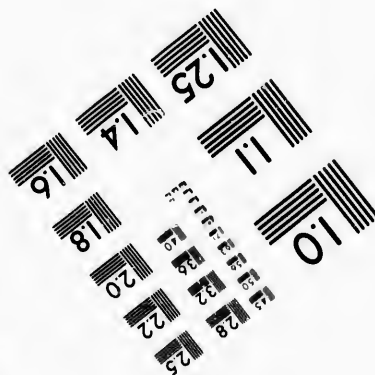
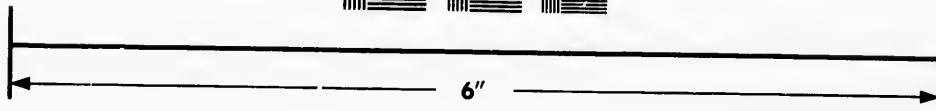
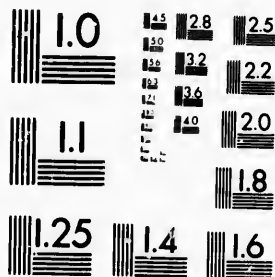


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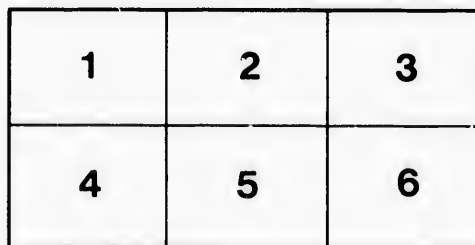
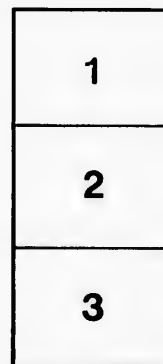
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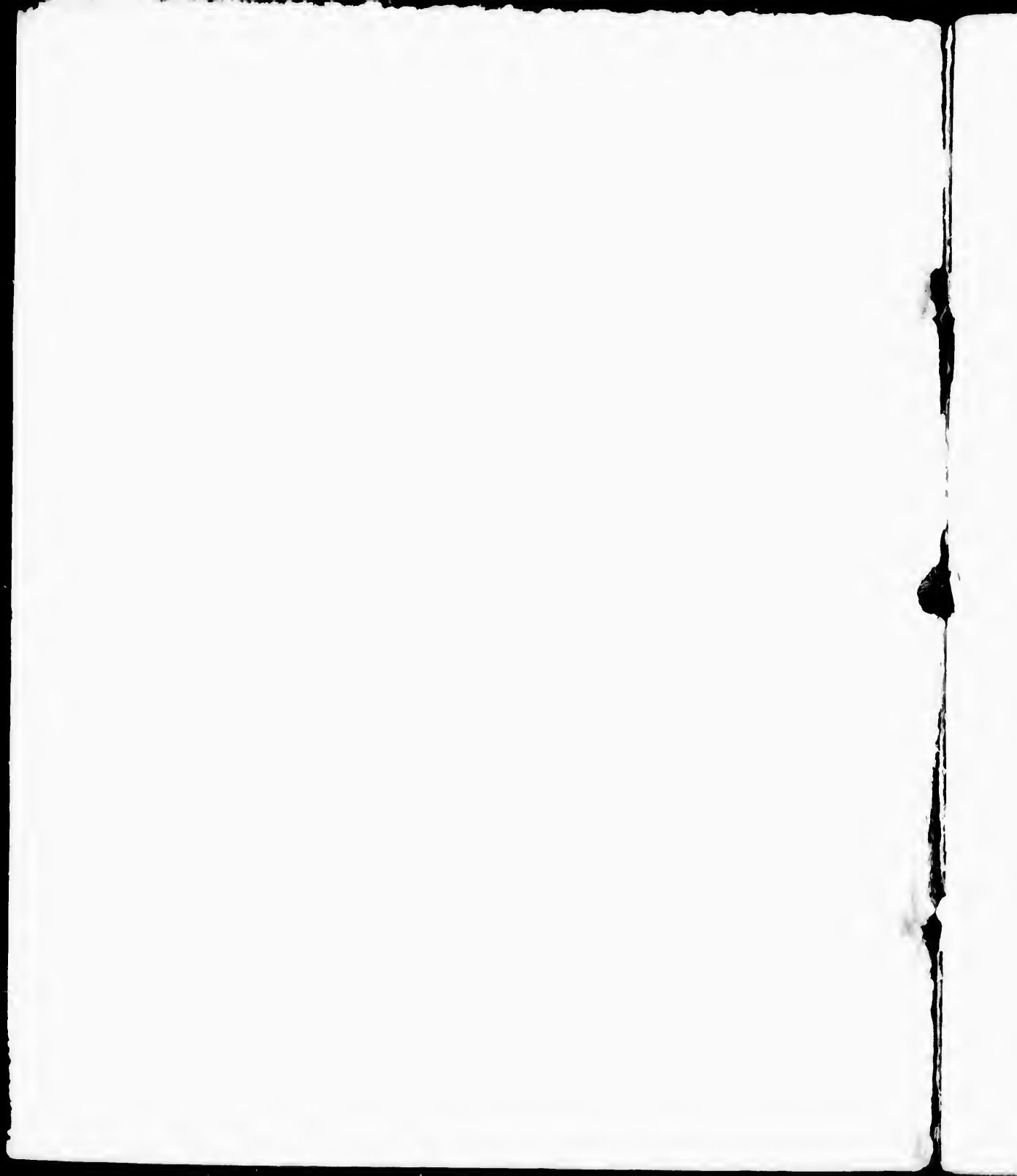
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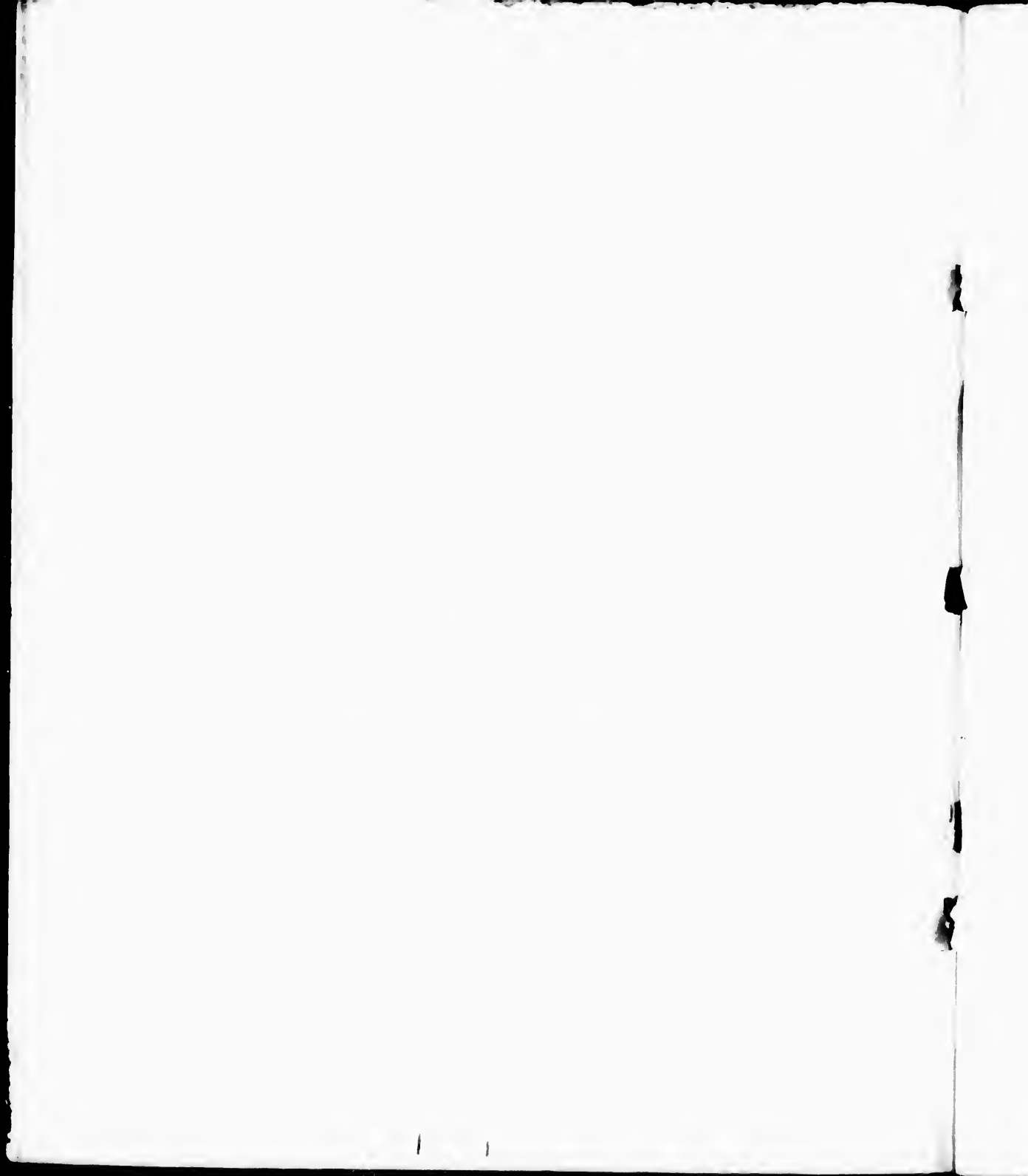
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- Page 4, line 7. for ruin read rime.
- Page 18, line 8. for rising read bursting.
- Page 18, line 15. for twine read wine.
- Page 19, line 6. for today read to day.
- Page 30, line 15. for lillies read lilies.



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TO ONE
WHO SHALL HERE AND NOW BE NAMELESS
I DEDICATE WITH LOVE
MY SONG.

O printer, lend my poems wings :
That they may fly with measure fleet,
Above all mean or earthly things,
To every heart for music meet.

Yours truly,

Charles Frederick Hall.

Truro, N. S.. Dec. '90.

PART I.

(From Sea-Music.)

OFF NORWAY,—'89.

With a "Skoal!" and long bout
 The white viking plights plunder
 To the orient Odin who hirtles on high;
 And the mahlstrom and spout
 Dare their skill, or their blunder,
 Who so brawnily do, and so bravely will die.

* * *

So they fly with the rout
 And twin souls go asunder;
 And from pole unto pole rings a lyric wild cry,
 That is met with a shout
 Of the world's idle wonder
 At her locks of spun gold, and forget-me-not eye.

* * *

And the white-caps are out,
 And the deep sea rolls under;
 And whitely the storm-risen cloud hurries by.
 Faith harbingers doubt
 Just as lightning, then thunder;
 Till, at last, a wide ocean embosom the sky.

LULL.

Saints, what a night !
No light
Is out, and the wind is the cry
Of a lost soul's wild unagony;
First a shriek and a howl,
Then a wail and a sigh,
Where despair sits night long,
And the angels' hopes die.

How the waves prowl
To and fro along the shore,
And show their fangs,
And ramp and roar,
Like lions lashing their sides in fury !—
And our pain will live on,
Spite of judge, or of jury.
Through a double-barred window,
Or chink of the door,
The wild strife will come in;
But the spirit will soar.

Through a lull comes the din
Of the elements' play ;
Then a white flash and thunder ;
And, small room for wonder,
I shut myself in ;
For away at the eaves,
Where the murky air grieves
While I dream as I nod,—
At the dip of the roof
I can hold me aloof
For an hour with God.

* * *

There's the foam in our teeth
And the surge at our breast ;
But away in the lea
With a calm underneath,
Comes the sigh and the boom
Of the tearful, salt sea
Over Canso—at rest.

EBB.
———

From many a tinkling fount and gurly well
Atune to voices of a summer day,
Down bosky gorge, through fret-worn, fern-fringed dell,
Past dapple meadows lush with new-mown hay,
To where the mystic cloud-springs e'er abide
In deeps of ocean, shrinks the moaning tide.

And mark the brine-writ ruin of ages yore
Where foaming billows creep along the beach,
But e'er receding thence a lower reach
Will ebb, and flow, to ebb—for-ever-more.

So, weary of the full, bespent, alone,
Goes out thy soul into the vast unknown;
Yet well I ween the wave that comes no more
Breaks in a sea without or sound, or shore.

SEA-SHINE.

A man may see
Within the mute face
Of a willow pool
A thing
In vain he looks for
On a ruffled bosom
Of the unplumbed sea;
Behold, and go his way,
And soon forget
The manner of a man he was,
The kind of fool.

Not thus to-day
The sea sends
Back
An obsequious shadow of our very own;
Nor lends,
A whit we lack,
Nor ends
Upon the key-note of a monotone
The fugue her sirens play,
Where bar-bells toll.

Not yet

As face to face,
But soul to soul.

* * *

And when, after the strife,
Great peace comes down upon the troubled sea,—
After the wildered waking
That we call our life,
A sleep on all and me,—
Shall we then gazing in each other's eyes,
Find out the secret of our mute surprise?—
The sigh and boom of the eternal sea
An ecstasy of life-song to the free?

* * *

Bone of my bone, thou willow;
And flesh of my flesh, thou pool;
And heart of my heart, thou
Tideful, throbbing sea;
But abyss of deeps and the ages,
Thou infinite, soul of my soul.

PART II.

(From Earth-Song.)

FOIL.
—

The fact is here ;
And, can'st thou see,
Illusion never comes if wanted ;
As sure to wise men as to fools
Who raise a ghost to lay their ghouls,
Of life, and death, and lethe vaunted ;
For, pant'st thou free,
The goal is near.

LYRIC.
—

'Tis often said
The gods are dead ;
Then let us here enshrine the Muse
That floats and falls
Through these proud Halls,
And with sweet song our soul imbues.

SNOW.

A light snow

Whitely veils the grave
Of our late half-blown hope
And half-done deed,
Twin dead whose life
We gave to fate.

And, so,

We are merry, or mourn,
Die early, are born
Late.

While, O

Sweet bridal Earth, thy heart
Beats warm below ;
And thy wide arms
Await me ;
And I own thy charms,
My queen of art,
Till the amaranth blow.

BALD ROCK.

A morning sun aslant upon Bald Rock.
 And, as the drowsy waves, too, rouse
 To a thrill of his warm kiss,
 They coil with a hiss,
 Around their charmer's gaunt
 Form white with age.
 Shock upon shock
 With gathering rage,
 Their green folds touched with fire;
 Until, with many a crunch, and smear of slime,
 Your Peter owns the irony of time.

And so, men deem,
 All shapes of thee and thine,
 But breathed on by a cold, gray dream
 That rises from th' eternal sea,
 Go down to bed more deeply in the brine.

While, through the din
 Of foes that wrestle and of fates that win,
 My one aim is to find without
 A god that I find everywhere within.

PART III.
(From Wood-Notes.)

OUTING.
—

The days wane ;
Till now, in woodland ways,
The dew lies on till noon ;
And the hills are a-blaze
With a flush and swoon
Of carnation stain.

At deep
Of night I've heard
Through sleep
The music and sweep
Of a southing bird.

One call
And an answer,
The answer a call ;
And I, though a man, sir,
Believe in the Fall.

Now, what is true
Of a maze
With a clew,
But—the maze ?

For, autumn, how
Would I chide thy fits
Of summer shine
Through leafless sprays ;
But a song-bird sits
On the budding bough,
And wakes the fays
With a note divine.

And the buds will burst
At a thrill of Spring ;
And the birds come back ;
And the woods shall ring
With a matin song
From over sea.
—Yea, though I long,
Not thou to me.

PART IV.

(From Wind-Voices.)

I

Night-skies of Eden, blue
And gem-set, and night-fall of dew ;
Night-silence flecked with sound
Of gentle stir within no fold ;
And, o'er the untrod wold,
The whirring of white wings
That brood above the night;
And the wide wonder,
But not wish, of holy things.
A soft wind bloweth
Where it listeth
To no sound ;
No one knoweth
Aught persisteth
In this round ;
Though, I trow,
The all-one goeth
Where thy sooth-fast, soft wind bloweth.

O wind-god, fleet-winged god,
 Ere the old, old ways be trod
 Thro' the vale beneath the daisies o'er the dead
 How thou flut'st memorial lays
 Of the coming, coming days
 When these waving, wild farewells
 Have all been said.

II

A breath of Dawn
 That deploys with the Sun;
 But is come and gone
 Ere day is won
 To hearts that are sore,
 And eyes that weep
 Over joys no more,
 And care a-sleep.
 O wind-god, fleet-winged god, &c.

III.

—No saving tones
But bootless booming,
Where the red simoom,
Hies hirtling through the open plain
Unmarred by Moses and the bleaching bones.
A dust,
The foul rust
Of the ages, fills the chinks
And yawning niches
Of the Pantheon ; or quits the level
Of the main
For Brocken Witches
And the Devil ;
Till, whirling in wide flight
It falls in side-long wind-rows
Down the unscarred brow
And brawny breast of Splinx.

Oh wind-god, fleet-winged god,
&c., &c.

PART V.
(From Fire-Tones.)

RED.

For I am child kin with consuming fire ;
 And fairer than the sons of Seth by grief,
 Fore-fatherd by an older sire ;
 And wiser than the wise who weep
 Our woes and fall a-sleep.

I haunt the dream-room in the house of song ;
 And brighter than a pale cast of your Plato's brow,
 The elf-light dances doomily around me now.

Powers my fate opposes ; fuel, rack and blazes,
 And, your polar ice and breezes,
 Feed the flame and fan it
 As it rises round my pyre.

—Night

To your cycling, ample, astral age !
 But on its front is writ a fiery rune ;
 A soul of man burns through the prison cage
 That pens in every singing son of light.

TOCSIN.

—Oh Isobel !

Why then, from hour to hour,
Thus weave thy spell
Around my heart ;
When, from this bower
O'ershrined with passion-flowers adew,
We part ?

* * *

How blind to foes ;
How numb
With pain ; how in a dumb
Revolt I wait
The holy hour
When from this tower
Peals forth a knell
Of fears and fate.

WITNESS.
—

Up in flame and down to ashes
Went brave things in days of old,
Breathing out 'mid lurid flashes,
Incense of a life-song bold.

Heart of creeds of endless æons,
Teach me all the witting dower,
That can dirges turn to pæans,
Flesh to soul, and will to power.

Never shall their praises ringing
Fail and perish to a name;
For a poet sends them singing
Down to ashes, up in flame.

S—.

Only to breathe the magic of thy name!
Only to hear the music of thy voice!
Only to feel the fire of passion-flame
Burn high to know my love doth list my choice.

Only to touch thy warm relenting palm,
Thine out-post and thy artless lover's norm,
And feel my rising soul grow fiercely calm,
As fury that in-dwells the rising storm!

Only to roam like spirits through the brake
Unto some sunlit bower in the wood!
Only to twine like lilies in the lake!
Only to fill the measure of our mood!

Only to feel thy warm limbs pulse with mine!
Only to drink thy sweet life at thy lips!
Only to feel my blood run warm like twine!
Only a swoon of bliss to finger-tips.

Then just to gaze in dewy eyes of blue !
Then just to toy and dally with thy hair !
Then just to clip Elysium anew !
Seek love in thee and find it—everywhere !

LYRIC.

The frailest life that flits athwart the sod
Up-drawn today and dreams by sacred fire,
Doth show me how, belike, the will of god
Is this intense, untold, divine, desire.

For, though love's faintest germ bestir thy soul,
It doth my every surging wish intone ;
And sure as lightning to th' eternal pole
True love meets love along the nooning zone.

PART VI.

(From God-Win, a Trilogy.)

TALISMAN.

—Mum!

After an ample æon
 Of bugle, anthem, pæan,
 Dirige,
 Low muffled drum,
 And bird-notes o'er the wild,
 What of the lively stone?—
 The fountain of all youth?—
 The utter Jews' gentility?—
 The avatar of truth?
 For all who feel a daily thorn,
 For unborn
 Fools of the here
 And now,
 What cheer?

—The sun.

Two El Dorados gleam
A-face, aghast ;
The gilded future,
And the golden past ;
In this all joy's remembered,
And all pain forgot ;
In that the sweet's eternal ;
And the gall is not.

The die is cast,
And fire
Shall feed upon a liar
While he last.

While god works on
Let fools go dumb.

FOE.
—

As once, for good cheer they say,
A wag danced a corpse at a wake,
Here's a blend for your shield:—
The dead moon
Whirls a weirdly roundel
To the reeling Earth,
Out setting to the void ;
And, in the latest sun,
The same one end of all begun
The death in birth.

All shapes deep sunk in gloom
Leave not a rack
Behind ; no track
Or trail of light
To point the doom
Of starless night.

But in this swoon
Of all in one,
Who spells a myth
May read my rune
Of the frozen breath ;
The last wild note
Of the vanishing bird,
To the last laid ghoul
Of a banishing herd.

For in this late abyss of deeps
Where cloyed love lies
Where wan thought sleeps,
The never wise
Is he who weeps
The death of Death.

WON.

(Known as Titanic.)

A rune of un-sung life-song
 In the word ;
 As how the shade of hero,
 Like a bird,
 Should hover o'er the urn
 Wherein were seal'd
 The power
 That would never yield
 To fate :—
 As if a note
 From one fair throat
 Could wake the ashes,
 And cast out the mote.

And when this fulsome pent-house broken lies,
 No more; the bird, too, flies,—
 No ruth,—
 Into the ample, unplumbed, azure of all truth.

But, as the teeming sea-foam
 Gave to Venus birth,
 Come purple flowers
 From the blood-sown earth.

For, lo, a frozen breath
 Bedews the dust
 Where moth and rust,
 At beck of death,
 Held Carnival ;
 Till, from the sod
 Too vital now with lust
 Of Parsifal,
 Anemones reveal the God.

Even so
 My soul doth wait return ;
 The while my heart doth burn
 To know—
 My dust shall spring in daisies,
 And a thought transmute my foe.

PART VII.
(Miscellaneous.)

CORYPHEUS.

My soul brooks all delay. No fear, or lure,
Can pinion the divine of this one thing
I do. Let thunder roll, or joy-bells ring ;
It boots not, when all vauntings meet the sure
Cloud-piercing glance of one clear eye. Immure
Thee, hence! nor haunt me ; for no power can bring
To naught my urgent fancy while I sing
One theme of thee, sweet thought, that shall endure.

Here, breathless rapture where no wild birds throng,
To trill emancipation from all dream ;
And there's a holy hush that tells the air
Till burst a clarion o'er a low despair.
Then pause, and loom, and swing, dear worlds, ye teem
With angel choirs, perchance, that wait my song.

RAPHAEL.
—

How in this moiling North
Where polar ices chill the heart of June,
My soul goes beetling forth
To bathe me in the lush-warm southern noon !

What boot the brawling seas
O'er which my viewless thought doth softly wing?
Or cycles of unease,
If but the bird within my heart doth sing ?

O Raphael ! who mourn
Thee gone from time and sense to rayless night ;
Could they but see new-born
As I do now, in the sweet-limning might
Of an eternal May ;
With me in uplift out of time and ruth,
Wide-eyed in dateless day,
Should find thee deathless in the round of truth.

KEY.
—

'Tis first a cry
And, then, the tonal key ;
As first the thing I see,
And then my eye.
Or when you laugh,
And up or down a minor third ;
As if you reached expression,
And fell short by half.
And so your bird
Feels, as I sometimes think, in a minor key.
For, if one touch the major truth,
He tells too much, me-thinks,
By more than half, as a bell clinks.
Again, your fly chromatics :
Rush, ripple, and rumble,—
No blunder,—
Pearls, opals and diamonds :
Some nice acrobatics
In lightning and thunder.
But oh ! The fine speech, that pours in upon me
Through your enharmonic doing,
Bars all song.

RONDO.
—

“I don’t know how to flirt” she sighed;
 And turned a peerless head to hide
 A rising blush; “such fine art wants
 A hand it finds in other haunts
 Then these, white-blown of time and tide.”

“But teach me; and, when I have tried
 My hand on thee, I’ll throw aside
 My fear, nor falter to thy taunts

“I don’t know how to flirt.”

And such the pow’r we like the wide
 World through; for guileless arts abide
 When fail the wiles a woman vaunts
 Before a man that nothing daunts,—
 Till twin eyes twinkle, though lips chide,

“I don’t know how to flirt.”

RONDO.

“When lilies blow, we’ll meet again.”
 I would they were the rose; for then
 I’d choose the red and leave the white
 To blush a crimson at thy sight,
 Who’d’st brave a lion in his den.

For though one fare o’er fell and fen
 For thee, and stake both brains and pen,
 His love must prove its own sheer might
 When lilies blow.

Ah, woman, far above thy ken
 I’ve pawned for one the precepts ten;
 So, when the clouds go high and light,
 Come, if thou wilt, in lilies dight
 To foil thy blush-red choice of men—
 When lillies blow.

RONDO.

A note to meet! Ah, so have I;
But thine's for gold, and mine for pi;
Plain duty binds thee, and the note;
And both remind me that a vote
Of all the gods is--Do, or die.

So fate confronts me as I try
To make ends meet; nor fathoms why
No man on earth to me may quote
"A note to meet."

Then let a world wag idly by;
While thou wilt strive, though I but cry
In airs Titanic and remote;
But, but if our paper we would float,
Let's take to wings; for poets fly--
A note to meet.

SONNET.

Stay me the hour! P'd measure out again
Its fluctuant wealth of passion, pain, its strong
Up-striving, un-attained desire, and wroug
Emprise above the reach of voice or pen ;
Ay, in the capture, thou wilt find for men
The secret of the singer, and the long,
Deep dreams of waking bliss that beggar song,
The rapture far above all human ken.

Thus life cries out upon this lonely shore
Where the fleet hours glide by with hectic glow
And hollow eyes, and vanish—where the snow
Lies whitely in the azure, quiet Nore ;
And so, love triumphs still o'er time and woe,
And towers ageless here for-ever-more.

BALLAD OF WAITING.

(In Harvard Library.)

As impatient the words of all wise men I scan,
And thrice turn all their meaning and mystery o'er,
What a cordial I find for the heart of a man
Who will ponder in silence their tomes of old lore,
And unveil to himself all the magic of yore
That transfigures to good all that comes soon, or late ;
That makes better of worse, and the less seem the more,
And assures "All things come unto him who will wait !

Then I reason with Science who fareth no ban
Of the priests or the laymen who feed on her store;
And she walks in the fire; and she plieth a fan,
And the chaff lieth white on the wide garner floor
As the husk of the seed that I bring ; in the core
Is the germ of all fact, or illusion ; the date
And the norm, and the term of the infinite; more
Sayeth not, "All things come unto him who will wait."

Last I come unto faith, a one light in the van ;
 And to art, her shekinali, libations I pour
 'Mid the lyre-notes of Orpheus, and pipings of Pan;
 While the slaves at the rear, and the free in the fore,
 God-like forms crowned with youth, and old age bent and hoar,
 Feel the rapture of being pulses all small and great ;—
 As the guerdon of all who will mine the rich ore
 And believe " All things come unto him who will wait."

L'ENVOI.

Then to waifs on life's sea, and to strays on her shore :
 Is it death comes alone as the goal of all fate ?
 Pray ye, life urgeth after as life went before ;
 Whence, perchance, all things come unto him who will wait.

EARL.

I am the light of an eye of the fire,
 I am the pall of the moons all a-wane;
 I am the warp of the Earth's arch desire,
 I am the woof of a heaven's disdain;
 I am a force in phenomenal round,
 And the power at stay in the noumenal sun;
 I am the stars, and the pathless unbound
 Of the azure they blazon when day is undone.

II

I am the breath on the lips of the morn,
 I am the wing of the weary simoom;
 I am the wind of all Eden's wide bourn,
 I am the unfrozen breath of all doom;
 I am the hush of the rathest blue dawn,
 And the song in the heart of the silence abroad,
 I am the worth of a poet in pawn
 To the want of a pitiful, blundering God.

III.

I am the mother of all that can be,
 I am the child of primordial seed ;
 I am the loins of the I that am he,
 I am the doer as well as the deed ;
 When the earth stirs from her trammel and trance
 To a thrill that arouses the Wyrð of the spring,
 I am the warmth of the sun's burning glance,
 And the bride, and the bans, and the book, and the ring.

IV.

I am the mirth in the rills of the May,
 I am the billows that beat on the shore ;
 I am the here and now, shrine of the fay
 That can lurk in a pearl of ephemeral frore ;
 I am a waif and the tireless wave
 As it comes from the deep to disport in the shoals ;
 I am a stray where no sea-fallows rave,
 And all currents that flow, and the pole of all poles.

V.

I am the atoms in leash to the one,
 I am a leash of the atoms in thrall;
I am the wit of a will un-begun,
 I am the will of a wit of the all:
I am the life of the cosmical germ,
 And the formula rapt in the absolute naught;
I am the way of the norm, and the term
 Of the infinite work of an infinite thought.

VI.

I am a thought that lies mute in the brain,
 And the thing that cries out in the heart all day long;
I am an I time and space cannot chain,
 The Shekinah of Art, and the solace of song;
I am the false; ay, and I am the true;
 I am the spirit that broods in the still;
I am a wish, and the fetters I woo;
 I am an epi-phenomenal will.

FLIGHT.

Is thy faith will
Against the sun ?
And the world's end
Where earth and blue sky meet ?
Ten chances are to one
Thy feet
Have never borne thee
To where bend
The heavens to a hill.

Or, if I dare
What no men try
In ways of air,
The winds go by,
And the white stars
Flare
Out along the sky,
Till, with bare brow for targe,
And chrism of dew,

There fall the dusky bars
Between this pent-house of the dirge,
Of all good-bye,
And that sweet outmost marge
Without a verge;—
Then top the whitest peak
Of wide renown
And all you seek,
Till thy wide view
Reach a full orb down
The irid round
Of dun, pied earth
And sapphire sea:—
Who not till then have found
What long leagues lie,
Between the wings that waver
And the feet that fly.

SKY-LARK.

—A lark !

And eyes
Went up into the skies
To find
The bird :
For then one heard,
But saw not :—blind.

Pity, O fate,
Who neither see, nor hear,
A bard elate.

But, lark,
Soar on and sing,
While deaf men nod ;
Thy song and thou, perchance,
Are not for earth—but God.

CLOUD-WAYS OF AVON.

(A piece of Realism.)

Red, red! Ere the day is dead,
Sink the sun's weary limbs
To a slumberous bed.

Red, red! Ere the last flush is fled
Rise the Earth's evening hymns
Of her mystery bred.

White, white! In the moon's wan light
Fall the stars tiny rays
On the frost and the blight.

White, white! In a swift, breathless flight
Hies in a soul through the haze
To the hush of the night.

Blue, blue! And the white clouds, too,
Have caught the deep tone
Of cerulean hue.

Blue, blue! All the weary to woo
Falls the midnight full-blown
Through a chrism of dew.

SKY.
—

O deep of sky, 'tis thou alone art boundless ;
'Tis thou alone art free of time's enthrall ;
'Thou art a fathomless, untided, soundless ;
'Thou art the one that swallows up our all.

Down thy blue steeps what sure abide of reaches,
Where hope and love their wings may never tire!
The blazon of thy stars a lesson teaches,
That fares beyond our measure of desire.

'Thou art the avatar of all un-being ;
'The finite of an infinite un-thought ;
'Thou art a vision of the Earth's un-seeing ;
'The faith of every weary fight un-faught.

'Thou art a hush whereon I lay a rhythm
Of music that can find no ample rhyme.

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