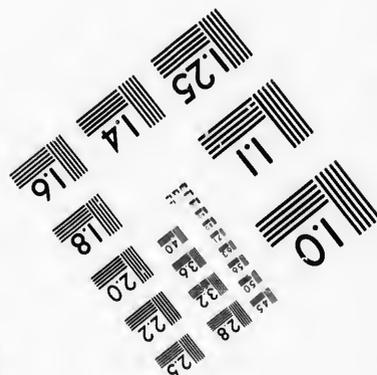
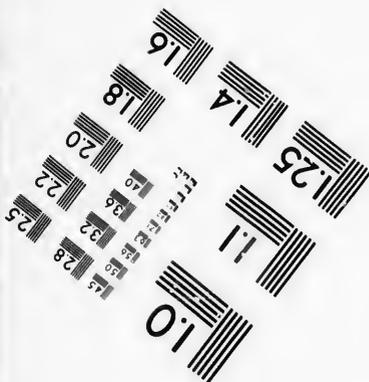
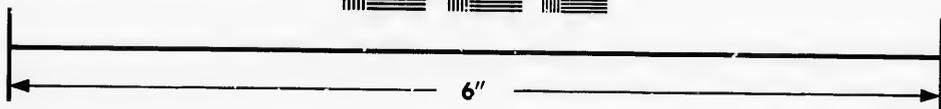
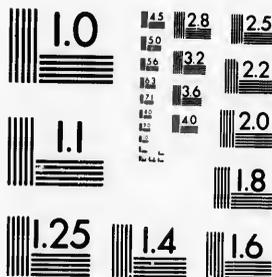


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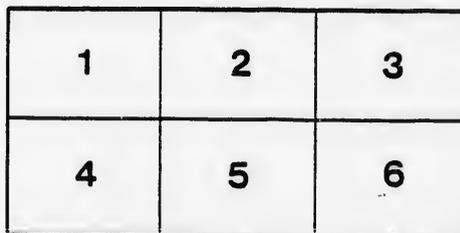
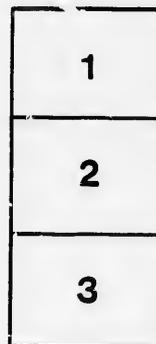
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## A WOMAN'S EXILE.

The winter's dull unfathomed gray,  
So near and wide against my door,  
Reats in lull of hollow day;  
There breaks not here across my floor  
One home-bird shadow, through the door  
There stirs no call, there leads no way.

Once more in exile ere I die,  
O Spirit-Mother, Acadie,  
Stretch hands and take me back to thee,  
When April comes and night goes by,  
When snows melt down in Acadie  
To swift blue runnels filled with sky.

There bring me home though years be  
long,  
When some still hour, unheard, at dawn,  
The sparrows come, and joy has gone  
Across the morning, far along  
My river reaches in the dawn,  
To pierce the golden Spring with song!

I do remember how the sun  
In that north land when May was there,  
Would drench the noon with leisure,  
where  
The great calm river-floods did run,  
Strewn by the golden willows there  
With subtle germs of Spring begun.

And I remember how we came  
All day along the stream with calls  
Of shy new-comers, till sunfall's  
Untroubled quiet heard my name,  
Under the low glad swallow-calls,  
Divide the gradual dusk with flame.

I weary homeward far o'er sea;  
For there a little I would dream  
Beside my quiet willow stream,—  
Once more at evening, it may be,  
To hear his voice across my dream  
Unbar the golden Spring for me.

### THROUGH THE TWILIGHT.

The red vines bar my window way;  
The Autumn sleeps beside his fire,  
For he has sent this fleet-foot day  
A year's march back to bring to me  
One face whose smile is my desire,—  
Its light my star.

Surely you will come near and speak,  
This calm of death from the day to  
sever!  
And so I shall draw down your cheek  
Close to my face—So close!—and know  
God's hand between our hands forever  
Will set no bar.

Before the dusk falls—even now  
I know your step along the gravel,  
And catch your quiet poise of brow,  
And wait so long till you turn the latch!  
Is the way so hard you had to travel?  
Is the land so far?

The dark has shut your eyes from mine,  
But in this hush of brooding weather  
A gleam on twilight's gathering line  
Has riven the barriers of dream:  
Soul of my soul, we are together  
As the angels are!

### LOW TIDE ON GRAND-PRE.

The sun goes down, and over all  
These barren reaches by the tide  
Such unelusive glories fall,  
I almost dream they yet will bide  
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,  
By any ecstasy of dream,  
He lingers to keep luminous  
A little while the grievous stream,  
Which frets, uncomforted of dream,—

A grievous stream, that to and fro  
Through the fields of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago

In a childish whim,  
He spilled the wine  
Upon the floor,—  
In beads on the brim  
Was glitter of brine,—  
Then, out at the door  
In a childish whim!

Out of the storm,  
In the flickering light,  
A broken glass  
Lies on our warm  
Hearthstone to-night,  
While shadows pass  
Out of the storm.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

In sorrow and shame  
For the craven heart  
In manhood's breast  
With valor's name,  
Let him depart  
Unto his rest  
In sorrow and shame.

In after years  
God, who bestows  
Or withholds the valor,  
Shall wipe all tears—  
Haply, who knows?—  
From his face's pallor  
In after years.

He could not learn  
To fight with his peers  
In sturdier fashion;  
Let him return  
Through the night with tears,  
Stung with the passion  
He could not learn.

All bountiful, calm,  
Where the great stars burn,  
And Spring bloom smothers  
The night with balm,  
Let him return  
To the silent Mother's  
All bountiful calm.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn  
Friends, let him rest.

### THE WRAITH OF THE RED SWAN.

Why carries the flash of his blade?  
At morning he sailed from me,  
From the depth of our high beech glade,  
To the surge and the sea;  
I followed the gleam of his blade.

The cherries were flowering white,  
And the Nashwaak Islands flooded,  
When the long Red Swan took flight;  
On a wind she scudded  
With her gunwale buried from sight,  
Till her sail drew down out of sight.

He shouted "A northward track,  
Before the swallows have flown!"  
And now the cherries are black,  
And the clover is brown,  
And the Red Swan comes not back.

The stream-bends, hidden and shy,  
With their harvest of lilies are  
strewn;  
The gravel bars are all dry  
And warm in the noon,  
Where the rapids go swirling by,—  
Go singing and rippling by.

Through many an evening gone,  
Where the roses drank the breeze,  
When the pale slow moon outshone  
Through the slanting trees,  
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.

How I should know that one

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**THE RED SWAN.**  
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Where the rake of her gunwale dipped  
As the spent black waves ran aft,  
In a hand for helm there was gripped  
The sheen of a haft,  
Which sang in the furrows it ripped.  
Then I knew and was glad, for what  
foam  
Could the rush of her speed o'er-  
whelm  
If Louis and his Whitehaulm  
Were Steersman and helm,  
When the long Red Swan drave home,  
When the long Red Swan drave home?  
Yet ever the sweeping mist  
Was a veil to his face from me,  
Though yearning I well half wist  
What his look might be  
From the carven bend of his wrist.

Then a break, and the cloud was gone,  
And there was his set keen face  
Afire with smouldring dawn  
In the joy of her race,  
In the flight of the long Red Swan,  
In the flight of the long Red Swan;  
Though drenched in the spray-drift  
hoar,  
As of old it was ruddy and warm  
Through the black hair, grizzled and  
frore,  
Whipped out on the storm;  
Then "Louis!" I launched on the roar.  
O'er night and the brawl of the stream  
The hail of my cry flew on;  
He turned with a smile supreme,  
And the long Red Swan  
Grew dim as the wraith of a dream,  
As the blown white wraith of a dream.

Look! Burnished and blue, what a  
sweep  
Of river outwinds in the sun;  
What miles of shimmering deep  
Where the hills grow one  
With their shadow of summer and  
sleep!  
I gase from the cedar shade  
Day long, high over the beach,  
And never a ripple is laid  
To the long blue reach,  
Where faded the gleam of that blade,  
The far gold flash of his blade.

I follow and dream and recall,  
Forget and remember and dream;  
When the interval grass waves tall,  
I move in the gleam  
Where his blade-beats glitter and fall.

Yet never my dream gets clear  
Of the whispering bodeful spell  
The aspen shudders to hear,  
Yet hurries to tell—  
How the long Red Swan draws near,  
How the long Red Swan draws near.

### IN LYRIC SEASON.

The lyric April time is forth  
With lyric mornings, frost and sun;  
From leaguers vast of night undone  
Auroral mild new stars are born.

And ever at the year's return,  
Along the valleys gray with rime,  
Thou leadest as of old, where time  
Can nought but follow to thy way.

The trail is far through leagues of Spring  
And long the quest to the white core  
Of harvest quiet, yet once more  
I gird me to the old unrest.

I know I shall not ever meet  
Thy calm regard across the year,  
And yet I know thou wilt draw near,  
Nor stir the hour asleep on guard

Beside the orchard, when sthwart  
The dusk, a meteor's gleam unbars  
God's lyric of the April stars  
Above the autumn hills of dream.

### IN APPLE TIME.

Regathers as rapids together,  
Outfleeing the traces of flight.

In the valley of morrow for shelter,  
It beats at the goal of the sun;  
Almost the veil of remembrance  
As a weaving of shade is undone.

Often and often at evening  
The woodland curtain swings;  
I call you, then—it has fallen!  
Only the woodthrush sings.

Over the floor of midnight  
Wanders a matchless rhyme,  
Blown of the wind asunder—  
Out from the echo of time.

### SHELLEY.

One heart of all the hearts of men,  
Tameless nor free,  
Plunged for a moment in the fire  
Of old regret and young desire,  
A meteor rushed through air, and then—  
What eyes can see?

O rebel captive, fallen soul,  
Self-strong and proud,  
Throbbing to lift against the stars  
An angel voice—whose frenay mars  
And frats the song which thou wouldst  
roll  
Aloft aloud!

To thee was given half to mould  
That heart of thine  
(Knowing all passion and the pain  
Of man's imperious disdain)  
Into a song whose splendor told  
The dawn divine.

It heid the rapture of the hills  
Deep in its core;  
The purple shadows of the ocean  
Moved it to supreme emotion,  
The harvest of those barren rills  
Was in its store.

Thine was a love that strives and calls,  
Outcast from home,  
Burning to free the soul of man  
With some new life: how strange, a ban  
Should set thy sleep beneath the walls  
Of changeless Rome!

More soft, I deem, from spring to spring,  
Thy sleep would be,  
Where this far western headland lies  
Beneath these matchless azure skies,  
Under thee hearing beat and swing,  
The eternal sea.

A bay so beauteous islanded—  
A sea so stilled—  
You well might dream the world were  
new;  
And some fair day's Italian blue,  
Unsoiled of all the ages dead,  
Should be fulfilled.

Where all the livelong day and night  
A music stirs,  
The summer wind should find thy home,  
And fall in lulls and cease to roam:  
A covert resting, warm and bright,  
Among the firs.

An ageless forest dell, which knows  
Nor grief nor fear,  
Across whose green red-berried floor  
Fresh spring shall come and winter hoar,  
With keen delight and rapt repose  
Each year by year.

And there the thrushes, calm, supreme,  
Forever reign,  
Whose glorious kingly golden throats  
Hold but a few remembered notes;  
Yet in their song is blent no dream  
Or tinge of pain!

*Frye's Island, N. B.*

### FIRST CROAK.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Tell her I  
Long to go,—

mark the forest,

God's lyric of the April stars

FIRST CROAK

Through the mists of Acadie  
Goes wandering, as if to know  
Why one beloved face should be  
So long from home an' Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago  
We took the grasses in our hands,  
And caught the summer flying low  
Over the waving meadow lands,  
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet—  
A drowsy inland meadow stream—  
At set of sun the after-beat  
Made running gold, and in the gleam  
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk  
We lifted dripping blade to drift,  
Through twilight scented fine like musk,  
Where night and gloom awhile uplit,  
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands—  
Spirit of life or subtler thing—  
Breathed on us there, and loosed the  
bands  
Of death, and taught us, whispering,  
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed  
To hold the shadow of the sun;  
The evening faltered, and I deemed  
That time was ripe, and years had done  
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

So all desire and all regret,  
And fear and memory, were naught;  
One to remember or forget  
The keen delight our hands had caught;  
Tomorrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .  
Now and again comes drifting home,  
Across these aching barrens wide,  
A sigh like driven wind or foam:  
In grief the flood is bursting home!

### CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night  
The fire of wintry sunsets hold;  
Again in dreams you burn to light  
A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it  
Is bland with long ethereal days;  
The gleaming martins wheel and lit  
Where breaks your sun down orient  
ways.

There, when the gradual twilight falls,  
Through quietudes of dusk afar,  
Hermit antiphonal hermit calls  
From hills below the first pale star.

Then in your passionate love's foredoom  
Once more your spirit stirs the air,  
And you are lifted through the gloom  
To warn the coils of her dark hair!

### ILICET.

Friends, let him rest  
In midnight now.  
Desire has gone  
On the weary quest  
With aching brow:  
Until the dawn,  
Friends, let him rest.

With a boy's desire  
He set the cup  
To his lips to drink;  
The ruddy fire  
Was lifted up  
At day's cool brink,  
With a boy's desire.

The heart of a boy!  
He tasted life,  
And the bitter sting  
Of sorrow in joy,  
Failure in strife,  
Was pain to wring  
The heart of a boy.

Where the roses drink the breeze,  
When the pale slow moon outhone  
Through the slanting trees,  
I dreamed of the long Red Swan.

How I should know that one  
Great stroke and the time of the  
swing  
Urging her on and on,  
Spring after spring,  
Lifting the long Red Swan,  
Lifting the long Red Swan!

How I should drink the foam—  
The far white lines from her swift  
Keen bow when, hurrying to come,  
With lift upon lift  
The long Red Swan came home!

Here would I crouch down low,  
And watch the Red Swan from far,  
A speck in the evening, grow  
To a flaming star  
In the dusk as of ages ago,  
In the dusk of ages ago.

I would lean and with lips apart  
See the streak of the Red Swan's  
fire  
Glow dim at the twilight's heart,—  
Feel the core of desire  
From the slumber of years upstart.

How soon should the day grow wan,  
And a wind from the south unfold,  
Like the low beginning of dawn,—  
Grow steady and hold  
In the race of the long Red Swan,  
In the race of the long Red Swan!

How glad of their river once more  
Would the crimson wings unfurl,  
And the long Red Swan, on the road  
Of a whitecap swirl,  
Steer in to the arms of her shore!

But the wind is the voice of a dirge.  
What wonder allures him, what  
care,  
So far on the world's bleak verge?  
Why lingers he there,  
By the sea and the desolate surge,  
In the sound of the moan of the surge?

Last midnight the thunder rode  
With the lightning astride of the  
storm  
Low down in the east, where glowed  
The fright of his form  
On the ocean-wild rack he betwode.

The hills were his ocean wan,  
And the white tree-tops foamed  
high,  
Lashed out of the night, whereon  
In a gust fled by  
A wraith of the long Red Swan,  
A wraith of the long Red Swan.

Her crimson bellying sail  
Was fleckered with brine and  
spume;  
Its taught wet clew, through the veil  
Of the driving fume,  
Was sheeted home on the gale.

The shoal of the fury of night  
Was a bank in the fog, where-  
through  
Hissed the Red Swan in her flight;  
She shrilled as she flew,  
A shriek from the seething white,  
In the face of the world grown white.

She labored not in the sea,  
Careened but a handbreadth over,  
And, the gleam of her side laid free  
For the drift to cover,  
Sped on to the dark in her lee.

Through crests of the hoarse tide swing  
Clove sheer the sweep of her bow;  
There was loosed the ice-roaring of  
Spring  
From the jaws of her prow,—  
Of the long Red Swan full-wing,  
The long Red Swan full wing

God's lyre  
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God's lyric of the April stars  
Above the autumn hills of dream.

## IN APPLE TIME.

The apple harvest days are here,  
The boding apple harvest days,  
And down the flaming valley ways,  
The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with  
Spring,

To call you on the slopes of morn,  
Where in imperious June is born  
The wild heart of the goldenwing.

I roved through alien summer lands,  
I sought your beauty near and far;  
To-day, where russet shadows are,  
I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,  
The haas undern sleeps in sun.  
Remembrance and desire, undone,  
From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,  
The tender apple, harvest time;  
A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,  
Settles upon the brooding year.

## A RIFT.

O what a dream I could dream you,  
If only the words would rhyme!  
But noon and shadow are neighbors,  
And sorrow is playmate of time.

How you should loiter forever  
Through nights of entrancing May,  
Where the hill flowers blow tender  
Just in the coming of day!

How you should grow with their growing,  
And watch through the underleaves  
That old renewal of wonder  
The gloaming of dawn unweaves!

Filled with the freshening hours,  
There you should wander and muse,  
Child of the stars and the uplands  
Calm in their twilights and dews.

There in the infinite silence  
How we should learn and forget,  
Know and be known, and remember  
Only the name of regret!—

One in that beauty of quiet,  
Twain as the beat of a rhyme,  
Seeds of a single desire  
In the heart of the apple of time.

There you would ripen to harvest,—  
Spirit of dream and of dew!—  
Breath on the air till the fire  
At the core of night burned through

The forest of brown stream waters,  
Riving their glooms with gold,  
Whereon the white drifts of lilies  
Flake upon flake unfold,—

Then with that brow unshadowed,  
Turn and remember and smile:  
Failure, despairing, and travail  
Are dead in the weary while.

So shall regret and long dreaming  
Take joy and fulfilment to rhyme,  
On the verge of summer and morning  
Beyond the borders of time.

Here when the dusk half covers,  
And the twilight half reveals,  
The clew of a woven shadow  
The glare of midnight conceals.

There springs to the trail, and follows,  
The cry of a wild sweet thing—  
At last shall desire unravel  
The wind in the hollows of Spring!

It hurtles and dies and re-echoes  
Abroad on the shallows of night,

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Tell her I  
Long to go,—

Only am  
Satisfied  
Where the wide  
Maples flame,

Over those  
Hills of fir,  
Flooding her  
Morning snows.

Thou shalt see,  
Break and sing  
Days of Spring,  
Dawning free.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly,—  
Strive, or die  
Striving so!

Darker hearts,  
We, than some  
Who shall come  
When Spring starts.

Well I see,  
You and I  
By and by  
Shall get free.

Only now,  
Beat away  
As we may  
Best know how!

Never soar  
We, nor float;  
But one note,  
And no more.

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly!  
Would that I  
Too might go!

Lark or thrush  
Someday, you  
Up the blue  
Cleave the hush

O the joy  
Then you feel,  
Who shall steal  
Or destroy?

Have not I  
Known how good,  
Field and wood,  
Stream and sky?—

Longed to free  
Soul in flight,  
Night by night,  
Tree to tree?

Northward, crow,  
Croak and fly  
You and I,—  
Striving, go.

Still though fail  
Singing, keep  
Croaking deep  
Strong and hale!

Flying straight,  
Soon we go  
Where the snow  
Tarries late.

Yet the Spring  
Is—how sweet!  
Hark that beat:  
Goldenwing!

Good for all  
Faint of heart,  
What a start  
In his call!

Northward crow,  
Croak and fly,  
Though the sky  
Thunder No!

Bliss Carman

