

PEN LYRICS



F. STRANGE KOLLE



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Pen Lyrics

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PEN LYRICS

BY

F. STRANGE KOLLE



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“Nulla Dies Sine Linea.”

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WHEN NEW YORK SLEEPS.

Ten thousand smouldering fires lie low,
Playing with shadows gaunt and great,
Borne from the depths of an ember glow—
The spirits of their burnt-out fate,
When New York sleeps.

A million men with hardened hands
Rest from the dead day's weary toil,
To reap the peace that night commands,
Away from labor-life's turmoil,
When New York sleeps.

The clang, the din, the song of wheels,
The clamor of its peopled streets,
Fades dim, with trembling hollow peals
Of timing bell, that day completes,
When New York sleeps.

* * * * *

But from the shadows of the night
Emerge the forms of quean souls,
In perfumed gown, dark-masked in bright,
To charm, to sting, the world's vain fools,
When New York sleeps.

In reeking den, the greedy host
Controls the minds of bibing men
That once of wealth, of name, could boast,
And all the world so rosy then—
When New York sleeps.

And mothers pray, in deep distress,
Beside a dreaming child,
Unconscious of the sad caress
Of a heart with anguish wild,
When New York sleeps.

But in the heav'ns light-flooded height
A Judge Supreme rules still,
That guides the fleeing spirit's flight
With right's unerring will,
When New York sleeps.

NEW YEAR'S SONG TO LABOR.

1899.

Men, can you sleep this moment through?

Hear! hear the gladsome news!

A droneful year is dead to you,

The new brings brighter views!

Let not the melancholy past

Bedumb your hardened ears;

Say not some other was the last,

The happiest of all years.

Cry not, your day is growing long,

Since work and home grew poor,

But hearken to the joyous song

That rings from dome to door.

E'en tho' each note throb your worn heart,

Calls forth hot tears of pain;

God, from the wretched ne'er will part,

And sends you joy again.

Past life is dead! 'Tis future now,
And those who sowed in sorrow
Take up, once more, hope's shattered plow,
To reap bright gains to-morrow.

ROY'S LETTER.

Dear Pote:

You ast me for a ortergraf,
Well, hear it is;
Hear also is me fortograf,
What beslonged onct to Liz.

Ime gone on six,
In the fifth primry grade,
And do all tricks
Whats ever played.

When you git sum time agen,
I will come, if you don't mind,
And lissen to you reedin' when
Ime not kept behind.

Say, reed about that Fairy song,
Cheese it, heers me teacher,
So I muss clos and say so long,
Your boy frend, Royal Beecher.

AWAKENING.

O soft, O low,
Across the silvery crest
Of winter's icy breast
Spring's nascent breezes blow,
So soft, so low!

O dear, O sweet,
Its spirit fingers press
Each bud's young verdant dress;
Thus all the earth to greet,
So dear, so sweet!

MY IDEAL DAY.

My day awakes, when gently rise
Thy dreamy lids to sifting skies;
When all the gloom that night has known
Fades fast, and leaves but day alone.

My sun arises in the wiles
That beam forth from thy merry smiles;
The sunshine warmth in them abounds,
Quick colors all that love surrounds.

Then twilight steals with whispered thrill
Upon me, and, reluctant still,
Lingers within thy silver tone
The gloaming's roseate tinted zone.

My night is born of ecstasy and bliss,
With thy caress and priceless loving kiss,
While unseen zephyrs lull my soul to sweet
Dreaming of Thee, to make my day complete.

ONE YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

O do you not remember, one year ago to-day,
We wandered thro' the sunny field, like children
gone to play;
How all the earth was calm and green, and song-
birds filled the air,
Whose music throbbed so sweetly—there never
seemed more fair.

How golden rods bowed lowly, laying gilt stars
at our feet,
And the wild-rose lent its pale, pink glow, to
make the charm complete;
How the hillside slope invited, both to linger and
sit down
Among the shrub of yellow wheat, that had lost
its tasseled crown.

And in the stony meadow, a red poppy showed
its head,
As if to shame the sun's rich glow, that warmed
its earthy bed;
And how the dark-hued oaks, that grew far down
the hill below
Threw wide their leafy shadow upon a brook's
cool flow.

How a robin darted to and fro, with plump and
 ruddy breast,
As if to call us to admire the birdling in her
 nest;
The little squirrel that chirped and gazed with
 peakéd little eyes,
Rushed to his lair and out again, to show his
 tame surprise.

And how the bluejay spied us and gave a startled
 cry,
As if we came to end his day and he indeed must
 die.
Perhaps he did not understand our lingering
 visit there,
Or did he vie the gilded-tinge, waved glory of
 your hair?

And then a cool breath from the hill, crept down
 into the vale,
Just soft enough to bend the flower—the velvet
 wild-rose pale.
We seemed to hear it whisper, like strains from
 God's spirit lute,
While our throbbing hearts took up the song,
 tho' our lips were closed and mute.

But when your eyes glanced into mine, I never
can forget,
I felt, altho' we did not speak, our souls in love
had met.
And then we went back to the world, with new-
born hearts and gay,
To sing the song forever that was taught us on
that day.

—*To L. E. K.*

HER GARDEN.

A thousand times I passed your garden by,
And lived ten thousand times the moment's life
 anew,
Although with night each floweret bade me sigh
 The whisper of the long unspoken love for
 you.

How often, O how often, could I fancy you
 alone,
 Among the multicolored beds below thee,
Whilst wildly bright or mellow pale God's orbs
 above them shone,
 To kiss the paths that soft and gentle know
 thee.

And though I never hear it, I know your whisper
 sings
 To every blossom, leaf and bud within the gar-
 den there;
And that in every happy mood your laughter
 o'er it rings,
 To make complete the paradise, the fairest of
 the fair.

Ah, then, my Sweet, do you recall the loitering
one,
Who humbly plucked the fairest flower within
its bower—
Unknowing dared, unknowing met thee and 'twas
done—
You loved me, as I ever have, but for one sin-
gle hour.

THE PLAYWRIGHT.

Perfumed mass of radiant faces,
Glittering throng of many races,
Crowding hurriedly to places
Barren of all saddened traces,
At the shrine of Thespia—
Eager eyes that scan the actor,
Leading man and foremost factor;
Willing hands that loud applaud,
Willing tongues that highly laud
Ev'ry change of scene;
Voices raised in one accord,
Crying praise high heavenward,
Crowning with laurel and with fame,
Owner of an actor's name—
Nobly so ordained,
Has, amidst this glad confusion,
Deftly colored illusion,
One faint whisper ever asked,
“In whose sunshine had they basked,
The playwright, or his name?”

TO "DOLLIE."

Sacred grave, how sad my fancy
That some day, alone I'll sleep
In a mossy mound, far from thee,
Where no rosebuds vigil keep.

HER VOICE.

Hast ever heard the nightingale
The wonders of the night invoke?
Hast ever heard in meadowed vale
The lark, when gray the dawn awoke?
Hast ever heard the violet sigh
Its fragrant, soft good-night,
Or, waking lily-bells near by
Ring forth day's sunny light?
Hast ever heard a brooklet splash
In th' moon's pale phosphorent glow,
Or, when a playful sunbeam flash
Entranced its gladdened flow?
Hast heard the breeze break on the reef
Of verdure, rich and new,
When, aspen-like, each, every leaf,
Greets God, the day and you?
Hast heard Aeolus rend the air
With mighty main and force—
Enwrapt, divined its awful blare
As part of God's discourse?
Hast ever dreamed, Mercurian lyre,
Called forth thy soul to sing?
Hast marked its sacred, thrilling fire,
Borne, as on God-like wing?
Then hast thou known of music choice,
For thou hast heard Her voice.

IN LOVELAND.

Where lies the Aiden vale ideal,
Its flowered bosom sweet;
Where rings the blue-bells joyous peal,
Immortal loves to meet.

Where lie its golden-bordered shore,
Where laps its turquoise sea;
Where play the zephyrs of Amor
In fragrant, flowering tree.

Where drifts the violet breath of night,
Where smiles the sun alway;
Where Luna pale, from zenith's height,
Calls forth the stars to play.

Where sing the birds with constant glee,
In morn's effulgent gleam;
Where lisps the rippling brooklet free,
Invites the soul to dream.

Where sleeps the silv'ry silent lake,
On reed and rush-grown strands,
Where gondols to harp-music wake—
Guided by unseen hands.

Where trembling breezes meet to kiss,
One to the other free,
Where life is day's eternal bliss—
There, would I be, with Thee.

I LOVE YOU SO.

When smile meets tenderly with smile,
When heart meets heart unveiled of guile,
And all the world is gay and glad,
My heart sighs, lonely, soft and sad
To whisper dear, that throb and sing;
That changeless thro' my life will ring,
"I love you so! I love you so!"

I?—'TIS I!

One day weary of the chatter
Of all busy worldly clatter,
 To the forest's silent shade
 I made my saddened way.
'Twas in glorious autumn weather
When the fallen leaves together,
 Covered Mother Earth and made
 A carpet rife with colors gay.

When the evening winds sighed lowly,
Through the tree-tops waning slowly,
 Night bereft of summer charms—
 Here I fain would rest;
Here would lie and sadly ponder,
Dream, and dreaming often wander
 From the world's wild harsh alarms—
 From worldly thought unblest.

Ah, what pleasure find I dreaming,
When the dying sunset's gleaming
 Through the branches just above me,
 Colored them in rosy light!
All around the zephyrs breathing,
Soft and lowly, soul enwreathing,
 Seeming in sweet intent to love me,
 Stirring longings into flight.

And while gathering gloam was creeping,
Thus I pondered, memories leaping
 Into being, of my dear one,
 Blessed in God's eternity.
Thus I dreamt, while time was flying,
Wishing that the day was nighing
 When my soul could pass the Drear One
 Into its fraternity.

Thinking what I would not utter,
Suddenly there came a flutter—
 Flutter as of dainty winging;
 Curious, then, I raised my eyes.
Pure as snow and gleaming whitely
Came a bird that settled lightly—
 Settled on a branch, and singing,
 Greeted me in wondrous wise.

Ah, thou creature, small and saintly,
Now thy song subsideth faintly,
 Hast thou lost thy wingéd brothers
 In their southern flight?
Have they all flown on without thee,
Left thee lone—I cannot doubt thee,
 To a fate such as another's,
 Biding in thy sight?

But in answer to my query
Flew the bird, and flew quite near me,
Flew undaunted to alight
Nearer and still nearer by.
What wouldst seek, thou little stranger?
Wouldst thou food, thou wingéd ranger,
To resume thy lonesome flight?
Then it whispered, "I—'tis I!"

Then perhaps some cruel prison
With cold wiréd wall arisen
As the duties of my being,
Held thee once some human nigh.
Is this why thou are so daring,
Coming nearer still, ne'er fearing
That I too may stay thy fleeing?
But it whispered "I—'tis I!"

Strange this bird, and stranger still
All its calm and whispered thrill.
Had I heard aright or dreamed it—
That it murmured, "I—'tis I!"
Suddenly my heart beat faster,
Vainly though I strove to master
All its violent trembling; seemed it
In a maddened maze to fly.

And the mind with heart in keeping
Roused as if from deeply sleeping—
 Full awoke and heard the whisper,
 Heard the bird sing, "I—'tis I!"
Then, thought I, perhaps God sent thee,
To my saddened heart hath lent thee
 Just to cheer me, heavenly lisper.
 Then it caroled, "I—'tis I!"

Ah, thou messenger from heaven,
Thou ethereal mystic leaven,
 From the realm of song and story,
 Whisper words of ecstasy;
Tell me in thy warblings purely,
For thou knowest, knowest surely,
 Does *she* live above in glory,
 Waiting, still awaiting me?

Silent then the creature fluttered,
Fluttered, while no sound I uttered,
 Nearer still until it vanished,
 Vanished as the morning dew;
And within my heart a burning
Reassured my soul returning,
 That had seemed a moment banished,
 As it lived a while and knew.

Then 'twas night, and high and glowing
Sailed the moon, her bright beams flowing.
Rising from a bed of mosses,
Back to friends with happy sigh,
Sped I then; but none shall know me
While within my heart I stow me,
Her whose words have raised my crosses
With her whispered, "I—'tis I!"

THE ROSE.

Soft, soft, she woos the kissing sun,
Breathes perfume on the day begun;
The night will steal her soul away—
She dies to love, just this one day.

TO MY PIPE.

Farewell, dear friend, of the sweet past,
Lie there aside, my sweetest tempter still,
And though we parted with one lingering draft,
Thou'lt ever stimulate my fancy's will.

The sight of thee will bring me back to days
That seemed a part of youth's gilt hopeful
dream,
When from thy bluish clouds my kingly castle
reared,
And throne and sceptre, rare with jeweled
gleam.

Then lived I midst the stars and sun and moon—
Aye, at the gate of the ethereal sky,
And felt and knew the language of it all,
And solved the secret cause of why men die.

I'd lived among the many songsters gay,
And sung with them at early gray lit morn,
Then laid my sobbing, melancholy self
Mid dying roseleaves some fair form had worn.

I've lived a god in gardens still unknown,
Where song and music trembled on each
breeze,
Have ridden upon the wild tempestuous gale
That stript the crimson from young autumn's
trees.

And now the flush and glitter of my dream is o'er,
As if thou were the priest of all my joy;
And yet I know thou'lt give it all again to me
Without a taint of all the world's alloy.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

They say there sails a ship at night
O'er the ocean's briny crest,
Now here, now there, like stealthy ghost
That cannot find its rest.

A shadowy mist surrounds her sides
And 'round her snow-white hull
The naiads of the watery deep
Chant strains of a requiem lull.

Her stately masts rear high in air
Above her sombre deck;
And never a mortal pilot guides
The helm of this spirit wreck.

And from her funnels not a cloud
Of smoke is ever seen;
And from her frowning guns no sound
Disturbs the spectral scene.

She steals upon the lookout watch
Of each unfriendly ship,
Like an ill-omen of the deep,
Across her bows to slip.

And then before she fades away
Like a vision of the night,
Six hundred flames illumine her hull,
And her watch in livid light.

They say that all those ghostly lights
Are spirit sailors' eyes,
Which watch intent and silent pray
For the colors that she flies.

Thus, on the wings of the spirit wind,
Some port she seeks in vain ;
She makes no sign, no call replies,
This phantom ship, the Maine.

SHIPMATES.

Shipmates long? Why Bill 'n' me
Has sailed on ev'ry rollin' sea
As touches land!
You'll understand
That hain't er bloomin' year or two;
It's years on years in many a crew
That Bill 'n' me, was shipmates!

Aye lad! m' hair is turnin' gray
'N' so's Bill's the same old way;
He's down below
Ez white ez snow
This many a day—I thought yo' knew,
But then yo' fellers all was due
Since Bill 'n' me, is shipmates!

We've weathered many a rippin' gale
'N' always turned up bright 'n' hale
To hum 'n' port
O' this sem sort,
Fer land were ne'er fit place fer us
With lubbers full o' trim 'n' fuss,
While Bill 'n' me, is shipmates!

Wrecked of'en? Wall it 'pears ter me
Jest once—an' when the Bonny Lee—
A gallant ship—
Give us th' slip,
'N' every boy, 'cept me 'n' Bill
Went down 'n' left us out th' spill;
But Bill 'n' me, was shipmates!

That's nigh some twenty years ago,
Right in the paw of a norther blow,
In a howlin' swell—
Bill stood me well,
A'holdin' me high, while I cudn't win
A hand-holt, till they tuck us in,
Fer Bill 'n' me, was shipmates.

I'll do th' sem by Bill some say,
Ef thing's 'n'd ever come that way;
But lose er win,
Me 'tin's his tin,
'N' pipe 'n' bunk is tallied one
Till the "old man" says our days is done,
Fer Bill 'n' me, is shipmates!

HOPE.

The sun has cast its last soft ray
Across the meadow and the woodland green,
Where you and I have whiled dear hours away,
'Mid Nature's silence charming every scene.

The oriole, the thrush, the robin red,
Have sung, anon, their last sweet mellow tones;
The murmur of the brook, that happy sped
Thro' yonder vale, dies to low longing moans.

But, thro' the silence of it all, one word,
One word re-echoes from the dale and slope;
'Tis neither song of happy brook nor bird;
'Tis God's sweet comfort, whisp'ring softly,
Hope!

CONSTANCY.

Command the stars to hide their light,
The sun to shine no more ;
And bid the clouds to cease their flight,
The sea to leave its shore,
The pale, pearl moon to dim its glow,
The night to drown the day,
And check a river's downward flow,
Tell brooks to stop their play ;
Say that the leaves retain their hue,
The flower become a weed ;
Demand the dead rose bloom anew
In snowbound, icy mead ;
Then, as all this shall granted be,
My love shall die for thee.

CONSOLATION.

What tho' life be one dreamy sleep,
Of meetings and of partings, falling o'er
My lowly heart, the silence bids me weep,
Lest speaking, I should see thee, love, no more.

What if my longing robs me of each smile,
That oft has pleased thee to a happy mood,
And left thy restless bosom free from guile,
As zephyrs calm the sunlit, stilly, wood?

What if my dearest wishes come to naught,
And all the world assume an empty air?
The true God will not steal away sweet thought
That brings thee back, as ever, young and fair.

And the heavenly orbs shall shine fore'er the
 same
For you and me, while mortal life shall last;
And music whisper, spirit-like, a name
That leads us back to scenes that long have
 passed.

VICTORY.

Aye, hush the thund'rous battle roar
And silence ev'ry gun;
Ensheathe the dripping saber blade,
Their bloody work is done!

Let vesper breezes from the shore,
Where smold'ring ruins lie,
Still, with each balmy gust, the pain,
The last, for them that die!

And let the tides of peaceful seas
Wash out the crimson stain,
Where human blood has dyed the wave
And leave it blue again!

Haul down the flaring bunting squares
That mark the battle cry,
And from the highest peak and spar
Old Glory float on high!

For kingdoms know and monarchs fear
Our emblem Liberty,
Resplendent with this holy sign,
God loves a people free!

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

One night, my son, long, long ago,
I knelt beside your bed,
And watched the fever come and go
That flushed your baby head.

There was not a friend to cheer me,
But the winds that sighed soft and low,
And it seemed they said, "We'll take thee
In the shroud of our nightly blow."

Ah, son, you'll never know the pain
That wrung my anguished heart,
Telling my earthly wish was vain,
And we indeed must part.

How oft I sobbing kissed you, child,
The while the hot tears fell,
Recalling the moments when last you smiled,
And Mama's boy was well.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Papa, dear, I'd like to know
When people die, where do they go?
I know you'll think me very bad
And that you'll feel so very sad
Because Mama has gone away
To where God's little angels pray.

But tell me, Papa dear, how far
Those lovely, shiny houses are ;
Of all the flowers that grow there,
Sweet music sounding everywhere ;
Of all the fairies glittering,
That flit about on gauzy wing.

Of the dolls that can say most anything,
Whenever you care to pull the string ;
Of the birds that sing a tuneful song,
All the day and the night long ;
And the great kind dogs that bark and play,
Won't bite or ever run away.

And how does the sun look up there, dear,
Because he must be very near.
And where do all the tear diamonds go
When the fairies weep just to see them flow.
Who sews all their gold-spangled dresses,
And curls up their silvery tresses?

Who puts on their wings so that they can fly,
All through the blue of the beautiful sky?
And where do the angels fly to all day,
So that I can't see them when I am at play?
I often try to wake from my sleep
Just to surprise them and get a sly peep.

THE RADICALIST.

Man has usurped the hearth of man
And robbed him of whate'er he can,
And sordid hovers more to ask
While human pity wears a mask,
To chill God's light in which we bask—
Yet I wear my hat as I will.

That one may live a thousand men must die,
'Tis theirs to bear and droop, not to reply,
While o'er the silent battle of it all
Wealth lets the ever-ready curtain fall—
'Tis hard to let its pageant pass,
But harder to be of its class—
So I wear my hat as I will.

We feel the day's knock on our door,
The devil-finger of the poor—
The gilded poor, that cry and die alone,
No soul responsive to the groan.
The Godless future theirs to meet
That cooling heart seals to complete,
While I wear my hat as I will.

THE PRODIGY.

I know some heavenly fairy
Has touched your sunny head,
And crowned you with the laurel
Of them, to music wed.

For all your thoughts and fancies
Are gifted with the song
Of Nature's sweetest language
That vibrates all day long.

And that the stars in heaven
And the sun that shines by day
Have whispered words in song to you
That would not pass away.

And with this mystic music,
So taught by day and night,
You make the dead heart glad again,
And lead us toward God's light!

To Little M. B. S.

TO NANSEN.

Hail thou attribute to science!
Hail, thou king of bold defiance!
Loud with song and hearty cheer
Let us greet thee, valiant peer;
Let us grasp thy noble hand,
Lead thee honored through our land;
Let us show the love we feel,
Love that none can well conceal.

Noble son of Norway old,
Bravest of the brave and bold,
Thou hast faced the piercing gales
Of the far North's icy vales.
Thou hast cheered the train's brave crew
With a heart most sterling true,
When faint hope and dire distress
Filled the ice-bound wilderness.

There are no words that would describe
The comforts thou hast self denied;
And when thy noble ship and all
Was hard wedged in an icy wall,
With naught in sight but certain death—
Death in the Polar, barren breath—
There still remained an homage dear
Within thy breast, oh noble peer!

There came a time when science called—
When progress ended, and ice-stalled
Thy good ship could no farther go;
Then didst thou call thy men below
And choose one man of her staunch crew
To face still greater odds with you.

Too well we know that stout hearts bled,
And eyes were full of tears unshed.
With sled and dogs o'er crusted snow,
You led the journey of which we know—
Undaunted and o'er hopeful still,
With ardent soul and iron will
Didst grope thy perilous way along
Through the sleet wind's uncanny song.

And thus didst struggle to obtain
A foothold on the Polar main;
And thus didst crown for Norway's fame
A latitude that bears the name.
Of thee, illustrious Arctic King!
And after fearful trial didst bring
In person safe and all thy well met crew,
The gladsome of ways discovered new.

THE GRAVE OF CAESAR.

O, Rome! thou crumbled chaos of the earth,
Where lie the purpled cloak of chiefs
We ne'er have seen? Where thy splendor's
girth,
And Cæsar's crowned with gemméd laurel leaves?

Where, in this desert, once the poets sang
In silver flow of Virgil and the rest,
And tenderly from many fair throats rang
Thy praise, from Tiber's vale to Sabine crest?

Where all the marbled archives of thy fame,
Bearing fresh fissures of the name
Of Pompey and Agrippa's strength
That led your eagles o'er Europa's length?

Where all thy temples and the tombs
Of the World's nucleus? Where the catacombs
Of loyal heroes that have bled
For thy past glory, now so lowly dead?

Where the sepulchre of Julius, great,
His godlike sacred dust and grave;
The songs, the cithern of his kingly state,
That conquered lords and freed the slave?

Has Brutus, with one trait'rous thrust,
Given them up to die and rust
As blood-stained dirk, and leave but poppy bed
To mark the spot where noble Cæsar bled?

O, cruel fate! that such must die—
Life-long supreme—to rot and lie
In mound so poor, so piteously made
Bemourned by flow'rs that weep a moment and
must fade.

Has time and war obliterated all?
That, mighty Cæsar thou shouldst fall
So unbewailed—so unknown deep
Without an urn to designate thy place of sleep?

Pax tecum! Cæsar—kingly sire!
I kiss the flow'rs that fain would mark
Thy shifting tomb; there is in them at least the
fire
Of bleeding pity—and then embark
For kinder home, than thy ungrateful Rome!

SOUTH LAKE.

High in the piny hill
Thy sleeping waters lie,
Waiting for ages still
To live and die.

Naught but the aging tree
Knows of thy past,
Bending on tottering knee,
Sighing its last.

Ages thus had thou slept
From year to year ;
No brook nor rivulet
Meets thee to cheer.

Naught but a changing sky
Has touched thy face,
Heard every mourning sigh—
Sighed with sweet grace.

Naught but the fiery sun
Has kissed thy tears ;
With each day begun
Calmed all thy fears.

Oft have thy waters pined
For other lands,
But could no outlet find—
Chained are thy hands.

Far, far below, the sound
Of bleating herds
Tells of some other mound
The vale engirds.

Erewhile a visitor
In summer came
To glide thy waters o'er
And praise thy name.

With rod and reel they come,
Laughing and gay,
Going when day is done,
Singing the way.

Then Winter's icy gales
Freezes o'er thy main,
Grasping thee unawares,
Struggling in vain.

Mutely thy piney friends
 Bending quite low,
Take on the change it lends—
 Their mantles of snow.

Then all the song and thrill
 Sudden abate.
All lies serenely still
 Spring to await.

Barred are the paths that lead
 To thy chilled shore ;
Barred from the world indeed
 All Winter o'er.

* * * * * *

Ages thus hast thou slept,
 Ages wilt sleep ;
Thousands of tears hast wept,
 Yet more wilt thou weep.

Till God's almighty hand
 Will shatter thy bed,
And rushing down o'er the land
 Some ocean thou'lt wed.

*Written on a visit to South Lake in the Catskill
 Mountains, August, 1897.*

THE DELAWARE FROM BARRYVILLE
BLUFF.

Far, far below this aged precipice,
An elemental rock of granite gray,
Whose very brink a hundred red oaks kiss
With deep-dyed leaves that beat and throb and
 play,
A dashing stream runs by thy island breast,
With note of joy and ceaseless murmuring,
Borne on each merry ripple's snowy crest,
The music of its woodbound peace to bring;
And then, beyond thy shadow, solitude
Sweeps on and on, along its rugged way
Thwart runlet, dell and glade, through mead
 and wood,
To let thee dream forever and a day!

GOOD-NIGHT.

O, soft, the gloam comes creeping,
Has wooed bright day to sleeping,
At night, at night, at night.
The dusk calls forth the starlight
To gem the robe of dark night;
Good-night, sweet love, good-night!

The maiden-moon is peeping,
At Flora's fairies weeping;
At night, at night, at night.
She lists my sighs unwilling,
And threats the heart with chilling;
Good-night, sweet love, good-night!

But thro' her mellow gleaming
My soul, of thee, is dreaming
At night, at night, at night.
Until the sunbeams call me,
The smiles that haste before thee;
Good-night, sweet love, good-night!

BEAVER BROOK.

Play on, play on, sweet babbling brook,
I love thy song and shady nook—
The silver bars that dart and gleam
From every break in thy restless stream,
That rushes by with happy strain
To join the waters of the plain;
Or, by the art of man must turn
The mill-wheel, with a maddened churn,
And laughingly rush on, as free—
A tumbling, foamy, bubbling sea;
That meets again in calmer mood
Thy softer self, down by yon wood,
Where sighing songs of pines would still
The beating rush of every thrill,
And shed a soft glow of green light
Over the pathway of thy flight.

SHOHOLA MILL.

Here, in the shade of verdant hills
Thy timeworn frame still stands,
A cenotaph of iron-wills
And sturdy, work-worn hands.

Thy oaken beams, like sentinels
Guard o'er storm-riven sides;
Each rough-hewn edge a story tells,
That speaks, and speaking hides.

Around thy stony, lower walls
The tireless brook still runs,
Dashed to a hundred glittering falls,
Lit by a thousand suns.

And thro' each crevice of decay
A tiny rill runs free,
That sings the same song all the day
And fills the heart with glee.

The great mill-wheel, alone, lies still;
Its labor-life is o'er,
And cool, damp moss its hollows fill—
It never will turn more.

O ancient frame, would thou couldst tell
The story of thy past
And how thy miller-master fell;
What said he at the last?

What faithful wife knelt by his side
To watch him fade and die,
As thro' the casement, open wide,
He gazed with dimming eye?

Was there a daughter gently fair,
The rosebud of the land?
Had she a lover, debonair
Who sued long for her hand?

And are these crumbled graves beyond,
Thy fields, once rich in grain?
Doth not a tearful heart respond,
No mourner more remain?

VESUVIUS.

Son of Soma, undelighting
 Fiend insatiate of the earth!
Hast forgotten all past blighting
 Of thy murderous, hellish mirth?
Hast forgotten thou wert sleeping,
Held a while in Morpheus' keeping?
Forth again wouldst thou be leaping,
Start anew unending weeping
 Of a peaceful world?

Wouldst thou threaten the few mortals,
 That have builded on thy sides?
Wouldst thou ope thy fiery portals,
 Where each verdured vale abides?
Wouldst awake with trembling laughter,
 Hissing loud and leering low
At the souls, thou dread engrafter,
 Helplessly within the throe
 Of thy prowess hurled?

Wilt thou ope thy ponderous jaw,
Yell defiance at the prayer
Of those stricken in their awe—
Lowly bending everywhere?
Dost not see the father's anguish,
Oft returning to his little cot,
Where a mother strives to vanquish
Gathering fears that fain would blot
All maternal hopes?

Canst thou hear the childish whisper,
As with dimpled hands there kneels
Innocent and untaught lisper,
Seeking God with soft appeals,
That thou stay thy loathsome craving—
Craving to eject the molten sea,
Sea of sulph'rous mass now churning,
Churning with an inner glee,
Shaking all thy slopes.

Canst agree with beauteous Nature,
In its calm and fruitful green?
Dost begrudge it, since thy crater
Naught but smiles from heaven hath seen?
Canst thou feel the sea's soft lapping,
Cooling o'er thy heated side?
Dost not feel perfume enwrapping
Breezes that from far and wide
Bear a precious freight?

Builded strong with sturdy staples,
 Flickering now with many a light,
To the North lies dreamy Naples,
 Splendid, radiant, massive, bright.
Canst thou see, thou demon rasping,
 That for every light a soul
Thrives and lives, within thy grasping,
 Prays thee humbly to control
 Thy maw insatiate?

Then list—O, list! and though thy roar
 Might o’erdrown the voice of all,
Menace in thy rage no more,
 Lift thy threatening pall.
Let all noble deeds suffice
 To calm thy turbulent desire.
Retract thy flaming tongue of vice,
 That lava-licks in running fire
 Thy convulsive, craggy side.

And if thyself canst not control,
 Thy hellish contents must unfold,
No pity hast for life nor soul,
 Then empty from thy caldron hold
The congruous mass of fire and flame
 Into yon open, smiling sea!
And if this may not—cannot be,
 Then let it aye in sleep abide!

November Fifteenth, 1897.

WHAT OF THE DAY, DEAR LORD?

What of the day, dear Lord,
When the sun's last crimson rays
Fade in the heaven's western ways,
And gently kiss with roseate hue,
Each flower and leaf a sad adieu—
What of the day?

What of the day, dear Lord,
When gloam enchants the very air,
Soft woos the light of Vesper fair,
And dew descends to calm earth o'er
With diamonds, sparkling more and more—
What of the day?

What of the day, dear Lord,
When toil is o'er and men at rest,
Lost in a sleep with soothed breast,
Regardless of what wakes and waits
The opening of the morrow's gates—
What of the day?

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

The sun has kindled all ambition's fire
 Within youth's house of mortal flesh and
 time;
A future life, the all of man's desire—
 If toil were play and labor deeds sublime.

Then sudden shoots a lance from out of space,
 A spirit demon of a darkened air;
The mansion falls and life's bright hopeful race
 Is ended with a shriek of wild despair.

The soul's amazed to gather in its new born
 folds,
 To hurry from the cooling mass of clay,
And flee from all the memories it holds,
 To live unhoused until the judgment day.

COME WALK WITH ME.

I said to my spirit, "Come walk with me,
Out on the beach of the moonlit sea,
Where Naiads murmur soft and low
To music of its restless flow.

"Come out into the stilly night,
Interpret me, yon stellar light,
So far, so beautiful and fair,
A jewel in the sky's dusk hair.

"Come let us walk out side by side
And hearken to the billows ride
Down to the sands, and quick retreat,
Leaving their salt-spray at our feet.

"Come, walk with me, my heart is sad,
The passing day's brought nothing glad
To comfort me, and a gloomy strain
Disturbs the peace of my restless brain."

But my spirit whispered to refuse;
"Have patience," was its apt excuse;
"To-night wouldst dream awake, too deep,
I'll dream *with* thee, but thou must sleep."

THE SONG OF THE CHRISTIANS.

Let grief nor care obstruct thy path
Nor mar thy faith in Me;
No sinner shall escape the wrath
Of the blessed Trinity.

When earthly wrongs shall bleed thy heart
And crush thy righteous speech,
Then look to Him and so depart
To Immortal blessed peace.

Around the throne of God alone,
Christ waits for you and me;
Above in God's celestial home,
Our souls shall live with Thee.

“Be faithful unto death,” said He,
“And I shall give thee light;
Oh, bear thy cross with constancy
Through the darkness of your night.”

SUMMA OSCULUM.

With existence begun and nearing
Completion,—its days endearing,
One lingering, loving kiss,
Has colored life with bliss.

Then God's death-angels slowly,
From ethereal space and holy,
Bear from its shell terrene,
The soul, with kiss unseen.

MAGNUS DEUS.

Great God, who swingst Thy lights afar,
Within the streets of nightly heaven
What mean these symbols in the sky,
The evening breeze, the screeching storm,
The fiery sun, the twilight's tinge,
The flash of light from Thine angered eye—
Whom dost address in thund'rous roar,
Whom gladden with the sun?
Where shall we look for Thee, O God Supreme,
How shall we look for Thee, O King Divine?
Where shall my weary heart and soul
Meet Thee, O Master-Father mine?

THE DAY OMNIPOTENT.

Out of the vast expanse of heaven's ceaseless
light,
Comes forth a silent hand to earth below;
Sweeps o'er the mountain's highest pinioned
height
And lurid tints each silver cap of snow.

And sturdy oaks that never swerved aside,
Bend low in awe each raking, leafy peak,
As 'twere to lend a waiting, agéd ear full wide,
And list a mighty, supreme sovereign speak.

And down the chasms of earth's solemn, stony
reefs,
A voice resounds, a mystic, wordless song divine,
That awes and stills each breathing thing's last
needs,
With those long dead, to whisper and combine.

And all is flooded crimson! All is free!
The cry of Nature hushed into one dying prayer,
One grand Amen—Earth's latest hopeful plea
To live anew, a nucleus, far fairer than 'twas
fair.

Softly, slowly creeps God's arm around this
breast
Whereon sweet Nature suck'st a gracious, nurs-
ing teat;
And cooling, dying, sinks into eternal rest;
A jewel of what was, a star for other stars to
greet.

MYSTIC DEATH.

Angel of Darkness, where rests thy throne,
Where the portals of thy covert lone?
Thou awful paradox of human kind,
Treading a spirit thin, ethereal wind;
Softly on all-seasoned wing,
Never with a timely ring,
Always floating and hovering near,
Clad in your armor, unborn to fear,
Floating o'er palace and humble home,
Now ceasing, now soothing life's ending moan,
Stealing so silently our loves away,
Just for the promise of a brighter day—
Just for the hope of eternal bliss,
Renewal of love's immortal kiss.
Where live our souls in the mystic gloam,
O Angel of Death, where lies thy home?

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Take up the black man's burden,
Nor wait for other years
To rend the cloud of darkness
And dry a wretch's tears.
The earth is but a single bed
Wherein all men must lie;
The yeoman or the monarch's state
Is lost to them that die.

Take up the black man's burden,
'Tis but a Christian's deed
To nurse the lightless flower,
Of which God sowed the seed.
The chance of birth is not a crime—
Who has the right of choice?
The power that gave us human shape
Bids all alike rejoice.

Take up the black man's burden,
Nor think to teach with shot and shell
The laws he fails to fathom—
'Tis but a roaring way to hell.
Far better let him see the light,
The moral of what was and is,
In truth, in justice, strong but kind,
And let God's right of life be his.

WHEN LAST OF ALL.

When last of all, an echo of a Supreme voice
Shall mark omnipotent the latter day,
And in its mighty glory melt away,
The last dust atom of this world so choice—
Where then the place, amidst the vortex whirl
of souls set free,
Into that mystic space to mortal man un-
known,
The all of him, who plucked love's flower his
own,
When sister gardened roses cried "Nay, look
and flee!"
Shall Master, Judge austere then cast him down
Into a hell of taloned monsters, whose insatiate
greed
Make them eternal vultures of satanic power,
That knows not pity, heeds not plea nor frown?
Or shall the God who gave that once sweet
hour,
In sympathy forgive and let such lover-
souls be freed?

WHEN I LOAF.

When the Autumn fields lie in repose,
The last crop stored away,
And the loft perfumed as with the rose,
With the season's gathered hay,
The old home sheds its spell of care
With time-worn hymn and story;
But my restless heart yearns for the air
Of the woodland's silent glory,
And I loaf.

When the busy life has bought a place
With its girth of wealth's fine splendor,
And history's page begs to embrace
Past strife in phrases tender,
And friendship's flame surprising glows
With smile and cheer at ev'ry turn,
Then mem'ry's love within me blows
For vale and field and stilly wood and burn,
Then I loaf.

NIAGARA.

I see thee, verdure trimmed
Thy breast with grandeur rimmed
Drawing the waking brook
From ev'ry shady nook,
To form thy bridal veil
And gem its silver trail.

Whom wouldst thou woo?

I hear thy thunderous song,
Sounding the whole day long;
Wondrous seductive lay,
To honor in festive way
The gladsome, hymeneal day.
But whom wouldst thou woo, I pray,
Whom wouldst thou woo?

DESPAIR.

I wandered far into the valley of the night,
And dreamed its dreariness 'twere all mine
own;
There to receive no sunshine, nor any earthly
light,
The thought of Love's belatement were un-
known.

What need of light of love, of life henceforth?
'Twere but the attributes of day's futurity;
No fountain there to pour anew, no star of north
To guide the mind into the time to be.

The darkness were my blanket and my shroud,
To cover o'er the sleep of lingering rest,
And calm desire, that knocked for long and loud
'Pon portals of my throbbing, restless breast.

O wake me not, thou sweetest star of eastern
glow!
Yet, be the grave the Fates have dug me deep;
Keep out the radiance that from thine eyes
would flow,
Nor in this gloom awake me—let me sleep.

For thou wouldst lead me to the brighter sky,
A heaven that would rob me of my deadened
soul,
That suffering knows no pity, only sigh for
sigh;
Forged links that chain my hungry heart to
goal.

CAPTAIN TOMMY.

I'm sure you've all heard of Tommy,
The captain courageous and bold;
But if you haven't, I'll tell you,
For it's time you all had been told.

Now Tom was as a brave a young sailor
As ever sailed on the blue sea;
For he was the crew and the captain
Of the good ship named the "Ho-gee."

The "Ho-gee" was the funniest vessel,
Without either a mast or a sail,
And only a rudder to guide her,
That never was yet known to fail.

Two little words were his orders,
For Tommy could hardly say more;
And these simply the words "Ho," "Gee,"
As fixed by the distance from shore.

Now the "Ho-gee" was only a long board—
The best that Tommy could find;
And his Papa did all of the steering,
Holding on, and swimming behind.

So if Tommy longed for a boat ride,
He simply cried bravely one "Gee!"
And his ship glided out on the water
As gentle and straight as could be.

And when he'd sailed quite a distance,
And the shore seemed far out of reach,
Our Tommy need only cry "Ho!" once
And his boat would turn back to the beach.

* * * * *

And so are all of us sailing
Upon the sea known as "Strife";
While God does all the steering
Of the ship that men have named "Life."

He guides our ship thro' the fierce gale
With a care complete in its love,
Until it becomes agéd and broken
And fades in the sky-sea above.

SYMPATHY FOR THE MOON.

Say, Dad, I've watched for many a night
The yellow glow of the old man's light,
Who lives in the moon, in a shanty old,
All by himself, so I was told.

I've peeped thro' the curtain 'n' a hole in the
 shade,
And saw his light grow dull and fade,
Night after night, until last night
There wasn't a sign of it in sight.

I know 'twas wrong to lie awake
Till nursesey slept, and then to take
A little peep; 'twas just to know
If he was home 'n' then, to sleep I'd go.

And when his lamp grew low and dim,
Say, Dad, I kind o' pitied him;
I know he's lonely—maybe sick—
So that he could not trim the wick.

So, Dad, I wish you'd take the cents
You'll find in the pockets of my new pants,
Hangin' in the closet, and send them him
"With compliments of little Jim."

And say, "Just now I'm very poor,
But in a week I'll send him more,
Until his lamp burns bright, to tell
He's up and feeling very well!"

MAMA'S LULLABY.

O hushaby, rockaby, wee baby wee,
And close your little blue eyes;
The sand-man is coming from over the sea
To still all your fears and your sighs.

Refrain.

So hushaby, rockaby, wee baby wee,
The moon-man is peeping
To see if you're sleeping,
And good to your Papa and me.

O hushaby, rockaby, wee baby wee,
Your cheek is so rosy and warm;
Nestled so closely upon Mama's knee,
Safe cuddled in Mama's strong arm.

Refrain.

O hushaby, rockaby, wee baby wee,
While Mama sings low to you, dear,
And kisses your pink, little lips warily,
As the slumber-land angels draw near.

WUD'S THE GOOD OF A BABY?

Wud's the good of a baby,
Wud's alwuz tryin' how to talk—
Kin on'y crawl 'n' never walk;
'N' stick his fingers in his eye
'N' holler's ef he's goin' to die;
Wud's the good of a baby?

Wud's the good of a baby,
'S is alwuz gettin' eb'ry t'ing
Wud Papa 'tended me ter bring;
'N' I gits nuffin 'till he's done,
Den on'y just a tiny some;
Wud's the good of a baby?

Wud's the good of a baby,
Wud wudn't play at enny game,
'N' duzn't know his brudder's name;
'Cept to break a feller's toys,
Wud's sure to 'long to udder boys;
Wud's the good of a baby?

Wud's the good of a baby,
Ez put a hole in my new drum,
'N' make out he's my bestest chum?
So sure ez the stork comes 'round again
I'll keep him shut out in the rain;
For wud's the good of a baby?

THE SUN.

Oh, please do tell me, Daddy dear,
About that great big light
That shines each day, from year to year
And hides away at night.

I love its warm and rosy face
That peeps at me each morn,
Because it smiles in every place
Its warm, gold rays adorn.

But in the evening, Daddy dear,
I love it best of all;
It looks so puffed, so very queer,
Just like a fiery ball!

And oh! how lonely it must be,
Without one single star!
And couldn't you tell it just for me
How I love it from afar?

And where does it go to, Daddy dear,
When I've said my prayers, and sleep?
Do angels take it, Daddy dear,
To play "go hide and seek"?

EF ON'Y I WUZ A BOY !

Ef on'y I wuz a boy,
I wud have the mostest fun,
'N' whistle, 'n' holler, 'n' fight, 'n' run,
Jus' like a boy 's orful bad ;
'Stead like gurls 's alwuz sad.
Ef on'y I wuz a boy !

Ef on'y I wuz a boy,
I wud have a watch what really goes,
'N' wear a nice, blue suit o' clo'es,
Wid pants, so I cud slide the stairs ;
'N' not like skirts, wud alwuz tears,
Ef on'y I wuz a boy !

Ef on'y I wuz a boy,
I cud play hooky, 'n' go 'n' fish,
'N' wudn't mind the teacher's swish,
Like girls, what cries fur a lickin',
I wud never do no kickin'
Ef on'y I wuz a boy.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS USED T' WUZ.

I'se just so tired o' livin',
So sure as m' name is Sue;
'N wisht I wuz a rag doll,
What's alluz good t' you.
For I'se allus cross and 'plainin',
'N' getting wuz, 'n' wuz,
'Cause nothin' seems so nice t' me
Ez when Santa Claus used t' wuz.

I'se got no mamma, 'n' you see
She's gone away to stay,
Up in the sky where the angels is,
What sing t' her 'n' play.
'N' I'se so lonely all the time,
'N' cause a lot o' fuss
A wishin' fer the lovely days,
When Santa Claus used t' wuz.

Oh I wisht I wuz a little bird,
So's I c'ud fly away.
See all th' happy little girls
'N' watch them in their play,
'N' sing to all the tired ones,
Ez how th' robin does,
'N' tell 'em how I miss th' time
When Santa Claus used t' wuz.

'N' mebbe they 'uld ketch 'n' pet me,
Wid little baby han's;
So orful 'fraid to hurt th' bird
What's come from far-away lan's.
'N' mebbe they 'uld kiss 'n' hug me,
Ez m' little heart 'uld beat, cuz
They 'uld make me think I wuz back again,
Where Santa Claus used t' wuz.

WIBBY, DIDDY, AND DOO.

Diddy was a dolly fair,
With china head and real brown hair,
And glassy eyes that never wept
When Wibby went upstairs and slept.

Diddy, really, never was proud
Although she cried "Mama" quite loud
And had a lot of fancy dresses,
And ribbons, too, for her long tresses.

Wibby loved Diddy ever so dear,
So Diddy really never did fear
That some day Wibby might go away
And get some other dolly to play.

But Wibby and Diddy went walking one day;
Wibby was happy, and Diddy was gay
Till Wibby spied a little dog Doo,
That winked sharp at Diddy, and only said
"Boo!"

Poor Diddy nearly died of the fright
And cried loud and long with all of her might.
But Wibby was deaf, and only loved Doo,
The black and white doggie, that said only
"Boo!"

THE SCISSORS.

Snippy, snappy, snorum ;
Sings the scissors all the day,
Cutting each thing in its way.
Mind your fingers little boy ;
The scissors is no harmless toy,
Snippy, snappy, snorum.

DOST KNOW, DEAR HEART.

Dost know, dear heart,
My life is one wild dream,
Of impulse, inspiration, pain,
And love and joy and sorrow ;
That comes to go, and come again
To-day, just now, to-morrow?

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