

**ANTHOLOGY OF  
MASSACHUSETTS  
POETS**

**WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, Editor**

## AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain majesties Above the fruited plain! America! America! God shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with brotherhood >From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet, Those stern, impassioned stress A thoroughfare for freedom beat Across the wilderness! America! America! God mend thine every flaw, Confirm thy soul in self-control, Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife Who more than self their country loved, And mercy more than life! America! America! May God thy gold refine, Till all success be nobleness, And every gain divine.

O beautiful for patriot dream That sees beyond the years Thine alabaster cities gleam

Undimmed by human tears! America! America! God shed His grace on thee And crown thy good with brotherhood >From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES

## YELLOW CLOVER

MUST I, who walk alone, come on it still, This Puck of plants The wise would do away with, The sunshine slants To play with, Our wee, gold-dusty flower, the yellow clover, Which once in Parting for a time That then seemed long, Ere time for you was over, We sealed our own? Do you remember yet, O Soul beyond the stars, Beyond the uttermost dim bars Of space, Dear Soul, who found earth sweet, Remember by love's grace, In dreamy hushes of the heavenly song, How suddenly we halted in our climb, Lingering, reluctant, up that farthest hill, Stooped for the blossoms closest to our feet, And gave them as a token Each to Each, In lieu of speech, In lieu of words too grievous to be spoken, Those little, gypsy, wondering blossoms wet With a strange dew of tears?

So it began, This vagabond, unvalued yellow clover, To be our tenderest language. All the years It lent a new zest to the summer hours, As each of us went scheming to surprise The other with our homely, laureate flowers. Sonnets and odes Fringing our daily roads. Can amaranth and asphodel Bring merrier laughter to your eyes? Oh, if the Blest, in their serene abodes, Keep any wistful consciousness of earth, Not grandeurs, but the childish ways of love, Simplicities of mirth, Must follow them above With touches of vague homesickness that pass Like shadows of swift birds across the grass. Beneath some foreign arch of sky, How many a time the rover You or I, For life oft sundered look from look, And voice from voice, the transient dearth Schooling my soul to brook This distance that no messages may span, Would chance Upon our wilding by a lonely well, Or drowsy watermill, Or swaying to the chime of convent bell, Or where the nightingales of old romance With tragical contraltos fill Dim solitudes of infinite desire; And once I joyed to meet Our peasant gadabout A trespasser on trim, seigniorial seat, Twinkling a saucy eye As potentates paced by.

Our golden cord! our soft, pursuing flame >From friendship's altar fire!  
How proudly we would pluck and tame

The dimpling clusters, mutinously gay! How swiftly they were sent  
Far, far away On journeys wide, By sea and continent, Green miles and

---

blue leagues over, >From each of us to each, That so our hearts might  
reach, And touch within the yellow clover,

Love's letter to be glad about Like sunshine when it came!

My sorrow asks no healing; it is love; Let love then make me brave To  
bear the keen hurts of This careless summertide, Ay, of our own poor  
flower, Changed with our fatal hour, For all its sunshine vanished when  
you died; Only white clover blossoms on your grave.

KATHERINE LEE BATES

## THE RETURNING

We long for her, we yearn for her-- Yes, ardently we yearn For her return. Recalling those beloved days (Days intimate with ways Of friends so near to us And life so dear to us), We yearn unspeakably for her return.

And come she must. . . Yet while we trust We soon may see the passing of this agony Which makes intrusive years still seem A fearsome dream, We know that when she comes She really comes not back again.

She'll come in other guise And under fairer skies-- And yet to bitter pain! That day she went away Our homes with laughing youth were filled. Where then was happiness Is now distress, The laughter stilled; For when she left Youth followed her- We stay bereft.

So all our golden joy For what she brings Must carry gray alloy: The sorrow that she can not lay, The misery that she can not stay- While all the gladsome songs she sings Must bear for undertones Old sighs and echoed moans.

As they who go away In flush of youth May come quite worn and gray And bringing naught but ruth- So, when the strife shall cease, And when she comes at last, When all the armies vast Shall at her feet Kneel down to greet Thrice welcome Peace, This world will be so changed (So many dear ones dead, So many friends estranged, So many blessings fled, So many wonted ways forever barred, So many coming days forever marred) That then She truly comes not back again-- She, the Peace we knew.

Yet how we long for her! How ardently we yearn For her return!

# **SYLVESTER BAXTER**

# TWO MOODS FROM THE HILL

## I.

### YOUTH

I LOVE to watch the world from here, for all The numberless living portraits that are drawn Upon the mind. Far over is the sea, Fronting the sand, a few great yellow dunes, A salt marsh stumbling after, rank and green, With brackish gullies wandering in between, All this from the hill. And more: a clump of dwarfed and twisted cedars, Sentinels over the marsh, and bright with the sun A field of daises wandering in the wind As though a hidden serpent glided through, A broken wall, a new-plowed field, and then The dusty road and the abodes of men Surrounding the hill. How small the enclosure is wherein there lives Each phase and passion of life, the distant sail Dips in the limpid bosom of the sea, >From that far place to where in state the turf Raises a throne for me upon the hill, Each little love and lust of a living thing Can thus be compassed in a rainbow ring And seen from the hill.

## II.

### AGE

Why did I build my cottage on a hill Facing the sea?

Why did I plan each terraced lawn to slope Down to the deep blue billowy breast of hope, Surging and sweeping, laughing and leaping, Tumbling its garments of foam upon the shore, Rustling the sands that know my step no more, I should have found a valley, deep and still, To shelter me.

There flows the river, and it seems asleep So far away, Yet I remember whip of wave and roar Of wind that rose and smote against the oar, Smote and retreated, Proud but defeated, While I rejoiced and rowed into the brine, Drawing on wet and heavy -straining line The great cod quivering from the deep As counterplay.

What is the solace of these hills and vales That rise and fall? What is there glorious in the greenwood glen, Or twittering thrush or wing of darting wren? Give me the gusty, Raucous and rusty Call of the sea gull in the echoing sky, The wild shriek of the winds that cannot die, Give me the life that follows the bending sails, Or none at all!

ERNEST BENSIMOL



## A BANQUET ONE MEMORY FROM SOCRATES

AFTER the song the love, and after the love the play, Flute girl and pretty boy blowing Bubbles of sparkling Wine into darkling Beards of a former austerity, stern even now, but Fast growing Foolish, with less of a stately Reserve that held them sedately. Oh Zeus, what a sight! With the wine dripping off it, The grin of an ass on a bald-pated prophet.

After the feast the night, and after the night the day, Fool and philosopher stirring With the day dawning, Stretching and yawning, While in each wine-throbbing, desolated brain is the Wheeling and whirring Of thousands of bats, that the slaking Of throats will not hinder from aching, No wine for the brow that is beating to bursting, But water at morning is quench for the thirsting!

ERNEST BENSIMOL

SONG

OUT of one heart the birds and I together, Earth hushed in twilight,  
Low through the live-oaks hung heavy with silver, Gemmed with the sky-  
light, Under the great wet star Shaking with light, we jar Lute-voiced the  
silence with intervalled music.

While under the margined world the slow sun lingers, Flaming earth's  
portal, Over the lilac dusk spreads his great fingers- Earth is immortal!  
While the frail beauty dies. Dream in the dreamer's eyes, All the good  
gladness turns praise for the singers.

Hark, 'tis the breath of life! Hush! and I need it; Northern, gigantic,-  
Questing the silences, herding the sudden foam Down the Atlantic; Leaves  
from the autumn's store Shriek at my desert door, They and I out of one  
heart that is grieving.

GEORGE CABOT LODGE

## THE WORLDS

I SAW an idler on a summer day Piping with Iris by a dancing brook;  
And all his world was rife with Pleasures gay, And languid Follies smiled  
from every nook.

I saw an artist in a world of dreams, His rainbow rising from his  
radiant task, To throw its magic prism beams O'er Fancy's changeful  
masque and counter- masque.

I saw Toil--stooping underneath a world Whereon his foster-brothers  
lighter tread, His skyward pinions ever closer furled Before the grim  
necessity of bread!

I saw a sinner working hard to be Worthy his death-wage from the  
mint of time; I saw a sailor, unto whom the sea Was hearth and hope and  
love and wedding- chime.

I saw a mother living in her child-- I saw a saint among his fellow  
men-- Brave soldiery before my eyes defiled And solemn-hearted  
scholars--Sudden then

I cried: "The stars are no less neighborly In their ethereal remoteness  
swung, Than these near human orbits wherein we Live out our lives and  
speak our chosen tongue!

"Love seek through all--less there be one Least soul unlit within the  
night-- And over all, the selfsame sun Give each creation light!"

MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

## THE RIOT

YOU may think my life is quiet. I find it full of change, An ever-varied diet, As piquant as 'tis strange.

Wild thoughts are always flying, Like sparks across my brain, Now flashing out, now dying, To kindle soon again.

Fine fancies set me thrilling, And subtle monsters creep Before my sight unwilling: They even haunt my sleep.

One broad, perpetual riot Enfolds me night and day. You think my life is quiet? You don't know what you say.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

## HUNGER

I'VE been a hopeless sinner, but I understand a saint, Their bend of weary knees and their con- tortions long and faint, And the endless pricks of conscience, like a hundred thousand pins, A real perpetual penance for imaginary sins.

I love to wander widely, but I understand a cell, Where you tell and tell your beads because you've nothing else to tell, Where the crimson joy of flesh, with all its wild fantastic tricks, Is forgotten in the blinding glory of the crucifix.

I cannot speak for others, but my inmost soul is torn With a battle of desires making all my life forlorn. There are moments when I would untread the paths that I have trod. I'm a haunter of the devil, but I hunger after God.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

## EXIT GOD

Of old our father's God was real, Something they almost saw, Which kept them to a stern ideal And scourged them into awe.

They walked the narrow path of right Most vigilantly well, Because they feared eternal night And boiling depths of Hell.

Now Hell has wholly boiled away And God become a shade. There is no place for him to stay In all the world He made.

The followers of William James Still let the Lord exist, And call Him by imposing names, A venerable list. But nerve and muscle only count, Gray matter of the brain, And an astonishing amount Of inconvenient pain.

I sometimes wish that God were back In this dark world and wide; For though sonic virtues He might lack, He had his pleasant side.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

## CHAPTER ROUSSEAU

THAT odd, fantastic ass, Rousseau, Declared himself unique. How  
men persist in doing so, Puzzles me more than Greek.

The sins that tarnish whore and thief Beset me every day. My most  
ethereal belief Inhabits common clay.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

# JOHN MASEFIELD

## I

### MASEFIELD (HIMSELF)

GOD said, and frowned, as He looked on Shropshire clay: "Alone, 'twont do; composite, would I make This man-child rare; 'twere well, methinks, to take A handful from the Stratford tomb, and weigh A few of Shelley's ashes; Bunyan may Contribute, too, and, for my sweet Son's sake, I'll visit Avalon; then, let me slake The whole with Wyclif-water from the Bay.

A sailor, he! Too godly, though, I fear; Offset it with tobacco! Next, I'll find Hedge-roses, star-dust, and a vagrant's mind; His mother's heart now let me breathe upon; When west winds blow, I'll whisper in her ear: "Apocalypse awaits him; call him John!"

## II

### HIS PORTRAIT

A Man of Sorrows! with such haunted eyes, I trow, the Master looked across the lake,-- Looked from the Judas-heart, so soon to make Of Him the world's historic sacrifice; Moreover, as I gaze, do more arise; Great souls, great pallid ghosts of pain, who wake And wander yet; all, weary men who brake Their hearts; all hemlock-drunk, with growing wise: Hudson adrift; Defoe; the Wandering Jew; Tannhauser; Faust; Andrea; phantoms, all, In Masefield's eyes you lodge; and to the wall I turn you,-- hand a-tremble,--lest you make Of mine own stricken eyes a mirror, too. Wherein the sad world's sadder for your sake.

## III

### HIS "DAUBER"

O Masefield's "Dauber!" You, who being dead, Yet speak: heroic,



dauntless, flaming soul, Too suddenly snuffed out! Here take fresh toll  
Of cognizance, and, in your ocean bed, Serenely rest, assured that who has  
read What you would fain have pictured of the Pole Would gladly match  
your part against the whole Of many a modern artist, Paris-bred.

And more than this: if you, indeed, are his, Then, by a dual truth, he,  
too, is yours; For, marked and credited by what endures, Were it the only  
thing, which bears his name, (O deathless Soul, I speak you true in this!)  
"The Dauber" has brought Masfield to his fame.

## IV

### HIS "GALLIPOLI"

"Small wonder," speaks my pensive self, "that he Whose passion 'tis to  
sing of men who fail,-- (Belabored, broken by The Unseen Flail) Small  
wonder that he makes Gallipoli

His fervent text, for could there be A costlier failure in Earth's  
shuddering tale? Think of heroic Sulva's bloody swale; Of Anzac's  
tortured thirst and agony!" But as I read, protesting voices cry: "Not we,  
Not we, who fell among the daffodils, Who conquered Death among those  
blistered hills, And found our glory after mortal pain; Not we, who failed  
and lost Gallipoli; The sad, strange failure theirs who mourn in vain!"

## V

### HIS MEAD

So, Masfield, have your royal words once more Called forth the  
praise of men, where praise is due; Your great elegiac, tragically true,  
Must leave all Britain prouder than before; And, in spite of all that  
breaking hearts deplore, And all that anguished consciences must rue, One  
arrowed gladness surely pierces through >From London's centre to  
Canadian shore:

When England, sobbing, mourns Gallipoli, When warm tears flow for  
Rupert Brooke And all the splendid Youth her error took As hostage from  
the fields of daffodils, Let this a present, living solace be: You are not  
sleeping in those cruel hills!

AMY BRIDGEMAN

1620-1920

BEFORE him rolls the dark, relentless ocean; Behind him stretch the cold and barren sands; Wrapt in the mantle of his deep devotion The Pilgrim kneels, and clasps his lifted hands;

"God of our fathers, who hast safely brought us Through seas and sorrows, famine, fire, and sword; Who, in Thy mercies manifold hast taught us To trust in Thee, our leader and our Lord;

"God, who hast send Thy truth to shine before us, A fiery pillar, beaconing on the sea; God, who hast spread thy wings of mercy o'er us; God, who hast set our children's children free,

"Freedom Thy new-born nation here shall cherish; Grant us Thy covenant, changing, sure: Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish; Freedom and Truth, immortal shall endure."

Face to the Indian arrows. Face to the Prussian guns, >From then till now the Pilgrim's vow Has held the Pilgrim's sons.

He braved the red man's ambush, He loosed the black man's chain; His spirit broke King George's yoke And the battleships of Spain.

He crossed the seething ocean; He dared the death-strewn track; He charged in the hell of Saint Mihiel And hurled the tyrant back.

For the voice of the lonely Pilgrim Who knelt upon the strand A people hears three hundred years In the conscience of the land.

Daughter of Truth and mother of Courage, Conscience, all hail! Heart of New England, strength of the Pilgrims, Thou shalt prevail. Look how the empires rise and fall! Athens robed in her learning and beauty, Rome in her royal lust for power- Each has flourished for her little hour, Risen and fallen and ceased to be. What of her by the Western Sea, Born and bred as the child of Duty, Sternest of them all? She it is and she alone Who built on faith as her corner stone; Of all the nations none but she Knew that the truth shall make us free. Daughter of Courage, mother of heros, Freedom divine. Light of New England, Star of the Pilgrim, Still shalt thou shine. Yet even as we in our pride rejoice, Hark to the prophet's warning voice: "The Pilgrim's thrift is vanished And the Pilgrim's faith is dead, And the Pilgrim's God is banished, And Mammon reigns in his stead; And work

is damned as an evil, And men and women cry, In their restless haste, 'Let us spend and waste, And live; for to-morrow we die.'

"And law is trampled under; And the nations stand aghast, As they hear the distant thunder Of the storm that marches fast; And we,--whose ocean borders Shut off the sound and the sight, We will wait for marching orders; The world has seen us fight; We have earned our days of revel; 'On with the dance!' we cry. It is pain to think; we will eat and drink! And live; for to-morrow we die."

"We have laughed in the eyes of danger; We have given our bravest and best; We have succored the starving stranger; Others shall heed the rest.' And the revel never ceases; And the nations hold their breath; And our laughter peals, and the mad world reels, To a carnival of death.

"Slaves of sloth and the senses, Clippers of Freedom's wings, Come back to the Pilgrim's Army And fight for the King of Kings; Come back to the Pilgrim's conscience; Be born in the nation's birth; And strive again as simple men For the freedom of the earth. Freedom a free-born nation still shall cherish, Be this our covenant, unchanging, sure: Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish; Freedom and Truth immortal shall endure."

Land of our fathers, when the tempest rages, When the wide earth is racked with war and crime, Founded forever on the Rock of Ages, Beaten in vain by surging seas of time,

Even as the shallop on the breakers riding, Even as the Pilgrim kneeling on the shore, Firm in thy faith and fortitude abiding, Hold thou thy children free forever more.

And when we sail as Pilgrims' sons and daughters The spirit's Mayflower into seas unknown, Driving across the waste of wintry waters The voyage every soul shall make alone,

The Pilgrim's faith, the Pilgrim's courage grant us; Still shines the truth that for the Pilgrim shone. We are his seed; nor life nor death shall daunt us. The port is Freedom! Pilgrim heart, sail on!

LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

## THE CROSS-CURRENT

THROUGH twelve stout generations New England blood I boast; The stubborn pastures bred them, The grim, uncordial coast,

Sedate and proud old cities,-- Loved well enough by me, Then how should I be yearning To scour the earth and sea.

Each of my Yankee forbears Wed a New England mate: They dwelt and did and died here, Nor glimpsed a rosier fate.

My clan endured their kindred; But foreigners they loathed, And wandering folk, and minstrels, And gypsies motley-clothed.

Then why do patches please me, Fantastic, wild array? Why have I vagrant fancies For lads from far away.

My folk were godly Churchmen,-- Or paced in Elders' weeds; But all were grave and pious And hated heathen creeds.

Then why are Thor and Wotan To dread forces still? Why does my heart go questing For Pan beyond the hill?

My people clutched at freedom.-- Though others' wills they chained,-  
- But made the Law and kept it,-- And Beauty, they restrained.

Then why am I a rebel To laws of rule and square? Why would I dream and dally, Or, reckless, do and dare?

O righteous, solemn Grandsires, O dames, correct and mild, Who bred me of your virtues! Whence comes this changing child?--

The thirteenth generation,-- Unlucky number this!-- My grandma loved a Pirate, And all my faults are his!

A gallant, ruffled rover, With beauty-loving eye, He swept Colonial waters Of coarser, bloodier fry.

He waved his hat to danger, At Law he shook his fist. Ah, merrily he plundered, He sang and fought and kissed!

Though none have found his treasure, And none his part would take,-  
- I bless that thirteenth lady Who chose him for my sake!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

## CANDLEMAS

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!

ALICE BROWN

# SUNRISE ON MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN

O SWIFT forerunners, rosy with the race! Spirits of dawn, divinely manifest Behind your blushing banners in the sky, Daring invaders of Night's tenting-ground, How do ye strain on forward-bending foot, Each to be first in heralding of joy!

With silence sandalled, so they weave their way, And so they stand, with silence panoplied, Chanting, through mystic symbolings of flame, Their solemn invocation to the light.

O changeless guardians! O ye wizard first! What strenuous philter feeds your potency. That thus ye rest, in sweet wood-hardiness, Ready to learn of all and utter naught? What breath may move ye, or what breeze invite To odorous hot lendings of the heart? What wind-but all the winds are yet afar, And e'en the little tricksy zephyr sprites, That fleet before them, like their elfin locks, Have lagged in sleep, nor stir nor waken yet To pluck the robe of patient majesty.

Too still for dreaming, too divine for sleep, So range the firs, the constant, fearless ones. Warders of mountain secrets, there they wait, Each with his cloak about him, breathless, calm. And yet expectant, as who knows the dawn,

And all night thrills with memory and desire, Searching in what has been for what shall be:

The marvel of the ne'er familiar day, Sacred investiture of life renewed, The chrism of dew, the coronal of flame. Low in the valley lies the conquered rout Of man's poor, trivial turmoil, lost and drowned Under the mist, in gleaming rivers rolled, Where oozy marsh contends with frothing main. And rounding all, springs one full, ambient arch, One great good limpid world--so still, so still! For no sound echoes from its crystal curve Save four clear notes, the song of that lone bird Who, brave but trembling, tries his morning hymn, And has no heart to finish, for the awe And wonder of this pearling globe of dawn.

Light, light eternal! veiling-place of stars! Light, the revealer of dread

---

beauty's face! Weaving whereof the hills are lambent clad! Mighty libation  
to the Unknown God! Cup whereat pine-trees slake their giant thirst And  
little leaves drink sweet delirium! Being and breath and potion! living soul  
And all-informing heart of all that lives! How can we magnify thine awful  
name Save by its chanting: Light! and Light! and Light! An exhalation  
from far sky retreats, It grows in silence, as 'twere self-create, Suffusing  
all the dusky web of night. But one lone corner it invades not yet, Where  
low above a black and rimy crag Hangs the old moon, thin as a battered  
shield, The holy, useless shield of long-past wars, Dinted and frosty, on the  
crystal dark. But lo! the east,--let none forget the east, Pathway ordained  
of old where He should tread. Through some sweet magic common in the  
skies, The rosy banners are with saffron tinct; The saffron grows to gold,  
the gold is fire, And led by silence more majestic Than clash of  
conquering arms, He comes! He comes! He holds His spear benignant,  
sceptrewise, And strikes out flame from the adoring hills.

ALICE BROWN

# BURNT ARE THE PETALS OF LIFE

BURNT are the petals of life as a rose fallen and crumbled to dust.

Blackened the heart of the past is, ashes that must Forever be sifted,  
more precious than sunbeams that open the budding to-morrow. Once was  
a passion completed,-too perfect, the Gods have not broken to borrow-  
Blackened the heart of the past is, ashes that must Forever be sifted. O,  
loving to-morrow The rose of the past is, Life-Eternity's dust.

ELSIE PUMPELLY CABOT



## FOUR FOUNTAINS AFTER RESPIGHI

FRESH mists of Roman dawn; For water search the cattle; Faintly on damp air sounds the shepherd's horn Above fountain Giulia's prattle.

Triton, joyous and loud Of Naiads summons troops; A frenziedly leaping and mingling crowd, Dancing, pursuing groups.

At high noon the trumpets peal, Neptune's chariot passes by; Trains of sirens, tritons, Trevi's jets heat Then trumpets' echoes sigh.

Tolling bell and sunset, Twittering birds and calm; Medici's fountain, shimmering net, Into the night brings balm.

JESSICA CARR

## TROPICS

THE cretonne in your willow chair Shows through a zone of rosy air,  
A tree of parrots, agate-eyed, With blue-green crests and plumes of pride  
And beaks most formidably curved. I hear the river, silver-nerved, To their  
shrill protests make reply, And the palm forest stir and sigh.

Curious, the spell that colors cast, Binding the fancy coweb-fast, And  
you would smile if you could know I like your cretonne parrots so! But I  
have seen them sail toward night Superbly homeward, the last light Lifting  
them like a purple sea Scorned and made use of arrogantly; And I have  
heard them cry aloud >From out a tall palm's emerald cloud; And I  
brought home a brilliant feather, Lost like a flake of sunset weather.

Here in the north the sea is white And mother-of-pearl in morning light,  
Quite lovely, but there is a glare That daunts me. Now the willow chair  
Suggests a more perplexing sea, Till my heart aches with memory And  
parrots dye the air around, And I forget the pallid Sound. GRACE  
HAZARD

## TO HILDA OF HER ROSES

ENOUGH has been said about roses To fill thirty thick volumes; There  
are as many songs about roses As there are roses in the world That  
includes Mexico . . . the Azores ... Oregon ...

It is a pity your roses Are too late for Omar . . . It is a pity Keats has  
gone . . .

Yet there must be something left to say Of flowers like these!  
Adventurers, They pushed their way Through dewy tunnels of the June  
night Now they confer.... A little tremulous.... Dazzled by the yellow sea-  
beach of morning

If Herrick would tiptoe back . . . If Blake were to look this way  
Ledwidge, even!

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

## DANDELION

LITTLE soldier with the golden helmet, O What are you guarding on  
my lawn? You with your green gun And your yellow beard, Why do you  
stand so stiff? There is only the grass to fight!

HILDA CONKLING

## RED ROOSTER

RED ROOSTER in your gray coop, O stately creature with tail-feathers red and blue, Yellow and black, You have a comb gay as a parade  
On your head: You have pearl trinkets On your feet: The short feathers smooth along your back Are the dark color of wet rocks, Or the rippled green of ships When I look at their sides through water. I don't know how you happened to be made So proud, so foolish, Wearing your coat of many colors, Shouting all day long your crooked words, Loud . . . sharp . . . not beautiful!

HILDA CONKLING

## VELVETS (BY A BED OF PANSIES)

THIS pansy has a thinking face Like the yellow moon. This one has a face with white blots; I call him the clown. Here goes one down the grass With a pretty look of plumpness; She is a little girl going to school With her hands in the pockets of her pinafore. Her name is Sue. I like this one, in a bonnet, Waiting, Her eyes are so deep! But these on the other side, These that wear purple and blue, They are the Velvets, The king with his cloak, The queen with her gown, The prince with his feather. These are dark and quiet And stay alone. I know you, Velvets, Color of Dark, Like the pine-tree on the hill When stars shine!

HILDA CONKLING

## HE MOODS

THE Moods have laid their hands across my hair: The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart; My hair shall never more lie smooth and bright, But stir like tide-worn sea-weed, and my heart Shall never more be glad of small sweet things,- A wild rose, or a crescent moon,-a book Of little verses, or a dancing child. My heart turns crying from the rose and book, My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon, And weeps with useless sorrow for the child. The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair, And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame: I shall desire all things that may not be: The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men, All tears that must, and smiles that may not be,-- Yes, glimmering lights across a windy ford, And vagrant voices on a darkened plain, And holy things, and outcast things, and things, Far too remote, frail-bodied to be plain.

My pity and my joy are grown alike. I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart. The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair: The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart. FANNIE STEARNS  
DAVIS

## HILL-FANTASY

SITTETH by the red cairn a brown One, a hoofed One, High upon the mountain, where the grasses fail. Where the ash-trees flourish far their blazing Bunches to the sun, A brown One, a hoofed One, pipes against the gale. Up scrambled I then, furry fingers helping me.

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering; No one but the pine trees and the white birch knew. Over rocks I scrambled, looked up and saw that Strange Thing, Peaked ears and sharp horns, pricked against the blue.

Oh, and, how he piped there! piped upon the high reeds Till the blue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool! Oh, and how he spread himself, like a child whom no one heeds, Tumbled chuckling in the brook, all sleek and kind and cool!

He had berries 'twixt his horns, crimson-red as cochineal., Bobbing, wagging wantonly they tickled him, and oh, How his deft lips puckered round the reed, seemed to chase and steal Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music low! I said "Good-day, Thou!" He said, "Good-day, Thou!" Wiped his reed against the spotted doe-skin on his back, He said, "Come up here, and I will teach thee piping now. While the earth is singing so, for tunes we shall not Lack."

Up scrambled I then, furry fingers helping me. Up scrambled I. So we sat beside the cairn. Broad into my face laughed that horned Thing so Naughtily. Oh, it was a rascal of a woodland Satyr's bairn!

'So blow, and so, Thou! Move thy fingers faster, look! Move them like the little leaves and whirling midges. So! Soon `twill twist like tendrils and out-twinkle like the lost brook. Move thy fingers merrily, and blow! Blow! Blow!"

Brown One! Hoofed One! Beat time to keep me Straight. Kick it on the red stone, whistle in my ear. Brush thy crimson berries in my face, then hold Thy breath, for-wait! Joy comes bubbling to me lips. I pipe, oh, hear!

Blue sky, art glad of us? Green wood, art glad of us? Old hard-heart mountain, dost thou hear me, how I blow? Far away the sea-isles swim in



sun-haze luminous. Each one has a color like the seven-splendor bow.

Wind, wind, wind, dost thou mind me how I pipe, Now? Chipmunk  
chatt'ring in the beech, rabbit in the brake? Furry arm around my neck:  
"Oh, Thou art a brave one, Thou!" Satyr, little satyr-friend, my heart with  
joy doth ache !

Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music tremulous, Water over steaming  
rocks, water in the shade, Storm-tune and sun-tune, how they flock up  
unto us, Sitting by the red cairn, gay and unafraid!

Brown One, Hoofed One, give me nimble hoofs, Thou! Give me furry  
fingers and a secret furry tail! Pleasant are thy smooth horns: if their like  
were on my brow Might I not abide here, till the strong sun fail?

Oh, the sorry brown eyes! Oh, the soft kind hand- touch, Sudden  
brush of velvet ears across my wind-cool cheek! "Play-mate, Pipe-mate,  
thou askest one good boon too much. I could never find thee horns, though  
day-long I seek.

"Yet, keep the pipe, Thou: I will cut another one. Keep the pipe and  
play on it for all the world to hear. Ah, but it was good once to sit together  
in the sun! Though I have but half a soul, it finds thee very dear!

"Wise Thing, Mortal Thing, yet my half-soul fears thee! Take the pipe  
and go thy ways,--quick now, for the sun Reels across the hot west and  
stumbles dazzled to the sea. Take the pipe, and oh-one kiss! then run, run,  
run! run!"

Silence on the mountain. Lonely stands the high cairn, All the leaves  
a-shivering, all the stones dead-gray. O thou cold small pipe, which way is  
fled that Satyr's bairn? I am lost and all alone, and down drops the day.

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering There I got this Pipe o'  
dreams. Strange, when I blow, Something deep as human love starts a-  
crying, troubling. Is it only sky-music, earth-music low?

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

## THE MIRAGE

ACROSS the Bay are low-lying cliffs, Where stand fishermen's cottages: I can barely distinguish them with the naked eye. But to-day the cliffs are lifted, escarpt, Perpendicular, mysterious, inaccessible, And those sordid dwellings have become The magnificent fortified castles of Sea-kings.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

# THE ROAD BEYOND THE TOWN

A ROAD goes up a pleasant hill, And a little house looks down: Ah!  
but I see the roadway still And the day I left the town.

The day I left my father's home, It's many a year ago, And a heart and  
hope were brave to roam the long, long road I know.

The long, long road by hill and plain, It's tired the heart might be:  
But hope stayed bright in sun or rain, And a Voice that called to me.

A Voice that called me over the hill And out of the little town: Ah! but  
I see the roadway still. And the good house looking down.

The house that spake me never a No! As I started brave away, But said  
with a blessing, Go! And followed me every day.

It followed me down the road of years, For a father's heart is true, And  
joy is sweet in a mother's tears For the deeds her child may do.

The poor little deeds, all powerless For the Kingdom of God would be,  
Save in His mercy will He bless The road that goes with me:

The road that left a pleasant hill, Where a little house looks down: Ah!  
but I bless the roadway still, And the land beyond the town.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

## THE LILAC

THE scent of lilac in the air Hath made him drag his steps and pause  
Whence comes this scent within the Square, Where endless dusty traffic  
roars? A push-cart stands beside the curb, With fragrant blossoms laden  
high; Speak low, nor stare, lest we disturb His sudden reverie!

He sees us not, nor heeds the din Of clanging car and scuffling throng;  
His eyes see fairer sights within, And memory hears the robin's song As  
once it trilled against the day, And shook his slumber in a room Where  
drifted with the breath of May The lilac's sweet perfume.

The heart of boyhood in him stirs; The wonder of the morning skies,  
Of sunset gold behind the firs, Is kindled in his dreaming eyes: How far  
off is this sordid place, As turning from our sight away He crushes to his  
hungry face A purple lilac spray.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

# GOD, THROUGH HIS OFFSPRING NATURE, GAVE ME LOVE

GOD, through his offspring Nature, gave me love, Though man in opposition saith me nay, And taketh from my heart its life to-day, As through the valley of the world I rove. Still unaccompanied, within the grove That doth enamored beings hold at play, My spirit must pursue its lonely way, And strive to pluck some flowers that bloom above. Oh, wherefore then doth Nature give desire To have that which mankind may not possess, And force him to endure on earth hell's fire, And live in one perpetual distress? Some evil power must such love inspire, And with it masquerade in Cupid's dress!

CHARLES GIBSON

## TO MUSIC

"Music, the language, the atmosphere of the Soul."

FLY back where Melodies like lilies grow, My weary heart is bending  
low;

Fly higher yet to joyful realms above, Where holy Angels dwell in  
love.

Fly higher still and hear the Angel throng And bring to me their Glory-  
song:

Ah Music, thou and I above the World May dwell where heaven with  
shining song is pearled!

While Sun and Moon and all the planets roll I'll love thee, Music,  
language of my soul!

Music-lark from on high, song that doth fly, Spark of the sky!

MAUDE GORDON-ROBY

## THE VOICE IN THE SONG

HIGH in the apple bough jauntily swinging, Hid by the branches in  
bridal array, Straight from his heart, all his life in his singing, Chants a  
wee bird, lures his mate with his lay. "Sweet, sweet, my sweet, Hear I  
entreat! Say, love, together, this bright sunny weather, Gold of the west we  
shall weave in a nest! Have no fear! Trust me, dear! Sunshine of May that  
will gild every day Pledge I to thee if thou'lt harken to me."

Lo! in the light thro' the gay branches streaming, Quivering in answer  
to all the bird sings, Warm on a breath, leaps a soul with love gleaming,  
Speeds to its mate on its glittering wings. "Dear, on thy breast Earth yields  
its best! Loud in the singing I heard thy call ringing, Pleading and strong  
in the voice of the song, Whisper low,-Yes, just so!- Softly revealing the  
depth of thy feeling, Words in whose fire glow thy love and desire."

MARY GERTRUDE HAMILTON

# **HYMNS AND ANTHEMS SUNG AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE**

## **I**

### **MOUNT CARMEL**

WHERE art Thou, O my Lord? Mount Carmel saw the throng Of  
priests and heard the song; To Baal was their call- >From morn till night  
did fall.

Where art Thou, O my Lord? Again Mount Carmel heard Not in the  
spoken word, Not in the earthquake's shock, Not in the thunder roll, But in  
the inmost soul.

## **II**

### **VESPER HYMN**

Send peaceful sleep, O Lord, this night, To keep us till the morning  
light; And let no vision of alarm Come near to do Thy children harm

Within Thy circling arms we lie, O God, in Thine infinity;  
Our souls in quiet shall abide Beset with love on every side.

## **III**

### **THIS IS THAT BREAD**

This is that Bread that came down from Heaven, he that eateth of this  
Bread shall live forever.

Bread on which angels feed, Bread for the spirit's need By faith  
receiving, New life do Thou impart, New strength to every heart, Pure  
love of God Thou art To us believing.

## **IV**

### **O SLOW OF HEART**

---



O slow of heart to believe! Ought Christ not to have suffered these things and to enter into His Glory?

Quicken, Lord, my fainting heart, Touch my eyes that they may see,  
Let me know Thee as Thou art. Life and Immortality.

## V

### **ALL HAIL TO THEE, CHILD JESUS**

All hail to Thee, child Jesus! As the brooding darkness flies At the swift approach of day, Sun of righteousness, arise, Chase the gloom of night away. Great Prince of Peace, come to thine own, And build in every heart Thy throne.

Come to shed Thy healing balm On all nations of the earth, Child Jesus, come with holy calm, How we hail thy wondrous birth. Great Prince of Peace, come to Thine own, And build in every heart Thy throne. All hail to Thee, Child Jesus!

## VI

### **THE WINE-PRESS**

Who is this that comes from Edom In such glorious array, With his festal garments gleaming, Travelling on his royal way With a face majestic, calm and grave? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Why is thy apparel crimson, Why is all thy garments' pride Stained as in the time of vintage And with blood-red-color dyed?

Because of helpers I had none- I have trodden the wine-press alone.

## VII

### **WAKEN, SHEPHERDS!**

(Angels) Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! (Shepherds) Waken, Shepherds, waken; Whence this glowing light? Ere the dawn of morning, Solemn signs of warning Portent of affright!

(Angels) Courage, Shepherds, courage! Banish your dismay, or ye all are saved. In the town of David Christ is born to-day.

(Shepherds) Harken, Shepherds, harken, Hear the angels sing!  
Jehovah sends a token, He himself hath spoken To proclaim our  
King.

(Angels) Hasten, Shepherds, hasten, This shall be your sign;  
Where the kine are stabled, In a manger cradled Lies the Child  
Divine.

(Shepherds) Angels, Shepherds, People, and Shout the glad refrain!  
Angels) Joy to every nation Bringing full salvation, Christ has come  
to reign. Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

CAROLINE HAZARD

## REUBEN ROY

LITTLE fellow, brown with wind- I saw him in the street Peering at numbers on the posts, But most discreet:

For when a woman came outdoors, Or slyly peeped instead, He turned away, took off his hat, And scratched his head.

I watched him from my garden-wall Perhaps an hour or more, For something in his attitude, The clothes he wore,

Awoke the dimmest memories Of when I was a boy And knew the story of a man Named Reuben Roy.

It seems that Reuben went to sea The night his wife decried The fence he built before their house And up the side.

He wanted it but she did not, Because it hid from view The spot in which her mignonette And tulips grew.

Nobody saw his face again, But each year, unawares, He sent a sum for taxes due- And fence repairs.

My curiosity aroused,

I sauntered forth to see Whether this individual Were really he.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked His eyes, like two bright pence, Sparkled at mine; and then he said: "A fence."

"Somebody burned it Hallowe'en, When people were in bed; Before the judge could prosecute, The culprit fled."

Well, Reuben only touched his hat And mumbled, "Thank you, Sir," And asked me whereabouts to find A carpenter.

HAROLD CRAWFORD STEARNS

## COUNTRY ROAD

I CAN'T forget a gaunt grey barn Like a face without an eye That kept  
recurring by field and tarn Under a Cape Cod sky.

I can't forget a woman's hand, Roughened and scarred by toil That  
beckoned clear-eyed children tanned By sun and wind and soil.

Beauty and hardship, bent and bound Under the selfsame yoke: Babies  
with bare knees plump and round And stooping women folk.

MARIE LOUISE HERSEY

**WREATHS**

RED wreaths Hang in my neighbor's window, Green wreaths in my own. On this day I lost my husband. On this day you lost your boy. On this day Christ was born. Red wreaths, Green wreaths Hang in Our Windows Red for a bleeding heart, Green for grave grass. Mary, mother of Jesus, Look down and comfort us. You too knew passion; You too knew pain. Comfort us, Who are not brides of God, Nor bore God. On Christmas day Hang wreaths, Red for new pain. Green for spent passion.

CAROLYN HILLMAN

## MEMPHIS

WHY should I sing of my present? It is noth- ing to me or you,

Rather I'd dream of Dixie and tie ships on the old bayou! Rather I'd dream of my packets and the lazy river days, Rather I'd dream of my levee and the crimson sunset haze,

Rather I'd dream of my triumphs, of the days that are long gone by, Rather I'd dream of flame-tipped stacks against a saffron sky, Of level lawns of topaz, of level fields of jade, Of the rambling pillared mansions that my fathers' fathers made!

Why should I sing of my present? It is nothing to you or me, But the river road, the great road, the high road to the sea! Aye, that is worth the dreaming, aye, that was worth the pain. Send me back my river, and I shall wake again!

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

## SAINT COLUMBKILLE

COLUMBKILLE! Saint Columbkille! You naughty man, Saint Columbkille! Why did you Finnian's Psalter take And secretly a copy make? You know 'twas such a naughty thing For one descended from a king To lock himself into a cell, 'Twas far from right,-you knew it well,- And copy Finnian's Psalter through, Against his will as well you knew. And then to think a common bird Should feel such shame, that when he heard The breathing spy outside your door, And felt your sainthood was no more, Should through the crack attack the spy, And in a rage pluck out his eye, As if that saintly Irish crane Would hide from all your Saintship's stain. I grieve to think that you did add Sin unto sin; it is too bad. For Finnian could not you persuade To yield the copy that you made, Until the King in his behalf Ruled-"To each cow belongs her calf": And then you grew so mad you swore On Erin's face you'd look no more. And crossed the sea the Picts to save, Because you so did misbehave To dear Saint Finnian: faith, 'twas ill For you to act so, Columbkille! A saint you were no doubt, no doubt! What pity 'twas you were found out! We know an angel (snob or fool?)

To Kieran showed a common rule, An axe, an auger, and a saw, And told that saint it was the law Of Heaven that Columbkille should be Far, far above such saints as he; For Columbkille contemned a crown, While he these homely tools laid down, To serve the Lord, and that the Lord To each would give his due reward. I wonder if that angel knew That Christ these tools had laid down too. O Columbkille! O Columbkille! A saint like you must have his will, But for myself I'd rather be The common sinner that you see Than make a crane ashamed of me, And angels talk such idiocy.

E. J. V. HUGINN

## MISS DOANE

MISS Doane was sixty, probably; She rented third floor room That  
opened on an airshaft full Of cooking smells and gloom.

She worked in philanthropic man's Well-known department store;  
Cashiered in basement, hot and close, For forty years or more.

Each night when she came home she'd stand A moment in the hall,  
Before she went into her room With low and tender call.

And often I would hear her voice Repeat a childish prayer; Or read  
some old, old fairy tale Of Princess, grand and fair.

One night I went to visit her And spied, in little chair A great wax doll,  
in dainty dress, And curls of flaxen hair.

I praised the doll; its prettiness; Miss Doane said, "I'm alone. She  
comforts me. I wanted so A child to call my own."

Each night I heard her softly sing A childish lullaby; But once, and  
just before she died, I heard her cry and cry!

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON



## FALLEN FENCES

THE woods grew dark; black shadows rocked And I could scarcely see  
My way along the old tote road, That long had seemed to me

To wind on aimlessly; but now Came full to life; the rain Would soon  
strike down; ahead I saw A clearing, and a lane

Between gray, fallen fences and Wide, grayer, grim stone walls; So  
grim and gray I shrank from thought Of weary, aching spalles.

On stony knoll great aspens swayed And swung in browsing teeth Of  
wind; slim, silvered yearlings shook And shivered underneath. Beyond,  
some ancient oak trees bent And wrangled over roof Of weatherbeaten  
house, and barn Whose sag bespoke no hoof.

And ivy crawled up either end Of house, to chimney, where It lashed  
in futile anger at The wind wolves of the air.

I thought the house abandoned, and I ran to get inside, When suddenly  
the old front door was opened and flung wide

And she stood there, with hand on knob, As I went swiftly in, Then  
closed the door most softly on The storm and shrieking din.

A space I stood and looked at her, So young; 'twas passing strange  
That fifty years or more had gone And brought no new style's change.

The sweetness, daintiness of her In starched and dotted gown Of  
creamy whiteness, over hoops, With ruffles winding down!

We had not much to say, and yet Of words I felt no lack; Her smiles  
slipped into dimples, stopped A moment, then dropped back.

I felt her pride of race; her taste In silken rug and chair, And quaintly  
fashioned furniture Of patterns old and rare.

On window sill a rose bush stood; 'Twas bringing rose to bud; One full  
bloomed there but yesterday, Dropped petals, red as blood.

Quite soon, she asked to be excused For just a moment, and Went out,  
returning with a tray In either slender hand.

My glance could not but linger on Each thin and lovely cup; "This  
came, dear thing, from home!" she sighed The while she raised it up.

And when the storm was done and I Arose, reluctantly To go, she too  
was loath to have Me go, it seemed to me.

When I reached old Joe Webber's place, Upon the Corner Road, I went  
into the Upper Field Where Joe, round-shouldered, hoed

Potatoes, culling them with hoe And practised, calloused hand, In  
rounded piles that brownly glowed Upon the fresh-turned land.

"Say, Joe," I said, "who is that girl With beauty's smiling charm, That  
lives beyond that hemlock growth, On that old grown-up farm?"

Joe listened, while I told him where I'd been that afternoon, Then  
straightened from his hoe, and hummed, Before he spoke, a tune "They  
cum ter thet old place ter live Some sixty years ago; Jest where they cum  
from, who they ware, Wy, no one got to know.

"An' then, one day, he hired Hen's Red racker an' the gig; We never  
heard from him nor could We track the hoss or rig.

"Hen waited 'bout a week, an' then He went ter see the Wife; He found  
her in thet settin' room: She'd taken of her life.

"An' no one's lived in thet house sence; Some say 'tis haunted,-but I  
ain't no use fer foolishness, So all I say's tut! tut!"

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

## CROSS-CURRENTS

THEY wrapped my soul in eiderdown; They placed me warm and  
snug In carved chair; set me with care Upon an old prayer rug.

They cased my feet in golden shoes That hurt at toe and heel; My  
restless feet, with youth all fleet, Nor asked how they might feel.

And now they wonder where I am, And search with shrill, cold cry;  
But I crouch low where tall reeds grow, And smile as they pass by!

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

## THE FAREWELL

WHAT is more beautiful Than thought, soul-fed, That I may be the  
crimson of a rose When dead?

My soul, so light a joy And grief will be, That it will gently press the  
brown earth down On me.

WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

**SONG**

LET me be great, as stars are great, Singing of love, not of hate.  
Love for sweet and simple things, Like clouds and sea-shell  
whisperings,  
Cool autumn winds, pale dew-kissed flowers, Thin coils of smoke and  
granite towers,  
Snow-capped mountain peaks that flash High above a river's crash,  
Shrill songs of birds and children's laughter, Soft grey shadows trailing  
after  
Sunbeam sprites that seek the woods And lose themselves in solitudes.  
All these I'll love, never hate, And loving them, I will be great.  
OLIVER JENKINS

## LOVE AUTUMNAL

MY love will come in autumn-time When leaves go spinning to the  
ground And wistful stars in heaven chime With the leaves' sound.

Then, we shall walk through dusty lanes And pause beneath low-  
hanging boughs, And there, while soft-hued beauty reigns We'll make our  
vows.

Let others seek in spring for sighs When love flames forth from every  
seed; But love that blooms when nature dies Is love indeed!

OLIVER JENKINS

## ECHOS

TRAVELING at dusk the noisy city street, I listened to the newsboys' strident cries Of "Extra," as with flying feet, They strove to gain this man or that-their prize. But one there was with neither shout nor stride, And, having bought from him, I stood nearby, Pondering the cruel crutches at his side, Blaming the crowd's neglect, and wondering why-

When suddenly I heard a gruff voice greet The cripple with "On time to-night?" Then, as he handed out the sheet, The Youngster's answer-"You're all right. My other reg'lars are a little late. They'll find I'm short one paper when they come; You see, a strange guy bought one in the wait, I tho't 'twould cheer him up-he looked so glum!"

So, sheepishly I laughed, and went my way For I had found a city's heart that day.

RUTH LAMBERT JONES

## WAR PICTURES

"GERMAN Retreat From Arras" "Official Films"-they came After  
"Corinne and Her Minstrels" Had ministered to fame.

After "Corinne and Her Minstrels" Had pigeon-toed away, We saw  
where bits of churches And bits of horses lay.

We saw bleak desolation; We saw no unscathed tree. We shivered in  
our comfort And murmured: "Can it be!"

But later, walking homeward, Repeating: "Is it true?" We brushed a  
khaki shoulder And asked no more. We knew!

RUTH LAMBERT JONES



## AN OLD SONG

WHEN I was but a young lad, And that is long ago, I thought that luck  
loved every man, And time his only foe, And love was like a hawthorn  
bush That blossomed every May, And had but to choose his flower, For  
that's the young lad's way.

Oh, youth's a thriftless squanderer, It's easy come and spent, And  
heavy is the going now Where once the light foot went. The hawthorn  
bush puts on its white, The throstle whistles clear, But Spring comes once  
for every man Just once in all the year.

ARTHUR KETCHUM

## ROADSIDE REST

SUCH quiet sleep has come to them! The Springs and Autumns pass,  
Nor do they know if it be snow Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear The river's undertone; Across the hush  
a fluting thrush Sings even-song alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound, The winds may sob and  
stir: On the still breast of Peace they rest And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift--they mind Nor any foot that fares, Unheededly  
life passes by- Such quiet sleep is theirs.

ARTHUR KETCHUM

## OLD LIZETTE ON SLEEP

BED is the boon for me! It's well to bake and sweep, But hear the word of old Lizette: It's better than all to sleep.

Summer and flowers are gay, And morning light and dew; But aged eyelids love the dark Where never a light peeps through.

What!--open-eyed, my dears? Thinking your hearts will break. There's nothing, nothing, nothing, I say, That's worth the lying awake!

I learned it in my youth- Love I was dreaming of! I learned it from the needle-work That took the place of love. I learned it from the years And what they brought about; >From song, and from the hills of joy Where sorrow sought me out.

It's good to dream and turn, And turn and dream, or fall To comfort with my pack of bones, And know of nothing at all!

Yes, never know at all! If prowlers mew or bark, Nor wonder if it's three o'clock Or four o'clock of the dark.

When the longer shades have fallen And the last weariness Has brought the sweetest gift of life, The last forgetfulness.

If a sound as of old leaves Stir the last bed I keep, Then say, my dears: "It's old Lizette- She's turning in her sleep!"

AGNES LEE

## MOTHERHOOD

MARY, the Christ long slain, passed silently. Following the children joyously astir Under the cedrus and the olive tree, Pausing to let their laughter float to her. Each voice an echo of a voice more dear, She saw a little Christ in every face; When lo, another woman, gliding near, Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place. And Mary sought the woman's hand, and spoke: "I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

"I, too, have rocked my little one, O, He was fair! Yea, fairer than the fairest sun, And like its rays through amber spun His sun-bright hair. Still I can see it shine and shine." "Even so," the woman said, "was mine."

"His ways were ever darling ways,"- And Mary smiled,-- "So soft, so clinging! Glad relays Of love were all His precious days. My little child! My infinite star! My music fled!" "Even so was mine," the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: "Tell me, thou, Of thine." And she: "O, mine was rosy as a boug

Blooming with roses, sent, somehow, To bloom for me! His balmy fingers left a thrill Within my breast that warms me still."

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour, And said, when Mary questioned, knowing not, "Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?" "I am the mother of Iscariot."

AGNES LEE

## ESSEX

### I

THY hills are kneeling in the tardy spring, And wait, in supplication's gentleness, The certain resurrection that shall bring A robe of verdure for their nakedness. Thy perfumed valleys where the twilights dwell, Thy fields within the sunlight's living coil

Now promise, while the veins of nature swell, Eternal recompense to human toil. And when the sunset's final shades depart The aspiration to completed birth Is sweet and silent; as the soft tears start, We know how wanton and how little worth Are all the passions of our bleeding heart That vex the awful patience of the earth.

### II

Thine are the large winds and the splendid sun Glutting the spread of heaven to the floor Of waters rhythmic from far shore to shore, And thine the stars, revealing one by one, Thine the grave, lucent night's oblivion, The tawny moon that waits below the skies,-- Strange as the dawn that smote their blistered eyes Who watched from Calvary when the Deed was done. And thine the good brown earth that bares its breast To thy benign October, thine the trees Lusty with fruitage in the late year's rest;

And thine the men whos@ blood has glorified Thy name with Liberty Is divine decrees- The men who loved thy soil and fought and died. III

Toward thine Eastern window when the morn Steals through the silver mesh of silent stars, I come unlaurelled from the strenuous wars Where men have fought and wept and died Forlorn.

But here, across the early fields of corn, The living silence dwelleth, and the gray Sweet earth-mist, while afar the lisp of spray Breathes from the ocean like a Triton's horn. Open thy lattice, for the gage is won For which this earth has journeyed though the dust Of shattered systems, cold about the sun; And proved by sin, by mighty lives impearled, A voice cries

through the sunrise: "Time is Just!"-- And falls like dew God's pity on the  
world

# GEORGE CABOT LODGE

## I

THE SONG OF THE WAVE This is the song of the wave! The mighty one! Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound: White as a live terror, as a drawn sword, This is the wave.

## II

This is the song of the wave, the white-maned steed of the Tempest Whose veins are swollen with life, In whose flanks abide the four winds. This is the wave.

## III

This is the song of the wave! The dawn leaped out of the sea And the waters lay smooth as a silver shield, And the sun-rays smote on the waters like a golden sword. Then a wind blew out of the morning And the waters rustled And the wave was born!

IV This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the noon  
And the white sea-birds like driven foam Winged in from the ocean that lay beyond the sky And the face of the waters was barred with white, For the wave had many brothers, And the wave was strong!

## V

This is the song of the wave! The wind blew out of the sunset And the west was lurid as Hell. The black clouds closed like a tomb, for the sun was dead. Then the wind smote full as the breath of God, And the wave called to its brothers, "This is the crest of life!"

## VI

This is the song of the wave, that rises to fall, Rises a sheer green wall like a barrier of glass That has caught the soul of the moonlight. Caught and prisoned the moon-beams; Its edge is frittered to foam. This is the wave!

## VII

This is the song of the wave, of the wave that falls- Wild as a burst of day-gold blown through the colours of morning It shivers to infinite atoms up the rumbling steep of sand. This is the wave.

## VIII

This is the song of the wave that died in the fullness of life. The prodigal this, that lavished its largess of strength In the lust of attainment. Aiming at things for Heaven too high, Sure in the pride of life, in the richness of strength. So tried it the impossible height, till the end was found: Where ends the soul that yearns for the fillet of morning stars, The soul in the toils of the journeying worlds, Whose eye is filled with the Image of God, And the end is Death!

GEORGE CABOT LODGE



**FRIMAIRE**

DEAREST, we are like two flowers Blooming in the garden, A purple  
aster flower and a red one Standing alone in a withered desolation.

The garden plants are shattered and seeded, One brittle leaf scrapes  
against another, Fiddling echoes of a rush of petals. Now only you and I  
nodding together.

Many were with us; they have all faded. Only we are purple and  
crimson, Only we in the dew-clear mornings, Smarten into color as the sun  
rises.

When I scarcely see you in the flat moonlight, And later when my cold  
roots tighten, I am anxious for morning, I cannot rest in fear of what may  
happen.

You or I-and I am a coward. Surely frost should take the crimson.  
Purple is a finer color,  
Very splendid in isolation.

So we nod above the broken Stems of flowers almost rotted. Many  
mornings there cannot be now For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

AMY LOWELL

## PATTERNS

I WALK down the garden paths, And all the daffodils Are blowing,  
and the bright blue squills. I walk down the patterned garden paths In my  
stiff, brocaded gown. With my powdered hair and jewelled fan, I too am a  
rare Pattern. As I wander down The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured, And the train Makes a pink and silver stain  
On the gravel, and the thrift Of the borders. Just a plate of current fashion,  
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes. Not a softness anywhere  
about me, Only a whale-bone and brocade.

And I sink on a seat in the shade Of a lime tree. For my passion Wars  
against the stiff brocade. The daffodils and squills Flutter in the breeze As  
they please. And I weep; For the lime tree is in blossom And one small  
flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the splashing of waterdrops In the marble fountain Comes down  
the garden paths. The dripping never stops. Underneath my stiffened gown  
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin, A basin in the midst  
of hedges grown So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding, But she guesses  
he is near, And the sliding of the water Seems the stroking of a dear Hand  
upon her. What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown! I should like to see it  
lying in a heap upon the ground. All the pink and silver crumpled up upon  
the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths, And he would  
stumble after, Bewildered by my laughter. I should see the sun flashing  
from his sword hilt and the buckles on his shoes. I would choose To lead  
him in a maze along the patterned paths, A bright and laughing maze for  
my heavy-booted lover, Till he caught me in the shade, And the buttons of  
his waistcoat bruised my body as he clasped me, Aching, melting, unafraid.  
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops, And the plopping of the  
waterdrops, All about us in the open afternoon- I am very like to swoon  
With the weight of this brocade, For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom In my bosom, Is a letter I have hid. It  
was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke. "Madam, we  
regret to inform you that Lord Hart- well Died in action Thursday

---

sen'night." As I read it in the white morning sunlight. The letters squirmed like snakes. "Any answer, Madam," said my footman. "No," I told him. "See that the messenger takes some refreshment. No, no answer." And I walked into the garden, Up and down the patterned paths, In my stiff, correct brocade. The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun, Each one. I stood upright too, Held rigid to the pattern By the stiffness of my gown. Up and down I walked, Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband, In a month, here, underneath this lime, We would have broke the pattern; He for me, and I for him, He as Colonel, I as lady, On this shady seat. He had a whim That sunlight carried blessing. And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."

Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk Up and down The patterned garden paths In my stiff, brocaded gown. The squills and the daffodils Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.

I shall go Up and down, In my gown. Gorgeously arrayed, Boned and stayed. And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace By each button, hook and lace. For the man who should loose me is dead, Fighting with the Duke in Flanders, In a pattern called a war. Christ! What are patterns for?

AMY LOWELL

## A BATHER

THICK dappled by circles of sunshine and fluttering shade. Your bright, naked body advances, blown over by leaves, Half-quenched in their various green, just a point Of you showing, A knee or a thigh, sudden glimpsed, then at once Blotted into The filmy and flickering forest, to start out again Triumphant in smooth, supple roundness, edged Sharp as white ivory, Cool, perfect, with rose rarely tinting your lips and Your breasts, Swelling out from the green in the opulent curves Of ripe fruit, And hidden, like fruit, by the swift intermittence Of leaves. So, clinging to branches and moss, you advance on the ledges Of rock which hang over the stream, with the wood-smells about you, The pungence of strawberry plants and of gum-oozing spruces, While below runs the water impatient, impatient- to take you, To splash you, to run down your sides, to sing you of deepness, Of pools brown and golden, with brown-and-gold flags on their borders, Of blue, lingering skies floating solemnly over your beauty, Of undulant waters a-sway in the effort to hold you

To keep you submerged and quiescent while over you glories The summer. Oread, Dryad, or Naiad, or just Woman, clad only in youth and in gallant perfection, Standing up in a great burst of sunshine, you dazzle my eyes Like a snow-star, a moon, your effulgence burns up in a halo, For you are the chalice which holds all the races of men. You slip into the pool and the water folds over your shoulder, And over the tree-tops the clouds slowly follow your swimming, To behold the way they act. And the scent of the woods is sweet on this hot summer morning.

AMY LOWELL

LEPRECHAUNS AND CLURICAUNS OVER where the Irish hedges Are with blossoms white as snow, Over where the limestone ledges Through the soft green grasses show- There the fairies may be seen In their jackets of red and green, Leprechauns and cluricauns, And the other ones, I ween.

And, bedad, it is a wonder To behold the way they act. They're the lads that seldom blunder, Wise and wary, that's the fact. You may hold them with your eye; Look away and off they fly; Leprechauns and cluricauns,

---

Bedad, but they are sly!

They have heaps of golden treasure Hid away within the ground,  
Where they spend their days in leisure, And where fairy joys abound; But  
to mortals not a guinea Will they give-no, not a penny. Leprechauns and  
cluricauns, Their gold is seldom found.

Maybe of a morning early As you pass a lonely rath, You may see a  
little curly- Headed fairy in your path. He'll be working at a shoe,

But he'll have his eye on you- Leprechauns and cluricauns, They know  
just what to do.

Visions of a life of riches Surely will before you flash; (You'll no  
longer dig the ditches, You'll be well supplied with cash.) And you'll seize  
the little man, And you'll hold him--if you can; Leprechauns and  
cluricauns, 'Tis they're the slipp'ry clan!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

## L'ENVOI

WHEN the time for parting comes, and the day is on the wane, And  
the silent evening darkens over hill and over plain, And earth holds no  
more sorrow, no more grief, and no more pain, Shall we weary for the  
battle and the strife?

When at last the trail is ending, and the stars are growing near, And we  
breathe the breath of conquest, and the voices that we hear Are the great  
companions' voices that have hallowed year on year, Shall we know an  
instant's grieving as we pass?

Shall we pause a fleeting moment ere we grasp the eager hands, Take  
one last long look of wonder at the dimming of the lands, Love the earth  
one glowing moment ere we pass from its demands, Cull all beauty in its  
essence as we gaze?

Or with not one backward longing shall we leap the last abyss, Scale  
the highest crags glad-hearted, fearful only lest the bliss Of an earth-  
remembering instant should delay the great sun's kiss- Consuming us  
within the flame?

DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN

TO IMAGINATION SUGGESTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH'S  
"AIR CASTLES"

O BEAUTEOUS boy a-dream, what visions sought Of pictures  
magical thy eyes unfold, What triumphs of celestial wonders wrought,  
What marvels from a breath of beauty rolled! Skyward and seaward on the  
clouds are scrolled, A mystic imagery of castled thought, A thousand  
worlds to lose,--or win and mould-- A radiant iridescence swiftly caught  
Of ever-changing glory, fancy-fraught.

Blue wonder of the sea and luminous sky, A thousand wonders in thy  
dreamlit face,-- Eyes that behold afar the turrets high Of Ilium, and the  
transient mortal grace Of Deirdre's sadness, all the conquering race Of  
Athens, --eyes that saw Eden's beauty lie In passionate adoration--visions  
trace Across the tender brooding of the sigh That wrecked a city and made  
chieftains die.

Forward not backward turns the mystic shine Of those far-seeing orbs

---

that track the gleam- The fleecy marvel of the cloud is line On line the  
wizard tracery of a dream. O lad, who buildest not of things that seem,  
Beyond what bounds of visioning divine Came that far smile, from what  
long-strayed sun- beam Caught thou the radiance, from what fostering  
vine The power to build and mould the deep design?

Knowest thou the secret that thy brush would tell, Is all the dream a  
bubbled splendor white, Beyond those castles cloud-bound, does there  
dwell The eternal silence of the dark--or light? Will thy hand hold the pen  
which shall indict The symbolled mystery-write the final knell Of rainbow  
fancy-is the distant sight A nothingless encircled by a spell Of gleaming  
bubbles wrought of beauty's shell?

In vain to question, where the mystery Of Youth's short golden dream  
is lord and king. The eyes that farthest gaze in ecstasy, Were never meant  
to paint the immortal thing They see, nor understand the joy they bring.  
The misty baubles of the sky and sea Sail on. Dream still, bright-  
visioned boy, and fling The glittering mantle of thy thoughts that flee,  
Weaving us evermore thy shining pageantry.

DORTHEA LAWRENCE MANN

**DRAGON**

SOME saw a dragon eating up the light, Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!  
Some heard a lost bird riding out the night, Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!

But I saw: A low dark hill with its twisted back Two wings of flame  
from the green cloud rack, A sprawling flank overlaid with leaf  
Glitter and gleam and shine like steel, Crackle and lash like a serpent's tail!

And I heard: The wind draw out of the west and wail, Dance and  
stagger and jig and reel! With the long low sound of a life in grief!

I saw a life in grief Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho Dance and stagger and jig  
and reel! Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!

JEANNETTE MARKS "THE BOOKMAN."



## GREEN GOLDEN DOOR

GREEN golden door, swing in, swing in! Fanning the life a man must live, Echoes and airs and minstrelsies, Love and hope that he called his, Fear and hurt and a man's own sin Casting them forth and sucking them in, Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing in! Show me the youth that will not die, Tell me the dream that has not waked, Seek me the heart that never ached, Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing out! Long is the wailing of man's breath, Short is the wail of death.

JEANNETTE MARKS

## SLEEPY HOLLOW, CONCORD

FOUR graves there are upon the wooded crest, Each one a shrine to pilgrims ever dear. Uncovered, mute, are those who tarry here. Romance's dreaming master lies at rest Beneath the cedars. Near is one whose breast Held Mother Nature's lore. Beyond, the seer And sage. There, one who saw her duty clear, Her name by little men and women blessed.

Four friends who walked in Concord's pleasant ways Long years ago. They dwelt and worked apart, But now the world has crowned them with its bays, And holds them close forever to its heart. O, sacred hill! There Genius, guarding stays, And from its slopes shall never Love depart!

JOHN CLAIR MINOT

## THE SWORD OF ARTHUR

A CASTLE stands in Yorkshire (Oh, the hill is fair and green!) And far  
beneath it lies a cave No living man has seen.

It is the cave enchanted (Oh, seek it ere ye die!) And there King Arthur  
and his knights In dreamless slumber lie.

One time a peasant found it (Oh, the years have hurried well!) It was  
the day of fate for him, And this is what befell:

Upon a couch of crystal (Oh, heart be pure and strong!) He saw the  
King, and, close beside, The armored knights athrong.

And all of them were sleeping (Praise God, who sendeth rest!) The  
sleep that comes when strife is done And ended every quest.

Beside the good King Arthur (How high is your desire?) His sword  
within its scabbard lay, The sword with blade of fire.

Now had the peasant known it (Oh, if we all could know!)

He should have drawn that wondrous blade Before he turned to go.

If but his hand had touched it (The sword still lieth there!) He would  
have felt in every vein A lofty purpose thrill. If but his hand had drawn it  
(The sword still lieth there!) A kingly way he would have walked,  
Wherever he might fare. But no; he fled affrighted (Oh, pitiful the cost!)  
And then he knew; but lo! the way Into the cave was lost.

He searched forever after (All this was long ago!) But nevermore that  
crystal cave His eager eyes could know.

Pray God ye have the vision (Oh, search in every land!) To seize the  
sword that Arthur bore When it lies at your hand.

JOHN CLAIR MINOT

## THE DIVINE FOREST

IF there be leaves on the forest floor, Dead leaves there are and nothing more, If trunks of trees seem sentinels, For what their vigil no man tells. And if you clasp these guardian trees Nothing there is to hurt or please; Only the dead roof of the forest drops Gently down and never stops And roofs you in and roofs you under, Mute and away from life's dim thunder; And if there come eternal spring It is but more disheartening, For Autumn takes the Spring and Summer- Autumn that is the latest comer- With the Springtime's misty wonder And the Summer's yield of gold, Weighs you down and weighs you under To where the blackened leaves are mold. . . The lone gift of the forest is ever new: Eternity where dwell not you. The forest, accepting, heeds you not; Accepting all-you are forgot. If there be leaves on the forest floor, Dead leaves there are and nothing more.

Once the forest spoke but now is silent, Save in the skyward branches whence no sound Seems to touch ear of any man below-- Or else no longer the man knows how to hear. Such men build roofs to keep the forest out, Yet all their roofs are built of the forest's self;

Only they make the dead tree a shield against the living. Such lapsing of the forest then they use And turn it into countless lowly dwellings; Sometimes they even cut the living down To leaven the dead roofs they would erect. Though some of these low roofs are lovely there Beneath the guardianship of forest trees, And some yearn upward as with thought of wings, Yet the eyes of the dwellers therein are dark To the upper forest and they Fearful of the windy freedom of its top. They have forgotten That the greatest roof is but a banner And that it was a tree that made a Cross.

CHARLES R. MURPHY

## MAGIC

TO W.S.B.

I RAN into the sunset light As hard as I could run: The treetops bowed  
in sheer delight As if they loved the sun: And all the songs of little birds  
Who laughed and cried in silver words Were joined as they were one.

And down the streaming golden sky A lark came circling with a cry Of  
wonder-weaving joy: And all the arch of heaven rang Where meadowlands  
of dreaming hang As when I was a boy.

And through the ringing solitude In pulsing lovely amplitude A mist  
hung in a shroud, As though the light of loneliness Turned pure delight to  
holiness, And bathed it in a cloud.

I stripped my laughing body bare And plunged into that holy air That  
washed me like a sea, And raced against its silver tide That stroked my  
eager glancing side And made my spirit free.

Across the limits of the land The wind and I swept hand and hand  
Beyond the golden glow. We danced across the ocean plain Like thrushes  
singing in the rain A song of long ago.

And on into the silver night We strove to win the race with light And  
bring the vision home, And bring the wonder home again Unto the  
sleeping eyes of men Across the singing foam.

And down the river of the world Our glowing, limbs in glory swirled  
As spring within a flower, And stars in music of delight Streamed gayly  
down our shoulders white Like petals in a shower.

And tears of awful wonder ran Adown my cheeks to hear the clan Of  
beauty chaunting white The prayer too deep for living word, Or sight of  
man or winging bird, Or music over forest heard At falling of the night.

And dropping slowly as the dew On grasses that the winds renew In  
urge of flooding fire, And softly as the hushing boughs The gentle airs of  
dawn arouse To cradle morning's quire.

The murmur of the singing leaves Around the secret Flame, Like  
mating swallows 'neath the eaves In rustling silence came, And flowing  
through the silent air Creation fluttered in a prayer Descending on a spiral  
stair, And calling me by name.

---

It nestled in my dreaming eyes Like heaven in a lake, And softened  
hope into surprise For very beauty's sake, And silence blossomed into  
morn, Whose fragrant rosy-breasted dawn Could scarcely bear to break.

I sang into the morning light As loud as I could sing, The treetops  
bowed in sheer delight Before the slanting wing. And all the songs of little  
birds Who laughed and cried in silver words Adored the Risen Spring.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

MICHAEL PAT

## TO ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

OLD Michael Pat he said to me He saw an angel in a tree. He knew I'd never, never doubt him, For what would heaven be without them. The angel laughed for very glee And sang out loud: "Heigh! come with me!" Old Michael felt a creeping kind Of wonder in his humble mind, And, hardly knowing what to say, Ran where the angel showed the way. The lambs were running on the hills, Glad laughter echoed from the rills, And many hidden little birds Talked pleasant things in singing words. He followed up a mountain then And saw a crowd of singing men Approaching to a Crown of Light Wherein they took a fresh delight. He danced and sang and whooped and crew To see the Lord of all he knew Surrounded by the living songs Of stars and men in countless throngs, And then he died to life again, And shovelled with the strength of ten. He taught me how to say my letters, And take my hat off to my betters, And when I asked for fairy stories, He told me of angelic glories. He was a lovely farmer, he Had seen an angel in a tree.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

SONG

FROM "FLESH: A GEOGORIAN ODE"

EBB on with me across the sunset tide And float beyond the waters of  
the world, The light of evening slipping from my side, Thy softened voice  
in waves of silence furled.

Flow on into the flaming morning wine, Drowning the land in color.  
Then on high Rise in thy candid innocence and shine Like to a poplar  
straight against the sky.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

IN MEMORIAM: FRANCIS LEDWIDGE (Killed in action, July 31,  
1917)

SOLDIER and singer of Erin, What may I fashion for thee? What  
garland of words or of flowers? Singer of sunlight and showers, The wind  
on the lea;

Of clouds, and the houses of Erin, Wee cabins, white on the plain, And  
bright with the colours of even, Beauty of earth and of heaven falls  
Outspread beyond Slane! night through let my mind be still,

Slane, where the Easter of Patrick Flamed on the night of the Gael,  
Guard both the honor and story Of him who has died for the glory That  
crowns Innisfail.

Soldier of right and of freedom, I offer thee song and hot tears. With  
Brian, and Red Hugh O'Donnell, The chiefs of Tyrone and Tryconnell,  
Live on through the years!

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR



## EVENSONG

A SHEPHERD piping, herald of the Night Who comes with Silence up  
the coloured vale, Treading low gently, clad in greyish white, Poignantly  
piping, sound your reedy wail! For Day departed moves in funeral train  
Tended by Twilight and, in deepest rose, The splendid Sunset melts  
beneath the main While sweet the Sea-wind with cool softness blows. As  
when a mother gathers to her breast The child who frets for Dad's  
remembered smart, Now Light fades quickly in the ashen west, And  
Night-Peace falls across my troubled heart. Flutes, for the night through  
let my mind be still, And God keep safe with Him my stubborn will!

NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

## THE PROPHET

ALL day long he kept the sheep:-- Far and early, from the crowd, On  
the hills from steep to steep, Where the silence cried aloud; And the  
shadow of the cloud Wrapt him in a noonday sleep.

Where he dipped the water's cool, Filling boyish hands from thence,  
Something breathed across the pool Stir of sweet enlightenments; And he  
drank, with thirsty sense, Till his heart was brimmed and full.

Still, the hovering Voice unshed, And the Vision unbeheld, And the  
mute sky overhead, And his longing, still withheld! --Even when the two  
tears welled, Salt, upon that lonely bread.

Vaguely blessed in the leaves, Dim-companioned in the sun, Eager  
mornings, wistful eyes, Very hunger drew him on; And To-morrow ever  
shone With the glow the sunset weaves.

Even so, to that young heart, Words and hands and Men were dear;  
And the stir of lane and mart After daylong vigil here. Sunset called, and  
he drew near, Still to find his path apart.

When the Bell, with gentle tongue, Called the herd-bells home again,  
Through the purple shades he swung, Down the mountain, through the  
glen; Towards the sound of fellow-men,- Even from the light that clung.

Dimly too, as cloud on cloud, Came that silent flock of his: Thronging  
whiteness, in a crowd, After homing twos and threes; With the longing  
memories Of all white things dreamed and vowed.

Through the fragrances, alone, By the sudden-silent brook, >From the  
open world unknown, To the close of speech and book; There to find the  
foreign look In the faces of his own.

Sharing was beyond his skill; Shyly yet, he made essay: Sought to dip,  
and share, and fill Heart's-desire, from day to day. But their eyes, some  
foreign way, Looked at him; and he was still.

Last, he reached his arms to sleep, Where the Vision waited, dim, Still  
beyond some deep-on-deep.

And the darkness folded him, Eager heart and weary limb.-- All day  
long, he kept the sheep.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

---

## HARVEST-MOON: 1914

OVER the twilight field, The overflowing field,-- Over the glimmering field, And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield Of sheaves that still did writhe, After the scythe; The teeming field and darkly overstrewn With all the garnered fulness of that noon-- Two looked upon each other. One was a Woman men called their mother; And one, the Harvest-Moon.

And one, the Harvest-Moon, Who stood, who gazed On those unquiet gleanings where they bled; Till the lone Woman said: "But we were crazed . . . We should laugh now together, I and you, We two. You, for your dreaming it was worth A star's while to look on and light the Earth; And I, forever telling to my mind, Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth To humankind! Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss To give the breath to men, For men to slay again: Lording it over anguish but to give My life that men might live For this. You will be laughing now, remembering I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,

Yes, so we named you then, You, far more wise Than to give life to men."

Over the field, that there Gave back the skies A shattered upward stare >From blank white eyes,-- Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon, She looked; and went her way-- The Harvest-Moon.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEAODY

## HORSEMAN SPRINGING FROM THE DARK: A DREAM

"HORSEMAN, springing from the dark, Horseman, flying wild and free, Tell me what shall be thy road Whither speedest far from me?"

"From the dark into the light, >From the small unto the great, >From the valleys dark I ride O'er the hills to conquer fate!"

"Take me with thee, horseman mine! Let me madly rode with thee!"  
As he turned I met his eyes, My own soul looked back at me!

LILLA CABOT PERRY

# THREE QUATRAINS

## CHAPTER THE CUP

SHE said, "Lift high the cup!" Of her arm's weariness she gave no sign,  
But, smiling, raised it up That none might see or guess it held no wine.

## FORGIVE ME NOT!

FORGIVE me not! Hate me and I shall know  
Some of Love's fire still  
burns within your breast! Forgiveness finds its home in hearts at rest,  
On  
dead volcanoes only lies the snow.

## THE ROSE

ONE deep red rose I dropped into his grave, So small a thing to give  
so great a friend! Yet well he knew it was my heart I gave And must fare  
on without it to the end,

LILLA CABOT PERRY

A VALENTINE, UNSENT STAY, flaming rose, 'twould grieve her  
heart To see you fade away, Unloved, unwelcome and apart >From every  
joy to-day.

Once long ago your tale was new, Days distant yet so dear; Why say  
her lover still is true, When that is all her fear?

Why thus recall another's pain, Her tender heart to fret? Best let her  
think he loves again, Who never can forget!

MARGARET PERRY



## SHIPBUILDERS

THE German people reared them An idol made of wood; And  
Hindenburg before them Lifelike and stupid stood.

To clothe him all in iron And thus his soul express, With nails and  
spikes they covered His wooden nakedness.

And when they, thus had clothed him All in a suit of mail, Still came  
they, wild-eyed, looking For space to drive a nail. Whenever Teuton  
airmen Slay boys and girls at play, Or U-boats, drowning babies, Create a  
holiday.

Then, gathering round their statue, A happy German throng Drive nails  
into the idol To make him still more strong.

Avenge the babes, shipbuilders, That on the seas have died; Avenge the  
little children Murdered for Wilhelm's pride. Come, gather at the shipyards,  
And let your hammers ring, For more than ships and cargoes Waits on  
your fashioning.

Come, gather at the shipyards; With every bolt you drive Bethink you  
'tis the Kaiser Whose brutish head you rive.

Come, gather at the shipyards, And swing with might and main; 'Tis  
Tirpitz and the Crown Prince That you to-day have slain.

Come, gather at the shipyards, And heat the metal hot, For it is  
Bethmann Hollweg You're boiling in the pot.

Come, gather at the shipyards,-- And when the day is done, You've  
spent it in driving spikes, In Hindenburg the Hun.

Come, gather at the shipyards, And toil with healthy hate, For only you  
can save the world, The Hun is at the gate.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIE

## UNFADING PICTURES

("The air from the sea came blowing in again, mixed with the perfume of the flowers. . . . The old-fashioned furniture brightly rubbed and polished, my aunt's inviolable chair and table by the round green fan in the bow-window, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china ... and, wonderfully out of keeping with the rest, my dusty self upon the sofa, taking note of everything."

- "David Copperfield," Chapter XIII.)

HOW many are the scenes he limned, With artist strokes, clear-cut and free-  
Our Dickens; time shall not efface Their charm, and they will ever grace  
The halls of memory.

Oft and again we turn to them, To contemplate in pleased review; And  
like some picture on the screen Comes now to mind a favorite scene His  
master-pencil drew:-

Upon a sofa, stretched in sleep, I see a small lad, spent and worn, And  
by the window, stern and grim, A silent figure watching him, So dusty,  
ragged, torn.

Ah, now she rises from behind The round green fan beside her chair;  
"Poor fellow!" croons-and pity lends Her voice new softness-and she  
bends And brushes back his hair.

Then in his sleep he softly stirs. Was that a dream, these murmured  
words? He wakes! There by the casement sat Miss Trotwood still; close by,  
her cat And her canary birds.

The peaceful calm of that quaint room, Its marks of comfort  
everywhere-- Old china and mahogany And blowing in, fresh from the sea,  
The perfume-laden air.

Poor little pilgrim so bereft, So weary at his journey's end! What joy  
must then have filled his soul To reach at last such happy goal- To find--oh,  
such a friend! . . .

And then night came, and from his bed He saw the sea, moonlit and  
bright, And dreamed there came, to bless her son, His mother, with her  
little one, Adown that path of light.

Ah, greater blessing I'd not crave, When my life's pilgrimage is o'er,

---

Than such repose, content, and love; Some shining path that leads above  
To dear ones gone before!

LOUELLA C. POOLE

## WITH WAVES AND WINGS

WAVES and Wings and Growing Things! As through the gladden sight  
ye flow And flit and glow, Ye win me so In soul to go, I too am waves, I  
too am wings, And kindred motion in me springs.

With thee I pass, glad growing grass!- I climb the air with lissome  
mien; Unsheathing keen The vivid sheen Of springing green, I thrill the  
crude, exalt the crass Fine-flex'd and fluent from Earth's mass.

And impulse craves with thee, Sea Waves!- To make all mutable the  
floor Of Earth's firm shore, With flashing pour Whose brimming o'er  
Impassion'd motion loves and laves And livens sombre slumbering caves.

Then soaring where the wild birds fare, My song would sweep the  
windy lyre Of Heaven's choir, Pulsing desire For starry fire, Abashing  
chilling vagues of air With throbbing of warm breasts that dare!

CHARLOTTE PORTER

## BLUEBERRIES

UPON the hills of Garlingtown Beneath the summer sky, In many pleasant pastures On sunny slopes and high, Their skins abloom with dusty blue, Asleep, the berries lie.

And all the lads of Garlingtown, And all the lasses too, Still climb the tranquil hillsides, A merry, barefoot crew; Still homeward plod with unfilled pails And mouths of berry blue.

And all the birds of Garlingtown, When flocking back to nest, Remember well the patches Where berries are the best; They pick the ripest ones at dawn And leave the lads the rest.

Upon the hills of Garlingtown When berry-time was o'er, I looked into the sunset, And saw an open door, And from the hills of Garlingtown I went, and came no more.

FRANK PRENTICE RAND

## NOCTURNE

NIGHT of infinite power and infinite silence and space, >From you  
may mortals infer, if ever, the scope divine! The jealous sun conceals all  
but his arrogant face, You bid the Milky Way and a million suns to shine.

Each star to numberless planets gives light and motion and heat, But  
you enmantle them all, the nearest and most remote; And the lustres of all  
the suns are but spangles under your feet,- Mere bubbles and beads of  
noon, they circle and shine and float.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

**ENVOI**

I WALKED with poets in my youth, Because the world they drew Was  
beautiful and glorious Beyond the world I knew.

The poets are my comrades still, But dearer than in youth, For now I  
know that they alone Picture the world of truth.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

## THERE WHERE THE SEA

THERE where the sea enwrapt A strip of land and wind-swept dune,  
Where nature was quiescent in the glimmering Noonday sun of early  
June,-- The Placid sea lay shimmering In a mist of blue, >From which the  
sky now drew Its wealth of hue and colour; One heard but the deep  
breathing of the ocean, As it breathed along the shore in even motion.  
Among the pines and listless of the scene, Atthis and Alcaeus lay, Within  
the heart of each a hunger For the unknown gift of life. Here from day to  
day They met and dreamed away The soft unfloding days of spring,-- Now  
turning to the summer.

Aleaeus:

I am faint with all the fire In my blood, And I would plunge into the  
quiet blue And lose all sense of time and you.

Atthis:

I, too, would plunge And swim with you!

Doffing her robe, the maid stood in her beauty, Calm and sure and  
unafraid, The sinuous splendour of her limbs, A silent symphony of  
curving line, Which reached its final note In breast and rounded throat. He  
had not known that flesh could be so fair; Each movement which she  
made Wove o'er his sense a deeper spell, Her beauty swept him like a  
flame And caught him unaware. She looked into his eyes, then dropping  
hers Before that burning gaze, Softly turned and crept with sunlit  
shoulders Down among the boulders, To the sea. Secure within its  
covering depth She called to him to follow. She led him out along the tide,  
With swift unerring stroke, Nor paused till he was at her side. With  
conquering arm He seized her and from her brow Tossed back the dripping  
locks, and sought her lips- Her eyes closed,-- As all her body yielded to his  
kiss. Then home he bore her to the shore, Within his heart a song of  
triumph; In hers, a new-born joy of womanhood. So spring for them  
passed on to summer.

MARIE TUDOR



## MARRIAGE

YOU, who have given me your name, And with your laws have made me wife, To share your failures and your fame, Whose word has made me yours for life.

What proof have you that you hold me? That in reality I'm one With you, through all eternity? What proof when all is said and done?

In spite of all the laws you've made, I'm free. I am no part of you. But wait-the last word is not said; You're mine, for I'm myself and you.

All through my veins there flows your blood, In you there is no part of me. By virtue of my motherhood Through me you live eternally.

MARIE TUDOR

**PITY**

Oh do not Pity me because I gave My heart when lovely April with a gust, Swept down the singing lanes with a cool wave; And do not pity me because I thrust Aside your love that once burned as a flame. I was as thirsty as a windy flower That bares its bosom to the summer shower And to the unremembered winds that came. Pity me most for moments yet to be, In the far years, when some day I shall turn Toward this strong path up to our little door And find it barred to all my ecstasy. No sound of your warm voice the winds have borne- Only the crying sea upon the shore.

HAROLD VINAL

## A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A ROSE to the living is more Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead; In  
filling love's infinite store, A rose to the living is more, If graciously given  
before The hungering spirit is fled,- A rose to the living is more Than  
sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

NIXON WATERMAN

## THE STORM

SHE reached for sunset fires, And lived with stars and the sea, The  
mountains for her temple, The storm for priest had she.

Together a libation They poured to the God she knew, Such wine as  
ageless heavens And lonely wisdom brew.

Now she has done with worship, For her all rites are the same; Yet the  
storm keeps green forever The moss upon her name.

G. O. WARREN

## WHERE THEY SLEEP

THE fog inrolling, dark and still Lies deep upon the crowded dead As  
flooding sea upon the sands, And quenches starlight overhead.

Long have they slept. Their separate dust Has mingled with a nameless  
mould. Only the slower-crumbling stones Still tell so much as may be told.

And now in shoreless fog adrift Like some lone mariner gliding by, I  
lean above the drowning graves And wonder when I too shall lie

Where evermore the tides of night And earth will hide my lonely rest;  
And Time will bid my love forget To read the stone upon my breast.

G. O. WARREN

**BEAUTY**

NOT flesh alone am I, when I can be So swiftly caught in Beauty's  
shimmering thread Whose slender fibres, woven, held by me, With their  
frail strength my following heart have led.

Yea, not all mortal, not all death my mind, When, watching by lone  
twilight waters' brim I tremblingly decipher, as they wind, Her deathless  
hieroglyphs, though strange and dim.

So for this faith, when Thou my dust shalt bring To dust, remember  
well, Great Alchemist, Yearly to change my wintry earth to spring, That I  
with Beauty still may keep my tryst.

G. O. WARREN

## COMRADES

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 love 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 gather 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 biding, 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 feign 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.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY



# THE FLIGHT

## I

O WILD HEART, track the land's perfume, Beach-roses and moor-heather! All fragrances of herb and bloom Fail, out at sea, together. O follow where aloft find room Lark-song and eagle-feather! All ecstasies of throat and plume Melt, high on yon blue weather.

O leave on sky and ocean lost The flight creation dareth; Take wings of love, that mounts the most: Find fame, that furthest fareth! Thy flight, albeit amid her host Thee, too, night star-like beareth, Flying, thy breast on heaven's coast, The infinite outweareth.

## II

"Dead o'er us roll celestial fires; Mute stand Earth's ancient beaches; Old thoughts, old instincts, old desires, The passing hour outreaches; The soul creative never tires-- Evokes, adores, beseeches; And that heart most the god inspires Whom most its wildness teaches.

"For I will course through falling years And stars and cities burning; And I will march through dying cheers Past empires unreturning; Ever the world flame reappears Where mankind power is earning, The nations' hopes, the people's tears, One with the wild heart yearning.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY