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GATHERED VERSE

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H. BEDFORD-JONES

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ATHERED

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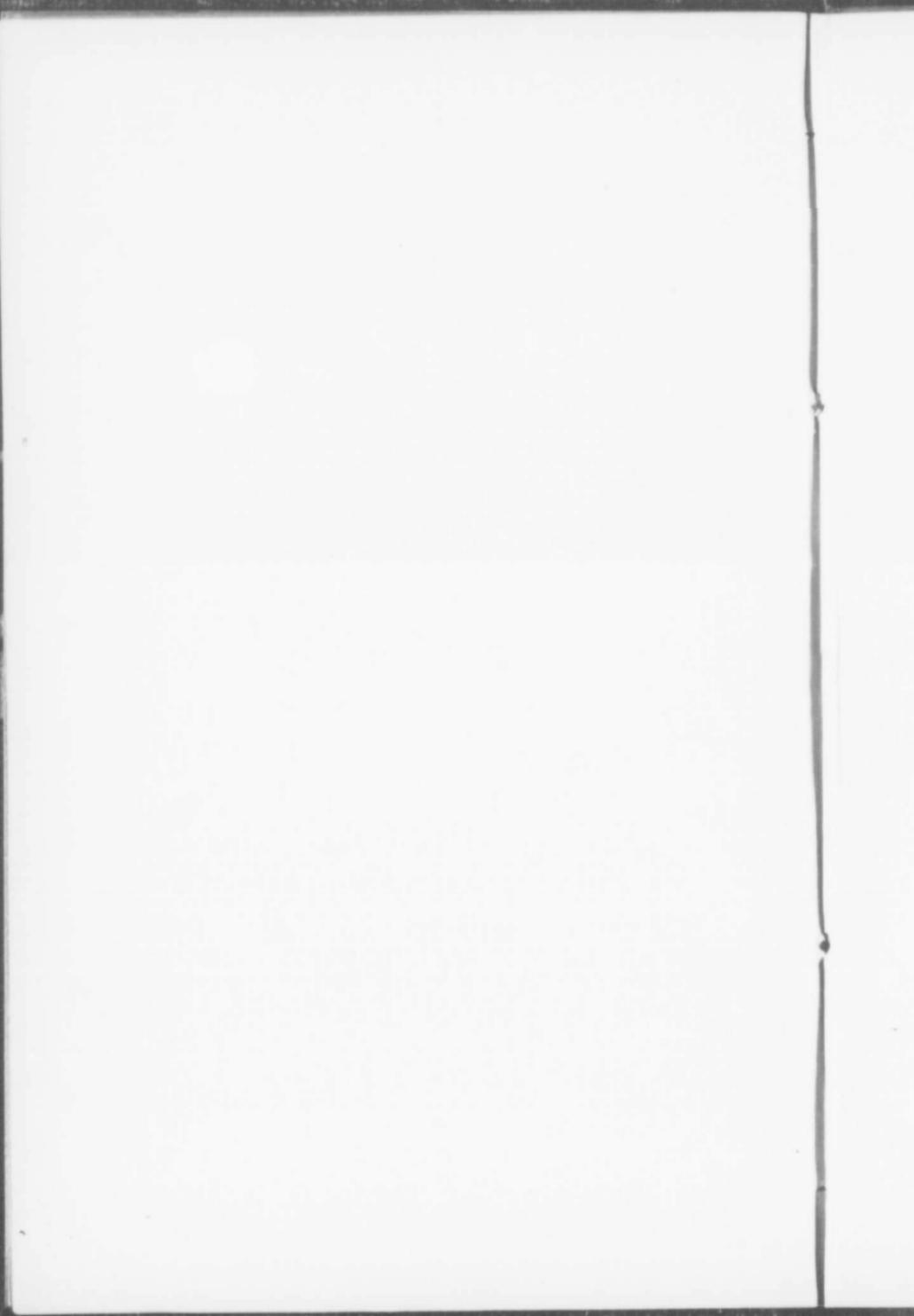
BY

H. BEDFORD JONES



Santa Barbara

1916



Dedicated

to

HELEN WALLACE BEDFORD-JONES

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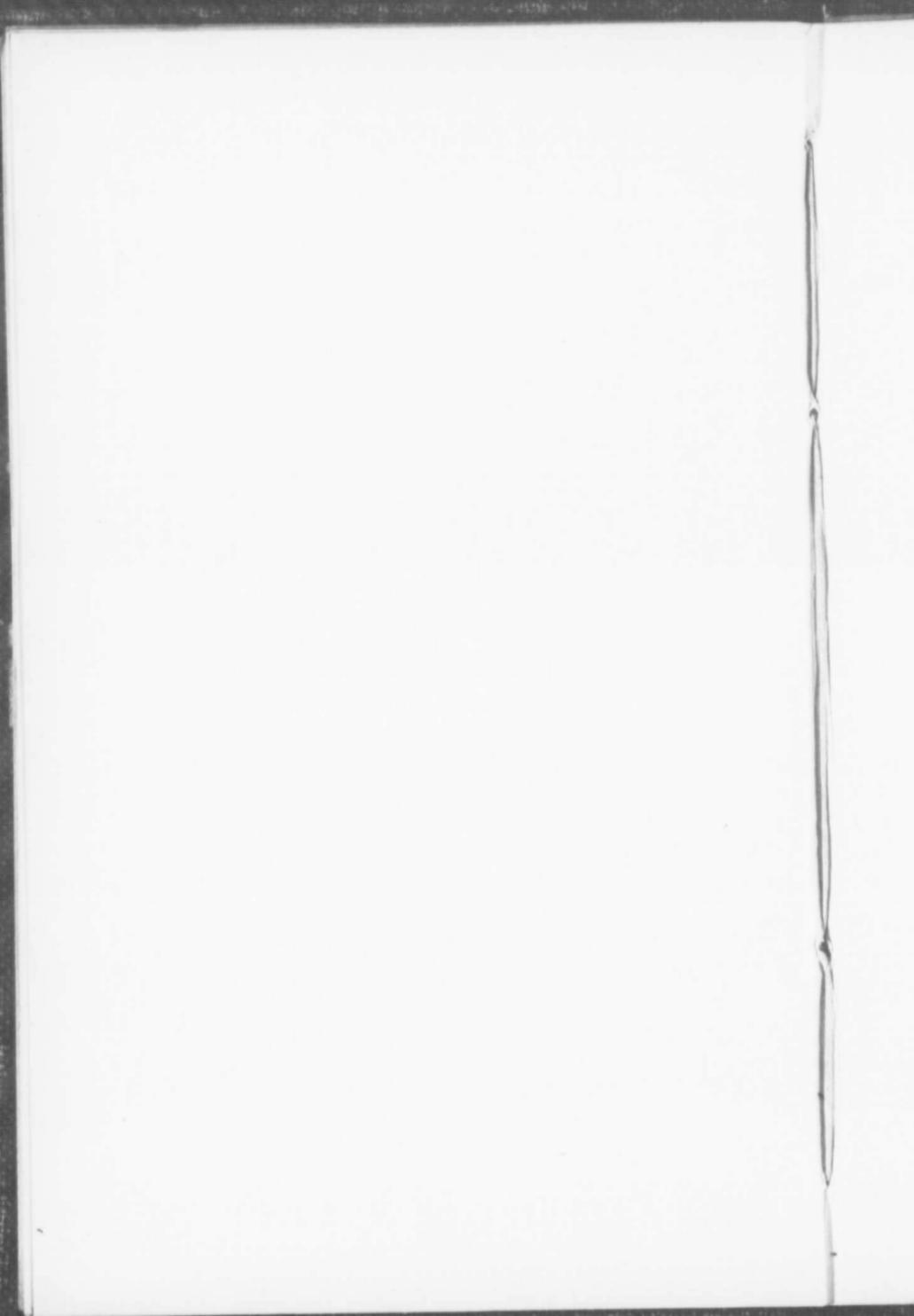


CONTENTS



EVENSONG	PARDS
RONDEAU	L'ARBRE CROCHE
KLYDONES	IAGO'S CREDO
HUMBLER FATES	HEART - HOLD
AUTUMN NIGHT	GOD'S WAY
RIMES OF CALVADOS	INDIAN MOTHER
RECIPROCITY	STRATFORD
OISIN	THE SEARCHER
THEOKRITOS	SONG
INTRA MUROS	CHILDREN'S GOD
CRUCIFIED	LOVE
CASEMENT	HE REMINISCES
EASTER	PLUM BLOSSOMS
STORY HOUR	HEART'S DESIRE
THANKS	HAKON JARL
THE EARTH	AT MARQUEVILLERS
IO PAEAN	TWO BOYS
THE CHIEFTAINS	NORTHERN TRAIL
TRAIN'S END	LULLABY
WISDOM OF IRAN	CHRISTMAS VERSE

- ¶ Two of the above titles are translations from Th. Botrel
- ¶ Certain departures have been made in the order of the titles as found above



Go, little book, upon thy way
 Dreaming that skies are ever clear;
That all thy days are as today,
 Sweet with the ring of voices dear!

Go, little book, nor fear to meet
 With smile or favor, jeer or frown;
Perchance in some far-wandering street
 There waits for thee an undreamt crown!



EVENSONG

Dear baby of the star-bright eyes
That now in slumber softly close,
What place was yours beyond the skies,
Whence came the soul that in you grows
And gains in strength from day to day?
What was the life you left behind
When you were sent to share our way
And lift our hearts to love enshrined?

Dear baby of the pool-deep eyes
Where azure shadows fade and glance;
Grant us to know what visions rise
Beyond their depths, what splendors dance
Athwart their shades! Give us to share
What hidden things your spirit sees,
The wonder-pageantries that bear
Life's truths to you, Faith's mysteries!

RONDEAU

Far in the north I know an east incline
Rich in old cedar logs and stunted pine,
 Whose umber warp is studded with the fair
 Fresh pink of petals, and whose balmy air
Is perfumed from a censer all divine,
 Far in the north.

There only, under log or trailing vine,
Drunk in its richness, veers the slender line
 Of the arbutus, rarest of the rare!

But here, amid the dragon-city's blare
Where men tread all their days in paths of care,
 Where face and form are gross with
 Mammon's sign ---
What wonder if my spirit lingers there,
 Far in the north?

KLYDONES

The old blind singer, whose deep-throated surge
Of war-waves cresting o'er the Windy Plain
Rings down the ages, knew the wild refrain
Of shores agroan beneath eternal scourge;
And he who sang the hollow-noted dirge
Of Atreus' house, and that ill-destined twain
Whose seven-gated city wrought their bane ---
His words, too, fall with sweep of waves that urge
The hollow ships to doon. So were they all,
Those hearts that sang with booming ocean-roar
Loud in their ears. Fair ring the words and free
Of far wide misty depths, and breakers' call;
And, while the billows crash forevermore,
Their chants come sounding from the old gray sea!

THE HUMBLER FATES

There are none worthier than "unworthy" things;
These little, poor, ignoble deeds we do
Change to pure beauty, and the doing flings
Across their umber warp a warmer hue
That shall not fade. Harp of a thousand strings
Is this our life, whose greater actions sound
The deep rich chords; yet thru the whole outtings
The subtle minor harmonies that round
All to perfection. If rewards be few,
What matter? Deep within the heart is found
Nobility, that each day springs anew
To cope with tasks, of humbler Fates unwound!

NIGHT IN AUTUMN

Sleep, little babe in your crib so white,
Like the first thin snow on the fields outside;
Mother is near through the long dark night
 ... Oh love of my love, lie still! ...
And her heart all your sorrows and tears will hide.
So sleep, while over the fields and town,
Over the streets and the stubble brown,
The breeze will whisper its wafted air:
"Oh babe so tender, babe so rare,
 Goodnight!"

Far overhead through the frost-clear sky
The wild geese wing to the south again;
Rustling and shivering leaves hang dry
 ... Oh heart of my heart, lie still! ...
On the vines that are brushing against the pane.
But sleep, for after the snow comes spring!
And after the night, the dawning will bring
A breeze to whisper you, sweetly sure,
"Oh babe so tender, babe so pure,
 Good-day!"

MERRY RIMES OF CALVADOS

1

The road is very good to see
And very full of minstrelsy,
For all the little piñon trees are harpists in
the wind;
And if you have nowhere to go
You'll find it very fair, below ---
Below the snowy mountains, with the good
north wind behind!

2

Oh, a lad and a lass were lovers gay,
And all in the springtime blithesome!
But skies grew gray and the lad fled away,
And when he'll return again who can say?
Oh, not in the springtime blithesome!

3

Lonely is the high road, underneath the aspens,
Lonely is the valley road and dusty in the
breeze;

Brethren wander all ways, sun and rain together,
And oh the little singing birds that twitter
from the trees!

4

Life is a fey thing, a happy thing, a gay thing,
And death puts a very sorry end to it all!
But life is full o' questing
And death is full o' jesting ...
So when Fate's wave is cresting
We'll laugh it to its fall!

5

The road it is a good road, the road was
made to wander on,
And all the little mountain trails are white
amid the trees;
But where the road finds ending, only fools
would ponder on ...
So hey for the dusty road, the sunlight and
the breeze!

RECIPROCITY

Would you have men play square with you,
Play fair with you, and bear with you
In all the little weaknesses so easy to condemn?
Then simply try to do the same ---
Hold up your head and play the game,
And when the others are to blame
Be sure to bear with them!

Would you have men, when new to you,
Be true to you and do to you
The things that faith and brother-love and nothing else impel?
Then give them faith and brother-love
And set sincerity above
All other things --- and it will prove
That you have builded well!

OISIN TO HIS HARP

Here on this soul-sad cypress do I hang
Thy muted wraith, oh friend in weal or woe!
How often hast thy silvern-tongued flow
Answered, in olden days, the weapons' clang;
How often, as through Finn's wide hall outrang
The joy of feasting and the heroes' shout,
Thy melody, and that of him who sang,
Silenced the noise and hushed the clamorous rout!

Alas, those days are fled away, and I,
Alone, amid this puny folk that dwell
Where fought my heroes, come at last to die.
So take herewith, my Harp, a last farewell!
Hang here; the wind of evening, roaming by
May draw from thee a sigh ... my only knell.

THEOKRITOS

An hour! She was just there, sir, and I here;
And so we talked, while, as in very scorn
Of that unwearied hour, fate's gossamer
Whipped my lean cheek and passed. She put
 new fear

Into my soul, told of her gods and faith
That shamed with very godliness and love
Our own --- and so departed. High above
The temple, glinting amber-crystal there
In the warm sunset, loud with song and hymn,
 Savored with sacrifice, seemed not so fair;
Its olden meed of reverence waned dim.
And thus the old gods passed, and and slowly
 died
In that one hour.

 Long since? Well, I am old
Who then was young, yet here each day I keep
 Unspoken tryst, here in the eventide,
Dreaming her face, and the strange faith she told.
So men have named me names that fretted deep,

Blasphemer, idler, cynic; and their power
Hath stripped me; yet I come, content to leave
Their curses while I dream ... and haply grieve
For that one little silver-glinting hour
Of old time.

She? They murdered her next eve.

THANKS

Thanks unto God because the trees are bare,
For well we know they shall be green again;
Because our lives have each its load of care
And surcease comes the sweeter after pain;
Because the winter's breath is on the air
In token that spring cometh with her kiss;
For our tomorrow, not for days that were ...
Thanks unto God for this!

INTRA MUROS

Love, be thou with me always, night and day,
For I am very weak and need to rest
Within thy spirit. Give me of thy best,
Of thy heart-strength, hold me within thy sway,
Spur on my soul with faith! Oh heart, today
I am but as a child that seeks the breast
Of utter love, and in that love confessed
Makes him a refuge from the grim array
Of Goblinry. Aye, very real they crawl,
These my own phantoms, in the way I've trod ---
Fear, Illness, Poverty; and, backing all,
The grim old World, its talons outstretched wide.
Oh heart, ward this the goblin-king aside;
Beyond his power lie only Love --- and God!

CRUCIFIÉ

A wounded French-Canadian lay beside
A slow canal of Flanders, brow and breast
Ensanguined. So they found him at life's crest,
Death rattling in his throat, his eyes fixed wide.
Death rattled! And to silence Death's behest
They crucified him there above the tide,
Saying that thus upon a merry jest
England and France in one were crucified!

France! Love alone shall save thee! For behold
Thy children of past years return to thee,
Proffering love, aye, even to the cross!
While thy great Task endures to make thee bold
Thy Canada, from piteous Calvary,
Holds to thee bleeding arms ... death is not
loss!

From Botrel

ROGER CASEMENT

A dream was his; though vagrant and forlorn
It spurred him forth upon the way he trod.
Be theirs the shame, whose promises forsworn
Blasphemed his honor in the name of God!

Not his the tears that tided Emmet's doom,
Not his the fame that shrouded Owen Ruadh;
His poor worn body fills a traitor's tomb,
The princes whom he trusted laid him low.

Say not he failed! Despite a sullied name
For Ireland went he to the gallows-tree;
For her he died, and death assoiled his shame --
This was his dream, and this his victory!

EASTER

Of-times an hour despondent sweeps our hearts
When all life's darkness looms along the sky;
The wastrel years long perished in the marts
Of sin; the love that blossomed but to die --
The earthen ashes in the hand of fate;
Till all we sowed, and all we failed to glean,
Dims our stout faith, and hope is desolate.
Lord, where is guerdon for what hath not been?
Then through the veiling cloud a light is sent
And we bethink us of the Master -- how
His duty's path seemed ashen, how He bent
Beneath despair, till angels touched His brow;
How faith and hope seemed broken in His hand
And how, the promised kingdom still unseen,
There wailed from all the faithful little band
"Lord, where is guerdon for what hath not been?"
Though faith be dim, faith cannot die the death,
Though hope be desolate, hope hath no sere;
For these are bound in charity -- the breath
Of strength beyond all strength we reckon here.
Though we have failed our deep desires, we find
That still with Eastertide earth burgeons green
And still above the grave is love enshrined --
Lord, is this guerdon for what hath not been?

THE STORY HOUR

'Most every night, just as the first stars glisten,
And all the sky is dim and far and grand,
We sit around the kitchen fire and listen
While mother reads us tales from fairyland.

And though we know they're only fairy stories,
We always see them, truly, in the fire!
Kings and glass mountains, gold and silver glories,
A dragon, and the princess Heart's Desire!

There always is, you know, a prince unfearing,
And there always is a fairy with her crook;
Yet somehow we are never tired of hearing
The stories from the magic fairy book!

THE GIFT OF THANKS

With some there dwells the thought, and only this
The God-sent inspiration of the day;
A space their souls can sense some angel's kiss.
To give, mayhap, a prayer. It is their way.

With some the thought gives utterance to the word
Nor fears, half-shamed, to bid a brother pray;
So are their souls beneath the world-grip stirred
A space to gratitude. It is their way.

With some the soul halts not at word or thought
Nor may the bounden time its impulse stay;
And these, who do not as they must but ought,
Translate God's breath to deeds. It is their way.

THE EARTH

Nurse and mother
Is the earth,
Flower and wheat sleep
Under the earth;
Bird and man
Are on the earth,
Each sings his song
Of the earth!

The sun gives a kiss
To the earth;
He burns, a flame divine,
Over the earth,
For he is the ardent husband
Of the earth!

The peasant lives and dies
For the earth.
The miner is one damned

By the earth.
Like others, he is born
On the earth,
Yet lives as in a prison
Under the earth;
His horizon and sky
Is the earth!

All begins and ends
By the earth.
The child who coos
At the earth,
The old man who dies and descends
Into the earth ---
All this remakes blood
For the earth!

From Jules Jouy

IO PAEAN

Thus I would die --- not with the timbrel's blare
And blazonry of splendor on the sky,
Nor with the hymn of triumph swelling high,
The victor's crown, the flame of swords in air;
Not with a proud magnificence to flare
My spirit forth in conquest, nor with sly
Wild gropings after life, with tear and sigh
And mutterings of sadness and despair ---

Thus, I would die!

But might I lie beneath some cedar bare
Where ghostly sedge and water whisper by,
I think the stars would sing me welcome there;
Till, with the dawn-mist veiling earth in prayer,
God's hand would steal to mine, bid me forthfare -

Thus I would die.

THE CHIEFTAINS

Agamemnon

Shepherd of the ships! As glimmer of the dawn
strikes Ida gold,

As the waning stars grow dimmer, in Aurora's
veil uprolled;

In a darkling ruin shrouded lie uncited Ilion's
shores,

Up the wine-dark seas unclouded oar we with
home-driving oars.

Grant, oh Consummator, kindness to thy child-
ren battle-brunted

Ten long years, who now in blindness turn the
hollow ships, dark-fronted,

To Argolis. Grant a meeting to the dear ones
long denied;

Grant a father children's greeting by the joyful
mother's side!

Father, lead us in thy pity, all the warring overpast
To our homeland fair and city, and our dear
ones, safe at last!

Chorus. Strophe 1

Hail, night-star, the cloudy realms adorning!

What sayest thou to heroes war-tossed,

Weary of Troy and yearning for home?

Bright thy hope-ray cheers their souls,
Comforting their deep-tired hearts!

Strophe 2

Mind with war, not foresight, fraught;
King of Vanities, called men ---
Dost not know that woman's faith
Is a fleeting, changing wraith?
This, King Pride, will be thy thought
When thou comest home, and when
Bane by woman's hand is brought!

Antistrophe 1

See! Alas, a sweeping cloud-drift hides thee!
Dark are the waves, for thy light is gone,
Black on the sea hang the low clouds;
In vain, Atrides, dost thou search,
Tossing guideless on the deep!

Antistrophe 2

Heedless, thou! No thought of ill
Clouds thy mind whilst far away!
Bluff and bold thy heart, and true;
Straight and strong thy love outflew,
Strong and straight thy love flies still
Flies to her who on that day
Shall the royal life-blood spill!

Ajax Oileus

Come followers, faithful ones, now is our meed
Of rest from the war, our god-striven war!
Rejoice ye! Rejoice, and nevermore heed
The might of the winds, or the breakers' roar;
For the gods are dead -- their power has passed
Like a withered leaf on the autumn blast!
Nay, banish that frown, my heroes! We
Ourselves must hew out our destiny;
We who have warred with the heavens' might
On Troy-plain by day, in trenches by night,
We know that the gods are dead -- we know!
They died in that last great night of blood
When we on the strife-won citadel stood;
And they perished with Ilion's overthrow,
In the fire and tears, in the slaughter and woe.
"Dead are the gods!" The wild seas say it!
The will of the gods -- let fools obey it!
Up, comrades, up! To homes and wives
And the hearths that shall glow in our war-
chilled lives!

Strophe

Man of conceit, puffed up with vain pride,
Dost cry, forsooth, that the gods are sped?
When thine oaken planks are sea-riven wide,

When thy friends have perished at thy side
And the light of the day is fled;
When thou sittest the god-given rock astride
And Athene's bolt crashes down overhead;
Then, then wilt thou think on the fool who cried
"The vain gods are dead!"

Antistrophe

Yet ever thine arm was first in the field;
Never struck fear to thy hero's breast!
Swift was the sting of thy shafts as thou kneeled
And fought from the rim of Telamon's shield
And swift is thy heart confessed!
Open and free is thy thought revealed,
Never the weight of hypocrisy pressed
On thy mind; to the gods of the heart wilt
thou yield,
And call Fate but a jest!

Odysseus

Well, Argon, old friend, at last we are bound
To our rock-riven isle, up the bowl of the sea!
Hast forgotten thy trade in the clarion's blare,
And din of the war, and arms' brazen sound;
Or still can ye guide to the haven, where
All rugged and bare

The cliffs uprise in their majesty?
Ah, it gladdens my heart to vision the scene!
The towering crags with their caps of green,
And the glint of sun that just catches a sail
And turns it to silver against the blue,
While the breakers ceaselessly roar and wail ---
Ah, this is home! Come, ye war-wearied few
Who remain of my band, here into the stern;
Let us sing the songs that the fisher-folk sing
As they come in the gloaming home, for I yearn
To hear them ring
Out over the sea as of old! When we come
Within sight of home,
Let us sing those songs to the beat of the oars;
The folk will hear, and the women will speed
And crowd all the boats and wharves and shores
To welcome us home, and will give us our meed
Of praise and love. The shepherds who tend
Their wandering goats on the hills, will hear
Our ancient songs rising loud and clear;
And the herd-boys will send
To the farmhouse, and hastily, merrily, all
The people will run to the great sea-wall ---
Ah, my children, happy our journey's end!

Strophe

Man art thou, Ithacan, yet must thou battle

With more than the toils of a man ;
Deep will be sorrow, sharp will be anguish,
Weary the way!

Strophe 2

Poor fools! Do ye think that your toils are o'er
Because war is done?
Home shall ye come no more;
So the Fates have spun.
Men have yielded when ye assailed,
But the gods succeed where men have failed;
None of ye e'er will see Ithaca's shore
Save only one!

Antistrophe 1

Strength of the grey-eyed one be thy protector!
Sweet joy will thy sorrows bring forth;
Happy thy home will be, mighty thy son,
Peaceful thine end.

Antistrophe 2

True hearts, loving only the things of home,
Let your songs ring free!
Soon will your sorrows come
And the joy-tear flee.
Your thoughts shall fly to the loved ones dear,
True hearts that never knew feel of fear!
Many a year shall ye weary roam,
Many a sea!

ON THE TRAIN'S END

What lies beyond the tail-lamps, in the void
That circles out around, above, below?
All the day's things, the trees, clouds, hills,
destroyed;
Out of them all, the dun sky and the stars
Above the black horizon; two lean bars
Monotonous beneath the tail-lamps' glow ---
Whither outfled? What lies there in the night
Lurching behind us ever? None may know.
Yet often I have thought that two things might
Follow us steadfastly for weal or woe;
Merciless, smiting if perchance we nod,
Full swift to punish, to reward full slow,
Yet loved by us. And what are these that go
Behind the tail-lamps? Duty Done --- and God.

WISDOM OF IRAN

- Give ear to three things!
The advice of an old man,
The murmur of thy slaves,
The silence of strangers.
- Give eye to three things!
The hump of thy camel,
The door of thy harem,
The edge of thy knife.
- Give tongue to three things!
The question of a child,
The sadness of thy friend,
The call to prayer.
- Give hand to three things!
The broken rein,
The word of insult,
The one who asketh thine aid.

PARDS

It isn't the times when we've tasted
The sting of a back-to-back strife;
It isn't the time that we've wasted
In learning the utmost of life;
It isn't the hour that we've squandered
Which binds us together today ---
It's the hour when we've worried and
wandered
With never a lone word to say.

It isn't the beers we have slathered,
The pipes we have smoked by the hour;
It isn't rewards we have gathered
Or losses that turned the day sour;
It's the watching of each other's sorrow
In the silence that sympathy lends ---
It's the waiting for dawn of the morrow
That bids us be sure we are friends!

STRATFORD STREETS

Full many an age hath Margaret been sped,
Whose mother-love no Yorkish steel could kill,
And that Volumnia whose son sent thrill
On thrill of war thru Rome, and terror dread;
Yet still the roses burgeon white and red
In many an English garden-close, and still
The grey walls on the seven-crested hill
Stand grimly, sentinel unto their dead!

These twain the poet left us, and today
Their characters live on; the stern emprise
That never knows defeat, and sacrifice
Of the same high ambition. Who shall say
Where learned the bard a mother's twin heartbeats?
Perchance he found them both in Stratford
streets!

THE INDIAN MOTHER

Her face is graven with the weight of years
And seamed with all her nation's hopelessness;
Yet in her smile are hid the mother-fears
And in her fears is motherhood's caress.

What though her child be heir to all the doom
That flung his people on misfortune's strand?
Fate wove in warp of umber on her loom
But sealed the weaving with a mother's hand!

Earth is at one in this, the recompense
God grants a mother for her toil and pain;
The touch of lips to lips, of sense to sense,
The soul that blesses and is blessed again!

HEART - HOLD

Dear little cottage by the shore
Where roses twine at roof and eaves,
And the cool winds caressingly
Droop ever on you from the sea ---
Would that I dwelt with you once more
Afar from all the citted roar
And all the pain the city leaves!

The circling years shall wax and wane
Upon the yellow cliff, where come
The darting swallows with the spring
To wheel on ever-wandering wing ---
And never shall I see again
Your windows shining in the rain
From off the sea; but you are home!

GOD'S WAY

A handshake, and instant I knew it,
Felt the thrill as her eyes met mine;
A moment --- needs God to undo it ---
Left my spirit divine.

God whispered; what could I but hearken?
I found me His faith in her grasp;
And shall live, till the years die and darken,
In a moment's handclasp!

IAGO'S CREDO

I believe in a cruel god, who wrought
Me as himself; and I name him mine!
Life is an atom, a slime, a thought
In its self-hood vile; all things defile
Me, being a man; and at Evil's shrine
I loosen the threads that Fate has caught!

Netted and snared in Honor's name
Are kisses, tears and the faith of men;
Into the Lie of Life we came
To find that its germ but breeds the worm
Of Death. Comes Death, and then --- and then
Is nothing --- or Heaven, an ancient shame!

L'ARBRE CROCHE MISSION

God made a little crooked tree
And set it on the shore,
A thing of wondrous sanctity
To paynim folk! But presently
Came men who hailed the mystery
And preached a faith of charity
All up and down the shore.

They built a church upon the shore
Beside the crooked tree,
And taught the paynim to abhor
The gods by which his fathers swore;
It was a task full easy, for
The cross they gathered to adore
Was but a crooked Tree!

THE SEARCHER

I craved a friend, and sought him long
By many a path and lane,
Till all the white road lost its song
And all the search seemed vain.

I turned me home at close of day
And in the eventide,
Close-dwelling just across the way,
I found him at my side!

I craved for music, and I sought
Afar the minstrel's art;
Full cunning-sweet it was, and fraught
With soothing to the heart.

But false rang song and roundelay
Upon the eventide,
Until a bird across the way
Thrilled music at my side!

I craved for love, and searching went
Through all the world adrift;
Nor friend nor music could content
Nor any heart held gift.

Then all the world seemed wan and grey,
Until with eventide
I found that love, the whole long way,
Had wandered at my side!

SONG OF CALVADOS

Gleams that we lost in the long ago
Under the dust of a drifted star,
Sweet were our tears when we loved you so ---
Where were our hearts when you fared so far?
Lost was the gleam, so swift, so slow
That scarce we knew it was fading out;
Winds of the world that so blindly blow,
Why did ye cover the sky with doubt?
And, if our souls have failed to glow
Anew with gleams and the sad-sweet tears,
This is the loss that we all must know ---
Faith that is fled on the flame of years!

THE CHILDREN'S GOD

At Jizo's shrine the blossoms fling
 Cloud-rose against each mellowed line;
Both age and sadness lose their sting
 At Jizo's shrine.

 What tho' wee hands have ceased to twine
About a mother's neck, but cling
 To Death? See, how the mountain-pine
Spells faith unto the sorrowing!
 And see, how grief is made divine
And hopeless winter turns to spring
 At Jizo's shrine!

LOVE OF MY LOVE

I asked of the full-blushing rose,
 "Does my Love love me?"
But the flower whispered back "God knows!
For the love of a woman blows
 Like my petals. See!"
Then the rose gave herself a shake;
 But my laugh rang free,
For each petal refused to break!
And joyfully then I spake:
 " So my Love loves me!"

HE REMINISCES

I would that you could think of me
As I remember you -- all pure
And sweetly fragrant as the morn
Itself! But not again shall we
Come face to face, for the world's lure
Has parted us, in love and scorn.

Yet sometimes when the day is done
And I awake to loneliness,
I think of you, and how you said:
"Go forth to fight! From sun to sun
Bear with you all my heart, no less --
But come not back with honor dead."

I went; I fought; I won the strife;
And winning, lost the best in life.

PLUM BLOSSOMS

"When troublous winds are hushed," the poet
sang,

"And rain has cleansed the mountain air, how
clear

Seem then the far plum blossoms, to us here
Beneath the tea-house roof!" Oh ancient Chang,
Afar you were from all the harsh world's clang,

To you Nirvana's peace was very near;

Not yours the gleam of knightly helm and spear,
Not yours the clarion's lordly wild harangue!

Now in a later age, an alien land,

Upon the wall your pictured verses hang

Untouched by time, undimmed by age's slur;

Remote from all our scheme of things you stand,

Yet here bequeathing us a wistful tang

Of sweetness and repose. God rest you, sir!

HEART'S DESIRE

Slow are the years, and slowly have we wended
The path of patience, for the way was dim;
And long it seemed that hope lay broken, rended
From out our souls, where only grief attended,
And that our heart's desire was ever ended,
Ended within the silent depths and grim;
Yet still across the darkness faith descended
And still we waited patiently for Him.

What goal is thine? What flame is in thee burning
Until Accomplishment seems living fire?
And does it guide, of right or wrong unlearning,
Far from the path; or does it chide thee, turning
Thy steps aright? Seek from thy soul discerning
The worth of that to which thou dost aspire;
Seek if it urge thee to Him, faint with yearning
That He should render thee thy heart's desire!

Ah, rest in Him whose hand is very tender
To heal thy wounds and give thy pain surcease!
Trust in the power that only may engender
Hope in the desolate; think not the Sender
Forgetteth thee ... He is thy strong defender,
And only He may bind thee or release;
Wait patiently for Him, until He render
The sum of all thy heart's desire ... His peace.

LOST LEGION

Some of us lay in the long lush grasses,
Some of us fell in the green field-corn,
And some of us died in the high hill passes
Cold to the laughing lure of morn.

HAKON JARL

Out through the islets into the bay
Whistled the wind.

Hakon Jarl was wont to say
That the wind should whistle his life away
Out through the islets into the bay
If the gods were kind,
Giving him death in the keen sword-play.

Out through the islets into the bay
Scatter the ships.
Hakon Jarl swoops on his prey
Till the smitten rovers flee from the fray,
Out through the islets into the bay;
But his sword-grip slips
And a woman wails at the close of day.

Out through the islets into the bay
Hakon is sped.
Raven sail adrip with spray,
Red flames lighting the faces grey,
Out through the islets into the the bay
Sweeps Hakon, dead;
Faring forth on the Valhal way!

AT MARQUEVILLERS

Against the ancient wall the dear Christ lay
Upon His rood; when sudden came a shell
Bursting the vault away, and it befell
That all the Cross was shattered. There today
Hangs the freed God, high-poised as in some
great

Stayed moment of ascension far above;
The Crucified, delivered by men's hate,
Becomes the Resurrected, lord of love!

Oh France! Thine arms are, too, held wide
in sorrow,

Thy nailed arms from Flanders to Alsace,
And Christ His lot shall be thy lot tomorrow
When the vain Hatred of the Horde shall pass.
Its fury will but resurrect thy might,
Giving thee, as to Christ, immortal flight!

From Boutrel

TWO BOYS

They kissed their brother as he came,
Two little boys. They lingered there
Beside the train; and then a flame
Of red -- a collie, swift to dance
About and on them. Thus alone,
Arms locked, the three were quickly gone.

Somewhere their father slept in France,
Perhaps; but why was it they met
With tender lip and hand and glance,
These three, no more? What unseen debt
Of grief was paid among them then?
What mystery of fame or name
Was theirs -- what tragic necromance
Lay hid within their greetings, when
They kissed their brother as he came?

THE NORTHERN TRAIL

When naked foot and moccasin alone
Left a faint imprint traced among the trees ;
When no taint thrilled along the forest breeze
From a new race that claimed the land their own ,
Then all thy hidden ways were wondrous grown
And filled with beauty of thy guardians , these
Great cedars , haunted by old memories
And requiems the towering pines intone .

Today no beaded foot stirs thy faint dust
Trodden of old by brave and voyageur ;
The trees , with ancient secrets held in trust ,
Still guard thine age-old path , and still the sure
Sweet requiem ascends . God grant that we
May somewhere find the peace enshrined in thee !

LULLABY

Sleep, my babe, sleep!

Far in the cedars the north wind is howling,

Far in the forest the gray wolf is prowling,

And snowdrifts are deep;

Here in the cabin, dear heart, do not fear thee,

Mother's close by and the sandman is near thee

So sleep, my babe, sleep!

Sleep, my babe, sleep!

Over the forest the pine-choirs are singing,

Over the lone trail snowshoes are swinging,

For white drifts are deep;

Here in the cabin the hearth-fire is gleaming,

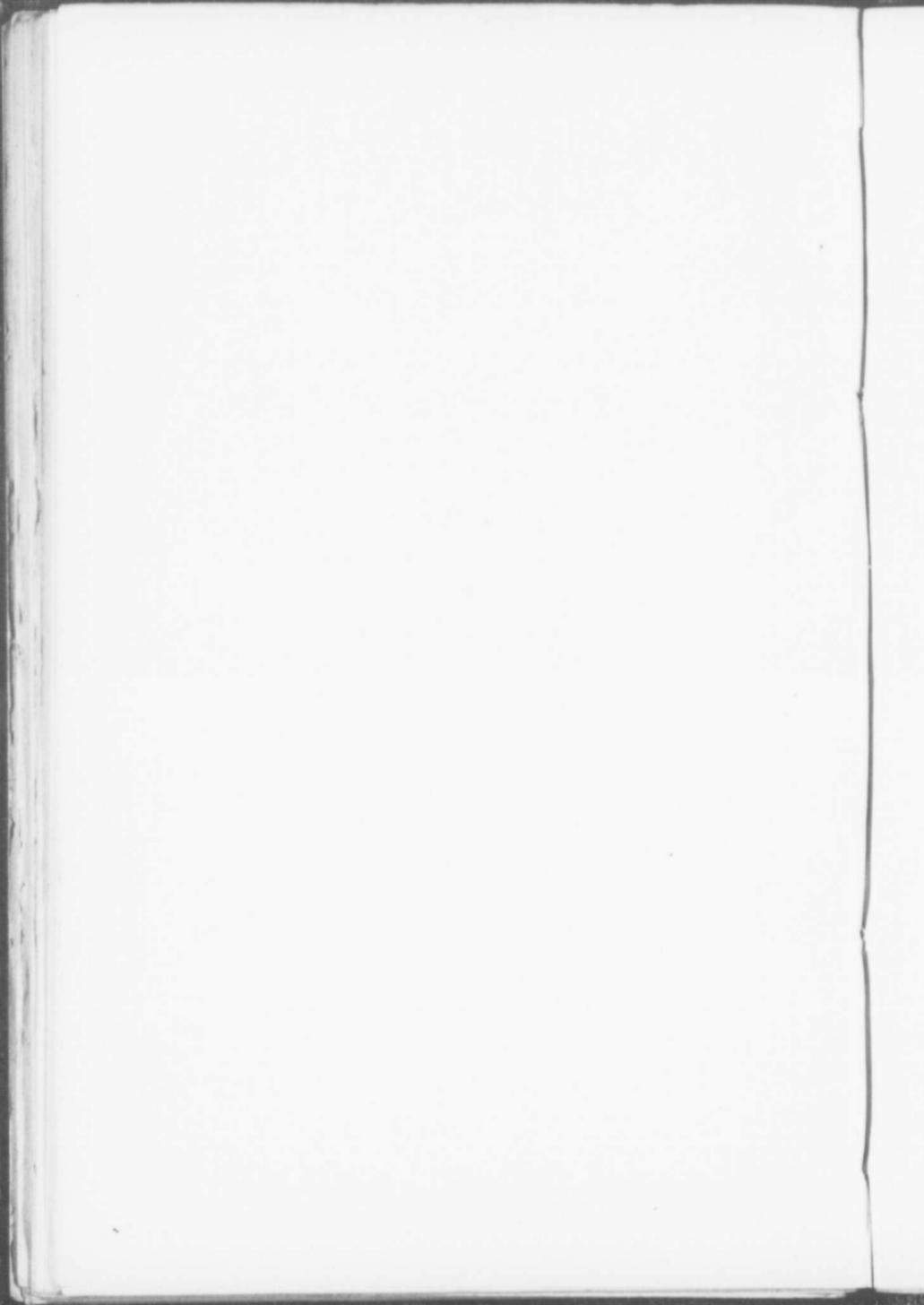
Under thee, over thee, dim shadows streaming ---

So sleep, my babe, sleep!

A CHRISTMAS VERSE

Christmas joy and Christmas cheer,
Trust in worth of higher things;
Gifts that only Christmas brings ---
These be with you all the year!

Hope in sorrow, faith in fear,
Love that leavens work and play;
Gifts we hold from God today ---
These be with you all the year !



Here Ends The Book
GATHERED VERSE

Printed By The Author
at

The Sign Of The
Crossed Quills

Santa Barbara

1916

