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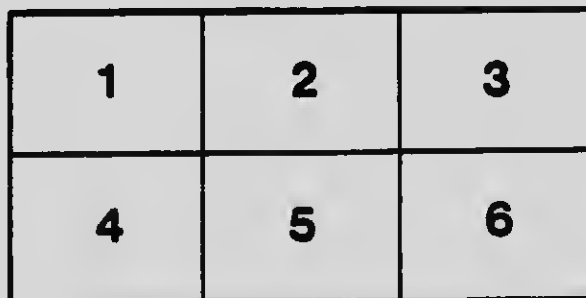
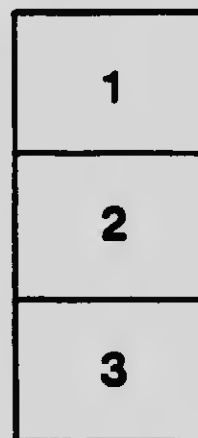
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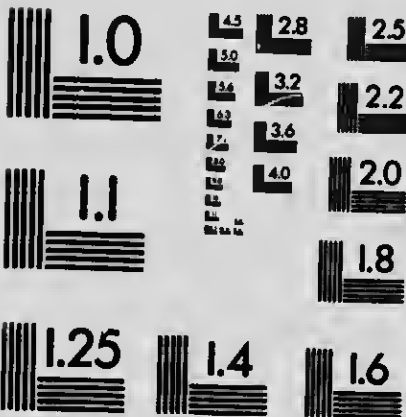
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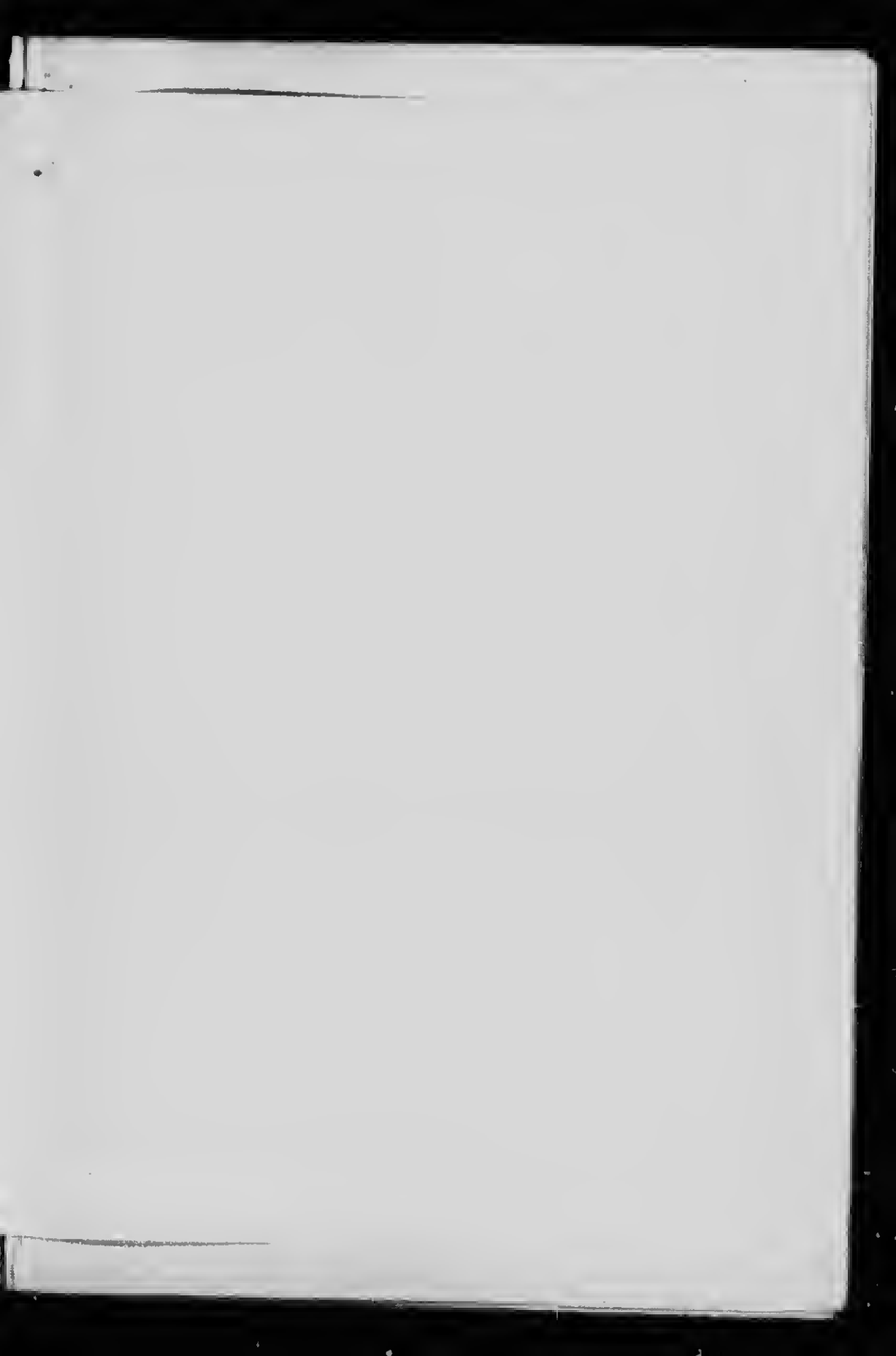
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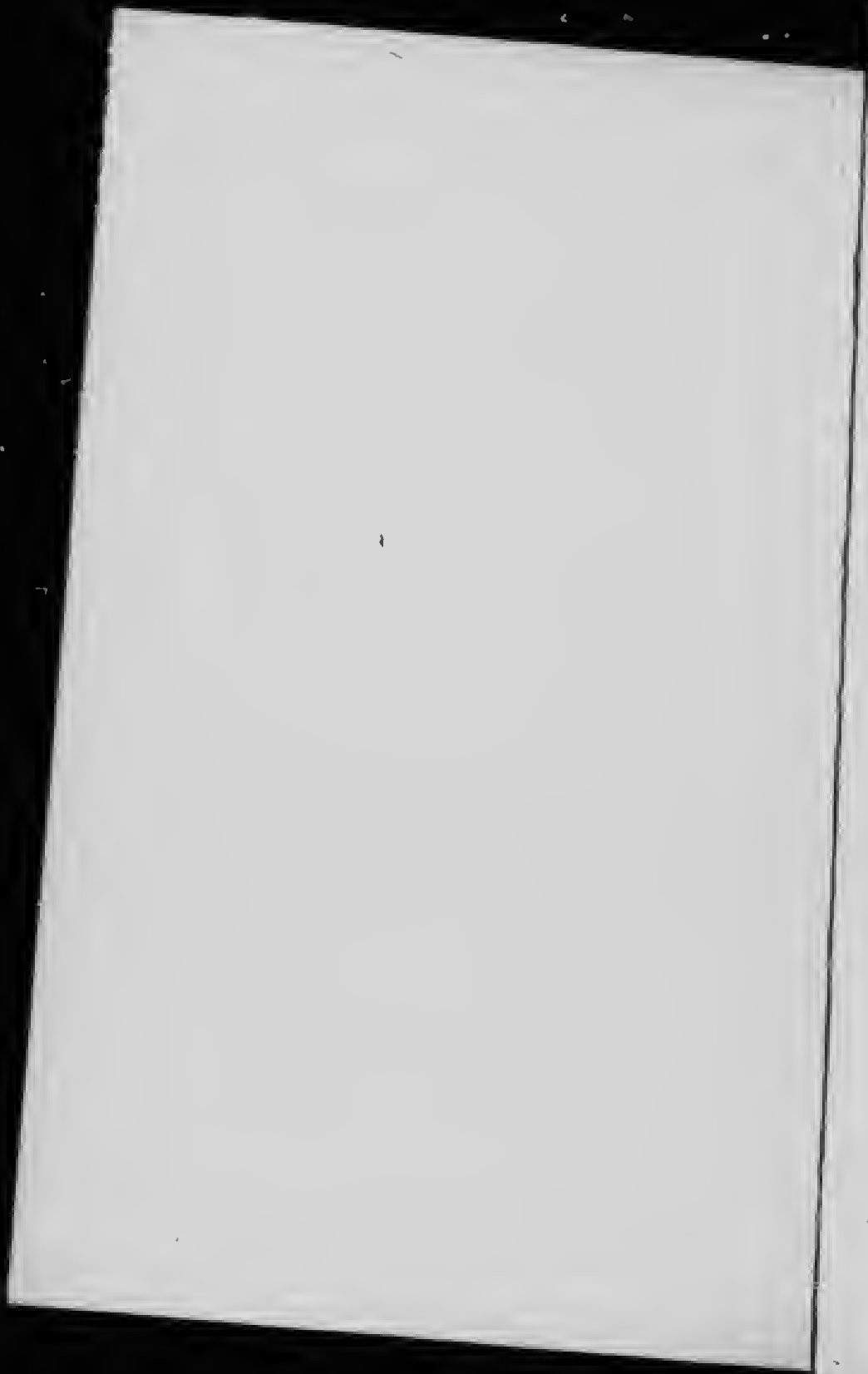
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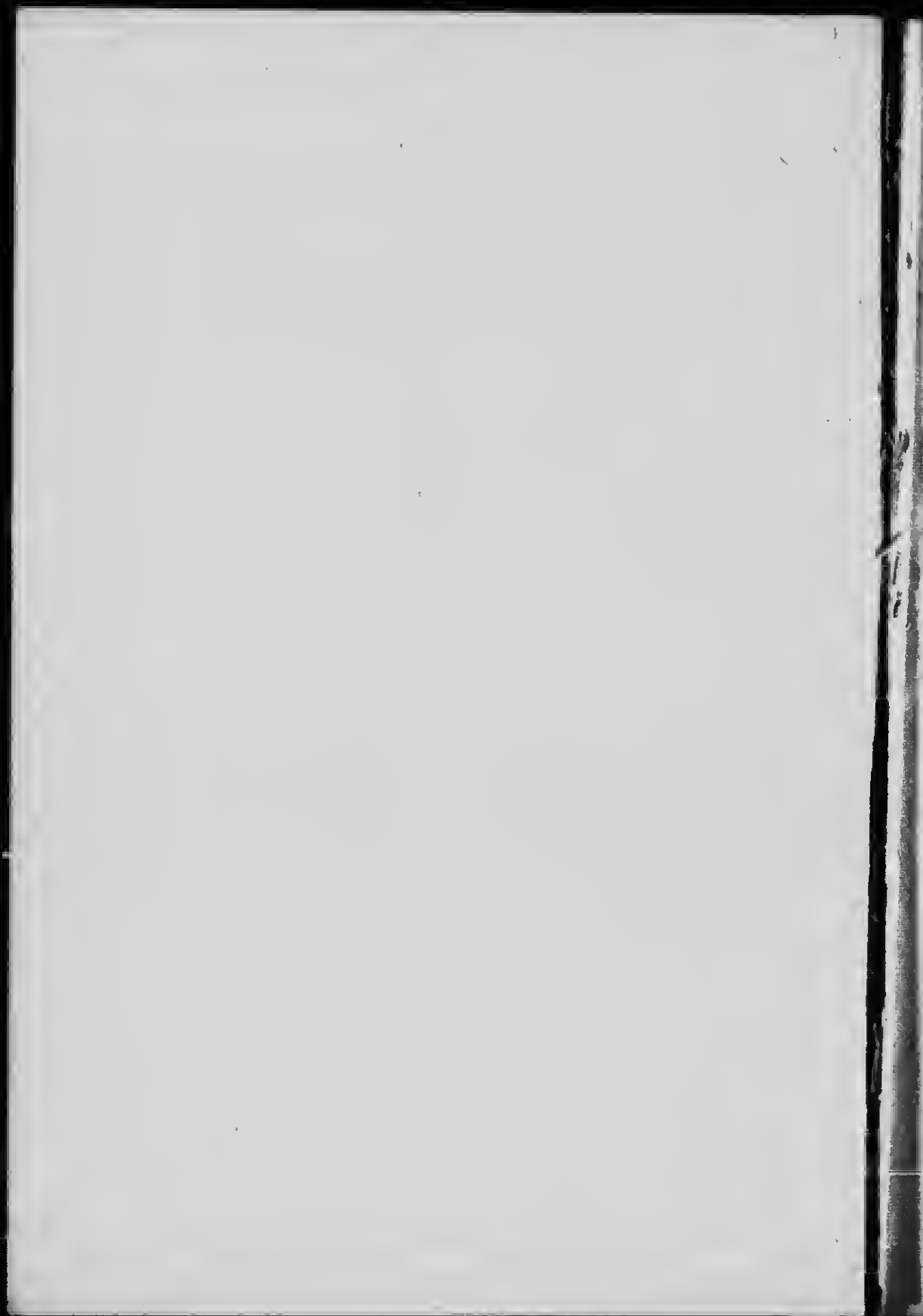
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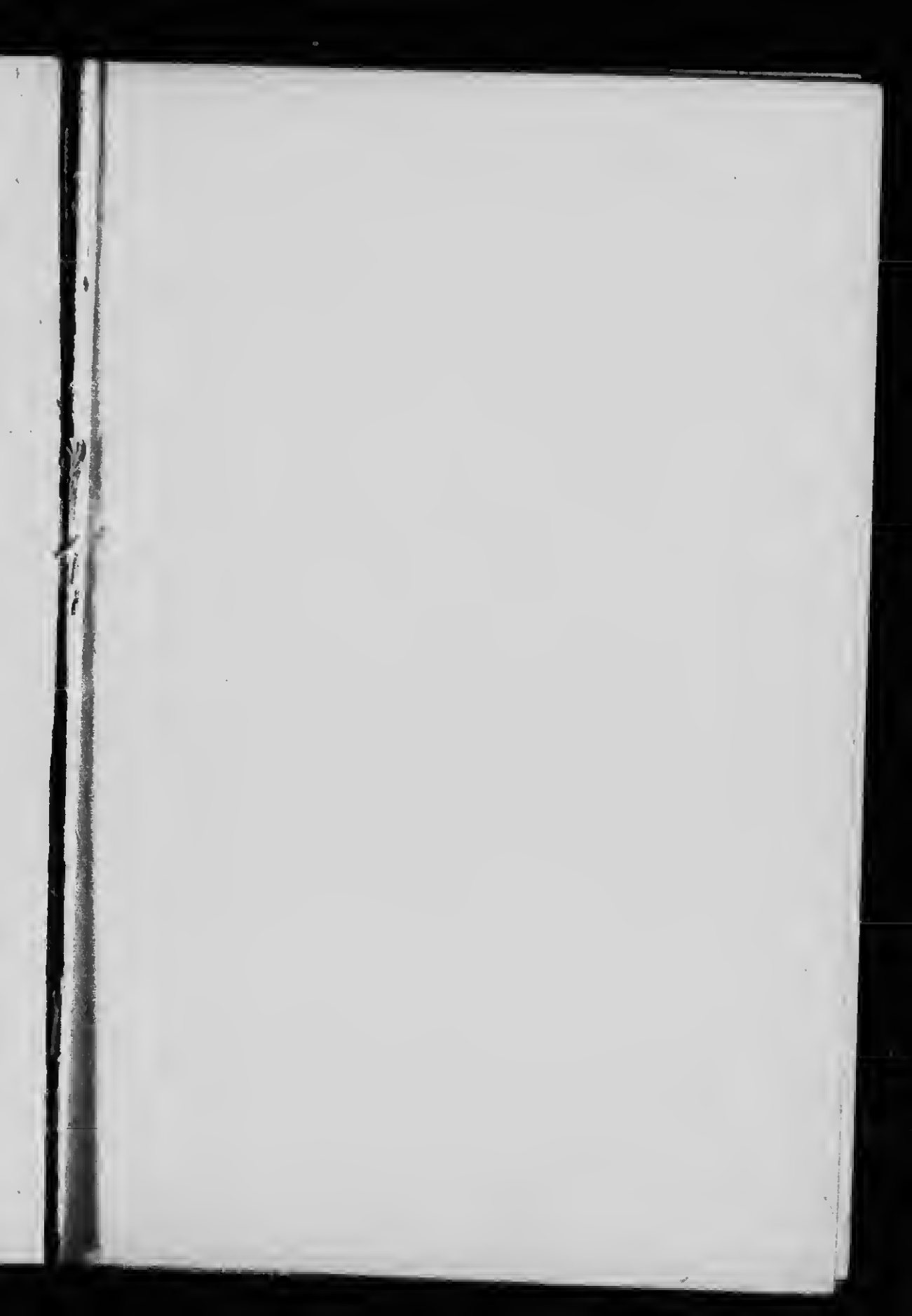












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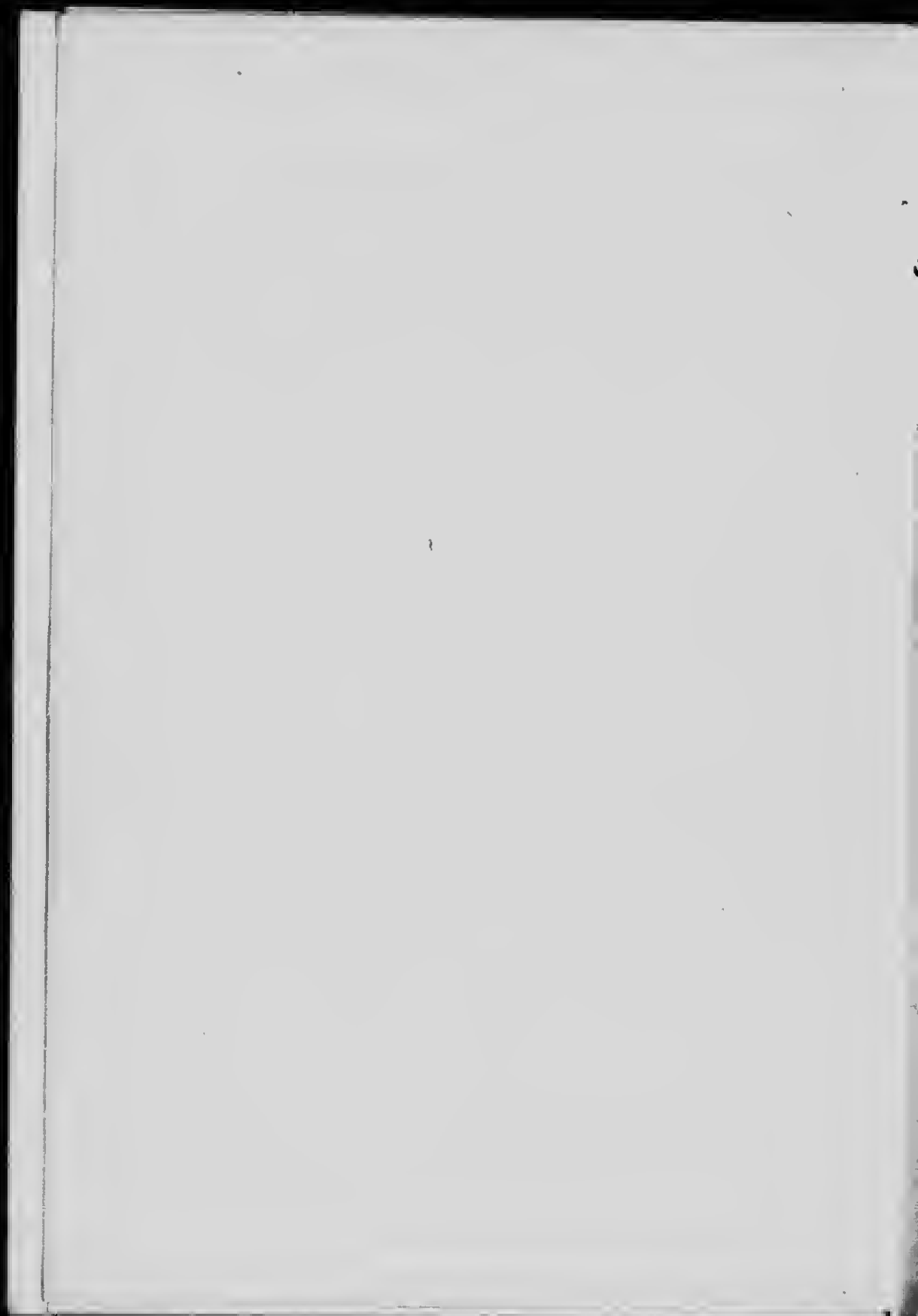
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THE LOTUS OF THE NILE
AND
OTHER POEMS



THE LOTUS
OF THE NILE

AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
ARTHUR WENTWORTH
EATON

NEW YORK
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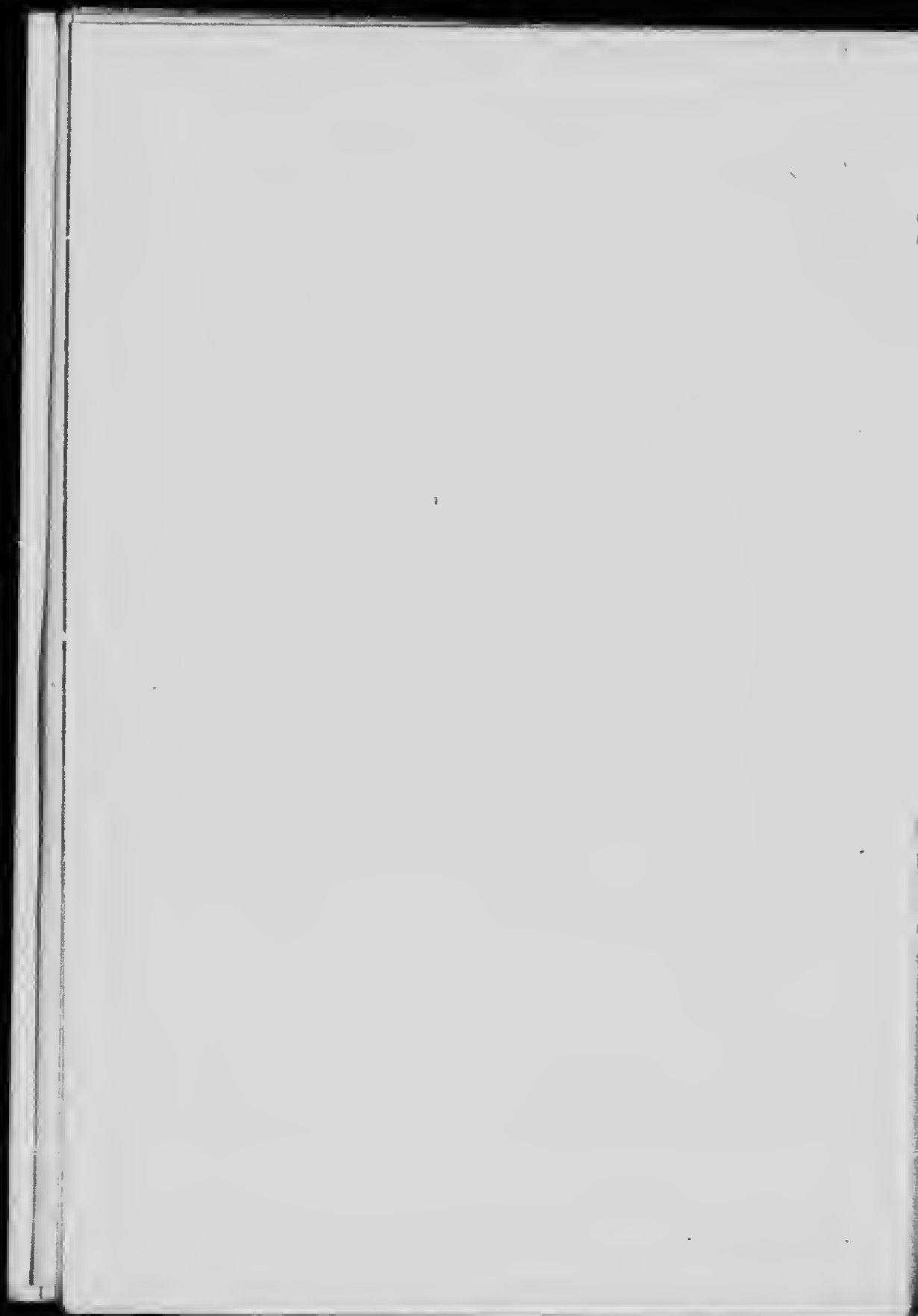
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TO
MY SISTER ANNA
I DEDICATE THESE POEMS

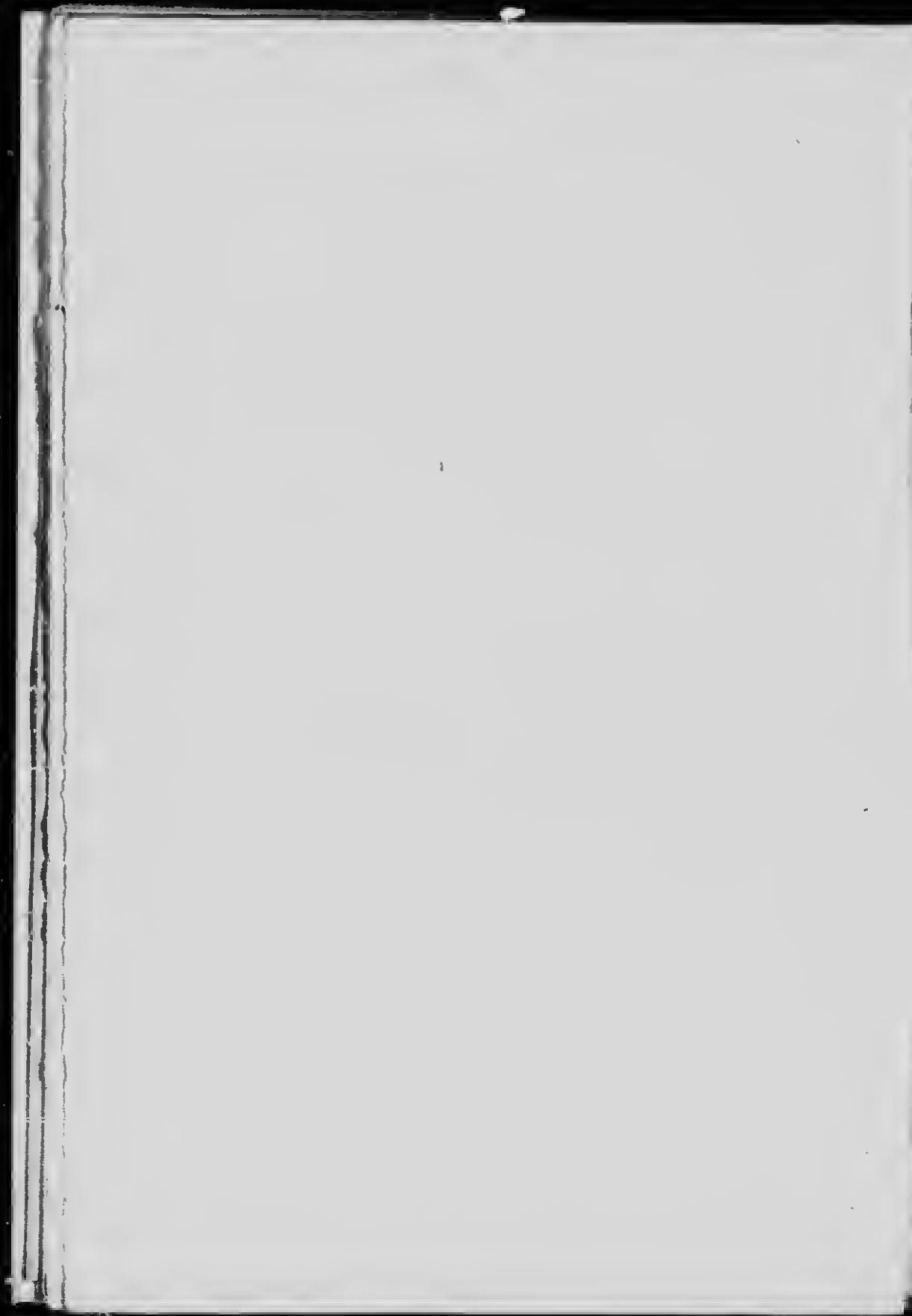


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THE LOTUS OF THE NILE

PROUD, languid lily of the sacred Nile,
 'Tis strange to see thee on our western wave,
Far from those sandy shores that mile on mile,
 Papyrus-plumed, stretch silent as the grave.

O'er limpid pool, and wide, palm-sheltered bay,
 And round deep-dreaming isles, thy leaves
 expand,
Where Alexandrian barges plough their way,
 Full-freighted, to the ancient Theban land.

On Karnak's lofty columns thou wert seen,
 And spacious Luxor's temple-palace walls,
Each royal Pharaoh's emerald queen
 Chose thee to deck her glittering banquet halls;

Yet thou art blossoming on this fairy lake
 As regally, amidst these common things,

THE LOTUS OF THE NILE

As on the shores where Nile's brown ripples break,
As in the ivory halls of Egypt's kings.

Thy grace meets every passer's curious eyes,
But he whose thought has ranged through faiths
of old

Gazing at thee feels lofty temples rise
About him, sees long lines of priests, white-
stoled,

That chant strange music as they slowly pace
Dim-columned aisles; hears trembling overhead
Echoes that lose themselves in that vast space,
Of Egypt's solemn ritual for the dead.

Ay, deeper thoughts than these, though undefined,
Start in the reflective soul at sight of thee,
For this majestic orient faith enshrined
Man's yearning hope of immortality,

And thou didst symbolize the deathless power
That under all decaying forms lies hid,
The old world worshipped thee, O Lotus flower,
Then carved its sphinx and reared its pyramid!

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

I NEVER caught so clear the master note
From old monastic centuries, days remote
In thought and speech, most in religious mood,
As when a lonely traveller I stood
Amidst the ruins England loves so well,
Her Fountains Abbey in the Vale of Skell.

Fresh lawns and spangled meadows far and near
Laughed at the menace of the waning year,
But like some furrowed rock high up the shore,
That ne'er again shall list the splash of oar
Nor feel the tides, estranged from wold and wood
These wasted walls and crumbling cloisters stood.

Unvied pillars, pensive, proud, aloof,
That long withstood the weight of Norman roof;
And arch decayed, and base of buoyant tower
Disdained the threats of time, despised its power,
And seemed like ancient men who magnify
The statelier manners of an age gone by.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

By broken buttressed walls I still could trace
The Abbey's wide expanse, in thought could place
On this side and on that the narrow skell,
Nave, choir, dim chapter house, low crypt, and
cell,—

A noble harmony of chiselled stone,
A gothic forest in this valley grown.

It was not strange I felt once more the thrill
Of the old life, for every place at will
Brings back its myriad dead, not ghosts but men,
Who take the old tasks up, and walk again
The common ways; alive grew plain and wood
With the white-robed Cistercian brotherhood.

Some tilled the fields, some from the forest came
Laden with fresh-cut fuel or with game;
Some tended glowing ovens, deep and wide,
Or turned the heavy spit from side to side.
Some thoughtful, with the air of courtly men,
Cows back, sat silent, wielding brush or pen.

In holy sanctuary, where the east
Poured purple splendours through the church, a
priest

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

With broidered robes at the high altar sung
A sacred mass, whose echoes faintly rung
Into the raftered gloom, and lingered there
Like Skell's own murmurs on the evening air.

On traceried windows, rich with red and gold,
Time-honoured legends of the Church were told;
Martyrs and saints, released from want and fear,
Had reached an aureoled existence here;
In haloed splendour, over all was he
Of Bethlehem's manger and Gethsemane.

I saw the abbot, cloistered potentate,
Come riding proudly through the open gate,
While as he rode a lithe-limbed novice bore
With lifted hands a silver cross before,
And every hooded brother, low or high,
Took reverent posture as his lord went by.

I saw the wearied traveller alight
Before the abbey walls at dead of night,
Too tired to take the bridle from his steed
Or tell the kindly hostler-monk his need,
To claim the bounty here as freely given
As Israel's manna, or the dew of heaven.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

The castellated feudal towers that frowned
Their moated terrors on the country round,
And o'er the serf-tilled soil with verdure drest
Held despot sway from glittering east to west,
From neighbouring woods looked on, half-shamed
to see
Such peace, such liberal hospitality.

O golden days, I said, when rich and poor,
Knights riding home across the dangerous moor,
The lowliest swain that delved in field or fen,
Princes and cassocked priests and serving men,
Were ever welcome to an abbey's fires,
Its ripening fruits, the fat kine in its byres.

O wondrous age, when poets sang their songs
In these cool cells, unhindered by the throngs
That love not melody; when Science knew
A place where, welcome, she might search the blue,
Still dome of heaven, or unsuspected pry
Amidst the rocks, her field the earth and sky.

O happy men, whom cruel, cureless hate,
Love unrequited, festering sores of state,
The din of clashing creeds, domestic strife,

FOUNTAINS ABBEY

The lusts and lies that sicken us of life,
Drove here for shelter: discords as of hell
Were hushed within your souls beside the Skell.

Long-ruined abbey, all the hope and fear
Of ghostly centuries are gathered here,
The sense of brotherhood, the lust and greed,
The noblest triumph and the darkest deed;
The world's heart beats in these fair violet blooms
That fringe your nameless monks' forgotten tombs.

BY THE BRIDGE

WITH subtlest mimicry of wave and tide,
Of ocean storm, and current setting free,
Here by the bridge the river deep and wide,
Swaying the reeds along its muddy marge
Speeds to the wharf the dusky coaling-barge,
And dreams itself a commerce-quickenning sea.

Wide sedge-rimmed meadows westward meet the
eye,
Brown, silty, sere, where driftwood from the mills
Is thrown, as Spring's full flood sweeps by,
And weeds grow rank as on the wild salt-marsh,
And lonely cries of sea-gulls, loud and harsh,
Pierce evening's silence to the echoing hills.

The scene, with all its varied, voiceless moods,
My eyes have looked upon so many years
That like my mother's songs, or the deep woods

BY THE BRIDGE

In whose mysterious shade I used to play,
Weaving sweet fancies all the summer day,
It has strange power to waken joy or tears.

I love the lights that fringe the farther shore,
Great golden fireflies by a silver mere;
Mysterious torches they, that o'er and o'er
Recall to mind the dear souls gone, not set
Cold-gleaming crystals in God's coronet,
But gems that light our way with ruddy cheer.

Sometimes inverted in the wave they seem
Like orient palace-roofs and towers aflame
With rubies, or those sapphire walls that gleam
Amidst the visions of the holy Seer,
Who by the blue Egean, with vision clear,
Saw splendours in the heavens he might not name.

When all the river lies encloaked in mist
So far away those trembling orbs of light
They symbol memories fair that still persist,
With glow or glimmer, of the shrouded years
Before we left, for laughter, cries, and tears,
That world serene where souls are born in light.

I cannot watch unmoved the sunset here,
When swift volcanic fires of liquid gold

BY THE BRIDGE

Alight on hills of purple haze appear,
And clouds, deep-crimsoned in the day's decline,
Like snowy festal-garments splashed with wine,
Lie careless, resting fleecy fold on fold.

So deep the meanings in these changing moods
Of earth and heaven, that I who reverent stand
Before a flower, and in the sombre woods
Hear speech that silences the common creeds,
Stand lost in wonder, like a man who reads
Immortal prophecies none can understand.

THE PROPHECY OF BEAUTY

SOMETIMES I think the source of souls
must be

The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond
To loveliness in earth and sky and sea—
Green in the majestic oak and fine fern-frond,

Purple in sunsets, undulate lines of hills,
Ships spreading white wings on the western
wave,

White-foaming currents turning mossy mills,
The dim cathedral's arch and spire and nave;

The moon's reflection on the limpid lake,
The splash of oars, the rowers' voices there;
The enrapturing scent that follows in the wake
Of Spring's first movement in the forests bare.

Who has not often felt a sovereign power
To lift his spirit to majestic pose

THE PROPHECY OF BEAUTY

In these, or mountain peak, or vine-clad bower;
In violet blue and crimson-petalled rose.

Who has not dreamed that some last rapturous
day,

When evening's silent speech has just begun,
And the deep-crimson clouds have turned to gray
That liveried the death-chamber of the sun,

His eyes shall open on scenes lovelier
Than ever swept on man's bewildered sight
In Indian isles, where languid spice-winds stir
Luxuriant forests the long summer night;

In any orient, or enchanted land
That in poetic vision e'er had birth,
Where fevered souls by feathery palms are fanned,
And beauty springs perennial from the earth;

Where hill and valley, sea and sky are wed
In bonds of princely colour, perfect line,
Where ruby lights the landscape overspread,
From clouds that crisp-waved seas incarnadine.

THE GARDEN OF SONG

O GIVE me a place in the garden of song,
I would linger and labour there all summer long,
There are corners to care for, stray beds to make bloom,
I ask not for wages, I only seek room
In the garden of song.

The soil is so fertile, the season so fair,
There are life-throbs and thrills in the magical air,
I would nourish and nurture the delicate seed,
I would watch the young plants, I would water and weed,
In the garden of song.

What joy to help Nature burst forth into flower,
To add a fresh rose here and there to her bower,
Make daisies spring softly, and lilies unfold,
And daffodils deluge the brown earth with gold,
In the garden of song.

THE GARDEN OF SONG

I may not have skill in the gardener's art
To summon to strength all the seeds of the heart,
But with love as its impulse, and beauty its end,
There must be some fruit from the labour I spend
In the garden of song.

In the wane of the year, when sweet summer is done
If my violets from heaven's clear fountain have
won

The blue that is kept there exhaustless as light,
If my pansies have drawn down some purple from
night

To the garden of song;

If a heart here and there has been lifted from
gloom

As it looked at the roses my care had made bloom,
The winds of late autumn will not seem so wild,
The snows not so cheerless stern winter has piled
Round my garden of song.

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES

THE roses come, and the roses go,
But the roots of the roses live under the
snow,

To visions awhile in their tents they cling,
But they wake at the bugle-call of spring.

Life's pleasures come, and life's pleasures go,
But the roots of true joy shelter under the snow,
The hope of the heart has its winter's drear,
But the roses come back when the brooks run clear.

Friendships are born, and friendships die,
But the fountain of love runs never dry,
The blossoms of fellowship come and go,
But the roots of the roses live under the snow.

THE VOYAGE OF SLEEP

TO sleep I give myself away,
Unclasp the fetters of the mind,
Forget the sorrows of the day,
The burdens of the heart unbind;

With empty sail this wave-tired bark
Drifts out upon the sea of rest,
While all the shore behind grows dark,
And silence reigns from east to west.

At last awakes the hidden breeze
That bears me to the land of dreams,
Where music sighs among the trees
And murmurs in the shadowy streams.

O weary day, O weary day,
That dawns in fear and ends in strife,
That brings no cooling draught to allay
The burning fever thirst of life;

THE VOYAGE OF SLEEP

O sacred night, when angel hands
Are pressed upon the throbbing brow,
And when the soul on shining sands
Descends with angels from the prow,

And sees soft skies and meadows sweet,
And blossoming lanes that wind and wind
To bowers where friends long parted meet
And sit again with arms entwined,

And catch the perfumed breeze that blows
From pink-plumed orchards sloping fair
And every fresh-expanding rose
That throws sweet kisses to the air.

O sacred night, O silvery shore,
O blossoming lanes that wind and wind,
Ye are my refuge more and more
From ghosts that haunt the waking mind.

To sleep I give myself away,
Forget the visions of unrest
That came through all the clamorous day,
And drift into the silent west.

AUTUMN POMPS

NEVER wore an Indian King
Richer robes than Autumn weaves,
Broidered deep with sumach leaves,
Round earth's ripening form to fling.

Never mixed such magic dyes
Tyrian artificers old,
Persian palaces of gold
To enrich, as meet our eyes:

Maples mantling distant hills
Kindle flames of scarlet rare,
Trumpet-vines with orient flare
Drape the dusky window-sills;

Purple asters line the way
Where the plodding labourer goes,
Goldenrod the plain o'erflows,
Salvias make the garden gay;

AUTUMN POMPS

Nightshade berries gleaming red
Dip their burnished spheres in dew,
With the gentian's fringes blue
Many a mound is carpeted.

Scarlet cannas lure the sun
To their chalice centres warm,
Orange-turbaned lilies swarm
Where the close-clipped hedges run.

Great magician, Nature, tell
Where the fount of colour lies
Whence thou draw'st, ere summer dies,
Grace like this for field and fell;

Make the lovely current spread,
Arched above with purple haze,
When we reach our autumn days,
Round the paths our souls shall tread;

Crimson hopes about us strew,
Golden memories in us light,
Let us drift adown the night
On soft, billowy wave-thoughts blue.

LOMBARDY POPLARS

BEFORE the planters' houses old
They stand like statues, stern and cold,
Of foreign lineage proud to be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

Soft-clustering lilacs droop below
O'er banks of lustrous golden glow,
And purple foxgloves bend to greet
Green spangled mosses at their feet,

But they look on with moveless face,
Nor yield to friendliness or grace
In blossoming vine or bush or tree,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

Why passed New England's yeomen by
Their native woods indifferently,
Refused the oak and maple fair,
And gracious elm with breeding rare,

LOMBARDY POPLARS

And these grim strangers from the Po,
All taciturn and hard to know,
Transplanted here, unloved to be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy?

The hearts of that undaunted band
Who left in wrath the motherland
Contemned the syren beauty's charm,
Or shunned her features in alarm;

They feared, perhaps, the landscape bare
Would false become if it grew fair,
Wide-branching elms might cloak in shade
Some graceless thing old earth had made,

But sin or schism could never shield
From sleepless watch, by dyke or field,
Of sentries strict as these would be,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

So they were set in rows severe,
From sunny spring to autumn sere
Like mutes at funeral feasts to stand,
While joy should burgeon in the land.

LOMBARDY POPLARS

And now they gaze, outworn and old,
The men who loved them turned to mould,
On scarce a friend this side the sea,
The poplars tall of Lombardy.

ONCE AGAIN THE SUMMER DIES

ONCE again the summer dies
Not with dirge and deep despair,
Not with moanings to the air,
Not with wildly-weeping skies.

Once again the summer dies,
Conscious that her strength is spent,
Yet with measureless content
Breathing out her last good-byes.

Once again the summer dies,
Ruddy bloom to riper yields,
Nature plays in woods and fields
Sensuous colour-symphonies.

Once again the summer dies,
Purple grapes and yellow corn
Deck the bier so softly borne
To the chamber where she lies.

ONCE AGAIN THE SUMMER DIES

Once again the summer dies,
Tender lights on sea and shore
Seek the soul, untouched before,
With soft importunities.

Once again the summer dies,
But the walls of death are thin,
And the spirit cased within
Waits the kiss of living skies.

THE WHALING TOWN

ADZE and hammer and anvil-stroke
Echo not on the shore,
The wharves are crumbling, old and gray,
And the whale-ships come no more.

Grass grows thick in the empty streets,
And moss o'er the blackened roofs,
And the people are roused to wonderment
At the sound of horses' hoofs.

There's not a woman in all the town
But keeps in memory
The face of a husband, a lover, a friend,
Lost, she says, at sea;

Lost in the days when in every storm
Some well-known ship went down,
And mothers wept, and fathers prayed,
In the little whaling town,

THE WHALING TOWN

When food was gained by toil as now,
But not in the fields at noon,
For the toiler's sickle, scythe, or plow
Was the fisherman's harpoon,

When every sail the children saw
As they tossed the sparkling sand,
Came from the storehouse of the sea
With light to cheer the land.

Adze and hammer and anvil-stroke
Echo not on the shore,
The fields are tilled, and the people know
Less heart-ache than of yore,

But still to the edge of the rotting wharves
The tides from day to day
Come with an eager wish to bear
The whalers' craft away,

And many an aged mariner looks
Across the tumbling sea
And dreams that the strong-built ships are there
As thick as they used to be.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

(TO D. R. H.)

THOU far down from the crest
In the glow of the morning sun,
The peak for me overpast
In the march of my life to the west;
And I know not which is the best.

Thou with thy zeal and zest,
I with the strife near done,—
A brook that floweth fast,
Or a lake that lies at rest;
And I know not which is the best.

Thou with truth as thy quest,
And the goal, thou thinkest, in view,
I with a milder hope,
Though still to duty prest,—
And I know not which is the best.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

Thy faith in rose-tint drest,
Mine in a soberer hue,
From the light on the eastern slope,
Or the gray of the darkening west,
And I know not which is the best.

Yet over the hill's high crest
Sometimes I turn to thee,
And side by side for an hour,
'To love's sweet task address,
We walk, the east and the west.

My spirit then at rest
Like the waves of a summer sea,
A passive thrall of thy power,
No longer makes request
Or asks of worst or best.

THOU ART MY GUIDING STAR

THOU art my guiding star,
Swing not in heaven too high,
For earth from heaven is far,
I need thee nigh.

Thou art my guiding star,
When thou reigns't o'er the night
No mist can rise to mar
My soul's delight.

Thou art my guiding star,
If I am ever led
Beyond the harbour bar,
My courage stead.

Thou art my guiding star,
Should I on some strange sea
Make voyage with broken spar,
Keep close to me.

THOU ART MY GUIDING STAR

**Be, love, my guiding star
Till churlish clouds are past,
And I from journeying far
Come home at last.**

'TWERE BETTER TO LOVE

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

'**T**WERE better to love, though the heart
 be broken,
Than to sit alone, from passion free,
Never to have a sign or token
Of the life that deepest lies in thee.

'Twere better to love, though peace should never
 Softly climb to thy soul again,
Than to live the blinded life forever
Of barren-hearted, loveless men.

'Twere better far that the gates, in shadow,
 Of heaven, should once have come in view,
Than that thou till death, from thy dull meadow,
Shouldst never have seen the pearl and blue.

THE POET'S BRAIN

THE vaulted chambers of the poet's brain
Are peopled by a restless throng who beat
Bewildering music, sometimes low and sweet,
Sometimes a loud, wild-resonant refrain.

There glide pale, sheeted ghosts of long-spent
years,—

Sweet, sensuous loves of youth that lived an hour,
Hope's phantom forms, delicious dreams of
power,

When all the world was new, and later fears

Entangled not the boy's swift-flying feet.

Beneath the dim, unearthly arches hide
Odours from far-off flowers, and there abide
The mother-songs that childhood's ears first greet.

THE PIPES OF PAN

O VOICELESS poet, find the pipes of Pan,
A torrent of sweet song lies back of thee,
Time is too short to voice the melody
Created for thee ere the world began.

O voiceless poet, find the pipes of Pan,
Nor try to slake men's thirst with common speech,
Its own divinest lessons Truth must teach
In music, to the throbbing ears of man.

O voiceless poet, find the pipes of Pan,
They are thine own familiar river-reeds,
Inspire our earth-bound souls to nobler deeds,
Stir the soft air our fevered lips to fan.

I WATCH THE SHIPS

I WATCH the ships by town and lea
With sails full set glide out to sea,
Till by the distant light-house rock
The breakers beat with roar and shock,
And crisp foam whitening all the decks;
While deep below lie ocean's wrecks,
What careth shel

I stand beside the beaten quay
And look while laden ships from sea
Come proudly home upon the tide
Like conquering kings, at eventide;
Or from fierce fights with wintry gales
Steal harbourward with tattered sails,
O cruel sea!

I pass the ancient moss-grown pier
Where men have waited year by year

I WATCH THE SHIPS

For ships that ne'er again shall glide
By town and lea on favouring tide,
Strong ships that struggled till the gales
Of winter hid their shrouds and sails
In ocean drear.

With sails full set young spirits glide
From harbour, on a sea untried,
To breast the waves and bear the shocks
Beyond the guarded light-house rocks,
To strive with tempests many a year;
Strong souls, indeed, if they can bear
Life's wind and tide!

I watch beside the beaten quay
The surf bring back all joyously
To anchor by the sheltered shore
Souls laden deep with precious ore,
Or spices won from perfumed sands
Of rich, luxuriant tropic lands,—
O kindly sea!

But some come back on wintry gales
With broken spars and shattered sails

I WATCH THE SHIPS

And fling to shore a feeble rope;
While many a loving heart in hope
Waits on for ships that nevermore
Shall anchor by a friendly shore,
O sad, sad seal

FOUNDRY FIRES

SEE the foundry fires gleaming
With strange, meteoric light,
Listen to the anvils ringing
Measured music on the night;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Strike the iron, mould it well,
On the progress of the nations
Each determined stroke shall tell

Showers of fiery sparks are falling
Thick about the workmen's feet,
Some are carried by the night wind
Far along the winding street;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Labour lifts her arm on high,
And the sparks fly from her anvils
Out upon the darkened sky.

FOUNDRY FIRES

In the quickened glow of feeling,
'Neath the anvil strokes of thought,
Ancient errors disappearing,
Nobler creeds to birth are brought;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Strike the truth, yea mould it well,
On the progress of the nations
Each unswerving stroke shall tell.

Crude the mass time's fiery forges
At your eager feet have hurled,
Centuries of toil must follow
Ere ye shape a perfect world;
Yet with clanking, clinking, clanking,
Strike the iron, shape the truth,
Knowledge is at last beginning,
Thought is in its lusty youth.

O ye forgemen of the nations,
Keep the world's great fires alight,
Let the sparks fly from your anvils
All along the roads of night;
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,
Work till stars fade, and the morn
Of diviner faith and feeling
In the radiant east is born.

THE STREET ORGAN

AN organ grinding below in the street,
You smile that I think the music sweet,
And you think it strange that I love to listen,
And stranger still that tear drops glisten
In my eyes, where so seldom a tear is 'seen;

Ah, if you knew how many things,
Like twilight-birds with silver wings,
Come back with these simple airs to me
Over the leagues of summer sea
My boyhood self and me between;

If you knew that a voice I am hungry to hear
Spoke thro' the music, plaintive, clear,
That a face appeared as the old tunes play,
A face I have longed for night and day
And never see except in my dreams,

THE STREET ORGAN

You would not wonder I stop and listen,
You would not wonder that tear-drops glisten
In my eyes, as down to the street below
A few poor pennies I gently throw
For the grinder to snatch from the passing teams.

FLOOD TIDE

THE tide came up as the sun went down,
And the river was full to its sedgy brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave, at evening dim;

But that slender skiff with its reed-like oar
Brought news to the town that broke its sleep,
And the people were startled as never before,
And a harvest of pain was theirs to reap:

Brought news of a wreck that the rower had seen
Off in the bay in a boisterous gale;
Common enough, such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that so tiny a craft could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears;
Ay me! and how often some trivial thing
Makes wreck of the loftiest hope of years.

FLOOD TIDE

O none but the angel with silver wings,
That watches the river and wards the town,
Is ware of the woe each evening brings,
As the tide comes up and the sun goes down!

THE VIRGIN'S SHRINE

WHO kneels in silent rapture on the sod
In open sky, or on the marble floor
Of some dark church his soul's true prayers
says o'er,
Adores the holy motherhood of God.

The shrine of Mary is not revered less
By men whose feet are swift, whose arms are
strong,
Than by sweet woman-souls to whom belong
By right maternity and gentleness.

All lofty things in our conception meet
In the divine, all beautiful and good;
The sterner attributes of Fatherhood
Alone make not for man a God complete.

If we at Mary's altars best may feel
God's true maternity, there should we kneel.

AN ORIENT PRAYER

"Having obtained tranquillity one is not troubled; and remaining in it even at the time of death, he passes on to extinction in the Supreme Spirit."
—*Bhagavad Gita*

WITH undimmed eye
I listen to the wisdom old which saith:
*Man shall be reabsorbed in God at death,
The human spirit is a deep-drawn breath
Of Him on high.*

No living thing
Save man has ever dreamed of higher spheres
Wherein to taste delights the fleeting years
Have here denied, or compensate earth's fears
And suffering.

Sad hearts that pray,
Soft petalled crimson flowers that bloom and fade,
Trees that grow sturdier in storm and shade,
Begotten are they all of God, not made
Like cups of clay.

AN ORIENT PRAYER

Why have we right
To some chief boon of immortality
Not given our brothers of the wood and sky,—
Strong beasts, soft-fluttering wingèd birds, that fly
From light to light?

Then let me go
Into the long hereafter joyously,
To live, yet not to live apart from thee,
From thy great life the life now lent to me
No more to flow.

The Ocean vast
Has need of all his wayward waves and streams,
The Central Sun has need of all his beams;
It is full time these empty, isolate dreams
Of mine were past.

I turn to thee,
O thou great Father, Universal Soul,
Unheeding the false bells that seem to toll
Dead things; for *all* life's turbid rivers roll
Back to the sea.

AN ORIENT PRAYER

O what can be
So grand for Nature or for Man, what fate
So lofty, as to sweep in solemn state
At evening through a majestic, open gate
To Deity!

ANSWER OF A DESPONDENT SOUL

YOU tell me that life may have songs or sighs
As men shall elect their lot,
This is one of your winning lies,
In childish faith begot;

A favoured few to the purple born
Make sport of the threats of chance,
Look at the race, oppressed and worn,
Poor slaves of circumstance!

*We may take what we will our strength to stay,
Fine wheaten bread, or a stone,
We may walk in the sun the livelong day,
Or move in the shade alone;*

*We may gather a store of hope or doubt,
Grow warm at the fires of love,
Or freeze in the open fields without,
A wintry sky above:—*

ANSWER OF A DESPONDENT SOUL

I pray you look over the walls of your creed,
Heaven-sentried and staunch as they seem,
At the manacled shapes of human need
With which the ages teem;

At the quivering hearts that creak and strain
In the trough of a maddened sea,
At the sinewy hands that seek in vain
Strong opportunity.

What we are given we have, and fate
(Name it God if you will) may be kind,
But she shuts in our face the iron gate
Of her plan, and keeps us blind.

We sit in the midst of a clamouring crowd
Of priests and lettered men,
But we find that they only babble loud
Of things beyond their ken;

We peer through the mists that fall like night
On our island's shifting sand,
But there never comes a gleam of light
From any larger land;

ANSWER OF A DESPONDENT SOUL

If worlds have been made where we may mend
Our life-work, soiled and torn,
If heavens can be found where come to end
The griefs our hearts have borne,

No soul has come back of the dead we love
To tell us whether they lie
In the silent blue of the arch above,
Or in some subjective sky.

What is left? 'Tis to hope, and take our wage
From whatever powers there be;
But to scorn with the scorn of a truthful age
All cheap philosophy.

IT MATTERS MUCH

WHETHER I live in the crowded town,
Or in spacious lands beside the sea,
Since the curtain of life so soon comes down
What difference can it make to me,
But whether I feel the trembling touch
Of the hand of need, where'er it be,
This matters much.

Whether the breezes from sweet fields blow
Through my spirit's halls in tenderness,
Or, bleak from the hills of ice and snow
Give me a foe's unkind caress,
If only I have the love of such
As long for a brother's tenderness,
I care not much.

For life with its toil and pain and sin
Leaves every spirit tired at best,

IT MATTERS MUCH

And I trow of the care that lodges in
Many a soul that seems at rest;
So I pray that Heaven through my hand's touch
May healing bring some hearts unblest,—
This matters much!

NOT IN VAIN

THOUGH angry tempests plough the sea
And hide the heavens at night,
Life is not lived in vain if we
Keep simple truth in sight,
In following it the soul shall find
Some sweet, secluded bay,
Where doubts that long have chased the mind
Shall shrink and fade away.

Life is not lived in vain if we
In cold mid-winter's gloom
May clothe one barren, leafless tree
With copious summer bloom;
To braid the luminous stars again
Across some darkened sky—
This is heaven's own true task for men
To compass, ere they die!

COMPELLING THOUGHTS

PITY the man who has no gift of speech
For those compelling thoughts, that peace
and pain,
That press unsought from the remoter reach
Of mind and soul to the near heart and brain;

Who plucks a wild-flower in a dewy field,
Or lifts a pebble from the dusty road,
And reverent reads the secrets Truth has sealed
In the small flower or stone, of man and God;

Who sees beneath the sunset's red and gold,
Behind the silver silence of the stars,
Visions like those vouchsafed to seers of old,
Yet fate keeps dumb, or from fit utterance bars.

What joy is his who has an open eye
For the great truths concealed in rocks and trees,
Discerns the thoughts of God in earth and sky,
And has the power to tell men what he sees.

IF I COULD HAVE IT BACK

IF I could have it back,
The sweet expectancy I used to feel
When time was young, and all my dreams were real,
And endless years seemed held in trust for me,
How glad my heart would be.

If I could have it back,
The fond forgetfulness I used to know
Of all the petty ills that plagued me so,
As soon as night's kind shadows round me fell,
Again I'd love life well.

If I could have it back,
The treasure lost in bogs of blind mistake,
Could bid the remorseless past to pity wake
And once again restore to me my right,
O I would hold it tight.

IF I COULD HAVE IT BACK

I cannot have them back,
The flood that moved the mill has swept to sea,
The treasures gone will not return to me;
But if through loss above myself I rise,
Such loss my soul must prize.

PEARLS THAT ARE RAREST

PEARLS that are rarest
Hide lowest in sea,
Flowers that are fairest
Most perishing be,

Sunshine the brightest
Comes soonest to rain,
Hearts that are lightest
Sink lowest in pain.

Go with the divers
Down under the wave,
Patientest strivers
Best jewels shall have,

Live with the roses,
Though fleeting are they,
When summer closes
Their perfume shall stay;

PEARLS THAT ARE RAREST

Treasure the sorrow
That breaketh thy rest,
Through it to-morrow
Thy soul shall be blest.

LOVE LETTERS

WHO keeps not somewhere safely stored away,
Like jewels in a casket quaint, from view,
A bundle of love-letters, old or new,
Yellow with age, or fresh as buds of May.

Who, sometimes, in the silence of the night,
With stealthy fingers does not draw them forth,
Dear, tender treasures, not of common worth,
And live the old love o'er that suffered blight.

Yes, here are mine, not faded yet with years,
Sometimes I laugh at the old tender flame
That kindled them, but is it any shame
To whisper they are wet, to-night, with tears.

What strange, persistent power love has to hold
Its life, though all its ashes have grown cold.

THE HEARTH IS COLD

THE hearth is cold, the fire no more
 Glow in the twilight gray,
'Tis colder, colder, than before
 The bright flame had its way.

Love's fire is quenched, its glow is o'er,
 Its ashes now are gray,
My heart is colder than before
 The red flame had its way.

I shall remember it no more,
 This passion of a day,
But I am glad, though it is o'er,
 The fire *once* had its way.

THE MYSTERY

RESTLESS world I love thee well,
Sparkle of the sunlit sea,
Flitting shapes on moor and fell,
Nature's colour-mystery;

But, wide world, thy *raptures* lie
In the love-warp in thy plan,
The deep colour-mystery
Of the love of man for man.

THE MEADOW-LANDS

THE tide flows in and out and leaves
Luxuriance on the meadow lands,
The barren mould with power enweaves
And fertile makes the sterile sands.

The meadow-lands of life lie bare,
The tide comes up, the tide recedes,
The muddy wave's residuum there
Creates the soil for lofty deeds.

Mysterious tides that silent creep
Across the meadows of my soul,
And from the nameless nether-deep
Your silt of joy and sorrow roll,

This waste turn to a field of flowers,
And foster many a noble tree,
Make fruitful all the barren powers
That lie unawakened yet in me.

SMALL AND GREAT

THE ripple that stirs on the sea of thought
As we drop our smallest question there,
Into the ocean's life is wrought
And moves it everywhere.

Who strikes a chord in the human soul,
Be he labourer, poet, priest, or sage,
Makes music that rings from pole to pole,
And lasts from age to age.

The feeblest prayer that to heaven flies
Has infinite power beneath its wing,
And the treasure of peace it brings from the skies
Is not a foreign thing.

For all is in each, and each in all,
'Twixt Heaven and Earth there is no line,
The small is the great, the great the small,
And truth is mine and thine.

I PLUCKED A DAISY

I PLUCKED a daisy from the sand,
A white field-daisy, carelessly,
I saw it tremble in my hand
And cast a piteous glance at me;

Its sisters seemed to chide me too,
Enclustered thick beside the way,
And beg me, since their hours were few
At best, in peace to let them stay.

Then as they bent their golden heads,
Rimmed close with bonnets snowy-white,
Tears seemed to come like silver beads
From their soft eyes, and dim the night.

O little daisies of the sod,
One law controls your life and mine,
Ye are the humblest flowers of God,
But ye iike man are half divine,

I PLUCKED A DAISY

And as ye cheer the dusty walk,
And whiten all the meadows fair,
I see a spirit on each stalk
That moves responsive to the air.

Bloom on, bloom on, nor shrink from me,
Ye too are of the sunlight fond,
I will not mar your pleasure free,
I will not break your life's sweet bond.

PEASANT AND KING

THERE'S little to choose in this world of ours
 'Twixt the peasant and the King,
Though the monarch has music, wine, and flowers,
 And a noble signet ring,
While the peasant sports on the village green
 In a suit of homespun gray;
The pleasure of one is just as keen
 As the other's, every way.

Each carries a heart that sings and sighs
 By turns, as the changes come,
Each finds in his lot some sad surprise
 At which his lips grow dumb;
Passion and pride and lust and greed
 Are mixed with the good in each,
And heavy are both with a hidden need
 That heaven alone can reach.

PEASANT AND KING

The monarch has laws he must obey
And burdens he must bear,
The peasant is anxious every day,
Though not from kingly care,—
And both look up to the same great sky,
Fenced thick with golden stars,
And crave a glimpse of the worlds that lie
Behind those glittering bars.

ARTHURIAN DAYS

WHO weep the good Arthurian days,
When men were brave and women fair,
And knights to battle strode,
Acknowledge ye the meed of praise
That all deserve who do and dare
Along life's dangerous road.

Who read inspired Arthurian lays
To gallant knights and ladies fair,
And love in morning-tide,
Rejoice that in less amorous days
Romantic thrills are everywhere
That youthful hearts abide.

Who kindle at the Arthurian blaze
Fresh fires of pity in the soul
For hopes by sorrow slain,
Forget not in your own sad days
The myriad mournful bells that toll
The world's incessant pain.

ARTHURIAN DAYS

Who weep the good Arthurian days,
When men were brave and women fair,
And gallant deeds gave power,
Keep tryst with truth, and seek the praise
That loyal souls must ever share
With knighthood's noblest flower.

A FIRE OF STRAW

A FIRE of straw in field or town
Obscures the bluest skies,
To-day's complaining echoes drown
Time's grandest harmonies;

One trifling error on the page
Full satisfaction mars,
So earth's stray swamp-lights more engage
The mind, than heaven's great stars.

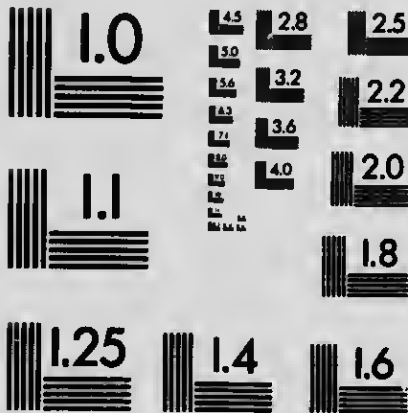
Man's deepest instincts bid him rise
Among the rose-red spheres,
But foolish custom, when he tries,
Enchains him fast with fears,

So on he goes from day to day,
His best thoughts suffering blight,
When all the time his soul should stay
In worlds of love and light.



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THE POET PASSED MY WAY

THE poet passed my way,
Scattering about him sheaves of splendid
flowers,
Red, white, and golden-gay,
Plucked from his soul's wide garden beds and
bowers.

"These are earth's common blooms,
Fine-petalled, fragrant, fragile as the rest,
A few to deck my rooms
I'll gather," said I, following toward the west;

But in a moment more,
Stooping to lift my treasures from the sod
I found the Poet bore,
Not flowers, but great thoughts, rooted deep
in God.

THE POET'S WORLD

FAR-REACHING poet mind, nor metes
nor bounds

May prophets uninspired affix for thee,
Thy continent is a shore without a sea,
A land unmarred by common sights or sounds.

"Be satisfied," men cry, "with what we teach,
There is no safety in untrodden ways!"
Then call contemptuously in thy dispraise:
"Song is but song, Truth loves staid thought and
speech!"

But thou, with music melting thee to tears,
Find'st hidden melodies in the common creeds,
And piping softly on thy various reeds
Art deaf to all their foolish frets and fears.
Sing then thy strains, no longer voiceless be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

THE AWAKENING

TOO long my soul has lain in sordid sleep,
Floating, it seemed, on thin and shallow seas;
At last, aroused, I look into the deep
And there behold unfathomed mysteries.

O love, sweet love, what gift is thine to show
The spirit's depths profound, what sorcerer's
power
To make the hidden currents seen that flow
From roots of thought to friendship's leaf and
flower.

I am at last more human with my kind,
More reverent grown, no longer in the sod
The wearied heart's last resting place I find,
For I have learned man's higher self is God,

Of whom no sage on earth, no saint above,
Can say a greater thing than, "He is Love!"

DEEPENING THE CHANNEL

A ROCKY channel from the harbour led
The ships to sea, a blue but shallow sound
With surging tides, upon whose treacherous bed
The keels of heavy vessels ground and ground.

The channel must be deepened, men agree,
And so, great thunderous blasts of rock they blew,
And all the sleepy sands were dredged; till, free
From fear, the heaviest ships went safely through.

We fret and foam, as if our surface tide
Were fathoms deep, and never know the truth
Till love or sorrow through the water ride
And grate its keel upon the sands of youth;

God cleaves the rock beneath the channel blue,
And then his noblest ships sail safely through.

CHANCE MEETINGS

A STRANGER in the moving throng,
To whom I spoke a casual word,
Inspired our tardy march along,
By some report we both had heard.

His answer I have wholly lost,
I only know he spoke with grace,
But I keep what I value most,
The memory of a lovely face,

And through my soul forever glide
Delightful shapes he conjured there,
Ere with a touch he turned aside
And left me in my different sphere.

We are not strangers, you and I,
Who suddenly come heart to heart,
A moment linger, then go by,
To mix no more in mill or mart;

CHANCE MEETINGS

Mysteriously our spirits meet,
And compact fellowship secure
With golden words, whose echoes sweet
Below the conscious mind endure;

And some glad future they shall know
The unfettered love they now desire;
Then thought shall burn, and feeling glow,
And friendship be a rapturous fire.

THE PAINTER'S GRIEF

THERE is crape on the studio door
And none pass in to-day,
And the sunlight on the floor
Falls cold and gray,
And the painter's head on his hands is bent
In grief's first strange bewilderment.

He has brought a flower of gold,
The daffodil of her France,
It lies in her fingers cold,
A glittering lance,
And he lives once more with her alone
The blissful life of Barbizon.

Again they climb the hill
And gaze at the sunset-glow,
Or sit in the shadows still
Of Fontainebleau,
And she bids him compass with his art
The beautiful things of eye and heart.

THE PAINTER'S GRIEF

So there come from the master's hand
Works done in strength and power,
As the summer's growths expand
In sun and shower,
And her love makes radiant all his life,
And he blesses God for the gift of his wife.

But sorrow stands by the shrine
In the inmost room of his soul
And bids him drink the wine
In her silver bowl;
And his nerves are strings in a harp of pain,
And he bows his head in grief again.

Strange that we never know
Our own till they are dead,
That life's best harvests grow
When life is sped,
That love comes not to its fullest birth
"Till our lips have echoed, "Earth to earth!"

Crape on the studio door,
A cheerless light within,
A heart that shall feel no more
Earth's care and sin;
And a strong man's life on which the blight
Of a purpose gone has fallen like night.

WHERE ARE YE NOW?

SPIRIT enlinked in love with ours so tightly,
Hands that clasped hands with us and held
us long,
Heart never clad in sorrow's weeds unsightly,
Lips always tempered to uplifting song,
Where are ye now?

I ask the winds that fan my forehead lightly,
Some message clear to bring and ease my pain,
I ask the stars that burn above me nightly
To break the silence, but I ask in vain,
Where are ye now?

I have so hungered for a voice to assure me
Ye have but passed into a riper sphere,
I have so hoped Heaven's angels kind would lure
me
To some sweet spot where I might find thee near;
But hoped in vain.

WHERE ARE YE NOW?

And I shall still keep questioning in sorrow
Till I am held no more earth's fettered thrall;
Then others on that not far-off to-morrow,
If I am loved, for me shall sometimes call
Where are ye now?

THE STILL HOUR

WHEN the still hour draws near that I must
die

I ask that in some western-windowed room,
Where I can see the sunset, I may lie,

I love so well the blue and green and gold
That fuse in liquid splendour, ere the gloom
Of evening settles and the day grows cold.

A single rose I crave beside my bed,
For I had once a bush of roses white,
Whose fragrance through my deepest soul was shed.

Let some one skilled in friendship hold my hand,
For all my life my peace has suffered blight
If none were near me who could understand.

THE STILL HOUR

I want no weeping, but I ask a prayer
That God would rob the evil I have done
Of harmful power, and make my influence fair.

Then as my breath grows fainter, and my eyes
Darken forever to the endearing sun,
Kissing my forehead, say your last good-byes.

AT GRANDMOTHER'S

UNDER the shade of the poplars still,
Lilacs and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window sill,
Is the dear old house, with its door of green.

Never were seen such spotless floors,
Never such shining rows of tin,
While the rose-leaf odours that came thro' the doors,
Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children slept,
Grandmother's children tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes were kept,
Shrewsbury cookies, and caraway.

The garden walks where the children ran
To smell the flowers and learn their names,
The children thought, since the world began
Were never such garden walks for games.

AT GRANDMOTHER'S

There were tulips and asters in regular lines,
Sweet-williams and marigolds on their stalks,
Bachelors' buttons and sweet-pea vines,
And box that bordered the narrow walks.

Pure white lilies bloomed cornerwise
From sunflowers yellow and poppies red,
And the summer pinks looked up in surprise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspur stood
Close to the neighborly daffodil;
Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed thro' the beds at their own sweet will.

Many a year has passed since then,
Grandmother's house is empty and still,
Grandmother's babies have grown to men,
And the roses grow wild o'er the window sill;

Never again shall the children meet
Under the poplars gray and tall,
Never again shall the careless feet
Dance thro' the rose-leaf scented hall,

AT GRANDMOTHER'S

Grandmother's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and wide,
And the world is a larger place than of yore;
But hallowed memories still abide,

And the children are better men to-day
For the cakes and rose-leaves and garden walks,
And grandmother's welcome, so far away,
And the old sweet-williams on their stalks.

S,

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW

THE chorus of cutters' chisels
Chipping the limestone rock,
Begins as the hour of seven
Tolls from the tower clock,
Chipping! Chipping! Chipping!
No music to me so sweet
As the sound of the cutters' chisels
In the sheltered village street.

A row of tireless workmen
Under the spreading trees,
Not a sound save their cutting
Borne on the freshening breeze,
Chipping, chipping, chipping,
With patience and skill and care,
Stones for a sightly temple,
A shrine of praise and prayer.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW

Standing in modest beauty
From the travelled street aloof,
In a mantle of climbing ivy
Cloaked from base to roof,
Dear to the village people
Who had watched its walls grow gray,
Was the old church, in whose shadow
They had knelt for years to pray;

Now with the stones from the quarry
Hid in the neighboring hill
Another church is rising,
'Tis true with nobler skill,
But the chorus of cutters' chisels
Awakes not cheer but gloom—
As if the men were chipping
Stones for a general tomb.

To some the old church glittered
With the light of the marriage morn,
For some it kept sweet memories
Of each new baby born;
While some remembered chiefly
How its aisles had oft been pressed
By the feet of those that carried
Parent or child to rest.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW

But the sound of the cutters' chisels
Is borne on the fitful breeze,
And a better church is rising
Under the ancient trees;
Though some of the village people
Will love till their latest breath,
The old church with its record
Of marriage, birth, and death.

So, in this age of progress,
The old to the new gives way,
We live for the long to-morrow,
As well as the yesterday,
Chipping, chipping, chipping,
Stones that the world shall place
In the nobler human temple
She is rearing now apace.

We live for the long to-morrow
With its triumphs but begun,
When truth shall drop its shackles,
And sin and shame be done,
Chipping, chipping, chipping,
With a faith ne'er felt before,
Stones for a church whose towers
Shall stand forevermore.

“DAY OF THE TRIUMPHANT SUN!”

IT is the Yule-tide conqueror,
The king of Mirth and Cheer,
We'll strew his way with garlands gay
As comes his chariot near,
With fragrant, feathery pine-boughs,
And cedar from the rocks,
And holly red, we'll wreath his head
And bind his hoary locks.

At Yule our Saxon fathers
Built high their sacred fires,
And in the glow hung mistletoe
About their homes and byres,
And we their feal descendants,
Our Yule-tide feast begun,
With hearts as gay will own the sway
Of the “Triumphant Sun.”

“DAY OF THE TRIUMPHANT SUN”

At Yule the goddess Berchta,
When shining Fahgravel
His lithe-limbed steed had driven with speed
Glad Spring's approach to tell,
Walked through the frozen furrows
And sprinkled sunshine there,
So corn and wheat sprang 'neath her feet
Upon the meadows bare.

And Odin the creator,
His fiery horse astride,
O'er land and sea rode wild and free
To check the Winter-tide;
And fountains from their prisons
With silvery songs burst forth,
And warriors gay sprang up to slay
The Giant of the North.

At Yule our homes are blazoned
With boughs of glittering green,
And signs of joy, without alloy,
Throughout the land are seen,
And Yule-tide fires are lighted,
And kindly carols sung,
And loud and low across the snow
Sweet chimes again are rung.

"DAY OF THE TRIUMPHANT SUN"

And sacred texts are circled
With wreaths of holly red,
And east and west the message blest
Christ brought mankind is spread;
For Christian memories holy
With Norse in friendship bide,
And Yule wears now upon her brow
The crown of Christmas-tide.

THE ANCIENT GODS ARE DEAD

THE ancient gods are dead!
Jove rules no longer o'er the Olympian
plain,
Old ocean waits for Neptune's word in vain,
Apollo tunes no more his golden lyre,
Vesuvius trembles not with Vulcan's fire,
Mars captains not the armies of the world,
The sooty flag of Acheron is furled
And hell's grim guardian fled.

The ancient gods are dead!
Valhalla's kingly halls are vacant now,
Where Thor, the mighty thunderer, from his brow
Shot lightnings fearful toward the trembling earth,
And Odin held rude wassail, and wild mirth
Echoed from roof to roof, as went the feast,
Until the day dawned and the dazzling east
Made radiant Baldur's head.

THE ANCIENT GODS ARE DEAD

The ancient gods are dead!
The world's great fanes re-echo sounds of prayer
But bleeding victims are not offered there,
No Roman despot sits on heaven's high throne,
Earth's law his arbitrary will alone,
The flower-decked sod hears not his fell command
To enrich itself by carnage; through the land
The hosts of peace are spread.

The ancient gods are dead!
Law rules majestic in the courts above
And has no moods, but hand in hand with love
Sweeps through the universe, and smiling seas
The spheres obedient to her firm decrees,
Proclaims men sons, not fettered slaves, of God.
And sounds the message of his fatherhood;
The true God is not dead!

TOWARD THE WEST

FASTER, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind me, as earth's guest
I advance toward the west.

Amber clouds bedecked my morn,
Noon in mellow light was born,
Kindly shades now cloak the crest
Of the hill that hides the west.

Beautiful has been my road,
Heaven's clear springs have often flowed
To my lips and given me rest,
In my journey to the west;

Friends who kept my heart in tune
Oft have come from dale and dune
With sweet comfort, when distress
I moved blindly toward the west.

TOWARD THE WEST

O those friendships of the way,
Never shall their roots decay,
In their branches green I nest
From the cold winds of the west.

What the future holds in store
I have questioned o'er and o'er,
Shall I in oblivion rest
When I reach the silent west,

Or beyond death's portals wide
Shall my powers unsatisfied
To diviner tasks be prest,
In the fair fields of the west?

Faster, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind, for I, earth's guest,
Swift approach the purple west.

THE ANGEL SLEEP

WHEN the day is done and the shadows fall
Over the earth like a dusky pall,
From cloistered halls in the hidden deep
Rises the beautiful Angel Sleep.

Over forest and field he spreads his wings,
Where the cricket chirps and the wood-bird sings,
And the murmur of voices dies away,
Stilled by the Angel, calm and gray.

The passions of men that surge and swell
Are mastered soon by his mighty spell,
And weary spirits, and eyes that weep,
Yield to the power of the Angel Sleep.

We call him Death, 'tis the Angel Sleep
That comes at last from the hidden deep,
And passing his hand o'er the brow of care
Subdues the wild delirium there;

THE ANGEL SLEEP

So we sleep and rest till the dawn comes near
Of the day of the spirit, calm and clear,
When into his halls in the hidden deep
Flies forever the Angel Sleep.

WHEN NIGHT SHUTS IN

WHEN night shuts in the wearied world
And Nature's work is done,
And every floating flag is furled
That caught the golden sun,
It seems as if Death's darkness hung
About the living deep,
But 'tis the silver shadow flung
By Death's twin-brother, Sleep.

When Death's mysterious night comes down,
And soul and sense are riven,
And not a smile and not a frown
Stirs the strange face of heaven,
It seems as if no sunlit morn
Would ever sweep the sky,
As if the spirit had been born
To slumber endlessly,

WHEN NIGHT SHUTS IN

But who can think oblivion's tide
Shall never backward roll ?
Who dare believe no mansions wide
Await the sentient soul ?
We sink in shadow, and the night
Tents in our timorous fears,
We wait the morrow's sun to light
Our lives to loftier spheres.

