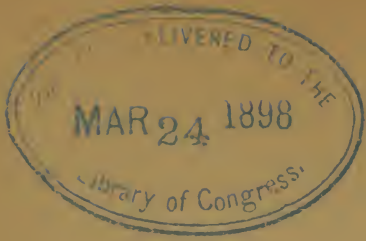


POEMS

BY

HORACE EARLE COATES





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POEMS

BY

FLORENCE EARLE COATES



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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1898

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TO
THE DEAR AND HONORED MEMORY
OF
MATTHEW ARNOLD

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LIFE	I
POETRY	2
PROBATION	3
COMBATANTS	4
LONGING	6
SAPPHO	7
IMMORTAL	8
COLUMBUS	9
IN DARKNESS	10
SONG: "FOR ME THE JASMINE BUDS UNFOLD"	11
DIDST THOU REJOICE?	12
"VICTI RESURGUNT"	13
MAN	14
VEILED	16
AN IDLER	18
BEFORE THE HOUR	19
PERDITA	20
WOULDST THOU LEARN?	22
DITTY: "MY TRUE-LOVE'S EYES"	23
ISRAPHEL	24
FIRST AND LAST	26
LOVE SAILED AT MORN	27
BE THOU MY GUIDE	28
NEAR AND FAR	29
CORA	31
LET ME BELIEVE	33
BY THE CONEMAUGH	34
A DESCANT	36
TO THE TSAR (1890).	37

THERE'S A SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS	39
DU MAURIER	41
CONSCIENCE	42
DAPHNIS	43
UNCONQUERED	47
IN APRIL	48
SURVIVAL	49
TENNYSON	50
THE HEART OF LOVE	51
ALEXANDER III.	52
SONG: "HER CHEEK IS LIKE A TINTED ROSE"	54
THE LAND OF PROMISE	55
PSYCHE	56
PILGRIMAGE	58
MA BELLE	59
DRYAD SONG	61
MORNING	64
A TOMB IN TUSCANY	65
HE AND I	67
THE LITTLE LASS	68
MIGHT I RETURN	70
WATER LILIES	71
LOVE HAS NO FOES	72
HYLAS	73
ADIEU	78
OCTOBER	80
IN THE WOOD	81
SONG: "FRIENDSHIP FROM ITS MOORINGS STRAYS"	82
LAMENT OF BRÜNNHILDE	83
MUSIC	86
TOO LATE	87
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM	88
WINGS	89
THE LIBERTY-BELL	90
VAGRANT	92
THOUGH THOU HAST CLIMBED	93
AUTUMN	94

CONTENTS

vii

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT	95
A VALENTINE	97
FRIENDS TO VIRTUE.	98
IN WINTER	100
ACHILLES	101
A DÉBUTANTE	102
GREATNESS	104
SUPPLIANT	105
A ROSE.	106
REVEILLE	107
TRUE LOVE	108
EASTER	109
ART	111
SONG: "THE NEW-BORN LEAVES UNFOLDING FAST"	113
A MAID'S DEFENSE	114
REJECTED.	115
AT BREAK OF DAY	116
HOMEWARD	117
TO-MORROW	118
SIBERIA	119
VICTORY	120
STANZA: "THE VOICES OF ALL WATERS"	121
DEATH	122
SONG: "IF LOVE WERE NOT"	123
LIMITATION	124
RHAPSODY	125
TO FRANCE	126
LIFE	128
THE IDEAL	129
NANSEN	130
TO THE VICTOR	131
LOVE CONQUERS DEATH	132
MEMORIA	133
THROUGH THE RUSHES	134
INDIA	136

POEMS

LIFE

BEFORE we knew thee thou wert with us ; ay,
In that far time, forgotten and obscure,
When, doubtful of ourselves, of naught secure,
We feebly uttered first our human cry.
We had not murmured hadst thou passed us by,
And now, with all our vaunted knowledge sure,
We know not from what source of bounty pure
Thou camest, our dull clay to glorify.
Yet — for thou didst awake us when but dust,
Careless of thee — one tender hope redeems
Each loss by the dark river : more and more
We feel that we who long for thee may trust
To wake again, as children do from dreams,
And find thee waiting on the farther shore.

POETRY

ONE spot of green, watered by hidden streams,
Makes summer in the desert where it gleams ;
 And mortals, gazing on thy heavenly face,
Forget the woes of earth, and share thy dreams !

PROBATION

FULL slow to part with her best gifts is Fate ;
The choicest fruitage comes not with the spring,
But still for summer's mellowing touch must wait, —
For storms and tears, which season'd excellence
 bring ;
And Love doth fix his joyfullest estate
In hearts that have been hushed 'neath Sorrow's
 brooding wing.

Youth sues to Fame : coldly she answers, "Toil !"
He sighs for Nature's treasures : with reserve
Responds the goddess, "Woo them from the soil."
Then fervently he cries, "Thee will I serve, —
Thee only, blissful Love !" With proud recoil
The heavenly boy replies, "To serve me well,
 deserve !"

COMBATANTS

HE seemed to call me, and I shrank dismayed,
Deeming he threatened all I held most dear ;
But when at last his summons I obeyed,
Perplexed and full of fear,
I found upon his face no angry frown,—
Only a visor down.

Indignant that his voice, so calm and sweet,
In my despite, unto my soul appealed,
I cried, “If thou hast courage, turn and meet
A foeman full revealed !”
And with determined zeal that made me strong,
Contended with him long.

But oh, the armor he so meekly bore
Was wrought for him in other worlds than ours !
In firm defense of what he battled for,
Were leagued *eternal* powers !
I fell ; yet overwhelmed by my disgrace,
At last I saw his face.

And in its matchless beauty I forgot
The constant service to my pledges due,

And, with adoring love that sorrowed not,
Entreated, "Tell me who
Hath so o'erthrown my will and pride of youth!"
He answered, "I am Truth."

LONGING

THE lilacs blossom at the door,
The early rose
Whispers a promise to her buds,
And they unclose.

There is a perfume everywhere,
A breath of song,
A sense of some divine return
For waiting long.

Who knows but some imprisoned joy
From bondage breaks, —
Some exiled and enchanted hope
From dreams awakes?

Who knows but you are coming back
To comfort me
For all the languor and the pain,
Persephone?

O come! For one brief spring return,
Love's tryst to keep;
Then let me share the Stygian fruit,
The wintry sleep!

SAPPHO

As a wan weaver in an attic dim,
 Hopeless yet patient, so he may be fed
 With scanty store of sorrow-seasoned bread,
 Heareth a blithe bird carol over him,
And sees no longer walls and rafters grim,
 But rural lanes where little feet are led
 Through springing flowers, fields with clover
 spread,
 Clouds, swan-like, that o'er depths of azure
 swim, —
So, when upon our earth-dulled ear new breaks
 Some fragment, Sappho, of thy skyey song,
 A noble wonder in our souls awakes ;
The deathless Beautiful draws strangely nigh,
 And we look up, and marvel how so long
 We were content to drudge for sordid joys that
 die.

✓

IMMORTAL

LIFE is like a beautiful flower,
Closing to the world at even, —
Closing for a dreamless hour,
To unfold, with dawn, on heaven.

Life is like a bird that nests
Close to earth, no shelter scorning,
Yet, upmounting from her breast,
Fills the skies with song at morning.

COLUMBUS

VICEROY they made him, Admiral and Don,
Wishing — good King and Queen! — to honor
him

Whose deeds should make all like distinctions
dim.

Columbus! Other title needs he none.

And they — in wisdom more than kingship
blest —

Go down to future days, remembered best
For service rendered to that lowly one.

Columbus! With proud love, yet reverently,

Pronounce that name, — the name of one who
heard

A word of life, and, answering that word,

Braved death, unfearing, on the Shadowy Sea;

Who — seeking land not known to any chart,

That land by faith deep graven on his heart —

Found justice, truth, and human liberty!

IN DARKNESS

I WILL be still ;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry ;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfill,
I will be still.

For, oh ! I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe !

Yes, something won ;
The harvest of our tears, —
Something unfading, plucked from fading years ;
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From Sorrow won.

The agony
So hopeless now of balm
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane.

SONG

FOR me the jasmine buds unfold
And silver daisies star the lea,
The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
And the wild rose breathes for me.
I feel the sap through the bough returning,
I share the skylark's transport fine,
I know the fountain's wayward yearning,
I love, and the world is mine !

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved,
Still well remembered, grieve not me ;
From all that darkened and deceived
Upsoars my spirit free.
For soft the hours repeat one story,
Sings the sea one strain divine ;
My clouds arise all flushed with glory, —
I love, and the world is mine !

DIDST THOU REJOICE?

DIDST thou rejoice because the day was fair, —
Because, in orient splendor newly dressed,
On flowering glebe and bloomless mountain-crest
The sun complacent smiled? Ah! didst thou
dare

The careless rapture of that bird to share
Which, soaring toward the dawn from dewy nest,
Hailed it with song? From Ocean's treacherous
breast

Didst borrow the repose mild-mirrored there?
Thou foolish heart! Behold! the light is spent;
Rude thunders shake the crags; songs timorous
cease;

Lo! with what moan and mutinous lament
Ocean his pent-up passions doth release!
O thou who seekest sure and fixed content,
Search in thy soul: there find some source of
peace.

“VICTI RESURGUNT”

HEROES with eloquent flags unfurled
Have trumpeted loudly their just elation,
But the voice that hath sunk to the heart of the
world
Is the voice of renunciation.

It nothing vaunts, nor with idle sound
Perplexes the currents of human feeling,
But speaks with the accent and note profound
Of deep unto deep appealing.

And Earth — who worships her victims slain —
To faith's redeeming doth first awaken,
Recalling who, giving themselves in vain,
Seemed, even in death, forsaken !

MAN

I WAS born as free as the silvery light
That laughs in a Southern fountain ;
Free as the sea-fed bird that nests
On a Scandinavian mountain,
Free as the wind that mocks at the sway
And pinioning clasp of another,
Yet in the slave they scourged to-day
I saw and knew — my brother !

Vested in purple I sat apart,
But the cord that smote him bruised me ;
I closed my ears, but the sob that broke
From his savage breast accused me ;
No phrase of reasoning judgment just
The plaint of my soul could smother,
A creature vile, abased to the dust,
I knew him still — my brother.

And the autumn day that had smiled so fair
Seemed suddenly overclouded ;
A gloom, more dreadful than Nature owns,
My human mind enshrouded ;

I thought of the power benign that made
 And bound men one to the other,
And I felt in my brother's fear afraid,
 And ashamed in the shame of my brother.

VEILED

Is the promise of day merely darkness,
Is sleep full fruition for strife,
Is the grave compensation for sorrow,
Is Nirvana the answer to life ?

Is there no unobscured revelation
The evil of Earth to explain, —
No word of compassion to soften
The terrible riddle of pain ?

In cold, imperturbable silence
The planets revolve in their course,
And Nature is deaf to entreaty,
Untroubled by doubt or remorse ;

The snows, far outspread on her mountains,
Dissolve, nor her mandate gainsay,
And the cloud is consumed at her bidding
And vanisheth quickly away.

And Man ? — shall he fade like the cloud-wreath,
And waste, unresisting, like snow,
Nor learn of the place whence he journeyed,
Nor guess whereunto he must go ?

Alas ! after nights spent in searching,
 After days and years, what can he tell, —
What imagine of mysteries higher
 Than heaven, and deeper than hell ?

At end of the difficult journey,
 With restless inquiries so rife,
He knows what his spirit discovered
 At the shadowy threshold of life ;

He feels what the tenderness beaming
 From eyes bending, wistful, above,
Revealed to his heart when an infant, —
 The care, unforgetting, of love !

The hawk toward the south her wings stretcheth,
 The eagle ascendeth the sky ;
They know not the Guide who conducts them,
 Yet onward, unerring, they fly :

In the desert the dew falleth gently, —
 In the desert where no man is ;
And the herb wisteth not who hath sent it,
 But the herb and the dew, — both are His !

AN IDLER

SHE cannot wind the distaff,
She can nor bake nor brew ;
Her hands are indeed too dainty
Such labors to pursue.

She cares not to follow the harvest,
She neither can sow nor glean,
But waits for the weary reapers
With cheerful calm serene.

Commanding all to serve her,
From service she is free ;
But, ah, my babe so helpless
Is health and wealth to me !

BEFORE THE HOUR

UNTIMELY blossom! Poor, impatient thing,
That, starting rashly from the sheltering mould,
Bravest the peevish wind and sullen cold,
Mistaking thine own ardors for the spring, —
Thou to my heart a memory dost bring
Of hopes once fair like thee, like thee too bold
To breathe their fragrance, and their flowers un-
fold,
That droop'd, of wintry rigors languishing.
Nor birds, nor bees, nor waters murmuring low,
Nor breezes blown from dewy Arcady,
Found they, — earth's welcome waiting to be-
stow ;
Yet sweet, they felt, sweeter than dreams, would be
The summer they had sought too soon to know, —
The summer they should never live to see !

PERDITA

(ON SEEING MISS ANDERSON IN THE RÔLE)

SHE dances,
And I seem to be
In primrose vales of Sicily,
Beside the streams once looked upon
By Thyrsis and by Corydon :
The sunlight laughs as she advances,
Shyly the zephyrs kiss her hair,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

Dance, Perdita ! and shepherds, blow !
Your reeds restrain no longer !
Till weald and welkin gleeful ring,
Blow, shepherds, blow ! and, lasses, sing,
Yet sweeter strains and stronger !
Let far Helorus softer flow
'Twixt rushy banks, that he may hear ;
Let Pan, great Pan himself, draw near !

Stately
She moves, half smiling
With girlish look beguiling, —

A dawn-like grace in all her face ;
Stately she moves, sedately,
Through the crowd circling round her ;
But — swift as light —
See ! she takes flight !
Empty, alas ! is her place.

Follow her, follow her, let her not go !
Mirth ended so —
Why, 't is but woe !
Follow her, follow her ! Perdita ! — lo,
Love hath with wreaths enwound her !

She dances,
And I seem to see
The nymph divine, Terpsichore,
As when her beauty dazzling shone
On eerie heights of Helicon.
With bursts of song her voice entrances
The dreamy, blossom-scented air,
And she seems to me as the wood-fawn, free,
And as the wild rose, fair.

WOULDST THOU LEARN

WOULDST thou learn what coldness is,
Seek it not where Hebrus flows,
Shuddering, to the abyss ;
Nor where Hermon's gleaming snows,
On its frozen heights, repose ;
But on such a morn as this,
When no blade of grass is dumb,
When the birds, low-tweeting, build,
And Earth's heart is passion-thrill'd, —
Come to Love's deserted home !

DITTY : MY TRUE-LOVE'S EYES

My true-love's eyes are a surprise
To put an end to ranging ;
They vary so, — come weal, come woe, —
One can but watch their changing !

Sometimes they shine with light divine, —
Twin deeps where moonbeams hover, —
Anon they seem like stars agleam,
With laughter brimming over.

My true-love's mouth is as the south
In time of blossom, sunny ;
A rose, in death, bequeathed it breath,
And bees have lent it honey.

But oh, her heart is still the art,
The magic fresh and living,
That wins the free her slaves to be
By its own gift of giving !

ISRAPHEL ¹

A DREAMER midst the stars doth dwell,
Known to the gods as Israphel.

His heart-strings are a lute ;
And when, the magic notes outpouring,
He parts his lips, the gods, adoring,
Listen in transport mute,
Subdued and softened by the spell
Of the dreamer, Israphel !

And mortals, when they hear him, start,
And, full of wonder, call him — Art,
And, fain his gift to gain,
Essay to imitate the fashion
Of his rare song, and breathe its passion, —
But, ah, they strive in vain ;
For his song is more than art,
Whose lute-strings are his heart !

¹ “The angel Israphel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God’s creatures.” — KORAN.
See EDGAR ALLAN POE.

And others, unto whom he wings
The sweetest melodies he sings,
 In worship, name him — Love ;
Yet longing the pure strain to capture,
When at the very height of rapture,
 A sadness oft approve,
And fancy, strangely, that he wrings
The music from their own heart-strings !

FIRST AND LAST

HOPE smiles a welcome, if no other smiles,
 Upon our entrance to this world of pain ;
 And on each purpose of our youth again,
 With an inspiring sympathy, she smiles.
She leads us forth to battle, and beguiles
 Our anguish when the long fight proves in vain ;
 Till, pierced by countless wounds, amongst the
 slain
 We leave her, while the victor foe reviles.
But even as we touch at ruin's verge,
 And hear the voices of despair that urge
 The fatal plunge to chaos, Hope alone, —
How healèd and how ransomed none may guess, —
 Rising again in pallid loveliness,
 Resumes her sway, a thousand times o'erthrown.

LOVE SAILED AT MORN

LOVE sailed at morn in a fragile bark,
With broidered pennants flying :
His skies with sudden storm grew dark,
Yet gallant Love, with courage gay,
Rode jocund on his conquering way,
The winds and the waves defying.

But when, all peril overpast,
In tranquil harbor lying,
He felt no more the billowing blast
Oppose his sails, Love, joy-becalmed,
Each foe subdued, each effort balmed,
Without a wound, lay dying.

✓

BE THOU MY GUIDE

BE Thou my guide, and I will walk in darkness
As one who treads the beamy heights of day,
Feeling a gladness amidst desert sadness,
And breathing vernal fragrance all the way.

Be Thou my wealth, and, reft of all besides Thee,
I will forget the strife for meaner things,
Blest in the sweetness of thy rare completeness,
And opulent beyond the dream of kings.

Be Thou my strength, O lowly One and saintly !
And, though unvisioned ills about me throng,
Though danger woo me and deceit pursue me,
Yet in the thought of Thee I will be strong !

NEAR AND FAR

THE air is full of perfume and the promise of the
spring,
From wintry mould the dainty blossoms come ;
There 's not a bird in all the boughs but 's eager
now to sing,
And from afar a ship is sailing home !

The cherry-blooms, all lightly blown about the ver-
dant sward,
With silver fleck the dandelion's gold ;
The jasmine and arbutus breathe the fragrance
they have stored ;
The crumpled ferns, like faery tents, unfold.

And low the rills are laughing, and the rivers in
the sun
Are gliding on, impatient for the sea ;
The wintry days are past and gone, the summer is
begun,
And love from far is sailing home to me !

Ah, blessed spring! — how far more sweet than
any spring of yore !

No note of all thy harmonies is dumb ;
With thee my heart awakes to hope and happiness
once more,
And from afar a ship is sailing home !

CORA

I

WHEN through thy arching aisles,
O Nature, I perceive
What brooding stillness fills the lonesome choirs
Where, heaven'd late, thy sweet musicians sung ;

What rude benumbing touch
Strips from reluctant boughs
The languid leaves, and bares to common view
The sacred nest, — the mute, expressive nest,

Whose state defenseless tells
Of fledgeling treasures flown, —
Then, like the prudent birds, my thoughts take
flight,
Winging o'er wintry fields to find the spring.

II

Somewhere on Earth's cold breast
The dauntless crocus glows,
And fair Narcissus hangs his head and dreams :
There, — laughing, blushing, like a happy bride,

With tears in her sweet eyes
 To kiss away, shyly
 The Maiden comes, and, as she moves along,
 The woods and waking wolds intone her praise.

I, too, where all things tell
 Of Autumn chill and blight, —
 I, too, will praise her, ay, with transport hymn
 The unforgotten sweetness of the spring.

III

How desolate were Man
 If, robbed of dear delight,
 He might not with remembrance fond pursue
 And find his happiness, and lead it back !

The mournful Stygian shades
 Were less forlorn than he ;
 For they have memory, and cannot lose
 Bright visions once in conscious bliss possessed !

Through Hades' wailful halls,
 Bereft of Proserpine,
 They pensive glide, yet feel the far, sweet spring,
 And seem to breathe lost Enna's distant flowers.

LET ME BELIEVE

LET me believe you, love, or let me die !
If on your faith I may not rest secure, —
Beyond all chance of peradventure sure, —
Trusting your half-avowals sweet and shy,
As trusts the lark the pallid, dawn-lit sky, —
Then would I rather in some grave obscure
Repose forlorn, than, living on, endure
A question each dear transport to belie !
It is a pain to thirst and do without,
A pain to suffer what we deem unjust,
To win a joy — and lay it in the dust ;
But there 's a fiercer pain, — the pain of doubt :
From other griefs Death sets the spirit free ;
Doubt steals the light from immortality !

BY THE CONEMAUGH

(MAY 31, 1889)

FOREBODING sudden of untoward change,
A tight'ning clasp on everything held dear,
A moan of waters wild and strange,
A whelming horror near ;
And, midst the thund'rous din a voice of doom, —
“ Make way for me, O Life, for Death make room !

“ I come like the whirlwind rude,
'Gainst all thou hast cherished warring ;
I come like the flaming flood
From a crater's mouth outpouring ;
I come like the avalanche gliding free ;
And the Power that sent thee forth, sends me !

“ Where thou hast builded with strength secure
My hand shall spread disaster ;
Where thou hast barr'd me, with forethought sure,
Shall ruin flow the faster ;
I come to gather where thou hast sowed, —
But I claim of thee nothing thou hast not owed !

“ On my mission of mercy forth I go
Where the Lord of Being sends me ;
His will is the only will I know,
And my strength is the strength He lends me ;
Thy loved ones I hide 'neath my waters dim,
But I cannot hide them away from Him ! ”

A DESCANT

WHEN Spring comes tripping o'er the lea
And grasses start to meet her,
The bluebird sings
With quivering wings
Brief rhapsodies to greet her,
And deems — fond minstrel! — none may be,
The wide world over, blithe as he.

And where the brooklet tinkles by,
And the faery snowdrop dances,
And windflowers frail
And bloodroots pale
Lift up appealing glances,
The flute-voiced meadow-lark on high
Sings, "None on earth is glad as I!"

Laughs Corydon, "Your hearts are bold,
Yet little ye can measure,
Poor, silly birds,
Spring's sweetest words,
Or guess at my proud pleasure,
When Phyllis comes, and all the wold,
For sudden joy, buds into gold!"

TO THE TSAR (1890)

O THOU into whose human hand is given
A godlike might! who, for thy earthly hour,
Above reproof, self-counseled and self-shriven,
Wieldest o'er regions vast despotic power!
Mortal, who by a breath,
A look, a hasty word, as soon forgot,
Commandest energies of life and death! —
Midst terrors dread, that darkly multiply,
Wilt thou thy vision blind, and listen not
Whilst unto Heaven ascends thy people's cry?

In vain, in vain! The injuries they speak
Down unto final depths their souls have stirr'd:
The aged plead through them, the childish-weak,
The mad, the dying, — and they shall be heard!
Thou wilt not hear them; but,
Though Heaven were hedged about with walls of
stone,
And though with brazen gates forever shut,
And sentried 'gainst petitions of despair,
'T were closely guarded as thy fearful throne,
That cry of helpless wrong should enter there!

O Majesty! 'T is great to be a king,
But greater is it yet to be a man!
The exile by far Lena perishing,
The captive in Kara who bears thy ban,
Ransomed at length and free,
Shall rise from torments that make heroes strong;
Shall rise, as equal souls, to question thee;
And for defense there nothing shall endure
Of all which to thy lofty state belong,
Save that thou hast of human, brave, and pure!

Cæsar, thou still art man, and serv'st a King
Who wields a power more terrible than thine!
Slow, slow to anger, and long-suffering,
He hears his children cry, and makes no sign:
He hears them cry, but, oh!
Imagine not his tardy judgments sleep,
Or that their agonies He doth not know
Who, hidden, waste where tyrants may not see!
Eternal watch He over them doth keep, —
Eternal watch, — and Russia shall be free!

THERE 'S A SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS

THERE 's a spot in the mountains, where the dew,
 dear,
 Is laden with the odors of the pine,
Where the heavens seem unbounded, and their
 blue, dear,
 Is deepest where it mirrored seems to shine.

There, at morn and eve, with rapture old and new,
 dear,
 The thrushes sing their double song divine,
And the melody their voices breathe, of you, dear,
 Speaks ever to this happy heart of mine.

There 's a cabin in the mountains, where the fare,
 dear,
 Is frugal as the cheer of Arden blest ;
But contentment sweet and fellowship are there,
 dear,
 And Love, that makes the feast he honors —
 best !

40 THERE 'S A SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS

There 's a lake upon the mountains, where our boat,
dear,

Moves gayly up the stream or down the tide,
Where, amidst the scented lily-buds afloat, dear,
We dream the dream of Eden as we glide!

DU MAURIER

Two rocked his infant cradle as he slept,
And crooned for him their native lullabies.
One gave her sense of beauty to his eyes,
One taught his heart her smiles, the tears she
wept.

Each made him love her as the child his home,
And, mother-wise, reclaimed his wandering
glance :

Beloved England and beloved France, —
Each drew him, though, afar, he could not come.

In his imagination, fleur-de-lis
And English daisy blossomed side by side,
And dreams were his, lost transports to renew.

Half exiled wheresoe'er he chanced to be,
Like migrant birds his thoughts went soaring
wide,

Wooded onward by the vision of the True !

CONSCIENCE

THE friend I loved betrayed my trust
And bowed my spirit to the dust.
I keep the hurt he gave, yet know
He was forgiven long ago.

From him I did not merit ill,
But I would bear injustice still, —
Content could years of guiltless woe
Undo the wrong I did my foe.

DAPHNIS

HAIL, Solitude ! hail, maiden coy and sweet !
The vesper veil descends, — hail, nymph discreet !
We would awhile forget the din and roar
Of feverous life, contending evermore, —
 Lead to thy hush'd retreat !

Where shall we find thee, who desire thee so ?
Where midst the lengthening shadows dost thou go ?
Where slumberest thou when stars the night adorn ?
 Where glide thy feet at morn ?

Seek they that rugged promontory
Where Athos towers lone above the sea ?
Stray they where 'gainst the mountains hoary
Axenos moaning beats incessantly ?
Or all the day in some shy sylvan nook,
Where cowslips pale and daffadillies blow,
Tread they the mellow turf, or weedy brook
Whose wimpling waters prattle as they flow ?

Goddess with breath of balm,
What dear contentments nestle in thy calm !
The leveret and the fawn pursue
Thy paths through coverts dim, the halcyon blue,

By seas Ægean, griev'd remembrance heals
 As she thy joyance feels ;
 And far below the merry-twinkling waves,
 Bright Thetis breathes thy praise in orient caves.

And here, in this delightful wood,
 Where saucy elves and winsome fairies bide,
 We, also, would draw near thee, Solitude,
 And lay our cares aside :
 Draw near thee, nymph demure, and drain,
 From flowery cups that know no touch profane,
 The dews, delicious brimming ;
 Recline where poppies, purple-hued,
 Droop low in lovely lassitude,
 While belted bees in amorous mood
 O'er thymy beds are swimming,
 Or, musing 'neath some drowsy hemlock, gain
 The sweet Morphæan anodyne for pain.

Long, long ago, to such seclusion,
 Filled with accusing shame and grieved confusion,
 Life's noontide dark, its promise dead,
 The youthful Daphnis fled.
 Child of the God, how could he brook
 That curious eyes should gaping look
 Upon the sightless face,
 Where, deeply written, burned his deep disgrace ?
 Fearful of wrongs he could not see,
 He brought his bruised heart to thee.

And thou with solemn stillness didst caress him.
Forbearing to afflict with comfort crude,
Mistimed advice or cheap solicitude,
Thou with thy mild tranquillity didst bless him.
Thou didst not offer fond, unmeaning words,
But whisperings of leaves, and notes of birds,
And breathings of fresh flowers ; things which stole
Through the unlighted chambers of his soul,
And made him — how, he knew not — less alone.
Like dreams that come where misery hath slept,
Recalling tender hopes, and pleasures flown,
 He welcomed them and wept.

Then with unsteady hand from out his breast
He drew the pipe of Pan, — the reedy flute
That long neglected in inglorious rest,
Dark, like his vision, lay there cold and mute.
Up to his quivering lips he raised it slowly,
A moment paused, then blew a fainting strain :
His rigid brow relaxed, his head drooped lowly,
He felt the old, the sweet, immortal pain !
Again the mellow, melting notes he tried, —
Again meek Echo caught her breath and sighed.

Then freer, stronger, lovelier grew the lay ;
Uncertain fears fled guiltily away ;
The lilies, listening, paled, the breeze grew whist,
The violets flushed to deeper amethyst,
The restless Hours, departing, longed to stay.

And he forgot his melancholy state,
Fair Nomia's blissful love and fatal hate, —
In the rapt exaltation of his mind,
Forgot that he was blind ;
And poured that moving music in thine ear,
Which still Sicilian shepherds in the dawn
And deepening twilight, from some balmy lawn
Or grove of Ætna, fondly think they hear.

UNCONQUERED

DEEM not, O Pain, that thou shalt vanquish me,
Who know each treacherous pang, each last de-
vice
Whereby thou barr'st the way to Paradise!
Inured to suffer constantly
Thy joyless fellowship, I gain
The lessons only taught by Pain,
And know, though broken, that my will
Subdues thee still!

Man was not born the slave of things like thee
And thy companion, Death: the livelong day
He valiant strives, and holds ye still at bay;
And when he can no longer see
For thick'ning shadows, faint and spent
He bears his standards to his tent
And yields ye seeming victory;
But — he is free!

IN APRIL

WHEN beeches bud and lilacs blow,
And Earth puts on her magic green ;
When dogwoods bear their vernal snow
And skies grow deep the stars between, —
Then, O ye birds ! awake and sing
The gladness at the heart of Spring !

When flowers blossom for the poor,
And Nature heals the hurt of years,
When wondering Love resists the cure,
Yet hopes again, and smiles through tears, —
Then, O ye birds ! awake and sing
The gladness at the heart of Spring !

SURVIVAL

THE knell that dooms the voiceless and obscure
Stills Memnon's music with its ghostly chime ;
Strength is as weakness in the clasp of Time,
And for the things that were there is no cure.
The vineyard with its fair investiture,
The mountain summit with its hoary rime,
The throne of Cæsar, Cheops' tomb sublime,
Alike decay, and only dreams endure.
Dreams for Assyria her worship won,
And India is hallowed by her dreams ;
The Sphinx with deathless visage views the race
That like the lotus of a summer seems,
And, rudderless, immortally sails on
The wingèd Victory of Samothrace.

TENNYSON

How beautiful to live as thou didst live !
How beautiful to die as thou didst die, —
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,
At rest in all the best that love could give !

How excellent to bear into old age
The poet's ardor and the heart of youth,
To keep to the last sleep the vow of truth,
And leave to lands that grieve a glowing page !

How glorious to feel the spirit's power
Unbroken by the near approach of death,
To breathe blest prophecies with failing breath,
Soul-bound to beauty in that latest hour !

How sweet to greet, in final kinship owned,
The master-spirit to thy dreams so dear,
At last from his immortal lips to hear
The dirge for Imogen, and thee, intoned !

How beautiful to live as thou didst live !
How beautiful to die as thou didst die, —
In moonlight of the night, without a sigh,
At rest in all the best that love could give !

THE HEART OF LOVE

I KNOW a place warm-sheltered from the world —

 A place secure, in mild conditions blest,
Where fainting Toil, the homespun banner furled,
 May pause awhile and rest :

I know a place where fires burn late,
And mercy, waiting at the gate,
 Still welcomes the oppress'd !

I know a shrine more rich than Plutus' fane,
 An altar fragrant with celestial dew,
Where wavering souls their virgin faiths regain
 And energies renew.

I know a garden fair and free,
Where life yet wears, unfadingly,
 Lost Eden's roseate hue !

ALEXANDER III

(LIVADIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1894)

THE world in mourning for a Russian Tsar !
A despot of the nineteenth century
Mourned by the nations that have made men
free !

Ye captives of his rule ! where'er ye be,
Whether in dungeons or in mines afar —
Wretches who mourn, yet mourn not for the Tsar, —
Forgive the tears that seem a wrong to grief
Barren of comfort and without relief ! —
The Tsar was Russia's martyr, — as ye are !

He asked for peace, and she ordained him strife.
A Slav of simple heart, disliking show,
She bade him every lowly hope forego ;
And placing on his brow her crown of woe,
Gave him a sovereignty with perils rife,
And 'neath his sceptre hid the assassin's knife.
So, masked as Fear, she broke his nerves of
steel
Upon the circle of her racking wheel,
And set a horror at his door of life !

Humanity but sorrows for her own ;
The Autocrat she mourns not, but the man,
Who, loving Russia, lived beneath her ban,
Powerless to soften fate or change the plan
That called him all unwilling to a throne,
Hereditary evils to atone.

She mourns not Cæsar, but the pathos old
Of a quick conscience, driven to uphold
A dynasty the world had long outgrown.

Woe to the Tsar ! — Livadia's cannon boom,
Proclaiming that the Tsar from woe is free !
Peace to the Tsar ! but, Russia, woe to thee !
Still he who rules thee shall thy victim be,
Tortured by griefs that shall his heart consume,
Till he and thou, risen as from the tomb,
Shall see the light on Liberty's calm face,
Shall know that tyranny must yield its place
To the great spirit that hath breathed its doom !

SONG

HER cheek is like a tinted rose
That June hath fondly cherished,
Her heart is like a star that glows
When day hath darkling perished,
Her voice is as a song-bird's sweet,
The drowsy wolds awaking —
But, ah, her love is past compare,
And keeps my heart from breaking !

Lost sunbeams light her tresses free,
Along their shadows gleaming,
Her smiles entangle memory
And set the soul a-dreaming,
Her thoughts, like seraphs, upward soar,
Earth's narrow bounds forsaking —
But, ah, her love abides with me
And keeps my heart from breaking !

THE LAND OF PROMISE

ALTHOUGH the faiths to which we fearful clung
Fall from us, or no more have might to save ;
Although the past, recalling gifts it gave,
O'er lost delights a doleful knell have rung ;
Although the present, forth from ashes sprung,
Postpone from day to day what most we crave,
And, promising, beguile us to the grave, —
Yet, toward the Future, we are always young !
It smiles upon us in last lingering hours,
If with less radiance, with a light as fair,
As tender, pure, as in our childish years :
It is the fairy realm of fadeless flowers,
Of songs and ever-springing fountains, where
No heart-aches come, no vain regrets, no tears !

PSYCHE

SOFTLY, with palpitating heart,
She came to where he lay concealed apart.
The lamp she held intensified the gloom,
And in the dusk wrought shadowy shapes of doom.

Her starry eyes
O'er-brimmed with troubled tears,
Her pulses throbbing wildly in her ears,
She stood beside him where he lay
Hushed in the deep
Of sweet unconscious sleep.

But as she stifled back her sighs
And tried to look upon that cherished form,
Remembrance shook her purpose warm,
And, chiding, seemed to say, —
“Why seek to solve, why, curious, thus destroy
The mystery of joy?

What doubt unblest, what faithless fear is this,
Which tempts to paths none may retrace,
Which moves thee — fond one! — to unveil the
face

Of bliss?
Is't not enough to feel it thine?

Like Semele, would'st gaze on the Divine ?
Secret the soul of Rapture dwells ;
Love gives, yet jealous tests repels
Nor will of force be known,
And bashful Beauty, viewed too near — is gone."

PILGRIMAGE

WANDERER from a fading strand
Unto shadowy shores unknown,
Thou whose sails are onward fanned
By flattering breezes, — hast thou planned
All thy course alone ?

Canst thou tell, now clouds begin
To gather in thy path of day,
To what harbor thou shalt win,
As the long night closes in
On a wilder way ?

*Pilgrim, no : I cannot tell.
Strange my course, and stormy woes
And darkness may obscure its close ;
Yet I feel that all is well,
For my Pilot knows !*

MA BELLE

THE world is full of charm, ma belle,
And blithe as you are young ;
It echoes with a silver note
The lisplings of your tongue ;
It lays upon your fairy hand
A touch as light as down ;
It smiles approval, and, ma belle,
You have not felt its frown.

The world is very rich, ma belle,
And all its gifts are yours.
It bows before you, little one,
And while the mood endures,
With roses, freshly garlanded,
Your pathway bright adorns ;
But roses fade, ma belle, ma belle —
And there are left the thorns !

To snare your feet, the world, ma belle,
Has spread a shining net,
What wonder then, believing child,
If you awhile forget,

Midst suitors who to-night adore,
And may to-morrow range,
A love that has been always yours —
A love that cannot change !

What wonder ! — still they whisper praise,
And I have oft reproved ;
Of love they speak with eloquence,
And I have only loved.
Sometimes, alas, I envy them,
Yet in the days to be,
You may forget them all, ma belle —
But will remember me !

DRYAD SONG

WHEN the wolds of Lycaeus are silvery fair,
When Maenalian forests are doubtful and dim,
When the hound strains the leash and the wolf
quits his lair,
And the startled fawn flies from the fountain's
cool rim ;
When with panting delight we impatiently follow
The shuddering stags over hillock and hollow, —
A form from the shadows comes bounding out,
And we know it is Pan by his horrid shout.

A form from the shadows comes bounding out,
At head of the Satyrs' impetuous rout,
And we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
We know it is Pan by his horrid shout !

When hidden with Dian in deep woodland bower,
We loosen her quiver, her sandals unbind,
Bathe her beautiful feet in the pearl-trickling
shower,
Pellucid and pure ; when we deftly enwind
The silvery fillet that clasps and caresses
The wonder and wealth of her shadowy tresses, —

A face through the pleachèd blooms stealthily
peers,
And we know it is Pan by his furry ears.

A face through the pleachèd blooms stealthily
peers,
Makes mouths to affright us, then mocks at
our fears,
And we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
We know it is Pan by his furry ears !

When, shunning the shafts of Apollo at noon,
To the kindly green coverts we thankfully creep,
Athirst for fresh runnels, and ready to swoon, —
Oft, sudden we come to one fallen asleep :
Fallen asleep midst the tangles and grasses
That trip up the confident clown as he passes,
And fearful we peep at the form supine,
For we know it is Pan, though he makes no sign.

And fearful we peep at the form supine,
With the hoofs of a goat and the brow divine,
For we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
We know it is Pan, though he makes no sign !

When the shepherds are gone from the sunset hills,
When evening is mildest in dingle and dale,
Through the hush comes a sound that enraptures
and thrills,

Light wafted along on the tremulous gale :
So passionate-sweet, so wildly out-welling,
That Ladon hears it with bosom swelling.

We listen and sigh, — sigh and listen again,
For we know it is Pan by that melting strain !

We listen and sigh, — sigh and listen again,
While the lithe reeds quiver as if in pain, —
For we know it is Pan, we know it is Pan,
We know it is Pan by that melting strain !

MORNING

I WOKE and heard the thrushes sing at dawn, —
A strangely blissful burst of melody,
A chant of rare, exultant certainty,
Fragrant, as springtime breaths, of wood and
lawn.

Night's eastern curtains still were closely drawn ;
No roseate flush predicted pomps to be,
Or spoke of morning loveliness to me,
But, for those happy birds, the night was gone !
Darkling they sang, nor guessed what care con-
sumes

Man's questioning spirit ; heedless of decay,
They sang of joy and dew-embalmèd blooms.
My doubts grew still, doubts seemed so poor while
they,
Sweet worshipers of light, from leafy glooms
Poured forth transporting prophecies of day.

A TOMB IN TUSCANY

IN Montepulciano fair, —
Long famous for that vintage rare,
Prized by the giver of the vine

Above all wine —

There dwelt a man whose years had taught him
To seek, beyond what wealth had brought him,
Something to give his transient name

A lasting fame.

“For lordly palaces,” he said,
“Shall crumble; ay, and bastions dread,
And temples grave and gardens gay

Become as they;

Each vaunted image of my power
Shall perish like a wayside flower,
And like the hawk my hand hath fed

Lie waste and dead.

“Wherefore, ere yet my days be spent,
I will uprear a monument
That 'gainst the envious floods of Time
Shall stand sublime;
My treasures vast shall serve and cherish

An art too heavenly to perish :
A beauty, born of passion pure,
That shall endure ! ”

So spoke he ; and now lies asleep,
While near him forms angelic keep
Unwearied watch, and from decay
Guard him always :
Rare, sculptured forms that blend his story
With Donatello's deathless glory,
And make mankind his debtors be
Eternally.

For lordly castles, as he said,
Have crumbled ; ay, and bastions dread,
And temples grave and gardens gay
Become as they.
Each vaunted image of his power
Has perished like a wayside flower,
But living in the art he fed,
He is not dead !

HE AND I

HE and I, — and that was all, —
The boundless world had grown so small:
 So small, so narrow in content,
So single in possession sweet,
So personal, so love-complete,
 So still, so eloquent!

He and I, — and Earth made new!
The flowers blossomed for us two,
 And birds, to voice our rapture, sung
Divinely 'neath our northern skies,
As sung the birds in Paradise
 When life and love were young!

He and I, — O aching heart! —
Only a narrow grave apart!
 Yet seeking for his face in vain,
How changed, to me, the world has grown;
How cold it seems, how strange, how lone,
 How infinite in pain!

THE LITTLE LASS

(AN OLD-TIME DITTY)

As Douglas to his castle came,
Emotion nerved his shatter'd frame,
And soft he pondered, — “ Presently
My little lass will welcome me !

“ As longs the miser for his gold,
As fever longs, with thirst untold,
So yearns my heart her face to see,
Who yonder waits to welcome me ! ”

But as he turned his steed about,
A mournful peal of bells rung out ;
Whereat he cried, — “ Nay, merrily !
Ring forth my bairn to welcome me ! ”

He entered at the castle gate ;
(None marked him come, for it grew late,)
He stood within his hall at last ;
(None heeded him, for tears fell fast.)

Quoth Douglas : “ Friends, if me ye mourn,
With drooping heads and looks forlorn,
Now for your sorrows comfort ye, —
And call my lass to welcome me !

“ ’T is true that I from out these wars
Bring back a wound and many scars ;
But life is mine, and I am free,
And my brave lass hath ransom’d me ! ”

Up spoke an ancient servitor :
“ We mourn indeed the wrongs of war,
We bless thy loved return, — but she
Shall rise no more to welcome thee ! ”

Sudden as falls the giant oak
Sore smitten by the lightning stroke,
So swoonèd Douglas to the ground,
And freshly bled his opened wound.

They strove to stay life’s ebbing tide,
They chafed his hands, they swathed his side,
But Donald wailed, — “ Ah, woe is me ! —
Thy little lass hath welcomed thee ! ”

MIGHT I RETURN

MIGHT I return to that May-day of gladness
When life is young, and all its promise fair ;
Might I efface the memory of sadness,
And put away the weary load of care, —
To pluck the rose that in Time's Eden blows,
I would not go, were I to miss you there !

Might I ascend unto those realms of rapture
Whose amaranthine joys fade not again,
Might I the secrets of Elysium capture,
And find fruition for my longings vain, —
I would forego these dear delights, to know
That you were with me, and to share your pain.

WATER; LILIES

I GATHERED them — the lilies pure and pale,
The golden-hearted lilies, virgin fair,
And in a vase of crystal, placed them where
Their perfumes might unceasingly exhale.
High in my lonely tent above the swale,
Above the shimmering mere and blossoms there,
I solaced with their sweetness my despair,
And fed with dews their beauteous petals frail.
But when the aspens felt the evening breeze,
And shadows 'gan across the lake to creep,
When hermit-thrushes to the Oreades
Sang vesper orisons, from cloisters deep, —
My lilies, lulled by native sympathies,
Upfolded their white leaves and fell asleep.

LOVE HAS NO FOES

LOVE has no foes ; where'er he goes
Conditions full of mildness meet,
And amber honey-cells are filled,
And little birds begin to build,
And blossoms gather at his feet, —
Love is so sweet !

Love has no foes ; the folded rose
That answering his smile's caress
Blows into beauty, with its heart
All bruised to fragrance by his art,
To every breeze doth still confess
His loveliness !

Love has no foes ; who only knows
What Love hath been when Love is fled,
E'en he, bereft, would follow him,
Though to the voiceless caverns dim
Of the wan city of the Dead,
And share his bed !

HYLAS

UNTO the woodland spring he came
For water welling fresh and sweet ;
An eager purpose winged his feet
And set his heart aflame.
But musing on Alcmene's son —
Reviewing, emulous, each prize
By the godlike hero won,
A-sudden, with surprise,
He heard soft voices call upon his name :

“ Hylas, Hylas, stay and listen !
Though but a moment, bright dreamer, delay !
Pleasure greets thee,
Youth entreats thee, —
From their enchantments, ah, turn not away !
Where the eddies dimpling glisten,
To the love-lorn naiads listen !

“ Let not carping care destroy
Life's jocund prime with counsels cold, —
From happy youth the gods withhold
The sordid gifts that they employ
To plague the old !

Let not fruitless toil destroy
 Days fresh as blossoms newly sprung !
 Ere sages spoke, ere poets sung,
 Youth was the gala-time of joy, —
 And thou art young !

“ Glory ? — ah, ’t is labor double !
 Wealth ? — alas, ’t is costly trouble !
 Foolish Hylas ! Wouldst thou follow
 Glistering shows and phantoms hollow,
 Vague intents and dreams ideal ?
 Here are pleasures sweet as real :
 Still delights
 Of summer nights,
 Rest — which e’en ambition misses —
 Soft repose
 On beds of rose
 In murmurous grotts, and waking blisses.
 Hither comes no word of duty ;
 Life is love, and love is beauty.
 Hither comes no note of strife ;
 Life is love, and love is life.
 Raptures bubbling to the brink,
 Would not a wise man stoop and drink ?

“ Though Heracles sit in his tent
 And boast to warlike Telamon
 Of monsters tamed and labors done ;
 Though he recount in lofty strain

How dread Nemea's plague was slain,
And loudly vaunt, grown eloquent,
The rattling heaven-descended spell,
And Cerberus upborne from Hell, —
Yet, even while he tells the story
Of proud and world-renowned glory,
Telamon applauding — then,
Ay, even then, let him recall
Shy Megara's face — he'd give it all,
All, Hylas, to be young again!"

The wondering boy beheld the gleam
Of tresses mirrored in the spring:
Naught else; yet soft as in a dream,
Those voices sweetly ravishing
Fell on his ear.
He bent more near,
Trembling, amazed,
And wistful gazed —
Grown eager more to hear —
Far down below the cool reflection
And wavy sheen of auburn hair.
But, Eros blest! — what marvel rare,
What more than mortal beauty there,
What coy, what wooing-sweet perfection
Entranced held him, bound as in a snare?

No need to urge him now to stay!
Alas! he could not turn away,

But on the Naiad's nearing charms
 Gazed amorous : — on locks of brown,
 On melting eyes, and rubied lips,
 Slim throats and dewy finger-tips.
 He stooped ; they caught him in their arms,
 And held him fast, and drew him down.

Down, down, down, down,
 Through the liquid deeps of the soundless well :

Down, down, down, down, —
 How many fathom, ah ! who can tell ?
 Away from the day and the starlit hours,
 Away from the shadows, the birds, and the
 flowers ;
 Away from the fell and the spicy dell,
 From the fountain's smile and the mountain's
 frown ;

Down, down, down, down !
 He tried to ascend, but the lithe arms enwound
 him ;
 He sought to escape, but the wily weeds bound
 him.

By pleasure's softening touches thrill'd —
 The dainty wonders at his side —
 He missed not tasks left unfulfill'd,
 Nor heard despisèd honor chide ;
 And sinking slowly to the watery goal,
 His visage shrank to match his ebbing soul.

.

Late in the purple twilight of the day
Alcides came with heavy tread that way,
Crushing the fragile reeds and shrinking ferns,
Searching now here, now there — by doubtful
turns —

And calling loudly on the boy,

His dear annoy.

Long, long he stayed, still hoping to rejoice,
While babbling Echo, with her far-off voice,
Railed at his care. Then, sad and slow, he
passed —

Reluctant to resign the quest at last,
Nor dreamed, beholding a poor frog emerge
From that enchanted fountain's plashy verge,
That Hylas, once so ready to aspire,
There harshly croaked, contented in the mire!

ADIEU

ADIEU! I know that I no more
Shall behold you,
Your future lies beyond her door
Who consoled you ;

The world has promised to redeem
Each new sorrow,
It beckons, and you lightly dream
Of a morrow.

I weep not, nor shall futile sighs
Hold you longer,
The pity in your loveless eyes
Makes me stronger,

For terrible, past loss of mine,
Hath arisen
The dread to know what was your shrine —
But your prison.

I listen while your lips protest,
Heavy hearted,
For by your wishes unexpress'd —
We are parted :

I listen, and hope's fickle glow
 Fades away.
Why mock my grief? If you can go —
 Wherefore stay?

In all the past we still were true,
 You and I, love ;
Few words suffice to bid adieu,
 Few to die, love ;

The loneliest stand face to face,
 Disunited,
And thoughts of love that strain through space
 Are requited !

OCTOBER

SWEET are the woodland notes
That gush melodious at morn from palpitating
throats,
In anthems fresh as dew! Ay, they are sweet!
But from that dim retreat
Where Evening muses through the pensive hours,
There sometimes floats along
A more appealing song.
So, love, thy voice breathes a diviner music in the
chill
Of autumn, when the glen is still
And Flora's gold all tarnished on the hill,
Than in the time when merry May calls forth her
bashful flowers.

IN THE WOOD

I WOKE in suffering, and sadly heard,
Hard by my tent, repeated cries of pain,
That to the wilderness, in wildest strain,
Proclaimed the trouble of a mother bird
Robbed of her young; and I, too deeply stirr'd,
Thought as above me fell the ceaseless rain,
Wherefore should one who slumbers wake again,
Since anguish is the universal word?
Then suddenly aloft the wood there rose
The holy anthem of the hermit thrush,
From depths of happiness toward Heaven swelling;
And o'er the forest came an awed repose,
And griefs that chid the stormy night grew hush,
List'ning that wondrous ecstasy upwelling!

✓
SONG

FRIENDSHIP from its moorings strays,
Love binds fast together ;
Friendship is for balmy days,
Love for stormy weather.

For itself the one contends,
Fancied wrongs regretting —
Love the thing it loves defends,
All besides forgetting.

Friendship is the morning lark
Toward the sunrise winging,
Love the nightingale, at dark
Most divinely singing !

LAMENT OF BRÜNNHILDE

MIDST rejoicings I have wept,
And in hours when others slept,
 I have looked on Horror's face,
 In this place.

Now midst wailings I alone
 Hush the voice of mortal sorrow,
Gaze on thee, again mine own! —
 Fear no parting for the morrow.

For we meet, love, as before,
By a flame-encircled shore.
 Thou once more hast stemmed the tide,
 To thy bride ;
And I wake at thy command
 From my agony of dreaming,
And thy ring is on my hand,
 And I feel its clasp redeeming!

Heart to heart again responds,
Death asunder rends my bonds,
 From long exile sets me free, —
 Gives me thee !
And submissive to his will,
 With a rapture that betrays not,

Siegfried, I embrace thee still,
And the wrath of gods dismays not !

Ah, they pitied not my pain !
Merciless, they saw thee slain, —
Smiling though the cruel dart
Pierced my heart, —
But with glory none shall dim
Thou hast passed the dreaded portal,
And I bless the will of Him
Who, in anger, made me mortal !

I shall rest when Odin, late,
Mourns forlorn Brünnhilde's fate :
Mourns her truth, dishonor made —
Faith betrayed ;
For the Nornen ne'er forget ;
In their awful hands they hold him,
And as my spent sun shall set,
Glooms eternal shall infold him.

Changeless guardians who keep
Watch and ward, shall give me sleep,
When hot tears — not mine — are shed
For thee, my dead !
When thy foes in vain repent,
Hopeless, for thy ruin languish,
When Valhalla's towers are rent
In remembrance of my anguish !

Godlike hero, thou and I
Loved as none should love who die !
 Dost thou call? Thy funeral pyre,
 Kindling higher,
Weds me to my destiny.
 Bridegroom ! lover ! last desire !
Thou who crossed the flames to me !—
 Swift to thee I mount through fire !

MUSIC

THE might of music, and its mystic fire,
Will from no studied Art alone proceed ;
The soul of Orpheus must thrill the lyre,
The breath of Pan must blow the plaintive reed.

TOO LATE

THE words of love I never said to thee
 I whisper now,
The tenderness I might have given thee
 I offer now,
As at thy feet, who hopeless knelt to me,
 I, hopeless, bow.

The wintry bush in yonder hedgerow growing,
 A rose adorns,
And near and far are snowy clusters blowing,
 Where late were thorns ;
But still my heart, nor bud nor blossom knowing,
 Unpitied mourns.

I see the bird that to his mate is winging —
 His mate so dear
The very heart within his breast is singing
 As he draws near,
And I, O love, too late my love am bringing —
 Thou dost not hear !

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM

A ROSE-TREE, all ablush with opening flowers,
Just nodded to the heliotrope and pink,
Greeted the lilies by the fountain's brink
And curtsied toward the jasmine's star-wreathed
 bowers.

She then perceived a plant which, in the hours
 Since May-time blossoms blew and bobolink
 Sang blithely, constant grew, yet seemed to drink
 No beauty from spring sun or summer showers.

Scornful, she tossed her head, but soothingly
 Dame Nature to the plant dishonored said:
 "Time conquereth
 The proud. Yon rose her petaled pomps shall
 see

Torn rudely by the Frost-King's icy breath,
 When life luxuriant shall throb in thee,
 And blossom in the very midst of death!"

WINGS

THAT Love has wings the poets say ;
White wings where lights and shadows play,
 Swift wings, that sail from shore to shore,
 From sea to sea, or lightly soar
To happy Edens far away.

Where'er they gleam the world grows gay,
December smiles, and rosy May
 With fluttering transport feels once more
 That Love has wings.

But Youth is fond, and hearts are clay,
And faults deceive, and doubts betray,
 And some forget the winning lore
 That drew the blessing to their door,
And learn too late — ah, well-a-day ! —
 That Love has wings.

THE LIBERTY-BELL

(SENT FROM PHILADELPHIA TO ATLANTA,
OCTOBER 4, 1895)

WITH pomp attendant, and in garlands drest,
I journey from my sacred home once more ;
Not this time to the new, triumphant West,
But to a land more dear to me of yore :
A land in memory sweet as the perfume
Of twining jasmine and magnolia bloom.

Though old and broken, for that memory's sake —
The memory of honored things gone by,
I will forget my length of years, and make
This pilgrimage unto her Southern sky,
So Georgia's children, too, my face may know,
And wreathe me proudly with their mistletoe.

Their fathers knew me, and in that great hour
When in the Hall of Freedom, since my home,
They signed the Charter, born of love and power,
That made them one, I, from the lofty dome

Above them, loudly rang the brave command,
Proclaiming Liberty throughout the land !

Men pass away, but I do not forget ;
And though, alas, I have been silent long,
The echoes of my ringing vibrate yet,
From pole to pole, in every freeman's song ;
And she who shared my May, in my December
Shall gaze upon my face, and will remember !

Georgia, to thee I come as to my own,
Undying laurels for thy heroes bringing,
Who sacrificed themselves to right alone,
Who signed for Liberty, and set me ringing.
The word they witnessed then, I bear to all, —
We stand, united ; we, divided, fall !

O Georgia ! land of Gwynnett, Walton, Hall !
Whose star was one of the sublime Thir-
teen, —
A pledge of hope and happiness to all,
A sign of victory, wherever seen, —
That vow the Fathers made, their sons fulfill,
The stars they joined shine on, united still !

VAGRANT

THE love that has no memories and no hope,
Is like the weed that blossoms for an hour ;
That putting forth its one imperfect flower,
Straightway doth languish. It can neither cope
With the strong tempest, nor with the mild power
Of mellow sunlight, nor with the soft shower.

It has no root in nature, and it dies,
Leaving no fragrance and no fruit behind ;
And none lament it, nor return to find
Its bed when, beaten low, it bruised lies :
Unfriended, and forsaken of its kind,
It blows about, at mercy of the wind.

THOUGH THOU HAST CLIMBED

THOUGH thou hast climbed, by patient effort slow,
O'er barriers that thy course denied,
And from proud summits gazest down below —
Self satisfied ;

Though thou hast felt the clouds beneath thy feet,
And to past triumphs fond returning,
Wakest no more, sublimer heights to greet
With upward yearning, —

Better for thee hadst thou been taught to bow,
Through lengthening years of blest probation,
Looking to something loftier than thou,
In adoration :

Better for thee had thine unconquered will,
So scornful of restraining bars —
Been held earth's captive thrall, thy strivings still
Unto the Stars !

AUTUMN

“ We ne'er will part ! ” Ah me, what plaintive
sounds

Are human protests ! Dear one, lift your eyes !
Behold the solemn, widespread prophecies
Of that whose shadow all our light confounds,
Of that whose being all our knowledge bounds !
Far from the faded fields the robin flies,
Upon her stem the last rose droops and dies,
And through the pines a doomful blast resounds.

As dawn is portent of the day's decline,
As joy is prelude sweet to waiting sorrow,
So ripened good is Nature's harvest sign :
Love, only, the immortal strain doth borrow,
And, high exalted by a hope divine,
Still whispers in the night of death, — *To-*
morrow !

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT

THE sights and sounds of the wretched street
Oppressed me, and I said: "We cheat
Our hearts with hope. Man sunken lies
In vice, and naught that's fair or sweet
Finds further favor in his eyes.

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,
To elevate a savage brood
Which, from the cradle, sordid, dull,
No longer has a wish for good,
Or craving for the beautiful."

I said; but chiding my despair,
My wiser friend just pointed where,
By some indifferent passer thrown
Upon a heap of ashes bare,
The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,
Beheld, while pity grew devout,
A squalid and uneager child,
With careful fingers picking out
The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,
With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose ;
And, bending down, I whispered, " Dear,
Come, let us fly, while no one knows,
To the country — far away from here ! "

Upon the little world-worn face
There dawned a look of wistful grace,
Then came the question that for hours
Still followed me from place to place :
" Real country, where you can catch flowers ? "

A VALENTINE

FEAR not that I shall tell the world,
O lady mine, how sweet thou art,
Fear not that others so shall gain
The secret of my heart ;
For though my lips should carol praise
From night till morn, from morn till eve,
Thy loveliness, O lady mine,
Who had not known could not believe !

To praise the rose is not to paint
Its perfume, in the air afloat ;
No words can voice the violet,
Or trill the throstle's note ;
Nor may I fondly hope in song
Thy mystic graces to impart, —
Who hath not known thee, lady mine,
Will never dream how sweet thou art !

FRIENDS TO VIRTUE

“ The gods whom we all belong to are the gods we belong to whether we will or no.”

INTO the theatre they came —
 “ Motley ’s the only wear ! ”
Children of poverty, of shame,
 Of folly, of despair.

Elbowing rudely, Jill and Jack,
 A nearer view to win,
Youths, men, and women, white and black,
 Pell-mell, they jostled in.

A wretched place of poor resort,
 Far from the world polite,
Few pennies bought the meagre sport
 So fruitful of delight,

And gazing there, each brutish face,
 The godlike stamp resigned,
A tablet seemed whereon disgrace
 Had written thoughts unkind.

“ And what,” I mused, “ will now be fed
 To cater to their mood
Who, as their looks bespeak, have said, —
 ‘ Evil, be thou my good ’ ?”

“ Order will surely be reversed,
 Judgment will disappear,
The tricks of knaves will be rehearsed
 To catch the plaudits here ! ”

Yet as I watched the varied throng,
 My theories took flight,
For, lo, they still condemned the wrong,
 They still approved the right !

The “ villain ” by his better art
 Surprised from them no praise ;
They frankly took the hero’s part,
 Awarding him the bays ;

For they, unlike the wise of earth,
 Slight tribute paid to skill, —
Anhungered for a higher worth,
 Lovers of virtue still !

IN WINTER

It will be long ere 'neath the sunlight dimpling,
The mountain snows melt back to earth's still
breast,
Ere swallows build, and wayward brooklets wim-
pling
O'er pebbly beds, wind by the pewee's nest,
Ere swells the lily's cup, ere transport strong
Thrills in the bluebird's lay, — it will be long !

It will be long ere dews and fresh'ning showers
Descend where latticed roses languid burn,
Ere, pale from exile, nodding wayside flowers
And timid woodland darlings home return,
Ere vesper-sparrows chant their Delphian song,
And larks at sunrise sing, — it will be long !

But though fierce blow the winds through forests
shrouded,
Where snows, for leafy verdure, cheerless cling,
Though seas moan wild, and skies are darkly
clouded, —
Within the heart that loves 't is always spring !
There memories and hopes, fresh-budding, throng,
And faith forgets that Winter lingers long.

ACHILLES

WHEN, with a mortal mother's helpless tears,
Thetis, the silver-footed, to her son
Revealed the choice in death he might not shun ;
The goddess-born, longing for lengthened years
In his own land, with all that life endears —
Renounced Earth's breathing pleasures new be-
gun,
And chose to die in youth, each conflict won,
Leaving a fame no blight autumnal sears.

The Argives sleep, the Trojan hosts are dumb,
And no man knows where Homer's ashes be ;
Yet, echoing down the list'ning ages, come —
E'en to this distant nineteenth century —
The hero's words by warlike Ilium,
And strengthen others in their need, and me !

A DÉBUTANTE

AT last, for weariness,
She slept, yet breathed in dreams a fragrance of
success

Sweeter to her desires than cooling showers,
Than honey hived in flowers,
Or than those notes which ere the night is done,
Are shyly fluted forth in worship of the sun.

The longed-for prize
Her own, again she heard delighted plaudits rise,
Again her conquest read in beaming eyes,
And scanned each upturned face, and missed but
one!

“O love,” she, dreaming, sighed, —
In joy grown sudden sad, and lonely in her pride, —
“O love, dost thou, of all the world, not care
These triumphs dear to share?
Dost thou, who sued in griefs to bear a part,
Who lightened discontent, and soothed with hea-
venly art,
Forbearing blame —

Remove when all besides with praises speak my
name ? ”

Distinct, yet as from far, the answer came :
“ Love still demands an undivided heart ! ”

GREATNESS

MIDST noble monuments, alone at eve
I wandered, reading records of the dead, —
In spite of praise forgotten past recall ;
And near, so sheltered one might scarce perceive,
I found a lowly headstone, and I read
The word upon it : HAWTHORNE — that was all.

SUPPLIANT

FATHER, I lift my hands to Thee :
 Reject me not !
Mine eyes are blind, I cannot see.
Be Thou the lamp unto my feet, —
Guide to the rock of my retreat ;
O Light, my darkness cries to Thee !
 Reject me not !

Father, mine eyes with tears are wet,
 Reject me not !
Though Thou forgive, shall I forget ?
Nay, though thy mercy fall like rain,
My spirit still must bear the pain
And burden of a vast regret.
 Reject me not !

To whom, unfriended, should I flee ?
 Reject me not !
To whom, my Father, but to Thee ? —
Ah ! 'T was thy child forgave the sin
Of the repentant Magdalen
And blessed the thief on Calvary ! —
 Reject me not !

A ROSE

A SINGLE rose in yonder ruined bed
Makes beauty where all beauty else had fled ;
Like love, which, careless of of time or death,
 About earth's shattered hopes its tendrils wreath-
 ing,
 Blooms in the wilderness, divinely breathing,
Till all around grows fragrant with its breath.

REVEILLE

WHAT frolic zephyr through the young leaves
plays,

Scattering fragrance delicate and sweet?

What impulse new moves Robin to repeat

To pale Anemone his roundelays?

What winning wonder fills the world with praise

In this mysterious time? Lo, all things greet

A loved one, new redeemed from death's de-
feat—

A youth whose languid head fair nymphs up-
raise!

For him the crocus dons his bravery, —

And violets, for him, their censers swing;

For him the shy arbutus, blushfully,

Peeps through the mosses that about her cling;

Adonis wakes! Awake, earth's minstrelsy!

In swelling diapason hymn the Spring!

TRUE LOVE

TRUE love is not a conquest won,
But a perpetual winning,
A tireless service bravely done
And ever new-beginning ;

Gold will not buy it for to-day
Nor keep it for to-morrow,
From Pleasure's paths it turns away,
To make its bed with Sorrow.

White, Aphrodite, are thy doves,
But 'neath their snows are burning
Undying flames, and he who loves
Aspires with flame-like yearning ;

Aspires unto a far-off bliss
Whose vision makes him younger,
And moved to rapture by thy kiss,
Still for thy soul doth hunger !

EASTER

I KNOW the Summer fell asleep
 Long weary months ago ;
Heaped high above her grave I saw
 The heavy winter snow ;
Say, sparrow, then, what word you bring ;
 Is it her requiem you sing ?

The meadow lark is mute, the wren
 Forgets his late abode,
No throstle answering fluteth near,
 Yet never prelude flowed
From ivied bosk or verdant slope
 More brimming with delight and hope !

I, listening, seem to see the blooms
 That were whilom so dear,
And voices loved and silent long
 I, listening, seem to hear ;
And longings in my breast confer,
 And sweet, prophetic pulses stir.

“Thou lonely one,” they seem to say,
 “Lost Summer shall return ;

Wreathed in her shadowy tresses shall
The roses blissful burn ;
Wan lilies at her feet shall lie,
And wind-flowers on her bosom sigh.

“ Here, from this rough and lowly bed,
The little celandine
Shall lift her sunny glances to
The balmy eglantine ;
And flags shall flaunt by yonder lake,
And fair Narcissus there awake.”

I know the Summer fell asleep
Long weary months ago ;
But ah ! all is not lost, poor heart,
That 's laid beneath the snow ;
There wait, grown cold to care and strife,
Things costliest, dying into life :

All changes, but Life ceases not
With the suspended breath ;
There is no bourne to Being, and
No permanence in Death ;
Time flows to an eternal sea,
Space widens to Infinity !

ART

SHE stood a vision vestureless and fair,
 Glowing the canvas with her orient grace :
 A goddess grave she stood, with such a face
As in Elysium the immortals wear.
But some, unworthy, as they pondered there,
Cold to the marvel of her look divine —
Saw but a form undraped, in Beauty's shrine.

Then she, it seemed, rebuked them: "Old and
 young

 Have worshiped at the temple where I breathe,
 And deathless laurels, for my sake, enwreath
The brows of him from whose pure thought I
 sprung :

Lips consecrate as yours his praise have sung, —
Who neither sued for praise nor courted ease,
But reverently wrought, as from his knees.

"No raiment can the base or mean reclaim,
 And that which sacred is must sacred be,
 Clothed but in rags or robed in modesty.
In the endeavor still is felt the aim :
The workman may by skill exalt his name,

But, toiling fault and failure to redeem,
Cannot create what's loftier than his dream !

“ For chaste must be the soul that chastely sees,
The thought enlightened, and the insight sure
That separates the pure from the impure ;
And who Earth's humblest faith from error frees,
Awakening ideal sympathies,
Uplifts the savage from his kindred sod ;
Who shows him beauty speaks to him of God ! ”

SONG

THE new-born leaves unfolding fast
 Make nests of green on every bough ;
The pilgrim birds, their wanderings past,
With joy return, — but thou, my love,
 Oh, where, my love, art thou ?

Soft tumults fill the balmy air,
 Faint breathings of the flowers to be ;
Life glows and gladdens everywhere, —
But I am lone for thee, my love,
 Oh, lone, my love, for thee !

Give me the voice of moaning pines,
 The frozen wold, the wind-worn space ;
Give me the winter Earth resigns, —
But let me see thy face, my love,
 Oh, let me see thy face !

A MAID'S DEFENSE

'T WERE little to renounce what now I hold,
Such riches as make poor: a pomp that tires,
A vernal glow that kindles autumn fires,
A youth that, wasteful in its haste, grows old ;
'T were little to relinquish pleasure doled
In meagre measure to my swift desires,
To give what nor delights me nor inspires,
In free exchange for Love's all-prizèd gold ;
Yet there is something it were pain to yield,
Which I should part with, Love, in welcoming
thee :

A shy uncertainty that dearer seems
Than e'en thy gifts, and is my fence and shield :
The dim ideal of my waking dreams,
The Love unknown, that distant, beckons me !

REJECTED

THE World denies her prophets with rash breath,
Makes rich her slaves, her flatterers adorns ;
To wisdom's lips she presses drowsy death,
And on the brow Divine a crown of thorns.
Yet blessèd, though neglected and despised —
Who for the World himself hath sacrificed,
Who hears unmoved her witless mockery,
While to his spirit, slighted and misprized,
Whisper the voices of Eternity !

AT BREAK OF DAY

I THOUGHT that past the gates of doom,
Where Orpheus played a strain divine
Of love importunate as mine,
Unto the dwellings of the dead I came through
paths of gloom.

Around me, looming dark through cloud,
Vast walls arose whence mournful fell
The shadow and the hush of hell ;
And silence, brooding, palpable, inwrapped me like
a shroud.

Naught blossomed there ; in that chill place
Where longing dwells divorced from hope,
Naught to a joyless horoscope
Lent prophecies of future grace, but — I beheld
thy face !

And I awoke, — songs trembling near, —
Awoke and saw day's chariot pass
Bright gleaming o'er the meadow-grass,
And knew this glad earth, without thee, than realms
of death more drear !

HOMeward

WHEN I come to my Father's house he will hear me :

I shall not need

With words implore

Compassion at my Father's door ;

With yearning mute my heart will plead,

And my Father's heart will hear me.

One thought all the day hath still caressed me :

Though cloud o'er cast

Is the way I go,

Though steep is the hill I must climb, yet, oh,

When evening falls and the light is past,

At my Father's house I will rest me !

For thither, — whatsoe'er betide me,

Howe'er I stray,

Beset by fears,

Wearied by effort, or blinded by tears, —

Ah, surely I shall find my way,

Though none there be to guide me !

TO-MORROW

THE robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow smooths a bed for the clover,
Life flames anew, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.

The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back,
Faith builds on the ruins of sorrow,
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.

And ever a strain, of joys the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover —
In death sings on — that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over !

SIBERIA

THE night-wind drives across the leaden skies,
And fans the brooding earth with icy wings ;
Against the coast loud-booming billows flings,
And sougths through forest-deeps with moaning
sighs.

Above the gorge, where snow, deep fallen, lies —
A softness lending e'en to savage things —
Above the gelid source of mountain springs,
A solitary eagle, circling, flies.

O pathless woods, O isolating sea,
O steppes interminable, hopeless, cold,
O grievous distances, imagine ye,
Imprisoned here, the human soul to hold ?
Free, in a dungeon, — as yon falcon free, —
It soars beyond your ken, its loved ones to in-
fold !

VICTORY

PEACE ! for the silver bugles play,
And the glad fifes, with shriller sound ;
The drum beats fast, and, far away,
Awakens joy profound.

From dawn unto the setting sun
We battled, and our foes have lost ;
O heart, my heart, the day is won, —
Break thou, and pay the cost !

STANZA

THE voices of all waters that make moan —
Loudly upbraiding the impassive sky,
Have not the meaning of one human groan,
Have not the pathos of one human sigh ;
And neither that blithe strain whereby
The brook doth wintry doubts destroy,
Nor that pure rhapsody the woodland sings,
When Summer to its heart contentment brings, —
Breathes unto Heaven such praise as human joy !

DEATH

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame ;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame ;
I am the final goal of every race ;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place :

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief ;
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun ;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls — Life !

SONG

IF love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
 No chalice of perfume ;

By mossy bank, in glen, or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
 No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
 The stars their fires consume,

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
 A wilderness of gloom !

LIMITATION

As when the imperial bird, wide-circling, soars
From his lonely eyrie, towered above the seas
That wash the wild and rugged Hebrides,
A force which he unconsciously adores
Bounds the majestic flight that heaven explores,
And droops his haughty wing; as when the
breeze
Tempt to o'erleap their changeless boundaries
The waves that tumble foaming to those shores;
So thou, my soul! impatient of restriction,
With deathless hopes and longings all aglow,
Aspirest still, and still the stern prediction
Stays thee, as them, — “No further shalt thou
go!”
But, ah! the eagle feels not thine affliction,
Nor can the broken waves thy disappointment
know.

RHAPSODY

As the mother-bird to the waiting nest,
As the regnant moon to the sea,
As joy to the heart that hath first been blest —
So is my love to me !

Sweet as the song of the lark that soars
From the net of the fowler free,
Sweet as the morning that song adores —
So is my love to me !

As the rose that blossoms in matchless grace
Where the canker may not be,
As the well that springs in a desert place —
So is my love to me !

TO FRANCE

(1894)

MOTHER of Freedom ! Mother and fond nurse !
Who, from thy mighty loins, with awful throes
And cries of anguish bore her ! what new woes
Encompass thee ? What long-forgotten curse
Revives to chill thy soul and dull its seeing ?
Veiled are thy falcon-glances, as in death :
Thou bleedest, France ! and, sobbing, drawest
breath,
Sore smitten by the thing thou gavest being !

Is this thine offspring — once so nobly fair
That at her look were riven human chains,
And all men blessed thee for thy travail pains ?
Behold ! with serpents writhing in her hair
She stands, Medusa-like, the world appalling !
Her bloodless cheeks bespeak the vampire's lust ;
Her victims fall before her in the dust ;
Yet, unappeased, she still would see them falling.

Is this blest Liberty, this treacherous thing
That hides its venom 'neath a mask of flowers,
That smites its own defenders, and devours

The hands that feed it? This whose rancorous
sting
Is uncontrolled by reason? Red and gory,
The standard it uplifts on land and sea
Reveals it truly, hell-born Anarchy!
Which borrows for its shame a name of glory.

Freedom disdains the cruel and the base,
Their praise she deems inexpiable wrong,
And in the homage of their savage song
She hears the voice of insult and disgrace.
Scorning the ransomed slaves who rule no better
Than the oppressors they in wrath hurl down,
Who make the Phrygian cap a despot's crown,
And others with their broken shackles fetter —

She leaves them to the evils they invoke;
And listening to the voices of the wild, —
As listens for the mother's voice her child, —
Courting the tempest and the lightning-stroke,
She opens to the void her pinions regal:
The clouds, the skies, she knows to be her own,
And rising to the mountain-summits lone,
She rests where rock the eyries of the eagle!

LIFE

THOU art more ancient than the oldest skies,
But youth forever glances from thine eyes ;
Time wars against thee, and consumes thy fires,
Yet, wingèd, thou from ashes dost arise !

THE IDEAL

“Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so unspeakable a desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold.” —

NOVALIS.

SOMETHING I may not win attracts me ever, —
Something elusive, yet supremely fair,
Thrills me with gladness, but contents me never,
Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
It shines beyond the farthest stars I see,
It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
Essays to reach it as I make reply ;
I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
Yet know ere I attain it I must die !

NANSEN

To drift with thee, not strive against thy tide,
All-powerful Nature! to pursue thy law,
Attentive — with devout and childlike awe
Heark'ning unto thy voice, and none beside :
To drift with thee! With thee for friend and guide
In fragile bark, careless of cold or thaw,
To brave the ice-pack and the dread sea-maw! —
So are man's conquests won, so glorified.
The truest compass is the seeing soul.
Oh, wond'ring earth! did not thy spirit glow,
Calling to mind the deathless Genoese,
As Nansen, pilot of the frozen Pole,
Like a young Viking rode the icy floe,
Wresting their secret from the Arctic Seas?

TO THE VICTOR

You have outstripped me in the race,
Your brow shall wear the laurel's grace ;
 But though on-speeding in your might
 You pass beyond my straining sight,
My spirit shall with yours keep pace !

For I have dreamed your dream divine,
For I have worshiped at the shrine
 Whose oracles your faith have moved,
 For I have loved what you have loved —
Your victory is also mine !

Shall the grave gods pronounce their choice .
And I not lift in praise my voice ?
 Or shall another win the goal
 Whose vision hath illumed my soul,
And I, though distant, not rejoice ?

Ah, no ! Your greater gifts prevail ;
But though to reach your side I fail,
 Through you triumphant in defeat,
 Even in death I will repeat, —
Hail to the victor ! Hail ! . . .

LOVE CONQUERS DEATH

LOVE conquers Death by night and day,
Beguiles him long of his destined prey ;
 And when, at last, that seems to perish
 Which he hath striven still to cherish,
Love plucks the soul from the fallen clay.

Death is not master, but Love's slave :
He smites the timid and the brave ;
 Yet as he fares, with sweet low laughter,
 Love, the sower, follows after,
Scattering seed in each new-made grave !

MEMORIA

IF only in my dreams I may behold thee,
Still hath the day a goal ;
If only in my dreams I may enfold thee,
Still hath the night a soul.
Leaden the hours may press upon my spirit
Nor one dear pledge redeem ;
I will not chide, so they at last inherit
And crown me with the rapture of that dream.

Ten thousand blossoms earth's gay gardens cher-
ish ;
One pale, pale rose is mine.
Of frost or blight the rest may quickly perish ;
Not so that rose divine :
Deathless it blooms in quiet realms Elysian,
And when toil wins me rest,
Forgetful of all else, in blissful vision
I breathe my rose, and clasp it to my breast !

THROUGH THE RUSHES

THROUGH the rushes by the river
Runs a drowsy tremor sweet,
And the waters stir and shiver
In the darkness at their feet ;
From the sombre east up-stealing,
Gradual, with slow revealing,
Comes the dawn, and with a sigh,
Night goes by.

Here and there, to mildest wooing,
Folded buds are open blown ;
And the drops their leaves bedewing,
Like to seed-pearls thickly sown,
Sinking, with the blessing olden,
Deep into each calyx golden,
A supreme behest obey,
Then melt away.

And while robes of splendor trailing,
Fitly deck the glowing morn,
And a fragrance, fresh exhaling,
Greets her loveliness new-born,

Midst divine melodic voicings,
Midst delicious mute rejoicings,
Strong as when the worlds began,
Awakens Pan!

INDIA

SILENT amidst unbroken silence deep
Of dateless years, in loneliness supreme,
She pondered patiently one mighty theme,
And let the hours, uncounted, by her creep.
The motionless Himalayas, the broad sweep
Of glacial cataracts, great Ganges' stream —
All these to her were but as things that seem,
Doomed all to pass, like phantoms viewed in
sleep.
Her history? She has none — scarce a name.
The life she lived is lost in the profound
Of time, which she despised; but nothing mars
The memory that, single, gives her fame —
She dreamed eternal dreams, and from the
ground
Still raised her yearning vision to the stars.

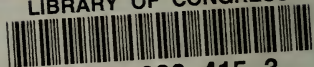
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