



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 2520  
Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf: P4C3

1887

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







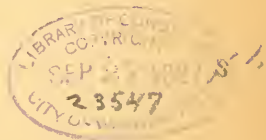
# THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

BENJAMIN S. PARKER



CHICAGO  
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY  
BOSTON: GEORGE H. ELLIS  
1887

PS2520  
PAC3  
1887

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by  
B. S. PARKER,  
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TO MY WIFE

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION OF VERSES IS AFFEC-  
TIONATELY DEDICATED.

B. S. P.



## P R E F A C E

IN presenting this unpretentious collection of verses, written during the course of a busy life, largely devoted to other than literary pursuits, it does not seem to me that an apology of either less or greater length is demanded. Very fully realizing that there was no large demand for the collection itself, I feel, with equal force, that those partial friends who have engaged themselves, before the event of publication, to become buyers and readers of this little volume, do not wish to be wearied with tedious excuses for the short-comings and crudities of its contents ; and I have not the temerity to address myself to any merely prospective audience of readers, lest I should be wasting words upon a goodly company that shall never exist in a more real domain than that of the imagination.

The intelligent reader needs not to be told that many of the "pieces" in this collection have been included on account of the experiences with which they are associated rather than for their supposed literary merits. This is true of much that the volume contains, and especially so of the "Pioneer Poems" and "Memorial Verses."

When an author sits down to tell why he has not written better, he not only dishonors his work, but also makes an exhibition of egotism and self-consciousness that furnishes a better key to what-

ever failures he may have made than he would be able to supply in any other way. I should be glad if what I have written were worthier, but I have no notion that the reader will expect anything great. Indeed I am persuaded that the anticipation of the limited public that will interest itself to any degree with my little offering is so modest in this respect that the performance will be quite equal to it.

B. S. P.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION . . . . .	3
PREFACE . . . . .	5
<b>THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING, AND OTHER PIONEER</b>	
POEMS—	
The Cabin in the Clearing . . . . .	13
The Pioneer . . . . .	15
The Sugar Maple . . . . .	22
The Spelling School . . . . .	25
The Settlers . . . . .	29
<b>MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—</b>	
Urania . . . . .	35
" 'Tis Morning and the Days are Long . . . . .	36
Looking Toward the Sunset . . . . .	38
The Poet's Reed . . . . .	
The Guest . . . . .	
Parted . . . . .	43
Sonnets —	
The Silent Land . . . . .	44
To a Robin Found Dead in the Snow . . . . .	44
Dew Drops on Wayside Webs . . . . .	45
Fragrance . . . . .	46
The Silence of Midnight . . . . .	46
The Quest of the Soul . . . . .	47
An Autumn Sunset . . . . .	47
An Old Thanksgiving . . . . .	48
The Empty Nest . . . . .	49
A Little Maid of Two . . . . .	50
The Song of the Imprisoned Thrush . . . . .	51
Conquerors . . . . .	53
Haste Not, Joyful Hour . . . . .	54
She Was Not Made for Sorrow . . . . .	55
A Farewell . . . . .	55
The Blind Boy and the Spring . . . . .	58
Little Things . . . . .	59
The Mistletoe . . . . .	61



At Forty . . . . .	63
Endymion, A Medley . . . . .	67
Maternal Love Hinting its Thought in Song . . . . .	73
A Vernal Vagary . . . . .	77
The Redbud . . . . .	81
The Bugle . . . . .	83
"Hail and Farewell" . . . . .	85
The Poet's New Year . . . . .	86
The Summer . . . . .	89
Our Mother . . . . .	91
A Christmas Thought . . . . .	92
Beyond the Afternoon . . . . .	93
The Fallen Student . . . . .	95
Joe's Visit. Her Story . . . . .	100
The Poet's Art. A Fragment . . . . .	105
Repetition . . . . .	108
When the Swallows Are Flying Away . . . . .	109
Across the Snow . . . . .	111
Winsome Jennie . . . . .	112
Voices of Song . . . . .	115
The Bells . . . . .	117
Corabell . . . . .	118
A Mist of White Laces . . . . .	120
Bard and Blossom . . . . .	122
Pretty Mary, O! . . . . .	122
A Song . . . . .	123
Two Little Girls . . . . .	124
The Song of Vivienne . . . . .	125
Long Ago . . . . .	126
Poor Madeline's Song . . . . .	128
Hymn to Night . . . . .	130
Love Me Little, Love Me Long . . . . .	131
Evening Song of the Dissatisfied Soul . . . . .	132
The Singing Wind . . . . .	133
CANADIAN POEMS—	
On Memphremagog . . . . .	137
Magog River . . . . .	139
The Stricken Monarch . . . . .	141
Icy Air. A Canadian Idyl . . . . .	142
Pictures in Ice . . . . .	144
May in the North . . . . .	146
To J. W. R., In Response to an Open Letter . . . . .	149

To J. T. W. . . . .	151
Song of the Winter Carnival . . . . .	152
MEMORIAL VERSES—	
Indiana's Dead . . . . .	159
Lincoln . . . . .	161
Sunmer . . . . .	162
Garfield . . . . .	163
Morton . . . . .	165
Decoration Ode . . . . .	166
At Mount McGregor . . . . .	167
Longfellow . . . . .	168
Paul Hamilton Hayne . . . . .	170
Sonnets—	
W. B. V. . . . .	172
M. Louisa Chitwood . . . . .	172
M. J. W. . . . .	173
The Children . . . . .	175
At My Father's Grave . . . . .	178
To F. R. . . . .	179
The White Water Bar . . . . .	182
J. T. E. A Just Judge . . . . .	186
Billy Atkison . . . . .	187
My Mother . . . . .	188
As a Sheaf Fully Ripe . . . . .	189
Fairest Flowers of Chivalry . . . . .	190
A. C. D. . . . .	194
HUMOROUS AND DIALECT POEMS—	
To J. M. T. . . . .	199
Courtship at Three Score and Ten . . . . .	201
<i>Venez Encore, Douce Fraise!</i> . . . . .	205
To Nellie (two weeks old) . . . . .	207
"Whistling Joe" . . . . .	209
The Vacation . . . . .	213
On the Terrace . . . . .	216
An Autumn Reverie . . . . .	217
A Bear-i-tone . . . . .	219
Solomon's Epistle to John . . . . .	220
Mud-Pie Days . . . . .	223
The Fate of the Penny . . . . .	224
Ould Paddy Fitz Morris . . . . .	225
Patrick at the Capitol . . . . .	226

The Camp Meeting . . . . .	228
Cæsar's Story . . . . .	231
THE LESSON AND OTHER POEMS—	
Prelude . . . . .	239
The Lesson . . . . .	241
Indian Graves . . . . .	247
The Widow's Story . . . . .	249
Rhyme of the Withered Leaves . . . . .	254
Claribell . . . . .	256
My Robin . . . . .	258
August . . . . .	260
The Darkened Room . . . . .	261
Oralie . . . . .	262
Wandering . . . . .	263
The Fireside . . . . .	267
Life and Effort . . . . .	270
A Question . . . . .	271
Morning Clouds . . . . .	272
The Face at the Window . . . . .	273
Ixion. . . . .	276
Freedom . . . . .	278
An Unclerical Prayer . . . . .	280
The Cemetery . . . . .	282
Rain in June . . . . .	282
The Poet's Friends . . . . .	283
Meggy May . . . . .	284
The Best Interpreter . . . . .	285
November. In War Time . . . . .	286
Whittier . . . . .	288
The Brook . . . . .	289
The Poet . . . . .	290
Isadore . . . . .	291
The Songs of Birds . . . . .	292
The Toiler's Dream . . . . .	294
For the Dying Year . . . . .	300

# THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

AND

## OTHER PIONEER POEMS

*Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marveling boyhood legends store  
Of their strange ventures, happed by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be!  
How few, all weak and withered of their force,  
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls  
his ceaseless course.*

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.



## THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING

BACKWARD gazing through the shadows.  
As the evening fades away,  
I perceive the little footprints,  
Where the morning sunlight lay,  
Warm and mellow, on the pathway  
Leading to the open door  
Of the cabin in the clearing,  
Where my soul reclines once more.

Oh! that cabin in the clearing,  
Where my Mary came, a bride,  
Where our children grew to love us,  
Where our little Robbie died:  
Still in memory blooms the redbud  
By the doorway, and the breeze  
Tingles with the spicewood's odor  
And the catbird's melodies.

And I mind the floor of puncheons,  
Rudely laid on joist and sill,  
And the fireplace shaped and beaten  
From the red clay on the hill;  
With the chimney standing outside,  
Like a blind man asking alms,  
Wrought of sticks and clay and fashioned  
By the builder's ready palms.

Half way up the flue, wide-throated,  
Does the hickory crosstree rest,  
Whence depend the pot and kettle,  
Where the great fire blazes best.  
Oh! I smell the savory venison,  
Hear the hominy simmer low,

As my Mary stirs the embers  
That were ashes long ago.

Once again I hurry homeward,  
When the day of toil is o'er,  
And my heart leaps up in gladness,  
For in this wide open door,  
Mary in her homespun habit,  
With her hand above her eyes,  
Gazes all around the clearing  
Till my coming form she spies.

'Tis for her I am a hunter,  
And the fleet deer's sudden bound  
Tells how swift and sure my aim is,  
Ere his life-tide dyes the ground;  
'Tis for her I am an angler,  
And the spotted beauties woo  
From their paradise of waters,  
Ere the sun has dried the dew.

And the wild rose and the bluebell  
That I pluck with gentle care,  
Are for her who rules the cabin—  
Mary, of the raven hair;  
'Tis for her I smite the forest  
Day by day with myriad blows;  
'Tis for her the cornstalk tassels,  
And the golden pumpkin grows.

Often, winding through the woodlands,  
Neighbors come with song and shout,  
Eager for a day of pleasure  
Where the latch-string hangeth out,  
And with ready hands assist us  
At our labors, while the zest  
Of our conversation heightens  
Till the sun goes down the west.



Aye, and once again I see them,  
On a sad, sweet summer day  
When the robin on the maple  
Seems to sing his soul away;  
And the clearing swims around me  
In a tangled dream of woe,  
And my weeping Mary whispers,  
"Tell me why he had to go?"

"Why he had to go?" O Heaven!  
"Did God want our little boy?"  
'Tis the old, unanswered question,  
Cankering in the heart of joy,  
And subduing many a pleasure,  
As I see those friends of old,  
Hiding tenderly our darling  
In the forest's virgin mold.

Now, that cabin in the clearing  
Is but dust, blown here and there,  
Where the palpitating engines  
Breathe their darkness on the air;  
Where my forests towered in beauty,  
Now a smoky village stands,  
And the rows of factories cluster  
Grimly on my fertile lands.

Scarcely room enough is left me  
For this double, clustering rose,  
Where the baby and its mother  
Side by side in earth repose;  
Soon the last fond trace will vanish  
Which proclaims that they have been;  
But no matter—heaven's gateway  
Opened wide to let them in.

Yet with Mary oft I linger,  
Where the well-sweep slanteth low,

Planning over all our labors,  
 When to plant and what to sow,  
 How to ride to Sunday meeting—  
 Fixing on a proper day  
 For the rolling and the quilting,  
 And the young folks' evening play.

“Eighty, and a memory only!”  
 Is that what you speak of me?  
 Well, the memory is a blessing,  
 And its pictures fair to see;  
 While the fairest and the sweetest  
 Lingers with me evermore—  
 'Tis the cabin in the clearing,  
 And my Mary at the door.

### THE PIONEER

His form is bent, his head is gray,  
 His limbs are long and slender;  
 But still beneath his woolen vest,  
 The heart is true and tender.

His comrades long are in the clay;  
 Their wooden head-boards rotten;  
 And in the modern neighborhood,  
 Their very names forgotten.

He walks serenely thro' the fields;  
 Old shadows seem to follow,  
 Again he sees the tawny deer  
 Go leaping down the hollow.

He hears once more the rifle's ring,  
 The hunters shouting gladly;  
 On yonder hill the wounded bear  
 Again gives battle madly.

He hears the pheasant's booming drum,  
He hears the turkey calling;  
The thudding maul, the ringing axe,  
The crash of timber falling.

He sees the little cabin home,  
The tiny patch of clearing,  
Where once he dwelt with wife and boys,  
No breath of evil fearing.

"Ah, well!" he sighs; "she's sleeping now;  
The eldest boys are with her:  
I very soon shall go to them,  
Since they may not come hither."

The tear that glistens in his eye  
Falls down a moment after;  
For, silvery, echoing up the lane,  
He hears his grandchild's laughter.

The past and present strangely blend  
Before his mental vision;  
Yet love, that makes the dreary wolds  
Appear like fields elysian,

Still paints along his early days  
The fairest scenes of pleasure,  
And garners stores of happy thought  
No rhythmic art can measure.

No words bespeak his heart so warm  
As did the backwoods greeting;  
No preacher has such power as he  
Who held the backwoods meeting.

He knows of many a merry time  
At reaping, rolling, raising,  
Or, on the jolly husking nights,  
With cheerful torches blazing.

From many a good wife's quilting bout  
He treasures home-spun blisses,  
Where old folks talked, and young folks  
played  
Their games of forfeit kisses.

The lazy Indian still he scorns,  
His squaws and his papooses;  
He thinks, God made them; but, no doubt,  
For undiscovered uses.

Where now a dozen turnpikes stretch  
Stiff lines between the meadows,  
He knew a single Indian trail  
That wound thro' forest shadows.

A dozen villages he sees  
Beside their railroad stations,  
Where once a single trading post  
Supplied the settlers' rations.

A hundred rushing trains go by;  
He hears them scream and thunder,  
And laughs to think how they'd have  
stormed  
His backwoods world with wonder.

"How strange the ways they practice now,  
This new time emphasizing,"  
He says, and with the uttered thought,  
Grows loud soliloquizing:

"With chattering instruments at church,  
And dapper youngsters preaching,  
And for the congregation's hymn,  
A dozen lassies screeching.

"And then for all our social joys,  
And good old-fashioned greetings,

The sinners mask at fancy balls,  
The saints at bible meetings.

“You rest at ease in fancy homes,  
Your thoughts on high careering;  
But give me back my wife and boys,  
And give me back my clearing,

“And give me back my rifle gun,  
My forests, deer, and pheasants  
And I will prove you, any day,  
As tame as British peasants.

“Your girls grow fine; your boys grow  
proud  
And vain; oh, more's the pity!  
There's scarce a youth in all the land  
But's crazy 'bout the city.

“It's true some boys who grow up now—  
Pale, thin, unlikely creatures,  
With foreheads broad and dwindled limbs,  
And strange, thought-sicklied features,

“Might well be doctors, if they would,  
Or preach without much harming,  
But all the stoutest, brightest ones  
Should steady stick to farming.

“Give me the lad with sinewy arm  
For box or wrestle, ready  
To lift his share at hand-spike end,  
Or hold a rifle steady,

“And I will after show a man  
Whose heart is tender, human,  
And brave in every hour of need,  
And true as steel to woman.

- “But I, why should I moralize?  
I'm but a dotard growing,  
And death cuts now a reaper's swath  
Beside his ancient mowing.
- “It seems so strange, the forests gone;  
The very stumps are rotten,  
And half the fields I helped to clear  
I've really now forgotten.
- “The post-horse, lagging with his load,  
Across th' unbridged morasses,  
He reached us once or twice a month  
With letters for the lassies.
- “But now they run on flying wheels,  
Or fly on lightning pinions,  
And in the twinkling of an eye  
Arrive from far dominions.
- “For church and school-house, once a hut  
Of logs did half the county,  
But heaven as freely then as now  
Dispensed her largest bounty.
- “We flailed the wheat with twisted sticks;  
By steam you thresh and clean it,  
And rush your four-horse reapers where  
We used to hook and glean it.
- “But why go on this cat'logue style  
With what we did, and you do;  
We did the best we could, and that's  
The way in knowledge you grew.
- “The old folks labored long and well  
To build the rude foundation,  
And you have wro't no more than we  
With all your cultivation.

“We conquered forests, cleared the land;  
Our work, let no man scorn it;  
But you who follow, follow well;  
Complete, refine, adorn it.

“The olden music, olden songs,  
The pioneer rejoicings,  
Still linger on my listening ear  
With myriad happy voicings.

“No wives are like our dear old wives,  
No neighbors like our neighbors,  
No boys are half so bold as ours,  
So cheerful at their labors.

“No ladies in their rustling silks  
And gimcracks half so winning,  
As were our girls in linsey frocks  
From yarn of their own spinning.

Full many a rough, unseemly man  
Who shared my early labor,  
Looks noble through the mist of years,  
For was he not my neighbor?

“And so when all your heads are white,  
And death comes creeping nearer,  
You'll deem the old ways, perfect ways,  
And hold your old friends dearer.”

A partridge whistled by the way,  
A blackbird trilled above it,  
A redbird sang “O, sunny day,”  
The robin “How I love it!”

“Ho!” cried the pioneer, “you birds  
Are bent on early pillage,”  
And so, his musings spoiled, he walked  
Quite briskly toward the village.



## THE SUGAR MAPLE

THE bright magnolia spreads its bloom  
And loads the air with sweet perfume,  
And gives a thousand charms unknown  
To any but its native zone;  
The olive and the fig tree stand  
Along the slopes of that fair land,  
Wherein, of old, the Jewish maids  
Were wooed and won; their ample shades  
Have fallen round kings and prophets old,  
With silent blessings manifold.  
But though we yield the blissful powers  
Of olive shades, magnolia bowers,  
And where the vine and fig tree grow,  
See plenty smile on all below,  
No better, fairer trees are they,  
When decked in summer's glad array,  
And when the ripening autumn time  
Bequeathes its wonders to the clime,  
    They ne'er present such canopy  
Of waving leaves and brilliant dies,  
In myriad optic harmonies,  
To contrast with the sober skies,  
    As our own sugar maple tree.

What though for Afric's sons the palm  
May yield its shade, the hermit's psalm  
Of old Armenian origin,  
Be heard its sunny bowers within,  
Or birds of strange and gorgeous plume,  
Fresh from the tropic lands that bloom  
With countless flowers of loveliest dies,

Pipe from its crest their harmonies,  
Yet no superior shall it be  
To our own sugar maple tree,  
Whereon the blackbird tunes its lay,  
The mocking bird and speckled jay  
Grow garrulously loud and gay.

The rugged pine, the mountain fir,  
The cypress sad, and juniper,  
The orange, with its fruit of gold,  
And the Libanian cedars old;  
The banyan tree whose living dome  
And shaft and pillar form the home  
Wherein, reclined at lazy ease,  
The Asian views his summer seas;  
All these are lovely, all are fair,  
But none the coronet may wear;

No stately monarch of the wood,  
That lords it o'er the solitude;  
No giant oak whose sinews form  
The ship that rides the ocean storm,  
No stately tulip waving high  
His cups, against the summer sky,  
Shall bear the crown nor honored be  
Beyond our sugar maple tree.

When first the sun begins to warm  
The sleeping earth's long frozen form,  
And bearing on his northern way,  
To melt the icicles by day  
Which winter, still with equal might,  
Congeals and forms again at night;  
O! who shall name in scornful mood  
That sweet, delicious, glorious flood,  
That perfect saccharinean sea,

That floweth from the maple tree?  
Not he, who nurtured in the west  
Of memories that he deems the best,  
Reveres the sweet unselfish joys  
Of rustic girls and hardy boys,  
Where fell in fleecy clouds the damp  
Evaporations from the camp,  
And where the work was cheered along  
With mingled jollity and song,  
And when the sugaring off was done,  
Such sweets were known and heights of fun  
As are but rightly understood  
By him, who, in some northern wood,  
Has scooped the primal sugar trough,  
Presided at the stirring off,  
Known every labor, every joy  
That waited for the rustic boy,  
Through all the year, till March should bring  
The sugar-making and the spring.

Let not the puny despot boast  
His vaunted sweets, that are the cost  
Of labor driven by the lash,  
Red with the gore from many a gash,  
Where human chattels toil in pain  
To rear the sugar-yielding cane;  
When by the cheerful work of hands  
That never felt the hissing brands  
That mark the currency of hell,  
Where planters buy and traders sell,  
Here, in this northern bower, is wrought  
A more luxurious sweet than aught  
The world had ever known until—  
A good return for many an ill—  
The Indian skilled in savage ways  
By rude example taught the free  
Forefathers in the forest days,

While yet the May Flower sped the sea,  
The merits of the maple tree.

To grace thy trunk, as I have seen  
Glad children on the wooded green  
Round some favorite tree entwine  
Flowers and grass, and bits of vine,—  
So with little skill I've wrought  
This, my wreath of rhyme, and brought  
Leaf and bud and branch to thee,  
Glorious Sugar Maple Tree.

1857

## THE SPELLING SCHOOL

LEVEL silence on the landscapes,  
Silence shrouding all the hills,  
Lies the white robe of the winter,  
Hushing all the laughing rills.

But a voice of song and laughter  
Cheerier far than brooklets make,  
Echoes down the beaten highway,  
Scares the wild hare to the brake;

And the merry sleigh bells tinkle,  
Chiming to a wordless rhyme,  
While the voices of the sleighers  
With the melody keep time.

It is by the country school house,  
At the crossing of the roads,  
That the drivers stop their horses,  
And discharge their precious loads.

All the bells have ceased their music,  
And the sleighs have ceased to run,  
But within the district school house  
All is jollity and fun.

Hark! the warning word is given,  
"Silence all!" the teacher cries,  
And the champions take their stations,  
Followed by a hundred eyes.

One, a rosy little maiden,  
Just arrived at "sweet sixteen,"  
'Tother, lad of eighteen winters,  
Overgrown, and shy and green.

See! the saucy little lassie,  
Throws the ferule in the air,  
Whispering to her stout opposer,  
"Catch it, Jemmy, if you dare."

Jemmy hears the words and blushes,  
Blushes till his eyelids close,  
Makes a pass to catch the ferule,  
Misses it and hits her nose.

Just as quick as thought can travel  
Runs a titter round the room,  
And the choosers end their trial  
With the handle of the broom.

"Choice is mine," cries Jem, elated,  
Half forgetful of his shame,  
Gazes round the room a moment,  
Calls aloud the favored name.

Then the merry maiden chooses,  
And thus round and round they go,

Till the spellers all are chosen,  
Counting fifty in a row.

Now the war of words commences,  
And the lettered soldiers stand  
Forth to fight like ancient warriors,  
One for each opposing band.

Lassie, in her seventh winter,  
Eyes of blue and hair of brown,  
Stands opposed to man with whiskers,  
Bravely meets and spells him down.

Tiny boy, with lisping utterance,  
Eight years old a week ago,  
Reigns triumphant, till he conquers  
Half the long opposing row.

Lad with sandy hair defeats him,  
Stands and spells and spells away,  
Ah! the little maid is vanquished,  
Awkward Jemmy's gained the day.

Little hands are clapped together,  
Feet are stamped upon the floor,  
Till the master orders silence  
And the fight begins once more.

Cupid, roguish little fellow,  
Now is busy round the room,  
Whispering gently to the maiden  
Words that set her cheeks abloom;

While he puts the hearts a throbbing  
Under half the woolen vests,  
That are buttoned round and over  
Boyish forms and manly breasts.

*The Spelling School*

Words of love uncouth are spoken,  
Yet with meaning pure and chaste,  
And the brawny arms encircle  
Many a little tapered waist.

But in vain the watchful tutor  
Seeks to find the lovers out,  
Arms withdraw and tongues are silent  
When the teacher comes about.

O! what happy dreams are woven  
For the future, fair and bright,  
And what promises contracted  
For the coming Sunday night.

Now the Spelling School is over,  
And the sleighs are out of sight,  
And the bells, the songs, the laughter,  
Die away into the night.

I am left alone and dreaming  
Of the spelling schools of old,  
And the maid whose smiles I valued  
More than e'er my lips have told.

Here's to memory of the spellings  
And their rounds of sinless joys,  
For the merry homespun maidens  
And the noble country boys!



## THE SETTLERS

READ AT A REUNION IN 1883

FATHERS and mothers of our native land,  
I hail you, through the mists of passing years,  
And fain would grasp each labor-hardened hand  
And speak a blessing to your listening ears;  
For ye are blessed that your toils have won  
Far better fruit than any idle praise;  
And, as you calmly face life's setting sun,  
You know the peace that follows well-spent  
days.

You found a wilderness of mighty woods,  
Thick set with giant trees and tangled vines,  
With brush and weeds; where all the vernal floods  
Of drift-choked streams, o'erflowing their con-  
fines  
Of bank and channel, filled the oozy swamps,  
Stagnated and grew foul in summer heat,  
Bred torrid fevers, agues, frigid cramps,  
Till death came oft to darken and defeat.

But we who follow, where your hands have  
wrought,  
See smiling cities, hamlets, fruitful fields,  
School, church and college, homes of cultured  
thought,  
And every good a generous progress yields:  
And so we bow to you, gray pioneers,—  
Strong men, brave women of the early days!—  
Ye came and conquered by your toils and tears,  
And now this garden land shall speak your  
praise.

Gone are the tangled woods, the swamps no more  
 Breed pestilence, but blossom like the rose,  
 And happiness and health reign, where of yore  
 The hardy settler battled fever foes.

Gone are the drifts, the river floweth free  
 By farms that smile in morning's golden light;  
 With his long howl of wailing deviltry  
 The wolf no more sends shivers through the  
 night.

But lost with these is much of highest worth,  
 The broad, unstinted welcomes of the past,  
 The hospitality that blessed the earth,  
 The generous love, unwearied to the last,  
 That held a neighbor's weal beyond your own,  
 The mutual interest, linking heart to heart  
 In truer compacts than the world had known,  
 Or dreamed, or taught, or typified in art.

Your cabin homes, with rudely-puncheoned floors,  
 Wherein the great wheels hummed their busy  
 tunes,  
 Ne'er on the weary wanderer closed their doors  
 With selfish coldness, but the precious boons  
 Of cheer and sympathy you freely gave  
 And such small comforts as were at command,  
 While with your outer latch-strings there did  
 wave  
 A welcome ever warm, from heart and hand.

Gone with the latch-strings are the welcomes old,  
 And formal manners now usurp the place  
 Once filled by love; but yet some fadeless gold  
 Of early days survives; the tender grace  
 Of many true and priceless things are ours,  
 Bequeathed from happy homes of "Auld Lang  
 Syne;"

Nor are we all unworthy of your powers,  
O, pioneers! whence sprung our Hoosier line.

And so, dear elder friends, we honor you  
And love you more and more as years increase;  
With you rejoice whene'er your souls renew  
Themselves in these fair days of hope and  
peace:  
Look round you! All these teeming lands pro-  
claim  
Your deathless honor; these your hands have  
sown,  
Shall bud and blossom to each settler's fame;  
For they are yours, gray pioneers, alone.

No matter who the title bonds may hold,  
The settler's deed outranks and waives them all:  
His toils and sufferings weighed against the gold  
Of paltry purchase make its value small:  
To him the largess of the fields belong,  
The mellow music in the odorous air,  
The scene of triumph when the rustic song  
Wafts home the harvest, ends the reaper's care.

His are the happy children in the street,  
The groom and bride who at the altar stand;  
His are the toils of busy hands and feet  
That cultivate and beautify the land;  
For long ago he won them in the fight  
With untamed wilderness and savage beast;  
And while his eyes still know the sun's glad light,  
On earth's best things should soul and body  
feast.

And so we cry, God save the pioneers!  
The salt of all our goodly land are they,

Preserve and bless them through the circling  
years

And let them tarry with us many a day;  
And when, at last, each toil-scarred veteran falls  
Out from the ranks, let honor crown his rest,  
And, written upon the imperishable walls  
Of heavenly hope, his name be ever blest.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

*Life treads on life, and heart on heart—  
We press too close in church or mart,  
To keep a dream or grave apart.*

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.



## URANIA

O URANIA! I whisper thy name with a sigh,  
For I know that the moments are hurrying by,  
That the ages are chasing and hurrying by.

And I know I shall wander with thee but a day,  
And the day like a shallop is sailing away,  
And thy life like a shallop is fleeting away.

A fairy white shallop, keel, rudder and sail  
All enwove of the gossamer found in a vale,  
Of the gossamer found in a fabulous Vale.

In a fabulous Vale where the sensitive trees  
Shade an avenue leading to fairest of seas,  
While they throb to the pulse of that fairest of  
seas.

O Urania! thy life is a musical tone  
From the harp of an angel that sings by the  
throne,  
Of an Angel enchanted by Allah's high throne.

As you fade from my sight, as your loss I deplore,  
Still it sings in my soul as you fade evermore,  
And your life to my life gathers sweet evermore:

And no lark ever sings to the beautiful sky  
But in dreams my Urania is wandering by,  
But I see the white mist of your garments go by.

O Urania! the earth and the air and the sea  
 And the infinite spaces are vocal with thee,  
 And the sunset and moonrise seraphic with thee.

'Tis but dust that is fading beyond our control,  
 And Urania forever is queen of my soul,  
 And thy love makes my heaven, O, queen of my  
 soul!

And no morning forever and ever shall rise  
 But my soul shall be bare to thy sweet azure eyes,  
 Shall be naked and white to thy questioning eyes.

“’TIS MORNING AND THE DAYS ARE  
 LONG ”

I HAD a dream of other days;  
 In golden luxury waved the wheat;  
 In tangled greenness shook the maize;  
 The squirrels ran with nimble feet,  
 And in and out among the trees  
 The hang bird darted like a flame;  
 The cat bird piped his melodies,  
 Purloining every warbler's fame:  
 And then I heard triumphal song,  
 “’Tis morning and the days are long.”

They scattered roses, strewed the palms  
 And shouted down the pleasant vales;  
 I heard a thousand happy psalms,  
 And, laughing, wove a thousand tales  
 Of mimic revelry and joy;  
 They mocking well the worldly great—



Each tan-faced girl and barefoot boy,  
Dear shapers of my early fate—  
And then again the Æolian song,  
“’Tis morning and the days are long.”

Far winding past the storied town,  
The river ran through bosky groves,  
Its flood we sailed our vessels down  
Full freighted with a myriad loves:  
Our souls went floating to the gales,  
With scarlet leaves and shreds of bark;  
We named them cutters, schooners, sails,  
And watched them fade in shadowy dark,  
Then down the waters flowed the song,  
“’Tis morning and the days are long.”

O, morning! when the days are long,  
And youth and innocence are wed,  
And every grove is full of song,  
And every pathway void of dread,  
Who rightly sings its rightful praise,  
Or rightly dreams it o’er again,  
When cold and narrow are the days,  
And shrunken all the hopes of men,  
He shall reawaken with his song  
“The morning when the days were long.”

There palpitations wild and sweet,  
The thrills of many an old delight,  
And dimpled hands that lightly meet,  
And hearts that tremble to unite,  
Arise upon the rosy morn,  
Pass down the lovely vales and stand  
The picture of a memory born,  
The mirage of a lotus land—  
A land where once we trolled the song,  
“’Tis morning and the days are long.”

## LOOKING TOWARD THE SUNSET

THE morn is past, the afternoon  
With deep'ning shadows lies before;  
Behind me throbs the ardent June,  
The summer is for me no more:  
No more to dream  
By lake and stream  
In life's sweet matin time, I stand  
As one who wails  
Beneath sad sails  
That bear him from his native land.

O, ceaseless toil and deathless hope!  
Ye have been mine through all the past;  
E'en while the future's widening scope  
With clouds and doubt was overcast,  
You were to me  
The legacy,  
The crown, the guerdon, the reward,  
The refuge sought  
By tireless thought,  
The cicerones of the patient Lord.

O, eager childhood, youthful prime,  
And happy, happy, prattling days,  
When all my raptures flowed in rhyme,  
Half given to love and half to praise,  
Ye fade away,  
As fades the day!  
The sunset land before me lies;  
O'er heart and soul  
The sad waves roll  
That bear me under alien skies.

But yet at times the shadows lift,  
And with the frenzied touch of old,  
I seize the wayward harp and drift  
In fancy's atmosphere of gold;  
I move along  
The ways of song  
And wander onward night and day;  
O'er sweetest tides  
My shallop glides,  
My ship, song-wafted, sails away.

By temples old and classic vales,  
By summer isles and murm'ring streams,  
Where mountain forests breast the gales,  
By coasts, where sea and land are dreams,  
'Neath sun and star  
I journey far,  
And bear no burden, scrip nor staff;  
Unshod, fleet,  
My eager feet  
Fly onward where the shadows laugh.

The shadows laugh, the night is wild.  
The stars go singing in the sky;  
The dead return; an angel child  
Invites my dreaming soul on high,  
And child and soul,  
In joy's control,  
Through fields elysian float and hear  
The notes that move  
The tides of love  
In song's diviner atmosphere.

I murmur everywhere and make  
The echoes messengers of words  
Disjoined from thought, as tides that break,  
Or the half-warbled songs of birds

That leave no trace  
 In time nor space;  
 As films of sun-kissed cloud that fade  
 And are no more;  
 As some fair shore  
 Of mirage sunk in instant shade.

And so I pass from night to day  
 And day to night, in mimic round,  
 The child of wayward fancy's play,  
 The willing slave to rhythmic sound,  
 And softly glad,  
 Or wildly sad,  
 The notes that tremble o'er my heart  
 Still keep alive,  
 In thought's full hive,  
 The bees that ply love's honeyed art.

### THE POET'S REED

WHEN young Apollo, from the heavens cast  
 down,  
 Stripped of all splendor and his robe of light  
 Torn from him by the thunderer's royal hands,  
 Walked on the earth—a god without a crown,  
 Leading Admetus' herds across the sands,  
 Through ragged deserts and uncultured lands,  
 With cries and plaints he wearied not the night.

He wearied not the night nor vexed the day  
 With vain repinings nor discordant woe,  
 But plucked a reed which stood in bannered pride  
 Beside the sylvan stream's enchanted way,  
 Wrought it into a flute, which, wonder-eyed,  
 Held fast by longings new, unsatisfied,  
 The savage shepherds heard him blow and blow.

The immortal artist, painting with his flute,  
His breath for pigment, for perspective sound,  
Woke answering echoes from the rocks and  
    plains,  
And placid waters which till then were mute,  
Save to discordant winds or noisy rains,  
Soothed man the beast with his delightful strains,  
Till man the soul his sense of being found.

From wonder passed the shepherds to delight,  
Delight grew into interest, interest thought,  
Then many reeds were plucked and wrought and  
    blown,  
With stunning discords, till, by patience taught,  
The god within each breast stood up alone  
Answering Apollo's music with his own,  
And earth had something from the heavens  
    caught.

And thus came art from heaven, when earth was  
    young,  
Cast downward by the thunderer, as in wrath,  
Its form a god's in banishment, its need  
Asserted not by any muse's tongue  
Nor seven-stringed phormix, but by simple reed,  
Broken and bruised and made to cry and bleed  
And murmur down the musky zephyr's path.

### THE GUEST

THERE'S a bird that stays with us the whole  
    winter long,  
And gladdens our hearts with its beautiful song ;  
Its plumage is plain and its notes are not loud,  
Nor would they excite the applause of the crowd ;

Yet, somehow, we love it and cherish it so,  
That when other birds fly it refuses to go.

Its songs are strange questions and gentle replies,  
Set to music as soft as the light of the skies,  
With a hint, here and there, of Promethean fire,  
And some notes from Pan's reed and the old  
    Orphic lyre,  
But so mixed and mingled with plain homely  
    things,  
That critics and pedants despise all it sings.

No bird of the wildwood was ever so free,  
No prison-bound warbler so hampered as he :  
Now soaring he sings with the sweet English  
    lark,  
Now tremblingly pipeth sad notes in the dark,  
Or, casting a backward glance over the snow,  
In the treble of age, chants the sweet long ago.

But more often his notes are as glad as the woods  
When spring bursts the buds and unlooses the  
    floods ;  
He sets children romping with innocent joy,  
And gives the old gray-beard the heart of a boy ;  
The matron reneweth her youth in his strain  
And feels the sweet coyness of girlhood again.

And so, with our blessings, he ever remains,  
When summer rejoices, when winter complains ;  
We love him and cherish him more as the years  
Run past us and leave us their sadness and tears,  
And smile with content at the critical scowl  
Of the pedant who swears that our bird is an  
    owl.

## PARTED

A WHITE 'kerchief shaken afloat  
By the tremors of one pretty hand,  
And a boy with his heart in his throat  
At the edge of the wave on the sand:

She kisses her soft finger tips  
To the sorrowful lad on the shore,  
And her shallop goes out mid the ships  
But returns its fair burden no more.

The sun has gone down in the west  
And the winds and the sea are at peace,  
But the lad stands and beats on his breast  
And his sorrow has never surcease.

There are cargoes and sailors and ships,  
And the balm blowing in from the isles,  
But alas! for two warm ruby lips  
And two dimples that melt into smiles,

And alas! for the slight, fickle mind  
That forgets amid flatterers and ease  
The brown country lad, left behind,  
With his yearning outreaching the seas.

## SONNETS

### THE SILENT LAND

WHEN the soul's scepter falleth from the hand,  
The nerveless hand, grown icy cold and still,  
What power can execute the spirit's will?  
What force respond to any sweet command?  
That we may question, this we cannot know;  
Nor yet to what far realms freed spirits go,  
When they no longer sup from dregs of woe.  
Ah, blessed land! where time's exultant flow  
Leaveth us stranded; where the breeze doth blow,  
From holy heaven's enchanted isles of bliss,  
To heal our wounded spirits with its kiss,  
And waft us to the better life that is  
The joy of Love's perpetual synthesis,  
The gladness we shall never cease to know.

### TO A ROBIN FOUND DEAD IN THE SNOW

WAST tired of the south and the song of the sea,  
Gentle herald of spring, that thou temptedst the  
cold,  
And cam'st back to hasten the sap in the tree  
With thy love-making measures so tenderly  
bold?  
Now thy merry "good morning!" shall hail us  
no more,  
Since starvation and storm have bestowed upon  
thee,



As on many a bard in the years gone before,  
That silence which speaketh of things that shall  
be,  
With a pathos surpassing the grief of the sea,  
Or thy tenderest note when this brown wing  
was free;  
For men will be moved by the stillness of death,  
Who never were softened by song's rhythmic  
breath  
As it heralds the spring when she first wanders  
forth  
To kiss into bloom the sheathed buds of the North.

## DEW-DROPS ON WAYSIDE WEBS

OFT have I walked, when morn was on the  
land,  
And seen bright gems, like stones from broken  
stars,  
Or globes of gathered rays from ardent Mars,  
Or spheres of nectar, dropped by beauty's hand  
From the tuberosé's heart, caught in the net  
The spider for the vagrant fly has set;  
And, blessing much the sunlight falling through  
And glorifying thus the drops of dew  
I turn me to the spiders' webs, all wet  
Upon the wayside grasses, left and right:  
"These are," I sigh, "such nets as youth doth  
weave  
To catch fame, honor, riches, in their flight,  
Which, even when most successful, but receive  
Some fading bubbles touched with borrowed  
light."

## FRAGRANCE

A THRILL of something seeming half divine,  
 Ethereal essence, like the perfect thought  
 The poet knows of, but can ne'er design  
 A web of words wherein it may be caught;—  
 Intangible, and yet pervading all,  
 Bathing the senses in a nameless joy;  
 A globe of ecstasy that in its fall  
 From some remoter world, the rosy boy  
 Has caught and blown to us, in viewless spray,  
 To waft us gently to the dreamy shore  
 Whereon the roguish archer beareth sway;  
 And when 'tis sweetest still we yearn for more,  
 E'en while the rhythmic pulses flow along  
 The happiest staves of summer's odor song.

## THE SILENCE OF MIDNIGHT

PEACE! gentle goddess, sleep is on the shore;  
 The tuneful herds are silent by thy hill,  
 The little bardlings of the eve are still,  
 Their chattering discords vex thy soul no more;  
 The last lorn lover's serenade is o'er;  
 The mousing owl now flitteth where he will;  
 The musquash frolics by the meadow rill;  
 The stream o'erflows its dam with sullen roar,  
 And trickles through the forebay at the mill;  
 Great Aldebaran beameth like an eye,  
 Huge Ophiuchus bears the writhing snake:  
 How wildly startling, were a human cry  
 To wake the echoes, now, of earth and sky!  
 Break but the silence, and the spell shall break!

## THE QUEST OF THE SOUL

AMID all scenes of pleasure voices fall  
From some far region, some diviner part  
Of this wide universe, and seem to call,  
To call and woo us with resistless art;  
And, listening to their sweetest melody  
Of joys beyond, and endless days to be,  
The soul upsoareth on impatient wings  
To some far shore, some land of wood and stream,  
Where sound the songs that no man ever sings,  
Where on the living, palpitating strings  
Of lyres immortal as the hands that play  
The dream of music is no more a dream;  
Where hopes and loves that thrill our forms of clay,  
And die away, as torches in the night,  
Shall rise again like spirits of the day  
To breathe upon us all their old delight.

## AN AUTUMN SUNSET

'T WAS a glorious eve in Autumn,  
All the sky was grand with clouds,—  
Here, like mounts of gold and amber,  
Yonder rich vermillion curtains,  
There like infants' snowy shrouds;  
Like a dim lamp in a chamber  
Of some mighty ancient palace,  
Swung the red sun in the distance,  
Low and lower down the west:  
Twilight poured her mystic chalice,  
Into all our longing spirits,  
As he leaned his monarch forehead  
On the night's ambrosial breast,  
Closed the evening scene in splendor  
And departed to his rest.

## AN OLD THANKSGIVING

IF turkey failed and beef was tough,  
With toil and debt increasing,  
We sighed not, but we ate enough,  
And laughed because the times were rough  
And care's demands unceasing.

Beyond the clouds the future stood  
With gifts of joy or sorrow;  
We trusted God to make them good,  
And waited still, in thankful mood,  
The dawning of the morrow.

“ Things might be worse,” the father said;  
“ Hope darkened more,” said mother;  
“ The household memories are not dead,  
The household angels have not fled—  
God saves us to each other.”

And so that old thanksgiving day,  
In doubt and darkness rising,  
Was full of praise, and love's sweet way  
Held over all its gentle sway,  
Our souls in joy baptizing.

O, not from pleasure's idle reign,  
Nor luxury's soft condition,  
Uprises praise that sweetens pain,  
And faith that ripens souls like grain  
For harvest fields elysian.

Thanksgiving in the humble home  
Where toil and care are neighbors

Brings down, somehow, from kingdom come  
A peace that lightens sorrow's sum  
And blesses rudest labors.

Despise no day of little things,  
No joy in lowly station!  
For toilers may be more than kings  
To Him "who giveth prayer its wings  
And faith its coronation."

And in the happy years that lie  
Beyond the shadowy river,  
The souls that rather sing than sigh  
May still be blessed and gladdened by  
Thanksgiving days forever.

#### THE EMPTY NEST

I HOLD within the hollow of my hand  
A little nest of twigs and wool entwined  
By some wee mother that has fled the land,  
And left but storm and winter winds behind.

Child of the Summer, she to Summer gave  
Her happy singing offspring, and behold!  
They flit with Summer over land and wave,  
And warble in her atmosphere of gold.

I hold within the casket of my soul  
The empty nest where many hopes were born  
That fled beyond my eager youth's control,  
And left me lonely, sorrowing and forlorn.

Children of youth, with youth they ever fly,  
But never fold their wings in any cage,  
Divinely sing in boyhood's happy sky,  
But flee from the chill atmosphere of age.

## A LITTLE MAID OF TWO

A SMILING face, a dimpled chin,  
Some tender eyes of blue;  
Wherefore is she condemned for sin,  
My little maid of two?

She runs to meet me up the path,  
Her graces mine renew;  
'Tis false, she is no child of wrath,  
This little maid of two.

Her little hand is on my cheek,  
It thrills me through and through;  
My lips refuse awhile to speak,  
But kiss my maid of two.

“You talk of primal wickedness—  
Pray, what has that to do  
With all this laughing blessedness,  
This little maid of two?”

“Depraved and totally undone,”  
I think's about your view;  
But when your argument is spun,  
Here's still my maid of two.

Her innocence, her artless ways,  
Her faith and love so true,  
Refute your dogma to God's praise;  
This little maid of two.

Ah, me! were all the world as she,  
What should the angels do,  
But yield their crowns, bestow their palms  
On little maids of two!

## THE SONG OF THE IMPRISONED THRUSH

O WILD, sweet note! Again I see  
The Western woods of old,  
Before the woodman's ruthless axe  
Had turned its strength to gold:  
Where nature reared her sylvan throne  
And ruled, in gentlest mood,  
The wild life that her hands had sown,  
"The shy things of the wood."

Distinctly falls the pheasant's boom  
Upon my listening ear,  
I scent the flow'ring haw's perfume,  
The turkey's call I hear;  
The gray has flown from beard and hair,  
The sparrow's song is sweet—  
There's youthful vigor in the air,  
And thistles in my feet.

O! softly, like the light of stars  
That makes the blue divine,  
Falls through the spirit's yielding bars  
This tremulous song of thine,  
Lone prisoner from the wild-wood vale,  
That pinest in thy cell,  
But ne'er forget'st the woodland tale  
That none can sing so well.

As he who from Ferrara's cell,  
Where want and hunger dwelt,  
Taught all the world the miracle  
Of tuneful joy he felt,

So thou, poor bird, all undismayed  
 By chaff of curious men,  
 Fill'st all the world, for us, with shade  
 And woodland song again.

## THE SONG

FAR away,  
 When the June was full of song,  
 And the days were fair and long,  
 Where the thickest wild woods stood  
 Was a tuneful neighborhood;  
 Chattering blackbirds on the trees  
 Piping loud their ecstasies,  
 Sparrows twit'ring by the stream,  
 And the cat-bird's tangled dream  
 Of all melodies that make  
 Bird-songs glad for music's sake;  
 There two thrushes young and fair  
 Lived and sang, a happy pair;  
 Sang and loved and hatched their brood  
 In that tuneful neighborhood:  
 Where the hawthorne's tardy bloom  
 And the linden's rich perfume,  
 With its hint of honey cells,  
 And the trumpet flower's red bells  
 Wooed the wandering pirate bee,  
 Led their young and joyed to see  
 How they bravely grew and strong  
 In that world of love and song.

List! O, idle passer by!  
 I who sing where tree and sky  
 And the wood flowers are unseen,  
 I who sing of what has been  
 And what may be, I who make  
 Music for its own sweet sake,



Am of that once happy brood  
And that tuneful neighborhood.  
Ask me not of parent birds;  
Doubt is saddest of all words;  
All I know I sing and say  
That I came from far away  
Came a prisoner for my song—  
Artless art that tarries long—  
And inspired by all I knew,  
In that world so fair to view;  
All I knew and all I heard,  
By the voice of beast and bird,  
Still a prisoner, pining yet  
With the pathos of regret,  
I repeat the wood notes wild  
That the parent taught his child,  
Singing to his fledging brood  
In that tuneful neighborhood.

## CONQUERORS

Who cometh with perfect art  
To interpret the song of the heart  
That trembles with joy supreme  
In the tumult of love's young dream,  
    The ages shall crown him king  
    Over all the bards of time,  
    And the songs that he shall sing,  
    Unsullied by lust or crime,  
Shall follow the rounds of the sun,  
Where the day is never done.  
Who writeth the song of faith,  
The things that the spirit saith,  
At the end of the weary years,—  
Of the soul that toils in tears  
    On a desolate, thorny way,

All broken and bare, when it sees  
 That it leads to the gates of day  
 Where the end is eternal peace,—  
 In heaven shall sound his lyre  
 And its notes shall not expire.

### HASTE NOT, JOYFUL HOUR

TARRY with us, joyful hour!  
 Haste not in thy going!  
 Here within our summer bower  
 Daintiest bud to fairest flower  
 Momently is growing.

Whither wouldst thou, happy day,  
 Down the west declining?  
 Shout the children at their play,  
 Youth, that mocketh at delay,  
 For thy delay is pining.

Haste not, most angelic guest,  
 In whom the world rejoices!  
 Paint with Eden isles the west,  
 Thrill with paradise the breast,  
 Tune with heaven our voices!

Rest, O time, thy flying feet,  
 This fruit is unforbidden;  
 Wife and children round me meet,  
 Life is fair and love is sweet;  
 Let them not be chidden!

Linger, O, serenest hour!  
 Exchanging sun for shadow;  
 Life is drinking, like a flower,

All thy joy of field and bower  
River, hill and meadow.

Stay! But lo! with sudden hush,  
The children's romp suspendeth,  
The twilight darkens in the bush,  
His swift good evening sings the thrush,  
And so the rare day endeth.

### SHE WAS NOT MADE FOR SORROW

SHE was not made for sorrow!  
When grief came  
She cried—for shame!  
Why spoil my day?  
But I will laugh to-morrow.

She was not made for sorrow!  
And when death  
Consumed her breath,  
He had his way,  
But she smiled on the morrow.

### A FAREWELL

LAY your cold hand in my warm hand!  
You are going far away  
From the beauty and the gladness  
Of this mellow autumn day;  
We shall miss you in the sunshine,  
We shall miss you in the shade,  
We shall sorrow on without you  
When your lowly grave is made.

O! to tell you how we love you,  
 That in heaven you still might know  
 All the tender thoughts that linger  
 In our waiting souls below,  
 Would we had the poet's magic,  
 The magician's mystic power,  
 Till before your eyes should blossom  
 Our affection in full flower!

Will not heaven be less than heaven  
 Should no echo reach us there  
 From the loved ones left behind us  
 In a world of toil and care?  
 Should no gentle strains come to us  
 From the earthly days of old,  
 Will we not grow weary listening  
 To the angel harps of gold?

There are dogmatists who tell us  
 That the blessed souls above  
 Are so self-contained they heed not  
 Mortal pain nor mortal love;  
 That they even might look downward  
 To the burning lake of hell  
 Undisturbed, though loved and lost ones  
 In its fiery depths should dwell.

But I know, O friend departing!  
 You will never cease to be  
 In the kingdom of affection,  
 In the world of sympathy.  
 Better be a loving spirit  
 In the midst of doubt and woe,  
 Than a heartless, cold immortal,  
 Where the streams of pleasure flow.

You will hear us, you will heed us,  
 You will know our voices' chime,

Singing in the morning's gladness,  
Or the noontide's ardent prime;  
You will run with joy to meet us  
When we come with eager feet  
To the blooming land of promise,  
Or fair Salem's golden street.

Fare you well! but not forever;  
Though our hearts be sad and sore,  
We shall follow, we shall follow,  
And our griefs shall haunt no more.  
Let my warm face touch your cold face,  
Let your heart be close to mine;  
Theirs are but some brief pulsations  
In a melody divine.

But their pulses time the music  
Of twin souls that love the day,  
And the blossoms and the bird-songs,  
And the poet's roundelay;  
One beats strong, one trembles faintly,  
While far voices seem to call  
Through a mist of light that sweetly  
Floweth over Zion wall.

O! I feel your benediction  
Resting sweet on heart and brow;  
But my eyes must weep the answer,  
For my lips are speechless now;  
Swiftly lapsing into silence  
Goes this dearly cherished clay;  
But for thee, O soul! an angel  
Swingeth wide the gates of day.

## THE BLIND BOY AND THE SPRING

THE spring came laughing down the way  
Where village children ran at play;  
She joined them at their "hide and seek"  
And softly kissed the blind boy's cheek.

He felt the pressure of her lips,  
It warmed him to the finger tips;  
Her breath was on his tangled hair,  
And left a tender halo there.

A hint of heaven's benignant grace  
Was kindled in the blind boy's face;  
His quickened pulses seemed to run  
Like insects sporting in the sun;

His spirit sight was apt and keen  
For things that eyes have never seen,—  
The thrills by which the grasses grow,  
The force that makes the pansies blow,—

Each spicy odor from the woods,  
The fainting boom of far-off floods,  
The shirr of rapid, winnowing wings  
And all spring's gladly quickened things,

His fancy clothed with form, and made  
Soft pictures of the sun and shade,—  
The sun and shade he never saw,  
But knew through feeling's subtlest law.

He knew when buckeye leaves unfold,  
When burst dandelion's floods of gold

On emerald meadows, when the blaze  
Of red buds lights the forest ways;

What time the thrush's hungry broods  
Are hatched in sylvan solitudes,  
And where the bluebells ring perfume  
And gladness through the dead'ning's gloom.

O! oft dispelling grief and night,  
Did spirits give the blind boy sight?  
Were angels, serving in disguise,  
Far more to him than mortal eyes?

I know not; but howe'er it be,  
In all things hides a mystery  
That compensates for sorest loss  
And weaves a crown for every cross.

Let wise men name it as they will,  
For me those words are dearest still  
That yield all good of time or sense  
To God's unslumb'ring Providence.

#### LITTLE THINGS

A SIMPLE rhyme, a childish grief,  
A blossom on a lover's tomb,  
A bud expanding into leaf,  
A dewdrop in a clover bloom;  
How sweet, how sad, how wondrous fair,  
How soon forgot, how quick to fade!  
The song, the bloom, the infant care,  
Pass like the play of sun and shade;

But in their passage quicken thought,—  
As sunbeams melt on field and plain

And leave their slightest impress wrought  
 In blooming grass and ripening grain,—  
 And though each individual form  
 Grows indistinct, its glow remains,  
 A halo round us in the storm,  
 A genial warmth that fills our veins.

The critic comes with awful frown  
 To crush the artist, like a gnat;  
 Frosts nip the tender blossoms down,  
 And childish griefs, for this and that,  
 Are merged in sorrow's large estate,  
 That widens round our frosted heads;  
 And yet the varied web of fate  
 Is woven of such slender threads.

The little things of time are most  
 Secure of influence, promise, power:  
 The flying seed, the insect host,  
 Dissolving dew and transient shower;  
 They multiply, build up, tear down,  
 And write their excellence and grace  
 On arid waste and mountain brown,  
 Till naught is bare nor commonplace.

So little murmurs, joined in song,  
 Light bubbles that in music break—  
 When youth is glad and days are long—  
 In low, soft ecstasies, may wake  
 The living chords of that sweet lyre  
 Which trembles in the human heart  
 And prompts the *genius* to aspire,  
 The *man* to act a noble part.

Then, scorner, spare the little things!  
 From atoms all the worlds are wrought,  
 Peasants may dwindle into kings,  
 Or wits give birth to humorous thought;



The great be small, the small be great;  
And yet through all life's varied throng  
This truth holds fast as death or fate,  
The humble ever are the strong.

## THE MISTLETOE

THEY kissed beneath the mistletoe  
Upon that Christmas day;  
They kissed beneath the mistletoe  
And then he went away;  
He went away, he went to sea,  
He sailed on many a ship,  
But still the mistletoe was green,  
Her kiss was on his lip.

He sailed a score of years and four,  
His head was getting gray,  
But fortune that had dodged him long  
At last was brought to bay,  
And came down handsomely in fine  
With half six oughts or so;  
The ship in which he sailed was called  
"The good ship Mistletoe."

He turned unto his men and spoke,  
His words were soft and fair,  
Of Christmas cheer and wedding bells  
And sweet domestic care:  
He homeward turned his vessel's prow;  
How should the sailor know  
That she had sworn herself to Christ  
He kissed so long ago.

He sailed across the tropic line,  
He saw the great cross fade,

He sailed for home, for happy yule,  
For mistletoe and maid:  
His soul with rapture overflowed,  
His heart was wild with joy;  
He capered up and down the deck,  
He whistled like a boy.

The bashful moon her image cast  
Upon the laughing sea,  
He murmured in his sailor way  
“ ’Tis like my bride shall be;”  
“ I see her image in the wave,  
She lights my soul as when  
We kissed beneath the mistletoe;  
So shall we kiss again.”

Entranced by one delightful thought,  
He leaned beyond recall;  
He fell upon that phantom moon,  
’Twas shivered by his fall:  
He sank; with sudden motion drawn  
The vessel’s keel below,  
Went warm with love’s remembered kiss  
Beneath the mistletoe.

They lowered their boats, they searched  
the sea,  
They chased the shining wave;  
But he was on his coral bed  
And she was in her grave;  
And when that eve at anchor lay  
The good ship Mistletoe,  
The little port was mourning half  
And half in Christmas glow.

The best beloved, the guardian saint  
Of all the straggling town  
Was underneath the frozen clods

Upon the wintry down;  
And there 'neath many a wind-browned  
thatch  
With rafters slanting low,  
The brave tar kissed his heart away  
Beneath the mistletoe.

AT FORTY

TO ONE BEYOND THE RIVER

YESTERDAY I was twenty, the world was in roses,  
No cloud of despair in the etherine sea,  
And blessings were plenty as petals in posies,  
While fame just stood waiting to crown you  
and me.

Then fortune held out 'midst the glory of morning  
Her fair jewelled hand in the beautiful east,  
With beckon and call thrilled us sweet with the  
warning,  
"Come, seize on my treasures, from greatest to  
least!"

Now Cupid hid slyly beneath the sun bonnets  
That shaded the brows of some lassies we knew;  
I was Moore in their albums, you Shakespeare in  
sonnets  
Addressed to their eyes, sparkling, tender and  
blue.

My own *rara avis*,—I think you remember  
That feathery title I gave Florabel,—  
While the Venus of Milo that late one November  
You saw in the person of golden haired Nell,—

Ah, well! Shall I say they are forty and florid,  
With never a notion of Shakespeare, nor Moore,  
Nor the phrensies of poets, but mate with some  
horrid  
And well-to-do bores, as their ma's did before?

You remember the fervor that flamed in our  
bosoms  
As we tilted at slavery, the terrible foe;  
Heroical Gracchi we sought the red blossoms  
Of radical honors, a score years ago.

We pulled at the ropes and we shouted as loudly  
As any who launched the old liberty ship;  
Then felt sweetest joy as, her sails swelling  
proudly,  
She flew o'er the waves like a hawk from the  
slip.

"Ah! boys, you've helped launch her," cried old  
politicians,  
"You've labored, good hearties, when laborers  
were few,  
Now work for your lives for success, scorn divis-  
ions,  
The future waits radiant with promise for you."

We toiled, we petitioned, we talked and we battled;  
The tough rind of slavery was punctured at last,  
Then up came the war and the musketry rattled,  
And all the sweet heavens were with clouds  
overcast.

You went to the front, not a leader, poor fellow,  
A private were you and a private you fell;  
The stars and the eagles, the shoulder-straps yellow,  
Were seldom for those who loved freedom too  
well.

Now low where you sleep still the pine trees are  
sighing,  
Your soul, like John Brown's, has been marching  
along  
Through all of these ten years, while I have been  
trying  
To gain for your memory one poor tribute song.

I'm forty to-day, yesterday I was twenty,  
The conflict of ideas, the conflict of arms,  
The conflict of interests with all their addenda  
Have swept past my youth and destroyed all its  
charms.

And some wave of time, with most headlong  
assurance,  
Has borne me far off from the happy old days,  
Till here at this plain half-way house of endurance  
I sit without honor, or fortune, or bays.

Ah, me! When at twenty we long for the battle  
And storm of life's earnest campaign to begin,  
How little we think to be driven like cattle  
Or slaughtered like sheep in the shambles of sin.

How little we guess that in life's rough endeavor  
The vulture gains more than the paradise bird,  
That over the song of the skylark forever  
The howls of the wolf and the jackal are heard.

Rest sweetly, dear friend, not a storm shall awake  
thee,  
Thy pulses to anguish no more shall respond,  
No more shall the false and the fickle forsake thee,  
For love springs eternal and life lies beyond

This beautiful world, that we men make Gehenna  
By selfish ambitions, unhallowed desires,

Uplifting the few and debasing the many,  
 The high soul repressing, destroying the fires  
 That genius has kindled on many a pure altar,  
 Where love and love's author are worshipped  
 alone,  
 Giving merit to penury, truth to the halter,  
 And Janus-faced impudence scepter and throne.

Ah, well! it is past, youth is over, I know it,  
 No more shall the days breathe their olden  
 delight;  
 When Jove seeks the west, nevermore shall the  
 poet  
 Go crowned with Arcturus, the prophet of night.

Lost is the lamp's magic, Aladdin, dream spirit,  
 Builds castles no more, crowns our temples with  
 bays,  
 Nor whispers us soft of some toil-begot merit  
 That one day shall bring its reward of true  
 praise.

Yet life's bitter wine is far better at forty  
 Than nectar youth quaffed in its finest bouquet,  
 For then all our good lay in creed, sect and party,  
 But now, thanks to sorrow, we cheerfully say

Whatever God places right plainly before us,—  
 To rise with the future, or tremble and fall,—  
 That way shall be ours, while we lift up the  
 chorus,  
 "From forty 'till death, here's good will unto  
 all!"

Feb. 10th, 1873

## ENDYMION

A MEDLEY

Ah, blessed son! thy sleep no dangers mar!  
Thou perfect statue, grown from Zeus's self;  
Type of all youth and radiant as a star,  
Fadeless and fair as morning in the east—  
In that delightful east where seraphs dwell;  
No witchery of laughing woodland elf,  
Nor song of siren at her brutal feast,  
May woo thee from thy lofty pinnacle,  
Nor cause one tint to flutter on thy cheek—  
Thy cheek whose bloom of perfect manliness,  
From lofty Latmos to the world shall speak  
By that deep silence which doth more express  
Than all the energy of gifted tongues,  
Of youth and beauty and the length of days  
That mortals sigh for, and in myriad songs  
Implore and picture, glorify and praise.

### I

Youth and beauty are but shadows  
Chasing over shaven meadows  
    On a summer afternoon,  
When the films of cloud are sailing  
Through the sunlight all prevailing,  
Sailing to the measured sweetness  
Of that rarest incompleteness—  
Perfect, yet an incompleteness—  
    That we call the heart of June.

## II

Youth and beauty touch men's faces  
 With some fading tints and graces,  
     While the morning light is high;  
 When the wine of sensual gladness  
 Turns to bitter draughts of sadness,  
 Youth and beauty from us sever  
 Tho' their shadows linger ever—  
 Haunting souls of men forever  
     With a joy that can not die.

O, happy spirit, infinite in wealth!  
 Joy-breathing spirit, through the countless years  
 Burst buds of bloom in many alien lands,  
 Break the wild shadows, sow the morning beams  
 Roll back the wave, display the tinted shell,  
 Throw films of verdure over the atoll,  
 And plant thy daisies on the mountain side!

## I

Count me all the floral treasures  
 Of the lands along the sea,  
 None are fairer, none are rarer  
     Than the daisy's bloom to me!  
 Modest daisy, little daisy!  
     Blooming in the chilly air  
 Of these Nor'land mountain places,  
     Thou art wonderfully fair.

## II

There is youth upon thy petals,  
     Beauty bloometh on thy stem,  
 Hardy daisy, pretty daisy!  
     Thou, in Flora's diadem,  
 Ever more shalt bear a glory,



Be of each great flower the peer,  
And the thoughts of men shall bless thee,  
Modest little mountaineer.

Fair soul of youth and beauty, thou art more  
Than we, who witness thee but through each  
sense,  
Each sense of color, odor, touch and sound,  
May idly recognize in thee, for thou  
Art primal cause, growth and effect in one.  
Thou plantest in the grave with every death,  
And in the hideousness of all decay,  
The seeds of things that glorify the world,  
And they grow into wonderful great joys  
That overshadow widely-sundered states.  
And some are sentient creatures, fly and sing,  
Swim in the waters, walk upon the plains,  
Burrow in earth or on the surface crawl.  
And other forms have more exceeding grace  
Of tint and outline, yet are rooted things  
That move not save as wind and flood and frost  
And suns and seasons move them, but are thought,  
By some, to be inhabited by souls  
Which, when exhaled from earth, become the  
trees,  
Fruits, grains and grasses and immortal flowers  
That crown the holy hills of paradise  
And make its valleys rich with fadeless bloom.

## I

Baby mine, baby mine,  
Touch my grizzled face  
With that little hand of thine—  
Touch me, spoil my costliest line  
With thy elfin grace!

## II

Baby fair and baby sweet,  
 Thou art in the dawn,  
 Treading with thy little feet  
 Where the shadowy things retreat  
 When the night is gone.

## III

Baby, crooning soft and low,  
 Tell me all thy joy,  
 How the spirits come and go,  
 Whisp'ring things no sage shall know  
 To my baby boy!

## IV

Baby mine, baby mine,  
 Touch my wrinkled face  
 With that little hand of thine—  
 Touch me, bring me thoughts divine  
 With thy childish grace!

And some are spiritual, such as our dull eyes  
 May not behold while pleased with earthly things,  
 Nor may our fingers tingle to their touch;  
 But on the softer cushions of the brain  
 They leave, at times, their broken images—  
 Broken and made imperfect by the rough,  
 Hard usages to which we put the plates  
 That have received the impress of their forms  
 Cast by diviner light than light of suns,  
 Than rays of all the suns that make the day,  
 Each for his retinue of wheeling worlds.

## I

Sing me a song of the broken vow  
And the love that is love no more,  
Of the robin's lay that is silent now,  
And the fruit that is blighted on the bough,  
And the footfalls on the floor  
Of one who shall come no more.

## II

A broken hope and a broken reed,  
And broken images, treasured long,  
A broken heart, that has ceased to bleed,  
And a broken will that does not heed  
The memory of a wrong,  
Whose cruelty crushes long.

Spirit of youth and beauty! unto thee—  
To thee we sing our matins and to thee  
Our voices in the vesper hymn shall rise,  
And through all time and all eternity  
Thy active agency shall still command  
The love of every people, every age;  
And every creature, mortal or divine,  
Or of the lower orders shall be glad  
Wherever thou art working out thy joy.

And still on Latmos' height Endymion lies,  
—Eternal youth, immortal sleep are his—  
Dowered with all blisses that the worlds can give,  
Kissed by the singing breezes from the seas,  
Blown over by the goddess-haunted air—  
The air that stirreth Hippocrene's wave,  
Lifts the light bubbles from Castalia's fount  
And blows them through the world in mists of  
song,  
Bears the broad pinions of the Hippogriff,

Enwraps the perfect form of Ganymede,  
Thrills to the touch of Hebe's jeweled hand,  
Moves lifeless strings with Orpheus' dying strain;  
Or in the later years from Olive's mount,  
Grows musical with words that touch the chords  
Of tenderest echo in the human soul,  
And through the ages gathering more and more  
Of strength and purpose for the general good,  
Lift men and nations toward the broader light  
Of better thoughts and systems more benign.

Ah! no matter how we move  
In our orbs of hate or love,  
Nothing shall awake from sleep  
Yonder king on Latmos steep.  
He whom Zeus has called to rest  
From the warm earth's loving breast,  
Sleepeth fair and bideth well  
In youth's endless miracle.

Hercules, whose dying pain  
Rent the Nessian robe in vain,  
Was not fair and strong as he  
In his youth's long mystery.  
Favored shepherds taught by Pan  
How to charm the heart of man  
With each wildly warbled note  
From the reed's enchanted throat  
Never dreamed what music flows  
From the silence of repose,  
Where all sounds and senses blend  
Into one immortal end;  
Where old age his staff resigns  
Flushing into youth's soft lines,  
And the grim scythe-bearer lies  
Just a babe with laughing eyes.

Call this legend, if you must,  
Naught but mythologic rust;  
But, 'tis rust of purest gold,  
Rich with meanings manifold,  
Falling through the mists from far  
Like the splendor of a star,  
Teaching men this subtle truth:  
Death is sleep and sleep is youth;  
And if we who hope to wake,  
When some happy morn shall shake  
All the rock-ribbed hills with song,  
Are misguided, blind and wrong,  
Still for us the æons keep  
This immortal youth of sleep.

MATERNAL LOVE HINTING ITS  
THOUGHT IN SONG

THE mother standeth nearer to the child  
Than aught except the soul wherein it dwells,  
The all-sustaining, ministering soul of God,  
Of which the mother is the minister  
Who draws into herself and formulates  
All elements of earth, or air, or sun,  
That are required to build the pure physique,  
The rounded excellence of the perfect form;  
Nay, more than this, from all their hidden founts  
She gathers up the vital germs that make  
The new force of her offspring, and again  
The mystery of human life renews.

The father does but quicken, she it is  
Who, as the lab'ratorial strength of God,  
Fuses the widely-sundered elements  
Till the new harmony results; the child

Leaps, struggling up the wonder world of  
growth

And yet more marvelous the office seems  
The mother fills, wherein from out the soul  
That fills and thrills the universe, she draws  
The powers, whose limits man can not define,  
That gathered in one whole we christen mind,  
The spirit that can thread the universe,  
Number the systems, weigh the pendulous worlds,  
Measure the distances that planets run,  
Or dwell securely in a beggar's hut,  
Courting the friendship of a mangy dog  
Whose thought is scarce inferior to its own.

These powers we can not fathom; these we think  
Shall live forever, these the mother draws  
From sources that she knows not of, nor deems  
Herself God's greatest minister on earth,  
The procreatress of immortal minds  
Touched deeply with the essence of her own  
And of the soul of him her love adores.

Aye! here's a mystery of His handiwork—  
How through a slender woman, frail and fair,  
The infinite spirit that provoketh life  
Binds mortal and immortal into one,  
As wheat and straw are grown from the same  
seed,

And sends the struggling human to the world  
Equipped for growth, for *Laoconian* toils,  
For life, for death, for immortality,  
For all of frightful, pastoral, sublime,  
That standeth forth to front the child of God.

And yet the mother's toil has scarce begun  
With her maternity; the infant's cry  
Announces wants she quickly comprehends;

And, comprehending them, her former self  
Drifts to the rear; the child goes on before.  
In all her aspirations, acts, desires,  
Love for her offspring leads all other thoughts;  
And still she is heaven's holiest minister  
To guide the little feet among the thorns,  
Or when, to her, in after years they come  
All torn and bleeding from their heedless walks,  
To bind them up and heal them with her tears  
And, haply, woo the wanderers back to peace.

The tender wooings of a mother's love  
Win most to heaven, while yet they cleave to  
earth,  
And gather round her darlings at their play,  
Or in the hours when, sin or passion-tossed,  
They fain would burst away from her control,  
To wander in the thorny wilderness  
That vagrant license calls elysium—  
The serpent-haunted wilderness of crime—  
Or lacerate their feet on burning stones  
In the blank desert lands that lie beyond;  
She pours her sympathies into their hearts  
From that pure fountain only death can seal;  
A sympathy admonishing with care,  
Striking the error, sparing still the child,  
Spurning the wrong, but not the erring one,  
And sometimes tripping on its blessed way  
To song's light movement, lightening heavy  
thought.

## POOR BLEEDING FEET .

Poor bleeding feet! It seems but yesterday  
That ye were plump and rosy in my hands,  
And as I held you lightly, I did pray  
That never treacherous thorns nor burning sands  
Should mar my beauties on the walk of life;

That they should still be perfect, be complete;  
 That I should never, from unholy strife  
 Recall my child with burning, bleeding feet.

Poor bleeding feet! anointed with my tears,  
 How gladly would I wipe your stains away  
 And heal your wounds, and all the coming years  
 Direct your steps and lead them not astray.  
 How gladly would I turn my darling's thought  
 To purer pleasures, paths that are more sweet  
 With blessed joys than those by license sought  
 And whence no child returns with bleeding  
 feet.

Poor bleeding feet! O, God! for their return  
 I thank thee much; for they are more to me  
 Than ease or gold, even while they bleed and burn  
 And I anoint their wounds incessantly,  
 For once they were as pure as new-blown flowers,  
 When first with morning light and dew they  
 met,  
 And still, through all the sorrow-laden hours,  
 Though soiled and torn, they are my darling's  
 feet.

Poor bleeding feet! I kiss your wounds away,  
 And wipe you with my hair, as she of old  
 The dear Messiah's sinless feet, and pray  
 That all my child's deep sorrow be consoled,  
 That purity shall to his heart return,  
 And innocence find there a safe retreat,  
 While never more to bleed, nor ache, nor burn,  
 I set in virtue's paths my darling's feet.



## A VERNAL VAGARY

Now the ardent sun advances,  
Wooing with his am'rous glances  
    Water, earth and atmosphere;  
Till they thrill with life before him,  
And with bud and bloom adore him,  
Spreading all their verdant garments  
    In the pathway of the year.

By the brook the red bud flameth,  
In the copse the thrush proclaimeth  
    Life is sweet and love supreme;  
And those musical debaters,  
Those incessant agitators,  
Merry-hearted, jolly blackbirds,  
    Caucus now by swamp and stream.

How their stormy legislation  
Aideth love's sweet transmutation  
    Do the wrens and robins know?  
But if robin never guesses  
How the restless blackbird blesses  
Those who listen to his music,  
    As he wanders to and fro,

Yet my robin bathes his bosom  
In the dew that wakes the blossom,  
    And his soul outpours in song.  
When the day is just uprising  
Soundeth far his glad surprising  
Eloquence of minstrel story;  
    And the echoes linger long

In the youthful soul that knoweth  
How love's gentle spring tide floweth  
    Into sweeter, fuller play,  
As the maple boughs get greener,  
And the blue skies grow serener,  
While the bloom in all the orchards  
    Whitens broadly day by day.

Still the Easter sparrow bringing  
Into May his March-morn singing,  
    Calleth from their Winter nests  
Many happy woodland fairies,  
Unto whom this milder air is  
Pregnant with sweet provocation  
    To the life within their breasts.

Oh! I hear the children calling  
Where the evening light is falling,  
    And I know the witching Spring  
Bringeth some glad intuition  
To each budding soul, a vision  
Of the bountiful hereafter  
    That the ripening years shall bring.

When the crocus breaks its cover,  
Yearning toward the light, its lover,  
    Till its tender blooms unfold;  
Then the soul expands her pinions,  
Saieth to the far dominions  
Where the poet, lord and master,  
    Garners all things new and old,

Into hives that hold all sweetness,  
Gardens full of all completeness,  
    Airs that breathe and winds that blow  
Only hints of love's best pleasures,  
Music's most delightful measures,

Such as happy-hearted angels  
In the fields of heaven do know.

Somber-garbed as any Quaker,  
Now our feathered mischief maker  
His mosaic lay repeats;  
He, the harlequin of muses,  
With eclectic rashness chooses,  
Like the imitative poet,  
From an hundred author's sweets.

And like many a rhythmic weaver,  
This satirical deceiver  
Sings no music of his own;  
His a cat call, harsh and grating,  
Save in this sweet time of mating  
That he steals from other warblers  
And repeats each tender tone.

I have listened to the patter  
Of the April rains that scatter  
Wild "forget-me-nots" to meet,  
With their azure eyes, the shadows  
Of the blue birds in the meadows,  
As they twitter forth their welcome  
To the Spring's advancing feet.

I have seen the brown hares leaping  
Where the last year's dead are sleeping  
And the lambkins at their play;  
Watched the willow tassels falling,  
Heard the striped chipmunks calling,  
And I know my youth returneth  
On my eager heart to-day.

All my boyhood's sweet emotions,  
Tender yearnings, wild devotions,

Thrill me with tumultuous joy;  
I'm a grizzled man no longer,  
Care is gone and youth is stronger  
Than the toil and doubt about me,  
While I stand a careless boy.

I shall never know the reason  
Why, in this delightful season  
Youth returns and age departs;  
Why the hand forgets to tremble,  
Why our friends no more dissemble,  
And we read in honest faces  
Things that rise from honest hearts.

Tell me not that this sensation  
Comes from vain imagination,  
For such dreams are not in vain:  
Who shall dare define the real  
As divorced from the ideal,  
Or despise those tender graces,  
Sweet as sunlight after rain!

Song and bloom the heart uplifting,  
Warmer sunshine, shadows drifting,  
Welcome in the queenly May:  
Rise, O soul, be upward winging,  
Wiser bards with better singing  
Shall rehearse thy vernal welcome  
Many a happy future day.

Rise, O soul, thy limitations  
Widen with all intimations  
That the seasons bring to thee,  
Of the boundless love around thee,  
Love that never shall confound thee  
With a rude or selfish purpose,  
Love that floweth endlessly,

Thrilling with its subtle motion  
Earth and atmosphere and ocean,  
All infinities of space,  
With such ecstasy as waketh  
Life from dullest clods, and maketh  
Of the elemental forces  
Budding beauty, blooming grace.

Rise, O soul! to thee is given  
Stormy hades, glorious heaven,  
Swiftest joy and sharpest woe,  
Flowing tears and rippling laughter,  
All the present, the hereafter  
Blooming from some bud of promise  
Blown from heaven long ago;

And the budding, singing seasons  
Give thee only sweetest reasons  
To assure thy trembling faith  
That, beyond all dark disaster,  
Love is still the eternal master,  
And through all the endless ages  
Life is victor over death.

## THE REDBUD

### CIRCIS CANADENSIS

BESIDE the rill that hurries down  
To join the river's broader flow,  
A glorious tree with splendid crown  
Warms the chill woods with crimson glow.

The "crow-foot" springs in sunny dells,  
On warm south slopes the lambkins play,  
The brook into a river swells,  
The robin sings at break of day.

And now, before the roses bloom,  
A richer rose is in the glen,  
Where redbud in the forest gloom  
Has lit her vernal torch again.

A thousand coming splendors show  
In those soft tufts of crimson flowers,  
Prophetic of the ardent flow  
Of life and growth in glad June hours.

Where, peeping up from winrowed leaves  
Of last year's fall, the stellar eye  
Of pale anemone perceives  
And greets once more the April sky,

I stand, a child again, and see  
The seraph forms of other days  
Float 'round the flaming Judas tree  
With jocund mirth and cheerful praise.

I count no more the varied store  
These budding fields and woods shall bring,  
But lightly walk the pleasant shore  
Of endless youth and boundless spring.

The buck-eye's leaves are broadly green,  
The ash puts forth its tiny hands  
Of new-born verdure, while serene—  
A gauzy joy—the willow stands.

I hear the squirrel's bark ring out,  
The frogs are chattering in the pool,  
By lane and field I hear the shout  
Of children just released from school.

Spring starts the sap and thrills the blood,  
And gives new life and song and cheer  
To fill the earth as with a flood  
Of budding bliss, but once a year.

So life's warm tides in billows rise  
And overflow the soul with joy,  
In that sweet season when the skies  
Bend fondly down for girl and boy.

To those glad days of ardent life  
The redbud's splendor calls us back  
From fruitless toil and bootless strife,  
To walk again the pleasant track

That leads beneath the rural shade,  
Where once we watched the opening  
spring,  
And—eager lad and trusting maid—  
Saw hope's sweet swallows taking wing.

Alas! their flight has been too high,  
They never perched for you or me;  
But still we love the soft spring sky  
And bless the crimson Judas tree.

### THE BUGLE

BLOW, oh, blow the merry bugle!  
We shall hear the echoes falling,  
Far away along the river,  
Like a silvery rill of music  
Lightly flowing, gently calling  
To our yearning souls to sever  
From the baser things that bind them  
And come higher up forever.

Blow, oh, blow the winsome bugle!  
Like the melody of ages  
Flown in some seraphic star-land  
Where no guilty soul has entered,

*The Bugle*

Every note that falls assuages  
Savage thoughts, and to the far land  
Calls and woos us with the sweetest  
Flowers of sound in music's garland.

Blow, oh, blow the mellow bugle!  
Over wood and field and meadow  
It distilleth limpid sweetness,  
And across the enamored waters  
Sways and moves each gentle shadow  
To the undulating fleetness,  
To the tremulous vibrations  
Of its melodied completeness.

Blow, oh, blow the inspiring bugle!  
Let its ecstasies awaken,  
As the evening mists are fading  
From the path the sun has painted,  
Many sorrowing souls forsaken,  
And, their loneliness invading,  
Overflow them, fill them, thrill them  
With a rapture all pervading.

Blow, oh, blow the happy bugle!  
As the birds are homeward flying,  
For the mellow, misty lover  
In a haze of golden fancies,  
Listening to a maid's replying!  
Send the music pulsing over  
All his spirit,—he will deem it  
But the maid's melodious sighing.

Blow, oh, blow the enchanting bugle!  
Let it fill the cot and mansion  
With a flood of liquid numbers,  
Let it penetrate our slumbers,  
Till as flowers in full expansion  
We shall gather in the treasures,



The intense, uncounted raptures  
Of its starlight-breathing measures.

Blow, oh, blow the sorrowing bugle!  
As the solemn midnight passes,  
When the death-watch ticketh slowly,  
And the night-owls, hooting lowly,  
Join the awe-provoking masses  
That are stronger than affliction,  
Let the dead, for whom they echo,  
Bless the bugle's benediction.

"HAIL AND FAREWELL"

"HAIL and farewell!" We meet and part,  
Even with the greeting on our lips;  
As those who from some busy mart  
See all their wealth go out in ships,  
That never come again to shore,  
So fade our days to rise no more.

Our three score years are but a span;  
We scarcely trill an idle song,  
Before the funeral army's van  
Passes with muffled drums along;  
And sadly then the doleful bell  
Moans to the palsied ear, "Farewell."

"Hail and farewell!" The stars go down;  
The billows of the rosy dawn  
Are breaking on the idle town,  
And night's weird armies, far withdrawn,  
Fade like gaunt specters down the west,  
And hope is strong and love is best.

Yes, hope is strong in newer souls,  
And love is best for those who stay;

No more my ship at anchor rolls,  
And yours is sailing fast away.  
I lose you, for the ocean's swell  
Breaks now between us, "Hail, farewell!"

The lamp goes out, the embers die,  
Pale Dian tips her silver keel  
In some far-hidden reach of sky,  
While night and darkness round us steal,  
And sorrow sits on every sail;  
We cry "Farewell!" but whisper "Hail!"

Beyond the ocean, where the palms  
Arise beside the jocund streams,  
And love rehearses all his psalms,  
And youth renews his happy dreams,  
If I may wait your coming sail,  
How blessed then the cheerful "Hail!"

### THE POET'S NEW YEAR

HE was a poet, and his prophet eyes  
Were large and dark, and dreamily beheld  
Bliss in the fields and wonders in the skies,  
Joys for the future, shadowy myths of eld,  
Or saw fame templed in a drop of dew,  
And Cupid nestling where the violets grew.

The vocal seasons, silent as their songs,  
And cold as their dead lovers' empty nests,  
Had passed to join the unreturning throngs,  
The armies of oblivion's dreamless guests;  
And yet the poet tarried, with a tear,  
To sing his comfort to the dying year.

And while he lingered, lo! a silence sped  
Across the heavens and under all the stars;  
The old year made no sign, and he was dead,  
Dead in his beauty; neither wounds nor scars  
Nor aught that man had wronged him with  
was there  
In his dead face nor on his snowy hair.

A peace abounding as the peace of God  
Fell on the poet's spirit, and a thrill  
Of instant joy that warmed and spread abroad  
Quickened the peace, but made it holier still.  
He turned his raptured vision toward the  
morn,  
And knew, at once, another year was born.

"And I have watched," he cried, "the fruitful  
sun  
Rise o'er the gardens of the enamored east,  
Heard the last echo when the song was done,  
Sipped the best wine at fancy's royal feast,  
But never such calm sea of joy as this  
Lapped all my soul in gentle waves of bliss.

"Silent is death, and life comes silently,  
But joy and music grow with life's increase,  
And love, that dreams and hopes abundantly,  
Sings the lone song whose echoes shall not  
cease;  
The new springs ever, with rejoicing breath,  
To claim the victory o'er decay and death."

O poet! singing to thy happy heart,  
Pleased with the bubble that thy breath has  
blown,  
Glad to renew this dear old dream of art  
And think it a creation of thy own,

The day is waking, fraud and hate and wrong,  
 With morn's first blush will drown thy feeble  
 song!

But words of doubt were lost on him. He knew  
 Of force and murder and the rabble's cry,  
 And many false gods worshipped, and the true  
 Messiah still led forth to bleed and die:

“Yet these things ripen,” so he said, “the  
 grain  
 Of love's rich harvest for eternal gain.

“The fields are greener when the storms are past,  
 The woods are lovelier when the winter flies,  
 The gloomy day, by shadows overcast,  
 Presages purer air and sunnier skies,  
 And every new year brings increase of good  
 To weld the links of human brotherhood.”

Ah, well! He was a poet, and his dream  
 Ran on in poet fashion, more and more  
 Inspired, and instinct with the happy theme,—  
 The endless joy the future holds in store.  
 He was a poet, and the dawning light  
 Ripened to noon and faded into night;

Ripened and faded as the bud and leaf,  
 And many men go on their cruel ways,  
 The earth is dark with violence and grief,—  
 Yet hope increases with increasing days,  
 And each glad poet from his heart of June  
 Sings every year a more exultant tune.

## THE SUMMER

THE hills are all shrouded in mantles of snow—  
A silence of white, cold and pulseless as death;  
Yet, somehow, I hear but the summer winds blow,  
And scent the faint musk of the roses' sweet  
breath.

I wander afar, where his wind-cradled nest  
The oriole swingeth aloft to the spray,  
When the blossom-crowned June with the wheat  
in her crest  
Bids the robin sing love at the dawning of day;

Where the plowmen go out, when the morning is  
young,  
To stir the fresh earth at the roots of the corn,  
And the country lass trills homely airs with a  
tongue  
Unskilled in the language of flattery or scorn;

And the hours move like music the soul loveth  
best,  
To the laugh of the brook and the hum of the  
bee,  
Till the sun's parting smile, as he goes down the  
west,  
Makes the fair river blush from her source to  
the sea.

O! the world is so fair and the days are so sweet,  
That heaven lies yonder a bliss all unsought,  
And time moves along on swift, rose-sandaled feet  
Like the joy of a poet's divineness of thought.

All summers that ever were vocal with love  
Are enshrined in the days that go past like perfume,  
And the earth and the air and the heavens above  
Are filled with the incense of verdure and bloom.

“All a fancy!” you cry, “see the frost on the pane!”

“Hear the winds howling wildly across the white moor!”

Winds may howl and frosts gather, but gather in vain,

When the hearth blazes bright and safe-closed is the door;

And the spirit is wrapt in the sunlight that lay,  
A mist of warm splendor, across the green hill,  
When life seemed an odor from heaven at play  
With the bird and the blossom, the breeze and the rill.

It is winter, I know, where my footsteps must fall,

But 'tis summer out there where the soul still abides;

Let Christmas bells ring their melodious call!

They ring ebb and flow of the summer's warm tides;

The blessed, sweet summer that dwells evermore  
In the mind that adores her and hears but her voice,—

Though the frost etch the pane and the winter winds roar,—

As it sings, without ceasing, “Be glad and rejoice!”

## OUR MOTHER

M. W.

THERE'S a calm and pallid face,  
Sweet with smiles, but worn with care;  
Gentlest love, serenest grace  
Set their tender radiance there.

None have known it, none shall know  
But to love its peaceful calm,  
Pure as flakes of driven snow,  
Heartsome as a pictured psalm.

There's a form by suffering bent,  
And a voice once soft and low,  
With whose cadences were blent  
Memories of the long ago.

There's a crown of snow-flecked hair,  
Once as black as raven wings,  
There's a life whose toils are prayer,  
And its thoughts thank-offerings.

Blow, sweet blossoms! Warble, birds!  
Soft spring breezes, rise and bring  
Answer to our hopeful words,  
On her pale cheek blossoming!

Health, thou child of earth and sky,  
By the Father's tender grace!  
Speak once more from her soft eye,  
Light again her pallid face!

Unto her be length of days,  
Each terrestrial joy be given,  
And, in some fair world of praise,  
All the endless bliss of heaven.

### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

GIVE gracious gifts to your children,  
For this is the Christmas time!  
Love is far better than money,  
Example is better than rhyme,  
And a joyous heart and a truthful tongue  
Are forever fair and forever young.

A mind that is eager and earnest,  
A thought that is tender and true,  
Is a dowry excelling your riches,  
To cherish this whole life through;  
And the maid, when she marries, will do the best,  
Who wins a brave heart in a manly breast.

Not he who has lands and houses  
That were won by the niggard's zeal,  
Has the best of his toiling fellows  
In the world's great commonweal;  
But an open mind and a liberal hand  
Belong to him who shall most command.

An eye for the joy of nature,  
An ear for the voice of song;  
A will to answer a brother's need,  
To suffer and still be strong;  
Give these to man and you make him great,  
To contend with wrong and to vanquish fate.



Then lead, with your happy giving,  
Your words, your walk, your praise,  
The glad, rejoicing children  
In wisdom's golden ways,  
For morning's sun and evening's shade  
Bless him who blesses boy or maid.

And because the time is Christmas,  
When love is a holy fire;  
And because the hearts of children  
Are full of youth's desire,  
Let your gifts be gracious,—your chidings few,  
That the souls of the children may cleave to  
you.

## BEYOND THE AFTERNOON

To HIM who toileth in the afternoon  
How grateful are the shadows pointing east,  
The cool, soft shadows that shall darken soon,—  
For rest is most when light and warmth are  
least.

Refreshing dews condense on leaf and vine,  
And gather in the blossom's honeyed cell;  
The setting sun along th' horizon's line  
Paints the wide wonder of a day's farewell.

Bowed at his toil the old man feels the kiss  
Of evening's zephyr on his wind-browned face,  
Bearing a promise of the rest that is  
Beyond his vision, where life's varied ways  
Cross the dim shadow line and come no more  
Within the range of any mortal eye;  
But dusk, that hides the sunset's golden door  
Unveils the stars and shows the moon on high.

The wings of night birds fan the restful air,  
 The insect choirs are musically glad;  
 Come from thy want of leisure, bent with care,  
 Poor drudging worm, and be no longer sad!  
 The day was long, but morning's gladness soon  
 Became a memory, and the fiery heat  
 Flamed all about thee in the blazing noon,—  
 Toil in the fields and turmoil in the street;

Toil for thy hands and conflict for thy thought,  
 With hopes deferred and aspirations dead,  
 For thou hast sown for other reapers, wrought  
 That others might enjoy, and thou hast shed  
 Thy sweat and blood and tears for those who  
     shine  
 In jewels and fine raiment, gath'ring gain  
 And bleaching their soft hands at cost of thine,  
 So hard and seamed with unrequited pain.

They sport their riches, sing their idle songs,  
 And dance like moths about th' unhallowed  
     fires

That they are feeding with thy crying wrongs,  
 Nor note the gloom in which thy life expires;  
 No matter now! the stars are in the sky,  
 The day's last purple fades with night's in-  
     crease;

Lift up thy soul in thanks, for God is nigh,  
 And in His presence there is joy and peace!

Soon the globed dew shall settle on thy cheek,  
 And spiders spin their webs across thy breast,  
 And night hawks call to thee, who will not  
     speak,

So deep, so perfect then shall be thy rest;  
 And men shall note the still, unmeasured calm,  
 The silent wonder in thy pallid face,

As if in heaven thy ears had caught the psalm  
From some divinest altitude of grace;

Then go and write their little verdict, "Dead  
By dispensation of Almighty God,"  
And give a pauper's pillow to thy head  
In some rude box, hid swiftly 'neath the sod.  
So let them spurn thee! Kings shall share thy  
rest;

The grass shall bloom above thy slumber soon;  
Somewhere, in God's own time, thy worth con-  
fessed,

Thou shalt find heaven beyond the afternoon.

## THE FALLEN STUDENT

### I

THE sun arose, the morn was grand,  
He walked beside the blooming sedge;  
He heard the wild birds in the hedge,  
And saw the glory of the land.

### II

He found a valley full of song,  
Where every song bore this refrain,  
Repeated o'er and o'er again:  
"Here rest is sweet and pleasure long."

### III

The vale was very fair to see;  
All sounds that fell upon the ear  
Were melody itself to hear,  
And yet the wonder seemed to be,

## IV

To the poor student, pale and worn,  
That all its fields were void of grain,  
That each joy's aftermath was pain,  
And every flower concealed a thorn.

## V

Its waters to the thirsty tongue  
Were nectar first, but quickly gall,  
While from each tree and tower and wall  
Festoons of poison ivy hung.

## VI

Here dancing sirens holding high  
Rare goblets brimmed with rosy wine,  
Sang praise to Bacchus and the vine,  
To bestial pleasures, thoughts that fly

## VII

In reeking atmospheres that move  
Where dull brute instincts scarce descend,  
Where all ambitions meanly end—  
Where hell is heaven and lust is love:

## VIII

And while as in a waking swoon  
He viewed the valley falsely fair,  
He felt a wave of dull despair  
Clutch at his spirit, while a rune

## IX

Of lethean melody arose:  
"Leave, student, leave thy rugged path,  
Forsake the mountain's icy wrath,  
For this broad vale of sweet repose.

X

“ Thereon thy feet are torn with thorns,  
Thy hands with constant toils are sore,  
While fame and knowledge flit before  
And cheat thee of the countless morns

XI

“ And evenings riotous with delights,  
And days of ease and months of joy,  
That youth and beauty here employ,  
To worship pleasure in her flights.

XII

“ Then here, no more our bliss despise,  
Youth comes but once; you cannot wait;  
When age’s palsy falls, ’tis late,  
Alas! too late, for pleasure flies

XIII

“ From sunken cheek and faded hair:  
Then leave ambition, leave the quest  
For knowledge, that disturbs thy breast!  
Fame’s phantom temple in the air

XIV

“ Above yon mountain’s rugged brow,  
Thy limbs, to reach are all too frail;  
No power hast thou its walls to scale—  
Come then, be happy here, and now!”

XV

The song there ended, but about  
His temples blew a languid breeze  
From popped caves and lotus trees  
And steeped his soul in dreamy doubt,

## XVI

Till knowledge seemed an idle thing,  
 And heaven a thought too far away  
 To trust or cherish, and the sway  
 Of truth a dream that poets sing.

## XVII

The breeze blew fresher and desire  
 Came on its wings and sought his heart,  
 Which passion, with its poisoned dart,  
 Touched deep and set his blood on fire.

## XVIII

“Farewell!” he cried, “a long farewell  
 To mathematics dull and cold,  
 To poesy, with harp of gold,  
 To Cæsar’s wars and Dante’s hell;

## XIX

To science with her weary toil,  
 To language and its endless chaff,  
 To Plutarch’s wisdom, Æsop’s laugh,  
 To Bacon’s studies, Johnson’s moil.

## XX

“Henceforth I count the dream of fame  
 A vain illusion, vast and far  
 Beyond me as the radiant star  
 That crowns the morning with its flame.

## XXI

“Oh! strong for pleasure, weak for pain,  
 The pinions of my soul have grown,  
 I shall reap joys I have not sown,  
 Ambition’s burial is my gain.”

XXII

Thus sank the student, thus, in sooth,  
Have thousands fallen, to rise no more,  
Nor earth nor heaven shall e'er restore  
The murdered hopes of their lost youth.

XXIII

When years were ended, in a land  
Of rock and desert, thirst and heat,  
An aged man with bleeding feet  
Walked lonely o'er the scorching sand.

XXIV

Some remnants of an ancient fire  
Burned dimly in his wandering eye,  
His voice was but a treble cry,  
And he seemed ready to expire,

XXV

Save that regret—a fury grown—  
Lashed all his failing powers to life,  
And stirred him with a ceaseless strife,  
And mocked him with the siren's tone.

XXVI

“Ah! me,” he cried, “the road is long,  
And blank and sad and full of pain,  
I cannot find my way again—  
I listened to the siren's song!

XXVII

“God made me for the heights sublime;  
I sought the vale, became a thrall;  
Did angels weep above my fall?  
I know not. Oh! mv crime! my crime.

## XXVIII

“Youth sought indulgence, idly sweet,  
 Sowed not to spirit but to flesh;  
 Fell in the tempter's gilded mesh,  
 And with the mire beclugged his feet.

## XXIX

“I dream of hope, but dare not call  
 Upon my God, so long, so long,  
 I listened to the siren's song,  
 I fell and knew not I did fall.

## XXX

“Oh! I have reapt as I did sow!  
 Yon mountain's brow were Eden to me,  
 My dear old books 'twere bliss to see,  
 The schoolboy's wisdom heaven to  
 know.

## XXXI

“Ah! weary heart, the road so long  
 Will soon be traveled, I shall die;  
 Will heaven attend my latest cry?  
 ‘I listened to the siren's song!’”

## JOE'S VISIT

## HER STORY

How many friends have died since we  
 Were young, and full of hope and joy!  
 Grave matrons, whom we loved to see,  
 Strong man, fair maiden, laughing boy;  
 A sister here, and there a friend,



Till all things into sorrow blend;  
And here, in this sad neighborhood,  
We scarcely dream of earthly good;  
Our joyful times are times of prayer,  
When we ascend the heavenly stair  
With feet that used to idly stray  
Where youth and pleasure led the way—  
Ah! youth and pleasure! did we know  
Such worldly raptures long ago?

I did not think that, evermore,  
The memories of my youth would rise,  
Except as follies to deplore,  
Sweet pictures that deceive our eyes:  
And so I nursed my fifty years,  
Sometimes in peace, sometimes in tears;  
And tried the preacher's words to mind,  
And all my joy in Christ to find;  
To comfort James, and do my best  
To merit everlasting rest;  
Till Joe came driving from the town,  
And brought his wife and daughters down  
To spend the day and talk, when oh!  
He brought me back the long ago.

There is such music in his voice;  
Such happy thoughts his words express;  
I could not other than rejoice  
In his old ways of pleasantness,  
Till backward flew the circling years,  
Forgotten were our cares and tears;  
My heart beat faster, and my blood  
Ran on, a warmer, swifter flood;  
No more I thought of deep distress,  
Endured for primal wickedness,  
Nor struggled with the doubt and thrall  
Of Eve's deep sin and Adam's fall;

But all my soul did overflow  
 With blessed joys of long ago.

And James, who seldom smiles, as thou  
 Remembrest, doubtless, laughed and said  
 That "really—he knew not how—

But Joe could surely raise the dead  
 With that old heartsome way of his,  
 So robust in its manliness,

And yet so tender, sweet and true,  
 So tinged with life's exultant hue."

And when his wife and girls chimed in—  
 Perhaps it may have been a sin—

Our hearts grew light, our souls grew young  
 And all sweet measures said or sung,  
 Fell on my senses, soft and low,  
 Just as they did so long ago.

So long ago, when Joe and I

Were nearer by a shade than friends,  
 When softly beamed the morning sky,  
 And life seemed made for blissful ends;

Again we chatted down the path,  
 With jest and song, and merry laugh;

We mingled in the sport and play  
 That ends the rustic holiday;

We won our airy conquests o'er,  
 Recounted all the frugal store

Of joys our humble youth had given,

And spoke of some dear friends in heaven,  
 And Joe's glad voice, it thrilled me so,  
 I smelled the pinks of long ago.

And Joe, he seems so young and fair,

Is so compassionate and kind,

And wishes every one to share

The largess of his own free mind—

So bound with every suffering soul,  
So glad to make the wounded whole—  
That fasts, renunciations, prayers,  
He scarcely counts among his cares;  
But smiles and says, "Perhaps your creed  
Is all you claim; but kindly deed,  
And loving heart and open hand,  
Control me with a sure command,  
That o'er my life began to grow  
When we were children long ago."

And though I pity his poor doubt,  
Or fancy so, I watch his face,  
And try to make the secret out  
Of all its manly strength and grace,  
And how, beneath his fifty years,  
He still a boy at heart appears.  
He has known sorrows, such as break  
The wills of braver men, and make  
Life's pathway blossomless and bare,  
Or lit by passion's baleful glare;  
Or one that leads to some sad cell  
Where earth-denying hermits dwell;  
But Joe, each year, is more like Joe,  
The glad heart of the long ago.

I cannot analyze his thought,  
Nor answer why his presence brings  
My petty cares and griefs to naught,  
And makes me think of happy things;  
Nor why—O, friend! am I to blame?—  
His dark eyes thrill my mental frame,  
Till I, who love my James so well,  
Go back along the past, and dwell  
On each glad hour with Joe, and guess  
How great had been my happiness  
If "sound belief" and fruitful land

Had not stept in and claimed my hand,  
 And I had answered "yes" to Joe,  
 That summer evening long ago.

I cannot pause to sorrow now,  
 Nor think of him who wooed and won  
 A fickle heart with fickle vow,  
 Then left me as the vagrant sun  
 Leaves, in the shadow, lowland flower,  
 To woo the rose in lady's bower;  
 Nor how Joe, smiling when we met,  
 A smile subdued by some regret,  
 Seemed ever more life's best estate,  
 Blown from me by a cruel fate,  
 Till once—such griefs must have an end—  
 I loved and married Joe's best friend:  
 But in this country place, you know,  
 We've missed Joe's voice since long ago.

Till now he comes, the flower of spring  
 And fruit of summer all in one,  
 And finds me old, a withered thing,  
 A stalk long blanched by storm and sun;  
 With much self-introspection worn,  
 Taught that 'tis woman's lot to mourn  
 Eve's primal sin, and work and wait  
 In sadness, for the heavenly gate,  
 On golden hinges swinging wide,  
 To give her room to creep inside  
 Behind the crowds of saints, and raise,  
 Half guiltily, her song of praise.  
 He comes!—this old broad-shouldered Joe—  
 And warms me with the long ago.

He laughs, and sings an idle song,  
 And jests—such jests would try me so  
 From any of the common throng;—  
 But, somehow, seem all right from Joe—

He says God meant us to be glad,  
And, blessing others, to be blest;  
    And that no life is wholly bad,  
    Howe'er with sin and shame oppressed,  
And adds: "A woman\* wrote those words  
Whose songs were sweeter than the birds,  
A suffering woman, who, from pain,  
    Reaped precious fruits of heavenly gain."  
O, this rare heretic, this Joe,  
My heart he's filled with long ago!

Of course it's wrong in me to feel  
    Delighted with such golden chaff;  
Yet, all forgetful of the zeal  
    That chides a woman's happy laugh,  
As some poor boy with palsied limb,  
Beholds his comrades leap or swim,  
    And feels their thrills of joy, so I  
    Perceive some influence from the sky  
Steal to my senses and reveal,  
More than his words, of heavenly weal,  
    Till the sweet thought I half believe  
    That such fair views will not deceive:  
But what were views when there was Joe,  
And round us all the long ago?

#### THE POET'S ART—A FRAGMENT

DESPISE not the art  
Of the poet, the master,  
Whose fingers fall lightly  
On keys far resounding  
The thrill of his touches,  
Till heart unto heart  
Through the ages beats faster,

\*ALICE CARY.

As man unto man looks  
 With kindlier emotions,  
 And in lives, as in books,  
 Reads the wonderful story,—  
 The oneness of Godhood,  
 The oneness of forces,  
 The oneness of manhood,  
 The purpose, the glory,  
 Of beautiful thinking;  
 The honor of labor,  
 The peril of license,  
 Of ease and indulgence,  
 And thought to thought linking,  
 Leads up to the summit  
 Where joys paradisaical  
 Bloom sweet on the stems  
 Of life's thorniest sorrows.

Despise not the art  
 Of the poet, the lover,  
 Who breathes to the lute  
 The most delicate measures,  
 That kindle the heart  
 Till the winged god, the rover,  
 Floats by on the wings  
 Of the song he is singing,  
 And prudence grows mute  
 While th' immortal boy's fingers  
 Fling swift from the strung bow  
 The sweet, stinging arrows,  
 Whose wounds never heal  
 While this mortal life lingers.

Despise not the art  
 Of the poet, the warrior,  
 Whose measures like drum-rolls  
 Call men from their mountains,

Fields, hamlets and meadows,  
From the dearest to part;  
And from all the sure fountains  
Of pride in their strong souls,  
Bids patriot emotions  
Arise and o'erwhelm them,  
And carry them boldly  
To battle and slaughter,  
Where blood flows like water;  
Espousing the merits  
And dying for causes  
Whose justice they know not.

Despise not the art  
Of the poet, the singer,  
The follower of Pan  
By the rivers melodious,  
Where sweet naiads linger,  
And the muses divine,—  
Coming down from their mountains  
To bathe in the music  
And float in the waters,  
The song-breathing waters—  
That flow ever on  
From Parnassian fountains,—  
Are charmed till they woo  
And inspire the sweet singer  
With swift inspiration  
And rare divination  
Of heavenly things;  
Till his song outward rushes  
In musical gushes,  
Such as glorious Apollo,  
And all of the old gods,  
The strong, the judicious,  
Had delighted to hear:  
And his singing propitious,

Forever shall follow  
 The sons and the daughters  
 Of men, as if given  
 To sound in their souls,  
 As the world onward rolls,  
 Through the storm and affright  
 Of the dark Stygian night  
 The glad music of heaven.

### REPETITION

TELL me, O warbler! why the dying day  
 Paints, as he languishes, those amber seas  
 That round the capes of Scarlet Islands play,  
 Where float unnumbered golden argosies,  
 Wrought into life, upon the canvas mist,  
 From every tint of moth and bird and shell  
 And every bloom the lover sun has kissed?  
 Why wreath such gladness round his last fare-  
 well?

Tell me, O poet! singing as the night  
 Falls on thy silver locks with kindly shade,  
 What angel hopes thy lofty muse incite,  
 What lovely images thy peace invade,  
 Till thou art wearing, like the dying day,  
 A mist of joy to gladden that sweet sky  
 Whereon thy mortal lustres fade away  
 And melt into the bliss that cannot die?

“A day lives not for its brief span alone,  
 But for all futures shines the fruitful sun  
 With warmth that touches even the dim un-  
 known,”  
 The minstrel bird made answer “Life shall  
 run,”



The poet murmured, "singing ever more;  
And what are we, that, mourning fate or fame,  
We should go trembling to the peaceful shore,  
Low-browed and groaning with regretful  
shame?"

The poet's audience ever shall increase,  
And some may sing, and some may only hear  
The tripping numbers other hands release:  
Yet backward still through many a golden  
year  
The white-haired bard goes chanting, hour by  
hour,  
To some sweet clientage beneath the grass,  
And souls he knows not of perceive his power,  
Hold him secure, and will not let him pass.

Thus through the ages leaf and flower repeat  
The tender radiance of a long-lost day,  
And earth and sea and sky are more complete  
And perfect, for each broken, faded ray;  
And still some echo from the poet's strain  
Falls, faint and far, upon the souls of men,  
Or woos sad hearts a moment from their pain,  
Though all forgot the hand that held the pen.

## WHEN THE SWALLOWS ARE FLYING AWAY

THE summer is dying, the days shorter growing,  
The stars getting brighter each clear, length'ning  
night,  
While the harvester, Time, hurries on with his  
mowing,  
And seems in his labor of death to delight.

But now as the leaves, ripening purple and  
golden,  
Like beautiful banners enrich all the day,  
We sit dreaming dreams, conning memories olden,  
And watching the swallows go flying away—  
The glad summer swallows all flying away.

No more to the voice of ambition or passion  
The spirit gives audience, but listens alone  
To musical idyls of love and compassion,  
That bear us a blessing on every sweet tone.  
A sadness subdued softens every emotion,  
And tempers the fancy's most delicate play,  
And calms in the heart every rising commotion,  
While the hours with the swallows go flying  
away—  
With the glad summer swallows are flying away.

The rosy-cheeked children come laughing and  
singing  
From rude, happy homes of our earlier days;  
No shadows of tombs on their fairy brows bring-  
ing,  
No soiled, bleeding feet from the world's thorny  
ways;  
We welcome them, kiss them and give them our  
blessing—  
The lips that are dust, and the feet long astray,  
And thrill to their love as they pass, lightly press-  
ing  
Our hands in their own, and go flying away—  
With the beautiful swallows go flying away.

We have watched, you and I, in the sweet autumn  
weather  
Full many a rich sunset fade out in the west,  
And still, as we've walked in the twilight to-  
gether,

Has Hope wandered near us, our welcomest  
    guest,  
Till now on this dreamiest eve we behold her  
    Again painting heaven and love on the day  
As it fadeth forever, and swiftly enfold her  
    All warm to our hearts, that she fly not away—  
    That our hope with the swallows shall fly not  
    away.

## ACROSS THE SNOW

Across the snow and over the sand,  
    Where summer lingers with song and bloom,  
The festooned oaks of Florida stand  
    Enshrouded in odorous gloom;  
Over the mountains, across the snow,  
The blue sky smileth and bendeth low.

Across the snow and over the sea,  
    Italy laughs, like a child at play;  
And her rivers that sing incessantly  
    Are wooing the soul away!  
Over the sea and across the snow  
They are calling me, but I cannot go.

Across the snow and over the tears,  
    The wonder-world of our childhood lies,  
And voices echo across the years  
    With whispered questions and low replies,  
Over the graves and across the snow,  
The children are calling who loved me so.

Across the snow and beyond the doubt,  
    There lieth a land so sweet and fair

That none who enter will turn about  
 To bring us tidings of loved ones there;  
 Over the doubt and across the snow  
 The dear ones beckon and I shall go.

### WINSOME JENNIE

JENNIE's head was proud and queenly  
 With the curling gold it wore,  
 Wavy as the brooklet's laughter,  
 And her face was rippled o'er  
 With alternate smiles and blushes,  
 In the days that are no more:  
 In the well-remembered mornings  
 Of the days that are no more.

We shall meet no more together  
 When the stars are in the sky;  
 We shall rake no more the meadows  
 When the morning sun is high;  
 Happy Jennie, darling Jennie,  
 With the lustre in her eye,  
 Jennie singing with the thrushes  
 In the merry days gone by.

Oh! the world was fair and gracious  
 When our youthful hearts were bold;  
 Still the sunshine falls as sweetly,  
 But these formal folk are cold;  
 Not the earnest, hearty people  
 Of the sainted days of old;  
 Not the strong, unselfish people  
 Of the ruder days of old.

Still the river wanders singing,  
 And the children from the school

Bare their dimpled feet, as we did,  
Wading in the self-same pool;  
But the master, the beloved  
Monarch of the gentle rule,  
Lies upon the hillside sleeping,  
Calmly, as he once did rule.

Oh! as Fancy's cunning fingers  
Touch the singing strings of gold,  
And her harp repeats the measures  
Of the sunny days of old,  
Jennie's self is in the music,  
Never formal, proud nor cold,  
Gentle Jennie, winsome Jennie,  
Jennie with the heart of old.

In the orchards, where the russets  
Hold within their golden rinds  
Nectar fit for gods of Hellas,  
Voices low are on the winds;  
On the haunted winds of evening,  
Prattle, such as youthful minds  
Gather into speech, the flutter  
Of the wings of growing minds.

And these murmurs, falling faintly  
On the ear, like distant calls  
Of the mellow, merry bugle,  
Or the laugh of waterfalls,  
Echo from that happy castle,  
With th' Apollo-pictured walls,  
From the fortress of our childhood,  
With its angel-guarded walls.

Voices long unused to singing  
Any song of doubt or woe,  
Voices trained for heavenly uses  
By the seraphs long ago,

Mingle in the flowing measures,  
Softly glad and sweetly low;  
But there's none exceedeth Jennie's—  
Jennie's voice so sweet and low.

Once again her slender fingers  
Lie within my nut-stained hand,  
And we wander where the Autumn  
Pours her splendor on the land,  
Wondering over Nature's problems  
That we cannot understand,  
Guessing much at many matters  
That we do not understand.

Why the old leaves fade and perish  
Only that the new may grow,  
Why the lovely flowers must wither  
And give place to mud and snow,  
Why do children die, and whither  
Do the pretty children go?  
Now, as then, but echo answers,  
Where do pretty children go?

Never thought of love came to us  
As we wandered side by side;  
When we parted, heavy-hearted,  
Sorrow flowing like a tide,  
Still no stream of mortal passion  
Swept our souls, unsatisfied,  
Into dreams of one sweet future  
Where they should be satisfied.

Yet in many a rural picture  
Do my willing eyes behold  
Laughing Jennie, winsome Jennie,  
With her tresses like spun gold;  
She, the sunniest smile of morning,  
In the budding days of old,

Jennie singing with the thrushes  
In the merry morns of old.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jennie's hair is flecked with silver,  
And her girls are reigning now;  
Jennie's throat is clasped with diamond,  
There are wrinkles on her brow.  
Does she dream, in silks and satins,  
Of the boy behind the plow,  
Of the barefoot boy she cherished  
When he toiled behind the plow?

It was well for us we parted  
When the morn was on the shore;  
It is well that we shall wander  
In that morning land no more!  
Ours is but the same old story,  
Still repeated o'er and o'er,  
Youth with forward gaze, and age that  
Sighs for days that are no more.

## VOICES OF SONG

THE odor songs that blossoms sing  
In their delight of summer days,  
No voice, no reed, no sounding string,  
No ecstasy of tremulous keys,  
Can match their silent melodies,  
Their excellence of praise.

The songs of birds that flow and fall  
With all the sunny tides of spring,  
And to the eager spirit call,  
In measures softly glad and sweet,

To rise and pay the tribute meet  
To Nature's gracious King,—

Are they not minstrelsies of praise  
With no imperfectness to mar,  
No faulty notes, no feeble lays,  
But fraught with all the joyful tune  
That thrills the soul of rapturous June,  
Where peace and plenty are?

The songs of children, lispings songs,  
That tell of innocence and joy,—  
What nameless melody prolongs  
The influence of each tiny note  
That warbles from the swelling throat  
Of timorous girl or boy?

The old man, standing by his tomb,  
Heeds not the sad refrain of death,  
For yonder, where the roses bloom,  
He hears the children's song arise,  
And all the day before him lies,  
Fresh in the morning's breath.

The songs of flowers and brooks and birds,  
The melodies that children make,  
And those delicious, deathless words  
That love to music weds away—  
Fond echoes growing day by day—  
No grief their spell can break.

Where faith exalts and hope inspires  
The throbbing notes that outward pour  
Till every trembling soul aspires,  
And on the song's melodious wings  
The yearning spirit upward springs  
To worship and adore,



There is a taste of Heaven below,  
An influence linking soul to soul,  
A sweeter music than we know  
In our poor voices, an excess  
Of inward joy and happiness  
To melodize the whole.

O, Song! thou spirit, heavenly, fair,  
As are the angel choirs that move  
To thy delightful measures, where  
No sin can enter, make us thine  
And crown us with thy joy divine,  
And fill us with thy love!

And Thou who art of all the source,—  
All good, all joy, all seeming ill,  
All life or death, attraction, force,—  
Let every note our souls upraise  
Be hallowed sweetly to Thy praise  
And tempered to thy will!

### THE BELLS

I HEAR the ringing of the bells, the bells,  
Announcing, "Christ has come;"  
I hear the cannon in the street,  
And the rolling of the drum,  
And the marching tread of a thousand feet,  
And I ask if Christ has come.

I hear the ringing of the bells, the bells,  
Proclaiming, "Christ is here;"  
And I see the children of want and sin,  
Hovering far or near,  
In the country's quiet, the city's din,  
And I wonder if Christ is here.

I hear the ringing of the bells, the bells,  
 Echoing, "Christ is King;"  
 And I see in a score of Christian lands  
 Oppression's brooding wing,  
 And murderous hearts and bloody hands,  
 And I wonder if Christ is King.

I hear the ringing of the bells, the bells,  
 Resounding, "Christ is known;"  
 And I see the treachery, know the hate  
 And the bitter passions, grown  
 Alike in the hearts of humble or great,  
 And I wonder if Christ is known.

I hear the ringing of the bells, the bells,  
 Proclaiming, "Christ is here;"  
 And I hear a baby's prattling glee,  
 And I bid farewell to fear,  
 For wherever a sinless child may be,  
 The sweet Christ dwelleth near.

## CORABELL

FAIR comrades, do not chide me  
 For moods that ill betide me;  
 A shadow walks beside me,  
     Clothed in a mist of woe;  
 A wraith, and a real presence,  
 A vapor, a sorrow's essence;  
     It chills and haunts me so  
 That, for all your merry-making,  
 My heart is full to breaking  
     With a grief you can not know.

Hark, how the winds are crying,  
 And the leafless branches sighing,

Where Corabell is lying  
Under the ice and snow!  
Glad Corabell whose bosom  
Thrilled to bird and blossom  
Warmed to the rose's glow;  
Whose true heart stilled its beating  
When love and hope were meeting  
In tryst there long ago.

The bees are gone from the clover,  
The butterfly, the rover,  
That flew like a fickle lover  
From honeyed bloom to bloom,  
Is dead in the grass; the cricket  
No more awakes the thicket  
At the fall of evening's gloom;  
And Corabell is sleeping,  
While her mother sits a-weeping  
In the dear, old-fashioned room.

What now is my dream of glory,  
When grass is growing o'er thee,  
And my soul has gone before me  
To share thy silent rest?  
The drum has a throb of sadness,  
The bugle's mellow gladness,  
That falls on a heart oppressed,  
Sings, "Corabell, sweet Cora,  
The winsome winds deplore thee,  
Thou fairest, purest, best!"

The poet's rhymed emotion  
Sobs like the wailing ocean,  
When thrilled with love's devotion  
For one who dies at morn;  
In the morning warm and tender,  
When the sun's advancing splendor

*A Mist of White Laces*

Is on the blooming corn;  
 In the morning's holy gladness,  
 When death is a triple sadness,  
 And the sweetest things are born.

"Is Corabell a vision"  
 You ask "of a dream elysian?  
 And is the poet's mission  
 To picture its fading ray?  
 To faintly echo over  
 The words of a yearning lover  
 Who cannot go nor stay,  
 The cry of a trust immortal  
 That waits at the future's portal  
 Till the stone be rolled away,  
 And the Christ of hope arisen,  
 And the dead steps from her prison  
 In the warmth of an endless day?"

Know, then, the world is sighing  
 For Corabell's low lying,  
 And love and faith are flying  
 Across the bars of night.  
 Away in the dim hereafter  
 We listen for girlish laughter,  
 When the morn shall break in sight:  
 But the winds to-night are weeping  
 Where Corabell is sleeping  
 And the snow is cold and white.

## A MIST OF WHITE LACES

A MIST of white laces,  
 An odor of bloom,—  
 And the fairest of faces  
 Is lost in the gloom.

A mist of white laces,  
A beautiful face;  
Henceforth every place is  
Divine with their grace.

A tinkle of laughter,  
A silvery note,  
Which echo speaks after  
With heart in her throat.

A tinkle of laughter,  
A quaver of song,  
That music thereafter  
Shall ever prolong.

A kiss thrown by fingers  
As sweet as the dawn,  
And its warmth ever lingers  
Till life is withdrawn.

A kiss thrown by fingers  
From lips of red rose,  
And the heart where it lingers  
Has lost its repose.

O, mist of white laces!  
O, kisses and song!  
I know your sweet place is  
Where angels belong.

And laces and kisses  
And songs that inspire  
In a world such as this is,  
Wake heavens of desire.

## BARD AND BLOSSOM

HA! my laughing violet,  
In your tiny calyx set,  
With your winsome eye of blue  
Looking all my spirit through,  
While you seem to nod and say,  
“ Old Spring poet, go your way!”

Tell me, roguish little sweet,  
Isn't there some small deceit,  
Child-like, make-believe pretense  
In that pouting innocence  
Of indifference that you show,  
When these rhymers praise you so?

## PRETTY MARY, O!

No more with tears I count the years  
When sorrow wooed me long ago;  
Though hearts must bleed when they have need,  
And friends may wound you worse than foe;  
Smiles come at last, when grief goes past;  
But oh! our thoughts did vary so  
When I sat back, with head bowed down,  
And you stood up before the town  
A-marrying pretty Mary, O!

O, fairest maid! through sun and shade  
And storm and darkness brooding so,  
She was my star that smiled afar,  
The only lamp I cared to know!  
You soared on high and from the sky

My pretty star bore swiftly, Joe;  
And then to say "God bless you both!"  
It tore me like a cruel oath,  
When you had wed my Mary, O!

Lo, time has wings that bring sweet things  
To hide the wounds that rend us so:  
A winsome touch that thrills me much  
Is now upon my shoulder, Joe,  
And gentle eyes whose light I prize  
More than all dreams I used to know,  
Look into mine, and we renew  
And send the thankful love of two  
To Joe and pretty Mary, O!

## A SONG

THE air is rich with summer bloom,  
But Summer's friends are flying,  
The rose is losing its perfume,  
The dusk comes down on wings of gloom,  
And the Summer day is dying.

Sit down, O friend! and live once more  
With me the past time over,  
The Summers that we knew before  
Experience taught me to deplore,  
Or thou became a rover.

Fair youth and innocence go by  
Locked hand in hand together,  
And, as they pass, let's you and I  
Recall our youth, join hands and cry,  
"God bless this Summer weather!"

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS

### I

Two little faces, cheerful and bright,  
Smile at the window, just where the light  
Comes from the full moon, comes from the stars,  
To fall o'er their tresses in silvery bars.

### II

Two little voices, eager to greet  
Papa, dear papa, who comes down the street;  
With flutters of laughter, and kisses like rain,  
Two sweet little girls meet their papa again;  
Searching his pockets for candies and things,  
Teasing for pennies, worrying for strings,  
Asking for stories, crying for toys,  
The two little girls are his cares and his joys.

### III

Four little brown hands, chubby and slight,  
Hold on to mamma from morning till night,  
Pull at her apron, pull at her hair,  
Lay in her own hand, that once was so fair.

### IV

Two little bodies for mamma to dress,  
To worry and toil for, to love and caress,  
To watch in the night time, in sorrow and pain,  
No matter how weary her limbs and her brain.

### V

Two little cherubs that, mamma declares,  
Are angels descended on love's shining stairs,  
To bless her and crown her with life's greenest  
bays,  
Are the bliss of their mother, the joy of her days.



## THE SONG OF VIVIENNE

THERE is Winter on the mere,  
Frozen streams are in the glen,  
But 'tis Summer in the heart  
Of the best of noble men,  
As he sings his lightsome rune,  
"Happy, happy Vivienne!"  
As he chants his vernal rhyme,  
"Happy be, my Vivienne!"

Bear away the crimson leaves,  
Rude Euroclydon, and blow  
Strength to many a heart that grieves  
In the tainted air of woe!  
He is strong to buffet thee;  
Storm and turmoil suit him best;  
He, the pride of noble men,  
Bears a brave heart in his breast.

Pour your wealth of white snows down,  
Leaden clouds that shroud the day!  
Dreary country, cheerless town,  
Children prisoned from their play,—  
What are they to such as he,  
Bold to face the Winter grim?  
What are they to happy me,—  
Happy, being loved by him?

Shake the timid soul with fear,  
Howling through the naked grove,  
Winds of Winter! Lo, I hear  
In your mad tones notes of love,



Long ago, when the milder vernal airs  
Wooded the song-birds back in pairs,  
And the sap began to flow  
In the trees of long ago,  
Long ago,

Abelard and Heloise  
Braved a hundred staring eyes,  
Joined their hands in true love token,  
And the solemn words were spoken,  
And the good man, soft and low,  
Prayed God blessings to bestow  
On their twin hearts, long ago,  
Long ago.

Long ago, when the world was white with frost,  
And the winds, like spirits lost,  
Wailed and wandered to and fro,  
Shrieking, in the long ago,  
Long ago,

Then our Aristides old  
Bowed his forehead white and cold,  
Dropped his staff, and murmured slowly  
Broken prayers unto the Holy,  
And our spirits felt the blow  
Death was dealing,—even so  
Did we sorrow long ago,  
Long ago.

Long ago, as the seasons hurried by,  
Some were born to smile and die;  
All were given to joy and woe,  
Alternating long ago,  
Long ago:

Love's requital still denied,  
Youthful poets pined and died;  
But the babe's life opening sweetly,  
And the marriage made discreetly,



O lover of mine!  
All my being is thine,  
Yet I wring my thin hands in a dream:  
A dream of all woe,  
Wherein dead warriors go  
Sinking down in a dark, stagnant stream,  
Whose inky waves creep  
Where the pines ever keep  
Their watch o'er the bones of the dead,  
That a spirit, who rode on the lava's red  
waves  
With noises of earthquakes and yawning of  
graves,  
Slew once in that valley of dread.

Go, dream, from my brain!  
You would craze me again:  
And my lover did not go to war!  
Now rises and swells  
The sweet chime of the bells  
And smiles my betrothal-eve's star.  
All in white I will ride  
By my dark hero's side,  
And the envious maidens shall sigh:  
As we blithely step in at the good parson's  
door,  
And I lean on his arm as we walk up the  
floor,  
Oh, who'll be so happy as I?

Late! late! is it late?  
Do I query with fate?  
Why falls not that kingliest tread?  
O ho! so you say  
That my hair has turned gray,  
That my hero, my lover 's long dead:  
Go back with your lie!

I will look to the sky  
 And believe the sweet angels instead.  
 Far off, mid the stars, sounds a soft, golden  
 bell,  
 And I know that the seraphs are ringing it  
 well:  
 In the morning we twain shall be wed.

## HYMN TO NIGHT

## I

O NIGHT, upon thy myriad streaming wings  
 Of throbbing darkness, when the stars were mute  
 And angel choirs and hosts of heavenly things  
 Upon the verge of time stood awed, irresolute,  
 My soul has met thee there, alone, forlorn,  
 Has met thee there and dared to dream of morn,  
 To dream of morning and thank God that I a  
 soul was born.

## II

O, passing wonderful and full of love  
 And strength and glory and the boundless thought  
 That fills and thrills all things below,—above,  
 With life and motion, I have something caught,  
 Faintly, indeed, yet hints of thy delight  
 When thou art in thy royal robes bedight  
 And Suns and Systems are the jewels in thy  
 crown, O Night!

## III

With drowsy insect music manifold,  
 The gurgling flow of waters, tinkling bells  
 Of herds, that crop the herbage on the wold,  
 And the late lover's song that feebly swells

And dies upon the languid summer air,  
Oft has Night met me and with kindly care  
Folded her fond, indulgent wings about me  
there.

IV

O, love the night! for she is beautiful,  
And majesty himself sits throned with her:  
The well-beloved, the strong, the dutiful,  
Venus and Odin, Ceres, Jupiter,  
And all the powers of matter, force and mind,  
Are in the service of the night resigned,—  
The great-souled night that to our little faults is  
blind.

“LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG”

“Love me little, love me long!”  
‘Tis the burden of my song;  
Ardor ever seems to be  
Born of love’s inconstancy.  
Those who love too much forget;  
Those who trust too much regret;  
Moderation breeds no wrong:  
“Love me little, love me long!”  
Love me long!

“Love me little, love me long!”  
From the hotly breathing throng,  
Whose affections burn as fire  
Till love dieth with desire,  
Lead me gently far away  
In cool meadow paths to stray,  
Where the robin lifts his song:  
“Love me little, love me long!”  
Love me long!

“Love me little, love me long!”  
Listen! 'tis no idle song;  
He who loves his bride too well,  
Wearies oft and breaks the spell,  
Or, in sorrow and distress,  
Loves his children's mother less,  
Gentle love is pure and strong:  
“Love me little, love me long!”  
Love me long!

“Love me little, love me long!”  
You I chose from all the throng  
Of the noble and the brave,  
Walk beside me to the grave!  
Do not greedily devour  
All our love in one sweet hour!  
As I sing it in my song:  
“Love me little, love me long!”  
Love me long!

EVENING SONG OF THE DISSATIS-  
FIED SOUL

THERE is a light along the west,  
And red mists floating there.  
There is a light along the west;  
But the heart is sad in my weary breast,  
And heavy with doubt and care.

A bird is singing his evening song,  
And the swallows are flying away.  
A robin is singing his evening song;  
But the way is dark, and the road is long,  
And I can not go nor stay.



The blossom is folding a drop of dew  
To rest on its fragrant heart.  
The blossom is folding its gem of dew;  
But nothing shall ever the years renew,  
Nor make my dreams depart.

The happy twilight is calm and sweet,  
But my soul is sad and lone.  
The fading twilight is pure and sweet;  
But my heavy heart, and my sluggish feet,  
Are bound to a world unknown.

### THE SINGING WIND

O, SINGING wind! O, lingering wind!  
Bear happy dreams to me  
From where my darling sits and sings  
And hears the murmurous stir of wings  
That fly incessantly.

O, winsome wind! O, wayward wind!  
Fly o'er the bending corn  
And bear my kisses to her hand,  
That plucks the lilies where the land  
Is newly washed with morn.

O, lisp'ing wind! O, whisp'ring wind!  
Bear back her words to me!  
I perish for a single thought;  
For life were vain and fame were nought  
Without love's company.



CANADIAN POEMS

WRITTEN WHILE SOJOURNING IN LOWER

CANADA, 1882 TO 1885



## ON MEMPHREMAGOG

LIGHTLY dip the slender oar!  
Here the water lilies are;  
And yon soft, horizon star  
Is the light house on the shore.

As the twilight's deep'ning hush  
Lifts the wave's voice on the sand,  
Softly reach and drown thy hand  
Where the sunset's latest blush

Makes the water rich as wine:  
Now thou hast them, fresh and fair!  
With the purer lilies there,  
Let them on thy breast recline.

All day long our little boat,  
Floating on through light and shade,  
Has our eager souls conveyed  
Like a sentient thing afloat.

We have watched the shadows run  
On the hillsides, swift and far,  
Flying each in vapor car,  
Chased by cohorts of the sun:

Heard the ripples laugh and play  
On the emerald islet's shore,  
Break and fall and laugh no more,  
As the west wind died away.

Mirrored in these floods that lie  
Smiling granite hills between,

We have seen the headlands green,  
Fickle cloud and steadfast sky;

Passing silhouette, sudden light  
With each tint and tender hue  
Of the mountain's hazy blue  
And the birch wood's mist of white;

Paused to watch the red sun go  
Down behind a mountain old,  
Turning all its crown to gold,  
Molten in a furnace glow;

Kindling wonder-lands of flame,  
Weird and mystical and strange  
As the splendid thoughts that range  
Through a young man's dream of fame;

Glories interchanging slow—  
Fields where sun-born spirits fly,  
Scarlet winged, through amber sky,  
Fading like the long ago.

Floating on these waters calm,  
All our lives have been in tune  
To that rare, unlettered rune,  
Nature's sweet, mysterious psalm:

And our souls have listened long,  
Rapt and ravished by the flow  
Of the numbers soft and low  
In that ultimate of song.

All too deep our bliss, to-day,  
Flowed for thought of reel or line;  
We are fishers, but decline  
Angling where the genii play.

Hellas' dear, immortal throng  
Might be resurrected here,—  
Satyr, cyclops, muse severe  
And sweet Pan with reed and song.

Aye! but how the darkness grows!  
Hark, the keel grates on the strand;  
Softly, gently let us land,  
Leave the song and seek the prose!

Dip no more the laboring oar!  
Here our friends and comrades are,  
And this soft, horizon star  
Is the lighthouse on the shore.

### MAGOG RIVER

A FLOOD there is that flows and falls  
Where elms their pendant branches lean,  
Or, high above its rocky walls  
The firs are ever green.

From Memphremagog's burnished skein  
Of silver, tangled in the hills,  
Its downward leaping course is ta'en,  
Amid the roar of mills.

Not thus of old the red man knew  
The happy Magog, wild and free;  
When flood to flood the waters grew  
Rejoicing to the sea.

The rise of trout, the dip of wing,  
Its own glad song to rock and glen,  
Or stealthy tread of some wild thing,  
Alone disturbed it then.

And yet the river seems to feel,  
    Though bound in traffic's prosy ways  
And harnessed to the creaking wheel,  
    The joy of savage days.

And ever more the poet stream,  
    That chafes like Pegasus in pound,  
Renews its old delightful dream,  
    While all the mills go round;

And laughs from rock to rock along,  
    Or rests within its little lake,  
Fair as the iris joy of song  
    The mists of echo make;

And thence again, with eager shout,  
    Takes up its winsome, bonnie way,  
As graceful as the bream and trout  
    That in its waters play;

Till, leaping down from higher lands,  
    It joins the broad St. Francis tide,  
Where Sherbrooke in her beauty stands  
    The wedded streams beside.

With spindle's hum and shuttle's noise  
    The foundries clang, the forges flame;  
Here toil is king and men rejoice  
    And bless the Magog's name.

“Even thus,” I cry, “the humble bard,  
    Who fain would only shout and sing,  
Must turn, to win the world's regard,  
    And do some useful thing.

“Nor yet withhold his tuneful voice,  
    But sweeten labor with a strain  
Whose tones shall linger and rejoice  
    When he forgets his pain.”



## THE STRICKEN MONARCH

### I

THE ragged firs, knee deep in snow,  
Stand shivering by the frozen lake,  
Where winds from Gaspé, moaning low,  
Lift the long drifts and lightly shake  
Their icy fragments through the air,  
And strew them in the wild beast's lair  
And down the gorge and through the brake.

### II

And here the monarch of the wood,  
With drooping antler, piercing eye,  
That tell of thirst and want of food,  
Hides where no living thing is nigh;  
For in this deeply-drifted snow  
The proud beast can no farther go,  
And he must rest or he must die.

### III

But hark! his quick ears catch the sound  
The hunter's gliding snow-shoe makes;  
He springs to fly, with sudden bound;  
The crust beneath each dark hoof breaks;  
He plunges in his icy bath,  
He rages with despair and wrath;  
The white foam flies in frozen flakes.

### IV

He yields at last, but hears once more  
The snow-shoes gliding, strives to fly  
And wallows helpless, who before

Out-spied the wind: And now to die,  
 To feel the murderer's coward blow!  
 Oh, bitter fate! 'Tis done; and lo!  
 For joy some hungry half-breeds cry.

## ICY AIR

### A CANADIAN IDYL

#### I

O! BUDS may break in scarlet bloom  
 Where Summer laughs and sings,  
 And souls be drunken with perfume  
 Each vocal zephyr brings;  
 But here, within this frozen zone,  
 We'll weave with patient care,  
 From vagrant sound and wand'ring tone,  
 The song of icy air.

#### II

The snow is white upon the hill,  
 The lake is muffled o'er,  
 The wood, through all its depths, is still,  
 And, by the rocky shore,  
 The river's voice no more is heard,  
 Nor soundeth anywhere  
 The insects' hum, the chirp of bird,  
 To thrill the icy air.

#### III

But far away, on drifted roads,  
 The oxen, plowing slow,

Urged by the drivers' stinging goads,  
Are trampling down the snow;  
And bells from yon half-hidden town  
Ring o'er the white despair  
A gladness softly fading down  
The waves of icy air.

## IV

In distant forests, hungry deer,  
By hungry men pursued,  
Plunge through the snow, and touch with fear  
The whole wide solitude;  
But in the half-breed's humble shed  
Is little thought of care,  
The chase is good, the children fed;  
Who shrinks from icy air?

## V

From camps of lumbermen, that sleep  
Beside the frozen stream,  
The smoke curls up, and seems to weep  
Above life's faded dream;  
For nought gives outward hint to-day  
Of blossom fresh and fair,  
Or tender leaf or budding spray,  
To cheer this icy air.

## VI

But in the city men may sing,  
And choral numbers flow  
In praise of Winter, cheerful King  
Of sleet and ice and snow;  
Toboggans glide and skate-steels ring  
And sleigh-bells tinkle there;  
But want still walks, a haggard thing,  
To mock this icy air.

## VII

In happy homes and loving hearts,  
 Where peace and comfort dwell,  
 The winter nought of gloom imparts,—  
 Their joy cannot dispel:  
 But what of her who sups the dregs?  
 Can heaven be still aware  
 Of all her bitter need that begs  
 For death's most icy air?

## VIII

O God! who watereth every land  
 Where tropic glories lie,  
 Let still the shadow of Thy hand  
 Relume this northern sky;  
 For song and bloom and springing leaf  
 Each anxious heart prepare,  
 And strengthen every sweet belief  
 To brave this icy air.

## PICTURES IN ICE

WE knew in the night, when the moon was on  
 high,  
 And the air was as still as the pulses of death,  
 Save the roar where the river sent up its white  
 breath,  
 That the frost was at work on a window near by  
 With his pencils of ice, and we said morn would  
 show  
 Mimic glacier and iceberg and miniature floe.

But what was our wonder when all the wide pane,  
 In the light of the morrow, was instinct with  
 spring,

And radiant with summer and many a fair  
thing,—  
With fern and with lichen, with grasses and grain,  
With plumes from the maize and soft straws  
from the pine,  
Trailing sprays from the elm, and slight, wan-  
dering vine!

And each was so perfect, so delicate, true,  
So faithful to outline, to character, grace,  
To every small loveliness, tenderest trace  
On corolla, or stem, when its glory is new,  
That we blessed the cold spirit whose genius  
had caught  
And quaintly materialized Nature's great  
thought.

O spirit of frost! there's an impulse divine  
Inspiring each crystal that shoots into form  
With beauty's ideal, to gladden and charm;  
And in these weird, wonderful pictures of thine  
We trace the same finger that paints the moth's  
wing,  
And writes the glad notes that the wood-thrushes  
sing.

What a wonder is this, that the frost which destroys  
The fair things of summer, should keep in his  
heart  
Their impress and likeness, to gladden his art  
Till it takes, in the hours of his triumphs and joys,  
But the frail, lovely forms that his palsyng  
breath  
Has consigned with a touch, to the darkness of  
death!

And, my child, with your soft, dimpled cheek in  
a glow

At the kiss of the cold, there's a tint of the rose  
 Sifted into your blood, from the wind as it blows,  
 And the light in your face, that we mark as you  
     go,  
 And the grace of your step were previsioned  
     and wrought  
 By the sensitive touch of God's intimate thought.

O quickening and formative presence divine!  
 That dwelleth alike in fleet vapor, dull clod,  
 In world-bearing nebulæ, flowers on the sod,  
 In heat or in cold, all this glory is thine!  
 Nor hast thou inspired the frost spirit in vain,  
 To trace these most exquisite things on the pane.

#### MAY IN THE NORTH

Now once again on field and hill  
 The violet's eyes are blue,  
 The anemone and daffodil  
 Their loveliness renew.

The birch uncloses tender hands,  
 The maple sheds its bloom,  
 But still in sight old winter stands  
 With threat'ning brow of gloom.

Ay! frown and threaten all you may,  
 Old tyrant, fierce and strong!  
 The sun is moving up this way,  
 I hear the robin's song!

A tremor of the bygone springs  
 Is quick'ning in my blood;  
 The children shout, the brooklet sings  
 "And roars the falling flood."

Once more the emerald grass shall grow  
Above the winter's dead,  
And summer bend her iris bow  
Where clouds were dull as lead.

Here are the blackbirds, and the joy  
Of many an olden year  
Is in their songs. Come, little boy!  
Farewell, gray man austere!

Come, little boy, for you and I  
And I and you, are one;  
We'll follow where the swallows fly,  
We'll cheer the setting sun.

For us the sparrow hides her nest  
In cposes green and low,  
The bluebird suns his purple breast,  
The tortoise moveth slow.

The saucy chipmunk digs his hole,  
The shining lizard slides,  
Her hammock swings the oriole,  
The rush-grown pond abides.

For us the worm is in the ground,  
The fish is in the stream;  
And energy and health abound,  
And care is but a dream.

And so, my boy, my little boy,  
Be happy while you may!  
Your harvests frosts shall not destroy,  
Nor shall your wealth decay.

The treasure-trove of childhood hours  
Alone survives the years;

Its blossoms are perennial flowers  
That memory wets with tears.

The poet sings his sweetest songs  
Of youth and vernal skies,  
And children walk in joyous throngs  
The fields of paradise.

Give me a touch of heaven and spring  
And each unfolding leaf,  
And bursting bud and sprouting thing  
Renews some sweet belief,—

Some sweet belief, some tender thought,  
Some memory vague and old,  
Some charm the blessing seasons wrought  
When love was more than gold;

Till I can smell the budding spice  
And feel the woodland hush  
Thrilled by that forest cantatrice,  
The wildly-warbling thrush.

No more I see the northern pine,  
Nor wait the daisies' bloom;  
The blue-bells in the fields are mine,  
And mine the hawk's perfume.

For me the Indiana woods  
Put on their best attire,  
And all their tangled solitudes  
Are glad with youth's desire:

The red bud flames beside the stream,  
The orchard boughs are white;  
The catbird sings his tipsy dream,  
And I sing you "Good night."



TO J. W. R.

IN RESPONSE TO AN OPEN LETTER

I HOLD that he who touches one glad string,  
And maketh music for a weary soul,  
Brings into life a sweetly gracious thing,  
A power to bless, to gladden, to console;  
And, Riley, oft in some rare song of thine  
Have I perceived this tenderness divine.

But in this "Open Letter" comes to me  
That subtlest influence of the poet's art  
That tells the poet's love in melody  
Which, like a flood, o'erflows the yearning heart,  
And sets the pulses beating soft and low  
The gentle raptures of the rhythm's flow.

I can but whisper "thanks" a hundred times,  
And, reaching out a thousand miles or more,  
Cry: "Here, dear friend! I heed your pleading  
rhymes,  
Give me your hand. I'll squeeze it somewhat  
sore,  
And make you shout: Hold on, sir, not so hard!  
If that means love, pray give me less regard."

That fickle goddess, Fortune, did you dream  
That she is but an idle, lazy sprite,  
Who never dares to cross a swollen stream,  
Nor brave the perils of a starless night,  
And is no partner for a poet's mood  
That finds in bitter roots the sweetest food?

Think! had she taken Burns from humble Ayr,  
 Dressed him in purple, coddled him with wine,  
 What hand, inspired by love's incessant care,  
 Had given us Bonny Doon or Auld Lang Syne?  
 The last man lingering when the years have fled,  
 Shall still hear Homer singing for his bread.

Kind words that speak of sympathetic thought,  
 Such as you mention from a late Review,  
 Are not the "honeyed lies" by Fortune taught,  
 For they are thrilled and quickened through  
 and through  
 With human interest in a toiler's fate  
 Which "fortune's fools" would only desolate.

One bids adieu to youth, if friends increase  
 As age comes on, with less of vain regret,  
 And Eastward-pointing shadows rest in peace  
 Where Morning's wandering heliotropes were  
 set;  
 Come sun for shade, for heliotrope love's rose,  
 To smile and bloom above our last repose!

Anent this theme, my fiftieth birthday brought  
 Letters and token from wide-sundered friends,  
 Filled with the tenderness of kindly thought,  
 Like music blown from earth's remotest ends;—  
 From gray-haired Gallagher, still brave and strong,  
 The grand old patriarch of Western song,—

From House and Harris, Jordan, Catherwood,  
 Julian and Mathews, Cooper,—aye! and more  
 Than I can mention of our singing brood,  
 And from dear friends and neighbors by the  
 score;  
 From mothers, toiling in their busy spheres,  
 From statesmen, scholars, toil-scarred pioneers.

And all alike are dear, alike are sweet,  
As, to a lost child, in a city strange,  
A mother's voice is, echoing down the street  
Of love's divineness that can never change:  
And all these tokens, blending, mingling, make  
An amulet I wear for love's dear sake.

Sherbrooke, March 5, 1883

TO J. T. W.

For you who love the sea and the green woods,  
The summer sail upon the mountain lake,  
The vernal gladness of rejoicing floods,  
And all sweet sounds that woodland voices  
make;

Whose ear is ever close to nature's heart,  
Each year must bring a music of its own,  
With tenderer chords and more exquisite art  
Than any that your former days have known.

And so we cry, from fullest hearts, to-day,  
"Long may the genial light and warmth en-  
dure,

To shed their bliss about your onward way,  
And make a happy future still secure!"  
For souls that keep forever young and fair  
Have little need to mourn the dying years  
That put their snowy blossoms in our hair  
And ripen us with mingled joy and tears.

Though many New Years come and Old Years go,  
Each sunny season brings its singing bees,  
When soft winds sigh and tender blossoms grow,  
And Heaven is mirrored in the pulsing seas.

In gentle souls, that kindly nature keeps  
 Warmed in her bosom, Summer never dies,  
 And when above our clay the winter weeps,  
 'Twill still be summer in the peaceful skies.

So, happy New Year, happy, happy still,  
 To you and all you cherish, far or near,  
 May good prevail above each passing ill  
 And smiles of joy replace each transient tear !  
 May Heaven bend down to you on sweetest  
 wings,  
 And Earth's fair bounties ripen at your feet,  
 And love and hope and all divinest things  
 Conspire to make your happiness complete.

January 1, 1884

## SONG OF THE WINTER CARNIVAL

[Montreal, 1884.]

THE South has a balmier breath,  
 It has wonders of blossom and song;  
 But its hot airs are freighted with death  
 And its cyclones are murderously strong:  
 In the light of this clear northern sky,  
 When Polaris looks down on the snow,  
 While the Bear and the Lion are high,  
 And Orion and Sirius are low,

There's a ring in the skater's swift steel  
 And an impulse of joy in the air  
 That only the North can reveal  
 To the spirit long burdened with care:  
 With the manifold chime of sweet bells  
 And the rhythmical motion of sleighs,  
 What a sea of wild melody swells,  
 While the Winter his jewels displays!

Here the sons of proud Albion rejoice  
Hand in hand with the children of France,  
And the harp of old Erin gives voice  
To the hymn of a new world's advance:  
Here, Scotia, dear Scotia, to thee  
Thy children lift voices of song,  
And the Indian, still dauntless and free,  
Brings the soul of the wood to the throng.

Here the cross of St. George and the Stars  
Of the Union of States are unfurled  
Side by side, to the anguish of Mars,  
To the peace and the joy of the world:  
Then, ho! for the drive and the meet,  
For the tramp where the red torches blaze,  
For the wonders of river and street,  
Glad nights and memorial days.

Give the South oleander and rose,  
Let its palms lift their fronds to the sky!  
Our delights are at flood when it snows  
And the voices of Winter are high:  
Wrapped warm in our woolens and furs,  
We smile at the wrath of the cold,  
As each pulse to activity stirs,  
With our hearts waxing eager and bold.

The frost king but works for our gain,  
As some magical spirit in dreams,  
Builds highways through forest and plain,  
And bridges with crystal the streams:  
Where the noises of traffic were loud,  
And, in Summer, ships swarmed like a fleet,  
See the swift-flying coursers, the crowd  
With the great river under their feet!

There are visions of fire in the night  
Winding up through the streets and the woods,

And breaking afar on the height  
Of Mount Royal, in wandering floods  
And errant scintillas of flame,—  
Passing in and out under the trees,  
Inconstant as phantoms of fame,  
Or lights on the populous seas.

Down the avenues gay cavalcades  
Are moving to music's glad notes;  
The flags and the drums, the cockades,  
The blare from the wide brazen throats  
Bid the spirit of Canada soar  
Till the people are wild in their joy,  
And the heart of the gray-beard once more  
Leaps up like the heart of a boy.

What splendor the cold and the mist,  
With the genius of man and his toil,  
In spite of all powers that resist,  
Have wrought from the Winter's wide spoil!  
These crystalline turrets and walls,  
That glow with electrical light,  
Were once as the shower when it falls  
Or the dew which distills in the night.

Though to mist all their strength shall return,  
Yet to-day they stand perfect and fair,  
And at night they shall sparkle and burn  
Like a fortress of light in the air,  
All besieged and defended by fire,  
While the thousands are shouting the fame  
Of Nature's warm heart of desire  
Prisoned cold in a temple of flame.

Youth and beauty in mimic array,  
Gay Knights who are guileless as bold,  
And Queens who shall bear their mild sway  
Over hearts neither callous nor cold,

Glide and flow like sweet words in a rhyme,  
In a world filled with music and light,  
On their skates keeping wonderful time  
To the song-quicken'd pulses of night.

Ho! curlers, come "sweep up" the stones  
With a shout and a cry of good will!  
Swift glide the toboggans from thrones  
Of enjoyment built high on the hill:  
Here are color and glitter and glow,  
Here is warmth in the teeth of the cold,  
And health with her roseate glow  
"More precious than silver and gold."

Here gather from province and state  
The bravest, the fairest, the best,  
From the opulent cities that wait  
For their ships by the sea, from the West,  
Where the lake and the plain and the sky  
And the world-feeding people behold  
The wondering nations draw nigh  
While this new world is nurt'ring the old.

Brave Winter, thy terrors are naught  
To the souls of the hardy and free:  
Thou shalt live in our tenderest thought,  
For Canadians do honor to thee;  
Thou foe to effeminate ease,  
To the softness that rots and destroys,  
And the blight of infectious disease,  
We celebrate thee and thy joys!

For our God has appointed this land  
Of plenty and peace for our own,  
And its treasures and pleasures His hand  
With bountiful largess has sown:  
We thank Him for mountains and streams,  
We thank Him for valleys and plains,

For lakes that are lovelier than dreams,  
For pastures, for herds and for grains:

We thank Him for wealth in the mine,  
For wealth in the forest and field,  
For the harvests we glean from the brine,  
And the fruits that the provinces yield;  
We thank Him for Winter and snow,  
Fair women and storm-nurtured men;  
And for freedom that blesses us so,  
We thank Him again and again.

Then hurrah! for the carnival time,  
For the triumphs of friendship's increase,  
For the pleasures unsullied by crime,  
For the tourneys and conquests of peace!  
Let the eagle and lion be one  
In the welcome our people extend,  
And their banners that glint in the sun,  
Float ever for neighbor and friend!



MEMORIAL VERSES



## INDIANA'S DEAD

OH! sing the funeral roundelay,  
Let warmest tears be shed;  
And rear the mighty monuments  
For Indiana's dead.

On many a field of victory  
They slumber in their gore;  
They rest beneath the shining sands  
On ocean's sounding shore.

Where frown Virginia's mountain chains,  
By Rappahannock's side,  
Upon the heights of Maryland,  
Her gallant sons have died.

The broken woods of Tennessee  
Are hallowed by their blood;  
It consecrates Missouri's plains  
And Mississippi's flood.

Kentucky's "dark and bloody ground"  
Is furrowed by their graves;  
They sleep in Alabama's soil,  
By Pamlico's dark waves.

And Mississippi's poison swamps,  
Arkansas river ways,  
And Pennsylvania's pleasant towns,  
Attest her heroes' praise.

They saw them in the ranks of war,  
O! memory dark with woe!  
They saw them yield to death who ne'er  
Had yielded to the foe.

Then weave the chaplets fair and well  
To grace each noble name,  
That grateful Indiana writes  
Upon her scroll of fame.

Her sons have led the battle's van,  
Where many fought and fell,  
With all th' immortal Gracchi's zeal,  
The hero faith of Tell;

And from their fields of glory looked  
Their last upon the skies,  
And calmly met the honored death  
The fallen hero dies.

And in the dreary doubt and gloom,  
The sick ward's tainted breath,  
Have thousands met the harder fate,  
The slow consuming death;

The weary torture day by day,  
The fever and the pain,  
The yearnings ever at the heart,  
The pressure on the brain;

The longing for the gentle voice,  
The old remembered song,  
And all the dear delights of home  
That memory treasures long.

Oh! Indiana's noble dead,  
With fadeless wreaths encrowned,  
Shall bless the places where they fell  
And make them freedom's ground.

Then twine their praise with freedom's song,  
Their names with freedom's name,  
And make each heart a monument  
Of all their deathless fame.

## LINCOLN

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 30, A. D. 1865

THE voice is hushed, the heart is still,  
No light is in the earnest eye  
That lately looked on war's wide ill  
And wept where fallen heroes lie.

We kindle brightly to thy praise,  
We melt in sorrow at thy bier,  
And wonder, in the boundless days,  
When God shall every truth insphere

In worlds all wisdom, all delight,  
What crowns thy spirit brow shall wear,  
When, past the terror and the night,  
Thou soarest into morning there.

O choral lips of love and song!—  
The world's harmonic multitude  
That through the ages dim and long,  
Have prophesied the coming good,—

Philosopher and saint and seer,  
Of every age and race and clime,—  
Behold, the promised days are near,  
Auroral on the hills of time.

We read the blessed morrow's sign,  
That comes to hallow every place,  
In every feature, every line  
Of that upturned and calmest face.

From this dear sacrifice we learn  
The future's full reality,  
How freedom's flame shall mount and burn  
Above the tomb of slavery.

How age on age shall pile its weight;  
Yet through the twilight dim and far,  
Among the wise and good and great,  
Shall Lincoln shine, a morning star.

The useless lash, the broken chain,  
Black swarms of traffic turned to men,  
War fruiting with eternal gain,  
That ripens into peace again;

These glorify the places where  
Thy paths have been, O true and brave!  
And these inspire the prairie air  
To sing its rest above thy grave.

Rest! patriot, martyr, saviour, friend,  
Defender of the poor and weak!  
Thy glory shall not have an end  
While history has a voice to speak.

## SUMNER

BE silent, speech, and hushed the noise of drums;  
No idle tumult adds to his renown,  
No wild acclaim, as when some hero comes  
To meet the unstable homage of the town,  
Can give a lustre to that noble name,  
Now brightest on the scroll of civic fame.

Hang but one broken fetter on his urn,  
Let one black mother only bring her young,  
And while the past shall on her soul return,

But teach her child to lisp with faltering tongue  
The name of him, the apostle,—him who gave  
His life to freedom and the suffering slave.

We cannot honor him, the time is past.  
He honored our humanity, he wrought  
A work so noble, reared a tower so vast  
Of civic truth and never-dying thought,  
The age should write in granite where he lies,  
"As Aristides just, as Solon wise."

## GARFIELD

IN vain were our prayers and tears,  
And our struggling hopes in vain;  
He is dead in the midst of his years,  
And the nation bows in tears,  
And weepeth above her slain.

He is dead, the tenderly brave,  
The humble, yet wisely great;  
He goeth down to the grave,  
And over the dust of the brave  
Boweth, in tears, the State.

He is dead, in the flower of his fame,  
In the wealth of his boundless love;  
He is dead, but his deathless name,  
And the flower of his generous fame  
Shall live while the ages move.

O, gray-haired mother! Your grief  
Is shared by millions who wait  
By the bier of their stricken chief,  
And ponder in silent grief  
On the future of the State.

O, faithful and patient wife!  
 What word can the people speak,  
 To comfort thy shadowed life?  
 O, patient and faithful wife!  
 Thou art strong, but we are weak.

Men may tremble and break  
 Like oaks in the tempest's path,  
 But the wife, for her darling's sake,  
 Stands firm, and will not break  
 In the rush of sorrow's wrath.

“GOD REIGNS AND THE NATION LIVES.”  
 And the life of our fallen chief  
 A halo of glory gives  
 To the fame of the land that lives  
 Though stricken and filled with grief.

“God reigns!” and the nations move  
 To the light of a broader day;  
 To the music of infinite love  
 The tribes and the nations move,  
 Though error may bar the way

And the murderer's hand of hate  
 Strike down the truest and best:  
 Still forward moveth the State,  
 And love grows stronger than hate  
 As the days go down the west.

The seasons shall bloom and fade,  
 And the silent stars look down  
 On the spot where his dust is laid  
 For ages, nor yet shall fade  
 One color of his renown.

Nor granite nor brass shall hold  
 So strongly in their embrace  
 The story his life has told,



As the souls of men shall hold  
Forever its matchless grace.

Lover of freedom and man,  
Child of the people was he:  
Leader in truth's bright van,  
Lover of freedom and man,  
'Tis the people who weep for thee!

## MORTON

Look on this statue, standing dark and bold  
And gazing Southward with a dauntless eye,  
And feel once more the presence that controlled  
The broods of faction wed to treason's lie,  
Trode them beneath his feet and led the van\*  
Where stricken freedom's eagles soared and  
where  
The bayonet upheld the rights of man,  
And war's dread echoes drowned the voice of  
prayer.

And this is Morton! History writes his name  
In burning letters on her sacred scroll;  
Young men reflect with wonder on his fame,  
And older men, who knew him soul to soul,  
Almost forget he had his loves and hates,  
His strong ambitions, little joys and griefs,  
Battled, as other men, with adverse fates  
And nursed his inner world of sweet beliefs.

Who, gazing on a mountain's lofty brow,  
High-towering in the sunlight, cares to mark

\*Governor Morton, though not a military leader, followed the Indiana soldiers to the front, filled them with his own enthusiasm, and cared for their wants so persistently that he, in fact, became their leader.

The flowering cacti on its sides, or how  
 Its front is ploughed with ravines deep and  
 dark;  
 Or hears the birds that warble sweet and low  
 Where osiers bloom and happy brooklets run?  
 Men seek not these, they only care to know  
 This is a mountain, on its head the sun.

The world knew Morton when his nerves were  
 steel  
 And tense and straitened in his country's need,  
 When all his cares were for the common weal  
 And he was bold in thought and quick in deed,—  
 So history paints him, brave and strong and true  
 And tow'ring sunward, born to high command,  
 With Cromwell's zeal, with Cæsar's strength to do  
 And Lincoln's love for home and native land.

Let him who criticises, carps and scolds,  
 And blames the mountain that 'tis not a plain,  
 Go hence and grumble! History's genius holds  
 Our Morton's impress sacred; Hate is vain  
 To change its features; love as vainly cries  
 That "he was generous, loyal, kind of heart."  
 This ruler of men, this man of high emprise,  
 Has now become of History's self a part.

#### DECORATION ODE

BRAVE defenders of our Union,  
 Lovers of our native land,  
 Here once more in sweet communion  
 At your honored graves we stand.  
 Freedom's banner waving o'er us,  
 Freedom's fire in every breast,  
 While we join the sacred chorus,  
 Memory sings above your rest.

Ye, who died to save the nation,—  
Make it Freedom's home for aye,  
Unto you this decoration,  
Flowers and wreaths we bring to-day.  
Oh, may North and South united  
Banish hatred, doubt and strife,  
And, with faith in union plighted  
Triumph in the war of life!

Unto Thee, the Heavenly Giver,  
We devoutly, humbly pray  
Thou wilt save the land forever  
From the tyrant's blighting sway;  
Take our people in Thy keeping,  
Guard from luxury, vice and crime;  
Make us purer, make us worthy  
Of this choicest fruit of time.

Choicest fruit of all the ages,  
Liberty and law and peace;  
Let the wisdom of the sages  
In the people's will increase.  
Make us purer, make us worthy;  
Like these heroes let us be  
Consecrated, dedicated  
Evermore to liberty.

AT MT. MCGREGOR

THE man who lies dead at McGregor  
Was great where the greatest were weak;  
Where the great were imperious and haughty,  
Was modest and childlike and meek.

“And what shall we write to his glory,—  
What monuments build to his fame?”

Keep silence! He wrote his own story;  
'Tis signed with his own deathless name.

He obeyed, he commanded, he conquered,  
Saved the Union, gave freedom increase;  
Saw the world doing homage before him,  
And said to the world, "Be at peace!"

Then let us have peace for his ashes,—  
The Nation's wide empire their urn,—  
For his is a fame that surpasses  
The power of our time to discern.

All great things are seen from a distance,  
Or seen but in parts, at the best;  
Our leader is safe for the future,  
The present bequeathes him its rest.

## LONGFELLOW

THEY say that Longfellow is dead,  
That his form lieth low in the clay;  
That his vision prophetic has fled  
From the light and the gladness of day.

But they who speak thus must be wrong,  
For just now I was with him in Spain,  
And heard the improviso's song,  
And the muleteer's mountain refrain.

Then we wandered through Europe once more,  
And saw it with eyes that were young;  
His eyes that looked into all lore  
And knew every classical tongue.

At Nuremburg's haunted old town  
We revelled with Dürer in art,  
And quaffed at the beverage so brown,  
That warmed Sach's musical heart.

And the Rhine that we wandered beside  
Is a stream that no mortals have known  
Except those rare spirits that bide  
In poesy's magical zone.

There Goethe and Schiller sang loud,  
Philosophy, Germany, art,  
And Müller's melodious crowd  
Sang low to the love-burdened heart.

Then, dropping each hindrance of time,  
And pluming the Spirit's wide wings,  
We neared the great summit sublime,  
Where Sandalphon, the prayer-angel, sings.

Now turned with The Angels to bless  
The homes and the hearthstones of men,  
Repeating, with rhythmical stress  
The Psalm of Life over again.

Love, beautiful, deathless, divine,  
By the dark waves of Minas we met,  
Where the winds taught the hemlock and pine  
Songs of longing and sighs of regret.

But Evangeline faded too soon,  
Like a star on the brink of the morn,  
Like a rose in the fullness of June,  
Like a solo far wound from the horn.

Then how sweet were The Voices of Night,  
When The Wind o'er the Chimney was high!  
And The Flowers were all breathing delight,  
As The Footsteps of Angels drew nigh.

Strains of love and of longing arose—  
It was Sweet Chibiabas in Song;  
We heard the wild chant to its close,  
Then danced with fierce Kwasind, the strong:

And all through the glad summer day  
The gentle Dakota spake low  
To her chief, as he led the long way,—  
“ My husband, with you will I go.”

John Alden, the faithful and true,  
Miles Standish, rough, generous and bold,  
And the tales that the travelers knew,  
And the priests with their legend of gold;

All charmed us away from our pain,  
Singing paradise rather than wrath,  
Till we turned us to hang up the crane  
And gather the Sweet Aftermath,

What! Longfellow dead, did you say?  
Do we cherish and love him in vain?  
You are wrong, for I know that this day  
Thousands walk with the poet in Spain.

#### PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

OH, weep for him, ye ever moaning pines!  
Ye green palmettoes by the summer sea,  
Bend low your heads for him who low reclines!  
He loved you well; his soul to melody  
Was stirred forever by the south wind's play,  
The ocean's voice, the mock-bird's checkered lay.

Weep for the poet! When the poet dies  
There be some souls that, through the noisy  
years,

Heard far and heeded, and did not despise  
His voice of gladness, half suppressed by tears,  
Who pause and query: "Wherefore toil and sow?  
There is no sunshine; how shall harvests grow?"

Sunshine and music are the poet's dower;  
He sings, and lo! the land is wed to fame:  
It may have wealth and excellence and power,  
But o'er them all men write the poet's name;  
'Tis Burns's land or Schiller's clime or Hayne's:  
O'er every ruler's right the poet reigns.

Now silent are the notes that trembled sweet  
As thrushes warbling in the western woods,  
Or murmurs where ecstatic waters meet  
To join in gladness their related floods.  
Men cry, "Farewell!" and linger and bewail:  
The beckoning future whispers softly, "Hail!"

Nor chivalry, nor knightly deed shall wake  
For thee, O Sun-kissed South! the world's  
acclaim,  
As his glad notes that trembled for thy sake;  
For he who bore Carolina's dearest name  
Could touch the wondrous heart of man, and move  
Its chords to song, its every pulse to love.

The man is dead; the bard shall never die;  
Though clay lie cold and eloquent voice be  
stilled,  
The poet lingers; wood and field and sky  
And the far spaces by his soul are filled.  
For him all times and seasons shall remain,  
And thy best name, O South! shall still be Hayne.

## SONNETS

W. B. V.

Oh, mountain monarchs of the mighty west!  
Cradle him gently, lying at your feet;  
Fold him, O nature! softly to thy breast,  
And strew thy daisies o'er his dreamless rest!  
No more for him the murmurs of the street,  
Nor shout of mountain waters as they meet,  
Nor songs that echo when the wine is best  
From life's young vintage; but the blessed calm  
That broods forever o'er the poet's tomb,  
Warm with the fragrance of immortal bloom,  
And breathes through all the year a happy  
Psalm!  
A Psalm of thanks that poet souls are given  
To bless the earth and sing the joys of heaven.

M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

For her who died so young and wondrous fair—  
A female Keats—some Shelley should arise,  
To deck her tomb and crown her golden hair  
With wreaths as lovely as her own brown eyes,  
Weeping in song, with bowed, melodious head,  
As he who wept for Adonais dead.  
Fair was her morn, hope-tinged with golden red;  
Its promise full, its joys before her spread,  
Broad as the world. How soon, alas! they fled,  
And she, whose soul to music's soul was wed,  
Lay spotless, still and beautiful, but dead.



And yet not dead; the works her hands had wrought  
Preserve her sweetly to the world of thought,  
And give their glory to her narrow bed.

ON SEEING SOME OLD LETTERS FROM MRS. HETTIE  
ATHON MORRISON.

Here lie her letters, fresh as yesterday,  
Full of sweet flat'ry for my faulty rhymes;  
Here wit and pathos, interchanging, play  
Like praise and gladness in the Sabbath chimes;  
And though I never saw her, never knew  
The patient face that suffering limned with care,  
Still, budding rose and violet, bursting blue,  
And apple blossoms sweet and lily fair  
Shall long recall her genius; the perfume  
Of that rare life which poets wreath and sing,  
A thrill of heaven that quickens in the gloom,  
A joy that consecrates the humblest thing.  
O poet soul, divinely fair and young,  
Thou singest now with never-wearying tongue.

M. J. W.

AT DAWN, FEB. 25, 1865

AND is she dead, the ever hopeful one?  
The loving life that seemed but just begun,  
So quickly past, and all its guerdons won?

And have we watched her feet, as, day by day,  
From childhood's sinless hours of sport and play,  
To womanhood's more elevated way,

She trod, with firm and ever new delight,  
Along the paths of knowledge, gaining might  
To wield in future battles for the right,

Alone to see them tremble, pause and fail  
On the glad hills, and turn to walk the vale  
Where night and gloom, decay and grief prevail?

The hopes we cherished for her future years  
Are gone forever; through our falling tears  
All but the last and brightest disappears.

The last and brightest! in our doubt and gloom  
It throws to heaven the beauty of its bloom,  
And drowns the death-smell under its perfume.

That blessed hope that teaches, in our pain,  
That never noble life was lived in vain,  
And even death dispenses greatest gain.

Her feet no more enclogged by earthly clay,  
Mount upward now, in their celestial way,  
Swift as the young lark soars to meet the day.

Upward forever on those hills of light,  
Where love's effulgence banishes the night,  
And every step reveals some new delight;

Where knowledge cometh not through toil or  
pain,  
But sweetly falleth like the summer rain,  
And fills the spirit with a boundless gain;

A gain expanding through eternal years,  
While, to its never-ebbing flow, inheres  
The peace and wisdom of diviner spheres;

There faith establishes her paths, and there  
Love looketh with her eye of gentle care,

And breathes through Christ, the merciful, a  
prayer;

When life shall pause and drop the numbering  
glass,

And death pronounce the midnight's solemn mass,  
Bidding our good or evil forward pass,

That we may enter, with no selfish dread,  
The silent army of the happy dead,  
To follow where her morning walk has led.

### THE CHILDREN

THE many voices of the noisy day  
Can never hush the echoes of our grief,  
Nor little pleasures, vanishing and brief,  
Nor formal strength of any cold belief,  
For sorrow hath above them all her way.

But even sorrow bears a gentle heart;  
Subdued and pensive in our thought she dwells,  
Assuages mirth and boisterous joy dispels,  
And drops into the Spirit's deepest wells,  
The anchors of her sure prevailing art.

And often in the hour of joy she comes,  
And with the faces of the children calls  
My soul away from all the festal halls,  
The flickering lights, the rows of painted walls,  
To the sweet country and its sweeter homes.

The little graves I know are by the wood,  
The children's school is very near at hand,  
And nearer still the little church doth stand;  
A mile away dear father owned some land,  
And there the children grew so fair and good.

'T was in the grove of maples, lovely trees,  
 The children chattered at their little plays,  
 And sported in their simple country ways,  
 And hours of love grew into lovely days,  
 And so they lived and grew in joyous ease.

But when there neared a time of wild despair,  
 When death was curdling all the sister's blood,  
 She bade me take her gently as I could,  
 Into the shadows of that pleasant wood,  
 Once more, once more, to breathe its balmy air.

Her thankful eyes, her failing, thankful voice,  
 I see, I hear; I never shall forget  
 The sad-eyed brother with his cheeks so wet;  
 Through all the years I see the children yet;  
 I see them yet, nor have I any choice,

But pour my soul in a melodious rain,  
 Half tears and half a melancholy rune,  
 A roundelay for those who died so soon,  
 A slender thread of song in saddest tune,  
 A rill of music from a fount of pain.

They could not dwell apart, for flowed the tide  
 Of their sweet lives, as waters in one rill:  
 The sister died, the brother smiling still  
 Passed on, his little mission to fulfill,  
 A few short days, then rested at her side.

Where are the children? in what pleasant dawns  
 Do they arise to hear the morning bird,  
 To see the glittering dew drops lightly stirred  
 On pendant sprays, to call the bleating herd  
 From their green breakfast on the emerald lawns?

Or, when the sun goes down at shut of day,  
 To watch the wonder of the painted mist,—

Now waves of gold, now domes of amethyst,  
Now bowers of rest where angels might keep  
tryst,  
And shout with joy to see the bright array?

Perhaps all seasons where the children roam  
In their ethereal life, are times of praise,  
And they, forgetful of our little days,  
Move on and on in ever widening ways  
Of joy and bliss in their celestial home.

They are not out of God, they cannot be  
Dissevered wholly from us, though they tread  
In unknown paths; but yet we know them dead;  
Their forms are dust, their little lusters fled.  
They are but ashes, ashes! what are we?

What! they but ashes! Do we vainly trust,  
That these poor bodies which so soon decay  
Are but the caskets, wrought of finest clay,  
In which we hide each through his little day,  
Then soar away and let them go to dust?

I cannot think of death as aught but change;  
The eggs must break to let young eagles out,  
The acorns burst before the oaks can sprout  
And the worn body sink in gloom and doubt,  
To give the spirit free to widest range.

The years we live are but a passing breath,  
But one poor quaver in an endless song,  
A ripple, where a million oceans throng;  
And he who tarries longest stays not long  
From the unknown results that follow death.

Whatever those results may be, we trust  
That nothing harms the children, nothing ill  
Befalls them on their journeys, love's sweet will

Is ever more the law that guides them; still  
We cannot choose but weep above their dust.

Somewhere in this wide universe they dwell;  
Somewhere they wander onward, as of old,  
From joy to joy in cycles manifold  
As are the worlds on night's blue chart un-  
rolled;

I know not where; God knows, and all is well.

### AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE

HERE is the grave!

My father is not here;  
The cherished life he gave  
Did only disappear  
From our sad eyes that watched, as in a dream,  
What time he shivered in the icy stream,  
Then with a burst of joy, remembered evermore,  
Stepped from the waters to the heavenly shore.

Here is the grave!

About it are the trees;  
Above their branches wave;  
The summer symphonies  
Float o'er this lovely, hallowed spot where he,  
When mother died, delighted much to be,  
For here she rests, here at her head there stand  
Cedar and willow, planted by his hand.

Here is the grave!

And here our other dead.  
When storms do wildly rave  
Above each lowly head  
The sleepers reck not, but when robin sings,  
And all the wood birds come, on fleetest wings,

I can but deem their spirits linger here  
And bathe in this delightful atmosphere.

Here is the grave!

His ashes here repose,  
Love boundless, rich to save;  
Forgiveness for his foes;  
The love he trusted, the forgiveness gave,  
And, to no bitter thought in death a slave,  
He cast his clay behind him with a smile;  
And thus he passed, a soul that knew no guile.

TO F. R.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER

THERE is no comfort in an idle word  
When sorrow touches all the strings of life,  
And voiceless sadness, with a step unheard,  
Glides through the halls and stills the noise of  
strife.

There is no music in the flow of song  
To ears that covet silence, or that ache  
For words whose echoes have been memories long,  
Renewed forever for a dear one's sake.

And yet a friend may come, without offense,  
And offer tribute to a mother's worth;  
For well he knows the sorrow, the intense  
Deep anguish of a child when the cold earth

Falls on a mother's coffin, and he feels  
That light and love and joy are gone away;  
And no fond dream of future bliss reveals  
To his sad eyes so sweet, so glad a day

As any single day of all the past  
Wherein she cradled him upon her knee,  
Or watched his toddling steps increasing fast  
In strength and purpose, and benignantly

Gave of her life and toils increasing store  
Of blessings on his head, as years went by,  
Until the heart that gave could give no more,  
The soul that blessed sought blessedness on high.

Ah me! the sorrow for a mother's death  
No pen can paint, no tender strain reveal;  
Words are but clamor, song an idle breath,  
And filial grief stabs like the dull, cold steel.

But yet, to him who looks beyond the tomb  
For life's best outcome, there is solace, hope,  
For, as a flower of never-fading bloom,  
A mother's face lights up the future's scope.

More musical than music's soul the voice,  
The mother voice that fills our sunniest dreams,  
Of that fair land where we shall yet rejoice  
As guileless children by the happy streams.

O mothers, mothers! we shall come to you,  
And as you gladdened when the anguish past  
And we were born, so shall your joys renew  
When we are with you safely housed at last.

A mother's love outreacheth time and change,  
It is compassion more compassionate;  
Intense, yet broad as life's divergent range,  
It follows, follows, like a haunting fate.

No heaven so high it cannot bless us there,  
No hell so deep it dare not tempt to save;  
It will not falter even when despair  
Were happiness, and a delight the grave.



The child who knows such love can never know  
Forgetfulness of her who gave it him;  
He may be wrecked on darkest shores of woe,  
Or pain may rack and rend him limb by limb,

Or sin may blight, or passion burn him dry,  
But through all depths the mother love shall hold

Its stellar glory in his spirit's sky,  
In his soul's rubbish be the coin of gold.

O mother love, call home, call home to thee  
Thy wandering children, when the day is done,  
And when the lights go out for us, and we  
Lie down to rest, our little courses run,

Be it in hope that on some future morn,  
Sooner or later, in the sinless lands,  
The souls whose joy was great when we were  
born  
Shall lead us with their dear maternal hands,—

Their dear maternal hands, where love endures,  
And is requited, where the poet's dream  
Of heaven and happiness no more allures  
And vanishes like shadows on a stream,

But is the substance of most real things,  
The primal joy of joys that shall increase,  
Sweet as the murmurous stir of angel wings,  
That smooth war's front with messages of peace.

## THE WHITE WATER BAR

[Read at the annual Bar Picnic, Saturday, June 30th, 1883]

I RECOGNIZE your able plea  
And make my answer true;  
Though every old authority  
Declare all law and equity  
And precedent with you.

I fain would join you on the green,  
Where youthful Summer stands  
In woods that rise, the fields between,  
Which Ceres rules—a peaceful queen,—  
And sows with bounteous hands:

Where wigless lawyer, lawyer meets,  
And ungowned judges walk;  
Where Friendship scatters myriad sweets  
More precious than the bard's conceits  
Or any learned talk.

But distance, which "enchantment lends"  
Restrains the eager thought  
Of long-loved scenes and absent friends,  
And so my homeward vision ends,  
A blossom fruiting nought

But memories fair of other days  
And love that waiting stands  
To pipe your joy in hopeful lays,  
Or fly across the weary ways  
To shake your friendly hands.

Since Blackstone bade his lyre farewell  
And turned him with a sigh,

To garner up the law and tell  
To ages, that should love him well,  
Its truth and majesty,

I doubt if any land has shown  
A bar with higher aims  
Than this White Water vale has known,  
Or one whose history has been strown  
With more deserving names.

Deserving names! a noble throng!  
Yet memory holds but few  
Of all, to shrine in slender song:  
No matter! Each shall linger long  
In loyal souls and true.

Here, O. H. Smith, Websterian, strong,  
And sprightly Rariden,  
Quick witted, brilliant, led the throng  
Of younger men, who moved along  
The legal foot-paths then.

Here, Blackstone of the early bar,  
Safe Newman built his fame,  
And Parker shone a splendid star,  
And Cale. Smith's silvery tongue afar,  
Wafted the Hoosier name.

Here, too, the mind of Perkins grew  
Judicial, earnest, broad;  
And Elliott, patient, honest, true,  
Lived out his life, and rose from view,  
A just Judge to his God.

And Nimrod Johnson, poet soul,  
Whose life was like a lute,  
Attuned to tender thought's control,  
Here early won his aureole,  
And here grew cold and mute.

And here McCarty, Borden, Reed,  
Farquhar and Holland rose;  
Each measured knowledge by his deed,  
And won the earnest lawyer's meed,  
And gained the sure repose.

Here Leonard grew of hero mold,  
To die in Freedom's Cause;  
And Johnson's stately years were told;  
And Polk knew honor's touch of gold;  
And Woodward won applause.

Be kindly thought a moment staid  
Where safe our neighbor's keep  
The spots where Hackleman is laid,  
Where Robinson's low bed is made,  
And Sleeth and Sexton sleep.

And Walter March, above whose clay  
The clods are broken yet,  
Learned, gifted, open as the day,  
And simple as a child at play!  
Who shall his fame forget?

'Twas here that patriot giant grew,  
Who in the stormy days  
Held firm the ship while tempests blew,  
Till all the watchful nations knew  
Triumphant Morton's praise.

We knew his steps that others see  
Through fame's empurpled view;  
The brave, strong man, who dared to be  
A leader then; his memory  
To us is ever new!

But think not all the wise are dead  
This lovely vale can claim;

For yet full many a stately head  
Survives where honor's light is shed,  
To share a generous fame.

Round gray-haired Perry, Yaryan, Test,  
What crowding memories throng!  
They knew White Water as "The West,"  
When lawyers were in buckskin dressed  
And circuit rides were long.

They knew when all the country round  
Came up through storm and cold,  
To hear the Judge's charge profound,  
And listen to the eloquent sound  
The pleader made of old.

They knew when from Ohio's side  
To swampy Kankakee,  
The lawyer would on horseback ride,  
And never dream of wounded pride—  
In quest of cause and fee.

But reminiscence often tires  
When hope is full and strong;  
The young man struggles and aspires,  
And thus are kept alive the fires  
Of Law as well as song.

White Water bears an honored name,  
No time nor change can mar;  
Be yours to magnify its fame,  
Increase its glory, add no shame,  
But many a growing star.

And now, lest you should file *complaint*,  
*Demur*, or pray *divorce*,  
I think this echo, far and faint,  
Had best withdraw its pleadings quaint,  
And let law have its course.

J. T. E.

A JUST JUDGE

[OBIT—Feb. 12, 1876]

NOT his to sound the Attic shell  
Nor touch the lyre attuned to please  
The souls of nations yet to be;  
Not his immortal Tully's spell  
Of witching eloquence that rose  
Above all minor melodies;  
Nor his the lurid fame that glows  
O'er war's red field of agonies.

But deep within his soul there lay  
The wealth that passeth every praise,  
The glow from old Astrean days,  
The light that fadeth not away.

To him was justice all divine,  
A blind, sweet goddess living still  
Untrammeled by the venal will  
That ever works a sure decline.

Great in his native strength of thought  
In calm pursuance of an end,  
In truth to client, love to friend,  
Such life is never lived for naught.

We weaker men imagine more  
And weave more garlands 'round the truth;  
He saw her naked in his youth  
And loved her thus forever more.

His wrath was kindled when he saw  
The forms of fraud and wrong arise,  
And march victorious in disguise  
Of specious plea, or wicked law.

To him the law was justice's shield,  
And that which cherished wrong or hate,  
In jurist's dictum, code of state,  
But so much mildew on its field.

But wherefore speak his worth in song?  
For song is idle and shall pass,  
Like flying shadows in a glass,  
While truth and honor tarry long.

Aye! truth and honor tarry late,  
And ever welcome guests are they,  
Renewing noble names for aye,  
With the swift finger-touch of fate.

And they shall still his worth commend,  
Who bears amid the throng no blame,  
Where many bless his spotless name  
As husband, father, neighbor, friend.

### BILLY ATKISON

AND so you say that Billy's dead,  
And that his hand no more shall make  
The tempting pie, the pudding brown,  
The queenly wedding cake.

No more his sleek, black face shall shine  
In grateful pleasure, when with praise  
Of stew or roast, strong men combine  
The sable cook's deft ways.

Ah! Billy, tho' your face was dark,  
Your heart was warm, your friendship true,  
And those be worthy tears that fall  
In earnest grief for you.

And now whene'er at cheerful board,  
The oyster fry, the savory stew,  
Shall fill our senses with delight,  
We'll think, old friend, of you.

And tho' the jest and laugh go round  
As they were wont to do before,  
The mirth will be less rude and loud  
Because you are no more.

And we shall ponder on the soul  
That lit with warmth your kindly face,  
And wonder where it wanders free  
In what untrodden space.

And then the silent prayer will rise  
To him who doeth all things best,  
"Wherever Billy is to-day,  
God give him peaceful rest."

### MY MOTHER

O, MOTHER! in that blessed clime,  
Where thou hast found a peaceful rest,  
Do ever thoughts and loves of time  
Return into thy gentle breast?  
And does thy happy spirit see,  
Or cast one loving thought to me?

O mother! I have wander'd far  
From all my childhood's dear delights;  
Grown weary of life's sick'ning war,



And every pleasure that invites,  
I bow my aching head and weep,  
Dear mother, where thy ashes sleep.

When shall I share this rest with thee?  
When shall I be as low as thou,  
And waken in the morn to see  
The crown of glory on thy brow?  
O mother still remember me,  
Till I again rejoice with thee.

AS A SHEAF FULLY RIPE

A. W., JULY 6, 1878

As a sheaf that is fully ripened, the Reaper  
Gathered the good man home to his rest,  
And the pallid form of the dreamless sleeper  
Lieth low in the dear Earth's breast:  
In the breast of the Earth, the fond old mother  
That turneth our clay to the sweetest things,  
To flowers that bloom and vines that smother,  
And grains and grasses and murmuring wings;

The rose on the cheek of the budding maiden,  
The splendor that falls on the sun-set sky,  
The lips that are sweet with love-dews laden,  
And all beautiful forms that wander by.

Ah, well! but the man himself!—who guesses  
In what far realms, what spiritual places  
He wanders on in a light that blesses  
His vision clear with the dear old faces  
That shone about his path in the morning,  
When life was sweet as a pictured psalm,  
And his soul was unchilled by the solemn warning  
We read in death's imperious calm?

A sheaf fully ripened, not scorched nor blighted,  
 Its fruitage as perfect and pure as his life  
 That bore the sweet faith, that all wrongs shall be  
     righted  
 And the Earth cease, at last, to be crimsoned by  
     strife;  
 A sheaf fully ripened, and garnered in gladness  
 That shouteth all praise to life's labor well done,  
 No touch on his face of death's premature sadness;  
 A sheaf fully ripened, his victories were won.

## FAIREST FLOWERS OF CHIVALRY

[FOR DECORATION DAY]

RAISE again the patriot song,  
 Sound the martial notes anew,  
 Though our heroes slumber long  
 And the grass is cool with dew  
     Where they bivouac silently;  
 While the never-sleeping stars,  
 Great Arcturus and red Mars,  
     Guard their rest so patiently.

Sound the bugle, roll the drum,  
 They have slept a score of years—  
 Let the happy children come  
 Strewing flowers instead of tears;  
     In the sunshine, pleasantly,  
 Scattering leaf and bud and bloom  
 On each consecrated tomb  
     Where they lie contentedly.

Those who wish to, may forget  
 All their wondrous sacrifice,

How they stifled each regret,  
And for freedom paid the price;  
    Dying uncomplainingly  
For the Union and the laws  
And the bondman's righteous cause—  
    Fairest flowers of chivalry.

But with us who loved them when  
Stricken Freedom's outcry drew  
Beardless youths and gray-haired men  
Where her menaced eagles flew,  
    And their blood flowed like a sea;  
As the gathering years increase,  
Love for them grows with their peace,  
    Multiplying endlessly.

Children, who were yet unborn  
When these soldiers halted last,  
Come, like spirits of the morn,  
When the weary night is past,  
    And with youthful sympathy  
Lift your souls in song anew,  
Naming those who died for you  
    In the war's wild agony.

Fear not to disturb their rest;  
These were heroes tried and true,  
Men who died to make bequest  
Of true Liberty to you,  
    And to all whose lot may be  
Cast in this new world of ours,  
Where new States, like opening flowers,  
    Gather on the nation's tree.

These were men who loved us well,  
And your patriot noise and song,  
Should they enter where they dwell,

With the happy-hearted throng  
 Clothed in immortality,  
 Would but speak to them how well  
 Freedom's soul survives the hell  
 Born of Treason and Slavery;

Still survives, forgiving all  
 Those who for the error strove,  
 And from State to State doth call,  
 In the sovereign name of love—  
 "Come fair sisters, cheerily,  
 Join together hands and hearts;  
 In the realm of peaceful arts  
 Let your future conquests be."

"Come ye brave men who obeyed  
 Voices of misgoverned States,  
 And in war's dread ranks arrayed,  
 Battled, like destroying fates,  
 For "the lost cause," fearlessly;  
 Blend your strength, mature, to-day,  
 In the march that moves away  
 To the future hopefully;

"Where Confederate gray no more  
 Contrasts with the Federal blue,  
 And the flag that goes before  
 Is the one our fathers knew;  
 And 'one flag, one destiny,'  
 Is the legend that it bears,  
 And the people's hopes and prayers  
 And strong arms its shield shall be.

"Happy children of the brave  
 Wearers of the gray or blue,  
 Lo! these starry banners wave  
 With the world's best hope for you!

Yours the land's prosperity  
Blooming from these graves so low;  
Yours to reap as yours to sow,  
Are these realms perpetually.

"Bind them, then, with iron thongs,  
Nerve them with the singing wires;  
Make them vocal with the songs  
Sung by steam and red forge fires;  
On the mountains, by the sea,  
Down the valleys fair and wide,  
Make them beauteous as a bride  
Flushed with love's expectancy.

"And through all and over all,  
Gladdening labor, warming art,  
Blessing cot and stately hall,  
Pulsed by every noble heart,  
Let your mutual love agree  
With your mutual interest; then  
Shall a prosperous race of men  
Save the Union endlessly."

Thus in hope we strew the flowers  
Where our patriot dead repose;  
Garlands fresh from budding bowers,  
Lilac fair and queenly rose,  
Speaking love's supremacy;  
Immortelles of angel white,  
Violets blue as skies at night,  
Heartsease blooming tenderly.

Thus, with many loving word,  
Eloquent tongues their deeds rehearse;  
Oratory's voice is heard,  
And the feebler trill of verse,  
While the drums pulse mournfully,

And the mellow bugles blow  
 As they blew so long ago  
     When they marched so valiantly.

Soon these annual rites shall pass,  
 And these fragrant blossoms fade;  
 But for them shall bloom the grass,  
 And the sunlight chase the shade,  
     Birds still singing happily,  
 Many a day and many a year,  
 While the world shall hold them dear,  
     Slumbering here victoriously.

## A. C. D.

JAN. 30TH, 1879

THE bloom of his manhood  
     Has faded away;  
 The joy of his morning,  
     The strength of his day,  
 Ere his evening had fallen,  
     Are over for aye.

And now lowly he lieth  
     And sweet is his rest,  
 Where the earth, like a mother,  
     Holds fast to her breast  
 The cold, pallid sleeper  
     Who lieth at rest.

His labors are ended,  
     His story is told!  
 But they say that he dwells  
     In a heavenly fold,

And sings to the sensitive  
Harpstrings of gold.

Be it so, yet nought sweeter  
Shall fall from his tongue  
Than the life that he lived  
Ere his dirges were sung,—  
Life of love flowing on  
From a soul ever young.

And its memory sweetens  
The grief where his home  
Waiteth long for the footsteps  
That never shall come,  
And it rests like the shadow  
Of peace on his tomb.

Early friend of my childhood,  
This torn myrtle spray  
On thy shrine in affection  
I tenderly lay;  
It will fade, but thy memory  
Shall fade not away.





HUMOROUS AND DIALECT  
POEMS



TO J. M. T.

POET AND NOVELIST, ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE OFFICE  
OF STATE GEOLOGIST

O POET! prone to woods and fishes,  
Whose songs were late of bream and trout,  
And those dear Edens of our wishes  
Where rivers sing and brooklets shout,  
Touched now by low Silurian numbers,  
Wilt henceforth tune a fossil shell  
To wake Cyathus from her slumbers,  
Or move the Soul of Rhynconell?

Alas! to old Zaphrentian graces  
Must wood-nymphs yield thy many charms,  
And thrush and robin see their places  
Assumed by dim Primordial forms?  
Or upward with the advancing ages,  
Shall Ammon's horn proclaim thy song?  
Whom triolet no more engages  
Shall he to Trilobite belong?

This plant Pentacrinal shed blossom  
Some fifteen million years ago;  
How warms it now thy poet bosom  
With long Polypean afterglow?  
Dost pant for wild Selachian pleasures  
Where strong Devonian billows roll?  
Or tunest thou those clinking measures  
That vulgar people christen Coal?

O Hippogriff! 'tis sorrow for us  
 To look upon this comic thing!  
 Thy poet rides the Plesiosaurus  
 Or flies on Pterodactyl's wing;  
 Mid groves of ancient Sigillarias  
 He'll chant Bellerophon's sinuous rhyme,  
 Or praise sweet Ganoid Amblypterus,  
 While Labyrinthodonts keep time.

In mesozoic modulations  
 His notes shall find conchiferous range,  
 With Bacalitic variations  
 And vigorous Squalodontal change;  
 Down laughing vales Post-tertiary  
 He'll lead the Megatherium bound  
 With strings of thyme and sweet rosemary  
 While Glyptodons are capering round.

We Talc to thee on Gneiss descending  
 En Trap our Souls with Golden sound,  
 And, while thy genius goes Hornblending,  
 May Apatite for song be found!  
 However Serpentine thy Traces,  
 Lift high the Alabaster brow,  
 Beware of saucy Gypsum graces  
 And quaff in Quartz thy nectar now!

Revere thy ancient muse and greet her,  
 If the Gal-ena where thou see,  
 Nor Shale thy new found loves defeat her  
 Though Tufas muses e'er may be;  
 If Faults they have or Dislocations  
 Where Dikes of common earthy thought  
 Outcrop through many fair Striations,  
 Don't Mica Strike, these things are naught!

In brief, O poet Southern-hearted!  
 Whose soul is full of tropic balms,

We mourn thee not as one departed,  
For, neath thy Carboniferous palms  
We still shall hear thy Shell a-ringing  
Through many a Palæozoic rhyme,  
And, now and then, recall thee, singing,  
To this long afternoon of time.

COURTSHIP AT THREESCORE AND  
TEN

HIS LETTER

DEAR Penina, I've been thinking,  
While the sun was sinking low,  
Of the past, and deeply drinking  
From the springs of long ago;  
And, somehow, through mists of sadness,  
One fair form arises still,  
Filling all my soul with gladness,  
Charming me from every ill.

Looking westward, sat I dreaming  
In the fading light of day,  
Till again I saw the gleaming  
Of a church spire far away,  
And the people, happy-hearted,  
Going through the open door:—  
You, a bride, that day departed  
And my heart was bruised and sore.

Youth is strong to turn from sorrow,  
"Hope springs ever in the breast,"  
And there came a brighter morrow  
Where my soul found peace and rest,  
While my hands toiled for another,  
Fairer than the blush of morn,

When the mist sprites kiss each other  
And the dew is on the corn.

\* \* \* \*

All is past, and death has only  
Left, of old friends, you and me;  
Ah! why should we wander lonely,  
Sorrowing by a shoreless sea?  
Age should never chill affection,  
Love survives both time and tide;  
Urge me not some trite objection;  
Hasten to me; be my bride.

Spring shall come with sprouting willows,  
Streams shall thaw and maples bloom,  
And the warm south air in billows  
Flow above the winter's tomb;  
Bluebells swinging, robins singing,  
And the noise of bleating herds  
Call to us, the message bringing,  
"Be ye happy with the birds!"

#### HER ANSWER

Your letter's cum to han, sir, an I'm told  
You've done quite well in gittin lans an gold  
An worldly gear; much better than I thought  
You would when I was young; an when you  
sought  
My han, ef you remember, an I sed  
"I liked you, but my heart belied my head,"  
Adden, as best I could, a choken back the tears,  
That "marryin means for all the comin years."  
"You're good," said I, "an stiddy, brave an true;  
But poets can't make ends meet;" an so you  
Stood there a pleadin, with your tearful eyes,  
Till all the world seemed full of grief an sighs;

But this ere level head of mine sed "No!"  
An, though my heart said "Yes!" I bade you go.  
The han that marks the cent'ry's run half roun,  
And snows of fifty winters sifted down  
Since then, an now that same old tinklen tune  
Is strivin to turn December into June,  
An melt the gathered frosts of age an time  
With an old lover's sentermental rhyme.  
Lord bless you, John! you'd take me for a mummy  
Ef you could see me; yet I ain't no dummy!  
I set an knit, an think the old times over—  
Old home, old friends, old playmates an old lover,  
They all rise up past nearer things an dearer,  
For back to'rds childhood mem'ry's sky gits  
clearer.

But greatgran'mothers can't be gals, I reckon,  
No more nor gran'thers beaux, at call an beckon,  
Or last year's leaves, all withered, dry an faded,  
Can rise in woods the frost has ne'er invaded.  
Don't dream, old friend, that winter's ice an  
snows is

The buddin spring times crocusses an roses,  
Or yaller cowslips, brimmed with golden lafter,  
Can sprout by frozen brooks, or that, hereafter,  
Yourself an me, reversin Nater's fashion,  
Shall live again Youth's trustful love an passion.

I don't like poetry, can't never like it;  
An ef I had the power I'd up an strike it  
Out of existence, for, 'twas only that  
Made me refuse my early lover pat,  
An turn away dissatisfied an mean;  
An now it comes again, a paintin green  
Life's brown old stubble, an a callin swallers  
An katydids from out the frozen hollers,  
An bidden age with love go lightly strayen  
Where gout belongs an rheumatiz is playen;

Picterin old gran'ma as a rosy maiden,  
 Treadin, in virgin coyness, youth's fair aidenn,  
 An maken bleeve renew, in spite of reason,  
 The flowin sap, as in the vernal season,  
 In leafless branches, by the storm winds shaken,  
 Which all song birds but memory's has forsaken.

Come, John, an see me, jest to learn how nice  
 That poet nater of yourn has fooled you twice.  
 We'll talk old times, and how to be forgiven  
 For all our sins, an jog along to'rds heaven,  
 Nor think nor dream of youthful Cupid's wingin,  
 When we should listen for the angels singin,  
 An be a moven for'ard, sure an steady,  
 A striven an a prayen to be ready  
 For layen down each earthly care an burden,  
 To meet our youth on t'other side of Jordan.  
 The Bible says there ain't no marryin there,  
 Nor nothin worl'ly breathes the heavenly air;  
 An what would happy angels, good an wise,  
 Think an remark, ef, looken from the skies,  
 They'd see us weak old fools in marriage given,  
 As ef to make our honeymoon in heaven?  
 No, John, we'll soon be as the angels are  
 Beyon the shinin realms of sun an star.  
 Till there we meet, I shell continer still  
 Your bowed an trem'lin friend,

PENINA HILL.



VENEZ ENCORE, DOUCE FRAISE!

FAREWELL, darling strawberry!  
Luscious and sweet,  
We part in great sorrow,  
Yet hoping to meet  
In some balmy future  
When summer is fair  
And the berry-man learneth  
To deal on the square,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

We never grow weary  
Of tasting thy lips,  
Darling pet, they are sweeter  
Than nectars Jove sips.  
But we weary, alas!  
When our money is gone,  
And two berry-man's quarts  
Will but measure out one,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

Farewell, darling strawberry!  
Since for thy sake  
The good wife no longer  
Constructs the short-cake;  
And the deadly ice cream man  
Now fixes his glance  
Where the raspberry joins  
In the season's gay dance,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

Good-bye, darling strawberry!  
Thou 'rt gone like a dream.

No more will we drown thee  
 In well-watered cream;  
 No more the church lady,  
 With pious intent,  
 Sell thee for a dime,  
 When thou cost her a cent,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

Farewell, gentle strawberry!  
 Now, with a tear,  
 The berry-man fixes each box  
 For next year!  
 He puts up the bottom  
 And shaves off the top,  
 Then lays it to rest  
 In the heart of his shop,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

It was good Isaac Walton  
 Who said in his day  
 That God, doubtless, could,  
 Had He sought for a way,  
 Have created a fruit  
 More delightful than thee,  
 "But then, God never did,"  
 With a smile, added he,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

And we promise ourselves,  
 As we bid thee good-bye,  
 That, if we should live,  
 Like bold Pat, "till we die,"  
 We'll keep both our tongues  
 And our palates in tune  
 For the strawberry chorus  
 That glorifies June,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

When the strawberry stars  
In the heavens of our youth,  
As we look back, appear  
Honeyed globes full of truth,  
We shout with regret  
Looking backward for aye  
And remembering the sweets  
Of each early June day,  
*Venez encore, douce fraise!*

TO NELLIE

(Two Weeks Old)

Good morning to Nellie!  
You're welcome, young lady!  
This country is large  
And there's lots of room in it;  
But life is not long:  
Though when babies begin it  
It seems like an age  
Ere they learn to go walking,  
Leave crying and puling  
For laughing and talking;  
And here, darling Nellie,  
Let uncle remind you,  
There's many a rude blast  
And ill wind that will find you;  
And many a hard ache,  
Both for heart and for cranium,  
Nor is half the world grows  
Either rose or geranium.

There are shadows for young folks,  
And sorrows for old ones;

There are fires for the hot folks,  
And frosts for the cold ones,  
But, somehow, I think,  
Though I can't just explain it,  
That life bears a blessing  
For each, could he gain it;  
But few win the guerdon  
Or some never know it  
Till it slips from their hands  
Like success from a poet;  
But still, Nellie dear,  
There are valleys where roses  
Bloom sweet as the west  
When a summer day closes.  
God grant, little niece,  
That your path may lead through them,  
And that all things you do  
May be blest as you do them.

So here's a warm welcome  
To earth and her mysteries,  
Her mountains and rivers,  
Her rock-written histories,  
Her woods and her fields,  
Cities, gardens and meadows,  
Her bountiful sunshine,  
Her sweet, pensive shadows.

You'll find, little lassie,  
Some leisure for dollies,  
And things that delight  
Baby girls, ere the follies  
Of fashion come in  
To destroy that illusion  
Of child-world that blesses  
In boundless profusion.

You'll find much to learn,  
And will learn much that better  
No doubt, be unknown,  
For this life, like a letter,  
Will bring you some tidings  
To set your eyes streaming,  
And some that will put them  
To dancing and beaming.  
So Nellie, sweet Nellie,  
Here's a welcome unflagging!  
You're in the world with us,  
And the world is a-wagging.

“WHISTLING JOE”

BY the border of a woodland,  
In a cabin, rude and low,  
Dwelt a young lad with his mother,  
In the days of long ago:  
And that mother was a widow  
And her daily joy did flow  
From the cheerful, earnest labors  
Of the lad called “Whistling Joe;”  
As he whistled in the morning  
Many a snatch of gleesome tune,  
Or at evening hummed a ditty  
To the old man in the moon,  
Mocking all the merry song birds  
That he heard from bush or tree,  
From the gusty joy of blackbirds  
To the chirp of chickadee.

“Mother, dear, I am so happy  
That I've strength to toil for you,  
That my spirits will run over,  
And I can't be sad nor blue,”

Said the merry little fellow,  
 And no doubt his words were true,  
 For next moment rose his whistle  
 In the tune of "Bonnets Blue;"  
 Then he echoed back the barking  
 Of the squirrel on the tree,  
 Mocked the rollic of the robin  
 And the thrushes' happy glee,  
 Set the comic cat-bird laughing  
 At his own mosaic lay,  
 At the whistle of the grosbeak  
 And the cackle of the jay.

"Oh, dear widow!" cried the deacon,  
 With his face so sad and long,  
 "That wild boy of yours, I'm certain,  
 Will be up to something wrong;  
 So much levity, good woman,  
 Shows old Satan's influence strong:"  
 But just then the lad came homeward,  
 And his mouth was full of song,  
 And he sang "The day is over,  
 And its memory I bless,  
 For I've earned a silver dollar  
 And I've bought my ma a dress,  
 Which will make her look so comely,  
 As she walks to church, I guess,  
 That she'll feel once more the sunshine  
 Of her girlish happiness."

Then the widow smiled and answered,  
 Very pleasantly and low,  
 "Josy loves me, labors for me,  
 Soothes my every pain and woe,  
 And I've not the heart, good Deacon—  
 He enjoys his racket so—  
 To forbid the noise and gladness

Of my dear, big-hearted Joe,  
As he chirrup with the crickets  
At his labor all the day,  
And comes happy homeward singing  
When the dusk is growing gray;  
And the music of his whistle  
And his voice's merry play,  
Are the sounds that most delight me  
As my evening fades away."

Growling surlily, the deacon  
Pulled his hat upon his head,  
And rejoined, "O, wicked woman,  
Be his sins upon thy head!"  
Then he strode away so solemn,  
Looking wise as any owl  
While Joe, toiling in the garden,  
Mocked that melancholy fowl,  
With "tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo!  
I'm the pride of all the wood,  
'Tis but little that I do,  
But I'm goody, goody, good.  
Pretty song birds I devour,  
Little chicks I murder, too,  
I can't bear the cheerful light,  
But I'm wise and good, tu whoo!"

So the days and years ran by them  
And the widow's skies were fair,  
For the sunshine of Joe's nature  
Banished darkness and despair.  
Yet, for all his noise and gladness,  
Not a thoughtless lad was he,  
But he loved his books and papers  
And he labored joyfully:  
Singing where the flowers were blooming,  
Whistling loud behind the plow.

*Whistling Joe*

Chattering, as the fragrant clover  
 He prepared for stack or mow;  
 Never pining, nor regretting  
 At his poverty, this boy  
 Deftly wrought life's earnest purpose  
 To the melody of joy.

Now that mother knows the silence  
 That befalleth all below,  
 And her son, no longer answering  
 To the name of "Whistling Joe,"  
 Gathers sons and daughters round him  
 And proclaims the rule of joy,  
 Saying to each smiling daughter  
 And broad-shouldered, lusty boy,  
 "Love and happiness will flourish  
 And fair virtue bud and bloom,  
 Better in the air of gladness  
 Than in atmospheres of gloom:  
 Hatred, selfishness and passion  
 Die when song begins to flow,  
 And the joy that lightens burdens  
 In the thankful heart will grow.

"Better whistle at your labor  
 Than to nourish sordid schemes;  
 Better wed your thoughts to music  
 Than to mope through gloomy dreams;  
 Better worship God in gladness  
 As you ply your humble toil,  
 Than split hairs with theologians  
 Or dig pitfalls in the soil  
 For a thoughtless brother's downfall;  
 Better sinless fancy's play  
 Than the grim ascetic's dogmas;  
 Better act than merely pray."



Then the old man whistles lightly  
As he used to long ago,  
And his happy children bless him,  
Singing "Long live Whistling Joe."

## THE VACATION

HE went on a summer vacation,  
The first one he ever had known;  
He was sixty, had worked like the nation,  
Owned merchandise, cattle and corn.  
His farms were as broad as a prairie,  
His bank account long as a string;  
His fortune, that never did vary,  
Was always the right sort of thing.

He could grub, he could plow, he could "figger,"  
He could "boss" in a bank or a shop;  
In short he "could work like a nigger"  
At "bizness" or "maken a crop;"  
But this bus'ness of taking vacation  
It puzzled and worried him so,  
It quickened each pulse's vibration  
And set his old face in a glow.

He went for four weeks to Lake Gumbo,  
Where fisherman's candor was born,  
Where black bass are bigger than Jumbo,  
And wild deer are thick in the corn;  
Where the turkeys are tame as mosquitoes,  
And woodcock are plentier than snipe  
And easier to gather than vetoes  
When blind widows' pensions are ripe.

He bought him a brand-new breech-loader,  
He purchased a rod and a reel,  
A boat and provisions to load her,

A bait box, a game bag, a creel;  
 And then he went fishing and gunning,  
 And waddling and spluttering around,  
 And sweating and fuming and running,  
 And wondering where rest would be found.

He shot a tom-tit on a willow,  
 He caught a small bream by the tail;  
 At night as he tossed on his pillow,  
 He dreamed that some debtor would fail,  
 And he, far away 'neath the larches,  
 A-fighting mosquito and gnat,  
 Would never know what stealthy marches  
 The "other bank fellers" were at.

He rose with the tints of Aurora,  
 Was ready for work by the dawn;  
 He was off to the lake in his dory  
 Before all the starlight was gone;  
 He fretted and worried his spirit  
 At lazy men seeking the shade,  
 Such fellows, he thought, could not merit  
 The joys that prosperity made.

"They sleep until six in the morning;  
 They skulk from the ardors of noon;  
 At every small cloud they take warning,  
 And go from their fishing too soon.  
 How can such folks enjoy a vacation?  
 So idle and listless are they.  
 As for me, I'll vacate like the nation;  
 I'm set in my mind it shall pay."

He raced and he chased and he fretted,  
 And dreamed of dire losses by night,  
 For three sultry days, each regretted  
 As so much clean cash gone from sight;  
 On the fourth morning, peevish and sighing,

He lay with an ague in bed,  
When the heat came he thought he was dying;  
The quinine it roared in his head.

They laid him down soft on a litter,  
They bore him away to the train,  
The train whirled him home, but the glitter  
Of a month of vacation in vain  
Winked, twinkled and dazzled before him  
Thereafter, it tempted no more;  
But never he ceased to deplore him  
The cost of his outfit and store.

He added it several times over  
To the sum of each mortgage he took;  
More faithful to it than a lover,  
He figured it down in a book;  
His lifetime's one loss, its one sorrow  
That burned his poor soul to the core,  
He'd regain it to-day, but to-morrow  
He'd sigh to regain it once more.

Thus fifty times over and over  
He won back his time and his "tin,"  
And still studied hard to discover  
New tricks to absorb it again.  
The thought of that fearful vacation,—  
It haunted and worried him so  
That he perished, at last, of vexation,  
And died in the wormwood of woe.

His heirs reared above his last slumber  
A ten-dollar stone with one lie,—  
They could only afford that small number,—  
"Of character noble and high,"  
Then turned themselves loose on the booty  
And quarreled and squabbled like fun  
Till the lawyers took all—'twas their duty—  
And then the vacation was done.

## ON THE TERRACE

WE walked upon the terrace high,  
And watched the broad St. Lawrence flow,  
And saw the great ships come and go:  
A tear stood trembling in her eye;

Upon the lash I saw it gleam  
And then I said, "No more, no more  
Think of the days long gone before,  
For they have vanished as a dream!

"I know the hist'ry, old and strange,  
Here Cartier came, 'tis Champlain's town,  
Here Laval wore his sable gown;  
But weep no more, for all must change!

"Though Frenchmen yield and England reign,  
Montcalm and Wolfe together lie,  
Though brave Montgomery fall hard by,  
No patriot blood is shed in vain.

"All things," I said, "work out for good,  
And some high purpose lurks beneath  
Each passing sorrow's cruel sheath;  
Weep not o'er these old tales of blood!"

She looked me squarely in the face  
And set my dignity at bay,  
Then laughed until it fled away,  
And said she thought 'twas "out of place,

"This stealing from the guide-book's lore,"  
And cried, "A dear old pump like you

Is dull enough, heaven knows, for two,  
So, prithee, lecture me no more!

“ As for that tear so round and ripe,  
That on your owlish fancy wrought,  
It came from one big whiff I caught  
From yon confounded Frenchman’s pipe.”

## AN AUTUMN REVERIE

### I

ALL purple and gold are the leaves on the trees,  
And the corn blades are withered and brown,  
While the elderly farmer is taking his ease,  
And driving each day into town,  
Where the oily-tongued man of insurance he’ll  
meet  
And hear his sweet tones with a smile,  
And think that his heart is as free from deceit  
As his lips are unlettered in guile.

### II

The lightning-rod peddler is out on the road  
And the woodpecker pecks on the limb,  
While the little snake struggles to swallow the  
toad  
And the bullfrog is taking a swim;  
The pumpkins are ripe on the frost-bitten vine  
And the walnuts are falling amain,  
While the country boy sings to the musical swine  
As they munch the new corn in the lane.

### III

The cunning opossum holds on by his tail,  
When old Sambo is shaking the bush;

The screech-owl repeateth her shivering wail  
 And the Hoosier feeds well on his mush;  
 The men of "cheap clodings" are telling their  
     lies,  
 For the winter will shortly be here;  
 And the glorious old bumper perceives, with sur-  
     prise,  
 That it frosts when the evenings are clear.

## IV

The tramp he goes tramping and begging for  
     bread,  
 While his appetite groweth apace;  
 Swell suppers still end with a swell in the head  
     And the belle putteth flour on her face;  
 The raccoon he racks through the fields of ripe corn  
     And the watch dog he chases the sheep,  
 While chanticleer crows in the cool, frosty morn  
     To wake the bold granger from sleep.

## V

The aster still waves its proud head on the hill,  
 As the golden-rod fades by the path;  
 The miller he mills all the day in the mill  
     And at night he counts up what he hath;  
 While the editor edits his "patent insides"  
     And the lawyer lives fat on—his lip,  
 The tippler is up while the night still abides,  
     For a generous, inspiring nip.

## VI

There's a deep, deadly light in the book agent's  
     eye  
 As she raps on the Methodist's door,  
 Where the "Drunkard Reformed" has just bid-  
     den good-bye,

To be back when his lecture is o'er;  
But the newspaper wit, with his hand on his brow,  
Sitteth sad and encumbered and blue,  
For spring-poet gags are unseasonable now  
And the mother-in-law chestnut won't do.

## VII

Oh, autumn, dear autumn! we love thy sweet  
    reign;  
Thy 'taters, thy cider, thy cheese;  
Thy spare-ribs and sausage are welcome again,  
    But never thy cough and thy sneeze;  
Oh! bring us, dear autumn, thy rich pumpkin  
    pies,  
With hickory nuts, hominy and squash,  
And solace our pockets and gladden our eyes  
    With the gay, golden lustre of cash!

## A BEAR-I-TONE

“WHOOP-la, whoop, tra, la, la, la!”  
Two dirty Polanders sing and shout,  
And the Cinnamon bear lifts up his paw  
    And on his hind legs capers about;  
And the small boy's mouth is open wide,  
As if to invite the bear inside.

“Whoop-la, whoop!” in the melting snow  
And slush of the street they splash around;  
And the crowd that follows them to and fro,  
    Rattles the coppers, with tinkling sound,  
Into the Polander's lousy hat,  
And Bruin boweth his thanks for that.

“Whoop-la, whoop!” spring lingers late,  
 And bears eat greatly, so I've been told;  
 And keepers, to vanquish their hungry fate,  
 Put Bruin at work in the storm and cold,  
 And he growls at the weather, but who should  
     care  
 For the sullen whims of a snarling bear?

“Whoop-la, whoop!” and the bulky brute  
 Plays soldier so awkwardly, I declare,  
 He acts like a very raw recruit,  
 And dozens of men I've seen play bear,  
 Are better up to their parts than he,  
 Or any four-legged bear can be.

### SOLOMON'S EPISTLE TO JOHN

WELL, Johnny, my boy! How's your debts?—  
 'Tis Christmas, you know what that means  
 To a chap who don't pay as he gets:—  
 Mine are bad enough; Governor bets  
 I'll have suits in a week by the teens.

But Christmas is Christmas, you know,  
 And I'll not be banged out of my fun,  
 Though constables stand in a row  
 Down the streets and the roads where I go,  
 Each armed with subpœna and dun.

I'm eager to see how it goes—  
 The ball at the Eagle, you guess—  
 That's it, and the dance at Will Crow's  
 And the sleighride to Hill's, if it snows,  
 With the girl in the striped silk dress.



Last year,—you remember it all,—  
I drove to a banquet at Clyde:  
What happened I cannot recall,  
But think that I grew very tall,  
Then wilted and shriveled and died.

When I woke, with an ache in the head;  
Myself and a pig or two more  
Were playing "dead beat" in a shed,  
Beneath the remains of a sled,  
Which sled was my sleigh day before.

Well, Johnny, I owe for that sleigh,  
And the constable's taken my watch,  
But it's not worth five dollars to-day,  
'Though forty, I think, is to pay  
And the note with the squire,—just my notch!

You see I've been bumming around,  
And having a great deal of fun:  
Have you seen my imported fox hound?  
He's the swiftest, so cheap,—why, confound  
It all! here in my vest is the dun.

"Only thirty-five dollars," Jim writes,  
For such a most marvelous dog;"  
And then all his troubles recites,  
And gives me the neatest "invites"  
To settle for him and my grog.

You see Jimmy keeps a saloon  
In Jacktown, on Michigan road,  
Sells whisky, breeds puppies, buys coon  
And all kinds of fur;—well, in June  
'Twas him sixty dollars I owed.

That included the drams and the pup,  
And the fiddle Tom played at the fair;

Now, I think, there's my tailor bill up,  
But I'll give the goose-driver a sup  
And get him to wait on that 'ere.

It's only a trifle, you see;  
And tailors their money don't need;  
Two broadcloths at sixty—his fee  
Three tweeds, forty each, priced by me,  
And then I owe Smith for my feed.

If people would only be still  
And remember fun's fun at the worst,  
And, no matter who pays the bill,  
Each thirsty dog wishes his fill,  
So many fine chaps wouldn't burst.

For, argue whatever you may,  
When a fellow is running down stairs,  
Every gamin's got something to say  
While he kicks you his own proper way,  
Till you're sadly in need of repairs.

I'll remark, too, their general remarks  
Are not always kind nor polite:  
Friends indeed are these jolly fine larks  
While your money goes upward like sparks  
From the chimney a cold winter night.

But when empty pockets are left,  
They fly away croaking like crows:  
While they curse you, you feel quite bereft  
And learn that your fun's had a heft  
You had never been led to suppose.

Great Cæsar! I'd never a thought,  
When I sat down to write, Johnny dear!  
I'd be talking so near like I ought  
About all this bothering for nought,  
Carousals and whisky and beer;

And paying the bills for the chaps,  
And getting yourself into scrapes,  
Till your money is all gone to scrapes,  
Credit ruined, and at your mishaps  
The bummers are grinning like apes.

## MUD-PIE DAYS

CHILDREN together we romp and play,  
When the morn is fresh and fair,  
Then grow estranged in the broad'ning day  
By envy, ambition, care;  
But yearn, at heart, through the noontide blaze,  
For the sinless joys of our mud-pie days.

O dimply doll, in the linsey dress!  
What princess could equal you  
To the toddling lovers you used to bless  
Or to flout, as the grown girls do,  
When you were queen and ruler of plays,  
In the guileless world of our mud-pie days?

To gallop the door-yard blooms among  
On a brave stick-horse, by a lady's side;  
To chase the speckled hen's downy young  
And to ford the well-drain's raging tide,  
Then scurry back in a lively chase,—  
What joyful times were our mud-pie days!

The future judge and the future clown,  
The future lady and lady's maid  
Were equals then, and the gaping town,  
That basked in sunshine, dozed in shade,  
To the clown and maid ascribed most praise,  
In the happy reign of our mud-pie days.

The things that the wise men ne'er foresee  
 Are the things that happen, and so I say  
 That the village "Toby" is apt to be  
 The country's pride in a future day;  
 And then the village herself will praise  
 Because she gave him his mud-pie days.

### THE FATE OF THE PENNY

"PLEASE, mama's sick an' we got no bread,  
 An' won't you a penny please to give?"  
 "O, yes, my fellow," the good man said,  
 "Your poor sick mama must rise and live,  
 So here's your penny, go quick and buy  
 A—stick of candy, or she may die."

A smile shone round through the dirt and grime  
 On the urchin's face, as he muttered low,  
 "Thanks mister! but couldn't you make it a  
 dime?"

For candy is mighty dear, you know,  
 Not candy, 'twas bread, I meant to say!"  
 But the good man was half a square away.

That urchin stands there studying long,  
 Deciding at last on chocolate drops,  
 And knowing full well where weights are strong  
 And clerks are careless, in there he hops.  
 Three minutes later another streak  
 Was seen in the dirt on either cheek.

## OULD PADDY FITZMORRIS

OULD Paddy FitzMorris  
Is eighty, they say,  
But he still loves to joke  
With the lads and be gay.  
Paddy totters a bit,  
As he walks, but his joy  
It seems to flow out  
From the heart of a boy.  
Long flourish the Emerald Isle in the sea,  
Its shillalah, its shamrock, its wake and its sphree,  
And Ould Paddy FitzMorris, O, long live he!

Ould Paddy FitzMorris,  
Away in the West,  
Far, far from green Erin,  
Will sink to his rest;  
But he who is happy  
And gay at four-score,  
Will scarcely repine  
When his journey is o'er.  
Then long live Ould Ireland, the gem of the sea,  
With its harp and its memories of old minstrelsy,  
And Paddy FitzMorris, O, long flourish he.

Ould Paddy FitzMorris  
Has now laid away  
The spade and the shovel—  
His friends many a day—  
And when the sun shines,  
And the weather is fair,  
He walks up the street  
And the lads meet him there;

And with jest and with laugh set the air ringing  
 free  
 To broad jokes of Ould Ireland, its wake and its  
 sphree,  
 And they end with this toast, to which all will  
 agree:  
 "Ould Paddy FitzMorris, O, long flourish he."  
 1882

### PATRICK AT THE CAPITOL

ALOFT, in flowing garb, she stood,  
 Her Indian head-gear waving high—  
 Fair Freedom's Goddess brave and good;  
 But Patrick Shane was full of "rye"  
 And bowed a livelier head than hers  
 Against the fluted column's face,  
 Where pass the thousand worshipers  
 Of freedom, elegance and grace.

There, on the eastern portico  
 Of the great Capitol, he slept;  
 The multitudes, with ceaseless flow,  
 Through halls and corridors, on swept  
 Beneath the mighty dome and saw  
 The grand, historic paintings there,  
 Or gazed, with ill-dissembled awe,  
 Upon the statues. Free of care,  
 Our Patrick Shane still leaned his head  
 Against the lofty pillar's face,  
 And, to his credit be it said,  
 Was noiseless as the hidden ace  
 That slippeth from the player's sleeve  
 To make the bold trump-holder grieve.

I see you shake your solemn head,  
And hear you mutter, "What a shame!"  
"Drunk, where the Nation's light is shed!  
Drunk, in the very ark of fame,  
At Freedom's holiest shrine!" But hold!  
You may be wrong, and so may I;  
We should not be so over-bold;  
Perhaps his weakness is not "rye,"  
Nor even good corn whisky, old;  
He may have been, I will not say  
He was, on Freedom's nectar "tight,"  
Or "loose," or "drunk," or what you will;  
But there, on Capitolian hill,  
At the great portal facing east  
He sat, from care awhile released,  
And leaned, in true Bacchantian grace,  
His Celtic head against the face  
Of fluted column holding high  
The lofty portico, and knew  
Such sleep as only "corn" or "rye"  
Or Freedom brings its votaries to.

I gazed upon his sandy hair  
And nose in blossom, and I said,  
"O Freedom! thou art great and fair,  
And ever to be worship-ed!  
Here, in thy palace, thy strong-hold,  
Temple and tower, thy humble child  
May come, and, careless of the cold  
That nips him sharply, "draw it mild"  
From jug or bottle or the free,  
Grand inspiration, fresh from thee,  
Until he sits and bends his trunk,  
And bows his head and knows the bliss  
Of being most supremely drunk  
In such a hallowed place as this.

## THE CAMP MEETING

### NEGRO DIALECT

#### I

Heah dat ole Camp meetin hawn!  
Blowen fah ercross de cawn,  
Foh de Augus' sun am hot  
An de chicken 's in de pot  
An de dumplin an de tater 'll soon be dah;  
So, Penina, stir de fiah  
While de hymn 's a gettin highah,  
Foh de preachah an de saint  
Dey mus' eat, er dey mus' faint,  
W'en dey tackle de ole debble in dis wah.

#### II

Ha'k, O, sinnah! heah dem shout!  
See dem monahs comen out;  
Heah dem preachas preachen loud;  
See dem eldahs looken proud  
As de glory ob de cross am magnified!  
O! we'll climb de golden stair  
An de pinnacles ob air!  
We will be de crownen gems  
In dem New Jerusalems  
W'en de chariot 's done an' swung us twudder  
side.

#### III

Oh! dis ole camp meetin kin'  
Ob religum suit de min'  
Dats not biggoty noh vain,  
Noh contented to ermain



In de wo'mwood an' de spicknahd an' de gall;  
An de step dem shepahds keep  
Is so natchel foh de sheep,  
Dat de sheep dey trot so fas',  
Dat de shepahds dey would pass  
Ef de lambs dey didn't slip sometimes an fall.

## IV

Heah de sistahs sing an shout  
Ez de 'Zortahs go erbout  
Wid de wahnin an de hope  
Dat'll break de debble's rope  
Dat he bin' de sinnah wid so ha'd an fas';  
Foh it snap ez quick ez sin  
W'en he lets religum in,  
An de joy dem postles fin'  
Is de hallelujah kin',  
An de glory ob de story always las'.

## V

On dis ole camp meetin groun'  
Listnen to de gospel soun,  
W'en de preacha shed his coat  
An de sweat begin to float  
An de aamens an de glorys beat de air;  
Den de joy come swif' an strong;  
Den de chariot move erlong;  
Den de sinnah 'gin to shake;  
Den de debble 'gin to quake;  
An de sky ben downa'd to de richus' prayer.

## VI

See de ole camp meetin grace  
Shinen in each cullad face,  
As dey tramp de tremlin-groun'  
In de ole-time walk-aroun';

O! de white folks has now powah such as dey!  
 W'en de walls ob Jericho  
 Gets a rocken to an fro,  
 An de hallelujahs ring  
 To de glory ob de King,  
 Hits de time to be upon de hebenly way.

## VII

Ha'k, to dat camp meetin' hawn  
 How it sings ercross de cawn;  
 How it hollahs come up highhah  
 Fum de brumstone an de fiah!  
 How it wauns yer dat de day am passen by!  
 Dat yo' po', sick, shiv'en soul  
 Soon mus feel de Johdan roll,  
 An yo' needin by yo' side  
 One to lead yo' fru de tide,  
 An pint out de glory places in de sky.

## VIII

So, Penina, stir de fiah,  
 Foh dem prechas soon'll tiah;  
 Let de pot pie be well done  
 'Fo' de turnen ob de Sun  
 Pas de noon spot where dem shadders gets de  
 leas';  
 Foh dis glorus 'ligus fight  
 Shahps de precha's appetite,  
 An de sistahs, bruvvahs too  
 Mus' dey mohtal strenf renew  
 Wid de pot pie an de tater ob de feas'.

## CÆSAR'S STORY

### NEGRO DIALECT

W'EN I cum fum Alabama,  
In de eighteen sixty-fo,  
I were feelin' bout as gawjus  
As de big clown in de show.  
Niggahs den were outen mahket  
An a steppin mighty proud,  
An a praisen Abum Linkum  
Berry 'diciously an loud:

An dis darkey were a totin  
Ob a papah all erbout  
Sayin dat, as fur de sarvin  
Uncle Sam, his job were out;  
Dats wut made me feel de bestest  
Fur yer dassent ebber say  
Dat hits any so't of pleashu  
To be shot at day by day.

W'en I thought of comin nothwad  
Dey were one thing in de paf,  
Hits a berry common 'went, too,  
An' 'll maybe make you laugh;—  
'Twere a yallah gal in Huntsville  
Wid er baby in comman'—  
W'y it 'zembled me so 'zackly  
I could nebber un'erstan'.

But I 'cluded dat to stay dar  
Were not any good foh me,

An I pined to see dis no'th lan'  
 Dat had don an' made us free;  
 So I said fahwell to Lucy  
 An de little yallah chile;  
 An Miss Lucy—I could heah her  
 Cryin no'th'ad many a mile.

Way ercross de 'Hio ribber  
 Seemed es uf I still could heah  
 Lucy cryin to dat baby  
 An a wailin' foh her deah;  
 Den my haht were like to bustin,  
 An my eyes were mighty red;  
 Fink it mus' hev been de agah  
 Dat were howlin in my head.

Way out heah in Injcana  
 Dahkey gals is mighty fine,  
 An I soon fo'got Miss Lucy  
 An dat little babe of mine,  
 'Gwine roun to de culla'd picnics,  
 Dancin to de fiddle's squall  
 Wid de gals of 'Catah county,  
 Sweet as pictahs on de wall.

Bimeby,—dunno how it happened,—  
 But I gaged my haht an han  
 To de little gipsy Susan,  
 Proudest niggah in de lan.  
 Susy's pa hed eighty akahs,  
 An a cabin made o' plank,  
 An erbout five hunna'd dollahs  
 Down to Greensbu'g in de bank.

Susy cloved herself in satin  
 Dat look like de buttahflies,  
 Or dat paht of peacock feathahs

Dat exembles hosses' eyes;  
An she talked de school-house langwidge,  
And her eyes were like de stahs  
W'en my fingahs on de banjo  
Flung down all dem music bahs.

O! she lubbed me mighty sahtin,  
An I lubbed her papa's lan,  
An er fine close an er langwidge  
An de jewels on er han;  
But no soonah was I gaged, sah,  
Dan de worl went swimmin roun,  
An I hea'd a gal an baby  
Cryin way down in de groun.

Way down cross de 'Hio ribber,  
Fru Kentuck an Tennessee  
To de Huntsville, Alabama,  
Jes a minit toted me;  
'Twel I thought dat I were dyen  
In my good ole muzzers bed,  
An Miss Lucy, wid de baby,  
Were a weepin' at my head.

Dunno how it all compoted  
Wid de awdinary way  
Dat dis typho-be-malaria—  
Wat you call 'im—do to-day;  
But foh weeks an weeks togeddah  
I lay mo'nen all de w'ile  
Bout Miss Lucy down to Huntsville  
An de little yallah chile.

Atter w'ile I hea'd de doctah  
Say hits not use come no mo',  
Bettah tell im dat his baggage  
Now done checked fo' tuddah sho;

Den I fell erway to dreamin,  
 An I seed an angel stan'  
 By de bedside dat were holden  
 Nuzzer angel by de han'.

Fust a golden mist were bout 'em,  
 But it brightened slow erway  
 'Twel Miss Lucy an de baby  
 Stood dah plainer dan de day;  
 Den my ahms flung off de kivah  
 An rech out ter clasp de air;  
 Lan o' libbin! halleluyah!  
 Lucy an de chile were dere!

Den I jumped up straight an shouted,  
 An de angels 'gan ter sing,  
 W'ile I danced an slapped de jubah  
 An I cut de pigeon wing;  
 Nebah thought erbout my gahments,  
 But jes danced dah 'twel I fell  
 In my Lucy's lovin ahmses,  
 An de chile sot up a yell.

Long, dey say twere many weekses  
 Atter dat befo' I foun'  
 Dat I were not in my coffin  
 Free or fo' feet in de groun';  
 But Miss Lucy an de baby  
 Nuss me up so pow'ful fine  
 Dat de fevah saw twere gin'im  
 An recluded to decline

Any fuddah operwtions  
 On dis dahkies cawpul frame;  
 So de preacha' come an jined me  
 In de mastah's holy name

To de yallah gal fum Huntsville  
An de little culla'd chile;  
Den Miss Susy cut our 'quaintance,  
But we's still erbove de sile.

An er lot o' happier dahkies  
You'll not fine in any day  
Dan dem little niggarooneses  
Dat erbout our cabin play.  
Heah de moral ob dis story!  
'Tis dat leaben lub for wealf  
Are not good fo' de digestion,  
An am powful on de healf.





## THE LESSON AND OTHER POEMS

The poems in the following pages, with a few others, were printed privately in a little volume bearing the above title, in the year 1871. The volume was dedicated as follows:

TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER,

Who, I trust, after years of separation, are reunited in the better life, and whom, in kindly thought or hallowed memories, I cannot separate, nor recall the compassionate love of the one, without renewing the long suffering faith and hope of the other; this little book is affectionately dedicated by their son and debtor,

B. S. P.



## PRELUDE

*You asked me, dear friends, in the fair month of roses,  
To write you some verses in elegant rhyme,  
All radiant with summer and cheerful with posies,  
And delightfully sweet in their musical chime;  
And I made for answer, if you will remember,  
That, though summer glorified all with its blushes,  
Still deep in my soul was the grief of November,  
And my sorrowful notes would not chord with  
the thrushes;  
But said, I would gather the old songs together,—  
The rude rhymes I chattered in other sad days,  
The notes that went tripping in all sorts of weather,  
And sought only your never critical praise.  
So here I present them, unpruned, the old ditties  
Of sorrow and love, and the lyrical notions  
Of freedom and labor; not fit for the cities,  
But just the rude offspring of country emotions;  
So take them, dear friends; if they give any pleasure,  
Or charm you one moment away from your pain,  
My toil is repaid in that bountiful measure  
That comes when we know that we've toiled not in  
vain.*



## THE LESSON

### I

A TINY rill and a little child,  
In a fair and lovely land,  
And the child has heaped in the water's edge  
A pile of the yellow sand;  
Then tries to hold the current back  
With a little dimpled hand.

But sunken like a rose leaf wet  
With nectar sweet as dew,  
The little hand beneath the tide  
Transparent meets the view,  
And, with the mien of a thoughtful man  
Who sees a wonder new,

He queries "why they will not stop—  
These drops that laugh and sigh—  
I cannot hold them in my grasp;  
They still go rushing by;  
They will not pause, they cannot rest;  
Do the waters never die?

"They murmur, murmur, as they go;  
I know not what they say;  
But yet I think they sing to me  
Of a region far away,  
Of cities, and domes, and palaces,  
A river and a bay.

"Sometimes I hear my robin's voice,  
And then my sparrow's song;  
And now the blue-jay's rollic call,

As the water skips along;  
And now my drowned hand is numb,  
And the current swift and strong.

“ I wonder if the waters think,  
And know the things they say,  
And why they ripple, and run, and rush,  
And journey night and day;  
And if they know I watch them here,  
As they tinkle on their way?

“ They whisper, whisper the prettiest things!  
I wish I knew their talk:  
It's like the wind when the maple leaves  
Come pattering on the walk;  
It's like the rain when it strikes the pads  
On my tiger-lily stalk.

“ It's like—I know not what it's like—  
But it seems to speak to me  
Of gliding keels, and sailing ships,  
And things that are to be  
When I am grown a man, and dwell  
Beside the restless sea.

“ And then it sings, ‘ I grow, I grow;  
I'm here but a little rill;  
In the orchard I'm fully a yard across;  
In the meadow wider still;  
And the children float their little boats  
On my breast at William's mill.’

“ I hear no more the robin's song,  
Nor the sparrow's treble call;  
But a mighty river's rush and roar,  
Where shadows of mountains fall;  
And surges of a wonderful sea,  
Whose cliffs are white and tall.

“From lesson and play I sail away  
And dream what I shall know  
When, like the rill, I move along,  
And better and larger grow;  
And when I think of this happy day  
It will seem so long ago!”

So long ago! So long ago!  
But the ne'er forgotten rill  
And the questions that haunt the little boy,  
Who is sitting here so still,  
May haunt forever, may shape his thoughts,  
May inspire him, soul and will.

## II

A little rill and a wrinkled man,  
In a fair and lovely land,  
And he has heaped in the water's edge  
A pile of the yellow sand;  
Then tries to dam the tiny beck,  
With a weak and trembling hand.

Ah! thirty summers have past, he sighs,  
In a treble, shrill and slow,  
Since I returned from over the sea,  
In life's meridian glow,  
In the strength of my fifty stalwart years  
To smile on the brooklet's flow.

And then I thought of a little child  
Who, forty years before,  
Beheld a vision of wealth and strength,  
And wisdom, and love and more—  
Aye, more than I had ever borne  
From the great world's mighty store.

It seemed to me but yesterday—  
It seems just so this noon—  
That, full of childish hope, I heard  
This brooklet's lightsome rune,  
And, from the slender music, learned  
Life's most exultant tune.

But I was only fifty then;  
My thoughts were hot and wild  
With finance, politics, and trade;  
For love was long exiled  
From active thought to silent life;  
I soon forgot the child.

But all the toil is over now;  
My visions long withdrawn;  
And so I sit beside the rill,  
And think upon the gone,  
And feel myself a little child,  
That, in the happy dawn,

Has wakened to the robin's song,  
And to the sparrow's call,  
And sought the brooklet's yielding verge  
To hear the measures fall  
The tinkling, whispering waters make  
Above the pebbles small.

A child again! yet not a child,  
And the brooklet seems to sigh  
For the lad it knew, when his years were few  
And his heart was beating high,  
For time flows on, as the brook flows on,  
And boy and man must die.

And so beside the rill I sit  
And feel the wonder still,



For boyish thoughts and childish dreams  
Inspire me, soul and will,  
And some are memories and some  
The future must fulfill.

No more to passion love belongs,  
Nor hope to golden gains;  
The under-current of my years  
Fills all my life, as rains,  
In winter, fill the dwindled brooks,  
And wake their old refrains.

The chords of love's immortal lyre  
Are trembling on the keys.  
For me, at last, a gentle hand  
Shall wake their melodies—  
Her hand that waits me where the stream  
Shall meet th' eternal seas.

I dream of domes and palaces  
Not reared by mortal hands;  
Of cities by the summer sea,  
And far, unnumbered lands  
That roll their wealth, in music, down  
A million shining strands.

I greet the friends of other days,  
Where endless joys distill  
As freely as the dews that fall  
Along this laughing rill,  
And yet, O child! thy hopes inspire,  
Inspire me, soul and will.

## III

A new grave in the church-yard now;  
The rill flows on and on;

Young hearts are beating on its verge;  
Love waketh with the dawn;  
But never a robin nor sparrow sings  
A note about the gone.

Lives flow, like waters to the sea,  
With freights of good or ill;  
And ever and ever the dear Lord holds  
The strings of their being still,  
And leads them down their devious ways  
His purpose to fulfill.

One cries, "O sinner!" and one, "O saint!"  
And the river's banks recede;  
One grasps at the pebbles on the marge,  
In the depth of his golden greed;  
One chases a bubble, and one but floats,  
As the rushing waves proceed.

But deep in the lives that rush and toss,  
And jostle and swirl and flow,  
Are childhood's visions and hopes and prayers,  
And the loves of long ago,  
To shrive the soul in its agony,  
And to bless extremest woe.

And often the pallet of rags and straw,  
And the rafters, brown and bare,  
Are seen by age through the blissful lens  
Of youth, long fresh and fair,  
Till they are sweet, like the summer skies;  
And soft, like the summer air.

The prison wall and the scaffold plank  
In memory cease to be;  
But, children again, the convicts stand  
On the brink of the "death-cold sea;"

“For except as little children ye come,  
Ye cannot come to me.”

Be rich, or poor, or high, or low ;  
Whenever the race is run,  
God only knows His erring child  
As a father his erring son ;  
And so it is very sweet to say,  
“Dear Lord! Thy will be done.”

### INDIAN GRAVES

ALL along the winding river,  
And adown the shady glen,  
On the hill, and in the valley,  
Are the graves of dusky men.

We are garrulous intruders  
On the sacred burying grounds  
Of the Manitou's red children,  
And the builders of the mounds.

Here the powah and the sachem,  
Here the warrior and the maid,  
Sleeping in the dust we tread on,  
In the forests we invade,

Rest as calmly and as sweetly  
As the mummied kings of old,  
Where Cyrene's marble city  
Guards their consecrated mold.

Through the woodland, through the meadow,  
As in silence oft I walk,  
Whispering on the passing breezes  
Fancy hears the red man's talk,

Muttering low and very sweetly  
Of the good Great Spirit's love,  
That descends like dews of evening  
On his children, from above.

Still repeating from the prophets  
And the sachems gray and old,  
Stories of the southwest Aidenn,  
Curtained all around with gold,

Where the good and great Sowanna  
Calleth all his children home,  
Through the hunting grounds eternal  
Free as summer winds to roam,

Singing wildest songs of wailing  
For the dead upon their way  
On the four days' journey homeward  
To the realms of light and day ;

Chanting soft and gentle measures,  
Lays of hope and songs of love,—  
Now like shout of laughing waters,  
Now like cooing of the dove.

Then anon his feet make echo  
To the war song's fiendish howl,  
And revenge upon his features  
Sets the pandemonian scowl.

See! again the smoke is curling,  
From the friendly calumet,  
And the club of war is buried,  
And the star of slaughter set.

But, alas! imagination,  
Ever weaving dream on dream,  
Soon forgets the buried red men  
For some more congenial theme.

But, although their race is ended,  
And forever, over here,  
Let their virtues be remembered,  
While we fervently revere

All their ancient burial places,—  
Hill and valley, plain and glen,  
Honor every sacred relic  
Of that fading race of men.

Gitche Manitou has called them  
From the chase and war path here,  
To the mystic land of spirits  
In some undiscovered sphere.

In the land of light and glory  
That no sachem's eye hath seen,  
Where the rivers flow forever,  
And the woods are always green,

Where the winter sun, descending,  
Burns the southwest sky to flame,  
Shall the Indian race be gathered  
In the great Sowanna's name.

1856

## THE WIDOW'S STORY

'T WAS Christmas when the widow came, as many  
a time before,  
To find the heartless world shut out beyond the  
deacon's door,  
And there, amidst the warmth and glow, to lay  
her trembling heart,  
All bruised and broken, open to the good man's  
healing art.

For he had ears to hear the cry of souls that suffer pain,  
And yearning sorrow never sought his sympathy in vain:  
His words were few, his counsels wise, his faith and hope sincere,  
And so the mourning woman spake while stifling many a tear:

“ They tell me a Christian woman, like I profess to be,  
Must drown the voice of her sorrow and make her heart be still,  
And if her children will leave the Lord for naughty ways, then she  
Must cut them off forever, as heirs to endless ill.  
And the elder came and scolded me because, as you must know,  
I went to see my daughter Jane, in a den of vice and woe,  
And said it was unseemly in a Christian woman like me,  
To enter in at the threshold of a den of infamy;  
That natural love should all give way before the love of the Lord,  
And if our children are vile and mean that they are more abhorred  
By the dear God above us, and by us should also be,  
Than heathen in their filth and crime, in lands beyond the sea;  
And then he talked of Jane, and said that I had trained her well,  
But often the good Lord tries our faith with the very imps from hell,

Put into the forms of our children; and if we love  
    them still,  
As they go in sinful ways, it shows that our car-  
    nal will  
Is not subdued as it should be, and brought in  
    sweet accord  
With the will of the church that worketh the  
    perfect will of the Lord;  
And so I sat and listened, till my heart was like  
    to burst,  
And my soul within me was yearning with a fiery,  
    burning thirst  
That would not be abated nor satisfied at all,  
Till I held Jane up in the arms of prayer once  
    more, to the Lord of all;  
And when I had finished praying, I cannot tell  
    you why,  
It seemed like a peace was round me, from the  
    very courts on high;  
And then I sat and wondered what James would  
    say and do,  
If he could come back in health again, as he left  
    me in sixty-two;  
For you know he fell at Richmond, a fortnight  
    after he left.  
There, on the cupboard, you see his cap, that a  
    rebel saber cleft,—  
What would he say, should I tell him that Henry  
    and Jo were dead?  
(Henry died in the Libby, and Josy was shot  
    through the head  
When our boys met Hood at Franklin,—you well  
    remember the time;)  
And how Jane, our only daughter, was led to a  
    life of crime,  
By a high born wretch, who won her, destroyed  
    her and went his way

To meet the smiles of the ladies and bask in the  
cheerful day  
Of many a social circle of wealth and high degree,  
That would close its doors in horror against my  
girl and me;  
What would he say, should I tell him how the  
elders, wise and nice,  
Bade me drive Jane from under my roof, for I  
must not sanction vice,  
Nor evil in any shape at all, if I would a Christian  
be;  
And so my injured and weeping girl was driven  
away from me;  
Away from me, dear Lord, away, where could  
the poor girl go,  
To find a heart in sympathy with all her wrongs  
and woe?  
Would the pious take her in? Ah no! for even  
her slightest touch  
Would soil the holy garments of the righteous  
over much.  
Society, so nice without, so rotten and base within,  
Held up its hands in horror at such a child of sin;  
And the only place in all the world that was open  
to her, you see,  
With a welcome that did not question, was a den  
of infamy,  
Where fallen women gather to ply their evil  
trade,  
And receive the smiles of lofty men, where none  
do make afraid,  
Who would not dare with honest hands in the  
light of open day,  
To meet their soiling touch or point their lives to  
a better way.  
Well, thus I questioned myself alone, for an hour  
or so and then



I remembered that James, although he was always  
the best of men,  
And I had often persuaded him to join the church  
and stand,  
A candidate elected for a home in Canaan's land,  
Would ever turn away, and smile, and say with a  
friendly sigh,  
'My dear, you'll find that the better road lies  
another way, by and by,  
For they theorize and maunder, to make their own  
heaven sure,  
But they'd shut the doors of paradise in the face  
of the struggling poor;  
And the weary, heavy laden with burdens of care  
and sin,  
Can find in their priestly language no call to enter  
in.  
The touch of their jeweled fingers and sweep of  
their silken skirts,  
Are not to be soiled by mechanics, nor the women  
who make their shirts;  
They talked of the Lord in the manger, and  
preach of him on the cross,  
But they'd melt down that calf of Aaron's, and  
quarrel over the dross;  
And that woman of Samaria would arouse their  
saintly spleen,  
And they'd turn up their perfect noses at Mary  
Magdalene,'"—  
"Now hold!" responded the good man, "remem-  
ber 'tis Christmas day,  
And we should lay all our bitter thoughts and  
memories away.  
The saints, you tell of, widow, are the leaders,  
who blindly guess  
That the church of Christ is builded to the model  
of selfishness,

Your James was right, I grant it, and yet he was  
 wrong, I see,  
 That he aimed a blow at the Christian, which  
 should fall on bigotry;  
 Go seek your sorrowing daughter, and make her  
 pure again,  
 And heaven will guard you safely from the puny  
 wrath of men."

## RHYME OF THE WITHERED LEAVES

### I

GOLD and scarlet, dry and brown,  
 Ripened leaves are quivering down;  
 See! the ground is covered o'er  
 With a many-colored store;  
 All the paths along the wood,  
 All the forest solitude—  
 Every dear, sequestered nook,  
 Where I read my summer book,  
 Where the vernal violet  
 In its modest fringe was set,  
 And the robin sang of love,  
 From the greening boughs above,  
 Are with fallen glories spread;  
 Crowns from many a kingly head,  
 Wreaths from many a noble brow  
 Lie amid these ruins now.

### II

Every gust that hurries by  
 Whirls the withered leaves on high,  
 And they sweep along the ground

With a mournful, rustling sound,  
Till the hillsides interpose,  
Where they heap in deep long rows

III

O! it is a pleasure sweet,  
Where our hills and valleys meet  
To recline amid the leaves  
On these Indian Summer eves,  
Watching all the gates of day,  
Closing on the lurid way  
Of the Sun, who wraps a shroud,  
Made of gold and amber cloud,  
Round his godlike form, and goes  
Proudly to his night's repose.

IV

All the springs of being move  
To the finest notes of love,  
Blending with the sorrowing air  
Like echoes from a distant prayer,  
So soft, unsyllabled, and low,  
We weep, yet feel no cause for woe.

V

All tenderer feelings grow intense  
And banish all of groveling sense;  
The past, re-wrought, appears again,  
And, with the spirit's piercing ken,  
We see from out these mortal shells,  
The brimming tide of soul that swells,  
Expanding, till its flow must be  
As boundless as infinity;  
Our future seems to reach and blend

With being that shall never end;  
 The loved, the lost, the mourned and true,  
 Each form, each face, the same, we knew  
 Them long ago, and each delight  
 And hope that set in rayless night,—  
 All sweet impressions, gentle words,  
 E'en shout of brooks and song of birds  
 Return to sadden or to cheer,  
 To wake the smile, evoke the tear,  
 Then pass, to blend with that broad sea  
 Of life, that flows eternally.

## CLARIBELL

## CLARIBELL!

Through the morning calm and sweet  
 Comes the tramp of little feet,  
 Pattering at the open door,  
 Tinkering on the naked floor,  
 Where the merry sunbeams fell  
 Long ago, dear Claribell.

## Claribell!

Now the robin and the jay  
 Chatter where the branches sway  
 O'er the pathway, down the walk,  
 Hallowed by thy pleasant talk;  
 By thy talk and by thy song,  
 When the summer days were long;  
 And the tangled ivies meet,  
 Meet and blossom where thy feet  
 In our pleasant journeys fell,  
 Little darling Claribell.

## Claribell!

Not the glory of the morn,  
 Glimmering through the miles of corn;

Not the polyphonian notes,  
Fluting from the feathered throats;  
Not a thousand happy hours  
Nursed by summer in her flowers;  
Nor the terraces of light  
Fading from the path of night;  
Sweet emotions, soft desires,  
Love, with all her blissful fires,  
Shall renew thee, as of old;  
For thy little feet are mold,  
And the summer breezes swell  
O'er thy slumber, Claribell.

Claribell!

We have wandered far and long  
Since we heard thy morning song;  
We have tarried long and late,  
Watching, where the sunbeams wait,  
For thy shadow, that no more  
Glides along the cottage floor.  
What are half a score of years,  
Months of agony and tears,  
Days of darkness and distress,  
Flecting hours of happiness?  
Through them all we raise the cry,  
"Come from out the fields of sky,  
From the silent realms of space,  
Dimpled chin and sunny face,  
Eyes with laughter brimming o'er,  
Shine upon us here once more;  
Here once more our pleasures swell,  
Dearest angel, Claribell."

Claribell!

Never more thy form we see,  
Clothed with our mortality,  
Yet we know thee very well,

Like some happy miracle,  
Wrought by unseen hands to bless  
Even paths of wretchedness;  
Yet thy presence, pure and sweet,  
Gliding on with noiseless feet,  
Hovering viewless in the air,  
Meets and greets us everywhere;—  
Not beyond some golden door,  
Hidden from us evermore,  
Not upon some far-off strand,  
Beckoning with a shadow hand,  
Like the wise and great who die,  
Ghostly templars of the sky,  
Trumpeting from awful heights,  
Warning through the solemn nights;—  
But about us pure and calm,  
Constant blessing, constant psalm,  
Growing with the growing years,  
Heightening joy and sweetening tears;  
So we love our darling well  
Lost, but present Claribell!

## MY ROBIN

Out in the cheery breath of morn,  
Up from the meadow winging,  
Before the day is fairly born,  
I hear my robin singing.

Last year, before the maple's crown  
Received its purple glory,  
This jolly fellow set the town  
A-ringing with his story.

And now, before the snow is gone,  
His merry pipings greet us,

The soul of Spring's impending dawn,  
In music come to meet us.

O! robin in the cherry tree,  
With heart so brave, yet tender,  
Why singest thou so merrily,  
In the morning's ruddy splendor?

Thou wakest thoughts of other years,  
When being's sunny fountain  
Seemed flowing onward through the spheres,  
From some celestial mountain.

Old strains of music, wild and sweet,  
Are in thy notes returning;  
Old greetings, such as children meet,  
Set all my spirit yearning,

And dreaming of the pleasant wood,  
Where maple boughs were swinging,  
And, children of the neighborhood,  
We mocked the robin's singing.

The curly heads are by my side,  
I hear the children's laughter,  
And see the dreams that hope denied,  
But cherished ever after.

And now, as in the swooning waves  
Of half-unconscious sadness,  
I hear, above the little graves,  
The robin's song of gladness.

The little feet have silent grown,  
Or seek the wood no longer,  
But memory still retains her own,  
And love than death is stronger;

And childish ways and childish plays  
 And children's voices ringing,  
 Float upward from departed days  
 Whene'er my robin's singing.

## AUGUST

THE tide of being moveth now,  
 Like some broad river's onward flow,  
 With earnest murmur, deep and low.

The woods are silent, save by spells  
 Some strain of insect music swells,  
 Or some lone bird her sorrow tells.

Too earnest for the laugh and shout,  
 That heralded the young spring out  
 From the long winter's gloom and doubt,

Life standeth on her middle way  
 Between the birth of flowery May  
 And Winter's frost and sere decay,

And seems to listen, pleased and long,  
 To the low burden of a song  
 Unheard by any mortal throng.

The leaves turn upward to the light,  
 And like dim spectres, robed in white,  
 The lazy clouds float out of sight.

Where late the hills were crowned with wheat,  
 The stubble glimmers in the heat,  
 And, where the woods and meadows meet,

The herds enjoy the shadow deep,  
 And in his hollow house asleep,  
 The squirrel doth the long hours keep.



The humming-bird that glances bright,  
A winged embodiment of light,  
From flower to flower, flight after flight,

Seems an intruder on the low,  
Deep song and murmur that doth go  
Along with life's intensest flow.

O life intense! O ardent time!  
Like flow of some great poet's rhyme,  
Resistless pours this luscious chime.

It calms my brain, it soothes my soul,  
Till o'er me, past all ill's control,  
Sweet waves of calm enjoyment roll.

### THE DARKENED ROOM

OUT of the deepest sorrow,  
Out of the darkest night,  
Into the peaceful morrow,  
Comes the purest light.

Out from the troubled spirit,  
That toils and battles long,  
Into the silence after,  
Flows the sweetest song.

God, who cares for the sparrows,  
Watches you and me;  
Somewhere in the endless ages,  
Our heritage shall be.

Faithful in every anguish,  
Trusting through the gloom,  
We shall be led, hereafter,  
Out of the darkened room.

What if the dawn be hidden  
 Under the lids of night,  
 Till the eternal morning  
 Bringeth supernal light;

Who shall mock our patience,  
 Or call our faith in vain?  
 God, who has given us sorrow,  
 Will give us joy again.

### ORALIE

FAR over the regions of sorrow,  
 Across the dark river of sighs,  
 I know that the sunlight, to-morrow,  
 Shall glorify Oralie's eyes.

But what if my Oralie perish,  
 As perished the rose, in a day,  
 And what if the beauty I cherish  
 Should turn to be festering clay;

What balm could my spirit discover  
 In homilies dismal as pain,  
 About the dark valley passed over,  
 And death being Oralie's gain?

Is it gain for the maid in her beauty,  
 To fade and depart ere she knows  
 The measures of love and of duty,  
 Of Life, with its blisses and woes?

Ah, no! 'twould be loss for the morning  
 To burst in a moment to noon,  
 The twilight, with golden adorning,  
 Must preface the stars and the moon.

Though morning in life be the sweetest,  
The best ripened life must be long,  
And the best ripened life is completest,  
No matter how sorrows may throng.

We ripen in storms of affliction;  
No sorrow nor toil is in vain;  
We gather a sweet benediction  
From days of expressionless pain.

And O! when the spring-tide is flowing,  
And life is as buoyant as song,  
And when the bright summer is glowing  
In rapturous billows along,

'Tis then that the spirit, expanding  
Like blossoms that open at day,  
Leaps up to the highest commanding  
Of love that possesses its way.

So upward, thro' darkness and sorrow,  
Through pleasures that halo the night,  
We grow till we reach the to-morrow,  
Expand, till we enter the light.

## WANDERING

### I

WINTER rules the world without;  
Gusts of snow-flakes whirl about,  
And the breeze is sharp and cold,  
As it sweeps the barren wold.  
Summer songsters, summer flowers,  
Sing not, bloom not in the bowers;

Yet I'm dreaming all day long  
Of a land of bloom and song—  
Some fair island in the sea,  
Clothed with green eternally—  
Where the birds of paradise  
Build amid the bowers of spice,  
And, from thousand tiny throats,  
One harmonious ditty floats,  
Through the seasons fair and long,  
Sweetest tide of choral song.

## II

There, through all the changing time,  
Fruits are in their luscious prime,  
And the seas of bloom outpour  
Finest odors, and the shore  
Lies beneath a reef of shells,  
In whose corrugated cells  
Every fair and lovely dye  
Known to earth or sea or sky,  
Hides, through all the ardent days,  
From the sun's intrusive gaze.

## III

Oft in fancy I retreat  
To this paradisaal seat,  
And with one who, long ago,  
Learned the song I cannot know,  
Saw the glories that to me  
Are a shadowed mystery—  
Through that thought-created land  
Wander onward hand in hand.

## IV

So we see, through evening mist,  
Domes and towers of amethyst;

Woods and mountains manifold;  
Spacious temples wrought of gold;  
Paradisal lands of rest  
That no mortal foot has press'd;  
New Jerusalems that stand  
Glorious in that wonder-land.

## V

Fades the day and fades the mist;  
Sink the towers of amethyst;  
And we learn what fruitful rays  
Built up those walls of praise.  
When the sunlight quits the sky,  
All the glorious visions die;  
Yet, through ether clear and far,  
Shines the mellow evening star.  
So, when youth's warm tide is spent,  
Fade the lustres that it lent  
To the present and the gone,  
And the future's happy dawn;  
Yet the steadfast star of love  
Shines forever up above.

## VI

Memory sketches, fancy paints,  
Regions worthy of the saints;  
Bears us thither, and we meet,  
Gliding on with noiseless feet,  
Some enchanted friend who took  
Life as but a summer book;  
Read it on a pleasant day;  
Bowed her head and passed away;  
And our wandering fancies range  
'Round this mystery of change.  
What is death? we ask, and what  
Is there real? What is not?

What is life, and what its end?  
 Whither do our journeyings tend?  
 Faded; absent; gone for aye;  
 Yet forever 'round our way  
 Are the dead: We see them still,  
 Be our days of joy or ill;  
 Shall we meet them, face to face,  
 In some more ethereal place;  
 Tread with them the pleasant shore,  
 Whither they have gone before;  
 Wander with them, hand in hand,  
 Through some flowery Eden land?  
 Shall we know the friends we love  
 In the better world above?  
 Ah! no answer! well, we wait  
 Hitherside the golden gate,  
 And in fancy oft retreat  
 To some paradisaal seat,  
 Following some enchanted face,  
 Lovely with its morning grace.  
 Though the tides of youth be dead,  
 Still the light of love is shed  
 O'er us, till we fade and fall;  
 After that we shall know all,  
 Or know nothing—who shall tell?  
 Yet God *doeth all things well*.  
 Deathless soul, or mouldering clay,  
 God has made a perfect way.  
 We shall reach the end designed  
 By the All-pervading Mind.

## VII

Call it error, if you will;  
 Yet I trust Jehovah's skill  
 Is not balked by any plan  
 Laid by demon or by man,  
 And the ends He made us to,

Ever present in His view,  
Shall be filled at last by all;  
Not a sparrow, even, shall fall  
Unaccounted or unknown;  
Not a seed that He has sown  
Perish in the silent ground,  
Till its uses shall be found.

## VIII

O! we can but trust and wait,  
Till death swingeth wide the gate,  
Then we dream that we shall be  
Given to life eternally,  
And our spirits shall retreat  
To some paradisaal seat,  
Or shall wander, free and far,  
Through the realms of sun and star.  
But, however this shall be,  
Faith this promise bears to me,  
God will give me toil or rest,  
Peace or turmoil to my breast,  
Bliss or anguish, good or ill,  
As shall best my needs fulfill.

## THE FIRESIDE

DIE away, O evening wonder,  
From your glory in the west,  
For the silent hours are coming  
When the laborer shall rest.

Pleasant are the smiles of morning,  
Gorgeous is the flaming noon,  
But the better fruit of being  
Ripens underneath the moon.

Round the merry fires of evening,  
When the lamps are blazing bright,  
Shine for us the kindly faces  
Glorifying all the night.

Then the voice of song and laughter  
Echoes through the cheerful room,  
And the glow within is warmer,  
Deepening with the outer gloom.

We grow tender with the poets,  
With the sages we are wise,  
With Divinity we gamble  
For the everlasting prize.

All the climes the traveler visits  
Add their treasures to our store;  
Greek and Roman stand before us,  
Peerless in their ancient lore.

All the sinewy thongs of iron,  
All the quivering nerves of wire,  
Binding sea and sea together,  
Bless us round our evening fire.

Lo! the lightning from the heavens,  
Flashing earthward in its play,  
Bears the hourly thought of nation  
Unto nation far away.

On its inky panorama  
Now the evening press repeats  
What the morning voice of Europe  
Uttered on a myriad streets.

And we feel the heart of peoples,  
Wakened into newer life,  
From the old historic ages,  
Beating on to nobler strife.



Upward still, in mighty cycles,  
    Slowly moves the multitude,  
To the final culmination,—  
    Each man's right is all men's good.

Round our evening lamp we gather,  
    From the world's concentered thought,  
What the pens of seers have written,  
    What the thinkers' toils have wrought,—

What the dubious lights of history  
    Cast upon the sickening show  
Of misrule, and war and vengeance,  
    Filling up "the earth's long woe,"—

Only as we deal with others  
    Shall the ministers of fate  
Deal with us, as men or nations,  
    By our meeds of love or hate.

But again the thoughts are centered  
    In the circle gathered round;  
Let the great world rave and struggle;  
    Leave the depths of thought profound.

Here are gentle hearts that love us,  
    Love us round our evening fire,  
Here are careful hands to guide us  
    Where our wayward thoughts aspire.

Let the passing hour be yielded  
    Unto friendship's sweet domain;  
Let the social thought be cherished,  
    Polished memory's golden chain.

Hasten not, O fleeting moments,  
    When our souls are thus in tune.

To the finest notes of being  
Thrilling 'neath the silent moon.

O! through all our days of labor,  
Strifes and toilings, we aspire  
To be happy in the evening,  
With the circle round the fire.

### LIFE AND EFFORT

AND is the grief that haunts with endless moan  
A slow, consuming fire that will not die,  
But lifts its smoke and ashes to the sky,  
Till all the spirits' fountains simmer dry,  
Till love, and faith and heavenly hope have flown?

Not so, not so; each happy morn doth give  
Some new incentive to the earnest soul  
To wrestle onward in the billowy roll  
Of waves that thunder to a far-off goal,  
Where cries a voice forever, "Come and live!"

The dying grapple with the illusive waves  
That seem to bear them to the happy shore,  
They faint and sink and grapple never more,  
But still the mirage rises just before,  
And ever flitting, cheats us to our graves.

Is human effort thus in vain? Are all  
The struggles of our lives, our lofty deeds,  
Our glorious conquests, our inflated creeds,  
The grappling, striving of our boundless greeds,  
More powerless than the dew of evening's fall?

"In vain, in vain!" the preachers moan and cry;  
Philosophy—that centers all in God,

From realms of worlds, to worms upon the sod,  
That counts the life that thrills the unsightly  
clod

An emanation from the life on high,—

Divine philosophy with healing wing,  
That broods above us, soothes away our woe,  
And charms and thrills our lives' serenest flow,  
Respondeth thus, "No labor's end we know;  
We judge not well of an unfinished thing."

In the eternal present, which we bound  
To suit desire and appetite, and mark  
With the same pen that tallies up the cark  
And care of living, from the light to dark,  
And dark to light in ever varying round,—

In this eternal present God will bring  
To highest uses every noble thought,  
And every work by love's dear fingers wrought;  
We can but trust and wait; our fears are  
nought,  
Life's work is ever an unfinished thing.

## A QUESTION

THROUGH the changing necromancy  
Of a life's protracted dream,  
Oft we question in the darkness,  
"Are things brighter than they seem?"

Happy voices, angel voices,  
Thrilling through the deepest gloom,  
Singing that the rose of morning  
Trembles to the perfect bloom;

Singing of the fields of Eden,  
 And the lands beyond the stream,  
 Tell us, in the dreary watches,  
 "Are things brighter than they seem?"

Does the cloud that bears the sorrow  
 Bear the bow upon its breast;  
 Are the days of storm and battle  
 Just preparing days for rest?

Is the peace the father giveth  
 Only waking from a dream,  
 As a child wakes in the morning?  
 "Are things brighter than they seem?"

#### MORNING CLOUDS

CLOUDS of the morning,  
 Golden and gay,  
 Float from the portals  
 Of sunrise away.

Clouds of the morning,  
 In splendor unrolled,  
 You usher Aurora,  
 In curtains of gold.

Clouds of the morning,  
 Your beauties suggest  
 The home of the angels,  
 The isles of the blest.

As Mirza, in vision,  
 Beheld your array,  
 So I see you afloat,  
 Round the portals of day;

And my vision entranced  
On your glory reclines,  
Till it fades from the sun,  
In your long wav'ring lines;  
  
Till your long wav'ring lines  
Soften down in the day,  
And you float from the presence  
Of sunrise away.

## THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

A SHRUNKEN form, a motley face,  
Pressed close against the frosty pane,  
And wistful eyes that peer in vain  
Into the warm and smiling place;  
  
The warm and smiling place within,  
Where happy faces glow and greet;  
But she, worn Bedouin of the street,  
Can never come, poor child of sin.  
  
Poor child of sin, the night and storm  
Shall wrap her in their cold embrace,  
And icy lips shall kiss her face;  
But we are safe, and we are warm.  
  
Build high the yule fire, fill the bowl,  
And sing the christ has come again,  
We celebrate his reign with men,  
His saving presence in the soul.  
  
Now spread the costly presents round  
For those we love; who loves the bad?  
Let all our hearts be free and glad,  
And flutter to the music's sound.

But who shall see, or who shall know,  
The sorrowing man with cross and crown,  
Go wandering through the giddy town,  
With that poor child of sin and woe?

Perhaps in some Bacchante's den  
She meets the kindness we withhold,  
A shelter from the biting cold,  
With fallen women, ungodly men.

Perhaps—but why inquire her fate,  
Who cares for her or where she rests,  
Or what vague anguish tears her breast,  
And taunts her with her vile estate?

Hail, happy Christmas! hail! again  
The larger Christian faith that tends  
To shape all things for happier ends,  
Most serving God by serving men.

For who so sinful that his sin  
Proclaims us wardens of his fate,  
Or bids us shut the shining gate  
And cry, he shall not enter in?

O! most humane when most divine,  
And most divine when most humane,  
The old is still renewed,—the pain,  
The anguish and the cross are thine!

Who, sleek in satins, white in pearls,  
Or rich with stocks and farms and goods,  
Seeks out the starving multitudes,  
Or whispers hope to fallen girls?

O! still as in the elder times,  
Who follows Thee shall know the cross,  
And count all hate and pride as loss,  
And vengeful thoughts as bitter crimes.

Build high the yule fire! why complain  
Of sorrow in the happy earth,  
Give this sweet hour to sinless mirth;  
But oh, the face against the pane!

Its sad appeal, its mute appeal,  
The wistful gaze, as though she caught,  
With her weak powers, at better thought,  
And fain would rise to heavenly weal.

O! longing eyes and haggard face,  
O! rags that wrap the unwashed form,—  
A slim protection from the storm,—  
Begone! nor haunt this cheerful place.

Now, at the Christmas would we raise  
Full high our virtues, we would frown  
All sinful passions coldly down  
And give to Christ the purest praise.

But somehow yet the crown of thorns,  
The saddened features we behold,  
Beyond the window in the cold;  
And while we sing "A million morns

Shall glow to noon, then fade to night,  
While the Redeemer's glory burns,  
And every heathen nation turns  
To join the cross in glad delight;"

The sad eyes, weeping, turn away,  
And through the music sounds a voice,  
"Beat on, glad hearts! while you rejoice,  
And night flies swiftly from the day,

"I go to seek the wandering sheep  
That tremble, just without your door,  
And bear my Christmas to the poor,  
My comfort to the souls that weep."

And so they pass into the night,  
 But love has higher meaning caught,  
 And we are given to nobler thought,  
 And hence shall walk in clearer light.

Now we are happy, we are warm,  
 But could we have it back again,—  
 That guilty face against the pane,—  
 It should be sheltered from the storm.

So hail! sweet Christmas, hail! again  
 The larger, better faith that tends  
 To shape all things for happier ends,  
 Most serving God, by serving men!

## IXION

HE can not break the Ophidian thongs,  
 His direst struggles are in vain;  
 Swift flies the wheel,—the hissing throngs  
 Of writhing horrors mock his pain.

Grim Pluto views, with mad delight,  
 His boundless terror, hopeless grief;  
 What, though the opposing gods unite,  
 This is his victim, past relief.

Round his wild orbit let him rage;  
 Sweep round him, foul, tartarean breath;  
 Let these exquisite tortures wage  
 Continual death, but bring no death!

Fly from thyself, Ixion, fly!  
 Fly from thy hell unto thy hell!



Thy serpents bind thee, vain thy cry,  
Thy fiends about thy orbit yell!

But hark! a strange seraphic note  
Has fallen upon Ixion's ear,  
Like the wild thrill that seems to float  
Through love's enchanted atmosphere.

The serpent sinks his hooded head,  
The flying wheel has found a rest,  
To lower depths the fiends have fled,  
The air wafts odors from the blest.

'Tis but a moment, yet his soul  
Laves in the ocean of delight;  
Heaven reigns; Apollo has control;  
Day glances through the caves of night.

O! faithful type of our humanity,  
Bound to the ever flying wheel of time,  
By sensuous cordons of insanity,  
And serpent knots of unforgiven crime.

'Tis only echoes from the higher life,  
The seraph music of the better spheres  
Can still the raging hell of sin and strife,  
And glorify the orbit of our years.

God's voices, ever musical and sweet,  
Assert themselves in rhythmic altitudes;  
In every strain a poem is complete;  
And blessings flow through all their interludes.

Let thy waked spirit, like the morning flowers,  
That meet the benisons of light and dew,  
But ope its petals to the heavenly powers,  
And let the music thrill it through and through.

If Orphic warbler intimate the songs,  
 Or if from nature's book the lay is trilled,  
 Or, if unheard, unseen, unread, it throngs  
 The soul, till all its avenues are filled

With the delights of heaven, the joy is thine;  
 Thou reckonest how the seraph notes that dwell  
 Within the depths of intellect divine,  
 Can ostracize the powers of death and hell.

## FREEDOM

FREEDOM singeth in the fountains,  
 Shouteth on the lofty mountains  
 Whence the avalanches roll;  
 Where the songs of birds are ringing,  
 Where the summer flowers are swinging  
 At the balmy air's control,  
 There is freedom ever singing  
 Inspirations to the soul.

Freedom liveth, ever liveth,  
 And the fruitful strength it giveth  
 Will not, cannot fail nor die,  
 Till this world's great moving lever  
 That is raising man forever,  
 Nearer to the world on high,  
 Shall all grievous chains dissever,  
 As the years go sweeping by.

Freedom is the child of heaven,  
 Mortal's priceless boon, God-given,  
 Deathless as the master soul;  
 All the ministers of evil,  
 King nor conqueror nor devil,

Despots that a space control,  
Holding high war's bloody revel,  
As the ages onward roll,—

Ne'er can make one slave contented  
With the galling chains presented  
For the limbs that God made free;  
Not a people love the master  
Who has given them but disaster,  
Chains and tears and slavery;  
But the world shall move on faster,  
Year by year, to liberty.

O! sing praise to God, the giver  
Of this boon that lives forever,  
Nature, with thy perfect voice:  
Sun, that shineth in thy glory,  
Shout aloud its wondrous story  
Till the listening spheres rejoice;  
Till the earth shall evermore be  
Freedom's heritage and choice.

O! with marvelous sad yearning,  
All the souls of men keep turning,  
Turning, yearning for the light,  
When from anarchy's long madness,  
Rise the nations up in gladness,  
To proclaim the people's right;  
Then no more to bow in sadness  
To th' oppressor's iron might.

Not a slave makes vain resistance  
To the curse that gives existence  
But a hell of sorrowing days;  
Not a panting exile flieth  
But his woe to heaven up-crieth,  
And, through all its devious ways,

Wounded slavery crieth, dieth,  
While the tyrants sing its praise.

Harken thou, O fellow mortal,  
Sitting at the future's portal,  
To the voices as they flow,  
How the starry beams that quiver,  
And the swiftly flowing river  
Shout for freedom as they go,  
Then arise! thank God the giver,  
And for Freedom strike the blow.

1856

## AN UNCLERICAL PRAYER

BENDING downward from thy throne,  
Father, hear thy children cry!  
See the heart-break, list the moan,  
Change our hearts of clay or stone;  
Take us, make us all thine own;  
Father, hear thy children cry!

Thou, who canst no anger know;  
God of mercy, God of love,  
Let thy blessings outward flow!  
Let thy children from their woe  
Leap with gladness, let them know  
Thou art mercy, thou art love.

In the cities' gloom and glare  
Walk the votaries of sin;  
In the hamlets young and fair,  
In the country's pleasant air,  
Spite of fasting, spite of prayer,  
Walk the votaries of sin.

Oh! the tinsel and the shame!  
    Father, see their nakedness!  
Hear their tongues that breathe thy name,  
Only with some horrid aim,  
Born of alcoholic flame;  
    Father, see their nakedness.

Let persuasive voices ring  
    Sweet as that from Calvary,  
Till these frail ones rise and bring,  
    In their waked souls blossoming,  
Purer thoughts and deeds that spring  
    From the seed of Calvary.

High and higher up the height,  
    Up the bright supernal way,  
Lead the souls that seek the light,  
Let them lean on thee for might,  
Day by day and night by night,  
    Up the bright supernal way.

In the silence soft and sweet,  
    Father, let thy presence be;  
Where the night winds moan and beat  
'Round the hovel, where the street  
Bears its myriad erring feet,  
    Father, let thy presence be.

Turn us from our wickedness,  
    Unto peace and love and joy;  
Let us learn to praise and bless  
Him who gives us happiness;  
Lift us from our wretchedness  
    Unto peace and love and joy.

Be our talents great or small,  
    Let us in thy kingdom dwell;

Lift us up from every fall;  
Take the wormwood and the gall  
From our lips, and be our all;  
Let us in thy kingdom dwell.

### THE CEMETERY

AMID the quiet bower of trees,  
The ancient grave-yard lies,  
A silent hamlet on the road  
That leads to paradise.

Here many weary souls have left  
Their robes of mouldering clay,  
And clad in more ethereal garbs,  
Have journeyed on their way.

So shall we all go down to dust  
And leave our toils and cares,  
And if we live as well, our rest  
Will be as sweet as theirs.

1858

### RAIN IN JUNE

THE rain is falling, falling,  
With a constant pattering sound,  
As though it were deftly calling  
New life from the fruitful ground.

The rain is falling, falling,  
Like tears from beauty's eyes,  
And dull gray clouds are walling  
The fields from sun and skies.

The clouds are flying, flying,  
The Sun will soon be out,  
And nature, fresh from crying,  
Begin to laugh and shout.

For June is like a maiden  
Of few and joyous years,  
Whose face, with dimples laden,  
Laughs ever through her tears.

O rain, what bounteous treasures  
Thy cheerful drops shall yield,  
To swell the goodly measures,  
In barn and byre and field!

The shining woods shall rustle,  
And all the growing grain  
Rise up with shimmer and bustle,  
To greet the pleasant rain.

### THE POET'S FRIENDS

THE poet's friends are leaves and flowers  
That wither, fade and die,  
The bow whose transient splendor comes  
To deck a stormy sky.

In vain he weaves his lays of love;  
Few echoes they awake;  
They fall back on his heart like snow,  
Distilling flake by flake.

The cold world views him with a frown,  
And passes on its way;  
But little children in the streets  
Shall greet him at their play.

## MEGGY MAY

PLAYING on the parlor floor,  
With her laughing eyes of blue,  
And her dark locks curling o'er  
Dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,  
Is our little Meggy May,  
Full of joy, with mischief rife,  
Sporting through the sunny day,  
Fearing nought of care and strife.  
Meggy May! Meggy May!  
Drive dull frowning care away,  
While we sing of Meggy May.

By our darling's side at rest,  
Purrs the kitten loud and gay,  
He that in the happy hours  
Is the partner of her play;  
Now our mischief-loving Meg  
Grasps him rudely by the ear,  
Till Sir Kitt begins to beg,  
And I have to interfere.  
Meggy May! Meggy May!  
Let the sunlight shine to-day,  
While we sing of Meggy May.

Now she rises from her place,  
And comes skipping to my knee,  
Gazes upward in my face,  
Laughing in her childish glee,  
Slyly gives my nose a tweak,  
Pleasure dancing in her eyes,



And before I've time to speak,  
Out into the yard she hies.  
Meggy May! Meggy May!  
Let our hearts be light to-day,  
While we sing of Meggy May.

Now she's chasing the first bee  
I have seen this sunny spring,  
Merry, romping, wild and free,  
She's a happy joyous thing:  
And I own a brother's love  
From my heart doth proudly swell,  
As my eyes incessant rove  
With that little blue-eyed belle.  
Meggy May! Meggy May!  
Lovelier far than nymph or fay,  
Is our little Meggy May.

Could her life thus ever be,  
Free from sorrow, pain and sin,  
What a blest eternity  
She'd be always dwelling in!  
From an Eden here below  
To a fairer land on high  
Would her happy spirit go,  
When her mortal frame should die.  
Meggy May! Meggy May!  
Let love fill our hearts to-day,  
While we sing of Meggy May.

1857

## THE BEST INTERPRETER

THERE'S a glory in tree and blossom,  
A trill in the wild bird's tone,  
A balm in the Summery breezes,  
That love revealeth, alone.

## NOVEMBER

IN WAR TIME

I

NOVEMBER's cheerless skies of rain  
Are ushering in the winter's gloom,  
And orchard, forest, field and plain,  
Are shorn of greenness, song and bloom.

No more the sparrow in the bush,  
Nor robin on the maple tree,  
Awakes with song the summer hush  
Of nature's odorous melody.

All tuneless are the solemn groves,  
Save that the brooklet murmurs on,  
Repeating still its ancient loves,  
As though love's seasons were not gone.

The year that once, so free and bold,  
Leaped down the glowing hills of life,  
Dwarfs his bent form beneath the cold,  
And shivers in the wild wind's strife.

On beating wings the raven flits,  
A ghost of darkness and despair;  
Far in the wood the great owl sits  
And pours his horror on the air.

A mist obscures the dreary town,  
The streets are silent lines of gloom,  
And the lone footman's garb of brown  
Seems woven in death's fated loom.

The wild war rages, doubt and grief  
Are in the land from sea to sea,  
Till peace seems like some lost belief  
We cherished in our infancy.

But even now, with healing wing,  
Hope rides in battle's sulphurous car;  
And melodies that angels sing  
Are heard in lapses of the war.

Spring comes, and summer follows soon;  
Earth leaps from out the winter's thrall  
Into the laps of May and June,  
That spread their mantles over all.

So liberty and peace shall rise  
From under desolation's hoof;  
Now faintly through her mournful skies,  
Smiles grim November with the proof.

## II

When life goes trembling down the hill,  
In some November far away,  
And gath'ring clouds of boding ill  
Obscure the shining light of day,

O! may the solemn scene command  
Some blessing for the great unknown;  
Some staff whereon the dying hand  
May rest before its strength be gone.

Some ray to penetrate the gloom,  
To bathe the sombre hills in light,  
Shed its soft splendor on the tomb,  
And glorify the awful night.

Some melody of melodies,  
 To sound across the dismal sea,  
 With soft and vibrant harmonies,  
 To blend with purer harmony.

While loved ones that have gone before  
 Lean downward in their robes of gold,  
 And give, in love's seraphic lore  
 Their rapturous welcomes manifold!—

Their rapturous welcomes manifold,  
 Until the soul forsakes its clay;  
 Leaps upward from the cumb'ring mold;  
 Death yields to life, and night to day.

• WHITTIER

ALL honor to the sons of song,  
 Whose fiery strains, or lays of love,  
 Have flamed about the tyrant throng  
 Or taught the slave to look above!

To Ayrshire's plowman bard, who saw  
 The man uprising over caste;  
 To Whittier, preaching higher law,  
 That glorious lesson from the past;

That mighty past in which there stood  
 A man, a god, where, fresh and cool,  
 The breeze was in the mountain wood,  
 And taught mankind the Golden Rule.

Brave champion of the deathless right;  
 To thee, great Whittier, belong  
 The honors of a moral knight,  
 Who wieldeth well his blade of song,

Who tempers every stroke with love,  
With mercy sweetens every thrust,  
Points every dying wretch above  
And lifts the trampled from the dust.

Such song as thine, so sweet, so pure,  
So warm with freedom's holy flame,  
Must with the living things endure,  
A spotless legacy to fame.

Beat on, great heart, and pour thy tide  
Of song along this stricken land,  
Till avarice, lust, and despot pride  
No more on bleeding hearts shall stand.

1858

## THE BROOK

CHEERFUL, sunny brooklet,  
Laugh along thy way,  
'Mid the wild, sweet roses,  
Neath the willow spray,  
Singing to the lilies  
Nodding on thy rim;  
Little brook, I thank thee  
For thy happy hymn.

Thus, upon life's journey  
As I toil along,  
May my griefs be lightened  
By the gift of song,  
And the soul-flowers, blooming  
By my onward way,  
Yield their sweetest fragrance,  
For each love-taught lay.

Merry little brooklet,  
 Flowing to the sea,  
 I, too, seek the ocean  
 Named eternity.  
 Sinless and rejoicing  
 Would that I, like thee,  
 Might go singing onward  
 To my parent sea.

### THE POET

THE poet rose and passed beneath the eaves  
 Whence hung a thousand icy lances down  
 To glow and glitter in the morning beams;  
 And when he saw the sun of Christmas rise,  
 Wandered a-singing thro' the little town;  
 And all the good folks wondered at his songs,  
 And said, "Alas! his mind is lost, is lost;  
 Poor crazy wight, he'll perish in the cold."  
 The rabble followed, jeering as they went,  
 And pelting him with balls of gathered snow;  
 But still he smiled and shook his raven curls,  
 And sang the good old songs of merry yule,—  
 Sang of the infant Christ in manger laid,  
 And of the star that glorified the East  
 Upon the morn of His nativity;  
 Sang of the good St. Nicholas and his gifts  
 To all the happy children in the world.  
 But still they jeered and pelted, so he turned  
 Full face upon the idle vagabonds,  
 And cried aloud in most discordant tones,  
 "Now here's for vice and sin and ignorance,  
 And boorish actions and brutality!  
 A song that I shall sing for you and yours,  
 For I perceive your drift and wish your praise

And your good will;" and so the song began,  
The song that echoed to the very life  
The aspirations of the vulgar crowd.  
They paused a moment, heard their meanness  
take  
The form of words, and knew their very thoughts  
In the harsh music; so they turned and fled,  
Fled from themselves, and all the good folks cried,  
"The poet is most wise; a throne! a throne!  
Build him a throne and let him sing for us  
Through all the coming days;" but he passed on;  
And there each Christmas time they think of him,  
And drink his health at many a steaming board.

## ISADORE

PUREST souls sometimes are given  
Into forms of slightest mould,—  
Spirits that belong to heaven  
As the lambkin to the fold,  
That no earthly love can stay,  
From their native shore away.

Spirits very meek and lowly,  
Such as, in the days to come,  
Singing praises to the holy  
In some glad millennium,  
Then shall tread the earth alone  
Till a thousand years are gone.

Such a soul of rarest beauty  
O, sweet Isadore, was thine,  
As along the path of duty  
Trode thy presence half divine,  
Till a shadow, dark and bold,  
Smote thee, and thy heart grew cold.

Thou didst perish like the blossoms,  
 In the sad November rain,  
 And we carry in our bosoms  
 Evermore regret and pain,  
 Surging like the winds that rave  
 Nightly o'er thy little grave.

## THE SONGS OF BIRDS

### I

THE birds of morning rise and shake  
 The music from their souls again;  
 I hear them in the tangled brake;  
 They warble down the shadowy glen;  
 And still to me  
 They seem to be  
 Forever fluting out the call  
 "Come up! come up!  
 The royal feast  
 Is spread for man and bird and beast,  
 With peace on earth, good will to all."

### II

The larks fly to th' advancing sun,  
 The robins twitter on the tree,  
 And all the small birds raise, as one,  
 Their piping trebles of harmony.  
 And when the noisy day is done,  
 The whippowil's sadder melody,  
 From willowy thickets, far or near,



Resounds through garden, grove and hall;  
And still to me  
They seem to be  
Forever fluting out the call  
"Come up! come up!  
The royal feast  
Is spread for man and bird and beast,  
With peace on earth, good will to all."

## ANABEL

COMES my heart with grief o'erladen,  
Bringing offerings to thee;  
O! thou bright angelic maiden,  
Who in far-off spirit Aidenn,  
Sin and strife and sorrow free,  
Dwelleth now in joy forever  
Where the power of death is o'er,  
And no poisonous breath shall sever  
Those who live and love forever,  
On that undiscovered shore.

But grim sorrow sitteth, dwelling  
In this weary heart for thee,  
Whence affection came upwelling  
All its truth forever telling,  
Telling its sincerity:  
Truth we felt in days of olden  
When our sun was shining golden,  
And we thought us truly blest,  
In those happy days of olden,  
Ere thy spirit neared its rest.

But I'm thinking of a meeting,  
Yet another one with thee,  
When the years have ceased their fleeting;  
And I'm thinking of the greeting  
That thou then wilt give to me.

1854

## THE TOILER'S DREAM

THE toiler slept a long, uneasy sleep,  
And in the midst thereof, a vision rose—  
A dream about a dream that filled his brain:  
He thought he woke, and on his wife and boys  
Gazed with a tender yearning at his heart,  
Then quickly turning to the uncurtained pane  
Saw Venus glowing with a tremulous light  
Half sunken in the rosy sea of dawn;  
Then rose, and putting on his raiment, passed,  
Beneath his humble door-tree, sped across  
Great plains of red-top, shining in the dew  
Like roses steeped in nectar, fields of wheat,  
Whose slender lances in the crispy air  
Tossed like the streamers which we see on ships  
Sailing in favoring breezes from their ports;  
Beneath the elm-trees, where the robins sang  
Their joyous praises to the advancing sun;  
Across the orchards, where the cat-bird's mirth,  
In garrulous quavers, shook the infant fruit;  
And over rocky hill and flowery dale;  
And on, and on, and still the wonder grew—  
A sea of glory in the shining East—  
Till all his soul, enamored of the scene,  
Shouted, in unison with brooks and birds;  
And all the growing dawn beheld a race  
Of happy men where justice held aloft

Her polished scale, that wavered with a breath;  
And none were found to cheat the balance, none  
To wring the sweat of blood from weary brows,  
And none were beggars, none were lords, but all  
Bore burdens for each other, and the wealth  
They made, outmeasuring individual needs,  
Wrought works of art and towers for learning's  
use,

And builded airy halls in pleasant parks  
Wherein the people at their leisure came  
To read the masters of philosophy,  
To search the lettered scrolls of history through,  
Or mark the unlettered legends of the rocks,  
With all their marvelous stories of the past,  
That, antedating continents and man,  
Recall the life of the primordial seas;  
Turn amateurs in science and produce  
The wonders of the retort; analyze  
All forms of use or beauty into gas  
As thin as rhymes for formal holidays;  
Turn the great telescopes to heaven and count  
The worlds on worlds and weigh them one by one;  
Look through the microscopes and there behold  
The infusorial myriads of the air  
And earth and water, and all things therein;  
And chasing science thus to suit the will,  
Each following that which yielded most delight,  
The range of knowledge grew from more to  
more:

Some viewed the wonders on the chiseled stone,  
Wrought by the Angelos of every town;  
Or on the canvas saw the raptures grown  
Beneath the touch of Raphaels numbered not,  
Except by needs of the communities  
Of cultured souls that filled the teeming world;  
Or on a million pages traced the flow  
Of poesy, that tempts the heights sublime.

And echoes faintly to the ear of clay  
The infinite murmurs of diviner thought;  
Or, when of learning weary, they would chase  
The flying ball across the park, or swim  
In the luxurious mazes of the dance,  
Or, in gymnasiums well appointed, train  
Each nerve and muscle to the highest use;  
Pitch the huge quoit, or toil upon the bars,  
Or ply the oars upon the river's breast,  
Or linger where the heavenly strains outpour  
From instruments of perfect form and tone;  
Or wander singing through the pleasant woods  
Where myriad feathered warblers congregate.  
And when returning from a day of rest  
To quiet homes that nestled in the groves,  
They met the household with a love that made  
The very roof-trees blossom into joys,  
And all the world a paradise of peace.  
How happily their thanks went forth to God;  
How sweet they rested, and with morning rose  
To toil, and know that best results are sure  
From every stroke of hammer on the steel,  
Or furrow cut across the pleasant fields,  
Or rush of throbbing engines, spread of sails  
That catch the breezes on a thousand seas;  
The whirl of spindles and the clank of looms,  
The nervous strokes of telegraphs that bear  
The thought of continent to continent,  
The labors of the builders, and of all  
Who build up cities, make the country smile,  
Train nature up to uses best for man.  
The sun awoke him, shining through the panes  
On the bare walls and meagre couch of straw;  
And so, the vision past, his toil began  
Upon a stately pile of stone that grew  
On labor poorly paid, in bounty wrung  
From other toilers by the sharper's art.

A mansion fit for princes of the mind,  
Kings in the empire of triumphant souls;  
But yet, a tribute raised by trembling hands  
To lying impudence and brazen cheek,  
And vulgar meanness that but shun the law's  
Just penalties, and keep within the range  
Of human decencies, by that small breadth  
That people always recognize between  
A rogue convicted and a rogue at large.

So ran the dream, and so it faded out;  
Yet all the world is beautiful and fair,  
And all the souls are nearest God, that dream  
Of happy futures when the earth shall move,  
And all the universe of man revolve  
In one wide orbit circling all delights,  
And every man shall yield his brother man  
The good he claims himself; and right shall be  
The Lord and Master over all that live.

## EVER

EVER strive and ever labor,  
Fainting not at all !  
Let endurance be thy watchword,  
Though thy strength be small.

Small the strength to each that's given,  
Yet sufficient still  
To upbear the dauntless spirit  
Over every ill.

What though calumny traduce thee ?  
Scorn the idle jade !  
Ever true to thy convictions,  
Stand, nor be afraid.

Let the poor time-serving trembler  
    Vaunt his hollow creed ;  
He would, like the storied Levite,  
    Let the stranger bleed ;

Or, with temporizing tactics,  
    Raise the Jewish cry  
Of "Release to us Barabbas,  
    But let Jesus die."

Does thy heart beat high for freedom,  
    And for the opprest—  
O ! let not its warm pulsations  
    Slumber in thy breast.

Truth demands that thou shouldst utter  
    Every noble thought,  
Though it hedge thy path with sorrow,  
    Bring thy name to naught.

There is nothing true and noble,  
    There is naught sublime,  
But imparts a heavenly music  
    To the keys of time.

Through the ever-widening cycles  
    Of unending years,  
Lives and grows the better influence  
    That was born in tears.

Hard it seems to work for others  
    By the midnight oil,  
And receive but jeers and curses  
    For your patient toil.

Hard to publish truths unwelcome  
    To the public mind,  
And be left to feed in sorrow  
    On truth's bitter rind.

Did the old disciples falter,  
When the offended kings  
Cast them to the hungry lions  
In their steaming rings ?

And shall he who dares to suffer  
For the right to-day,  
Not receive his meed of glory,  
Just as well as they ?

Truth has gospels unaccepted,  
Calvaries yet to climb,  
Crosses to be borne whose shadows  
Shall outmeasure time.

Strike for right with zeal, but never  
Deal in random blows ;  
Being very sure 'tis evil  
That thou dost oppose.

Then with arms like Scandinavian  
Thor, or Tubal Cain,  
Ply the hammer on old Error's  
Rough, unyielding grain.

Or if but an humble singer,  
Tune thy slender songs ;  
They are drops whose small erosions  
Wear the flinty wrongs.

Battle on! and God's approval,  
Nerving heart and will,  
Shall upbear thy hero spirit,  
Over every ill.

## FOR THE DYING YEAR

THE year is growing old and gray ;  
So am I :—  
And I hear the night winds say,  
“ Let him die !

“ Let the trembling dotard go  
To his rest :  
He has lost his wits, and so  
Death is best.”

How we loved him in his prime,  
Love him still !  
But his heartless father, Time,  
Works him ill.

He who gave him life and joy,  
And a crown,  
Now, in madness to destroy,  
Cuts him down.

Unto thee, O dying year !  
Do we owe  
Other tribute than a tear  
For thy woe ?

Thou hast given us much of grief,  
Much of peace ;  
Opening blossom, ripening leaf,—  
Love's increase.



Now thy harvests' stubbles stand  
    In the snow,  
And thy weak and trembling hand  
    Hangeth low.

Take, O Graybeard, to thy rest  
    Blessings three,  
Given in love, for love is best  
    Endlessly.

One to shrive thy soul, and one  
    For thy fame,  
Still to glow when days are done  
    With thy name.

One with all our gladness glad;  
    With our grief  
Eloquently, wildly sad,  
    Past belief.

Twelve short songs, in many a key,  
    Quivering by,  
Birth, and hope, and destiny  
    Laugh and sigh;

Bridal gladness, funeral train,  
    Bud and bloom,  
Seed-time, harvest, sun and rain,  
    Winter's gloom;

Young ambition, trembling age,  
    Child at play,  
Student bent above the page,  
    Power's decay;

All so wrought to one grand theme,  
    They shall run  
Onward, as some wand'ring stream,  
    Here in sun,

There in shadow, making still  
Pictures fair,  
While its varied murmurs fill  
All the air;

Till where thou art lying low,  
White and cold,  
All thy days shall come and go  
As of old,

Singing, sighing by thy bed,  
Fallen year;  
So that even among thy dead  
Thou shalt hear!

See! the fagot's blaze is low;  
Hear the bell!  
Thou art fading, ah! I know  
'Tis thy knell!

---

Rise from dreams; the King is dead;  
Hail the King!  
Bind the laurel round his head;  
Shout and sing!

He shall strut his little day  
On the stage;  
To life's grief and passion play  
Add a page.

Breaking hearts and mending crowns  
He shall come;  
Clothing some in silken gowns;  
In tatters, some,—

Then shall seek oblivion's vale  
Like the old,  
When one more twelve-chaptered tale  
Has been told.

---

Keep us, Father, in Thy hand,  
Thine alone;  
Years may drift like grains of sand  
Tempest-sown.

But within Thy guardian care  
We may dwell  
Safely in the here or there—  
All is well!



INDEX OF FIRST LINES



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
Across the snow and over the sand . . . . .	111
A flood there is that flows and falls . . . . .	139
Ah, blessed son! thy sleep no dangers mar! . . . . .	67
All along the winding river . . . . .	247
All honor to the sons of song . . . . .	288
All purple and gold are the leaves on the trees . . . . .	217
Aloft, in flowing garb, she stood . . . . .	226
Amid all scenes of pleasure voices fall . . . . .	47
Amid the quiet bower of trees . . . . .	282
A mist of white laces . . . . .	120
And is the grief that haunts with endless moan . . . . .	270
And so you say that Billy's dead . . . . .	187
As a sheaf that is fully ripened the Reaper . . . . .	189
A shrunken form, a motley face . . . . .	273
A simple rhyme, a childish grief . . . . .	59
A smiling face, a dimpled chin . . . . .	50
A thrill of something seeming half divine . . . . .	46
A tiny rill and a little child . . . . .	241
A white 'kerchief shaken aloft . . . . .	43
Backward gazing through the shadows . . . . .	13
Bending downward from thy throne . . . . .	280
Beside the rill that hurries down . . . . .	81
Be silent, speech, and hushed the noise of drums . . . . .	162
Blow, oh, blow the merry bugle! . . . . .	83
Brave defenders of our Union . . . . .	166
By the border of a woodland . . . . .	209
Cheerful, sunny brooklet . . . . .	289
Children together we romp and play . . . . .	223
Claribell . . . . .	256
Clouds of the morning . . . . .	272
Comes my heart with grief o'er laden . . . . .	293
Dear Penina, I've been thinking . . . . .	201
Despise not the art . . . . .	105
Die away, O evening wonder . . . . .	267

Ever strive and ever labor . . . . .	297
Fair comrades, do not chide me . . . . .	118
Farewell, darling strawberry . . . . .	205
Far over the regions of sorrow . . . . .	262
Fathers and mothers of our native land . . . . .	29
For her who died so young and wondrous fair . . . . .	172
For you who love the sea and the green woods . . . . .	151
Freedom singeth in the fountains . . . . .	278
Give gracious gifts to your children . . . . .	92
Gold and scarlet, dry and brown . . . . .	254
Good morning to Nellie! . . . . .	207
"Hail and farewell!" we meet and part . . . . .	85
Ha! my laughing violet . . . . .	122
Heah dat old camp meetin' hawn . . . . .	228
He cannot break the Ophidan thongs . . . . .	276
Here is the grave! . . . . .	178
He was a poet, and his prophet eyes . . . . .	86
He went on a summer vacation . . . . .	213
His form is bent, his head is gray . . . . .	16
How many friends have died since we . . . . .	100
If turkey failed and beef was tough . . . . .	48
I had a dream of other days . . . . .	36
I hear the ringing of the bells, the bells . . . . .	117
I hold that he who touches one glad string . . . . .	149
I hold within the hollow of my hand . . . . .	49
In vain were our prayers and our tears . . . . .	163
I recognize your able plea . . . . .	182
I sit and I sing . . . . .	128
Jennie's head was proud and queenly . . . . .	112
Lay your cold hand in my warm hand . . . . .	55
Level silence on the landscapes . . . . .	25
Lightly dip the slender oar . . . . .	137
Long ago! where the ranks of maple trees . . . . .	126
Look on this statue, standing dark and bold . . . . .	165
Love me little, love me long . . . . .	131
No more with tears I count the years . . . . .	122
Not his to sound the Attic shell . . . . .	186
November's cheerless skies of rain . . . . .	286
Now once again on field and hill . . . . .	146



Now the ardent sun advances . . . . .	77
O! buds may break in scarlet bloom . . . . .	142
OfI have I walked, when morn was on the land . . . . .	45
Oh, mountain monarchs of the mighty west . . . . .	172
Oh! sing the funeral roundelay . . . . .	159
Oh, weep for him, ye ever moaning pines! . . . . .	170
O mother, in that blessed clime . . . . .	188
O night, upon thy myriad streaming wings . . . . .	130
O poet! prone to woods and fishes . . . . .	199
O, singing wind! O, lingering wind . . . . .	133
Ould Paddy Fitz Morris . . . . .	225
O Urania, I whisper thy name with a sigh . . . . .	35
Out in the cheery breath of morn . . . . .	258
Out of the deepest sorrow . . . . .	261
O wild, sweet note! again I see . . . . .	51
Peace! gentle goddess, sleep is on the shore . . . . .	46
Playing on the parlor floor . . . . .	284
" Please, mama's sick an' we got no bread . . . . .	224
Poor bleeding feet! It seems but yesterday . . . . .	75
Purest souls sometimes are given . . . . .	291
Raise again the patriot song . . . . .	190
She was not made for sorrow . . . . .	55
Tarry with us, joyful hour . . . . .	54
Tell me, O warbler, why the dying day . . . . .	108
The air is rich with summer bloom . . . . .	123
The birds of morning rise and shake . . . . .	292
The bloom of his manhood . . . . .	194
The bright magnolia spreads its bloom . . . . .	22
The hills are all shrouded in mantles of snow . . . . .	89
The man who lies dead at McGregor . . . . .	167
The many voices of the noisy day . . . . .	175
The morn is past, the afternoon . . . . .	38
The mother standeth nearer to the child . . . . .	73
The odor songs that blossoms sing . . . . .	115
The poet rose and passed beneath the eaves . . . . .	290
The poet's friends are leaves and flowers . . . . .	283
The ragged firs, knee deep in snow . . . . .	141
The rain is falling, falling . . . . .	282
There is a light along the west . . . . .	132
There is no comfort in an idle word . . . . .	179

There is Winter on the mere . . . . .	125
There's a bird that stays with us the whole winter long . . . . .	41
There's a calm and pallid ace . . . . .	91
There's a glory in tree and blossom . . . . .	285
The South has a balmier breath . . . . .	152
The spring came laughing down the way . . . . .	58
The summer is dying, the days shorter growing . . . . .	109
The sun arose, the morn was grand . . . . .	95
The tide of being moveth now . . . . .	260
The toiler slept a long, uneasy sleep . . . . .	294
The voice is hushed, the heart is still . . . . .	161
The year is growing old and gray . . . . .	300
They kissed beneath the mistletoe . . . . .	51
They say that Longfellow is dead . . . . .	168
Through the changing necromancy . . . . .	271
To him who toileth in the afternoon . . . . .	93
'Twas a glorious eve in Autumn . . . . .	47
'Twas Christmas when the widow came . . . . .	249
Two little faces, cheerful and bright . . . . .	124
We knew in the night when the moon was on high . . . . .	144
Well, Johnny, my boy! How's your debts? . . . . .	220
We walked upon the terrace high . . . . .	216
When I cum fum Alabama . . . . .	231
When the soul's scepter falleth from the hand . . . . .	44
When young Apollo, from the heavens cast down . . . . .	40
Who cometh with perfect art . . . . .	53
"Whoop, la, whoop, tra, la, la, la!" . . . . .	219
Winter rules the world without . . . . .	263
Yesterday I was twenty, the world was in roses . . . . .	63
You asked me, dear friend, in the fair month of roses . . . . .	239











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 313 5

