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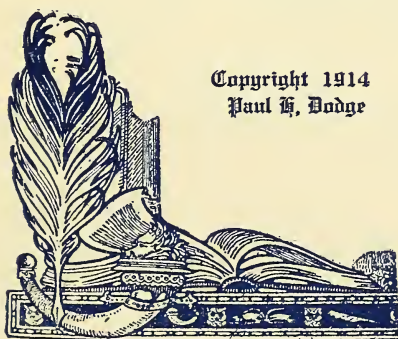




# Fire and Air

Paul Hunter Dodge

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# FIRE and AIR

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Paul Hunter Dodge

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# Awake my Heart

**A** WAKE my heart and take thy flight  
Above the fields of May and June;  
The skylark's song is my delight:  
He sings the lover's wildest tune.

Awake my heart! Joy's cup is full  
Of purple nectar from the vine;  
For Youth and Spring are mine and all  
The fruits of life are in love's wine.

Awake my heart, with mirth and song:  
Make music, merry mandolin;  
Awake old Bacchus' laughing throng,  
With lyre and lute and violin.

With smiles and music Love appears,  
And strews with roses all my way;  
The dancing shadows mock my fears:  
The feast of Life is mine today.

Love's leafy grove is cool and green,  
And bright the bubbling fountain flows;  
In all things fair I see my Queen:  
Her beauty blooms in every rose.

And when the night's befriending hour  
Invites the lover's stolen kiss,  
Then in a lonely moonlit bower  
My love and I know perfect bliss.



## Fire

**F**IRE flaming cheerily,  
Burning so merrily,  
Dancing so airly  
Up the dark chimney;

Flames all of yellow air,  
Coals wrapped in ruddy glare,  
Sparks, shooting stars aflare:  
Night cannot dim thee.

What art thou, living light?  
Flaming so fair and bright,  
Dazzling the sense of sight,  
Bewitching gloomy night?

In thy bright flames I see  
My blushing Rosalie.





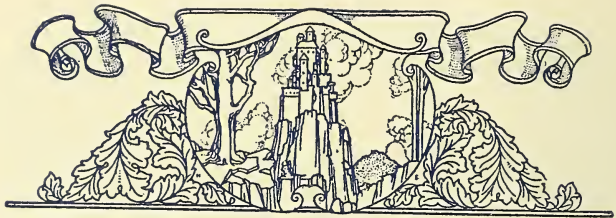
## Air

**A**IR! Bright Spirit, living, breathing,  
Round the earth and water weaving  
A soft veil of heaven, wreathing  
Skies in clouds and grey old ocean

Into laughing billows, waking  
Winter with thy merry making,  
Spring and Summer joys partaking,  
In a maze of motion.

Subtle substance, lifelike wonder,  
Wing of music, voice of thunder,  
Azure nothing without form,  
Sigh of wind and rage of storm, —

Sweetest is thy balmy breath  
When my loved Rose whispereth.



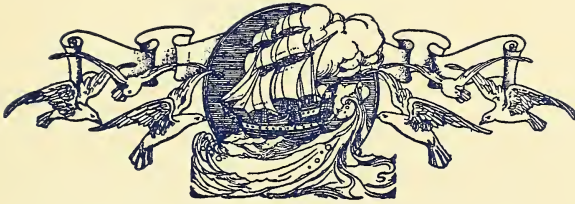
## Earth

**E**ARTH! Thou universal mother!  
Is the rock and tree my brother,  
Or am I come from another  
World of airy spirits?

Fair art thou all clad in splendor,  
Kind art thou, a mother tender  
Of thy children; thou dost render  
All that man inherits.

Thou art man's enchanted Eden  
For his flocks and herds to feed in;  
Thou art footstool, couch and throne,  
Thou art temple, court and home.

Thou art the fair garden too,  
Where my blushing Rosebud grew.



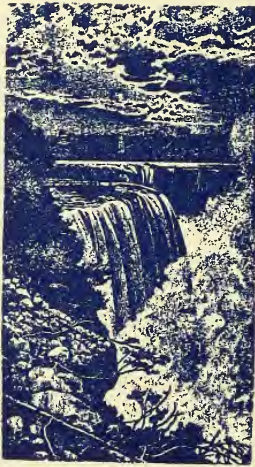
## Water

**W**ATER! Child of Sun and Ocean,  
Living in bright liquid motion,  
Glad and universal potion  
Of all life and being;

From the sunny cloudlands falling,  
In the mountain brooklet brawling,  
To the plains and prairies calling,  
Back to Ocean fleeing.

Strange unstable elemental  
Substance, lucent, pure and gentle,  
Emerald and turquoise blue,  
Sparkling in the rainbow's hue:

Rain of pearls and diamond  
Shall adorn my Rosamund.



# Niagara

— *To Frederic Burnam*

**N**IAGARA! Liquid thunder laughs and roars!  
In clouds of mist the foaming water pours.  
The flowering flood of prairie lands and lakes  
Leaps on, where Ocean all her children takes.  
Ah! Who shall paint this heaven-created scene,  
These living waters, diamond, emerald green!  
The blue skies love to lift the waters high,  
And water steals the clouds from out the sky!  
Thy rainbows jeweled with fire and amethyst  
Make glorious Aurora out of mist!

The waters of the prairies wed anew  
Where Erie kisses fair Ontario,  
And Nature casts a gorgeous Bridal Veil  
Where the cleft rocks of ages break and fail.  
Thy liquid lip hath worn the stone away  
And eaten gorge and cavern in its play!  
The centuries and milleniums have tolled  
While thy light burden o'er thy bosom rolled.  
Rome, Athens, Cairo, Babylon were young  
In infant speech, while spoke thy thunderous tongue!

Here at creation fell the heel of God  
To make a basin for His mighty flood!

# Meteor

— To Mrs. William E. Dodge\*

**M**ETEOR, O Meteor,  
Flaming through the heaven,  
One of Jove's bright diamonds  
To Earth's kingdom given.

Meteor, O Meteor,  
Falling from the heaven  
One of Juno's golden flowers  
To Earth's garden given!

Meteor, O Meteor,  
Trailing clouds of glory,  
Art thou true a fallen star  
Shattered? Tell thy story!

Meteor, O Meteor,  
Fallen from the heaven, —  
Stone and iron! What, no more!  
Deep in Earth's breast driven!

Meteor, O Meteor,  
What hast thou to tell us? —  
All the universe is ore  
Like that which befell us!

Meteor, O Meteor,  
Gift the Gods have given,  
Tell us — if the stars are ore, —  
Where is gentle heaven?

\*Donor of the Williamette Meteorite,  
in the New York Museum.



## Ode to Nature

**W**HAT gold is scattered like the sun?  
What silver like the moonbeams thrown?  
Of all ladies bountiful,  
Nature is most prodigal.

What jewels sparkle like the rain?  
What wealth compares to fruit or grain?  
Of all ladies bountiful  
Nature is most prodigal.

What raiment doth excel the flowers?  
What mansions rival greenwood bowers?  
Of all ladies bountiful  
Nature is most prodigal.

What diamonds bedim the dew?  
What colors mock the rainbow's hue?  
Of all ladies bountiful  
Nature is most prodigal.

What power on earth may Man command  
That is not moved by Nature's hand?  
Of all ladies bountiful  
Nature is most prodigal.

What Life — the gift the Gods proclaim, —  
Was not the child of that great Dame?  
Of all ladies bountiful  
Nature is most prodigal.

# Forget Me Not

— *To the Lady of Canterbury Road*

**F**ORGET ME NOT,  
Fair flower of thought,  
Frail flower of memory,  
Sweet memory  
Of Rosalie  
That gave this blossom me;  
  
Bright blossom blue  
Of Heaven's hue  
And dreamland's fantasy,—  
Fair star-lit eyes,  
My paradise,  
Where dwells my Rosalie.  
  
Sweet Rosalie,—  
Fair flower of memory!

# Goldenrod

**W**AYSIDE flower outflaming all,  
In the field and by the wall,  
Summer splendor lent to Fall,  
Goldenrod!

Autumn lies with lips apart  
Parched and languid, but thou art  
All undaunted, noble heart,  
Goldenrod!

Flaunting high thy wind-rocked plume,  
Robed in gold and dust perfume,  
Rich in wealth of native bloom,  
Goldenrod!

Bending low with lustrous weight,  
Royal emblem, flower of state,  
Flower of wealth immaculate,  
Goldenrod!

Store of pure and honest gold,  
Scepter of the free and bold,  
Rod of wealth and power untold,  
Goldenrod!

Bright brave banner of the sun,  
Plains and prairies hast thou won  
To thy kingdom's golden throne,  
Goldenrod!

# Rue

— *To Rue McKinnie*

**O** MEADOW RUE, of primrose hue,  
Thy incense hath a charm;  
I gather thee mid morning dew;  
The day is free from harm.

O Meadow Rue, Sweet Meadow Rue,  
Thy fragrance is a balm;  
Sweet holy-water is thy dew;  
Thy odor is a psalm.

Sweet herb of grace, Ophelia  
Plucked thee to cure her prince;  
The shepherdess, fond Perdita,  
Gave for remembrance.

When the wide world was in alarm  
Of witchcraft's deadly spell,  
A sprig of rue dispelled the charm,  
And made the mad-man well.

Sweet herb of grace, sweet herb of rue,  
Dispel my thoughts, of fear;  
For beauty, love, and courage do  
Make man a war-god here.



## Dante

**D**ARK AGES shroud fair Italy in gloom;  
Behold a Light bursts from the sacred tomb!  
A Poet lumined by the lamp of Love,  
Soars with his angel guide through realms above  
Earth's darkening clouds, among the fire-born spheres,  
And learns immortal joys for earthly years.

Thy heart o'erflows with human sympathy,  
And soft compassion floods thy melody.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom  
That opes the graves of death and night and gloom,  
And frees the Holy Spirit, that bright dove  
That holy writ has called the God of Love.

When Earth is Heaven, and Death and Hell shall cease,  
Thy voice shall ever echo Love and Peace!



## Beatrice

**I** WAKE and lift my eyes to Beatrice,  
My drooping eyelids fall upon her face;  
Aurora paints the golden dawn more fair,  
Because my love, my Beatrice, is there,  
And Sunset breathes her fragrant rainbow breath  
Because her spirit brightens even death!

Life, death, sleep, waking, earth's joys all are one,  
Since thou, my love, to other worlds art flown.  
Touched by thy hand my airy spirit soars,  
Unbodied to the bright ethereal shores.  
Thou art my hope of Heaven, my Light of Love,  
My angel guide on earth, my Star above!

To drink thy beauty is an angel's food;  
To speak thy name is a beautitude!

# May Days

— A Play Upon A

- 1 COME away, come away,
- 2 Little May, 'tis day!
- 3 O say pretty May will you come away?
- 4 'Tis Mayday, aye, a holiday,
- 5 A Mayday day, a heyday day,
- 6 A playday day! O pray,
- 7 Pretty May, come away and play!
  
- 8 Fair fairy fay, from Springland gay,
- 9 Away, away, away, away!
- 10 Where the nymphs and naids play,
- 11 In the shady forest way,
- 12 In the flashing fountain's spray,
- 13 In the sunlight's crystal ray, —
- 14 Away! O come away and play!
  
- 15 Round a pole of ribbons gay
- 16 Dance a merry roundelay
- 17 With the elfs and fairies gay
- 18 Come and play a merry lay.
- 19 Stretch the gold and silver ray
- 20 On the leaping liquid spray;
- 21 Fairy harps and cymbals play,
  
- 22 Airy fairy music play,
- 23 Wake the echoes far away,
- 24 Wake the morning, wake the day!
- 25 Away, away! — Nay, nay! O stay!
- 26 Stay, stay, my blithe, my gentle May;
- 27 Haste not so soon, so soon away!
- 28 Stay, stay, sweet May. May will not stay?
- 29 Nay, Nay. — O welladay, farewell sweet May
- 30 Your rosy sister Junia, today, today,
- 31 Has driven you away, away, away.



# The Buccaneering Bee

**O** A BOLD little Pirate is the Bee,  
And he sails his ship on a flowery sea,  
Full o' honie, full o' honie;

O, a bold little Bandit is the Bee,  
And each blushing blossom's a full treasure,  
Full o' monie, full o' monie;

O, a bold little Lover is the Bee,  
And he woos the gay flowers in thin lingerie,  
For their honie, for their honie;

Nay, a bold little burglar is the Bee,  
And he fools the proud dames, rich as Solomonic,  
For their monie, for their monie;

O, a bold little Poet is the Bee,  
And softie and sweet is his minstrelsie,  
Hear him humming, hear him humming;

O, a bold little Soldier is the Bee,  
And he carries his sword right manfulie;  
He is coming, he is coming:

O beat a retreat, my farie Ladie;  
He would woo thee and rob thee and murder thee,  
Lovie Ladie, lovie Ladie;

O flee from that bold little Bandit the Bee,  
O flee to a lover who loves thee trulie, —  
I will aid thee, I will aid thee.



## The Old Clock

**I** LOVE to hear the minutes told  
In long and restful measures,  
And see those loving hands of gold  
Folding away their treasures, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, time's precious flowers.

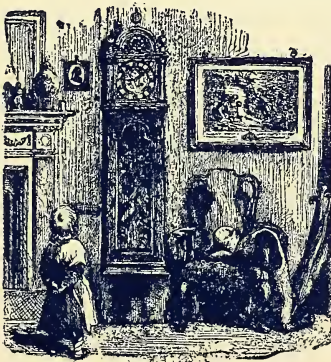
I love to feel the hours glide by  
Like silent rivers flowing  
Through flowery meads 'neath summer sky,  
Where fragrant winds are blowing, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, Time's fading flowers.

I love to see day flower and fade,  
To see the world awaking  
From night's sweet spell of solemn shade,  
To see the fair dawn breaking, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, time's sun-kissed flowers.

I love to watch the moon-born months,  
Through changing seasons moving,  
December's snowy shroud where once  
Fair May and June were loving, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, time's tender flowers.

I love to count the years that roll  
Like billows of old ocean  
Over the world-enchanted soul,  
O'erflooded with emotion, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, time's joyful flowers.

I love to live a life aflame,  
Lit by the lamp of learning,  
With fires of youth and phantom fame  
Like heavenly planets burning, —  
Silver minutes, golden hours,  
Jeweled days, time's fading flowers.





# The Piano

— *To Mrs. Kimball*

**I** LOVE  
The sparkle of  
The bright piano;  
Music wings  
From silver strings,  
Floating upon angel wings;  
Like the harp of heaven sings  
The bright piano.

Joyful chimes  
In happy rhymes  
The light piano;  
Music swells  
From myriad bells:  
In the heart sweet rapture dwells;  
For of love and laughter tells  
The light Piano.



# Mother

— *To Jenny Lind Hunter*

**M**OTHER, poor, tired, worried, little Mother!  
Half of thy day is care, half thy night sorrow,  
And one day adds its burden to another,  
And hope and rest is ever thy tomorrow.

Mother, dear, loving, tender, little Mother,  
Thy heart is full of tears, thy lips are singing;  
Thy voice is full of love, thy bright smiles cover  
Thy cares, and fears flee from thy laughter ringing.

Mother! Thy love-born name is home! No other  
Fair title crowns the cottage or the palace;  
Thy power divine is love and fond devotion,  
Flooding the lives of others, sweet emotion  
Like sunlit fragrance from a lily's chalice.  
Speak soft the name of sweetest fame — 'tis Mother!

# Goshen

**V**ILLA of Maple shade  
Flower of the Prairies,  
Cool is thy bower and glade  
Fragrant thy air is;

Bright are thy forest streams,  
Land of my boyhood dreams,  
Peopled with buttercups,  
Elves, nymphs and fairies.

Villa most bountiful,  
Flower and fruit laden,  
Amid fields plentiful  
Like a new Eden;

From Egypt's garden land  
Thy name was taken:  
One Great Creator's hand  
Made beauty waken.



# New York

— *To Judge Cooper*

**A** HARBOR like a Throne of Liberty,  
An Island like a mountain of the sea;  
Towers of Babel breaking up the sky,  
Ten thousand honeycombs of masonry;  
A Broadway walled to heaven with Mammon's show,  
Two narrow lanes where streams of silver flow;

Bridges that swing a mile suspended free,  
Leviathans that bridge the vanquished sea;  
A rush of iron wheels to iron wed,  
Thunder of traffic underfoot, o'erhead;  
Gay theaters where love and folly play,  
A million lights that make the midnight day;

Proud City, Queen of all Columbia reign  
Till thou be crowned the World's titanic Queen!





## Colorado

**C**OLORADO, Land of Colors,  
Valleys clad in sparkling emerald,  
Mountains clad in red and yellow, —  
Clad in cloak of many colors  
To reveal their golden treasure.

Colorado, Land of Mountains, —  
Land where giant rocky mountains  
Tower above a world of wonders, —  
Tower above the sky and cloudlands,  
To divide the country's rivers.

Colorado, Land of Rivers  
Fed my mountain snows eternal,  
Land where cataracts and snow-streams  
Play upon the lofty mountains,  
To cut pathways to the oceans.

Colorado, Land of Great Rocks  
Hurled together by the giants  
To build up the Rocky Mountains,  
Down-thrown by the warring thunders,  
To make laughter for the rivers.

Colorado, Land of Boulders, —  
Rocks, so long caressed by waters  
That they lose their jagged harshness,  
And with rounded tongues in murmurs  
Sing with breath of living waters.

Colorado, Land of Pine Trees,  
Land of heaven-ward towering timbers, —  
Cleaving mighty rocks with footprints,  
Fanning with their reedy fingers  
Wandering airs to watry murmurs.

Colorado, Land of Sun-rise,  
Land of gold and silver sunrise,  
Gleaming through the snowy cloudlands  
O'er the blue and purple mountains  
Bathing glittering snows in fire.

Land of lofty, light-aired Highlands,  
Land of fleecy, foamy cloudlands,  
Where the Earth and Air, and Water  
Play together like young brothers,  
Vying, leaping o'er each other.



Colorado, Land of Silver,  
Gold, and all the sun-lit metals  
That the fire-gods and the earth-gods  
And the water-nymphs and fairies  
Hide in rocks and streams and quarries.

Colorado, Land of Homesteads,  
Land of mansions proud, and humble  
Cottages of unhewn timbers, —  
Land hospitable to strangers,  
Welcoming the East and Far-West.

Colorado, Land of Promise, —  
Land of wealth but half discovered;  
Precious are thy untaught waters,  
Precious are thy unfound treasures, —  
Precious to our children's children.

Colorado! Colorado!  
Call the rocks, the hills, the rivers,  
Call the mountains and the highlands,  
To the valleys, plains and prairies, —  
Colorado, Colorado!



# Anchor of the Cymric

— To Paul Gross

**W**ITH my head on the fluke of an anchor  
That many a bark outweighed,  
I slept, and listened in my sleep  
To the wonderful words of the mighty deep  
And the music the iron tongue made.

With a mantle of mist for a covering  
And a lone star hung for a light,  
And the grey smoke gently o'erhovering,  
I listed the sounds of the night:  
I heard not the foghorn,  
I heard not the bell,  
I heard not the hour,  
Nor the watchman's "All's well"  
Nor the waters at war in the night;  
But a great iron tongue broke my slumber's spell  
And spoke with the joy of a Yule-tide bell,  
Singing faith and hope and might.

Sail on, my good ship Cymric,  
For the song thy anchor hath sung  
Hath filled my heart with hope and trust,  
Like the strength of thy iron tongue.

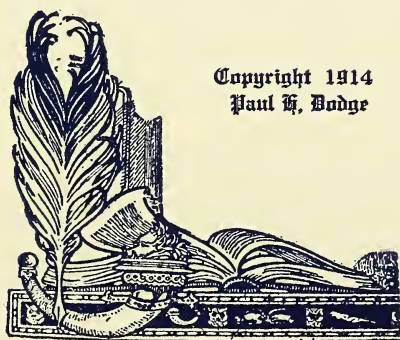
Thy voice is of home and of safety,  
And reward of watching long, —  
Of the morning that brings the homeland, —  
A joyful, hopeful song.





# Songs of Chivalry

Paul Hunter Dodge









## Song of Chivalry

**O** I WAS a ruffian in Flanders,  
And fought for a florin's hire,  
And you were the maid of my Captain,  
And sang to my heart's desire."

O, I was a knight of the table,  
When Arthur, our lord was King,  
And like the fair Queen of the fable,  
Thou, sweet Guinevere, did'st sing.

O, I was a king of the forest,  
And you were a nightingale,  
And through the long summer evening  
Your beautiful song I'd hail.

O, you were a flower of the garden,  
And I was a bumble bee,  
And while I drank of your fragrance,  
I hummed my rude lay to thee.  
O, would I were now that rude bumble,  
Knight, ruffian, or forest king,  
And thou, the fair flower of a maiden,  
My nightingale queen would sing.



## Kenilworth

— *To Frederick Lloyd*

**F**AIR flower of the days of chivalry,  
Thy ruin towers a living memory  
Of kings and queens and knights in revelry,  
Of banquets, battles, songs, artillery!  
Thy walls with age are hoary,  
Thy halls are bright with glory,  
Thy splendor lives in story.

The shepherd's flock I lay me down beside,  
And saw thy pageants pass by eventide;  
Thy walls I climbed as crimson evening died,  
And saw thee in thine ancient royal pride:  
Two Henrys crowned stood o'er me,  
Elizabeth before me, —  
King John all dark and gory!



## Windsor Castle

**M**ETHINKS that Shakespeare's  
"cloud-capped towers"

Were born where Windsor's beauty flowers  
In the fair valley of the Thames;  
Surely thy splendor filled his eyes,  
When rose his "gorgeous palaces"  
Beneath the pen that dipped in flames.

Thy chapels, vaulted like the sky  
And starred with fairy tracery,  
His "solemn temples" seem to be.  
Never did wealth and beauty wed  
In such bright glory as is shed  
From thy crowned brow of majesty.

Never such glamor filled the eye,  
As England's towering royalty!



## The Blarney Stone

**M**Y LIPS have kissed the Blarney Stone,  
Which quaint tradition makes the throne  
Of eloquence and poesy;  
My feet have climbed the castle walls,  
My voice has echoed through the halls  
Of minstrelsy and melody!

Crown jewel of the Emerald Isle,  
Bright talisman, thou sacred pile  
Of story sweet and fantasy!  
Thy summit like Olympus crowned  
Wooes heaven's muse, and scorns the ground  
With its poor pilgrim wooing thee!

High on thy loftiest battlement,  
Where sun and wind may kiss content  
And mortal is forbidden thee,—  
High must the Blarney Pilgrim climb  
By many a winding stair betime,  
Ere he may even look on thee!



And when the lover wins the bower,  
Still in thy coyness wilt thou cower  
From his devout caresses free;  
And hands and feet must all entwine  
To let his cheek descend to thine,  
To wed his lips to poetry!

O'er many a mile of land and sea  
I pilgrimaged to look on thee,—  
To greet thy walls and towers;  
Methinks the path of poesy  
Is like the steps that lead to thee,  
Whose stones are books all bound in flowers!

O tell me grey old sacred stone,  
Art thou the brother of great Scone,  
Where sits enthroned majesty,  
Or did'st thou pillow Jacob's head,  
When Bethel made a heavenly bed,  
In Israel's sacred history!

Did England's good Queen christen thee  
Because Clancarthy kept thee free  
With polished words of flattery,  
Or hath Cormac McCarthy won  
From drowning witch a silver tongue  
Because she bade him climb to thee!

O sacred Sybil, silent keep  
The secret of thy magic deep.  
Thy polished lips when they kissed me  
In silent splendor seemed to say  
That lips can wear the stones away!  
Such is the power of kissing thee!



# The Diamond

— *To Gladys of Worcester*

**F**AIREST of all the maids of Malvern fair,  
Loveliest of all the belles of Worcestershire,  
Queen of the valley-land and mountains where  
The pine in beauty rivals gothic spire!

O Princess beautiful in beauty's land,  
Wed to the king of all the mountains wild,  
Let not a mortal have thy fairy hand, —  
Nymph of the river Severn, Diana's child!

O sweetest rose that blows on Malvern's hills,  
Leave not thy forests fair, thy rivers bright,  
The gay-decked mountains and the laughing rills,  
To seek the city dark of dreadful night!

O fairy maid, too fair for mortal man,  
That lovely diamond mars thy lovelier hand,  
And I could wish the cruel stone again  
Within its chrysalis, lost in the sand,

Back in its desert isle, without that band  
Of gilded dust, tossed in the deep dark sea,  
Or back again upon that rougher hand  
Of him who gave the token false to thee.





A pledge! so slight a thing, a stone, false gem  
And colorless, that steals its splendor of  
The shattered ray of honest day, — to them  
A crystal's counterfeit, that nature love.

Perish the slave that found it,  
Perish the knave that ground it,  
That put the circlet round it, —  
That gave the gem to thee!

Yet, if thy love prove true, —  
Long may he live to love thee,  
May none be blessed above thee,  
Forgive sweet memories of thee,  
— Love, — adieu!

# The Valley of the Wye

— *To Williams of Merton*

**I**N the Valley of the Wye,  
Where the green hills kiss the sky  
And the blue skies kiss the river flowing by,

Where the primrose decks the dale  
And the white flock flecks the vale  
And the apple blooms make all the valley pale;  
There do I love to stray  
On a merry day in May.

There fair Tintern Abbey lies  
Neath her canopy of skies,  
In her mossy tapestries;  
There in pride of phantom powers,  
In her massive Norman towers,  
Chepstow's rugged beauty flowers.



# Stonehenge

— *To W. Champneys, Esq., of Oriel*

**T**EN HUNDRED thousand times our mother star  
Hath kissed the temple of her fairest child;  
Three thousand years the Queen of Light afar  
Upon her Temple of the Sun hath smiled.

Goddess of Light and Life, fair Mother Sun,  
The Children of Earth still worship thee;  
We love the light! Worship and love are one,  
And Light and Life and Love our Trinity.

Ye grey old stones, ye rocks that time defy,  
Dark portals of the Goddess of the Day,  
Ye moss grown altars that like Memnon lie, —  
O speak! Ye answer, "Temples may decay,  
Religions perish! Gods may pass away!  
But Light and Life and Love endure for aye!"



# Canterbury

— *To Hugh Morris, Esq.*

**C**ANTERBURY! O glad hours  
Flown beneath thy Angel Towers!  
Angel voices, angel choirs  
Chant above thy angel spires!  
Angels poised on heaven high stone  
Ring the bells for Spirits flown.

Music Saint Cecelia gave  
Echoes through the sacred nave;  
Holy words the Shepherd taught  
Into service sweet are wrought.  
Thoughts from Palestine and Rome,  
Find in thee a welcome home.

Blessed thoughts around are shed  
By the living and the dead —  
Thoughts and musings deep and strong,  
Meditations sweet and long;  
Fellowship in solitude,  
Blessing and beatitude.

# Westminster Abbey

— *To Frederick Baker, Esq.*

**I**N THE dark Minster where ages gloom  
The golden rays of the noonday sun  
Break through the roseate glass o'er the tomb  
And scatter a rainbow of heaven's own bloom  
O'er flowers of thought, and laurels won,  
O'er poet and dreamer shrouded in stone.

There Guinevere decks Alfred's brows,  
And Little Nell strews Charles with flowers,  
There Pippa sings where Browning sleeps;  
Fair Constance for Sir Walter weeps;  
Evangeline her poet raises,  
And Prospero speaks Shakespeare's praises.

Tomb of the Great! Immortal Pile!  
Here sleeps the glory of the Isle.





# Chester

— *To D. Davies, Esq., of Chester*

**W**ITH silv'ry arm the river Dee  
Enfolds thee, quaint old Chester;  
Would that my arm could circle thee,  
And hold thee to me, Chester,  
Age hath its sweet captivity,  
Dear ancient city, Chester;  
Thy charms are ever new to me,  
Thou fair enchantress, Chester.

Strong walls and towers and elder bowers  
Embrace thee, fair old Chester;  
Thy very stones and trees and flowers  
Are dear to me, sweet Chester;  
The rose's hue is on thy walls,  
Fair Chester, smiling Chester;  
The sun-set paints thy towers and halls,  
Sweet Chester, blushing Chester.

Thy houses fashioned curiously  
Fair antique city, Chester,  
Of cross-beamed oak and masonry,  
Home-loving city, Chester,  
Are pleasant to the wanderer,  
Hospitable old Chester;  
Thy sheltered rows give welcome here,  
Kind motherly old Chester.

Rome in all glory wooed thy pride,  
And camped about thee, Chester,  
And christened thee a warrior's bride,  
A fortress and a *Castra*.  
No voice of cannon mars thy walls,  
Fair, quiet city, Chester;  
Sweet music fills cathedral halls,  
The chimes of sweet old Chester.



# The Golden Touch

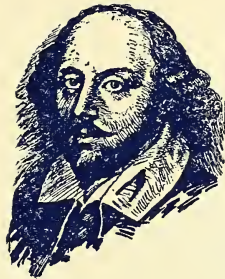




## Shakespeare's Birthplace

— *To W. S. Brassington, Esq., Stratford Librarian*

**W**HERE, Sweet Muses, are thy Poets born?  
Neath lattice-leaded windows where the morn  
Smiles on the babe that knows not day from night,  
Nor yet has thought or passion or delight?—  
In antique houses built of sand and clay  
Inlaid with oak, all white, and brown, and grey,  
Where beauty born of nature never strayed?  
Nay, nay! For poets are not born, but made  
By all the sweet and subtle influence  
That falls upon the windows of their sense,—  
The rocking cradle, childhood's wildwood ways,  
And Summer's bloom, and Autumn's golden days,—  
The tongues in trees, songs in the running brooks,  
Love, laughter, labor, and the lore of books.



## Shakespeare

**K**ING of our Golden Age of Poetry,  
That left us heirs to thy rich treasury  
Of golden leaves, of fine-wrought, living gold;  
Thou generous Midas that did'st woo to thee  
All Nature's wealth, all Life's sweet luxury,  
And all the fantasy of story told:  
Thy touch was fire and air to earth and sea;  
Thy spirit was the flame of alchemy  
That turned to gold the mystic legends old;  
Thou, from the glittering stream of history  
Hast plucked pure gold, gilded reality  
With innocent illusions, from life's cold  
Crystal melted the vein of tragedy,—  
Fused the bright metal, tried its purity,  
And into silken leaves the fire-ball rolled;  
Shredded the gold-leaf's thin transparency,  
Spun out the threads of fate and destiny  
With touch the Goddess Clotho might think bold;  
Woven of poesy, a tapestry,  
Fine as the web of thought, as fancy free,—  
A finery the Orient never sold:  
Thou, Wealthiest of the Wealthiest, gave'st us free  
Thy book of life, thy golden treasury,  
Leaving us all the wealth a world would hold.

# Shelley

**B**EAUTY was thy only God  
Love thy only heaven,  
Poetry thy sacred word;  
Thou canst be forgiven  
Doubt and infidelity,  
Worshipping this Trinity.

Son of wind and wave and sky,  
With the West Wind floating,  
With the Skylark flying high,  
With the Storm King boating, —  
Thou did'st weep an elegy  
Full of pearls, for one like thee.

May each Child of Poesy  
Worship with thy piety.

## Emerson

**P**OET whose sweetest verse was liquid prose,  
Whose lofty thought like Ocean's billows rose,  
With all the power and grandeur of the Sea,  
Bursting in jeweled foam majestically;

Philosopher whose pure philosophy  
Made Nature heaven and Man a Deity, —  
Taught the great human soul its god-like worth,  
Revealing Man his kingdom upon Earth;

Shakespeare and Goethe were thy fellowmen,  
And Plato did not scorn thy comrade pen;  
Montaigne and Swendenbourg dwelt in thy mind  
And made thee universal and benign.

Sweet son of contemplation, Emerson,  
Mingle with minds immortal! Thou art one.



# King Manuel

**I** AM A KING! I am a King forever!  
Can a King cease to be?  
Crowned, sceptered, robed in mortality!  
Never! O, never!

Birth crowned me King. The King is  
crowned forever!  
Great God Who gave me breath,  
He can uncrown by Death, —  
None other! Never.

I reign today! I am the King forever!  
Who shall dispute my sway?  
False throned usurpers may, —  
My people! Never!

O, Portugal, my home, my throne forever!  
Yet while I dwell apart  
Thou art throned in my heart  
Ever! Forever!





## Charles Dickens

**G**REAT Charles, thou patron saint of human prose,  
Who wrote the history of common men  
As they were Kings; and freely chose  
The beggar and the outcast for a pen  
That could have writ in purple and in gold;  
Who loved the orphan, and with love made bright  
The dull grey skies of England and that old  
Begrimed and foggy City of the Night;  
Who would not write of battles or of kings,  
But wrote of Copperfield and Nickleby; —  
He noblest sings, who truly human sings:  
Mellow my heart, and let that happy star  
That shone thrice bright at thy nativity,  
Shine out, while Pegasus draws Phoebus' car,  
With all thy fire and love to lighten me.



# The Wealth of Happiness

— To Fred Lazarus, Esq.

**T**HE Minstrel's blithesome lay was done,  
His meed of gold and honor won.  
A jeweled cup, richly embossed  
His patron to him lightly tossed.  
Quickly the minstrel filled it up  
And drained the precious blazoned cup.

“A drink to ‘Happiness and Wealth’,  
Here’s to my lord’s long life and health! —  
Merry! well chosen is the toast;  
I see that thou art rich, mine host!”  
“Aye, my good bard, a wealth untold  
Of lands and tenements and gold.

**“These riches, merry-maker, know  
Do but seem riches; thine art so!  
A greater wealth thy merriment,  
For thou art happy and content,  
And thou art gay from break of day  
Until the night is passed away.**

**“O that I had thy free young heart,  
Thy rhyming muse, thy minstrel’s art!  
My heart I sold to winning gold:  
Now I have wealth, and I am old.  
Happy art thou that early learned  
That joy-bought wealth is dearly earned.**

**Time that is not to pleasure turned  
Is lost forever, ne’er returned.”  
Answered the bard in lighter mood:  
“Wealth is good, and life is good, —  
Wealth in spending and in giving;  
Life is good but in the living.**

**Life is to live, and every day  
That is not lived is thrown away.  
The only wealth we may possess  
Is present health and happiness,  
And happiness the only measure  
Of all our goodly worldly treasure.”**



## Gold

— *To John C. Craft, Esq.*

**G**OLD, sordid gold, thou art the root  
Of every evil, every vice!  
Envy and hate and avarice,  
The workman and the master's strife,  
The quarrels between kinsmen rife  
Spring out of thee!  
Sweet Liberty,  
And that one priceless jewel Life, —  
Nay Love, the very Soul's sweet wife,  
May all be purchased for a price.

Gold, slandered gold, thou art the root  
Of every virtue, every good!  
Thou bringest shelter, clothing, food;  
All winged ships that sail the sea,  
All trade and thrift and industry;  
Sweet Charity is born of thee!  
Love cannot live by love alone;  
But money will make bread of stone:  
Pure gold, thou art the first beatitude.

The  
Battle  
and



the  
Crown

— To Theodore Gross, Esq.

**L**IFE is a struggle! well the toiler knows!  
But think not every noble life  
Brings not its crown of conquest.  
Life is a battle! All that breathe are foes;  
But in this war of toil and strife,  
Love leads man to the contest.

Love of the home! That makes the lion roar  
And ravage herds, the tiger prey  
Upon the fawn, the eagle  
Swoop down upon the lamb, and proudly soar  
To the rock ledge; and strong men play  
Their power against the feeble.

Love of the home! that calls men from the home,  
To war in mart and capital,  
To cross the seas and mountains:  
Such toil no jeweled circlet crowns, no throne, —  
A wreath of merit Heaven let fall,  
Wild olive fresh from fountains.







# Oxford

— To Cecil Rhodes\*  
(Tune, Annie Laurie)

**O**XFORD'S towers are old in story;  
Her centuries are stone;  
Oxford's chimes ring out her glory;  
Her cloisters are our home, —  
Her cloisters are our home, —  
Oxford's chimes ring out her glory;  
Her cloisters are our home.

Far in sunny Southland glowing,  
A great heart found a stone;  
With its radiance overflowing  
Two nations would make one, —  
Two nations would make one, —  
With its radiance overflowing,  
Two nations would make one.

So his jewel, the generous giver  
Dissolved in ocean dew;  
And Atlanta was a river  
Between our land and you, —  
Between our land and you, —  
And Atlanta was a river  
Between our land and you.

\**Founder of the Rhodes Scholarships for American Scholars at Oxford, England. The philanthropist found his fortune in South African diamond mines.*

# The Library

RADCLIFFE CAMERA OXFORD

**D**O I stand in ancient Rome  
Underneath Saint Peter's dome?  
Or is this Minerva's home?

Like the dome of heaven enfolding  
All the beauty of the world,  
Thy arched canopy is holding  
All Britannia's wisdom furled.

All the tongues of earth have spoken  
To enrich thy bounteous store:  
Ever, till Man's voice is broken,  
Shall thy treasure grow to more.

# The Tower

NEW COLLEGE OXFORD

**I** WANDERED today through the cloisters, Morley,  
And climbed the old, old tower;  
I looked out on a city, Morley,  
In spire and dome a-flower.

O never my eye was richer, Morley,  
In the wealth of flooded sense,  
Than when the sun shot all his arrows  
Over those battlements.

Hundreds of years beneath us, Morley,  
Are treasured up in stone;  
A million souls, in wisdom, Morley,  
Have flowered here and flown.

And Christopher and Paul, Friend Morley,  
Are flowers born to die;  
Our names are but a breath, Friend Morley,  
And fade like melody.

# Oxford Farewell

— *To Elmer Keith, a Scholar*

**Q**UEEN of the realm of thought and contemplation,  
Fair Alma Mater of our Motherland,  
Thou throned Minerva, rapt in meditation,  
Holding the sceptre wisdom in thy hand:

Thy throne is founded like the rock of ages  
On all the truth and beauty of the past;  
Thy treasure house is filled with sacred pages  
That shine like jewels in a rusty casque;

The children of the West have crossed th' Atlantic,  
To make the pearl of the East their home;  
And while the bounty of the East shall grant it,  
The Pilgrims of the West shall hither come.

Welcome the scholar to Britannia's shore;  
Farewell thou City Grey of mellow lore.



# Poems of Pleasure



# Art

— *To William DeLeftwich Dodge*

**T**HE Poetess of Nature, Art doth sing  
The soul of Beauty. Upon Fancy's wing  
She lightly soars with canvass wide unfurled  
Above the cumbrous volumes of the World.

Dame Nature's books were writ in seas of time,  
In leaves of rock, in measures without rhyme;  
But Art's fair volume is a new-cut stone,  
Life's purest jewel, set in Man's high throne.

Like fiery Pegasus, fair Art arose  
Above great Nature's treasury of prose,  
With forms and hues of earth that heaven merit,  
The life and truth beyond, the soul, the spirit.

Nature untaught of Life is beautiful,  
But Art and Life are Beauty's very soul.

# Love

**L**OVE! What is love but a breathing?  
Love, what is love but a sigh?  
Love, what is love but believing  
And telling a beautiful lie?

Love! What is love but embraces?  
A sweet wild emotion stirred?  
Love, what is love but two faces  
Close pressed in one passionate word?

Love! What is love but caressing?  
Love, what is love but a touch  
Of the lips and a fondling and pressing  
Of hands in a dark evening watch?

Love! Tell a thousand trifles o'er!  
Love keeps her secret. Love is still more!

## Honeymoon

**W**HITE little moon, bright little moon,  
Grant me I pray thee, one little boon,  
Let me confess by thy light, little moon,  
What she would not guess by the light of noon:  
I love her and long for a honeymoon!

New little moon, true little moon,  
Grant me I pray thee, one little boon:  
Show her thy honey-comb, sweet honey moon;  
Give her a sip from thy great horn spoon:  
Tell her I long for a honeymoon!

## Her Name

**I** ASKED my love one happy day  
What I should call her in my lay,  
What love-born name of angel fair  
Or flower or jewel she would wear, —  
Beatrice, Ruth, or Helena,  
Or Ruby, Opal, Julia,  
Viola, Lily, Rosaline?  
She shook her head to flower and queen.

'Ah, no,' replied my lady fair;  
'Beloved, what are names but air?  
Take thou whatever fills the line,  
But forget not to call me thine!'



# The World Alone

**T**HE moon shines o'er the laughing lake  
And woos it like a lover;  
The stooping winds pause o'er the brake  
To kiss and fondly hover;  
The wanton airs play with the leaves  
And turn them gently over;  
The dusty yellow honey bees  
Embrace the blushing clover.

O laughter loves to wake a smile,  
And kisses woo embraces,  
And love-light hours the night beguile,  
And joy wild fancy chases;  
And love woos beauty all the while,  
And you complete the Graces.

# The Fowler

— To Edward Sickle

**A** CARELESS whistling lad am I,  
On skylark wings my fancies fly;  
There's not a fowler more renowned  
All the wide huntsman's world around!

Ah! who like me can spread the net,  
Or tune the merry flageolet?  
Then why, O why should I repine,  
When all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,  
The sweet sequestered nightingale,  
The wren and robin, woodlark, all  
Obey the magic of my call.

O! could I lay some cunning snare  
To catch the coy coquetting fair  
In Cupid's filmy web so fine!  
The pretty girls would all be mine!

When all were mine, the loveliest  
I'd choose to share my downy nest.  
My mate should sing of love and joy,  
And coo and bill her robin boy.

We'd fly away to some fair clime  
And make one honeymoon of time,  
And love away this fleeting life  
Like robin red-breast and his wife.



## Little Charmer

**C**OME and kiss me, little charmer,  
Thinks my lass a kiss would harm her?

Kisses given, kisses taken

Need not now your fears awaken.

Give me then a hundred kisses;

Count them but as borrowed blisses:

On my life, I tell thee truly,

Tenfold I'll repay thee duly

When to snatch a kiss is bolder

And my maid is ten years older.†



## Angel Wings

— *To Paul Willis, Jr.*

**L**ISTEN my Angel-child, my love,  
And thou canst hear the angels move:

Still as the fairy snowflakes fall,  
Still as the moonbeams on the wall,

Still as the rose unfolding leaf,  
Still as the fragrance of the heath,

Still as the fall of leaf or star,  
Still as the light that shines afar;

So still through earth and air and sky,  
So gently do the angels fly.

# Ode to Spring

**W**ELCOME Spring, the bride of Youth,  
All garlanded in forest flowers,  
The Poet's paradise, in sooth,  
The lover's land of green-wood bowers.

O welcome winds and rainy weather  
When March and April laugh together,  
When May makes love to balmy June,  
When grass grows green and birds attune.

The Prince and Princess of the year  
Are robed in Nature's gorgeous green:  
More lovely do their trains appear  
Than fiery King and snow white Queen.

The red leaves fall. The white snows pass:  
Green grows Earth's mantel of the grass!



# Autumn Glory

**I**S it a dream, that will pass away?  
That will fade with the morning,  
And break with the day?

Nay, nay! It is true,

I am happy and here!

But I fear, — but I fear —

The splendor and beauty

Will fade with the year!

Am I a prince in these palace halls?

Am I a king in these castle walls?

Why do I sleep neath a canopy,

Lulled by the sweetest melody?

Why do I wake to a silver chime,

And make a holiday of time?

Why do I drink from a golden cup,

And eat of the fruits of life heaped up!

Is Life a dream that will pass away, —

That will fade with the morning,

And break with the day!

# The Boat Race

— *To L. M. D.*

**H**OEBUS' flaming car ascending  
Ushers in the festal morn;  
At the shore the Trojans gather,  
Summoned by Acestes' horn.

Here Aeneas brings the prizes,  
Followed by a joyous throng,  
Sacred tripods, verdant garlands,  
Palms and arms they bear along.

There the swiftest of their vessels  
Ready stand in bright array;  
Eagerly they wait the signal  
That shall speed them on their way.

Forth they dart, like startled seabirds  
At the bugle's sudden note;  
Swifter than the fleetest courser  
And the chariot, flies the boat.

How they plough the wat'ry furrows —  
How they ply the bending oar —  
How they lash the foaming billows —  
How the rocks resounding roar!

Suddenly amid the uproar  
Gyas flies before the rest,  
Whom Cloanthus closely follows,  
Of the rowers, he the best.

Then Sergestus and Menesthus  
Follow them at equal pace.  
Heavy panting shakes the rowers,  
Struggling for the foremost place.

Gyas thus accosts his pilot, —  
Nearest to the goal was he, —  
“To the left! — the shore, Menoetus,  
Let the rest stand out at sea!”

But Menoetus disobeying,  
Dreading shoals and hidden sand,  
Turns his prow far out to ocean,  
And avoids the dangerous land.

Lo! Cloanthus pressing on him  
Has th' advantage sought before, —  
Braving both the rocks and shallows,  
Steers between him and the shore.

Gyas then in grief and madness  
At the honor snatched away,  
In his anger at the pilot  
Hurled him headlong in the bay.

But Sergestus and Menesthus  
Fired with hope and ardent zeal,  
Seeing Gyas losing headway,  
Closely press upon his keel.

Now Sergestus has th' advantage,  
And Menesthus in despair,  
Dreading to be last in honor,  
All the gods invoked in prayer.

And his crew he likewise rouses  
Lest they bear the same disgrace, —  
Though mere chance procured the honor,  
Destined to the second place.

For Sergestus, cruising blindly,  
In his furious career,  
Strikes against a hidden sandbar,  
And is left far in the rear.

Then Menesthus, much elated  
And rejoiced by his success,  
Darts away like mountain pigeon  
Startled from some lone recess.

Leaving far behind Sergestus,  
Now he overtakes Gyas;  
In the end alone Cloanthus  
Yet remains for him to pass.

And perhaps the two now foremost  
Both had won with equal prowess,  
Had Menesthus, as Cloanthus,  
To the gods poured forth his vows.



But to him the lot was destined,  
    Though his rival held the throng,  
For not men, but gods were with him,  
    And his galley pushed along.

Swifter than the winged arrow  
    Thus Cloanthus flies to land,  
And the great Cloanthus, victor,  
    First receives Aeneas' hand.

Verdant laurel crowns his temples;  
    Heralds sound his name afar;  
Royal robes are thrown about him,  
    Triumph of a peaceful war.





## The Bow and Arrow

**T**HY lips are Cupid's bow,  
Thine eyes are Cupid's arrows,  
And O, a dart has pierced my heart! —  
And, — We'll be wed tomorrow.

# Venus and Apollo

**L**O, The bright and morning Star!  
Venus in her silver car,  
Waiting at the gate of day,  
In Apollo's golden way,  
Like a bride in shining white,  
Like a sovereign of the night.

Lo, the coming of the Sun,  
Like an Orient bridegroom, one  
Robed in purple, red, and gold,  
Flamed in crimson splendor, rolled  
In light dust of azure cloud,  
Drawn by fiery steeds and proud.

Lo, the golden Charioteer,  
The God of Light and Day is here!  
Where is the Goddess of the Night,  
The Queen of Love, arrayed in white?  
— O, She is wedded to the Sun!  
Apollo and his Queen are One.

# The Weeping Willow

— To Maud

**W**HERE from out a mossy rock  
A crystal fountain sprung,  
O'er the merry dancing stream  
A weeping willow hung.

In the Summer breezes  
Lofty boughs are waving;  
In the cool refreshing fount  
Drooping boughs are laving.

But the willow ever  
To the breeze is sighing,  
With the pearls of the fount  
Evermore is crying.

Evermore the mourner  
Grows more bent with weeping,  
Sighing, mourning, pining,  
Endless vigil keeping.

Long ago the willow  
Stood there as today,  
Sighing in the breezes,  
Weeping in the spray,

And the goddess Sylva  
Wandering that way,  
Saw the humble mourner,  
Saw the mournful tree.

“Why do you weep fair tree,  
Why do you sigh to me?  
Happy is the fountain;  
Zephyrs sing to thee;

“Happy are the blossoms  
And the honey bee;  
All the world is happy, —  
Happy all but thee.”

But the willow answered  
Only with a sigh,  
And continued weeping  
As the years went by.

“Weep on,” the gentle goddess said,  
For God and Nature will so;  
Full many a tear must beauty shed,  
Be thou the ‘Weeping Willow.’

# The Mason's Song

— *To Henry Clay Stevens*

♦♦ **H**I, HO! To the top of the towering wall!"  
'Tis the master mason's rallying call:  
"To the scaffolding, boys, now merrily climb;  
'Tis seven o'clock by the town bell's chime!

"Come hurry along, with muscles and brawn,  
And a keen quick eye, where the line is drawn!  
Out with your blades of flashing steel;  
The mason wars for the common weal."

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!

Music and labor and art combine! —

Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;

Lay to the line boys; lay to the line!

Busy as bees on a honeycomb pier,  
Piling up red bricks, tier upon tier, —  
Cheery as crickets, all the day long,  
Lightening labor with laugh and song!

Climbing up, climbing up, nearer the sun,  
Prouder than warriors of kingdoms won;  
Steady and clear, from tower and port,  
Ring out the challenge, "Mort, O mort".

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!

Music and labor and art combine!

Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;

Lay to the line boys, lay to the line!

Who are the peers and the lords of the land,  
Worthy of honor and high command?  
They of the brick-reddened, mortar-stained palms,  
With shoulders of giants and sinewy arms,

Builders of cities, and builders of homes,  
Storming the sky with spires and domes;  
Writing thereon with trowel and lime,  
Legends of labor in books of time!

Clink! clink! trowel and brick!

Music and labor and art combine! —

Brick upon brick, lay them up quick;

Lay to the line, boys, lay to the line!



## To Gild Refined Gold

**T**O GILD refined gold, I'd weave a strand  
    Into the sunshine of my Lady's locks;  
    To paint the lily I would lay a kiss  
        Upon that alabaster cheek of thine;  
To throw a perfume on the violet, I'd mingle  
    Its flowery incense with thy balmy breath;  
To smooth the ice I'd melt my palm in thine;  
To add another hue unto the rainbow,  
    I'd pluck the rose that flutters on thy lips;  
Or should I seek the eye of heaven to garnish,  
    I'd choose a beam reflected from thine own!

# Fama Levis

— *To the Schoolboys of Shrewsbury*

**T**HE School-boy carves his name in stone, and I  
In emulation likewise carve my name  
In stone forever! But a passerby  
Effaces every letter! Such is fame!

# Feathers of Pegasus

**F**AREWELL! Ye happy days  
Of poetry and art!  
When love of minstrel lays  
And beauty filled the heart.  
Homeric days and Phydian nights  
Are gone! —  
Where is our Angelo and Tennyson?  
— Be calm my raging quill, —  
Genius lives on!  
Still lives Mark Twain,  
Still lives McCutcheon!

# The Prairie Poet

**D** WEEP the Prairie Poet! He is gone,  
Gone with his winds and rivers to the sea;  
What though his limpid liquid verse flows on, —  
Our friend is banished to Eternity.

O weep thy fellow songster, ye wild birds  
That taught the poet his first melody;  
O sing, sweet thrush and robin, those wild words  
That thy loved brother sang in poetry.

O weep the Prairie Poet, ye bright flowers,  
Lilies and buttercups o'erbrimmed with dew:  
He was your brother, blossoms, more than ours;  
With fragrant memories his pathway strew.

O sing of him ye winds of fragrant breath  
Ye moaning breezes and ye rustling leaves,  
Ye withered grasses whispering of death,  
Ye homely harvest fields and autumn sheaves.

Brooks that he loved, still murmur and complain  
And swell the rivers with your flashing tears;  
Rivers that loved your playmate bid the rain  
O'erflood your bosoms with the swelling years.

Great Nature's Spirit mourn thy woodland voice  
Hushed in the silence of the rock-closed tomb,  
That voice that taught the children to rejoice,  
That made the forests ring and flowers bloom.

Children that loved to sit upon his knee  
Or follow him in books through wonderland,  
And youths that read his rhymes so pensively,  
With laugh and jest, come take the poet's hand.

Old folks at home, grandam and father gray,  
That knew the poet's haunts when all were young,  
Read o'er again with glistening eye the lay  
Of love, the Poet of the Prairies sung.

Weep not for Nature's Poet, still he lives  
Immortal in sweet song that cannot die;  
For Beauty fades not, and its author gives  
His love and music to eternity.

## Do Not Write

**D**O not write! I am lonely, but long to forget!  
Love letters are shadows and clouds of regret;  
Love's torch is a flambeau, without beauty near;  
Love's Summer is Autumn, all sombre and sere;  
The roses are scattered; forgetmenots bloom,  
Love knocks at my heart, but he knocks at a tomb!

Do not write! Love's sweet words I no longer dare read;  
Two hearts grown and severed, new-opened will bleed.  
A pen of pure fancy writes love on my heart,  
And a soul-kiss embalms it with heavenly art:  
Do not write to awaken sweet memories dead.  
Penned words are all sable; Love's life blood is red.

# Going West

— To Grenville M. Dodge

**I** LOVE to hear the click and the clack  
Of the iron wheels on the railroad track,  
For I know that I am going back  
To the great big mighty West.  
O, I love to see the fences fly  
And I love to watch the fields whirl by,  
And the forest run along the sky,  
In the land of the great unrest.

O, I love to hear the whistle blow, —  
The big black steed can neigh you know, —  
For we all are smiling as we go  
Back to the old home town;  
And I love to hear the brass bell clang:  
'Tis as merry music as ever rang  
A farmer boy to dinner — Bang!  
— The brakes are closing down!



# World of Lies

— *To Ernest Morehouse*

**B**OOKS, books, books,  
How few are worth believing;  
Looks, looks, looks,  
How oft they are deceiving;  
Tongues, tongues, tongues,  
The web of falsehood weaving;  
Wrongs, wrongs, wrongs,  
To which the world is cleaving!

Men, men, men,  
Refined in art of lying;  
Women, women, women,  
Simple truth denying,  
Children, children, children,  
The art polite are trying,  
And the infant Truth  
Is dying, dying, dying.

# Harper Library

**W**HAT fair castle born of dreams,  
What proud monument of stone?  
Rises yonder in the gleams  
Of the silvery moon?

Are there palaces of kings,  
Are there fanes of Orient lore,  
Where a new-world London springs  
On the lake and prairie shore?

Is an Alexandria here,  
Or a new born Western Rome  
Doth an Oxford thus appear,  
And Minerva find a home?

Love hath built this monument  
For the wisdom of the world,  
When a last great book was sent  
To the realm of volumes furled.

Here are housed the Kings of Thought;  
Here the Bards Immortal dwell;  
They that taught and they that fought  
Wake to speak, and live to tell!

Where the Magic City fled,  
Winged in white from tongues of flame,  
Like a Phoenix from the dead,  
The grey city towers to fame.

There the oaks and elm trees rise  
Two fair woodland parks between,  
There a castle neath blue skies  
Towers o'er the Midway green.

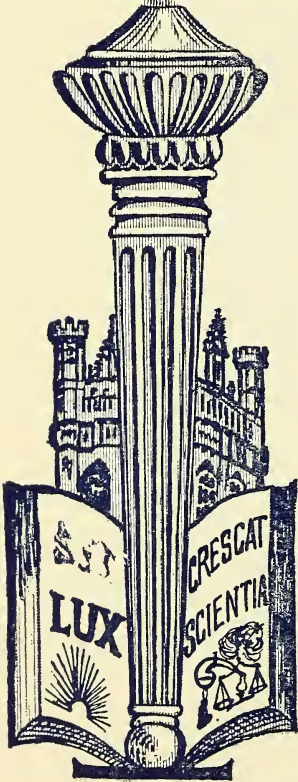
# John D. Rockefeller

**M**ONARCH of liquid fire,  
King of the flowering flame,  
Lord of the lamp and lyre, —  
Wisdom and light conspire  
To deck their patron Sire;  
Minerva lauds thy name.

Thou generous Midas turning  
The yellow flame to gold,  
In liquid, fire discerning,  
Earth's very waters burning  
To light the lamp of learning,  
Truth's beauty to unfold.

When thy fair fortune flowered  
To wealth unknown to man,  
And thou wert all empowered,  
Thy gold a blessing showered  
And man with wisdom dowered,  
As free as heaven's rain.

Lord of the lamp of learning  
That lumines the golden West,  
That star in the prairies burning,  
For ancient wisdom yearning,  
To the great unknown turning,  
To be of truth possessed.



Light of the Orient streaming  
    Across the western sea,  
From a bright new world beaming,  
With Science' glory teeming,  
And Wisdom's banners gleaming  
    With Christianity.

Spirit that drives out horror  
    Of death and dread disease;  
Thou art the kingly warrior  
That wars upon night and error,  
Upon ignorance and terror, —  
    Upon man's enemies.

Wealthiest of generous givers,  
    Thou hidest not thy light;  
Thou spreadest thy bread on the rivers  
Of earth; thy faith redelivers  
The bounty Earth lent thee to others,  
    For justice, truth, and right.

# Edison

**W**ONDERFUL Wizard without wand or book,  
What mighty magic works behind that look  
Of calm content, in working for mankind;  
What radiant genius works within thy mind!

All Nature is thy book of poetry,  
Thy wand the lightnings, cauldron, chemistry;  
Thy creed is to enslave the elements,  
Enfranchise Man, enrich his soul and sense.

Who plucked the lightning from the inky night  
And made a thread of coal burn starry bright;  
Who saved the noblest organ of the soul  
And put man's voice into a waxen scroll:

Wizard whose magic works in words of light,  
Let Mankind crown thee King of Sound and Sight.

# De Rerum Natura







## The Sun God

**H**AIL, King of Heaven, eternal Light!  
Hail Sovereign of the Day!  
Ascend thy throne, the mountain height  
In purple gold array.

Thy sceptre is a flaming sword;  
Thy crown is diamond  
Thy royal robe is light; thy word  
Is law and love profound.

Hail, God of Life! All living things  
Awake and worship thee,  
First Power in Nature, King of Kings,  
Of Earth and Sky and Sea.

Hail! Glorious God of Life and Light,  
Eternal power over night!

# The Love God

**G**LORY in the highest  
To the God of Love!  
Out of Heaven Thou fliest  
Like a snow-white dove,  
Resting upon Mortal  
Thou art Sovereign of.

Many Gods have vanished  
Since Man sought but One:  
Others will be banished,  
Ere Man's race is run, —  
War-gods, Fire-gods, Rain-gods,  
And the mighty Sun!

Shall the God of Ether,  
Shall the God of Air,  
Dwelling in the heavens,  
Nowhere, everywhere,  
From his throne be driven,  
Like the homeless Pan,  
When the Love-God ruleth  
In the heart of Man?

# The Stars

— To Pres. David Starr Jordan

**I**N the beginning were the Stars,  
And the Stars were as Suns  
In their magnitude and their glory.

Before Man was, or the World was formed  
Or the Planets swung in the heavens,  
The orbs of fire, the spheres of light,  
The unpeopled Stars reigned forever  
Throughout infinite space.

And the great Stars moved in majesty,  
By power and law of universal gravity,  
In perfect paths and changeless orbits.

Whence came the stars, when they had birth,  
Or of what mass they were moulded,  
What Chaos prevailed before Order evolved,  
Or whether a God-like Creator, with hands  
Hath builded the Stars and ordered the heavens:  
Man doth not know. For his wisdom is finite,  
And the realm of the Stars, the fields of space,  
And the bourne of time are infinite.

Who can conceive of the bounds of Space? —  
He thinketh of heavens beyond them.

Who can conceive of the birth of Time? —  
He thinketh of ages before it.

Who can take thought of the farthest star? —  
He thinketh of stars yet beyond it.

Man may not know, nor his mind conceive  
Of the magnitude of the heavens.

As the sands are to the mountains,  
As the mountains to the planets;  
So the planets are to the Sun-Stars.

As a moment is to a day,  
As a day to a year, a year to a life;  
So is the age of the Earth to Eternity.

Therefore Wisdom doth speak, of Genesis, —  
'In the beginning were the Stars.'



## Creation

— *To the Astronomer*  
*Moulton\**

**W**HO shall declare the World's Nativity?  
Who shall narrate the Wedding of the Suns?  
He that hath built great windows into heaven, —  
He that hath pierced the shadow of the Earth!  
Hear the bold words of Astra's Oracle!

Of Love the World was born. Two rushing stars  
That knew not witherward they wandered free,  
Through pathless space and heaven-forgotten time,  
Drew near, and bowed, and by mutual love  
Attracted were, each swelling bosom fraught  
With fiery passions panting to create  
And give to airy nebula a form  
For human habitation and delight.

The Father mightier than our Mother Sun,  
Who ne'er before had seen so fair a like,  
And could not check his fiery flight through space,  
Threw out a loving arm toward his mate,  
Nor could he draw his airy mantle in,  
And she, in answer with a palm of fire,  
Waved from her burning lips a starlit kiss  
And flung a mantle of soft mist afar,  
To fondly greet her passing lover star.  
And from the mantle seven children fell  
And swung in merry dance about the Sun;  
Thus Venus, Earth and Mars were born of her,  
And sweeter, fairer music filled the spheres.

*\*Author of the Spiral Nebulae Hypothesis, and designer  
of the Yerkes Telescope*



# Dust Thou Art

“**B**ASE was thy origin, base is thy doom;  
Earth was thy cradle, Earth is thy tomb;  
Ignoble art thou; for base was thy birth:  
Thou springest from evil: thou art of earth!”

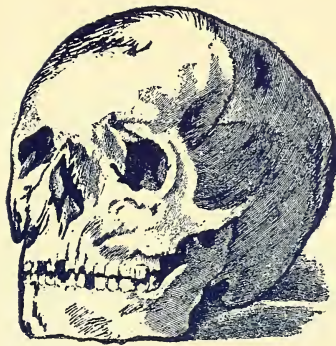
Earth was thy origin; Earth may be thy tomb, —  
But lofty thy birth, and bright is thy doom,  
Noble thy ancestry, nobler thy child,  
Climbing to light from out the dark wild.

Say to the lily, the violet, the rose,  
Say to the fairest of flowers that blows, —  
Say to the diamond, to ruby, and gold,  
Say to the rainbow, the sunset, the wold, —

Say to the crystal, the snowflake, the dew, —  
All that is beautiful, lovely and true:  
“Base was thy origin, base is thy doom;  
Thou art of earth, and earth is thy tomb.”

Is flower less lovely, is snowflake less pure  
That they were coarse earth and water before?  
Is diamond less brilliant, is rainbow less fair  
That they are of carbon and water and air?

Is Mortal less noble, is Man less divine,  
That he has for parent the beast and the vine?  
Is body less hallowed, is spirit less bright,  
Because it evolved from chaos and night?



## To a Skull

— D. M.

**W** I HATE thy hollow eye!  
Grim and shallow mockery  
Of the soul that dwelt in thee:  
For thou say'st that soul can die!  
As thou liest, I must lie!

Here those lips that loved me hung,  
Here was cradled that blithe tongue!  
All are withered, cold and dumb,  
Banished from their native home,  
Eaten by the hungry tomb!

Here those ears that drank sweet sound,  
Mirth and love and music's round:  
Music, laughter, love and mirth  
Mix forever with the earth,  
With the cold and mouldy ground!

As I lift thy empty dome  
That was once thy spirit's home,  
And by night I hear thee cry —  
"I am dead, and thou shalt die" —  
Awful echoes strike me dumb!



# My Brother Mr. Tree

— To R. R. Marett, Esq.\*

**M**Y BROTHER of the wood  
Anchored in the clumsy sod,  
In our veins is common blood  
And one Father is our God.



Gnarled feet that plough the earth,  
Spreading palms that greet the sky,  
One was our ancestral birth:  
Thou art living as am I.

Shall I say because I roam  
O'er the world with lighter foot  
From my native earthy home,  
Thou, to live must too uproot?

Thou can't spare or foot or arm,  
Half thy bosom may decay,  
All thy palms may come to harm,  
Autumn take thy breath away.

Yet thou livest, Brother mine,  
Climbing toward our sunlit Heaven,  
By thy birth and right divine  
Claiming kinship God has given.

Thy good clothing of rough bark  
Braves all seasons, whilst must I  
Dwell in wool and build an ark,  
Banished from my native sky.

*\*Professor of Anthropology, Exeter College, Oxford, who tells the story of his little son reprimanding a playmate who was shooting arrows at a large sycamore, thus: "Say Bill, don't hurt my brother, Mr. Tree."*

Massive breast of Hercules  
Whose brave muscles war the wind,  
Teach me all the lore of trees, —  
Speak in breath of human kind.

Myriad tongues invoke the airs,  
Myriad eyes drink up the sun;  
Who shall say my breath and theirs  
And our visions are not one?

O ye sturdy giant frame  
That for ages beats the blast,  
Who shall say that not the same  
Love of life dwells in our past?

O ye trillion living cells  
That build up our castle walls,  
One bright spirit in us dwells  
And illumines our castle halls.

Giant, towering mid the skies,  
Seeking radiance from above,  
Teach my downcast human eyes  
To look up for light and love.

Spirit that in forest king  
Loves the light and air and breeze  
Teach my human voice to sing  
That my soul is kin to trees!

# God is Love

— To Rev. Charles R. Henderson

“**G**OD is Love,”  
Said a Lover of Man.  
“Thou shalt love God”,  
His love-song began,  
And ended with loving, —  
“Thou shalt love Man.”

But Man who thought God  
In the sky and the cloud,  
Still sought God afar  
In a heavenly star,  
And still looked for love  
From a heaven above.

Still he sang to the mountains  
Still he prayed to the wind,  
Nor looked for the Love-God  
Alone he might find,  
In the heart of his Brother  
And Fellow-kind, —  
Nor knew that the Love-God  
Was throned in Man's mind.

# Fear

**F**EAR is a shadow monster,  
That dwells in the Castle of Doubt,  
In the wilderness of Fancy,  
With storm clouds walled about.

Fear is the door of the darkness,  
The ghost of the midnight air;  
Like a spirit of death he takes the breath,  
And he rides a black night-mare.

Fear is a church-yard spectre,  
And he haunts the hollow tomb;  
He groans from the empty coffin,  
And he blows on a trump of doom.

Fear is a lurid fire,  
That flares up out of the dark,  
A voiceless tongue of horror,  
That mutters one word, 'Hark.'

O Monster of Darkness, false spectre,  
Cold fire, silent voice, king unknown, —  
Thou art nothing, and glass is thy sceptre:  
'Tis shattered! and Hope fills the throne.



## The Death of Handel

— *In the performance of his Lent Oratorio, Handel dropped his head upon the keys exhausted, and was carried home to die.\**

**T**O melt the soul, to swoon the ravished ear,  
To bring the angel choirs of heaven near,  
To tune earth's joys to harmonies of heaven,  
Great Handel struck the lyre! The power was given.

Ah! When he late attuned his Master's praise  
In tones celestial and immortal lays,  
A last farewell to earth his soul expressed,  
And thus in song the raptured throng addressed:

Adieu, sweet mortal music, and adieu,  
Loved friends of earthly harmony. I go!  
Apollo calls me to a nobler lyre,  
And bids me join the Sun's immortal choir.

"Oh, for Elijah's car," great Handel cried:  
His Master heard his voice, and Handel died.

*\*Translation from the German*





# The Titanic

— *In Memoriam W. T. Stead*

**S**PEED, speed, speed!  
Through the night and the ice-bound wave!  
Take heed, take heed, take heed!  
Ye plough a wat'ry grave!

Pound, pound, pound,  
Ye bergs of the frozen North!  
Sound, sound, sound  
The dirge of the Titan Fourth!

Roll, roll, roll,  
Ye waves of cold, cold death!  
Howl, howl, howl,  
Ye winds of icy breath!

Woe, woe, woe,  
For the sea is drunk with dead!  
Woe, woe, woe!  
For the hungry deep is fed!

Shriek, shriek, shriek,  
Ye women and children! Ye men,  
Speak from the depths, O speak!  
That never shall speak again!



# The Land of Nod

— *To Enchel*

**I** AM going far away,  
To a land unknown to Day,  
To a land that no one knows,  
But where everybody goes,  
Land where all have been before,  
But that no one may explore, —  
To the land of sweet repose,  
Slumberland, sweet slumberland.

Quick as thought our life is whirled  
Far, far from the living world,  
To a world of rest and peace  
Where all thought and being cease,  
To a world where sense is dumb,  
To Nirvana's senseless home.  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Resting all unknowingly;

For a time we cease to be, —  
Wonderful the mystery!  
How akin to death is sleep!  
Dreamless sleep so calm and deep.  
When our journey we are taking  
In that land unknown to waking,  
Are we dead or do we take  
Long draught of Lethe, ere we wake?

I do doubt my soul is free,  
Or that it may part from me.  
Body soul and self are one;  
With the frame was soul begun,  
And together both have grown:  
Both will cease when life is done!  
Life is but a candle flame,  
And must perish with the frame.

Every morn I wake to find  
In its wonted frame the mind.  
If the spirit wandered free,  
Would it thus return to me?  
But how I may cease to be,  
And again awake, and see, —  
Still 'tis wonderful to me,  
And foretells futurity.

# The Glory of



# Mortality



# The Glory of Mortality

— To Christopher Morley

**M**USE that oft the hallowed harp hath strung  
To Heaven's sweet harmonious melody,  
Harp that so oft the lofty lay hath sung, —  
The Glory of Mortal Immortality;  
O Singer<sup>†</sup> on whose lips the honey hung  
Of future happiness and life to be;  
Sweet Poet<sup>†</sup> dwelling other worlds among,  
Painting a heaven like thy fair Italy,  
O earthly-sight-quenched Seer,<sup>†</sup> whose heavenful tongue  
Found beauty but in Isles beyond the Sea;

O Echoing Souls that on the fancy flung,  
A fond-imagined, fleeting fantasy;  
O Rhapsody of Mystery that onward rung  
Till half the world caught up the symphony!  
Sweet Muse, and sacred throng that trod the ways  
Of hope and faith and heavenly mystery,  
Attend me, thou Immortals, while I raise  
In joy, and pride, and human ecstasy,  
One note of simple gladsome soulful praise  
To sing the Glory of Mortality!

<sup>†</sup>*Christ, Dante, and Milton*

What though there be no Heaven of fadeless joys,  
No Hell of everlasting misery, —  
No life beyond our brief Mortality;  
What though we be not gods immortal born;  
What mourning though our lives be but a span  
Of measured time, set in eternity, —  
A little while to be, — forever not to be,  
Our souls a thought imprisoned and set free!  
What though the door of death may never break,  
What though the slumber dark may never wake!

What though there be no Judge, no Judgement Day!  
No God enthroned to punish and reward!  
What though there reign no vast Intelligence  
Directing every atom to its place,  
Predestining the world and all Mankind;  
Though thoughtless forces out of chaos build  
This universe of worlds harmonious,  
And Nature rudely recompenses all!  
What though blind chance creates and desolates,  
And wanton mars the beauty it creates!



What though this temple be but common clay,  
Built out of base and common elements!  
What though the woof<sup>2</sup> whereon the soul is woven  
Into a web of forces delicate  
Be but a fabric whereon worms may feed!  
What though the Spirit, Aye! the very Soul  
Be but a subtle form of energy,  
Evolving through the long millenniums  
Toward<sup>4</sup> perfection, only to be drawn  
Into one source of being and destruction!

What though our lives be but a moment of  
The little day allotted to our world;  
What though the lives of all the mortal race  
Be but one brief and unremembered scene  
Of that short act our cooling planet plays  
In the long drama of the Singing Spheres!  
What though, all lost in gross infinity,  
The Soul, the Spirit, but an ion<sup>6</sup> be, —  
A breath of thrice refined energy! —  
A flame from chaos, foam from off the sea:



Still, — To the Soul, the Soul is all in all,  
The Sun, the Light of a dark universe  
Which else were dead and void and meaningless!  
Life is as precious as the all that is,  
And sacred as the miracle of being!  
Its glory is, It lives! It moves! It feels!  
It thinks! It loves! O, Spirit wonderful,  
O, Matter glorified, etherealized,<sup>8</sup> .  
Self conscious of its own existence grown, —  
Most marvelous of Nature's miracles!

Does the sun see his glory, or the moon  
Enjoy the splendour of her silver sheen?  
Does the earth know its beauty or the sea  
Hear her loud roarings? Can the towering rocks  
Feel heaviness or sense the joy of power?  
Does the void sky its vastness comprehend,  
Or hear the stars the music of the spheres?  
Can the fruit taste his sweetness, or the rose  
Breathe her own fragrance, drink her honey dew?  
— Is aught in being but by Life and Thought?<sup>10</sup>

The power and majesty of human mind  
O'ermasters all of nature's energy,  
Subdues the elements, earth, fire, sea, air,  
And dominates the world of lesser life;  
And consciousness, creation's complement,  
The bright awakening of gloomy night,  
The living mirror of the universe,  
The orb of fire and light illuming all, —  
Proclaims intrinsic value, pure and fine,  
A worthiness inherent, absolute.

And though we drink one dew-drop of the sea  
Of time, yet to our reckoning we drain  
The ocean, aye! a life-time, all the time  
The universe may have to us existence;  
A life-time of a thousand score of days,<sup>12</sup>  
Of joy and sorrow, wonder, hope and fear,  
Desire and striving, victory, defeat,  
Love, pity, pride, ambition, honour, power;  
Aye! every passion, every fair delight  
That men attribute to a future state!

The joy of labour and delight of love,  
Fond revery of past felicity,  
And fonder hope of happy hours to come, —  
All these are ours in our mortality,  
With wordly pleasures flooding every sense:  
The beauty born of nature, and of art  
When the sublime imaginative mind,<sup>14</sup>  
Expressing its sublimity and power,  
Adds use and beauty to the natural:  
Hear then the pleasures of Mortality!

The sweetly wild and broken melodies  
Of heaven's plumed songsters, pouring forth  
Their souls into their kindred element;  
The gentle zephyrs of new-coming spring,  
The breath of summer, autumn's sighing air,  
Wild winter's whirling wind, the howling gale;  
The thunder of convulsing elements  
When angry cloud meet cloud, darts pronged fire  
And bursts with bellowing, the pouring rain  
That plays the same long comforting refrain;



The babbling brook, the rippling rivulet,  
The softly-gliding, silver-winding stream,  
The lashing, dashing torrent, flashing down  
The mountainside, storming the deep ravine,  
The slow majestic, placid valley-stream,  
Scarce flowing, wandering, meandering,  
Still murmuring to find its long lost sea;  
The lapping of the wave along the lake,  
The roar of ocean's billows as they break  
O'erwhelming castle sands and coral strands.

These are but nature's artless symphonies,  
Imperfect harmonies, but chance-born melodies;  
The mortal mind perfects the loveliest, —  
Gathers the notes of waters winds and seas,  
Fashions fantastic instruments of trees,  
To charm with mortal music mortal ear,  
And draws from flowing pipes and quivering strings  
A richer melody, a sweeter symphony,  
A more perfected, purer harmony,  
To sound the glory of mortality.



Sing silver strings! Awake the winds, ye pipes!  
Apollo's love-born lyre be never mute,  
Nor silent ever be thou, sacred lute;  
Still softly sigh of love thou light guitar;  
Make merry mandolin, and thou fair queen  
Of chorded strings, sing sweet-voiced violin;  
Play playful pipes of Pan, and flood the air  
Thou fluid flute of Faun, shriek shrilly fife  
Of war and strife, roll rumbling kettle-drums;  
Clash, clash and clamour, brazen cymbals ring!<sup>16</sup>

But sweeter than all one-voiced instruments  
Of rushing air, thou pride of Saint Cecelia,  
Thou thousand-throated, human instrument,  
Whose fingered keys release the struggling winds,  
Raise loud thy fully chorused choir, or aid  
The sweeter voice of him that fashioned thee;  
Let all unite in one grand orchestral  
Harmonic symphony in praises free, —  
Play on the passions of thy maker; all  
Awake and glorify mortality!



These are the pleasant sounds that mortals hear,  
The myriad musics filling mortal ear;  
But wake thy purer, fairer sense of sight, —  
Behold the dazzling beauties of the light!  
The gold and silver shafts of Phoebus' blaze  
Break into seven sparkling coloured rays,  
And all the earth reflects some lovely hue;  
A hundred varied shades of growing green<sup>18</sup>  
That nature loves to wear the most are seen,  
And in the sky and wave the softer blue;

The golden-yellow orbs of night and day  
Reflect their splendour on the glassy sea;  
All autumn paints itself in flaming red;  
The sun sets mantled in a crimson bed,  
And rocky mountains lift their foreheads higher  
To catch the purple glow and ruddy fire;<sup>20</sup>  
The stream of mortal life is crimson red;  
The rosy blush on fire and flame is fed;  
And all the happy tints to nature known  
Are painted on her field of flowers blown.



And pleasing as the wealth of varied hue  
Is ever changing form to mortal view:  
The sweeping arch of heaven's airy dome,  
The fleecy, foamy, floating vapours' home;  
The rounded hill, the towering castled rock,<sup>20</sup>  
The broken, jagged, splintered mountain top;  
The forest's native unhewn pillar tall,  
With arching, spreading leafy capital;  
The grace and manifold variety  
Of foliated form in flower and tree.

And lovelier than nature's gorgeous views,  
All nature's fairest forms and rarest hues  
Idealized, illumed in mortal art,  
And nature's beauty made of mortal use!  
Earth yields her bounteous gifts to mortal good:  
The forest flourishing unfostered, felled  
To foster man; the fertile prairie touched  
By magic share and many fingered harrow,  
All green beneath the showers of summer rain  
All gold 'neath autumn's sun with ripened grain;



The rolling plains where countless cattle graze,  
The quiet meadows and the foot-hills where  
The patient wool-clad flocks feed peacefully  
And yield their snowy fleece and willing lives  
To feed and clothe the shepherd of the world;  
The native beauty of the mountain wild,<sup>20</sup>  
Rich robed in cloak of many colours from  
The wealth within its heart; the valley stream  
That leaps with helping hands, and fills the mind  
With pleasure in the art that saves man toil;

The myriad mighty cities man has reared,  
Like mountains rising, <sup>22</sup>spreading like the plains,  
Where pathways meet or rivers greet the sea;  
Old ocean's liquid element o'erpassed,  
And all the earth encompassed by the swift  
Majestic conquerer of storm and wind;  
All wordly time and space annihilate  
By silken web of living lightning chained;<sup>24</sup>  
Humanity entwined for common good,  
Linked by the art of man in brotherhood.



Nay more! The vaulted world cannot confine  
The pleasures and achievements of its King,  
And worlds beyond his sight he conquers! Lo,  
The subtle waves of ether, luminiferous,  
That swift as lightning come their starry ways  
Through space unthought, from other worlds to ours,  
Are bent and gathered, imaged and resolved  
By polished crystal sand<sup>26</sup> and darkened tube,  
That they may flood the window of the soul  
And tell their story, awful, wonderful!

Worlds upon worlds innumerable! Beyond  
The farthest, others farther, farther, — lost!  
And every star a sun surpassing earth,  
As earth exceeds her silver orb of night;  
And every sun aglow with heat, that turns  
To vapour all the solid elements  
That form our firm set earth, makes clouds of rock  
And liquid lakes of metal's molten mass,  
Each element emitting rainbow hues<sup>28</sup>  
To teach the universe its unity.

Behold these suns in clusters, filling space  
And making milky-ways athwart the dome,  
Where wander seven sisters round our sun, —  
And doubt! that many a sun creates his family  
Of cooling planets like our native sphere,  
And generous gives light and life like Sol  
To his encircling offspring, peopled by  
Self-conscious beings like to mortal men,  
Our peers perchance, or our superiors  
In powers, in pleasures and intelligence!<sup>30</sup>

Hold, hold thy flight and cease thy wandering  
In other worlds! Leave off thy glorying  
In the inhabitants of other spheres, —  
Mortality is glorious on Earth!  
Tongue cannot name thy joys and triumphs here;  
Unbounded do thy conquests bold extend.  
High thoughts and deeds and merits yet remain  
Most laudable and all unlauded, Wake!  
Majestic Mortal Muse! Raise once again  
The lofty strain, to glorify Mortality!

The joy of living in the flesh and blood,  
Loving our kind and warring with the world,  
Contending for the planet's mastery;  
The grace, the beauty of our human form,  
The wondrous structure of our mortal frame, —  
Life's masterpiece in Nature's gallery,  
Descendant of a noble ancient line,  
The crowning glory of her handiwork!  
The fine perfection of each avenue  
Of sense, of delicacy exquisite!

The proud nobility of intellect  
That countless ages formed, interpreting  
The beauties and the wonders of the world,  
Reproving and transforming nature's gifts  
Into utility and nobler art;  
The love of learning and the rapture of  
Rethinking noble thoughts of master minds;<sup>38</sup>  
The ecstasy of knowledge new attained;  
The contemplation of life's mystery,  
That seeks to solve the secret of the soul!<sup>34</sup>



These! are the joys of this our mortal life,  
The attributes of our humanity!  
These are the earth-born qualities that loud  
Proclaim the splendour and nobility,  
The power, the glory of mortality!  
Let fancy soar, imagination free, —  
What added grandeur to mortality  
Can everlasting life and the monotony  
Of ever-lengthening eternity,  
Lend to the glory of mortality!

Let Nature in her loved variety,  
Pursue her fixed and universal course  
Of birth and life and death, nor selfishly  
Desire our individuality  
To live and think through all eternity!  
Let others be our immortality,  
Our children's children, worthier than we,  
Who, happier, nobler, in our memory,  
Shall live and sing through Earth's eternity  
The ever growing glory of Mortality!

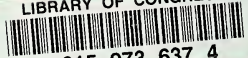








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