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Herewith together you  
have flower and thorn,  
Both rose and brier, for  
thus together grow  
Bitter and sweet, but  
wherefore none may  
know.





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### *The Shadow of the Flowers*

The selection of passages from Mr. Aldrich's poems that forms the *raison d'être* of this book was made in answer to a request for a list of the flowers mentioned by him, in order that the garden of the Thomas Bailey Aldrich Memorial at Portsmouth might possess every flower so mentioned. In making the list asked for, Mrs. Aldrich found the lines enclosing the flower in nearly every case so much a part of the flower itself that she copied them out, as in gathering the actual flowers of the garden she would have surrounded each with the leaves belonging to it. Quite without intention on her part, the lines, as if their sequence had been disposed by some unseen hand, were found to shadow forth subtly, yet clearly, a double story — the story of the changing seasons of the year and of the seasons of a poet's life.













The SHADOW of the FLOWERS



The  
SHADOW of the FLOWERS

From the Poems of  
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Illustrated by  
TALBOT ALDRICH  
and  
CARL J. NORDELL

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# MEMORIAL GARDEN



IN THE OLD TOWN BY THE SEA

Underneath  
the winter's snow  
The invisible hearts of flowers  
grow ripe for  
blossoming!





Yet I must needs a little longer here  
Each shrub and tree is eloquent of time,  
For languageless things and silence have  
their speech  
This is the path homeward to his bed  
Long infancy to manhood and old age,

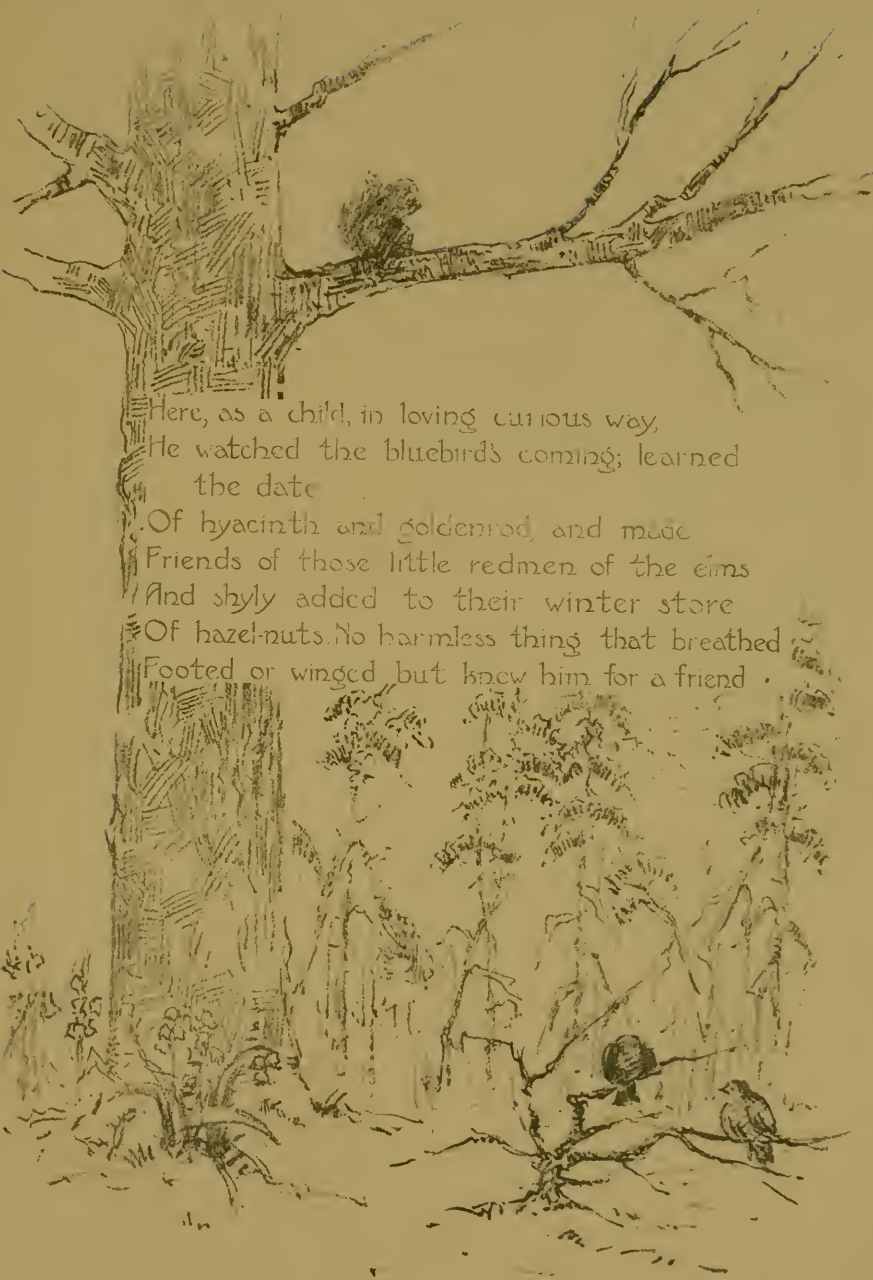




Ah, happy childhood, ringed with fortunate stars  
What dreams were his in this enchanted  
    sphere,  
What intuitions of high destiny!  
The honey-bees of Hybla touched his lips  
In that old New World garden, unawares.







Here, as a child, in loving curious way,  
He watched the bluebirds coming; learned  
the date

Of hyacinth and goldenrod, and made  
Friends of those little redmen of the eims  
And shyly added to their winter store  
Of hazel-nuts. No harmless thing that breathed  
Footed or winged but knew him for a friend.





When the soft  
Spring gales are blowing over Cedarcroft,  
Whispering the hawthorn when the violets bloom  
Along the Brandywine, and overhead  
The sky is blue as Italy's, he will come  
In the wind's whisper, in the swaying pine,  
In song of lark and blossoming of vine,  
And all fair things he loved ere he was dead!





I see those lights among the leaves,  
Yourselves I see, red and white and wise,  
And yet some finer sense perceives  
A presence that eludes the eyes.  
Of what is gone there seems to stay  
Some subtlety to mock my pains.  
So when a rose is borne away,  
The fragrance of the rose remains!"



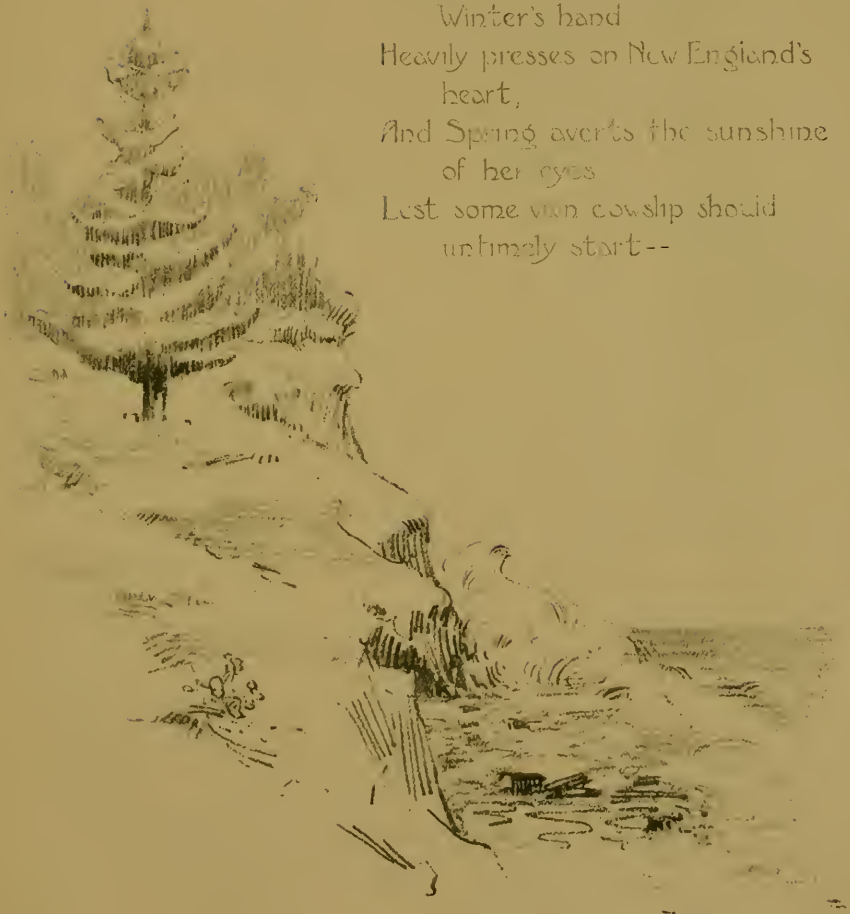




How can our fancies help but go  
Out from this realm of mist and  
rain,  
Out from this realm of sleet and  
snow,  
When the mist and sleet and snow  
flow!



Now while the pale arbutus in the  
woods  
Wakes to faint life beneath the  
dead year's leaves,  
And the bleak North lets loose its  
wailing broods  
Of winds upon us, and the gray sea  
grieves  
Along our coast, while yet the  
Winter's hand  
Heavily presses on New England's  
heart,  
And Spring averts the sunshine  
of her eyes  
Lest some vain cowslip should  
untimely start--





Ere spring in the heart of pansies burned,  
Or the buttercup had loosed its gold.





When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold  
Up through the still snow-drifted garden mould,  
And folded green things in dim woods unclose  
Their crinkled spears, a sudden tremor goes  
Into my veins and makes me kith and kin  
To every wild-born thing that thrills and blows.







While yet the year is young  
Many a garland shall be hung  
    In our gardens of the dead,  
On obelisk and urn  
Shall the lilac's purple burn,  
    And the wild-rose leaves be shed





Upon the budded apple-trees  
The robins sing by twos and threes,  
And ever, at the faintest breeze,  
    Down drops a blossom;  
And ever would that lover be  
The wind that robs the burgeoned tree,  
And lifts the soft trees daintily  
    On Beauty's bosom.







Nordell

My mind lets go a thousand things,  
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings  
And yet recalls the very hour--  
'Twas noon by yonder village tower  
And on the last blue noon in May--  
The wind came briskly up this way,  
Crisping the brook beside the road,  
Then, pausing here, set down its load  
Of pine scents and shawl, listlessly  
Two petals from that wild rose tree





Fixed to her necklace, like another gem,  
A rose she wore—the flower June made for her  
Fairer it looked than when upon the stem.  
And must, indeed, have been much happier







Pleasant it is to lie amid the grass  
Under these shady locusts, half the day  
Watching the ships reflected on the Bay,  
Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass;  
To note the swift and meager swallow pass,  
Brushing the dew drop from the lilac spray;



Take them and keep them,  
Silvery thorn and flower,  
Plucked just at random  
In the rosy weather--  
Snowdrops and pansies,  
Sprigs of wayside heather,  
And five-leaved wild-rose  
Dead within an hour.





It's little that I mind  
How the blossoms, pink or white  
At every touch of wind  
Fall a-trembling with delight;

For she has gone away,  
And when she went she took  
The Springtime in her look,  
The peach blow on her cheek,  
The laughter from the brook,  
The blue from out the May—  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!







Up to her chamber window  
A slight wire trellis goes  
And up this Romeo's ladder  
Climbers a bold white rose.





Though gifts like thine the fates give not to me,  
One thing, O Hafiz, we both hold in fee --  
Nay, it hold us, for when the June wind blows  
We both are slaves and lovers to the rose.  
In vain the pale Circassian lily shows  
Her face at her green lattice, and in vain  
The violet beckons, with unveiled face  
The bosom's white, the lips light purple stain,  
These touch our liking,  
    yet no passion stir.  
But when the rose comes,  
    Hafiz -- in that place  
Where she stands smiling,  
    we kneel down to her!

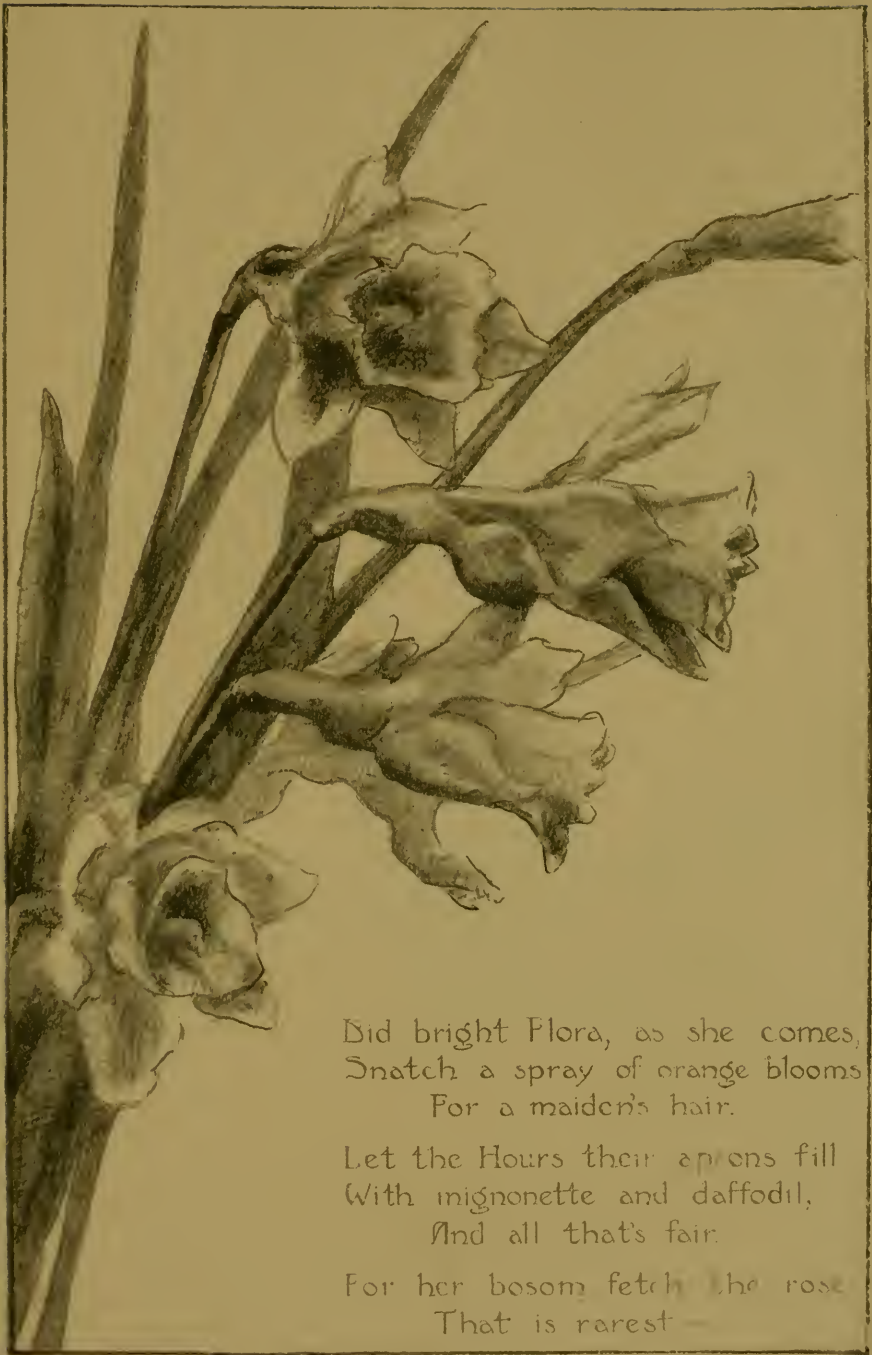




What mortal knows  
Whence comes the tint and odor of the rose?  
What probing deep  
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?







Did bright Flora, as she comes,  
Snatch a spray of orange blooms  
For a maiden's hair.

Let the Hours their aprons fill  
With mignonette and daffodil,  
And all that's fair.

For her bosom fetch the rose  
That is rarest —



By studying my lady's eyes  
I've grown so learned day by day  
So Machiavelian in this wise,  
That when I send her flowers, I say



To each small flower, (no matter what,  
Geranium, pink, or tuberosa,  
Syringa, or forget-me-not,  
Or violet) before it goes:



"Be not triumphant, little flower,  
When on her haughty heart you lie,  
But modestly enjoy your hour:  
She'll weary of you by and by."





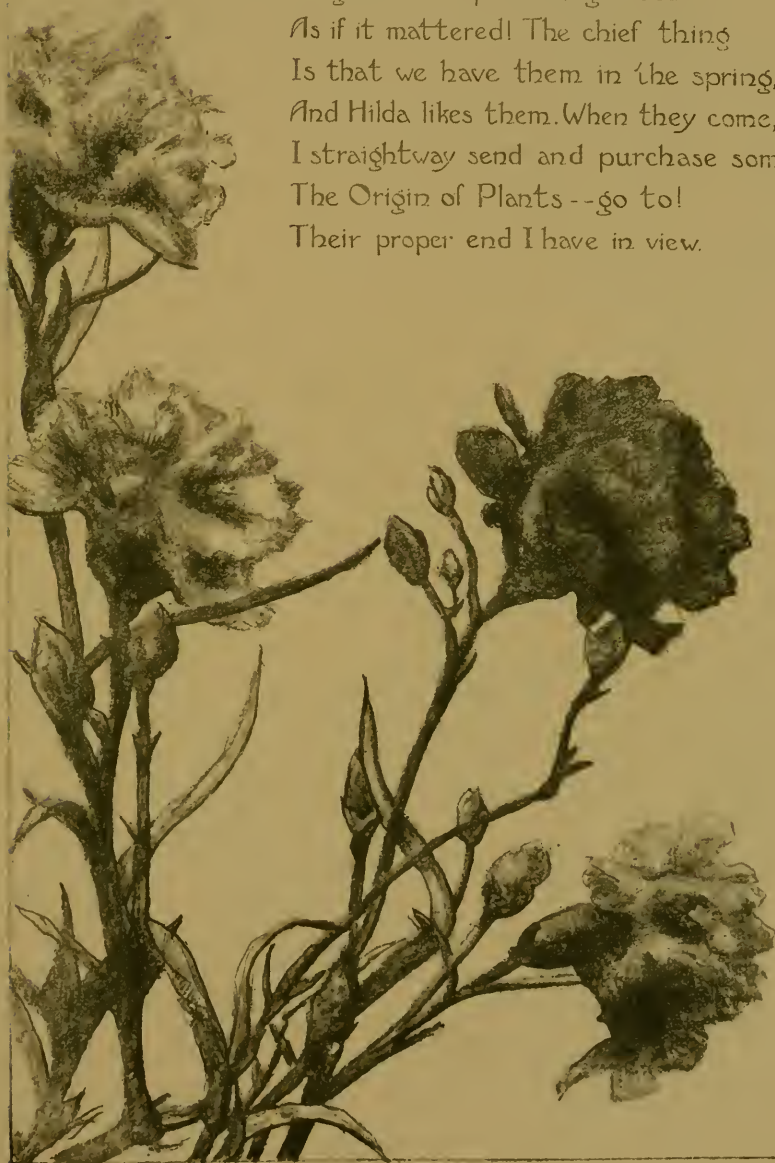


Nordell—

Each wandering wind that blows  
By the lattice, seems to bear  
From her parted lips the scent of the  
rose,  
And the jasmine from her hair

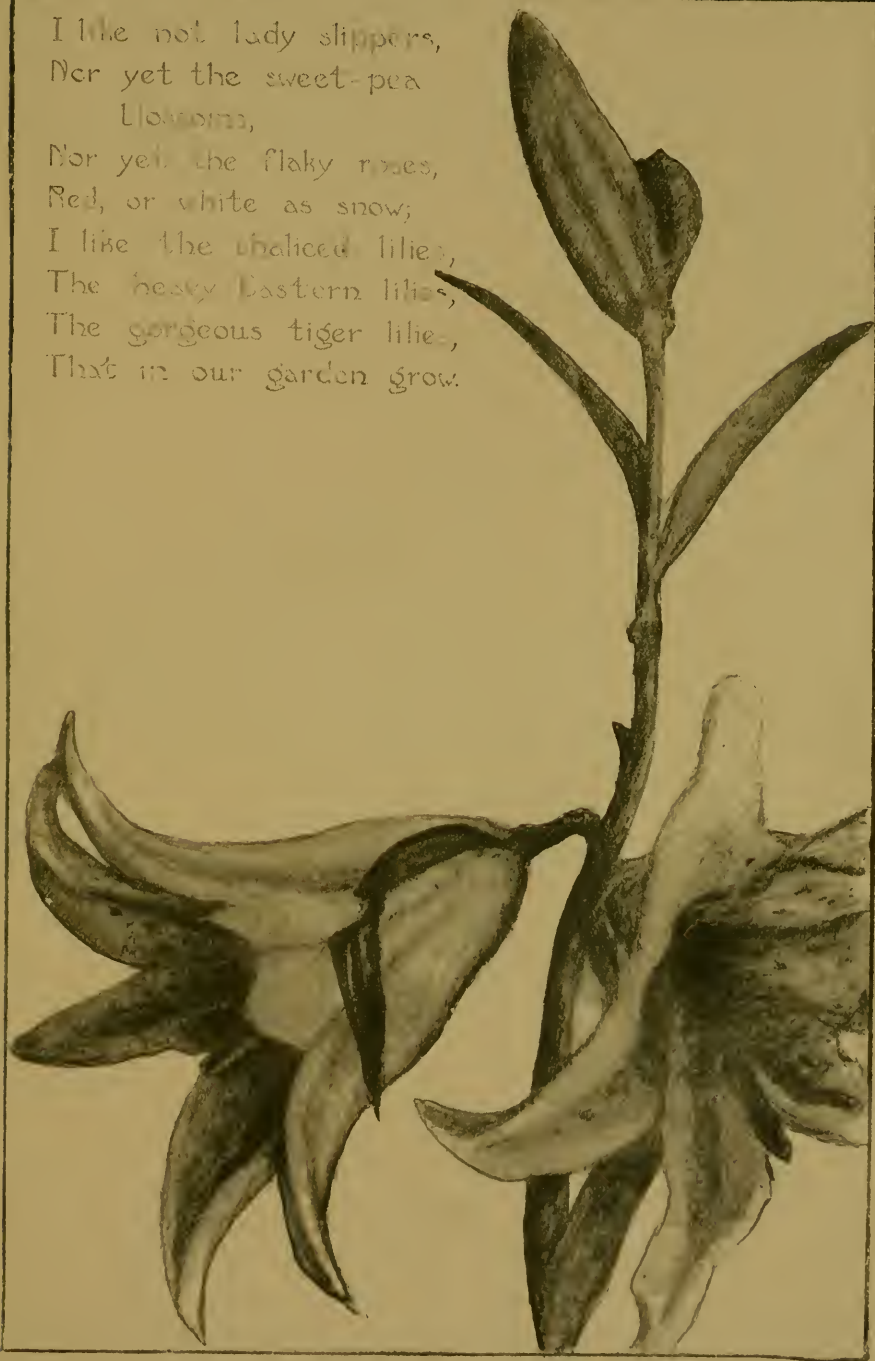


Linnaeus, avaunt! I only care  
To know what flower she wants to wear  
I leave it to the addle-pated  
To guess how pinks originated  
As if it mattered! The chief thing  
Is that we have them in 'the spring,  
And Hilda likes them. When they come,  
I straightway send and purchase some,  
The Origin of Plants -- go to!  
Their proper end I have in view.





I like not lady slippers,  
Nor yet the sweet-pea  
    blossoms,  
Nor yet the flaky roses,  
Red, or white as snow;  
I like the unhalced lilies,  
The heavy Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
That in our garden grow.







And when the rain is falling,  
I sit beside the window  
And watch them glow and glisten,  
How they burn and glow!  
Oh for the burning lilies,  
The tender Eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
That in our garden grow.







And lo! in the meadow sweet  
Was the grave of a little child,  
With a crumbling stone at the feet,  
And the ivy running wild--  
Tangled ivy and clover  
Folding it over and over:  
Close to my sweetheart's feet  
Was the little mound up-piled.



A little mound with chipped headstone,  
The grass, ah me! uncut about the sward  
Summer by summer left alone  
With one white lily keeping watch and  
ward.







I think of it in the city's streets,  
I dream of it when I rest--  
The violet eyes, the waxen hands,  
And the one white rose on the breast!





Ere the moon begins to rise  
Or a star to shine,  
All the bluebells close their eyes-  
So close thine,  
Thine, dear, thine!





Then night came, and the stars,  
And blissful sleep But ere the birds were  
called

By bluebell chimes (unheard of mortal ear)  
To matins in their branch-hung priories—







To think that now, beneath the Italian skies,  
In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,  
Daisies are trembling over Meats's grave.





- Nordell -

Once more I halt in Andalusian Pass,  
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;  
Below, against the dull esparto grass,  
The almonds glimmer white.



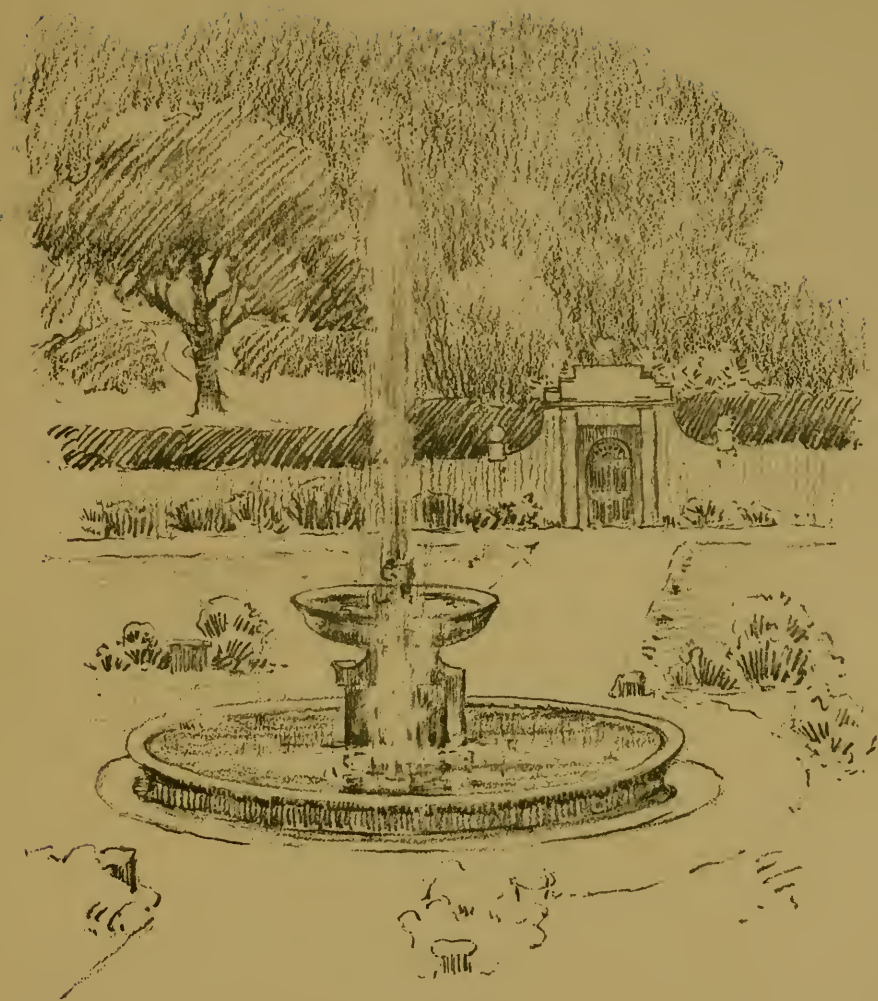


Where is she  
Of the fleur-de-lys,  
And that true knight who wore her gages?

.....  
All is dead here:  
Poppies are red here,  
Vines in my lady's chamber grow—







The breezes blur the fountain's glass,  
And make æolian melodies,  
And scatter from the scented trees  
The lemon-blossoms on the grass.





- Nordell -

Thou know'st that garden by the mosque  
Of Irma; stately palms are there,  
And silver fish in marble tanks,  
And scents of jasmine in the air-





The Presence vanished, and the flask  
was brought  
Slender, bell-mouthed, and painted all around  
With jet-black tulips on a saffron ground.



In the cloisteral garden all on fire  
With scarlet poppies and golden stalks  
Here and there on the sunny walks,  
Startled by some slight sound we made,  
A lizard, awaking from its swoon,  
Shot like an arrow into the shade.









Tawny flower of Spain,  
Wild rose of Granada,  
Keeper of the wines  
In this old posada





And now I look in green English lanes,  
On garden-rows of rose and hollyhock,  
And now I see the sudden pitting rains  
On some lone Alpine slope.





No, coloring and crosses      Tears if you will—but after  
For her tresses!—                  Mirth and laughter;  
Let Care the beggar, wait      Then folded hands on breast  
Outside the gate,                  And endless rest—



Who can say where Echo dwells?  
In some mountain cave, methinks,  
Where the white owl sits and blinks;  
Or in deep sequestered dells,  
Where the foxglove hangs its bells  
Echo dwells.

Echo!

Echo!

Phantom of the crystal Air,  
Daughter of sweet Mystery!  
Here is one has need of thee,

Lead him to thy secret lair,  
Myrtle brings he for thy hair---

Hear his prayer,

Echo!

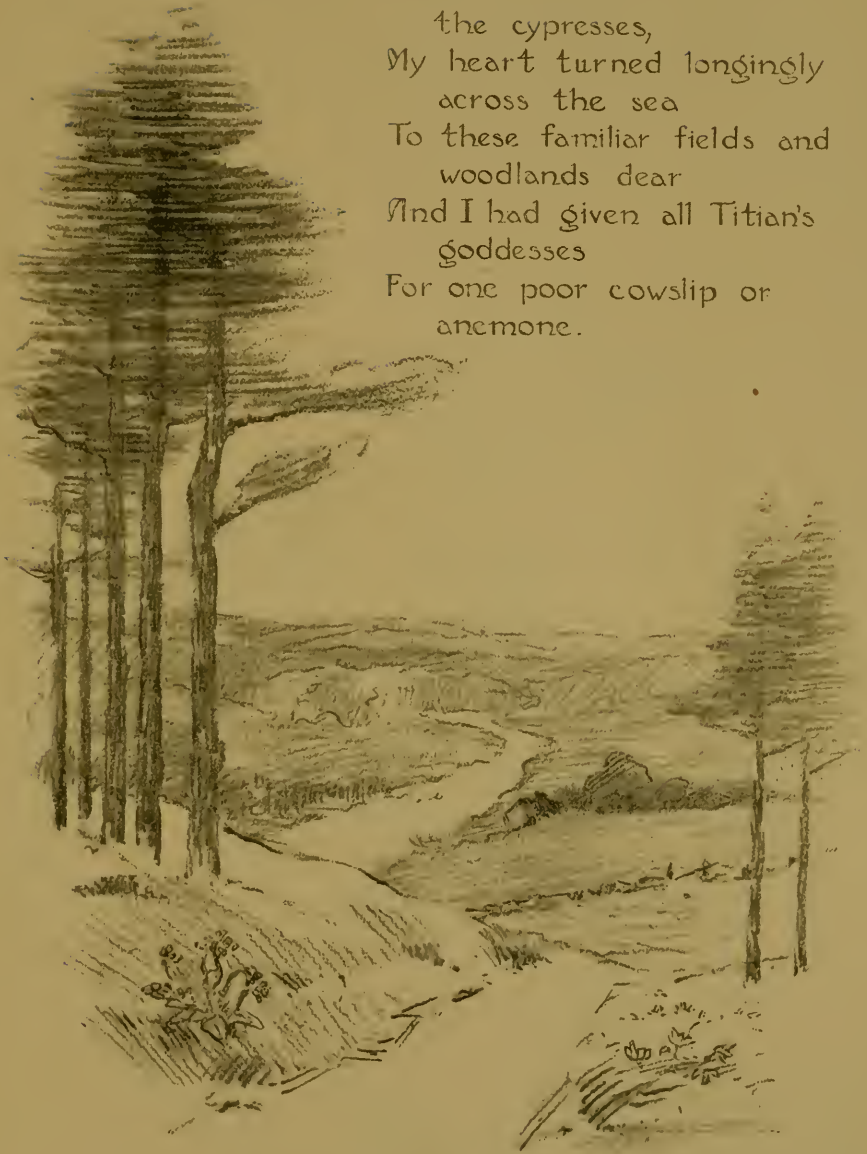
Echo!







Even so one time beneath  
the cypresses,  
My heart turned longingly  
across the sea  
To these familiar fields and  
woodlands dear  
And I had given all Titian's  
goddesses  
For one poor cowslip or  
anemone.





The busy shuttle comes and goes  
Across the rhymes, and deftly weaves  
A tissue out of autumn leaves,  
With here a thistle, there a rose.







"The small green grapes in heavy clusters grew,  
Feeding on mystic moonlight and white dew  
And amber sunshine, the long summer through,  
Till with faint tremor in her veins, the Vine  
Felt the delicious pulses of the wine  
And the grapes ripened in the years decline."





Nordell

The garden walks  
Were choked with leaves, and on their  
ragged biers  
Lay dead the sweets of summer ---  
damask rose,  
Clove pink, old fashioned, loved New  
England flowers.





All silently, and soft as sleep  
The snow fell, flake on flake  
Slumber, spent Earth! and dream  
of flowers  
Till springtime bid you wake  
Again the deadened bough shall berill  
With blooms of sweetest breath.  
O miracle of miracles,  
This Life that follows Death!





Thou that dost hold the priceless gift of  
rest,  
Strew lotus leaf and poppy on his breast,



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