

HARRIET FRANCES BAILEY

POEMS

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To Marda,

With love from  
Fran's Mother & sister, Virginia.  
"MU 2"

*Harriet Frances Bailey*

**POEMS**



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## FOREWORD

These verses bear witness that Frances Bailey possessed a talent which, had she been granted a longer span of experience, might have been richly fruitful. But those who knew her cannot pretend to view them objectively or dispassionately. For us, to read them is to remember her, to miss her, and to be glad for what she was. I am very proud to think that I was not merely her teacher but her friend. It was as a young scholar rather than as a young poet that I knew her best. She was a brilliantly gifted student of English literature — accurate, perceptive, independent, trenchantly critical. All her essays displayed a remarkable sense of structure; she knew how to work among ideas. Her fine mind, however, was merely a part of a singularly sane, sweet, humorous, lovable personality. She was never obvious or flashy, but one remembers that when she smiled she “lit up” with the interior glow that means everlasting life. It is good to hear her voice speaking once more through these poems, which contain so much of her beautiful young spirit.

*Hoxie Neale Fairchild.*

Hunter College, (formerly at Barnard College).  
January, 1942.



Harriet Frances Bailey  
at the age of thirteen  
1918 - 1938

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## HARRIET FRANCES BAILEY

In the history of Martha's Vineyard the name of Mayhew has always occupied a prominent place. Six generations of this family, as clergymen and missionaries, instituted the religious culture of the Island which forms the basis of the characteristic Vineyard principle of today.

There is, therefore, a deep sense of justice and fitness in the honoring of a modern descendant of this famous family whose maternal line is Mayhew, and whose brief yet scintillating career so closely paralleled that of the famous Thomas Mayhew, Jr. Like him she attracted widespread notice and admiration through her work, and, like him, she was removed from the earthly scene while still youthful.

Harriet Frances Bailey was the daughter of Charles Ezra and Ida Mayhew Bailey, and was born in one of the older of the Vineyard Mayhew family homesteads on the North Road, Chilmark. In later years the place was known as Ravenhurst and its hills and rocky meadows, its low and inviting New England farmhouse, have inspired many of the poems which she wrote.

Her brief life, which ended at the age of twenty, was crammed with experiences. It was lived chiefly on Martha's Vineyard and in New York City where she attended St. Agnes Chapel School. She also attended Spring Valley High School, Spring Valley, N. Y., where she was awarded a scholarship from the Gould Foundation. She was graduated from Barnard College, Columbia University. At eighteen, and before she had completed her college course, she married Warren L. Dahl — a beautiful romance which seemed like the fore-ordained culmination to a career as brief but as beautiful as that of the wild rose which she loved.

Poetry and romance were in her soul from infancy, and directed by an intelligence far beyond her years, she wrote verse so mature that contributions made to publications of children's verse were returned with comment expressing doubt that a child could have composed them.

But the startling quality of her verse is its prophetic turn. From her earliest efforts unto the last, it is as though she could gaze into the future and knew what life had in store for her, as though she realized beyond all doubt that, although the extreme desires of life would be realized, yet her years would be few.

It is significant, too, in reading these sobering thoughts expressed by a little child and later by a very young girl, to note that there is neither bitterness nor sense of resignation in her verse. Rather it is an acceptance, with a joy that passes understanding, of a brief but clearly-ordered span of life, filled with obstacles that sometimes closely approach tragedy, but brightened by love and beauty and terminating in a transition to something so infinitely finer that there could be no regret in departing from it.

This verse is not religious. It possesses no hint of the philosophy taught by adults to children, but is, rather, the reflection of a keen, mature intelligence, capable of forming its own estimates and evaluations, of draining to the full the sweetness of the cup of life and even finding a pleasant flavor in its dregs. Though she neither spoke nor otherwise indicated such a belief, it is apparent now that she came into being, bearing a message to the world as truly as did her ancestors, with whom, in memory, she is now enshrined.

*Joseph Chase Allen.*

#### THE WIND

Oh the wind! Oh the wind!  
It scatters the seeds and the hats far and near—  
But the wind, let us say,  
Is a friend sincere.

#### SPRING

In the sunny days of Spring  
When the flowers their fragrance bring,  
Little birdies sing.  
Their voices ring.  
We will all say  
Come let us play!  
Let's spend a happy day  
Without a penny's pay!  
Oh, let's spread fun far  
For every one.

#### THE SKY

There lies the sky  
So fine and blue  
And many's the message of  
Love it sends you.

#### THE SUN!

Royal Sun!  
The sky's your castle.  
I have never seen your throne.  
Where do you hide your face in the night?  
You must be a great way off  
Tho' your light is very bright!

#### LITTLE STREAM

Oh, little stream, you ripple so,  
As on your way you flow.  
Your ships are leaves  
That fall from trees,  
When winds begin to blow.

## LULLABY

To Arthur

Oh, the moon is shining  
and the stars as well.  
The sandman has long gone by.  
Lullaby, Lullaby.

The river's singing, the  
flowers are asleep.  
And a little dream is waiting for thee.  
Lullaby, Lullaby.

## CITY LIFE

A city is a troublesome place  
With all its clatter and clank,  
With everyone going at such a quick pace  
And most of the children  
At some mischievous prank.

## BEAUTY

Thou art like unto a flower  
That bloometh in the sweet month of May.  
And thy breath more sweet than a flower's perfume.  
And thy step more light than the song of a bird  
Singing in the early day.  
Thou art like unto a flower  
Yea, and thy face more beauteous than a rose.  
And thy voice more soft than the summer air.

## LULLABY—To Arthur

Slumber on, my sweetest baby, slumber on  
To dreamland, where you'll stay till dawn;  
On across Drowsy Sea  
Where a fairy'll welcome thee;  
Slumber on, my sweetest baby, slumber on  
To Dreamland, where you'll stay till dawn.

Then she'll lead you to her castle of sleep  
And with perfume of slumber thine eyes she'll steep;  
And asleep you'll go, happy as a bee.  
Slumber on, my sweetest baby, slumber on.

## THE CLOCK

In our hall, firm and tall  
Stands a clock, that goes "Tick-tock."  
It stands against the old wall  
And if I listen, I can hear it talk.

Yes—I am sure I hear it say—every day  
"Do right, little girl, do right."  
In a little voice so light,  
Sometimes I ask "Oh clock, is that all you can say?"  
But it says nothing but "Do right, little girl, do right."

Robin, wake up, begin to sing,  
Sing your anthem to the Spring!  
Flowers sweet, awake,  
Apple tree, with blossoms gay the orchard make.

Grass, lift your head so green,  
Making the fields gay, but serene,  
For here is May,  
When all is gay.

When colored leaves are falling,  
Are floating thick and fast,  
When the South to birds is calling,  
Then Autumn is here at last.

When goldenrod is growing,  
As golden as the sun;  
When cool soft winds are blowing,  
You know that Autumn is come.

The earth is but a treasure box,  
For mortals to rejoice,  
List, for its treasures you may not know,  
A golden flute, the song-birds' voice;

Drops of gold, the buttercups;  
Diamonds, the shimmering dew;  
Silver, the glist'ning mountain-top,  
And think! It is all for you.

## THE HEART OF THE YEAR

Oh the heart of the year is springtime,  
 When the apple blossoms are pink,  
 And the dear little bluebird and robin  
 Pause on the brooklet's brink.

No: the heart of the year is summer,  
 While the golden sun shines down,  
 And the meadows and trees are green,  
 Nor does the winter frown.

Nay: the heart of the year is autumn,  
 When the apples are rosy and red;  
 And the leaves are beautifully tinted,  
 And yellow's the goldenrod's head.

No! The heart of the year is winter,  
 What with its glittering snow;  
 And the hail falling down from the heavens,  
 Lies on the earth below.

---

I have a secret to tell you,  
 A secret I'll tell thee soon,  
 And I'll tell it, I'll tell it always;  
 Under the sun or the moon.  
 The secret it is that I love thee,  
 The secret, you see, it is mine,  
 And that I shall love thee forever—  
 Ah—tell me that secret is thine!

---

When the day is over,  
 When comes the silver night,  
 All that bides in the silver sky  
 Is the moon with her golden light.

The twinkling stars, they help her,  
 They help her to rule the sky.  
 I often see them winking,  
 With one unsteady eye.

## DANCE OF THE ELVES

The elves are dancing to-night, to-night,  
 By the light of their Lady Moon.  
 Oh come in the moonlit garden,  
 For they'll be going soon.

The elves are dancing to-night, to-night,  
 To the song of the cricket gay,  
 Oh come and watch them queerly dance,  
 For they'll be gone at day.

The elves are dancing to-night, to-night,  
 They're dancing the dance of the fire:  
 And they leap and dance as the flames leap,  
 Yet higher, and higher, and higher!

## Part 2

The elves are dancing to-night, to-night,  
 And they drink of the cooling dew,  
 Oh come to the garden with me, dear,  
 Afore the dove wakes to coo.

The elves are dancing to-night, to-night,  
 While the laughing moon looks on—  
 But oh! they are gone from the garden,  
 At the first light streak of dawn.

(Note: Part one and part two of this poem were once separate poems, written at different periods of my eighth year. But it was thought better that they should be brought together.)

## MY FAVORITE ROAD

There's a winding, straggling road,  
 Where comes the hearty traveler with his load,  
 And sheep and cows  
 In meadows browse.

That beautiful road is very old;  
 That lovely road with its pebbles of gold,  
 Where shaggy bushes are all along,  
 Where sings the robin a cheerful song.

When the sky is sprinkled with stars,  
Where go the rushing flying hours?  
When the rosy morn does throw  
The hours, where, oh where do they go?

In summer's flowers and winter's snow,  
Where, oh where do the hours go?  
Whence, oh whence, do they fly?—  
Up and up, till they reach the sky?

Who knows, . . . Why not ask the clock,  
Only for answer comes "Tick-tick-tock".  
There must be a land of Ticky-tock  
Where the hours hide, neath a big, big rock.

#### FAIRIES

Fairies in the meadow,  
Fairies in the lea,  
Fairies in the woodlands,  
Everywhere you'll see;

But you may not see them,  
If you have a care,  
'Tis only if your heart is light  
That you may see them there.

Naiads in the fountain,  
Dryads in the tree,  
All will come to life—  
If your heart is free.

---

Over the hills in the springtime  
Over the hills and away.  
Over the hills on a springtime morn  
At the verge of a springtime day.  
Over the hills in the springtime,  
Over the hills and be free!  
Over the hills on a springtime morn  
It's over the hills for me!

#### THE MOON-WISH

I wish I had a little ship,  
With softest sails of white;  
A deck all filled with jewels,  
To sail, on a moonlit night.

I wish I had a dark blue sea,  
With sparkling waters light;  
Waves so calm, so soft,  
To sail to, on a moonlit night.

I wish I had a treasure-isle,  
With gold and silver bright,  
And piles of jewels, too,  
To sail to, on a moonlit night.

Now the moon I see is my ship,  
With whitest sails so soft,  
A deck all filled with jewels  
To sail so far aloft.

I see that the sky is the ocean,  
With sparkling waters light,  
To sail on, on a moonlit eve,  
To sail on at its height.

"HORIZON" I see is the island,  
With silver tints, and gold,  
To sail to, on a moonlit night,  
When the eve is old.

#### THE MOON

The moon is a silvery boat,  
On the dark blue sea afloat.  
Her pretty sails are far more fine  
Than any jewel that ever did shine.

All in the dark she sets a-sail  
With her lovely body white and pale.  
Oh! to whom does this ship belong  
The stars among?

All night she sails,  
And scarcely ever fails;  
But when the morning doth appear,  
She sinks away, as if in fear.

## LINDBERGH

Now a white eagle  
Darts through the sky :  
Seen but a moment—  
A speck up afly.

To its brave Captain,  
Praises we hand ;  
Crossed o'er the ocean  
To a different land.

Brave and undaunted,  
A pilot he proved,  
Worthy to be  
Respected and loved.

Welcomed in Paris,  
Unspoiled and true,  
Lindy, of America,  
We're proud of you !

Written June 10, 1927. Published in New York  
Telegram June 14, 1927.

All the world is sleeping,  
All the world at rest,  
And the little robins  
Dreaming in their nest.

See the owl flying,  
Lit by silv'ry star ;  
Purple are the mountains  
As they loom afar.

Black and sparkling river  
Flowing 'tween white sands ;  
Pale and jeweled moon-ship  
In the dark night stands.

Little fairies tiptoe,  
(I watch them from my bed)  
Until I dream of moon-boats  
And rest my weary head.

## DAY DREAMS

I often dream by day,  
Of wond'rous things to do or play,  
I dream of kings and castles high ;—  
I dream of dwarfs who in caves do lie.

My dreams are made by the river bank ;—  
I dream of soldiers who march in rank.  
I dream of silly things, too,  
By the river where the white doves coo.

I sat one night in the garden,  
To watch the bright moon rise,  
So soft and slow, and bright and still,  
It rolled into the skies.

As I sat there in the garden,  
The moon sent down its light,  
The flowers fair, so soft and pale,  
Looked up to the dark night.

The moonlight flooded my garden,  
The flowers all looked wan,  
The trees so dark, the shadows stark,  
Waved gently till the dawn.

Most people know the daytime,  
When the beaming sun is bright,  
But have your busy daytime,  
For I have known the night.

I looked out on Christmas eve,  
And saw a star so bright  
It nearly filled the heavens  
With the purely radiant light.

And I thought of the lowly shepherds  
That were lying on the grass,  
Who heard the angels singing  
Of the thing that came to pass.

And they journeyed to the Christ Child,  
Through all that weary way,  
And bowed to Him that lay there  
On the sweetly fragrant hay.

And thought of the Three Old Wise Men,  
 Who saw and lost the star,  
 And came to give their rich gifts  
 To the Child who lay afar.

## A TRICK

I went into the garden,  
 When the moon was shining bright;  
 I walked along the foot-path,  
 Under cover of the night.

I went to see the fairy folk,  
 That should dance among the flowers,  
 And I watched and waited keenly,  
 Thru two long night hours.

And I went disappointed,  
 To my own little cot;—  
 For I thought the elves forgetful,  
 They surely had forgot?

And just as I was settled down,  
 I heard the little elves,  
 Laughing and dancing,  
 And talking to themselves!

I know the loveliest garden,  
 Where the songbirds carol all day,  
 And the old stone wall with its ivy,  
 Is not yet crumbled away.

The roses growing so prett'y,  
 Are as sweet as they used to be,  
 And the lark, as he did long ago there,  
 Builds his nest in the old spreading tree.

Each flower, I think, smells sweeter,  
 Than it did so long ago,  
 And the breezes span it in summer,  
 And over the blossoms blow.

God bless that dear little garden,  
 By my mother's hand 'twas made,  
 And not for a hundred bags of gold  
 That garden would I trade.

## SPRINGTIME

The bluebird that carols in Springtime,  
 A right merry message he sings,  
 And over the green hills and valleys,  
 His happy and free song it rings.

The violets that bloom in sweet Springtime,  
 Their purple radiance shed,  
 And from the grass-green fields, then  
 The crocus lifts his head.

The trees that are budded in Springtime  
 Are whispering in the breeze,  
 As waving in the orchards,  
 They rustle their new leaves.

*Written for "The Bells of St. Agnes"*

## A PILGRIM

The road is weary, the road is long,  
 And ever I sing my doleful song;  
 "Oh I am a pilgrim, on I wander;—  
 Lo, there is a light up yonder!  
 No, it is a star so bright,  
 Over the world I go, and under,  
 Suffering storm, and cold, and thunder;  
 Oh, I'm a pilgrim without a home,  
 Ever, and over, and on, I roam!"

## AN HUMBLE BEAUTY

The red, red rose in the garden  
 Is beautiful, stately and fine  
 But the pink, wild rose in the meadow  
 Can talk to the whispering pine.

The red, red rose in the garden  
 Is magnificent and stiff,  
 But the wild rose knoweth the song of the brook  
 And the beauty of the cliff.

Oh, the red, red rose is plucked  
 Before the summer is gone,  
 But the pink, wild rose in the meadow  
 Can live her summer on.

## NEW YORK

I have so many thoughts,  
 I'll put them in a poem.  
 I'll tell you everything I know  
 Of my New York City home . . .

I see the crowded sidewalks;  
 The Avenues of gray,  
 And silly great brick buildings—  
 A place where I can't play.

And yet there are tall buildings  
 That seem to top the sky;  
 And parks where Nature's things are viewed  
 And just by walking by!

Then there are Museums  
 With oh! such lovely things!  
 Or statues of a famous queen  
 And pictures of great kings.

And so a city's not so bad  
 As it may seem to be;  
 Tho' its not so good as the country  
 With flowers on every lea.

## THE DREAM PEDDLER.

When I lie in my trundle-bed,  
 And rest on the pillow my drowsy head,  
 A figure looms in the dark of the night,  
 Lit by the silvery, pale moon's light.

'Tis the Dream peddler. He now has come  
 To sell me dreams in my little home.  
 These dreams are from the fairies sent,  
 But alas! the dreams are only lent!

For when the rosy morning comes,  
 And the birds all chirp and the humming bird hums,  
 My dreams are all forgotten quite,  
 My dreams are lent for only the night!

When I lie in my trundle-bed,  
 And rest on the pillow my drowsy head,  
 The Dream Peddler comes in the dark of the night,  
 Lit by the moon's pale, silvery light.

The little French Poppy was nodding his head,  
 Fresh in the dew; then he stopped and he said,  
 "Brother of mine, I do not understand;  
 Why do we grow in a far distant land"?

The brother replied with his face full of mirth;  
 "Was there ever a fairer spot on this earth;  
 With Chrysanthemums, roses, all flowers so fair,  
 All budding, and bursting, and cheering us there?"

The little French Poppy, he nodded his head,  
 Sweet in the sun, and he stopped, and he said,  
 "Brother of mine, I'm glad that I'm where  
 The sun streams down on a garden so fair."

## NATURE'S CALL

The woodlands are calling,  
 The Lands of the free,  
 They are calling, and crying,  
 And shouting to me.  
 For I love the white clouds  
 In the blue sunlit sky,  
 And specked with the shadows  
 Of birds up afly.

The woodlands are calling,  
 So true, sweet and gay;  
 And I love the sun's glow  
 That breaks through the gray.  
 And the sweet, wild rose  
 And the South Wind that blows . . .

The woodlands are calling,  
 The Land just for me,  
 And I love the cry  
 As the eagle flies free;  
 And the meadows and brooklets,  
 And all that is fair,  
 And the soft balmy perfume  
 That floats on the air.

## THE BARE-FOOT LASS

The bare-foot girl, the golden-haired lass,  
 She stoops to pick the blue-eyed grass,  
 And the pink wild rose,  
 That beside the sandy roadside glows.

The sun streams down on the golden hair,  
 God blesses the barefoot lass so fair;  
 Gives her His blessing for after years,  
 When she shall learn of her hopes and fears.

She treads life's now care-free pass,  
 Verdant with roses and sweet green grass;  
 Little she knows of the jagged stones  
 That shall grasp her, and hurt her, and take all she owns.

Oh bare-foot girl, oh golden-haired lass,  
 Tread life's verdant, then rocky pass;  
 Till at the glad and joyful end  
 You shall press the hand of each faithful friend.

Dedicated to Priscilla Smith on her 10th birthday, July 12, 1927

## THE PROUD CANDLE

'Twas a cold, dark, sullen, wint'ry night,  
 When only the candle could smile,  
 Into the night she threw her light,  
 Laughing all the while.

Her shadow flickered on the wall,  
 She lighted the street with her flare,  
 Never sad, but always glad,  
 Making merry there.

But why was she, too, not forlorn?  
 She was proud of herself, no doubt,  
 And glad to be warm, while she looked out in scorn  
 At the people who walked about.

But pride, it comes before a fall—  
 Out went the candle flame,  
 She no longer lights the wall,  
 She laughs no more, proud dame.

## THE VINEYARD BREEZES

The Vineyard breezes kiss my cheek,  
 And place a rose thereon!  
 The Vineyard air, blows my hair  
 As gentle as a fawn.

The Vineyard breezes stir the rose,  
 Above the soft green grass—  
 A playful breeze among the trees,  
 A-blowing in its pass.

## A CHRISTMAS GREETING

(Dedicated to Frances Coulter)

Of all my gifts on Christmas  
 Or all throughout the year,  
 I treasure most your friendship,  
 And your *impish* nature, dear.

So take from me this greeting;  
 I wish you lots of cheer,  
 Upon your Merry Christmas,  
 And your very glad New Year.

The skies are dark,  
 The moon is beaming,  
 The world of mortals  
 Now lies dreaming.

Now the carefree  
 Lad and lass  
 Hear the fairies  
 On the grass.

Light and happy  
 Hearts have they  
 Who hear the elves  
 Until the day.

But heavy hearts  
 Dragging on,  
 Cannot hear them  
 Till they're gone.

Oh, that isn't a book, it's a little nook,  
 To which you can always go,  
 And you can talk to the subjects,  
 'Mid flowers and winter snow.

You can weep at the sight of the youngest prince,  
 Who is captured by his foes,  
 Or laugh at the Indian Jumbalee,  
 Who is hanging by his toes.

#### SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER.

The flowers ope at the call of the sun,  
 Sun o' the Sky, Sun o' the Sky,  
 "Open your eyes!" he says, "Every one!"  
 Sun o' the Sky, Sun o' the Sky.

The green elm sways as the South Wind blows,  
 Wind o' the South, Wind o' the South,  
 Singing a song as on she goes,  
 Wind o' the South, Wind o' the South.

The leaves turn bright at the touch of Jack Frost,  
 Jack o' the North, Jack o' the North,  
 And many's the sweet pink rose that's lost,  
 Jack o' the North, Jack o' the North.

As the white snow falls, the landscape is fair,  
 Snow o' the Cold, Snow o' the Cold,  
 It makes the children glad everywhere,  
 Snow o' the Cold, Snow o' the Cold.

---

Over the rolling tall, green hills,  
 My heart it longs to go,  
 And lie by the stream as it ripples,  
 And wonder where it will flow.

Over the rolling hills I'll wander,  
 Some night in the month of Spring;  
 And I'll list to the song the wind blows,  
 And the nightingale on the wing.

And I'll call to the world beneath me,  
 And pity them far below,  
 While I lie by the stream as it ripples  
 And wonder where it will flow.

I spied the gleam of a fairy's hair,  
 I heard the note of a fairy's song;  
 I sprang from my bed in the pale moonlight,  
 And ran and ran through the twinkling night.

I ran to the stiff, tall pine-tree wood,  
 The trees were black—so tall they stood;  
 There was nothing, nothing, nothing, how empty was the night;  
 There were no fairies dancing in the pale moonlight.

---

Behind a garden wall  
 Are roses, fair and grave,  
 And proudest, richest of them all,  
 A red rose waves.

Unbending is her scarlet head,  
 With pride she holds it high,  
 And from her glorious flower-bed,  
 She looks into the sky.

In a field of grass,  
 Where the sun shines high,  
 Where the robins softly pass  
 In the bright blue sky—

A wild rose grows, so beauteous,  
 The glory of the bee,  
 The haven of the butterfly,  
 And the only flower for me.

#### DEATH

I've a life to take in either hand,  
 And one upon my breast,  
 I bring to all the world  
 Eternal Rest.

I have a life in either hand,  
 To blow out with a breath,  
 I have no souls in either hands,  
 For I am Death.

All the world is waiting  
for a New Year  
To scatter abroad  
Her bounteous charms.

And we, poor mortals,  
(Foolish things!)  
Will dip deep down  
Under the good  
To find the evil.

#### THE DEER AT THE STREAM

One foot lifted, ready to go,  
Quick as lightning, a swift young doe,  
Gracefully standing with lovely poise,  
Ready to leap at a sudden noise.

Watching, alert, graceful and gray,  
Scenting some danger far away;—  
Standing a moment, shrewd and still,  
Then, like a flash, she is gone from the rill.

Published in the World "Kiddie Korner"

#### AT EVENTIDE

Against the sunset sky  
A glow of crimson melody—  
The dark trees stand;  
Stand tall and straight,  
Tossing their restless heads  
To God's rustling wind.  
And far away  
The glowing snowcaps  
Of the mountains . . .  
God made the sunset  
His glorious good-night fire,  
And in the after air so still and mild,  
God sent His peace-angels  
Of the night.

Were it not for the sun and moon,  
The world were dark.  
Were it not for the cheering fire,  
Our lives were dark.

The little stars of heaven  
Help the light.  
The little words of kindness  
Start the fires.

#### TO MY MOTHER

No trumpets blare, no cymbals crash,  
No jews-harp loud proclaim,  
She is not termed a martyr e'en by  
Those who know her best;—  
(Tho' there shall come a time when sorely missed  
Shall be the humble duties she hath done)—  
Yet may the dear God from Heav'n look down,  
And love and bless her for her deeds.

#### NIGHTS

I'm lying awake on a city night,  
(For how could I lie asleep)  
With the clatter and clang,  
And the noise and bang  
Disturbing the darkness deep?

I can hear the screech of the four-wheel brake,  
The rattle of Fords once new,  
The purr of the roadster along the road,  
And its ceaseless loud "too-too".

And oh! for the silence of country nights,  
With their velvet darkness spread,  
Insuring sweet dreams and restful sleep,  
However hard the bed!

The peep of the cricket, now wide awake,  
The weird hoot of the owl in flight,  
But the drawback of all this rest 'n' peace  
Is—the darn mosquitoes bite!

### THE REVERIE OF THE NIGHT

The pale white moon looks quietly down,  
Over the valley and over the town,  
The lights in the houses twinkle and shine,  
And black stand the mountains all covered with pine.

The wind comes whistling through the pines,  
Above the black pits of the silver mines,  
Through the proud oaks heavily groaning;  
O'er the dark lakes, dreamily moaning.

The stars are twinkling with quiet eyes,  
The mists are covering both valley and skies.  
The reverie of the summer night,  
Is broken only by noises slight—

Such as the hoot of the owl's flight,  
The rustle below of the deer's deadly flight,  
Tall, black, silhouetted, the mountains stand;  
Rhythmically beat the waves on the strand.

A rosy flush in the brightening east;  
Soon comes the wak'ning of man and beast  
The streets are alive with the coming light;  
Gone is the Reverie of the night.

---

Of fleecy clouds that float on high,  
And gently flutt'ring leaves,  
As they fleetly fall from the bare brown trees,  
This Autumn poem I weave.

I trim it with gentians waving,  
And matching the sky of blue;  
Then give it my heart, my hope, my all,  
And send it on to you.

---

Would ye know what fate awaits ye?  
We be gypsy fortune tellers free!  
Through meadows crisp, and through meadows brown,  
Up the purplehills and down,  
We beguile the many passing hours,  
With uncanny fortune-telling powers,  
Cross now our waiting palms with siver bright,  
And we'll foretell your fortune for ye right.

### RAVENHURST

It has held up a baby's stumbling feet,  
It has made a shroud for the dead,  
And I love every pane, every book, every chair,  
Every rug, every sill, every bed!

Its couch is made holy by touch  
Of a simple, resting head,  
It had tears in its pitying eyes,  
When it knew that strong soul was dead.

Each board was made blest by a footstep,  
And its heart held many a tear  
When it knew that that earnest foot now  
Resteth tranquilly in the bier.

It has laughed with me then, and has cried with me now  
And every single hall  
Has known and has echoed every grief  
That hath made my heart so full.

It is hallowed — for every rafter  
That adorns the low roof above  
Every board, every shingle, is loyal,  
And is consecrated to Love.

---

Grave, white Chrysanthemums,  
Roses, proud and fair,  
But saucy French Poppies  
Nodding in the air —

Chrysanthemums bow and think,  
(Roses are so tall)  
But reckless, gay poppies  
Never think at all.

Chrysanthemums trim the garden,  
But Poppies have fun  
Teasing the roses  
And laughing in the sun.

Grave, white Chrysanthemums,  
Roses, proud and fair;  
But I like French Poppies  
Nodding in the air.

## OCTOBER

A gypsy month o' gaiety,  
Of laughing recklessness.  
The lavish trees shake off their leaves,  
And nothing is at rest.

A gypsy month for rovin',  
With the bright, cool, tang o' the air,  
A temptin' road, throw off your load,  
And follow the trail with no care.

What with the lure of the crisp blue sky,  
The restless, flyin' birds,  
The brown hillside, the trail so wide,  
'Tis a gypsy month, say I!"

Come over the face of the temptin' world,  
Come over the world so wide,  
'Till the ol' home calls, to spend winter squalls,  
By a cracklin' fireside!

## TO THE DEAD

Why should we weep for thee?  
There is no time for sorrow.  
Today that was is yesterday,  
That once was called tomorrow.  
There is so little time,  
For thee our tears to shed,  
Ere we, ourselves shall sleep with thee,  
The dead.

## TO VIRGINIA LORRAINE BAILEY, 10 MONTHS

Sparkling, brown, and laughing eyes,  
Hair so fluffy and soft,  
So cunning, even when she cries,  
You can fancy the place where the dimple lies,  
That comes and goes, when the merry smiles,  
Bring a merry little roguish glance in her eyes.  
Eight little teeth of pearly white  
Gleam when the rosy sweet lips part;  
Doesn't she grab away your heart?

## NEW YORK

Who says that New York is not beautiful,  
In music and structure, and art,  
And if you care for a bit of it,  
Its beauty to you 'twould impart.

Who says that New York is not beautiful,  
In parks and buildings, and lakes,  
(Abundant in sparkling wavelets,  
And edged around with brakes?)

Who says that New York is not beautiful,  
When winter's ice and snow  
Form caps on the tallest buildings,  
Makes Fairyland down below?

Who says that New York is not beautiful,  
When the bridges are icy lace;  
When icicles hang from the tree-tops,  
And the park's a wonderful place?

Who says that New York is not beautiful,  
When gay grass-hoppers sing,  
When dandelions dot the park,  
And children call, "Tis Spring!"

Who says that New York has not a heart?  
In times of turmoil and rest,  
There's something loving about it,  
That draws you to its breast.

---

How wild the dark-eyed night,  
How infinitely vast;  
What a pale wan light  
Does her one eye cast!

What mortal cannot feel,  
His stirring breast inside,  
While in her bosom, that she is  
So vast and wide?

Look up into her tresses black,  
And feel with swelling soul,  
The Infinite, the Holy,  
The unknown Whole.

## FRINGES OF DREAMS

Fringes of dreams, that trim the night,  
 The stern, black, unrelenting night,  
 Tinted, perhaps, with fairies' dance—  
 A soft, pink, dainty fairies' dance.

Or bold and fearsome buccaneers;  
 Dark, fierce, and awesome buccaneers,  
 Or cool, green, spicy wood nymphs bend,  
 Soft, bending, lovely mermaids bend.

Or fringe of fiery goddesses,  
 Of whirling, sparkling goddesses,  
 Or calm, sweet gardens of the night;  
 Colorful fringes of the night.

---

A leaf is such a tiny thing;  
 But what's a tree without it?  
 A smile is such a little thing;  
 But what's a life without it?

God help us to appreciate  
 The "unimportant" things;  
 For 'tis the little tiny things;  
 That make the pleasing whole.

---

Enhanced by the gorgeous darkness,  
 The wild rose's perfume floats,  
 And the nightingale sings of his dainty nest  
 In the twisted, shadowy oak.

From his enchanted throat there springs  
 Such sweet rich melody,  
 That through the wooded grove it rings  
 Straight to my lattice pane.

Then must I open my lattice wide,  
 And lend a listening ear;  
 And all is hushed in the darkness,  
 His melodious strain to hear.

And then, I wonder if, far away  
 You hark from your window-pane,  
 And tenderly think of me as you hear  
 His love-lorn golden strain.

## LULLABY — TO VIRGINIA

Lonely moon of burnished silver  
 Drowzes in the midnight sky,  
 Sleep thou also, pretty one,  
 Lullaby, oh lullaby.

E'en the little stars are sleeping,  
 Subdued is their laughing peeping —  
 Lullaby!

Black and gray the dark horizon,  
 Where the purple sea meets sky,  
 Sleep thou also, pretty one,  
 Lullaby, oh lullaby.

E'en the little stars are sleeping,  
 Subdued is their laughing peeping —  
 Lullaby!

---

Lonely moon of burnished silver  
 Sleeps and slumbers in the sky,  
 Sleep thou also, pretty one,  
 Lullaby, oh lullaby.

---

Peaceful is the valley,  
 Quiet is the town,  
 And fragrant is the garden,  
 Where the stars look down.

'Mid the lovely flowers,  
 'Neath the pale, white moon,  
 Are tiny elf-folk dancing,  
 Clad in fairy shoon.

Little elves and fairies  
 Dance in two's and three's—  
 No one but the blinking owl  
 Their midnight prancing sees.

Dumb and silent owl  
 Sits upon a branch;  
 Not a word he utters  
 Of the fairy dance.

All night the silent moon looks down,  
 Bold and silver and round,  
 With stars of diamonds sets  
 In her dark crown.

But when the dawn begins to break,  
 Paler and paler she grows,  
 And, like a frightened child,  
 Down in the west she goes.

---

Come away, for when the night shall come,  
 Then we will wander no more;  
 Let us bid farewell to the life we love well,  
 For we shall know it no more.

See, how the sunset sky has lit  
 The lakes, and the sea, and the shore,  
 Oh, the shadows of night are falling,  
 And we must wander no more.

For see how the daisy shuts its eye,  
 And even the birds fly home,  
 The butterflies go to the haven they know,  
 And my cabin's calling "Come!"

Now shall I go from the setting sky,  
 And the trail I love so well,  
 See, how the purple shadows fall  
 Over the valley and dell!

Come away, come away, the night is here,  
 And we shall soon be home,  
 For the butterflies go to the haven they know,  
 And my cabin's calling, "Come!"

---

At night by the fireside I crouch,  
 Or curl like a cat on the pine-bough couch—  
 The screech-owl fills my heart with fear—  
 I really need someone to be near.

By day I'm lonely and sit indoors,  
 My tears fall on the hard board floors,  
 I really need someone to be near;  
 And won't you be that someone, dear?

The trackless waste of desert land,  
 The yellow, burning, scorching sand,  
 The beating, bare and blazing suns,  
 And ne'er a drop of water runs  
 Along the parched, red, staring clays.  
 Untrodden ways . . .

The freezing cold of frigid snow,  
 Without footprints, and icy chasms below,  
 And piercing cold. White silence fills  
 The snowy pits, and icy hills.  
 And silent night, and frozen days.  
 Untrodden ways . . .

The moistened jungle, where a muddy river runs,  
 With sweating heats, and sweltering suns,  
 Impenetrable, with cleaving thickness,  
 And breeding insects, germs and sickness,  
 And fatal nights, and agonizing days,  
 Untrodden ways . . .

God's firmament, His boundless sky,  
 With unknown worlds and planets high,  
 Ablaze with magnificence and splendor; boundless, high.  
 Worlds majestic roll to infinity;  
 And endless nights, and endless days;  
 Untrodden ways . . .

---

Death is unconquerable!  
 Slowly he gnaws away all life,  
 Leaving the seeds—the deathless souls—  
 For God to judge.

#### A FANTASY OF NIGHT

Woven of glittering moonbeams,  
 Or a nightingale's melody—  
 Entwined with the perfume of roses;  
 . . . A midnight fantasy!

Suspended by shimmering starlight  
 From the silver points of the moon—  
 And blended into perfection,  
 Again by the nightingale's tune.

There must be a God,  
 (Who keeps us from hour to hour?)  
 How could we live without  
 An Eternal Power?

We could not live without a Faith;  
 Deep in our hearts we know,  
 Religion is our very Soul,  
 And we must keep it so.

---

I know that the wind is blowing  
 Over the meadow and lea,  
 I know that the waves are rolling  
 Over the gray-green sea.

I know that the river is wending  
 Its silvery way to the sea;  
 And I know that God on His Throne above  
 Is watching and keeping me.

#### NEW YORK

The City's feet are crushing  
 Many a soul to-day  
 As onward she is rushing  
 Ever away, away . . .

Torn apart by her ceaseless toil  
 The millions creep away,  
 Tired of hard and restless toil,  
 Trampled and bruised are they.

But somewhere up and up,  
 The cruel City is fair;  
 For on her passionate throbbing head,  
 She wears a rose in her hair!

The City's feet are crushing  
 Many a soul to-day,  
 But somewhere, red, and perfumed  
 Is a rose in her hair that is gay.

I've been wondering all day long,  
 Where the bluebird finds his song!  
 In the twilight's purple haze?  
 Or in the fields of yellowing maize?  
 In the violet's purple cup,  
 Lifting shyly, gently up,  
 Or in the orange blossom's scent,  
 Perfuming the air in sweet incense;  
 Or in the silence no one knows,  
 That sounds in the stillness of the snows?  
 But I think, perhaps, in the magic hour  
 That finds expression in tiniest flower,  
 That is neither day, nor night, nor dusk,  
 That only exists in the fragrant musk.

---

The storm is crashing over the lee,  
 There's a merry welcome within;  
 The lightning tosses, blinding free;—  
 Traveler, here's the Inn!

Black's the night, and dark's the night,  
 All travelers gather here,  
 Come, make merry within the house  
 O'er a foaming pot of beer.

Here's Jack and Harry! Come, John, make haste.  
 Build a merry fire within!  
 The storm is crashing o'er the lee;  
 Traveler, here's the Inn!

---

Love is the calmest of maidens,  
 Pure, and lovely, and brave;  
 Greatest of all the gifts  
 God ever gave—yet—

Love is frivolous and changing—  
 Giddy, untrue and unfair  
 "I am here", she says, and then she is gone,  
 Tossing a rose from her hair.

Love is merry and sober,  
 Restrained, and yet she is free,  
 Love is two faced, I know it,  
 At least, she is so to me.

## TO VIRGINIA

The very night is dropping down ;  
 Just to admire thee, pretty one,  
 The brook is gushing, so deep and long,  
 To sing thee a dear, little lullaby-song.

The lilacs their perfume shed far and near,  
 Only for thee, my tiny dear,  
 They lift their heads in rapture to see  
 Not the stars or the nightingales, dear, but thee.

The velvety night creeps stealthily down,  
 To admire thee long, my little one,  
 The brook is gushing, so dark and long,  
 To sing thee a deep little lullaby-song.

The night, my own, has wonders untold,  
 Crowding about thee, in dreams to unfold,  
 The whole world is thine, my baby sweet,  
 And the night and my heart are at thy feet.

---

Love of the mountain,  
 Love of the breeze ;  
 Love of the forest,  
 How strong it is !

Lark, could I follow,  
 Thrush, could I fly,  
 I would be with you  
 Up to the sky.

Up to the rainbow,  
 Up to the cloud,  
 Up where the wind shrieks  
 Oh ! so loud.

But I must have bread,  
 I must have meat,  
 So I must live  
 In a city street.

I must work for my bread,  
 I must work for my meat,  
 And I cannot follow  
 From a city street.

## HOSPITALITY

O Janus, god of portals,  
 Throw open wide my door ;  
 Here may poor and needy  
 Find refuge evermore !

May little children play about  
 With none to say them nay—  
 O Janus, may no mortal be  
 Refused a rest to-day.

O Vesta, thou of hearthstones  
 And fires bright and gay,  
 May none to my door come for warmth  
 And go in vain away.

May no one longing be without  
 And not be bid to stay.  
 O Vesta, may thy fire  
 Cheer many a soul to-day.

O Janus, may thou look without  
 And see no child to-night,  
 That Vesta hath not ushered in  
 To warmth and love and light.

---

Oh, the love and life of her,  
 Oh, her black, black hair,  
 Oh, the wild, sweet laugh of her,  
 Filling all the air.

With her quivering silence ;—  
 Maiden, ere we part,  
 Let me once, oh mocking night,  
 Press you to my heart.

I adore thee, gay, gay night,  
 With a lothing love ;  
 Oh, your tresses ebony,—  
 Streaming all above.

Now, as you hold my hand,  
 Let us look above, ,  
 Press your lips just once to mine  
 Night, my reckless love.

## ROAD OF LIFE

Rollicking road, bordered with stone,  
Stretch away!  
Stretch away to lands unknown  
Stretch away!

Venturesome road, thrilling road,  
Stretch away!  
What care I for fret or load,  
Stretch away!

Over rocky and grappling hills,  
Stretch away!  
Past the roses and tumbling rills  
Stretch away!

Comrades I hail, and foes I spurn,  
Stretch away!  
Past the brambles; past the fern,  
Stretch away!

Seemingly endless road of mine,  
Stretch away!  
I will reach the end in time  
Stretch away!

Yes, wearying, laughing road of life,  
Stretch away!  
I will reach the end of strife  
Some day!

---

Boasting, puffing, blustering March,  
Blow all you want;  
Make all the dead leaves  
Swirl about;  
I do not care.  
I know behind your back  
You have daffodils,  
And tinkling rills,  
And daisies fair,  
Just everywhere;  
And everything;  
And best of all  
Sweet Spring.

## A GROUP OF VALENTINES WRITTEN FEB. 13, 1930

I read the laughing message in your bright, blue eyes.  
You couldn't, you didn't take me by surprise—  
I knew their sweet, sweet message, 'twas "Will you be mine?"  
And so, my own sweet dearest, I became your Valentine.

---

He drew his arm around her, her lips caressed his cheek,  
He said as he looked at her face so dear and sweet,  
"The imprint of this kiss will remain till all life is gone"—  
"Oh dearest", she murmured, "Have I too much lipstick on?"

---

The little lacy Valentine you sent me long ago,  
(I loved you, I loved you, I loved you so)  
I hold it in my hand, and wonder where you are,  
With your hair like a sunbeam, your eye like a star . . .

The little lady on it, with a sweet, sweet smile,  
Holding a red, red heart, and laughing all the while,  
She looks so much like you, my love untrue,  
Holding my heart, and breaking it in two.

## UNFAIR EXCHANGE

You asked me, "Will you be my Valentine"?  
But you gave me not your heart, although I gave you mine.

---

Spring and I go hand and hand,  
Tripping over sea and land;  
Scattering flowers everywhere,  
Roses, pinks, and tulips fair;  
Other people know her not;  
But I her winsome pleasure sought,  
So Spring and I go hand in hand  
Tripping over sea and land.

## TO MOTHER

I've never been to Heaven,  
But I see a trace  
Of its shining beauty  
In your dear face!

What matter if I cannot make a song.  
 If I can set to Nature's wild, wild melodies  
 The rushing words of whispering trees;  
 What matter if I cannot make a song.

What matter if I cannot make a song.  
 If I can know what music really means,  
 And find it, e'en in babbling streams,  
 What matter if I cannot make a song?

What matter if I cannot make a song?  
 If I can make my life one long, melodious chord,  
 In perfect harmony with our Lord,  
 What matter if I cannot make a song?

The Sandman comes, and when he is near,  
 He whispers into my listening ear;  
 "For the price of a smile, or the price of a tear,  
 I'll sell you your dreams, oh never fear!  
 Dreams that come true, dreams just for you,  
 Dreams that are darkly sad,  
 Dreams you'll remember, dreams you'll forget,  
 Nightmares to drive you mad."

As I lie in repose, and think of the past,  
 I give him his smile or his tear at last.  
 For the price of that smile, or the price of that tear,  
 He gives me my dreams, oh never fear!  
 Dreams captured or free, dreams just for me,  
 Dreams that are darkly sad,  
 Dreams I remember, dreams I forget,  
 Nightmares that drive me mad.

The Sandman is gone, and into the dawn,  
 Comes the wilful breeze to herald the morn;  
 And I think I hear in its drowsy tone;  
 "For the price of a smile, or the price of a tear,  
 I'll give you your dreams, oh never fear!  
 Dreams that come true, dreams just for you,  
 Dreams that are darkly sad;  
 Dreams you'll remember, dreams you'll forget;  
 Nightmares to drive you mad!"

### THE POET'S LAMENT

In dread despair I tear my hair,  
 And tear my hair again;  
 I sadly sigh; tears dim my eye;  
 I cast away my pen.

My rhyme is fine; so is my measure;  
 To read my verse is greatest pleasure;  
 How fine my dactyle; how grand my meter;  
 Be it archaic or monometer.  
 Or blest I—ambic is to me  
 Easy as pie. How fine my rhyme  
 My hexameter. I gaze with pride  
 On my septemeter.

But my supreme verse I must hotly curse,  
 Wherever I may roam;  
 Behold my sigh;  
 My tear dimmed eye;  
 I cannot write a funny poem!

### HOME THAT WAS

O house that was, but is no more,  
 What messages, what scenes of yore  
 That will forever be unknown  
 Keep you within your walls of stone?  
 What tear-dimmed eye, what sobbing moan  
 Keep you within those walls of stone?  
 That I shall never, never know;  
 O house that was, I love you so!

Where is the one that made your walls a home?  
 "Dead, dead," the night-winds, sobbing, moan.  
 Your broken heart was buried with her, long before.  
 Is it not so? O house that is no more?  
 O tell me, and the stars above,  
 O tell me, from what sacred love  
 Did God see fit to make you part,  
 O HOME that was, and break your heart!

## THE LIVING STONES

Dedicated to the congregation of the  
Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

The pillars lift their lofty heads, with stony mien and grandeur;  
And through the stony vaults the lonely echoes pass and wander;  
While 'tween stony walls, from stony floor, the stony arch is lone;  
But for all their sombre splendour, they are only made of stone.

There is a golden ornament upon a golden altar;  
There is a golden cover upon a lovely psalter,  
There is a golden statue, a candlestick that's old;  
But for all their wondrous beauty, they are only made of gold.

Ten tiles lead to the altar, they are neither bleak nor cold;  
For they are not made of heartless stone, nor yet of worldly gold;  
They're of souls and heartstrings, living, given freely of by men  
Who, having little, gave it all, and gave it all again.

## SUNSET AND YOU

The sun, a ball of angry red,  
Sinks beneath the sky, you see,  
Leaving the world in glowing wrath,  
Just as you are leaving me!

Then is the world dark, dark indeed,  
With only the moon and stars to shine;  
No moon nor stars shall comfort me  
If you are gone, O love of mine!

Come with the sun! For to-morrow,  
The sun shines on flower and tree,  
O love, O sweet, O life of mine;  
Come back, and shine on me.

---

A naiad stepped from a branching tree.  
A naiad stepped, and spoke to me.  
"I am the Life of a Living Thing."  
She disappeared in the branching tree—  
She disappeared, who had spoke to me.  
My voice was unsteady, my heart was full  
As I turned and said "How beautiful  
Is the Life of a Living Thing".

## LOVE'S FUNERAL

So silent is the sand below,  
So dark the sky above,  
So like a tomb the purple sea,  
A fit grave for my love!

The red moon steals into the sky,  
From her hiding place, the sea,  
As if ashamed, and rightly so,  
That she must look on me!

O Sky above! O sand below!  
O moon-fiend, sulky-red,  
O bear me witness as I swear  
That all my love is dead!

One last look at the heaving sea,  
And at the blinking moon,  
One last look at the heavy sky,  
And at the frowning dune!

And I bury my passion in the sand—  
Keep watch, O moon of red!  
O guard it, sands! O guard it, sea,  
As you guard your human dead!

## MAYTIME

By the wall of the garden,  
The month it is May,  
The wind-flowers are blushing,  
The poppies are gay.  
As soft as a cloud bank  
The rain sweetened sod;  
And little white snowdrops  
Like kisses of God;  
Sweet with rose-perfume  
The frolicsome breeze;  
And outside of the garden  
May's sentinel trees.  
By the wall of the garden  
The month it is May;  
The wind-flowers are blushing  
The poppies are gay.

## TWILIGHT

In the twilight of softer dreaming, when the clouds are touched  
with red,  
And echoes of lingering firmness will follow the wanderer's tread,  
When the road is purple, the sky is near,  
And the bird's last carol is sharp and clear  
When night sends its shadow on over the hill  
I know I must follow it, come what will!

In the twilight of softer dreaming, when the poplars touch the sky  
That bends down to kiss the dark hills, etched against it, bold  
and high,  
And the cricket peeps its queer little tune  
To welcome the pale, uncertain moon—  
When the night drops down to darken the bay,  
I know I must follow it, come what may!

In the twilight of softer dreaming, when the Eve-Artist's master-  
stroke  
Is in blending the lavender shadows with the purple outlined oak,  
When the sky swoops down on stealthy wings,  
And the mind is closed to sordid things—  
Oh let me go with the night, I pray,  
And follow it into the breaking Day!

Winter's a dove,  
Spring is a lyre,  
Summer is joy,  
Autumn is fire!

Others may have been before me,  
Others may have seen the things which I shall see;  
But to me, it is not so,  
I am an explorer, none but I  
Have ever been before where I shall go.  
Each tree has grown that I may find it.  
Each nook has been created, that I may discover it.  
And on some distant turf, on a night  
Bright with the quenchless fury of the stars,  
I shall fling myself,  
And then I shall feel that only God and I have known  
That place; and I shall be with Him,  
And yet alone!

## SONNET

Shall death be peace, a peace like satisfied desire,  
A peace that comes, when gnawing at the heart like fire  
Some wild, mad doubt has been dispelled at last?  
Shall it be sweet, like sleep, forgetful of the past?  
Perhaps. Let mortals revel in their petty strife;  
This death shall be the very crown of life!  
Or shall it be so swirling and so mad that human heart  
Is by its ceaseless current torn apart  
Even while filled with glorious and impassioned love divine  
As though it were exhilarating wine.  
If so, I would not mind against the tide to strive  
If but in death, I might be so alive!  
But Death his mighty secret will not yield  
But with the cloak of time his mystery doth shield.

ODE TO "AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"—  
MARY PICKFORD

With wreath of roses I approached; tea-roses, fragrant, delicate  
and fair.  
And in my mind a marvelous speech prepared  
That I might tell my love, and ask if you but cared.  
You sat, so graceful and so fair, beside a tree;  
With thoughtful eyes of blue, and lips that tortured me  
With promises of sweets untold. Within your fingers slight  
There lay a humble bunch of daisies, gold and white.  
And as I looked at them, with mournful lip and gritted teeth  
I cast away the now out-rivalled wreath  
And forgot, in the eloquence of your fair white hand  
The marvelous speech I had so carefully planned.

What is the greatest thing in life?  
I know not.  
Adventure? For it thrills the heart and gladdens the soul,  
Gentleness? For it soothes the spirit with a kindly hand,  
Earnestness? For it burns the heart like a steady flame.  
Wisdom? The gift of God to man?  
Or love? For it contains all others—  
Adventure, gentleness, earnestness.  
Yea, it encompasses all—  
Save only wisdom.  
What is the greatest thing in life?  
I know not.

## I

Oh, the moon is chaste and fair,  
 Like a raven's plume her tresses,  
 Yes, dark as jet her ebon hair  
 Which a chain of stars caresses.  
 Pure is she, a gentle virgin,  
 Shining sweet and undefiled;  
 Her bright face of heavenly silver  
 Veiled with clouds, is pure and mild.  
 Deep her woe, for night quick waneth,  
 Crystal tears of dew she raineth;  
 In the blossom's heart they nestle,  
 Bless alike the rose and thistle.

## II

Starlight clothes her like a garment,  
 Wrapt about in misty folds  
 Wispy clouds float slowly by her,  
 Veil her visage, bright like gold.  
 Now a flush in eastern heavens  
 Tells full soon the sun will rise;  
 Frightened moon, all pale and trembling,  
 To the westward flies.  
 Oh, how busy is the day,  
 Dazzling bright the sun's white ray,  
 Lovely Queen of night, I pray,  
 Be, oh be not long away.

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What have I done that you should mock me so?  
 Laugh me to scorn, and always tell me "Go";  
 Then lure me on again, with hope consuming me  
 To shrug white shoulders at my agony?  
 Why must I look into your deep black eyes and know  
 Them a cup in which to drown my woe,  
 But in your scarlet lips to read anew  
 Amused contempt for my deep love of you?  
 Why must I long to make you go away  
 And only beg of you that you will stay?  
 You only peal wild laughter at my woe  
 How can I love to hate, and hate to love you so!

A rose! A flower! A red, red rose,  
 How sweet it is! How grand!  
 A perfumed gem which God conceived,  
 And fashioned with His hand!

Yet when I held this lovely thing  
 To your lips so ruby-red,  
 They smiled in scorn, in pity curved;  
 "Take it away!" they said.

## NEW YORK

From scarlet morn to starlit eve,  
 From midnight shade to dawn,  
 The myriad men that make New York  
 Go hurrying on and on;  
 They crowd along the scattered street,  
 They linger in the park,  
 The merchants and the plasterers;  
 The men that make New York!

God made a world where men could live,  
 Could live, and work, and die,  
 Could laugh sometimes, and smile sometimes,  
 And often heave a sigh.  
 And Mankind made another world,  
 And in its place it stands,  
 With walls of stone, like Nature's own,  
 Piled up by Mankind's hands.

The groping blind man shakes his cup,  
 As he passes the pale-faced clerk;  
 And the swarthy labourer, lunch on arm,  
 Goes shuffling off to work.  
 While every sinewy iron bridge,  
 And every mighty tower,  
 Stands tall before him in its pride,  
 A monument to his power.

And one man begs, and one man starves,  
 And another one is killed;  
 And the bright sun rises and sets once more  
 On the city he helped to build.

I climbed a steep and rocky hill, to see what lay ahead,  
 I scrambled up each towering cliff with longing and with dread.  
 And faltering trod the stony trail, until I stopped to see  
 Towering high above my head, a heavy laden tree.  
 Its branches whispered soft and long,  
 I shut my eyes to hear its song.  
 I only knew, within my soul, I knew the song was fair,  
 I did not understand the words, and did not greatly care.  
 High in its leafy, rustling crown,  
 A golden apple glistened down.  
 And other apples within my reach, met my roving eye  
 But I could see none other than the one that shone on high.  
 And as I looked, within my heart, a hungry, hot desire,  
 Burning, consumed my inmost soul, a cruel and leaping fire.  
 Until at last the murmuring tree I climbed  
 And held the glowing apple in my hand.  
 Oh, I was mad, such joy to quaff,  
 I heard my wild triumphant laugh.  
 And as I laughed, the apple crumbled in my hand.  
 I heard the tree's soft song, and I could understand.

---

Oh, your eyes are beautiful!  
 They are like everything and nothing!  
 They swim in pools of tears,  
 Or smile so sweet they nearly sing.  
 They are deeper than the sea—  
 Far deeper; the ocean has a bottom.  
 Do you know why there was night?  
 It dropped that it could kiss your eyelids.  
 The sun sank beneath the brightness of your gaze,  
 And the sky blushed in shame because 'twas not so blue  
 As those deep wells of tenderness, your eyes.  
 You are so beautiful! Look at me!  
 Smile at me!—I love to see your eyelids flutter  
 Like small white moths around a candle flame.  
 Open them! Look at me!  
 Look! No, she cannot. She is dead.

## TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

Within thy walls the musing mind  
 Some power of its own can find  
 To hear the echoing footsteps fall  
 Along the dark and shadowy hall  
 Which long ago had tarried there  
 And fled away, it knows not where;  
 Or in thy shadowy gloom to trace  
 Outlines of some forgotten face;  
 Or hear thy brooding silence tell  
 The stories which it knows so well.  
 Through its imaginings they roam  
 Who called thee by the name of "home":  
 Beneath thy roof they live once more  
 The sorrows and the joys of yore.  
 Thus have those mortals found through thee  
 Their shred of immortality.

## A WISH

In all the many paths you tread,  
 Such happiness in you be born,  
 That you may pick the rose of life,  
 And, picking, may not feel the thorn.

---

When in the morn of life, the youthful heart  
 Walking with eager eyes fixed on the far horizon,  
 Hoping with hope that only he can feel  
 Whose soul has never known the bitter taste of hope defeated;  
 Meets with a friend, wise with the pitying wisdom of experience,  
 For a brief moment gives him lodging in his fleeting thoughts  
 Then, scorning all others in his self sufficiency  
 Turns him away, and deems the friend forgotten.

But in the eve, when the soul turns backward,  
 Seeing the goals for which so long, so bravely he had striven,  
 Which, when attained, had been found worthless of his toil;  
 Seeing the idols which so long, so blindly, he had worshipped  
 Crumbling to dust beneath his saddened eye,  
 There flashes deep within his heart the swift remembrance  
 Of that dear friend whom he had thought long forgotten,  
 Leaving it the richer for the sweet experience.

## TO MOTHER

The dearest name my lips can speak,  
 The dearest heart that mine can seek,  
 The dearest smile that's like no other;  
 The dearest one on earth, my Mother!

Break, O my soul, the earthly bonds,  
 Which fetter thee to baser thought,  
 Rise to the far and noble heights,  
 Which, bound and helpless, thou hast blindly sought,  
 Far lies the skies to which is freedom  
 Swift shall thou soar with new-found wings,  
 Up, toward the goal for which thou long hast striven,  
 For thou wert born to great and noble things.  
 Arise, although it be through flame and fire,  
 Lest thou be crushed beneath the ash of thy desire.

## SONNET—TO A SWAN

Thou gliding fowl, majestically remote,  
 Stately and proud, that condescends to float  
 In conscious beauty, that the eye may note;  
 Thy snowy plumage, and thy graceful throat;  
 And in the calm, clear-running stream and cold,  
 Like that vain, beauteous Grecian youth of old  
 Thy fair, aloof reflection to behold  
 Enamored; a poem in form and color told;  
 As silent as the fleecy clouds that pass  
 On high; or their faint shadows on the grass;  
 Man's boasted freedom all has come to naught  
 Since he, like thee, calm, simple, and untaught,  
 Free from the storms of fear and troubled thought,  
 Down life's swift river can not yet be brought.

Some give to life their tears, and some their laughter,  
 Some give their smiles, some give their hopes, their fears,  
 Take thou, O life, the best I have to offer,  
 My dearest gift, the song within my heart!  
 I think that if I give the best within me,  
 My new-made song, the song I made to life,  
 Some day, perhaps, I'll find within my heart  
 A deeper, truer, lovelier song, than that.  
 A song to keep, the song that lives forever,  
 Life's great reward to him who freely gives.

When dawn the dewy garden lights  
 With rosy tints and silver rays,  
 And birds their sleepy matins sing,  
 In early morning's timely praise.  
 In fields and woods thy spirit walks,  
 In garden fair, by murm'ring rill;  
 The fragrant breath of early morn  
 Sweet on thy cheek so pale and still.  
 I almost think that in the shade  
 Of drowsy tree and swaying vine,  
 I see once more thy blue eyes lift,  
 And smile up into mine.

How strange a thing is life!  
 But yesterday I was as happy as the heedless faun  
 That plays among the woodlands in the light of noon,  
 My heart as free from sorrow as the brook that winds  
 Its quiet, rippling way among the glens;  
 Then came this grief and turned my heart  
 To hard and heavy stone; filled all my mind  
 With cruel and evil thoughts;  
 Tempted my lips to bitterness, and my dead heart to blasphemy,  
 Froze alike the still, deep well of tears  
 And the clear, bubbling spring of laughter;  
 Made of the low and lovely island of my soul  
 A strong, suspicious fortress, towered  
 And battlemented.—How strange a thing is life!

## HOLY GROUND

How can I pray, when choked with filth, my prayer  
 Struggles to rise in murky depths of air,  
 Smothered by clouds of smoke, belched forth from throat  
 Of gray grimy factory, where note  
 Of clanging bell, of shuffling feet, of ringing stroke  
 Of hammer, all the many sounds that cloak  
 The empty silence of the city's soul, will beat  
 It, crushed and stained and helpless to my feet.  
 Perhaps, where green and wooded hills stretch far  
 Into the dusk, beneath the evening star,  
 Beside a mossy brook, where silent shadows steal  
 Upon a sacred world, my soul may kneel  
 And pray, and hear in answer to its prayer  
 A thrush's song rise, trembling in the evening air.

## COWARDICE

I came to a garden  
 In the midst of a desert,  
 And turned away  
 Lest it should be a mirage.  
 I saw a shooting star,  
 And dared not look,  
 Lest it fall on my head.  
 I held a scroll in my hand  
 And dared not read  
 Lest that therein be false.  
 I held the deep cup to my lips  
 And dared not drink  
 Lest it be bitter.  
 Yet men  
 Call me not coward.  
 Why?

## THE SHOOTING STAR

In the void of the sky,  
 In the silence of night,  
 A brighter star  
 Glowed and burned.  
 And far, far, below  
 In the depths of a pool  
 There wavered and trembled  
 Another. Then suddenly  
 The high-hung star  
 Plunged downward  
 In a flaming trail of fire,  
 And nearly touched the top  
 Of a far-distant pine.  
 And, in response,  
 The sunken star within the pool  
 Leapt upward,  
 Almost cleft the water's surface,  
 And vanished.  
 And, somewhere deep within the woods  
 A whip-poor-will  
 Began his mournful cry

## PENANCE

*Barnard Quarterly Vol. XI, No. 7*

I know not if that ruined temple stand  
 Near to that curling sealine yet,  
 Where burning waters softly fret  
 And purr against the sand.  
 Always that spot sealed in by silence seemed;  
 The speech of ocean with the land,  
 The cry of birds above the strand,  
 Far-off, like sounds but dreamed.  
 The heavy rustle of the underbrush,  
 The whirr of insects in the grass;  
 Scarce to the ear they seemed to pass,  
 But melted in a hush.  
 Sometimes the sun stared down upon the place  
 And turned the air to dancing heat,  
 The water to a fiery sheet,  
 And hung in silent space.  
 Then felt the man that walked along that shore  
 An unknown fear walk close to him,  
 Or sense of some oppression grim,  
 A nightmare dreamed before.  
 But when the white moon floated, calm and low,  
 Above the darkly-glist'ning flood,  
 Then could he feel along his blood  
 The very madness flow.  
 On such a moonlit night I drew aside  
 The velvet curtains of the leaves,  
 The curtains which desertion weaves  
 About itself in pride.  
 A sullen broken circle faced me there,  
 Broken and bare within, without,  
 The stones lay scattered all about,  
 There was no sound of prayer.

It was a temple once, upon whose floor  
    Stood offerings of fragrant wine,  
    Across whose altar ran a vine,  
With flowers before its door.

It was a chapel next, and on its roof  
    A stony cross; and gilded paints  
    Upon its walls depicted saints  
Ascetic and aloof.

And then this boding stillness round it spread,  
    And then its walls in ruins sank,  
    And then the air about it drank  
The silence of the dead.

And now it hides the silky-petalled blooms  
    Beneath the shadows of the trees,  
    And Christian rood and pagan frieze  
Alike the dust assumes.

But one part stood entire to my view,  
    A tiny room that stood apart,  
    Opening off the chapel's heart  
And drenched with evening dew.

And to its walls still clung two paintings old;  
    One was a lusty heathen god,  
    He leapt up lightly from the sod,  
His eye was fierce and bold.

Long years had stripped the whitewash from his face,  
    With which he once was hid from men;  
    Of the bright glories he wore then  
There yet remained a trace.

Across from him the Christ in colors vied,  
    And He was meek and thin and pale,  
    And women at His feet made wail,  
And blood flowed from His side.

And hauntingly they gazed across the space,  
    And eyed each other jealously,  
    Whose worshippers had ceased to be,  
A long-forgotten race.

They say that when men left the chapel there,  
    Pagan and Christian gods once fought  
    To be the masters of the spot,  
In open fight and fair.

The pagans won; and then, they say, for lack  
    Of subjects published a decree  
    That he who did that chapel see  
Must evermore come back.

For he must wander there by close of day,  
    And evermore through all the nights  
    There he must practice sacred rites  
In meet and fitting way.

And that is why none walk that silent shore,  
    And why the eerie stillness broods,  
    And why the spot in unknown moods  
Lies waiting evermore.

Nor ever since that fated summer's night  
    Have I set foot upon that strand,  
    Nor heard those waves upon the sand,  
Nor seen that clear moonlight.

Yet hauntingly they gaze across the space,  
    Those faces staring jealously,  
    Whose worshippers have ceased to be,  
A long-forgotten race;

And there I wander at the close of day  
    In dreams through all my living nights,  
    And there I practice sacred rites  
In meet and fitting way.

## SPRING SONG

I walk among the shadows of tall trees,  
 Their winter stiffness fringed with nascent buds.  
 Upon the tangled tenderness of newborn grass I tread—  
 I who have never helped the growth of these  
 Or any living things.  
 A corpse whose heart has not stopped beating,  
 A withered yellow parchment of a man  
 Whose characters but few have ever stopped to read,  
 And that few has forgotten.  
 Nothing that pulses and glows is the work of my hands,  
 Nothing that grows has owed its life to me.  
 Some day, some softly budding day like this,  
 Spring will awake and find me  
 Under its grass,  
 Under its feathered trees,  
 Sleeping with soil, stirring again in roots and buds,  
 Giving my body to some living thing,  
 Only in death to be a part of life.

## PROMETHEUS

*Barnard Quarterly, Winter, 1937: Vol. XII, No. 2*

## I.

How he hangs here who once lay down to rest  
 In simple state besides his lov'd Hesione.  
 The hand that lifted high in joy-brimmed pledge  
 The golden cup with silver serpents twin'd,  
 Or held the carven sceptre over men and gods,  
 Hangs helpless in an iron grasp of chain.  
 His head lies heavy on his Titan breast,  
 And heavy streams his hair before his face  
 Above, below, jut up the shafted rocks  
 Towering from massy blackness of deep pits.  
 About him never-ending morrows stretch,  
 And never-ending pain.

## II.

Now the dull numbness of the morning mists  
 Rolls up, and dumb pain that all the night  
 Stirred heavy in its sleep, now rises up  
 And gives a thousand cries at once.  
 Madly the visions mix, and throb, and fade.  
 Now he beholds the fair green slopes that fold  
 His distant dwelling, and his full-limb'd wife  
 Stately beside her maids who walk before the loom,  
 While some bright spear of laughter splinters on the outer wall.  
 And now voices of gods ring back and forth  
 Among the golden-chased bowls. Like a wreath  
 Of proud white lilies stand the priests  
 Before the altar-block. And all these memories  
 Have faces that are like the mocking fiends of hell.

## III.

And now the fiery-talon'd sun on high  
 Dazzles the crag-crowned cliffs, and grief  
 Feeds like a vulture on his very heart.  
 Deep in the seething fires of his being  
 Forges a mighty picture.  
 Now once again before the mighty gods he stands,  
 The mighty Titan gods, and in his hand  
 The sceptre, and upon his head the wreath.  
 No thunderbolts he wields, but in the hearts of all  
 Strike the clear lightnings of his broad-scop'd gaze.  
 Mightily do the hands of this strong thought  
 Smite on the strings of being, and he melts  
 Into one bitter melody of pain.

## IV.

The misty fingers of the evening pluck  
 Shiveringly the colors from the sky.  
 Dull in his breast at intervals there beat  
 Muffled reverberations, pallid echoes  
 Of the smiting chorus of the day.  
 With chilling balm the fogs of evening fill  
 The holes within the breast, left by the roots  
 Of wrenched-up sighs, and coil about the heart.

## V.

The night has cast away the jewels from her hair  
 And, sulking, sits in mourning-veil.  
 Now bitter creep and crawl the midnight winds  
 Prowling from moaning cliff to cliff.  
 Heavy upon his eyeballs press the shades of night.  
 When, far below, where firm the rising rocks  
 Have set their feet, bursts bright a tiny star of flame,  
 And men about it move, and laugh, and warm themselves.  
 At sight of it a cry flames in his heart, and up, and up,  
 And like a flame the blood starts to his wither'd veins.  
 With ringing heels from rock to rock that cry of triumph leaps  
 Quivering, the winds crouch low before it, and upon  
 The backs of twenty winds at once it spurs from height to height,  
 And now the night, like soft black snowfalls, thicker comes.  
 And faster, and the rocks are still.

## SUNRISE

There is another pale sun slipping, slipping,  
 From the embrace of mountains loth to let it go.  
 There is another day, stepping down  
 From its mysterious converse with the golden-turbaned hills  
 Into the purple valleys,  
 Mists swirling away before it as it walks.  
 The thin grey ghosts of yesterdays before it,  
 The thin grey shadows of tomorrows still to come,  
 File past me leadenly —  
 Another and another and a thousand others, all alike.  
 Dear God, was there a time which all these spectres have forgotten.  
 When life was more than just a cold procession  
 Of suns that rise, and set, and rise again?

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Little thin drawing-room silence,  
 Brittle and irritable, easily shattered  
 By a passing car, a rustle of silk.  
 In moods like this I should prefer  
 A richer silence, heavy with words that might have been,  
 Whose strength bears without breaking  
 The summer sounds of tree and bird;  
 The silence of those who cannot speak,  
 To that of those who find nothing to say, —  
 A graveyard of bodies, to this burial-ground of thought.

## SPRING CHEMISTRY

Only today the new-filled valley-cup  
 Spring's sudden-stealing incense offered up.  
 I saw Spring's essence in the cloud-forms limned  
 And heard it from the throat of swallow hymned.  
 And all the thrilling chemistry  
 Of bud and leaf and root and tree  
 Within me wrought its subtle power  
 And opened there an answering flower.  
 And though it was a quick-sprung touch—  
 The lute will not sound overmuch—  
 What if the striking of the strings is brief—  
 (Spring's green is bright, though withered soon the leaf)  
 Twenty such quivering catches of the breath  
 Were not bad brimming of the cup of Death.

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and Joseph Chase Allen.

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Mr. Reynolds' publications are not, in most cases, a commercial  
undertaking. He publishes these things at a loss in money, impelled  
by love of his native city and its history.

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*The Heath Hen — Vineyard Boats — and Fireside Tales were  
published by Mr. Reynolds.*

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