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**A Book of
Poetry and Thought**

John Leo Coontz

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A BOOK OF
POETRY AND
www.libtool.com.cn
THOUGHT

JOHN LEO COONTZ



RICHARD G. BADGER
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no,

THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED
TO THOSE WHO BY
THE GRACE OF GOD
HAVE INFLUENCED ME
TO BE WHAT I AM

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PREFACE

The author of this book, which is presented humbly to public taste, has not much to say for its contents. The work in the following pages is the work of all hours and all seasons, from the heart. The things that follow here were written as they came, and in that measure most pleasing and acceptable to the fancies. The author hopes only, that those who read them may find a little of the comfort and peace that has come to him often, in a recollection of them.

LEO COONTZ.

January 17, 1914

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CONTENTS

The Poet's Theme	13
Memories of South England, Winchelsea ..	14
Belovèd Hours of Spring	15
On Burns' Birthday www.libtool.com.cn	15
Rejoice Ye Flowers	16
The Sweetest Girl	16
Epigram for a Gift	17
The Vale of Sleep	17
Brighter.	18
Sweet Blow the Flowers	18
How Beautiful, O Earth	19
Autumn.	20
After Reading "Lucy Poems"	20
Fragment—Hymn for Light	21
My Love, She's but a Lassie Yet	22
Jenny's Charms	23
Yet Calm Thyself	24
Near Washington, D. C.	24
There is None Like Her, None	25
My Love and I	26
They Dwell Not in the Stars	26
Lines	27
To Miss	28
Lines	29
Composed in the Field in Spring	30
To ——	31
For a Valentine	31
Lines	32

CONTENTS

My Heart is Filled.....	32
As Some Pale Visitant.....	33
Frail Star of Heaven.....	33
Stars..... www.libtool.com.cn	34
Rosalie's Love.....	34
A Soft Wind.....	35
"The Hour I Met Wi' Sue".....	35
To a Dead Brown Thrush.....	36
Dead and Cold.....	37
The Time is Not Yet Dead.....	38
Can the Song be Silent.....	39
High Thoughts.....	39
The Sun Breaks Gently.....	40
Spring.....	40
To ——.....	41
No More We'll Go A-Roving.....	41
Whither is the Music Fled.....	42
Ye Flowers That Come Again on Earth....	43
Four Years.....	44
A Memory.....	44
Dreams.....	45
Sitting in the Sun.....	46
Poetry.....	46
Reading Shelley.....	47
An Inspiration.....	47
How Can It Rain.....	48
A Knight's Homage.....	49
My Notre Dame.....	50

CONTENTS

My Hopes.....	51
Press Thy Lips to Mine.....	52
Drink Deep.....	52
The Bonny Doon. www.libtool.com.cn ...	53
Mona Waters.....	54
O Maiden Meek.....	55
Who Hath Not Watched.....	55
'Tis Said that Men.....	56
Dear Wilhelmine.....	56
Wordsworth.....	57
I Mounted Steps.....	58
Calm as the Sunshine.....	58
Sonnet.....	59
Written to the Mood.....	60
Baby B ——.....	60
To Miss ——.....	61
Trinity.....	62
Will-O-the-Wisp.....	63
O Happy Hours.....	64
Lines.....	64
Lines.....	65
The Sea Maiden.....	65
Missouri Coon Song.....	66
Between the Plough Handles.....	67
While Ploughing.....	67
Sonnet to Keats.....	68
Inspired by Miss ——.....	69
The Throstle's Song.....	70

CONTENTS

Another Year.....	71
At Night.....	71
A Red Bird Singing.....	72
Sonnet to a Red Bird.....	72
Summer and Autumn.....	73
The Eternal Dawn.....	74
Gethsemani.....	75
These Thoughts.....	75
Wind and Waves.....	76
After Reading Eugene Field.....	76
Come O'er the Seas.....	77
The Influence of Nature on Life.....	78
A Memory.....	78
To Miss ——.....	79
A Memory.....	79
To Miss ——.....	80
Woman.....	81
I Dream of the South.....	82
In the Shadows.....	83
Notre Dame.....	84
My Soul's Bride.....	85
A Memory.....	86
The Years.....	86
To My Mother.....	87
Silver Dreams.....	88
To a Toad.....	89
Fare-thee-well My Little Lover.....	90
The Wand'ring Season.....	91

CONTENTS

Goodnight.....	92
Scottish Dialect.....	92
The Cotton Now is Blooming.....	93
To ——.....	94
The Year is Dead.....	94
On Reading Tennyson.....	95
Refrain from Kathleen Mavourneen.....	95
Commemoration.....	96
A Beautiful Day.....	97
A Memory.....	97
To Miss —— Singing.....	98
A Memory.....	98
Sacred Heart Church.....	99
One True Home.....	100
Where are the Hopes.....	101
Bonny Was the Hour.....	101
Fragments.....	102
One by One.....	104
Kind Thoughts.....	105
I had a Wish.....	105
This Spot.....	106
The Fields are Green.....	106
A Glorious Day.....	107
Broken Gleams.....	108
Mollie.....	108
To Miss ——.....	109
To the Seasons.....	110
Sitting in the Sun.....	111

CONTENTS

Benbow.....	112
The Silver-Chorused Bell.....	113
Columbia.....	120
On Leaving School.....	123
To Poesy.....	123
Sonnet.....	124
Inspired by Miss ——.....	124
Glide on Sweet River.....	125
Now Stormy Waters.....	125
Inspired by Miss ——.....	126
The Holiness of Love.....	126
O Why Should I.....	127
Only the Dead Shall Rise.....	128
Composed While Plowing.....	128
Inspired by Miss ——.....	129
Inspired by Miss ——.....	129
Inspired by Miss ——.....	130
In the Spring.....	130
Preface to Philosophical Meditations.....	131
Philosophical Meditations.....	133
Beginning.....	133
Life.....	136
Principle.....	139
Understanding.....	140
Ideas.....	142
Innate Ideas.....	144

THE POET'S THEME

I saw a man the other day
Pick up his pen, and write away.
He wrote "world-thots" and of "world-deeds."
(Poor fool, he thought to solve our needs.)
I want not "cities" in my brain,
But waving fields of corn and grain,
And human souls, and God on high,
And sunset quivering in the sky.
A cottage, and a woman there
Working and singing, mild and fair,
Just Life and Death and God and men,
Is all I want, to grace my pen.

January 12, 1913

MEMORIES OF SOUTH ENGLAND,
WINCHELSEA

I travelled in a foreign land,
Alone, and by a sea,
A poppy-garden leaned toward the strand
And ships sailed there, O sleeply.
The sun was there, a hillside down,
And there a warmth crept to my blood,
For ages, and the English crown,—
I felt that all was good.
Yes, all was good, for then I knew
The souls of England's poets;
Their mighty dreamings passed to view
There where the poppies bloweth,
In the garden, by the sea.

January 14, 1913

BELOVÈD HOURS OF SPRING

Belovèd Hours of Spring that woo
Sweet buds and blossoms gay
From many an isle of silver hue,
That dreameth by the way.

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Soft, rosy, Hours of mirth and joy,
And Spring's bright Fancy wooing
All things to life,—who would destroy
Or be your Love's undoing!

January 25, 1909

ON BURNS' BIRTHDAY

If I had a glass of gin
And a lass upon my knee,
I'd pledge dear Bobby Burns
Now born across the sea.

January 25, 1909

REJOICE YE FLOWERS

Rejoice ye flowers that ye are living
And are not slumbering with the dead
As I, who with these thoughts am giving
Ye kisses, for your sweetness shed.

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February 13, 1909

THE SWEETEST GIRL

The sweetest girl I ever met
It was the springtime, O,
When flowers are full o' dewy wet
And days for loving, O.

The sweetest girl I ever met
Was laughing blue-eyed, O,
With lips that made one other's wet
To taste their sweetness, O.

February 14, 1909

EPIGRAM FOR A GIFT

A thousand wishes I thee give,
A thousand wishes bright
And multiplied, that each may live
As long as thou delight.

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January, 1909

THE VALE OF SLEEP

Pleasant is the vale of sleep,
Thou must wake to dream and weep,
Slumber on and kiss the clouds,
Wavy beams of silver shrouds;
Wrap thy limbs, and spirits fleet
Feed thee smiles of slumber sweet.
Never leave that dreamy realm,
Else the mortal, overwhelm
And Thou never dream again
But relive in pangy pain.

November 15, 1908

BRIGHTER

Brighter than the ocean wave,
Brighter than the morning star,
Brighter than the moonbeams' glance
Or the lovely dew-belled flower,
Bright as all things here may be
Thou art brighter still to me.

October 10, 1908

SWEET BLOW THE FLOWERS

Sweet blow the flowers that bloom in May,
Soft run the rivers sweetly tuned,
The garden dreameth by the world-wide way,
The seasons fall all silver-mooned.

Yet with all this my breath is cold,
Still with these all, mine eye is dark,
They bless my blood a thousand-thousand
fold,
They leave my spirit pale and stark.

August 16, 1911

HOW BEAUTIFUL, O EARTH

How beautiful, O earth art thou!
How charming are thy woods; thy flowers,
Ah, they are like some spirits' breath
That whispers of a golden death.

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Immortal vales to bliss confined
With love to love immortal twined,
Thou, Mary, there forever dear,
Why mind I here the dropping tear.

September 2, 1911

AUTUMN

O never May was half so sweet
As Autumn in her pensive way,
The low, last call of birds that beat
Into the hush of dying day.

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Some wealth to crowns may pass in view,
Some lust, for youthful hopes astray
When flowers spring to every hue
Along some old heroic bay.

But Autumn, oh, thy mournful strain,
Thy music low, thy breath all moist.
There is no thing on earth but vain,
All, all, are vain, they do but foist.

September 23, 1911

AFTER READING "LUCY POEMS"

What is this Love that we must know
The beauty and the dreaming?
All things on earth are passing show,
This Love, I believe but seeming.

September 30, 1911

FRAGMENT—HYMN FOR LIGHT

Dread spirit that dost weave and consecrate
This fleshy form at its conceptive birth
With hues of thine own Immortality.
Thou, Great Inspirer of all the forms on Earth
Of life—a cloud doth hover o'er the state
Of my weak sight; between Immensity
And understanding frail,
A soul-shadowing veil
That leaves me groaning to the stars; like night
That droops between that lovely silver sphere
And this dull earth, and makes intenser far
The longed relation—even does the clear
Beginning of my yearnings cry the Light
Which will my soul's repressed desires unbar.

E'en as a child Immutability
Had charms which came like shadows in a dream,
Insinuations soon to take a form
And shape, distinct, which were in time to gleam
Reflected harmonies of Divinity,
Revolving with the accent of a storm.
On Pegasus upsoaring
My soul light-fired exploring,
Began to surge the deep ethereal vast,
The woods, and night's lone solitude, the wind
One moment hung suspended, left upon
My soul a deep impress, which fed me fast
And brought such things as music heard and gone
That leaves forebodings strange within the mind.

But what of that? the frailest form that creeps
Can measure circumstance of Being given—

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My Love, she's but a lassie yet,
A lassie yet, a lassie yet,
My Love she's but a lassie yet,
And O, and O, and O.

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Her Eyes are like the sparkle jet,
The sparkle jet, the sparkle jet,
Her eyes are like the sparkle jet
And O, and O, and O.

Her bosom like the snowy wet,
The snowy wet, the snowy wet,
Her bosom like the snowy wet
And O, and O, and O.

We married soon shall be, and yet,
Shall be, and yet, shall be, and yet
We married soon shall be and yet,
And O, and O, and O.

July 17, 1909

JENNY'S CHARMS

'Tis Jenny's charms that fire my bosom a'
The fairest flower that sweetens with the
dew,
Around her all the others drooping fa'
When blushing up she lifts her lovely hue.

O what the power my youthfu' heart would
drain!
O wha is she that gives me every wound!
'Tis Love that bids me wofu' deep complain,
'Tis Jenny fair, in youthfu' blush and
bloom.

August 6, 1909

YET CALM THYSELF

Yet calm thyself while long hours creep
Cold, unimpassioned to their end,
Their passiveness should not make weep
The heart no longer Fate can rend.

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April, 1909

NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

A pastoral scene as fair as one of old
Are these low hills of living glory, green.

1909

THERE IS NONE LIKE HER, NONE

There is none like her, none,
Though all the stars were one,
And that one star alone
Was all this earth might be
Of dream and phantasy;
She lovelier still would be.

There is none like her, none,
The Queen—star fairy—kist,
Robed in a morning mist
Or evening amethyst
Is beautiful to see.
But radiant and divine,
More beautiful and fair
Was she—uncrowned—a maid
Who sometimes lightly played
With happy hands, where laid
The leaves in downy shade.
Not Nature on her throne,
Nor anything I've known
Or ever dreamed to be
More beautiful
Than she,
The voice of God
Made dutiful
To me.

May 25, 1912

MY LOVE AND I

A-la-Browning without apologies

My Love and I fell out one day,
All in the merry month of May,
She, with a pout,
(But I was gay)
When my Love and I
Fell out one day.

But we have smiled and kist again,
And now we laugh and talk of then,
And that's the way
My love and I
Made up one day.

L'Envoi

We twa hae met, we twa hae parted
And I am left sair broken-hearted.

June 1, 1912

THEY DWELL NOT IN THE STARS

They dwell not in the stars, nor where the breath
Of men contaminate, but in the mind are they--
Those visitations calm—of thought.

1912

LINES

Still sad thoughts come and fill with gloom
The ever-struggling heart.
And shadows fall like rolling doom
And once again I start.

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The spring returns with gay-crowned flowers,
The earth, the air, the sky
Thrill with a gladness rained in showers,
Nor loth am I to die.

Thou wert a joy, like One unborn;
The breath and light of days
Of introspection here, unshorn
Of human darkened ways.

Thou wert the purest drop that ever
Watered a desert-soul,
Thou wert the cloud, the sunbeam, river,
My Life, my God, my all!

October 24, 1911

TO MISS ——

Thou hast my heart, but I not thine,
Then, pray, thee gently take
O maiden from this muse of mine
The thoughts thou sweetly wake.

I have nor Life, nor Hope, but thou
Hast been to me unknown
A Power subtle deep and strong,
When flowers to spring are blown.

December 30, 1912

LINES

Immortal days of Love, thy youth is o'er,
Dead, are the rosy hours that thou mock-crowned
With dream-envisioned flowers; and in their
 graves

All silent lying thy most cherished Hopes.

'Tis true, she, whom the earth is not more fair,
With all her lily-children and the rare,
And radiant stars outspread is, dead, dead, dead!
Hath ceased one here. Lament! I know it not
If tears have brought relief from sorrow sought;
The passive hour has been a guest to me
More dear, with more of human and divine
Than all the griefs that ever choked the mind.
O blessings on these calm and even thoughts,
And blessings be on all I see and hear,—
The sound of vernal showers on the grass,
The faint unbosomed flowers and the mass
Of folded buds, and all that wakes to pass
Within the mind, and leave a holy tomb
Rose-showered with a melody of light
And vibrant strong delight of sense-repressed
 gloom.

May 7, 1911

COMPOSED IN THE FIELD IN SPRING

The night stars kiss the evening dew,
So I would bid thee, sweet, adieu;
The soft winds sigh a love caress,
All gently thee to me, I press,
Love, goodnight!
Lines—1911

The seasons' joys are thine, O earth,
Their loveliness and calm
Thine too, the mother-pangs of birth
And thine the blessed balm.

I envy not what thou possess,
I envy not, nor these
Thy forms displayed, nor more nor less,
Thy innocence or ease.

But there was One who late here moved,
A mortal, if such be;
She whom I cherished, more than loved,—
If she were here with me!

May 12, 1911

TO —

No voice has passion's stormy wave
Within my beating breast,
With every fear this side the grave
This soul of mine beset!

What mortal pangs poor man must bear,
He e'en must sit and think
That Fate has bound him to Despair
And Misery forged the link!

From out my soul forever fled
What was my soul's delight,
Thy Spirit on its sweetness fed!—
Sweet Poesy lost in night!

January, 1909

FOR A VALENTINE

To you I send these lines of mine
That you may read and know
That your bright sweetness doth entwine
My heart with many a bow.

LINES

Behold yon field, a solitary mass
Of sheaféd grain where I may walk to pass
A contemplative hour, hushed at eve,
While the sun's dying rays upshooting weave
A glory round the clouds; while yet I feel
The stirrings of a heart that doth reveal
That one strange impulse that hath been a law
Through my whole life—long time, so be it now.
For turn soe'er I may, the light of day,
The vision breaking on a mountain-mist
Of gold, the waterfall above the crest,
High on the stony ramparts of the sky,
Dark pools that in the vale incessant lie,
All, all, inform my spirit with a Voice.

Fall, 1911

MY HEART IS FILLED

My heart is filled with sorrow's blood
Now streaming through my side,
A tempest wild, the gory flood
Is ruining with its tide!

February 14, 1909

AS SOME PALE VISITANT

Thou art as some pale visitant
Descended from the starry night,
About thee flows the cold distant
Odors from balmy seas of light.

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Resolve thy self into some form
Palpable to human mind,
Or I shall die, whirled on the storm
Of interest, created blind.

October 17, 1908

FRAIL STAR OF HEAVEN

Frail star of Heaven thou dost shed
An influence soft
As music that hath been and fled
On wings aloft.

Eternal rhapsody of thought
Breathest thou
To me, until my soul is wrought
To one sweet law.

October 23, 1908

STARS

Stars at night are bright,
Thou art bright too,
My soul is the dark night
Which thou imbue.

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Stars are sweetest Love,
Thou art Love true.
Stars do constant prove
Thou wilt Love, too.

October 26, 1908

ROSALIE'S LOVE

Of all the winds that o'er the earth
Do blow, and blow, and blow,
The sweetest wind, is the wind that blows
My Rosalie's love to me.

A SOFT WIND

A soft wind
On a (winter's?) day
Blew these words
And the song, my way.

February, 1909

“THE HOUR I MET WI’ SUE”

The skies were ne’er sae sunny,
The skies were ne’er sae blue,
The skies were ne’er sae bonny;
The hour I met wi’ Sue.

CHORUS

*The hour I met wi’ Sue, O
The hour I met wi’ Sue,
There ne’er was hour sae charming, O
’S the hour I met wi’ Sue.*

We wandert in the evening,
We wandert in the dew,
We wandert deep in feeling,
The hour I met wi’ Sue.

Tho’ Life shall e’er bereave me,
Tho’ Life I daily rue,
That Life shall ne’er yet grieve me,
The hour I met wi’ Sue.

July 16, 1911

TO A DEAD BROWN THRUSH

*To a dead Brown Thrush, that a neighbor killed
for stealing his cherries. The cherries would not
have made two pies,—bought with a summer's song.*

I know that thou art dead, I hear thee not,
Thy carols that did sweeten early morn
For one bright cherry, they were ruthless stopt,
Perhaps it was for thine most latest born.
I know that he hath listened to thy song
Like melodies made sweeter by the thought,
I know that he hath never felt the wrong
That he to thine, or me, by this hath wrought.

O man, if thou wert more inclined to be
A little thoughtful of who feedeth thee,
Thou couldst not slay so wantonly. What harm,
What injury, is thine? All for alarm
Of ruin, what not! Enough! That thou, sweet
bird,
Art dead is grief to me, by silence stirred.

June 25, 1911

DEAD AND COLD

*This poem and the three following written between
1:30 and 2:30 P. M.*

Dead and cold the cheek of Love
Since Thou wert parted from my side
Like the tender, stricken dove
It has died.

Dead forever is the fountain
Of the wavy surges given,
Of that light that built a mountain
Thought to Heaven.

Sealed the light and tongue forever
Hope and joy, and aught but pain
Till the languishing endeavor
Brings thee back again.

November 16, 1908

THE TIME IS NOT YET DEAD

The time is not yet dead
When we shall meet again,
Or were it so, my heart
Would die upon the pain.

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Tomorrow holds thy love,
Hope doth dream and borrow
All that child Fancy holds
To crush this day of sorrow.

Fate kisses down the lids
That wake within my sleep,
And softness creeps in breath
To bid my heart not weep.

And vainly seems the longing,
Yet smiles o'er mount my tears
And moments bring their shadows,
Yet Hope o'er climbs my fears.

CAN THE SONG BE SILENT

Can the song be silent
And the lute be dumb
When thy presence shadows
My soul, sleeping numb?
Never the waking
Sweeter than this,
Nor dream more continual
Than thou in my bliss.

HIGH THOUGHTS

High thoughts burning
In concepts zone
Hath given thee Light,
Surpassing thy own.

O'er earth, o'er vision
To Heaven above
It lifts me up
On pinions of Love.

THE SUN BREAKS GENTLY

The sun breaks gently on those distant hills,
And once again the flowers come to dwell
Within that land for a brief space and die.
'Tis spring and two are walking in the May
Of Life, with looks, and lips that silent speak
The eloquence of mute despair.

'Tis past
And once again my blood runs crimson-cold
And once again I stoop to kiss the rod—
And I have kissed the rod these many years—
But late it seems as though my spirit fell,
It seems, there is no God, no Heaven, nor Hell,
Nor Life, nor Death, O would that thou wert
here!

December 15, 1911

These forms of thine, O nature, I behold
Are interfused in me a thousand fold.

1911

SPRING

I hear, I hear, O Lord, I hear,
Come from the mystic deeps thy voice,
Return with the revolving year
And all my Being cries, Rejoice!

May, 1912

TO ———

O rapturous vision of my soul,
Ethereal spirit I behold,
O'er this wild surging heart preside,
Burn swiftly through this burning side.

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October 3, 1908

NO MORE WE'LL GO A-ROVING

No more we'll go a-roving
By the light of the silver moon,
With the bright stars shining overhead
That live and die so soon.

We'll drink no more the sweet air
In the balm of evening's cool,
We'll laugh not, talk not, kiss not
By the leaf-haunted pool.

O that the world would fail,
It would die upon a breath,
Since Thou art gone and honey-dew
Is clammy-cold like Death!

September, 1908

WHITHER IS THE MUSIC FLED

Whither is the music fled
That once inspired my brain,
Like starlight on the water shed,
Will it ever be again?

Whither are the visions bright,
Like storm-clouds madly driven;
A moment rolled before my sight
With thunder-strokes of levin?

In some bright world beyond our ken
These things shall blend and be
Like aught the dream of souls of men
And immortality.

October 2, 1908

YE FLOWERS THAT COME AGAIN ON EARTH

Ye flowers that come again on earth
In springtime sweetly bloom,
Turn back! O hide from me your birth,
My soul is filled with gloom!

How sweet were ye when we first met,
How golden winged the hours,
Now all your beauty's turned to jet
And every moment lours.

Dear little birds that sweetly sing
And every pleasure waken,
Ye know not what Life's morn may bring
Ere dews of youth are shaken.

Ye golden hours that I have lived
In fondest Love's complaining,
How broken now, how torn and rived
With my poor heart's disdaining.

1909

FOUR YEARS

Four years have passed and I have not forgot
Thy smile, thy face, and Time has failed to blot
Thy memory from the humble fields of thot.
Four silent years, as Time is measured out
To Man, yet an eternity of thot
Is there, to me, and that is all I count.

May, 1912

A MEMORY

Whatever things mine eyes have seen,
Whatever dreams my mind has held,
Whatever fields I've wandered in
I know 'tis thee I've loved too well.

'Tis thee alone—O do not think
One word with me shall be regret,
'Tis thee alone—nor do I shrink
Or ask that I might once forget.

October 10, 1912

DREAMS

Memories of England while working in the field.

I stood beside the sea and watched the white ships
Go sailing up and down, a fairyland
Of dreams, white shrouds, and sailing ships and
sky—

October, 1912

SITTING IN THE SUN

O blind mine eye forever be
And hushed my voice,—forever still
When in the sun I think of thee
And that sweet time when Earth doth thrill.
O happy youth, thus fleet as a ray
Thy golden charm. Ere thy full years
Are sped, thy blooming, flush as May
Wet with the dews of hopeless tears.

O deep is Death, yet deeper Life,
We see but cannot understand,
The flowers bloom, the warring strife,
The lover in a foreign land.
O blind mine eye forever be
And hushed my voice—forever still,
When in the sun I think of thee
And that sweet time when Earth doth thrill.

August 20, 1911

POETRY

I hold it from the hands of Him, who stars
The firmament, and robes the night
In pure celestial white—

February 20, 1911

READING SHELLEY

There is a season famed for poet's song.
When dreams are bursting from the heart in
 throngs,
And roaming wild, the phantom-eyed Delight
Chills, open dancing in the foamy light
Of spring, and visionary voices bring
Sweet dreams of happiness, and forming rings
The buds, and all frail, fair, sleeping things—
The poet opes a book and visions writes therein.

February 16, 1911

AN INSPIRATION

There's more of Death
In a baby's breath
Than a thousand swords of men.

January, 1911

HOW CAN IT RAIN

*On hearing it whispered it was raining out, one
balmy night in unseasoned February.*

How can it rain when stars are bright?
The very balminess of whispering night
Gives promise of a dawn as fair
As ever winged the blue.

It is the hour of night
When calmness broods beneath the wings of
sleep.

February 16, 1911

A KNIGHT'S HOMAGE

There came a knock to a golden lock
And a maid without upcried.
They have stolen my roses,
A fortune no more
The love of my lowly pride.

And a youth of lore, bound wed-locked o'er
The moon-seared face of the child
Leapt to the casement,
Then to the ground,
Lasht to the chord of a smile.

And the maid unwed, and her heart unbled,
Knew not the cause, nor why,
But clung to him,
Nor asked of more
Her soul-wide famine cry.

And the knight, in eyes of hushed skies,
Gazed with a knight's desire,
And in their depths
Saw a row of hills
Clad in alabaster fire.

And he quenched the flame, with a kiss that
came
Not from his errant heart,
But out his soul
His homage blew,
This knight of the maiden's part.

MY NOTRE DAME

My Notre Dame, my Notre Dame,
The manna-bread of mine,
Nor cease my thoughts, nor cease thy name
A black-starred pilgrim's shrine.

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Not once in years, but in all hours
Are after-thoughts of thee
The fragrance of crushed blooming flowers,
The hopes I dreamed to be.

My Notre Dame, my Notre Dame,
And life will cease to be
When ceased my thoughts, and ceased thy
name,
And ceased I've turned to thee.

MY HOPES

My hopes, my joys, my sorrows,
I give thee for the asking,
What my soul from night borrows
I give thee too with gasping,
If thou wouldst be Love only,
No fault would find thee willing
To leave my warm heart lonely
When winter winds are chilling.

My heart, thy nest, thy cradle,
And I to watch thee slumber,
Night stars over earth dædal
To guard thee without number
O clasp me to thy bosom,
My spirit faints, it falls,
O clasp it while the fulsome
Mild-rising spring enthralls.

October 29, 1908-1913

PRESS THY LIPS TO MINE

Sweet, press thy lips to mine and breathe,
Though we know not what flows,
Our Spirits met together weave
Something, for thy cheek glows.

Ask not, but ever look on it
As something sweet and dread,
Time will not, cannot alter it
Though years shall find us dead.

October 6, 1908

DRINK DEEP

Drink deep from mine eyes,
They draw from my soul
The spirit that lies
Too deep for control.

Draw naught from that fount
But tenderest love,
Pale visions that haunt
Its depths from above.

October 18, 1908

THE BONNY DOON

Written on the banks of the Doon in Scotland.

I too have roved by Bonny Doon
Where oft the sweet birds sang,
The rose-red flowers in breaking bloom
In wildness round me sprang.

The daisies glanced above the bank
Into the rippling stream,
That sunlit kissed, and shadowed, sank
Into my soul, a dream.

The woodbine twining on the bough,
The leaf-pressed waters flow,
I mingled with the sweetest vow
The human heart can know.

1908

MONA WATERS

No more by Mona's stream I'll ponder,
By Mona's wave no more I'll wander,
The flowers that bloomed so fair are dead,
The sweetness from those banks is fled,
Where I was wont to wander.

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How like my heart once happy stream,
Bereft of all thy glory's dream,
How like my heart in flowery pride,
Now gasping stiff within my side
Without one hope or gleam.

O Mona waters loved I thee,
My Mona waters swift and free,
Thy flowery banks, alas! Alas!
My Mona sweet I cannot pass
But here lie down to die.

January 23, 1909

O MAIDEN MEEK

O maiden meek, and mild, and fair,
I watch thee playing a soft air,
And to my mind steals grace and light
And gloom departs like fleeing night.

If thou couldst play through all my years,
My soul would cease to know those fears
That parting Life and Death must bring
Swift circling now on cloudy wing.

January 29, 1913

WHO HATH NOT WATCHED

Who hath not watched the dying sun close o'er
The forest green, and pass beyond the seas
More distant than the ken of human thought.

1912

'TIS SAID THAT MEN

'Tis said that men grow mad when those they
love

Have taken passage on the flowing sea,
Whose ever-constant ebb depopulates
And makes decay of all humanity.

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1912

DEAR WILHELMINE

Dear Wilhelmine, dear Wilhelmine,
With sparkling eyes like Rhenish wine,
That in the sunlight or in the shade
Reflect within the image made,
Dear Wilhelmine, dear Wilhelmine.

Dear Wilhelmine, dear Wilhelmine,
Within the depth of those sweet eyes,
Deeper than the summer skies
I see my heart doth still recline
Dear Wilhelmine, dear Wilhelmine.

WORDSWORTH

Written at Grasmere, England.

Wordsworth! when I beheld thy native hills
And viewed the lowly cot that sheltered thee,
I thought of pomp and pride, and all that fills
The circumstantial paths of man.—Here see
And know true greatness in its golden sphere
And here behold the native strength of man
And mind, in all its majesty as clear
As Heavenly light that round its Being ran.

He is the chosen whom the God hath given
To lead his fellow-man, and he the noblest,
Who living well, hath never thought nor striven
Pride's vaunting ground to gain, and he the
 lowliest
Who serves his stewardship the best, who
 leaves
Long unstained years, each crowned with gold-
 en sheaves.

July 14, 1908

I MOUNTED STEPS

*On some stones back of Dove Cottage leading to
an arbor, which Wordsworth had laid. Written at
Grasmere, England.*

I mounted steps immortal hands had laid
And mounting gave to Genius her reward,
How inspiration sprung from bosom's shade
Had left of other steps for my soul, un-
starred.

July 14, 1908

CALM AS THE SUNSHINE

*Looking over the city to the hills beyond, on
a bright early morning.*

Calm as the sunshine on the hills of Love
When every star in dewy slumber lies,
Soft as the call of the meek-irised dove
To me the sweets of this fair Paradise.

Like some bright cloud unto my wayward eye
The vision to my shadow-structured soul,
About me lovely fields of glory lie,
Full flowered, undisturbed, a precious
whole.

April 22, 1909

SONNET

When I consider what my life has been,
What is, and what my prospects are, I feel
Like one whose gifted eye has clearly seen
The setting of a star, and through me steal
The pulses of a god, but when I hold
A converse with man's heart, its cause for tears
A feeling less than godlike—less than cold
Chill sweeps my soul, and blinds its end with
fears.

And then my soul cries to my Reason—Aid
O thou! and Reason sends upon the deep
Her dove, and soon I hear, "Be not afraid
There is a God, have faith in him and sleep."
And so I turn upon a single thought,
Man's ends grow less, they blight, and soon are
naught.

WRITTEN TO THE MOOD

O wake me to the world again,
Some spirit from beyond,
Dispel from me this cursed pain,
Despairing to despond!

Shake o'er me wings of brighter birth
Than any yet I've known,
O wake me with the mother earth
When fields to flowers are blown.

April, 1909

"BABY" B——

Reading Burns as a beautiful Trinity girl passed.

I'll kiss thee in the spring, my dear,
I'll kiss thee in the fall,
I'll kiss thee through the whole long year,
I'll kiss thee not at all!

I'll kiss thee in the summer, dear!—
When winter winds blow cold;
I'll kiss thee not at all, for fear
Thou'lt think me over bold.

May 27, 1909

TO MISS —

*Who is this and more, a sweet, lovable girl with
a nose she hates.*

My heart's so deep in love with Mollie
'Twill not go twice together,
There ne'er was such a girl as Mollie,—
I think to be her lover.

No heart so kindly, but 'tis Mollie,
'Tis light as any feather,
No e'en so tender e'en as Mollie,
'Twill weep like weepy weather.

There's none, has charms so sweet as Mollie,
Her smile, 'twill light another.
There's none can ere compare with Mollie
In this world or one other.

No rose so fair e'en but 'tis Mollie,
While ling'ring winds round hover,
I ne'er loved one like I love Mollie
And I'll love but her forever!

June 2, 1909

TRINITY

*Inspired by Trinity as I passed this murky
closing eve. The doors and windows wide open,
but all, all the girls gone. No sound near but a
cricket in the grass. There is nothing that tears my
heart like bleak barren walls, where youth once ran
warm and wild.*

The last, the loveliest now are gone,
Forever from those halls are flown,
No more upon the dewy lawn
To wander in the eve.

A pain has wov'n round my heart,
Regrets and sighs like fountains start;
Time cannot heal the aching smart
Where memory must cleave.

June 30, 1909

WILL-O-THE-WISP

Her honey voice in lilting brings
A note of sadness to my ear,
And in the lowlands where she sings
It is the blue-spring of the year,
It is the blue-spring of the year,
The time the meadow-marshes rise,
When daffodils are hanging clear,
Midway beneath the folded skies.

All through the month of May she went
In and out among the blooms,
Weaving those of deepest tint,
In many, many tiny plumes,
And when the harvest time was come,
She bound the grain about her feet,
Went singing through the fields alone
Where Life, sweet Life lay very sweet.

It is the blue-spring of the year,
With purple paths and misty morn,
The scented lowlands far and near
Are laden with a breath forlorn,
It is the mellow-maiden year
Where in the lowlands sleeps a maid,
It is the blue-spring far and near
And o'er the grave where she is laid.

O HAPPY HOURS

O happy hours when we were twa
And roamed the pleasant woods amang
The birds wild-singing from the bough
Thrilled every note to lovers sang.

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Now ceased those hours we twa hae loved
As ever mortal lovers proved
With smiles and glances unreproved
By Heaven in those happy groves.

May 8, 1912

LINES

These are the flowers of spring, and these
Less happy ones, are later born.
O little friends, a grief is yours
Perpetual as the snows of youth,
Thou never heard the spoken word
Eternal through the universe
Of things:—"Awake, triumphant sing
The hand of God upon the bough."

March 31, 1912

LINES

There is an ecstasy of mind,
A rapture kenne'd for lovers' souls,
It is the kiss that secret binds,
Affection's mutual thought that glows.

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May 27, 1912

THE SEA MAIDEN

There's a song upon the shore
And a murmur on the sea,
And a comely maiden watches
Where the shore receives the sea.

Not an angel, not a fairy,
But a fisher maiden sweet
And the water gently murmurs
As it ripples at her feet.

She is queen of all the isles,
She is queen of all the seas,
She is happy in her smiles,
She is gayer than the breeze.

She is sunshine, she is laughter
Where she moves along the bay,
'Till the waves that follow after
Come and spirit her away.

MISSOURI COON SONG

A coon sat in a 'simmon tree,
And that old coon, 'e looked at me
And I looked at that coon, you bet,
And Mr. Coon was 'simmon set.

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Now Mr. Coon, says 'e to me,
"O Mr. Man, let us agree,
I see that you have got me now
For I am treed upon this bough.

O let me to the water get
And I will show you I can 'fit'."
"O Mr. Coon," I made reply,
"That will not do, for you must die."

And then I called the dogs for fun,
Old Bess, and Tige and Lulu—One,
And round that tree they swiftly ran
And Mr. Coon they oft did scan.

And then I shook that 'simmon tree,
And that, you bet, was fun for me,
And soon we bagged that Mr. Coon
And home we went in the bright moon.

March 4, 1913

BETWEEN THE PLOUGH HANDLES

The new rose blooms upon the thorn
All-fragrant on this early morn,
The redbird sings high in the tree,
And these are happy things to me.

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The sky is filled with sunset's glow
And early evening breezes blow
Across the pastures, and the deep
Untrammelled silence brings me peace.

From night and morn, from scenes like these
Arises Nature's grandeur, ease,
From flower to rose, from rose to morn
The smiles of God this earth adorn.

May 27, 1912

WHILE PLOUGHING

I dreamed of wealth, great open halls
With marble markings, on their walls,
And then I turned to simpler things,
To that great heart which Nature brings.

I smiled as o'er I pondered these,
A life of rest, vexatious ease;
The other, native to the soil,
An honest man, his God, and toil.

May 29, 1912

SONNET TO KEATS

Thou sweet Bird singing in the wilderness;
Among the heathen hearts of men thy little song
Thou lavisht with a lover's tenderness,
And bore the insults of a taunting throng.
Thy plaintive note no longer charms the skies,
A Stranger passing, drew thee to his breast
And calmed the sorrows of thy tender eyes
And eased thy troubling to a gentler rest.

What glory is there in the wreath of Fame?
Thy heart-torn notes were paeans to thy soul
What matters it that thou hadst not a Name?
Thy passions never ceased to surge and roll.
Ah! there was comfort in that thought to thee
Thou wert beloved of Immortality.

INSPIRED BY MISS —

The peer of all creation kind
Is woman, lovely woman,
The balm, the joys, the woes of mind,
Is woman, lovely woman.

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I see the morning spreading bright
O'er smiling valleys fair,
I watch the evening's wav'ring light
Diffuse the noontide glare.

But not by these is she compared
Is woman, lovely woman,
By all of Heaven's graces cared
Is woman, lovely woman.

O thou by whom this theme inspired
So graceful wanton carries,
I know by thee 'tis undesired,
And here my muse now tarries.

July 31, 1912

THE THROSTLE'S SONG

There breathes a wood wherein a tree,
Lifts up its form majestically
And in its tipmost branches there
A song bird sings with blithesome air.

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It is a songthrush and he sings
With choral sweetness as he swings,
And when I chance to pass that way
And listen to his lightsome lay
I must believe, do what I will
He has a mission to fulfill.

A harmony breathed in a note
Spun in a tilted throstle's throat
Has stolen from a simple heart
To scorn the voice that speaks of Art.

It left me in minute survey
Of all the thoughts at mind's display,
To wander on in flooded mood
In other paths of solitude.

ANOTHER YEAR

Another year and we shall meet no more,
The flowers that bloom beside the stream
Shall welcome stormy winter's frost and hoar
That once fed on so fair a dream.

April 8, 1909

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AT NIGHT

Oh lovely is the moon in trees
Kissed by the midnight's balmy breeze,
And lovely is the dewy rose
Sleep-rocked by wind in night's repose,
And lovely too, the clear-starred sky
Where nothing ever seems to die,
Yet lovelier far thou all of this
And sweeter far by one soft kiss
Is she, whose Life is my estate
Whose soul divine has been my Fate.

May 6, 1909

A RED BIRD SINGING

O Red Bird singing
On a tree bough swinging
When all my senses waken to the world like
a storm
Thou canst not bring
To the heart a spring
When the heart is dead from sorrowing.

March 5, 1911

SONNET TO A RED BIRD

*On hearing a Red Bird by my bedroom window
in early spring.*

I hear thee gentle Bird this early morn
I hear thee, hear thee with the gladness born
Of spring. The pulsing blood of youth outruns
The scarlet age. Wherein such fulness brings
A retrospection born of sadder things
And heaviness whose drug hath cloggèd suns.
I hear thee, hear thee and a joy returns
And momentarily through my Being burns.
Thou canst not bring old joys back again,
Thou canst not wake new hopes for old ones dead,
Thou canst not cease the anguish and the pain,
Thou canst not any of these do, for fled
Are they, like the gold youth that fleets away,
And all thy singing canst not make a May.

March 7, 1911

SUMMER AND AUTUMN

'Tis autumn once again returns
With sunset skies of purest gold
That round the Heaven's bosom burns
My Mary like it was of old.
O beaut'ous evening calm and clear
Ere darkness gathered round the scene
I gazed on the thee enraptured, dear
With little thought of Life's dark stream.

Thy look, Time cannot banish e'er
Nor mem'ry mar that sainted eve—
The Autumn prospect deep'ning drear
The cloud-like thoughts that parting weave.
O Mary in this human breast
One sacred spot shall ever be
The presence of an unseen guest
What thou wert, art, and still to me.

The Autumn corn lies gathered round,
The fields with purple light are sown
And autumn murmurs beat the ground,
Yet star-like thou art ever flown.
O Mary, Death cannot forget
That hour spent in parting love
The agony, the fever-fret
'Twill live eternal bliss above.

1911

THE ETERNAL DAWN

I woke when the bright, bright dawn
Struck on my sleeping eyes
Woke in a bright, bright world
Of beaming skies.

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Along the border of the world there swung a line
There molded from the breaking light
The sculpture of a hand divine
Of mighty-handed Might.

I followed in my breaking sleep
That ceaseless line
I followed till the boundless deep
Engulfed me.

Alone, upon the border-realm I stood
Of ceaseless Wind.
The vision of the world before
Struck clear along my mind.
It struck and pulsed this broken song—
This broken song
Upon my mind it pulsed along:—
“There is no night upon the Deep
No silent night—
No night of broken sleep—
No night that passes on—
No thing, but an Eternal Dawn.

GETHSEMANI

O bear in mind that sacred song
Come down through endless ages long,
Remember you, Gethsemani?
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

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Recall how late the hour had grown
He knelt beside the cold grey stone
And near him were the faithless three—
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

O bear in mind that sacred song,
Nursed carefully through ages long,
Remember you, Gethsemani—
“Could you not watch one hour with Me?”

THESE THOUGHTS

These thoughts like flowers above the grave
Bring back thy face to me;
Thy voice—like sunset on the wave
Across an ebbing sea.

A maiden fair—not more nor less
Than those round whom I move—
Ah something yet thou didst possess
The wondrous grace of Love.

November 25, 1911

WIND AND WAVES

Wind and waves and waters are
Companion pleasant-thoughttted
Their loves, their smiles, their glances rare
Too often pass unnoticed.

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November, 1911

AFTER READING EUGENE FIELD

The Heavens come down and kiss the hills
And the hills reach up to Heaven,
The depth of a child's heart, ah never fills—
'Tis likest seventy times seven.

December 7, 1911

COME O'ER THE SEAS

Come o'er the seas, come o'er the seas,
Come o'er the seas, my sweet Elinore,
There's a castle awaiting by the waves a-mating
On the rim of the wide seashore.

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Come sailing along, come sailing along,
Come sailing along o'er the highborn seas
Hearken the meeting—sweeter the greeting—
Thy coming through the mist I see.

The woods a-dancing, the woods a-dancing,
The woods a-dancing in the morning breeze
All the waves a-sighing, all the waves a-dy-
ing
And my Elinore far o'er the seas.

Come o'er the seas, come o'er the seas,
Come o'er the seas, my sweet Elinore,
How my heart's a-weeping, by the waves
a-leaping
On the rim of the wide seashore.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATURE ON LIFE

Just over the hills Heaven kisses Earth
The pale blue Heavens stoop and ever kiss
The Mother earth,—It has been since my birth
And ever shall be so—always a bliss.

O how far, far away that distant home
And I upon the low step of those hills
And in my youth the ranging blood to roam—
I rather Life should be as one—who wills.

It soon shall be the dark and I shall stand
Upon those fear-clad distant hills alone
I then would be as one who holds a hand
And rather now would wish to be led one.

A MEMORY

O do not ask tho' I should give,
Unhappy silence is not Love,
Tomorrow we must think and live
Today, tomorrow, aye must prove.

O do not let thine eyes implore,
Oh bitter tears are hard to see
The anguish and the closing o'er;
The fate that severs me and thee.

August 31, 1912

TO MISS —

'Tis thee alone mine eyes behold
Tho' others radiant round me throng,
'Tis thee alone can fire my soul,
Give to my heart its native song.

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O maiden couldst thou smile on me,
What raptures wouldst thou kindle here,
Within this breast, what pleasures be
To find the day to day more dear.

September 26, 1912

A MEMORY

She smiled on me as she stood there,
The sunlight on her face and hair
And O, the beauty and the grace
Of Heaven, in that smiling face.

'Twas likest even ere the sun
Has touched the deeps, while radiant one
Bright star hangs in a cloudy flame,
All nameless for the want of name.

July 22, 1912

TO MISS —

My Love, to thee alone, 'tis plighted,
My heart, by thee alone, 'tis knighted
No other can it pleasure give
For thee alone I dare to live.

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The smiling earth by morn arrayed,
Old Nature's seasons wide-display'd
Deep hold a place within my heart,
But thou alone fillest every part.

August 30, 1912

WOMAN

An island in a river and below
A bar of sand, and below, the yellow curve
Of a broad river flowing to the sea,
And stretching in a lazy length along
The musing stream, a low green sward that dipt
And dabbled dewy fingers from the marge,
And pacing there, a maiden making moan
Beneath the wild melodious moon that pierced
The river with its silver beams—

“Adown, adown, he will not come
Adown tonight. The yellow waves
Are sleeping in the light,
The silver moon is creeping from my sight.
Adown, adown,—why make my piteous moan
Beside a river flowing to the sea,
Away, away, forever in the night.
The night apace,—the stars—the moon—no more
E’en God and I—no more—not he—why dwell
Alone beneath the cold white sky?”

Then came
The morning sun, that fell among the drops
Flung from the night’s cool cup of wine that
 stained
The Heaven incarnadine, and edges hung
With purple hems—the dark-tinged streaks of
 Death.

An island in a river, and below
A bar of sand, and on the island stretched
Her lover in the ghastly sun, his face
Sweet-clothed in smile, and on the bar of sand
A little further down—a lesser form
And on her lips, and on her cheeks, the smile

That lurks when all is lost—below, the curve
The yellow curve of water sickened dead,
Beneath the burning sun, slow flowing down
Into the sea.

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I DREAM OF THE SOUTH

I dream of the South,
The beautiful South,
The South with its beautiful dreams;
I place in my mouth
A lute for the South
And blow to its winds and its streams.

I dream of that Land,
That beautiful Land,
The Land that is burning with Love;
I give to that Land,
From my hollowed hand
A sound like the croon of a dove.

I dream of my Home,
My beautiful Home,
Where all of my pleasures meet;
I have for that Home,
Beneath the blue dome,
A song that is cadenced sweet.

IN THE SHADOWS

There's a cradle in the treetops as they reach along
the lake

There's a shadow of that cradle in the wavelet's
playful break,

Where the water-trees at dawn like an infant
bud unborn

Lie sleeping in the shadows of the silvery mist
of morn,

Where the shadows of the evening creeping out
the scented west

Go slipping from each wavelet to the vale of end-
less rest.

See the golden in the sky, how it runs into a red
And a crushed heart of bleeding o'er the water
softly shed;

See the stain across the treetops, see the rushlight
fade to pink—

See it pale into a purple as the shades of evening
sink.

See the bosom of the clouds, make a rift of filmy
shrouds

And a blood-red shaft of sorrow through the
border swiftly sweep,

Leap across the border to the lake of sweet Repose
To the lake of mingled waters staining as it goes;
Leap across the waters with a grace unsandalled,
bold,

Out across the waters sinking softly to a close.

Love, steal across the waters, nay slip across the
rim

Nay hide within the shadows, and steal along
with them.

If singing in the shadows as they merge into a
robe
Let your song be one of Love, as you steal to this
abode
And I shall know your voice by its music under-
flow
As you drift among the shadows, sweet, singing as
you go.

NOTRE DAME

*Remembrance of a walk at night at Notre Dame
in June.*

O starlight on a summer's cloud,
O silver beams, O Heavenly crowd,
Of angels, weaving o'er this earth
God's glory round our humble birth.

Descend on me, let me receive
Thy precious calm, and on me leave
A grace, a glory, and a light
Like thine I now behold this night.

July 17, 1912

MY SOUL'S BRIDE

O the red, red lips of a rose I caught
In the verge of a vestal dawn
As I paced by the side, of my blushing bride
On a river-lit edge of lawn.
As I paced by the side, of my lovely bride
On the sweep of a lonely lawn.

O a dark, dark path in the grass was shed
Where we sank to the water's edge
And we stood on the brink, where the sun-
beams sink
Like a shaft in the broken sedge,
And we stood on the brink, where the sun-
clouds link
As they pour down a golden ledge.

O the wild, wild lilt of a note I caught
From the lips to a pearly lute,
Ah! those red-lying lips, with their passion
drips—
How my soul was at last burnt mute
By the hollow spun drips, of those throated-
lips—
And the cheeks by the pearly lute.

O a bleak, bleak path to the edge low lies
Where it slips by the running river
And my soul is now shut, like a foam-coiled
jut—
But the river runs on forever—
And my soul is now shut, like a bitter-worm
nut—
And will wake for its bride—oh never.

A MEMORY

Sweet falls the evening, and the dews descend
Upon those flowery paths and fragrant woods,
And closing dark, the gathering Heavens bend
When round those scenes with thee my
memory floods.

www.ibtool.com.cn

The early evening wanderers fill the sky
The distant rising trees foretell a gloom
The swelling anguish in my bosom, high
All, all are aspects of an ordered doom.

July, 1912

THE YEARS

The years that slip from silence into shade
Are left to me, the quiet even years
In which they face starlike is set, inlaid
With marble thoughts to chill the human fears

July 17, 1912

TO MY MOTHER

O Death, touch not that meek sweet flower
I charge thee Death,—harm not that gem,
It guarded me in every hour—
And wouldst thou crush that slender stem?

www.libtool.com.cn

Her voice hath taught my lips to pray,
Her hand lay on my throbbing brow,
Her heart hath been with me alway
And dost thou think I'll leave her now?

Her form hath waited at the door
Whene'er my footsteps lingered long,
My heart enriched and hers made poor
And all that I can give—a song.

No broken song that I might give
Would last or live—but soon dissever
The tribute I must pay, is live
That I may live with her forever!

O Death, touch not that meek, sweet flower
I charge thee Death—harm not that gem
Yet, when thou must—may that sad hour,
Keep fresh my soul like some sweet hymn.

SILVER DREAMS

Pale blue dreams that sleep about the silver moon
Float and sleep, float and sleep,
Softly, softly, tiny stars with silver shoon
Only peep, only peep,
Silver dreams all hidden in the elfin moon
—*Elfin moon*

Sweetly sleep, dark troubled breast, O sweetly
rest
Sleep nor wake, sleep nor wake
Love will steal to thee in milky opals drest
Breathe and shake, breathe and shake
On thy sleeping soul balm from the piny West
—*Troubled breast.*

Silver dreams, pale silver dreams, and paling
moon
Kisses press, kisses press
Love has shaken o'er thy soul a silvery swoon
Low, and less, low, and less,
Sleeping soul, O thou wilt live forever soon
—*Forever soon.*

1908

TO A TOAD

"On seeing a toad while sitting on the porch tonight."

Unsightly creature to the human eye

Just now projected on my thoughtless gaze,
Thou sittest there quite unobtrusive, shy
Amid the scanty grass and dying rays,
A toad! a loathèd thing! and some to think
That poison, malice, envy bear thy name
Unsightly evils drest, from which to shrink
Nor know of any virtue to reclaim.

Yet there is one, and I will be thy friend
Defend thee to the world; thou never did
Me harm, and I will vouch thou never hid
Thyself from Him who made thee to an end
In his creation plan, but serve full well
Thy place; that hideousness to me dispels.

July 8, 1912

FARE-THEE-WELL MY LITTLE LOVER

Fare-thee-well my little lover
We were met to part forever,
Sweet our meeting—like the summer
Pledging sighs where waters murmur.
Brief our love—as leaves here meeting
In the fall go palely fleeting,
Fare-thee-well, our lives must sever
Fare-thee-well, then go forever.

Fare-thee-well my little lover
Hands here clasped—unclasp forever,
Had we never met so lightly
We had never loved but rightly,—
We were met but to be parted
Life is sweeter—broken-hearted.
Fare-thee-well, our hearts must sever
Fare-thee-well, then part forever.

One soft press, my little lover
Ere we part and pass forever,
We were met but to be fated—
It were weakness to part hated;—
Thine be ev'ry showered blessing
Life's enjoyments all possessing
One soft press my little lover
Fare-thee-well, then go forever.

1908

THE WAND'RING SEASON

The wand'ring season once again returns
'Tis Autumn in her yellow weeds, that mourns.
The distant prospect round unfolds the eye,
The gathered corn, the stubble-field and sky:
The rust'ling leaf betrays the hapless wood
Where late the flow'ry bank of summer woo'd,
While o'er the plain the distant rising moon
Lifts chill and cloudless through the closing gloom,
Yet dark, as e'er the scene around impress
My bosom's anguish darker still than this.
Some hope attends upon the gloomy scene
The winter past 'tis spring—and flowers again;
But O, terrific as my bosom fires
In darkest night 'tis doomed and soon expires.

July 8, 1909

GOODNIGHT

Goodnight! and should it be goodnight forever
more

Wouldst Thou remember me,
With thee, I found inhab'table Life's rayless shore
And sang at www.Destiny.com.cn

July 29, 1909

SCOTTISH DIALECT

Misfortune's face sae dour and lang
Hangs o'er me like somebody;
I maun bid her gae alang
And I'll gae to my todgy.

The ugly hussie glowrin stan'
Aboon my shouther wa'
I maun charge her with my han'
To gae wi' sic a fall.

But oh misfortune hang aboon
Howe'er we sputter-fume,
Come, early, late, she'll come, or soon
Contentie wi' sma' room.

July 15, 1909

THE COTTON NOW IS BLOOMING

The cotton now is blooming, o'er all of Dixie land,
The darkies now are singing to banjoes in their
hand,

'Tis eve within the cabin, the moon shines from
the door, www.libtool.com.cn

On all the fields 'tis flooding, as in the days of
yore.

*O take me back to Dixie,
O leave me in that land,
To close my eyes in Dixie
Amid that happy band.*

The whippoorwills are calling, O calling far and
wide,

The pickaninnies dancing, in dusk of eventide,
And O my heart is turning to Dixie land, I love
And on my head is falling, the dew from Heaven
above.

CHORUS

*O take me back to Dixie,
O leave me in that land,
To close my eyes in Dixie
Amid that happy band.*

TO —

Where art Thou now my lovely bride,
No more shall I see thee;
Wilt Thou no more by me abide
Where once thou loved to be.

The waves of Love were mine to give
And thou the bosomed shore,
No more do I desire to live
Since thou art mine no more.

January 16, 1909

THE YEAR IS DEAD

The year is dead, the dear old year
And at its bier, I stood beside
And marked its death, and brusht a tear
And sighed, and sighed, and sighed.

ON READING TENNYSON

Men in their prime,
In every clime,
Forging the world to God.

Oh for some longed, and distant voice to come
And pipe amid this world a Peace of Song
And melt the tears fast chilling in my breast
And cease
The wild, wild wrong.

January, 1911

REFRAIN FROM KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

Why art thou silent, O my heart,
Why art thou silent, must we part!
O Love will come when least we know
And like the faded roseleaf blow
When summer wanes, and we are left
Rude, passionless and all bereft.

November 9, 1911

COMMEMORATION

This is the fairest day that ever bloomed
In any land or clime;
The fairest of them all, and unassumed,
The glory and the prime.

www.libtool.com.cn

'Twas on this day that thou and I were met
And face to face we stood,
And I gazed in on thy soul's loveliness
And felt the power of good.

There is a love that does not die with Death
Nor ceases, but moves on,
Conceived with all the soul's immortal breadth
Belovéd such was one.

And when the years have ceased their surging
roll
And death shall tide the main,
Thou still shalt find the haven as of old;
One Love shall still obtain.

March 8, 1911

A BEAUTIFUL DAY

O lovely day, still lovelier yet
The flowers, sun, and thy sweet face
Up-smiling, in a land thick-set
With dreams, and filled with Heavenly grace.

www.libtool.com.cn

The hard hand toils, the mind dreams on
The spirit falls, the heart inclines;
But lovely day, thou still my own—
I somehow to the rest resign.

October, 1912

A MEMORY

O thou to whom my heart is given
Thou every joy this side of Heaven,
I, wandering here, still, still adore
And agonizing Fate implore.

Thou unloved sun that seeks the west,
Thou wandering bird to night address,
Thou barren sky, thou leafless tree,
I mourn a hapless fate with thee.

November, 1912

TO MISS — SINGING

I heard her sing and Life and Death
Both vanisht from the earth. I climbed
The heights to Heaven, amid a wealth
Of bright emotions sweetly twined.
December 3, 1912

A MEMORY

These little things were thine my love,
These household cares, thy touch
Was here, and here thy form did move,
O that I loved so much!

This daily bread, O thanks be given
To Him that giveth all!
It hath a sweetness likest Heaven
I thought 'twould be like gall!

December, 1912

SACRED HEART CHURCH

One grey tower rising to the sky
A golden cross
Anchored in the clouds.

Eight grey spires lifting not so high,
Sentinels to
That tower in the sky.

Four pinnacles rearing nobly by
The tower clock
Chiming to the clouds.

Two steeples, twins, standing nigh
Outposts and grey;—
Relics draped in shrouds.

Grey walls, rising stone o'er stone, on high
Parapets in story—
Sacred Heart, and sky—

ONE TRUE HOME

Man hath but one true home, the grave
There all his sorrows blend,
There o'er him flowers silent wave
To mark his end.

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There in his sable mantle clad
His joys all-crowned at last
Forgot the whirring world, and mad
Forever past.

There wintry winds blow cold and keen
He sleeps, nor feels them not,
There satire from the tongue and pen
Increase his lot.

Let Fortune smirk above thy sod
Secure beneath, thou rest
Await the reveille of God
Amid the blest.

November 25, 1911

WHERE ARE THE HOPES

Where are the Hopes that once were mine?
As rose leaves shattered by the wind
Within the tomb of dying year
My Hopes, my dreams, in sepulcher.

www.libtool.com.cn

Forgive not any hand that harms
The first red rush of youth disarms;—
Alas for youth! so nobly bred
That it must come to a bowed head.

December 8, 1911

BONNY WAS THE HOUR

O bonny was the hour
And bonny was her een,
And happy we were then,
As any twa hae been.

Now winds come frae the deep,
And sleep o'er waters, dreary,
That Death seems one to greet,
Since thou art no my dearie.

March 9, 1912

FRAGMENTS

I

Thy passing like a shadow fell
Upon my soul—ah it were well
That thou and I hadst never met
Since Love must leave us fever-fret
And fears—no—welcome is it all.—

II

Thou art a soul on visions fed,
That shimmers with translucent light.

III

What semblance dost thou claim to me—

IV

What summer meets the visioned dream—

V.

The light that breathes immortal flowers.

VI

Speed swiftly night the hour
When we shall meet again
Love breathes on me a dream
With balmy sweets of pain—
The violet drinks of dew
Night winds kiss still the leaves
The stars—

VII

Thy presence to my senses brings
Sweet dreams such as night discloses
In—

VIII

October! when thy sad raiment draws
Low musical mourning from the deep
Intonal measures of my soul
At that strong Power which makes thee weep.

www.litpool.com.cn

IX

Frail flowers—sweetness was thy loveliest
charm.

X

Thou art as an unseen Power singing—
Thy voice through my soul is winging
Its spiritual flight—

XI

November cold and chill, thou breathest melan-
choly—

ONE BY ONE

*On reading of the death of aviator, Eugene Ely,
at Macon, Georgia.*

One by one they go
Swiftly and silent pass
Each to his grave below,
A crushed and broken mass.

Heroic souls that dare
Man's conquest to prove
A vision, attendant rare,
Lures with a fatal love.

Their names, blood-carved in glory
Flame—fills the western sky,
The crags age-stained and hoary
Alone, with these shall die.

October 19, 1911

KIND THOUGHTS

Kind thoughts from natures blest like thine
Are simple things that breathe true Love
And like the stars encircling shine
Within the world in which I move.

www.libtool.com.cn

The gifts of God—the smiles, the tears
Of Life, the sunshine and the calm
Were thine, to still the human fears,
Yes, simple things, but O their balm.

January, 1912

I HAD A WISH .

I had a wish but that is past
I had a dream—'tis now no more
Both vanisht, and a closing door
Rings in my ear, a world's outcast.

Outcast! not one to bless, not one
To greet with smiles, and happy tears;
The future full of bitter years!—
My vine a withering in the sun.

December 8, 9, 1911

THIS SPOT

*In memory of Sunday evening, May 30, spent
with three girls from Trinity, beneath these trees,
beside this brook.*

www.libtool.com.cn
This spot last held thy matchless grace,
Here I saw last thy beaut'ous face,
Ere we were parted since.

This brook that now its channel frets,
And rising round the greensward wets,
And whistling birds, bring deep regrets
In truest Love's defense.

June 4, 1909

THE FIELDS ARE GREEN

The fields are green, ah very green,
The birds rise whistling once again,
But round my heart the floods have been
Since last I wandered o'er this plain.

Where art thou now belovéd soul
What haven of rapt'rous joy is thine,
There music must forever roll,
And there must love be love divine!

June 12, 1909

A GLORIOUS DAY

*A bright glorious sunshiny day, of wind and sun,
and trees and youth. In memory of a picnic party
with three Trinity girls.*

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O youth, thou art a glorious thing,
With strained nerve and lovelit eye
With bated breath and wearied sigh,
Alas, why must thou die!

O heart, heart, heart
Beat, beat, beat
A thousand throbs in one
Of love, and Hope, and Hope and Love
And Life so sweet begun,
Fair youth *shall* never die!

May 30, 1909

BROKEN GLEAMS
JUST WHERE THE MOON CLOUD-
HIDDEN BEAMS

At night watching the moon high in the south.

O come again thou lovely moon
Go not behind the clouds,
I love thee in the open sky
Not draped by murky shrouds.

I watch thee glide through broken rifts,
A moment lighting all,
Thou reignest in the balmy night
Queen star, immortal!

June 1, 1909

MOLLIE

There's none has charms like Mollie
If she could only love me,
I'd feel myself divine
As angels are above me.

I asked to be her lover,
She said I might deceive her,
I'm sure if I could win her,
I'd never think to leave her.

June 2, 1909

TO MISS —

The charms of mind of womankind
Are centered all in thee,
Those graces rare that make us fair
In thee do all agree.

www.libtool.com.cn
The Pleasures bright that all delight
Wherever they may go
Do meet in thee and happy flee,
In glances to and fro.

The tender cares, that woman bears
With sweet gentility
Are thine alone to gift a home
With deep simplicity.

December 30, 1912

TO THE SEASONS

Swift be thy messengers of flight, O Time,
Swift be they now,
The seeds that soon to azure bloom shall blow
Are lockt in rime
And snow, and frost, and hoar, Descend O Thou
And swift unbind
Their fastness, tell the sphered-music rhyme
Of Spring shall flow.

Most musical of seasons, thou behind
The midnight one,
They come, each trailing glory like the sun
To thee, yet blind
Soon shall they lead thee forth in unison
O'er all the earth,
To fill with Life all things—O pregnant wind
They come, they come!

Swift be thy messengers of Death, O birth,
Too, soon descend
And half-inclining let the poppy bend
To drowsy mirth
And all her sisters round her sleepy wend
With nodding eyes,
Till kissing folded in the arms of earth
That be their end.

January 21, 1913

SITTING IN THE SUN

This day is calm, and warm, and on me falls
An influence that creeps into my blood,
And feeds the impulse of a Being, tuned
In mind, and soul, to all that lies about.
I sit here and a breeze, not more than known
Now wanders in the leaves, and sounds far off
Come droningly within my ear, I hear
The cicada high-winding from the tree.
But o'er these feelings here imprest by sense
Is one, impressed by silence and the sun
Upon my person in this noonday heat,
My mind expands, and the invisible
Influences that Nature doth invoke,
On those who love her and who will receive
Her nurturings are mine, a thousand fold,
They lift me by a reverence to thoughts
Of high conceptions of a universe
Involved, of duty, and of man, and God.

October 18, 1912

BENBOW

*On seeing a postcard sea scene, of a child at a
window watching a ship, on a chill day.*

When ships came in across the seas
And on the western window panes
The sunset weaves, its wintry sheaves,
Then O my heart for homeland grieves.

The storm far reaches in the night
And roaring, wastes its fitful spite,
Then blazing round the ingle bright
Ah, happy is the happy night.

But Oh! some pain with these must go
When dreaming, homeward points the bow
And sunset shadows still the glow
Of faces at the old Benbow.

October 8, 1911

THE SILVER CHORUSED BELL

I

O that you were full
Of stony-hearted deceit
When I had crowned you Queen
Crowned you above the sordid beat
Of Time!

II

The dream I held in my heart of you
Was nobler than my inner self.
I saw the passions of the baser man
Become the light of purer laws.
I saw your glory like a crowning-star
High overhead, through span on span
Of the mystically woven gossamer.

III

O wert thou crowned in Heaven,—
Stray beam from a broken star!
Or art thou one of the wandering sev'n
That thou mayst make or mar?
So I should rage with anger—
Discharge a bitter speech
Curse thee and the infant thing
And say that the curse had healed the breach;
Curse thee and thine forever
'Till the sun is drowned in the stars
And nothing is left that ever
Was human, or blacked by human desires.

IV

The whole night long the marshland sleepers
waking
Call after call announce that Spring is breaking,
O will the world not ever drink its fill
Of the great spirit-feeding Master-will!

Year after year the gentle swelling fills
My heart, my hopes, the bosom of the hills,
I feel the south air rushing warmer, warmer,
It fans my cheek and onward stronger, stronger,
Do all my pulses beat till I no longer,
Upbraid them for her many-wintered slumber.

V

The year is mellow in the bud,
The honeywafted spray of spring
Falls round me like a gentle flood
And Letheward all my fancies wing.

It is the soft reverbrant spring
When buds and blossoms waking
White cheeks to cheeks in kisses cling
In tendernesses mute,
When the rain-washed wild cherry bloom
Is one delicious long perfume,
And every milk-veined chalice holds a tear.

VI

Just now a bee came wandering in
My casement window
With the soft breeze of spring.
I watched its pond'rous bulk

Poised on so delicate wing
Here seeking for the flower—
I marvelled that so little thing
Was close onto a Power!

VII

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Why am I, such a paltry thing—
Littler than the worm, that crawls
Why must I here bruise and beat my wings
Behind invisible walls?
One moment in the light I seem to stand
And then a darkness comes o'er sea and land,—
My Life is full of murmuring
And I am such a little thing
That I have sometimes wished to break
The half-worn strand.

VIII

What is this Spirit feeding
The brain and every living fibre?
O will we never know; it moves
Like fiery floods along my veins
It smiles on all the pure heart loves
It pleases or it pains.
In the long years gone by
In the long years to come
The glory and the dream
Has been, will ever be the same.
O Christ who promised much
Our lot is a little thing
Lighted only by the touch
Of thy great suffering.
Ah Christ! if we
Could only for a moment cling
To some departing soul!

IX

I whispered to the great oaks
That shade our favorite walk
I love her, love her, love her,
Will she prove false! false! false!
The wind among the leaves
Echoed, false! false! false!
But I will not leave her
For all their pattering talk.

X

It has left me better, stronger,
That weak passion is no longer;
Nothing now could move me ever
Not an angel starred in Heaven
Incense-smiling, breathing-rapture,
Passion-clasped, nor Time to sever
Us here, or in the long hereafter.

XI

O heart of mine that's waking
Thou shouldst be slumbering low,
Why art thou dreaming of the laurel
When thy true love is the pine bough.

O hearts that lie in sepulchres
Like bleached and whitening bones,
Where were your own true loves
When ye were hearts of stones?

XII

O it were sweet if it were love
And not this foolish flaunting,
If in my brain 'twere interwove
With all its madness haunting.

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If she were not a bold deceit
With ample feelings turning,
If she were not a roguish cheat
With red-lip passion burning.

If it were love with mellow surges
Like slow sweet spring arising,
When the whole Being melts and merges
Our souls were one devising.

Ah! fool at heart, and maddish dream
The babble and beguiling,
Yet it be true if it but seem—
The clouds of shadow smiling.

My folly prates,—when youth and hope
The blood and spirit mingling,—
Recall to action and the scope
Of the new-world near, tingling.

XIII

I held thee in my heart, my coral rose,
I kissed thee in the eve, at night
And first when the Love-star goes
To sleep in the arms of her own true Love
I kissed thee,—I loved thee with all my
might.

XIV

A college full of girls
And I see them every day
And she the fairest of the happy rout,
She the Queen with downcast pout,
With baby smiles and eyes of softest blue,
She was a cheat out and out—
She the fairest of all the girls—
She a cheat,—they are all cheats, I say,

XV

I gave my heart's sincerest thought;
I held it honor due to Love
My heart was ruined—traplike caught
Yet I am what I dare to prove.

XVI

I gave my heart's divinest blood
To flesh my soul's supremest dream
Could it prove less a ruining flood;
I deemed it all that it might seem.

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XVII

One silver-chorused bell has been my fate
Whose beauty like a star-dilate
Communioned with my soul,
Slow-sapped the manhood strength I bore
So left my spirit galled and sore,
To heal a better whole.

XVIII

Tonight I watched the full moon rise
Slow-burning through the clouds,
Far to the South, low in the sky,
It seemed to promise much of good,
O will it ever be
The world as I could wish
Then I should feel again her own sweet blood
Warm me to Life and Hope!

Spring, 1909

COLUMBIA

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Aeolian I awake
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell
Thy harp Columbia, let me take
BURNS—

Columbia stands! see where she stands
Surrounded by her Empire floods,
Her Liberty enlightening lands
Her Freedom-born majestic moods!
Behold her, scattered sons of man
To every clime address!
Behold Columbia half the Heavens scan
The Virgin Empress of the West!

You British lords of Earth
Who strove to force the tyrant's chain
About her infant throat
While yet within the cradle of her birth,

Who since have laughed to scorn her will
Behold her now, behold Columbia's train
And scorn your fill!

II

Columbia see! Columbia sweet.
There, o'er the waters stealing
From every nation Freedom's feet
To thy protection reeling!
Receive all with thine open arms
Their life-blood is a glorious thing
Ten thousand fold shall be the charms
In tribute they to Thee shall bring!

III

Not thine the fore-lord songs of old
Nor thine a rotten-blooded line
Nor customs warped; but Manhood's arm
and bold
Strong-shadowing thy snowy side
In youthful, mighty prime!

IV

Unwedded Goddess of the Eagle Realm
Enthroned within the beams of thine own
burning rays,
Keep thou thy starry throne serene
In virgin-glory lovéd Queen
Alone, stand, stand alone
Thou wast not born a despot's slave,
Thyself alone canst dare to brave;
Stand, stand alone.
Remember thou wert once a prey to spoil

Think not those hands would now disdain to
soil,
Stand, stand alone, thyself alone canst save!

Let other nations twine their arms in Love
To bear the sacred olive Peace
But thou keep! thou thy nest a brooding dove
She is the fitter emblem, of thy Love's in-
crease.

Columbia fair!
Thy proudest boast is not in vain!
See gathered round thy emblem of the skies
Thy children chanting harmonies
Of one true Paradise!

Land of the free, heart-home of the brave
Far-stretching fair, from wave to wave,
From summer suns to northern storms
Thy rock-bound valleys safe in alarms,
O never let injustice creep
Beneath that banner streaming high
But bid it eagle-oared forever sweep
The oceans of the sky!

Ye Heavenly Powers that dwell above
In unison both great and strong,
Who judgest man for acts of Love
And subtle dark intriguing wrong!
Whose strength, and guidance I implore!
Thy blessings on Columbia I invoke:—
Give her thy justice, stern, unbending ire,
Teach her thy mercy's unavenging stroke,
Her children thrill with patriotic fire
To guard, defend, against Oppression's yoke!

And O, forget not, in thy grace divine,
To teach them when they sing Columbia's
praise
To chant her Glory, as the will of thine
That she may ever be revered and long her
days!

Nov. 16, 17, 18, 1909 www.libtool.com.cn

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

The summer sun shall woo again the flowers
Gay-spreading in the fields and balmy bowers,
But thou alone shall greet the rising day
While far from thee forgotten I must stray.

O nevermore to see thy face again
That charms me still within the midst of pain,
Far, far away no wandering thought shall be
Though I should sometime wish a thought from
thee.

May 28, 1909

TO POESY

O Poesy! sweetest child of Heaven
Divine in every lineament,
Thou whom to mortals once art given
Art Life and God and pure Content
To gaze within thy beamy eyes,
To touch thy velvet—

SONNET

The gladsome beauty of the season wakes
Along the streams, the bees are driven down
The gale to many a tufted bloom in brakes,
Far widely strewn; I hear the piping clown
His oaten lute make draw all Nature sounds
Where waters murmur in the afternoon,
All sunny in the dancing eddy rounds
Till swelling past they die with swoon on
swoon.

Too late; the season soon shall wake to find
The cheek of Love as fair as the soft wind
That winnows through the golden hair of Spring
No more, a melancholy grief shall bring
On arbor, fruit tree and the vine, a deep
Autumnal color while the dancers sleep.

INSPIRED BY MISS —

If there's a spot on earth that's Heaven
'Tis woman's breast when man is driven
By every storm Life's ocean wilds
'Till to a silent fate he yields.

His strength, his stay, his guardian child
Her Faith unbounded dark eyes mild.
Uplifts again the glorious plan
The Godmade, fearing, humble man.

GLIDE ON SWEET RIVER

Glide on sweet river as ye will
But O my beating heart be still,
And on your bosom sunbeams play
But winter frosts be mine in May.

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Fair flowers bloom above the stream
And blushing deeply, deeply dream,
Ye birds from leafy bowers make call
But let me be where dead leaves fall.

NOW STORMY WATERS

Now stormy waters round me rave
And silent close above my grave
I have, nor Hope, nor Life, nor health,
Not e'en the cursèd smile of wealth.
O might some Love on earth be found
To still the thoughts that piercing wound,
O through and through my breast they drive
Till I might wish to cease to live.

O he who sings, can never still
The beating of his guilt or ill;
Some others smiling round declare
The basest hearts are free from care.
But he alone, the poet soul
Is made to weakness and control,
A moment driven into hell
And then in Heaven he seems to dwell.

INSPIRED BY MISS —

I sing of spring, and flowers, and earth,
Of sunshine, and of joyous mirth,
Of sorrows, and of broken hearts
And Faith that heals the broken parts.

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And Peace like that within the sky,
When robes of even drifting high
O'er all the western world are flung
Is mine, that this sweet Fate has sung.

THE HOLINESS OF LOVE

Serene and beautiful our lives
Here in this high and holy place,
Inwoven here by Paradise
And suffering and grace.

O WHY SHOULD I

O why should I give way to care
And agonize in wild despair,
This fleeting breath rolls through its gate;
Each flower blooms to meet a Fate.
O dark my bosom wildly rave,
While stormy waters round me lave;
The parting eye no dream hath ever
Returned of hope of Love forever.

Still deep the simple current flows,
Where woodland flower faintly blows
By castle wall or steep on steep,
Down murm'ring onward to the deep.
Is there no hope to fallen given?
Is there no rose that buds in Heaven?
No rising morn when darkness clings?
No Peace for anguish, being brings?

ONLY THE DEAD SHALL RISE

Only the dead shall rise,
Only the broken-hearted sing
Only in Paradise
Is there release from suffering.
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My tears have lightened not
The woes of heart I darkly feel,
I must abide my lot,
And this is all I know, to kneel.

Time heals not any wound
Only a change comes o'er the heart,
The balm, we dream 'tis found,—
O see again the bleeding start.

Only the dead shall rise
Only the broken-hearted sing
Only in Paradise
Is there release from suffering.

COMPOSED WHILE PLOWING

The flowers are spreading through the grove
The birds are singing from each tree,
The whole of earth is whispering Love
But no one whispers love to me.

There's not an eye that flashes fire
There's not a face that smiling brings
Another wish to my desire,
Or light the gloom Life round me flings.

INSPIRED BY MISS —

A rose of loveliness she came,
And round her glowed the health of youth,
And dark her eye with modest shame
Her look the godliness of Truth.

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INSPIRED BY MISS —

Through every grove the flowers are blooming,
And every fragrant bush doth tell,
That every heart some Love is wooing,
While Spring is dancing down the dell.

The birds from every bough are tuning
Their simple notes to artful lays,
While the soft breezes are pursuing
The violet with her tender gaze.

So I, sweet maid, these words am twining
Around thy wild inspiring name,
That thou may know my Love is binding,
However flickers fortune's flame.

INSPIRED BY MISS —

Ever loyal, ever Lillian,
These my thoughts shall always be
Till the dark, the drear oblivion
Of the grave shall close o'er me.

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Smiling eyes forcast the weather,
Hers, the steady beat and true;
Mine the resolution whether
I am man to meet them too.

Am I devil? am I man?—
Steal these thoughts, through all my
brain
Till I languish o'er the plan,
God ordained for our soul's gain.

Ever loyal, ever Lillian,
Noble words, if noble be,
Heaven opes above oblivion's
Shadows round the grave for me.

IN THE SPRING

O let it be in kindness said
Since we are parting now for aye,
The one last word be softly sped
While the spring-moon slow drops away.

1913

PREFACE TO PHILOSOPHICAL MEDITATIONS

The author of what is written in the following pages wishes to say that he has written independently. The thoughts there arose in his mind, they were pleasing and acceptable to him, and he jotted them down, and lately he has thought to publish them. His only defense of them is that they are true to his feelings.

March 17, 1913

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PHILOSOPHICAL MEDITATIONS

BEGINNING

To my mind the proper study of Philosophy should begin with the examination of those things first, with which [it is vitally concerned](http://www.vitality.com.cn). Order is the rule of existence. So the consideration of Philosophy should begin with the least postulate, and rise by order through reason to the highest evidences of human intellect and conception.

Void was in the beginning. So I think the Philosopher who considers the relation of mind in man, and God, should return to the vaguest reality of existence. All knowledge is from experience. Now the vaguest reality I can return to, by the only way in which I can know anything (*viz.* experience) is nothing. That which *is not*, and *is*. In seeking the vaguest reality of self, through experience of the least, which it can perceive concerning itself, the mind reverts to the state of nothing as far as is possible. Now I hold it true, as being a proposition that is and cannot be, at the same time, that the mind cannot relegate itself to an absolute state of nothing, by virtue of the fact that to do so would deprive it of the power to do so, *viz.* nothing being a state of non-existence, the mind in that state would have no experience, it would annihilate itself, which would be a paradox. Experience is concomitant with existence only.

Then the nearest approach to its original source, the mind can obtain is marked by its nearest approach to nothingness, or to that state which was its before it came into existence, which I think as far my knowledge has experience, to be in the mind of God.

Now, as I conceive, the proper manner in which to approach this state is to divest the spiritual nature of its physical one. The clouds then that hover about our mortal sight, will be dissipated, and the soul will stand on a mountain of vision perceiving all things, that are within the power of human comprehension. The soul will perceive there the Alpha and Omega of known human existence within the limitations of finite conceptions. Nor to me can the mind of man rise above this, for here the intellect perceives the Heaven from whence it comes, and understands its future abode. The soul rises like a star, communes with its Maker on the inaccessible heights, and floats through eternity like a mist over chaos. In this state the mind is awake, through soul-perception of an Infinite. This soul-perception is the first evidence of known existence. Since this is soul-perception we may ask, what is soul? Soul as I conceive it, is the manifest will of God, involving all human attributes. More than this I cannot perceive until God reveals his nature. Perception here is used in the accepted term, of what ever comes into the mind that the mind

acknowledges of having received, by virtue of its admission. This, I think, completes the discourse on Beginning.

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LIFE

Now that our ship has been built and rigged, let us launch it, and venture forth on the great sea of Life. Let us unfurl the sails of thought and wafted by the breezes of imagination make for every harbor and cave about this illimitable sea. These waters are lighted by God, and if we will gaze, always standing in the shadow, His light will penetrate every crook and inlet, every cavern and dark passageway, spill itself over every forest and green shore, so wonderfully, that no labor shall be ours, but to jot down the beautiful things we see, their fitness and harmony, their sweetness and reasonableness.

If on the contrary we sail into this Light, we cannot but lose our bearings, to drift wanderers, until stranded upon some barren island of human persuasion, our ship battered and scarred, our sails riven, hopeless and helpless, to remain forever there within the narrow confines of uninspired reasoning.

The beginning of all Philosophy is Life. When I consider Life I seem to see something as in a dream. Life is the greatest of all phenomenon and upon application of my mental powers to it, all other phenomena passes away, and it is left alone for me to observe. And upon observation of it steadfastly building, from that place where I stood before, still on without rest, until death,

do I think of a man as educating himself.

It is the duty of the Philosopher to observe Life, and to set down his understanding of its source, its modifications, influences, and governance, in fact all that the mind is capable of perceiving about it. It is the duty of the scientist to analyze it, to study its growth, development, in other words, how it maintains its existence.

Of the origin and nature of Life, as I perceive it, I have spoken already. It is necessary now only to consider it. Anything that has power of reproduction, I consider to be alive, or to possess Life. Conceiving Life to be Principle involving agency of reproduction, I know of only two distinct forms of life, Active Principle, and Conscious Active Principle. For general consideration these may be called respectively, Plant Life and Animal Life. This diagram will not be uninteresting perhaps.

PLANT LIFE	ANIMAL LIFE	RATIONAL CONSCIOUS ANIMAL LIFE
Trees Flowers etc.	Horse Cow Sheep etc.	Man

Man I consider to have rationality in addition to being Conscious Active Principle.

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PRINCIPLE

It will be noted that in the paragraph on Life, I spoke of Life as being Principle involving agency of reproduction. Now there is, I think, a lesser Principle in existence, ~~than the one~~ involving agency of reproduction. I call it the Principle of Sustentation. It is no less of the will of God than the Principle involving agency of reproduction, it being the principle underlying the universe. It is in all non-self-reproducing matter. In stones, earth, water, fire, it is the Spirit of Pregnancy which sustains this universe, and, I conceive the final dissolution of the Cosmos to be no more than the withdrawal of this sustaining will act from the world, and, upon its withdrawal, I believe the earth will dissolve and chaos be. Now I would not have you infer as you might, from my ambiguous writing, that this lesser Principle, is different in kind from the other Principle heretofore spoken of. On the contrary, it is of the same source, of the same kind naturally, only different in degree and quality.

UNDERSTANDING

It is necessary before we can perform any action, physical or mental, that we receive, or consider an idea priorly received, within the mind. It seems then if I were to consider Philosophy in its true order, I should here, or heretofore have considered ideas, or if I consider understanding to be the first of human attributes, as I do, I should have considered it, in the paragraph on beginning. As it is of necessity concomitant with beginning it should be treated so beyond doubt. That is true. Undoubtedly, I consider Understanding to be concomitant with beginning. But that it should be treated with it, I can see no reason for. Understanding is not of sufficient evidence unto itself of being concomitant with Beginning at its concomitancy. The growth of an individual is the growth of his Understanding. Understanding is a gift. It is the framework on which ideas are strung. I take it that none of us can form an opinion of understanding, until he has experienced something concerning it. I cannot recall any experience my mind has had with Understanding, that goes back of this:—I had no knowledge of understanding beyond the time it came into my mind's perspective, as a quality of my mind, and that its blending and ascent was imperceptible and natural, from which I reason now, naturally, and without obstinate question-

ing, that my Understanding was lodged with me as a gift concomitant with Life. To me the feelings are the surest guide.

Now as to Ideas preceding Understanding, that can hardly be, when it is necessary before Ideas exist, to have a dwelling place for them.

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IDEAS

We have come now to the greatest of all things relative to the phenomena of Life. Ideas fill the vale of Life with flowers. They bring sunshine, light and love. They please or they pain. They are a multitude, like the host of motes that give beauty and splendor to the rising sun. Without them Death is to be preferred. Without them we should be suspended between Heaven and earth, and more than this we should have no knowledge of it. The power of Ideas resides in Conscious Principle. Whence come Ideas? Of what is their complexion? Have they color or bulk, or anything that will identify them? Whence do they arise? Whence do they flow? How are they retained? This questioning might go on ad infinitum. It is not my purpose to search or advance, only to present what I know as though I were some instrument that gives forth music, as the fancies of creation wing their flight across its impressionable chords.

Of the ideas of which I write they are only as I have known them. They arise in me from thoughts, like winds upgathered to be transformed soon into beauteous flowers. I seemed to lie on the bosom of some Power and an idea came to me; I acknowledged it, and I had thought, I discarded it and I had reasoned, I accepted another,

and I had used judgment, and the involution was will.

I know of two kinds of Ideas. Ideas of substance and Ideas of Form. Those in the mind by impression of something, and those in the mind by previous impression, retained, and those through continuity of Ideas.

Now as to whence these Ideas come. Their evidence is made apparent through spontaneity. They arise as it were from the mere combination of human faculties admitting of them. There is one thing peculiar to them which I have noticed often. For instance, these very words which I write, the very paper before me, on which I write, the pen upon which I am gazing or whatever else that might be, that appears to my sight with the power of formulating an idea, that idea is of a sufficiency to start a succession of ideas, which, if followed will lead the mind gradually, imperceptible, or by bounds, always, inevitably though, higher and higher up from the Earth until it is occupied soon, with the thought of God, or a Creator or an Infinite.

Do Ideas have bulk, color, motion, or any other qualities of identification? I do not know it if they have. They are only to me evidences of mental perception. They are in the mind by impression, and remain there by retention. To me there was never an idea in the mind but what is there still if our mnemonic system were perfect.

INNATE IDEAS

There are no innate ideas. I reason thusly: If there were innate ideas there was never a time when there was not an idea. For if ideas be innate how can it be argued otherwise, than, innate ideas have existed ever since the soul was created, unless, it has been revealed that innate ideas come into existence in a body, at a certain time, or that the mind at a certain age is capable of recognizing them?

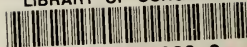
If innate ideas are concomitant with human creation, how do we know it, when we have no recollection of the first few years of our mortal existence? If they come in a body at a certain age, at what age is that? and how are we to distinguish them from other ideas? And who assumes the revelation? These questionings might go on, with never a satisfactory answer. And to say the least, if experience is the source of all knowledge, and experience confirms nothing in the matter of innate ideas, I think it injudicious and outside my conception of philosophical speculation, to profess a belief in them or do more, other than give them consideration, as I think the philosopher should do, of anything that has of worthiness enough, for his attention.

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