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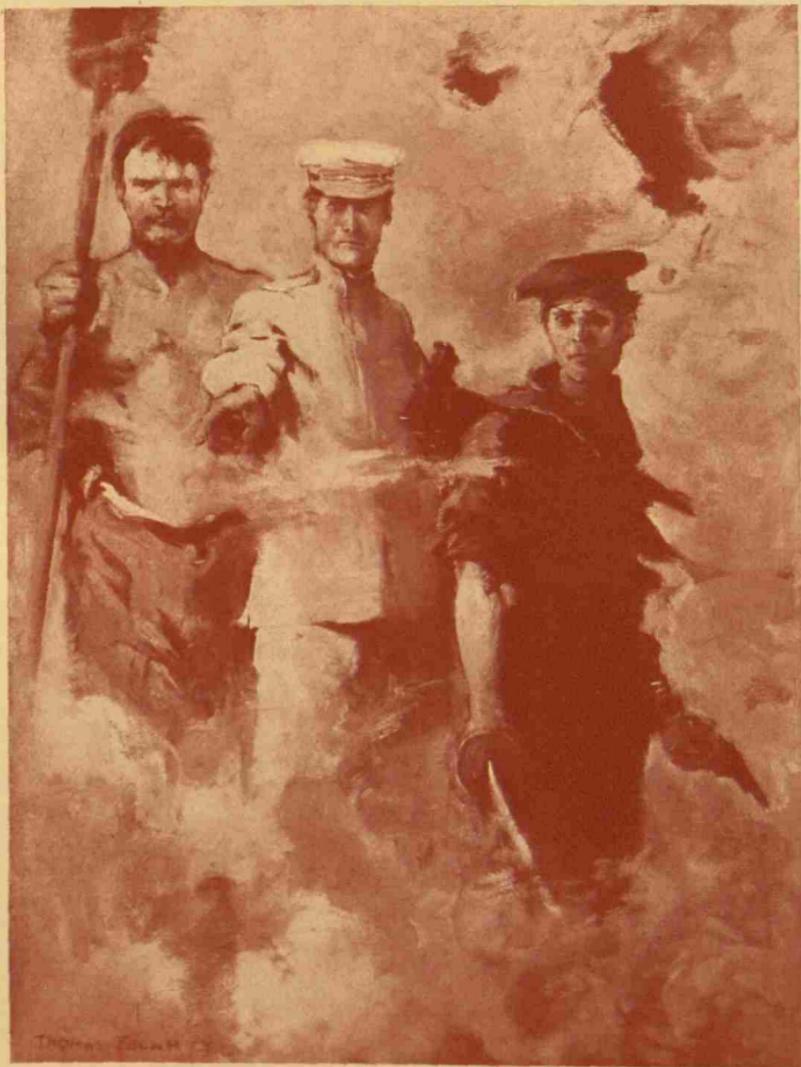
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THE FIGHTING RACE  
and other Poems and  
Ballads

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE



*“Wherever fighting’s the game,  
Or a spice of danger in grown man’s work,”  
Said Kelly—*

# The Fighting Race

AND

## Other Poems and Ballads

*By*

**JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE**

**Author of "Robert Emmet, a Tragedy," "Malmorda,"  
"Lady Godiva," Etc.**

**CIRCULATED BY  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY  
NEW YORK  
1911**

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By JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

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*If one of tender heart,  
In turning o'er these leaflets of long years,—  
Some born in laughter, some all blurred with tears,  
And wrought in climes and places far apart,—  
Shall haply find one haunting line  
Touched e'er so little with the light divine,  
Or thrilling with a joy intense,  
Therein I'll find my recompense.*

*If aught herein has cheered a single soul,  
Or fired one breast to noble deeds,  
Or helped mankind an inch toward reason's goal,  
Or in a sterile bosom sown love's seeds,  
Or placed man's angel at his right on guard,—  
Therein I'll find reward.*

*And so, to all I love,  
My harp, my song I dedicate—  
The near ones who my trust and crust have shared,  
The brave with whom I've marched and fared,  
The land the star-flag waves above  
That gave me welcome at her wide sea-gate,  
And Ireland, mother-land forever dear—  
Yea, dearer for the darkness of her fate.*

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## THE FIGHTING RACE.

“Read out the names!” and Burke sat back,  
And Kelly drooped his head,  
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—  
Went down the list of the dead.  
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,  
The crews of the gig and yawl,  
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,  
Carpenters, coal passers—all.  
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,  
Said Burke in an offhand way:  
“We’re all in that dead man’s list, by Cripe!  
Kelly and Burke and Shea.”  
“Well, here’s to the Maine, and I’m sorry for  
Spain,”  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

“Wherever there’s Kellys there’s trouble,” said  
Burke.  
“Wherever fighting’s the game,  
Or a spice of danger in grown man’s work,”  
Said Kelly, “you’ll find my name.”  
“And do we fall short,” said Burke, getting mad,  
“When it’s touch and go for life?”  
Said Shea, “It’s thirty-odd years, bedad,  
Since I charged to drum and fife

Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen  
    Stopped a rebel ball on its way.  
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of  
    green—  
    Kelly and Burke and Shea—  
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the  
    flag!"  
    Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"  
    Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,  
In the cradle of our soldier race,  
    After one good stand-up fight.  
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,  
    And fighting was not his trade;  
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,  
    With Hessian blood on the blade."  
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great  
    When the word was 'clear the way!'  
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—  
    Kelly and Burke and Shea."  
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the  
    like!"  
    Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,  
    Said, "We were at Ramillies.  
We left our bones at Fontenoy  
    And up in the Pyrenees.

Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,  
Cremona, Lille and Ghent,  
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,  
Wherever they pitched a tent.  
We've died for England from Waterloo  
To Egypt and Dargai;  
And still there's enough for a corps or a crew,  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."  
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,  
If they seldom die in bed,  
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"  
Said Burke; then Kelly said:  
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,  
The angel with the sword,  
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands  
Are ranged in one big horde,  
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,  
Will stretch three deep that day,  
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."  
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

---

March 16, 1898.

## THE HERALDS OF THE GAEL.

The topmost glory of a race is bound  
Within the gleaming virtues of its sons.  
Not by its carven gold shall it be crowned,  
Nor best saluted by its monster guns.  
Its crown shall be to fashion day by day  
The stuff of greatness from its common clay.

Age upon age the worst that man could wreak  
On fellow-man framed Ireland's hapless plight.  
Freedom and learning—yea, the right to speak—  
Were trodden under in her bitter fight.  
Her head was bowed: her breast and feet were bare,  
But mind unconquered held her from despair.

And when by random flashes gleamed a path  
That led to lands with freedom's flag unfurled,  
She 'rose amid the embers of her wrath  
With poets, scholars, captains for the world,  
And sent them forth to shame the broadcast lie  
That Ireland's glories were to fade and die.

So from her common people rise revealed  
The knightly heralds of the deathless Gael.  
'And lo, the boy who led the lambs afield  
Becomes arch-shepherd by the chancel rail;  
The lad who drove wild cattle to the fen  
Commands wide armies in the wars of men.

Behold one, chosen of the free, to stand  
Before the marble altar of the Law,  
And lift the iron scales with steady hand,  
And fearlessly the sword of Justice draw  
To cut the nets the wrangling sophists throw,  
And smite the malefactor high or low.

They carve great statues: marble minsters rear;  
They sing new songs to touch a people's heart;  
They lift our banner and our message bear  
Where senates meet to trace a nation's chart,  
And best when clearest in the soul and face.  
We see the stamp and purpose of our race.

### ROUGH RIDER "BUCKY" O'NEILL.

When the cresset of war blazed over the land,  
And a call rang fierce thro' the West,  
Saying, "Rough Riders, come to the roll of the  
drum!"  
They came with their bravest and best.  
With a clatter of hoofs and a stormy hail;  
Sinewy, lean and tall and brown;  
Hunters and fighters and men of the trail,  
From hills and plains, from college and town;  
With the cowboy yell and the redman's whoop,  
Sons of thunder and swingers of steel;  
And, leading his own Arizona troop,  
Rode glad and fearless "Bucky" O'Neill!

In the ranks there was Irish blood galore,  
As it ever is sure to be  
When the Union flag is flung to the fore,  
And the fight is to make men free.  
There were Kellys, and Murphys, and Burkes, and  
Doyles—  
The colonel owned an O'Brien strain—  
And the lift of the race made a glow on each face  
When they met on the Texan plain.  
But the man of them all with the iron will,  
Man and soldier from crown to heel,  
A leader and master in games that kill,  
Was soft voiced Captain "Bucky" O'Neill!

On watch in the valley or charging the height,  
In a plunge 'cross the steep ravine,  
San Juan or Las Guasimas, battle or fight,  
Or a rush thro' the jungle screen,  
Where the wave of the war took the battling host  
The Rough Riders fronted the storm,  
And their dead on the rocks of red glory tossed  
Amid spray with their life blood warm!  
What wonder, then, holding his chivalrous vow  
To stoop not, or crouch not or kneel,  
That Death in hot anger struck full on the brow  
Of the dauntless "Bucky" O'Neill?

O battle that tries out the hearts of the strong,  
To your test he had answered true,  
Who bent not his head and balked but at wrong,  
Nor murmured what billet he drew!

In the cast of the terrible dice of doom  
It came fair to his hand as well  
To mount the high crest where the great laurels  
bloom  
Or to die at the foot where he fell.  
And of such are the victors, and these alone  
Shall be stamped with the hero seal,  
And stirrup to stirrup they'll ride to the Throne,  
From the colonel to "Bucky" O'Neill!

## PICTURES OF IRELAND.

Do you ever hear the blackbird in the thorn,  
Or the skylark rising warbling in the morn,  
With the white mists o'er the meadows,  
Or the cattle in the shadows  
Of the willows by the borders of the stream?  
Do you ever see old Ireland in a dream?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Can you see the hillsides touched with sunset gold,  
And eve slow darkling down o'er field and fold,  
With the aspen-trees a-quiver,  
And the waters of the river  
Running lonesome-sounding down the dusky glen?  
Do you think of Irish twilights now and then?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Have you seen green Ireland lifting from the sea,  
Her pebbled strands that join the grassy lea?

Seen her rocky headlands rise,  
 With their shoulders in the skies,  
 And the mad waves breaking foam-spent at their  
 feet?  
 Do her brimming tides on shores of Memory beat?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Do you ever think of night time round the fire,  
 The rosy little children, their mother and their sire:  
 The cross-roads and the fiddle,  
 With the dancers in the middle,  
 While the lovers woo by moonlight in the lane?  
 For Irish love has e'er your heart been fain?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Have you ever seen a weenshee leprachaun,  
 Or the fairies dance by starlight on the lawn?  
 Have you seen your fetch go by?  
 Have you heard the banshee cry  
 In the darkness "ululu!" and "ulagone!"?  
 Have you ever back on fairy pinions flown?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Did you ever lift a hurl in lusty joy?  
 Did you ever toss the handball, man or boy?  
 Light bonfires at John's eve,  
 Or the holly branches weave,  
 When Christmas brought the robins and the frost?  
 Has Irish laughter cheered hearts trouble-crossed?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Did your mother by your cradle ever croon  
For lullaby some sweet old Irish tune?  
Did an Irish love-song's art  
Ever steal into your heart,  
Or Irish war-chant make your pulses thrill?  
Do haunting harps yet sound from Tara's hill?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

Do you ever hear the war-cry of the Gael  
As O'Donnell led his kerns against the Pale;  
The trumpet of Red Hugh,  
Or the shout of "Crom Aboo!"  
As they rushed to die for Ireland long ago?  
Do their sword-blades from the ages flash and  
glow?  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

'Tis not written that the Irish race forgot,  
Though the tossing seas between them roll and  
fret;  
Yea, the children of the Gael  
Turn to far-off Innisfail  
And remember her, and hope for her, and pray  
That her long, long night may blossom into day,  
*A many a time, a many a time.*

## THE KINSHIP OF THE CELT.

[At the Rochambeau Dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,  
New York, May, 1902.]

It's the flag of France! the flag of France, I see!  
Life to it! Health to it! fold on fold,  
With the silken glint on its colors three.  
Yet if it was white with lilies of gold—  
The flag of a king—but the banner of France,  
With the flag of stars our love 'twould share,  
And, my soul, I'm for either with sword or lance.  
It is men we love, not the colors they wear.  
*Let the seas divide; let the green earth hide,  
And the long years come and go.*  
*When love has once dwelt in the heart of the Celt,  
It is there while the waters flow.*

The love of old Ireland for France? It has been  
In the first low lilt of our cradle croon;  
Has twined with our longing for Wearing the Green;  
Has been wet with the tears of our Shule Aroon.  
No new love can bid it to wither and fail;  
Its roots have sunk deep in the past, and are strong  
As the long, long mem'ry that marks out the Gael  
For loving old love and for hating old wrong.  
*Where the strong hands clasp in the true man's  
grasp,*  
*And the stout soul finds its mate,*  
*Let the great doors swing and the great bells ring*  
*For the love that laughs at fate.*

To France for a hundred sad years we turned  
As our only friend and our hope-lit star.  
And never our banished ones' pray'rs she spurned,  
But mustered for Ireland her lords of war.  
Oh, the French on the sea, and the pikes on the plain,  
The battle-joy strong in the eyes and breast,  
And if in our Ireland their valor was vain,  
God prospered their arms in the land of the West.  
*Man strikes and prays, but God's dim ways*  
*Direct the red bolt that's hurled,*  
*And the staggering blow of Rochambeau*  
*Broke fetters all round the world.*

They flung wide their halls to our priests and our  
youth,  
When our schools were razed and our faith was  
banned;  
They sent us the swords of De Tesse and St. Ruth,  
And Humbert and Hoche to strike for our land,  
And we, poor in all but our lives and our blades,  
Sent Sarsfield and Dillon, O'Brien, O'Neill,  
And the passionate stream of the Irish brigades,  
The sire of MacMahon went there with his steel.  
*With the years as they go may its glory grow,*  
*Fair France of the generous hand.*  
*As for freedom it stood with its gold and its blood,*  
*Still free and superb may it stand.*

From the loins of the grand old Celtic race,  
Our fathers and theirs came stalwart and twin.  
Wherever we've met on the round world's face,  
Our souls knew their souls for clansman and kin.

And by us, who on many a blood-red field  
Poured out of our best by the best of France,  
The compact of kinship again shall be sealed  
Whenever for freedom her colors advance.  
*Health, power and grace to the Celtic race,  
The Gaul and Gael on sea and shore!*  
*May the green banner ride the wide heavens beside  
The starry flag and the tricolor.*

## THE ARMORY.

*A home for the brave, the warm, the true,  
Who love the old and who love the new:  
Whose blood has so oft divinely sealed  
Devotion's uttermost gift of life  
On the long red ridge of the battlefield,  
In the tortuous aftermath of strife,  
Content in the pride of the fearless soul  
To lengthen the regiment's golden roll.*

Gates, bastion and walls and steel-ribbed dome,  
The regiment enters its fortress home.  
The tramp of the troops, the bugle's bars,  
The flash of the swords, the rifles' sheen,  
And streaming beside the flag of stars,  
Lo, Ireland's banner of gold and green,  
And ever when these float side by side  
Shall the regiment follow or fast abide.

Its battle glories we cannot house;  
Its fallen gallants no trump can rouse  
To tell the tale of the strife-long years;

The days of scars, the coats in rags;  
The laughs, the shouts, the cries, the cheers.

Though we build a home for its tattered flags,  
And hear from their far-off battle graves  
The call of the chiefs to the younger braves.

But its larger home is our broad free land  
With the weltering seas on either hand.  
Wherever our flag flames out on high

From the line of snow to the groves of palm,  
Wherever the eagle dares the sky,

And the morning song is the freedom psalm,  
There sharp to Columbia's trumpet call  
It will march to guard, to strike or fall.

Then here let the deathless Celtic race,  
In rank and file take their fathers' place,  
And prouder their spirit since longer here

They've drunk the strong air from freedom's hills,  
And stouter their hearts that their blood runs clear

From the fount that freedom's bosom fills.  
And their souls on stronger wings shall soar,  
And glory shall wait by the open door.

## THE BALLAD OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

1861—1911.

Clouds black with thunder o'er the Southern states ;  
 North, East and West a sickening fear ;  
 The Union on the dark laps of the Fates,  
 And nowhere sign the skies would clear.  
 Would hate haul down the flag we loved so well—  
 The star-flag that at Yorktown flew ?  
 For answer came the hurtling of a shell,  
 With the Union cleft in two !

Never since out of chaos came the world  
 Sprang such resolve as took us then :—  
 “ Thro' blood and fire, with that brave flag unfurled,  
 The Union shall be whole again.”  
 At Lincoln's call men swarmed from towns and  
 farms ;  
 An ecstasy shook all the land.  
 Tramp ! tramp ! the people's bravest rose in arms.  
 With them the Irish took their stand.

For here their slave rags had away been cast,  
 Freedom had met them at the door,  
 To share such empire lovelit, rich and vast  
 As never fronted man before.  
 Our great Republic ! Shall the kings behold,  
 Neath slavery's thrust, its overthrow ?  
 Loud, righteous, quick our regiment's answer  
 rolled :—  
 “ The Irish Sixty-Ninth says, No ! ”

Tramp! tramp! At Corcoran's command they've  
swung  
Down Broadway's length a thousand strong,  
Their flag of green by grand Old Glory flung,  
Their steps like music to the cheering throng,  
The great Archbishop, blessing rank and file,  
Bends o'er them—soldier, gun and blade,  
On every face the bold-heart Irish smile  
That looks in Death's eyes unafraid.

Mother of Irish regiments, march in pride;  
No idle presage in your tread!  
The way is long; the battle ground is wide;  
High will be the roster of your dead.  
Ever you'll find the battle's crest and front,  
Then march to seek new fighting ground;  
Ever, when shattered in the battle brunt,  
Men for the gaps will still be found.

You'll be baptised in fire at Blackburn's Ford,  
Bull Run shall see two hundred fall—  
You facing south when north the rout has poured;  
At Rappahannock like a wall;  
You'll strike at Fair Oaks; clash at Gaines's Mill;  
And ramp like tigers over Malvern Hill;  
Stand and be hammered at Chancellorsville;  
Antietam's corn shall redden at your name,  
The while you deal the blow that stuns;  
At Marye's Heights your men shall feed on flame  
Up to the muzzles of the guns;

At Gettysburg fire-dwindled on you'll press,  
And then remanned again seek fight;  
All through the tangle of the Wilderness,  
You'll battle day and night;  
At Petersburg you'll spring to the assault;  
*Only at Appomattox shall you halt!*

Let Nugent, Meagher, Cavanagh be praised,  
MacMahon, Kelly, Haggerty, Clark,  
But the thousands three that the regiment raised,  
As surely bore the hero-mark.  
Fame's darling child, the Sixty-Ninth shall shine:—  
Never in Duty's hour to lag;  
Forty-eight times in the battle line,  
Never, never to lose a flag.

Tramp! tramp! you saw the Union split in twain,  
Tramp! tramp! You saw the nation whole.  
Your red blood flowed in torrents not in vain;  
It fed the great Republic's soul.  
Your drums still roll; your serried ranks still form:  
From manhood's service no release.  
Ready at call to ride the battle storm,  
But best the pledge, the guard of Peace.

## AN IRISH EASTER LEGEND.

*"Whoso kneels down upon Easter morn  
On the Druids' stone, and prays,  
Shall see Christ's face when the day is born  
In the sun's first rising rays."*

The Brother Clement, a holy man,  
Has watched through the night, that he  
May know if the eyes of mortal can  
The face of the true Lord see.

His hands are folded across his breast,  
And his knees are on the stone.  
The chill breeze cometh from out the west  
As the monk prays there alone.

It chills him not, for it bears a strain  
As of liquid harp notes sweet,  
And flute notes trilled to a glad refrain  
That all living things repeat.

The air vibrates with the songs of birth,  
A lark is up on the wing.  
There stirs beneath him within the earth  
The very soul of Spring.

Glad voices come from the rustling trees.  
The primrose and the daffodil,  
All buds and flowers that catch the breeze,  
With the song of the Springtime thrill.

"The Lord has blessed me," the Brother cries,  
"Where the Druids knelt His grace  
Has blessed mine ears, and will bless mine eyes  
With a glimpse of His bright face."

The dawn is paling the eastern sky,  
And the clouds are edged with gold.  
He feels that the mystic time is nigh,  
When before him a mist is rolled.

It rises ghostly from wood and stream,  
Faint-flecked as with gold or fire,  
And shaped into forms of eld that seem  
The wraiths of the Druid choir.

And clear on his ear their hymn notes ring—  
"Lord, Lord of earth and air,  
The Spring of the soul, the heart's glad Spring,  
Wake Thou to our Easter pray'r.

"When flower and leaf have the gray earth blessed,  
And the young grain grows apace,  
And when the Spring stirs sweet in the breast,  
We shall know we have seen Thy face."

The mists close round him in wreathings curled.  
He knows that the sun's bright rim  
Is lifting above the wakening world,  
But is rising unseen of him.

Then he bows his head till from wood and mead  
 The mists, rose-winged, have flown.  
 "To see Christ's face in His world, did I need  
 To kneel on the Druids' stone?"

"O Druids of old, by the mists long won,  
 Ye pierced the riddle of gloom!  
 Fair risen Lord and glad risen sun,  
 Life, light, silver song and bloom!"

\* \* \* \*

The monk passed silent but smiling down,  
 And knelt in the holy place,  
 The humble folk through the minster town  
 Said "Lo, he has seen Christ's face!"

### THE HAIL OF THE FRIENDLY SONS.

Shall we who meet and part to-night  
 Remember not our sires?  
 Shall we forget their age-long fight,  
 Their quenchless battle-fires?  
 They handed us the freedom-flame  
 That spreads from sea to sea.  
 They bade it burn in Ireland's name,  
 Till land and race are free.  
 And we feel the thrill of their mighty hail.  
 It comes with the boom of guns,  
 A heart and a hand for our fair land,  
 The hail of the Friendly Sons.

The hail of the Friendly Sons!  
Through the whole wide world it runs—  
A tide from the shores of Innisfail,  
The love that lives in the soul of the Gael,—  
The hail of the Friendly Sons!

Howe'er the ways of love or war  
May claim our hand or brain,  
Where'er the wanderer's lonely star  
May steer us o'er the main,  
Howe'er it chance by flood or field  
That there is aught to dare,  
Whate'er of joy our fates may yield,  
Whatever pangs we bear,  
Still we feel the thrill of that mighty hail,  
It comes with the boom of guns,  
A heart and a hand for our fair land,  
The hail of the Friendly Sons.

No voice compels like mother's voice  
When calling to her own,  
No song makes heart of man rejoice  
Like Love's pure silver tone,  
And Ireland, mother, lover dear,  
Our fathers died for you:  
They kept their faith of freedom clear,  
And so shall we be true.  
For we feel the thrill of their mighty hail.  
It comes with the boom of guns,  
A heart and a hand for our fair land,  
The hail of the Friendly Sons.

## FORE-SONG OF MALMORDA.

## I.

To me by early morn  
Came mem'ries of Old Ireland by the sea,  
The tenderest and sweetest that there be,  
Wherein the songs of water and of wind  
And joy of loving human kind  
Mingled in ecstacy of harmony.  
All was so low-toned and so sweet,  
Near voices seeming ever to repeat  
Soft syllables of blessing on my head;  
And the faces—ah, the faces of the dead  
Companions of my youth were there,  
And one face fairer than all faces fair,  
And one face—oh, my mother—from whose eyes  
The well-springs of all tendernesses rise;  
And all were shaping  
Love and love and love!

## II.

But at night again  
Came the old, old pain,  
And I saw the storm-gods whirling through the air,  
With Desolation's armies ev'rywhere,  
The long and lean lines, ragged, reaching back,  
Torch-flared and wild-eyed in the wrack,  
And the roll, roll, roll of the long thunder,  
As the forked flash of the lightning leaped there-  
under,

And nowhere any peace or rest  
For the children of the land they called the Blest.  
But the surges and the tempest loud were singing,  
And the heavens through their wrath were with it  
    ringing,  
All shaping  
    Love and love and love!

III.

Oh my soul! how can it be  
That by still or stormy sea,  
By the calm that swoons below, or the fury loose  
above,  
The voice of Erin calls on love and love?  
Passionate our hearts be, well I know,  
Whether our tears or laughter flow,  
Whether our faces gloom or glow.  
Yea, through our Irish souls Love's flame  
Shoots its red blaze and shakes the frame;  
Beats on the heart with wings of fire,  
As the wind's sleepless fingers shake a lyre,  
Making wild eerie music never stilled.  
And be our lives with toil or torment filled,  
Ever a crisping, whisp'ring undertone,  
Or hot-caught fiery breath makes known  
The dominant, deep impulse that the hoar  
Old ages stirred with, and that o'er and o'er  
Re-born with travail in the hearts of men,  
Is shaping on our lips, yea, now as then—  
Love and love and love!

## IV.

Then spake a voice to me:—

“Beyond the far days of the Flame-god’s time  
A fair god looked upon the young land’s prime,  
And on the mountains and the streams and seas  
Set seals of loving. Then in mystic threes  
Came many gods to curse or bless,  
Each with his portent of the soul’s distress  
Or jubilance—Bravery, Envy, Jealousy,  
Reverence, Pity, Faith—all joy that bides,  
Or pain that lasts between the ocean’s tides,  
Or through the heaven-circling of a star.  
All these have there endured to make or mar;  
But under the sea’s breast ever stir the dreams  
First waked by love, and in the babbling streams  
Love murmurs all day long,  
And down in the hearts of the mountains strong,  
Love makes its melody of notes so deep  
That the dead gods stir in their stony sleep,  
Their cold lips shaping  
Love and love and love!”

## V.

Then full voiced came my song.

’Twixt day and dark the dead Past called to me.  
A long wave rolled along the Irish sea,  
Its white foam fronted with tossing spears,  
Red with the rust of a thousand years.  
It brake on the sands and the waters ran  
With a blood-red stain, and the song began.

They were there, the steel-capped Ostman hordes;  
In the dusk they flashed their two-edged swords.  
Their warships tossed on the purpling waves;  
At the rowers' benches toiled the slaves.  
Then the Irish king in his youth and might,  
With sweep of battle and roar of fight  
About him, and circling his Norseland prize,  
The blue of the sea in her wild, sweet eyes,  
The life of a man in each strand of her hair,  
And the glow of a flame on her bosom bare.  
'Mid storm and battle, by moon and mist,  
I saw through their very souls, I wiste!  
And the shields that rang, and the sobs that died,  
And the echoing hills and the sombre tide  
Ever were shaping  
Love and love and love!

## THE EXILE.

“Sweep on! sweep on! triumphant storm,  
Drape in thy murky clouds my form.  
Lash still the shore, ye sounding waves,  
Rocking the dead in their briny graves.  
Howl on, ye winds, for ye speak to me  
More sweetly than mother's lullaby;  
The rush and swell of thy thund'rings grand  
Seem music from my far-off land,  
Beyond the tumultuous sea.

“Here by this naked rock, I keep  
My vigil o'er the furied deep.  
I fly the hearts where woe's unknown,  
To fling, O storm, with thine my moan;  
To mix my tears with thine icy spray,  
And find in thy gloom a kindred day.—  
The exile to darkest fate must bow,  
His tears are gems from sorrow's brow,  
And shed but in shade their ray.

“Mem'ry, whose light should never fade,  
Brings me a wilderness of shade;  
My land, whose face doth ever bloom,  
To me is wrapped in sable gloom.  
So in my bosom no rest's for me,  
My soul's enslaved till my land is free—  
Free as thy blast, O rushing wind,  
Free as the swoop of an eagle mind,  
Free as thou, wild, upheaving sea.”

Thus an exile wept on a foreign shore  
For the land that his eyes would see no more.  
Then softened his heart till it sweetly thrill'd  
With dreams from his childhood's mem'ries fill'd;  
Nor, oh! in their flight did they fail to wing  
Where the ev'ning chimes o'er a graveyard ring,  
And a soft shade falls o'er the peaceful dead  
Where the green moss grows o'er his mother's head.  
And his black eyes dimmed as his mem'ries bound  
Now hung o'er the breast of a battle mound,

For, fameless, forgotten by all but him,  
His father slept in its bosom grim;  
And his heart high heaved when his land enchain'd  
Of the distant vision alone remained.  
Then no more to the waters his head was bowed,  
But rising he cried 'mid the storm aloud—

“Lord! Lord, on high! oh, canst thou hear  
My pray'r amid the storm's career?  
Stretch forth Thy hand from yonder sky,  
Whence thus Thy flaming lightnings fly!  
And since that hand alone can save  
That to the world existence gave,  
Here, 'mid Thy wonders, Lord, I crave  
My land her freedom, me a grave!”

As though responsive to the Exile's prayer,  
Loudly the thunders thund'ring him rolled;  
Up rose the deep, and soon the rock was bare,  
While lightnings touched the broken wave with  
gold;  
The winds wailed lonely o'er its sullen breast,  
And lulled the Exile's broken heart to rest.

## THE SINGER.

*To M. N.*

Once to old Erin of the singing streams  
I went upon the wings of dreams,  
And it was night of cloud and sweeping wind,  
With here and there a shining star  
Upon the dark wastes of the sky defined.  
And where the mountains loomed and soughing  
trees  
Waved above valleys stretching dim and far,  
I saw the Mother's loved and mighty form  
Enrobed as tho' in silver of the rain,  
Her heaving breast, her curving hips,  
Her posture as of one who fate defies,  
Her hands clenched fast, her face raised to the  
storm,  
And deathless courage in her eyes:  
And rich and loud from out her parted lips,  
To harpnotes thrilling with the whole world's pain,  
Came forth her song of resolute demand  
That God might bless and save her land.

## THE POET.

*To John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Strong voice for Freedom, love-illumined soul;  
 Sharp sword of Truth, held firm in hand and bare;  
 Great hope-thrilled singer, who beyond earth's dole  
 Heard songs of joy which will for us endure,  
 Eternal joy be thine!

Pow'r was about thee; light was in thy face,  
 And in thine eyes far, mystic visions shone,  
 Where kin and alien clasped in world-embrace,  
 And Right's battalions marched in thunder on,  
 Making thy song divine.

First sang to thee o'er Ireland's uplands green,  
 The skylark's melody as morn grew bright,  
 Filling thy soul with love and rapture keen.  
 In sunrise glory and of lofty flight  
 Thy song to thee was born.

But ever round thee rose deep tones of pain  
 From Ireland's heart wrung, and thy dark eyes  
 filled  
 'As wailed the women o'er their famine-slain,  
 As men were driven from the fields they tilled,  
 As children wept forlorn.

Then fierce and passionate thy song began—  
 A cry for vengeance on the tyrant's horde.  
 The stripling chanted, but the full-grown man  
 Laid singing by and lifted up the sword,  
 To smite if so to save.

Soldier and poet, God so shaped thy ways,  
That though death faced thee amid prison chains,  
And hate and torment dogged thee weary days,  
Fair Freedom found thee, and thy song remains  
A clarion to the brave.

Thy darkest dungeon thou hast made to shine ;  
Thy sufferings are coined in songs of gold ;  
The whole world's longing is transformed to thine,  
Lamp of the true and Leader of the bold,  
Singer of days to be.  
Uplifted prophet, lightnings of the air  
About thee played and storm clouds at thy feet,  
Rolled clashing amid moans of man's despair,  
While thy brave harp did songs of hope repeat,  
And dawning days of glee.

For 'mid the voiceful volume of thy song—  
The loud, high chords that rang from land to  
land—  
Sweet undertones of Love were swept along,  
As to the wave replies the singing sand  
In silver-whispered sound.  
Yea, these our hearts heard as when angels sing.  
Thine eagle flight we watched and heard the dove,  
And ev'ry height scaled by thy daring wing  
Still brought us closer to thy human love.  
Beloved outleaps renowned.

Out of thy far green island comes a sigh,  
Out of our Free America a moan,  
For we are human, and to die's to die.  
And Fame doth not for Death's dull blow atone,  
Deathless albeit thy rhyme;  
But not for us the shadow or the tear;  
Thy living spirit like a breath of flame,  
Radiant and beautiful doth still appear,  
A light to glory in, a joy to name,  
While Death is slain by Time.

Sing to us, bard and brother, from the skies,  
Hurl against Wrong the terror of thy lance,  
So we may hearken when the million cries,  
And what thou carried'st forward we'll advance,  
To fight while there be need  
The rusted tyrannies that die so hard,  
The lawless might that rules by dint of fear,  
The Greed that measures travail by the yard,  
The cynic who meets virtue with a sneer,  
The thought that mocks high deed.

And here where Liberty enthroned doth keep  
Thy name and fame a firstling of her heart,  
Our eyes thy spirit follow in its sweep  
To fair, sad Ireland, where she stands apart  
Praying a brighter day.

O Mother Nature take thy perfect son,  
 Whose life a psalm was, and whose lips thine  
 pressed  
 And learned thy secrets; now the day is done  
 Lay him in peace upon thy mighty breast,  
 His white brow twined with bay.

## AFTER THE LECTURE ON SPION KOP.

“Man, Blake was fine: ev’ry word that he spoke  
 Snapped out like the crack of a whip.  
 D’ye mind where he looked through the cannon  
 smoke  
 As the English let go their grip?  
 For that one hot minute on Spion Kop,  
 God willin’, I’d roast ten years!  
 No wonder the lecture was called to a stop  
 Till the boys were dead with their cheers;  
 And, so,” said Burke, with his glass in his hand,  
 “God bless the burghers of Boerland!”

“And Blake left a leg there,” ’twas Kelly stood up.  
 “They’ve scattered the Irish Brigade;  
 But few as they were they emptied their cup,  
 And the man who dies twice isn’t made.  
 ’Twas a fresh red mark on the old war map;  
 They signed it, men, for us all,  
 And we’d rather lie stiff with them there in the gap  
 Than to cheer them in Mulligan’s Hall.  
 Oh, the fights all along the Tugela were grand,  
 So, God bless the burghers of Boerland!”

"Ah, things have gone badly," said Burke, "since then."

"In time," said Shea with a frown,  
"Two hundred and fifty thousand men  
Will wear thirty thousand down."

"If I was De Wet," said Burke, "I'd set——"

"If you? arrah whisht," said Shea,  
"Phil Sheridan couldn't give points to De Wet  
In a dash and a smash—and away,  
He'd keep up a fight with a lone command—  
God bless the burghers of Boerland!"

"And the Boers are Protestants. One would think,"  
Said Burke, "'twould for something count."

"In questions of loot," said Shea with a wink,  
"That wouldn't reduce the amount.

When Cromwell made Ireland an open grave  
And gave us the edge of the knife,  
It wasn't our souls he wanted to save,  
But to ease us of land and life.

And 'tis Ireland yet, lads, mountain and strand,  
So, God bless the burghers of Boerland!"

"The smoke of their homesteads darkens the sky,"  
Said Burke, "but their guns are bright;  
Their women and children are herded to die,  
But they don't give up the fight.

The world has left them, more shame to the world,  
To rattle their way to death,  
But an Englishman's soul to the pit is hurled  
When a Boer gives up his breath.  
And they're fighting to-day from the Cape to the  
Rand;  
God bless the burghers of Boerland!"

"A race doesn't hate for the sake of hate,"  
"Nor," said Kelly, "when gun faces gun;  
But the bitter black flower grows early and late  
Where the killing of women is done;  
On the graves of the children its roots strike deep,  
Then the hearts of live men it will clutch,  
And till Judgment their race will its foothold keep;  
You can't kill the Irish—or Dutch!  
So, if none but us three were to stretch them a hand,  
God bless the burghers of Boerland!"

## THE FRET OF FATHER CARTY.

After Last Mass on the Feast of All Saints.

“Oh, wasn’t he hard on poor sinners this mornin’?  
And his voice, begor! was no silver-tone flute  
When he gave us,” said Burke, “the ‘third and last  
warnin’,’  
With a taste and smell of blue sulphur to boot.  
Arrah! what takes good Father Carty so quarely  
That he preaches of late so mortal crass?”  
Said Shea, “It’s surely the gettin’ up early,  
And workin’ and fastin’ for ten o’clock mass.”

“The priests,” laughed Burke, “are for takin’ it aisly  
As the Holy Father’s four white mules.  
But the bishops and cardinals drive them crazy  
For spires, marble statues, stained windows, and  
schools.  
And soon as ever a mortgage is lifted,  
They must start out fresh for worry and fret.  
If they don’t, movrone, they are sure to be shifted  
To a Dago parish that’s spanceled with debt.

“Still the life, I am sure, would suit me splendid:  
A snug, warm house with your nag at the door,  
And then, when the ten o’clock mass was ended,  
To breakfast on bacon and chops galore.”  
“Yis,” Shea snapped short, “you would ate, I’m  
thinkin’,  
And there your most pious desires would stop.  
When a man loves food like that, he is shrinkin’  
His soul to the size of a mutton chop.

“But, lad, if you lay a ball in your shoulder,  
 Blood-soaked and pain-racked and ravin’ with  
 thirst,  
 And a priest with cool words and something colder  
 Was there on his knees beside you—the first;  
 And said as he soothed you, ‘The good Lord thirsted  
 And died on the cross for men like you,’  
 Then whispered: ‘My son, the rebels were worsted!’  
 You’d face your God with a smile or two.

“And here it’s: ‘Christen the child John Peter’;  
 ‘Plase marry me, Father, to Tim McCann’;  
 ‘Make Pat stop his swearin’’; ‘Make Julia neater’;  
 ‘Give the temperance pledge to my Turk of a man.’  
 And the vestrymen about debts pursue him.  
 He’s out upon sick-calls tender and bright;  
 All day all the woes of the poor drive through him;  
 He hears their confessions till nine at night.”

“Well, well,” stammered Burke, “I was only fun-  
 nin’.”  
 “Fun!” thundered Kelly. “Man hold your whist,  
 And think of the hour that the last fight’s won in,  
 And the priest’s face there in the waverin’ mist—  
 The face of a promise beyond the water  
 That rolls to your feet without a sound.  
 Little help is mother or wife or daughter  
 When you know that your soul is outward bound.

"He leaves the red blossoms of life to others,  
And his feet keep step to no earthly guide,  
The poor far more than the rich his brothers,  
The Christ that he preaches has arms spread wide.  
So, if of a mornin' his temper's fretful,  
And whether he fast or whether he feast,  
While he walks toward God, of himself forgetful,  
You can see the angel beside the priest."

## WHEN SHERIDAN HURLED THE DISCUS.

“Pinch me; ay, punch me, for fear I’m not sitting  
here reading the paper.  
Sure as the sun in the morning lights Mangerton  
Mountain in Kerry;  
Sure as I’m Shea, and ye’re Kelly and Burke, my  
boys; sure as we’re Irish,  
There in the land of the Greeks, at the scratch in the  
games of Olympus,  
Sheridan’s swing from the shoulder has landed him  
Champion at Athens.”

“Champion of what?” cried out Kelly. “Why,  
champion at hurling the discus.”

“Holy St. Patrick!” said Burke, “’twas the game  
of the splendid Greek heroes.

Read every word of it; lilt it in music like Homer’s  
hexameters.”

“Sheridan, slantha!” said Shea, who, wiping his  
lips, began reading:

““(Cable from Athens by way of Parnassus to Mul-  
ligan’s Journal.)  
“Lastly came Sheridan, Irish-American, throwing  
the discus.

Taking his stand in the stadium under the shade of  
Pentelicus,  
Broad of chest, sinewy, long-armed and supple—a  
Gael of Old Mayo.  
Thousands and thousands of living spectators are  
waving and cheering.  
Hovering over them, lo, too, a myriad silent and  
ghostly,  
Out of the past when the Parthenon's pillars first  
rose in the sunlight:  
Pallas, the Goddess of Athens, is bending her black  
brows upon him,  
Phœbus Apollo, the sun god, leans from his chariot  
gazing,  
Ares, the god of the sword, and Hephaestus, the god  
with the hammer,  
Smile on the Gael who is stripping his arms, and  
uplifting the discus.

“ ‘Sages and poets and rulers, whose names are as  
planets forever,  
Dim eyed and mistlike look down on the pageant:  
Pericles brooding,  
Socrates dreaming, and Sophocles seeing new  
dramas unrolling,  
Sheridan standing the while as he takes a ‘full  
breath from th’ Ægean.

“ ‘Up where the violet turreted city looks over the  
water,  
Soldiers of Salamis, heroes of Marathon, helmeted,  
sworded,

Seeing the muscle-free grace of the Gael, and the  
mould of his torso,  
Look from the clouds in a shadowy phalanx, asking  
each other:—  
“Comes back to earth our Androsthenes, greatest at  
hurling the discus?”

“‘Hushed now the judges and thousands of on-  
lookers packed on the benches.  
Sheridan poises his body, and glances along to the  
skyline.  
Slowly he raises the discus, and, balanced an in-  
stant, seems pausing.  
Swift as a panther, then, whirling his arm and his  
body and bending,  
Hurls the broad discus that rises and sweeps thro’  
the blue like an eagle,  
On, ever on, till it seems it would never more touch  
the green sod of Athene.

“‘Silence! A pause, then a shout like the thunder  
that rolls on Olympus.  
Never in Greece of the pagan has cast of the discus  
outreached it;  
Never in Greece of the Christian has cast of the  
discus come near it!  
Thousands are shouting the praise of the victor,  
and hymning his glory.  
Green flag and gold harp are floating above the  
green turf of old Hellas.

Sheridan! Sheridan! Erinn in Mikla will love  
you and cheer you:—  
Feast of the Greeks, you have made their Olympic  
the goal of the Gael.' ”

“Thunder an’ turf!” sang out Burke. “It is great!  
Rise, Kelly, and holler!  
Gaelic and Greek may go dancing and laughing  
along through the ages,  
Singing a poean together, while Latin, Dutch,  
Saxon and Russian  
Pipe into whistle-sticks fit for small children. So  
Kelly, come holler!”

“Holler!” said Kelly. “It’s not so surprising to beat  
out them dagoes.  
Sheridan’s great, but our fathers broke records  
when Greece was barbarian.  
Mind you the story of Lia Lamh Laich by the ford  
of the Shannon:  
Twenty men dead at one swoop of the stone that  
was flung by young Finn.

Think of the spear cast of mighty Cuchullin, and  
twenty more like it,  
Telling the world that the Gael asks no favor in  
sport or in battle.  
Not where three men or three hundred sit drinking  
the health of the hero,  
Sounds the true bellnote that booms for the fame  
that’s immortal.

There—look you upward—to-night 'twiil be heard  
    in a chime and full measure,  
Ringing the glory of Ireland, the mother of men of  
    live muscle;  
Heard when great Herakles, rising and throwing  
    his club on his shoulder,  
Crosses the star spangled pavement of heaven, and,  
    pointing to Athens,  
Shouts in good Irish that wakes up St. Peter:  
    ‘Shake hands, Finn MacCool.’”

# **SONGS OF AMERICA.**

## AT LIBERTY'S FEET.

Goddess, slow-born of the ages—Liberty, light-giving soul!

Raised, looking seaward, gigantic in sheen of bronze,

What dost thou see in the wastes afar,

Beyond where the waters throb,

Out where the future's nurselings are

And the woes of the future sob?

What glory the coming day dons,

What gleams and what glooms hither roll?

Here we have set thee in majesty fronting the rising sun,

Rock-bastioned, steel strengthened, splendid with crown of fire,

To last while man treads the circling world,

To hold us to hate of the wrong,

To live 'neath Love's banner unfurled,

To be good and for Justice strong,

To ascend, to uplift, to aspire,

To stand fast by each right well-won.

Dost thou see the fulfillment of this, grand Queen of all men free!

The old law moving to better, the new law on to the best,

Ever on Toil a more sunny brow,

Ever in thought a purer flight,

With songs of sweetness undreamed of now,  
Silver laughter and golden light,  
A bond of Trust from east to west,  
A band of Peace from sea to sea?

But ah, when thy mantle of bronze has crusted  
with rust of green,  
And the fresh-cut stones at thy feet are worn by  
cycles of storm,  
And all who gazed at thy new-lit flame  
Are gone on the wind of Time,  
Shalt thou stand for an empty name?  
Shall our hopes and dreams sublime  
Be as rust and dust of thy form,  
Be as dust of thy rust of green?

Oh never be thou in one glory dimmed or thy stars  
be less,  
Great image of all men's strivings to reach man's  
topmost goal!  
Thy flame we'll watch for the years unborn,  
Though the olden wrongs die hard;  
Thine altar with flow'ring deeds adorn;  
Thy throne with our lives we'll guard,  
That thou may'st enter the broad world's soul,  
Forever to light and to bless.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Can we add to his glory whose praise is ours?  
Can we rate him anew in the lists of fame?  
Shall our words or our deeds be the worthier flow'rs  
To garland withal his immortal name?

With the breath of the cycle that saw him grow  
In wisdom and honors he passed away,  
And the cankering years that deface as they go  
Still leave us his spirit untouched of clay.

Still gathers the tone that proclaims him great;  
Still spreads out the Nation that guards his love;  
Still moves with the rhythmical tread of fate  
The march of the People he stands above.

Not a cold, iron figure of kingly grain,  
With a flinty face and a biting sword;  
Not the rude wolf-suckling of savage strain  
That Rome first knew for its fighting lord;

But a man's large form with its sense of might,  
Whose lips seem voicing a people's psalm,  
Whose eyes shine clear with a gracious light,  
Whose brow is stamped with a godlike calm.

Yet, when out of the New World's travail of birth  
A mail-clad Liberty-child was born,  
And over the utmost bounds of the earth  
A voice of the free was heard in the morn,

He stood in the terrible gap of war  
As stout at the heart as stalwart of limb,  
And within their red lines stretching wide and far  
The tyrants kept vigil in fear of him.

For always he pressed to the marked-out goal  
In the awful might of the Pure and Just;  
Lofty, unflinching—for strong of soul  
With that which is grander than courage—trust.

Trust in the cause that had armed his hand,  
Trust in the people its blood that spills,  
His sword and his word taught the battling land,  
God will not revoke what the people wills.

As he who looks forth from a mountain peak  
Sees over the hills to the rising sun,  
While down in the valleys the misty reek  
Hangs low, and they know not that night is done;

So, often when those whom he led could but see  
The smoke of disaster roll over the skies,  
A gleam of the far away victory  
They caught in the blaze of his blenchless eyes.

He won—and he laid down his stainless sword;  
Supreme—he relinquished the ruler's seat.  
Plain man in pure honor, who ruled and obeyed—  
The kings of the earth are but dwarfs at his feet.

## THE BATTLE FLAG.

O sweeping wave of white and red,  
Flow ever at the column's head!  
O star-lit field of blue, lead on  
Where Trust and Faith so oft have gone!  
Onward tho' foes dispute the way,  
Onward by night and on by day,  
Up the slant path whatever bars—  
The kindred of the mounting stars—  
Till he who bears thee waves thee high,  
Where those who scorn thee fall and die,  
O battle-flag of Ours.

For war has claimed thee: thine the strife;  
Thy threads all thrill with fighting life:  
Thy lifting wind a sulph'rous blast,  
And for thy flaunting no tall mast  
On frowning fort or tow'ring ship,  
Only a brave man's steadfast grip  
To bear thee while the heavens reel  
With crash of iron, flash of steel;  
But Death a thousand lives must call  
Ere thou shalt droop, ere thou shalt fall,  
O battle-flag of Ours.

O beauteous flag that Love upholds,  
Spread freedom 'neath thy silken folds,  
And Truth and Justice mark thy sweep  
On land or on the rolling deep;  
And stern and swift thy message be  
Where freedom fails on land or sea.

On by the light from Glory's face,  
On with the passion of our race!  
And battle torn or redder dyed,  
Still float supreme in starry pride,  
O battle-flag of Ours.

### NATHAN HALE'S STATUE.

Pinioned and bound as he stood erect,  
Smiling under the gallows tree—  
Thus let him stand, not vainly decked  
For a courtier's immortality.  
Just as he stood, with his brave breast bared,  
And the fearless glance of his eye  
Thrilling the wretches who 'round him glared,  
And showing him proud to die.

Just as he stood, so let him stand,  
As he prayed for a score of lives,  
To lay them down for his bleeding land,  
What, strip him of ropes and gyves?  
When the lord of life meets the lord of death,  
And such a man is the prize—  
Just as they barter his dying breath,  
Let him live before our eyes.

Aye, drape him just as he stood that hour  
When his steadfast courage rose,  
And, pinioned and gyved, the godlike pow'r  
Of his cause made blench his foes.

No knotted ropes could his free soul bind,  
No gibbet his heart appal—  
He was dying for freedom of humankind,  
For America, first of all.

The steps of the heroes who bless the earth  
Are led not in flowery ways,  
They face the grime, and their glory-birth  
Falls not upon festal days.  
Their meat is hunger, and shame their priest.  
They look not on death as loss:  
Yea, dearer than Christ at the Paschal feast  
Is the naked Christ on the cross.

## THE FUNERAL OF GRANT.

*O watcher on the hills of morn: what signs dost thou espy?*

A flag upon a fortress and a glory in the sky.

*O soldier on the fortress: what of the breaking morn?*

The flag I serve is gemmed with stars from heaven's banner shorn.

*O flag of stars: how art thou watched that wavest thus unmarred?*

No soldier bears a shotted gun, though a million are on guard.

*O million sons with shotless guns: why do the cannons boom?*

The morning light, the cannon flash both glorify a tomb.

*O morning light of lusty life: why shonest thou on decay?*

I shine upon the soul of him whom death can never slay.

*O morn-lit soul immortal: what do the cannons sing?*

Their iron lips are tuned to peace and gentle comforting.

*O land he saved to Freedom: what sayest thou o'er  
his clay?*

He sleeps on the heights, but ever he guards us  
night and day.

### TECUMSEH'S REVEILLE.

[In Memoriam William T. Sherman, obiit., 1891.]

Thou didst write these words with thine own hand:

*"Remind me early in May  
Of my promise to be with our boys in blue  
When they march on Memory's day."*

Alas, but the plumes are nodding  
Of soldiers about thy bier!

Alas, but the crowds stand silent,  
And the dirge falls dead on the ear!

Alas, but the trumps are sounding  
"Retreat" before May is here!

Yet there is thy promise, as clear to me  
As if voiced by a hundred guns,  
And I know at the sound of our reveille  
Thou wilt answer, "Ready, my sons!"

But where shall the call be sounded  
When the trees are abud in May,  
To pierce to the ears of the spirit  
And quicken again his clay?

Shall it be where his legions battled  
As he marched from the mount to the sea?  
Shall it be where he bore our banner  
And the graves of our foemen be?  
Shall it be where he stood triumphant  
As his cannon went rumbling by,  
And his hundred thousand bayonets  
Flashed back to the Southern sky,  
And the cries of joy over treason dead  
Made a chorus that will not die?

No, not alone where thy mailed hand 'fell  
When "smite" was the true man's word:  
The balm is poured where swept thy sword,  
There is peace where the war-winds stirred,  
There are sounds as calm as the vesper bell  
Where the battle for Union roared.

So, east and west in the pearly morn,  
Yea, north and south at dawn  
Of a day in May  
When the buds are new,  
When the month is newly born,  
Let the silver trumpets clear and true  
At the lips of the brave be blown—  
The Union's children of brain and brawn—  
Till a thrill through the Nation runs,  
And I know at the blast of that reveille  
He will answer, "Ready, my sons!"

Then, when we gather to deck the graves  
Of the Union dead, we'll know  
That Sherman is watching us marching past  
'Neath our flag with its stars aglow—  
The flag that blesses, the flag that saves,  
The flag he bore through the battle blast  
In the face of the Union's foe.

And his soul will abide by his pledge to the end  
To stand at the great review,  
When far in the past all the war drums blend  
To a single faint tattoo.  
But if ever a foe lifts hostile hand,  
Then louder than Sumter's guns  
Will ring through the breadth of the Union land  
His rally-call, "Ready, my sons!"

## SALVE!

Where thou standest, Eulalia,  
In thy hands a sheaf of bloom,  
Twined with love for our Ulysses,  
In the twilight of his tomb,  
Not'st thou not a murmur mystic  
Stirring, thrilling through the air?  
Hear'st thou not the far-off echoes  
Of a silver trumpet's blare?  
Hark, the battle-harness clinking  
As it sounded cycles gone,  
When Spain rose against the Moslem,  
And thy champions thundered on;  
Ghostly lion banners flutt'ring  
Ghostly standards of Castile;  
Sword 'gainst scimetar sharp clashing;  
Stamp on stone of mail-clad heel;  
Loud Te Deums grandly chanted  
Sink to whispers in thine ears.  
Round thee, Princess, see, they gather,  
Splendid wraiths of glorious years!  
From them comes one voice, the clearest  
Ever woke the soul of Spain.  
But one word it sayeth "Salve!"  
"Hail, high captain free of stain!"  
Clear, beneath the vault it ringeth  
As thou layest on his tomb  
In the Maytime fresh with dewdrops,  
From thy hands a sheaf of bloom.

Love's hand led thee to the portal;  
Love's lamp lit thee through the door,  
Bringing our dead Captain greeting  
From El Cid Campeador.

### MOTHER AMERICA.

[From the Manhattan Day Ode to Chicago.]

Mightiest type of the human,  
Praised be again and again,  
Broad-breasted mother of woman;  
Giant-limbed mother of men.

Mother majestic and splendid,  
Mother of glories and joys,  
By wisdom and power attended,  
Jubilant mother of boys:

Mother most tender and holy,  
Whose tears are as lovely as pearls;  
Guardian of gentle and lowly,  
Delicate mother of girls:

Mother of mountain and river,  
Who looketh from foam to foam—  
Mother, the bountiful giver,  
Beautiful mother of home:

Mother of sower and reaper,  
Of crops and of fruitful soil,  
Of manhood the builder and keeper,  
Mother of glorified toil:

Mother of fruit and of flower,  
Of the flocks' and herds' increase;  
Mother of sunbeam and shower,  
Plentiful mother of peace:

Mother of science far-reaching,  
Of music that swells from thy heart,  
Of beauty beyond the old teaching,  
Mother of purified art:

Mother, whose bosom shall mingle  
The red of all blood that flows,  
Till lastly it runneth as single  
And pure as the streams from snows.

Mother, the roseate ever,  
Robed in the sunset's bars,  
Mother of lofty endeavor,  
Crowned with the diamond stars:

Mother, our love thy defender,  
Mother, thy love our might;  
Mother, thy glory our splendor,  
Mother of freedom and light:  
Mother America!

## THE MARCH OF THE MILLIONS.

[From the Manhattan Day Ode to Chicago.]

Hark to the march of the millions whose murmurous work-songs arise at the dawn,  
Humming and throbbing and clanking their looms  
and their engines till day has withdrawn,  
Chaining the forces of earth and of air as their  
slaves for the saving of toil,  
Seeking new secrets and heaping up trophies of  
science in spoil upon spoil.  
What can withstand them, what can o'ermatch them  
in prowess and riches and pride?  
Wonder not, then, that new millions are pouring  
upon us on tide after tide—  
Pale-fronted millions, grown bitter from holding  
the stirrups and bridles of kings,  
Praying but light and a spade in the open—for  
manhood that labors and sings.  
Oh, for these newly born brothers and sisters, yea,  
for ourselves, let us ask,  
Have we not grander and brighter a guerdon to  
offer than song with a task?  
What to grow richer in gold till our eagles out-  
number our tassels of corn,  
If in the land of the eagle our souls cannot soar on  
the wings of the morn?  
What to grow mightier, huger and greater, many as  
sands of the sea,  
If we grow not ever better and purer, happier,  
gladder, more free?

Free with a freedom of sunshine and breezes, glad  
as the waters that leap,  
Happy as love on the lips of a maiden, and pure as  
an infant asleep.

## ABSIT OMEN.

For him who brake in thund'rous fray the ocean  
power of Spain  
We have rebuilt the Flavian arch—of Titus, lord  
of Rome,  
Who harried fair Jerusalem and spoiled her, mart  
and fane.  
Beneath the arch of Titus, lo ! we hail our Hero  
home.

Sheer and strong its columns, stark symbols of the  
Roman might,  
When Appian Way resounded with the victor's  
loud acclaim,  
But Rome's grim road to Empire led her down the  
steeps of night:  
Wild spearsmen smote her helpless, and bar-  
barians mocked her name.

For cruel lust and lusty greed had tracked her sandaled tread,  
She ruled o'er shackled peoples, and races shamed and cowed,  
Whose toil piled up her granaries, whose rubies decked her head,  
Whose one red dream was vengeance and their conqueror in a shroud.

While, then, to blast of trumpet and deafening roll of drums,  
From where his brave Olympia cuts the wave with bow of steel,  
In a flame of waving color on a sea of cheers he comes,  
Fast stand we still for freedom-robing manhood, head to heel.

The healing as the smiting hand be ours in onward march.  
We are free burghers, strange to ways of Emperors and Kings,  
And when of Rome's blood-spattered stones we take the Victor's arch,  
Give we new wings to Victory, love's wide, protecting wings!

## THE SONG OF OLD GLORY.

## I.

Shall we sing of grand Old Glory,  
With its flowing stripes and stars?  
Shall we tell its homely story,  
Or its battle fame in wars?  
Why we're here to chant in chorus,  
'Tis the best on land or sea,  
And with friend or foe before us,  
That our thunder song shall be:—

Glory, Glory, grand Old Glory,  
Light on the land, star on the sea,  
Our darling and our splendor,  
Every man its stout defender,  
Flag of the free, Old Glory.

## II.

Was it through the Revolution,  
Bringing vict'ry everywhere?  
Was it where the Constitution  
Rattled down the Guerriere?  
Why, our fathers sang the chorus;  
'Tis our song of jubilee,  
And the mothers good who bore us  
Sang it to us on their knee.

## III.

Was it following the sunset  
With the hardy pioneer?  
Was it where the Indian onset  
Met the settlers' ringing cheer?  
Why they fought and sang in chorus,  
And they ploughed and sowed the lea;  
They were brave the men before us,  
And as brave too let us be.

## IV.

Did it march with Grant and Sherman  
When the Union rocked in pain?  
Did it swell from Celt and German  
As they shed their blood like rain?  
Why, thro' fire they sang the chorus,  
Gallant boys from over sea,  
And at ev'ry shot that tore us,  
Raised the chant of Liberty.

## V.

Does it go with clang of hammer?  
Can it keep electric speed?  
Is it 'mid the crash and clamor  
Of the rushing iron steed?  
Why, all labor hums the chorus;  
For the lusty toilers see,  
That the starry banner o'er us  
Carries Freedom's wide decree.

## VI.

Does it ring through school and college  
As it rang through strife and fray?  
Is it after song of knowledge?  
Is it meet for time of play?  
Why, our babies lisp the chorus:  
As the sapling so the tree,  
And our sweethearts fair implore us,  
Ever true to it to be.

## VII.

It shall be our chant forever,  
On the land and on the foam:  
It shall sanctify endeavor,  
It shall glorify the home.  
Why, our souls are in the chorus,  
And our hearts beat time in glee  
And as long as Heaven's o'er us,  
Shall our land be great and free.

## POEMS.

## THE SOUL OF NIPPON.\*

A Mediæval Legend of Japan.

At winter dusk upon the hillside cold,  
While shivering trees made moan,  
Went Hojo Tokiyori all alone.  
Free of his Regent robes and zone of gold,  
Free of all trappings of imperial state,  
Plain garbed as Buddhist priest, he bent his head  
Before the icy winds that beat  
Upon him as he upward strode.  
Rough and stony was the road ;  
Across the rim of waters Fuji's crest  
Rose dim and blue against the paling West.  
Bare lay the frosted valley at his feet,  
And faint and far upon the plain below,  
The lights of Kamakura shed their glow.  
He turned and gazed and grimly said,—

"No royal palace is the home of truth,  
So now I dare what every mortal fears—  
The judgment of a man by his compeers—  
The test that men still flinch from till they die.  
For if I'd still hold rule supreme, be great

\*Under the title *Trees in Jars*, this legend forms the basis of a chant used in the classic Japanese *No* dance, which, with its Chorus, robed actors and musicians, strikingly suggests the beginnings of the Greek drama. Tokiyori was a Shikkin, or Regent, of the Hojo family, real rulers of Japan under the sacred but secluded and powerless Mikado. They flourished in the thirteenth century A. D. The Regent was Shogun, or chief general, as well, unless he delegated that power.

Of deed and mind,  
Myself must learn what man 't is guards my gate;  
Must learn what man am I.  
And haply in the hollows of the wind,  
The mighty soul of Nippon I shall find."

Closer he drew his robe of ashen gray,  
And faced once more the darkening, upward way.  
On, on he trod 'neath cloud-veiled stars till dawn,  
His spirit to the soul's high levels drawn,  
And begged for food or sleeping place  
From poor and rich, from good and base.

And ever learned he more from friend and foe  
The subtle things that dynasts seek to know  
Of wit or warning against overthrow.  
Often in lordly hall or peasant's cot,  
In words of praise or slight,  
With deepened shadows or excess of light,  
Saw his own picture drawn, and knew it not.  
"Yea, words are plenty: wisdom rare," said he.  
"My name of common tongues the sport,  
The shuttlecock of good and ill report;  
Yet in it all no sunrise-ray there be.  
O Soul of Nippon, speak thou unto me!"

From fruitless searchings by the Eastern strands,  
Through winter days, and toiling sore,  
Back by Shinano's wild volcanic lands  
The weary Tokiyori bore,  
Till lost in Kozeki on an eve of storm,  
It seemed he could no farther go.

The night had fall'n, and with it came the snow,  
In blinding flakes and dancing whirls of white,  
And numb his hands and feet began to grow,  
When, as through tattered shojis, came a gleam—  
Dim as a blurred star in a dream—  
And groping toward it painfully,  
He paused, and cried, "Pray shelter me."

Back slid the shoji, and a gaunt old man  
Came out, and looked upon the farer's face.  
His smile of welcome died, and in its place  
Came awe and shame; then, halting, he began,—  
"Most reverend—and noble—we are poor;  
A famine-hut that dogs would not endure.  
Cross yonder hill, and richer folk you'll find."

And Tokiyori silent faced the wind.

Now came the aged goodwife raging forth,  
Her anger rising more and more.  
"Sano gan Zymo," said she, "where's the worth  
Of being born a samurai,  
Thus to debase the honor of your door?  
On night like this to turn a man away  
When we should open to a beast?"  
"Before him, wife, a lordlike priest,"  
Old Sano muttered, "we should die of shame."

"Were he the Regent," cried the dame,  
"You should not let him go  
To die amid the wind and snow.

Who knows but this our life of bitter need  
 Comes from God's finger, pointing to no deed  
 Of godlike charity to light our path?  
 We little have: the strange priest nothing hath.  
 Run: bid him back, my lord, to warmth and rest.  
 Say: 'Come, most reverend, we'll share our best!'"

Within the hut around the little fire,  
 Sat Tokiyori with the man and wife,  
 Sharing their scanty millet dish,  
 And, ever as the embers 'gan expire,  
 A little tree flung on them gave them life—  
 Three little trees with large and fair good-wish.

First 'twas a dwarfish pine tree long of days,  
 And next a tiny plum tree kings would praise,  
 And last a dainty cherry fed the blaze.

Said Tokiyori, "You are poor indeed,  
 Yet you are burning trees you've grown in jars,  
 Which only rich ones can afford."

And Sano, stooping still the flames to feed,  
 Made answer smiling, "Truly, Reverend lord,  
 Not with my low estate do they accord:  
 But in these scarecrow tatters you behold  
 One brave among the samurai of old,  
 And one from whom, while in the Shogun's wars,  
 His tyrant neighbors took his lands by force,  
 And left him but this hut, his battle-horse,  
 And these three little trees.  
 Yet grieve not, priest, their tender beauty fled,

For where can costly wood the better burn  
Than on the hearth where warms man's love for  
man?

And flower and leaf return to God the best  
In lighting up the welcome of a guest;  
Yea, since it is the gift of God to live,  
The greatest joy in living is to give."

"The greatest joy is giving," Tokiyori said.  
"And love is giving all," said Sano's dame.

"Love," smiled old Sano, "is life's fire and flame,  
And evermore my heart grows warm and light  
That when I bade you forth in wind and snow,  
My goodwife breathed the voice of Bushido,  
That teaches when a stranger 's at the door  
The face that looks thereout should aye be bright,  
Nor poor need be the welcome of the poor.  
'Were he the Regent, take him in,' she cried."

"And if I were?" asked Tokiyori low.  
"Ah, for the Shogun," Sano cried aloud,  
"I hold my life when all is lost beside.  
My old white horse still lives to bear me proud  
To battle at my lord the Shogun's call.  
My two-hand sword, tho' rusty, hangs him there,  
Ready when forth my horse and I shall fare  
For Tokiyori, greatest lord of all."

And Tokiyori smiled:—"Lo, now I know."

From Kamakura soon came call to war,  
The war-drums rattling loud through all the ways.  
And warriors trooped from near and far—  
Veterans many from old fields hard-won,  
And youths who yet no shining deed had done.  
And all in clanking panoply of fight,  
From cot and castle, and from field and town,  
Came lightfoot o'er the hills before the night,  
And poured through all the valleys to the plain,  
With cries and cheers,  
Till morning flared its red-gold arrows down  
Upon a hundred thousand swaying spears.

Sat Tokiyori on his battle-steed,  
His great soul shining in his searching eyes.  
About him daimios, armed and spurred,  
And shomios ready or to strike or bleed,  
Or challenge death in any noble guise,  
All watchful waiting for his word.

Then, as the silent waters break  
With sudden wind-stroke into weltering sound,  
He spake:—  
“Now know I Nippon hath but one great soul.  
That soul hath answered to its Shogun's call,  
And whither hence the tide of war shall roll,  
Before it every foe must fall.  
Long did I seek what now I know.  
It came to me mid wind and snow,  
And in this host the proof shall stand forth clear:—  
A gaunt old man upon an old white horse,

His sword two-handed, and his eyes like flame,  
 His armor rusty and his garments coarse,—  
 Sano gan Zymo is his name:  
 Find him, and bring him here.”

Lo, from far off, amid the silent host,  
 Came Sano with his tottering beast,  
 His heart scarce beating, eyes in wonder lost,  
 The old horse trailing at his bridle-rein.  
 ‘Salute the Shogun: bow!’ But Sano muttered  
 fain,—  
 “This is no Shogun, but a reverend priest.”

“Nay, soul of Nippon,” answered Tokiyori low,  
 “You sheltered me from wind and snow.  
 For me you burned your costly trees in jars,  
 And pledged your life unto the Shogun’s wars.  
 ‘T was Tokiyori warmed him in your room,  
 And saw the soul of Nippon in your eyes.  
 Your stolen lands I solemnly restore,  
 And ere we march, I give to you a prize:—  
 Reign lord of Sakurai where cherries bloom,  
 Of Matsuida where the pine tree grows.”  
 And fair Umeda where the plum tree blows.”

“Sano Meditashi!” Hark, a storm of cheers.  
 “Hojo, banzai! live, lord, ten thousand years.”

And kneeling spellbound, answering through tears  
 That still would flow,  
 Old Sano faltering said,—  
 “Great fighting lord, until this old gray head

Is laid in earth, command my arm, my life,  
 And never shall I swerve.  
 I did but what is law of Bushido—  
 To give, to love, to serve.  
 Praised be the Shogun!—honored, too, my wife!"

And Tokiyori rode to battle with a smile.

### THE MESSENGER FROM MARATHON.

Victory! cry of all cries after battle,  
 Victory! only cry worthy of breath,  
 Lifting the soul up and thrilling the heart strings,  
 Shaking the heavens and laughing at death.

Never glowed sunburst more sudden and wondrous,  
 Scattering darkness and slaying the night,  
 Than when upon Marathon headlong the Greeks  
 charged  
 Down on the Persians—a torrent of fight.  
 Sword of Miltiades! shield of Athene!  
 Loud cry for Greekland in whirlwind of slaughter,  
 Ten 'gainst a hundred of thousands, yet drove them  
 And slew them in scores to the edge of the water.  
 Virgin of Athens! Victory! Victory!

Voice of Miltiades: "Who'll bear the word of it  
 Fastest to Athens and free her from fear?"  
 Springs a young soldier forth, crying out: "Here!"  
 Dropping helmet and spear.

Six words of a pray'r to Athene—then gone.  
Swiftly he skims the red plain,  
Skirting the blood-pools and masses of dead.  
Light on the forehead; joy in his tread;  
Lavish of vigor, lengthy of stride;  
Ever on! Ever on!  
Scorning the stress and the strain,  
Sees the broad slopes of the mountain arise,  
Laughs at the hot sun that flames in his eyes,  
Faces the steep of Pentelicus,  
Fired by the word in his heart held,  
"Victory! Victory! Victory!"  
Where echo alone from the mountain replies:  
    Victory!  
Smothering heart-beat and breath-drawing pain  
He shouts it again  
    Victory!

Never a pause as he masters the top,  
But plunges on down the white line of the road;  
Long-drawn-out distances stretch dim before him;  
Hot pace and hot sun are wearing him down;  
Hill after hill comes as load upon load;  
But the joy he is bringing still serves as a goad;  
Thirst in the throat, but of water no drop;  
Dust stings and blinds him and chokes him;  
Shudd'ring, he thinks, if the heart beats so,  
Why must the beat of his feet fall slow?  
His head swims faint in the blasting heat,  
Sisyphus rock seems as laid on his shoulders,

Breaking his loins and crushing his knees,  
 And the roadstones loom in giant boulders.  
 "O gods," he cries, "for a draught or a breeze";  
 But he must not stop.  
 Though his footfalls drag—Klop! Klop! Klop!  
 Klop!  
 For the wonderful word must in Athens be spoken,  
 And the fear of her people be broken.  
 And still in short gaspings the baked lips utter:  
 Victory! Victory!  
 Virgin of Athens, uphold him staggering on!

In the violet-turreted town.  
 Hours creep to hours thro' the dragging day:  
 Shadows upon Hymettus' slope  
 Lengthen like dark despair o'ermastering hope;  
 Priests in the temples, fearful, pray:  
 Old men silent pace up and down:  
 High from Acropolis eyeballs strain  
 'Cross the Attic plain  
 To the hillside streak of the road from Marathon.  
 One cries "Some form is moving there." "Speak,  
 speak!"  
 Is it Persian or Greek?"  
 "God knows! Run forth to meet him: run!"  
 "No, wait;  
 A Greek must not fear to face his fate."  
 Yet some forth venture, and they see  
 A man dust-covered staggering zigzag on.  
 "He's Greek," they cry, "but life has gone  
 From out his staring eyes and rigid face;

His arms swing deadlike: look, he'll fall."  
"No! see, he's swerving to the market-place."  
They close around him. "Tell, oh tell!  
Tell us in the battle what befell."  
He touches one, shrinks back, and swaying dazed,  
he stands.

Then sudden flame his eyes, and lifts his head,  
And throwing up his hands, he cries  
"Victory!"  
And at their feet falls dead.

"Victory! Victory!"  
Now a thousand voices shout,  
And a hundred trumps ring out—  
Victory!  
Forever glorious Marathon! forever glorious Mes-  
senger!  
Victory! Victory! Victory!

## THE BANISHMENT.

*A beautiful marble group of Eros and Psyche was recently ordered to be removed from above a young girl's grave in the great metropolitan cemetery as "undesirable."*

“Pale marble effigies of Pagan joy,  
You have no place above a christian grave:  
Your young Greek rapture doth the dead annoy,  
Whom Christ, thorn-crowned, was crucified to save.

Here all is cold. Here faith is frozen calm.  
Here hope is sober as a winter cloud.  
Love must seem sorrow. But the martyr's palm  
Shall mate the willow silver-grey and bowed.  
Here sunshine should not dance but to a psalm.  
Here winds should never pipe their songs aloud.  
For sign of life, the shaven grass alone.  
For memory, a labyrinth of stone,  
Whence random shafts and broken columns rise,  
Or shapes in rigid garments point to distant skies.

“To statues bare like you, the Board,  
Both scandalized and wroth, demurs:  
Nor place nor plot to you it can afford.”  
Thus spake the Master of the Sepulchres.

But at night, when the full moon shed  
Her blue-green magic among the graves,  
And the stars flashed faint in a sky of steel,  
While the low wind ruffled the grass as it sped,  
The harsh gate-bell rang a shivering peal  
That jangled chill o'er the harbor waves,

Lo, countless, out of the heaving ground,  
Rose mistlike forms with a wavering glow  
Pale pulsing where their hearts had been.  
And they hovered as knowing not whither to go,  
Till, caught and swirled on a breeze terrene,  
They streamed and eddied around and around,  
And swept down the walks with never a sound  
To trouble the calm of moon or star.  
And the lovers of old from their stone awoke.  
While curled at their feet an altar smoke,  
And thither the river of spirits flowed  
To the lilt and thrill of an old Greek ode,  
With echo of harp and flute from afar.  
Then the misty throng from its silence broke.  
Some flashed rose-pale and some went gray;  
And ghosts of sighs, and shades of smiles were rife;  
And bubbling murmurs seemed to say:—  
“Joy! this is Love” and “This is Life!”

“Yea, I am Life” said the marble maid,  
“I am the Human Soul,  
That out of the mists eternal came  
To touch the ooze with a breath of flame,  
And give it a shape and eyes and feet.  
Then man knew the sea from the land,  
And rose to behold the day-star shine,  
The moon grow small, and the planets roll,  
And travailed their ways to understand,  
And measure the dateless years;  
But he quivered in being incomplete,  
Of teeth and claws and thunder afraid,  
With hunger and cold the only dole,

And death the only spring of tears,  
Until, in a night by the slumbering sea,  
There came on soundless wings to me  
A luminous wondrous boy.  
He touched my lips, and they spake in song.  
He touched my bosom, it heaved in joy.  
He filled my heart the whole night long,  
And I was his, and he was mine.  
The winds blew faintly a deep perfume.  
The sea stole light from the skies above,  
A rose-dawn laughed through the waning gloom,  
The whole world wakened to light and Love,  
And the mortal bliss became divine."

"I am Love" said the marble boy.  
"I came when the earth was young,  
From beyond the verge of the outmost stars  
In myriad rosaries outflung—  
A wingéd ray from the breast of Him,  
The Glory and the One,  
In whose great light the suns are dim,  
In whose wide webs the cycles run.  
I came aflame through the heavy air  
To life that blindly multiplied,  
And in unending struggle wrought.  
A gift I bare,  
And a balm I brought:—  
A tender quickening to the heart;  
A lift and glow to human thought,  
Until desire was deified;

A glance that flashed from eye to eye, and saw  
The marvel of the Beautiful anigh  
Where force and need alone had been the law ;  
A subtle fire that ran the whole earth through,  
And leaped the spaces that held men apart,  
And gave great heavenly visions to their view  
And longings that go roaming thro' the sky.  
Winging the ether so, mine eyes first fell  
On Psyche in a darksome dell ;  
And once we had met in the first long kiss,  
The night around gleamed silvery gray ;  
The birds fled piping the news to tell ;  
Delight rose running to meet the day  
In bliss,  
And the Muses nine and the Graces three,  
And the harps of the wind and the drums of the sea  
Made Love's own fervid melody  
On a sunny morn in Arcady.  
My red flag waved in the sinking sun,  
And the heart of the world to Love was won ;  
And since and ever I tell you this :—  
*To every child of the human race,*  
*Some morn, some day I have shewn my face."*

'Mong the dim, white forms, lo a rising glow,  
And the sightless faces seemed to know  
That a god had spoken from out the stone ;  
For from lips long cold came warm soft cries :—  
"I saw your blest face in a city street."  
"You laughed on me, Love, from a rose full-  
blown."

"I touched your brow by the riverside."  
 "I found you under the Spanish moon,"  
 "You came, *Dio mio*, from Italy's skies"  
 "I looked in your eyes, and you smiled, *aroon*"  
 "The treasure at foot of my rainbow, you are"  
 "I heard your call by the Norseland's tide"  
 "I felt your breath as we gazed on a star."

But down the Maid and the Lover stepped,  
 And over the seaward path passed on.  
 The dimmed shades moaned, and the cold dew wept  
 For Life and Love that were gone.

### THE LOVE OF DONALD NAIR.

I would I were near to my ain love,  
 As she spins the wool sae fine;  
 I would I could stan' by the byreside,  
 As she's drivin' hame the kine:  
 But wae's me, out on the moor it's dark,  
 The wind blaws cauld off sea,  
 An' what has a man to do wi' love  
 When he's left alone to dee?

When's deein' alone, an' wounded sair,  
 An' her brother he dealt the blow  
 To me wha wadna hae hurt a hair  
 Of her kinsmen, high or low?

But ah, I would I were near my love,  
To see her on bended knee,  
Prayin' for mother an' brother an' a'  
Afore I turn an' dee.

I would I could see my love asleep,  
Not drowsy wi' death like me,  
But dreamin' saft in a dream sae sweet  
Of my love that ne'er can be;

For ah, my bluid's on the tall, wet grass,  
An' the lock of her hair's dyed red,  
An' what is love when the eyes gang blind,  
An' what when a man is dead?

I could hae killed him, her brother, here;  
Yet I wadna turn an' flee.  
He thocht I came courtin' the lass he wooed:  
The secret will dee wi' me.  
O love, my ain, my winsome love,  
I'd ask but your face to see  
As it laughs on your brother tomorrow morn,  
To see it afore I dee.

## YOU OF THE MORNING HOUR.

With deep Amen are closed the funeral rites:  
The wreathing incense lingers on the air,  
A mist of sorrow and a floating prayer  
That dims the altar's starry lights.

Slowly the coffin 'neath its crest of flowers,  
Two white-robed nuns before,  
Is borne to trembling music down the aisle;  
And following, as loath to go,  
Even to steps so slow,  
The mourners in defile—  
The white-haired woman whom her grief devours,  
The children bowed and weeping sore  
The friend, the father they will see no more.  
And we the watchers, grey of head,  
Lifelong companions o'f the man here dead,  
Gaze sorrowing through backward glance of years,  
And finding ever lonely founts of fears  
In silent reaches of the past.

Sudden I catch my breath aghast,  
And ask myself what place  
In such procession finds yon smiling face?  
Scarce more than boy, with sunlit hair  
And eyes of laughing blue,  
Of buoyant stride and gesture debonnair,  
A red rose in his coat so gay of hue.  
What does he there,  
With joy of raptured hours upon his brow,  
In startling light from suns long gone?

Why shine they on his forehead here and now,  
The while the dead man's coffin passes slowly on?

Surely I know, I've seen—  
Oh, no: the like it never could have been—

What smile familiar on his lips—  
His parted lips, as if some song  
Of joyous lilting and of merry quips  
Were fain to issue clear and strong?  
Yea, glad strains ring of carols wild, profane,  
That match the laughter of his eyes,  
Strange discord making with the sobs and sighs  
From hearts here wrung in bitter pain.

They mingle with the dead-chant in mine ear,  
Across the thrilling of the organ's roll:  
O stripling of the singing soul,  
Your place is far from here!

Ay, somewhere once, far off in time,  
When twin were love and joy,  
And living was a silver rhyme,  
I knew you, boy, care-free and debonnair;  
And he whose clay you follow knew  
Your laughing heart, your blue eyes rare,  
You of the morning hour,  
You of the blood-red flow'r.  
And all might read the darling hope  
That was your lode-star then,  
Ere passion fired you, and the rocky slope,  
Ambition, tempted you beyond your ken:

When love first dawned on you in flame,  
And temple shrines of fame,  
Mid garden spaces hedged by living truth,  
Lay fair before you, eager to explore—

*Oh God, it is my golden, jocund youth  
Goes out there by the dead man at the door.*

### THE PEOPLE OF SHADOW STREET.

Ah, long and narrow is Shadow Street,  
Where the sunlight never can fall;  
Whose mile after mile can but repeat  
The crumbling house and the broken wall;  
The marsh beyond and the cypress trees—  
A misty veil and a sombre pall.

Over its lichenèd pavements, see  
The people of Shadow Street creep,  
They seem so like unto you and me,  
As they stare or frown or weep;  
But they're something more or something less,  
And their eyes are dim as with sleep.

They think they are live and wide awake,  
They are busy with dreams long dead.  
Their hurrying feet no progress make,  
And their clocks tell time that has fled.  
They are planning the triumphs of yesterday,  
They are coining the words long said.

They toil and moil, they rhyme and they sing;

But none of the other takes heed.

Their hopes are ravens on weary wing

That out of their hearts they feed:

Each man and woman in twilight blur

Clasps tightly a mildewed weed.

This corner house on the Market Square

Is the place where they first abide.

They climb one morn up its creaking stair,

And by dusk steal out at the side.

They come, pushed out of the pulsing town,

And so into Shadow Street glide.

From house after house, from day to day,

They move when the night has paled;

Thin and grizzled and farther away,

And by many a pang assailed.

They pass at last 'neath the cypress trees,

*And they never know they have failed.*

## AN EASTER BRIDE.

A bride, sweet Lord, on this Easter morn!

A pale, a breathless bride,  
Here waits thee, Christ of the Cross and Thorn,  
While bells ring far and wide.

They chime for the brides of Earth, O Lord,  
Whose hearts are thrilled with cheer,  
For her is throbbing an angel's chord—  
Thy fair dead bride that's here.

Bright sunbeams dapple her bridal shroud,  
They flit with glad unrest,  
Now over the cold face saintly browed,  
Now over the pulseless breast.

No lily that nods in that Easter light  
More pure than she who lies  
In her sunlit robe of snowy white  
With dark-lashed, calm, closed eyes.

I have but closed them a moment's space,  
Folding her poor, white hands,  
Brushing stray raven locks from her face,  
And stand as Sorrow stands.

Last night I saw by the taper's ray  
Her eyes of liquid brown  
Gleam longing as praying the Easter day  
Would bring the bridal crown.

I watched her dream as the lingering dawn  
Came gray and bleak and cold,  
Black tresses back from the white face drawn—  
Her face of purest mold,

Too lovely, Lord, for a mortal's bliss,  
Too sweet to soil with tears,  
Yea to be flecked with a bridegroom's kiss  
Or traced with lines of years.

Was it prayer or pain on her trembling lip  
As morn at last burned red,  
When I saw the clasped hands part and slip,  
And bowed her perfect head?

Over my bosom her dark hair strayed,  
Ever her face more wan,  
Till the Easter Sun on the waters played,  
And night from the world had gone.

Faint tinklings of harps on the blithe air thrill,  
The portals have opened wide;  
She dreams, she sleeps in a sleep that is still,  
God's breathless, Easter bride.

### THE VISION OF ERTOGRUHL.

From the play of "The Prince of India."—Paraphrase.

The Warrior Ertogruhl,  
Sheik of his tribe of men who dare,  
Started a gray wolf in the morning cool,  
And on the summit of the mountain bare,  
Slew him at set of sun.

And as the sheik upon the topmost peak  
 Sat resting for a breathing space,  
 While all the west went red as fire,  
 El Jann, the monster jinn of Solomon,  
 Rose in a storm-cloud black and dire,  
 And from its heart of darkness cried:—  
 “Sheik Ertogruhl, give place,  
 For I would sit by thee.”

“Make thyself small if thou’dst find room,  
 If thou’dst find place,”  
 Said dauntless Ertogruhl,  
 When, with a whirr of wings from out the gloom,  
 A man sat near him, face to face.  
 “This is the home of eagles” smiled El Jann.  
 “I’ve slain a wolf here” answered Ertogruhl.  
 “Not so” replied El Jann “thou art beguiled.  
 No carcass anywhere I see.”  
 “I’ve slain a wolf” low growled the sheik,  
 “And tho’ mine eyes in vain the carcass seek,  
 I’ll try my scimetar on thee.”  
 Then, with a swish of his ringing blade,  
 He cleft the man—head, body to the rock,  
 But still El Jann sat heedless of the shock,  
 Still sat and smiled.  
 “Again” he said “thou art beguiled.  
 I was the wolf; I was the man,  
 And still am free of scar;  
 For I am a thought of Allah’s, the Most High,  
 The Lord of Near and Far,  
 And ‘tis not written that His thoughts shall die.  
 But, as thou’rt brave, see what hath Allah willed.”

Then, as he spoke, he lightly spilled  
A tiny seed upon the rocky ground.  
Lo, as they gazed, a waxen shoot appeared,  
That soon grew upward like a lily tall.  
Then, like a spear-shaft straightway it upreared,  
And, broadening, rising over all,  
And flinging leafy arms around,  
That touched all corners of the east and west—  
The Moslem tree in bloom unfurled—  
With underneath its branches room and rest  
And peace for all the peoples of the world.

Lo! what Allah willed!

Allah il Allah!

### IN THE DARKENED WORLD.

So that's what you call good news for me,  
Young Janet who loves me so?  
For your poor blind grandmother sitting here  
While the world goes to and fro?

I'll try to be glad, if it gladdens you, dear,  
To move to the wonderful town,  
And live out my life in your father's house  
When they tear the homestead down.

They're to lay the rails through the heart of this  
house?  
And thousands they'll have to pay?  
They'll lay the rails, honey, across my heart.  
Their thousands I'd give to stay.

For my little world is here, sweet child,  
Cradle and home and bier;  
And my step is sure and I know each nook,  
And each has a memory here.

I shall try anew in my son's grand house:  
The blind are quick to learn.  
But when the blind are old, it is love  
Must help at every turn.

You will lead me? Ay, I am sure you will:  
But think what I'll leave behind,  
Where the Lord has led me with glints of love,  
And I scarce have known I'm blind.

For nothing can change in my sightless land:  
It is fenced with love around.  
Love rises and glows with the morning sun:  
Love grows in the cool, damp ground.

My little world goes up to the hills  
That are heaving over there:  
It follows the river down to the gorge:  
Its skies are blue and fair.

It is there at the open door, my Ralph,  
My husband smiling stands,  
His kind brown eyes bent on my face,  
My face held in his hands.

It is here by the window, James, my son,  
Sits list'ning to fairy tales,

While his father smokes in the easy chair,  
And his kind smile never fails.

Over here it is that my little Sue  
Lies wax-like, white and cold.  
She was only five when she left us, dear,  
And her hair was a shower of gold.

I can find my way to the garden gate,  
And my heart beats proud and high  
And I see my Ralph with his sword in hand  
As his regiment marches by.

It was under the maples when letters came,  
I read of my Ralph's hard fight  
In the Southern land, for the Union cause—  
The cause of his God and Right.

It was there the postmaster came in May—  
The apple-trees white as foam—  
To "break the news," as he said, to me  
That Ralph would never come home.

There day by day I sat in a daze,  
Waiting in rain or shine,  
Till lightning struck thro' the heart of the tree,  
As the Lord had riven mine.

And here when I woke in a darkened world,  
And knew that my grief was sin,  
God gave me my small world back again,  
And his light stole gently in.

I can stand in the grass on the little lawn,  
And know where the dusty road  
Runs rising over the hilltop green  
To my dear ones' last abode—

Where I might follow and know each step  
To the headstones on the West,  
Where willows and hemlock droop like me,  
And every mound says "rest."

Can I take this small world with me, dear,  
To the City's heart of stone,  
Where I cannot touch the things they touched  
And the soul must strive alone?

One life may garner one sheaf of joy:  
One heart feel one great pain:  
And the days that come and the nights that go,  
For all beside are vain.

#### CLYTIA'S LAMENT TO APOLLO.

Oh, wilt thou ne'er again, when fade the eves,  
Loved Cynthius, come soul-trembling to my joy,  
'Till 'raptured stars shall steal out on the skies  
To hear the am'rous lay thy soft lute weaves,  
And Hesper's wand'ring perfumes gath'ring cloy  
The love-sick air with sweetness of their breath,  
Sweetness that ecstacies the heart to death?

What was Assyria's daughter to thy love,  
O, Cynthius sweet, that I'd not dared to be?  
What lackedst thou, darling, that I did not fling  
To thee as freely as the young winds rove?  
Can soulless gems allure a god like thee?  
Or gold decide in heaven all human odds?  
Is constancy a crime among the gods?

Oh, how I loved, my now dark rage can tell  
That when full surfeited with lip-delights,  
Thou vanish'dst on the downy wings of air  
'Neath Leucothea's darkly woven spell,  
And languished near her through the sultry nights,  
In false caressings of her waving hair,  
And left my anguish darken to despair.

When came the sluggard morn adown the hills,  
I called my slaves: "Ho! swift yon galley man;  
Let loose the sail, and if the brave wind fail,  
Toil at the oars till toiling tires and kills,  
For life is nought to my hate-blazing scan;  
Tell Orchamus, the king, with tongue of flame,  
What Clytia knows of Leucothea's shame."

Then on they sped, O Cynthius, to her sire,  
And scorched his heart with tellings of her sin,  
Till he in anger sought her as she slept  
Close-folded to thy heart of pulsing fire,  
Then steeped his sword her silver bosom in,  
And swift her corse to earth's embraces gave,  
And laid the stone of silence on her grave.

At first thy tears were shed for this her doom,  
And then thou dropp'dst ambrosia where she lay  
And pearly nectar from the cups of heaven ;  
Yet couldst thou not unseal her eyes from gloom,  
But called her forth, a tree, to glad the day,  
Whose incense sweet might greet thee in the skies,  
And wake mad mem'ries of her melting eyes.

I, then, all joyed that thou wert mine alone,  
Lay on my perfumed couch and sipped of wine,  
And made my minstrels sing old Paphian strains  
To Venus on her pleasure-buildesthrone ;  
But still thou camest not with the day's decline ;  
The moon gazed on me, and the shadows cried :  
"Where is thy God?" "Gone! gone!" the night  
replied.

At last thou camest, when I had worn away  
My heart and hopes with longings for thy face ;  
And then thou camest, not kissing as of old,  
But masked in clouds as pall the bier of day,  
To hide from me thy glowing pristine grace,  
And bade me thus, a sun-flower, gaze in pain  
Upon thy lips I ne'er should press again.

And now where lovers whisp'ring rove, love-bound,  
Thou comest, lost Phoebus ! near no more to me ;  
And though I turn to thee till thou art gone,  
Responseless, on thy trackless, weary round,  
Below the west, beyond the Aegean sea,  
I rest unmourned, and bloom and fade with years,  
While but sad even soothes my cheeks with tears.

## TANNHAUSER.

There in the garden of pleasure she lies,  
My fond Aphrodite, and weeps  
For the lover who fled from the light of her eyes,  
For the joy that has sunk in the deeps.

What glory of white fair body she turns  
To the blossoms that gem her bow'r,  
What lightning of love in her wide breast burns,  
And smote me it is but an hour!

I've left her to wail, and my soul is wrung  
With an anguish beyond all pray'r.  
Where I clung to her, lo, has my dark wrong clung,  
Like a snake at the roots of her hair.

O rescuing angel, who guidest my feet,  
Is her sin too great for shrift?  
Can joy of the pure with my dead joys meet,  
And thought of the dead joys drift?

What say ye now to me, gods and men,  
Must I on through the desert fare,  
And starve with a hunger beyond my ken,  
Or go back to my Venus there?

What sayest thou, O Epicurus, thou  
The father of fond delights?  
What sayest thou, Zeno, the stern of brow,  
Whom pain nor scorn affrights?

O sweet Lord Christ, for me what word  
Hast thou shaped to cheer my way?  
O Mahound, have thy lips in laughter stirred  
At my cry in the waning day?

Not any of these whom we fain invoke  
Has said to me live or die.  
Not a sign from them all. Like a wreath of smoke  
They faint in the blue of the sky.

Oh, over in Paradise all is clear:  
There are flowers and valleys green,  
And its gods and spirits are hovering near,  
And lilies are nodding between.

And she is there, and the air is sweet  
With caressing her warm white limbs,  
And the doves that love her in circles meet,  
And coo her their passionate hymns.

O sweet Lord help me to face the dark  
Where her eyes no longer shine,  
O sweet Lord, out of thy breast a spark  
That will slay the chill in mine.

For the angel who guides me never told  
How the mad desire would cling,  
How cold the notes of his harp of gold,  
How coldly the seraphim sing.

## **GLINTS OF LIFE.**

## A STUDY IN THE FLESH.

A calm white face, black eyes serene,  
Dark tresses braided in a coronal,  
Red lips pressed close till scarce the red is seen,  
Is this, you ask, the picture of a queen?

There seated, one white hand upon the chair,  
The other stretched atow'rd two men who kneel,  
And raise it as one lifts a jewel rare.  
If not a queen, she's surely proud and fair.

Aye, proud and fair, but in this House of Pain,  
A needle broken in her finger-tip,  
That needs the knife to cut away its bane,  
She scarce will do with "queen" for a refrain.

Soon skill has plucked the steel away with steel,  
And she, who winced not, smileless passes forth.  
She breathes no thanks, yet they feel thanked who  
kneel.  
Such majesty must sure have royal seal.

O dark-eyed Woman, whereunto you go,  
There must you reign unquestioned as a queen  
Who kindles rev'rence without pomp or show;  
But what your kingdom, which of us shall know?

Nor silk attire, nor diamond-studded gold  
May flash or rustle on your queenly breast,  
But yours the fire was snatched from Heaven of old,  
And yours the clay which but the great gods mould.

The fire that smoldered in Semiramis,  
The form that Egypt's Cleopatra wore,  
The lips that ransomed empires with a kiss—  
Red lips that quivered not at pain or bliss—

All these are hers who silent went her way  
Thro' city streets from out the House of Pain—  
A star from that far wonderland astray  
Where beauty makes the morn and night and day.

#### THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

Her soft brown eyes upgazing to his face,  
As thro' the aisle's one sunlight shaft they pass  
With measured pace,  
He, smiling at the lips but not the eyes  
That seem to gaze upon some form that flies  
Far-off, cloud-wrapped, alas !

“He is too young to live alone,” we hear,  
“This woman's fair as was the first, and then  
She's dead a year.”  
Ah true, she's lain twelve months beneath the clay,  
But oh, poor ghost, she only dies today,  
Yea, with the priest's Amen.

"The new wife clings as fondly as the old."

"There's love in brown eyes as there was in blue."

"The grave is cold."

"The elm, you know, looks bare without a vine."

But ah, Death makes, where two souls intertwine,

No void place for the new.

"Yet this his first true flower of love may be,"

Oh, on the dead wife's grave why pour out gall?

Yet, bitterly

I'll say: The dead is gone forever now,

And better love should garland this young brow

Than life be bloomless all.

Laughter and bells ring o'er the bridal train,  
But thro' them sigh upon the love-tuned ear,

Low tones of pain.

Oh, haste and gaze into mine eyes, my wife,

Till soul tells soul that love is love for life,

And life begins but here.

### THE PORTRAIT.

Would I might sit at thy feet, my sweet,

And on canvas trace

In a glow of color thy form and face.

As blue as the blue above, my love,

Thy rapturous eyes

Uplifted, smiling to laughing skies.

Thy lips—red rose to a red rose wed  
 'Neath the dews of June—  
 Half-parted, thrilled with a ravishing tune.

And light on white brow and brown hair as fair  
 As dawns on the breast  
 Of the hills in Heaven before the Blest.

Thy shell-pink fingers should twined enshrine  
 A passion-flow'r full-blown,  
 Held close to thy heart of deep love, my own—

To thy heart to whose every beat, my sweet,  
 May my love keep time,  
 Like a sweet song linked to a sweeter rhyme.

### THE LOVING CUP.

[On a coming of age at Merriewold.]

Within the silver bowl behold  
 The golden vintage of all friendly cheer,  
 Fresh from the wine-press of our Merriewold,  
 And not a drop therein but sparkles clear  
 With fairest wish your fortune to unfold.

Thus brimming o'er lift up the Cup,  
 And pledge one draught unto the winds of Fate,  
 As here at manhood's open door you stand  
 With love and faith on either hand,  
 While out beyond life's storms and battles wait,

For you the East was wedded to the West,  
And lived in love before an altar fire.  
The soul of Nippon from your sire  
Has filled you with an eager flame:  
Columbia's spirit in your mother's breast  
Has fed you fondly from the founts of truth,  
And round your cradle all the good gods came  
To nurture and fulfill your youth.

On, then, with headlong courage of the boy  
Lit by the steady purpose of the man.  
Before you lie the world's wide fields to scan—  
The path of hope to trip along in joy,  
The road of toil to trudge with tireless feet,  
The gates of disillusion to be passed,  
The barriers where foes rise up to meet,  
The combats where defeat awaits at last:  
But onward still up beetling rocky heights,  
Thro' weary days and sleepless nights,  
Facing at length the rising sun,  
Success achieved and triumph won.

So, as you quaff again our wine of love,  
And leave the cup, and gird you with the sword,  
And forth unto the battle gladly move,  
Chrysmed as with blessings here outpoured,  
Remember, ere your blade you draw,  
The brow of Justice and the lips of Law.

Well may Ambition lure along the bold,  
Holding achievements forth to clasp,  
With issues and contendings manifold.  
May this brave spirit in your heart be blent  
With roadside breathings of content,  
When for a spell the sword aside is laid,  
And Fortune flings reward within your grasp,  
And liltis awhile the lay of your desire—  
Just as in waving woods of Merriewold,  
Where pine and maple spread a boon of shade,  
Tho' all their crests unto the sky aspire.

And know that love is throbbing at life's core  
For evermore.

### THE CHALICE OF TEARS.

*"O wizard, canst tell if my lover is true,  
For he is away, away?"*  
"This chalice, maid, hold where the light streams  
through;  
If ever it glows with a blood-red hue,  
His love's as the winds that stray;  
But if it still shows thro' the changing years  
The crystalline depths of its gathered tears,  
His love, then, abides alway."

*His love, then, abideth! Rejoice my soul!*

“Nay, maiden, thyself must see.  
 The chalice for me brings not joy or dole;  
 His heart must be dead as a burned out coal  
 Who sees all the things to be.  
 The warmth of thy touch, as thou breath’st his name,  
 Alone can bring flashing the red-blood flame,  
 If gone is his love for thee.”

“A chalice of tears by the love-lorn shed—

Nay take it my lady fair—  
 Hot tears that were rained for the newly dead,  
 Slow drops that were drained when the heart was  
 bled,  
 The last before dry despair,  
 All mingled with spells ‘neath the starless skies”—  
 “*O wizard, I would not believe mine eyes*  
*If the blood-red gleams were there!*”

### A NEW PROMETHEUS.

What dole, what crime, what fate is mine,  
 That I must toil and never sing?  
 Have all my soul-lights ceased to shine?  
 Is fancy frozen at the spring?

Harsh, rattling cares have gripped me fast,  
 And life looks like a ledger leaf—  
 Ruled lines and figures grimly cast,  
 Nought credited to joy or grief.

But often, when the whirl and din  
Are maddest, and the toil-time long,  
My heart leaps wild my bosom in  
To some short snatch of spirit song.

For hours it tunes the presses' whirr,  
And shapes the day's deeds to a hymn;  
No gift of incense, gold and myrrh,  
Could brighten so my pathway dim.

Touch, then, fair god, my soul and lips;  
Live coals of love have made them pure;  
The chain that loose from others slips,  
Drags me, and, yearning, I endure.

### THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Onward! upward! 'neath curse and blow,  
'Neath crushing cross in the darkling day,  
With reeling sense, bruised knees that know  
The rocks and flints of Golgotha's way.

Bloody Thy steps? They must be trod,  
Sweat of Thy brow? Thirst quenched with gall?  
Thou, being man who wouldest shine as God,  
Must on tho' stumbling, rise tho' fall,

Wouldst Thou rebuild the Temple high?  
 Up to Thy Calvary must Thou tread,  
 Wouldst Thou give life unto men who die?  
 Wear Thou the thorns upon Thy head.

They'll nail Thee high, O tott'ring Christ,  
 They'll count Thy torments, pain by pain.  
 To love, to pity have not sufficed:  
 By those Thou savest Thou shalt be slain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who'd tread the god-won heights must fare  
 In the piteous steps of the Crucified:  
 The Cross is his to lift and bear;  
 The naked shame, the spear-torn side.

And shall I stop to count the price?  
 Down-borne I'll dare it. Onward till  
 I drag the cross of my sacrifice  
 To the top of the cruel hill.

### THE MAKER OF MY LADY'S LACE.

My lady's old point lace  
 That matches so her dainty grace,  
 And adds an airy charm to her  
 In tracery of gossamer.—  
 Her lace has wrought a spell on me,  
 For lo, thereon, I gaze, and see

How Patience fair set out to weave  
What love of beauty could conceive,  
And spun, as fast her needles sped,  
A fairy dream in flaxen thread;  
And how the white ghosts of the flow'rs  
Came trooping in the dreaming hours,  
And danced in long and waving line  
For her who wrought the fabric fine;  
And how Dame Spider in the morn  
Hung spangled webs from thorn to thorn,—  
Along her pathway through the wold;  
And how the lacework on the frosted pane—  
God's miracle on nights of cold—  
Was joy to her till she was fain  
To hear the artist angels' harps of gold,  
Then smiling turn to work again.

#### ON THE SOUND.

At eve from the Pilgrim's lofty deck,  
As we cleave through the waveless Sound,  
I gaze on a hamlet's spire—a speck  
Far over the land's dim bound.

I fancy I hear its silvery bell—  
As from out of the sunset's soul—  
Sound over the opaline sea to tell  
Of a calm life's joy-lit goal.

A yacht with its canvas and masts aglow  
In crimson and gold of the west  
Points fair for the shore where the bell, I know,  
Is singing its song of rest.

O fair bark reaching for home and cheer,  
With ripples aflame at thy prow,  
I would that my haven of life were near  
And lovely as thine is now!

But, lo! a fisher with shadowed sails  
Steers into the north and the night,  
Where a dark cloud over the water trails  
From the sky's still starless height.

O brave bark driving on duty's track  
Where it takes thee, shine or shade,  
With thee goes my heart 'neath the night and rack  
And the storm for our work-world made!

### LOST.

In the light of her springtide morn she stood,  
A love-flower held to her breast,  
And lightning was leaping through her blood,  
And sore was her heart distrest.

“O flower,” she said, “is thy perfume rare  
To madden me thus with pain?”  
“Dear heart,” said the flower, “by Vesper pray’r  
Thou wilt be merry again.”

"Thou art fair, O flow'r; but thy petals sting,  
And the Vesper hour is gray."  
"Dear heart," said the flower, "ere Vespers ring  
Thou wilt carol a joyous lay."

Alas for the flower: she flung it afar  
Ere the light went out of the sky.  
It fell where the briars and dank weeds are  
That the River of Death flows by.

And, clutched by foul hands, and tossed by wan  
waves,  
The flower was swept to the main;  
But ever in passing by new-made graves,  
At her heart was the oldtime pain.

### THE GOLDEN TEST.

There is no god but gold, my son,  
Each man but wins his price.  
The man who fails is the man to shun:  
To be poor the only vice.  
What you deserve is what you've won:  
Earth's justice is precise.

The picture fails that does not sell.  
The poem none will buy  
Comes not from Hippocrene's well:  
For it the fount was dry.  
Only the totterers hear the knell;  
Only the worthless die.

If, Poet, you have heavenly thought,  
 Transmute it line by line  
 To gold wherewith the world is bought:  
 Then may it truly shine.  
 Unpurchased, see, it counts for naught—  
 A pearl before the swine.

## A WOMAN'S MYSTERY.

If ye have hearts, find ruth for me,  
 Ye who in my gray eyes see desire.  
 I would hide it for the dark,  
 Where its relentless fire  
 Might smolder inward, and its mark  
 And sear no man should wondering see.  
 Oh, pity me.

For what, for whom the sheer light glows—  
 Startling, starry in mine eyes of gray—  
 It would slay me did you ask:  
 For when its passion-play  
 Is maddest, and breaks down the mask  
 I'd lift to screen my heart's vain throes,  
 My pain who knows?

O dumb woe of the isolate!  
 Stifled voice amid the shouting crowd!  
 I can cry not, near or far.  
 Yea, cannot tell aloud  
 To wood or sky or stream or star  
 What stands beyond the rusted gate  
 Fast-locked by fate.

And ye might mock me if I told.  
Dawn-rays streaming out of perished suns  
Were real things beside  
What wish-wild thro' me runs,  
Lashing and trampling on my pride.  
Yet you'd see ruin touched with gold,  
Could you behold.

## INSCRIPTIONS.

## PRO LIBRA MEA.

O Lord whose mercy never fails,  
Weigh me on thine eternal scales,  
And I am naught:  
Yet load me so with grace  
Of deed and thought  
That I may look the balance in the face,  
To note each day my gain or loss,  
And lift my heart or bear my cross.

## ON A LAMP AT RIO VISTA.

Let there be light!  
And whereso'er the lamp rays fall,  
May sorrows fly like shadows, and thro' all  
Thy comings and thy goings day and night,  
May on thee shine  
The joy that springs at rising of the Sun,  
When doubt and darkness are undone,  
And Faith and Hope arise on sudden wings,  
And Love holds all things in its glow divine.

## LITTLE THINGS.

Ah, little things that grow to make life grievous,  
Vain little things—the frown, the quick word said,  
Thy sly-curved lip—poor little things that leave us  
Heart-stung and nettled, turning pale and red!

Little are we, poor moths of souls that flutter  
Around in semi-glooms and craving flame.  
In our dim whirl, should lips the wound-word utter,  
Close them with chrysm of Love's all-healing  
name.

For Love lives not in littleness: it reaches  
Beyond all dreams of outspread, orb-lit space:  
Yea, in the outer darkness it beseeches  
For suns, more suns to glorify its face.

## TO CONSTANCE.

*On her wedding day.*

Of all thy dowered jewels none so fair  
As those that on thy bride-hand thou shalt wear.  
Faith, Hope and Love illume the ring's pure gold,  
And in the keeper, Constancy behold.  
For these are thine by royal right of race  
That looks the past and future in the face:  
That yielded not in hours of strain and stress,  
That clearer shone in fortune's close caress.

Lo, as thou kneel'st will come from out the East  
Fair signs and portents to thy wedding feast:  
The stars of olden years will lend their rays,  
The April blossoms of long-vanished days,  
Yea, ev'ry flow'r that to the breeze replies  
And nods in springtime laughter to the skies--  
Primrose and cowslip, snowdrop, daffodil--  
Will waft their scents from Irish rath and hill;  
Pale moonlight from old Erin's dim green vales,  
And sunlight from her seas alive with sails.  
Fleet fairy fancies from her elfin throng  
With echoes of her wind-swept harp and song.

## LAW.

In the extremity of love's deep dole  
I cried for help unto my soul:—  
“Why may another hold from me the mate  
Who should be mine by every sign of fate?”

“I am not,” said my soul, “save as thou art.  
Take heed.  
Behind thyself thy weakness hides  
When law and longing stand at odds apart.  
Insistently the past that in thee bides  
Cries out against the present—  
The bitter truth against the wrong that's pleasant,  
The ancient law against the present greed.  
The law is called thy conscience,  
And thou call'st thy weakness, soul.”

## CRITICISM.

With swelling breast I launch upon the tide  
My artist argosies, and bid them sail,  
So joy like mine may greet them in a gale,  
And sweep them over radiant waters wide:  
But ragged cross-waves rise to shock my pride:  
Cold breezes make me wince; rude winds loud rail:  
False-friendly blasts pierce through my thickest  
mail:  
No haven beckons where my ships may ride.  
They mock the craft, the flag, the sails, the course;  
Where I am steering not, they bid me steer,  
Till Faint Heart whispers me "Throw up your  
hands,  
And meet the rigor of your fate perforce."  
But Love cries "Hold fast" smiling through a tear.  
Yea, it is only love that understands.

## CUMPLEAÑOS.

July 31.

August 3.

Three steps between the milestones of our years,  
 Yea, scarce a heartbeat in the Larger Time  
 That shrinks our cycles to a single hour,  
 And spans a lifetime with an inch of thread  
 Shorn from the loom of the eternities!

Be't ours to tread the path from stone to stone,  
 With what high soul, what courage men may win.  
 Ours not to count the shards beneath our feet,  
 But gladden with the sun o'er land and sea,  
 And glory in the splendor of the stars,  
 And when the night falls black with wind and rain,—  
 Blithe singing to each other as we go—  
 Walk by the lamps of love and trust till dawn  
 Comes like a flaming angel o'er the hills.

## DREAMS.

Deep from the sleep-masked soul a ray  
 Steals forth of buried times,  
 And blurred by changings of to-day  
 Pale Mem'ry wakes her chimes.

They sound with silver voices sweet,  
 And all her dim-browed throng  
 Moves softly and with soundless feet  
 Their olden path along.

Adown dead faces course hot tears  
That burn upon the cheek,  
And, brimming with the loves of years,  
Their lips all trembling speak.

Till fair and light doth Fancy sweep,  
With thousand sprites and wiles,  
That, mingling, twirl in magic leap  
Thro' Memory's grave defiles.

Flow'r's bloom supernal 'neath their tread ;  
Lute tinklings fill the trees ;  
The gorgeous sun shines golden red,  
And perfumes clasp the breeze.

Then Passion, with her blazing mien,  
And earnest, panting crew,  
Steps in to dance the lines between,  
And pulse the heart-strings through.

Sudden, amid its shadow-bliss  
A shroud o'er all's unfurled,  
And Time, with envious, serpent hiss  
Awakes us to the world.

And are these unrealities—  
Each form and lucent beam  
That fled but as existence flees ?  
Are these or life—a dream ?

For is't not even thus as sweeps  
Life's ship o'er waters blind,  
That Passion glares and Mem'ry weeps  
'Mid Fancy's sons of wind ?

What then's this spirit-life that flies,  
While visioned phantasms roll?  
Sees it but as thro' others' eyes?  
Is it a deeper soul?

We'll know not till uplifts the dark,  
And Life and Dreams shall flee;  
For kindred waves float each frail bark—  
Passion, Fancy, Memory.

#### CARPE DIEM.

Oh, if your tongue would tell what in your eyes  
I dream I see when luminously large  
They meet my gaze, and on your cheek a flush  
Glowς mantling for a moment as a sign;  
Your lips half-parted as to speak at last.  
But no. At bidding of some inward pang,  
Some wan irresolution, some distrust,  
The bright glance quivers, and, alas, is gone:  
The warm hue from the cheek has faded out,  
And comes the cold dim winter-gray o'er all,  
As it will one dayadden o'er our graves,  
When hearts that might love's sunshine for a space  
Have known, are passionless: when all that is  
Is yesterday, and all to come is naught.

**LYRICS.**

## PRINCESS OF THE MORNING.

[From the play of "The Prince of India."]\*

Princess of the Morning Light,  
Lean sparkling from thy throne of mist,  
The valley roses wait thee to be kissed.  
The jasmine stills its chime of bells.  
The palm-tree droops its wide-plumed head,  
And the mountain, thro' its crags and fells,  
Thrills longing for thy downward tread,  
Princess of the Morning.

Princess of the Morning Light,  
Joy wakens to thy breeze-blown hair,  
Thy fresh-drawn breath gives rapture to the air,  
The heaving of thy bosom fills  
The bird-folk with a silver song,  
And to thy voice the rivers and the rills  
Leap into laughter sweet and long,  
Princess of the Morning.

Princess of the Morning Light,  
How may I woo thee to be mine,  
And ever drink thy golden rays like wine,  
And keep thee mistress of my soul.  
Yea, I would slay the Emperor of Night,  
And storm his castle where the thunders roll,  
To win thee for my heart's delight,  
Princess of the Morning.

---

\*Music by Harriet Ware.

## IN THE VIOLET DAWN.

A kiss in the violet dawn,  
Her dark hair wild on my breast.  
A light step over the lawn,  
A red star gone in the West.  
And lo, as I turned from the ancient gate,  
Stood Love with a seal for my life and fate:  
Stood Love rose-crowned in the morning mist,  
With a seal of pearl and amethyst.

A kiss in the violet dawn,  
The chirp of a waking bird,  
The rush of a startled fawn,  
The echo of one deep word;  
And whether my way be of shards or flow'rs,  
Of shadow or shine in the after hours,  
It recks me little: that hour was mine  
That fled in the violet dawn.

Over the sea, and over the sea,  
A woman's heart is here with me,  
And under her skies when the dawn wind stirs,  
She knows that my heart is there with hers.  
Tho' the rose that tossed in her hair lie dead,  
And the cheeks gone pale that flushed so red,  
She'll feel the rise and fall of my breast,  
As we watched that star go down in the West,  
To a kiss in the violet dawn.



A kiss in the violet dawn,  
 But lo, from the East outspun,  
 A golden glint on the lawn,  
 For joy of Love's risen sun.

## THISTLEDOWN.

Love's star of silver rays!  
 Thy message in thy heart,  
 Where Life lies waiting for the hour  
 Of bourgeoning in leaf and flower:  
 Mystic bark,  
 Wind-tossed thro' many sunny ways  
 And dark  
 Where no suns be;  
 Type of her love thou art  
 To me.

O seedlings glorified!  
 Life's promise and Love's pray'r  
 On fairy wings;  
 Earth-born traveller of the air,  
 Hither and thither blown,  
 Seeking thine own—  
 That other life thy goal,  
 Whereon alighting from above,  
 With thrill of mating hearts astir,  
 Thy touch an ecstacy of new birth brings!  
 Dead Summer's envoy to eternal Springs!

Light messenger,  
Pass me not by;  
Thou bear'st the fructifying soul  
Of her  
I love.

### AURA'.

Love's message has no word:  
Scarce the crimson bow has stirred,  
Yet we capture all love's rapture  
In a draught of warm delight,  
And a mystical emotion  
All my being oversweeps,  
And we drift on love's vast ocean  
Out amid the starry deeps,  
Thro' the cool waves of the night  
As the current lifts and leaps.

Lo, afar, in the wake of a star,  
By the Milky Way  
From realms of day  
Our way we trace,  
Afloat, from all apart,  
Tow'rd No Man's Goal,  
Heart to throbbing heart  
And face to face,  
Soul circling soul,

Love filming o'er the eyes,  
Love thrilling in the veins,  
Love chained in Love's own spells,  
    Love with love for wife.  
And stillness reigns,  
Save for the deep-drawn sighs  
    That ecstacy compels  
To show that Love is Life.

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!  
May you dream of me:  
May stars be your light—  
Stars in the deep, deep skies—  
So my face may be  
Lit dimly, and my soul  
Shine through mine eyes;  
And the plaintive call  
Of love's music fall  
Upon your ears,  
As the days die in the years,  
And the years to aeons go,  
Blending,  
Ending so.

But when you wake,  
And morning's rapture take  
In vivid gleams,  
The Sun, the rising Sun above,

His glory on the deep,  
May live and passionate desire  
Thrill you with real fire  
And warm delight  
To be.  
But now, O love !  
Sweet sleep,  
And starlit dreams  
Of me.  
Good night !

## WHATEVER THE HEART'S DESIRE.

Apples of Paradise  
High on the limb,  
Withheld from me :  
Out of my reach, beyond my sighs ;  
Fair to the eyes  
Till eyes grow dim.  
Never ye drop from the tree,  
Ripe as ye glow,  
Even when wild winds waken,  
And sing as they go  
Their ravishing hymn,  
While many a tree is shaken.

Nor may I take heart and climb  
The wrinkled bole,  
For the serpent waits  
And the climbers fail,  
Oh, pray my soul  
That in some fair time  
The smileless fates  
May send me a gale  
From the heavens above  
That will sway the Paradise tree  
Till its boughs bend down,  
Bend down to me  
As in stress of love,  
And I pluck the prize  
From the tree's fair crown,  
The red, lush fruit of ecstasy:  
Whatever shapes my heart's desire—  
A world-sung rhyme,  
Love made entire—  
Glad to my lips  
As now to mine eyes  
With longing dim,  
Apples of Paradise  
High on the limb.

## THE JOYANCE OF SPRING.

So mating songbirds wing  
Among the apple blooms,  
What cares the light-heart Spring  
For Winter griefs and glooms?  
The clouds may float and darken,  
The rain may glance and fall,  
The gales may sweep—but hearken!  
Her joy outruns them all.

She dances o'er the blades  
Of tender, dewy grass;  
She romps adown the glades;  
She shimmers in the pass.  
She's mist-veiled on the mountains;  
She's green-robed in the vales;  
She's naked by the fountains;  
She's rain-clad in the gales.

Steal down the orchard aisles,  
When morn's yet faint with gold,  
If you would win her smiles  
And all her charms behold.  
In dew-bespangled tissue,  
And borne on laughing airs,  
She'll come, mayhap, and kiss you—  
As Love comes—unawares.

## MINE.

If the haven could be but known  
Whereto my thoughts adrift  
Now float.  
If the heaven could but be shown  
Whereto mine eyes I lift,  
What note  
Would ring out through the wilds of space?  
What wide world's wonder jar  
My heart,  
At the daring that makes her face  
Mine idol, worshipped afar,  
Apart?

But her eyes like great stars of fire  
Have burned their glance on me  
Who wait,  
And her lips like a god's sweet lyre  
Have shaped for times to be  
My fate.  
O'er the tides that between us roll  
We've triumphed; they fret  
Undone:  
In tremulous deeps of the soul  
Our lives and loves have met,  
Are one.

## AWAKENING.

It were joy to have lived, if only to know  
I had waked in this dusk of the woods to the flow  
Of a streamlet that leaps down its dell to the lea,  
Its waters a-sparkle and beckoning to me:

To have waked in the forest and marveled to hear  
A bird at its matin-song gladsome and clear:  
"From dawn-blue to sun-glow I've haunted your  
dream  
With the lure of Her love by the marge of the  
stream."

To have slept in my sorrow and wakened but now  
With a kiss as of exquisite lips on my brow,  
And Her call as of bells to a world that's reborn,  
And a beat in my blood like the laughter of morn:

To have wandered and toiled in the deep forest  
aisles,  
To have counted in darkness the wearisome miles,  
To have slept for the dream's sake, and waked with  
Love's word  
At the lips of the stream, at the heart of the bird.

## WILD ROSES.

Oh, the pale-red twin wild roses  
By the path adown the dingle,  
Where the Summer's heart reposes,  
Where the witching wood-scents mingle:  
Where, for once, the sunbeams weltered,  
As the harps of heaven sounded;  
Where the peace of angels sheltered,  
And the hour of hours was rounded!

And we watched each frail red blossom  
As the breezes set them swaying,  
And she trembled at my bosom  
As they nodded in their playing,  
Mid the rustling of the grasses  
And the murmur of the river,  
Oh, the joy that thrills and passes!  
Oh, the dream that lives forever!

I will tread that path in Springtime  
With the vale yet bare of flowers,  
When the robins find their wing-time,  
And I'll pray the April showers:—  
“By the woe that life discloses,  
Be ye gentle in your weeping  
On the bed of our wild roses,  
On the grave where she is sleeping.”

## THE RIDE OF MALMORDA.

“Well thou answerest, steed; well thou answerest!  
Keeping time to thy hoof-beats my heart beats,  
Tramping louder as faster the sparks fly,  
Gallop on like a Valkyr, still gallop on.  
Hollow thunder thou mak’st on the turf-land;  
As a javelin we speed by the timber;  
In the open thy hoof-tramps beat louder,  
While the dust rises up to the smoke-cloud.  
Eager, oh, eager my soul and my stallion;  
Touch but the earth as thou spurn’st it, uplifting;  
In the heart of thy rider such speeding  
And striding and reaching, that never yet  
Steed for his master could tramp on as fast  
As the hurricane wild of desire sweeps him  
Onward, enwrapping him, urging him on  
To where, leaping and roaring, flame-welcome  
Waits him—the fire of my love or the torch  
Of disaster. To the fire! To the flame!  
Oh, gallantly, valiantly thunderest thou.  
Fast are we rising; the shadows grow thin.  
Twenty strides and we’ll gaze on Moyla’s Hill,  
Whence comes the hot breath of the stifling wind.  
Now, slower, good steed.

## CHRISTMAS OF LONG AGO.

In the midnight sky a wonder;  
A star in the east aglow,  
And mellowest voice thereunder,  
Christmas of long ago.

With gaze upraised the sages,  
Poor shepherd's bending low;  
A rapture to light the ages;  
Christmas of long ago.

O, Child-God laid in the manger,  
Who bore no diadem;  
To the lords of earth a stranger—  
Outcast of Bethlehem!

Thy message came to the lowly;  
Thy star was sent to the wise;  
And peace and love were the holy  
Words from the midnight skies.

They filled the heart of one other,  
To its own sweet overflow:  
Peace and Love to the Mother,  
Christmas of long ago.

Has Time's dust dulled its glory?  
Have tear mists blurred its rays?  
Is it now too old a story  
For hurrying, changing days?

Oh, ever our hearts shall hearken  
 To the angel's chant above,  
 And never shall distance darken  
 The star that shines in love.

And ever shall smile the Mother,  
 Mother whose child was God ;  
 God, who took man for brother ;  
 Brother our ways who trod.

Forever in joy completer  
 Shall the clear, glad message show,  
 And its angel voice sound sweeter—  
 Christmas of long ago.

### HEARTSEASE.

[From the play of the same title.]\*

Your deep sweet eyes have thrilled me,  
 Beside the mountain streams,  
 Your mellow voice has filled me  
 With happy, sunlit dreams.  
 What matter how the words ran,  
 Their melody divine  
 Is singing to my longing,  
 "My darling shall be mine."

The maple's trembling shadows  
 Are dappling o'er the glade,  
 The harebells in the meadows  
 Their fairy chimes have played.

\*Music by Manuel Klein.

What care we how they rustled.  
What matter rain or shine,  
So all the birds are singing  
"My darling shall be mine."

From out the woodland roaming,  
Our path winds gently down.  
Before us in the gloaming,  
We see the crowded town.  
What care we for its moiling,  
Its fortunes fair or fine,  
So lips and souls are saying,  
"My darling shall be mine."

#### A SUNSET SONG.

As under the spell of the sunset skies  
We ask, Shall the morrow be fair?  
So ever I ask of thy gracious eyes  
If the promise of love is there.

Ah me! we know not, tho' rose and gold  
Drape the outer halls of the night,  
But dead gray clouds by the storm-wind rolled  
Shall curtain the morning's light.

And doubt and fear of my soul are part,  
Tho' shine thine eyes so fair;  
Oh, would I could say to my yearning heart  
That the promise of love is there!

## BEFORE ME.

Sweet love, the days since last we met  
Have dragged in shadow o'er me,  
But lives my soul in pray'r that yet  
Joy's harp shall sound before me—  
Before me in a ruddy glow,  
Mid smiles and flow'rs before me.

I lift my gaze from all the pains  
That now stand death-like o'er me ;  
Hope's radiant fingers count the gains  
Of matchless meed before me.  
The winds a priceless promise blow  
Of guerdons rare before me.

'Twere hard mid mem'ries stained with tears,  
While Woe's red sword waves o'er me,  
To look beyond life's yearning years  
Alone for light before me.  
To peer so far across Death's flow,  
And bliss be still before me.

But thou wert born 'mid crystal light,  
And while thy love steals o'er me,  
I'll gild the future with delight  
And welcome what's before me.  
I'll chain the fears that tire me so  
And grasp the Heaven before me.

## UNSLEEPING.

Oh if it be more meet to weep,  
Let flow my tears.  
Though ne'er so fain, so fain for sleep  
Through weary years.

The clock's tick and the dark's dull thrill,  
My fever-glow,  
And thoughts of her the long hours fill  
That come and go.

O sleep, my burning lids to seal,  
O tears that wet,  
Why come ye not my soul to heal,  
Or let forget.

No, not forget: better to burn,  
Better to lie  
Thus seared, awake, than turn  
To Death and die.

I dread not Death, but, ah, I dread  
Not to remember  
Who took my heart life-thrilled and red,  
And left gray ember.

## A LOVE PRAYER.

The sunshine sang to the butterfly  
    “I am touching thy wings with gold.”  
The warm breeze whispered in rustling by,  
    “At night thou’lt die of cold.”

O morning sun upon Love’s light wings,  
    O cold night-winds of the heart,  
Be mine with the doom of living things,  
    But oh, be long apart.

## THE SWORD OF LOVE’S COMMAND.

Was there ever a net too fine for Love?  
    Was there ever a gate too wide?  
        Are there depths too deep?  
Are the skies above,  
    That lead to the worlds outside,  
        Too far, or their airy ways too steep  
        For the daring rush or the onward sweep  
    Of love in its strength and pride?

One word, my love, and his bastioned hold  
    Shall bar not my dauntless might,  
        Nor the men at his gate,  
    Nor his archers bold,

That watch for him day and night;  
Nor moat nor catapult change thy fate,  
To lodge in my arms, to be my mate,  
And to drink of love's delight.

For I am the lord of a magic mine  
That yields nor gold nor steel,  
But the flashing ore  
Of a metal fine,  
To make me a blade so leal,  
That, surer than falchion Roland wore,  
Or the sword that Achilles fighting bore,  
Shall strike my foe to my heel.

Was there ever armor it would not pierce  
When grasped in a true man's hand?  
Was e'er wall too strong,  
Or a fight too fierce?  
Can cunning before it stand?  
Was ever a battle, whose clamorous song  
Was chanted from morn till eve, too long  
For the sword of Love's Command?

## FORGET-ME-NOT.

I gave her a rose of the crimson red.  
"Warm as the glow of my love" I said.  
She gave me a blue forget-me-not,  
And turning, straightway my love forgot,  
For roses wither tho' love be true,  
And the warmer the kiss the sooner cold,  
Forget-me-not with the eyes of blue  
And the heart of virgin gold.

Forget-me-not with the eyes of blue  
A breath has withered thee through and through.  
They named thee well as a lover's flow'r  
'Whose bloom will fade in a single hour.  
For loves that weather the storm are few,  
And rose leaves fall when the wind is cold,  
Forget-me-not with the eyes of blue  
And the heart of virgin gold.

In Hope's fair garden there is no bud,  
But draws its tint from the heart's red blood,  
And when it has drained the foolish heart,  
'Tis time for Love and Hope to part.  
For pain is the dower of love that's true.  
God grant us, then, loves that grow swiftly  
cold,  
Forget-me-not with the eyes of blue  
And the heart of virgin gold.

THE CALL OF ELFLED, THE KING'S  
DAUGHTER.

[From "Lady Godiva."]

Dark night along England's coast.  
Up from their ships come the swarming foemen;  
    Harold Sigurd heads their host;  
Swordsmen and spearmen shouting to bowmen:—  
    "The fire, the fire for house and byre!  
    The steel, the steel till the Saxons reel!  
A Valkyr feast of thegn and yeoman!  
England, all England our spoil of war—  
    A haven for Odin's raven,  
    And our boast  
That Death beats time to the hammer of Thor."

Red flame that to sleepers came,  
Rose bright thro' the black of the night.  
Alfwyn, the Saxon king, fell in his palace,  
The monk at his prayers, the priest with the chalice.  
Wide went the wave of rapine and slaughter,  
And many a Saxon maid  
Was dragged to the Norseman's lair  
With shames untold,  
Till word came to Elfled, the dead king's daughter,  
Who, binding her golden hair,  
And girding her father's blade,  
Cried out in her voice of gold:—

"Strong sons of the Saxon land,  
 Out on the foe in a whelming river,  
 Shield on arm, sharp sword in hand,  
 England, fair England to deliver!  
 The sword, the sword on the Norseland horde!  
 The spear, spear till they blench with fear!  
 Bolt from bow and arrow from quiver,  
 With the banner of Holy Cross before.  
 To stay them and to slay them  
 On the strand,  
 And free our godly land for evermore."

### GERALDINE.

The rose is sweetly blushing  
 And virgin lilies bloom,  
 While Summer-winds are bearing  
 Their heaven-sent perfume,  
 And blithe young birds are singing  
 Upon the beechen tree  
 Beneath whose shade I'm thinking,  
 Dear Geraldine, of thee.

The vesper bell is toiling  
 Its solemn, measured chime,  
 And nature all seems telling  
 Of the golden Summer time.  
 But the sun shines not forever  
 And Summer perfumes flee,  
 And so these musings whisper,  
 Dear Geraldine, of thee.

For when in Old Dunleary,  
On many a Summer's eve,  
We wandered through the meadows  
The future's spell to weave,  
My joy, my rose, my sunlight,  
Lily and birdie free  
Were love-bound and I dreamed for aye,  
Dear Geraldine, in thee.

All's gone save mem'ry's lonely smile,  
From Erin far away;  
Thy glowing soul to Heaven flown,  
Thy frame in churchyard clay.  
While the inward hope celestial  
Is all remains to me,  
And a dream across the twilight,  
Dear Geraldine, of thee.

#### PAIN AND LOVE.

Dawn and delight are gain,  
Lifting the wings of the dove;  
Morrow's for sorrows are vain,  
O love!  
Look thro' the clouds and the rain  
To the stars above;  
Rise from the chrysalis, Pain,  
To the wing'd god, Love.

## BETTER THAN FORGETTING.

Sad hours are these, I ween,  
Sad glimmers of yestreen,  
    Sad bodings of tomorrow.  
As spirits dead-lights wave  
Above a new-made grave,  
    So brood I o'er my sorrow.

From weary, weary, dawn  
Till weary day's withdrawn,  
    And till the stars are setting,  
O heart thou'rt filled with pain  
Of the ne'er-to-be-again ;  
    But worse would be forgetting.

## LUX IN TENEBRIS.

When in the dusk two lovers meet—  
    The stars still dim of rays—  
They kiss, but not a word repeat:  
    They kiss and go their ways.

When in the day two lovers greet  
    Fond words may flow, I wis,  
But words tho' with great joy replete,  
    Yet value not a kiss.

Oh, in the dusk, then, darling mine,  
Ere yet the stars grow bright,  
Let me look once into thine eyne,  
And kiss once for delight.

### A ROSEBUD AT THE PLAY.

Oh sweet, with thy rosebud red at my heart  
I could die, and smile at the pain,  
For my darling, my darling I know thou art,  
And love is my sole refrain.

With thy rose at my heart I sat bowed and still  
While the violins wailed in tune,  
And the flutes piped mellow and piccolos shrill,  
And the horn wooed the deep bassoon.

They were playing new dances and ballads old,  
And a war march loud and strong,  
But ditty or dithyramb, quaint or bold,  
They all sang the one sweet song—

The song of a rosebud red at my heart,  
Of a love like the morning's glow.  
For oh, my darling thou'l be as thou art  
While the roses of love can blow.

## GLAD BE OUR GOODBY.

When I am gone, and swift the train has curved  
    Behind the bend,  
It may be that my light goodby has served  
    To mark the end;  
For Death has posts along the way: they rise  
    In stony white,  
And signal unto unexpectant eyes,  
    Eternal night.  
Sweet, seek not further of this mystery:  
    What will be, will.  
My own true lover, and my heart-queen be—  
    My sweetheart still.  
For there is naught in any world that counts  
    For gain or loss,  
Save as it counts for love, for love that mounts  
    Or throne or cross,  
And martyr-lives or hero dreams are spent  
    In vain,  
Save as they plead for love and love's content,  
    Or love's sweet pain.  
And come I never or come I soon,  
    My sweet,  
Send your love after me by night and noon,  
    My love to meet.  
And if the realm of darkness be perchance  
    Their meeting place,

Two stars as one they'll light the black expanse,  
And love's path trace  
Unto the Paradise of spirits clad  
In endless bliss.  
So glad be our goodby, and sweet and glad  
Our parting kiss.

## WHEN BEAUTY PASSES.

Of all sweet fervors that we mortals meet,  
Give me the swift, deep moments that entrance  
When beauty passes on her gleaming feet,  
And takes us with the glamor of her glance.

The lightning no more blinding ray expends:  
The flash, the bolt, the thrill come all as one,  
And we are smitten ere the instant ends:  
We die, and lo, a new life has begun.

And ever after we are slave and lord  
Of that great Queen in light and grace enthroned:  
Our souls are harp-strings in the grand accord,  
And all our words to melody intoned.

So glance not on me, wondrous damosel,  
Lest at thy feet to die I shall be fain:  
Yet gaze and fold me with thy flaming spell,  
That I may die, and blissful live again.

## THE SEAS OF NOON.

Out where the river joins the sea,  
Where sweet and salt in union be,  
Where sails are bent and winds are free  
    In rosy hours of morn—  
Thro' Prattling waves and laughing flow  
Of silver that the broad bows throw —  
The mermaids carolling down below,  
    While Triton winds his horn—

Oh, boldly let me take you, dear,  
The rail awash, the offing clear,  
Far and away our boat we'll steer  
    To the sleeping seas of noon,  
The seas of noon, the seas of calm,  
Of warmth and light and ocean balm,  
Where silence seems a Sabbath psalm  
    Whereof love dreams the tune.

The flag may droop adown the mast,  
The tiller from the hand be cast,  
Our boat a speck amid the vast,  
    A lone thing white of wing,  
And tho' the face be washed with spray  
Red lips shall kiss the sting away,  
Our hearts shall beat the rondelay  
    That love's own minstrels sing.

We'll drink the wine of topaz hue,  
Whose grapes grew golden in the dew  
Of hills that Aphrodite knew  
    On Cytherea's isle.

We'll banquet on the breasts of doves,  
On dolphins' fins and wings of loves  
Found poaching in Diana's groves,  
    And snared with wicked wile.

Dark Proserpina we'll invoke  
With golden leaves from Roanoke  
In fine spun whirls of faint blue smoke  
    Upon the drowsy air,  
And then, O love, 'twixt kiss and kiss,  
We'll drink love's ether pure, I wis,  
Drawn warm from hearts athrill in bliss,  
    Breathing love's only pray'r.

## **BALLADS OF BATTLE.**

## THE SINKING OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

The iron-armored Albemarle kept watch on the Roanoke.  
She had sunk one ship and mocked the rest with their hulls of Yankee oak;  
For when she fought us, one to six, from out the fight she bore  
With scatheless ribs and long great guns unsilenced in their roar,  
And passed upstream victorious, while from her iron shield  
Our crashing shot rebounded and our wounded warships reeled.  
And so she lay, grim, dark and huge in front of Plymouth town,  
The Stars and Bars at her stunted mast and her engine fires banked down.

From May until September came our fleet lay in the Sound,  
Our admirals held war councils, our gunboats cruised around,  
But the Stars and Bars at Plymouth waved free o'er town and stream,  
And Uncle Abe in Washington had many an evil dream  
Of a rebel ram forever moored in front of Plymouth town,  
With a Yankee fleet and admirals patrolling up and down.

Then came Lieutenant Cushing and spake up to  
Admiral Lee,  
"I'll sink the Albemarle," he said, "but give the  
task to me."  
"Impossible!" answered the Admiral. "Sir! not  
that word, I pray;  
Impossible's writ for timid souls, and not for men  
of to-day.  
While heart can dare and hand can do and death's  
but a crown of meed,  
No bar can stand before a thought that's backed  
by true man's deed.  
She stands athwart the Union course moored there  
by Plymouth town;  
Her armor cannot save her; she is there; she must  
go down."

The Admiral laughed a sea-dog's laugh and said,  
"Your faith is strong,  
So test it on the Albemarle, which bars our way  
so long."  
And Uncle Abe wrote, "Help the boy to carry out  
his plan,  
For he who dares what fleets can't do must be  
something of a man."

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

October the twenty-seventh, the night fell thick  
and dark,  
When Cushing steamed from the fleet upstream, the  
Albemarle his mark.

He gazed up the darkened river as he stood by the  
upswung spar  
With its great torpedo ready, and he watched for  
shoal and bar.  
There were fifteen brave men with him, every man  
a volunteer—  
While a nation breeds such hero-stuff has it even  
Fate to fear?  
When the worst that comes meets pledge and proof  
that tho' good fortune lag,  
There will always be hands at break of dawn to  
raise the starry flag?  
The rain came out of the misty clouds as the launch  
the waves cleft through,  
And few were the words he spake to his men—a  
hero's words are few:  
But he felt the soul of the Union enter into his soul,  
And heard in the throb of the engine the drum of  
the Union roll.  
A mother's face looked down thro' the mist, a girl's  
face smiled and was gone,  
And the brother who fell at Gettysburg beckoned  
his brother on.  
Eight miles they steamed, all watchful, up the nar-  
rowing Roanoke,  
And only the rebel sentinels' "All's well" the silence  
broke,  
Till close by Plymouth town, before their eager,  
straining eyes  
They saw the black-ribbed Albemarle enormous  
loom and rise,

And out of it came a ringing voice, "What boat is that?" A cheer  
Went up from every sailor's throat: "The Union  
boys are here!"

"Now steady," cries Cushing, "ev'ry man! A minute and 'twill be done.  
Half speed! head straight for her quarter;" but ere she can make the run—  
A flash breaks from the Albemarle; the balls whiz overhead.  
The launch for the iron mountain steers 'neath a shower of lead.

What's that? By the flashing light they see that a massive log-boom floats  
In a square about the Albemarle. " 'Tis there to stop our boats;  
Lieutenant, we cannot cross it;" but Cushing sternly cries:  
"It shall not stop us—a wooden boom with an iron ram the prize!  
Hard-a-port! bear off a hundred yards; we'll dash at the boom full steam."  
She's speeding out for the desp'rate rush, while lights on the great ram gleam.  
There's rattle of grape and hurtle of shot as Cushing brings her 'round.  
The Roanoke shivers beneath the boat with rush and thunder of sound.

“Lieutenant, you have not counted that though we  
may bound across  
The line of logs, and the giant bomb close to the  
ram’s side toss,  
*The launch can never get out again.*” Then rose a  
voice of doom:  
“WE’RE GOING TO SINK THE ALBEMARLE; WE’RE  
GOING TO CROSS THE BOOM.”

Oh, look at Cushing a moment as he rises up in the  
prow,  
Ready to lower the spar that bears the bomb on the  
launch’s bow.  
A lanyard is lashed to either wrist to signal the en-  
gineer.  
Each hand grasps halliard and lanyard strong the  
bomb of fate to steer.  
His thin lips clenched, his lowered brows, his gaze  
intent and dire,  
His face lit up in lurid gleams by the flash of the  
rebel fire.

“Full steam ahead!” Like a tiger cub at a dragon  
spouting flame,  
The launch speeds toward the Albemarle—onward  
to death or fame.  
A crunch at the bow, a lift, a plunge; she’s over the  
boom and glides  
In a torrent of shot and whirl of fire up to the iron  
sides.

A rumble of smothered thunder booms; a mountainous wave's upflung,  
With launch and men drowned under, for the bomb  
    is dipped and sprung;  
And the ram with mighty shudder from the blasting  
    shock recoils,  
And heaves above the sinking launch while the  
    foam-white water boils.

An instant of silence. "Surrender!" "Never!" is  
    Cushing's cry,  
"To a sinking ship and sinking cause. We are  
    here to do or die."  
The great ram topples toward him, as he throws  
    him overboard.  
And the river seaward carries him as the rebel boats  
    are lowered.

The darkness closes round him, the sounds of the  
    fight die out;  
He swims with the gurgling water and his brain's  
    awhirl with doubt.  
"Oh, Lord! to know if I've sunk her. Oh, God, for  
    my gallant men!  
Was I bold enough? Is the deed half done or only  
    to do again?"  
He hears a groan beside him and a white face sinks  
    in the flood,  
And ever his strokes grow weaker and chilled are  
    marrow and blood.

But the heart beats on defiant, till under his feet  
at last  
He feels the touch of the solid earth, and swoons till  
the night is past.

\* \* \* \* \*

A shaft of fire from the risen sun awakens him to  
pain.  
The torture of doubt which closed his eyes still  
racks his throbbing brain,  
He raves aloud at the mounting sun that looks on  
Plymouth town,  
Yet will not tell a Union man if the rebel ram's  
gone down;  
When, hark! in the brush close by he hears a gray-  
haired darky sing:  
"Oh, bress de Lor' for de water-gun dat's done dis  
curyis ting.  
De hole's as big as a barn-door, shure, in de side of  
de iron ram,  
An' she'll sink no more Abe Linkum's ships wit' de  
flag ob Uncle Sam."

Now up springs Cushing, joyful as it were an  
angel sang;  
Of his pain and grief and hunger he does not feel  
a pang,  
For the rebel sentries naught he recks; his pulses  
madly beat.  
"Now God be thanked for this news!" he cries:  
"I'll carry it to the fleet."

He springs in a boat by the river's bank, and soon  
he speeds ahead  
To the fleet that afar is waiting, and where they  
mourn him dead.

'Tis far, his boat is frail to tempt the waves of the  
open Sound;

The sun that, rising, waked him, sends a stifling heat  
around.

He is faint, but pulls with tireless stroke till the  
dying of the day,

And when the night is round him still the fleet is  
far away.

But pull he must till arm and hand their help to  
him refuse,

"The Union fleet, the Union fleet must hear the  
glorious news."

'Tis that keeps up brave Cushing till he spies the  
anchor lights,

As ever against the drowse and daze with iron will  
he fights.

"Ahoy! ship ahoy!" he hails them. "I come from  
Plymouth town:

"The Lord is still with the Union fleet; the rebel  
ram's gone down."

They mustered and they cheered him in the middle  
of that night,

And rockets were fired and blue lights burned, as  
well, indeed, they might,

For every day God does not cast a man in Cushing's  
mould,  
With purpose clear, with dauntless breast and heart  
of virgin gold.

### THE VIRGINIA CADETS.

Battle of New Market, Va., in the Shenandoah Valley, May 15, 1864, in which 225 cadets of the Virginia Military Institute of Lexington, Va., all between sixteen and eighteen years old, acting as infantry, fought on the Confederate side, capturing a Federal battery after a gallant charge in which nine of their number were killed and forty-six wounded. The war has passed into historical perspective. Now that a united nation stands under our glorious flag, the deeds of all heroes, South as well as North, are our common heritage.

'Shun! dress! shoulder a'ms!  
Fours right! Forward! March!  
That was how they kept us at it;  
Heads up—stiff as starch.

We were Virginia boys, three hundred,  
In Virginia's military school.  
The war was raging North and South,  
And how could we fiery lads keep cool?  
For we were bred in a battling time,  
And ours was our fathers' creed.  
The Old Dominion,  
In our opinion,  
Was bound for the South to bleed;  
And that being so, we'd all agree  
That under the Lord and Robert Lee  
The South was sure to succeed.

So ev'ry day it was "Shoulder a'ms!"  
In a stiff battalion drill,  
And ev'ry night there was news of a fight,  
With Lee in Richmond still,  
While the men who stood  
With the gallant Hood  
Held Tennessee with a royal will.

I reckon 'twas only good news we got,  
For we always gave it a cheer,  
And when our three hundred loosed their lungs  
'Twas something the deaf might hear.  
To double up Grant was just the job  
We expected of Lee, and we called him Bob,  
Our brave old General Lee.

But it don't need bugles or rattling drums  
To spread it around when bad news comes.  
One day in May it was in the air.  
Like a ghost or a mist we felt rise—  
A droop to the lip  
Of Colonel Ship,  
A mournful flap to the company flags,  
A husky note to the chaplain's prayer,  
And a cavalry major dressed in rags,  
With gaunt brown face and with eager eyes,  
Clattering into the Institute Square.  
"Virginia calls for her fighting sons!"  
That was all he said, but its sharp appeal  
Meant danger at hand from Fed'r'l guns,  
A call to battle and steel to steel.

Dumbly we stood for a moment's space,  
Then each lad lifted up his face,  
On many a cheek a pitying tear;  
But out from our hearts there rose a cheer,  
And the Colonel raising his hand, said then,  
"I'll bring Virginia three hundred men!"

In a minute's time we were wild with joy.  
In all our ranks there was not one boy.  
We had grown to be men at the Colonel's word.

The cavalry Major seemed in doubt.  
"All under sixteen years fall out!"  
But never a lad from a company stirred.  
If they'd waited the step of a single cadet,  
That young battalion would stand there yet.

Next morning, though, at the big bell's toll,  
We lacked twenty-five at the muster roll.

"They're under the age," the Colonel said.  
"Too young, God knows, for Yankee lead."  
"To bring them to fight the law forbids."  
The Major said, "So we've caged the kids.  
But Lord, how they pled with groans and tears,  
To be rated just once at sixteen years.  
Ain't seen the like since the war began,  
And the smallest of all was the biggest man.  
How he did beg, and struggle, and strive!"  
Then we two hundred and seventy-five  
Sent up a cheer for the little chap,  
And the captain of Company A,  
Saluting the Colonel, touched his cap,  
And, tossing his curly head, did say:

“We'll fight for three hundred just the same!”—  
Our flags here fluttered upon the wind—  
“We'll fight for Virginia and all the South,  
Through storm and sunshine, fire and flame,  
Up to the Yankee cannon's mouth.  
Good luck to the men we leave behind!”

‘Shun! dress! shoulder a'ms!  
Rang out the loud command,  
And we marched away  
By the noon that day  
To fight for the Southern land.  
Two twenty-five with the infantry  
And the rest with the guns in the battery,  
Down by Shenandoah's grassy banks  
And not a mustache in our marching ranks.

Next day we fell in with the conscripts rough  
From the upland farms with any sort of arms.  
Day after that with the vet'rans tough,  
In their joy and their rags,  
With their tattered flags;  
And how they cheered us and made us proud,  
As boldly we marched into camp, and “allowed”  
We were “jest sot up as men should be—  
Fit for to fight under old Bob Lee.”

“Sigel is coming!” the word was spread.  
“Pushing for Lynchburg straight ahead.”  
So the batteries limbered; the cavalry clanked;  
Fires were put out; the infantry ranked.

And Breckinridge, grim as an iron man,  
Rode off with his staff, and our fight began  
Where the hills to the valley roll gently down,  
And the pike runs by New Market town.  
Woods on the right, and a deep ravine,  
'Cross centre and left, lay there, between  
The boys in blue and the boys in gray  
In their battle rally,  
The batteries loudly beginning the fray,  
And a rainstorm driving up the valley.

The tale of the battle I cannot tell.  
We stood till arose on our left the yell  
Of the Southern boys at the word "Advance!"  
Then forward, too, with our hearts wild beating  
And ev'ry throat the yell repeating:—  
"Capture the guns beyond the ravine!"

"Zip!" went the bullets past heedless ears,  
"Chunk!" fell the shells, up rose our cheers,  
Down the ravine with a rush and tumble,  
Up the ravine with a pitch and stumble,  
Out on the plateau. "Halt, form line!"  
"On double-quick!" Crash came shell  
Into our faces, fired pell mell.  
A spur of blood as the next boy fell;  
Not mine! We were hit, but we never broke,  
And charged like mad for the cannon smoke  
With red, quick flashes leaping from its heart.

Three hundred yards to the mouths of the guns.

“Virginia calls for her fighting sons!”

Here we are coming as fall three score

    In their blood and their pride,

And we rush before

    Like a breaking tide,

Virginia boys! Virginia sons!

And—WE TAKE THE GUNS.

Over the dead see our school flag float;

    But our pride strikes top of its mad joy when

We hear from our general’s rough old throat:

    “Well done, Virginians! Well done, MEN!”

## CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

[Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876.]

On through the mist of the morning,  
On through the midday glare;  
A hard, rough ride by the Rosebud's side,  
Cutting swaths through the sultry air.  
With tightened girths and with bridles free,  
Their sabres clattering beside the knee;  
Pistol and carbine ready at hand,  
And one brave heart through the wide command,  
Rode the sun-browned troopers till eve grew red—  
Rode Custer right at the column's head.

“Small rest to-night; by to-morrow's sun  
We'll strike the red man's trail,  
But an hour to breathe till the fight is won,  
Till the climax caps the tale.”

And the troopers spring to the saddle once more,  
For Custer has heard that the Sioux are near,  
And he longs for Glory as never before,  
And he knows not the name of doubt or fear.

“On by the stars, scan well the trail,  
And miss not an Indian sign.”  
Now the dawn is gray and the stars are pale,  
And hope is high on the lengthened line—  
The hope, half joy, of the soldier's trust,  
That waits not trump or drum.  
“Scatter out, my lads, so the heavy dust  
Shall not tell the Sioux we come.”

But up on the hills, a moveless shape—  
An Indian plumed for war—  
Sees the mad advance, sees the carbines glance  
'Mid the galloping lines afar.  
"Custer, the Chief of the Yellow Hair,"  
He mutters with bated breath,  
"Boldly you ride to the red man's lair:  
Welcome, white chief, to Death."

And Custer, still at the column's head,  
Spurs on that none may share  
The first glance down the river's bed—  
The game he's hunted, there.

Brave child of the battle, with hope elate,  
See you not with your frank blue eyes  
They are five to one and they lurk and wait,  
On every brow the stamp of Hate  
That never wears out or dies.  
But the soldier turns in his saddle and cries:

"Hurrah for Custer's luck, the Sioux  
Have met me face to face;  
The game, lads, is for me, for you,  
Who would a step retrace?  
Not one, for never twice to man  
Such battle-chance was given,  
To snatch red honor in the van,  
Since yon steep crags were earthquake riven.  
Reno, dash over the river there.  
God, how the prancing devils swarm!"

The squaws shall wail  
Thro' the mile-wide vale  
When sweep we down it like a storm.  
Mine be the charge on their midmost band,"  
And his broad-brimmed hat in the air he tossed.  
"Now, lads, ride on like a prairie flame,  
You follow a man who has never lost."

Three hundred horsemen spring at his heels,  
And every trooper his ardor feels,  
And the clatter and rush of their horses' feet  
The terrible rhythm of War repeat,  
As they sweep by the bluffs while, cocked at hand,  
Their carbines glint 'long the brave command,  
Custer in front, down the steep incline,  
Into the Indians' ambushed line.

On through the smoke of the battle,  
Dimming the blinding glare,  
A headlong ride to the riverside,  
Cutting swaths through the redmen there.  
Cutting swaths, but the troopers are falling;  
Falling fast, while the swarming foe  
From the earth and the hills seem to grow,  
And the roar of their rifles, appalling,  
Rolls out in a long thunder rattle.  
See! Custer has swerved from the river,  
"Fire! fight to the hill! We'll have Reno soon  
here!"

His voice like a clear trumpet sound, without quiver,  
Is heard by the remnant unfallen. A cheer  
Is their answer: but leaving their cover  
Fresh swarms of the Sioux ride down on the  
band.

In the grim wild fight from the river  
Three hundred had shrunk to a score,  
Their track was of heroes' gore  
And corses of heroes who went to rest  
Fighting one against ten, but breast to breast,  
With savage foes in their death-embrace,  
The brave and the braves dying face to face,

Unhorsed, in a narrow circle  
That blazed at its outer rim,  
Whence their fast-fired bullets hurtle,  
Stood Custer and ten with him.

“If Reno comes he will find us here,  
If he comes not we'll meet him *there*.”

And he looked up to Heaven unblanched by fear,  
With the sun on his yellow hair.

“Here, while a man is left,” he cried,  
“Let a gun be heard till dust is dust.

Death is in front, but the end of Fame  
Comes not to the brave who keep their trust.”

A rampart of dead men around him.

Doomed Custer stands all but alone,  
He but speaks through the mouth of his rifle,  
And there's death in its every tone.

On through the smoke of the battle,  
With maddening cries on the air,  
The wild Sioux rush from the riverside  
    Like wolves on a man in their lair,  
Like wolves, and trusting to numbers  
    They sweep on the desperate few,  
    Who each bid a stern adieu  
    To the tried, to the trusted and true.  
Then die where they stand, as the oncoming yell  
Of the savages lifts up its chorus from hell.

Ere the horse hoofs trampled the ramparts dread  
The last of the whole command lay dead—  
A sight for the world, in pride, to scan,  
While Valor and Duty lead the van.  
They charged, they struggled, **THEY DIED TO A MAN.**

And fame will never forget that ride,  
That wild, mad dash to the riverside,  
Where Custer died.

# MANHATTAN: AN ODE.

## MANHATTAN.

[An Ode for the Hudson-Fulton Centennial, September, 1909.]

*Here at thy broad sea gate,  
On the ultimate ocean wave,  
Where millions in hope have entered in,  
Joyous, elate  
A home and a hearth to win;  
For the promise you held and the bounty you gave,  
Thou, and none other,  
I call to thee, spirit; I call to thee, Mother,  
America!*

*Spirit of the world of the West  
Throned on thy lifted sierras,  
Rivers the path for thy feet,  
Forests of green for thy raiment,  
Wide-falling cascades the film of thy veil,  
Moon-glow and star-flash thy jewels,  
Sunrise the gold of thy hair,  
Sweet was thy lure and compelling.*

*Europe, pale, jaded, had palled us,  
Asia, o'ergilded, repelled us,  
Africa, desert-faced, haunted us,  
Thou, when in freshness of morning, hadst called  
us  
And wanted us,  
Held us.*

*Over the ocean we came then,  
Wondering, hoping, adoring,  
Called thee our mother, kissing thy feet,  
Kindling our love into flame, then,  
Old worlds and old loves ignoring,  
Making new bondage sweet.  
Bless us to-day, O Mother.*

---

Hark, how the bells are chiming,  
How wind the horns, how cymbals clash,  
And a chorus, in mighty volume timing,  
To tramping beat that never lags!  
Heavily booming the cannons flash,  
And the air is thrilled with the snapping flags!

Where passed the grim Briton with venturing prow  
In the cycles fled,  
The city that stands like a fortress now,  
Turreted high by the edge of the water,  
America's eldest, magnificent daughter,  
With garlands is twining her brow,  
For joy that her laughing heart remembers  
Three hundred red and gold Septembers.

To catch the glint of her proudest glance,  
To hear the heartening music of her drum,  
To see her banners flutter and advance,  
Glad in the sunrise, let us come.

Not as came Hudson thro' mists of the sea—  
Dipping and rolling his Dutch-built ship—  
Scanning the landfall with hungering eyes  
And close-clenched lip,  
By morning and noon,  
Creeping past headland and sand-billedow dune,  
Wing-weary ghost of a phantom quest,  
Steering a thrill but where waters led west.

Not as when taking the sweep of the bay,  
Sparkling agleam in the brave Autumn weather,  
Silent of man in the new dawn aquiver,  
Anchored his lone ship lay.  
Not as he sailed where the hills draw together  
Holding his course up the broad-breasted river,  
Only the dream of Beyond in his brain,  
Only the seas of Cathay to attain,  
On till the narrowed stream told him 'twas vain.  
Then back as one baffled, undone,  
Unknowing he'd won by the gate of the sea  
The throne of an empire of peoples to be.  
Peace to his dream that found ghastly close  
Mid the sheeted wraiths of the arctic snows!

Not as came Fulton: even he  
Came brooding at the level of the sea,  
Elect among the genius-brood of men,  
Grandson of Ireland, son of the land of Penn,  
Pale-browed, nursing a great work-day dream—  
Harnessing the racers of the deep to steam.

Here first his Clermont turned her paddle blades,  
And so, our flag above his craft unfurled,  
He steamed beneath the Palisades,  
The Father of all steam-fleets of the world.  
Well may Manhattan glory in his fame,  
And on her highest roster carve his name,  
Yet, not as came he, let us come.

No: to the skies as on wings  
Let us rise,  
And come from the east with the faint red dawn.  
Haven and harbor are carpets of trembling gold,  
And the silver mist to the green hills clings  
Till the mounting sun has the web withdrawn,  
And behold,  
The city lifts up to its height at last,  
With frontage of hull and funnel and mast  
In the day's full beam,  
And over the sky-topping roofs in the blue,  
Over the flags of many a hue  
Are waving white pennons of steam.

We know thee, Manhattan, proud queen,  
And thy wonderful mural crown,  
With Liberty islanded there at thy knee,  
Uplifting her welcome to those who'd be free,  
And beckoning earth's trodden down.  
We know how the waters divide  
And unite for thy pride,  
And the lofty bridges of steel stretch hands  
To the burg on the height that stands

For thy wealth's overflow :  
With the freighters creeping between,  
And the slow, slanted sails slipping to and fro,  
As the giants of ocean steam in and go forth.  
We trace thy slim island reach up to the north,  
Its streets in arrowy distance aloom,  
Its mart, its homes, its far-off tomb ;  
The pleasure greens dotting thy vesture of white,  
And tower and steeple like spears in the light.

Lift thee, Manhattan, no peer to thy strength,  
Energy crystaled in turrets of stone,  
Force chained to form thro' thy breadth and thy  
length,  
The builders' Gibraltar, the fortress of trade,  
Might of the mart into monument fashioned,  
Mammon translated to mountain man-made,  
The clouds ever nigher and nigher ;  
And the clang of the anvil, the steam-shriek impas-  
sioned  
Seem calling from girder and frontlet of steel  
Upward thrown,  
With the square-chiseled blocks,  
As they build ever higher and higher,  
And then, for firm planting thy heel,  
They delve ever deeper to heart of the rocks.

Deep in thy vitals the dynamos whirring  
Are feeding thy nerves that are wires,  
Thy tunnels, thy veins,  
Stretch out as the human tide swerves,

And thy hidden fires  
With the breath of thy bosom stirring,  
Make life in the dark for thy lightning trains.

And out of it all a new beauty arising,  
The beauty of force,  
Winning a triumph beyond thy devising,  
Height-mad and power-glad  
Pinnacled, domed, crenelated,  
Masonry clambering course upon course  
To a glory of skyline serrated,  
Lofty and meet  
For the worship of all the waves laving thy feet.

Mighty, ay mighty Manhattan,  
Grown, while Time counted but three arrow flights,  
From bare strand and woodland and slow rising  
knoll—  
A handful of red men encamped on thy heights—  
To the city of millions:  
Of millions too ever the goal,  
City whose riches are billions,  
Whose might never fails,  
Whom the nations from far off salute,  
And the voice of a continent hails  
On thy festival day!

While the cries of the multitude roll  
In praise of thy marble-hewn body majestic,  
Sing to me, queen, of thy soul.

Sing of thy spirit, thy mind.  
Remembering then,  
The kernel and not the rind,  
The heat not the fires.  
We shall not judge thee by thy tallest spires,  
But by the stature of thy men;  
Not thy great wealth of bales and casks and gold,  
Nor mounting scales of what thou'st bought or sold  
Shall here suffice,  
But riches thine in virtues beyond price:  
Not all thy beauteous daughters costly gowned,  
But of thy women chastely wived and crowned;  
Not all thy gold in public service spent,  
But test of equal, honest government;  
Not creeds or churches, tabernacles, shrines,  
But faith that lives and love that shines;  
Not courts and Judges multiplied,  
But Justice throned and glorified;  
Thy reasons clear before the world avowed,  
Not voice of easy conscience of the crowd;  
Not by thy thousand colleges and schools,  
But culture greater than their sums and rules;  
Not by thy topmost reach of speech and song,  
But by their lift to light and art that's long;  
And from the mingling races in thy blood,  
The wane of evil and the growth of good;  
Not the high-seated but the undertrod;  
The brother-love of man for man,  
Ideals not ambitions in the van;  
Not thy lip-worship but the immanence of God.

But we who'd mete thy steps upon the heights,  
And thy soul-message ask  
Know well the battles that thy day's work brought,  
No Greek Atlantis art thou, Plato's thought  
Made sudden real:  
No fair Utopia thou of mounts ideal,  
Eased of thy burden and thy task,  
With long surmountings in the darkness fraught.

Swift thy foundations grew, but nights of tears  
And days of dark foreboding marked thy years.  
Here freedom battled with the tyrant's might,  
Here Washington—Immortal One—made fight.  
Here swung the prison ships, and here the jail  
Whose gallows freed the soul of Nathan Hale.

The orange flag of Holland flew  
Above thee for a space.  
Then England's red for decades few  
Flushed crimson in thy face,  
Until our arms set over thee  
The flag none may displace;  
That waving free shall cover thee  
While lasts the human race—  
The flag that to the breeze we threw  
When skies of hope were bare,  
Its red our blood, the sky its blue,  
Its stars our watchlights there.

Full oft the ocean harvests at thy doors  
Shed sodden grain upon thy threshing floors,

The sound, sweet ears with wild tares reached thee  
mixed,  
Long-fixed beliefs came hitherward unfixed.  
Long-crushed desires that freedom bids to bloom,  
The yoke thrown off, for lawlessness made room.  
How could it other? Shorn of lords and guides  
They pressed atow'rd thee over westering tides.  
From lands of Czars and Princes still they come,  
Some young and lusty, open-browed, and some  
Oppression-stunted, famine-driven, sad.  
All praying thee for welcome fair and glad—  
A niche, a shelter, honest toil and home,  
And these thou givest, Queen beside the foam.

And stout their grateful millions stand on guard,  
Their brain and muscle working thee reward—  
The solid Dutch, the level English strain,  
The gifted French, our allies tried and true,  
The German staunch, the Kelt of Ireland bold,  
Italian fire and Spanish pride; the Jew  
Keen-witted, dragging here no ghetto chain;  
Each giving thee their lore, their art of old;  
Each fired by thee with hopes and raptures new.

And Queen, thy women exquisite,  
Thy clear-eyed maids, thy mothers pure—  
Pledge of thy greatness sweetly to endure!  
By these I bless thee in thy day of joy,  
Thy wide-thrown halls, thy hospitable board,  
Thy heart of anxious service, and the rays  
Of kindness within thy bosom stored.

No evil shall thy graciousness destroy,  
And so I bid thee with increasing days  
No whit thy fair ambitions to abate;  
Fulfill thy destiny of good and great.

Hark, the message of Manhattan's soul!

*Constant my soul on the hard path of duty,  
Striving to win to the levels above,  
Longing my soul in the gardens of beauty,  
Eager my soul in the service of love,  
Tender my soul to the angels of pity,  
Humble my soul to the bearers of light,  
Fearless my soul at the gates of the city,  
Stalwart my soul for the ultimate right.*

*Mighty my dreams of a city imperial,  
Radiant, free with an ordered law,  
Rich, but with mind-gold beyond the material,  
Powerful, merciful, just without flaw,  
Thrift-strong and gentle-voiced, rippling with  
laughter,  
Song-filled, and thrilled with the triumphs of art,  
Poverty banished, and now and hereafter,  
Peace in my bosom, joy in my heart.*

## LIFE'S LOVE KNOT.

*TO MARY.*

## PENTAETERIA.

Five happy years! yea, that is much to say.  
Since hand clasped hand and lips vowed love alway.  
Five years that on the rosary of Time  
Shall be as crystals. Five full years whose chime  
Shall ring us back to youth and joyful hours,  
Should, haply, days of silver hair be ours.

We caught the blessing of the rosy June.  
The brooklet's murmur and the breeze's tune  
Among the trees came sweetly to our hearts,  
As sunlight to the vale when night departs.  
And summer stayed with us when winds were chill.  
And winter sent us once a daffodil.

Our path was not all flowers, but the breath  
Of those we culled will live with us till death.  
And so once more, hand-clasped, we raise our eyes  
And pray the Gentle Ruler of the skies  
Again to bless us, as we have been blessed,  
With light and peace and love—but love is best.

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1878.

## A DECADE OF LOVE.

An angel came down with a golden lyre,  
And the strings of the lyre were ten,  
And the sound of its notes, played one by one,  
Trembled and intertwined ;  
And he passed away ere the playing was done,  
But the harmony dwelt on the wind,  
Like the mingling of all the celestial choir—  
And the echoes it waked were ten.

A spirit came bearing a chalice of tears,  
And the sighs that he breathed were ten,  
And the tears from the chalice dropped one by one  
On my bride's fair face and mine ;  
But above us was glowing Love's glorious sun,  
Whose rays are a joy divine  
That shines serene through the passing years—  
And the drops that it dried were ten.

A nymph came laughing o'er fields of June,  
And the roses she bore were ten,  
And they dropped from her fingers, one by one,  
Kissing our brows as they fell,  
While her laughter rang clear as the streamlets run,  
Or the tones of our marriage bell,  
Till our hearts beat time to the blithesome tune—  
And the perfumes there breathed were ten.

O decade of love to my marvelling soul!  
 Can the years be truly ten  
 That have flown like a rhapsody, one by one,  
     O'er me and my darling bride?  
 Was it yesterday morn that her heart was won?  
     O years that in moments glide!  
 Still rapt into ecstacy may ye roll  
     Though time counts slowly ten.

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1883.

### MYRIADEOS.

[The Feast of Ten Thousand Dawns.]

June 18, 1873.

November 4, 1900.

When the joyous Greeks took measure of days  
 They counted from dawn to dawn—  
 As the darkness fled and a rosy red  
 The glory of day foretold,  
 With Apollo speeding his silver shafts  
 As he rose in his car of gold.  
 And Greek be the measure when Love's clear rays  
 Illumine a heart that's true,  
 And the song in our souls as the harpstrings thrill  
 From the joy of the Gods is drawn.  
 Yea, ever the light of old love is new,  
 And its rays from the rosy dawn.

We count ten thousand—the myriad roll  
 Of dawns since we twain were one,  
 Yet marvel we not that our love endure  
 Through all delight and dole.

As well to vaunt that love held its sway  
The hundred thousand heart-beats of a day;  
For not by the bars on the music page  
Is the ballad worthy of recall—  
The lifting, varying melody is all.  
So not by the hours 'twixt sun and sun,  
But the lyric chords of soul and soul  
Can Love's glad reign be held secure,  
And the crown of love be won.

Yet are they dear, these dawns of ours,  
The bright and golden, the dark and drear,  
The morns of withered hopes ; the dawns of flow'rs,  
Morns that brake ominous of heavy fate,  
The awful morns when Death was at our gate,  
And love's red lips grew white with fear.  
Glad dawns that left us at the eve to rue,  
Morns that were prelude to fond dreams come true,  
To days of deeds with standards to advance,  
To days beneath the raven, days beneath the dove,  
But, of our myriad, perchance,  
The dearest in our beadroll of the morn  
Were those when unto us were born  
The living pledges of our love.

So look we back, glad-hearted to that dawn  
When Love first filled our sky ;  
When matin chimes of silv'ry trill were rung,  
And roses bloomed in clusters on the lawn  
And through the dales,  
Where only random flow'rs had sprung.  
No misty-bearded morn it was that paled on high

And stole shamefacedly adown the vales,  
Casting gray shadows on the lea.  
But one all sudden from the zenith flung,  
Flooding our souls with light and minstrelsy.

Fair rosy dawn that breaks but once on life,  
And takes us with its morning song,  
And with its glory doth our spirits drape;  
Here do we pledge you—man and wife—  
In dew that shined its sunshine in the grape  
Upon the slopes of Paradise remote!  
Ray upon ray you've shed on us, and note on note  
You've sung to us from Heaven above!  
Now from your treasure-house beyond the sun  
We'd borrow trust, that, short or long,  
Until our day be done  
Your light be ours, first dawn of love!