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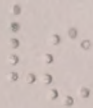
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A STANFORD

BOOK OF VERSE

1912-1916



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1916

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To
WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

We
INSCRIBE THIS BOOK

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

of

THE ENGLISH CLUB

GEROID ROBINSON
DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS
JAMES LEO DUFF
FAUNA WYNNE FARRIS
DARE STARK

CALLED by the Thunderer from his choir
To scourge rebellious mortal kind,
Apollo winged his darts of fire,
Then sped, fulfilled his office dire,
Back to Olympus, there to find
Man-children playing with his lyre.

W. H. C.

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YOUTH'S SONGS

THEY lift upon the first rush of bright
wings

Into the heaven of singing; and they dare
To glimpse unseen and utter tacit things,
And with unstained hands from the temple
tear

The inmost veil to find if truth be there.
They chant in darkness with unbated breath
The age-old exorcisms of despair—
How may we sing who once have walked
with death?

O Poet, Poet, lingering, lingering late
To dream fulfilment of star-high desire,
A little longer and in vain you wait
The flush of mystery, the cloak of fire;
Youth's songs have wings, but after-words
shall be

As gray leaves fallen to the wild white sea.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

MUTE

I HAVE heard whistling in the dew-wet
mornings;
I have heard singing in the mist-swept
evenings;
But for me there is neither whistling nor
singing.

What do they sing of—they that sing in
the twilight?

Why do they whistle—those who shrill in
the dawning?

They sing of the life they live and the bur-
dens they carry.

Have I not burdens to lay down at the
night-time?

Do I not live and live in the brightness of
daytime?

O Thou all-knowing,—why am I voice-
less . . . voiceless?

MARGERY BAILEY.

TO A CANARY

TEACH me to sing,
Thou tiny yellow bird
Within thy cage!
All thy wee body throbs
To that soft pulse
That beats against thy throat;
And, all untaught,
Thy magic melody
Ripples aloft
Into the endless blue.
Teach me to sing!

Behind thy prison bars
No note of grief,
For captive wings untried,
Breaks thy glad song;
Thy Gloria
Holds no reproach for Him
Who made thee free.
And I, with all the world
To wander in,
Can never sing like thee!

DOROTHY STILLMAN DURYEA.

THE INSTRUMENT

AN iron harp with sullen strings
Is this whereon my fancy rings
The changes of my destiny ;
Though sad or glad the song may be
Harsh is the clamor that it flings.

Yet songless queens have lived and kings,
And luteless many underlings ;
Then grieve I that birth tendered me
An iron harp?

Only Lord Shakespeare sits and sings
The gamut of melodious things ;
Each other touches wistfully
Few stops, and in a single key.
I strike the instrument life brings—
An iron harp!

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

THE POT OF GOLD

I CALLED him friend, but he was no
friend

Who laughing told that tale to me
Of gold in a pot at the rainbow's end,
And as far and as far as I could see
I followed the shining rainbow's track,—
And now it is night. I cannot go back.

I called him friend; but the rainbow dies,—
(He laughed as he told of the pot of
gold,)

It fades to the purple of twilight skies,
And the road up the hill is cold, is cold.
But straight I follow into the night,
And pray I may keep to the way aright.

He told me the path was an easy way;—
The sky is dark where the bright arch
shone,
And night has stolen the light of day;
It is dark on the hillside, alone, alone.
But I answered the call of the wealth he
told,—

I follow the lure of the pot of gold.

DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS.

THE SHEPHERD TO THE POET

OCH, what's the good o' spinnin' words
As fine as silken thread?
Will "golden gorse upon the hill"
Be gold to buy ye bread?

An' while ye're list'nin' in the glen
"To catch the thrush's lay,"
Your thatch is scattered be th' wind,
Your sheep have gone astray.

Th' time ye're afther makin' rhymes
O' leppin' waves an' sea,
Arrah! ye should be sellin' then
Your lambs upon the quay!

Sure, 'tis God's ways is very quare,
An' far beyant me ken,
How o' the selfsame clay He makes
Poets an' useful men!

AGNES GRAY.

TO _____

LATELY, remembering how since ancient days

The master-poet lovers have out-poured
Their hearts' high throbbing songs, and
the adored

Immortalized in amatory praise,

I sighed, "All has been said. There is no
phrase

Of tenderness unused; there is no chord
Unchimed, no fancy that has not been
stored

Away in curio-wise for public gaze."

Last night beside the star-reflecting lake

We walked, your beauty's pale serenity
More lovely than the peaceful night. The
ache

Of my world-weary heart was stilled in
me,

And now I know, I *know* that I shall make
New songs to you throughout eternity.

FAUNA WYNNE FARRIS.

IRISH SONG

SURE, th' breezes that blow are no lighter
than you are—

When you trip o'er th' grass, faith, 'twill
scarce bind a stalk;

And your eyes are as bright as th' drops o'
th' dew are,

Arrah, birds stop to listen whiniver you
talk,

For th' songs that they sing are no music
beside you—

Th' sound o' your voice is like sun after
showers;

'Tis sure that I am that if all Nature died,
you

Would soon take th' place that was left be
th' flowers!

JAMES LEO DUFF.

SONG

THERE is life in the green of the hills,
There is joy in the mist in the hollow,
Where the song of the meadow-lark
thrills,—
Up, my heart, follow.

There is joy in the song of the sea,
There is life in the dip of the swallow,
And the voice of the world calls to me,—
Up, my heart, follow.

DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS.

HANNA DANCED WITH ME

HANNA danced with me tonight,
Hanna, of the toes that twinkle.
Gods on great Olympus' height,
Enviously your dark brows wrinkle,
Vent your wrath, and I'll reply,
"All the bliss this world's enhanced with
I've enjoyed, for it was I
Hanna danced with."

FAUNA WYNNE FARRIS.

QUEST

LOVE, I came seeking precious worldly
gold
And prayed that men might see my wealth
abound,—
You see the poppies blowing on the hills,
The gold I found.

I sought to make a wondrous melody,
Love, I have wasted many a useless
year,—
You hear the sighing of the summer wind,
The song I hear.

I prayed, my love, oh, long I prayed for
light
To love the God they taught me long
ago,—
You cannot see the light, 'tis in your eyes,
The love I know.

DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS.

LOVE SONG

HOW do I love you?

Not as the flame, ardent and all-consuming—

I have seen dying fires and gray ashes and broken hearts.

Not as the worshipper, low-kneeling, awed before the altar—

I have seen eyes that wandered to new gods while the prayers grew meaningless.

Not as the vine, close-clinging, tendrils clasping the oak tree—

I have seen great trees that fell in ruin, choked by the embrace.

How do I love you?

As the tired gull loves the cliff-nook over the raging sea,

As the wanderer loves his own hearthstone, as weary eyes love the dark and rest and sleep,—

A place of utter calm and abiding,

Where there is no more storm and tossing
 tempest,
 Where there is no more crying and beating
 of wings,
 Where there is peace and contentment and
 home.

MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL.

CUP AND LIP

PLEASANT the task of the lips
 Which drain the cup;
 Nobler the goblet's part,—
 To render up.

Happy the life of the bee
 Who plunders the rose;
 Sweeter the lot of the flower
 That gives,—who knows?

Glory for him who gains;
 Divine the rôle
 Of one who answers his touch,
 And offers a soul.

GLADYS GREEN.

THE ROAD

BEFORE my door a white road runs
away to the mountains blue,
A long, long road with a secret goal, be-
yond the hills to the sea.
And at night I dream of a setting forth with
none beside but you,
I dream of the touch of your hand on mine
and the song of your voice to me.

The night wind blows on my cheek with the
touch of spray-damp ocean air,
Its voice in the treetops sings the song of
a distant roaring sea,
At the end of the road, beyond the hills,—
and we are faring there
With a song in the stars as we round the
bend, a whisper of mystery.

But ever before we reach the crest the night
turns into day,
The wind of morning is sweet with earth,
and never a breath of sea.

The light of morning is on the hills,—and
then you slip away,
For only in the solemn dark do you ever
come to me.

And before my door the white road runs
away to the mountains blue,
A broad white band in the light of day,
beyond the hills to the sea,
But at night I dream of a setting forth, at
night I dream of you—
I feel the touch of your hand, I hear the
song of your voice to me.

DOROTHY GUNNELL JENKINS.

THE SONG OF THOMAS THE
RHYMER

YOU have taken the sun and the stars
from Heaven

With your dusky eyes that glow like wine,
You have taken the sweetness from the rose
With the touch of your warm red lips on
mine.

You have stilled the song in the meadow-
lark's throat

With your voice that holds all melody,
And the fear is heavy upon my heart
That you have taken my God from me!

MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL.

DROSS

UNDER the hawthorn by the garden wall
The young men pass my dwellin';
Singin', they pass by—pass by all—
And last comes . . . Colin.

Leaning, I hear the air he whistles gay.
Have you forgot me, Colin?
(In the red roofed town, a mile away,
The church-bell's tollin'.)

—This is the gift that I have brought
for ye,—
Its worth is past all tellin';
A silver box and a silver key
Is the gift o' Colin.—

My arms are wound about my heavy head—
(I hear the cuckoo callin'.)
The box and the key were pale, pale lead,—
Colin Colin!

MARGERY BAILEY.

END-ALL

WHEN, in some destined night-time,
thou hast kissed

My lips, so strangely cold; and circling fear
Clamps suddenly thy forehead and thy wrist
Because I give no sign that thou art near,
Because I have no word of greeting for thee,
Nor eager arms, nor light of eyes, nor smile,
Since death hath stilled, and never will
restore thee

The pulse that ran with thine so glad a
while—

Then gather what thou needest to pursue
An unmoored life athwart the ways of men,
Pile the quick fagots round my couch of
yew,

Light them, and face the night, alone again;
Nor look once up the mountain from afar
Toward this loved cabin, flaring like a star.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

ANTIGONE IN THE
GREEK THEATRE

ABOVE a blank, dead wall the treetops
blur

Against the changing pageant of the clouds.
Below, a little lighted space; and there
The poignant splendor of our human woe
Surges across the eddying centuries
To bear our spirits out upon its flood.
O life that dies but does not yield to Death!
O flame that beacons Time's oblivious night!
The changeless glory of a firm free soul
Purges our hearts in high humility.

The passionate music throbs along the dark
Thrills to its chanted close; the tale is told.
The crowd, brief-hushed until the lights
flash on,
Swarms out into the world of sordid things,
Leaving a blank, dead wall, where through
the gloom
Dim cloud-shapes swirl and drift incessantly.

MARY CURRY.

PAUSANIAS AT DODONA

WHERE the breezes sing and swell
And the pine trees sway and bend
And the misty hills ascend
Round the sacred grove and cell,
Where the knowledge none can tell
Darkling deities may lend,
And all evils may have end,
Or dim sorrows rise from hell;
Here I bide, my soul to mend,
Knowing not which way to wend
Through the thorns that cling and rend.
Pity all poor souls that dwell
Waiting in this wintry dell
On the wordless oracle!

When the way showed bright and free,
And the glancing billows rolled
Where the singing winds unfold
All the sea-roads eagerly,
All bright towns awaited me—
Tyra with her dyes and gold,
Haughty Sparta crowned and cold,

Corinth by the sparkling sea.

Then my feet were overbold;

Feebly now they fall, and old,

And my eyes few visions hold.

Songs and summers sink and flee;

Far to northward, wearily,

Bide I now the deity.

KARL GREEN.

SPRING UNAWARE

THE Spring has come? How can it be?

'Twas only yesterday I walked

Out by the gray and wintry sea,

And with the shiv'ring wavelets talked:

They said, "The Spring is far away."

And yet—the lilacs bloom today.

AGNES KENDRICK GRAY.

A SONG OF THE EXPULSION

Eve:

Ho! I was not afraid
When God said that to us,
And set the flaming sword at Eden's gate.
But Adam was—
He was afraid for me—
And so I put my arms about his neck
And drew his head down on my breast
And stroked it.
Then I knew that I had eaten of the tree of
 knowledge,
And I smiled.
But when the darkness dropped down
 smothering,
And no light shone upon us save
The flaming, whirling red, back at the
 gate—
And God seemed no more there—
I clung to Adam and I trembled.
Then he put his arms about me—
Strong—

And when they hurt I kissed them,
And I did not care that I had missed
The Tree of Life.
So God was there again—
Close all about us—
And I looked at God and smiled and thanked
Him.
And He smiled at me.

ELINOR VALOY COGSWELL.

THE PEBBLES

PRETTY pebbles, smooth and white,
Tell me, do you like the light?
Did the Sea-Man blue and big
Rub you round, or did he dig
Down beneath his deepest wave
In some quiet sparkly cave
Where the Earth is roundest round—
Was that the place where you were
found?

ALICE MARIE ROGERS.

HATE

I KNEW only love.

I dwelt upon an island, in a sea
Where every wave-lip curved a friendly
smile;

The long transparent fingers of the sea
Caressed my shore, cooling its fevered sands;
The breakers' great green arches rolled in
sweep

Of invitation, bubbling into foam
Of laughter when I found their hollows
cold;

Wild night-storms thrilled my soul to glad-
der heights

Of ecstasy.—Why should my sea mean
harm?

I loved it.

And then my little son died; he was lame.
And far out toward the sky-line of my sea
A deep red stain like phosphorus darked
the green,

A little, horrid stain. Some one has said,
“The child was lame; 't is better that he
died.”

Why should strange people think at all about
A little lame boy, now that he is dead?
And why must they be *talking* of *my* son?
A current draws the reddened water near,
Staining its dear green depths to dull
 maroon,
Bringing sharp echoes in its swift approach
Of voices whispering, "It is better so."

I watch the dark thing spreading, near-
 ing; dread
Of utter ruin for my dear green sea
Catches my breath; yet fascinated, still
I almost urge the thing to hurry. Now
The first dark drops have reached a
 breaker's crest—
Are crawling to my very shore. My feet
Are wet with evil, dark-hued waves, that
 stroke
In mocking comfort my distrustful shore.
Their shallow voices croon, "'T is better
 so."

. . . . I am learning to hate.

GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF.

TO AN OPIUM DEN—CHINATOWN

THREE little yellow lights and one of
red!

To me, who live too weak to fight or die,
You promise dreams, with peace for lives
awry.

By night I creep to you, and lay my head
So weary, there upon a narrow bed,
And listen to the shuffling feet, and sigh
To breathe again the poppies' mild sup-
ply,

Then dreamily slip off Life's tangled thread.

O Night, that crowds the crooked, climb-
ing street,

Arrayed in sable black all laced with gold,
Receive a coward soul, and lead my feet

Out of the City's brazen heat and cold,
Past temple gong,—and there, your sign
ahead,—

Three little yellow lights and one of red!

GORDON DAVIS.

OLD

I AM lonely.

I sit in proper waiting, my black silk
Trimmed with wrist-frills of yellowing real
lace;
My skirt arranged in folds of dignity;
My tortoise comb worn high. From
Mother's chair,
The high-backed rocker of mahogany,
I watch the people walking past my house.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.

I whisper to the pictures of my dead,
Stare-eyed upon the grey stone mantel-
piece.—

Time was, I thought they used to answer
me;

He smiled, then. But one year came in the
night

And stole my little sister's voice, and one
Came shufflingly, with hunger-horrid tread,
And took his smile. Since then I hate all
years.

I listen as the footsteps pass my house ;
The living do not know me, and the dead
Forget. No echo rises to translate
The cemetery on my mantel-piece.
For comfort, only fickle ghost-eyes peer
Around the card-board head-stones of my
 dead.
I am lonely.
Nobody comes to see me but the years.

GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF.

LIGHT

CRAWLING mist.
A pyramid of crawling mist
Made out of night
By a window,
Yellow in the night.

GEROID ROBINSON.

MAGNIFICAT

AH, GOD—an' if, indeed, there be a God,
The which I doubt, as is the custom
now—

I thank thee—if the myth be true—that
thou

Didst fashion me from out the worthless sod
Into a mighty man, Lord of the earth,

Able to take at will in self-made strife—

And able, too, to give—warm, breathing
life;

Master of thine own secrets, death and birth.

I thank thee that thou gav'st me mine own
soul,

That I need have no' fear of Heav'n or
Hell;

That I can fight my own way to the goal

And nought must do save live my *own*
life well;

That I have e'en no need of thee—save in
The hour of death, or grief, or doubt, or sin.

ELINOR VALOY COGSWELL.

THE LAST LAUGH

I am dead, and I did it myself.

I lie deep in the cordial earth,
Resting soft, though men tell it up there
That the suicide's chance is not worth
Their brief mass for the dead, since the fair
And high-judgmented God has made known
That His personal summons alone
Shall be warrant to die—

But I wanted to die.

It was one last gay gamble—I'll own,
But a slim stake remained from life's spree—
A cheap soul and a cap and some bells;
They had proven quite useless to me,
Worse than useless to anyone else.

And I won. I did something myself.

'Tis the only success that is writ

'Gainst my name: "He accomplished his
death."

I feel justified now to have quit,
Though 'twas after my last reckless breath
That the justification arrived.

I know not how much *soul* has survived
This discourteous death—
After all, 'twas my death
And not God's. Even He is deprived
Of one realization; they lie
Where's displayed the back side of the sod
Who knows death's charms; but He cannot
die,
Else plainly He would not be God.

Death is sweet; I am proud of myself.
Here I chuckle in ultimate glee
While my creditors pity my bones,
And dim fear of a judgment-to-be
Impels fever-pulsed, conscience-tired drones
To live on till the sickle shall swoop—
I swift-lifted the bars of the coop
And found heaven enough,—
Godless heavens enough.
Aye, 'tis best; here I'm nobody's dupe.
Poor God has a sick world on his soul,
Bubbling wild with anathema, I
One small glad-purring death. On the
whole
'Tis less sweet to be God than to die.

GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF.

MOOD

IT was the flood tide,
It was the sea,
And successions of shadows
That whispered to me,—
“Dream with the dreaming,
Die with the dying,
All that is lovely
Has long been asleep.”

Now 'tis the woodland,
Trees in the vale,
And processions of pilgrims
That pleasantly hail,—
“Move with the moving,
Live with the living.
Mists when once broken
In cloud-fleets will sail.”

GEORGE G. HOISHOLT.

MATER DOLOROSA

LAST night I heard the keenin' at Patrick
Connell's wake,

“O poor lad, O good lad—that you should
have to go;

But then the Lord has given, an' sure the
Lord may take—

Let Mary help his mother to bear the
bitter woe!”

At dawn I heard the fishermen a-talkin' on
the quay,

“A fine lad, a clean lad—that God may
rest his soul;

'Twas well he knew the fishin' banks, 'twas
well he loved the sea—

Let Mary help his mother to bear the
bitter dole!”

At noon I saw him buried upon the windy
hill;

I saw the black earth cover the coffin
from her sight—

O Mary, in your mercy, be kindly to her
still

And pray to God her heart will break,
that she may die tonight!”

JAMES LEO DUFF.

IF I SHOULD GO

IF I should go,
Give me not place among the mustered
dead,
With solemn stone above my quiet head ;
Rather the hillside, with the gentle fall
Of rain upon my grave, and wild bird's
call,
If I should go.

I think my sleep there would be sweet and
sound,
With old brown roots above, and soft earth
'round ;
And when the south wind, passing, broke
my rest,
There would an answer quiver in my
breast,
If I should go.

GLADYS GREEN.

MORTEM SALUTO

To S. C.

I SIT in this dull bleak room with its
blank white walls,
Ghastly and dumb as death. The silence
palls
On my spirit, but I have no thought of dread
Though I stay alone with a coffin and her
who they say is dead.

But I cannot think of her so, her of the
sturdy will,
Her of the faultless courage and never-fail-
ing faith,
The dominant air of command, the swift and
certain skill—
I cannot think of her as giving way to
Death.

And yet she's lying there, breathless and still
and white—
Her features, her hands unchanged from the
way they were last night.

People come snuffling in to look on the face
of the dead,
“Good soul, she's happier now—now that
her spirit's fled

From life's grim battles, and she has found
her peace instead."
Her spirit fled, indeed! Fools, do they
think to ease
The pain of loss (if she's gone) with such
ill words as these?
Oh, must they come to me and say she has
found release,
Say she is resting now and foolishly prattle
of peace?
They! they knew her not—her who brooked
no defeat.
If she be truly dead, then went she forth to
greet
A Will unbent as hers, found Death a com-
panion meet,
Laughingly took his hand, fearlessly said,
"We two
Had best be friends. You are strong, but I
should conquer you.
Here is my body—a gift—you take it as
from a friend.
But the soul that is I lives on—and shall
live on to the End!"

JAMES LEO DUFF.

A PORTRAIT

(To my Father)

WITH gentle fingers Time has touched
your brow,
And lines that do but make the face more
fair

Have etched the story of a noble life.
One sees much love and patient service
there;

A steadfast virtue that is merciful,
And pities—not condemns—the frailer clay;
Self-sacrifice that finds its quiet joy
In giving all it has from day to day.
Undying pain has left its traces here,
And lonely battles fought—and bravely
won;

Success attained, and humble modesty
That wishes better, work that is well done!

Time paused, and looked a moment in your
eyes,

And saw the vision of a soul sublime,—
And touched them not!—and now whene'er
you smile,

The heavens open, and there is no Time.

DOROTHY STILLMAN DURYEA.

STAR DUST

A WINTER sky at sunset; a stretch of
soot-flecked snow;

A bridge whose long, cold blackness juts
between;

The crowded turmoil of a city far below;
Above, just you and I, alone, unseen.

Against the clouded saffron, blue smoke
rose and curled

From furnace fires burning on and on,
Where grimy men obeyed the clamorous
wheels that whirled

Their lives away like echoes, sobbing,
gone.

A heritage of steel, your destined trust,
Was reaching toward our height to
bring you down.

You, who so loved the stars, were granted
merely dust—

But from the shattered bits you shaped
a crown.

H. HARDY HETH.

SHANEEN

LADDIE, d'ye mind Shaneen,
That tuk ye to his heart?
D'ye mind th' laughin' eyes of him,
Th' whimsical surprise of him,
Th' love-that-never-dies of him
That tuk ye to his heart?

Laddie, d'ye mind Shaneen,
Who'd cure your woes with joy?
Oh, if ye spent a day with him
What could ye be but gay with him?
It seemed he had a way with him
Ud cure your woes with joy.

Laddie, d'ye mind Shaneen,
Whose heart was broke in two?
That part ye never seen of him?
But *that* was the Shaneen of him—
His heart was broke in two.

JAMES LEO DUFF.

LUCK!

LET there live aye a lad's laugh in the
throat of you—

Let you aye have a gay swing to the coat
of you—

Let there aye be one poorer to borrow a
groat of you!

Let you find hands of dear women to mother
you—

Let you find shoulders of comrades that
brother you—

Let you find arms of the small ones to
smother you!

Let folk be the happier just for the nod
of you—

Let you be in love with the road that is
trod of you—

Let Death be a step betwixt you and the
God of you!

DARE STARK.

WAKING IN THE MORNING

WAKING in the morning,
Looking down the lane,
There I spied a bonny lad,
Whistling in the rain.

From my bed I saw him
(Through the lattice wide)
Bare of head and bright of eye.
Cocky was his stride!

Whistling to the morning,
Clear and full and loud,
That the rain-drops beat a tune,
That he feared no cloud,

That no lass could ever
Dare to say him nay.
Sure, the rain has beat a tune—
In my heart, all day.

SYDNE GARDNER.

THE WANDERER

THE little friendly houses, when day-
hours are done,
They kindle up their little lights, one after
one.

Like little hands, the friendly lights fling
out each coaxing ray—

*There's a wind in my heart that will not
let me stay.*

The little friendly houses stir their red
hearth-ash again.

The little kindly fire-hands tap at the lattice-
pane.

“The world is wide and chill tonight,” the
little fires say—

*There's a wind in my heart that will not
let me stay.*

The little friendly houses, warm with fire,
warm with light—

Havens for the heart o' men through the
windblown night—

Happy little houses—I bless you on my
way.—

*There's a wind in my heart that will not
let me stay.*

DARE STARK.

HOME

NIGHT;
Bleak and storm-swept plains;
A muddy road.
Silence;
Only rain-beat
And the thud
Of weary feet;
Blackness;
One more mile of trudging
Up the dreary height,
And then—
A light!

ROBERT DONALDSON.

AT THE END OF A DAY OF DISAPPOINTMENTS

I THINK it was a kindly thing
That God allowed this day to die
So splendidly.

A solace words could never bring
Is on the earth—and in the sky
A prophecy.

JAMES LEO DUFF.

SMOKE

THERE is magic in all smoke:
From the warmth of quiet hearth-fires,
Copper-grey, dark-glowing in a shadowy
room,
Rises the smoke of dreams and memory
Of love and warm, human things;
From pipes the slow, sweet smoke of peace
and idleness,
Full of visions;
From burning houses the black smoke of
terror,
Lit with red sparks
Flaring to a dark heaven.
But out in the clear silence of early morning,
By the running water,
Where trees meet above grey stones, mak-
ing green secret places,
And the sun sprinkles little lights on the
pools,
There is the smoke of joy and wildness,
Of youth and sudden laughter, and long
breaths of wonder—

The smoke of the camp fire rising from
 blackened wood,—
Slow, fragrant,
Lingering in thin blue curl.
The scent of it thrills with the spirit of all
 wild things—
Lure of the woods—dried grass and broken
 sticks ;
Violet-tinged trunks of tall trees ;
Grey, moss-hung branches ;
Vivid, tiny flowers set in wet fields ;
The cautious, shining glide of fish
Moving deep down in still green pools ;
The quick leap of a startled jack-rabbit ;
The clear, long joy-call of a hidden bird.
All these live in the good smell of smoke—
The blue, quiet smoke of camp fires.

DORIS ESTCOURT.

SEA MUSIC

I KNOW the peace of twilight shadowed
hill,
Of stately headland dim displayed and far,
The pale reflection of a single star,
And shore-bird's cry that passes and is still.
I know the wild delights that foam and fill
As the great tide sweeps inward from the
bar,
Followed by all the sea-born winds that
are,
While the dry grasses on the cliff-brow
thrill.

I know the challenge of a distant ship,
The glory of the surf beneath full moon;
I know the dread of sudden fogs that slip
Across the sun and shroud the murdered
noon.

A note from every lyric of the sea
Rings strange and vibrant in the soul of
me.

GLADYS GREEN.

IN MARCH

THERE *are* fauns—girl fauns.
I know it. I was one.
And I stood under a tree—
Deep in odd-spiced shrubs a-flower—
And suddenly, in my stead,
Crouched a small fëy-eyed thing.
Its shoulder was brown and nut-bare;
Its flank was hid in rough silk fur;
Its wee hard hoof pressed the turf.
Within it was no heart—nor any soul—
But a quick-bubbling pool of pure glee.
Two little March-night-winds
Seized its pointy quivering ears
And whispered, “Run!
March was made for fauns!
March—and wild vines—and a moon!”
And it started up—and changed.

* * *

But there *are* fauns.

DARE STARK.

IN THE ENGLISH SEMINAR ROOM

HERE in the Seminar I sat me down
Some moments since. My books I
opened wide,
And fixed my mind upon the printed page.
But lo! this minute now I find my eyes
Unknowing, turned upon the wide outdoors.

Beyond the red roofs rise the rolling hills,
Beyond the hills the wooded Coast-range
lies,

The redwood trees upon the serrate ridge
Are set blue-black against the deep blue sky.
The lower levels show the green of spring;
Almost the wind brings in the heavenly
smells

That *are* the spring to me—ploughed earth,
and grass,
And faint, sweet breath of buds not open
yet—

Nay, I must turn me now again to books,
To books which hold the wisdom of all time.

Yet here are only black marks on a page,
Black letters orderly and neat in rows,—
And still that acrid, faintly-blowing air
Strays in upon my sense, and still my heart
Is called by those far colors of the hills.
Books, books? what are they! Why, I live!
I live!

I go where life is—to the hills, my hills!
To all the living green of wide out-doors!

SYDNE GARDNER.

WIND AT NIGHT

THE wind at night: it is the far-borne
voice

Of all who ever lived. Ay, their dead souls
Cry out against the impotence of life—
Blind life, that merges into blinder death
And rushes headlong down the moaning
wind.

MARY CURRY.

OLD LETTERS

THIS little packet lying in my hands
Of old, age-yellowed letters from the
years
Now perished—ah, how many smiles
and tears
Lie ink-traced on their pages, 'neath the
bands
That bind them round. My mind scarce
understands
That from the buried past each word ap-
pears
Here in the breathing present. My hand
fears
To loose the wrappings as my will com-
mands.
For here lie words that sprung from one
clear brain
That now is food for worms; and words
from one
That 'twould be better if worms fed upon;
And here lie words of love traced all too
plain.
Yet shall I read them through and smile
when done.
So much of pleasure mingles with old pain.

MAURICE DOOLING.

BOOKS

ARE these your new books?

These, with their stiff bindings and
their uncut leaves

Fresh with the ink?

So many hundred, piled like cordwood, all
alike.

Juliet and Juliet and Juliet—

Think of a thousand Juliets in a row!

These are not books.

These are only unsullied covers, binding
printed words,

Maddeningly, reiteratingly alike.

They are like a row of beautiful women at
a ball,

Beautiful faces, beautiful gowns, beautiful
manners,

And not a glimpse of a soul in any of them.

They have never lived, they have never
made anybody live.

Give me old books.

Battered, worn,—covers gone, if you will,—

Ink faded, perhaps.

Somebody's thoughts hinted in faint pencil-
marks—

Who loved that stanza once, I wonder, and
why?—

They are like the faces of old people,
Life speaking through every wrinkle, every
furrow,

Height or depth, but whatever it is, some-
thing that has been lived—

Something goes into a book when a man
reads it and loves it.

I do not want books, I want a Book,
And the feel of somebody who has lived in
and through it and because of it.

MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL.

LITTLE PAT

THERE'S times I do be dreamin'
 (But then I'm gettin' old)
Of a little barefoot ladeen
 With tousled head of gold,
With sparklin' eyes of laughter
 ('Tis mischief he'd be after),
And ye'd thank him as a favor
 If he did what he was told.

There's times I do be dreamin'—
 But sure dead years are dead,
And quare old thoughts come botherin'
 A bachelor's old head—
Yet dreamin' has the start o' me—
I cannot still the heart o' me,
And since there is no Little Pat,
 I'll dream of him instead.

JAMES LEO DUFF.

LITTLE YEAR

LITTLE YEAR was born last night;
I heard the church-bells ring
And all the people laugh and shout
As loud as anything.
I'd think that Little Year would be
Most awfully scared at that.
I was—I went and hid my head
In Mother's garden hat.

ALICE MARIE ROGERS.

FUZZY-WUZZY

I DOT a fluffy Tabby-Tat
Name Pitty Pussy Willow.
Her turl up on da soft-mat
Des like a fuzzy pillow.
An' w'en I tate my sleepy snooze
An' shut my winkie blinkies
And tick off bof my booty-shoes—
Her tum an' warm my pinkies.

FAUNA WYNNE FARRIS.

TO A WOOD-RAT

*Whose home was destroyed by a class in
Zoology.*

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!

JAMES LEO DUFF.

TO A LITTLE BUG

Caught in a Spider's Web.

POOOR little insect, born for a day,
Strugglin' there in that foul demon's
net,
What sin did ye sin that you're havin' to
pay
So much of your life to get out of its
debt?

Sure, a minyit to you is th' same as a week!
You've maybe been wrigglin' a year to be
free—
Come here now. I'll loose ye. There—make
a cold sneak—
An' if God is objectin', just blame it on
me!

JAMES LEO DUFF.

THE THORN

'T WAS years ago. October third,
When summer flowers were dying;
A great, ungainly, long-legged bird
Came awkwardly a-flying
And settled on the green-leaved thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

He bore a bundle in his bill,
He groaned and sighed most soulful,
And piteous tears began to spill
Out of his eyes, most doleful,
Upon the charitable thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

"In name of holy Sorrow, why,
Thou most unhappy creature,
Dost thou lugubriously sigh,
Distorting every feature?"
Thus quoth the sympathetic thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

"For many weary days I've wept;
The whole world is a scoffer.

There's not a family will accept
The precious gift I offer,"
The joyless fowl sobbed to the thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

"I have a plan to help thee out,
And no one's home to stop it:
Lift up the bundle in thy snout
And dexterously drop it
Through yonder window," said the thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

With brightened physiognomy
The lanky bird upstarted,
Deposited the Jonah, me,
And hastily departed,
Thanking the unsuspecting thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

But when he saw 'twas I who came,
And not a gift desired,
The thorn turned crimson red with shame,
And righteous anger fired
The all too credulous old thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

Since he committed that grave sin,
The thorn is shy and sober;
His leaves blush crimson with chagrin
The third of each October.
It is a penitential thorn
Beside the house where I was born.

FAUNA WYNNE FARRIS.

MONTEREY

A FISHING fleet and a crooked street,
With a soldier at every bar;
A 'dobe wall where the lizards crawl,
And a screechy, wobbly car.

A darksome sky with the fog blown high,
And a quiet, purple bay;
A Spanish song as we passed along—
And that was Monterey!

GLENN ARTHUR HUGHES.

THE GRAVE OF A GARDEN

AT the foot of a haze-hid mountain,
Watched o'er by turquoise skies,
Where the pearl-dew drips like a fountain,
The grave of a garden lies.

The lilac bush by the highway
Is dead, and its blossoms are gone ;
The pink hollyhock stands lonely
And pale in the silent dawn.

The sunken sun-dial is covered
With ivy all yellow and red,
No longer it watches the moving sun,—
It dreams of the time that is dead.

At the foot of a haze-hid mountain,
Watched o'er by the star-lit skies,
Where the night-wind sobs like a fountain,
The grave of a garden lies.

ROBERT V. HIGGINS.

THE MOONLIT SEASONS.

THE Winter snow gleams white and
cold;

The twilight's all but faded;
A wind pours out, chill, boistrous, bold;
Each crevice is invaded.
With whited glare the moon appears,—
The age-old orb of myriad years!

As Spring trips through the city street
With shy and furtive dancing,
A breeze floats out, the flowers to greet,
Then comes the scene entrancing;
The moon from out the east appears,—
The age-old orb of myriad years!

The daylight fades, the Summer sky
Grows dark with star-points gleaming;
A hot breeze comes with tropic sigh;
A lantern moon, rays seeming
To tip the palms with fire, appears,—
The age-old orb of myriad years!

Then Autumn, gay with burning leaves
And buxom robust graces,

Sings with the wind that shakes the
sheaves ;

And in the night embraces
The mellow moon that soon appears,—
The age-old orb of myriad years.

JAMES W. BENNETT.

FIRE OF THE DESERT

THE sun set red tonight!
And oh, if thou hadst stood
With me beneath that light
Which flamed above the sand
Thou couldst have understood
Things I now understand;—
The sun set red tonight!

The sun set red tonight!
And as I saw the world
Flame red beneath the light,
I saw two hearts of youth
Blend rose-red with the world—
The rose-red world of youth;—
The sun set red tonight!

GLENN ARTHUR HUGHES.

THE CYPRESS TREE

THERE is a cypress tree
That grows midway of the hill.
Upward it looks at the castle towers;
Downward it looks at the mill.

It looks on the dusty flocks
Brought home in the twilight grey;
It looked on the miller's lovely daughter
A year ago and a day.

Ah, when the sun goes down
Its shadow is long and stark.
The light still glows on the castle walls;
Dark is the mill-race . . . dark.

MARGERY BAILEY.

THE TAMBOUR-FRAME

Palace

THE king sat lonely upon his throne
And dreaming he said,
“You were once my own;
Life mine as you stood, body mine if I
chose,
But a heart and its love not a king even
knows.
As you stood before me, bowing your head,
With this eager hand
I fastened a pearl-strewn woven band
In your loosened hair.
And I kissed your brow and a single strand
That dropped from the circlet and fell.
No more did I dare!
Had I kissed your lips I had burned in hell!
So I kissed them not, but bade you go.
Is there any pain I am yet to know,
Any greater pain to tell?”

Cloister.

She knelt and tightened the tambour-frame
And mused, "Oh, I could break you now,
My hands held so!
And whose the blame
If I break you to pieces (you're mine!) and
 throw
The pieces into the street below?
You would be willing, perchance, to allow
That I kiss you *there*, not on your brow.
My fingers are soft, your brittle frame,
(Brittle as fame!)
And this is love, as I snap you in two;
When I toss you out, what is shame!
And here! to keep you true
Is a pearl-strewn band thrown after you!"

CLARENCE B. HAMMOND.

SHAKESPEARE WENT TO ITALY

SHAKESPEARE went to Italy
Dressed as any squire might be,—
Silver buckles, new high ruff,
Crimson suit of best wool-stuff,
Broad soft hat, and cresting plume
From which time had brushed no bloom.
He was young as you or I,
Eyes as clear, and hopes as high:
“I’ll see the world before I die!
Farewell, greasy dressing-rooms,
Hollow praising, shallow dooms,
Pranks of fools and rant of boys,
Packed pits cheering naught but noise,
Strut of conqueror, quip of tongue,
Strumpets old and strumpets young—
Any friends but such a band,
Any land but Angle-land,
Any region not so boggy,
Sordid, torpid, chilly, foggy!
Italy, O Italy,
Open your heart. Make room for me.”

Shakespeare came from Italy
A sight for gods and men to see—
Suit discolored, baggy, worn,
Shoes run down, and gold lace torn,
While the buckles he was wearing
On that glorious forth-faring
They were either sold or bartered;
Ay, he wore his hose cross-gartered
Just to make them hold together
And keep out the pinching weather:
“Lazy, lazy is the south,
Hopeless, sluggish, hand to mouth;
'Tis a land of sleepy showers
And of tainted, fruitless hours,
Squalid fortunes, shimmering dreams,
Rubbish piles, and fairy streams,
Where folk love not land nor gold,
Care not that they must grow old.
Just another month, I swear,
With the lotus-eaters there,
I had slept sweet life away
Not a whit more grieved than they!
Give me bitter autumn's mood;
Every breath of fog is good;
Grip of frost and haughty north,
Wint'ry clouds, draw down, come forth!

Frown thine iron frown, O earth,
Put an edge upon our mirth!
Under heav'n there's no more gay house
Than this musty little play-house,
Nor is there poetry, I wis,
Better over hell than this
That our actors, strutting furious,
Mangle in a manner curious,
As the mists come settling down
Daily, over London town!"

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

SPRING IN THE HOSPITAL

THE hours pass slow in the chambers of
pain,
But the tranquil-eyed nurse's deft fingers
are cool,
Without sounds the rustle and flutter of
wings,
As the robins dip low o'er the curve of their
pool.

ROBERT V. HIGGINS.

THE WATERSIDE LASS

I WALKED on the sand of the riverside,
And the tide came swinging down;
And by and came a sailor lad,
With a face all red and brown.

Oh, have ye been on Mersey water,
Or have ye been on Dee,
Or have ye sailed the cold salt seas
To far Ameriky?

—I have not seen the Mersey water,
For seven long years and three,
Nor the Dee water, nor the cold salt seas
Of North Ameriky.

For I have been where the days are hot
And the nights are velvet bland;
The sea at noon is a hot blue eye,
And the shore is white as your hand;

The maids are black and yellow and
brown,
And they stick red blooms in their
hair.

—Oh, have ye brought no gift for me,
For I see your hands are bare?

—I have brought home a gift for ye
That's more than my hands can hold;
I would not sell this gift o' mine
For all o' my Captain's gold.

—I have no wish for a rich man's gift,
A chain or a jeweled ring;
I'd rather have had a little yellow bird
That you had taught to sing.

—Oh, rede my riddle, my fair maid fair,
And swear by book and bell,
Is the gold of the Spanish captain more
Than a heart that loves you well?—

I stood before his shining face,
And the tide went creeping up;
And my face was held in his two hands
As the wine is held in the cup.

MARGERY BAILEY.

CRUCIFIED

A War Christmas.

THE man had entered awkwardly
Although he knew his wife
Would surely welcome him to see
Their Christmas gift of life.

He called her Mary. Long and long
They sat together there
And Joseph prophesied how strong
The lad would be, and fair.

* * *

Joseph the Carpenter is old,
And Mary's eyes are dim
That watch his calloused hands unfold
The thing. She comes to him

And they together read it all:
" 'Twas thus and so he died
In answer to his country's call.
The King is gratified."

GEROID ROBINSON.

THE PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD

THEY stood at the gate of the vineyard,
the master and his son,

And workmen came from the harvest and
he paid them every one.

Now some since the early morning had bent
o'er the laden vine,

While scourged with sunbeams quivered the
hills of Palestine,

And some had begun their labors in the far
spent afternoon,

But he paid them each a penny, though they
started late or soon.

The men who had worked the longest went
with a curse and a frown,

And the others, gay with the bounty, to the
wineshops of the town.

Masterful, cool and haughty, tall in the
evening glow :

“Ye agreed I should judge your wages;
this is my fancy; go.”

Scornful and grim he towered till the last
man shambled by,

Then he spoke to the youth in sorrow, "My
son, you have wondered why
I should treat God's children as cattle and
scorn his creatures as swine,
Who the rabbis say are my brothers; whose
hearts are the same as mine.
But yet, you will say, God made them, and
surely He loves them yet.
Acres of vine and olive, forests of hills in
ward
Lie as a burden upon me, the steward of the
Lord,
Heavily crushing my shoulders till my years
are nearly done,
And you in your turn must bear it, for you
are your father's son.
Lords of the earth, God-chosen, we hold it
in trust alone
Till the time of the trust is over and the
heirs demand their own.
Truly the Father made them,—truly the
writings say
Almost as high as the angels;—nearer the
beasts today;
Petty, selfish and jealous, lusts of the flesh
and of gain,

And those we oppress are sullen and those
we favor are vain,
But all of them take my penny and cower
before my eye,
And never a man to meet it and thunder
the question, 'Why?'
What can we do to aid them when the liv-
ing spirit of God
They bury beneath corruption like a flower
beneath the clod?
O mountains of fair Judea, ye were given
them for their own,
But man is not led to glory; he must fight
his way up alone.
So ever we grind them lower and ever we
wax more bold,
Pay less for the labor they give us and
gather more lands and gold
Till their deathless souls shall quicken the
weak, starved clay at last
And then shall our trust be ended and the
time of our labor be past.
Ended, I said? I was dreaming; the task
will be scarce begun;
We must fight them through ages and ages
till they conquer and we have won.

Lest they falter, it never must waver, the
battle of mind and sword,
Till they fight their way to the throne of
God and the presence of the Lord.
They shall look in His face and know Him
and know they are His heirs,
And that they and we are His partners and
the world is ours and theirs.
Then shall the sword be rusted and the flags
forever furled
And none shall be lord of another and each
shall be lord of the world.
But, my son, be a stranger to pity, aloof and
beyond their reach,
For the hand of God smites sorely when He
hath a lesson to teach."

WILLIAM LOGAN.

KINGS

THE kings are failing;
Their race is old;
They need more madmen,
They must have gold.

The kings are famished,
They faint for food;
Bring them fresh bodies,
Bring them fresh blood.

Lift not your voices
To laugh or to pray;
The kings must have battle—
Give it today.

A drooping sceptre—
A toppling crown—
Rise and slay quickly
Or they are down!

With broken nations,
With bleeding things,
With hate and darkness
Bolster your kings.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

THE CROSS

THE OLD.

DIM-PILLARED aisles
Mounting up the West,
High altared,
High windowed,
Toward the setting sun.
Chanting—
Soft flow of music—
Stately treading of a white procession
Following the cross—
A golden cross,
And somewhat lightly borne
Toward the setting sun.

THE NEW.

A plunging street
Of yellow lights
Chill with black dawn,
Choked with bodies
Low bowed
As of worshipers,
Noisy with shuffling feet,
Hurrying.

A black, plunging street,
And down at the end of it
A tower
Breathing red,
Breathing black,
Torn at by the dawn breath,
Crowned with smoke
Stretched this way and that—
Crossed with black smoke
Toward the rising sun.

GEROID ROBINSON.

EVENING ON THE HILLS

TO emerge suddenly from the noisy, pent-up offices,
With the weight of a day's toil upon your brow,
To step all at once from the gloom, the oppressiveness,
And to be met face to face,
Like a prophecy, like a transfiguration,
By the mountains in the radiant evening light:
Ah, that is blessedness!

As the Emperor-moth bursts from his narrow cell,
And stretches his damp wings to the light,
So does my spirit break its prison bars,
And spread its pinions on your shining slopes, O hills,
And dip its crumpled pinions in the blue
And lambent shadows of your vales,
And in the golden haze which o'er your face
Moves with the lingering splendor of a smile.

Heart of my heart, another day is done ;
Another day have I been crucified
Amid the din of typewriters, the papers,
 ledgers, pens,
The rush of feet, the babble of harsh
 tongues.
And yet again, when on the verge of death,
Have I been summoned back to life,
To life and life's vast sweetness, by your
 touch,
The touch of God upon the evening hills,
Upon the tender and imperishable hills.

HELEN KREPS.

LONGING

I AM the soul of winter,
The sweeping reach of snow,
The frozen pond, the beaten road,
The nights when blizzards blow ;
I am the icy storm-wind,
The silence and the chill ;
I am the pulse of Longing
That never will be still.

I am the burning desert,
The choking heat, the sand ;
I am the purple mountain range
Of God-forgotten land ;
I am its awful silence,
Its grim and powerful will ;
I am the pulse of Longing
That never will be still.

I am the endless vastness
Untouched by human hand ;
I am the goal of wanderlust,
The heart of virgin land ;

I am the unknown river,
Its mystery, its thrill;
I am the pulse of Longing
That never will be still.

I am the depth of forest,
I am the ocean's call,
I am the lure of the unknown,
The vastness of it all;
I am the starry heaven,
Unfathomable, chill;
I am the pulse of Longing
That never will be still.

ROBERT DONALDSON.

MOONS

ATHROUGH an Orchard's tangled vis-
tas, aisled

With evanescent Blooming, I,—a Child,—
Against the whiteness of the scented Moon
First beheld Beauty's flitting face and wild.

Where the Night-earth had glimmered into
Sea,

Stirring that misted Plain's immensity
Of wave-soft Grasses flowing toward the
Moon,

First felt I the dim breath of Mystery.

One night of Fall the Hills were brilliant-
bare

With every Pebble shadowed black and
clear;

To a far dog-fox barking at the Moon
I heard Adventure answer from his Lair.

Once in a Woodlake's Bowl of sapphire
Night

The opened Bud of Heaven floated bright;

And reaching for that pearl-round, perfect
Moon
I touched the groping Hand of Lost Delight.

When I am free of Heaven, being dead,
And every Trail of Stars is mine to tread,
Shall I not yearn beside the wistful Moon
For my own Humanness, that now has fled?

DARE STARK.

YOUTH

I AM the render of chains ;
I am the filcher of fire ;
Rebellion flows in my veins ;
I may not rest for desire.
You have made me a law ? I shall break it.
You have set me a bound ? I shall pass.
You choose this your own ? I shall take it.
Your bonds are of glass !

Your gods on high are of lead ;
Silent they sit through the days ;
What they have said they have said,—
What they have written stays.
For them is not going nor coming,
Birth, nor decay, nor strife ;
They smite like a palsy, benumbing
The hot pulse of life !

What flotsam is to the flood,
What wreckage is to the sea,
What to the whirlwind the wood,
Such are their laws to me.
The gods ! must I heed their thunder ?
They rage ! must I kneel and pray ?
I bear them down and asunder—
I am greater than they !

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

DESIRE

THE planets circle me in rings ;
Each gold-tongued star my kingship
sings ;

I am the hungry god Desire,
Whom Death himself does but inspire
To furious life. The flood he flings—
The feathers of wee broken wings,
Pale ashes of the hopes of kings—
Rekindle at my heart's white fire
To flame anew.

And in that day when sunset brings
No world-sad dream of sweeter things ;
When men, too weary to aspire,
Content without the stars retire ;
When no child to my warm hand clings,
God pity you.

GLADYS BRIGGS CLUFF.

AMATEURS

A LOFT among the gallery gods,
Whose peering faces crowd the night
With muttered breath and mocking nods,
There waits the Keeper of the Light.

From out the pit the roll and crash
Of music comes, and through the dark
The spot pours down a blinding flash
Upon its momentary mark.

It is Pierrette that flutters there
Alone, until there comes Pierrot;—
Comes hissing, laughter and despair,
And darkness blots them as they go.

They tried, O God, how hard they tried;
Though loveliness was theirs, and grace,
The Keeper of the Light denied
A moment more to their embrace.

GEROID ROBINSON.

THE DREAMER

TIME plucked for me a single golden
flower

That God had planted in Eternity.

“See,” said he, smiling, “I will give it thee
To do with as thou wilt, this priceless hour.”

Musing upon it, “Shall I purchase Power
With this, or Fame?” I thought; “or
shall it be

To Duty given, or deathless Charity?
Or can Love lure it from me?” Like a
shower

Of autumn leaves by vagrant breezes
blown,
My thoughts flashed on me. Ah, too fair
to choose

Among them. I must think, and dream,
and muse.

It must be some great deed to make me
known.

“This plan . . . or this . . . no, that . . . or
shall I use—”

“Nay, cease to plan,” said Time, “the
hour is flown.”

MAURICE DOOLING.

DREAMS

LAST night I sang, and from my silver
throat

Flowed sweeter tones than those of lark
or thrush;

The world kept silence till the last pure note
Died in a breath, and left a quivering
hush.

Last night I danced, and to my winged feet
The stars of heaven tuned their sym-
phony.

From grove and field and many a still re-
treat,

I charmed the wood-nymphs with my
witchery.

Dream when thou mayest! From the kindly
night

Ask thy heart's wish, for when the sun
is up,

The wine of dreams fades in the searching
light,

Leaving in eager hands an empty cup.

GLADYS GREEN.

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