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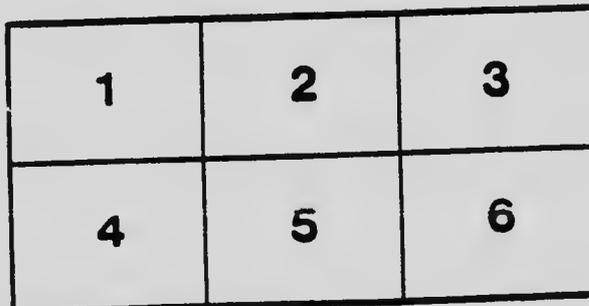
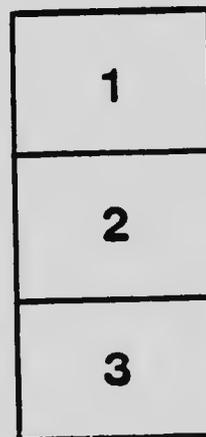
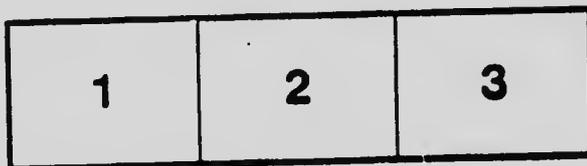
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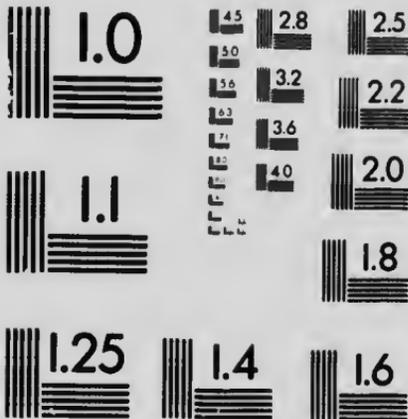
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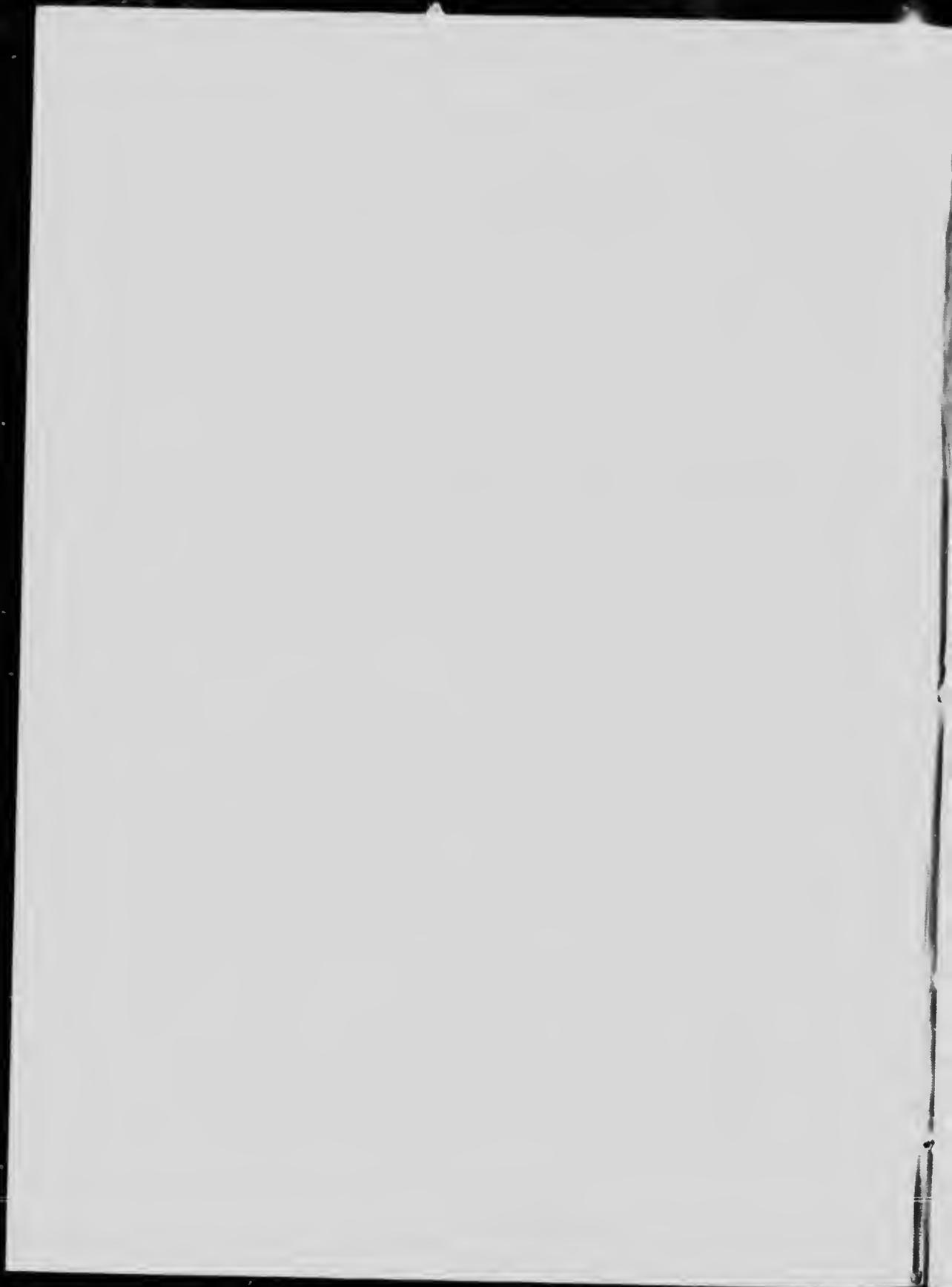
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POEMS



BY
FREDERICK CHARLES MANNING B.A.



P O E M S

BY

FREDERICK CHARLES MANNING, B.A.

Late Lieutenant 85th Battalion

"Nova Scotia Highlanders"



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Frederick Charles Manning was born at St. John, N.B., on the 24th July, 1895, the eldest son of Dr. James and Helen (Manning) Manning. He received his early education in the public schools of St. John, where he showed a marked intelligence in his studies, and from natural leadership and force of character made friends universally among his fellow-students and teachers. After taking first place successively in the first two years of his High School Course, he graduated in 1911 as Valedictorian, and gained all medals in the University of New Brunswick Matriculation examinations, as well as the gold medal offered by Senator Ellis of St. John for the English essay. The following year he took the equivalent of the Freshman year of an Arts Course in Grade 12 of St. John High School, and again carried off the honors at graduation.

Throughout his school life he had been an active leader in the social activities of his classes, and especially prominent in Y.M.C.A. work. He was for two years the editor of the Y.M.C.A. monthly magazine, the "Acmy," and was much interested in athletics.

On completing his year in Grade 12, he determined to devote his life to the field of intellectual work in which he had made so brilliant a beginning. Accordingly, the ensuing autumn he enrolled at the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton, after having passed the Senior Matriculation examinations at the University of New Brunswick for admission to the Sophomore year. He set himself the difficult task of preparing in one year for the Grammar School examinations, usually only undertaken by college graduates. His year at Normal School was most successful; he again led his class, and passed the Grammar School examinations with honors. During the year he was active in sports and class activities, being Captain of the Basketball team, and one of the editors of the school magazine, the "Normal Light."

The following year, 1914, he accepted the post of Principal of the Grammar School at Fredericton Junction at the early age of eighteen, with results most satisfactory to the School Trustees. The same year he was chosen Chairman of the New Brunswick Teachers' Convention, and held this position for two years. In the fall of 1915, on the strength of his Grammar School Certificate, he was admitted to the Junior Year of Acadia University at Wolfville, Nova Scotia. His success in a difficult course was immediate, and at once excited the favorable comment of the professors of the University. For two years his career was a succession of honors. The greater part of his work lay in the field of Literature and the study of both ancient and modern languages, and he proved himself to be a student of remarkable powers, and an essayist of much promise. There also he took steps to develop another of his many accomplishments. One of the most prominent of his characteristics was his love and natural talent for music. He possessed an unusually fine tenor voice, which under cultivation became a great source of delight to his friends, and this gift was always at their service.

As he was finishing his course in the spring of 1916, it was decided to recruit a Highland Brigade in Nova Scotia, and in the short space of two weeks this was accomplished. Acadia University offered a Company, and Dr. G. B. Cutten, the President, was given command. Frederick Manning, who had been prominent in the military activities of the University and Captain of the Officers' Training Corps, was the first to enlist. Forty of the students volunteered. Those who were in their last year were given their degrees, and appeared at Commencement in khaki. Frederick Manning was Valedictorian of the Class, and his farewell address was a feature of the impressive ceremony. The Class Ode written for this occasion speaks for itself.

This Company was incorporated in the 219th Battalion, the Junior Battalion of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, which consisted of the 85th, 185th, 193rd and 219th. Frederick

Manning was appointed to a Commission with his own Company in July. The Brigade crossed to England in October, 1916. Later, on the breaking-up of his Battalion, he was transferred to "C" Company of the 85th Battalion, the Senior of the Brigade, and went to France with them in February, 1917. At their first engagement, the battle of Vimy Ridge, on the 9th of April, two working companies of the Battalion, "C" and "D," were unexpectedly called upon to storm without barrage the strong German position known as the "Pimple," before Souchez, which had held out against the whole day's assault by the Canadians. This attack was a complete success. Fifty yards from the objective, Lieut. Manning was struck in the thigh by a machine-gun bullet, and lay on the battle-field in snow and sleet until early morning. Three days later he reached No. 14 General Hospital at Wimereux, near Boulogne, France, and died there on April 14th of gas gangrene contracted during exposure on the field.

Although in the foregoing account stress has been laid on his school and college successes, it must not be imagined that he was merely a student, or that his interests were confined to the narrow field of the typical scholar. Even more remarkable than his splendid scholastic achievements were the poise and balance that he kept at all times between intellectual matters and the practical and social side of life. His gifts were always open to the use of his friends, and natural cheeriness and kindness contributed more to his popularity than either wit or the possession of knowledge. His splendid physique and natural delight in out-door sports kept him in a health and manly vigor not often associated with intellectual pre-eminence, and later enabled him to bear the fierce mental and physical tests of service conditions in France without in any way impairing his intellectual qualities.

The following poems were collected after his death from among his papers. They are entirely fragmentary, and bear every mark of unfinished workmanship. Absolutely no emendations

or additions have been made except for obvious mistakes of a hurried writing. It would thus be unfair to subject these pieces to a rigorous criticism. There are no indications in any of his writings that he considered them worthy of preservation, and with one or two exceptions none of them were even more than drafted in pencil on waste sheets of paper. His ideals of artistic perfection were so high that probably his full powers were never devoted to producing any finished work at a time when his experience and education were so incomplete; and that this is so is borne out by the restraint of the more typical pieces, and the purely casual nature of the subjects chosen. The collection has been made as complete as possible under the circumstances, and the sole desire of the publication is to give his intimate friends the opportunity of seeing in these few fragments his promising lyrical gift and an undoubted poetic merit, which, because it was healthy and spontaneous, might have been capable of great development.

J. HAROLD MANNING.

OUR LADDIE

Twilight falling—
Firelight bright—
In the flames
A face tonight.
A tiny cot
Curtained deep:
Angel-cherub
Fast asleep.

Whistle shrill—
A bag of books:
A boyish laugh—
Handsome looks.

A rustling hall—
They call his name:
The medal-winner
All acclaim.

The lofty nave—
The surpliced choir—
One voice that doth
The heart inspire.

College halls—
Cap and gown:
But Ah! he stood
In khaki brown.

A throbbing ship—
The crowded pier—
The hawser's splash—
A final cheer.
Tented city—
Sunny France—
Rigid drill—
Then the advance.

Vimy heights—
The frantic guns—
One furious charge
O'erwhelms the Huns.

My eyes are dim—
I cannot see—
Among the dying
Is that *he*?

An open grave—
Dust unto dust
A bugle shrill—
A long Last Post . . .

The embers fall—
The fire is dead—
My heart is cold—
I must to bed.

THE EPITAPH

Since by some death each man must die—
In chamber hushed—'neath open sky—
Better the solitary ground
Where the soldier sleeps till the trumpet sound.
What though no stone with sculptured grace
Attest his final resting-place?
The angels whisper o'er his head—
"Thy country lives: Sleep, quiet dead."

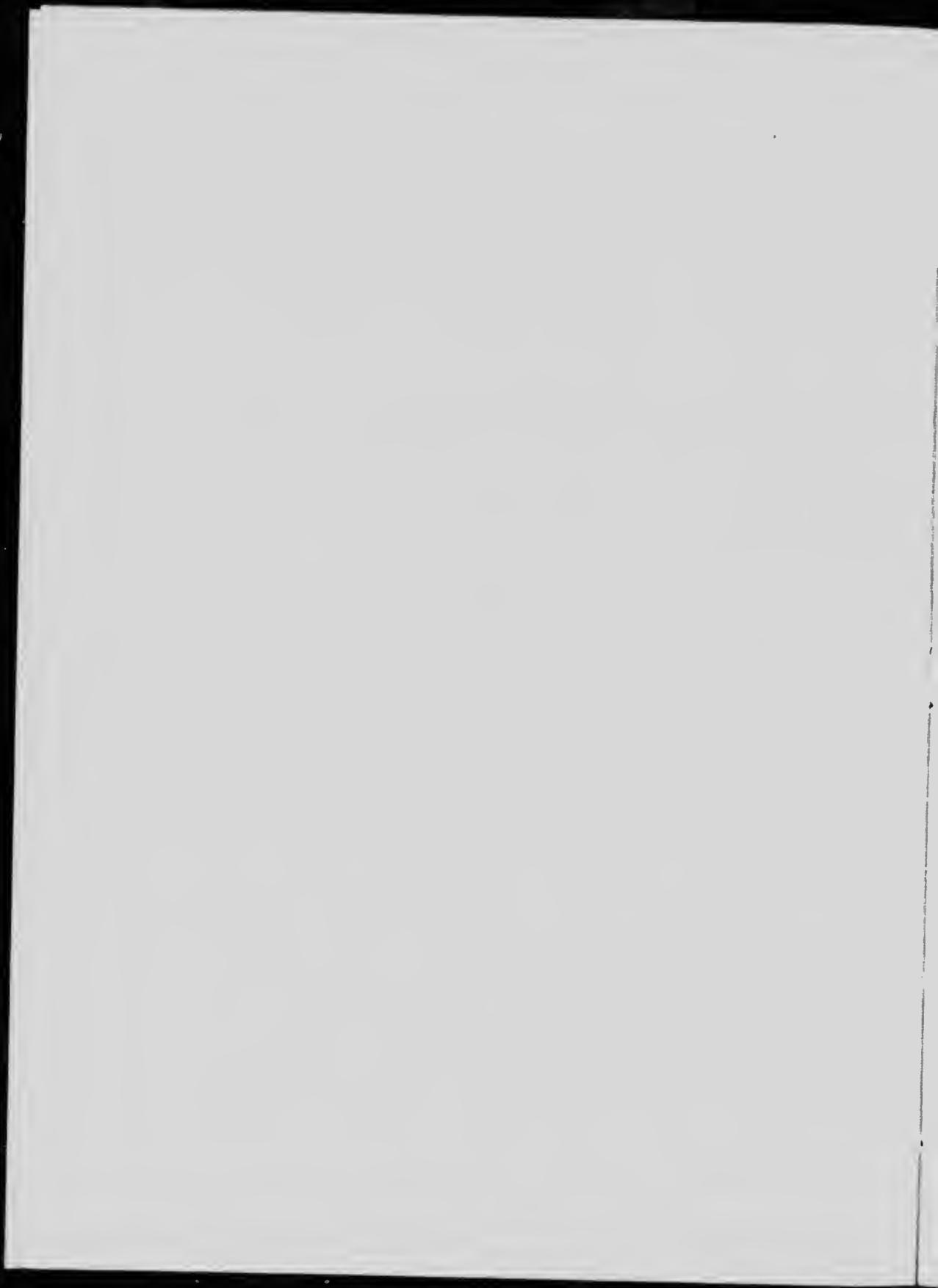
JAMES MANNING.



P O E M S

BY

FREDERICK CHARLES MANNING, B.A.



LONGINGS FOR HOME

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea—
The wind, the fog and the sullen sea,
And the heave of the long Atlantic swell—
There lies the land we love so well,
The land that is mother to you and me.

Beyond the sea, the sullen sea,—
And what does it matter to you and me,
That the land we love is broad and fair,
And a Voice is tenderly calling us there—
For who has a voice so tender as She
In the Sunset land far over the sea?

A flash of fire and a sudden roar
And a grave unknown in the fields of pain,
And a life well spent, and a loss that's gain,
And a shrine in Her heart forevermore,
And what will it matter to you and me
That the billows roll to a lonely shore
And hearts are lonely over the sea—
Beyond the sea, the dreary sea,
The heave of the restless Ocean-floor
With the wind, the fog and the sullen sea?

England. Nov., 1916.

THE THOUGHT OF THEE

Why, when the swaying dances move,
Why, when the lighted palaces flame,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rove,
Doth whisper soft that word I love—
 Thy name?

And whence doth fly, doth fly to me
(Where'er I be, by land or sea)
The thought of thee, the thought of thee?

Ah! Hast thou lost thy beacon-light
And art not wandering in the gloom?
To cheer the night, the dismal night
(They say)—Hath Memory aught that's bright
 But a vacant room?—

Yes! Still doth fly, doth fly to me
(With healing grace, like an angel's face)
The thought of thee, the thought of thee!

A thousand league of field and wood,—
A thousand league of wood and stream—
They never could, they never could
Veil the eye o' the soul, or hood
 Thy guiding gleam!

And thence doth fly, doth fly to me
(And Time and Space it doth efface)
The thought of thee, the thought of thee!

THE LEAVES OF AUTUMN

Leaves are falling—
Falling to the ground;
Russet Autumn's calling
All her children round:
Fall, pretty leaves!
No more shall you be green;
Winter his coverlid weaves:
Down in the earth
No more shall you be seen,
Till a new birth
Springs from your mould,—
Wakes with the wakening Spring.
Courage, pretty leaves!
Never shall you grow old!
In you shall birds forever sing!
Therefore cease trembling,
Be you then bold!

MAY

Come, who will come with me,
Out into the fields so free!
Out into the woods of May,
Bright with flowers, bright and gay!
Glossy leaves, with folded flower,
Pushing upward hour by hour;
Pushing upward through the mold,
New life shooting from the old.
Dog-tooth violets, slenderly
Fresh and green they seem to be;
But to touch them would destroy
All that evanescent joy—
To find great verdant beds of these
Beneath the widely-scattered trees,
Beside some tiny babbling brook,
Or in some sheltered hillside nook,
With nodding heads, so fragile-slight,—
Oh, that to me is Spring's delight!

SPIRIT OF ST. JOHN

Where the sea-gulls scream and wheel,
Circling round the harbor-mouth;
Where each sea-green, slimy keel
Rests from voyages to the south;
Where, atop some ancient pier
I can hear
Clanking, clanking o'er the wave,
Where the ships with coal are lading;
Hear the lapping waters lave
The old timbers; fading, fading,
I can see the golden sails
Sail into the rising sun,
While the early autumn gales
Rippling o'er the surface run;

I can smell the salt sea-smell,
I can sense the heaving Bay
Stretching to the dawn of day--
I could dream and fancy well
If I sailed to eastward far
I would sail into the sun,
Where at last, my haven won,
In Hyperion's golden car
I might visit every strand,
Knowing that to know is best;
Till, with all things seen, possessed,
I should sink into the West,
To the swelling Ocean's rest
Far from land.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN
IN THE FUTURE

An old man soliloquizes:

"Now man has chained the noble river,
Hemmed it in on every side;—
Hear the steamboat's engines quiver!
See the pleasure-boat glide!
Silent, sullen, sad forever
Swells the former mighty tide—
Turning wheels it fain would sever
Savagely from their bases wide.

"I have known, while yet a youth,
Known and loved that River gleaming,
Seen it raging without ruth,—
Seen it in the moonlight streaming:
Not a ripple, never a ripple,
To mar the silvery beaming;
Never a sail, never a sail—
So fair and still the picture seeming.

"While the woven patterns shining,
Of Nature's own designing,
Strike with pleasure, strike with pain,
Strike with pain of too much pleasure;
Yet the poet looks again,
Finding rules for shape and measure
In the pattern brightly shining;
Strives to tell of the designing—
How the shape be fair and true;
How all the work the moonbeams do
—Nature-ordered and ordained—
Must be perfect, must be true,
Unless by Man's defilement stained.

"True it is, as poets say,
That where Man has gained dominion
He has changed old Nature's way:
He has clipped the wild-fowl's pinion,
He has curbed the raging sea,
He has harnessed brook and river;
He has fettered even thee—
On whose free breast the foam-flakes quiver—
O St. John, thou glorious water!
Wooiastook, thou mighty stream!
Ocean's best and dearest daughter,
Captive though thou seem!

"Thou wert lovely in the winter,
Sleeping 'neath thy snowy sheet,
Gleaming through thy crystal blanket,
Melting slowly in the heat;

"Thou wert lovely in the spring-time
When thou burst thy winter bands—
Rising, plunging, arrowy currents
Covering all thy summer sands;

"Thou wert good in every season,
And I love thee though a slave:
Love thee well for many a reason;
Love each flashing of thy wave;

"Never can I be forgetful
Of thy beauty once so great;
Never cease to be regretful
That it lasted not so late
As even I, poor transient mortal,
But has faded e'en before my little span;
Faded ere I passed beyond the portal
To the common lot of man."

—1911.

THE MERMAIDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS

In the far-off, tropical, shining sea,
Down amid the coral branches,
Where little fishes lazily
Fleet away
The summer day
Flashing in their colors gay,
There the Mermaids sit and sing,
The corniced cave-walls echoing.

No Sirens they, that on North-land shore
By the sunken reef, by the tidal bar,
Lure to the rock, to the raging sand,
By the charm of the song and the beckoning hand,
Full many a ship
Tall and grand,
Gaily manned;
And pull her down for the tides to rip
And the seas to strip,
And tear
As they drag her down to their toothed lair,
While the Sirens slip
Away from their seat, and swim about,
And the fishes, frightened, flash silvery out
To the open sea; not of these I sing;
But of those whose rapturous voices ring
As they rock on the wavelets slumbering;
As they sport in the coral caves, along
By the ocean ridges that echo their song.

"In fairyland caves, when the tempest's roar
Reaches us dimly from afar,
In far-off ocean caves, where play
The dolphins all the live-long day,

We see, as we lie on the sands at our ease,
Wrecks from above
Settling—settling—
Down, down to the coral grove,
Down through the beautiful silent seas.

“In the sunny days we leave our cave,
And swim to the top of the heaving wave,
And bask in the sun, and sway and loll
On the rolling swell, as we rise and fall;
But we sink before the sunset breeze
To the caves we love
Settling— settling—
Down, down to the coral grove,
Down through the beautiful silent seas.”

FRAGMENT

He spoke; and then a sense of futileness,
As bitter and far-reaching as the sand
Of waste Sahara, covered all his soul;
He cried aloud, "Why must I make pretence
To love? I know that in my heart of hearts
I cannot love; I do but seem to love,
For all my feignèd sighs and troubled nights.
My fancy cheats my heart, and I do think
That I do love.—Imagination all,
And fond delusion. In my secret soul
I am a mate unto myself apart;
I want no one beside me; any else
Would only hinder me, and cramp my place.
I must abide alone, and soar the higher,
Not having to drag another up with me."
Thus thought he as the day began to break,
And took a new resolve. But when the sun
Had risen half her breadth above the sea,.....

SOLITUDE

Thoughts my companions are, thereto I add
The solitude of a sequestered lake;
Where weeping willows whisper low and sad,
Where all the winds of Heaven mere ripples make
On its clear surface; and the brocklets flow
Not chattering, but silently and slow,
And empty in the lake by waterfalls
That have a deadened sound; and the gray mist
Embraces them with meet funereal palls;
For seldom has the sun with radiance kissed
Their solemn shades and rapt mysterious lair
Of silence unapproached, calm and fair.

There meditation comes unsought and lingers long;
The limpid waters with their quiet song,
The woods, the muffled streams, are in one tone
Majestic, grave, and as I walk alone
There is a charm divine, all comprehending,
With sweetest balsam for my sick soul's mending.

CLASS ODE

(Acadia University, 1916.)

Farewell, O Hall, where in the deepening gloom
The whispering of the ghosts of former years
May still be heard, or in the silent room
The rustle of their gowns, the hint of tears
Or gleam of laughter; sorrows, hopes and fears
Passed long ago and long forgotten, come
To taunt us and to tell us that we too
Shall be forgotten! But whate'er we do,
Whate'er we be.
Who through thy ancient portals day by day
Have wandered free, and now must pass away
And leave thy well-remembered halls to the feet
Of others and their laughter; when they meet
To talk of things forgotten, oh, we pray
That when one well-loved class is brought to mind
A smile may light those faces; tenderly
Some one may say
"I know *her* well, so womanly and kind
"T'were hard to match."—or, "He's a real man, he,
Doing his duty where'er found." May we,
O Hall of Memory,
So link the future with the past for all
Who pace these sunny walks, as those of old
Have done for us, that on through time untold
May swell from age to age the clarion call
To manhood, womanhood, to strive to see
The best and follow that. So, like a tree,
Growing in the undistinguished lapse of years,
Their lives, firm based below, may burgeon free
And blossom with fair deeds—endure the tears
And frowns of the summer sky, firm based below
Velut arbor in aevo.

TWO SONNETS

I cannot help but think, if Wisdom high
Which made me what I am, and which decreed
My act, my scene, and that I am to lead
A little part, not knowing how or why
In life's eternal drama, where I sigh,
Oppressed with burden; should my footsteps lead
To that last exit ere that I could feed
My soul with gained applause, and I should die,—

Would I see fruit of toil my soul hath done?
Would I be highly calm, or would I go
In raving, since so poor had been my fate?
Grant, O Eternal Wisdom, that elate
To higher things, a heavenly haven won,
I may all-trusting leave my life below.

—1913.

Something there is, though not of power at hand,
Yet more of promise for the years to be,
To live a life of studious theory
Apart from every common day's demand,
Or what is for the morrow careful-planned:
To let an hour or so slip lazily
Away, the while we scan the summer sea
For wisdom, or to sit among the sand.

But though amid our dreaming we may see
Triumph and conquest, in the world of pain
Thousands are striving; many a weary tear
Strewing the path of Duty:—Ah, how dear
A price they pay in toil! by which they gain,
Daily and hourly, price'ess victory.

—1914.

TO DAY

O great abiding Day!
Mother of Art, of Law,
Nurse of the men who saw
Life in thy sway;

Who, in Hyperion,
Shadowed the mighty force,
Showed forth the fruitful course
Of the great sun!

Beautiful Day!
Men sing thy praises, Night,
As though the want of Light,
Or those three Sisters Gray

Reverenced should be.
What's their one joy, O Day,
Whence all they own of gay?
It is a gift from thee.

Night, borrowing nought,
Chaos and Darkness is,
Lifelessness, Nothingness,
Gloomy, inert, unsought!

Only when bright
Genius' pure lamp doth shine,
Then, by this type of thine,
Joy is brought into Night!

CHRISTMAS, 1916

The leaden clouds, banking the eastern sky,
Do chill the gleam of the sun; the lonely wave
Swells dark and slow, lapping the seaman's grave—
The sunken ships that silent, sunless lie.

And art thou weary, wan, forboding ill,
O traveller along the windy street?
I see thee hastening with new-wingèd feet—
An opening door—all light and warmth—the chill

Is all forgot, and courage in the heart,
O Empire! In this time of the falling leaf
And autumn storm, when struggle and when grief
Cloud o'er the light of hope,—yet if thou art

Heir of the past, hope of the time to be—
Despair not! Let the soul of fire within
Glow forth and free—thy spirit find a voice
As genial as herself—that through the din
Of strife thy weary sons may look to thee—
The weary world may see it and rejoice!

SONNETS

England, thou glorious mother, knitting all
Thy sons to thee with binding filial ties,
And Strangers' lands with Justice—whence arise
Thy sea-girt Empire guarded by the wall
Of flashing cannon, and the peaceful homes
Of many a land that o'er the Ocean lies,—
Thou Motherland, to whom are longing eyes
Turned back where'er a son or daughter roams—

Can son or daughter idle stand, whilst thou
Dost hurl thy battle at the enemy?
No! No! Old Mother, on thy Neptune-seat,
Who sittest with that calm, majestic brow,
Dost thou not hear the tramp of marching feet?
Hear'st not the cry?—"Old England, here are we!"
—1916.

PROMETHEUS INDOMITUS

I seek for all the world can give me. I,
Bound deathless, seek in suffering, and find—
Find I grow godlike; through my uplifted mind,
Though that vile bird still tears me with hoarse cry,

I can do all things—all, save only die!
Yet that high Zeus to me was not unkind
To place me here undying, and to bind
My limbs, I am convinced. To satisfy,
The thirst that's in Man, who would not endure
To live in pain? I have grown, and I shall grow
Ever in manhood brave, in wisdom pure:—
The Olympian secret when at last I know
I'll shake the tyrant from his foothold sure,
And mount and reign and live forever so.

—1914.

MEIN RUHENSTATT

(My resting-place)

Divine, where'er thou art, or if thou rove
A continent with fancy-wingèd feet,
Or from thy native provin^c never fleet,
Content to live at home, at home to love,—
Though I should wander in full many a grove
Of strange and lovely branches, or should meet
Queens of the earth, there is no spot more sweet
Than one, that could me to forsake it move.

And if thou ask me, where this blissful seat—
This palace that outvies the world beside,
To which I'd fly in victory and defeat,
Which from sharp cares me all-secure would hide—
I answer, " 'Tis wherever thy dear feet
Deign, blessed of all mortals, to abide."

—1914.

CUPID STUNG BY A BEE

(Translated from the Greek of Anacreon)

Once Cupid 'mid the roses
The honey-bee a-hiding
Beheld not, but was wounded
Upon his finger. Raising
His hands, he cried in anguish;
Half running and half flying
To lovely Aphrodite,
He cried: "I perish, mother!
A little serpent stung me,
A little wingèd serpent,—
The bee, the farmers call him."
She answered: "If the bee's sting
Has wounded you so badly,
What, think you, do they suffer
At whom you shoot your arrows?"

—1915.

BEAUTIFUL BAY

Oh, who can say,
Spirits so gay,
Rollicking over the beautiful Bay,

How much delight
Makes the eye bright,—
Furrowing prow through the scudding sea-spray!

Over the bow
Is leaning just now;
Now it is swooping aloft to the sky;

There comes a gust;—
Swamp her it must;
No;—she has steadied; the storm is blown by.

Onward she speeds;
Race the wave-steeds;
Quivers each timber and shivers each stay;

Shakes at the blows
As she battling goes,
Tacking across in the beautiful Bay.

—1914.

Grand Bay, St. John River.

WILDWOOD MUSIC

I wandered once in a woodland grove
Where the wind went soft and low,
As it played on the strings that the branches wove
And touched them to and fro;
As it wandered idly on the strings,
With a fluttering motion like fairy wings,
And touched them to and fro.
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
Now above and now below,
Now farther, now nearer,
Now fainter, now clearer,
Still a melody is ringing,
And the silent waving leaves
Dance in concert with the singing
Of the harp the wildwood weaves.

IN THE WOODS

Where the dog-tooth violet grows,
Where the pinky sorrel blows,
Where the tiny streamlet flows,
Murmuring mossily as it goes
Lined with banks of golden thread,—
Purest white each dainty head,
Lined with violets, heaven-blue,
Each tiny dell it passes through
Is fresh and pleasant to the view,
Each fills the mind with joy anew,
The breeze
Goes through the trees
Above, and doth the tallest twiglets tease,
And rocks them to and fro; but all beneath
Is calm and quiet; no profaning breath
Disturbs the flowers from their enchanted rest,
Only they lie on the still valley's breast.—
A gentle tinge of sunlight filters down,
Making to glow the scene, before severe;
Changing to warmest gold the sober brown,
And lightening up the brook with gladsome cheer
Among its ferns; and as it slips along,
Its glassy flow reflects the golden rays;
And where it curves and ripples, there the light
Is broken into shining rainbow-haze.
It makes the scene to tone with one clear note,
A flute-like song, sung from the wild bird's throat,
That sings upon the branch, rocking in ecstasy
Over its Spring, its nest; in phantasy
I hear the moss, the flowers, the silent brook
Answer the cry, with harmony more sweet
Than Orpheus dreamed of; from their pleasant seat
In bushes' shade, or sunny sheltered nook,

The tiny bell-flowers ring their mellow chime,
While tree-top harps o'erhead accord the time.
The glade seems e'en to dance in dainty glee.
With curving ripples flows the tinkling stream.
The sturdy buttercup bows merrily
Upon an islet which the sun's bright beam
Has glorified into a place of gold,—
A palace like to those in tales of old,
Which young imagination made; and yet
Even when grown we cannot quite forget;
But some quick glimpse will bring the memory back,
With subtle sense of some forgotten lack. . . .

FRAGMENTS

A silvery, cold, moist radiance seems to come
From the great moon; each object stands so clear
The world seems all too clear and cold and hard.
A shiver shakes the frame, a ghostly fear;
The moon has such a ghastly mocking leer.

Why is it that the moon one moment melts
The heart of man with its soft mistiness;
Short space it stands a witness cynical
To human folly, cold and pitiless?
And so aloof,—has stood for ages witness?

A stillness still as death, and yet one hears
A thousand noises, far and far away;
One hears the blood that beats upon one's ears,—
A pause is given, to hear, at close of day,
Sounds that before to heed we would not stay.

THE DAWN

This is the hour just before the dawn,
A pearly radiance fills the patient sky;
Long finger-points of light, up from the East,
Are jutting forth, higher and yet more high.

Now all is silent, and the Dawn comes up,
Most glorious in its strength and majesty;
A hush comes o'er the song-birds, and the heart
Of every wildflower waits expectantly.

Then, then the sun comes shining o'er the hills,
And all things bathe in his delicious light;
The linnet, joy-inspired, his glory trills,
As mount his mate and he for airy flight.

A form fair,
Wealth of soft hair,
A mind accomplished, bright,
A heart as pure and free as light,—
Where?

NATURE

'Neath the alder's mottled shade
In the dim secluded glade,
Where the little speckled trout
Swim about,
And the darting dragon-fly
Poises high
On swift vibrating wing, to try his flight,
As flash his radiant colors in the light
Of some stray sunbeam, from its proper sphere,
A wanderer here;
There, there, methinks, the spirit soonest rises
To that unbounded state of sweet surprises,
Where in each leaf, each curious twig or stone,
A part of God's great providence is shown;
And not unprofitable now I deem
Those scattered hours spent by yon slow, silent stream.

MEMORIES

Under the silver light of the shrunken moon
Still is the night; and still
Lies the fair dreaming pool in the trees; and soon
Whippoorwills call o'er the distant hill,

Thoughts in the moonlight, memories sweet and sad
Come from the past: I think
Thoughts of old comrades; friends in my youth I had;
Gone;—as I muse o'er the broken link,

Comes a new light, and breaks on my musing; now
See I the fair life-goal;
Silently wonder-words—though I know not how—
Write themselves, stamp themselves on my soul;

“The goal is true understanding,
That self with self may compare—
That spirit and spirit may look to each other
And find each other fair.”

FRAGMENTS

The murmuring lake soft music makes
Of widest range and latitude;
The ocean mingles from afar
To swell the lake's beatitude.

Is there not something above
The scope of all human feeling?
Passion intenser than love
The ravished senses stealing?
Feeling so strong in its power,
If we could attain.....

TRANSLATIONS

(From Virgil's Aeneid, Book 6)

And just as when the bees, in the clear sky
Of summer, settle on the varied flowers
That grow the fields among, and cluster round
The pure white waxen lilies; so resounds
With murmuring all the field;

Like leaves that glide in multitudes, and fall
At Autumn's earliest frost within the woods;
Or as the birds flock landward from the deep
Rude sea, when winter o'er the Ocean drives
In flight, and sends them far to sunny shores.

(Horace, Odes, Book 1. Ode 14.)

While o'er the Ocean in Idaean ships
Paris the shepherd treacherously bare
His hostess Helen, the swift winds were hushed
In unaccustomed calm, to hear the song
Of Nereus, prophesying cruel fates:
 "Evilly dost thou lead
 One to thy father's home
Whom Greece shall seek with a mighty host
 Over the wide sea-foam;
Banded together to break
 The marriage-bonds in twain,
And overthrow the renown
 Of Priam's ancient reign.
"Ah, woe is me! What a strife I see
 Of hero, what sweat of steed!
How great a destruction dost thou bring
 Upon old Dardanus' seed!
Pallas, Pallas e'en now
 Makes ready her helmet and spear,
Prepares her car and her wrath.
 In vain, though thou be dear
To Venus, and trust in her care,
Shalt thou comb thy shining hair,
And on the unwarlike lyre with women
 Harmonious burden bear."

SONNETS

Ev'n as the sun in dazzling brightness rises,
And morning after morning wages war
In Spring's behalf and Man's, melting still more
The tender snow-flakes that grim Winter prizes,
His softest children; safely now surmises
The thrifty farmer now that every door
May soon be opened, and the cherished store
Of seed be sowed, and from the various sizes
Selects the best, and picks the basket o'er—
E'en so thy sun upon my wintry eye
Arose and stirred my soul as ne'er before
To choose the noblest seeds that in her lie;
If thou, alas! my sun, dost now abhor
To smile upon my suit, those seeds must die.

DUTY

I do not ask from present pain to be
Dissolved to harmony in wondrous wise;
To taste the lotus-dream in sunny skies
With strife and sorrow banished utterly;
I do not ask, myself from fever free,
Light to forget the sick, sad world that lies,
And daily selfish pleasures to devise;
Ah, no! my prayer, O Lord, shall be to Thee,
That I through battle's roar may purer rise,
Take part for Thee in the world's weary moan,
Myself restrain, and from life's cutting care
High climb in spirit to Thy peaceful throne;
Rest evermore from all my labor there,
And see my struggles thence with clearer eyes.

SONGS

Fairies, fairies, prithee dance
On the shore
Brightly, lightly, here and there;
That the billows in a trance
May cease their troubled roar,
And so their smiling glance
May augur no mischance
To my love, in his boat,
Gently on the waves afloat,
But may rock him to sleep
In the cradle of the deep,
Where the laughing waters leap
Evermore.

Blow, wind, loud and long,
Sing, wind, thy mournful song;
Snow, snow, come and hide me
With my true love beside me.
Ah, my love,
Cold and dead,
Under the cypress tree
Low lies his head.

Lay me by his side,
Say of love I died;
Come, Death, come and take me:
Why, love, thus forsake me?
By my love,
Cold and dead,
Under the cypress tree
Lay thou my head.

Shine, star, gently shine,
While below sin and shame,
Foul, lust and wine,
Naked, lost, blind and lame
Wander through the night;
Cease not thou; gently shine,
So thy blessed light,
Cast a ray divine,
Cheering my lonely sight
Through the dark night.

