

MOONSHINE

Songs and Ballads

SOLD AT A

Labor Day Merrymaking

OF THE

TWILIGHT FAKIRS.

THE SPELL

I HUNG a string of verses
Against my cabin wall.
What think you was the fortune
They prayed might me befall?

Not fame nor health nor riches
To tarry at my door,
But that my vanished sweetheart
Might visit me once more.

Out of the moted day-dream
Among the bodling firs,
They prayed she might remember
The lover that was hers.

They prayed the gates of silence
A moment might unclose,
The hour before the hill-crest
Is flushed with solemm rose.

O prayers of mortal longing,
What latch can ye undo?
What comrade once departed
Ever returned for you?

All day with tranquil spirit
I kept my cabin door,
In wonder at the beauties
I had not seen before.

I slept the dreamless slumber
Of happiness again:
And when I woke, the thrushes
Were singing in the rain.

Moonshine, Twilight Park, N. Y.,
2, September, 1901.

*To Killdoeet, little
Sweet-Voice, Fran
Megaleeps, The
Wanderer*