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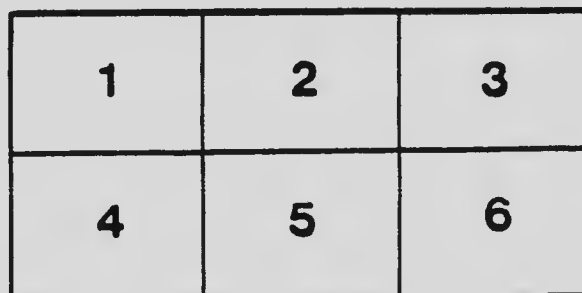
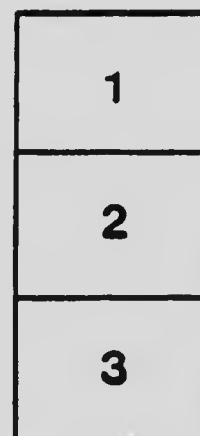
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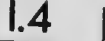
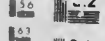
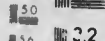
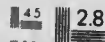
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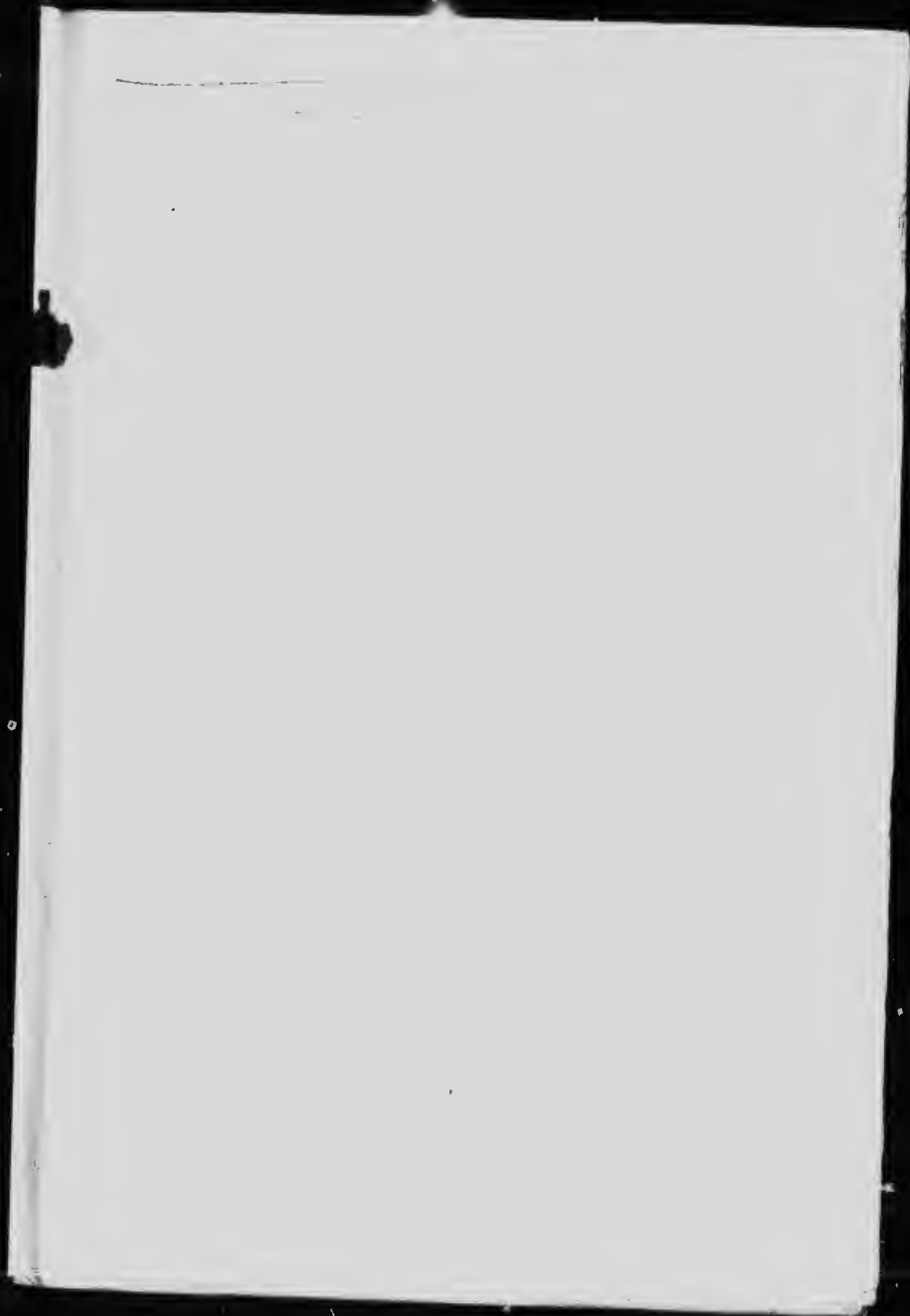
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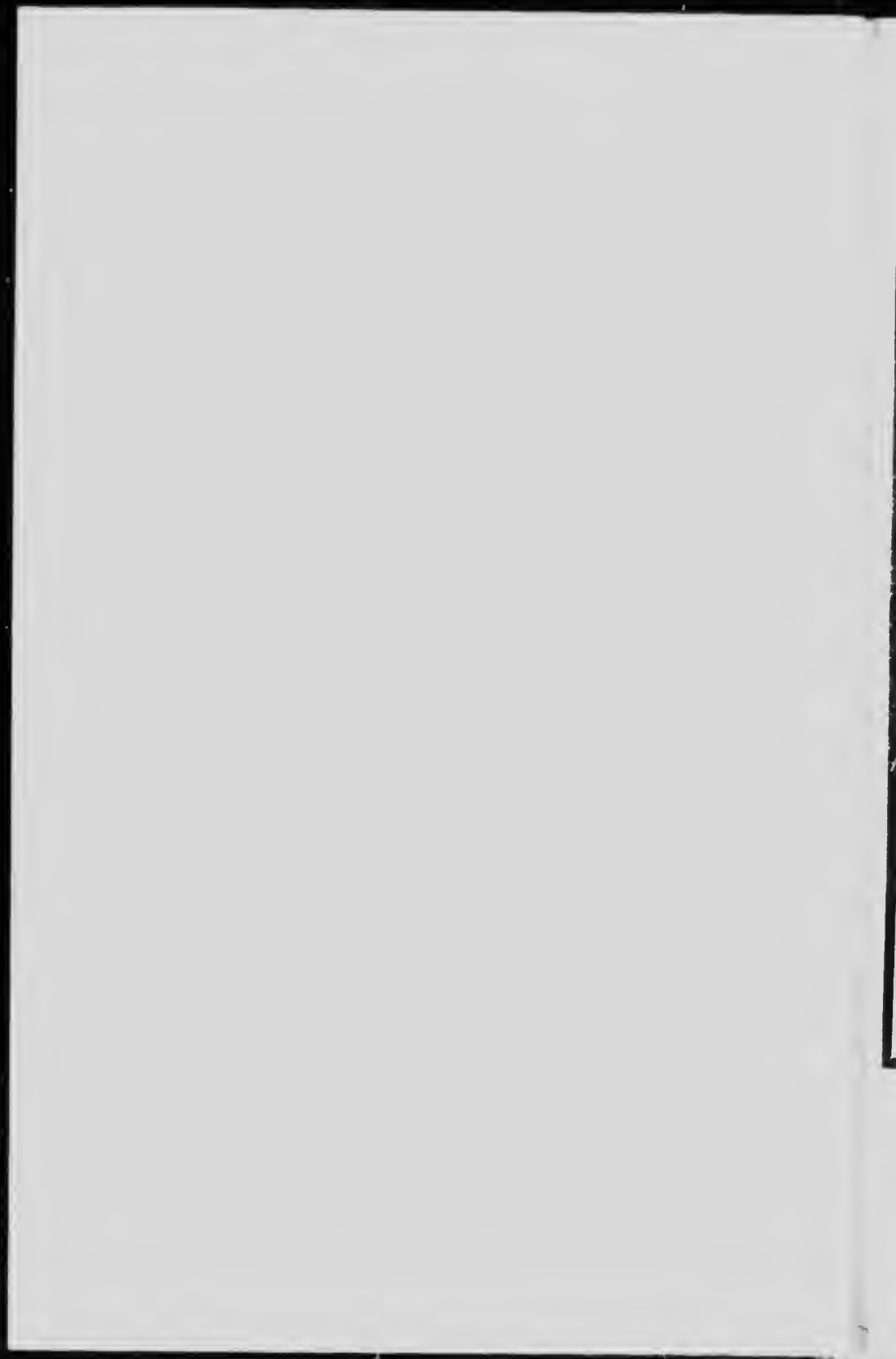
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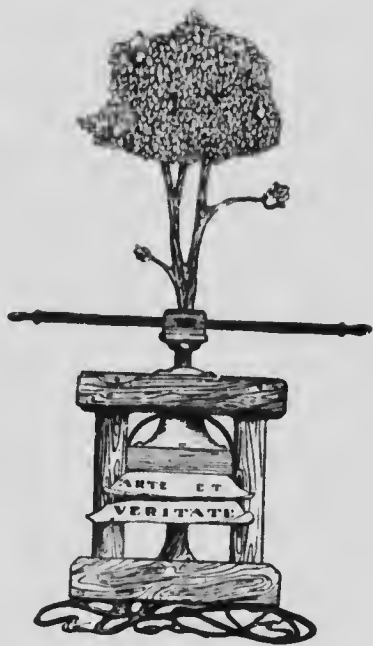
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# Summer Songs In Idleness

*Katherine H. McDonald Jackson*



Toronto William Briggs

Boston K. & G. Budge

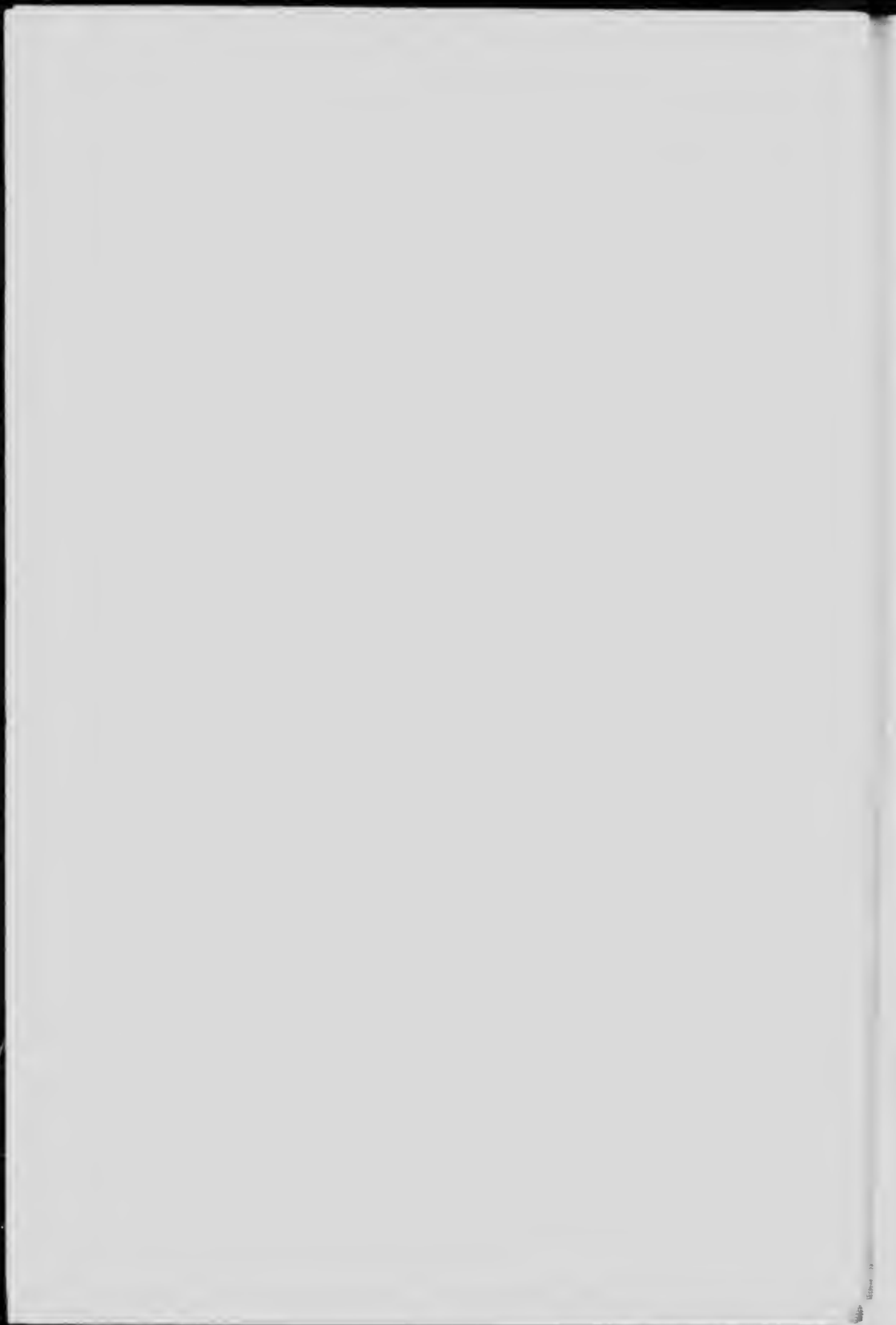
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*To my nearest friend, my Father, this little  
book is lovingly dedicated*

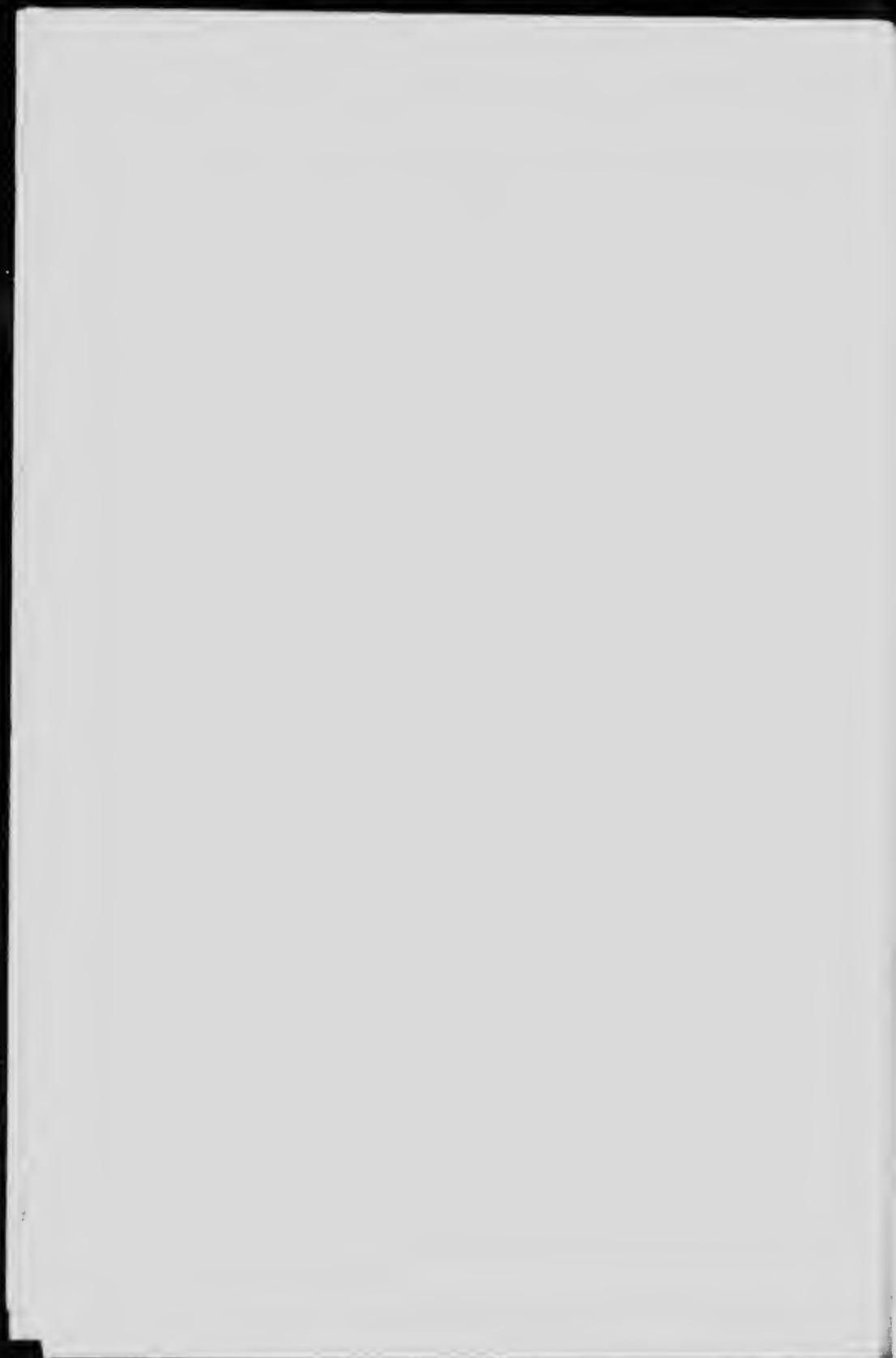


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Summer Songs  
In Idleness



## A JUNE IDYLL

### I

It was June.  
June the enchantress; glorious, golden June!  
Who, by the power of her beauty, won  
From Summer, in the ages long gone by,  
Promise, ere to his love she did consent,  
To deck her with more fulness of his gifts  
Than all the Months who him had held in sway:  
Mistresses of his fleeting, hot desire.  
And overcome by her great loveliness,  
The God of Sunshine, and of myriad flowers,  
Did to her pleading yield its full replete:  
So that the wanton comes to us, still clad  
In all the wondrous jewels granted her  
From Nature's treasure-house, the teeming  
Earth.  
And, seeing her thus clothed in emerald green,  
A garland of wild-roses on her hair,  
Whose curls are like young tendrils of a vine,  
Her lovely face so seeming innocent,—  
Summer with rapture hails her: and for leave  
To clasp her radiant form in close embrace,  
Pours ever fresh libations at her feet.  
'Tis in this wise that each succeeding year  
She, to our senses, doth more beautiful appear.

### II

In early morn  
I wended forth to watch the World awake,  
And hear the wondrous voices of the Dawn  
That whispered, as the silent form of Night  
Passed, noiseless, to her unknown resting-place.

Then, as the shadow of her garments grey  
Vanished before the rising of the Sun,  
The birds began to twitter, in the joy  
Of swift-returning Day; and in the east  
The opalescent tints that paint the sky  
Ere the great Orb of Light to human eye  
Is visible, 'gan change their pearly hues,  
And golden arrows shot through crimson clouds  
And the bright Sun-god all reveal'd stood:  
When in the air was heard the wordless hymn  
That Nature, through innumerable voices,  
chants

At the return of Light, and Life, and Joy:  
While all entranced, I bowed my head before  
That majesty of harmony complete,  
Where never note of discord reached the ear.  
Thus smiling Earth makes each returning day  
One of Thanksgiving, and each morn does sing  
Thanksgiving Odes to the great Sun, her Royal  
King.

### III

In my heart  
I pondered, as I watched the break of Day,  
What subtle influence o'er Man is cast  
To render him insensate to the joys  
Of life amidst the birds, and trees, and flowers.  
Why do we rather love to cast our lot  
Where the incessant grind of daily toil  
Can not but strike in our unwilling ears  
The strident notes of Sorrow, and of Care?  
Or else, in chatter of unwitting fools,  
We lose the heaven-born gift, to understand  
The mysteries of Silence, and of Rest.  
He who hath insight into the deep heart  
Of Nature, as reveal'd to inner mind,



Is happier in the quiet of the fields  
Than learned Fool or grave Philosopher,  
Who, in the train of speculative thought,  
Loses the golden grain for which he gropes,  
And having fashioned from his weary brain  
A monument to enclose the precious seed,  
Finds, at the last, it has escaped his ken.  
For who can tell whence came the Germ of Life  
That, from the nebulae of Ages past  
Through endless forms has striven, and  
Man evolved at last?

IV

And musing thus,  
I traced my footsteps o'er a little bridge  
That crossed a brooklet in a shady place.  
Tall elms grew high, on either side the stream,  
And grasses long, in lush, green, tender tints,  
Where early dragon-flies were fluttering;  
And the bright iridescence of their wings  
Lent rainbow colors to the trembling air.  
An oriole had hung his nest on high,  
And golden-throated, lilted to his mate.  
The waters of the brooklet at my feet  
Dimpled and danced, reflecting fair the rays  
The Sun threw o'er its bosom. As I stood  
I caught the glimmer of a sweet wild-rose  
That turned it's pinky blossoms to the sky;  
And close beside it, nestling 'neath it's shade,  
A snow-white daisy nodded with the breeze;  
A tender flower with a heart of gold,  
The joy of all true lovers, who pretend  
To read the future by the old, old game  
Of "Love-me," "Love-me-not." For secret hid

Within the clusters of those petals white,  
Lies the soft charm that may true hearts in love  
unite.

V

While yet I paused,  
A robin, bolder than his comrades, came  
And settled on the railing of the bridge.  
As with his bright, dark eye he at me gazed,  
I silent stood, and closer still he came,  
Uttering sweet notes within his cheery throat;  
His red vest spread with Aldermanic pride.  
Anon he burst forth into joyous song,  
As suddenly he winged his swift, short, flight  
Into the green elm-branches overhead,  
Where, nesting, sat the Mother of his brood,  
Whose voice responded, rapturous, to his call.  
Dear, downy householders, whose throbbing  
hearts  
Are filled with that sweet love which kindled us  
By one small spark of Heaven's immortal flame,  
Which grants us all we know of things Divine.  
Poor tiny Redbreasts! Yours' the fate of all  
Whose lives are bound in ties of tenderness.  
To love is but to court a certain grief,  
For partings come, and Death spares never one.  
'Oh, cruel Master of the Fate of Man!'—  
My musings led me thus—'whose fell, dread  
power  
Rends bleeding hearts, and turns them into  
stone,  
My soul revolts, as thy supremacy I grudging  
own.'

VI

Saddened I turned.  
In that sweet spot, no longer might I stay,

But wandered further in vain quest of peace:  
And 'neath a spreading chestnut, down I lay  
To watch the bees their honeyed stores increase.  
They sucked the nectar from the fragrant  
    blooms,

And darting in and out with gleaming breast,  
A humming-bird, led by the sweet perfumes,  
Flitted above my chosen place of rest.  
I watched his glistening throat, and heard the  
    whirr

His small wings made, as daintily he dipped  
His bill within the blossoms; nor made stir  
That might him startle, while his food he sipped.  
The tiny thing, like dart of quickened light,  
Vanished as suddenly as he had come;  
He seemed a living sunbeam, glancing bright;  
And, booming, still was heard the bee's low  
    hum.

The drowsy, still monotony of sound  
Had almost lulled my senses to repose,  
When starting up, I quickly glanced around,  
And instant to my feet I then arose.

## VII

It was my Lady.

Far fairer than the dawn itself, was she.  
She stood before me like some holy thing;  
A vision seen by saints of earlier days,  
Her beauty was so rare, so exquisite.  
Her pure soul gazed from those clear wells of  
    love

Her eyes;—so blue, the very sky above  
Might envy their calm depths of loveliness.  
All clad in white she stood, and on her lips

A tender smile there hovered. On her breast  
A single rose, as white as her true soul,  
Heaved with her gentle breathing. Her soft  
hair

Was all uncovered, and the sunbeams played  
Among those golden tresses, joyed to find  
They glory caught, what time they lingered  
there.

So light had been her step, I had not known  
Her presence, till I heard the trailing sound  
Of her soft robes, as by my side she came.  
One little hand to me she now outstretched  
In gentle greeting; and upon my knee  
I dropped, and clasping it, kissed it right  
reverently.

### VIII

Then by her side  
I wandered o'er the meadow, holding still  
Within mine own that cool, soft, tender palm,  
Which had within its keeping, all myself:--  
My love, my life, even my immortal soul.  
Her goodness was to me the present sign  
That Angels live through time in endless  
purity.

And as we went, a silence as of joy  
Too deep for clothing with mere shells of words,  
Rested upon us; till at last we stood  
At entrance of a dim, enchanting wood,  
Before an ancient ruin, mantled o'er  
With clinging ivy, that in gentle wise  
Covered the black remains of blasted tower,  
Making the ugly, beautiful. Then she spoke  
And from those lips each word that fell, to me  
Was dearer than God's eloquence had been.

"See:" she exclaimed "how Time in kindness  
Sends gentle ministrants to those in pain.  
That rugged ruin in its tender dress  
Foreshadows what a sorrowing soul may gain  
Through patient waiting 'neath the chastening  
rod;  
Even a closer hold on Nature, and on Nature's  
God."

IX

She paused,  
And I made answer "If through Time and space  
Of all Eternity, through ageless years,  
The end of Man to sorrow was foredoomed,  
Why have created that poor piece of clay?  
The being who alone has power to feel  
The anguish of an overweening grief,  
Through Memory, his heritage of life  
Unshared by happier creatures. Pain and woe  
Are, it is true, the common lot of all,  
But on the lower forms of life, forgetfulness  
Rests like a blessed balm, that cools the smart,  
And heals the bleeding wound's quick agony.  
It is not so with Man. The scar is there,  
And though the festering sore is all unseen  
It eats into the heart, and kills alike  
The kindest impulses of love, and hope."  
I spoke in bitterness, but seeing then  
My words had caused that gentle one some pain,  
I begged her to forgive what I had said  
To hurt her; and we sat us down to rest  
Within the shade of that old ivied tower.  
And once again a silence o'er us fell:  
A silence that we loved, and understood,—  
I and my Gabrielle.

## X

Anon I rose,  
 And gath'ring a cluster of young ivy-leaves  
 I wove them in a crown of tender green,  
 And placed the garland on my Lady's head.  
 She smiled, and in her radiant beauty clad  
 Like some fair vestal priestess did appear.  
 The blackbirds trilled their high, sweet notes  
     in air,  
 And through the leaves the Sunlight filtered  
     down,  
 Making a golden network on the grass  
 That spread beneath my Gabrielle's small feet.  
 In the near background, gleamed a vivid  
     splash:—  
 A single buttercup. Some chance wind had  
     blown  
 Its parent seed into this spot remote,  
 From distant meadow, that it might here shine  
 To render still more beautiful one hallowed hour.  
 For, in my Lady's presence, life to me  
 Grew holy, from the all-pervading charm  
 Of her pure innocence: which did proclaim  
 The soul that was enshrined in her fair form  
 To be within itself, a sacred thing,  
 Which must, of right, lay claim to heritage  
 Of everlasting peace. This, though a doubter, I,  
 And given to railing both at Faiths and Creeds,  
 Which oft are made a cloak for most unholy  
     deeds.

## XI

"Oh, Love!" I cried, "That this fair hour could  
     last:  
 With you, my soul no more is overcast.

The tumults of my longing heart, are stilled,  
In your sweet presence, where each want is  
filled.  
The sun that shines upon your golden hair,  
I envy for his right to nestle there.  
Fain would I be the rose that fades upon your  
tender breast,  
That dying, I might cling the closer to my  
chosen rest."

XII

With pitying tears  
Gabrielle looked upon me, for she knew  
The lingering madness that was in my veins;  
And all her gentle heart went out to me  
As selfishly I uttered thus my plaint.  
Then did remorse reproach me, for I felt  
Her suffering was all akin to mine;  
And praying her forgiveness once again,  
I did entreat, that she to spare my love  
Would stay those tears which anguish'd all my  
soul.  
"And Sweet!" I said, in interval of calm,  
"I fain would read a sonnet to you here,  
The latest offspring of my fevered brain.  
For when at night the moon has gone to rest,  
And darkness mantles all the silent world  
Of blackness and of shadows, then the thought  
Of your fair image, set in saintliness,  
Prevents me from that last and lonely leap  
Into Eternal Silence: and my brain  
Finds its relief in turning to your praise  
Verses and songs of simple melody."  
Thus spake I, and when I to read began,  
She lent her ear to my poor verses as they ran.

### XIII

#### SONNET

'White Moon! Would I were cold and pure as  
thou,  
Shedding thy silent beauty over Earth;  
And veiling sullen Night's majestic brow  
With misty glory of ethereal birth.  
To the deep waters of the restless Sea  
Lending a matchless loveliness, the while  
They own thy sway, and longing, turn to thee,  
As fainting Darkness fades beneath thy smile.  
Yet not so cold, but that I might in love  
Upon my sleeping Lady's pillow rest,  
And watch her heart-beats, like a fluttering dove  
Caged in the whiteness of her tender breast.  
Till in the ecstasy of that sweet place  
I floated, through Death's portals, into space.'  
I paused, and gazed into my Lady's face,  
And low sweet words she spoke, that thrilled  
my heart;  
The treasure of her pure and saint-like grace  
Dissolved the poison's sting, that caused my  
brain to throb and smart.  
As sunbeams in the trembling summer air  
Are held in thralldom by love of June,  
The discord of my being melted there  
Into one blest and all-pervading harmony of  
tune.

### XIV

And o'er my thoughts  
There fell the twilight of the evening's calm,



And she the one lone Star of radiance clear  
Shining within my soul: as oftentimes  
When the last blush of sunset, speeding home,  
Has faded from the pallid cheek of Heaven,  
The first bright Star of eve in gracious pity  
Rises, 'o lend new beauties to that face  
The Sun's departure had bereft of joy.  
So to mind the light of Gabrielle's love  
Lent calm: and stilled the wild tempestuous  
flood

Of fantasies that seethed within my blood:  
My heritage—with those fair acres wide  
O'er which I hold the sway of ownership.  
Oh, darkling curse! the heaviest known to blight  
The human race down the far-reaching years;  
Before the hour of birth thou art instilled  
Into the victim's veins, a poisoned taint.  
My vows are ta'en that I shall not impart  
This deadly seed to wreck another's fate.  
Yet could I cherish with o'erweening tenderness,  
Fair children—pledges of a fruitful love;  
Links 'twixt our fleshly passion, and fire born  
above.

## XV

Life is a shadow that fleeteth down the long  
eons of Time,  
Till by Love's fire invoked, it assumeth a shape  
sublime:  
But soon, from the heart that enshrines it,  
flutters it forth again.  
Is it a Dream or Reality? Pleasure or Greater  
Pain?

Back to the shades it returneth; but who from  
their dimness will speak  
Or give up the secret they cherish, to those  
who in sorrow shall seek?  
Sadness is struck from the Harp-strings that  
rest in invisible hands;  
Tears are the notes of their music, a grief-laden  
soul understands.

Pleadings are answered by Silence; white are  
Love's ashes and cold;  
Truth is enshrouded in mystery, nor will the  
secret unfold.  
Knowledge her dim face is hiding; she with  
stern Death cannot cope.  
Clutched by the grim hand of Destiny, gone is  
her watchword of Hope.

All the bright eras of glory that down through  
the centuries roll,  
Are born from the womb of Despair, and Death  
is their terrible toll.  
Victory, shouting through trumpets, drowns  
the low cry of Defeat:  
Only the Echoes have heard her bemoan her  
dead Love's winding-sheet.

Side by side through all ages, travel sorrow and  
joy,  
Gladness that's born for an hour, care hovers  
near to destroy.

Light is fast followed by Darknese, as Life is  
pursued by swift Death  
King of the Shadows, who wieldeth his sceptre  
o'er all who draw breath.

XVI

And now the Sun  
Had risen high in Heaven, and I knew  
The hour had come when my dear Love and I  
Must leave our sweet retreat, and wander forth  
Into the open. For the tempre frail  
Which holds the Soul within its narrow bounds  
Must needs, in fasting, soon betray its trust.  
But ere we rose we watched a squirrel small  
Run gaily to a limb hung overhead,  
Where, sitting fearless, its thick brush and coat  
Of tawny red, and bright, dark-glist'ning eye  
Made such a spot of color and of life  
As to enthral our fancy. Then with sound  
Of joyful chatter, swift it turned, and leaped  
Into the higher branches and was gone.  
That broke the spell of Silence; and forthwith  
We journeyed out from our dear resting-place  
And wandered homeward, through a shadowed  
walk  
Where the tall trees in meeting far o'erhead  
Formed a vast dome, as in Cathedral high:  
And gleams of shimmering sunlight flecked our  
path  
With patterns such as fair stained glass does  
cast  
Across dim aisles; and the sweet singing birds  
That called in plaintive echoes through the  
woods,

Alone broke all the holy stillness, where  
Our hearts made silent reverence, which was  
akin to prayer.

XVII

'Neath our feet  
Dried needles of the Pine made carpet soft,  
And noiseless were our footsteps where they fell:  
In deeper glades the snow-white mush-rooms  
grew  
With those of pinker shades, and tawny hue.  
Climbing about the stem of giant oak  
The wild wood-bramble threw its straggling  
cloak;  
And fern-fronds peeped beneath the shaded  
trees,  
Securely hidden from each truant breeze.  
While hardy bracken as a sentinel stood  
O'er tender blossoms in that quiet wood.  
The grey-green lichen on a boulder spread,  
Gave softer outlines to its rugged head:  
And far within the covert, dappled deer  
For one brief second's time would there appear:  
Then, startled, into darker thicket leap,  
And vanish in the shadows greenly deep.  
The bright soft mosses covering buried stones  
Like velvet cushions lay our path beside,  
And dark with age, the last year's fallen cones  
In hollows of the ground lay brown and dried.  
A sweet wild-cherry's blossoms, as they fell,  
Threw flakes of snow upon us ere we left this  
bosky dell.

### XVIII

We passed the stile  
That led us into open fields again.  
Some fleecy clouds had gathered in the skies,  
Beside their whiteness Heaven seemed more  
blue,  
But never bluer than my dear Love's eyes,  
Those azure stars, unrivalled in their hue.  
The grasshopper among the grasses long  
Hopped briskly to and fro with noisy stir:  
The crickets sang their cheerful, chirping song  
And locusts flew, with idie, noisy whirr.  
Anon we paused to gather clover sweet  
Growing in clnsters that perfumed the air;  
Its buds were drooping in the noon-day heat,  
A golden heat that made the earth more fair.

### XIX

And slowly thus we wended on our way  
Until at last we entered those great gates  
Which bar the path to Gabrielle's demesne.  
And up the long and winding avenue,  
Pausing at last before a stately pile  
Whose wide and columned porch did it proclaim  
A relic of the old Colonial days.  
And having from my Lady taken leave  
I homeward passed; and that most perfect day  
For me did end, when she whom I conceived  
To be the sweet embodiment of Love  
Had with pure heart, and fair young beauty  
dight,  
Vanished like white-robed spirit from my long-  
ing sight.

### THE CHAPLET OF SORROW

Life is a chaplet of Sorrows  
Of which the clasp is Death.  
The frail small links of Happiness  
Are shivered at a breath.  
Thus one by one are lost the pearls  
Which thread the slender chains;  
Till but the firm unbroken clasp  
Of Death, to us remains.

### LOVE'S RETREAT

I banished Love from out my thoughts  
And bade him swift take flight,  
With drooping head, his wings he spread,  
And vanished from my sight.

But soon I knew his hiding-place  
And felt his white winged dart;  
Not far he'd fled but straightway sped  
For refuge to my heart.

### THE RETURN OF SUMMER

Down through the shimmering, shining aisles of  
Spring  
Young Summer comes to Earth, new gifts to  
bring.

Beneath her feet blue violets blow  
And where she lightly passes,  
The daffodils all golden glow  
Among the new green grasses.

She touches with her finger-tips  
The tufted clumps of clover;  
And straight the bee rich honey sips  
From blossoms brimming over.

She smiles upon the poppy-beds,  
Where sunbeams rest from playing,  
And painted beauties raise their heads:  
Fair lights-o'-love gone straying.

She gazes with her gentian eyes  
Upon the budding hedges,  
Where brambles, climbing towards the skies,  
Are flaunting ragged edges.

The sweet syringa, stooping low,  
Her floating hair caresses.  
All perfumed are its blooms of snow  
By contact with her tresses.

Her trailing robes of turquoise-green  
Are fringed with lilies golden:  
While daisies nestle neath their sheen,  
And whisper love-themes olden.

But to the Rose a kiss she gives  
And on her breast it blooms and lives.

Thus each fair June we hail this flower's  
birth  
And know that Summer dwells again on Earth.

## THE LOVE-WRAITH

I wandered alone on the shore, where the moon-  
rays white  
Spread o'er the flowing waters, their clear,  
pearled light.  
And adown the path from the dusky, green-  
deep-glade  
Floated a shape of beauty,—a rose-fair maid.

Like shadowed vision of fancy, dimly sweet,  
Neared the echoless tread, of her small,  
sandalled, feet.  
And lo, as swift beside me she noiseless came,  
My soul was steeped in trembling, through a  
white love flame.

I drew her to my heart, and her parted lips I  
pressed  
As her clinging, tender, weight lay soft against  
my breast,  
While I drank a Lethe-Nectar, from her eyes'  
deep wells,  
Within whose solemn mystery dim silence  
dwells.

The floating, star-crowned, tresses of her dusky  
hair  
Framed a pale sad beauty, almost unearthly  
fair.  
And I felt from her dear sweetness it were as  
death to part,  
As I clasped her close, and closer, to my strain-  
ing heart.



I heard the green-rush shiver where the waters  
lapped,  
And the night in voiceless mystery was deeply  
wrapped;  
Till through the sighing tree-tops a wind-song  
swept,  
As low on the horizon gath'ring storm-clouds  
crept.

Then mocking laughter sounded from false lips  
I had kissed,  
And the gracious form within my arms dissolved  
in mist:—  
It was but a fairy-wraith I had loved and wooed,  
The white and mystic Spirit of untroubled  
Solitude.

#### TO AN EASTER LILY

Fair Flower! Emblem of a spotless Soul  
Blooming in beauty set by Faith apart.  
Thy Saint-white loveliness has reached the goal  
Of pure oblation through thy golden heart.  
Thy perfumed chalice, consecrate to God,  
Is lifted high in adoration meet:  
The while thou hast in tender love bestowed  
Swung incense at thy Saviour's nail-pierced  
feet.  
Oh! teach me then the lesson of thy perfect  
life,  
Untouched by stain or sin, and free from world-  
born strife.

## THE WILDFLOWER

The sedgy grasses by the tiny pool  
Waved in the tender breeze of evening cool.  
And I was waiting 'neath the trysting tree  
For Katie, my dear love, to come to me.

I heard her singing as she blithely crossed  
The brook that trickled through the meadow  
wide.

And every moment seemed a jewel lost  
While yet my dear was absent from my side.

"Oh! bonny Kate" I cried "Sweetheart make  
haste"—

As meeting her beside the turning stile  
I slipped my arm around her lissom waist,  
And joyful caught her pretty, greeting smile.

The dimples in her rosy cheeks  
Are prints of Cupid's fingers;  
And ever when she smiles or speaks  
The small God near them lingers.

The blue sunbonnet on her chestnut hair  
She loosened, and the balmy evening air  
Rippled her curls and lifted them in play,  
While I was pleading for our marriage-day.

The Moon was rising slowly o'er the hill—  
A full-orbed Queen in golden splendor dressed;  
Low was the tinkling murmur of the rill,  
And Katie's hand within mine own did rest.

"Oh! nut-brown hand so gentle and so small"  
I cried, and clasped it closer in content;

And in the shadow of the chestnut tall  
Her fair head down against my shoulder leant.

The nut-brown of her wavy hair  
With finest gold is threaded.  
I'll deck it out with white pearls rare  
When she and I are wedded.

For Katie is a simple village maid  
With heart as pure as when a child she played  
She knows not that I came of noble birth,  
But loves me, for what I through Love am  
worth.

I will transplant this sweet and lovely flower  
And make her mistress of green acres wide:  
This blossom set within a fairer bower  
Will grow in beauty, blooming by my side.

These were the thoughts that flitted through  
my mind  
As, in the moonlight, neath the trysting tree,  
An answer in her face I sought to find,  
And strove her lovely, laughing, eyes to see.

When she those two twin flow'rets blue  
From lashes dark unveileth,  
Beside their deep cerulean hue,  
The Heaven's azure paleth.

The Whip-poor-will was sounding his sweet  
note  
From his retreat in woodlands far remote.  
The moon had risen higher in her course,  
And love had probed my being's inmost source.

No tender wild-rose, blooming in the shade,  
Was half so dainty in its blushing grace,  
As my pure-hearted little village-maid,  
Who raised her sweet eyes as I scanned her  
face.

And in those lovely wells of living light  
I read my answer and her lips I pressed—  
Her rosebud mouth enclosing pearls  
milk-white,—  
And drew my darling closer to my breast.

Her dimpled face is sweetly gay  
With laughter brimming over.  
Her breath is like the flowering May  
Outvying perfumed Clover.

As home we later went, my Love and I  
The myriad stars were shining far o'er head.  
A beamy brightness overspread the sky,  
And silvery moonlight round our path was shed.

A fire of gladness did my sense pervade;  
E'er seven sunsets Kate my bride would be.  
Her promise in my soul such radiance made  
As when soft moonbeams wed the shining sea.

And as the gracious Queen of Heaven waned  
low,  
A sinking splendor o'er a silent sphere,  
Time's finger touched the dial hand to show  
The hour of our parting, too, was near.

We said farewell beside the porch,  
In whispered words half-spoken.  
While Love held high his flaming torch  
Until the spell was broken.

### THE MOONBEAM AND THE STAR

A bright Star sang to a Moon-beam  
A low and tender song.  
And the soft winds played on the hill-tops  
Where the grass waved green and long.  
The bonny Daisies listened,  
Tucked deep in their dewy beds;  
And their hearts drank in the music  
As they bowed their snowy heads.

For the pleading sound of the Star-song,  
Floating from Heaven to Earth,  
Was sweet as the voice of Æolian harp,  
Which the wind has brought to birth.  
And the Moonbeam, shyly hiding,  
In a flower's tender breast,  
Quivered with half-waked yearning  
To yield to its love's behest.

The bright Star paled with longing  
For its throbbing heart's desire:  
And the Moonbeam thrilled and trembled  
As it first knew Love's dear fire.  
Then out of its shadow creeping,  
To the waiting star it flew,  
And silence fell as they mingled  
And Life's completeness knew.

## DESPAIR

Into a crystal Sea of Tears  
The river of Time flows down the years.  
The stream is narrow, and long, and deep,  
And its smoothest banks are rugged and steep,  
Though sunlit gleams fleck the water's breast.  
They are swiftly lost in a great unrest,  
Where the rapids of Sorrow foam and whirl,  
Engulfing Happiness in their swirl:  
On those dark reefs where are always found  
The wrecks of Hopes that have run aground.  
The skies may smile where the stream runs  
slow

But the thunderbolt of pain  
Is lying in rest, where the clouds hang low  
In the gathering gloom, as the waters flow  
Into the sullen Main.  
And Grief will flash like a lightning dart,  
Into the core of an aching heart.  
When the storm has gathered across the sea  
That breaks on the shores of Eternity;  
Where the River of Time is lost to sight  
In the shadowed gloom of an endless night.

## PENTHESILEA

Dark was the night, save, where in Heaven's  
Vault  
The myriad stars were gleaming, diamond  
bright,  
Like vivid jewels set in ebon crown.—  
Till from the East the Queenly Moon arose.  
And sailing lofty o'er the arched space,

Shone with a light so cold, so clear, so pure,  
The Stars, her subjects, dimmed and paled  
before her.

Down on the Earth the streaming, silvery flood  
Cast such fair radiance that the Echoes woke—  
—The Slumbering Echoes, bedded in deep  
clefts—

And asked the Silence of the wondering Night  
If this indeed were Day. The voices then  
Of all the beauteous children of the Night  
Faded away through the pulsing throbbing  
hush.

That Day lay gone to rest. And the white  
Moon

Rose to her Zenith, and pursued her course  
Towards the horizon shadowed deeply black  
Against the western sky; while far beneath,  
Where touched the glory of her Majesty,  
A path across the waters shimmered fair  
As if the elves, with moonbeams for their ships,  
Were holding a regatta on the deep.

It was the solemn hour that comes between  
The midnight, and the opalescent Dawn:  
And on the mountain tops of ancient Greece  
The clouds were resting, waiting for the morn  
When the great Sun, their mighty God should  
rise,

And, by the power of his glance of fire  
Dissolve them into rain, or misty dew.  
And while the Moon was sinking to her rest,  
Penthesilea, all untouched by Sleep,  
Sat 'neath the shadow of a giant oak;  
Nor yet the wondrous beauty of the scene  
Appealed to her! For in her inner mind

She saw alone the fatal dark resolve  
The morrow must fulfil. Her outward eye  
Rested, unseeing, on the hills below,  
Reaching, in undulations to the plains,  
Where must be fought that Morrow's deadly  
      strife.

The Queen of all the Amazons had sought  
This spot remote, in which to hold commune  
With her own heart, so filled with sad despair,  
Not that the thought of Butle was to her  
Ever unwele one. So the child of Jais,  
A true descendent of her Hero-reborn King,  
Felt but the joy which eye-yhero Linoas  
When with her flashing sword, and lit-up  
      breasts,

She plunged into the thickest of the fight.

Nay! But she late had had a glorious dream  
And sudden rife awakening from sleep,  
—Or so she deemed it. She who was possessed  
Of God-like beauty, and whose courage high  
Had never yielded yet to fiercest foe,  
Had freely given up to Passion's Kiss  
Her charms in full surrender, with glad heart  
Believing that true Love was all in all.  
Alas! It had but proved a bitter-sweet  
That withered as she held it in her touch.  
Achilles, winner of her virgin heart  
Wearied, ere many moons had run their course,  
And the proud Queen, forsaken, had taken oath  
To follow him with vengeance to the death.  
Long had she waited near the plains of Troy  
Until Achilles joined the mighty fray  
Fought over one fair woman, in whose cause  
The blood of thousands poured like fountains  
      free.



So that all Earth resounded with the tale,  
Penthesilea, on the mountain-side,  
Gloomily brooded over all her wrong,  
And longed to hate Achilles yet the more,  
But as the hour drew near when he per-hance  
By her own hand would meet a bloody doom,  
— For so she had sworn it — in her woman's  
heart

Kept soft repeating "He is still your Love!"  
And she with heroic resistance strove to quell  
The tumult in her overladen breast.  
She knew the secret spot which rendered him,  
Her traitor-tore, to mortals invulnerable,  
How, when his Mother plunged him in the  
Styx,

His one heel had alone remained untouched  
By the strange waters of the infernal stream  
Of which to taste is certain death to man.  
And brooding thus, the Amazonian Queen  
Like some fair Statue of a Goddess seemed  
Placed on the mount by Heaven's bounty kind,  
That worshippers might come before her shrine,  
And in the beauty of the silent hills  
Adore in Nature, Nature's mighty God.

Strange that man builds his temples in the mart  
Of teeming civilization: — where the streams  
Of barter and of traffic circling past  
Call souls to Earth, — not Heaven! — Rather  
should

Choose some spot of Solitude and peace  
To worship the Great Forces, all invisible,  
All-potent to possess and thrill the mind,  
And fill it with a longing for the things  
Not of this world alone. — Penthesilea thus  
Musing on what the morrow did conceal

Saw the great Dawn awake, and lightly touch  
The Von-stams' crests with tinge of purple  
light;

Then paint the sky in shades of golden pink,  
Fit for reception of the Glorious God  
Who at his first appearance in the east,  
Caued Day to blush into existence; when  
Back-cold the clouds, and all the azure fold  
Of Heaven, couch of the resplendent Sun  
Revealed a stood, and Battle had begun.

Penthesilea, down the moment in then  
Springing fleet as a deer that seeks to join the herd  
After a sudden force. — And with her hand  
Of manhood's might, surrounded by a crowd  
Flew o'er the plain, and in the thickest fight  
Where great Achilles, god-like, stood  
To crown his glory the combat, even Strife  
Of manly deeds cut's ones the pale, pale curls  
Of paler light by which he is surrounded.  
She with her Amazons on, lit valiant till she  
stood

And eyed the warrior. — All unwitting he  
Saw not that she was there, nor yet that one  
Who knew the secret where his weakness lay  
Was placed to use it. — But beholding him  
Close at her side, in all his manly strength,  
Her heart was sudden smitten, and she dropped  
The weapon she had sharpened for his doom.  
He, blinded by the lust of Battle, turned  
And smiting, ere he recked or whom or what,  
Struck such a mighty blow, that down she sank  
And, dying, gave one sad and swan-like call,  
"Achilles! Faithless one! I love thee still."  
He heard, and madly leaping to her side,

Swift caught the Queenly form in close  
 embrace;  
 And seeing all the glory of her eyes  
 Darkened in throes of Death; and her dusk hair  
 Falling about her, 'neath her shattered helm,  
 He uttered an exceeding bitter cry  
 "Penthesilea! Nay! But speak to me,  
 Oh! Rather had I felt from mine own heart  
 The life-blood flow, than see thee in such strait.  
 Penthesilea! Speak! — Alas! Thou'rt gone,  
 A curse upon the hand that smote this blow.  
 Ay! Even will I curse my very soul  
 That I have wrought this sorry deed of woe;  
 To have slain a thing so fair. — Ah! dear, my  
 Love,  
 Could my poor body lie in place of thine,  
 How gladly would I yield me to my doom."  
 And bearing her from out the thick-set fray,  
 Thus the great warrior, humbled in his grief,  
 Bowed o'er the form of her whose love for him  
 Had been her own mid'ing — All the past  
 Opened before him, and he felt the sting  
 Of that envenomed scorpion Remorse.  
 Oh! When from eyes all blinded by great grief  
 The scalding tears refuse to longer flow,  
 Then that insidious reptile doth possess  
 And rack our brains with torment for each look,  
 Each word that might have best been left  
 unsaid,  
 And driving men to madness, still will strive  
 To sting yet deeper. — Thus Achilles felt  
 A woe that would for aye his soul impress,  
 While keeping vigil there beside the dead,  
 Till o'er his anguish kindly, gentle Night  
 Drew the soft mantle of her shadowed veil

And Sleep possessed him. — Sleep the highest  
gift  
Of all the Gods to Mortals when in pain  
Of mind or body. — Sleep that gives to man  
A foretaste of the Everlasting Rest.

### PERSEPHONE'S FOOTSTEPS

CERES, A FRAGMENT

Ere Pluto's rape of Ceres' daughter fair,  
While glorious Spring breathed incense in the  
air,

Where sweet Persephone unconscious strayed  
Beside the fountain rippling in the shade,  
Each step she took upon the new, green grass  
Left print of Violets, as she swift did pass,  
And where she knelt to gather near the rill,  
The golden blooming, fateful daffodil,  
White lilies of the valley sprang to birth,  
Where her light weight had rested close to  
earth.

Ceres, beholding these new blossoms fair,  
Earth's tribute to her daughter's beauty rare,  
Was joyed to make their loveliness complete,  
And crowned them with a perfume richly sweet.  
'Tis thus each Springtime, we returning see  
The traces of the lost Persephone.

### AFTERMATH

Bluebells and fern leaves,  
Deep in a woodland hollow!  
She gathered them into her lap, my Sweet!  
And I gaze in her eyes, and I lie at her feet,  
Beautiful eyes of low, low, low,  
Which I on my path to the clearing seek,  
And read there the story of my life, and not speak,  
In the humped depths of her Violet blue,  
And wedding bells will follow!

Bluebells and fern leaves,  
Low on a morning, my Sweet!  
She heaves a sigh, "Aye, Sir, for I, My Sweet!  
And the lips I drop them, and I at her feet,  
But when high at night, in the heavy sky blue  
The Sun shines, oh, Sir, I know that then  
She is gazing at me, and I see in  
We shall meet in the land beyond the view,  
Where the River of Life is flowing.

### LOST LOVE

I wandered seeking Love one night  
Through the Valley of Desire;  
And I called on his name with a heart of flame  
And a pulse of throbbing fire.

But though I searched the whole night long  
Sweet Love I did not see,  
So I gathered the flowers of Passion's hours,  
And the fruit of the evil tree.

At last one day Love sought me out  
To lead me through his bowers;  
And I knew too late, it had been my fate,  
To kill his fairest flowers.

For the snow white blooms of Innocence  
Were all or crushed or stained:  
And tears I shed that their petals dead  
Alone to me remained.

### THE DEAD DAY

Fair Day is dead and the twilight dim,  
Cloaked in a mantle of misty gray,  
Breathes o'er the bier an unworded hymn  
Bemoaning her love that has passed away.

The air is heavy with incense rare  
Swung by the silently-sorrowing flowers;  
Floating to Heaven their requiem prayer  
With tears of dew, for the dear lost hours.

Slowly comes Night with the funeral pall  
Laying it over the dead one's breast.  
Solemnly lighting the candles tall  
Which Stars hold high o'er the corpse in rest.

Shadow to Darkness has given full birth.  
Twilight has noiselessly crept away.  
Silence is wrapped round the sorrowing earth,  
Mourning the loss of the fair dead Day.

## LIFE

Light ships afloat on a misty Sea  
With pain in store.  
Anchored by Love from Eternity  
To Time's bleak shore.

The ropes that moor them to Happiness  
Are cobwebs frail:  
Ill can they bear the strain and stress  
Of Sorrow pale.

The cable of Hope from the anchor slips  
'Till worn by tears.  
And out to sea drift the frail white ships  
Mid doubts and fears.

But as Death's cold tide in the cruel night  
Bears them away,  
Who knows where they go as they pass from  
sight  
Into Distance grey ?

## HOPE

Through the dim Valley of Fears there drifts  
A sunbeam small called Hope,  
At its touch, from the hollows the mist uplifts  
Disclosing the glooms, through the opening  
    rifts,  
Where the shades of Sadness grope.  
But as Love's white rays throw a hallowed light  
Over the silent vale,  
The spectre of Sorrow fades from sight  
As the waning night grows pale,  
Then the dawn of Happiness fills the air  
With a tremulous, golden glow,  
And the pitiful phantoms evoked by Care  
Into the past, must go.  
While the Future is painted in roseate hues  
By the touch of a waking Joy,  
Whose magic gifts through the heart diffuse  
And the ghosts of Pain destroy.



## A LEGEND OF THE ISLES OF SHOALS

Down off the fair New England coast  
Where the mighty Ocean rolls  
Rugged and free and girt by the sea  
Lie the lovely Isles of Shoals.

Low they rest mid the heaving Main  
Where the breakers toss in glee,  
And the wave that roars on their rock-bound  
shores  
Sings the song of the open sea.

The cry of the Sea gulls echoes shrill  
And the surf booms on the shore,  
As the tossing spray leaps high in play  
On the cliffs of Appledore.

But the waters clear, round that rocky coast,  
When they sink to a peaceful sleep  
Neath the shimmering light of the sunbeams  
bright  
Are as sapphires, blue and deep.

And when dark at night on the open Main  
A Sea-tossed vessel rolls,  
It hails the light that is flashing white  
From the far-off Isles of Shoals.

Beautiful spot so rugged and wild  
A Gem of the Glorious Sea  
Whether at rest on its heaving breast  
Or lashed by its Tempest-glee.

Having the beauty of these Islands sung,  
Whose deeper waters, hugging close their  
shores,

Do seem to take a richer tint of blue  
 When sunlight smiles upon their waves in calm;  
 As though the sky had stooped to kiss in love  
 Her fair reflection on the Ocean's face,  
 And left her image mirrored in his heart;—  
 I will relate, how on these lonely rocks,  
 Long years ago, a tragedy befall  
 Upon that Isle long called Dark Smuttynose.  
 There, once did live, some simple fisher folk  
 In cabins built above a tiny bay  
 Where Seaweed, undulating neath the wave,  
 Cast purple shadows on the deepened green  
 Of the slow-pur'ling Sea— This inlet gave  
 Protection 'gainst the storms that swept those  
     shores  
 When the great Ocean, loosing all his chains  
 And rising to exert his mighty strength,  
 Swept in high breakers, roaring with fierce joy  
 Over those cliffs that did his Majesty  
 Dare to defy, with sullen heads in air.  
 One summer then, on gloomy Smuttynose  
 Two fisherman above that inlet dwelt.  
 Brothers, they were and one was newly wed;  
 The other had a babe as well as wife.  
 Their cabins stood together, side by side,  
 Humble, though dear to those poor fisher-folk  
 As were a palace to anointed King;  
 For home is home or be it great or small.  
 With him who had the child, a sister lived;  
 Gretel her name, and she was fair as good,  
 A gentle girl the comfort of his wife  
 Who shared with her the care of that sweet  
     babe,  
 The living sunbeam in their life of toil.

One afternoon when calm the Ocean lay,  
 Though clouds were massed in grey  
 hanging low  
 Near the horizon, the brothers twain set forth  
 Within their tiny fishing smack to seek,  
 Their hearts with hope beat high for that sum-  
 mer week  
 A mighty haul had by their nets been made  
 "And," thought they, "if this good should  
 chance again  
 The wives will have fresh comfort to the  
 heart."  
 And thus they laughed and jested in content,  
 Fair plumes for too good a one they had found.  
 Alas! They little recked that on a sudden  
 Could sweep across the heart of every man,  
 Their evil omen, that he should watch and  
 wait  
 For change to rob the gains of their late toil,  
 A Judas whom they self-called gladly had  
 Their best man, and he came at the hour  
 By which they had made a trifling sum of love  
 Their evil omen, that he should  
 And on the day, which he now doth write  
 When the small smack was far at sea  
 With the boatswain's tolling, at their nets,  
 The long winter time had come for that black  
 soul.  
 When darkness had unrolled his cold  
 Descended like a very iron fall,  
 A boat sped northward, towards the rocky shore  
 Of the lone inlet. In the calm  
 No light there shone, for wearied with the day  
 The fishers' wives had early gone to rest,  
 And Grethel, too, was sunk in deep repose.

They heard no sound, nor recked that  
    crouching form  
Creeping so stealthily towards the first small  
    house  
Where dwelt the new-made wife. A fair young  
    thing  
She slept and dreamed her husband at her side,  
And turned to clasp her arms about his neck,  
When, with a groan, she felt her life's blood  
    gush  
Forth from her heart, and on her throat a hand  
Crushed back the cry that to her lips had risen.  
One struggle faint, and that young life had sped  
From Dreamland into Death. The murderer  
    then  
Slowly about the tiny cabin groped  
But found not that on which his soul was set;  
So, with grim purpose fixed in his foul heart,  
He to the other house did wend his way,  
Again to barter human lives for gold :  
And entering the chamber of his friend  
Where slept that friend's loved wife, he  
    murdered her  
With cruel blade plunged in her tender breast.  
But the poor babe awoke, and startled cried :  
When, with a mighty oath, the inhuman wretch  
Having no pity in his heart of stone  
Lighted a candle, and did swift proceed  
To stab that little unprotected one.  
A sudden scream of anguished terror wild  
As he had done this thing unspeakable  
Startled him, and he dropped the red-dyed  
    knife  
And swiftly turned. There in the doorway  
    framed

He the white face of Grethel did behold ;  
With staring eyes, she seemed as turned to  
stone.

The fiend incarnate stooped to seize the knife  
To swift complete his work of butchery,  
But when he rose, and leapt towards the door,  
Grethel had vanished into outer night.  
With curses deep, he running did pursue  
The flying figure of the white-robed girl  
Until at last she faded from his sight :  
For all the night was black as darkest Hell  
And the low booming of the restless Sea  
Sounded a dirge upon the rocky shore :  
And Grethel knew where she had oft in sport  
Hidden herself among the gloomy caves  
That honeycomb the cliffs of Smuttynose :  
And here she ran, unreasoning, in flight,  
Guided by instinct, and a refuge sought.  
And as she gained the deepest of those caves  
Groping her way across the boulders strewn  
About it's entrance, lo ! a whining cry  
Broke on her ear, and at her naked feet  
All cut and bruised by the sharp rocks she'd  
crossed.

A tiny dog fawned whimpering. At the sound  
Grethel with fear had all but swooned to death.  
She heard the murderer stumbling in her wake  
And knew if once he found her hiding place  
Her fate was sealed. Swift, stooping, she did  
lift

The tiny dog—it had belonged to Ilse  
The babe, who ne'er would play with it again—  
And held it to her breast. Then further pressed  
Within the cavern and sank slow to earth :  
Though still she swooned not, but held close the  
dog

And ever and anon she put her lips  
To its' small head, and its' soft ears caressed.  
For it would start and whimper like a child  
Without such petting:—and poor Grethel felt—  
With inward shuddering at such consciousness,—  
That if the demon, hunting for the spot  
Where she lay hidden, heard the beast's low  
cry,

That deadly knife would still her own poor  
heart.

Thus all night through the murderer vainly  
searched

The gloomy grottoes, for he knew full well  
Grethel had seen him do that foul deed  
Of murder, for which he would surely hang,  
Unless he ended her young life and testimony.  
But as it were though some high miracle,  
He ever missed the entrance to that cave  
In which the hapless girl lay close concealed.  
Then darkness into dawn began to melt  
And that most dastard, fearing light and day  
Lest the two fishers should return to find  
The'r blasted homes and he their blaster there,  
Sought out his boat, and pulled towards open  
sea.

When Grethel heard the splashing of the oars  
The nervous tension of her o'er wrought frame  
Gave way, and fainting, prostrate down she fell.  
She never knew how long she lay in swoon  
When after hours of watching, as she deemed,  
She heard her brothers at the landing-place.  
She had not ventured forth before nor stirred,  
But starting forward at the welcome sound  
Her brothers' voices made in that dread spot  
She slowly forced her way with stiffened joints,

Into their presence. Nor did she then know  
Her hair was blanched as white as driven snow.

Thus ends the tale. I can not here set forth  
In ink too pale to write, the vengeance sworn  
By those poor fishers on the murderer ;  
The blighter of their simple happiness,  
Who had committed those most hellish crimes.  
Alone I add that he his fate did meet  
In time appointed by the hangman's rope  
After a full confession of his sins.  
And ever has the Isle of Smuttynose  
Since that most dreadful night been called  
    'the dark'

The one black spot upon the Isles of Shoals,  
Whose beauty as the ocean round them rolls  
I have endeavored feebly here to sing ;  
For rhymes are echoes, Flights from Fancy's  
    wing,  
Which vainly strive to show the loveliness  
Of Nature, in her ever-glorious dress.

## DEAD LOVE

I met sweet Love one stormy night,  
His face was wet with tears ;  
For tempest-tossed, his path he'd lost,  
And Passion mocked his fears.

I, pitying, drew him to my heart  
And kissed his bandaged eyes.  
And in my breast he sank to rest  
As dove that homing flies.

Till wearied of the tender weight  
I cast him forth again.  
Passion had fled ; Desire was dead,  
And Love was only pain.

But when he'd gone his loss I felt ;  
And, prizing him too late  
I sought and found him sorrow-crowned,  
Beside Death's gloomy gate.

He vanished, and in bitter pain  
Taught by Remorse, I knew  
That cruel Fate had oped Death's gate,  
And Love had swiftpassed through.



## THE ROSARY

Life holds a fair white rosary,  
Each pearl is one pure thought,  
The slender chains on which they rest  
Of Innocence are wrought.  
From these is swung the crucifix  
Of Self-denial strong  
Inlaid with dazzling gems of Faith  
And Love that knows no wrong.  
To chosen souls this rosary  
Without a price, is lent,  
And must be worn with humble heart,  
By those to whom 'tis sent :  
That it may be returned at last,  
With never spot or stain  
To mar its beauty white, and pure,  
When claimed by Life again.

## THE HYMN OF THE LILIES

Sweet Lily-bells,  
Let now your joyous notes be pealing.  
Christ's risen power for all healing  
Your news foretells.  
Alleluia !

Soft, soft and clear  
Fair flowers of Mary, speed your ringing,  
That Heaven's triumphant chorus singing  
All Earth may hear.  
Alleluia !

In every heart  
Let the soft echo of your numbers  
Waken the joy that never slumbers  
Nor can depart.  
Alleluia!

Blossoms so sweet,  
Yet e'en a sweeter message giving.  
Chiming "Christ reigns immortal; living  
His own to greet"  
Alleluia!

Flowers snow-white,  
Emblems of purity, forever  
Teach earth to reach by true endeavor  
Heaven's delight.  
Alleluia!

Sweet Lily-bells,  
By the soft music ye are pealing  
Ye are to earth-worn hearts revealing  
Love. Love immortal, love that risen  
From the Tomb's portal to the skies,  
Leads weary souls from out the prison  
Of worldly care, until they rise  
Free, in the glory of our Saviour-Lord.  
Ring, ring your story then with one accord  
Sweet Lily-bells.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

## A SONG OF JUNE

In leafy June  
The Robins sing a sweeter, tenderer song,  
And daisies fleck the meadows with their  
whiteness :

The bees hum midst the flowers all day long,  
Where sunbeams dancing, shed their golden  
brightness.

In leafy June  
The Humming-birds that flit from bud to flower,  
Are living jewels in the warm light gleaming :  
The butterflies, so brilliant for an hour,  
Are floating blossoms through the ether  
streaming.

In leafy June  
The wild Canary calls his tiny mate ;  
Midst Honey-suckle deep their nest is hidden ;  
The Chestnut blooms are spread like feast of  
State,  
To which the bees and butterflies are bidden,

In leafy June  
The buttercups, a splash of living gold  
Gleam brightly from the lush green of the  
grasses ;  
And lilac blooms their hidden sweets unfold,  
A clustered richness no bright hue surpasses.

**In leafy June**

The clouds rest whiter in the Heaven's blue :  
Myriad perfumes sweet the air are filling,  
And soft is heard the Ring-Dove's gentle coo,  
While Blackbirds, in the woods, their notes  
are trilling.

**In leafy June**

The flaming Tulips with their hearts aglow,  
From garden beds their colors gay are flaunting.  
And sweet Syringa blooms like summer snow,  
While Peonies their crimson robes are vaunting.

**In leafy June**

The Queen of Flowers blooms and in her name  
Is crownèd all the Summer's fair completeness :  
The Crimson Roses, with their hearts of flame,  
And their pale sisters, drooping white in  
sweetness.

**In leafy June**

The droning hum of insects in the air,  
The Sun-rays that like golden arrows quiver,  
All Life, acknowledging that Earth is fair,  
At Nature's shrine will bless the bounteous  
Giver,

In leafy June.

SLEEPY TIME SONGS



### SLUMBER-SONG

A wee boat is sailing to Lullaby-Land,  
—Sleep little Love on my heart—  
Led by the Dustman's invisible hand  
You too are ready to start.

Moonbeams will shine where the soft waves of  
sleep  
Lazily rock you to rest.  
Babies in Dreamland forget how to weep!  
—Cuddle then Sweet to my breast.—

Fair filmy clouds from the dim Slumber-vale  
Float o'er the rippling sea;  
Foamy the wake of the ship as you sail:  
—Rest little Bird on my knee.—

Soft the night air by the Dream-breezes fanned  
Whispers a secret of charm;  
—Safely at last in the Lullaby Land  
Sleep little Dear on my arm.—

### THE DREAM-SWING

The moon hung low in a silver sky  
Swinging by ropes of gold;  
Ready to bear to the Sleep-land fair  
The charge of the Dustman old.  
She clasped two wee ones with ruffled curls,  
Which . . . rippling breezes fanned,  
As the joyous crew through the bright night  
flew  
At a touch from the Dustman's hand.

Higher and higher the golden swing  
Rose till it reached the skies;  
Where the stars at play, in the Milky way,  
Twinkled with laughing eyes.  
Hide-and-go-seek was the game they played  
Mid clouds of a foamy white,  
Where Rainbows grew out of Drops of Dew  
Distilled by the Sunbeams bright.

A gay little wind came fluttering past  
Winging its way to the Sea.  
It had left its nest in the shimmering west  
For a romp on the ocean free.  
It laughed as it gently touched the swing  
Which rested so high in air;  
And dusts' pinions light blew the soft curls bright  
Of the wee ones' tangled hair.

All night the moon watched over the two  
As the hours went floating by,  
Till a soft pink flush made the foam-clouds  
Blush  
High in the silver sky.  
Then back to Earth flew the golden swing,  
Through the Sleep-Land's shining lane;  
And the Dustman smiled as he kissed each  
Child,  
And carried them home again.

#### THE FAIRIES LINEN

The filmy fine spinn linen  
Which the fairies weave each night  
Is washed in pearly dew-drops  
While the day is dawning bright.



They take the first small Sunbeams  
To filter through the dew;  
These tint the threads, where moonrays  
Are broidered richly through.

The webs are all of gossamer  
As frail as they are fair;  
But the fairies always dry them  
In the perfumed summer air.

So they stretch them o'er the meadows  
Where a tiny breeze will pass  
But we only call them cobwebs,  
When we see them on the grass.

#### THE WISHING-BIRD

The wishing-bird lives in a garden fair,  
Where the Sun shines all day long;  
And when once away from the Land of Day  
You can hear his beautiful song.  
His voice is the sweetest you ever have known,  
And his feathers are all of gold  
You can see them shine in the lofty pine,  
Where he swings in the garden old.

He has been there for hundreds and hundreds  
of years,  
And every single night  
When the clock strikes eight, through the  
garden gate  
Troop little ones all in white.

They have come to see the wonderful bird,  
And search for his feathers of gold,  
Neath the tall pine-tree where he swings in  
glee,  
In the beautiful garden old.

For if a feather you chance to find  
You may wish for whatever you please,  
And as soon as you do it will all come true  
And the only conditions are these—  
You may play in the garden all night long,  
With the treasures of that bright land,  
But the feather of gold you must tightly hold  
In the clasp of your dimpled hand.

So if you would go to that garden fair,  
And search for this wonderful prize,  
When Daylight has sped, you must nestle in  
bed  
And softly close your eyes.  
And soon you will hear the beautiful song  
Of the bird with the shining wings,  
From his home so free, in the tall pine-tree,  
Where he gaily sits and swings.

#### HEARTSEASE

“Tell me sweet pansies,” cried a little maiden.  
“Where do you get your glowing hearts of  
gold?”  
“Our hearts” the flowers replied, “are ever  
laden  
With humble love and trust, oh dear wee  
maiden  
And thus our petals true heartsease enfold.”

## DANDELIONS

Little yellow dandelions, every spring I watch  
you grow  
Coming first like gleams of sunshine, then you  
change to tufts of snow.  
Children love to cull your blossoms, as they  
glimmer in the grass :  
Golden nets, where waiting fairies catch the  
sunbeams as they pass.

When your tufts of downy whiteness in the  
meadows next appear  
They are called the "clocks of summer"  
blowing through the early year.  
Little zephyrs tell the hours, which so lightly  
float away;  
Winged by Time they softly vanish, while the  
breezes round them play.

## LULLABY

Sleep little ruffly, fluffly bird  
Safe in your downy white nest.  
Nought need you fear, while your Mother is  
near,  
Crooning her darling to rest.

Drowsy white eyelids droop lower and close  
Over the winkety eyes.  
Mother-bird sings, and beneath her soft wings  
Sheltered her little one lies.

A soft little wind comes fluttering near,  
—Zephyry violet breeze.—  
Kissing the cheek of the wee one asleep,  
As it wings through the whispering trees :

The Moon too is sending a message of Love  
On twinkly golden beams.  
They fly to the nest of the birdie at rest  
Bearing her beautiful dreams.

High over earth floats the scent of the flowers,  
—Perfumy blossoming Stars.—  
Breathing in air a soft fragrance of prayer,  
Through tremulous nebulous bars.

So sleep little bird in your nest of soft down,  
Mother-bird watches and sings.  
While she is near, you have nothing to fear,  
Safe, neath her shadowing wings.

### THE MAGIC GATE

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes,  
You can reach those bright blue skies,  
Which you've often wished to see,  
Gazing at them from my knee.  
With the clouds, you too may play  
Floating on them far away.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes  
High and higher you can rise,  
Till you see the bright stars glow  
In the shadows far below;  
While you soar through Distance dim  
Seated on a Moon-beam's rim.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes  
Drawn by two bright butterflies  
At the rainbows you may peep,  
While they're lying fast asleep,  
On a cloud of silver grey,  
Waiting for a rainy day.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes  
You may watch the Dawn arise.  
See her dressed in pearly hue  
Rush across the sky to you;  
While the Sun with merry voice  
Calls the morning to rejoice.

Through the gate of Close-your-eyes  
All the land of Fancy lies.  
So, my dearest, cuddle warm,  
With your head on Mother's arm;  
And while thus she sings to you  
Ere you dream it you'll pass through  
The gate of Close-your-eyes.

#### THE SUNBEAM'S HIDING-PLACE

The little sunbeams gay and bright  
In Brenda's laughter dwelling,  
All vanished when the tear-drops came,  
A rainy day foretelling.

But when she smiled the little rogues  
Returned in manner simple;  
They'd lingered very near at hand  
All hidden in her dimple.

#### THE SECRET

The little yellow dandelion blooming 'neath  
the hill,  
Has whispered to the buttercup that nods  
beside the rill;  
A tiny wind has listened while the flow'ret  
told her tale :  
With wings outspread, he bears the news across  
the distant Vale.

The daisy in the meadow has poised her head  
to hear  
The secret that the zephyr is confiding to her  
ear.  
A bonny, bright-eyed robin has caught the  
whisper low,  
And soon he sings it blithely that all the world  
may know.

"Spring has vanished, Spring has vanished !  
Summer fair has come to stay.  
Spring has vanished, Spring has vanished !  
June's first rose has bloomed to-day."

### THE PALACE OF DELIGHT

When the gates of Sleep are opened, bands of  
little ones in white  
Through them troop to seek the Palace of the  
Kingdom of Delight :  
Soon they reach the shining towers, where the  
Fairy Princess dwells;  
Built of clouds, all edged with sunbeams, high  
among the Dreamy-dells.

All the Palace doors are open, and they see the  
Princess fair,  
With her crown of glittering jewels in her  
flowing golden hair,  
And they follow where she leads them through  
her brightest garden bowers,  
Where the tiny stars are growing,—lovely  
brilliant Dreamland flowers.

When they step into the Palace, little Moon-  
beams with them play,  
While the Shadows slyly chase them, and as  
quickly hide away.  
All the rainbows stored in Cloudland, shine  
with joy such fun to see,  
And the lovely Fairy Princess claps her small  
white hands in glee.  
By and by the little Moonbeams swift must fly  
away to bed,  
And the Rainbows hide their colors. Dawn is  
breaking overhead.  
Then the Princess leads the children to the  
gates of Sleep once more,  
And with sweet farewells and tender, sees them  
cross to Day's white Shore.

#### THE FAIRIES' SPINNING

In the dusk of summer evening,  
When the moon-beams hang in air,  
You will see the fairies spinning  
Dainty garments soft and fair.  
And they weave the golden star-light  
Through their webs of spotless white,  
That the shimmering lacy fabric  
May shine far athwart the night.

When you see a diamond glitter  
Where the trees are shadowed dark,  
You will say it is a glow-worm  
As you watch the tiny spark.  
But it really is the turning  
Of some fairy's star-lit wheel,  
Which the filmy brodered dresses  
Shining softly, thus reveal.

## THE CROW'S SONG

Up on the top of the old Pine-tree  
Where the black crow built his nest  
High in the air, and hidden with care  
The little crows safely rest.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —”

Who so merry as we ?  
Cries the old black crow from his nest so high  
On the top of the tall pine-tree.

The three little crows cuddle soft and warm  
Whenever the raindrops fall.  
Snug in the shade of green branch laid  
They fear no storm at all.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —” etc.

When the blustering wind roars through the  
woods

The branches bend and sway.  
But the old Pine-tree guards well the three,  
And they think it is only play.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —” etc.

And when sun shines bright, and the world is  
gay,

The three in the lofty nest,  
Can peep at the sky, while at home they lie,  
With a sunbeam for their guest.

And—

“Caw — Caw — Caw —”

Who so merry as we ?  
Cries the old black crow from his nest so high  
On the top of the tall Pine-tree.



## WHERE SUN-SHADES GROW

While the blossoms fair are blowing,  
—Roses, pinks, and Violets blue.—  
Deep within their hearts are glowing  
Golden sunbeams tipped with dew.  
And they gather from the flowers  
Ere the lovely tints have sped,  
Hues to deck the sunset hours :  
Painting clouds, hung far o'erhead.

When your sweetest blooms have faded,  
If you watch the summer sky,  
You will see their colors shaded  
Through the rainbows set on high.  
Or where Dawn is softly breaking  
All their beauty richly glows,  
While the clouds in turn are taking,  
Tints of violet, pink, and rose.

## THE DREAM-RABBIT

Chasing the rabbit of Sleep every night,  
Go four little men in soft jackets of white.  
Two of the hunters wear brown through the day,  
And both of the others are clad in dark grey.

Just as the clock in the nursery strikes eight,  
Little white jackets slip through Sleepy-gate:  
Swiftly before them the Dream-rabbit flies,  
Over the country where Slumberland lies.

Gaily they follow him all through the night  
Till, with the morning, he jumps out of sight.  
When he has vanished, they home again run.  
Sleepy-gate closes, at touch of the Sun.

Four little hunters, at call of Daylight  
Quickly will doff their soft jackets of white.  
Let the Dream-rabbit run fast as he may,  
Not one will seek for him, all through the day.

Eyelids are soft little jackets so white  
Closed over sleepy, sweet eyes every night.  
When the Gray Dustman has opened Sleep's door  
Swiftly they chase the Dream-rabbit once more.

## CRADLE SONG

Hushaby My Baby Sweet  
Shimmering Moonbeams quiver,  
Angels wait to guide thy feet  
Over Sleep's fair river.  
I can hear their rustling wings  
As they softly fold them,  
While thy Mother rocks and sings  
Can'st thou Sweet, behold them?

Sleep and rest in By-lo-land  
Whither Angels lead thee.  
Loose thy clasp, thou dimpled hand!  
Mother's kisses speed thee.  
Brightest dreams surround thy head  
Darling in thy slumber,  
Angels whispering o'er thy bed  
To a tuneful number.

Hushaby! Till Morn shall rise  
Sleep on without waking;  
Soft lids closing o'er thy eyes,  
Till the Dawn is breaking.  
Lashes darkening thy fair cheek  
Then will lightly quiver;  
Through the night, my darling seek  
Peace, o'er Sleep's fair River.

## THE CONCERT

Down in the field mid the daisies and clover  
A Concert is going which lasts the day long :  
Grasshopper green, such a gay, jolly, rover,  
Fills all the air with his comical song.

Stout Bumble-bee, in his waistcoat of yellow,  
Thunders his bass in a ponderous tone.  
He is a very quick-tempered old fellow ;  
He will sing only a tune of his own.

Then comes the treble of little Miss Cricket  
Chirping "Be cheerful ! There's no need to fret!"  
Katy-did's voice from the neighbouring thicket  
Joins to hers in a merry duet.

There by the pool where his family is staying  
Sounds the low boom of the Bullfrog's big drum.  
Gay little Tree-frog his fife too is playing :  
Orchestra they to the Flies' joyful hum.

Hark to the sound of the numerous voices,  
Singing so loudly in merry refrain,  
Chorus o'er which all glad Nature rejoices  
" Beautiful summer has come once again. "

## HUSHABY

Sleep little velvety Dove on my heart,  
Droop your soft eyelids in rest.  
Fear nought of harm while your Mother's warm  
arm  
Gathers you close to her breast.

Little waves lapping along the low shore  
Whisper a drowsy-sweet song :  
Softly they flow where the green rushes grow  
Dreaming the hours along.

Gently the moon as she rocks in the sky  
Lulls the wee birdies to sleep.  
To my white Dove, she is crooning in love,  
While the bright Stars their watch keep.

Slowly comes Night in her dim clinging gown  
Kissing the slumbering flowers.  
Sweetly she sings, and a dream-cloud she brings,  
From the far Land of Lost Hours.

Velvety Dove, cuddle close to my heart  
Droopy soft eyelids in rest.  
Mother's warm arm will protect you from harm  
Sleeping so safe on her breast.

