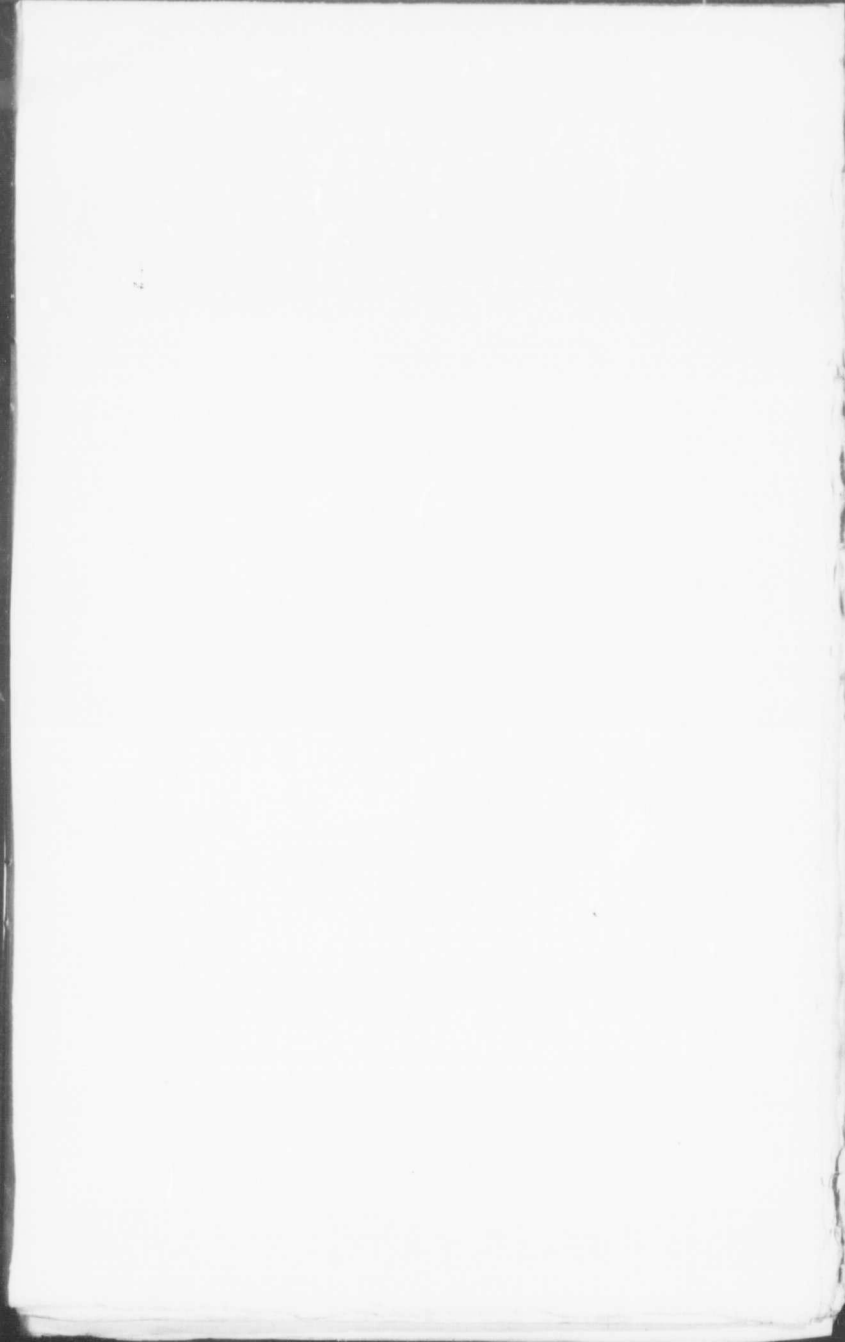
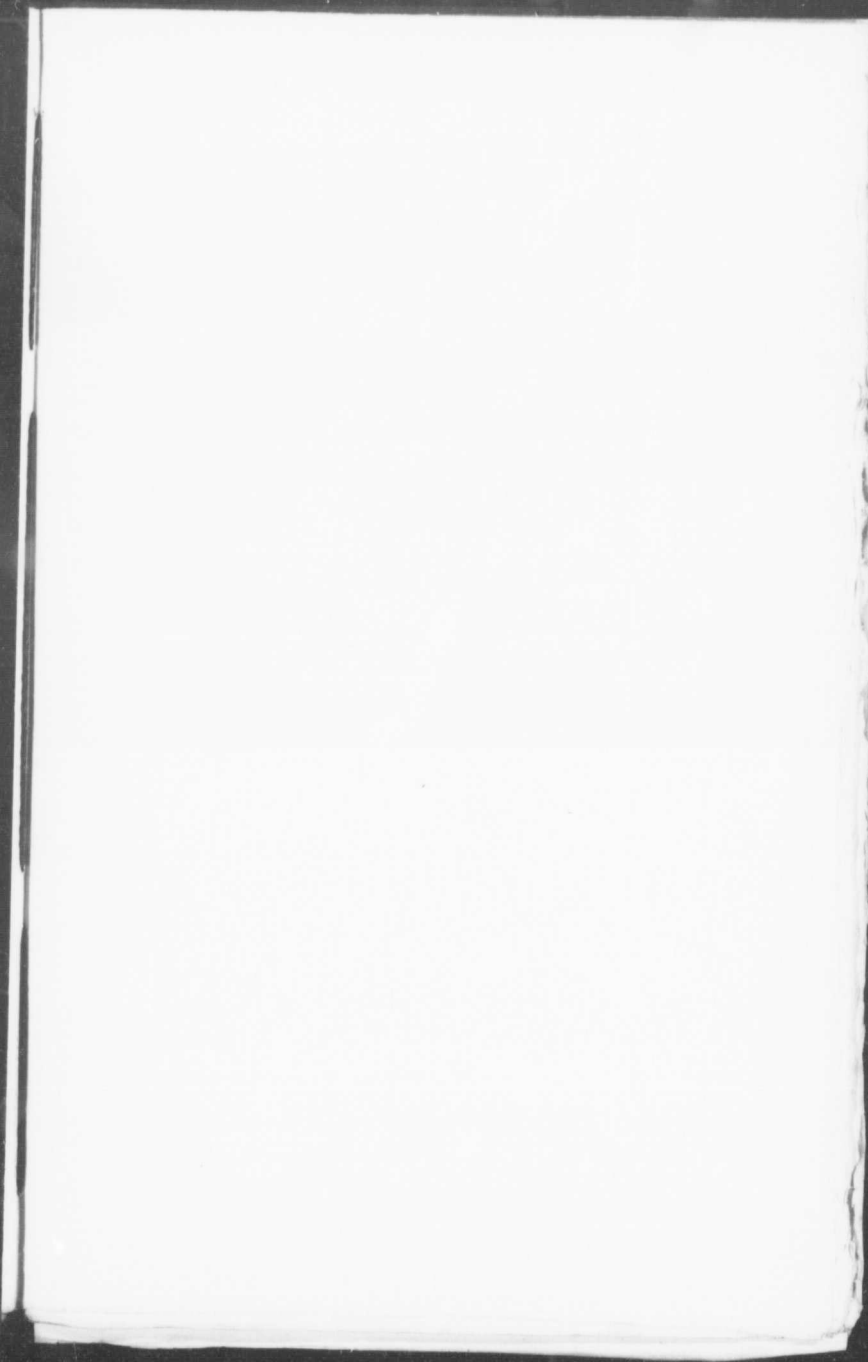
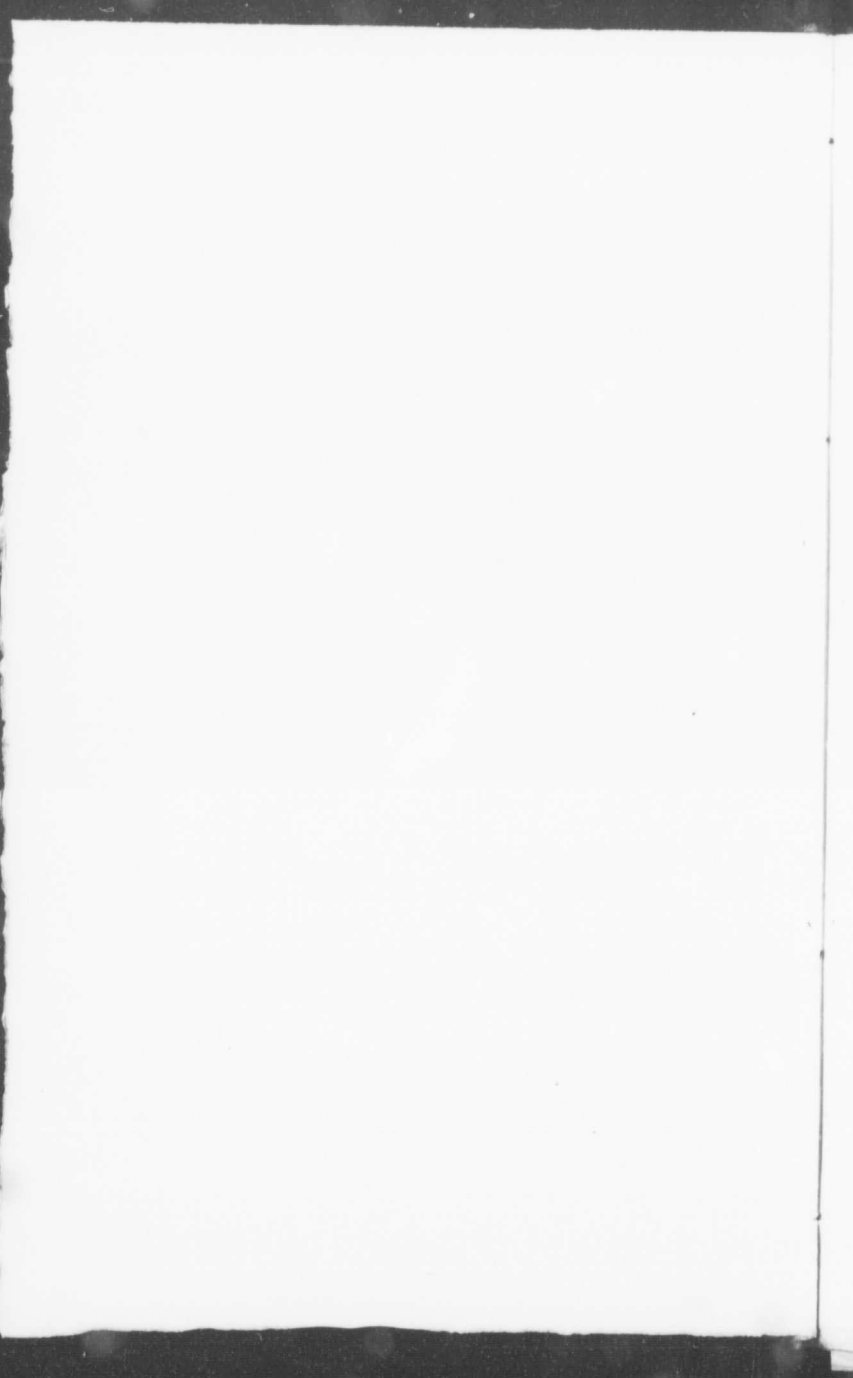
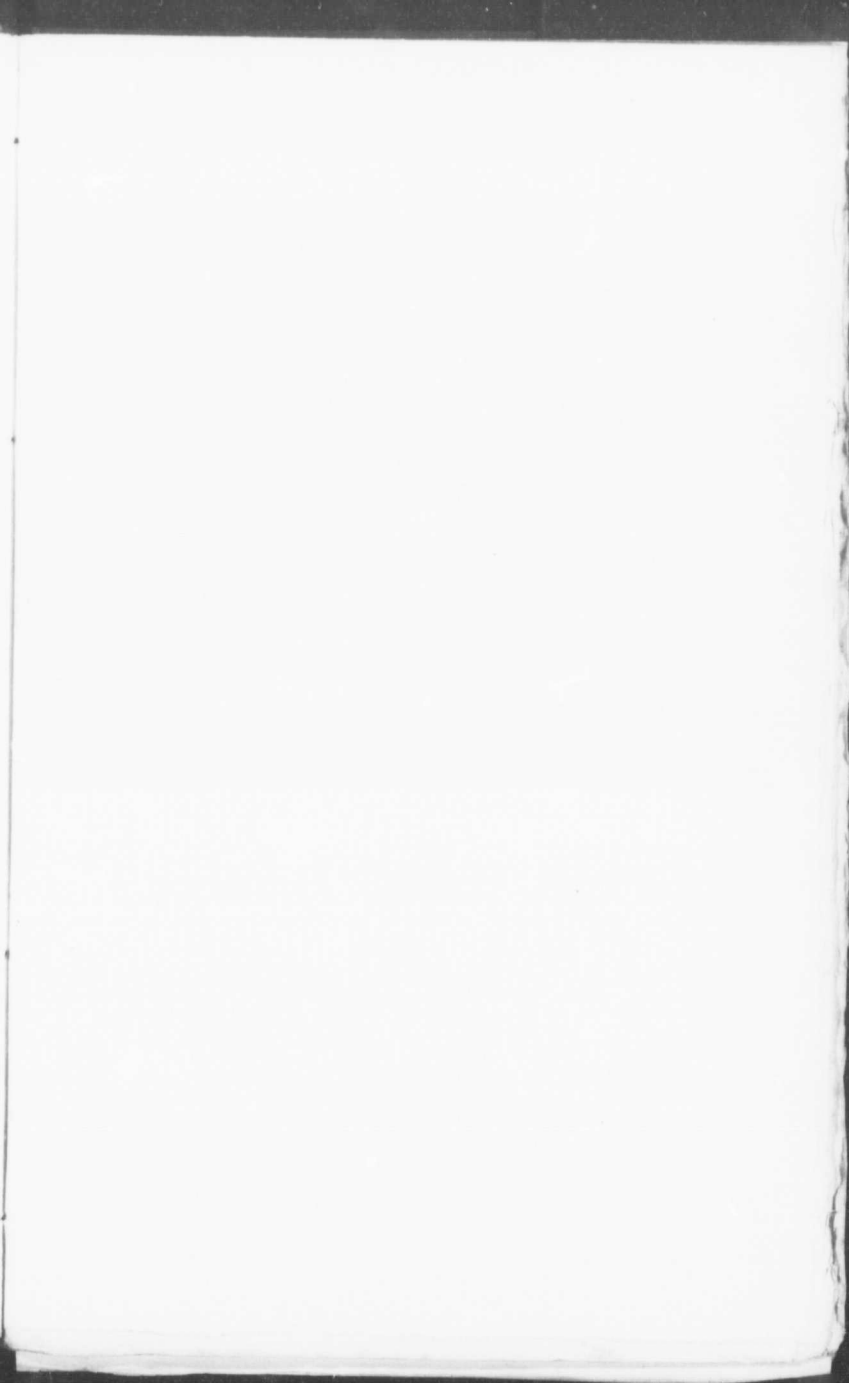


THE PRINCESS OF THE TOWER
BY BLISS CARMAN



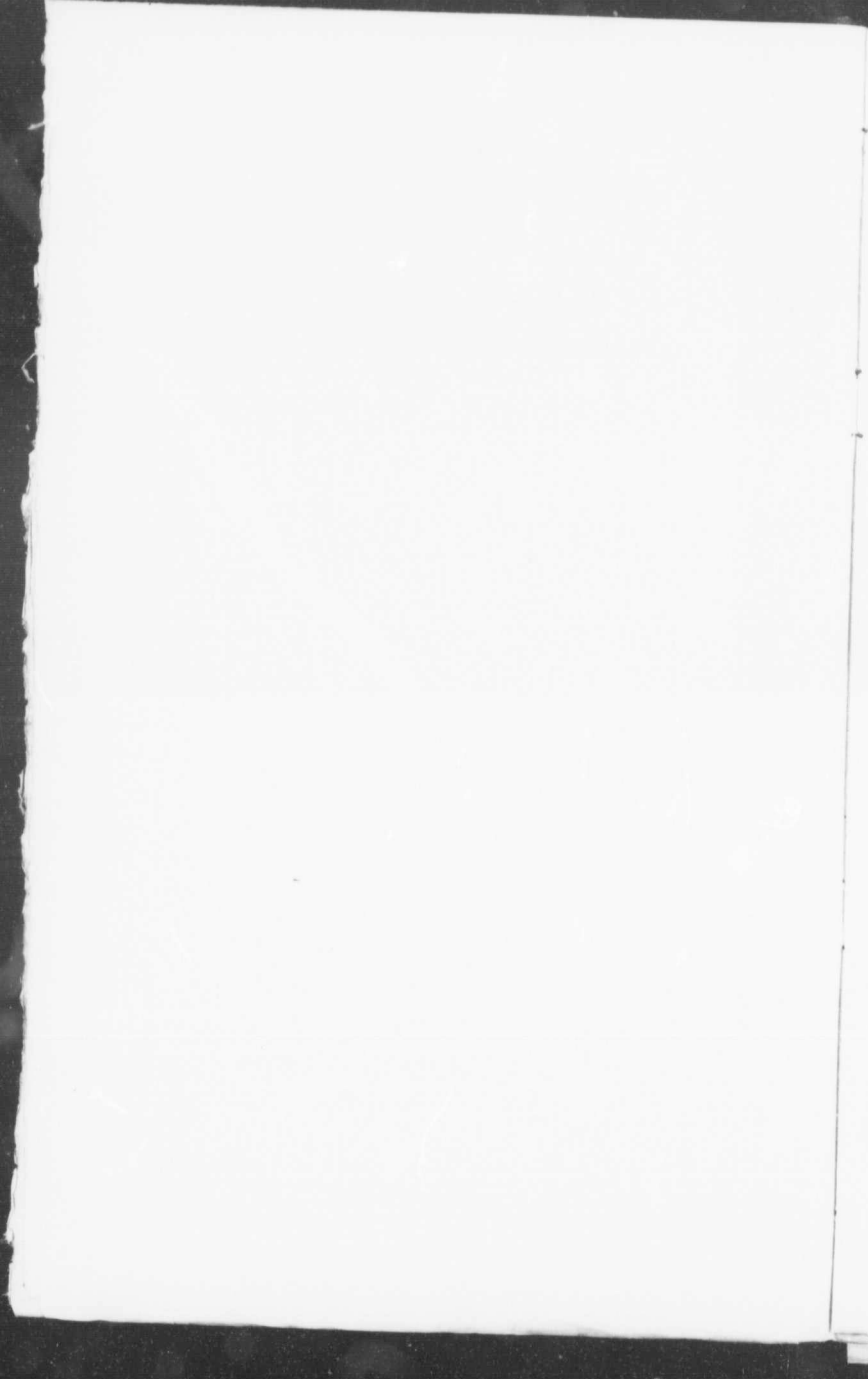








The Princess of the Tower



THE PRINCESS OF THE TOWER
THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST
AND TO THE WINGED VICTORY

BY
BLISS CARMAN

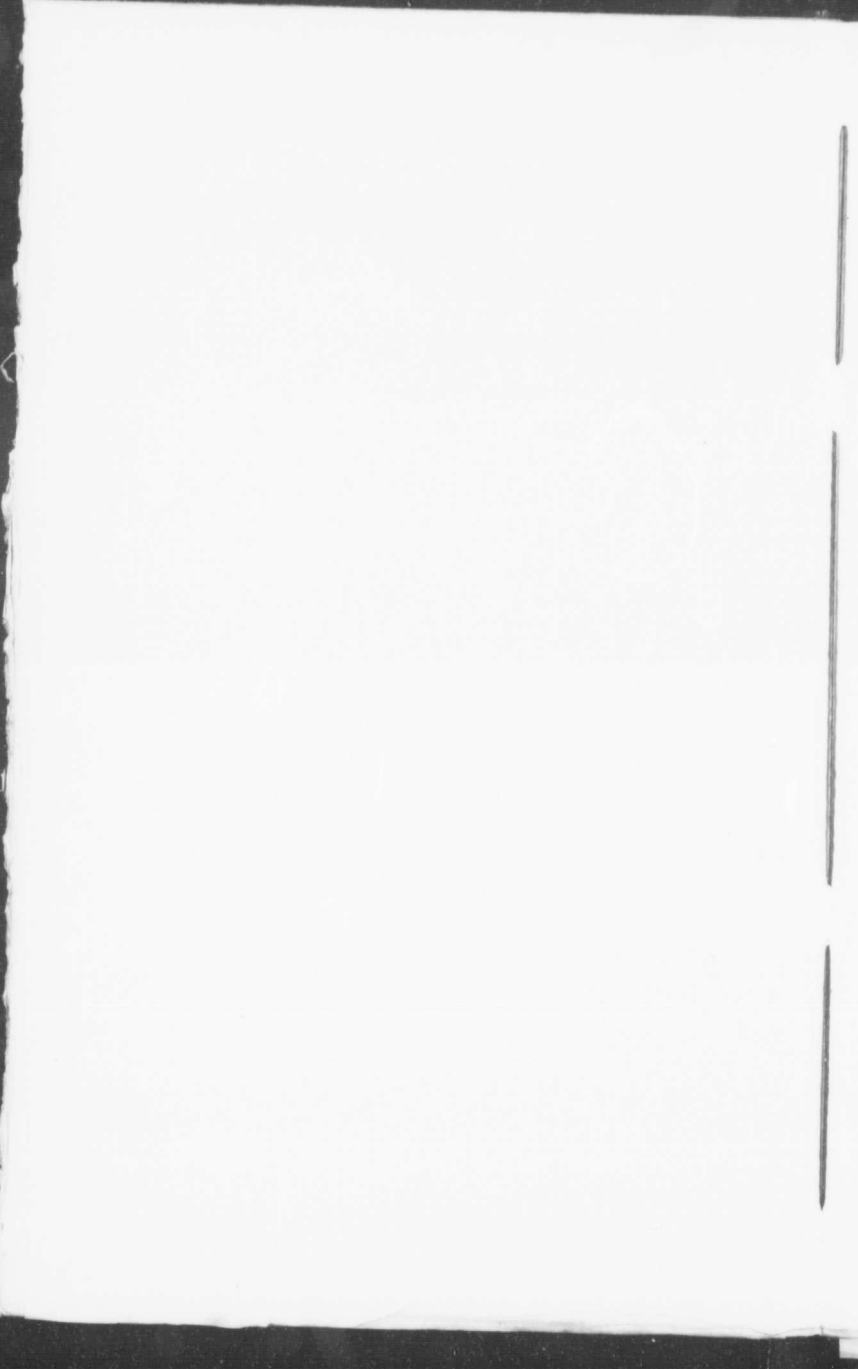


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THE PRINCESS OF THE
TOWER



ONCE YEARLY is the
heavenly host
Reviewed and marshalled,
post by post.
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael,—
Each captain his account must tell
Of how the battle went with him
In regions terrible and dim.

I came from out the strife of men,
One of the Warriors of the Fen
Who war on evil, lance and sword,
With little thought of the reward,
And lavish all their generous youth
In the white cause of peerless Truth.

The Princess of the Tower

With tempered will, with tested nerve,
And armored in a grim reserve,
I sought among the mighty hills
A respite from the conquering ills,
And strength's renewal,—not to yield
To the long anguish of the field.

I said, "It may be I shall find
Some consolation of the mind,
Some phrase of glory or of power
Struck by the Mistress of the Tower,
For the encouragement of those
Who bear through life her battle-throes."

I did not ask for joy nor ease,
Praise nor immunity; all these
I had foregone in those far years
When I took service with my peers.
I asked but strength of heart to go
Back to the unrelenting foe.

The Princess of the Tower

So through the darkening of the days
I kept the steep and lonely ways,
Until I saw at a keen height
A castle and a castle light.
"Who keeps," to one who passed I said,
"The tower wherein the light is fed?"

Surprise was in his look. Said he,
"Why, who but Princess Charity!
Thou art a stranger here. To-night
They keep the Feast of the World's Light,
And she herself will pour the cup
Of Peace—for all who come to sup."

Amazed I rode, and wearied came
Up to the port. "Friends, in the name
Of Truth whom I do serve, I pray
Your hospitality this day."
"The Wine of Joy at Beauty's board
Is free—to all in sweet accord."

The Princess of the Tower

That was my welcome. "Strange," thought I,
"Is Beauty known as Charity?"
And then at the mysterious hour
Appeared the Princess of the Tower,
And all the world was changed thereby
To a new earth with a new sky.

That fair young head, that lyric mien,
So strong, so gentle, so serene!
The rhythm of time, the poise of space,
Were in her hands, and in her face
The meaning of all things that are
From evening star to evening star.

Then in her pure cool tender voice
She said, "O faithful one, rejoice!
Because thy striving soul was found
Unfaltering, thy quest is crowned.
Take thou my gladness, love, and youth!
The wine is Wisdom. I am Truth."

The Princess of the Tower

Thereat I heard the silence riven,
As when there is great joy in Heaven
And the tall angels of the Lord
Receive the word of their reward,—
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael,—
With all their hosts no man can tell.

THE WISE MEN FROM
THE EAST
(A Little Boy's Christmas Lesson)

"Why were the Wise Men three,
Instead of five or seven?"
They had to match, you see,
The archangels in Heaven.

God sent them, sure and swift,
By His mysterious presage,
To bear the threefold gift
And take the threefold message.

Thus in their hands were seen
The gold of purest Beauty,
The myrrh of Truth all clean,
The frankincense of Duty.

The Wise Men from the East

And thus they bore away
The loving heart's great treasure,
And knowledge clear as day,
To be our life's new measure.

They went back to the East
To spread the news of gladness.
There one became a priest
Of the new word to sadness;

And one a workman, skilled
Beyond the old earth's fashion;
And one a scholar, filled
With learning's endless passion.

God sent them for a sign
He would not change nor alter
His good and fair design,
However man may falter.

The Wise Men from the East

He meant that, as He chose
His perfect plan and willed it,
They stood in place of those
Who elsewhere had fulfilled it;

Whoso would mark and reach
The height of man's election,
Must still achieve and teach
The triplicate perfection.

For since the world was made,
One thing was needed ever,
To keep man undismayed
Through failure and endeavor—

A faultless trinity
Of body, mind and spirit,
And each with its own three
Strong angels to be near it:

The Wise Men from the East

Strength to arise and go
Wherever dawn is breaking,
Poise like the tides that flow,
Instinct for beauty-making;

Imagination bold
To cross the mystic border,
Reason to seek and hold,
Judgment for law and order;

Joy that makes all things well,
Faith that is all-availing
Each terror to dispel,
And Love, ah, Love unfailing.

These are the flaming Nine
Who walk the world unsleeping,
Sent forth by the Divine
With manhood in their keeping.

The Wise Men from the East

These are the seraphs strong
His mighty soul had need of,
When He would right the wrong
And sorrow He took heed of.

And that, I think, is why
The Wise Men knelt before Him,
And put their kingdoms by
To serve Him and adore Him;

So that our Lord, unknown,
Should not be unattended,
When He was here alone
And poor and unbefriended;

That still He might have three
(Rather than five or seven)
To stand in their degree,
Like archangels in Heaven.

TO THE WINGED VICTORY

THOU dear and most high Victory,
Whose home is the unvanquished sea,
Whose fluttering wind-blown garments keep
The very freshness, fold and sweep
They wore upon the galley's prow—
By what unwonted favor now
Hast thou alighted in this place,
Thou Victory of Samothrace?

O thou to whom in countless lands
With eager hearts and striving hands
Strong men in their last need have prayed,
Greatly desiring, undismayed,
Thou who hast been across the fight
Their consolation and their might—
Withhold not now one dearer grace,
Thou Victory of Samothrace!

To the Winged Victory

Behold, we too must cry to thee,
Who wage our strife with Destiny,
And give for Beauty and for Truth
Our love, our valor and our youth.
Are there no honors for these things
To match the pageantries of kings?
Are we more laggard in the race
Than those who fell at Samothrace?

Not only for the bow and sword,
O Victory, be thy reward!
The hands that work with paint and clay
In Beauty's service, shall not they
Also with mighty faith prevail?
Let hope not die, nor courage fail;
But joy come with thee pace for pace,
As once long since in Samothrace.

To the Winged Victory

Grant us the skill to shape the form
And spread the color living-warm
(As they who wrought aforesaid),
Where love and wisdom shall lie hid,
In fair impassioned types to sway
The cohorts of the world to-day,
In Truth's eternal cause, and trace
Thy glory down from Samothrace!

Oh, in the hour of our despair
Be near us, that we still may dare,
And reach through bitter fortitude
Thy glad unconquerable mood!
Lift up the hearts that still must ache
With the long striving, and remake
And strengthen them a little space,
O Victory of Samothrace!

To the Winged Victory

With all the ease and splendid poise
Of one who triumphs without noise,
Wilt thou not teach us to attain
Thy sense of power without strain,
That we a little may possess
Our souls with thy sure loveliness?—
That calm the years cannot deface,
Thou Victory of Samothrace.

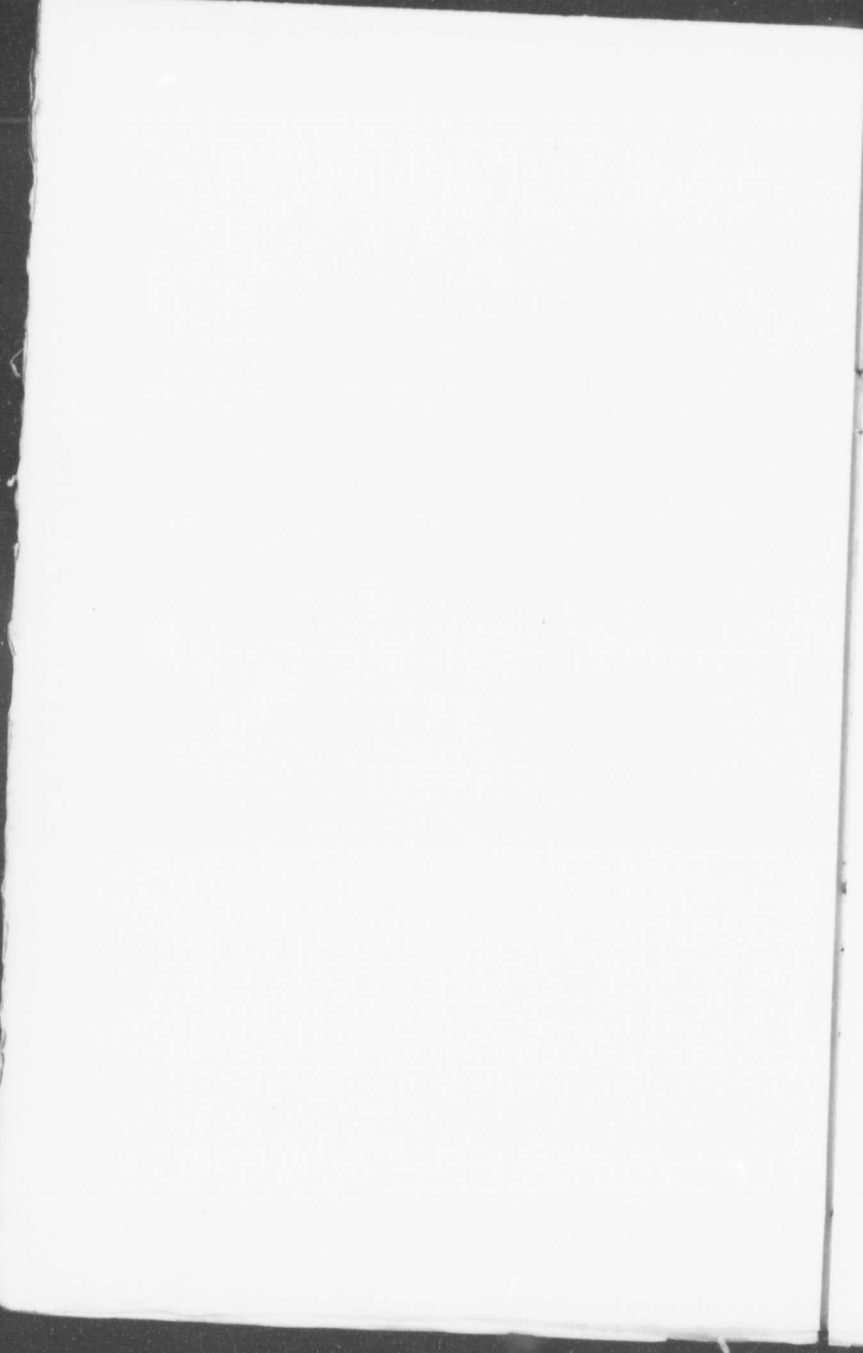
Then in the ancient ceaseless war
With infamy, go thou before!
Amid the shoutings and the drums,
Let it be learned that Beauty comes,
Man's matchless paladin to be,
Whose rule shall make his spirit free
As thine from aught of mean or base,
Thou Victory of Samothrace!

Here ends The Princess of the Tower, The
Wise Men from the East, and To the
Winged Victory, three poems written by
Bliss Carman, and now first collected.

Sixty-two copies (58 on hand-made paper
and 4 on Roman vellum) printed for private
distribution by Frederic and Bertha Goudy
at the Village Press, New York, December
1906.

This copy is No. 13.

Bliss Carman



THE PRINCESS OF THE TOWER
THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST
AND TO THE WINGED VICTORY
THREE POEMS BY BLISS CARMAN

NOW READY

THE PRINCESS OF THE TOWER, The Wise Men from the East, and To the Winged Victory, three poems now first collected.

IT has been Bliss Carman's practice for several years to issue at Christmas time one or more of his poems for private distribution. This year (1906) the Printers persuaded him to do so through the Village Press, allowing the Printers to offer a few copies to their subscribers. His previous editions have been little more than pamphlets, but as such, even, have been difficult to acquire. The present volume is uniform in size with the later ones issued, but in more permanent form.

The edition consists of 62 numbered copies each signed by Mr. Carman; 58 on Arches handmade paper and 4 on vellum; Village type, with decorative initial drawn by Mr. Goudy. Page size $6\frac{1}{2}$ x 10, bound in boards with Holland back. Twenty copies only are available, and the right is reserved to advance the price for unsubscribed copies after February first. Price of paper copies \$5.00 net, and of the vellum \$15.00 net.

This circular shows the size of page and quality of paper used, and the page opposite shows style of typography, margins, etc.

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