

MOONSHINE

Songs and Ballads

SOLD AT A

Labor Day Merrymaking

OF THE

TWILIGHT FAKIRS.

THE SPELL

I HUNG a string of verses
Against my cabin wall,
What think you was the fortune
They prayed might me befall?

Not fame nor health nor riches
To tarry at my door,
But that my vanished sweetheart
Might visit me once more.

Out of the moted day-dream
Among the bodling firs,
They prayed she might remember
The lover that was hers.

They prayed the gates of silence
A moment might unclose,
The hour before the hill-crest
Is flushed with solemn rose.

O prayers of mortal longing,
What latch can ye undo?
What comrade once departed
Ever returned for you?

All day with tranqui spirit
I kept my cabin door,
In wonder at the beauties
I had not seen before.

I slept the dreamless slumber
Of happiness again:
And when I woke, the thrushes
Were singing in the rain.

Moonshine, Twilight Park, N. Y.,
2, September, 1901.

LP
PS 8455
A84M6

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DAISIES

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood ;
And all of their singing was, "Earth it is well !"
And all their dancing was, "Life, thou art good !"

MARIGOLDS

THE marigolds are nodding :
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently ;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother,
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain ;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love ;
They may relent and tell you
What they are thinking of.

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2, September, 1901.

*Jean Hunter
from
William Bliss*

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AS4M6

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THE SCEPTICS

It was the little leaves beside the road.

Said Grass, "What is that sound
So dimly profound.
That detonates and desolates the air?"
"That is St. Peter's bell."
Said rain-wise Pimpernel:
"He is music to the godly,
Though to us he sounds so oddly,
And he terrifies the faithful unto prayer."

Then something very like a groan
Escaped the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "And whither track
These creatures all in black,
So weebegone and penitent and meek?"
"They're mortals bound for church,"
Said the little Silver Birch;
"They hope to get to heaven
And have their sins forgiven,
If they talk to God about it once a week."

And something very like a smile
Ran through the naughty little leaves.

Said Grass, "What is that noise
That startles and destroys
Our blessed summer brooding when we're tired!
"That's folk a-praising God,"
Said the tough old cynic Clod;
"They do it every Sunday,
They'll be all right on Monday;
It's just a little habit they've acquired."

And laughter spread among the little leaves.

Moonshine, Twilight Park, N. Y.,
2, September, 1901.

*To Mumsie
from
Bessie.*

LP PS 3455
A 34 MG

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A VAGABOND SONG

THERE is something in the Autumn that
is native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood ;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon
the hills.

There is something in October sets the
Gipsy blood astir ;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill a-flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.

Moonshine, Twilight Park, N. Y.,
2, September, 1901.

Muriel
The Ballad-Monger

LP

PS 8455

ASH M6

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*To Killdoeet, little
Sweet-Voice, Fran
Megaleeps, The
Wanderer*

LP 58455
A84 M6