

The Little Book of Modern Verse

**A Selection from the work of
contemporaneous American poets**

**Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse [Selections made
in 1913.]**

Foreword

"The Little Book of Modern Verse", as its name implies, is not a formal anthology. The pageant of American poetry has been so often presented that no necessity exists for another exhaustive review of the art. Nearly all anthologies, however, stop short of the present group of poets, or represent them so inadequately that only those in close touch with the trend of American literature know what the poet of to-day is contributing to it.

It is strictly, then, as a reflection of our own period, to show what is being done by the successors of our earlier poets, what new interpretation they are giving to life, what new beauty they have apprehended, what new art they have evolved, that this little book has taken form. A few of the poets included have been writing for a quarter of a century, and were, therefore, among the immediate successors of the New England group, but many have done their work within the past decade and the volume as a whole represents the twentieth-century spirit.

From the scheme of the book, that of a small, intimate collection, representative rather than exhaustive, it has been impossible to include all of the poets who would naturally be included in a more ambitious anthology. In certain instances, also, matters of copyright have deterred me from including those whom I had originally intended to represent, but with isolated exceptions the little book covers the work of our later poets and gives a hint of what they are doing.

I have attempted, as far as possible, to unify the collection by arranging the poems so that each should set the keynote to the next, or at least bear some relation to it in mood or theme. While it is impossible, with so varied a mass of material, that such a sequence should be exact, and in one or two instances the arrangement has been disturbed by the late addition or elimination of poems, the idea has been to differentiate the little volume from the typical anthology by giving it a unity impossible to

a larger collection.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

Contents

Across the Fields to Anne. [Richard Burton] After a Dolmetsch Concert. [Arthur Upson] Agamede's Song. [Arthur Upson] As I came down from Lebanon. [Clinton Scollard] As in the Midst of Battle there is Room. [George Santayana] The Ashes in the Sea. [George Sterling] At Gibraltar. [George Edward Woodberry] At the End of the Day. [Richard Hovey] The Automobile. [Percy MacKaye] Azrael. [Robert Gilbert Welsh]

Bacchus. [Frank Dempster Sherman] Bag-Pipes at Sea. [Clinton Scollard] Ballade of my Lady's Beauty. [Joyce Kilmer] Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream. [Trumbull Stickney] Black Sheep. [Richard Burton] The Black Vulture. [George Sterling] Da Boy from Rome. [Thomas Augustine Daly] The Buried City. [George Sylvester Viereck]

Calverly's. [Edwin Arlington Robinson] The Candle and the Flame. [George Sylvester Viereck] Candlemas. [Alice Brown] A Caravan from China comes. [Richard Le Gallienne] Chavez. [Mildred McNeal Sweeney] The Cloud. [Josephine Preston Peabody] Comrades. [Richard Hovey] Comrades. [George Edward Woodberry]

The Daguerreotype. [William Vaughn Moody] Departure. [Hermann Hagedorn] The Dreamer. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay] The Dust Dethroned. [George Sterling]

The Eagle that is forgotten. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay] Euchenor Chorus. [Arthur Upson] Evensong. [Ridgely Torrence] Ex Libris. [Arthur Upson] Exordium. [George Cabot Lodge]

A Faun in Wall Street. [John Myers O'Hara] Fiat Lux. [Lloyd Mifflin] The Flight. [Lloyd Mifflin] Four Winds. [Sara Teasdale]

"Frost To-Night". [Edith M. Thomas] The Frozen Grail. [Elsa Barker]
The Fugitives. [Florence Wilkinson]

Gloucester Moors. [William Vaughn Moody] Golden Pulse. [John
Myers O'Hara] "Grandmither, think not I forget". [Willa Sibert Cather]
Grey Rocks, and Greyer Sea. [Charles G. D. Roberts] Grieve not, Ladies.
[Anna Hempstead Branch]

The Happiest Heart. [John Vance Cheney] Harps hung up in Babylon.
[Arthur Colton] He whom a Dream hath possessed. [Shaemas O Sheel]
The Heart's Country. [Florence Wilkinson] Here is the Place where
Loveliness keeps House. [Madison Cawein] Hora Christi. [Alice
Brown] The House and the Road. [Josephine Preston Peabody]

I know not why. [Morris Rosenfeld] I shall not care. [Sara Teasdale]
I would I might forget that I am I. [George Santayana] The Inverted
Torch. [Edith M. Thomas] The Invisible Bride. [Edwin Markham]
Irish Peasant Song. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

The Joy of the Hills. [Edwin Markham] Joyous-Gard. [Thomas S.
Jones, Jr.]

Kinchinjunga. [Cale Young Rice] The Kings. [Louise Imogen
Guiney]

Da Leetla Boy. [Thomas Augustine Daly] The Lesser Children.
[Ridgely Torrence] Let me no more a Mendicant. [Arthur Colton] Life.
[John Hall Wheelock] Lincoln, the Man of the People. [Edwin Markham]
Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's. [Grace Fallow Norton] Live blindly.
[Trumbull Stickney] Lord of my Heart's Elation. [Bliss Carman] Love
came back at Fall o' Dew. [Lizette Woodworth Reese] Love knocks at
the Door. [John Hall Wheelock] Love Triumphant. [Frederic Lawrence
Knowles] Love's Ritual. [Charles Hanson Towne] Love's Springtide.
[Frank Dempster Sherman]

The Man with the Hoe. [Edwin Markham] Martin. [Joyce Kilmer]
De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. [Sarah Pratt McLean Greene] The Master.
[Edwin Arlington Robinson] May is building her House. [Richard Le
Gallienne] A Memorial Tablet. [Florence Wilkinson] Miniver Cheevy.
[Edwin Arlington Robinson] Mockery. [Louis Untermeyer] Mother.
[Theresa Helburn] The Mystic. [Witter Bynner] The Mystic. [Cale

Young Rice]

The New Life. [Witter Bynner] The Nightingale unheard.
[Josephine Preston Peabody] Night's Mardi Gras. [Edward J. Wheeler]

An Ode in Time of Hesitation. [William Vaughn Moody] Of Joan's
Youth. [Louise Imogen Guiney] On a Fly-Leaf of Burns' Songs.
[Frederic Lawrence Knowles] On a Subway Express. [Chester Firkins]
On the Building of Springfield. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay] Once.
[Trumbull Stickney] Only of thee and me. [Louis Untermeyer] The Only
Way. [Louis V. Ledoux] The Outer Gate. [Nora May French]

A Parting Guest. [James Whitcomb Riley] The Path to the Woods.
[Madison Cawein] The Poet. [Mildred McNeal Sweeney] The Poet's
Town. [John G. Neihardt] The Prince. [Josephine Dodge Daskam]

The Quiet Singer. [Charles Hanson Towne]

The Recessional. [Charles G. D. Roberts] Renaissance. [Edna St.
Vincent Millay] A Rhyme of Death's Inn. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]
The Ride to the Lady. [Helen Gray Cone] The Rival. [James
Whitcomb Riley] The Rosary. [Robert Cameron Rogers]

Sappho. [Sara Teasdale] Scum o' the Earth. [Robert Haven
Schauffler] The Sea Gypsy. [Richard Hovey] The Sea-Lands. [Orrick
Johns] The Secret. [George Edward Woodberry] Sentence. [Witter
Bynner] Sic Vita. [William Stanley Braithwaite] Sometimes. [Thomas
S. Jones, Jr.] Somewhere. [John Vance Cheney] Song. "For me the
jasmine buds unfold". [Florence Earle Coates] Song. "If love were but
a little thing --". [Florence Earle Coates] Song. [Richard Le Gallienne]
A Song in Spring. [Thomas S. Jones, Jr.] Song is so old. [Hermann
Hagedorn] The Song of the Unsuccessful. [Richard Burton] Songs for
my Mother. [Anna Hempstead Branch] Souls. [Fannie Stearns Davis]
Stains. [Theodosia Garrison]

Tears. [Lizette Woodworth Reese] The Tears of Harlequin.
[Theodosia Garrison] That Day you came. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]
There's Rosemary. [Olive Tilford Dargan] They went forth to Battle, but
they always fell. [Shaemas O Sheel] The Thought of her. [Richard
Hovey] To a New York Shop-Girl dressed for Sunday. [Anna Hempstead
Branch] To William Sharp. [Clinton Scollard] To-Day. [Helen Gray

Cone] Trumbull Stickney. [George Cabot Lodge] Tryste Noel. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

The Unconquered Air. [Florence Earle Coates] Under Arcturus. [Madison Cawein] The Unreturning. [Bliss Carman] Uriel. [Percy MacKaye]

A Vagabond Song. [Bliss Carman]

Wanderers. [George Sylvester Viereck] Water Fantasy. [Fannie Stearns Davis] We needs must be divided in the Tomb. [George Santayana] A West-Country Lover. [Alice Brown] When I am dead and Sister to the Dust. [Elsa Barker] When I have gone Weird Ways. [John G. Neihardt] When the Wind is low. [Cale Young Rice] Why. [Bliss Carman] The Wife from Fairyland. [Richard Le Gallienne] A Winter Ride. [Amy Lowell] Winter Sleep. [Edith M. Thomas] Witchery. [Frank Dempster Sherman]

Biographical Notes

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Lord of my Heart's Elation. [Bliss Carman]

Lord of my heart's elation, Spirit of things unseen, Be thou my
aspiration Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward, This mortal soul alone, To selfhood or
oblivion, Incredibly thine own, --

As the foamheads are loosened And blown along the sea, Or sink and
merge forever In that which bids them be.

I, too, must climb in wonder, Uplift at thy command, -- Be one with
my frail fellows Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column Of dust or mountain rain, To walk the
earth a moment And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation Or fortitude of mien, Lord of the world's elation,
Thou breath of things unseen!

Gloucester Moors. [William Vaughn Moody]

A mile behind is Gloucester town Where the fishing fleets put in, A
mile ahead the land dips down And the woods and farms begin. Here,
where the moors stretch free In the high blue afternoon, Are the marching
sun and talking sea, And the racing winds that wheel and flee On the
flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue, Blue is the quaker-maid, The wild
geranium holds its dew Long in the boulder's shade. Wax-red hangs the
cup From the huckleberry boughs, In barberry bells the grey moths sup Or
where the choke-cherry lifts high up Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove Beach-peas blossom late. By copse
and cliff the swallows rove Each calling to his mate. Seaward the sea-gulls
go, And the land-birds all are here; That green-gold flash was a vireo, And
yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place We landsmen build upon; From
deep to deep she varies pace, And while she comes is gone. Beneath my
feet I feel Her smooth bulk heave and dip; With velvet plunge and soft
upreel She swings and steadies to her keel Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail, The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail Where her phosphor wake churns
bright. Now hid, now looming clear, On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer, But on, but on does the old earth
steer As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port, Though she goes so far
about? Or blind astray, does she make her sport To brazen and chance it
out? I watched when her captains passed: She were better captainless. Men
in the cabin, before the mast, But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught Sounds from the noisome

hold, -- Cursing and sighing of souls distraught And cries too sad to be told. Then I strove to go down and see; But they said, "Thou art not of us!" I turned to those on the deck with me And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be: Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue, Blue is the quaker-maid, The alder-clump where the brook comes through Breeds cresses in its shade. To be out of the moiling street With its swelter and its sin! Who has given to me this sweet, And given my brother dust to eat? And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks, Yellow and white and brown, Boats and boats from the fishing banks Come home to Gloucester town. There is cash to purse and spend, There are wives to be embraced, Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend, And hearts to take and keep to the end, -- O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls, What harbor town for thee? What shapes, when thy arriving tolls, Shall crowd the banks to see? Shall all the happy shipmates then Stand singing brotherly? Or shall a haggard ruthless few Warp her over and bring her to, While the many broken souls of men Fester down in the slaver's pen, And nothing to say or do?

On a Subway Express. [Chester Firkins]

I, who have lost the stars, the sod, For chilling pave and cheerless
light, Have made my meeting-place with God A new and nether Night --

Have found a fane where thunder fills Loud caverns, tremulous; --
and these Atone me for my reverend hills And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark, Where men sit muted by the roar, I
ride upon the whirring Spark Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars, Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed! speed! until the quivering rails Flash silver where the head-
light gleams, As when on lakes the Moon impales The waves upon its
beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand, In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray, Scoff not at me -- the city
clod; -- My only respite of the Day Is this wild ride -- with God.

The Automobile. [Percy MacKaye]

Fluid the world flowed under us: the hills Billow on billow of
umbrageous green Heaved us, aghast, to fresh horizons, seen One
rapturous instant, blind with flash of rills And silver-rising storms and
dewy stills Of dripping boulders, till the dim ravine Drowned us
again in leafage, whose serene Coverts grew loud with our tumultuous
wills.

Then all of Nature's old amazement seemed Sudden to ask us:
"Is this also Man? This plunging, volant, land-amphibian What Plato
mused and Paracelsus dreamed? Reply!" And piercing us with
ancient scan, The shrill, primeval hawk gazed down -- and screamed.

The Black Vulture. [George Sterling]

Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome, He holds unshared the
silence of the sky. Far down his bleak, relentless eyes descry The
eagle's empire and the falcon's home -- Far down, the galleons of sunset
roam; His hazards on the sea of morning lie; Serene, he hears the
broken tempest sigh Where cold sierras gleam like scattered foam.

And least of all he holds the human swarm -- Unwitting now that
envious men prepare To make their dream and its fulfillment one,
When, poised above the caldrons of the storm, Their hearts,
contemptuous of death, shall dare His roads between the thunder and
the sun.

Chavez. [Mildred McNeal Sweeney]

So hath he fallen, the Endymion of the air, And so lies down in
slumber lapped for aye. Diana, passing, found his youth too fair, His
soul too fleet and willing to obey. She swung her golden moon before
his eyes -- Dreaming, he rose to follow -- and ran -- and was away.

His foot was winged as the mounting sun. Earth he disdained --
the dusty ways of men Not yet had learned. His spirit longed to run
With the bright clouds, his brothers, to answer when The airs were
fleetest and could give him hand Into the starry fields beyond our plodding
ken.

All wittingly that glorious way he chose, And loved the peril when
it was most bright. He tried anew the long-forbidden snows And like
an eagle topped the dropping height Of Nagenhorn, and still toward Italy
Past peak and cliff pressed on, in glad, unerring flight.

Oh, when the bird lies low with golden wing Bruised past healing
by some bitter chance, Still must its tireless spirit mount and sing Of
meadows green with morning, of the dance On windy trees, the darting
flight away, And of that last, most blue, triumphant downward glance.

So murmuring of the snow: "THE SNOW, AND MORE, O
GOD, MORE SNOW!" on that last field he lay. Despair and wonder
spent their passionate store In his great heart, through heaven gone
astray, And early lost. Too far the golden moon Had swung upon that
bright, that long, untraversed way.

Now to lie ended on the murmuring plain -- Ah, this for his bold
heart was not the loss, But that those windy fields he ne'er again
Might try, nor fleet and shimmering mountains cross, Unfollowed, by a
path none other knew: His bitter woe had here its deep and piteous cause.

Dear toils of youth unfinished! And songs unwritten, left By
young and passionate hearts! O melodies Unheard, whereof we ever

stand bereft! Clear-singing Schubert, boyish Keats -- with these He
roams henceforth, one with the starry band, Still paying to fairy call
and far command His spirit heed, still winged with golden prophecies.

The Sea Gypsy. [Richard Hovey]

I am fevered with the sunset, I am fretful with the bay, For the wander-
thirst is on me And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing, With her topsails shot with fire, And
my heart has gone aboard her For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow! With the sunset I must be Hull down on
the trail of rapture In the wonder of the sea.

At Gibraltar. [George Edward Woodberry]

I

England, I stand on thy imperial ground, Not all a stranger; as thy
bugles blow, I feel within my blood old battles flow -- The blood whose
ancient founts in thee are found Still surging dark against the Christian
bound Wide Islam presses; well its peoples know Thy heights that watch
them wandering below; I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.
I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face. England, 't is sweet to be so
much thy son! I feel the conqueror in my blood and race; Last night
Trafalgar awed me, and to-day Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun
Startles the desert over Africa!

II

Thou art the rock of empire, set mid-seas Between the East and West,
that God has built; Advance thy Roman borders where thou wilt, While
run thy armies true with His decrees. Law, justice, liberty -- great gifts are
these; Watch that they spread where English blood is spilt, Lest, mixed
and sullied with his country's guilt, The soldier's life-stream flow, and
Heaven displease! Two swords there are: one naked, apt to smite, Thy
blade of war; and, battle-storied, one Rejoices in the sheath, and hides
from light. American I am; would wars were done! Now westward, look,
my country bids good-night -- Peace to the world from ports without a
gun!

Euchenor Chorus. [Arthur Upson]
(From "The City")

Of old it went forth to Euchenor, pronounced of his sire -- Reluctant,
impelled by the god's unescapable fire -- To choose for his doom or to
perish at home of disease Or be slain of his foes, among men, where Troy
surges down to the seas.

Polyides, the soothsayer, spake it, inflamed by the god. Of his son
whom the fates singled out did he bruit it abroad; And Euchenor went
down to the ships with his armor and men And straightway, grown dim on
the gulf, passed the isles he passed never again.

Why weep ye, O women of Corinth? The doom ye have heard Is it
strange to your ears that ye make it so mournful a word? Is he who so fair
in your eyes to his manhood upgrew, Alone in his doom of pale death --
are of mortals the beaten so few?

O weep not, companions and lovers! Turn back to your joys: The
defeat was not his which he chose, nor the victory Troy's. Him a conqueror,
beauteous in youth, o'er the flood his fleet brought, And the swift spear of
Paris that slew completed the conquest he sought.

Not the falling proclaims the defeat, but the place of the fall; And the
fate that decrees and the god that impels through it all Regard not blind
mortals' divisions of slayer and slain, But invisible glories dispense wide
over the war-gleaming plain.

He whom a Dream hath possessed. [Shaemas O Sheel]

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting, For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns; Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting, And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming; All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows, But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing, And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of sorrow, At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles, For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow, And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches, From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing star, And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches, And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

The Kings. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

A man said unto his Angel: "My spirits are fallen low, And I cannot
carry this battle: O brother! where might I go?"

"The terrible Kings are on me With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel: "Thou wavering, witless soul, Back to
the ranks! What matter To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges Who hearken not well, nor see? Not
thus, by the outer issue, The Wise shall interpret thee. "Thy will is the
sovereign measure And only events of things: The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather, Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners, And ringletted Vain Desires, And
Vice, with the spoils upon him Of thee and thy beaten sires, --

"While Kings of eternal evil Yet darken the hills about, Thy part is
with broken sabre To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure, Nor covet the game at all, But fighting,
fighting, fighting, Die, driven against the wall."

Mockery. [Louis Untermeyer]

God, I return to You on April days When along country roads You
walk with me, And my faith blossoms like the earliest tree That
shames the bleak world with its yellow sprays -- My faith revives, when
through a rosy haze The clover-sprinkled hills smile quietly,
Young winds uplift a bird's clean ecstasy . . . For this, O God, my
joyousness and praise!

But now -- the crowded streets and choking airs, The squalid
people, bruised and tossed about; These, or the over-brilliant
thoroughfares, The too-loud laughter and the empty shout, The mirth-
mad city, tragic with its cares . . . For this, O God, my silence -- and
my doubt.

An Ode in Time of Hesitation. [William Vaughn Moody]

I

Before the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made To thrill the heedless
passer's heart with awe, And set here in the city's talk and trade To the
good memory of Robert Shaw, This bright March morn I stand, And hear
the distant spring come up the land; Knowing that what I hear is not
unheard Of this boy soldier and his Negro band, For all their gaze is fixed
so stern ahead, For all the fatal rhythm of their tread. The land they died to
save from death and shame Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great
name, And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of people go Heedless; the trees upon
the Common show No hint of green; but to my listening heart The still
earth doth impart Assurance of her jubilant emprise, And it is clear to my
long-searching eyes That love at last has might upon the skies. The ice is
runneled on the little pond; A telltale patter drips from off the trees; The
air is touched with Southland spiceries, As if but yesterday it tossed the
frond Of pendant mosses where the live-oaks grow Beyond Virginia and
the Carolines, Or had its will among the fruits and vines Of aromatic isles
asleep beyond Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee, Spying the arbutus,
spring's dear recluse; Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose Go
honking northward over Tennessee; West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-

Marie, And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung, And yonder where,
gigantic, wilful, young, Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates, With
restless violent hands and casual tongue Moulding her mighty fates, The
Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen; And like a larger sea, the vital
green Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung Over Dakota and the
prairie states. By desert people immemorial On Arizonan mesas shall be
done Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun; Nor shall the primal gods
lack sacrifice More splendid, when the white Sierras call Unto the Rockies
straightway to arise And dance before the unveiled ark of the year
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms, Unrolling rivers clear For
flutter of broad phylacteries; While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas That
watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep To fling their icebergs
thundering from the steep, And Mariposa through the purple calms Gazes
at far Hawaii crowned with palms Where East and West are met, -- A rich
seal on the ocean's bosom set To say that East and West are twain, With
different loss and gain: The Lord hath sundered them; let them be
sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come Sullenly over the Pacific seas, -
- Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb The season's half-awakened
ecstasies? Must I be humble, then, Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men; By loving much the land
for which they died I would be justified. My spirit was away on pinions
wide To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood And ease it of its ache
of gratitude. Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay On me and the
companions of my day. I would remember now My country's goodliness,
make sweet her name. Alas! what shade art thou Of sorrow or of blame
Lifest the lyric leafage from her brow, And pointest a slow finger at her
shame?

V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage Are noble, and our
battles still are won By justice for us, ere we lift the gage. We have not
sold our loftiest heritage. The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market-place of war; Her forehead weareth yet its
solemn star. Here is her witness: this, her perfect son, This delicate and
proud New England soul Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled
feet, Up the large ways where death and glory meet, To show all peoples
that our shame is done, That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea-fog on the moaning sand All night he lay,
speaking some simple word From hour to hour to the slow minds that
heard, Holding each poor life gently in his hand And breathing on the base
rejected clay Till each dark face shone mystical and grand Against the
breaking day; And lo, the shard the potter cast away Was grown a fiery
chalice crystal-fine, Fulfilled of the divine Great wine of battle wrath by
God's ring-finger stirred. Then upward, where the shadowy bastion
loomed Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light, Whence now, and now,
infernal flowerage bloomed, Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its
deadly seed, -- They swept, and died like freemen on the height, Like
freemen, and like men of noble breed; And when the battle fell away at
night By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust Obscurely in a
common grave with him The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows Sweet by the Southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose: -- The untaught hearts
with the high heart that knew This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old Of spiritual wrong, Built by an
unjust nation sheer and strong, Expugnable but by a nation's rue And
bowing down before that equal shrine By all men held divine, Whereof his
band and he were the most holy sign.

VII

O bitter, bitter shade! Wilt thou not put the scorn And instant tragic question from thine eye? Do thy dark brows yet crave That swift and angry stave -- Unmeet for this desirous morn -- That I have striven, striven to evade? Gazing on him, must I not deem they err Whose careless lips in street and shop aver As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak? Surely some elder singer would arise, Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn Above this people when they go astray. Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn? Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away? I will not and I dare not yet believe! Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve, And the spring-laden breeze Out of the gladdening west is sinister With sounds of nameless battle overseas; Though when we turn and question in suspense If these things be indeed after these ways, And what things are to follow after these, Our fluent men of place and consequence Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase, Or for the end-all of deep arguments Intone their dull commercial liturgies -- I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut! I will not hear the thin satiric praise And muffled laughter of our enemies, Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut; Showing how wise it is to cast away The symbols of our spiritual sway, That so our hands with better ease May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law? This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth? Are we the eagle nation Milton saw Mewing its mighty youth, Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth, And be a swift familiar of the sun Where aye before God's face his trumpets run? Or have we but the talons and the maw, And for the abject likeness of our heart Shall some less lordly bird be set apart? Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat? Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

IX

Ah, no! We have not fallen so. We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know! 'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!" Then Alabama heard, And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho Shouted a burning word. Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred, And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth, East, west, and south, and north, Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan, By the unforgotten names of eager boys Who might have tasted girl's love and been stung With the old mystic joys And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on, But that the heart of youth is generous, -- We charge you, ye who lead us, Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain! Turn not their new-world victories to gain! One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays Of their dear praise, One jot of their pure conquest put to hire, The implacable republic will require; With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon, Or subtly, coming as a thief at night, But surely, very surely, slow or soon That insult deep we deeply will requite. Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity! For save we let the island men go free, Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts Will curse us from the lamentable coasts Where walk the frustrate dead. The cup of trembling shall be drained quite, Eaten the sour bread of astonishment, With ashes of the hearth shall be made white Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent; Then on your guiltier head Shall our intolerable self-disdain Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain; For manifest in that disastrous light We shall discern the right And do it, tardily. -- O ye who lead, Take heed! Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

Candlemas. [Alice Brown]

O hearken, all ye little weeds That lie beneath the snow, (So
low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!) The sun hath risen for royal
deeds, A valiant wind the vanguard leads; Now quicken ye, lest
unborn seeds Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream On winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!) Arise and follow where a
gleam Of wizard gold unbinds the stream, And all the woodland
windings seem With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!) Ere May's soft
minions hereward fly, Shame on ye, laggards, to deny The
brooding breast, the sun-bright eye, The tawny, shining coat!

The Unreturning. [Bliss Carman]

The old eternal spring once more Comes back the sad eternal way,
With tender rosy light before The going-out of day.

The great white moon across my door A shadow in the twilight stirs;
But now forever comes no more That wondrous look of Hers.

A Song in Spring. [Thomas S. Jones, Jr.]

O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring, You hold my winter in
forgetfulness; Without my window lilac branches swing, Within my gate I
hear a robin sing -- O little laughing blooms that lift and bless!

So blow the breezes in a soft caress, Blowing my dreams upon a
swallow's wing; O little merry buds in dappled dress, You fill my heart
with very wantonness -- O little buds all bourgeoning with Spring!

May is building her House. [Richard Le Gallienne]

May is building her house. With apple blooms She is roofing
over the glimmering rooms; Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its
beams, And, spinning all day at her secret looms, With arras of leaves
each wind-swayed wall She pictureth over, and peopleth it all With
echoes and dreams, And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade, Of the roots of the
oak, is the flooring made, With a carpet of mosses and lichen and
clover, Each small miracle over and over, And tender, traveling green
things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star, And her rustling
doorways, ever ajar With the coming and going Of fair things
blowing, The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things She is making the
songs and the flowers and the wings; From October's tossed and
trodden gold She is making the young year out of the old; Yea:
out of winter's flying sleet She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet She is changing back
again to spring's.

Here is the Place where Loveliness keeps House. [Madison
Cawein]

Here is the place where Loveliness keeps house, Between the river and
the wooded hills, Within a valley where the Springtime spills Her firstling
wind-flowers under blossoming boughs: Where Summer sits braiding her
warm, white brows With bramble-roses; and where Autumn fills Her lap
with asters; and old Winter frills With crimson haw and hip his snowy
blouse. Here you may meet with Beauty. Here she sits Gazing upon the

moon, or all the day Tuning a wood-thrush flute, remote, unseen: Or when
the storm is out, 't is she who flits From rock to rock, a form of flying
spray, Shouting, beneath the leaves' tumultuous green.

Water Fantasy. [Fannie Stearns Davis]

O brown brook, O blithe brook, what will you say to me
If I take off my heavy shoon and wade you childishly?

O take them off, and come to me. You shall not fall. Step
merrily!

But, cool brook, but, quick brook, and what if I should float White-
bodied in your pleasant pool, your bubbles at my throat?

If you are but a mortal maid, Then I shall make you half
afraid. The water shall be dim and deep, And silver fish shall
lunge and leap About you, coward mortal thing. But if you
come desiring To win once more your naiadhood, How you
shall laugh and find me good -- My golden surfaces, my glooms,
My secret grottoes' dripping rooms, My depths of warm wet emerald,
My mosses floating fold on fold! And where I take the rocky leap
Like wild white water shall you sweep; Like wild white water shall
you cry, Trembling and turning to the sky, While all the
thousand-fringed trees Glimmer and glisten through the breeze.
I bid you come! Too long, too long, You have forgot my undersong.
And this perchance you never knew: E'en I, the brook, have need of
you. My naiads faded long ago, -- My little nymphs, that to and
fro Within my waters sunnily Made small white flames of
tinkling glee. I have been lonesome, lonesome; yea, E'en I, the
brook, until this day. Cast off your shoon; ah, come to me, And
I will love you lingeringly!

O wild brook, O wise brook, I cannot come, alas! I am but mortal as
the leaves that flicker, float, and pass. My body is not used to you; my
breath is fluttering sore; You clasp me round too icily. Ah, let me go
once more! Would God I were a naiad-thing whereon Pan's music blew;
But woe is me! you pagan brook, I cannot stay with you!

Bacchus. [Frank Dempster Sherman]

Listen to the tawny thief, Hid beneath the waxen leaf, Growling at his
fairy host, Bidding her with angry boast Fill his cup with wine distilled
From the dew the dawn has spilled: Stored away in golden casks Is the
precious draught he asks.

Who, -- who makes this mimic din In this mimic meadow inn, Sings in
such a drowsy note, Wears a golden-belted coat; Loiters in the dainty room
Of this tavern of perfume; Dares to linger at the cup Till the yellow sun is
up?

Bacchus 't is, come back again To the busy haunts of men; Garlanded
and gaily dressed, Bands of gold about his breast; Straying from his
paradise, Having pinions angel-wise, -- 'T is the honey-bee, who goes
Reveling within a rose!

Da Leetla Boy. [Thomas Augustine Daly]

Da spreeng ees com'! but oh, da joy Eet ees too late! He was so cold,
my leetla boy, He no could wait.

I no can count how many week, How many day, dat he ees seeck;
How many night I seet an' hold Da leetla hand dat was so cold. He was
so patience, oh, so sweet! Eet hurts my throat for theenk of eet; An' all he
evra ask ees w'en Ees gona com' da spreeng agen. Wan day, wan brighta
sunny day, He see, across da alleyway, Da leetla girl dat's livin' dere Ees
raise her window for da air, An' put outside a leetla pot Of -- w'at-you-call?
-- forgat-me-not. So smalla flower, so leetla theeng! But steell eet mak'
hees hearta seeng: "Oh, now, at las', ees com' da spreeng! Da leetla plant
ees glad for know Da sun ees com' for mak' eet grow. So, too, I am grow
warm and strong." So lika dat he seeng hees song. But, Ah! da night com'
down an' den Da weenter ees sneak back agen, An' een da alley all da
night Ees fall da snow, so cold, so white, An' cover up da leetla pot Of --
w'at-you-call? -- forgat-me-not. All night da leetla hand I hold Ees grow so
cold, so cold, so cold!

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy Eet ees too late! He was so cold,
my leetla boy, He no could wait.

Agamede's Song. [Arthur Upson]

Grow, grow, thou little tree, His body at the roots of thee; Since last
year's loveliness in death The living beauty nourisheth.

Bloom, bloom, thou little tree, Thy roots around the heart of me; Thou
canst not blow too white and fair From all the sweetness hidden there.

Die, die, thou little tree, And be as all sweet things must be; Deep
where thy petals drift I, too, Would rest the changing seasons through.

Why. [Bliss Carman]

For a name unknown, Whose fame unblown Sleeps in the hills For
ever and aye;

For her who hears The stir of the years Go by on the wind By
night and day;

And heeds no thing Of the needs of Spring, Of Autumn's wonder
Or Winter's chill;

For one who sees The great sun freeze, As he wanders a-cold
From hill to hill;

And all her heart Is a woven part Of the flurry and drift Of
whirling snow;

For the sake of two Sad eyes and true, And the old, old love So
long ago.

The Wife from Fairyland. [Richard Le Gallienne]

Her talk was all of woodland things, Of little lives that pass Away in
one green afternoon, Deep in the haunted grass;

For she had come from fairyland, The morning of a day When the
world that still was April Was turning into May.

Green leaves and silence and two eyes -- 'T was so she seemed to me,
A silver shadow of the woods, Whisper and mystery.

I looked into her woodland eyes, And all my heart was hers, And
then I led her by the hand Home up my marble stairs;

And all my granite and my gold Was hers for her green eyes, And all
my sinful heart was hers From sunset to sunrise;

I gave her all delight and ease That God had given to me, I listened
to fulfill her dreams, Rapt with expectancy.

But all I gave, and all I did, Brought but a weary smile Of gratitude
upon her face; As though a little while,

She loitered in magnificence Of marble and of gold And waited to be
home again When the dull tale was told.

Sometimes, in the chill galleries, Unseen, she deemed, unheard, I
found her dancing like a leaf And singing like a bird.

So lone a thing I never saw In lonely earth or sky, So merry and so
sad a thing, One sad, one laughing, eye.

There came a day when on her heart A wildwood blossom lay, And
the world that still was April Was turning into May.

In the green eyes I saw a smile That turned my heart to stone: My
wife that came from fairyland No longer was alone.

For there had come a little hand To show the green way home, Home
through the leaves, home through the dew, Home through the greenwood
-- home.

Life. [John Hall Wheelock]

Life burns us up like fire, And Song goes up in flame: The radiant
body smoulders To the ashes whence it came.

Out of things it rises With a mouth that laughs and sings, Backward
it fades and falters Into the char of things.

Yet soars a voice above it -- Love is holy and strong; The best of us
forever Escapes in Love and Song.

Song is so old. [Hermann Hagedorn]

Song is so old, Love is so new -- Let me be still And kneel to you.
Let me be still And breathe no word, Save what my warm blood Sings
unheard.
Let my warm blood Sing low of you -- Song is so fair, Love is so new!

That Day you came. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]

Such special sweetness was about That day God sent you here, I
knew the lavender was out, And it was mid of year.

Their common way the great winds blew, The ships sailed out to sea;
Yet ere that day was spent I knew Mine own had come to me.

As after song some snatch of tune Lurks still in grass or bough, So,
somewhat of the end o' June Lurks in each weather now.

The young year sets the buds astir, The old year strips the trees; But
ever in my lavender I hear the brawling bees.

**Song. "For me the jasmine buds
unfold". [Florence Earle Coates]**

For me the jasmine buds unfold And silver daisies star the lea, The
crocus hoards the sunset gold, And the wild rose breathes for me. I feel
the sap through the bough returning, I share the skylark's transport fine, I
know the fountain's wayward yearning, I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that sometime grieved, Still well remembered,
grieve not me; From all that darkened and deceived Upsoars my spirit
free. For soft the hours repeat one story, Sings the sea one strain divine;
My clouds arise all flushed with glory -- I love, and the world is mine!

Mother. [Theresa Helburn]

I have praised many loved ones in my song, And yet I stand
Before her shrine, to whom all things belong, With empty hand.
Perhaps the ripening future holds a time For things unsaid; Not
now; men do not celebrate in rhyme Their daily bread.

Songs for my Mother. [Anna Hempstead Branch]

I

Her Hands

My mother's hands are cool and fair, They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep, She used to come to me, And
with my cheek upon her hand How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched Of beautiful or fine, Their memories
living in her hands Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played One time in meadow streams,
-- And all the flickering song and shade Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass Memories of garden things; --
I dipped my face in flowers and grass And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed Brown pastures bleak
and far; -- I leaned my cheek into a mist And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago And I am grown; but yet The hand that
lured my slumber so I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek, Hollow and beautiful.

II

Her Words

My mother has the prettiest tricks Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine Because she loves it so. And her
own eyes begin to shine To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call Or out to take a walk We leave our
work when she returns And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness, Of clouds and stars and birds, But
made not any thing at all So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth With golden shadowings, And
every common thing they touch Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air, They shine like any star, And I am
rich who learned from her How beautiful they are.

The Daguerreotype. [William Vaughn Moody]

This, then, is she, My mother as she looked at seventeen, When she first met my father. Young incredibly, Younger than spring, without the faintest trace Of disappointment, weariness, or tean Upon the childlike earnestness and grace Of the waiting face. Those close-wound ropes of pearl (Or common beads made precious by their use) Seem heavy for so slight a throat to wear; But the low bodice leaves the shoulders bare And half the glad swell of the breast, for news That now the woman stirs within the girl. And yet, Even so, the loops and globes Of beaten gold And jet Hung, in the stately way of old, From the ears' drooping lobes On festivals and Lord's-day of the week, Show all too matron-sober for the cheek, -- Which, now I look again, is perfect child, Or no -- or no -- 't is girlhood's very self, Moulded by some deep, mischief-ridden elf So meek, so maiden mild, But startling the close gazer with the sense Of passions forest-shy and forest-wild, And delicate delirious merriments.

As a moth beats sidewise And up and over, and tries To skirt the irresistible lure Of the flame that has him sure, My spirit, that is none too strong to-day, Flutters and makes delay, -- Pausing to wonder on the perfect lips, Lifting to muse upon the low-drawn hair And each hid radiance there, But powerless to stem the tide-race bright, The vehement peace which drifts it toward the light Where soon -- ah, now, with cries Of grief and giving-up unto its gain It shrinks no longer nor denies, But dips Hurriedly home to the exquisite heart of pain, -- And all is well, for I have seen them plain, The unforgettable, the unforgotten eyes! Across the blinding gush of these good tears They shine as in the sweet and heavy years When by her bed and chair We children gathered jealously to share The sunlit aura breathing myrrh and thyme, Where the sore-stricken body made a clime Gentler than May and pleasanter than rhyme, Holier and more mystical than prayer.

God, how thy ways are strange! That this should be, even this, The patient head Which suffered years ago the dreary change! That these so dewy lips should be the same As those I stooped to kiss And heard my harrowing half-spoken name, A little ere the one who bowed above her, Our father and her very constant lover, Rose stoical, and we knew that she was dead. Then I, who could not understand or share His antique nobleness, Being unapt to bear The insults which time flings us for our proof, Fled from the horrible roof Into the alien sunshine merciless, The shrill satiric fields ghastly with day, Raging to front God in his pride of sway And hurl across the lifted swords of fate That ringed Him where He sat My puny gage of scorn and desolate hate Which somehow should undo Him, after all! That this girl face, expectant, virginal, Which gazes out at me Boon as a sweetheart, as if nothing loth (Save for the eyes, with other presage stored) To pledge me troth, And in the kingdom where the heart is lord Take sail on the terrible gladness of the deep Whose winds the gray Norns keep, -- That this should be indeed The flesh which caught my soul, a flying seed, Out of the to and fro Of scattering hands where the seedsman Mage, Stooping from star to star and age to age Sings as he sows! That underneath this breast Nine moons I fed Deep of divine unrest, While over and over in the dark she said, "Blessed! but not as happier children blessed" -- That this should be Even she . . . God, how with time and change Thou makest thy footsteps strange! Ah, now I know They play upon me, and it is not so. Why, 't is a girl I never saw before, A little thing to flatter and make weep, To tease until her heart is sore, Then kiss and clear the score; A gypsy run-the-fields, A little liberal daughter of the earth, Good for what hour of truancy and mirth The careless season yields Hither-side the flood of the year and yonder of the neap; Then thank you, thanks again, and twenty light good-byes. -- O shrined above the skies, Frown not, clear brow, Darken not, holy eyes! Thou knowest well I know that it is thou Only to save me from such memories As would unman me quite, Here in this web of strangeness caught And prey to troubled thought Do I devise These foolish shifts and slight; Only to shield me from the afflicting sense Of some waste influence Which from this morning face and lustrous hair Breathes on me sudden ruin and despair. In any other

guise, With any but this girlish depth of gaze, Your coming had not so unsealed and poured The dusty amphoras where I had stored The drippings of the winepress of my days. I think these eyes foresee, Now in their unawakened virgin time, Their mother's pride in me, And dream even now, unconsciously, Upon each soaring peak and sky-hung lea You pictured I should climb. Broken premonitions come, Shapes, gestures visionary, Not as once to maiden Mary The manifest angel with fresh lilies came Intelligibly calling her by name; But vanishingly, dumb, Thwarted and bright and wild, As heralding a sin-defiled, Earth-encumbered, blood-begotten, passionate man-child, Who yet should be a trump of mighty call Blown in the gates of evil kings To make them fall; Who yet should be a sword of flame before The soul's inviolate door To beat away the clang of hellish wings; Who yet should be a lyre Of high unquenchable desire In the day of little things. -- Look, where the amphoras, The yield of many days, Trod by my hot soul from the pulp of self, And set upon the shelf In sullen pride The Vineyard-master's tasting to abide -- O mother mine! Are these the bringings-in, the doings fine, Of him you used to praise? Emptied and overthrown The jars lie strown. These, for their flavor duly nursed, Drip from the stopples vinegar accursed; These, I thought honied to the very seal, Dry, dry, -- a little acid meal, A pinch of mouldy dust, Sole leavings of the amber-mantling must; These, rude to look upon, But flasking up the liquor dearest won, Through sacred hours and hard, With watching and with wrestlings and with grief, Even of these, of these in chief, The stale breath sickens reeking from the shard. Nothing is left. Aye, how much less than naught! What shall be said or thought Of the slack hours and waste imaginings, The cynic rending of the wings, Known to that froward, that unreckoning heart Whereof this brewage was the precious part, Treasured and set away with furtive boast? O dear and cruel ghost, Be merciful, be just! See, I was yours and I am in the dust. Then look not so, as if all things were well! Take your eyes from me, leave me to my shame, Or else, if gaze they must, Steel them with judgment, darken them with blame; But by the ways of light ineffable You bade me go and I have faltered from, By the low waters moaning out of hell Whereto my feet have come, Lay not on me these intolerable Looks of rejoicing love,

of pride, of happy trust!

Nothing dismayed? By all I say and all I hint not made Afraid? O then,
stay by me! Let These eyes afflict me, cleanse me, keep me yet, Brave
eyes and true! See how the shrivelled heart, that long has lain Dead to
delight and pain, Stirs, and begins again To utter pleasant life, as if it knew
The wintry days were through; As if in its awakening boughs it heard The
quick, sweet-spoken bird. Strong eyes and brave, Inexorable to save!

Tears. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]

When I consider Life and its few years -- A wisp of fog betwixt us and
the sun; A call to battle, and the battle done Ere the last echo dies within
our ears; A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears; The gusts that past a
darkening shore do beat; The burst of music down an unlistening street, --
I wonder at the idleness of tears. Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep, By every cup of sorrow
that you had, Loose me from tears, and make me see aright How each hath
back what once he stayed to weep: Homer his sight, David his little lad!

The Sea-Lands. [Orrick Johns]

Would I were on the sea-lands, Where winds know how to sting;
And in the rocks at midnight The lost long murmurs sing.

Would I were with my first love To hear the rush and roar Of spume
below the doorstep And winds upon the door.

My first love was a fair girl With ways forever new; And hair a
sunlight yellow, And eyes a morning blue.

The roses, have they tarried Or are they dun and frayed? If we had
stayed together, Would love, indeed, have stayed?

Ah, years are filled with learning, And days are leaves of change!
And I have met so many I knew . . . and found them strange.

But on the sea-lands tumbled By winds that sting and blind, The
nights we watched, so silent, Come back, come back to mind.

I mind about my first love, And hear the rush and roar Of spume
below the doorstep And winds upon the door.

Bag-Pipes at Sea. [Clinton Scollard]

Above the shouting of the gale, The whipping sheet, the dashing
spray, I heard, with notes of joy and wail, A piper play.

Along the dipping deck he trod, The dusk about his shadowy form;
He seemed like some strange ancient god Of song and storm.

He gave his dim-seen pipes a skirl And war went down the darkling
air; Then came a sudden subtle swirl, And love was there.

What were the winds that flailed and flayed The sea to him, the night
obscure? In dreams he strayed some brackened glade, Some heathery
moor.

And if he saw the slanting spars, And if he watched the shifting track,
He marked, too, the eternal stars Shine through the wrack.

And so amid the deep sea din, And so amid the wastes of foam, Afar
his heart was happy in His highland home!

The Heart's Country. [Florence Wilkinson]

Hill people turn to their hills; Sea-folk are sick for the sea: Thou art
my land and my country, And my heart calls out for thee.

The bird beats his wings for the open, The captive burns to be free;
But I -- I cry at thy window, For thou art my liberty.

Joyous-Gard. [Thomas S. Jones, Jr.]

Wind-washed and free, full-swept by rain and wave, By tang of surf
and thunder of the gale, Wild be the ride yet safe the barque will sail
And past the plunging seas her harbor brave; Nor care have I that storms
and waters rave, I cannot fear since you can never fail -- Once have I
looked upon the burning grail, And through your eyes have seen beyond
the grave.

I know at last -- the strange, sweet mystery, The nameless joy that
trembled into tears, The hush of wings when you were at my side -- For
now the veil is rent and I can see, See the true vision of the future years,
As in your face the love of Him who died!

The Secret. [George Edward Woodberry]

Nightingales warble about it, All night under blossom and star; The
wild swan is dying without it, And the eagle crieth afar; The sun he doth
mount but to find it, Searching the green earth o'er; But more doth a
man's heart mind it, Oh, more, more, more!

Over the gray leagues of ocean The infinite yearneth alone; The
forests with wandering emotion The thing they know not intone;
Creation arose but to see it, A million lamps in the blue; But a lover he
shall be it If one sweet maid is true.

The Nightingale unheard. [Josephine Preston Peabody]

Yes, Nightingale, through all the summer-time We followed on, from
moon to golden moon; From where Salerno day-dreams in the noon,
And the far rose of Paestum once did climb. All the white way beside the
girdling blue, Through sun-shrill vines and campanile chime, We
listened; -- from the old year to the new. Brown bird, and where were
you?

You, that Ravello lured not, throned on high And filled with singing
out of sun-burned throats! Nor yet Minore of the flame-sailed boats; Nor
yet -- of all bird-song should glorify -- Assisi, Little Portion of the blest,
Assisi, in the bosom of the sky, Where God's own singer thatched his
sunward nest, That little, heavenliest!

And north and north, to where the hedge-rows are, That beckon with
white looks an endless way; Where, through the fair wet silverness of
May, A lamb shines out as sudden as a star, Among the cloudy sheep;
and green, and pale, The may-trees reach and glimmer, near or far, And
the red may-trees wear a shining veil. And still, no nightingale!

The one vain longing, -- through all journeyings, The one: in every
hushed and hearkening spot, -- All the soft-swarmed dark where you
were not, Still longed for! Yes, for sake of dreams and wings, And
wonders, that your own must ever make To bower you close, with all
hearts' treasurings; And for that speech toward which all hearts do ache;
-- Even for Music's sake.

But most, his music whose beloved name Forever writ in water of
bright tears, Wins to one grave-side even the Roman years, That kindle
there the hallowed April flame Of comfort-breathing violets. By that
shrine Of Youth, Love, Death, forevermore the same, Violets still! --
When falls, to leave no sign, The arch of Constantine.

Most for his sake we dreamed. Tho' not as he, From that lone spirit,

brimmed with human woe, Your song once shook to surging overflow.
How was it, sovran dweller of the tree, His cry, still throbbing in the
flooded shell Of silence with remembered melody, Could draw from you
no answer to the spell? -- O Voice, O Philomel?

Long time we wondered (and we knew not why): -- Nor dream, nor
prayer, of wayside gladness born, Nor vineyards waiting, nor
reproachful thorn, Nor yet the nested hill-towns set so high All the white
way beside the girdling blue, -- Nor olives, gray against a golden sky,
Could serve to wake that rapturous voice of you! But the wise silence
knew.

O Nightingale unheard! -- Unheard alone, Throughout that woven
music of the days From the faint sea-rim to the market-place, And ring
of hammers on cathedral stone! So be it, better so: that there should
fail For sun-filled ones, one blessed thing unknown. To them, be hid
forever, -- and all hail! Sing never, Nightingale.

Sing, for the others! Sing; to some pale cheek Against the window,
like a starving flower. Loose, with your singing, one poor pilgrim hour
Of journey, with some Heart's Desire to seek. Loose, with your singing,
captives such as these In misery and iron, hearts too meek, For voyage --
voyage over dreamful seas To lost Hesperides.

Sing not for free-men. Ah, but sing for whom The walls shut in;
and even as eyes that fade, The windows take no heed of light nor shade,
-- The leaves are lost in mutterings of the loom. Sing near! So in that
golden overflowing They may forget their wasted human bloom; Pay the
devouring days their all, unknowing, -- Reck not of life's bright going!

Sing not for lovers, side by side that hark; Nor unto parted lovers,
save they be Parted indeed by more than makes the Sea, Where never
hope shall meet -- like mounting lark -- Far Joy's uprising; and no
memories Abide to star the music-haunted dark: To them that sit in
darkness, such as these, Pour down, pour down heart's-ease.

Not in Kings' gardens. No; but where there haunt The world's
forgotten, both of men and birds; The alleys of no hope and of no words,
The hidings where men reap not, though they plant; But toil and thirst --
so dying and so born; -- And toil and thirst to gather to their want, From

the lean waste, beyond the daylight's scorn, -- To gather grapes of
thorn!

.
And for those two, your pilgrims without tears, Who prayed a largess
where there was no dearth, Forgive it to their human-happy ears: Forgive
it them, brown music of the Earth, Unknowing, -- though the wiser
silence knew! Forgive it to the music of the spheres That while they
walked together so, the Two Together, -- heard not you.

Only of thee and me. [Louis Untermeyer]

Only of thee and me the night wind sings, Only of us the sailors
speak at sea, The earth is filled with wondered whisperings Only of thee
and me.

Only of thee and me the breakers chant, Only of us the stir in bush
and tree; The rain and sunshine tell the eager plant Only of thee and me.

Only of thee and me, till all shall fade; Only of us the whole world's
thoughts can be -- For we are Love, and God Himself is made Only of
thee and me.

When the Wind is low. [Cale Young Rice]

When the wind is low, and the sea is soft, And the far heat-lightning
plays On the rim of the west where dark clouds nest On a darker bank of
haze; When I lean o'er the rail with you that I love And gaze to my
heart's content; I know that the heavens are there above -- But you are
my firmament.

When the phosphor-stars are thrown from the bow And the watch
climbs up the shroud; When the dim mast dips as the vessel slips
Through the foam that seethes aloud; I know that the years of our life are
few, And fain as a bird to flee, That time is as brief as a drop of dew --
But you are Eternity.

Love Triumphant. [Frederic Lawrence Knowles]

Helen's lips are drifting dust; Ilion is consumed with rust; All the galleons of Greece Drink the ocean's dreamless peace; Lost was Solomon's purple show Restless centuries ago; Stately empires wax and wane -- Babylon, Barbary, and Spain; -- Only one thing, undefaced, Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste And the heavens are overturned. Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun, Sound that lives when sounds are done, Music that rebukes the birds, Language lovelier than words, Hue and scent that shame the rose, Wine no earthly vineyard knows, Silence stiller than the shore Swept by Charon's stealthy oar, Ocean more divinely free Than Pacific's boundless sea, -- Ye who love have learned it true. Dear, how long ago we knew!

Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream. [Trumbull Stickney]

Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream That over Persian roses flew to kiss The curled lashes of Semiramis. Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream. Provence and Troubadour are merest lies, The glorious hair of Venice was a beam Made within Titian's eye. The sunsets seem, The world is very old and nothing is. Be still. Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake, Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart, But patter in the darkness of thy heart. Thy brain is plagued. Thou art a frightened owl Blind with the light of life thou'ldst not forsake, And Error loves and nourishes thy soul.

The Tears of Harlequin. **[Theodosia Garrison]**

To you he gave his laughter and his jest, His words that of all words were merriest, His glad, mad moments when the lights flared high And his wild song outshrilled the plaudits' din. For you that memory, but happier I -- I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

Not mine those moments when the roses lay Like red spilled wine on his triumphant way, And shouts acclaimed him through the music's beat, Above the voice of flute and violin. But I have known his hour of sore defeat -- I -- I have known the tears of Harlequin.

Light kisses and light words, they were not mine -- Poor perquisites of many a Columbine Bought with his laughter, flattered by his jest; But when despair broke through the painted grin, His tortured face has fallen on my breast -- I -- I have known the tears of Harlequin.

You weep for him, who look upon him dead, That joy and jest and merriment are fled; You weep for him, what time my eyes are dry, Knowing what peace a weary soul may win Stifled by too much masking -- even I -- I, who have known the tears of Harlequin.

The Buried City. [George Sylvester Viereck]

My heart is like a city of the gay Reared on the ruins of a perished
one Wherein my dead loves cower from the sun, White-swathed like
kings, the Pharaohs of a day. Within the buried city stirs no sound, Save
for the bat, forgetful of the rod, Perched on the knee of some deserted
god, And for the groan of rivers underground.

Stray not, my Love, 'mid the sarcophagi -- Tempt not the silence, for
the fates are deep, Lest all the dreamers, deeming doomsday nigh, Leap
forth in terror from their haunted sleep; And like the peal of an accursed
bell Thy voice call ghosts of dead things back from hell.

The Ride to the Lady. [Helen Gray Cone]

"Now since mine even is come at last, -- For I have been the sport of steel, And hot life ebbeth from me fast, And I in saddle roll and reel, -- Come bind me, bind me on my steed! Of fingering leech I have no need!" The chaplain clasped his mailed knee. "Nor need I more thy whine and thee! No time is left my sins to tell; But look ye bind me, bind me well!" They bound him strong with leathern thong, For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled, Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red; Out of the sky the fierce hue fell, And made the streams as the streams of hell. All his thoughts as a river flowed, Flowed aflame as fleet he rode, Onward flowed to her abode, Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face. (Viewless Death apace, apace, Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone, Trembling lips my lips have known, Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne Under the kisses that make them mine! Only of thee, of thee, my need! Only to thee, to thee, I speed!" The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn; In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died; The shuddering stars in the welkin wide Crowded, crowded, to see him ride. The beating hearts of the stars aloof Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof. "What is the throb that thrills so sweet? Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!" But his own strong pulse the fainter fell, Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell. The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood; Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein, -- But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright; The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried, And the weight of

the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew; And slow, and slow, the stars
withdrew; And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue, As a garment worn
of a wizard grim. He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate, Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late: The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-flower Her fashioning did
wait.

On the couch lay something fair, With steadfast lips and veiled eyne;
But the lady was not there. On the wings of shrift and prayer, Pure as
winds that winnow snow, Her soul had risen twelve hours ago. The
burdened steed at the barred gate stood, No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul That went out in the wood!

Evensong. [Ridgely Torrence]

Beauty calls and gives no warning, Shadows rise and wander on the
day. In the twilight, in the quiet evening, We shall rise and smile and go
away. Over the flaming leaves Freezes the sky. It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I. All our spring-times, all our summers, We have kept the
longing warm within. Now we leave the after-comers To attain the dreams
we did not win. O we have wakened, Sweet, and had our birth, And that's
the end of earth; And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light, And
that's the end of night.

Witchery. [Frank Dempster Sherman]

Out of the purple drifts, From the shadow sea of night, On tides of
musk a moth uplifts Its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or ghost Of a dream that comes to me, Here in the
twilight on the coast, Blue cinctured by the sea?

Fashioned of foam and froth -- And the dream is ended soon, And lo,
whence came the moon-white moth Comes now the moth-white moon!

Golden Pulse. [John Myers O'Hara]

Golden pulse grew on the shore, Ferns along the hill, And the red
cliff roses bore Bees to drink their fill;

Bees that from the meadows bring Wine of melilot, Honey-sups on
golden wing To the garden grot.

But to me, neglected flower, Phaon will not see, Passion brings no
crowning hour, Honey nor the bee.

Sappho. [Sara Teasdale]

The twilight's inner flame grows blue and deep, And in my Lesbos,
over leagues of sea, The temples glimmer moonwise in the trees. Twilight
has veiled the little flower face Here on my heart, but still the night is kind
And leaves her warm sweet weight against my breast. Am I that Sappho
who would run at dusk Along the surges creeping up the shore When tides
came in to ease the hungry beach, And running, running, till the night was
black, Would fall forespent upon the chilly sand And quiver with the
winds from off the sea? Ah, quietly the shingle waits the tides Whose
waves are stinging kisses, but to me Love brought no peace, nor darkness
any rest. I crept and touched the foam with fevered hands And cried to
Love, from whom the sea is sweet, From whom the sea is bitterer than
death. Ah, Aphrodite, if I sing no more To thee, God's daughter, powerful
as God, It is that thou hast made my life too sweet To hold the added
sweetness of a song. There is a quiet at the heart of love, And I have
pierced the pain and come to peace. I hold my peace, my Cleis, on my
heart; And softer than a little wild bird's wing Are kisses that she pours
upon my mouth. Ah, never any more when spring like fire Will flicker in
the newly opened leaves, Shall I steal forth to seek for solitude Beyond the
lure of light Alcaeus' lyre, Beyond the sob that stilled Erinna's voice. Ah,
never with a throat that aches with song, Beneath the white uncaring sky
of spring, Shall I go forth to hide awhile from Love The quiver and the
crying of my heart. Still I remember how I strove to flee The love-note of
the birds, and bowed my head To hurry faster, but upon the ground I saw
two winged shadows side by side, And all the world's spring passion
stifled me. Ah, Love, there is no fleeing from thy might, No lonely place
where thou hast never trod, No desert thou hast left uncarpeted With
flowers that spring beneath thy perfect feet. In many guises didst thou
come to me; I saw thee by the maidens while they danced, Phaon allured
me with a look of thine, In Anactoria I knew thy grace, I looked at
Cercolas and saw thine eyes; But never wholly, soul and body mine, Didst

thou bid any love me as I loved. Now I have found the peace that fled
from me; Close, close, against my heart I hold my world. Ah, Love that
made my life a lyric cry, Ah, Love that tuned my lips to lyres of thine, I
taught the world thy music, now alone I sing for one who falls asleep to
hear.

Harps hung up in Babylon. [Arthur Colton]

The harps hung up in Babylon, Their loosened strings rang on, sang on,
And cast their murmurs forth upon The roll and roar of Babylon: "~Forget
me, Lord, if I forget Jerusalem for Babylon, If I forget the vision set High
as the head of Lebanon Is lifted over Syria yet, If I forget and bow me
down To brutish gods of Babylon.~"

Two rivers to each other run In the very midst of Babylon, And swifter
than their current fleets The restless river of the streets Of Babylon, of
Babylon, And Babylon's towers smite the sky, But higher reeks to God
most high The smoke of her iniquity: "~But oh, betwixt the green and blue
To walk the hills that once we knew When you were pure and I was
true,~" -- So rang the harps in Babylon -- "~Or ere along the roads of
stone Had led us captive one by one The subtle gods of Babylon.~"

The harps hung up in Babylon Hung silent till the prophet dawn, When
Judah's feet the highway burned Back to the holy hills returned, And
shook their dust on Babylon. In Zion's halls the wild harps rang, To Zion's
walls their smitten clang, And lo! of Babylon they sang, They only sang of
Babylon: "~Jehovah, round whose throne of awe The vassal stars their
orbits draw Within the circle of Thy law, Canst thou make nothing what is
done, Or cause Thy servant to be one That has not been in Babylon, That
has not known the power and pain Of life poured out like driven rain? I
will go down and find again My soul that's lost in Babylon.~"

Live blindly. [Trumbull Stickney]

Live blindly and upon the hour. The Lord, Who was the Future, died full long ago. Knowledge which is the Past is folly. Go, Poor child, and be not to thyself abhorred. Around thine earth sun-winged winds do blow And planets roll; a meteor draws his sword; The rainbow breaks his seven-coloured chord And the long strips of river-silver flow: Awake! Give thyself to the lovely hours. Drinking their lips, catch thou the dream in flight About their fragile hairs' aerial gold. Thou art divine, thou livest, -- as of old Apollo springing naked to the light, And all his island shivered into flowers.

Love's Springtide. [Frank Dempster Sherman]

My heart was winter-bound until I heard you sing; O voice of Love,
hush not, but fill My life with Spring!

My hopes were homeless things before I saw your eyes; O smile of
Love, close not the door To paradise!

My dreams were bitter once, and then I found them bliss; O lips of
Love, give me again Your rose to kiss!

Springtide of Love! The secret sweet Is ours alone; O heart of
Love, at last you beat Against my own!

Wanderers. [George Sylvester Viereck]

Sweet is the highroad when the skylarks call, When we and Love go
rambling through the land. But shall we still walk gayly, hand in hand,
At the road's turning and the twilight's fall? Then darkness shall divide us
like a wall, And uncouth evil nightbirds flap their wings; The solitude
of all created things Will creep upon us shuddering like a pall.

This is the knowledge I have wrung from pain: We, yea, all lovers, are
not one, but twain, Each by strange wisps to strange abysses drawn; But
through the black immensity of night Love's little lantern, like a
glowworm's, bright, May lead our steps to some stupendous dawn.

Ballade of my Lady's Beauty. **[Joyce Kilmer]**

Squire Adam had two wives, they say, Two wives had he, for his
delight, He kissed and clypt them all the day And clypt and kissed them
all the night. Now Eve like ocean foam was white And Lilith roses
dipped in wine, But though they were a goodly sight No lady is so fair as
mine.

To Venus some folk tribute pay And Queen of Beauty she is hight,
And Sainte Marie the world doth sway In cerule napery bedight. My
wonderment these twain invite, Their comeliness it is divine, And yet I
say in their despite, No lady is so fair as mine.

Dame Helen caused a grievous fray, For love of her brave men did
fight, The eyes of her made sages fey And put their hearts in woeful
plight. To her no rhymes will I indite, For her no garlands will I twine,
Though she be made of flowers and light No lady is so fair as mine.

L'Envoi

Prince Eros, Lord of lovely might, Who on Olympus dost recline, Do
I not tell the truth aright? No lady is so fair as mine.

Grieve not, Ladies. [Anna Hempstead Branch]

Oh, grieve not, Ladies, if at night Ye wake to feel your beauty going.
It was a web of frail delight, Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands, In deep fair pools, new beauty lingers,
But like spent water in your hands It runs from your reluctant fingers.

Ye shall not keep the singing lark That owes to earlier skies its duty.
Weep not to hear along the dark The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night Is tuned to hear the smallest
sorrow. Oh, wait until the morning light! It may not seem so gone to-
morrow!

But honey-pale and rosy-red! Brief lights that made a little shining!
Beautiful looks about us shed -- They leave us to the old repining.

Think not the watchful dim despair Has come to you the first, sweet-
hearted! For oh, the gold in Helen's hair! And how she cried when that
departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most, The swiftest borrower, wildest
spender, May count, as we would not, the cost -- And grow more true to
us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes We see no shadow of forgetting. Nay -- if
our star sinks in those skies We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks That such immortal youth is ours,
If memory keeps for them our looks As fresh as are the spring-time
flowers.

Oh, grieve not, Ladies, if at night Ye wake, to feel the cold
December! Rather recall the early light And in your loved one's arms,
remember.

Of Joan's Youth. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

I would unto my fair restore A simple thing: The flushing cheek she
had before! Out-velveting No more, no more, On our sad shore, The
carmine grape, the moth's auroral wing.

Ah, say how winds in flooding grass Unmoor the rose; Or guileful
ways the salmon pass To sea, disclose: For so, alas, With Love, alas, With
fatal, fatal Love a girlhood goes.

I shall not care. [Sara Teasdale]

When I am dead and over me bright April Shakes out her rain-
drenched hair, Though you should lean above me broken-hearted, I shall
not care.

I shall have peace as leafy trees are peaceful, When rain bends down
the bough, And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted Than you are
now.

Love came back at Fall o' Dew. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]

Love came back at fall o' dew, Playing his old part; But I had a word
or two That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candlelight, That should come before, Must betake
him to the night From a barred door."

This the word that made us part In the fall o' dew; This the word that
brake his heart -- Yet it brake mine, too.

There's Rosemary. [Olive Tilford Dargan]

O love that is not Love, but dear, so dear! That is not love because it goes full soon, Like flower born and dead within one moon, And yet is love, for that it comes too near The guarded fane where love alone may peer, Ere, like young spring by summer soon outshone, It trembles into death; yet comes anon As thoughts of spring will come though summer's here.

O star prelude to a dream more fair, Within my heart I'll keep a heaven for thee Where thou mayst freely come and freely go, Touching with thy faint gold ere I am 'ware A twilight hope -- a dawn I did not see -- O love that is not Love, but nearly so!

Love's Ritual. [Charles Hanson Towne]

Breathe me the ancient words when I shall find Your spirit mine; if, seeking you, life wins New wonder, with old splendor let us bind Our hearts when Love's high sacrament begins.

Exalt my soul with pomp and pageantry, Sing the eternal songs all lovers sing; Yea, when you come, gold let our vestments be, And lamps of silver let us softly swing.

But if at last, (hark how I whisper, Love!) You from my temple and from me should turn, I pray you chant no psalm my grief above, Over the body of Pain let no light burn.

Go forth in silence, quiet as a dove, Drift, with no sign, from our exultant place; We need no 'Ite' at the death of Love, And none should come to look on Love's white face.

Grey Rocks, and Greyer Sea. [Charles G. D. Roberts]

Grey rocks, and greyer sea, And surf along the shore -- And in my heart a name My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills Endure the darkening year -- And in my heart endure A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail That tosses, and is gone -- And in my heart the kiss That longing dreams upon.

Grey rocks, and greyer sea, And surf along the shore -- And in my heart the face That I shall see no more.

"Grandmither, think not I forget". [Willa Sibert Cather]

Grandmither, think not I forget, when I come back to town, An' wander the old ways again, an' tread them up and down. I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swallows pass, Wi'out I mind how good ye were unto a little lass; I never hear the winter rain a-pelting all night through Wi'out I think and mind me of how cold it falls on you. An' if I come not often to your bed beneath the thyme, Mayhap 't is that I'd change wi' ye, and gie my bed for thine, Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses blow Wi'out I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so. Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a score -- I never thought I should come back and ask ye now for more. Grandmither, gie me your still white hands that lie upon your breast, For mine do beat the dark all night and never find me rest; They grope among the shadows an' they beat the cold black air, They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never find him there, They never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I may never see His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shine for me. Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white as the kirkyard snow, For mine be tremblin' wi' the wish that he must never know. Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that I may never hear My lad a-singin' in the night when I am sick wi' fear; A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is white -- Ah, God! I'll up and go to him, a-singin' in the night, A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-cold heart, that has forgot to ache, For

mine be fire wi'in my breast an' yet it cannot break. Wi' every beat it's
callin' for things that must not be, -- So can ye not let me creep in an' rest
awhile by ye? A little lass afeard o' dark slept by ye years agone -- An' she
has found what night can hold 'twixt sunset an' the dawn: So when I plant
the rose an' rue above your grave for ye, Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose
that I would like to be, That I would like to be.

When I am dead and Sister to the Dust. [Elsa Barker]

When I am dead and sister to the dust; When no more avidly I drink
the wine Of human love; when the pale Proserpine Has covered me with
poppies, and cold rust Has cut my lyre-strings, and the sun has thrust Me
underground to nourish the world-vine, -- Men shall discover these old
songs of mine, And say: This woman lived -- as poets must!

This woman lived and wore life as a sword To conquer wisdom; this
dead woman read In the sealed Book of Love and underscored The
meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread, And faring out for regions
unexplored, Went singing down the River of the Dead.

Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's. [Grace Fallow Norton]

I

With cassock black, baret and book, Father Saran goes by; I think he
goes to say a prayer For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran May say a prayer for me; Myself
meanwhile, the Sister tells, Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray: how may I kneel Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray -- the low earth-born -- A humble heart to God:
But O, my heart of clay is proud -- True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God, They say bends over me; I search the
dark, dark face of God -- O what is it I see?

I see -- who lie fast bound, who may Not kneel, who can but seek -- I
see mine own face over me, With tears upon its cheek.

II

If my dark grandam had but known, Or yet my wild grandsir, Or the
lord that lured the maid away That was my sad mother,

O had they known, O had they dreamed What gift it was they gave,
Would they have stayed their wild, wild love, Nor made my years their
slave?

Must they have stopped their hungry lips From love at thought of me?
O life, O life, how may we learn Thy strangest mystery?

Nay, they knew not, as we scarce know; Their souls, O let them rest;
My life is pupil unto pain -- With him I make my quest.

III

My little soul I never saw, Nor can I count its days; I do not know its
wondrous law And yet I know its ways.

O it is young as morning-hours, And old as is the night; O it has
growth of budding flowers, Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart, And far and fair and still, Yet ever beats
within my heart, And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange, And sees life far away, Yet far
with near can interchange And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths, And yet it does not die; My soul
has broke a thousand faiths, And yet it cannot lie;

My soul -- there's naught can make it less; My soul -- there's naught
can mar; Yet here it weeps with loneliness Within its lonely star.

My soul -- not any dark can bind, Nor hinder any hand, Yet here it
weeps -- long blind, long blind -- And cannot understand.

Irish Peasant Song. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while. Oh, I long to be
alone, and walk abroad a mile; Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at
all, Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-sodden earth, the earth-colored streams, They breathe on
me awake, and moan to me in dreams, And yonder ivy fondling the broke
castle-wall, It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill, And far as Leighlin
Cross the fields are green and still; But once I hear the blackbird in
Leighlin hedges call, The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

The Prince. [Josephine Dodge Daskam]

My heart it was a cup of gold That at his lip did long to lie, But he hath
drunk the red wine down, And tossed the goblet by.

My heart it was a floating bird That through the world did wander free,
But he hath locked it in a cage, And lost the silver key.

My heart it was a white, white rose That bloomed upon a broken
bough, He did but wear it for an hour, And it is withered now.

Four Winds. [Sara Teasdale]

"Four winds blowing thro' the sky, You have seen poor maidens die,
Tell me then what I shall do That my lover may be true." Said the wind
from out the south, "Lay no kiss upon his mouth," And the wind from out
the west, "Wound the heart within his breast," And the wind from out the
east, "Send him empty from the feast," And the wind from out the north,
"In the tempest thrust him forth; When thou art more cruel than he, Then
will Love be kind to thee."

A West-Country Lover. [Alice Brown]

Then, lady, at last thou art sick of my sighing.
Good-bye! So long as I sue, thou wilt still be denying?
Good-bye! Ah, well! shall I vow then to serve thee forever, And swear no
unkindness our kinship can sever? Nay, nay, dear my lass! here's an end of
endeavor. Good-bye!

Yet let no sweet ruth for my misery grieve thee.
Good-bye! The man who has loved knows as well how to leave thee.
Good-bye! The gorse is enkindled, there's bloom on the heather, And love
is my joy, but so too is fair weather; I still ride abroad though we ride not
together. Good-bye!

My horse is my mate; let the wind be my master.
Good-bye! Though Care may pursue, yet my hound follows faster.
Good-bye! The red deer's a-tremble in coverts unbroken. He hears the
hoof-thunder; he scents the death-token. Shall I mope at home, under
vows never spoken? Good-bye!

The brown earth's my book, and I ride forth to read it.
Good-bye! The stream runneth fast, but my will shall outspeed it.
Good-bye! I love thee, dear lass, but I hate the hag Sorrow. As sun follows
rain, and to-night has its morrow, So I'll taste of joy, though I steal, beg, or
borrow! Good-bye!

A Winter Ride. [Amy Lowell]

Who shall declare the joy of the running! Who shall tell of the
pleasures of flight! Springing and spurning the tufts of wild heather,
Sweeping, wide-winged, through the blue dome of light. Everything
mortal has moments immortal, Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably
bright. So with the stretch of the white road before me, Shining snow

crystals rainbowed by the sun, Fields that are white, stained with long,
cool, blue shadows, Strong with the strength of my horse as we run. Joy
in the touch of the wind and the sunlight! Joy! With the vigorous earth
I am one.

Sic Vita. [William Stanley Braithwaite]

Heart free, hand free, Blue above, brown under, All the world to me
Is a place of wonder. Sun shine, moon shine, Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free, Days to follow after, Joys of life sold to me
For the price of laughter. Girl's love, man's love, Love of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove Beauty, beauty, beauty!

Across the Fields to Anne. [Richard Burton]

How often in the summer-tide, His graver business set aside, Has
stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed, As to the pipe of Pan, Stepped
blithesomely with lover's pride Across the fields to Anne.

It must have been a merry mile, This summer stroll by hedge and stile,
With sweet foreknowledge all the while How sure the pathway ran To dear
delights of kiss and smile, Across the fields to Anne.

The silly sheep that graze to-day, I wot, they let him go his way, Nor
once looked up, as who should say: "It is a seemly man." For many lads
went wooing aye Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look; Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
"The world by him shall yet be shook, It is in nature's plan; Though now
he fleets like any rook Across the fields to Anne."

And I am sure, that on some hour Coquetting soft 'twixt sun and
shower, He stooped and broke a daisy-flower With heart of tiny span, And
bore it as a lover's dower Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed She plucked a jasmine's
goodlihede, To scent his jerkin's brown instead; Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace, The hedgerow's green, the summer's
grace, Are still before me face to face; Methinks I almost can Turn poet
and join the singing race Across the fields to Anne!

The House and the Road. **[Josephine Preston Peabody]**

The little Road says, Go, The little House says, Stay: And O, it's bonny
here at home, But I must go away.

The little Road, like me, Would seek and turn and know; And forth I
must, to learn the things The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears, And journey while I may, Though heart be
sore for the little House That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way Your child could ever know Why a little House
would have you stay, When a little Road says, Go.

The Path to the Woods. [Madison Cawein]

Its friendship and its carelessness Did lead me many a mile, Through
goat's-rue, with its dim caress, And pink and pearl-white smile; Through
crowfoot, with its golden lure, And promise of far things, And sorrel with
its glance demure And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence, As childhood leads the wise, With elbows
here of tattered fence, And blue of wildflower eyes; With whispers low of
leafy speech, And brook-sweet utterance; With bird-like words of oak and
beech, And whisperings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm, As candor leads desire, Now with a
clasp of blossomy arm, A butterfly kiss of fire; Now with a toss of tousled
gold, A barefoot sound of green, A breath of musk, of mossy mold, With
vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things Into an old-time vale, Peopled with
faery glimmerings, And flower-like fancies pale; Where fungous forms
stood, gold and gray, Each in its mushroom gown, And, roofed with red,
glimpsed far away, A little toadstool town.

It led me with an idle ease, A vagabond look and air, A sense of ragged
arms and knees In weeds grown everywhere; It led me, as a gypsy leads,
To dingles no one knows, With beauty burred with thorny seeds, And
tangled wild with rose.

It led me as simplicity Leads age and its demands, With bee-beat of its
ecstasy, And berry-stained touch of hands; With round revealments, puff-
ball white, Through rents of weedy brown, And petaled movements of
delight In roseleaf limb and gown.

It led me on and on and on, Beyond the Far Away, Into a world long
dead and gone, -- The world of Yesterday: A faery world of memory, Old
with its hills and streams, Wherein the child I used to be Still wanders with
his dreams.

Sometimes. [Thomas S. Jones, Jr.]

Across the fields of yesterday He sometimes comes to me, A little
lad just back from play -- The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully Once he has crept within, I wonder if
he hopes to see The man I might have been.

Renascence. [Edna St. Vincent Millay]

All I could see from where I stood Was three long mountains and a wood; I turned and looked another way, And saw three islands in a bay. So with my eyes I traced the line Of the horizon, thin and fine, Straight around till I was come Back to where I'd started from; And all I saw from where I stood Was three long mountains and a wood. Over these things I could not see; These were the things that bounded me; And I could touch them with my hand, Almost, I thought, from where I stand. And all at once things seemed so small My breath came short, and scarce at all. But, sure, the sky is big, I said; Miles and miles above my head; So here upon my back I'll lie And look my fill into the sky. And so I looked, and, after all, The sky was not so very tall. The sky, I said, must somewhere stop, And -- sure enough! -- I see the top! The sky, I thought, is not so grand; I 'most could touch it with my hand! And, reaching up my hand to try, I screamed to feel it touch the sky.

I screamed, and -- lo! -- Infinity Came down and settled over me; And, pressing of the Undefined The definition on my mind, Held up before my eyes a glass Through which my shrinking sight did pass Until it seemed I must behold Immensity made manifold; Whispered to me a word whose sound Deafened the air for worlds around, And brought unmuffled to my ears The gossiping of friendly spheres, The creaking of the tented sky, The ticking of Eternity. I saw and heard, and knew at last The How and Why of all things, past, And present, and forevermore. The universe, cleft to the core, Lay open to my probing sense That, sick'ning, I would fain pluck thence But could not, -- nay! But needs must suck At the great wound, and could not pluck My lips away till I had drawn All venom out. -- Ah, fearful pawn! For my omniscience paid I toll In infinite remorse of soul. All sin was of my sinning, all Atoning mine, and mine the gall Of all regret. Mine was the weight Of every brooded wrong, the hate That

stood behind each envious thrust, Mine every greed, mine every lust. And all the while for every grief, Each suffering, I craved relief With individual desire, -- Craved all in vain! And felt fierce fire About a thousand people crawl; Perished with each, -- then mourned for all! A man was starving in Capri; He moved his eyes and looked at me; I felt his gaze, I heard his moan, And knew his hunger as my own. I saw at sea a great fog-bank Between two ships that struck and sank; A thousand screams the heavens smote; And every scream tore through my throat. No hurt I did not feel, no death That was not mine; mine each last breath That, crying, met an answering cry From the compassion that was I. All suffering mine, and mine its rod; Mine, pity like the pity of God. Ah, awful weight! Infinity Pressed down upon the finite Me! My anguished spirit, like a bird, Beating against my lips I heard; Yet lay the weight so close about There was no room for it without. And so beneath the Weight lay I And suffered death, but could not die.

Long had I lain thus, craving death, When quietly the earth beneath Gave way, and inch by inch, so great At last had grown the crushing weight, Into the earth I sank till I Full six feet under ground did lie, And sank no more, -- there is no weight Can follow here, however great. From off my breast I felt it roll, And as it went my tortured soul Burst forth and fled in such a gust That all about me swirled the dust.

Deep in the earth I rested now; Cool is its hand upon the brow And soft its breast beneath the head Of one who is so gladly dead. And all at once, and over all, The pitying rain began to fall; I lay and heard each pattering hoof Upon my lowly, thatched roof, And seemed to love the sound far more Than ever I had done before. For rain it hath a friendly sound To one who's six feet underground; And scarce the friendly voice or face: A grave is such a quiet place.

The rain, I said, is kind to come And speak to me in my new home. I would I were alive again To kiss the fingers of the rain, To drink into my eyes the shine Of every slanting silver line, To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze From drenched and dripping apple-trees. For soon the shower will be done, And then the broad face of the sun Will laugh above the rain-soaked earth Until the world with answering mirth Shakes

joyously, and each round drop Rolls, twinkling, from its grass-blade top.
How can I bear it; buried here, While overhead the sky grows clear And
blue again after the storm? O, multi-colored, multiform, Beloved beauty
over me, That I shall never, never see Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold,
That I shall never more behold! Sleeping your myriad magics through,
Close-sepulchred away from you! O God, I cried, give me new birth, And
put me back upon the earth! Upset each cloud's gigantic gourd And let the
heavy rain, down-poured In one big torrent, set me free, Washing my
grave away from me!

I ceased; and, through the breathless hush That answered me, the far-
off rush Of herald wings came whispering Like music down the vibrant
string Of my ascending prayer, and -- crash! Before the wild wind's
whistling lash The startled storm-clouds reared on high And plunged in
terror down the sky, And the big rain in one black wave Fell from the sky
and struck my grave.

I know not how such things can be I only know there came to me A
fragrance such as never clings To aught save happy living things; A sound
as of some joyous elf Singing sweet songs to please himself, And, through
and over everything, A sense of glad awakening. The grass, a-tiptoe at my
ear, Whispering to me I could hear; I felt the rain's cool finger-tips
Brushed tenderly across my lips, Laid gently on my sealed sight, And all
at once the heavy night Fell from my eyes and I could see, -- A drenched
and dripping apple-tree, A last long line of silver rain, A sky grown clear
and blue again. And as I looked a quickening gust Of wind blew up to me
and thrust Into my face a miracle Of orchard-breath, and with the smell, --
I know not how such things can be! -- I breathed my soul back into me. Ah!
Up then from the ground sprang I And hailed the earth with such a cry As
is not heard save from a man Who has been dead, and lives again. About
the trees my arms I wound; Like one gone mad I hugged the ground; I
raised my quivering arms on high; I laughed and laughed into the sky, Till
at my throat a strangling sob Caught fiercely, and a great heart-throb Sent
instant tears into my eyes; O God, I cried, no dark disguise Can e'er
hereafter hide from me Thy radiant identity! Thou canst not move across
the grass But my quick eyes will see Thee pass, Nor speak, however

silently, But my hushed voice will answer Thee. I know the path that tells
Thy way Through the cool eve of every day; God, I can push the grass
apart And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky, -- No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land Farther away on either hand; The soul
can split the sky in two, And let the face of God shine through. But East
and West will pinch the heart That cannot keep them pushed apart; And he
whose soul is flat -- the sky Will cave in on him by and by.

Souls. [Fannie Stearns Davis]

My Soul goes clad in gorgeous things, Scarlet and gold and blue;
And at her shoulder sudden wings Like long flames flicker through.

And she is swallow-fleet, and free From mortal bonds and bars. She
laughs, because Eternity Blossoms for her with stars!

O folk who scorn my stiff gray gown, My dull and foolish face, --
Can ye not see my Soul flash down, A singing flame through space?

And folk, whose earth-stained looks I hate, Why may I not divine
Your Souls, that must be passionate, Shining and swift, as mine!

Fiat Lux. [Lloyd Mifflin]

Then that dread angel near the awful throne, Leaving the seraphs
ranged in flaming tiers, Winged his dark way through those unpinioned
spheres, And on the void's black beetling edge, alone, Stood with raised
wings, and listened for the tone Of God's command to reach his eager
ears, While Chaos wavered, for she felt her years Unsceptered now in
that convulsive zone. Night trembled. And as one hath oft beheld A
lamp within a vase light up its gloom, So God's voice lighted him, from
heel to plume: "Let there be light!" It said, and Darkness, quelled,
Shrunk noiseless backward in her monstrous womb Through vasts
unwinnowed by the wings of eld!

The Dreamer. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay]

"~Why do you seek the sun, In your Bubble-Crown ascending? Your chariot will melt to mist, Your crown will have an ending.~" "Nay, sun is but a Bubble, Earth is a whiff of Foam -- To my caves on the coast of Thule Each night I call them home. Thence Faiths blow forth to angels And Loves blow forth to men -- They break and turn to nothing And I make them whole again: On the crested waves of chaos I ride them back reborn: New stars I bring at evening For those that burst at morn: My soul is the wind of Thule And evening is the sign, The sun is but a Bubble, A fragile child of mine."

A Caravan from China comes. [Richard Le Gallienne]
(After Hafiz)

A caravan from China comes; For miles it sweetens all the air With fragrant silks and dreaming gums, Attar and myrrh -- A caravan from China comes.

O merchant, tell me what you bring, With music sweet of camel bells;
How long have you been travelling With these sweet smells? O merchant, tell me what you bring.

A lovely lady is my freight, A lock escaped of her long hair, -- That is this perfume delicate That fills the air -- A lovely lady is my freight.

Her face is from another land, I think she is no mortal maid, -- Her beauty, like some ghostly hand, Makes me afraid; Her face is from another land.

The little moon my cargo is, About her neck the Pleiades Clasp hands and sing; Hafiz, 't is this Perfumes the breeze -- The little moon my cargo is.

As I came down from Lebanon. [Clinton Scollard]

As I came down from Lebanon, Came winding, wandering slowly
down Through mountain passes bleak and brown, The cloudless day was
well-nigh done. The city, like an opal set In emerald, showed each minaret
Afire with radiant beams of sun, And glistened orange, fig, and lime,
Where song-birds made melodious chime, As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon, Like lava in the dying glow, Through
olive orchards far below I saw the murmuring river run; And 'neath the
wall upon the sand Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand, With precious
spices they had won, Lay long and languidly in wait Till they might pass
the guarded gate, As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon, I saw strange men from lands afar, In
mosque and square and gay bazar, The Magi that the Moslem shun, And
grave Effendi from Stamboul, Who sherbet sipped in corners cool; And,
from the balconies o'errun With roses, gleamed the eyes of those Who
dwell in still seraglios, As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon, The flaming flower of daytime died,
And Night, arrayed as is a bride Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold, Outbloomed in glories manifold, Until the
moon, above the dun And darkening desert, void of shade, Shone like a
keen Damascus blade, As I came down from Lebanon.

The Only Way. [Louis V. Ledoux]

I

Memphis and Karnak, Luxor, Thebes, the Nile: Of these your letters
told; and I who read Saw loom on dim horizons Egypt's dead In march
across the desert, mile on mile, A ghostly caravan in slow defile
Between the sand and stars; and at their head From unmapped darkness
into darkness fled The gods that Egypt feared a little while.

There black against the night I saw them loom With captive kings
and armies in array Remembered only by their sculptured doom, And
thought: What Egypt was are we to-day. Then rose obscure against the
rearward gloom The march of Empires yet to pass away.

II

I looked in vision down the centuries And saw how Athens stood a
sunlit while A sovereign city free from greed and guile, The half-
embodied dream of Pericles. Then saw I one of smooth words, swift to
please, At laggard virtue mock with shrug and smile; With Cleon's
creed rang court and peristyle, Then sank the sun in far Sicilian seas.

From brows ignoble fell the violet crown. Again the warning sounds;
the hosts engage: In Cleon's face we fling our battle gage, We win as
foes of Cleon loud renown; But while we think to build the coming age
The laurel on our brows is turning brown.

III

We top the poisonous blooms that choke the state, At flower and fruit
our flashing strokes are made, The whetted scythe on stalk and stem is
laid, But deeper must we strike to extirpate The rooted evil that within our

gate Will sprout again and flourish, branch and blade; For only from
within can ill be stayed While Adam's seed is unregenerate.

With zeal redoubled let our strength be strained To cut the rooted
causes where they hold, Nor spend our sinews on the fungus mold When
all the breeding marshes must be drained. Be this our aim; and let our
youth be trained To honor virtue more than place and gold.

IV

A hundred cities sapped by slow decay, A hundred codes and
systems proven vain Lie hearsed in sand upon the heaving plain,
Memorial ruins mounded, still and gray; And we who plod the barren
waste to-day Another code evolving, think to gain Surcease of man's
inheritance of pain And mold a state immune from evil's sway.

Not laws; but virtue in the soul we need, The old Socratic justice in
the heart, The golden rule become the people's creed When years of
training have performed their part For thus alone in home and church
and mart Can evil perish and the race be freed.

The Dust Dethroned. [George Sterling]

Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod! In crypts profaned the moon at
midnight peers; The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears, And scant
and sear the desert grasses nod Where once the armies of Assyria trod,
With younger sunlight splendid on the spears; The lichens cling the
closer with the years, And seal the eyelids of the weary god.

Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave, The vulture shadows
with arrested wings The indecipherable boast of kings, As Arab
children hear their mother's cry And leave in mockery their toy -- they
leave The skull of Pharaoh staring at the sky.

Kinchinjunga. [Cale Young Rice]
(Which is the next highest of mountains)

I

O white Priest of Eternity, around Whose lofty summit veiling clouds
arise Of the earth's immemorial sacrifice To Brahma in whose breath all
lives and dies; O Hierarch enrobed in timeless snows, First-born of Asia
whose maternal throes Seem changed now to a million human woes, Holy
thou art and still! Be so, nor sound One sigh of all the mystery in thee
found.

II

For in this world too much is overclear, Immortal Ministrant to many
lands, From whose ice-altars flow to fainting sands Rivers that each
libation poured expands. Too much is known, O Ganges-giving sire! Thy
people fathom life and find it dire, Thy people fathom death, and, in it, fire

To live again, though in Illusion's sphere, Behold concealed as Grief is in a
tear.

III

Wherefore continue, still enshrined, thy rites, Though dark Thibet, that
dread ascetic, falls In strange austerity, whose trance appalls, Before thee,
and a suppliant on thee calls. Continue still thy silence high and sure, That
something beyond fleeting may endure -- Something that shall
forevermore allure Imagination on to mystic flights Wherein alone no
wing of Evil lights.

IV

Yea, wrap thy awful gulfs and acolytes Of lifted granite round with
reachless snows. Stand for Eternity while pilgrim rows Of all the nations
envy thy repose. Ensheath thy swart sublimities, unscaled. Be that alone
on earth which has not failed. Be that which never yet has yearned or ailed,
But since primeval Power upreared thy heights Has stood above all deaths
and all delights.

V

And though thy loftier Brother shall be King, High-priest art thou to
Brahma unrevealed, While thy white sanctity forever sealed In icy silence
leaves desire congealed. In ghostly ministrations to the sun, And to the
mendicant stars and the moon-nun, Be holy still, till East to West has run,
And till no sacrificial suffering On any shrine is left to tell life's sting.

Scum o' the Earth. [Robert Haven Schauffler]

I

At the gate of the West I stand, On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong, Young fellow from Socrates' land? --
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong Fresh from the Master
Praxiteles' hand? So you're of Spartan birth? Descended, perhaps, from
one of the band -- Deathless in story and song -- Who combed their long
hair at Thermopylae's pass? Ah, I forget the straits, alas! More tragic than
theirs, more compassion-worth, That have doomed you to march in our
"immigrant class" Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth".

II

You Pole with the child on your knee, What dower bring you to the
land of the free? Hark! does she croon That sad little tune That Chopin
once found on his Polish lea And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers In wild Czech melody That Dvorak
took whole from the dancers. And the heavy faces bloom In the wonderful
Slavic way; The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom, Suddenly dawn like
the day. While, watching these folk and their mystery, I forget that they're
nothing worth; That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians, And men of all Slavic
nations Are "polacks" -- and "scum o' the earth".

III

Genoese boy of the level brow, Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes A-
stare at Manhattan's pinnacles now In the first sweet shock of a hushed

surprise; Within your far-rapt seer's eyes I catch the glow of the wild
surmise That played on the Santa Maria's prow In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone, When a world from the wave began to rise. Oh, it's
hard to foretell what high emprise Is the goal that gleams When Italy's
dreams Spread wing and sweep into the skies. Caesar dreamed him a
world ruled well; Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell; Angelo brought us
there to dwell; And you, are you of a different birth? -- You're only a
"dago", -- and "scum o' the earth"!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong Calling you "scum o' the earth", Man of
the sorrow-bowed head, Of the features tender yet strong, -- Man of the
eyes full of wisdom and mystery Mingled with patience and dread? Have
not I known you in history, Sorrow-bowed head? Were you the poet-king,
worth Treasures of Ophir unpriced? Were you the prophet, perchance,
whose art Foretold how the rabble would mock That shepherd of spirits,
erelong, Who should carry the lambs on his heart And tenderly feed his
flock? Man -- lift that sorrow-bowed head. Lo! 't is the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth. You're merely a butt for our mirth. You're a
"sheeny" -- and therefore despised And rejected as "scum o' the earth".

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke Mercy for us blasphemers, For that we
spat on these marvelous folk, Nations of darers and dreamers, Scions of
singers and seers, Our peers, and more than our peers. "Rabble and refuse",
we name them And "scum o' the earth", to shame them. Mercy for us of
the few, young years, Of the culture so callow and crude, Of the hands so
grasping and rude, The lips so ready for sneers At the sons of our ancient
more-than-peers. Mercy for us who dare despise Men in whose loins our
Homer lies; Mothers of men who shall bring to us The glory of Titian, the
grandeur of Huss; Children in whose frail arms shall rest Prophets and
singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas, Help us incarnate dreams like
these. Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong. Help us to father a
nation, strong In the comradeship of an equal birth, In the wealth of the
richest bloods of earth.

Da Boy from Rome. [Thomas Augustine Daly]

To-day ees com' from Eetaly A boy ees leeve een Rome, An' he ees stop an' speak weeth me -- I weesh he stay at home.

He stop an' say "Hallo," to me. An' w'en he standin' dere I smal da smal of Eetaly Steell steeckin' een hees hair, Dat com' weeth heem across da sea, An' een da clo'es he wear.

Da peopla bomp heem een da street, Da noise ees scare heem, too; He ees so clumsy een da feet He don't know w'at to do, Dere ees so many theeng he meet Dat ees so strange, so new.

He sheever an' he ask eef here Eet ees so always cold. Den een hees eye ees com' a tear -- He ees no vera old -- An', oh, hees voice ees soun' so queer I have no heart for scold.

He look up een da sky so gray, But oh, hees eye ees be So far away, so far away, An' w'at he see I see. Da sky eet ees no gray to-day At home een Eetaly.

He see da glada peopla seet Where warma shine da sky -- Oh, while he eesa look at eet He ees baygeen to cry. Eef I no growl an' swear a beet So, too, my frand, would I.

Oh, why he stop an' speak weeth me, Dees boy dat leeve een Rome, An' com' to-day from Eetaly? I weesh he stay at home.

The Fugitives. [Florence Wilkinson]

We are they that go, that go, Plunging before the hidden blow. We run
the byways of the earth, For we are fugitive from birth, Blindfolded, with
wide hands abroad That sow, that sow the sullen sod.

We cannot wait, we cannot stop For flushing field or quickened crop;
The orange bow of dusky dawn Glimmers our smoking swath upon;
Blindfolded still we hurry on.

How we do know the ways we run That are blindfolded from the sun?
We stagger swiftly to the call, Our wide hands feeling for the wall.

Oh, ye who climb to some clear heaven, By grace of day and leisure
given, Pity us, fugitive and driven -- The lithe whip curling on our track,
The headlong haste that looks not back!

The Song of the Unsuccessful. [Richard Burton]

We are the toilers from whom God barred The gifts that are good to hold. We meant full well and we tried full hard, And our failures were manifold.

And we are the clan of those whose kin Were a millstone dragging them down. Yea, we had to sweat for our brother's sin, And lose the victor's crown.

The seeming-able, who all but scored, From their teeming tribe we come: What was there wrong with us, O Lord, That our lives were dark and dumb?

The men ten-talented, who still Strangely missed of the goal, Of them we are: it seems Thy will To harrow some in soul.

We are the sinners, too, whose lust Conquered the higher claims, We sat us prone in the common dust, And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove Zealously, but in vain; We lost and lost, while our comrades throve, And still we lost again.

We are the doubles of those whose way Was festal with fruits and flowers; Body and brain we were sound as they, But the prizes were not ours.

A mighty army our full ranks make, We shake the graves as we go; The sudden stroke and the slow heartbreak, They both have brought us low.

And while we are laying life's sword aside, Spent and dishonored and sad, Our epitaph this, when once we have died: "The weak lie here, and the bad."

We wonder if this can be really the close, Life's fever cooled by death's trance; And we cry, though it seem to our dearest of foes, "God, give us another chance!"

They went forth to Battle, but they always fell. [Shaemas O Sheel]

They went forth to battle, but they always fell; Their eyes were fixed
above the sullen shields; Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well, And
sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell. They knew not fear that to the
foeman yields, They were not weak, as one who vainly wields A futile
weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell How on the hard-fought field they always
fell.

It was a secret music that they heard, A sad sweet plea for pity and
for peace; And that which pierced the heart was but a word, Though the
white breast was red-lipped where the sword Pressed a fierce cruel kiss,
to put surcease On its hot thirst, but drank a hot increase. Ah, they by
some strange troubling doubt were stirred, And died for hearing what no
foeman heard.

They went forth to battle but they always fell; Their might was not
the might of lifted spears; Over the battle-clamor came a spell Of troubling
music, and they fought not well. Their wreaths are willows and their
tribute, tears; Their names are old sad stories in men's ears; Yet they will
scatter the red hordes of Hell, Who went to battle forth and always fell.

The Eagle that is forgotten. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay]
(John P. Altgeld)

Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone. Time has its way
with you there, and the clay has its own. "We have buried him now,"
thought your foes, and in secret rejoiced. They made a brave show of their
mourning, their hatred unvoiced. They had snarled at you, barked at you,
foamed at you, day after day. Now you were ended. They praised you . . .
and laid you away. The others, that mourned you in silence and terror and
truth, The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth, The

mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the poor, That should have remembered forever, . . . remember no more. Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call, The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall? They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones, A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons. The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began, The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man. Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone. Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own. Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man that kindled the flame -- To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name, To live in mankind, far, far more than to live in a name! --

A Memorial Tablet. [Florence Wilkinson]

Oh, Agathocles, fare thee well!

Naked and brave thou goest Without one glance behind! Hast thou no fear, Agathocles, Or backward grief of mind?

The dreamy dog beside thee Presses against thy knee; He, too, oh, sweet Agathocles, Is deaf and visioned like thee.

Thou art so lithe and lovely And yet thou art not ours. What Delphic saying compels thee Of kings or topless towers?

That little blowing mantle Thou lovest from thine arm -- No shoon nor staff, Agathocles, Nor sword, to fend from harm!

Thou hast the changed impersonal Awed brow of mystery -- Yesterday thou wast burning, Mad boy, for Glaucoe.

Phylis thy mother calls thee: Mine eyes with tears are dim, Turn once, look once, Agathocles -- (~The gods have blinded him.~)

Come back, Agathocles, the night -- Brings thee what place of rest? Wine-sweet are Glaucoe's kisses, Flower-soft her budding breast.

He seems to hearken, Glaucoe, He seems to listen and smile; (~Nay, Phylis, but a god-song He follows this many a mile.~)

Come back, come back, Agathocles! (~He scents the asphodel; Unearthly swift he runneth.~) Agathocles, farewell!

To-Day. [Helen Gray Cone]

Voice, with what emulous fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English scorners of Spain, sweeping the blue sea-way, Sing me the daring
of life for life, the magnanimous passion Of man for man in the mean
populous streets of To-day!

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show, in the ring hot-
sanded, Brown Bestiarius holding the lean tawn tiger at bay, Paint me the
wrestle of Toil with the wild-beast Want, bare-handed; Shadow me forth a
soul steadily facing To-day!

The Man with the Hoe. [Edwin Markham]

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans Upon his hoe and gazes on
the ground, The emptiness of ages in his face, And on his back the burden
of the world. Who made him dead to rapture and despair, A thing that
grieves not and that never hopes, Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw? Whose was the hand that
slanted back this brow? Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave To have dominion over sea
and land; To trace the stars and search the heavens for power; To feel the
passion of Eternity? Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep? Down all the stretch of
Hell to its last gulf There is no shape more terrible than this -- More
tongued with censure of the world's blind greed -- More filled with signs
and portents for the soul -- More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim! Slave of the wheel of labor,
what to him Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades? What the long reaches of
the peaks of song, The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose? Through
this dread shape the suffering ages look; Time's tragedy is in that aching
stoop; Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, Plundered, profaned

and disinherited, Cries protest to the Judges of the World, A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, Is this the handiwork you give to God, This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched? How will you ever straighten up this shape; Touch it again with immortality; Give back the upward looking and the light; Rebuild in it the music and the dream; Make right the immemorial infamies, Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands, How will the Future reckon with this Man? How answer his brute question in that hour When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world? How will it be with kingdoms and with kings -- With those who shaped him to the thing he is -- When this dumb Terror shall reply to God, After the silence of the centuries?

Exordium. [George Cabot Lodge]

Speak! said my soul, be stern and adequate; The sunset falls from
Heaven, the year is late, Love waits with fallen tresses at thy gate
And mourns for perished days. Speak! in the rigor of thy fate and mine,
Ere these scant, dying days, bright-lipped with wine, All one by one depart,
resigned, divine, Through desert, autumn ways.

Speak! thou art lonely in thy chilly mind, With all this desperate
solitude of wind, The solitude of tears that make thee blind, Of wild
and causeless tears. Speak! thou hast need of me, heart, hand and head,
Speak, if it be an echo of thy dread, A dirge of hope, of young illusions
dead -- Perchance God hears!

The Frozen Grail. [Elsa Barker]

(To Peary and his men, before the last expedition)

Why sing the legends of the Holy Grail, The dead crusaders of the
Sepulchre, While these men live? Are the great bards all dumb? Here is
a vision to shake the blood of Song, And make Fame's watchman tremble
at his post.

What shall prevail against the spirit of man, When cold, the lean and
snarling wolf of hunger, The threatening spear of ice-mailed Solitude,
Silence, and space, and ghostly-footed Fear Prevail not? Dante, in his
frozen hell Shivering, endured no bleakness like the void These men have
warmed with their own flaming will, And peopled with their dreams.
The wind from fierce Arcturus in their faces, at their backs The whip of
the world's doubt, and in their souls Courage to die -- if death shall be the
price Of that cold cup that will assuage their thirst; They climb, and fall,
and stagger toward the goal. They lay themselves the road whereby they
travel, And sue God for a franchise. Does He watch Behind the lattice of
the boreal lights? In that grail-chapel of their stern-vowed quest, Ninety of
God's long paces toward the North, Will they behold the splendor of His

face? To conquer the world must man renounce the world? These have renounced it. Had ye only faith Ye might move mountains, said the Nazarene. Why, these have faith to move the zones of man Out to the point where All and Nothing meet. They catch the bit of Death between their teeth, In one wild dash to trample the unknown And leap the gates of knowledge. They have dared Even to defy the sentinel that guards The doors of the forbidden -- dared to hurl Their breathing bodies after the Ideal, That like the heavenly kingdom must be taken Only by violence. The star that leads The leader of this quest has held the world True to its orbit for a million years.

And shall he fail? They never fail who light Their lamp of faith at the unwavering flame Burnt for the altar service of the Race Since the beginning. He shall find the strange -- The white immaculate Virgin of the North, Whose steady gaze no mortal ever dared, Whose icy hand no human ever grasped. In the dread silence and the solitude She waits and listens through the centuries For one indomitable, destined soul, Born to endure the glory of her eyes, And lift his warm lips to the frozen Grail.

The Unconquered Air. [Florence Earle Coates]

I

Others endure Man's rule: he therefore deems I shall endure it -- I,
the unconquered Air! Imagines this triumphant strength may bear His
paltry sway! yea, ignorantly dreams, Because proud Rhea now his vassal
seems, And Neptune him obeys in billowy lair, That he a more sublime
assault may dare, Where blown by tempest wild the vulture screams!

Presumptuous, he mounts: I toss his bones Back from the height
supernal he has braved: Ay, as his vessel nears my perilous zones, I blow
the cockle-shell away like chaff And give him to the Sea he has enslaved.
He founders in its depths; and then I laugh!

II

Impregnable I held myself, secure Against intrusion. Who can
measure Man? How should I guess his mortal will outran Defeat so far
that danger could allure For its own sake? -- that he would all endure,
All sacrifice, all suffer, rather than Forego the daring dreams Olympian
That prophesy to him of victory sure?

Ah, tameless courage! -- dominating power That, all attempting, in a
deathless hour Made earth-born Titans godlike, in revolt! -- Fear is the
fire that melts Icarian wings: Who fears nor Fate, nor Time, nor what Time
brings, May drive Apollo's steeds, or wield the thunderbolt!

The Happiest Heart. [John Vance Cheney]

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall lord it but a day; Better the
lowly deed were done, And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame, The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast That
found the common daylight sweet, And left to Heaven the rest.

To a New York Shop-Girl dressed for Sunday. [Anna Hempstead
Branch]

To-day I saw the shop-girl go Down gay Broadway to meet her beau.
Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet, She spread abroad and took
the street.

And all that niceness would forbid, Superb, she smiled upon and did.
Let other girls, whose happier days Preserve the perfume of their
ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour Adds splendor to their opening
flower.

But from this child too swift a doom Must steal her prettiness and
bloom,

Toil and weariness hide the grace That pleads a moment from her face.
So blame her not if for a day She flaunts her glories while she may.
She half perceives, half understands, Snatching her gifts with both her
hands.

The little strut beneath the skirt That lags neglected in the dirt,
The indolent swagger down the street -- Who can condemn such happy
feet!

Innocent! vulgar -- that's the truth! Yet with the darling wiles of youth!

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare With such hauteur, beneath
such hair! ~Perhaps the men will find me fair!~

Charming and charmed, flippant, arrayed, Fluttered and foolish, proud,
displayed, Infinite pathos of parade!

The bangles and the narrowed waist -- The tinsled boa -- forgive the
taste! Oh, the starved nights she gave for that, And bartered bread to buy
her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes, Insolent with the half surmise We do
not quite admire, I know How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed Apostle to what things are best.

Let him who starves to buy the food For his soul's comfort find her
good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows That are the prettiest things she
knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes Make no more perfect sacrifice.

Who knows before what inner shrine She eats with them the bread and
wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few That madly sought the best they
knew!

Dear -- let me lean my cheek to-night Close, close to yours. Ah, that
is right.

How warm and near! At last I see One beauty shines for thee and
me.

So let us love and understand -- Whose hearts are hidden in God's
hand.

And we will cherish your brief Spring And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this Surely his angels lay their kiss.

A Faun in Wall Street. [John Myers O'Hara]

What shape so furtive steals along the dim Bleak street, barren of
throngs, this day of June; This day of rest, when all the roses swoon In
Attic vales where dryads wait for him? What sylvan this, and what the
stranger whim That lured him here this golden afternoon; Ways where
the dusk has fallen oversoon In the deep canyon, torrentless and grim?

Great Pan is far, O mad estray, and these Bare walls that leap to
heaven and hide the skies Are fanes men rear to other deities; Far to the
east the haunted woodland lies, And cloudless still, from cyclad-dotted
seas, Hymettus and the hills of Hellas rise.

The Mystic. [Witter Bynner]

By seven vineyards on one hill We walked. The native wine In
clusters grew beside us two, For your lips and for mine,

When, "Hark!" you said, -- "Was that a bell Or a bubbling spring we
heard?" But I was wise and closed my eyes And listened to a bird;

For as summer leaves are bent and shake With singers passing
through, So moves in me continually The winged breath of you.

You tasted from a single vine And took from that your fill -- But I
inclined to every kind, All seven on one hill.

The Cloud. [Josephine Preston Peabody]

The islands called me far away, The valleys called me home. The
rivers with a silver voice Drew on my heart to come.

The paths reached tendrils to my hair From every vine and tree.
There was no refuge anywhere Until I came to thee.

There is a northern cloud I know, Along a mountain crest; And as she
folds her wings of mist, So I could make my rest.

There is no chain to bind her so Unto that purple height; And she
will shine and wander, slow, Slow, with a cloud's delight.

Would she begone? She melts away, A heavenly joyous thing. Yet
day will find the mountain white, White-folded with her wing.

As you may see, but half aware If it be late or soon, Soft breathing
on the day-time air, The fair forgotten Moon.

And though love cannot bind me, Love, -- Ah no! -- yet I could stay
Maybe, with wings forever spread, -- Forever, and a day.

The Thought of her. [Richard Hovey]

My love for thee doth take me unaware, When most with lesser
things my brain is wrought, As in some nimble interchange of thought
The silence enters, and the talkers stare. Suddenly I am still and thou art
there, A viewless visitant and unbesought, And all my thinking
trembles into nought And all my being opens like a prayer. Thou art the
lifted Chalice in my soul, And I a dim church at the thought of thee;
Brief be the moment, but the mass is said, The benediction like an aureole
Is on my spirit, and shuddering through me A rapture like the rapture of
the dead.

Song. "If love were but a little thing --". [Florence Earle Coates]

If love were but a little thing -- Strange love, which, more than all, is
great -- One might not such devotion bring, Early to serve and late.

If love were but a passing breath -- Wild love -- which, as God
knows, is sweet -- One might not make of life and death A pillow for
love's feet.

The Rosary. [Robert Cameron Rogers]

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart, Are as a string of pearls to
me; I count them over, every one apart, My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer, To still a heart in absence
wrung; I tell each bead unto the end -- and there A cross is
hung.

Oh, memories that bless -- and burn! Oh, barren gain -- and bitter
loss! I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart, To kiss the cross.

Once. [Trumbull Stickney]

That day her eyes were deep as night. She had the motion of the rose,
The bird that veers across the light, The waterfall that leaps and throws Its
irised spindrift to the sun. She seemed a wind of music passing on.

Alone I saw her that one day Stand in the window of my life. Her
sudden hand melted away Under my lips, and without strife I held her in
my arms awhile And drew into my lips her living smile, --

Now many a day ago and year! Since when I dream and lie awake In
summer nights to feel her near, And from the heavy darkness break
Glitters, till all my spirit swims And her hand hovers on my shaking limbs.

If once again before I die I drank the laughter of her mouth And
quenched my fever utterly, I say, and should it cost my youth, 'T were well!
for I no more should wait Hammering midnight on the doors of fate.

Love knocks at the Door. [John Hall Wheelock]

In the pain, in the loneliness of love, To the heart of my sweet I fled.
I knocked at the door of her living heart, "Let in -- let in --" I said.

"What seek you here?" the voices cried, "You seeker among the
dead" -- "Herself I seek, herself I seek, Let in -- let in!" I said.

They opened the door of her living heart, But the core thereof was
dead. They opened the core of her living heart -- A worm at the core
there fed.

"Where is my sweet, where is my sweet?" "She is gone away, she is
fled. Long years ago she fled away, She will never return," they said.

The Candle and the Flame. [George Sylvester Viereck]

Thy hands are like cool herbs that bring Balm to men's hearts, upon
them laid; Thy lovely-petalled lips are made As any blossom of the
spring. But in thine eyes there is a thing, O Love, that makes me half
afraid.

For they are old, those eyes . . . They gleam Between the waking and
the dream With antique wisdom, like a bright Lamp strangled by the
temple's veil, That beckons to the acolyte Who prays with trembling lips
and pale In the long watches of the night.

They are as old as Life. They were When proud Gomorrah reared
its head A new-born city. They were there When in the places of the
dead Men swathed the body of the Lord. They visioned Pa-wak raise the
wall Of China. They saw Carthage fall And marked the grim Hun lead
his horde.

There is no secret anywhere Nor any joy or shame that lies Not
writ somehow in those child-eyes Of thine, O Love, in some strange
wise. Thou art the lad Endymion, And that great queen with spice and
myrrh From Araby, whom Solomon Delighted, and the lust of her.

The legions marching from the sea With Caesar's cohorts sang of thee,
How thy fair head was more to him Than all the land of Italy. Yea, in the
old days thou wast she Who lured Mark Antony from home To death and
Egypt, seeing he Lost love when he lost Rome.

Thou saw'st old Tubal strike the lyre, Yea, first for thee the poet
hurled Defiance at God's starry choir! Thou art the romance and the fire,
Thou art the pageant and the strife, The clamour, mounting high and
higher, From all the lovers in the world To all the lords of love and
life.

Perhaps the passions of mankind Are but the torches mystical Lit by

some spirit-hand to find The dwelling of the Master-Mind That knows
the secret of it all, In the great darkness and the wind.

We are the Candle, Love the Flame, Each little life-light flickers out,
Love bides, immortally the same: When of life's fever we shall tire He will
desert us and the fire Rekindle new in prince or lout.

Twin-born of knowledge and of lust, He was before us, he shall be
Indifferent still of thee and me, When shattered is life's golden cup, When
thy young limbs are shrivelled up, And when my heart is turned to dust.

Nay, sweet, smile not to know at last That thou and I, or knave, or
fool, Are but the involitient tool Of some world-purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set, With monstrous poppies spice the wine:
For only drunk are we divine, And only mad shall we forget!

Stains. [Theodosia Garrison]

The three ghosts on the lonesome road Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that stain about your mouth No lifted hand may cover?"
"From eating of forbidden fruit, Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that red burn on your foot No dust nor ash may cover?"
"I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out, Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road Spake each to one another,
"Whence came that blood upon your hand No other hand may cover?"
"From breaking of a woman's heart, Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked, Glutton and Thief and Lover;
White flesh and fair it hid our stains That no man might discover."
"Naked the soul goes up to God, Brother, my brother."

De Massa ob de Sheepfol'. [Sarah Pratt McLean Greene]

De massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guard de sheepfol' bin, Look out in de gloomerin' meadows Whar de long night rain begin -- So he call to de hirelin' shephe'd: "Is my sheep -- is dey all come in?"

Oh den, says de hirelin' shephe'd, "Dey's some, dey's black and thin, And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's -- But de res', dey's all brung in. But de res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol' Dat guard de sheepfol' bin, Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows Whar de long night rain begin -- So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol', Callin' sof': "Come in! Come in!" Callin' sof': "Come in! Come in!"

Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows, T'ro de col' night rain an' win', An' up t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf Whar de sleet fa' piercin' thin -- De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol' Dey all comes gadderin' in. De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol', Dey all comes gadderin' in!

Black Sheep. [Richard Burton]

From their folded mates they wander far, Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star, Their paths are dream-beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range, Some loftier mountain-slope,
And little recked of the country strange Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days Of outcast liberty, They're sick
at heart for the homely ways Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark And the hills loom large
and dim, For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark, And their souls go
out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! Black sheep!" we cry, Safe in the inner
fold; And maybe they hear, and wonder why, And marvel, out in the
cold.

Let me no more a Mendicant. **[Arthur Colton]**

Let me no more a mendicant Without the gate Of the world's kingly
palace wait; Morning is spent, The sentinels change and challenge in the
tower, Now slant the shadows eastward hour by hour.

Open the door, O Seneschal! Within I see them sit, The feasters,
daring destiny with wit, Casting to win Or lose their utmost, and men
hurry by At offices of confluent energy.

Let me not here a mendicant Without the gate Linger from dayspring
till the night is late, And there are sent All homeless stars to loiter in the
sky, And beggared midnight winds to wander by.

Lincoln, the Man of the People. [Edwin Markham]

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour Greatening and darkening as it hurried on, She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down To make a man to meet the mortal need. She took the tried clay of the common road -- Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth, Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy; Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears; Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff. Into the shape she breathed a flame to light That tender, tragic, ever-changing face. Here was a man to hold against the world, A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth; The smack and tang of elemental things; The rectitude and patience of the cliff; The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves; The friendly welcome of the wayside well; The courage of the bird that dares the sea; The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn; The pity of the snow that hides all scars; The secrecy of streams that make their way Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock; The tolerance and equity of light That gives as freely to the shrinking flower As to the great oak flaring to the wind -- To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West, The strength of virgin forests braced his mind, The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul. Up from log cabin to the Capitol, One fire was on his spirit, one resolve -- To send the keen ax to the root of wrong, Clearing a free way for the feet of God. And evermore he burned to do his deed With the fine stroke and gesture of a king: He built the rail-pile as he built the State, Pouring his splendid strength through every blow, The conscience of him testing every stroke, To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart; And when the judgment thunders split the house, Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest, He

held the ridgepole up, and spiked again The rafters of the Home. He held his place -- Held the long purpose like a growing tree -- Held on through blame and faltered not at praise. And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs, Goes down with a great shout upon the hills, And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

The Master. [Edwin Arlington Robinson]
(Lincoln)

A flying word from here and there Had sown the name at which we sneered, But soon the name was everywhere, To be reviled and then revered: A presence to be loved and feared, We cannot hide it, or deny That we, the gentlemen who jeered, May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous And hearts of men were sore beguiled; And having made his note of us, He pondered and was reconciled. Was ever master yet so mild As he, and so untamable? We doubted, even when he smiled, Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate Would shame us whom he served unsought; He knew that he must wince and wait -- The jest of those for whom he fought; He knew devoutly what he thought Of us and of our ridicule; He knew that we must all be taught Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task That he encountered and saw through, But little of us did he ask, And little did we ever do. And what appears if we review The season when we railed and chaffed? It is the face of one who knew That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels Again the venom that we flung, Transfigured to the world reveals The vigilance to which we clung. Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among The mysteries that are untold, The face we see was never young, Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied Our shopman's test of age and worth, Was elemental when he died, As he was ancient at his birth: The saddest among kings of earth, Bowed with a galling crown, this man Met rancor with a cryptic mirth, Laconic -- and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men: 'T was ours to soar and his to see. But
we are coming down again, And we shall come down pleasantly; Nor shall
we longer disagree On what it is to be sublime, But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

On the Building of Springfield. [Nicholas Vachel Lindsay]

Let not our town be large -- remembering That little Athens was the
Muses' home; That Oxford rules the heart of London still, That Florence
gave the Renaissance to Rome.

Record it for the grandson of your son -- A city is not builded in a
day: Our little town cannot complete her soul Till countless generations
pass away.

Now let each child be joined as to a church To her perpetual hopes,
each man ordained; Let every street be made a reverent aisle Where
music grows, and beauty is unchained.

Let Science and Machinery and Trade Be slaves of her, and make her
all in all -- Building against our blatant restless time An unseen, skillful,
mediaeval wall.

Let every citizen be rich toward God. Let Christ, the beggar, teach
divinity -- Let no man rule who holds his money dear. Let this, our city,
be our luxury.

We should build parks that students from afar Would choose to
starve in, rather than go home -- Fair little squares, with Phidian ornament
-- Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Songs shall be sung by us in that good day -- Songs we have written
-- blood within the rhyme Beating, as when old England still was glad,
The purple, rich, Elizabethan time.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far? I only know, unless her faith be
high, The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed, Our little Babylon will
surely die.

Some city on the breast of Illinois No wiser and no better at the start,
By faith shall rise redeemed -- by faith shall rise Bearing the western
glory in her heart --

The genius of the Maple, Elm and Oak, The secret hidden in each

grain of corn -- The glory that the prairie angels sing At night when sons
of Life and Love are born --

Born but to struggle, squalid and alone, Broken and wandering in
their early years. When will they make our dusty streets their goal,
Within our attics hide their sacred tears?

When will they start our vulgar blood athrill With living language --
words that set us free? When will they make a path of beauty clear
Between our riches and our liberty?

We must have many Lincoln-hearted men -- A city is not builded in a
day -- And they must do their work, and come and go While countless
generations pass away.

The Poet's Town. [John G. Neihardt]

I

'Mid glad green miles of tillage And fields where cattle graze, A prosy
little village, You drowse away the days.

And yet -- a wakeful glory Clings round you as you doze; One living
lyric story Makes music of your prose.

Here once, returning never, The feet of song have trod; And flashed --
Oh, once forever! -- The singing Flame of God.

II

These were his fields Elysian: With mystic eyes he saw The sowers
planting vision, The reapers gleaning awe.

Serfs to a sordid duty, He saw them with his heart, Priests of the
Ultimate Beauty, Feeding the flame of art.

The weird, untempl'd Makers Pulsed in the things he saw; The wheat
through its virile acres Billowed the Song of Law.

The epic roll of the furrow Flung from the writing plow, The dactyl
phrase of the green-rowed maize Measured the music of Now.

III

Sipper of ancient flagons, Often the lonesome boy Saw in the farmers'
wagons The chariots hurled at Troy.

Trundling in dust and thunder They rumbled up and down, Laden with
princely plunder, Loot of the tragic Town.

And once when the rich man's daughter Smiled on the boy at play,
Sword-storms, giddy with slaughter, Swept back the ancient day!

War steeds shrieked in the quiet, Far and hoarse were the cries; And
Oh, through the din and the riot, The music of Helen's eyes!

Stabbed with the olden Sorrow, He slunk away from the play, For the
Past and the vast To-morrow Were wedded in his To-day.

IV

Rich with the dreamer's pillage, An idle and worthless lad, Least in a
prosy village, And prince in Allahabad;

Lover of golden apples, Munching a daily crust; Haunter of dream-
built chapels, Worshipping in the dust;

Dull to the worldly duty, Less to the town he grew, And more to the
God of Beauty Than even the grocer knew!

V

Corn for the buyers, and cattle -- But what could the dreamer sell?
Echoes of cloudy battle? Music from heaven and hell?

Spices and bales of plunder Argosied over the sea? Tapestry woven of
wonder, And myrrh from Araby?

None of your dream-stuffs, Fellow, Looter of Samarcand! Gold is
heavy and yellow, And value is weighed in the hand!

VI

And yet, when the years had humbled The Kings in the Realm of the
Boy, Song-built bastions crumbled, Ash-heaps smothering Troy;

Thirsting for shattered flagons, Quaffing a brackish cup, With all of his
chariots, wagons -- He never could quite grow up.

The debt to the ogre, To-morrow, He never could comprehend: Why
should the borrowers borrow? Why should the lenders lend?

Never an oak tree borrowed, But took for its needs -- and gave. Never
an oak tree sorrowed; Debt was the mark of the slave.

Grass in the priceless weather Sucked from the paps of the Earth, And

the hills that were lean it fleshed with green -- Oh, what is a lesson worth?

But still did the buyers barter And the sellers squint at the scales; And
price was the stake of the martyr, And cost was the lock of the jails.

VII

Windflowers herald the Maytide, Rendering worth for worth;
Ragweeds gladden the wayside, Biting the dugs of the Earth;

Violets, scattering glories, Feed from the dewy gem: But dreamers are
fed by the living and dead -- And what is the gift from them?

VIII

Never a stalk of the Summer Dreams of its mission and doom: Only to
hasten the Comer -- Martyrdom unto the Bloom.

Ever the Mighty Chooser Plucks when the fruit is ripe, Scorning the
mass and letting it pass, Keen for the cryptic type.

Greece in her growing season Troubled the lands and seas, Plotted and
fought and suffered and wrought -- Building a Sophocles!

Only a faultless temple Stands for the vassal's groan; The harlot's strife
and the faith of the wife Blend in a graven stone.

Ne'er do the stern gods cherish The hope of the million lives; Always
the Fact shall perish And only the Truth survives.

Gardens of roses wither, Shaping the perfect rose: And the poet's song
shall live for the long, Dumb, aching years of prose.

IX

King of a Realm of Magic, He was the fool of the town, Hiding the
ache of the tragic Under the grin of the clown.

Worn with the vain endeavor To fit in the sordid plan; Doomed to be
poet forever, He longed to be only a man;

To be freed from the god's entralling, Back with the reeds of the
stream; Deaf to the Vision calling, And dead to the lash of the Dream.

X

But still did the Mighty Makers Stir in the common sod; The corn
through its awful acres Trembled and thrilled with God!

More than a man was the sower, Lured by a man's desire, For a triune
Bride walked close at his side -- Dew and Dust and Fire!

More than a man was the plowman, Shouting his gee and haw; For a
something dim kept pace with him, And ever the poet saw;

Till the winds of the cosmic struggle Made of his flesh a flute, To echo
the tune of a whirlwind rune Unto the million mute.

XI

Son of the Mother of mothers, The womb and the tomb of Life, With
Fire and Air for brothers And a clinging Dream for a wife;

Ever the soul of the dreamer Strove with its mortal mesh, And the lean
flame grew till it fretted through The last thin links of flesh.

Oh, rending the veil asunder, He fled to mingle again With the dred
Orestean thunder, The Lear of the driven rain!

XII

Once in a cycle the comet Doubles its lonesome track. Enriched with
the tears of a thousand years, Aeschylus wanders back.

Ever inweaving, returning, The near grows out of the far; And Homer
shall sing once more in a swing Of the austere Polar Star.

Then what of the lonesome dreamer With the lean blue flame in his
breast? And who was your clown for a day, O Town, The strange,
unbidden guest?

XIII

~'Mid glad green miles of tillage And fields where cattle graze; A
prosy little village, You drowse away the days.

And yet -- a wakeful glory Clings round you as you doze; One living,
lyric story Makes music of your prose!~

The New Life. [Witter Bynner]

Perhaps they laughed at Dante in his youth, Told him that truth Had
unappealably been said In the great masterpieces of the dead: -- Perhaps
he listened and but bowed his head In acquiescent honour, while his heart
Held natal tidings, -- that a new life is the part Of every man that's born, A
new life never lived before, And a new expectant art; It is the variations of
the morn That are forever, more and more, The single dawning of the
single truth. So answers Dante to the heart of youth!

Martin. [Joyce Kilmer]

When I am tired of earnest men, Intense and keen and sharp and
clever, Pursuing fame with brush or pen Or counting metal disks forever,
Then from the halls of shadowland Beyond the trackless purple sea Old
Martin's ghost comes back to stand Beside my desk and talk to me.

Still on his delicate pale face A quizzical thin smile is showing, His
cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace, His kind blue eyes are gay and
glowing. He wears a brilliant-hued cravat, A suit to match his soft gray
hair, A rakish stick, a knowing hat, A manner blithe and debonair.

How good, that he who always knew That being lovely was a duty,
Should have gold halls to wander through And should himself inhabit
beauty. How like his old unselfish way To leave those halls of splendid
mirth And comfort those condemned to stay Upon the bleak and sombre
earth.

Some people ask: What cruel chance Made Martin's life so sad a
story? Martin? Why, he exhaled romance And wore an overcoat of
glory. A fleck of sunlight in the street, A horse, a book, a girl who smiled,
-- Such visions made each moment sweet For this receptive, ancient
child.

Because it was old Martin's lot To be, not make, a decoration, Shall
we then scorn him, having not His genius of appreciation? Rich joy and
love he got and gave; His heart was merry as his dress. Pile laurel
wreaths upon his grave Who did not gain, but was, success.

As in the Midst of Battle there is Room. [George Santayana]

As in the midst of battle there is room For thoughts of love, and in
foul sin for mirth; As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth Spied by the
death-bed's flickering candle-gloom; As in the crevices of Caesar's tomb
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth: So in this great disaster of our
birth We can be happy, and forget our doom.

For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy Gilding the iron heaven,
hides the truth, And evening gently woos us to employ Our grief in idle
catches. Such is youth; Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
Despair before us, vanity behind.

Ex Libris. [Arthur Upson]

In an old book at even as I read Fast fading words adown my
shadowy page, I crossed a tale of how, in other age, At Arqua, with his
books around him, sped The word to Petrarch; and with noble head
Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage To Silence paid his willing
seigniorage. And they who found him whispered, "He is dead!"

Thus timely from old comradeships would I To Silence also rise.
Let there be night, Stillness, and only these staid watchers by, And no
light shine save my low study light -- Lest of his kind intent some human
cry Interpret not the Messenger aright.

The Poet. [Mildred McNeal Sweeney]

Himself is least afraid When the singing lips in the dust With all
mute lips are laid. For thither all men must. Nor is the end long stayed.

But he, having cast his song Upon the faithful air And given it speed
-- is strong That last strange hour to dare, Nor wills to tarry long.

A down immortal time That greater self shall pass, And wear its
eager prime And lend the youth it has Like one far blowing chime.

He has made sure the quest And now -- his word gone forth -- May
have his perfect rest Low in the tender earth, The wind across his breast.

When I have gone Weird Ways. [John G. Neihardt]

When I have finished with this episode, Left the hard, uphill road, And
gone weird ways to seek another load, Oh, friends, regret me not, nor
weep for me, Child of Infinity!

Nor dig a grave, nor rear for me a tomb To say with lying writ: "Here
in the gloom He who loved bigness takes a narrow room, Content to
pillow here his weary head, For he is dead."

But give my body to the funeral pyre, And bid the laughing fire, Eager
and strong and swift, like my desire, Scatter my subtle essence into
space, Free me of time and place.

And sweep the bitter ashes from the hearth, Fling back the dust I
borrowed from the earth Into the chemic broil of death and birth, The
vast alembic of the cryptic scheme, Warm with the master-dream.

And thus, O little house that sheltered me, Dissolve again in wind and
rain, to be Part of the cosmic weird economy. And, Oh, how oft with
new life shalt thou lift Out of the atom-drift!

Trumbull Stickney. [George Cabot Lodge]

I

In silence, solitude and stern surmise His faith was tried and proved
commensurate With life and death. The stone-blind eyes of Fate
Perpetually stared into his eyes, Yet to the hazard of the enterprise He
brought his soul, expectant and elate, And challenged, like a champion at
the Gate, Death's undissuadable austerities. And thus, full-armed in all that
Truth reprieves From dissolution, he beheld the breath Of daybreak
flush his thought's exalted ways, While, like Dodona's sad, prophetic
leaves, Round him the scant, supreme, momentous days Trembled
and murmured in the wind of Death.

II

There moved a Presence always by his side, With eyes of pleasure
and passion and wild tears, And on her lips the murmur of many years,
And in her hair the chaplets of a bride; And with him, hour by hour, came
one beside, Scatheless of Time and Time's vicissitude, Whose lips,
perforce of endless solitude, Were silent and whose eyes were blind and
wide. But when he died came One who wore a wreath Of star-light, and
with fingers calm and bland Smoothed from his brows the trace of
mortal pain; And of the two who stood on either hand, "This one is
Life," he said, "And this is Death, And I am Love and Lord over these
twain!"

Sentence. [Witter Bynner]

Shall I say that what heaven gave Earth has taken? -- Or that sleepers
in the grave Reawaken?

One sole sentence can I know, Can I say: You, my comrade, had to
go, I to stay.

Comrades. [George Edward Woodberry]

Where are the friends that I knew in my Maying, In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming? We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying; Now never a heart to my heart comes homing! -- Where is he now, the dark boy slender Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins? I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter, Softer than love, in his turbulent charms; Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter, And gathered me up in his boyhood arms; Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding, Suppled my limbs to the horseman's war; Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding, Biding, biding -- but he rides far!

O love that passes the love of woman! Who that hath felt it shall ever forget, When the breath of life with a throb turns human, And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set? Ever, forever, lover and rover -- They shall cling, nor each from other shall part Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over, And life is dust in each faithful heart!

They are dead, the American grasses under; There is no one now who presses my side; By the African chotts I am riding asunder, And with great joy ride I the last great ride. I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying; Thousands of miles there is no one near; And my heart -- all the night it is crying, crying In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music -- them dark earth covers; Comrades to die, and to die for, were they; In the width of the world there were no such rovers -- Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay; And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished, To spur forth from the crowd and come back never more, And to ride in the track of great souls perished Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands, Who hath joy of me,

riding the Tartar glissade; And one, far faring o'er orient islands Whose
blood yet glints with my blade's accolade; North, west, east, I fling you
my last hallooing, Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing My star where it
rises a Star of the Dead.

Comrades. [Richard Hovey]

Comrades, pour the wine to-night For the parting is with dawn! Oh,
the clink of cups together, With the daylight coming on! Greet the morn
With a double horn, When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night, For the battle is with dawn! Oh,
the clash of shields together, With the triumph coming on! Greet the foe,
And lay him low, When strong men fight together!

Comrades, watch the tides to-night, For the sailing is with dawn! Oh,
to face the spray together, With the tempest coming on! Greet the sea With
a shout of glee, When strong men roam together!

Comrades, give a cheer to-night, For the dying is with dawn! Oh, to
meet the stars together, With the silence coming on! Greet the end As a
friend a friend, When strong men die together!

Calverly's. [Edwin Arlington Robinson]

We go no more to Calverly's, For there the lights are few and low; And
who are there to see by them, Or what they see, we do not know. Poor
strangers of another tongue May now creep in from anywhere, And we,
forgotten, be no more Than twilight on a ruin there.

We two, the remnant. All the rest Are cold and quiet. You nor I,
Nor fiddle now, nor flagon-lid, May ring them back from where they lie.
No fame delays oblivion For them, but something yet survives: A record
written fair, could we But read the book of scattered lives.

There'll be a page for Leffingwell, And one for Lingard, the Moon-calf;
And who knows what for Clavering, Who died because he couldn't laugh?
Who knows or cares? No sign is here, No face, no voice, no memory;
No Lingard with his eerie joy, No Clavering, no Calverly.

We cannot have them here with us To say where their light lives are
gone, Or if they be of other stuff Than are the moons of Ilion. So, be their
place of one estate With ashes, echoes, and old wars, -- Or ever we be of
the night, Or we be lost among the stars.

Uriel. [Percy MacKaye]

(In memory of William Vaughn Moody)

I

Uriel, you that in the ageless sun Sit in the awful silences of light,
Singing of vision hid from human sight, -- Prometheus, beautiful
rebellious one! And you, Deucalion, For whose blind seed was brought the
illuming spark, Are you not gathered, now his day is done, Beside the
brink of that relentless dark -- The dark where your dear singer's ghost is
gone?

II

Imagined beings, who majestic blend Your forms with beauty! --
questing, unconfined, The mind conceived you, though the quenched mind
Goes down in dark where you in dawn ascend. Our songs can but suspend
The ultimate silence: yet could song aspire The realms of mortal music
to extend And wake a Sibyl's voice or Seraph's lyre -- How should it tell
the dearness of a friend?

III

The simplest is the inexpressible; The heart of music still evades the
Muse, And arts of men the heart of man suffuse, And saddest things are
made of silence still. In vain the senses thrill To give our sorrows glorious
relief In pyre of verse and pageants volatile, And I, in vain, to speak for
him my grief Whose spirit of fire invokes my waiting will.

IV

To him the best of friendship needs must be Uttered no more; yet was
he so endowed That Poetry because of him is proud And he more noble for
his poetry, Wherefore infallibly I obey the strong compulsion which this
verse Lays on my lips with strange austerity -- Now that his voice is silent
-- to rehearse For my own heart how he was dear to me.

V

Not by your gradual sands, elusive Time, We measure your gray sea,
that never rests; The bleeding hour-glasses in our breasts Mete with quick
pangs the ebbing of our prime, And drip, like sudden rime In March, that
melts to runnels from a pane The south breathes on -- oblivion of sublime
Crystallizations, and the ruthless wane Of glittering stars, that scarce had
range to climb.

VI

Darkling those constellations of his soul Glimmered, while racks of
stellar lightning shot The white, creative meteors of thought Through that
last night, where -- clad in cloudy stole -- Beside his ebbing shoal Of life-
blood, stood Saint Paul, blazing a theme Of living drama from a fiery
scroll Across his stretched vision as in dream -- When Death, with blind
dark, blotted out the whole.

VII

And yet not all: though darkly alien Those uncompleted worlds of
work to be Are waned; still, touched by them, the memory Gives afterglow;
and now that comes again The mellow season when Our eyes last met, his
kindling currents run Quickening within me gladness and new ken Of life,
that I have shared his prime with one Who wrought large-minded for the
love of men.

VIII

But not alone to share that large estate Of work and interchange of
communings -- The little human paths to heavenly things Were also ours:
the casual, intimate Vistas, which consecrate -- With laughter and quick
tears -- the dusty noon Of days, and by moist beams irradiate Our plodding
minds with courage, and attune The fellowship that bites its thumb at fate.

IX

Where art thou now, mine host Guffanti? -- where The iridescence of
thy motley troop! Ah, where the merry, animated group That snuggled
elbows for an extra chair, When space was none to spare, To pour the
votive Chianti for a toast To dramas dark and lyrics debonair, The while,
to `Bella Napoli', mine host Exhaled his Parmazan, Parnassan air!

X

Thy Parmazan, immortal laird of ease, Can never mold, thy caviare is blest,
While still our glowing Uriel greets the rest Around thy royal board of memories,
Where sit, the salt of these, He of the laughter of a Hundred Lights,
Blithe Eldorado of high poesies, And he -- of enigmatic gentle knights
The kindly keen -- who sings of `Calverly's'.

XI

Because he never wore his sentient heart For crows and jays to peck,
ofttimes to such He seemed a silent fellow, who o'ermuch Held from the
general gossip-ground apart, Or tersely spoke, and tart: How should they
guess what eagle tore, within, His quick of sympathy for humblest smart
Of human wretchedness, or probed his spleen Of scorn against the
hypocritic mart!

XII

Sometimes insufferable seemed to come That wrath of sympathy:
One windy night We watched through squalid panes, forlornly white, --
Amid immense machines' incessant hum -- Frail figures, gaunt and dumb,
Of overlabored girls and children, bowed Above their slavish toil: "O
God! -- A bomb, A bomb!" he cried, "and with one fiery cloud Expunge
the horrible Caesars of this slum!"

XIII

Another night dreams on the Cornish hills: Trembling within the low
moon's pallid fires, The tall corn-tassels lift their fragrant spires; From
filmy spheres, a liquid starlight fills -- Like dew of daffodils -- The fragile
dark, where multitudinous The rhythmic, intermittent silence thrills, Like
song, the valleys. -- "Hark!" he murmurs, "Thus May bards from
crickets learn their canticles!"

XIV

Now Morning, not less lavish of her sweets, Leads us along the
woodpaths -- in whose hush The quivering alchemy of the pure thrush
Cools from above the balsam-dripping heats -- To find, in green retreats,
'Mid men of clay, the great, quick-hearted man Whose subtle art our
human age secretes, Or him whose brush, tinct with cerulean, Blooms with
soft castle-towers and cloud-capped fleets.

XV

Still to the sorcery of August skies In frilled crimson flaunt the
hollyhocks, Where, lithely poised along the garden walks, His little maid
enamoured blithe outvies The dipping butterflies In motion -- ah, in grace
how grown the while, Since he was wont to render to her eyes His
knightly court, or touch with flitting smile Her father's heart by his true
flatteries!

XVI

But summer's golden pastures boast no trail So splendid as our fretted
snowshoes blaze Where, sharp across the amethystine ways, Iron
Ascutney looms in azure mail, And, like a frozen grail, The frore sun sets,
intolerably fair; Mute, in our homebound snow-tracks, we exhale The
silvery cold, and soon -- where bright logs flare -- Talk the long indoor
hours, till embers fail.

XVII

Ah, with the smoke what smouldering desires Waft to the starlight up
the swirling flue! -- Thoughts that may never, as the swallows do, Nest
circling homeward to their native fires! Ardors the soul suspires The
extinct stars drink with the dreamer's breath; The morning-song of Eden's
early choirs Grows dim with Adam; close at the ear of death Relentless

angels tune our earthly lyres!

XVIII

Let it be so: More sweet it is to be A listener of love's ephemeral
song, And live with beauty though it be not long, And die enamoured of
eternity, Though in the apogee Of time there sit no individual Godhead of
life, than to reject the plea Of passionate beauty: loveliness is all, And
love is more divine than memory.

Azrael. [Robert Gilbert Welsh]

The angels in high places Who minister to us, Reflect God's smile, --
their faces Are luminous; Save one, whose face is hidden, (The
Prophet saith), The unwelcome, the unbidden, Azrael, Angel of Death.
And yet that veiled face, I know Is lit with pitying eyes, Like those faint
stars, the first to glow Through cloudy winter skies. That they may never
tire, Angels, by God's decree, Bear wings of snow and fire, -- Passion
and purity; Save one, all unavailing, (The Prophet saith), His wings are
gray and trailing, Azrael, Angel of Death. And yet the souls that Azrael
brings Across the dark and cold, Look up beneath those folded wings,
And find them lined with gold.

The Flight. [Lloyd Mifflin]

Upon a cloud among the stars we stood. The angel raised his hand and looked and said, "Which world, of all yon starry myriad, Shall we make wing to?" The still solitude Became a harp whereon his voice and mood Made spheral music round his haloed head. I spake -- for then I had not long been dead -- "Let me look round upon the vasts, and brood A moment on these orbs ere I decide . . . What is yon lower star that beauteous shines And with soft splendour now incarnadines Our wings? -- THERE would I go and there abide." Then he as one who some child's thought divines: "That is the world where yesternight you died."

The Rival. [James Whitcomb Riley]

I so loved once, when Death came by I hid Away my face, And all
my sweetheart's tresses she undid To make my hiding-place.

The dread shade passed me thus unheeding; and I turned me then
To calm my love -- kiss down her shielding hand And comfort her
again.

And lo! she answered not: and she did sit All fixedly, With her
fair face and the sweet smile of it, In love with Death, not me.

A Rhyme of Death's Inn. [Lizette Woodworth Reese]

A rhyme of good Death's inn! My love came to that door; And she
had need of many things, The way had been so sore.

My love she lifted up her head, "And is there room?" said she;
"There was no room in Bethlehem's inn For Christ who died for me."

But said the keeper of the inn, "His name is on the door." My love
then straightway entered there: She hath come back no more.

The Outer Gate. [Nora May French]

Life said: "My house is thine with all its store: Behold I open
shining ways to thee -- Of every inner portal make thee free: O child, I
may not bar the outer door. Go from me if thou wilt, to come no more;
But all thy pain is mine, thy flesh of me; And must I hear thee, faint and
woefully, Call on me from the darkness and implore?"

Nay, mother, for I follow at thy will. But oftentimes thy voice is
sharp to hear, Thy trailing fragrance heavy on the breath; Always the
outer hall is very still, And on my face a pleasant wind and clear
Blows straitly from the narrow gate of Death.

The Ashes in the Sea. [George Sterling]

N. M. F.

Whither, with blue and pleading eyes, -- Whither, with cheeks that
held the light Of winter's dawn in cloudless skies, Evadne, was thy
flight?

Such as a sister's was thy brow; Thy hair seemed fallen from the
moon -- Part of its radiance, as now, Of shifting tide and dune.

Did Autumn's grieving lure thee hence, Or silence ultimate beguile?
Ever our things of consequence Awakened but thy smile.

Is it with thee that ocean takes A stranger sorrow to its tone? With
thee the star of evening wakes More beautiful, more lone?

For wave and hill and sky betray A subtle tinge and touch of thee;
Thy shadow lingers in the day, Thy voice in winds to be.

Beauty -- hast thou discovered her By deeper seas no moons control?
What stars have magic now to stir Thy swift and wilful soul?

Or may thy heart no more forget The grievous world that once was
home, That here, where love awaits thee yet, Thou seemest yet to roam?

For most, far-wandering, I guess Thy witchery on the haunted mind,
In valleys of thy loneliness, Made clean with ocean's wind.

And most thy presence here seems told, A waif of elemental deeps,
When, at its vigils unconsolated, Some night of winter weeps.

We needs must be divided in the Tomb. [George Santayana]

We needs must be divided in the tomb, For I would die among the
hills of Spain, And o'er the treeless, melancholy plain Await the coming
of the final gloom. But thou -- O pitiful! -- wilt find scant room Among
thy kindred by the northern main, And fade into the drifting mist again,
The hemlocks' shadow, or the pines' perfume.

Let gallants lie beside their ladies' dust In one cold grave, with
mortal love inurned; Let the sea part our ashes, if it must, The souls fled
thence which love immortal burned, For they were wedded without bond
of lust, And nothing of our heart to earth returned.

Departure. [Hermann Hagedorn]

My true love from her pillow rose And wandered down the summer
lane. She left her house to the wind's carouse, And her chamber wide to
the rain.

She did not stop to don her coat, She did not stop to smooth her bed -
- But out she went in glad content There where the bright path led.

She did not feel the beating storm, But fled like a sunbeam, white
and frail, To the sea, to the air, somewhere, somewhere -- I have not
found her trail.

Song. [Richard Le Gallienne]

She's somewhere in the sunlight strong, Her tears are in the falling
rain, She calls me in the wind's soft song, And with the flowers she
comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger, The moon is but her silver car; Yea!
Sun and moon are sent by her, And every wistful, waiting star.

The Invisible Bride. [Edwin Markham]

The low-voiced girls that go In gardens of the Lord, Like flowers of
the field they grow In sisterly accord.

Their whispering feet are white Along the leafy ways; They go in
whirls of light Too beautiful for praise.

And in their band forsooth Is one to set me free -- The one that
touched my youth -- The one God gave to me.

She kindles the desire Whereby the gods survive -- The white ideal
fire That keeps my soul alive.

Now at the wondrous hour, She leaves her star supreme, And comes
in the night's still power, To touch me with a dream.

Sibyl of mystery On roads unknown to men, Softly she comes to me,
And goes to God again.

The Inverted Torch. [Edith M. Thomas]

Threading a darksome passage all alone, The taper's flame, by envious
current blown, Crouched low, and eddied round, as in affright, So
challenged by the vast and hostile night, Then down I held the taper; --
swift and fain Up climbed the lovely flower of light again!

Thou Kindler of the spark of life divine, Be henceforth the Inverted
Torch a sign That, though the flame beloved thou dost depress, Thou wilt
not speed it into nothingness; But out of nether gloom wilt reinspire, And
homeward lift the keen empyreal fire!

Night's Mardi Gras. [Edward J. Wheeler]

Night is the true democracy. When day Like some great monarch
with his train has passed, In regal pomp and splendor to the last, The
stars troop forth along the Milky Way, A jostling crowd, in radiant disarray,
On heaven's broad boulevard in pageants vast, And things of earth, the
hunted and outcast, Come from their haunts and hiding-places; yea, Even
from the nooks and crannies of the mind Visions uncouth and vagrant
fancies start, And specters of dead joy, that shun the light, And
impotent regrets and terrors blind, Each one, in form grotesque, playing
its part In the fantastic Mardi Gras of Night.

The Mystic. [Cale Young Rice]

There is a quest that calls me, In nights when I am lone, The need to
ride where the ways divide The Known from the Unknown. I mount
what thought is near me And soon I reach the place, The tenuous rim
where the Seen grows dim And the Sightless hides its face.

~I have ridden the wind, I have ridden the sea, I have
ridden the moon and stars. I have set my feet in the stirrup seat Of
a comet coursing Mars. And everywhere Thro' the earth and air
My thought speeds, lightning-shod, It comes to a place where
checking pace It cries, "Beyond lies God!"~

It calls me out of the darkness, It calls me out of sleep, "Ride! ride!
for you must, to the end of Dust!" It bids -- and on I sweep To the wide
outposts of Being, Where there is Gulf alone -- And thro' a Vast that was
never passed I listen for Life's tone.

~I have ridden the wind, I have ridden the night, I have
ridden the ghosts that flee From the vaults of death like a chilling
breath Over eternity. And everywhere Is the world laid bare --
Ether and star and clod -- Until I wind to its brink and find But
the cry, "Beyond lies God!"~

It calls me and ever calls me! And vainly I reply, "Fools only ride
where the ways divide What Is from the Whence and Why"! I'm lifted
into the saddle Of thoughts too strong to tame And down the deeps and
over the steeps I find -- ever the same.

~I have ridden the wind, I have ridden the stars, I have
ridden the force that flies With far intent thro' the firmament And
each to each allies. And everywhere That a thought may dare
To gallop, mine has trod -- Only to stand at last on the strand
Where just beyond lies God.~

I would I might forget that I am I. [George Santayana]

I would I might forget that I am I, And break the heavy chain that binds me fast, Whose links about myself my deeds have cast. What in the body's tomb doth buried lie Is boundless; 't is the spirit of the sky, Lord of the future, guardian of the past, And soon must forth, to know his own at last. In his large life to live, I fain would die.

Happy the dumb beast, hungering for food, But calling not his suffering his own; Blessed the angel, gazing on all good, But knowing not he sits upon a throne; Wretched the mortal, pondering his mood, And doomed to know his aching heart alone.

To William Sharp. [Clinton Scollard]
(Fiona Macleod)

The waves about Iona dirge, The wild winds trumpet over Skye;
Shrill around Arran's cliff-bound verge The gray gulls cry.

Spring wraps its transient scarf of green, Its heathery robe, round slope and scar; And night, the scudding wrack between, Lights its lone star.

But you who loved these outland isles, Their gleams, their glooms, their mysteries, Their eldritch lures, their druid wiles, Their tragic seas, Will heed no more, in mortal guise, The potent witchery of their call, If dawn be regnant in the skies, Or evenfall.

Yet, though where suns Sicilian beam The loving earth enfolds your form, I can but deem these coasts of dream And hovering storm

Still thrall your spirit -- that it bides By far Iona's kelp-strewn shore, There lingering till time and tides Shall surge no more.

The Quiet Singer. [Charles Hanson Towne]
(Ave! Francis Thompson)

He had been singing -- but I had not heard his voice; He had been weaving lovely dreams of song, O many a morning long. But I, remote and far, Under an alien star, Listened to other singers, other birds, And other silver words. But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear, Beg the cold world to hear? Rather he sings for very rapture of singing, At dawn,

or in the blue, mild Summer noon, Knowing that, late or soon, His wealth
of beauty, and his high notes, ringing Above the earth, will make some
heart rejoice. He sings, albeit alone, Spendthrift of each pure tone,
Hoarding no single song, No cadence wild and strong. But one day, from a
friend far overseas, As if upon the breeze, There came the teeming wonder
of his words -- A golden troop of birds, Caged in a little volume made to
love; Singing, singing, Flinging, flinging Their breaking hearts on mine,
and swiftly bringing Tears, and the peace thereof. How the world woke
anew! How the days broke anew! Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry I
seemed to see, Woven of all the dreams dead or to be. Hills, hills of song,
Springs of eternal bloom, Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom
Were hung upon his loom. Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns, Yet
wondrous faith in God's dew-drenched morns -- These, all these I saw,
With that ecstatic awe Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, though I had not heard His voice before, His
quiet singing, like some quiet bird At some one's distant door, Had made
my own more sweet; had made it more Lovely, in one of God's miraculous
ways. I knew then why the days Had seemed to me more perfect when the
Spring Came with old bourgeoning; For somewhere in the world his voice
was raised, And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking; And
never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking Beauty more high and noble for
his sake, As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail Of one sad
nightingale.

Yet if the Springs long past Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see In seasons still to be, Now that his songs
are mine while Life shall last. O now for me New floods of vision open
suddenly . . . Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice That you have heard the Quiet
Singer's voice!

After a Dolmetsch Concert. [Arthur Upson]

Out of the conquered Past Unravishable Beauty; Hearts that are dew
and dust Rebuking the dream of Death; Flower o' the clay downcast
Triumphant in Earth's aroma; Strings that were strained in rust A-tremble
with Music's breath!

Wine that was spilt in haste Arising in fumes more precious;
Garlands that fell forgot Rooting to wondrous bloom; Youth that would
flow to waste Pausing in pool-green valleys -- And Passion that lasted
not Surviving the voiceless Tomb!

On a Fly-Leaf of Burns' Songs. [Frederic Lawrence Knowles]

These are the best of him, Pathos and jest of him; Earth holds the rest
of him.

Passions were strong in him, -- Pardon the wrong in him; Hark to the
song in him! --

Each little lyrical Grave or satirical Musical miracle!

Miniver Cheevy. [Edwin Arlington Robinson]

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn, Grew lean while he assailed the
seasons; He wept that he was ever born, And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old When swords were bright and steeds
were prancing; The vision of a warrior bold Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not, And dreamed, and rested from his
labors; He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot, And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown That made so many a name so
fragrant; He mourned Romance, now on the town, And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici, Albeit he had never seen one; He would
have sinned incessantly Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace And eyed a khaki suit with
loathing; He missed the mediaeval grace Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought, But sore annoyed was he
without it; Miniver thought, and thought, and thought, And thought
about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late, Scratched his head and kept on
thinking; Miniver coughed, and called it fate, And kept on drinking.

At the End of the Day. [Richard Hovey]

There is no escape by the river, There is no flight left by the fen; We
are compassed about by the shiver Of the night of their marching men.
Give a cheer! For our hearts shall not give way. Here's to a dark to-
morrow, And here's to a brave to-day!

The tale of their hosts is countless, And the tale of ours a score; But
the palm is naught to the dauntless, And the cause is more and more. Give
a cheer! We may die, but not give way. Here's to a silent morrow, And
here's to a stout to-day!

God has said: "Ye shall fail and perish; But the thrill ye have felt to-
night I shall keep in my heart and cherish When the worlds have passed in
night." Give a cheer! For the soul shall not give way. Here's to the greater
to-morrow That is born of a great to-day!

Now shame on the craven truckler And the puling things that mope!
We've a rapture for our buckler That outwears the wings of hope. Give a
cheer! For our joy shall not give way. Here's in the teeth of to-morrow To
the glory of to-day!

The Joy of the Hills. [Edwin Markham]

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride; I have found my life and am
satisfied. Onward I ride in the blowing oats, Checking the field-lark's
rippling notes -- Lightly I sweep From steep to steep:
Over my head through the branches high Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
The tall oats brush my horse's flanks; Wild poppies crowd on the sunny
banks; A bee booms out of the scented grass; A jay laughs with me as I
pass.

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget Life's hoard of regret --
All the terror and pain Of the chafing chain. Grind on, O
cities, grind: I leave you a blur behind. I am lifted elate -- the skies
expand: Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand. Let them weary
and work in their narrow walls: I ride with the voices of waterfalls!

I swing on as one in a dream -- I swing Down the airy hollows, I shout,
I sing! The world is gone like an empty word: My body's a bough in the
wind, my heart a bird!

The Lesser Children. [Ridgely Torrence] A Threnody at the Hunting Season

In the middle of August when the southwest wind Blows after sunset
through the leisuring air, And on the sky nightly the mythic hind Leads
down the sullen dog star to his lair, After the feverous vigil of July, When
the loud pageant of the year's high noon Passed up the ways of time to
sing and part, Grief also wandered by From out the lovers and the leaves
of June, And by the wizard spices of his hair I knew his heart was very
Love's own heart. Deep within dreams he led me out of doors As from the
upper vault the night outpours, And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores, He took a little clay and

touched my eyes.

What saw I then, what heard? Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred! The weaker brothers of our earthly breed; Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed; Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed Before the first field was or any fruit; Warriors against the bivouac of the weed; Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root, All came about my head and at my feet A thousand, thousand sweet, With starry eyes not even raised to plead; Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute! And I beheld and saw them one by one Pass and become as nothing in the night. Clothed on with red they were who once were white; Drooping, who once led armies to the sun, Of whom the lowly grass now topped the flight: In scarlet faint, who once were brave in brown; Climbers and builders of the silent town, Creepers and burrowers all in crimson dye, Winged mysteries of song that from the sky Once dashed long music down.

O who would take away music from the earth? Have we so much? Or love upon the hearth? No more -- they faded; The great trees bending between birth and birth Sighed for them, and the night wind's hoarse rebuff Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded. Shall Nature's only pausing be by men invaded? Or shall we lay grief's fagots on her shoulders bare? Has she not borne enough? Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin to con her, And her sad immemorial passion come upon her; Lo, would you add despair unto despair? Shall not the Spring be answer to her prayer? Must her uncomforted heavens overhead, Weeping, look down on tears and still behold Only wings broken or a fledgling dead, Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould Beneath poor dead and desperate feet Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall not meet? Who has not seen in the high gulf of light What, lower, was a bird, but now Is moored and altered quite Into an island of unshaded joy? To whom the mate below upon the bough Shouts once and brings him from his high employ. Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud Where he from glory sprang and burned aloud, But took a little of the day, A little of the colored sky, And of the joy that would not stay He wove a song that cannot die. Then, then -- the unfathomable shame; The one last wrong arose from out the flame, The ravening hate that hated not was

hurled Bidding the radiant love once more beware, Bringing one more loneliness on the world, And one more blindness in the unseen air. Nor may the smooth regret, the pitying oath Shed on such utter bitter any leaven. Only the pleading flowers that knew them both Hold all their bloody petals up to heaven.

Winds of the fall that all year to and fro Somewhere upon the earth go wandering, You saw, you moaned, you know: Withhold not then unto all time to tell Lest unborn others of us see this thing. Bring our sleek, comfortable reason low: Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell Came forth each other and the day to greet In morning air all Indian-Summer sweet, And crept upstream, through wood or field or brake, Most tremblingly to take What crumbs that from the Master's table fell. Cry with what thronging thunders they were met, And hide not how the least leaf was made wet. Cry till no watcher says that all is well With raucous discord through the leaning spheres. But tell With tears, with tears How the last man is harmed even as they Who on these dawns are fire, at dusk are clay. Record the dumb and wise, No less than those who lived in singing guise, Whose choric hearts lit each wild green arcade. Make men to see their eyes, Forced to suspect behind each reed or rose The thorn of lurking foes. And O, before the daylight goes, After the deed against the skies, After the last belief and longing dies, Make men again to see their eyes Whose piteous casements now all unafraid Peer out to that far verge where evermore, Beyond all woe for which a tear atones, The likeness of our own dishonor moans, A sea that has no bottom and no shore.

What shall be done By you, shy folk who cease thus heart by heart? You for whose fate such fate forever hovers? O little lovers, If you would still have nests beneath the sun Gather your broods about you and depart, Before the stony forward-pressing faces Into the lands bereft of any sound; The solemn and compassionate desert places. Give unto men no more the strong delight To know that underneath the frozen ground Dwells the warm life and all the quick, pure lore. Take from our eyes the glory of great flight. Let us behold no more People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes, Leave us upon an earth of faith forlorn. No more wild tidings from the sweet far skies Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor. So shall

the silence pour on us forever The streaming arrows of unutterable scorn.

Nor shall the cry of famine be a shield The altar of a brutish mood to
hide. Stains, stains, upon the lintels of our doors Wail to be justified. Shall
there be mutterings at the seasons' yield? Has eye of man seen bared the
granary floors? Are the fields wasted? Spilled the oil and wine? Is the fat
seed under the clod decayed? Does ever the fig tree languish or the vine?
Who has beheld the harvest promise fade? Or any orchard heavy with fruit
asway Withered away? No, not these things, but grosser things than these
Are the dim parents of a guilt not dim; Ancestral urges out of old caves
blowing, When Fear watched at our coming and our going The horror of
the chattering face of Whim. Hates, cruelties new fallen from the trees
Whereto we clung with impulse sad for love, Shames we have had all time
to rid us of, Disgraces cold and sorrows long bewept, Recalled, revived,
and kept, Unmeaning quarrels, blood-compelling lust, And snarling woes
from our old home, the dust.

Yet even of these one saving shape may rise; Fear may unveil our eyes.
For know you not what curse of blight would fall Upon a land lorn of the
sweet sky races Who day and night keep ward and seneschal Upon the
treasury of the planted spaces? Then would the locust have his fill, And
the blind worm lay tithe, The unfed stones rot in the listless mill, The
sound of grinding cease. No yearning gold would whisper to the scythe,
Hunger at last would prove us of one blood, The shores of dream be
drowned in tides of need, Horribly would the whole earth be at peace. The
burden of the grasshopper indeed Weigh down the green corn and the
tender bud, The plague of Egypt fall upon the wheat, And the shrill nit
would batten in the heat.

But you, O poor of deeds and rich of breath, Whose eyes have made
our eyes a hue abhorred, Red, eager aids of aid-unneeding Death, Hunters
before the Lord, If on the flinted marge about your souls In vain the
heaving tide of mourning rolls, If from your trails unto the crimson goals
The weeper and the weeping must depart, If lust of blood come on you
like a fiery dart And darken all the dark autumnal air, Then, then -- be fair.
Pluck a young ash tree or a sapling yew And at the root end fix an iron
thorn, Then forth with rocking laughter of the horn And passing, with no

bellings retinue, All timorous, lesser sippers of the dew, Seek out some
burly guardian of the hills And set your urgent thew against his thew. Then
shall the hidden wisdoms and the wills Strive, and bear witness to the trees
and clods How one has dumb lore of the rocks and swales And one has
reason like unto the gods. Then shall the lagging righteousness ensue, The
powers at last be equal in the scales, And the man's club and the beast's
claw be flails To winnow the unworthy of the two. Then on the earth, in
the sky and the heavenly court That broods behind it, Justice shall be
awakened and aware, Then those who go forth greatly, seeking sport, Shall
doubtless find it, And all things be fair.

A Vagabond Song. [Bliss Carman]

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 a smoke upon the
hills.

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

Somewhere. [John Vance Cheney]

The weasel thieves in silver suit, The rabbit runs in gray; And Pan
takes up his frosty flute To pipe the cold away.

The flocks are folded, boughs are bare, The salmon take the sea; And
O my fair, would I somewhere Might house my heart with thee!

"Frost To-Night". [Edith M. Thomas]

Apple-green west and an orange bar, And the crystal eye of a lone, one
star . . . And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will, Frost to-night -
- so clear and dead-still."

Then, I sally forth, half sad, half proud, And I come to the velvet,
imperial crowd, The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied, -- The
dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night! A gleam of the shears in the
fading light, And I gathered them all, -- the splendid throng, And in one
great sheaf I bore them along.

.

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers I heed a Voice in the
shrinking hours: "Frost to-night -- so clear and dead-still" . . . Half sad,
half proud, my arms I fill.

Under Arcturus. [Madison Cawein]

I

"I belt the morn with ribboned mist; With baldricked blue I gird the
noon, And dusk with purple, crimson-kissed, White-buckled with the
hunter's-moon.

"These follow me," the Season says: "Mine is the frost-pale hand
that packs Their scrips, and speeds them on their ways, With gypsy gold
that weighs their backs."

II

A daybreak horn the Autumn blows, As with a sun-tanned hand he
parts Wet boughs whereon the berry glows; And at his feet the red fox
starts.

The leafy leash that holds his hounds Is loosed; and all the noonday
hush Is startled; and the hillside sounds Behind the fox's bounding brush.

When red dusk makes the western sky A fire-lit window through the
firs, He stoops to see the red fox die Among the chestnut's broken burrs.

Then fanfaree and fanfaree, His bugle sounds; the world below
Grows hushed to hear; and two or three Soft stars dream through the
afterglow.

III

Like some black host the shadows fall, And blackness camps among
the trees; Each wildwood road, a Goblin Hall, Grows populous with
mysteries.

Night comes with brows of ragged storm, And limbs of writen

cloud and mist; The rain-wind hangs upon his arm Like some wild girl
who cries unkissed.

By his gaunt hands the leaves are shed In headlong troops and
nightmare herds; And, like a witch who calls the dead, The hill-stream
whirls with foaming words.

Then all is sudden silence and Dark fear -- like his who cannot see,
Yet hears, lost in a haunted land, Death rattling on a gallow's-tree.

IV

The days approach again; the days Whose mantles stream, whose
sandals drag, When in the haze by puddled ways The gnarled thorn
seems a crooked hag.

When rotting orchards reek with rain; And woodlands crumble, leaf
and log; And in the drizzling yard again The gourd is tagged with points
of fog.

Now let me seat my soul among The woods' dim dreams, and come
in touch With melancholy, sad of tongue And sweet, who says so much,
so much.

The Recessional. [Charles G. D. Roberts]

Now along the solemn heights Fade the Autumn's altar-lights; Down
the great earth's glimmering chancel Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass, Like a shadow in a glass Falls the dark
and falls the stillness; We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending Where the nights and days have
ending, -- Pass in order pale and slow Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod, Soul of fire and seed of sod, We must fare
into the silence At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky, Wing to wing we wander by, Going,
going, going, going, Softly as a sigh.

Hark, the moving shapes confer, Globe of dew and gossamer, Fading
and ephemeral spirits In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee, Worlds must go as well as we, In
the long procession joining Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb Where the round year rolls
sublime, Rolls, and drops, and falls forever In the vast of time.

Like a plummet plunging deep Past the utmost reach of sleep, Till
remembrance has no longer Care to laugh or weep.

I know not why. [Morris Rosenfeld]

I lift mine eyes against the sky, The clouds are weeping, so am I; I lift
mine eyes again on high, The sun is smiling, so am I. Why do I smile?
Why do I weep? I do not know; it lies too deep.

I hear the winds of autumn sigh, They break my heart, they make me
cry; I hear the birds of lovely spring, My hopes revive, I help them sing.
Why do I sing? Why do I cry? It lies so deep, I know not why.

Winter Sleep. [Edith M. Thomas]

I know it must be winter (though I sleep) -- I know it must be winter,
for I dream I dip my bare feet in the running stream, And flowers are many,
and the grass grows deep.

I know I must be old (how age deceives!) I know I must be old, for, all
unseen, My heart grows young, as autumn fields grow green, When late
rains patter on the falling sheaves.

I know I must be tired (and tired souls err) -- I know I must be tired,
for all my soul To deeds of daring beats a glad, faint roll, As storms the
riven pine to music stir.

I know I must be dying (Death draws near) -- I know I must be dying,
for I crave Life -- life, strong life, and think not of the grave, And turf-
bound silence, in the frosty year.

Tryste Noel. [Louise Imogen Guiney]

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore, And from the Snowe he calls her
inne, And he hath seen her Smile therefor, Our Ladye without Sinne. Now
soon from Sleep A Starre shall leap, And soone arrive both King and
Hinde: ~Amen, Amen:~ But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the
Mow, And on his lovelie Neck, forspent, The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet Full Warme and Sweete His bowerie Breath doth meeklie
dwell: ~Amen, Amen:~ But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

The Ox is host in Judah stall And Host of more than onelie one. For
close she gathereth withal Our Lorde her littel Sonne. Glad Hinde and
King Their Gyfte may bring, But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
~Amen, Amen:~ Between her Bosom and His hayre!

Hora Christi. [Alice Brown]

Sweet is the time for joyous folk Of gifts and minstrelsy; Yet I, O
lowly-hearted One, Crave but Thy company. On lonesome road, beset
with dread, My questing lies afar. I have no light, save in the east The
gleaming of Thy star.

In cloistered aisles they keep to-day Thy feast, O living Lord! With
pomp of banner, pride of song, And stately sounding word. Mute stand
the kings of power and place, While priests of holy mind Dispense Thy
blessed heritage Of peace to all mankind.

I know a spot where budless twigs Are bare above the snow, And
where sweet winter-loving birds Flit softly to and fro; There with the sun
for altar-fire, The earth for kneeling-place, The gentle air for chorister,
Will I adore Thy face.

Loud, underneath the great blue sky, My heart shall paeon sing, The

gold and myrrh of meekest love Mine only offering. Bliss of Thy birth
shall quicken me; And for Thy pain and dole Tears are but vain, so I will
keep The silence of the soul.

A Parting Guest. [James Whitcomb Riley]

What delightful hosts are they -- Life and Love! Lingeringly I turn
away, This late hour, yet glad enough They have not withheld from me
Their high hospitality. So, with face lit with delight And all gratitude, I
stay Yet to press their hands and say, "Thanks. -- So fine a time!
Good night."

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Biographical Notes

[The format of these notes has been slightly altered. Most notably, dates (hopefully correct, but not very certain for the lesser known poets) have been added -- when available -- in square brackets after each name, and the number of poems by that author in this anthology is in parentheses. These notes (first included in 1917, whereas the selections were made in 1913) combined with the searchability of electronic texts, renders the original Indexes of Authors and of First Lines obsolete, and so both have been dropped. Occasionally, further information follows in angled brackets. -- A. L., 1998.]

Barker, Elsa. [1869-1954] (2) Born at Leicester, Vermont. Received her early education in that State. After a short period of teaching, she became a newspaper writer and contributed to various periodicals and syndicates. Her journalistic period closed with editorial work upon "Hampton's Magazine" in 1909 and 1910. Since that date she has published several books in different fields of literature: "The Son of Mary Bethel", a novel, putting the character of Christ in modern setting; "Stories from the New Testament, for Children"; "Letters of a Living Dead Man", psychic communications which have attracted much attention; and in poetry, "The Frozen Grail, and Other Poems", 1910; "The Book of Love", 1912; and "Songs of a Vagrom Angel", 1916. Mrs. Barker's poem, "The Frozen Grail", addressed to Peary, the explorer, did much, as he has testified, to inspire him, and was upon his person when he finally achieved the North Pole.

Braithwaite, William Stanley. [1878-1962] (1) Born at Boston, December 6, 1878. Educated in the public schools of that city. He has published two volumes of his own verse, "Lyrics of Life and Love", 1904, and "The House of Falling Leaves", 1908, but has given his time chiefly to editorial and critical work. Mr. Braithwaite edited three excellent anthologies: "The Book of Elizabethan Verse", "The Book of Restoration Verse", and "The Book of Georgian Verse", but has turned his entire

attention, for several years past, to contemporary American poetry, having founded and edited "The Poetry Journal of Boston", "The Poetry Review of America", etc. Mr. Braithwaite summarizes each year for the "Boston Transcript" the poetic output of the American magazines, and publishes, in an "Anthology of Magazine Verse", what he regards as the best poems printed in our periodicals during the year.

Branch, Anna Hempstead. [1875-1937] (3) Born at Hempstead House, New London, Connecticut. Graduated from Smith College in 1897 and from the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York City in 1900. While at college she began writing poetry, and the year after her graduation won the first prize awarded by the "Century Magazine" for a poem written by a college graduate. This poem, "The Road 'Twixt Heaven and Hell", was printed in the "Century Magazine" for December, 1898, and was followed soon after by the publication of Miss Branch's first volume, "The Heart of the Road", 1901. She has since published two volumes, "The Shoes that Danced", 1902, and "Rose of the Wind", 1910, both marked by imagination and beauty of a high order.

Brown, Alice. [1857-1948] (3) Born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, December 5, 1857. Educated at Robinson Seminary, Exeter. She is chiefly known as a novelist, having written with great art of the life of New England. Among her best-known volumes are "Meadow Grass", a collection of short stories; "Tiverton Tales"; "The Mannerings"; "Margaret Warrener"; "Rose MacLeod"; "My Love and I", etc. In 1915 Miss Brown received a prize of \$10,000, given by Winthrop Ames, for the best play submitted to him by an American writer. This drama, "Children of Earth", was produced the following season at the Booth Theater in New York. In poetry Miss Brown has done but one volume, "The Road to Castaly", 1896, reprinted with new poems in 1917, but this is so fine in quality as to give her a distinct place among American poets.

Burton, Richard. [1861-1940] (3) Born at Hartford, Connecticut, March 14, 1859 [sic]. Received the degree of A.B. from Trinity College in 1883 and of Ph.D. from John Hopkins University in 1888. He entered journalism and became for a short time managing editor of "The Churchman", leaving this position to become literary editor of the

"Hartford Courant", where he remained from 1890 to 1897. During this period he was also associate editor of the "Warner Library of the World's Best Literature". In 1902 he went to Boston as literary editor of the Lothrop Publishing Company, remaining until 1904. Previous to this time, Dr. Burton had been lecturing widely upon poetry and the drama and spent the succeeding two years chiefly engaged in this work. In 1906 he became the head of the English Department of the University of Minnesota, which position he still holds, although the scholastic year is broken annually by a lecture tour through the East. Dr. Burton has published many volumes of poetry and several upon the drama. Among the former one may cite as most representative: "Dumb in June", 1895; "Lyrics of Brotherhood", 1899; "Message and Melody", 1903; "Rahab: A Poetic Drama", 1906; "From the Book of Life", 1909; and "A Midsummer Memory", an elegy upon the untimely death of Arthur Upson, 1910.

Bynner, Witter. [1881-1968] (3) Born at Brooklyn, New York, August 10, 1881. Graduated at Harvard University in 1902. After his graduation he became assistant editor of "McClure's Magazine" and literary editor of McClure, Phillips & Company until 1906. Since that period he has devoted himself chiefly to the writing of poetry and poetic drama. His first volume, "An Ode to Harvard, and Other Poems", was published in 1907. This has been followed by the poetic dramas, "Tiger", 1913, and "The Little King", 1917, both of which have had stage presentation, and by "The New World", 1915, amplified from his Phi Beta Kappa Poem delivered at Harvard in 1911.

Carman, Bliss. [1861-1929] (4) Although so long a resident of America that he belongs among our poets, Bliss Carman was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, April 15, 1861. He received the degree of A.B. from the University of New Brunswick in 1881 and of A.M. in 1884. He studied also at Harvard and at the University of Edinburgh. Like most poets, Mr. Carman served his period in journalism, being office editor of "The Independent" from 1890 to 1892, and editor of "The Chap-Book" in 1894. He has, however, given almost his sole allegiance to poetry and has published many books, chiefly of nature, interspersed now

and then with volumes dealing with myth or mysticism. His first volume was "Low Tide on Grand Pre", which appeared in 1893, and revealed at the outset his remarkable lyric gift and his sensitive feeling for nature. In collaboration with Richard Hovey he did the well-known "Vagabondia Books", -- "Songs from Vagabondia", 1894; "More Songs from Vagabondia", 1896; and "Last Songs from Vagabondia", 1900, -- which introduced a new note into American poetry, and appearing, as they did, in the nineties, formed a wholesome contrast to some of the work then emanating from the "Decadent School" in England. Among the finest of Mr. Carman's volumes, aside from his work with Richard Hovey, are "Behind the Arras: A Book of the Unseen", 1895; "Ballads of Lost Haven", 1897; "By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies", 1899; "The Green Book of the Bards", 1898; "Pipes of Pan", 5 volumes, first number in 1902; "Sappho: One Hundred Lyrics", 1903. Among his later books may be cited "Echoes from Vagabondia", 1912, and "April Airs", 1916.

Cather, Willa Sibert. [1873-1947] (1) Born at Winchester, Virginia, December 7, 1875 [sic]. During her childhood the family moved to Nebraska, and in 1895 Miss Cather was graduated from the University of that State. Coming East to engage in newspaper work, she became associated with the staff of the "Pittsburgh Daily Leader", where she remained from 1897 to 1901. Soon after, she became one of the editors of "McClure's Magazine", doing important feature articles until 1912. Miss Cather is now writing fiction, and has published three novels, "Alexander's Bridge", "O Pioneers!" and "The Song of the Lark". In poetry, she has done but one small volume, "April Twilight", 1903, but several poems from this collection seem likely to make for themselves a permanent place.

Cawein, Madison. [1865-1914] (3) Born at Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. Educated in the public schools of that city. He began writing very early and published his first book of verse, "Blooms of the Berry", 1887, when but twenty-two years of age. From that time until his death, December 7, 1915 [sic], he published many volumes of poetry inspired chiefly by the theme of nature. As most of these volumes are out of print, it is unnecessary to list them all, but among the more important

may be cited: "Intimations of the Beautiful", 1894; "Undertones", 1896; "The Garden of Dreams", 1896; "Myth and Romance", 1899; "Weeds by the Wall", 1901; "Kentucky Poems", with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, London, 1902; "A Voice on the Wind", 1902; "The Vale of Tempe", 1905; "Complete Poetical Works", 5 volumes, 1907; "New Poems", London, 1909; "Poems -- A Selection from the Complete Work", 1911; "The Poet, the Fool, and the Fairies", 1912; "Minions of the Moon", 1913; "The Poet and Nature", 1914; and "The Cup of Comus", posthumous publication, 1915. Mr. Cawein was distinctly the creator of his own field. From the publication of his first little volume, "Blooms of the Berry", he had made himself the intimate, almost the mystic, comrade of nature. He had an ecstatic sense of the visible world. Beauty was his religion, and he spent his life learning the ways and moods of nature and declaring them in poetry rich in imagination. He had the naturalist's eagerness for truth, and one might explore the Kentucky woods and fields with a volume of his poetry as a handbook and find the least regarded flower minutely celebrated. In his most affluent fancy his eye never left the fact, and the accuracy of his observation gives his nature work a background which adds greatly to its value.

Cheney, John Vance. [1848-1922] (2) Born at Groveland, New York, December 29, 1848. Received his early education at Temple Hill Academy in Geneseo, New York. After a short period of teaching and of practicing law, he became the librarian of the Free Public Library of San Francisco and held this position from 1887 to 1894, when he accepted a similar one at the Newberry Library in Chicago, where he remained until 1899. Since that date he has resided in California, where he devotes his time to literary work. His volumes of poetry are: "Thistle Drift", 1887; "Woodblooms", 1888; "Out of the Silence", 1897; "Lyrics", 1901; "Poems", 1905; "The Time of Roses", 1908; "At the Silver Gate", 1911.

Coates, Florence Earle. [1850-1927] (3) Born at Philadelphia and educated at private schools in that city and in France. She studied also at Brussels. Her volumes of poetry in their order are, "Poems", 1898; "Mine and Thine", 1904; "Lyrics of Life", 1909; "The Unconquered Air", 1912; "Poems", Collected Edition, in two volumes, 1916.

Colton, Arthur. [1868-1943] (2) Born at Washington, May 22, 1868. Received the degree of A.B. at Yale University in 1890 and of Ph.D. in 1893. He was also instructor in English at Yale for two years following the taking of his last degree. Since 1906 he has been librarian of the University Club of New York City. Mr. Colton has published several volumes of essays and but one volume of poetry: "Harps Hung up in Babylon", 1907.

Cone, Helen Gray. [1859-1934] (2) Born in New York City, March 8, 1859. Graduated at the Normal College of New York City in 1876. She has been Professor of English Literature at her Alma Mater, now called Hunter College, since 1899. Her volumes of verse are: "Oberon and Puck", 1885; "The Ride to the Lady", 1893; "Soldiers of the Light", 1911; "A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems", 1915.

Daly, Thomas Augustine. [1871-1948] (2) Born at Philadelphia, May 28, 1871, and educated at Fordham University. He was for some time reporter and editorial writer on the "Philadelphia Record", and is now the general manager of the "Catholic Standard and Times". Mr. Daly has put the Italian immigrant into poetry and written several volumes of delightful verse in this field. He has not pursued this exclusively, however, but has done some excellent work in other themes. His volumes are: "Canzoni", 1906; "Carmina", 1909; "Madrigali", 1912; and "Songs of Wedded Love", 1916.

Dargan, Olive Tilford. [1869-1968] (1) Born in Grayson County, Kentucky, and educated at the University of Nashville and at Radcliffe College. She became a teacher and was connected with various schools in Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas until her marriage. Mrs. Dargan's first work was in poetic drama in which she revealed gifts of a high order. Her dramatic volumes are: "Semiramis, and Other Plays", 1904; "Lords and Lovers", 1906; and "The Mortal Gods", 1912. Mrs. Dargan has also written a collection of lyric verse called "Path Flower", 1914, and a sonnet sequence, "The Cycle's Rim", 1916.

Daskam, Josephine Dodge (Mrs. Selden Bacon). [1876-1961] (1) Born at Stamford, Connecticut, February 17, 1876. Graduated at Smith College in 1898. She is chiefly known as a novelist and writer of short

stories in which field she has had conspicuous success. Among her volumes of fiction are: "The Madness of Philip"; "Whom the Gods Destroyed"; "Margherita's Soul"; and "Open Market". Miss Daskam has done but one volume of verse: "Poems", 1903.

Davis, Fannie Stearns (Mrs. Augustus McKinstrey Gifford). [1884-?] (2) Born at Cleveland, Ohio, March 6, 1884. Educated at Smith College, from which she graduated in 1904. She is the author of two volumes of poetry: "Myself and I", 1913, and "Crack O' Dawn", 1915, both marked by sensitive poetic feeling and delicate artistry.

Firkins, Chester. [1882-1915] (1) Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, June 30, 1882. Received his education in the public schools of that city and at the University of Minnesota. He was an active journalist, having been associated with the press of Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio, and of Chicago before coming to New York, where he served on the staff of the "New York American" until his death, March 1, 1915. He was a contributor of stories and verse to well-known magazines, but his volume of poems was brought out posthumously in 1916.

French, Nora May. [1881-1907] (1) Born in East Aurora, New York, and died at Carmel, California, on November 14, 1907, when twenty-six years of age. A small volume of her poems, edited by her friend, George Sterling, was brought out after her death.

Garrison, Theodosia (Mrs. Frederick J. Faulks). [1874-1944] (2) Born at Newark, New Jersey. Educated at private schools in New York. She was for several years a constant contributor of poetry to the magazines, though she has written less of late. Her two published volumes of verse are: "Joy O' Life", 1908, and "The Earth Cry", 1910.

Greene, Sarah Pratt McLean. [1856-1935] (1) Born at Simsbury, Connecticut, July 3, 1856 and educated at McLean Academy and at Mount Holyoke College. She is chiefly known as the author of "Cape Cod Folks", "Vesty of the Basins", and other volumes dealing with the life of the Cape Cod fishermen, but Mrs. Greene has written one poem destined to hold a permanent place not only in our literature, but in the larger body of enduring poetry. This is "De Massa ob de Sheepfol", contained in this collection.

Guiney, Louise Imogen. [1861-1920] (4) Born at Boston, January 7, 1861. Educated in the private schools of Boston and the Sacred Heart Convent in Providence, Rhode Island. Her father, Patrick Guiney, was a brigadier-general in our Civil War, and having been born during the period of the conflict and her early youth having been spent almost before the echo of the guns had died, Miss Guiney's work was much influenced by this background of association. The symbolism of her poetry is frequently drawn from battle or from knight-errantry, as in "The Wild Ride", "The Kings", "The Vigil-at-Arms", "The Knight Errant", "Memorial Day", etc. Valor, transmuted to a spiritual quality, may, indeed, be said to be the keynote of Miss Guiney's work. Add to this a mystical element, best illustrated in her poem, "Beati Mortui", a Celtic note, shown so exquisitely in her "Irish Peasant Song", and one has the more obvious characteristics of poetry that, whatever its theme, is always distinguished and individual. Miss Guiney has a crisp economy of phrase, a pungency and tang, that invest her style with an unusual degree of personality. Her volumes in their order have been: "The White Sail", 1887; "A Roadside Harp", 1893; "Nine Sonnets Written at Oxford", 1895; "The Martyr's Idyl", 1899; and "Happy Ending", her collected poems, 1909.

Hagedorn, Hermann. [1882-1964] (2) Born July 18, 1882. Educated at Harvard University and the University of Berlin and served as instructor in English at Harvard from 1909 to 1911. Mr. Hagedorn is the author of "The Silver Blade: A Play in Verse", 1907; "The Woman of Corinth", 1908; "A Troop of the Guard", 1909; "Poems and Ballads", 1911; and "The Great Maze and the Heart of Youth: A Poem and a Play", 1916.

Helburn, Theresa. [1887-1959] (1) Born in New York City. Educated at Bryn Mawr College and at Radcliffe. She has not yet published a collection of poetry, but has contributed to the leading magazines. [Theresa Helburn is best known for her work in theatre. -- A. L., 1998.]

Hovey, Richard. [1864-1900] (4) Born at Normal, Illinois, May 4, 1864, died February 24, 1900. He received his early education at Dartmouth College, which he afterward celebrated in several of his best-known poems. In collaboration with Bliss Carman he did the well known

"Vagabondia Books", -- "Songs from Vagabondia", 1894; "More Songs from Vagabondia", 1896; "Last Songs from Vagabondia", 1900, -- books whose freshness and charm immediately won them a place in public favor that time has not lessened. Aside from his work with Mr. Carman and his lyric collection, "Along the Trail", 1898, Hovey had done a remarkable group of poetic dramas built upon the Arthurian legend and issued separately under the titles, "The Quest of Merlin: A Masque", 1898; "The Marriage of Guenevere: A Tragedy", 1898; "The Birth of Galahad: A Romantic Drama", 1898; "Taliesin: A Masque", 1899. These were but part of the dramas projected in the cycle and a fragment of the next to be issued, "The Holy Grail", was published, with explanatory notes of the whole series, in 1907. The dramas stand for a dramatic achievement of a high order, and contain poetry of great beauty, reaching at times, in the lyric masque of "Taliesin", an almost consummate expression. Richard Hovey was, indeed, both in lyric and dramatic work, a poet of rare endowment and his early death was a distinct loss to American letters.

Johns, Orrick. [1887-1946] (1) Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887. Educated at the University of Missouri and Washington University in St. Louis. He was associated for a short time with "Reedy's Mirror". In 1912 he received the first prize, of five hundred dollars, for a poem entitled "Second Avenue", contributed to the prize contest of "The Lyric Year", and afterwards published in that volume.

Jones, Thomas S., Jr. [1882-1932] (3) Born at Boonville, New York, November 6, 1882. Graduated at Cornell University in 1904. He was on the dramatic staff of the "New York Times", from 1904 to 1907, and associate editor of "The Pathfinder", in 1911. His published volumes are: "Path of Dreams", 1904; "From Quiet Valleys", 1907; "Interludes", 1908; "Ave Atque Vale" (In Memoriam Arthur Upson), 1909; "The Voice in the Silence", with a Foreword by James Lane Allen, 1911; and "The Rose-Jar", originally published in 1906, but taken over in 1915 by Thomas B. Mosher and made the initial volume of "Lyra Americana", his first series of American poetry.

Kilmer, Joyce. [1886-1918] (2) Born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886, and graduated at Columbia University in 1908.

After a short period of teaching he became associated with Funk and Wagnalls Company, where he remained from 1909 to 1912, when he assumed the position of literary editor of "The Churchman". In 1913 Mr. Kilmer became a member of the staff of the "New York Times", a position which he still occupies. His volumes of poetry are: "A Summer of Love", 1911, and "Trees, and Other Poems", 1914.

Knowles, Frederick Lawrence. [1869-1905] (2) Born at Lawrence, Massachusetts, September 8, 1869, and graduated at Wesleyan University in 1894 and Harvard University in 1896. He was connected for a short time with the editorial department of Houghton Mifflin Company and with the staff of L. C. Page and Company as literary adviser. In 1900 he accepted a similar position with Dana Estes and Company where he remained until his death in September, 1905. Mr. Knowles was the author of two volumes of verse: "On Life's Stairway", 1900, and "Love Triumphant", 1904. In addition to his own work in poetry he was the editor of several excellent anthologies, such as "The Golden Treasury of American Lyrics", 1897; "A Treasury of Humorous Poetry", 1902; and "A Year-Book of Famous Lyrics". Mr. Knowles was a poet of fine gifts and his early death was a loss to American poetry.

Ledoux, Louis V. [1880-1948] (1) Born at New York City, June 6, 1880. Educated at Columbia University, where he graduated in 1902. He is the author of "Songs from the Silent Land", 1905; "The Soul's Progress", 1907; "Yzdra: A Poetic Drama", 1909; "The Shadow of Etna", 1914; "The Story of Eleusis: A Lyrical Drama", 1916.

Le Gallienne, Richard. [1866-1947] (4) Born at Liverpool, England, January 20, 1866. He was already a well-known poet, novelist, and critic when he took up his residence in the United States. In each of these fields Mr. Le Gallienne has achieved conspicuous success and it would be difficult to say what phase of his literary work should take precedence of the others. Among the best known of his prose works are: "The Quest of the Golden Girl", "Book Bills of Narcissus", "An Old Country House", "Little Dinners with the Sphinx", etc. In criticism he has done particularly fine work in his study of George Meredith and in his volume, "Attitudes and Avowals". In poetry, with which we are chiefly

concerned, he has given us several volumes distinguished by that delicacy and sensitive feeling for beauty which characterize all of his work. These are: "English Poems", 1892; "Stevenson, and Other Poems", 1895; "New Poems", 1909; "The Lonely Dancer", 1913. In addition to these volumes, Mr. Le Gallienne has made an admirable paraphrase of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam and of a group of odes from the "Divan" of Hafiz.

Lindsay, Vachel. [1879-1931] (3) Born November 10, 1879. Educated at Hiram College, Ohio. He took up the study of art and studied at the Art Institute, Chicago, 1900-03 and at the New York School of Art, 1904-05. For a time after his technical study, he lectured upon art in its practical relation to the community, and returning to his home in Springfield, Illinois, issued what one might term his manifesto in the shape of "The Village Magazine", divided about equally between prose articles, pertaining to beautifying his native city, and poems, illustrated by his own drawings. Soon after this, Mr. Lindsay, taking as scrip for the journey, "Rhymes to be Traded for Bread", made a pilgrimage on foot through several Western States going as far afield as New Mexico. The story of this journey is given in his volume, "Adventures while Preaching the Gospel of Beauty". Mr. Lindsay first attracted attention in poetry by "General William Booth Enters into Heaven", a poem which became the title of his first volume, in 1913. His second volume was "The Congo", published in 1914. He is attempting to restore to poetry its early appeal as a spoken art, and his later work differs greatly from the selections contained in this anthology.

Lodge, George Cabot. [1873-1909] (2) Born at Boston, October 12, 1873. Educated at Harvard University and the University of Paris. He did his first work in poetry at Harvard in the stimulating companionship of a little group of poets including Trumbull Stickney, William Vaughn Moody, and Philip Henry Savage, all of whom, by a strange fatality, died within a few years after leaving the University. Mr. Lodge was a poet whose gift followed classical lines, but was none the less individual and sincere. His complete work in lyric and dramatic poetry has been gathered into two volumes: "Poems and Dramas", 1911. He died at

Boston in 1909.

Lowell, Amy. [1874-1925] (1) Born at Boston, February 9, 1874. Educated at private schools. She has been prominently identified with the "Imagist" movement in poetry and with the technical use of 'vers libre'. These movements, however, were not yet influencing poetry when "The Little Book of Modern Verse" was edited, and Miss Lowell is, therefore, represented by a lyric in her earlier and less characteristic manner. Her volumes in their order are: "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass", 1912; "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed", 1914; "Men, Women, and Ghosts", 1916. Miss Lowell is also the editor of "Some Imagist Poets", 1915; "Some Imagist Poets", 1916; and "Some Imagist Poets", 1917, all of which contain a group of her own poems.

MacKaye, Percy. [1875-1956] (2) Born at New York City, March 16, 1875. Educated at Harvard University and the University of Leipzig. He has written many poetic dramas and several volumes of lyric verse. Among the best known of his dramas are: "The Canterbury Pilgrims", 1903; "Fenris, the Wolf", 1905; "Jeanne d'Arc", 1906; "Sappho and Phaon", 1907; and "Caliban: A Masque", 1916. He is also the author of several prose dramas which have been successfully produced. In non-dramatic poetry his most representative volumes are: "Poems", 1909; "Uriel, and Other Poems", 1912; "The Sistine Eve, and Other Poems", "The Present Hour", 1915.

Markham, Edwin. [1852-1940] (4) Born at Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852. Removed at an early age to California, where his childhood was spent upon a ranch in herding sheep and riding the ranges after the cattle. Later, when the cattle ranges turned into farms, he worked in the fields and in autumn joined the threshers on their route from farm to farm. During his boyhood he attended school but three months in the year, but later studied at San Jose Normal School and the University of California. His first books were earned, when a lad on the ranch, by ploughing a twenty-acre lot at a dollar an acre and investing the entire sum in the works of the great poets. Thereafter, when he rode the ranges, he balanced his saddle bags with Keats and Shelley. It was, indeed, largely due to the democracy of Shelley, coupled with his own early experiences,

that his genius took the social bent which distinguishes it. After leaving the University, Mr. Markham became a teacher in California and was principal and superintendent of several schools until 1899, when he sprang suddenly into fame by the publication in the "San Francisco Examiner" of his poem "The Man With the Hoe". This poem, crystallizing as it did the spirit of the time, and emphasizing one's obligation to Society, became the impulse of the whole social movement in poetry, a movement which largely prevailed during the early years of the twentieth century. After the great success of "The Man With the Hoe", Mr. Markham removed from California to New York City, where he has since been engaged in literary work. His volumes of poetry in their order are: "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems", 1899; "Lincoln, and Other Poems", 1901; "The Shoes of Happiness", 1915.

Mifflin, Lloyd. [1846-1921] (2) Born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, September 15, 1846. He was educated at Washington Classical Institute and studied art abroad. His chief work in poetry has been in the sonnet form, of which he has exceptional mastery. His volumes are: "The Hills", 1896; "At the Gates of Song", 1897; "The Slopes of Helicon", 1898; "The Fields of Dawn and Later Sonnets", 1900; "Castilian Days", 1903; "Collected Sonnets", 1905; "My Lady of Dream", 1906; and "Toward the Uplands", 1908.

Millay, Edna St. Vincent. [1892-1950] (1) Born at Camden, Maine. Educated at Vassar College. Before entering college, however, when she was but nineteen years of age, she wrote the poem "Renasceance", which was entered in the prize contest of "The Lyric Year". The poem shows remarkable imagination and a poetic gift of a high order. Miss Millay has not yet issued a volume of verse.

Moody, William Vaughn. [1869-1910] (3) Born at Spencer, Indiana, July 8, 1869. Educated at Riverside Academy, New York, and at Harvard. In 1895 he became Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago, where he remained until 1903. His period of teaching, however, was relieved by several trips abroad, on one of which he visited Greece and re-read the entire body of Greek tragedy with the background of the scenes which produced it. The Greek influence, dominant in his work,

reaches its finest expression in "The Fire-Bringer", a poetic drama of great beauty and philosophical depth. This drama is one of a trilogy of which it is the first member, the second being "The Masque of Judgment", and the third, "The Death of Eve". The last was in process of writing at Mr. Moody's death and only fragments of it have been published. This trilogy, profound in its spiritual meaning and artistic in execution, would alone be sufficient to place Moody among the major poets had he not left us a body of lyric poetry of equal distinction. Moody first attracted wide attention by "An Ode in Time of Hesitation", written in relation to the annexation of the Philippine Islands by the United States. In addition to this he has left us several poems notable for their social vision, particularly "Gloucester Moors". In the songs of "The Fire-Bringer", however, we have his truest lyric offering, and in "The Daguerreotype", that poignant and beautiful poem to his mother. Moody died at Colorado Springs on October 17, 1910. His work has been collected into two volumes, "The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody", 1912.

Neihardt, John G. [1881-1973] (2) Born at Sharpsburg, Illinois, January 8, 1881. Removed in his early boyhood to Bancroft, Nebraska, his present home. He has made a special study of the pioneer life of the West and has also lived for a time among the Omaha Indians to study them. His work has virility and imagination and reflects the life which inspired it. His books of verse are: "A Bundle of Myrrh", 1908; "Man-Song", 1909; "The Stranger at the Gate", 1912; "The Song of Hugh Glass", 1915; and "The Quest", 1916.

Norton, Grace Fallow. [1876-?] (1) Born at Northfield, Minnesota, October 29, 1876. She is the author of "The Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's", 1912; "The Sister of the Wind", 1914; "Roads", 1915; "What is Your Legion?", 1916.

O'Hara, John Myers. [1870-1944] (2) Author of "Songs of the Open", 1909; "The Poems of Sappho: An Interpretative Rendition into English", 1910; "Pagan Sonnets", 1910; "The Ebon Muse", 1914; "Manhattan", 1915. Mr. O'Hara's rendition of "Sappho" is one of the finest in English literature.

O Sheel, Shaemas. [1886-1954] (2) <also O'Sheel> Born at New

York City, September 19, 1886. Educated at Columbia University. His volumes are: "The Blossomy Bough", 1911, and "The Light Feet of Goats", 1915.

Peabody, Josephine Preston (Mrs. Lionel Marks). [1874-1922] (3) Born at New York City. Educated at the Girls' Latin School of Boston and at Radcliffe College. She was instructor of English at Wellesley College from 1901 to 1903. Her volumes of lyric and dramatic poetry in their order are: "The Wayfarers", 1898; "Fortune and Men's Eyes", 1900; "Marlowe: A Drama", 1901; "The Singing Leaves", 1903; "The Wings", 1905; "The Piper", a drama, awarded the Stratford-on-Avon Prize, 1910; "The Singing Man", 1911; "The Wolf of Gubbio: A Drama", 1913; "The Harvest Moon", 1916. Miss Peabody, as her volumes show, is a poet of varied gifts and her work is always distinguished by charm of personality and by insight.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. [1856-1935] (4) Born in Baltimore, Maryland, January 9, 1856. Educated in the schools of that city. She has been for many years a teacher of English in West High School of Baltimore. Her volumes of verse are: "A Branch of May", 1887; "A Handful of Lavender", 1891; "A Quiet Road", 1896; "A Wayside Lute", 1909. Miss Reese has a lyric gift unique in its strict Saxon simplicity. Her work has an early, Old-World flavor, a quaintness, a magic of phrase that renders it wholly individual.

Rice, Cale Young. [1872-1943] (3) Born at Dixon, Kentucky, December 7, 1872. Graduated from Cumberland University in 1893, and from Harvard University in 1895, where he remained to take the degree of A.M. in 1896. He is the author of many fine poetic dramas, some of which have had successful stage presentation, and of several volumes of lyric poetry. In poetic drama his best-known volumes are: "Charles di Tocca", 1903; "David", 1904; "Yolanda of Cyprus", 1906; "A Night in Avignon", 1907; "The Immortal Lure", 1911; "Porzia", 1913. In lyric poetry he has published the following collections: "From Dusk to Dusk", 1898; "Song Surf", 1900; "Nirvana Days", 1908; "Many Gods", 1910; "Far Quests", 1912; "At the World's Heart", 1914; "Earth and New Earth", 1916; "Trails Sunward", 1917. With the exception of the last two books, Mr. Rice's

plays and poems were collected into two volumes in 1915.

Riley, James Whitcomb. [1853-1916] (2) Born in Greenfield, Indiana, in June, 1853, and died at Indianapolis, July, 1916. He occupied a field unique in American literature and probably no poet came as near to the heart of the people. Popularly known as "The Hoosier Poet", because his verse was largely written in the dialect of the common people of his native State of Indiana, he was yet a poet of the truest gifts, and many of his dialect poems bid fair to become classic. Mr. Riley did not confine himself, however, to the use of dialect, but wrote some exquisite poetry in other fields. Unlike many poets, he lived to see himself not only the most beloved and honored citizen of his native State, which annually celebrates "Riley Day", but the most widely known and beloved poet of his period in America. Mr. Riley was so voluminous a writer that we have scarcely space to list all of his titles, but among the favorite volumes are: "The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems", 1883; "Afterwhiles", 1887; "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury", 1888; "Rhymes of Childhood", 1890; "Green Fields and Running Brooks", 1892; "Armazindy", 1894; "Love Lyrics", 1899; "Home Folks", 1900; "Farm Rhymes", 1901; "An Old Sweetheart of Mine", 1902; "Out to Old Aunt Mary's", 1904; "Raggedy Man", 1907; "The Little Orphant Annie Book", 1908; "When the Frost is on the Punkin, and Other Poems", 1911; "Knee Deep in June, and Other Poems", 1912; and the Biographical Edition of the complete works, 1913.

Roberts, Charles G. D. [1860-1943] (2) Born in Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. Educated at the University of New Brunswick. After a period of teaching, he turned to journalism and was editor for a time of "The Week", Toronto, and associate editor of "The Illustrated American". Mr. Roberts has been a voluminous writer as novelist, naturalist, and poet. His volumes of verse are: "Orion, and Other Poems", 1880; "In Divers Tones", 1887; "Songs of the Common Day", 1893; "The Book of the Native", 1896; "New York Nocturnes", 1898; "Poems", 1901; "The Book of the Rose", 1903; Collected Poems, 1907.

Robinson, Edwin Arlington. [1869-1935] (3) Born at Head Tide, Maine, December 22, 1869. Educated at Harvard University. He is the

author of "Children of the Night", 1897; "Captain Craig", 1902; "The Town Down the River", 1910; "The Man against the Sky", 1916; "Merlin", 1917; and of two prose dramas, "Van Zorn" and "The Porcupine". Mr. Robinson is a psychological poet of great subtlety. His poems are usually studies of types and he has given us a remarkable series of portraits.

Rogers, Robert Cameron. [1862-1912] (1) Born at Buffalo, New York, January 7, 1862. Died at Santa Barbara, California, while still a young man [sic]. He was chiefly known for his poem, "The Rosary", contained in this collection.

Rosenfeld, Morris. [1862-1923] (1) A Yiddish poet who came to America in his early youth. He has been connected editorially with the Jewish "Forward" and other papers. He is chiefly known for his "Songs of the Ghetto".

Santayana, George E. [1863-1952] (3) Born in Madrid, Spain, December 16, 1863. He was for several years Professor of Philosophy at Harvard University, and has written important works in this field, particularly "The Sense of Beauty", 1896, and "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion", 1900. His work in poetry has been largely in the sonnet form, of which he has a classic mastery. His volumes of verse are: "Sonnets, and Other Poems", 1894; "Lucifer", 1899; "The Hermit of Carmel", 1901; "Collected Sonnets", 1910.

Schauffler, Robert Haven. [1879-1964] (1) Born at Brun, Austria, though of American parentage, on April 8, 1879. He studied at Northwestern University, but took his degree of B.A. from Princeton in 1902, and afterwards spent a year in study at the University of Berlin. Mr. Schauffler was a musician before he took up literature and was a pupil of many famous masters of the 'cello. He has written upon musical subjects, notably in his volume, "The Musical Amateur". He has also written several books of travel, such as "Romantic Germany" and "Romantic America". He attracted wide attention by his poem upon immigration, "The Scum o' the Earth", which is the title poem of his volume of verse, 1912.

Scollard, Clinton. [1860-1932] (3) Born at Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860. Graduated at Hamilton College in 1881. He

afterwards studied at Harvard University and at Cambridge, England. He was Professor of English Literature at Hamilton College, 1888-96. Mr. Scollard has been a voluminous writer, and we must content ourselves with listing his more important books. His first volume was "Pictures in Song", 1884, followed by: "With Reed and Lyre", 1888; "Old and New World Lyrics", 1888; "Songs of Sunrise Lands", 1892; "The Hills of Song", 1895; "The Lutes of Morn", 1901; "Lyrics of the Dawn", 1902; "The Lyric Bough", 1904; "Chords of the Zither", 1910; "Sprays of Shamrock", 1914; "Poems", a selection from his complete work, 1914; "Italy in Arms", 1915; "The Vale of Shadows", 1915; "Ballads, Patriotic and Romantic", 1916.

Sherman, Frank Dempster. [1860-1916] (3) Born at Peekskill, New York, May 6, 1860. Died September 19, 1916. He took the degree of Ph.B. from Columbia University in 1884, and was Professor of Graphics in Columbia School of Architecture from 1904 until his death. He was the author of "Madrigals and Catches", 1887; "Lyrics for a Lute", 1890; "Little Folk Lyrics", 1892; "Lyrics of Joy", 1904; and "A Southern Flight" (with Clinton Scollard), 1906.

Sterling, George. [1869-1926] (3) Born at Sag Harbor, New York, December 1, 1869. Educated at private schools and at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Maryland. He is the author of "The Testimony of the Suns", 1903; "A Wine of Wizardry", 1908; "The House of Orchids", 1911; "Beyond the Breakers", 1914; "Exposition Ode", 1915; and "Yosemite", 1915. Mr. Sterling is a writer to whom the sublimer aspects of nature appeal and he has a style admirably suited to their portrayal.

Stickney, Joseph Trumbull. [1874-1904] (3) Born at Geneva, Switzerland, June 20, 1874. After a youth spent for the most part in Italy and Switzerland, although his family maintained a house in New York, Stickney entered Harvard University in 1891. Graduating with high classical honors in 1895, he returned to Europe to study for the degree *Doctorat es Lettres*. This was conferred upon him by the University of Paris in 1903, in exchange for his two theses, "Les Sentences dans la Poesie Grecque d'Homere a Euripide" and "De Hermolai Barbari vita atque ingenio dissertationem." This degree, the highest in the gift of the University, was never before bestowed upon an American. Stickney's

volume of poems, "Dramatic Verses", had been published in 1902. Leaving Paris in April, 1903, Stickney spent a few months in Greece and then returned to America to become instructor in Greek at Harvard. He died in Boston, October 11, 1904. His "Poems" were collected and edited in 1905 by his friends, George Cabot Lodge, William Vaughn Moody, and John Ellerton Lodge.

Sweeney, Mildred McNeal. [1871-?] (2) <also Mildred Isabel McNeal-Sweeney> Born at Burnett, Wisconsin, August 30, 1871. Graduated from Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin in 1889. Mrs. Sweeney has lived much abroad. She is the author of "When Yesterday was Young", 1908; and "Men of No Land", London, 1912.

Teasdale, Sara (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger). [1884-1933] (3) Born in St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1884. Educated at private schools. She is the author of "Sonnets to Duse", 1907; "Helen of Troy, and Other Poems", 1911; "Rivers to the Sea", 1915; "Love Songs", 1917. Editor of "The Answering Voice: A Hundred Love Lyrics by Women", 1917. Miss Teasdale is a lyric poet of an unusually pure and spontaneous gift.

Thomas, Edith M. [1854-1925] (3) Born at Chatham, Ohio, August 12, 1854. Graduated at the Normal Institute of Geneva, Ohio. Since 1888 she has resided in New York and is a member of the editorial staff of "Harper's Magazine". She is the author of "A New Year's Masque", 1885; "Lyrics and Sonnets", 1887; "The Inverted Torch", 1890; "Fair Shadowland", 1893; "In Sunshine Land", 1895; "A Winter Swallow", 1896; "The Dancers", 1903; "The Guest at the Gate", 1909; "The White Messenger", 1915; and "The Flower from the Ashes", 1915. Miss Thomas is a poet of rare and subtle quality. Her work is almost wholly subjective, the emotional reaction to her own experience. She has written many lyrics which are among the choicest possessions of our literature.

Torrence, Ridgely. [1875-1950] (2) Born at Xenia, Ohio, November 27, 1875. Educated at Miami University, Ohio, and at Princeton. Served as assistant librarian at the Astor and Lenox libraries in New York City from 1897 to 1903. His volumes of poetry and poetic drama are: "The House of a Hundred Lights", 1900; "El Dorado: A Tragedy", 1903; "Abelard and Heloise: A Drama", 1907.

Towne, Charles Hanson. [1877-1949] (2) Born at Louisville, Kentucky, February 2, 1877. Educated at New York City College. Mr. Towne has been an active journalist, having been successively editor of "The Smart Set", "The Delineator", "The Designer", and "McClure's Magazine". Despite his journalistic work he has found time to write several volumes of poetry of which the best known are: "The Quiet Singer, and Other Poems", 1908; "Manhattan", 1909; "Youth, and Other Poems", 1910; "Beyond the Stars, and Other Poems", 1912; and "To-day and To-morrow", 1916.

Untermeyer, Louis. [1885-1977] (2) Born at New York City, October 1, 1885. Educated in the public schools of that city. He has been connected editorially with "The Masses" and with "The Seven Arts", and does critical work for the "Chicago Evening Post". He is the author of "First Love", 1911; "Challenge", 1914; "And Other Poets: A Book of Parodies", 1916; "These Times", 1917; and "The Poems of Heinrich Heine, Selected and Translated", 1917.

Upton, Arthur. [1877-1908] (4) Born at Camden, New York, in 1877. Educated at Camden Academy and the University of Minnesota. He is the author of "Westwind Songs", 1902; "Octaves in an Oxford Garden", 1902; "The City: A Poem Drama", 1905; "The Tides of Spring, and Other Poems", 1907. Mr. Upton died August 14, 1908. His death was an inestimable loss to American literature, as he was a poet of rare gifts which were maturing with each expression.

Viereck, George Sylvester. [1884-1962] (3) Born in Munich, Germany, December 31, 1884. Came to America at the age of eleven years. Graduated from the College of New York City in 1906. He was for several years upon the staff of "Current Opinion" and is the editor of "The International" and of "Viereck's American Weekly", formerly "The Fatherland". Mr. Viereck's three volumes of verse are: "Nineveh, and Other Poems", 1907; "The Candle and the Flame", 1911; "Songs of Armageddon", 1916.

Welsh, Robert Gilbert. [?-1924] (1) Dramatic critic of the "Evening Telegram" of New York City. He has not yet published a collection of poetry, but has appeared in the leading magazines.

Wheeler, Edward J. [1859-1922] (1) Born at Cleveland, Ohio, March 11, 1859. Graduated from Wesleyan University in Ohio in 1879. His university conferred upon him the degree of Litt.D. in 1905. Mr. Wheeler is one of the leading journalists of America, having been editor of the "Literary Digest" from 1895 to 1905 and of "Current Literature", now "Current Opinion", since that date. He is also literary editor of Funk and Wagnalls Company, Publishers. Mr. Wheeler was one of the founders of the Poetry Society of America in 1909 and has been president of the organization since that date.

Wheelock, John Hall. [1886-1978] (2) Born at Far Rockaway, New York, in 1886. He took the degree of A.B. from Harvard University in 1908, and spent the next two years in Germany, studying during 1909 at Gottingen and during 1910 at the University of Berlin. He is connected with the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Wheelock's volumes of poetry are: "The Human Fantasy", 1911; "The Beloved Adventure", 1912; and "Love and Liberation", 1913.

Wilkinson, Florence (Mrs. Wilfrid Muir Evans). [1878-?] (3) <F. W. Evans> Born at Tarrytown, New York. Miss Wilkinson studied at Chicago University and other American colleges and afterwards at the Sorbonne and the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. She is the author of several novels, of which the best known are: "The Lady of the Flag Flowers", "The Strength of the Hills", and "The Silent Door"; and also of one or two volumes of plays; but her most representative work is found in her poetry, of which she has written two volumes: "The Far Country", 1906, and "The Ride Home", 1913.

Woodberry, George Edward. [1855-1930] (3) Born at Beverly, Massachusetts, May 12, 1855. Graduated with the degree of A.B. from Harvard University in 1877. The degree of Litt.D. was conferred on him by Amherst College in 1905, and by Harvard University in 1911, and the degree of LL.D. by Western Reserve University in 1907. He was Professor of English at the University of Nebraska, 1877-78; also 1880-82, and was Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University 1891-1904. Professor Woodberry is one of the ablest critics and biographers in American literature as well as one of the finest poets. Among his best-

known volumes of criticism are: "Studies in Letters and Life", "The Heart of Man", "Makers of Literature", "The Torch", "The Appreciation of Literature", and "The Inspiration of Poetry". In biography he has done admirable studies of Poe, Hawthorne, Shelley, Swinburne, Emerson, etc.; and in poetry he has published many volumes, of which the most representative are: "The North Shore Watch", 1890; "Wild Eden", 1900; "Poems", 1903; "The Kingdom of All Souls", 1912; "The Flight", 1914; and "Ideal Passion", 1917.

---- Rittenhouse, Jessie Belle. [1869-1948] Jessie Rittenhouse is best known as an editor and for her compilations, but she was also a poet - - though she did not include her own work in her compilations. Her compilations and criticisms include: "The younger American poets", 1904; "The Little Book of Modern Verse", 1913; "The Little Book of American Poets, 1787-1900", 1915; "The Second Book of Modern Verse", 1919; "The Little Book of Modern British Verse: One Hundred Poets since Henley", 1924; "The Third Book of Modern Verse", 1927. Her own works include: "The Door of Dreams", 1918; "The Lifted Cup", 1921; "The Secret Bird", 1930; "My House of Life; an Autobiography", 1934; and "The Moving Tide; New and Selected Lyrics", 1939. Her compilations went through numerous printings, and are still a good guide to the poetry of the era. ----

Notes to the text:

Due to the technical limitations of ASCII, accents were not included in the text. However, a complete list follows of each line where an accent occurred in the original. The "pipe" character (|) indicates a special character, and a marker for the accent follows, except in cases where two vowels make a combined character, as in C(ae)sar. Most should be obvious, but "=" represents an accent seldom used, that looks like the bottom half of a circle. The affected lines are:

Tryste No|^el. [Louise Imogen Guiney] His foot was wing|^ed as
the mounting sun. Bruis|^ed past healing by some bitter chance, Who
leads despis|^ed men, with just-unshackled feet, Now limb doth mingle

with dissolv\ed limb The cup of trembling shall be drain\ed quite,
While all the thousand-fring\ed trees "Bless\ed! but not as happier
children blessed" -- And the far rose of P|aestum once did climb. But most,
his music whose belov\ed name For sun-filled ones, one bless\ed thing
unknown. The curl\ed lashes of Semiramis. And like the peal of an
accurs\ed bell The chaplain clasped his mail\ed knee. With steadfast lips
and veil\ed eyne; I hold my peace, my Cle|'is, on my heart; Beyond the
lure of light Alc|aeus' lyre, I saw two wing\ed shadows side by side,
Around thine earth sun-wing\ed winds do blow About their fragile hairs'
a|"erial gold. From a barr\ed door." Peopled with fa|"ery glimmerings, A
fa|"ery world of memory, Upon my lowly, thatch\ed roof, Laid gently on
my seal\ed sight, Who combed their long hair at Thermopyl|ae's pass?
That Dvo|=rak took whole from the dancers. C|aesar dreamed him a world
ruled well; Mad boy, for Glauc|"oe. Wine-sweet are Glauc|"oe's kisses,
He seems to hearken, Glauc|"oe, The wing\ed breath of you. With
C|aesar's cohorts sang of thee, An unseen, skillful, medi|aeval wall.
|Aeschylus wanders back. As in the crevices of C|aesar's tomb The mind
conceived you, though the quench\ed mind Across his stretch\ed vision as
in dream -- Expunge the horrible C|aesars of this slum!" In frill\ed
crimson flaunt the hollyhocks, And yet that veil\ed face, I know Bless\ed
the angel, gazing on all good, Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drench\ed
morns -- He missed the medi|aeval grace But sore am I with Vaine Trav\el!
My heart shall p|aean sing, myth or mysticism. His first volume was
"Low Tide on Grand Pr|e", Mr. Le Gallienne has made an admirable
paraphrase of the "Rub|aiy|at" of Omar Khayy|am and of a group of odes
from the "Divan" of Hafiz. studied at San Jos|e Normal School and the
University of California. Born at Br|"un, Austria, though of American
parentage, on April 8, 1879. to study for the degree Doctorat |es Lettres.
This was conferred upon him "Les Sentences dans la Po|esie Grecque
d'Hom|ere |a Euripide" "El Dorado: A Tragedy", 1903; "Ab|elard and
H|elo|"ise: A Drama", 1907. studying during 1909 at G|"ottingen and
during 1910 at the Sorbonne and the Biblioth|eque Nationale of Paris.

Three different printings were used for comparison, all three of which
were apparently from the same plates. The punctuation in particular was

poorly printed, so even with three versions to choose from, in a few cases the punctuation had to be guessed at.

The Acknowledgements section has been mostly omitted.

Otherwise, only two significant changes to the text were made, other than adjusting the punctuation on an occasional title so that the title in the text matched that in the table of contents, a few other minor errors in punctuation, and the changes noted in the Biographical Notes.

In "Da Leetla Boy" by Thomas Augustine Daly, the second occurrence of the line "Of -- w'at-you-call? . . ." was "Of -- wa't-you-call? . . ." in the original. After observing the spelling of "w'at" in the other poem by Mr. Daly, this was changed to conform with the `correct' spelling.

"Sweeney, Mildred McNeal" was originally misspelled "Sweeney, Mildred McNeil" in the notes.

The note on Jessie B. Rittenhouse is new.