Strickland Gillilan</i>	295
Kindness to Animals .....	<i>Anonymous</i>	363
Laddie .....	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	389
Lamb, The .....	<i>William Blake</i>	371
Lark, The .....	<i>Robert W. Service</i>	251
Last Antelope, The.....	<i>Edwin Ford Piper</i>	215
Lauth .....	<i>Robert Burns</i>	113
Lesson of a Tree, The.....	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	39
Library Dove, The.....	<i>John Russell Hayes</i>	70
Little Bird .....	<i>Madison Cawein</i>	380
Little Bird, A .....	<i>Ellen M. Huntington Gates</i>	52
Little Dog of Amusement Zoo.....	<i>Alice Jean Cleator</i>	353
Little Friends in Fairyland.....	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	357
Little Gustava .....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	365
Little Lost Pup.....	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	120
Little Red Bullock, The .....	<i>Herbert Tremaine</i>	173
Lizard, The .....	<i>Edwin Markham</i>	148
Loon, The .....	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i>	84
"Lukannon" .....	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	203
Marsh, The .....	<i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	7
"Mary had a little lamb".....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	360
Mascot, A .....	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	229
"May-Day," From .....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	47
Meadow Talk .....	<i>Nora Archibald Smith</i>	381
Meadow Tragedy, A.....	<i>Dora Sigerson Shorter</i>	56
Meeting, The .....	<i>Arthur Chapman</i>	212
Milan Bird-Cages, The .....	<i>Margaret J. Preston</i>	288
Miles Keogh's Horse.....	<i>John Hay</i>	248
Minnows .....	<i>John Keats</i>	204
Mischievous Morning-Glory, The .....	<i>Mary Fenollosa</i>	383
Monkey, The .....	<i>Nancy Campbell</i>	225
Mother Bird, The .....	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	54
Mother Carey's Chicken .....	<i>Theodore Watts-Dunton</i>	343
My Cathedral .....	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	37
My Dog .....	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	106
My Dog .....	<i>William Griffith</i>	104
My Dog and I .....	<i>Norah M. Holland</i>	108
My Lady's Fur .....	<i>F. Ursula Payne</i>	297
My Legacy .....	<i>Ethelwyn Wetherald</i>	33
My Thrush .....	<i>Mortimer Collins</i>	57
Nature's Friend .....	<i>William H. Davies</i>	366
Neighbour, A .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	157
Nest Eggs .....	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	378
Nicholas Nye .....	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	140

Nightingales of Flanders, The.....	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	252
No Sanctuary .....	<i>Edwin Markham</i>	318
Old Brindle Cow, The.....	<i>Thomas O'Hagan</i>	161
Old Plough-Horse, The.....	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i>	89
Once on a Time .....	<i>Margaret Benson</i>	14
One of His Animal Stories .....	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	282
Only Mules .....	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	250
On Scaring Some Waterfowl in Loch-Turit...	<i>Robert Burns</i>	77
On the Companionship with Nature ....	<i>Archibald Lampman</i>	10
On the Dedication of a Drinking Fountain...	<i>Charles Keeler</i>	19
On the Passing of the Last Fire Horse from Manhattan Island .....	<i>Kenneth Slade Alling</i>	95
Oriole, The .....	<i>Louise Helen Coburn</i>	60
Our Brothers of the Fields and Trees.....	<i>Charles Keeler</i>	301
Outcast, The .....	<i>Henry Herbert Knibbs</i>	122
Owls, The .....	<i>Helen Granville-Barker</i>	74
Oxen .....	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i>	181
Ox, The.....	<i>Giosu� Carducci</i>	181
Panther, The .....	<i>Edwin Markham</i>	222
Partridges .....	<i>Alonzo Teall Worden</i>	69
Pearl Seventy-Eight .....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	281
Pensioners .....	<i>W. M. Letts</i>	46
Pets' Christmas Carol, The.....	<i>Winifred Sackville Stoner</i>	362
Pitiful .....	<i>John Galsworthy</i>	8
Poem for Prue, A .....	<i>Norman Gale</i>	312
Polo Ponies .....	<i>Eleanor Baldwin</i>	99
Pup, The .....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i>	116
Pussy's Plea .....	<i>Henry Coyle</i>	133
Puzzled Game-Birds, The .....	<i>Thomas Hardy</i>	316
Quails, The .....	<i>Francis Brett Young</i>	308
Question, A .....	<i>Fairmont Snyder</i>	361
Questions .....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	14
Rape of the Nest, The .....	<i>Francis Adams</i>	56
Remorse on Killing a Squirrel in a Garden ....	<i>William Ray</i>	155
Road to Vagabondia, The .....	<i>Dana Burnet</i>	103
Sandpiper, The .....	<i>Celia Thaxter</i>	74
Sea-Gulls of Manhattan .....	<i>Henry van Dyke</i>	81
Sea-Mew, The .....	<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	82
Seed, The .....	<i>Mary Fenollosa</i>	384
Seeing Eye, The .....	<i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	11
Sermons in Trees .....	<i>Florence Wilkinson</i>	27
Sheep .....	<i>William H. Davies</i>	175
Sheridan's Ride .....	<i>Thomas Buchanan Read</i>	246
"Shoe the horse and shoe the mare".....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	359
"Sing On, Blithe Bird".....	<i>William Motherwell</i>	50
Sir Bat-Ears .....	<i>Helen Parry Eden</i>	263
Sky-Lark Caged, The .....	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	341

# INDEX OF TITLES

417

Snake .....	<i>D. H. Lawrence</i>	145
Snare, The .....	<i>James Stephens</i>	322
Snow-Bird, The .....	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i>	378
Song of Solomon, A .....	<i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	4
Song Sparrow, The .....	<i>Henry van Dyke</i>	62
Spirit of Nature, The.....	<i>Richard Realf</i>	18
Stock in the Tie-Up, The.....	<i>Holman F. Day</i>	168
Stupidity Street .....	<i>Ralph Hodgson</i>	43
Tapestry Trees .....	<i>William Morris</i>	35
Tewkesbury Road .....	<i>John Masefield</i>	3
“There came to my window” .....	<i>Nursery Rhyme</i>	360
“Thou Little God Within the Brook”.....	<i>Philip Henry Savage</i>	205
Three Things to Remember .....	<i>William Blake</i>	363
Thrushes .....	<i>Karle Wilson Baker</i>	58
Thrushes .....	<i>Evelyn Underhill</i>	58
Tigers .....	<i>Louise Morgan Sill</i>	353
Tiger, The .....	<i>William Blake</i>	221
Tit for Tat.....	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	374
Titmouse .....	<i>Walter de la Mare</i>	67
Titmouse, The .....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	64
To a Buffalo Skull .....	<i>Robert V. Carr</i>	216
To a Caged Lion .....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	332
To a Captive Crane .....	<i>Hamlin Garland</i>	337
To a Cat .....	<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i>	130
Toad, The .....	<i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	150
To a Field Mouse.....	<i>Robert Burns</i>	153
To a Lady in Her Furs .....	<i>J. B. Carrington</i>	297
To a Linnet in a Cage .....	<i>Francis Ledwidge</i>	340
To a Rattlesnake .....	<i>Robert V. Carr</i>	217
To a Tree-Frog.....	<i>Amélie Rives</i>	149
To a Waterfowl.....	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	76
To a Wild Goose Over Decoys .....	<i>Lew Sarett</i>	316
To a Wood-Rat .....	<i>James Leo Duff</i>	155
To My Cat .....	<i>John G. Neihardt</i>	129
To My Cat .....	<i>C. Rosamund Marriott Watson</i>	129
Toomai of the Elephants .....	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	222
To Sigurd .....	<i>Katharine Lee Bates</i>	390
To Some Philadelphia Sparrows .....	<i>Jeannette Marks</i>	61
To the Dogs of the Great St. Bernard	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	395
To the Fallen Gum-Tree on Mt. Baw-Baw	<i>Douglas W. Sladen</i>	37
Tree Feelings .....	<i>Charlotte Perkins Gilman</i>	31
Trees .....	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	28
Trees .....	<i>Angela Morgan</i>	34
Tree's Way, The .....	<i>George Cronyn</i>	33
Tulip Garden, A .....	<i>Amy Lowell</i>	7

Turkish Trench Dog, The .....	<i>Geoffrey Dearmer</i>	232
Wagtail and Baby .....	<i>Thomas Hardy</i>	73
Walter von der Vogelweid. . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	291
War-Horse Buyers, The .....	<i>Arthur Chapman</i>	234
Wasted Morning, A .....	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	29
We Meet at Morn .....	<i>Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley</i>	111
Widowed Eagle, The .....	<i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	319
Wild Duck's Nest, The .....	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	72
Wild Geese .....	<i>Frederick Peterson</i>	78
"Windsor Forest," From .....	<i>Alexander Pope</i>	317
Wistful Waif, The .....	<i>Fairmont Snyder</i>	362
Woodmouse, The .....	<i>Mary Howitt</i>	152
Wounded .....	<i>Florence Wilkinson</i>	315
Wounded Gull, The .....	<i>Edmund Gosse</i>	79
Wounded Hare, The .....	<i>Robert Burns</i>	320
Wounds .....	<i>Arthur C. Benson</i>	317
Yellow Dog, The .....	<i>Edgar A. Guest</i>	117
Yoke of Steers, A .....	<i>DuBose Heyward</i>	182

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

### A

A baby watched a ford, whereto .....	73
A barking sound the shepherd hears .....	265
A bluebird in an apple-tree .....	60
About the water hole, half dried .....	164
A boy and his dog make a glorious pair .....	118
A coyote came one night to the sea .....	214
Across the narrow beach we flit .....	74
A farmhouse lingers, though averse to square .....	17
A heave of mighty shoulders to the yoke .....	182
Ah, how sublime .....	35
A homeless little kitten .....	370
A little bird sits in our cottonwood tree .....	380
A little colt—broncho, loaned to the farm .....	211
A little mongrel dog—he couldn't boast .....	393
All through the night .....	308
All through the sultry hours of June .....	57
Along a grim and granite shore .....	79
Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome .....	85
A man went a-hunting at Reigate .....	359
A Robin Redbreast in a cage .....	363
A snake came to my water-trough .....	145
As 'round and 'round he spins the wheel .....	347
A sweet, deep sense of mystery filled the wood .....	307
At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town .....	259
At eight o'clock in the evening .....	351
At sight of him the birds berate .....	323

### B

Backward among the dusky years .....	22
Beat, little breast, against the wires .....	341
Behind the board fence at the banker's house .....	215
Below my window goes the cattle train .....	174
Birds all the sunny day .....	378
Bound, Hare, bound! .....	312
Brave dogs of St. Bernard, companions dear .....	395
Braves! that go out with your guides and gold and the polished tube of steel .....	324
Burly, dozing humble-bee .....	189

## C

Children of the elemental mother .....	81
"Colleen, under the thorn-tree .....	173
<i>Columba, O Columba, come again</i> .....	70
Come hither, sweet Robin .....	359
Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling! .....	94
Confuse me not with impious things .....	193
Coward,—of heroic size .....	214
Crash and off and away together .....	326

## D

Deed you evra see Joy .....	109
Don't hunt him with a sling or gun .....	314
"Don't pick all the flowers!" cried Daisy one day .....	381
Down in the city's market-place .....	194
Do you know the little woodmouse .....	152

## E

Edward found a homeless dog .....	362
Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds .....	331

## F

Farmlands about the marsh are dreary .....	7
'F I was er horse I'd hate t' wear .....	370
For a Little Brown Dog, who "sees" me down .....	107
From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn .....	251

## G

Gamarra is a dainty steed .....	92
God thought it worth His while to make a bird— .....	299
Go lift him gently from the wheels .....	230
Guarded within the old red wall's embrace .....	7

## H

Half loving-kindliness and half disdain .....	129
Hark! do you hear that note, sustained and clear? .....	60
Has Pegasus, then, visited the earth .....	99
Have you been catching of fish, Tom Noddy? .....	374
Hear the chorus in that tie-up, runch, gerrunch, and runch and runch! .....	165
He broods upon the highest perch .....	336
He clasps the crag with hookèd hands .....	84

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES 421

He is nothing but a blue-tit .....	375
<i>Here's a health to the birds one and all!</i> .....	48
Here's a meadow full of sunshine .....	56
Here's a sleepy little seed .....	384
Her lyric laughter ripples down the street .....	16
He sleeps where he would wish, in easy call .....	396
He tore the curtains yesterday .....	116
He was a gash and faithfu' tyke .....	113
He was lost!—not a shade of doubt of that .....	120
He wasn't rich; he wasn't great .....	18
He was sitting on the doorstep as I went strolling by .....	103
He was such a little puppy, in a window of a shop .....	115
High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath .....	281
His dam lay, powerless now to help .....	334
His stature tall, his body long .....	113
His summer fled, but winter's chill .....	53
Ho, brother! Art thou prisoned too? .....	337
How joyously the young sea-mew .....	82
How oft against the sunset sky or moon .....	78
How silent comes the water round that bend .....	204

### I

I am quite sure he thinks that I am God .....	105
I am the mule, from ears which catch the gale .....	138
I cannot brook thy gaze, belovèd bird .....	343
I dreamed that I was Francis of Assisi .....	301
If ever I see .....	376
If I lie quite still in their net .....	193
If you would happy company win .....	67
I go a-gunning, but take no gun .....	311
I had a little Doggy that used to sit and beg .....	361
I had a little pony .....	358
I have no dog, but it must be .....	106
I have shut up my soul with vehemence .....	4
I hear a sudden cry of pain! .....	322
I know a little bird that sings .....	52
I know, where Hampshire fronts the Wight .....	267
I like little Pussy .....	369
I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling .....	181
I met my mates in the morning (and oh, but I am old!)....	203
I'm workin' this week in the wood-lot; a hearty old job, you can bet .....	168
In a cool curving world he lies .....	205
In a pasture toward the sun, O my brothers .....	177
In dreams I see the Dromedary still .....	333
In early spring I watched two sparrows build .....	56

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art .....	320
Innocent eyes not ours .....	187
In the glow of their youth they have come, and they pass ...	229
I remember the cleared streets, the strange suspense .....	95
I saw eight royal tigers in a ring .....	353
I saw with open eyes .....	43
I saw you hunched and shivering on the stones .....	225
I should not take either the biggest or the most picturesque tree to illustrate it .....	39
I sing of a dog, the dearest dog .....	112
I sit among the hoary trees .....	148
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he .....	256
Is there not something in the pleading eye .....	14
I think that I shall never see .....	28
I think the thrush's voice is more like God's .....	58
It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where .....	3
It's a jolly sort of season, is the spring—is the spring .....	171
It's in Connacht in Munster that yourself might travel wide	162
It tried to get from out the cage .....	338
It was a little yellow dog, a wistful thing to see .....	117
It was born behind bars, but it knew it had wings .....	338
It was the rosy flush of dawn .....	383
It was the season, when through all the land .....	273
I've enjoyed the chase to-day .....	307
I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree .....	50
I wasted a morning! .....	29
I watch you basking sleepy in the light .....	129
I will remember what I was, I am sick of rope and chain—	222
I wonder if they like it—being trees? .....	31
I would the scene might flash before your eye .....	298

## J

Just four hundred years ago .....	288
-----------------------------------	-----

## K

King Solomon, as I have heard .....	255
King Solomon was the wisest man .....	4

## L

Let her creep to earth again, my children .....	315
Let us be much with Nature; not as they .....	10
Like two cathedral towers these stately pines .....	37



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES 423

Little children, never give .....	363
Little dog of amusement zoo .....	353
Little enchanted leaf .....	149
Little Gustava sits in the sun .....	365
Little Lamb, who made thee? .....	371
Long and grey and gaunt he lies .....	114
Look at this ball of intractable fluff .....	55
Lowly the soul that waits .....	389

## M

Mary had a little lamb .....	360
Men say unfriendly words of you, poor birds! .....	61
My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by .....	89
My Daddy is the truest friend .....	372
My dog and I, the hills we know .....	108
My merry-hearted comrade on a day .....	393
My Pensioners who daily .....	46

## N

Near this spot .....	397
Night held me as I crawled and scrambled near .....	232
No matter; we are only mules .....	250
Not one blithe leap of welcome? .....	390
Now is the winter of my discontent .....	133
Now, Tudens, you sit on <i>this</i> knee—and 'scuse .....	282

## O

<i>Oak</i> . I am the Roof-tree and the Keel .....	35
O birds, your perfect virtues bring .....	47
Och, it pulls at me heart to see you afflicted .....	155
O Earth! thou hast not any wind that blows .....	18
Of all beasts he learned the language .....	364
Of all old memories that cluster round my heart .....	161
Of all the birds from East to West .....	51
Old fellow-loiterer, whither wouldst thou go? .....	150
O lonely trumpeter, coasting down the sky .....	316
Once, morn by morn, when snowy mountains flam'd .....	217
Once on a time I used to dream .....	14
Once the Emperor Charles of Spain .....	286
Once they ploughed the fruitful field .....	235
On Christmas night at Bethlehem .....	139
One day a statistician great .....	133
Only a dying horse! Pull off the gear .....	237
On the bluff of the Little Big-Horn .....	248

424 *INDEX OF FIRST LINES*

On the cross-beams, under the Old South bell .....	71
On the sable wall your great skull gleams .....	216
Our Dinah is a Persian cat .....	368
Out from the aerie beloved we flew .....	319
Out near the links where I go to play .....	68
Over my garden .....	191
Over the hills with terror-cry .....	318

P

Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance .....	332
--	-----

R

Rash was the hand, and foul the deed .....	155
Riding through Ruwu swamp, about sunrise .....	194

S

Say what you like .....	366
She leaves the puddle where she drinks .....	161
Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare .....	359
Sir Bat-Ears was a dog of birth .....	263
Small things and humble greatest lessons hold .....	11
Soft lies the turf on those who find their rest .....	396
So <i>must</i> he be who, in the crowded street .....	105
Speak gently, Spring, and made no sudden sound .....	295
Stately, kindly, lordly friend .....	130
Still half in dream, upon the stair I hear .....	111
Strange that so small mortality should leave .....	394

T

Taffy, the topaz-coloured cat .....	127
Take any brid, and put it in a cage .....	337
The Boy wears a grin .....	119
The chickadee in the apple-tree .....	63
The day was set to a beautiful theme .....	192
"The dog!" a friend exclaimed; and hearing there .....	121
The friendly cow all red and white .....	371
The furs you wear are rich and rare .....	297
The gardener's cat's called Mignonette .....	127
The high trees are honest folk .....	33
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-King .....	72
Their rugs are sodden, their heads are down, their tails are turned to the storm .....	240
The little tree I planted out .....	33

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES 425

The Lord Almighty chose to give .....	157
The man who goes into the fight .....	238
The moon shears up on Tahoe now .....	222
The nestling church at Ovingdean .....	187
The nightingales of Flanders .....	252
Then the little Hiawatha .....	364
The poor earth was so winter-marred .....	59
The purple of early November .....	27
There came to my window .....	360
There is a bird I know so well .....	62
There is a public garden in Bordeaux .....	137
There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree .....	377
These are your brothers; listening you have heard .....	15
The skies yielded up their bounty unto the earth .....	19
The sky is gray with rain that will not fall .....	331
The spearmen heard the bugle sound .....	269
The trees are God's great alphabet .....	30
The white wolves belled on the ermine's trail .....	295
The wind blows east, the wind blows storm .....	188
The wounded bird sped on with shattered wing .....	317
They are not those who used to feed us .....	316
They killed a child to please the Gods .....	223
Thistle and darnel and dock grew there .....	140
Though fear'd by many, scorn'd by all .....	197
Thou little god within the brook .....	205
Three little feathery owls flew overhead .....	74
Through Tanglewood the thrushes trip .....	58
Through the green twilight of a hedge .....	54
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright .....	221
Time was, and not so long ago, as men count time .....	233
'Tis midnight in the forest cold and bleak .....	297
To-day hell chuckled at another lie .....	104
To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees ...	27
To heal mine aching moods .....	32
Trees are astronomers, benign and hoary .....	34
'Twas the last fight at Fredericksburg— .....	242
"Tweet-tweet-tweet!" sang the canary .....	362
Twenty of us ridin' bronks, headed for the war .....	234
'Twould ring the bells of Heaven .....	13

### U

Under the alders, along the brooks .....	69
Up from the South, at break of day .....	246
Up in the north if thou sail with me .....	321
Upon a viol of carven jade .....	196

## V

Vogelweid the Minnesinger ..... 291

## W

Want to trade me, do you, mistah? ..... 97  
 We are the pets of men ..... 95  
 Weary, they plod the ploughlands of the World ..... 181  
 Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie ..... 153  
*What does the bird-seller know of the heart of a bird?* .... 335  
 What great yoked brutes with briskets low ..... 183  
 What was our share in the sinning ..... 236  
 What wonder strikes the curious, while he views ..... 196  
 When all the ground with snow is white ..... 378  
 When fishes flew and forests walked ..... 137  
 When God made man to live his hour ..... 8  
 When I sailed out of Baltimore ..... 176  
 When I was a child I used to roam ..... 357  
 When I was once in Baltimore ..... 175  
 When Spring is in the fields that stained your wing ..... 340  
 When walkin' down a city street ..... 212  
 When you go to get a drink ..... 361  
 Where shaken shallows multiply the moon ..... 84  
 Whither, midst falling dew ..... 76  
 Why, ye tenants of the lake ..... 77  
 Winter is here ..... 11  
 Within mankind's duration, so they say ..... 43  
 With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves ..... 317  
 With thrill of birds adown the dawn there came ..... 122  
 Worn-out and useless, lone, he stands and dreams ..... 89

## Y

Yes, you lie there in state unearthly-solemn ..... 37  
 You call them "beasts that perish," and you say ..... 13  
 You shall not be overbold ..... 64  
 You try your best to slip away ..... 217













LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 426 595 4 ●