

And Other Poems

At last, convinced, with tears and cry of joy
She flung her snowy arms about my neck
And clung with many a kiss and fond caress,—
A kindly welcome home from years of war,
A guerdon meet for all my bitter woes.
In converse sweet the calm and blissful night
We spent, recounting all that Fate had brought,
Till gentle Slumber softly sealed our eyes
And Silence waited for the ruddy Dawn."

He paused, and when I raised my eyes had gone;
And half I wished the days would come again
When all the world was fresh and young; when sea
And sky and land yet teemed with mysteries;
When Science had not robbed us of the joy
Of Wonder; when the Vast Unknown gave scope
For Fancy's dream and Superstition's dread;
When pleasing Fear provoked the gallant soul;
When godlike men yet trusted in the strength
Of sinewed arm and brave, undaunted breast;
When lonely isles were homes of fairy queens;
When gods immortal deigned to dwell on earth
And mingle in th' affairs of mortal men,
Stand visible and thwart us face to face,
Or, taking human form and human voice,
Beside us walk as comrades hand in hand.

March, 1909.