

POEMS

J. C. WHITTIER

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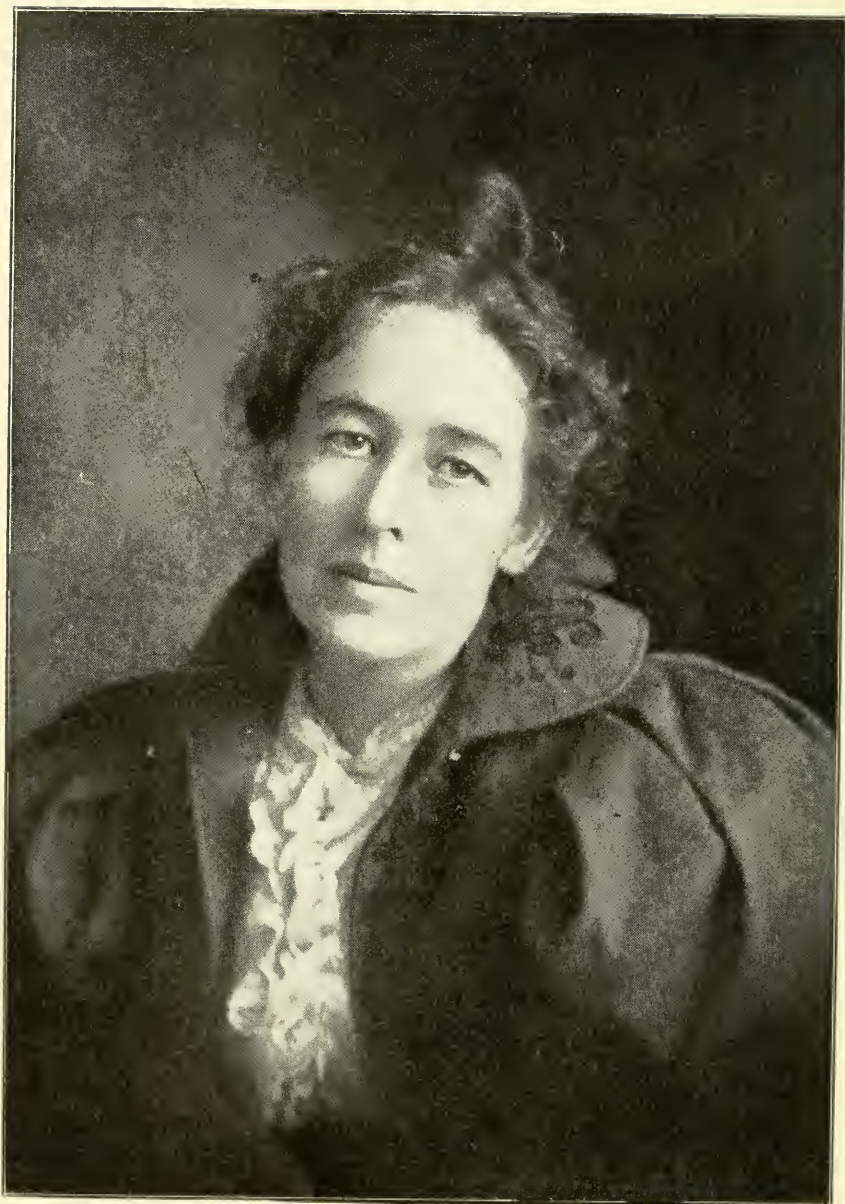
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IDA CELIA WHITTIER.

POEMS

BY
IDA CELIA WHITTIER



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CENTRE HARBOR, N. H., August 8, 1889.

IDA C. WHITTIER:

I thank thee for sending me thy poems. * * * * I am glad a *Whittier* wrote the "Eagle Gate."

I am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

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PROEM.

*Crush the grape, and from its life-blood
Comes a drink of wond'rous power.
Crush the rose, and sweetest perfume
Rises from the dying flower.*

*Crush the heart, nor heed its anguish,
Cruel world, and it will yield
To thy grasp its best and brightest,
Ere its painful throbs are stilled.*

LIFE.

I met with Life. With weary pace,
In mourning robes, she walked alone,
And looking on her frowning face,
My heart within me turned to stone.

“Oh, Life,” I cried, “What art thou, pray?”
“To thine own soul, a flawless glass.
Ask thou thy sister. She will say
That like a dream of Spring I pass.”

I asked the maiden at my side,
“Seest thou Life?” “Oh, yes,” said she.
“Her sunny tresses, like a bride,
She wreathes in flowers and smiles on me.”

“Seest thou not her mourning gown?”
“I see,” she said, “a robe of white.”
“Seest thou not her thorny crown?”
“A halo, rather, blinding bright.”

“Lend me thine eyes!” in agony,
I cried aloud. The maid drew back.
“No longer will I walk with thee,
Lest I too, see Life veiled in black.”

“Not mine,” I wept, “to form the soul,
Oh Life, that blindly shrinks from thee,
Were it within my own control,
I question whether it would be.

“No answer? None? Is all a dream?
Oh, let me wake, nor longer toss
Adrift upon a troubled stream!
The busy world would feel no loss.

But yet, while Chaos round me rings,
Something I grasp and know it true.
I fear thee not, while each day brings
Some one to love, and work to do.”

I DARE NOT WEEP.

I lie beside the restless sea;
My soul, as restless, dreams of thee.
My whole life's restless course I see,
And dare not weep.

I know my heart is given in vain;
'Twas ever so, and why complain?
Life's restless course is fringed with pain,
Why should I weep?

“I love thee, dear,” is quickly said,
But when thou com'st, the words are dead.
I can but look and long instead.
 Thy heart's asleep.

Another's smile means more to thee
Than all my soul's dumb agony.
Therefore I lie beside the sea,
 And dare not weep.

SIMPLY TO THY CROSS I CLING.

My Christian friend, you pity me,
 And count it my soul's great loss,
That even for you I cannot agree
 To cling to a broken cross.

The old Norse gods have passed away,
 The gods of woods and storms,
Do you think no soul prayed them to stay,
 Or clung to their vanishing forms?

Gone are the half-human gods of Greece,
 Whom the poets created and killed;
The colder Christian gods of peace,
 Their place has hardly filled.

And your human god is fading fast,
Leaving the godlike man,
Pathetic the faith with which you cling
To his broken cross, while you can.

Behind all these stands the Great Unknown,
And the one who adores a Joss
Knows his Creator not less than the one
Who clings to the broken cross.

THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR.

“The Devil is dead!” triumphantly we cry.
“The gods are dying! We can live without.”
And then we make a new and fearful fiend,
Who damns me for the wrong my grandsire did.
Or his grandsire, perhaps—whiche'er it be,
Nevertheless, I'm damned, sent to a hell,
Newly created, too, a real hell—
No fabric of a frenzied poet's brain,
With fallen angels and dark palaces;
No awful wilderness of flashing fires,
Hoarse yells of pain, and dusky, grinning fiends.

This hell yawns under every careless foot,
If it but turn or stumble, one more falls,
To join the throng that wallows there in mire,
Thorn sprinkled, spread o'er sharply cruel rocks.

Not man's own sins may doom him to this pit;
The sinner lives a life of careless ease,
But the unconscious victim of his crimes,
Who never saw his face, or heard his name,
Falls hopelessly, as Satan fell from Heaven,
To this new hell, where the incapable,
Are hounded by the fiend Heredity.

Not loftiness of soul, nor purity
Of life or thought, may save one from this doom.
No hope from Heaven; the gods of Greece are dead,
And dead or dying, those of Christendom.
The new God sits alone, invisible,
A formless First Cause, veiled in mystery,
And deaf to human cries. A God or Fiend,
That lusts for sacrifice, and looks unmoved
On cities, nations, plunging to their doom,
Not warned or stayed by his restraining hand.

Not this the God who marked the sparrow's fall;
Not this the God who heard the victim's cry,

When strength oppressed. That God sprang from
men's hearts;
The new God rises from man's restless brain.

We are wiser now. We know the heart to be
But a machine for pumping blood. We know
That love dwells not within the heart, but is
A vain delusion, whereby this new God
Leads us to live the life that if we saw,
And knew, as He knows, He, the larger Mind—
Why, we would pause, and all our petty aims,
Will-o'-the-wisps to lure us through the dark,
Would lose their brightness. We would look on
life,
Know it for the farce-tragedy it is,
Give up the contest, and despair and die.

GOD IS LOVE.

TO E. H. G., 1893.

Poet with the earnest eyes,
With your patent from above,
Teaching, in a world of lies,
Higher laws of truth and love.

Save us, you who can and dare,
From the Gospel of Despair.

Plato's page no longer glows,
As beneath your burning glance,
Burns' sweet song no longer flows
O'er our hearts in liquid dance.

With your clearer, stronger gaze,
You can grasp the well planned whole,
See each star in Heaven's maze,
Move unswerving to its goal.

Talk to us once more of love,
Love that conquers sin and pain;
Tell us men have died to prove
Love is God, and not in vain;
Love still rules, and Love shall dare
Crush the Gospel of Despair.

EAGLE GATE.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Grim eagle! lifeless, colorless and lone,
 . Poised high in air,
A peaceful beehive serving for thy throne,
 Who placed thee there?

What dost thou signify, O voiceless bird?
 Art silent still?

Then will I make thy sullen message heard,
 Against thy will.

“The Church I represent hath placed me here;
 My threat’ning beak
Portrays the power that makes her vassals fear,
 And keeps them meek.

“My spreading wings, outlined against the blue
 Of summer skies,
Tell of a purpose, not for all men’s view,
 To mount and rise.

“My talons, holding with unyielding clasp,
 The beehive’s store,
They speak the means our ruthless Church can grasp
 Aloft to soar.

“And so, perched high o'er saint and sinner's head,
I dare thee, World!
My wings, that beat unchecked 'gainst Freedom's head,
Shall ne'er be furled.”

Boast not, proud bird! Be not in strength secure!
Earth's records tell
Of many tyrants whose success seemed sure,
And yet they fell.

THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each hour! The more fool he!
Collecting sweets and honey dew,
On restless wing, the summer through;

Thinking, poor fool, the sweets he brings
Will nourish him when wintry stings
Have killed the flowers. But ruthless man
Looks with contentment on his plan,

And when the rich hive overflows,
On murderous pillage bent, he goes,
Kills the poor fool, and steals his store,
Then leaves the hive, to search for more.

IN ARMENIA.

The bloody trench was heaped with
 The dying and the dead.
Among them all shone brightly
 A woman's golden head.
Her flowing hair was golden,
 But her naked breast was red,
And her life-blood stained the forms of
 The dying and the dead.

Along the trench of horror,
 Across her awful bed,
Around its heedless mother,
 Her child, by hunger led,
Felt for the outraged bosom,
 Where it had slept and fed.
Its lessening cries and wailings,
 Though long and wide they spread,
Could not disturb those neighbors,
 The dying and the dead.

But like the judgment trumpet,
 Across that land they sped,
And reached a far-off country,
 Where men with horror read,

(And reading, vows of vengeance,
On the oppressor said),
How in that land of horrors,
Where seas of blood are shed,
For mother's milk a babe cried,
Finding her blood instead,
Among those still companions,
The dying and the dead.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Out on the hills, where the grasses are waving,
White mountain lilies, first flowers of May,
Like ghosts of the snowflakes, the keen winds are
braving;

I loved them last spring, but my lover's away.

In at my window the sunlight is streaming,
My pansies are blossoming 'neath its bright ray;
I draw close the curtains, and set them a-dreaming,
I care not for sunshine—my lover's away.

The red-breasted robins with rapture are singing,
The wee little snowbirds are chirping and gay,
The golden tipped blackbirds above me are winging,
They all are unwelcome—my lover's away.

The lawns are all green, and the fruit trees are bloom-
ing,
Beneath their broad branches the little ones play.
Their laughter rings clear, through the river's wild
booming,
How can they be glad when my lover's away?

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

List to the sound of the sea,
As it roars on the rocks by night.
The wind moans fitfully,
And sweeps on its restless flight.
And ever I hear,
Like a cry of fear,
The whistling buoy call loud and clear.
“Beware!” it calls, “beware!
For the waves are fierce and strong;
Though the white sands beckon fair,
Around them the sharp rocks throng.”
And the trembling sail
Will never fail
To fly from the whistling buoy's shrill wail.

“I see,” cries the buoy, “to-night,
A maid on the ocean’s breast,
And her robe and her face are white
As the foam on her icy nest.”

But she heard not the song,
Though clear and strong,
Of the whistling buoy as she passed along.

Her mother slept all night,
All night, till the dawn of day,
She dreamed of a vision white
That floated out in the bay.
The sun’s first gleam
Shone through her dream,
And she heard the whistling buoy’s wild scream.

“Woe! woe! to thy heart,” it cried,
And her soul grew sick with dread,
Slow, slow, with the failing tide,
Came in from the sea her dead.
Her child she saves
From the hungry waves,
But the whistling buoy still hoarsely raves.

LAGUNITA.

My pretty maid, why vex your curly head
With verbs and rules? Come where the white lake
sleeps

In the noon hush; where glows the autumn red
Upon the hills. Come where the wild vine creeps
Through locks of maidenhair; where wild birds sing,
Joyously ignorant of rules or notes,
But rich in love. Come where on golden wing
The butterfly in happy freedom floats

My dearest girl, why dim your lovely eyes
With peering into dusty microscopes?
Come where the tender zephyr sweetly sighs
Among the leaves, and o'er the grassy slopes.
O come with me, where breezes, birds and brooks.
All speak love's language, innocent of books.

DANTE.

Bright singer of a dark and silent age,
Thy faith endears thee to a kindred soul,
That struggles with thee toward the self-same goal
Through the dark wood of life, where mortals wage
Unending strife, and with relentless rage.
Thy words immortal paint the perfect whole;
The starry Heavens, that in splendor roll,
Invisible, save to the inspired sage;
The Hell whose flames with sinful souls are fed.
And the dread regions of the unjudged dead,
Where souls are tried. Life in no one alone,
Of thy three worlds is bound. A broader flight,
She wings, through regions of eternal night,
To other realms, where darkness is unknown.

CLARISSA.

Gray eyes, as calm and cold as evening stars,
Wide windows, that a quiet soul looks through,
Not shrinking yet from life, because the scars
Of life's grim battle have been borne for you
By loving hearts. But when these fall at last,

In the unequal strife, then the clear hue
Of your deep eyes, feeling the first storm blast,
Will stir, and cloud, and the poor soul within
Shrink back until the voice of fear is past,
Unwilling to look forth, while Grief and Sin
With all their powers assail. Yet from this throng,
Not love itself can shield the soul for long.

LOTUS LAND.

Dreaming, Clarissa lay, with half-closed eyes,
Murmuring low, "See, love, the Lotus Land!
A silver sea in silent beauty lies,
Tossing upon a bed of silver sand.

"List to the tone of perfect harmony,
From laughing waves, and sullen deep-sea roar.
List to the floods of liquid melody,
That fall from stately trees along the shore.

"See how the opal sunrise softly glows,
Upon the swelling bosom of the deep.
Magnolia perfume through my spirit flows,
Charming my weary thoughts away in sleep.

"Come with me, love! Across thine eyes I'll press
The lotus-wreath of sweet forgetfulness."

LOVE LIES DEAD.

Oh, wild wind harp, give voice to my dumb pain,
Call to the farthest corners of the Earth,
Cry to the Love who gave my dead love birth,
Until he listens to thy strings complain.

Wail with the winds that sing a sad refrain,
Beat the strong chords until they silence mirth,
Wail like the starving ones in time of dearth,
Till Heaven itself bend low to hear thy strain.

But gently now, wild harp, for Love lies dead,
Bowed to the ground, I weep beside his bier.
Though life is gone, the faultless form is dear.
Softly, sweet harp, breathe o'er his dreamless bed,
With fairy ferns and sweet white violets spread.
Love lives immortal, but my love lies here.

A SHIP SAILS IN.

A ship sails in out of the sea of mist,
Over the sea of blue, 'mong isles of gold,
Out of the clouds that 'round its glories fold,
Tossing its swan-like wings, by breezes kist.

My ship bows low, to where I dream alone,
Then turns, and sails again, afar, afar,
Until it twinkles, like a fallen star,
In a moonlighted sky. Alas, 'tis gone!

And after it the bloom and brightness press,
That filled my heart with sweet forgetfulness
Of its dull cares. Close, close the glowing rhyme,
While yet the day's rich beauty floods thy brain.
Banish thy crowding cares at such a time,
Let the bright sea of beauty drown thy pain.

ENDURE.

Talk not to me! there is no comfort, none!

I will go out, out o'er the ocean strand,
Washed by the waves and warmed by noonday sun,
And stretch my limbs upon the warm, white sand.

The waves reach up white hands to welcome me,
And sing in unison a mocking song.

Poor, writhing earthworm, what great grief can be
In thy short life, where nothing lasts for long?

No comfort? Why, the grief will be forgot
In a few days. For other griefs thou'lt come,
And other men with griefs, to this same spot,
Crying their little sorrows to the dumb
And heedless rocks. For shame! like storm-lashed
waves,
Endure thy scourgings! All are Nature's slaves.

MELANCHOLY.

Not till the thickest of the gloom is past
Can we take comfort from the faithful friends
Upon our shelves. The fit its fury spends
In silent loneliness; too vague and vast,
The nightmare visions of the bitter blast
To be compressed in words. Endurance lends
A sullen courage, till the torture ends,
Leaving the mind in weary peace at last.

Then comes the rainbow; when the storm is o'er
The sun smiles on a world new-born and bright.
Hope from her banishment returns once more
With Love, and whispers at the bolted door,
That opens wide. The skies, aflame with light,
Swallow once more the demons of the night.

HOMER.

Great Homer! Greatest of the sons of song!
When I think of thy wondrous history,
Thy tale of Ilium by the southern sea,
Where men, like gods, were beautiful and strong;
Thy Helen, fairest of the countless throng
Of lovely women; thy Andromache,
Saddest of wives; I think despairingly,
"From these to my weak notes the way is long."

Yet, first and greatest, thou wert never meant
To be the last. Many have dared sing since,
And men have listened. Then I can but sing
As best I may, not keep my singing pent
Within my heart. Peasant as well as prince
Can know life's joy, and shudder at death's sting.

TO MY MOTHER.

Dear mother! Dearest when the cruel world
Has pelted me with its malicious stones!
When round my heart its stinging whips have curled,
Blinded with pain, I listen for the tones
Of her dear voice, who, when I first knew fear,

Comforted me, and soothed my childish moans
Standing between me and the world, to bear
Her blows and mine. Now her true heart is grieved
Only because the weight of many a year
Warns that, too soon, her child will be bereaved
Of her protecting love. Nor recks she aught
Of self, whom life has baffled and deceived.
The child, for whom, all day, she fondly wrought,
Is still, at dusk, her last and loving thought.

TO EVELYN.

1.

I call thee friend, yet know not if thou art
A friend to me. I know I love thee well,
But why, I know not. 'Tis some cruel spell,
That bends beneath thy careless will a heart
Too proud to let thee see how it doth smart
At thine indifference. I dare not rebel,
Far better ring out my own funeral knell!
Mine were the loss alone if we should part.

Poor heart! condemned to ever live in vain.
Like some lone mermaid on a desert isle,
Singing her longing love to callous ears,

That list, perhaps, a careless hour to wile
Away, until, regardless of her pain,
The ship sails on, and leaves her dumb with tears.

THY POET.

II.

Say, may I be thy licensed poet, dear?
Wilt thou accept my only treasure, song?
May I pour freely forth the love that long
Hath filled my heart? A cascade pure and clear,
It flows about thy feet. If thou wilt hear
Its timid pleading voice, 'twill grow more strong,
And lift thee like a flower out of the throng
Of jealous weeds, safe to a harbor near.

There shalt thou be my queen, thy poet, I,
Rich in thy favor, poor in all beside,
There shall the happy days forever glide
In blessed peace. Forever I shall lie
Low at thy feet, and sing right merrily,
Till breath shall fail, and we shall cease to be.

THE SUMMER SEA.

III.

The waves splash gently at my feet
And curl in foam around the mossy rocks.

Beyond the calm sea's level, shining blue,
Stretches, the purple bank of mist to meet,
That rests like a soft crown of amethyst,
Upon a blue-eyed maiden's golden locks,
White sails are threading isles of golden hue,
Isles of the pale brown seaweed. Where the mist
Rests white against the mountain's swelling breast.
A graceful sea-gull flies, and dips his wings
In the transparent foam the fond sea flings
In loving tribute, where the crag's feet rest.
E'en as I lay before you, dear, my best,
My love, and all the song that from it springs.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR.

IV.

I love you, dear, and I would write a rhyme,
To tell you, but what needs the sonnet's length,
To say what would be said, with far more strength,
In half a line, and scarce a minute's time.
But those old words, like some slow moving chime,
Sound to my ears so wondrous rich and sweet
That gladly o'er and o'er I would repeat,
"I love you," though to say it were a crime.

I love you, dear. My soul is sad with love,
And pines for you like some weak, widowed bird,

That mourns alone in her deserted nest,
Or, weirdly crying, circles close above—
What boots this foolish stringing word on word?
When all is said, "I love you," still is best.

TO MAJELLA.

v.

You come at last, Majella. Let me lie
Thus at your feet, my cheek upon a fold
Of your dear dress. Its fibrous touches hold
More joy for me than countless wealth can buy,
For when I grasp your wing, you cannot fly.
Cruel! to slight a love like molten gold,
Rich, and so warm it never can grow cold,
Unless the soul itself can fade and die.

White foam of seas afar beyond my glance,
Whisper to me in tender undertone,
What can I say her still heart to entrance,
That I may claim my love for mine alone?
Murmurs the sea, with dull despairing moan,
"No hope for you"; and yet the gay waves dance.

EVELYN.

VI.

I pour my love, like rich and foaming wine,
Into a sonnet urn to offer thee.
A magic potion may it prove to be,
And fire thy blood until it pulse, like mine,
In mighty throbs. For never earth-born vine,
Yielded a drink that roused so wondrously,
The sleeping life, giving it power to free
From weights and chains of clay, the soul divine.

Kiss but the foam upon this cup of love,
And lo! unto the lips will leap thy soul
In welcome; for these two are close akin,
Both exiles from a kingdom far above
This sordid world. Oh, drink the brimming bowl!
Life, love and Heaven thou wilt find within.

HAPPINESS.

VII.

Let me not wake! With swooning sense I dream,
Dead to the past, the future, and would know
Nought but the cloudless present. As doth flow
Through some fair vale a worn and fretted stream,
That warms beneath the sunshine's kindly beam,

Mirrors the smiling sky, and, moving slow,
Sings with the birds, forgetting that below,
The cruel rocks in ordered malice gleam.

My heart, elate with unknown happiness,
Would dream forever that it dwells with thee,
Lulled by thy presence to forgetfulness
Of all beside. Let me not wake, to weep!
But dream in peace, from life's dull lessons free,
Till death, in mercy, brings me dreamless sleep.

MAJELLA.

VIII.

Majella! Majella! The waves still beat
With impotent white hands the earth's dark breast.
Still does the sunset, like a halo, rest
Upon the sea. Still is the odor sweet,
Of mist wet pines. But when I turn to greet,
In each dear spot, the form that made it blest,
The sword of parting yet once more is prest
Slow, through my heart, to make its pain complete.

Like phantom ships upon a sea of mist,
The fishing fleet sails home, and bare, brown arms
Wave a glad greeting. Safe once more from harms,

Of winds and waves, the fishermen are kist,
And clasped, and clung to. Then with lonely sighs,
Thinking of thee, I close my envious eyes.

TO MY DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

IX.

Still silent? For your silence first I loved you.
But have you not a word now for your friend?
Were you of marble, love like mine had moved you;
Life to a statue love had power to lend.

I would be proud, nor let your silence grieve me,
But Love, the God, obeys no mortal's will.
Although in doubt and loneliness you leave me,
My foolish heart is yours, and serves you still.

I dreamed, last night, that, hand in hand, we wandered,
Watching the sunset flush the ocean's blue,
And waking, wept the hours in daylight squandered,
When night alone brings dreams, and dreams bring
you.

Knowing my state of mind, can you do less
Than send a word my waking hours to bless?

A VANISHED DREAM.

x.

My vanished dream! how fair and sweet it was!
Soft as the silken splash of noontide waves
Upon the beach. They play above the graves
Of living things, and laugh and fly. Alas!
So hast thou flown, my dream. So ever pass
The unknown pleasures that the fond heart craves
In foam away. And then the poor fool raves
Like one that loved a shadow in the glass.

So sweet a dream to wither like a leaf!
Have I not wept my tale of bitter tears?
Have I not given to cancerous care and grief,
Young as I am, all of my wasted years?
I dreamed as one to whom the day appears
A horrid dream. Why was my dream so brief?

NORA REJOICES.

W'ite folks go'n' hab chicken,
En Nora she git some,
Stew 'm en cream en thicken,
Nora lick de drum.

Ol' Miss, she like li'l' wing,
Young Miss like de bres',
Chicken only li'l' ting,
Like um all de bes'!

Nora clean dat pullet,
Pick um pin f'rs out,
Flop um en de skullet,
En stir um 'roun' about.

Mak' dat tasty chicken,
Ros' de yaller yam,
Golly! ain' dis picken!
Better'n pone en ham?

NORA'S DIRGE.

Little guhl, she die las' night,
Washed huh clean en dressed huh w'ite—

Hesh you' noise!

Mammy, she bin cryin' heaps,
Little guhl, she sleeps en sleeps—

Hesh you' noise!

Pappy, he bin thrashin' 'roun ,
Little guhl don mak' no soun'—

Hesh you' noise!
 Ol' brack Nora heah um pray,
 Heah all wot dat preacher say—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Tell um ef dey min' deir prayin ,
 Dey go'n' see dat babe again—
 Hesh you' noise!
 He don' say, wot Nora knows,
 Ghos' go'n' come, en Nora goes—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Ghos' go'n' rise f'um buryin' groun',
 Ghos' go'n' creep en wail erroun'—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Go'n' come home en wail at night,
 W'en de w'ite folks sleepin' tight—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Nora, she go'n' leave dat place,
 Won' stay dah foh silk en lace—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Lose deir babe, dem w'ite folks will,
 Death ain' wan' no culled chile—
 Hesh you' noise!
 Snow-w'ite lamb, she sleep en sleep,
 Death ain' wan' my li'l' brack sheep—
 Hesh you' noise!

NORA'S HYMN.

Oh Lohd, I ain' go'n' sin no mo',
Bah mahsef, bah mahsef;
I go'n' foh to seek mah fathah's do',
Bah mahsef.

Oh Lohd, I seeks a sehvant's place,
Bah mahsef, bah mahsef;
I go'n' foh to see ma fathah's face,
Bah mahsef.

Oh Lohd, I done bin wand'rin' 'roun',
Bah mahsef, bah mahsef;
Oh Lohd, at las' mah home I foun',
Bah mahsef.

Oh Lohd, I dess lak little chile,
Bah mahsef, bah mahsef;
I skeered I fall, an' hollerin' wil',
Bah mahsef.

Oh Lohd, dess take me bah mah han',
Bah mahsef, bah mahsef;
An' lead me in mah fathah's lan',
Bah mahsef.

NORA'S SPRING SONG.

Wil' vi'lets am in blossom
Out in de piney wood;
De Lohd, He jes' done toss 'em
'Roun', mak' de worl' smell good.

De pine trees am a-moanin',
Jes' lak de 'ternal sea;
Dey rockin' en dey groanin',
De win' he whistle free.

He ain' got no soht trouble,
He don' wan' clo's en shoes;
No ache don' ben' him double,
He ain' no chile to lose.

De rain, hit des come tum'lin'
Down, en de yearth, she catch;
Hit set de pine trees rum'lin',
De lightnin' hiss en scratch.

Ol' thunder, he cum rollin',
En knock de pine trees down,
Lak ef de Lohd a-scol'in',
En trowin' tings erroun'.

I don' lak dat ol' thunder,
But bimeby he go back,
De sun cum out f'um under,
De sky quit scowlin' brack.

Den watch dem vi'lets dancin'
En smilin' in de grass,
Dey little w'ite stars glancin',
En bobbin' wen I pass.

Dat mockin' buhd a-singin,'
Down in de piney wood,
Lak bells ob Heben a-ringin',
Ol' Nora feelin' good.

A MORMON WIFE.

The second wife came home, and from the first
No dark looks frowned,
No angry words, or heartsore tear storm burst.
She made no sound.
Her passive face, and swiftly paling cheek,
With saintly meekness crowned.

But, as about each petty household care
 She deftly stepped,
Soft to her side, when tears fell unaware,
 The house dog crept,
And wondered wistfully what saddened her,
 Why his kind mistress wept.

None ever saw her falter or complain;
 She bore, as best
She could, alone, a double load of pain
 Within her breast.
His unborn child beneath the weary heart
 His harshness had oppressed.

But when the child of her despair was born,
 At break of day,
Its eyes looked not upon the summer morn,
 Tear-blind were they,
And on her breast it wept the mother's grief,
 And wept its life away.

THE CALIFORNIA RAIN.

See the rain in swaying sheets,
 Coming down,
While the rivulets cross the road,
 Bare and brown,
And the bush of bridal veil,
With its sprays of blossoms pale,
Bends and shrinks beneath the fury of the
 gale.

See the ivy's mass of dark,
 Trembling green,
Clinging closely to the porch
 Lattice screen
While the bending bridal wreath
Seems to crouch and hold its breath,
'Neath the rain that beats its blossoms down
 to death.

See the cloud sky overhead,
 Palest gray,
Save the darker clouds that speed
 Fast away,
Violets shiver in their bed,

And the queen rose turns with dread
From the storm that spares not even her
proud head.

THE POET.

An angel bent over a babe,
A babe on his mother's breast,
And she kissed his brow with a touch so light,
And I looked in his eyes with a glance so bright,
That the infant smiled, though his sight grew dim,
'Neath the word that the angel had breathed on him.

At the other side of the bed
Stood another form of air,
And the infant uttered a frightened cry
As she bent o'er the bed, with a pitying sigh,
And laid a burden upon his breast
That banished forever peace and rest.

Dream on, oh beautiful babe,
There's a light in thy thoughtful eye,
And in thy soul a sense of power,
The bright eyed angel's princely dower.
Shall comfort thee for the darker weight,
That crushes thy heart like a vengeful fate.

SHELLEY.

When the great gods to mortal maids were kind,
Were they expected to be faithful, too?

Ah, no! the fairest flowers they resigned,
Like butterflies, for one of fairer hue.

Thou who the poet's burning love wouldst gain
Beware its power! and think to hold the wind,
Ere thou the poet's restless soul canst chain,
To rest contented with a meaner mind.

He follows beauty as a guiding star,
Seeks the pure love his soul cannot forget;
Amid the ugliness of things that are,
Ideal loveliness he longs for yet.

He follows Genius through the fiercest fires,
Uncaring if it blast his mortal breath,
And who to tread the poet's path aspires
Must bear in life the bitterness of death.

We cannot measure Shelley by a form
Of our poor customs, convenances or creeds,
From his primeval soul, the baffled charm
Of all our touchstones powerless recedes.

Child of the stars! Bright spirit from the vast
And unknown worlds of space! can we blame thee
Because the ones who sought to hold thee fast
Embraced a flame that burned them cruelly?

A THUNDER STORM.

The thunder rolls.
From the wrath of the gathering storm,
Breathless, I flee.
The king of the storm-fiends curses me
With the roar of his dreadful artillery.

The thunder rolls.
Loud and more near,
It cracks o'er my head, while I, for fear,
Flee from the wrath of offended might
Out into the night.

The thunder rolls.
God of my fathers, succor me!
E'en as I tremble before the frown
That beats me down,
The storm-king will bend like a reed to Thee.

The thunder rolls.

But hark! through the wet, black, storm-filled air,
Peaceful and fair,
List to the bell from the convent tower!
He calleth me. Dare I distrust His power,
That forces the dread storm-king to cower?

The thunder rolls.

But that clear, sweet bell
Seemeth to tell
Of infinite mercy, that sees my fright,
And calleth to me through the night.

The thunder rolls.

But the deafening crash
That broke o'er my head with the lightning's flash,
Sounds faint and far;
The bells' sweet whispers have stilled this war.

The thunder rolls.

Powerless I stand,
The storm-king strikes with relentless hand,
And I turn to flee. But the bell, the bell,
Of mercy and kindness it seems to tell.

The bell rings clear.
I listen, and slowly approach more near,
Forgetting my fear.
But suddenly, sullenly, from the sky,
Mutters the storm-king angrily.

The thunder rolls.
I blanch and cower,
Hiding my face from the skies that lower,
Frowning on me with a hate so fell
That I listen not to the pleading bell.

Loud rings the bell.
Sweeter and clearer its loving voice
Calleth to me.
But the wrath of the storm affrights my soul,
Deadly and fierce doth the thunder roll,
And I turn to flee.
The powers of night and of hate rejoice,
And the thunder rolls.

DEATH.

Here, at her side, the wind of Death sweeps by,
His wings are closing gradually about her.
From the next room there rings the old, old cry,
“My child! Oh, God, how can I live without her!”

No heart can bear that bitter cry, unmoved,
It brings the ready tears to sternest eyes.
The fearful wrench, like limb from living wood,
Wrings that loud cry, whene'er a loved one dies.

The child that yesterday played round your feet,
So cold and still to-day? “Oh, God, not so!
It is a dream, and I shall wake to greet
Her baby kisses, not this weight of woe.

“Her tiny fingers at my heart-strings clutch,
My heart must follow her beneath the ground.
Was it a sin to love my babe too much?”
Thus mourns the mother with her sorrow crowned.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

The dear old white-capped sea
Sings a rude lullaby,
Striving to comfort me,
Her crying child.

Say not the breakers roar,
They murmur o'er and o'er,
"My loved one, weep no more,
Hush thee, my child!

"Come to my loving breast,
Close in my white arms prest,
I'll rock thee into rest.
Come, weary child!

"Wouldst have thy heart's pain cease?
Know from thy thoughts release?
Come! I can give thee peace.
Come soon, dear child!

"Life lasts but for a day,
If thou must weep away,
Why wait for evening gray?
Come now, my child!"

QUESTIONINGS

None can aid you, you must face
Life and Death alone.

Death the goal, and Life the race,
Neither well is known.

What is Death? A dreamless night.
What is Life? A dream.

Since we never saw the light,
Visions real seem.

Stretch thy hands to silent skies,
They but mock thy pain.

Cling to human hands, that prize
Naught but selfish gain.

Cease thy cries, and listen, then;
Comes there a reply?

Sordid buzz and hum of men,
Bird songs from the sky.

Why am I? why must I live
Days of cruel care?

Help nor comfort can I give,
I can only bear.

Why work on, with feverish zeal,
Just to understand
Part of God's great plan, and kneel,
Checked, at His command?

From the mystic web, why cling
To a single thread?
Following it through ring on ring,
Trembling touch and tread.

Large or little, short or long,
Every strain must end.
Either break, or swifter far
Than thy following bend.

FIRST HEART THROBS.

This feeling's strange, and deep, and new,
And yet 'tis sweet and precious too.

There's joy and bliss
In love's first kiss,

A sweetness all its own.

All other joys
Are worthless toys

After true love is known.

Oh, trembling hand, and blushing brow,
Why can I not control you now?

When he is near,
Is't love or fear
That makes my heart beat fast?

This ecstasy
Must surely be
Too violent to last.

To-day I bent o'er roses bloom,
Inhaling all their sweet perfume,

But sweeter far
Than roses are,
Within their flowery bed,
The penciled note
My lover wrote,
"I love you, dear," it said.

Unruly heart, cannot my will,
Thy almost painful throbbing still?

The moment's creep
For e'er I sleep,
E'er twilight veils the day,
My love will come
To learn his doom.

Fond heart, what shall I say?

THE ANGEL VISITOR.

Clear rang the angel voice,
Soft, sweet, yet thrilling,
Making my heart rejoice,
Easing its pain.
Bright beamed the angel eyes,
Misery killing,
Vision of Paradise,
Come, come again.

Life was a joy with thee,
Still art thou dear to me,
Still art thou dear to him
Whom thou dost love.
Death could not change thee, sweet,
Still in my dreams I greet
Thy gracious presence, from realms far above.
E'en in the sunlight clear,
Feel I thy presence near,
Tender and spotless as some snow-white dove.

THE SNOW-CLAD PLAINS.

If I close my eyes, I see
Long and level fields of white,
Broken by no house or tree.
And across them spreads a light
From the sunset's wondrous glow,
Dazzling to a mortal's sight.
And no mortal hand may show,
Never mortal tongue tell, one
Of its glories, though they flow
Freely from the setting sun,
As it sinks behind the wall
Of the mountain-chains that run
Through a world white-clad, and all
Pure, save where their shadows fall.
Clouds like angel forms of air,
In the sunset's colors clad,
Seek to hide, with tender care,
All the hill-tops, dark and sad
With the weight of the world's grief,
While the world itself is mad,
Mad with joy and blest relief,
Thus to see its troubles deep

'Neath the snow, that, like a thief,
Steals from time tears we should weep,
Forms them into crystals bright,
And then, while the world's asleep,
Wraps her in a robe of white,
Gleaming with the sunset's light.

“SICK, OH, SICK!”

—KING LEAR.

Sick, oh, sick!

My breath is feverish, and my pulse is quick,
Here in this land of snow.
At night I hear the warning death-watch tick,
Awful and slow.

Sick, oh, sick!

Sick for a sight of that dear land of flowers,
Where one may idly stand
And gather up the fragrant rose-leaf showers
In outstretched hand.

Sick, oh, sick!

Ever my soul singeth this sad refrain,
Sighing o'er buried joys,

Hating the bitter cold, the snowy plain,
The wind's wild noise.

Sick, oh, sick!
Feebler my pulse grows, slower beats my heart;
Father, thou knowest best,
Though it be hard from loved ones so to part,
I long for rest.

POETRY.

The fairies are not dead, the geni live,
And still obey the magic of the ring.
When summoned by it they will haste to bring
The richest treasures that they have to give.

This magic circlet shines on every hand,
The poorest creatures have and hold it tight.
It circles feeblest fingers with the might
That sways, obedient, a Titian band.

Slaves of the ring, Oh, mighty servants, hail!
My proudest dream is but to join your ranks.
To give e'en life itself, nor ask for thanks,
Serving, unfailingly, till life shall fail.

CALIFORNIA.

The shimmering, wind-stirred tree,
 Above the rich brown earth;
The lark, that sings in glee
 Its song of heavenly birth;
The hill, that, like a bride,
 Smiles through a veil of mist,
Blushing with conscious pride,
 Because the sun has kissed
 Her dimpled cheek,
 Dear land of flowers,
 Where rose vines break
 In fragrant showers.

The hidden lake that sleeps
 In willow-woven nest;
The wind that slyly creeps
 To view her sacred rest;
The golden poppy pond,
 Low nestled in a dell,
Where croons the wild-dove fond,
 In tender tones that tell
 Of skies so fair,
 Dear land of flowers,

Beneath them Care
In covert cowers.

The lonely solitudes,
Where ferns and mosses weave
Sweet charms for sullen moods,
Sweet peace for hearts that grieve;
The myriad songs that ring
Richly from boughs on high,
Where feathered minstrels swing,
Half buried in the sky;
All live in thee,
Dear land of flowers,
Thy children we,
And all are ours.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

She never told her love, but let the brand
That should have warmed her bosom smolder there,
Fanned by her sighs, burning the tender heart.
She never told, but, like the Spartan boy,
Held close her cloak of pride, and felt the fox
Gnaw at her side, touching no vital spot,

While eyes and lips were kept severely calm.
She never told; but oft a mad desire
Rushed, like a whirlwind, through her tortured mind,
To go to him, kneel at his feet, throw wide
The torturing cloak, and plead for peace and love;
And if denied, die there, and leave at last
All earthly pain, to know what lies beyond.
She never told; but toiled with hand and brain
To deaden thought; and lived her weary life
Alone and comfortless, until at last
They laid her, with her secret, in the tomb.

A CHANGELING.

“Changelings from the realms of fairy,
Children of a sunnier star,”
How should men know what you are,
With your fancies light and airy?

Blame them not if they torment thee,
They tormented their white god!
When thy form is 'neath the sod,
They will bless the power that sent thee.

Speak thy truth out, bravely, boldly,
Call thyself a child of song.
Battling ever 'gainst the wrong,
Care not if they listen coldly.

And if thou hast wasted powers
Given thee to help the flight,
Hasten now to make it right,
Do not waste the passing hours.

Mighty Father, help me, hear me!
What I am I cannot know,
But I would assuage the woe
That I see forever near me.

Father, let me touch them, teach them!
From my years of lonely pain,
This great blessing I would gain,
That my sympathy might reach them.

Changeling from the realm of magic,
Child of a serener star,
How should I know what you are,
Oh, my soul, so strangely tragic?

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Mary was dreaming, with lifted eyes,
“ ‘Hail, Mary!’ the angel said to me.
This little Babe, that so helpless lies,
Is Savior of nations yet to be.”

*“Hush Thee, my Babe, upon my breast,
Hush! while Thou canst, lie still and rest.”*

“ ‘Hail to thee, Mary!’ the angel said.
Wonder of wonders, I hear my name,
Long after I and my Son are dead,
Hailed forever in deathless fame!”

*“Hush Thee! my Prince, who deigns to rest,
Humbly cradled, upon my breast.”*

“Yet there must be suffering, O, my Star!
Would Thou wert only my little child!
I see these hands nailed fast to the bar,
This face thorn-crowned, and by blood defiled.”

*“Hush, my little One, safely rest
While I can guard Thee with my breast.”*

“I see Thee rock on the cruel cross,
The wild mob surging in wrath below,

As the white sails out on the ocean toss,
When waves roll high, and the storm winds blow."

*"Oh, my precious One, rock and rest,
Safely cradled on mother's breast.*

"Why was I chosen, a simple maid,
Lowly and to be Mother of God!
'Tis all a dream! I am half afraid,
Yet lilies spring from the commonest sod."

*"And thou, my Babe, lying low on my breast,
To ages unborn, Thou bringest rest."*

THE ANABASIS.

I studied Greek. The verbs and forms
Left no trace on my brain.
Between me and the grammar swarms
Prince Cyrus, and his train.

I see the Persian noble toss
Aside his purple gown,
And into the wayside mud and dross,
At Cyrus' word, leap down.

I see the Prince, his bright head bare,
Charge desperately, his eyes
Flashing. I see his one friend dare
Death for him ere he dies.

I see the little band of free
Men fight its way to Greece.
I hear them greet "the sea, the sea!"
Symbol of hope and peace.

I studied Greek. The verbs and forms
Left no trace on my brain.
Between me and the grammar swarms
Prince Cyrus, and his train.

THE DANDELION.

The yellow dandelions, discouraged, bloom
In city yards, sprinkled with dusty grass.
Even like one of them, O thought of gloom!
My life must pass.

The dandelion sees the lilac toss,
Proud in her purple dress, a haughty head;
In her cold heart there lurks no sense of loss,
No dream lies dead.

But the wild dandelion remembers well
Dim dreams of beauty in the western plains,
Sloping to where the sunset's glories tell
Of golden gains.

And dreams of mountain peaks, divinely high,
With clouded brows, and bosoms cold with
snow;
Of canyons, darkly grand, where echoes sigh,
And pure streams flow.

Of oceans rolling ever, wave on wave,
With depths like forest green, and snowy crests;
Of ocean caves, where shadowy mermaids lave
Their snowy breasts.

She sees the gardens of the west, that yield
Miles of the fairest roses, purely white,
Mocking the distant mountain's snowy field,
Dazzlingly bright.

And, sweetest dream of all, the grassy hill,
Cool in the twilight hour, and calm as sleep.
Where dandelions bloom, and wild birds trill,
And wild vines creep.

Ah, to be there, among the poppy's flames,
Where daisies star the violets' field of blue!
Far from the city yard, whose primness blames
Her sunny hue.

THE ZITHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS GOEBLE.

Bright the golden moon is gleaming
Through the ice-enshrouded trees,
Flies my thought, in pensive dreaming,
To my love, across the seas.

And the zither crieth, klingeth,
"Sweetest maiden, fare thee well."
And thy true one softly singeth,
"Sweetest angel, fare thee well."

Far the land of my exiling,
From the cottage, rose-o'ergrown,
Where the gracious eyes are smiling,
That I bore in heart, my own.

To the land where I am singing,
"Sweetest maiden, fare thee well."

Softly, zither, softly klinging,
 “Sweetest angel, fare thee well.”

O'er the dark waves of the ocean,
 Softly thy last greetings steal.
Ever thine my heart's devotion,
 And thy last kiss yet I feel.

And the zither's trembling, klinging,
 “Sweetest maiden, fare thee well.”
And thy true one's softly singing,
 “Sweetest angel, fare thee well.”

THE KING OF ICELAND.

There was a king in Iceland,
 True even to the grave,
To whom his lady, dying,
 A golden beaker gave.

There was to him naught dearer,
 It graced each banquet board;
His eyes with tears ran over,
 Oft as the wine he poured.

And when death was approaching,
His cities o'er he told,
Gave all to his descendants,
But not the cup of gold.

He sat at the kingly banquet,
His lords about drank free,
In the castle's proudest chamber,
The castle by the sea.

There stood the brave old drinker,
And drank his last life's gleam,
Then threw the holy beaker
Down in the rushing stream.

He watched it fall and circle,
And sink deep in the sea.
His eyes began to darken,
Not one more drop drank he.

—GOETHE.

SPINNING SONG.

FROM FAUST.

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er;
I'll find him never,
And nevermore.

Life without him
Is death to me,
And the whole world
Tastes bitterly.

My weary head
Is half distraught;
Distracted flies
My weary thought.

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er;
I'll find him never,
And nevermore.

For him I watch
Through the window pane;
I leave the house
To look again.

His stately step,
His stature grand,
His lips' bright smile,
His eyes' command.

His speech's magic
Flow of bliss;
His hand's warm clasp,
And ah! his kiss!

My heart is heavy,
My peace is o'er;
I'll find find him never,
And nevermore.

Toward him the heart
Leaps from my breast.
Ah, that to his
My heart were pressed!

And that to kiss him
I were free,
Until his kisses
Brought death to me!

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION TO FAUST.

O give me back that time of pleasures,
When yet in joyous growth I sang,
When, like a fount, the flowing measures,
Uninterrupted, gushed and sprang.
Then bright mist veiled the world before me,
And every bud a wonder spoke,
When I the thousand blossoms broke,
That every valley richly bore me.
Nothing I had, enough for youth,
Joy in illusion, ardent thirst for truth!
Give, unrestrained, each strong emotion,
The joy that touched the verge of pain,
The strength of hate, love's deep devotion,
Oh, give me back my youth again!

THECKLA'S SONG.

SCHILLER.

The clouds draw thick, and the oak-woods roar,
A maiden wanders upon the shore,
The great waves thunder with might, with might,
And she sings out into the stormy night,

Das auge von thranen getrubet.
“My heart is dead and the world is drear,
Nothing is left to wish for here,
Call back Thy child, Thou Holy One,
My share of earthly joy is done,
Ich habe gelebt, und geliebet.”

PEACE!

BY JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

Peace, peace!
Still thy hot weeping,
All will be ice,
Once thou art sleeping.

Soon, soon,
Thou wilt be cold,
Ere thou dost think,
Safe in the fold.

Far, far,
Then lies the smart,
Dust are thy limbs,
Dust, too, thy heart!

LOVERS' LEAP.

A LEGEND OF SHOSHONE FALLS, IDAHO.

Where Niagara's western sister, in the lonely sage-
brush plains,
Takes her desperate leap for freedom, and a narrower
prison gains,
There the blanketed Shoshones tell this tale of long
ago,
How a maiden and her lover leaped to death amid the
flow
Of the mighty falling river, from a narrow, lofty
height,
Called the Lovers' Leap forever; and they say that
oft, at night,
Comes the maid and tells her story when the moon is
shining bright:

"I was an Indian maid, free as the air, and wild;
An Indian princess I, a great chief's only child.
I was a gentle stream, turned from its way with ease,
A frolicsome, wavering wind, a tender, caressing
breeze.

“Alas, could the streamlet keep to its timid, winding
path,
When down on it thundered the flood, the torrent in
all its wrath?
When the great chief, my sire, spoke his commands to
me,
Light weighed my shrinking heart 'gainst his austere
decree.

“See the wolf-circled foal, helpless, that sees its foes
Hungrily 'round their prey, nearer and nearer close!
Where is the colt's strong dam? Dead in the canyon
drifts.
No sharp hoof, arrow-swift, 'gainst the dark pack she
lifts.
See the poor victim dart swift o'er its narrowing
ground!
Blindly it seeks escape from the fierce foes around.
I, like the motherless foal, helplessly fought my fate,
Fled from the chief who claimed me for his promised
mate—
Me, in my beauty's bloom, me, with my dreaming
eyes,
With dark hair veiling my face, as clouds veil the
moon in the skies.

“Alas, for the baited colt! vainly for help it cries!
Fiercely the red eyes glow, it faints in their fire and
dies.

“I was a princess still, a great chief’s boughten bride.
Where was my freedom now? Where was my harm-
less pride?
Gold are the fetters twined fast ’round the song-bird’s
feet,
Still all in vain its wings ’gainst the strong captor
beat.

Smiles the dark Indian youth its helpless rage to see.
So did my captor clasp chains fine as silk ’round me.
I was a great chief’s child, wife of a nation’s chief.
Should I submit and bear humbly my weight of grief?

“The chief who had bought me went to the mountains
to kill the deer,
And the hunter, my early lover, at sunset ventured
near.
His pony came at his call, my own was not far away
‘We can be far,’ he whispered, ‘far, by the dawn of
day.’

Like the steed, I obeyed my master, either for weal or
woe;

I listened because I loved him, and why should I not
go?

“Swiftly we galloped after the swiftly descending sun,
With eyes on his glowing face, our perilous course was
run.

Rustling we cut our way through the tall fields of
grain,

Trampling the gold-crowned heads into the dust again.
Into the foaming river plunged we with fearless haste,
Breasting the fretted flood that whirled around my
waist.

Up the steep bank he clambered, urging his half-
drowned steed,

Trembling with fear, I followed; then on! with the
lightning's speed!

Hark! and the swaying figure, man and horse seem-
ing one,

Motionless stood a moment, then, ‘Run!’ cried my
lover, ‘Run!’

And I bent o'er the pony's neck till my lips rested
'gainst his ear,

Whisp'ring, ‘The great chief follows; run like the
hunted deer!’

Then I flew through the night like a spirit, following
some lifeless chase,

With my hair streaming out on the night wind, and a
spirit's dead-white face.

My limbs gleamed white in the darkness, 'gainst the
black buffalo hair,

And my gay robe streamed behind me, leaving my
shoulders bare.

We heard the deep roar of the water that falls o'er the
rocks so high

That the top of the falling river touches the bending
sky;

We sprang from our weary ponies, that, lifeless,
dropped at our feet,

And we climbed up the towering rocks, to the distant
Lovers' Seat.

We climbed, like the mountain wild goats, high, high
o'er the pond of foam,

Where the fallen river rests, ere it seeks its distant
home.

“ ‘We are safe,’ cried my lover, ‘at last! and here we
will stay and rest

Till the sun that is rising yonder sinks again in the
glowing west.’

But, as he spoke, we heard a swiftly advancing sound,
And soon the long train came skimming swift o'er the
rolling ground.

I cast my arms 'round my lover, and stepped out o'er
the ledge;

In full sight of our pursuers, I knelt on the rocky edge.
I flung out my arms toward my father, in passionate,
speechless prayer.

For answer, an arrow whistled, and stuck in my long,
black hair.

I bent my head in sorrow, till my tresses touched the
ground,

But my lover's hand upraised me, his strong arm
clasped me 'round,

And we gazed together, slowly, down into the soft,
white foam,

Where the broken river seeks, in vain, to find a home.
We bent o'er the rocky chasm, staring with dazzled
eyes

(For the sun cast its rays on the waters, from the early
eastern skies).

The spray leaped up as in welcome, I shivered, and
faintly sighed,

Then, clasped in each other's arms, we sprang toward
the spray, and died."

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