

# THE CHILDREN'S LONGFELLOW



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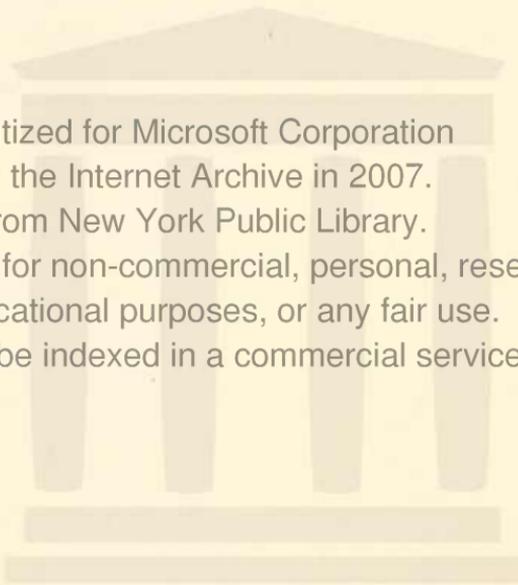
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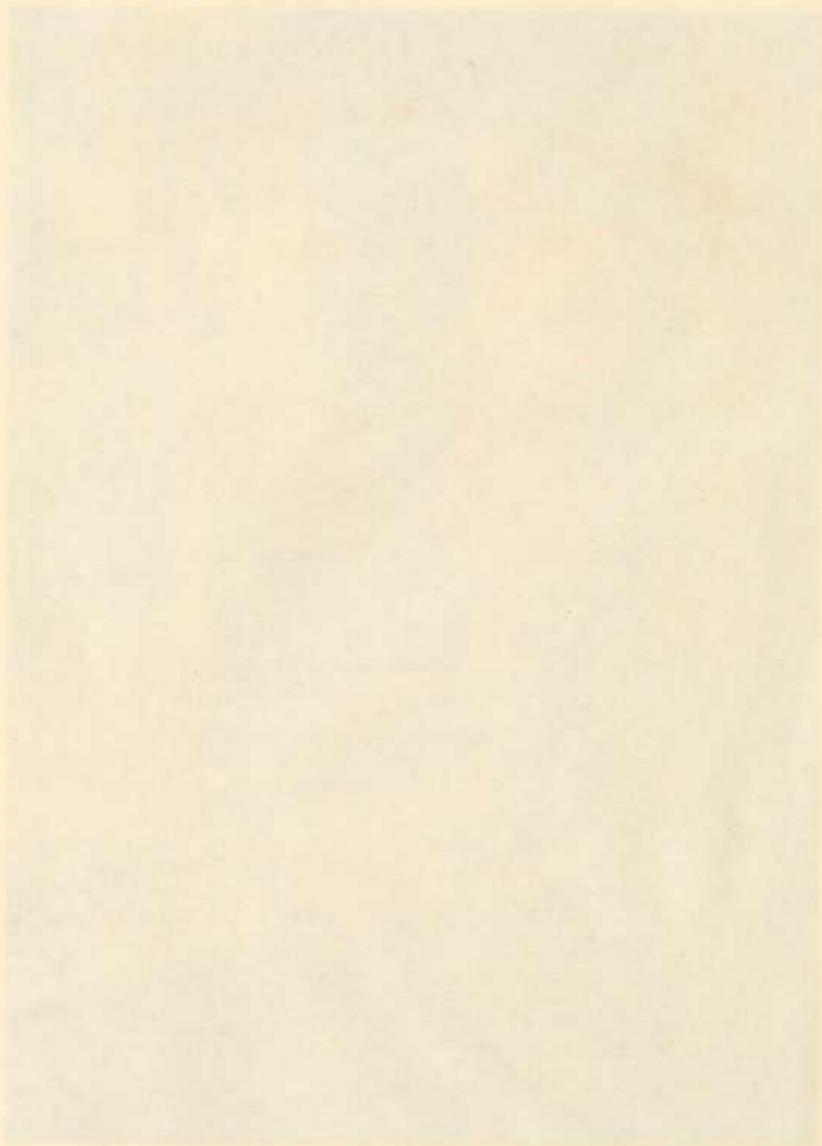






THE CHILDREN'S HOME

*And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door (page 28)*



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# THE CHILDREN'S LONGFELLOW

*Illustrated*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BOSTON & NEW YORK

1908



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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

LONGFELLOW has been fitly called the children's poet. Many of his poems have from their first appearance been favorites with youthful readers, and they have been widely used in the schools, but heretofore there has been no comprehensive collection of the poems best adapted for children's reading. It is believed, therefore, that this book will find a ready welcome at the hands of young people and their parents.

The poems here printed have been divided into groups which follow, in a general way, the arrangement in the Cambridge Edition of Longfellow's Poems. With three exceptions, each poem is reprinted in its entirety. In the case of *Evangeline*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* it has been necessary to make a selection of one or two complete divisions from each.

*Boston, 1908.*



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And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door

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THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT . . . . . 298

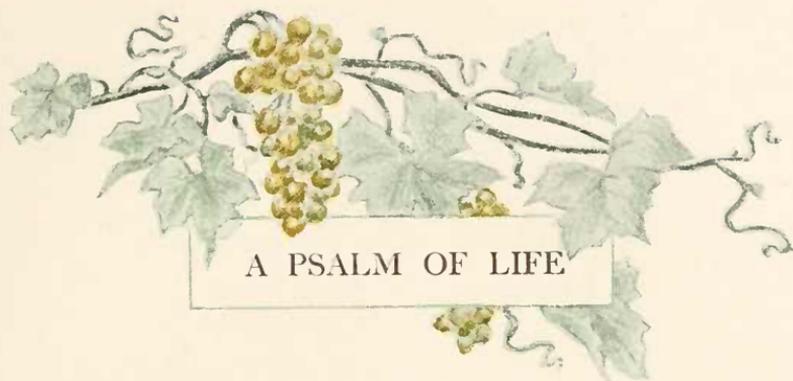
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting  
For a hundred year!"





VOICES  
OF  
THE NIGHT





A PSALM OF LIFE

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream! —  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

A PSALM OF LIFE

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, — act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars ;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?  
The star of love and dreams?  
Oh no! from that blue tent above  
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain ;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

THE LIGHT OF STARS

Within my breast there is no light  
But the cold light of stars ;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

## FLOWERS

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

## FLOWERS

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
    Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
    Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
    Flaunting gayly in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
    Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,  
    Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
    Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
    Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
    Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
    And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
    In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
    On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
    Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

## FLOWERS

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.





BALLADS  
AND  
OTHER POEMS





WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along  
The forest openings.

AN APRIL DAY

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

## WOODS IN WINTER

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fairy scene,  
When birds sang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day!

WOODS IN WINTER

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods ! within your crowd ;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song ;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

“SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armor drest,  
Comest to daunt me !  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December ;  
And, like the water’s flow  
Under December’s snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart’s chamber.

“I was a Viking old !  
My deeds, though manifold,  
No Skald in song has told,  
No Saga taught thee !  
Take heed, that in thy verse  
Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
Else dread a dead man’s curse ;  
For this I sought thee.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

“Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic’s strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the gerfalcon ;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
    Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
    Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
    Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair’s crew,  
O’er the dark sea I flew  
    With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
    By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout  
Wore the long Winter out ;

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,  
On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chanting his glory ;

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
    To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind-gusts waft  
    The sea-foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking-horn  
    Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
    I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
    Her nest unguarded?

“ Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,  
Fairest of all was she  
    Among the Norsemen!  
When on the white sea-strand,  
Waving his armed hand,

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,  
When the wind failed us ;  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,  
‘Death without quarter!’  
Mid-ships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel ;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water !

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden, —  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

“Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloud-like we saw the shore  
    Stretching to leeward ;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years ;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears ;  
She had forgot her fears,  
    She was a mother ;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies ;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
    On such another !

“Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen !  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sunlight hateful !  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    Oh, death was grateful !

“Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool!* to the Northland! *skool!*”  
    Thus the tale ended.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!”  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

*He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast*

## THE WIFE OF THE HENRIUS

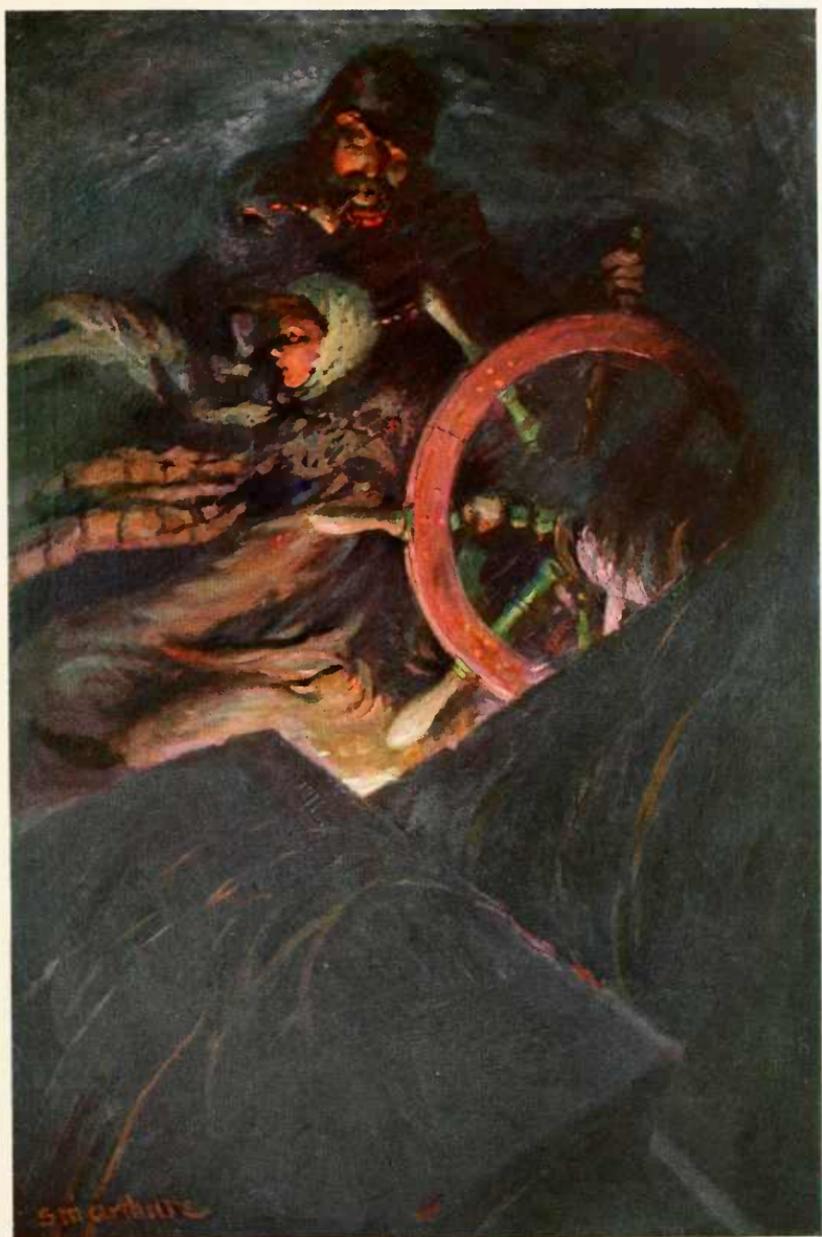
Under the shadow of the  
That ruled the weary sea;  
And the whispering of his little daughter,  
The wife of the Henricus.

But when he was gone, the  
His cheeks were like the  
And the tears were like the  
This was the death of Man.

The old man had been to the  
His pipe was in his  
And he would have the young man  
The wind was West, now South.

There spread upon an old  
The old man was the  
I have not yet seen you,  
I have not yet seen you.

And when he was gone, the  
And when he was gone, the  
And when he was gone, the  
And when he was gone, the





THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —  
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!”

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

“O father! I see a gleaming light,  
    Oh say, what may it be?”  
But the father answered never a word,  
    A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
    With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
    On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
    That savèd she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
    On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
    Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
    Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
    A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
    On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
    She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
    Like icicles from her deck.

## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
    Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
    Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
    With the masts went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
    Ho! ho! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
    A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
    The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
    On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
    In the midnight and the snow !  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
    On the reef of Norman's Woe !

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

THE sun is bright, — the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ; — the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ; —  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For oh, it is not always May !

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest !

## TO THE RIVER CHARLES

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing  
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this; — thy name reminds me  
Of three friends, all true and tried;  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearth-stone of my heart!

'T is for this, thou Silent River!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

## MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

## MAIDENHOOD

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

Oh, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

## MAIDENHOOD

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.



EXCELSIOR

“Oh stay,” the maiden said, “and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!”  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!”  
This was the peasant’s last Good-night;  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand ;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger flowed ;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode ;  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand ;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand ! —  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank ;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM

At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew ;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyena scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream ;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty ;  
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day ;  
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fether, that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away !

## THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
The hunted Negro lay ;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,  
In bulrush and in brake ;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;  
Great scars deformed his face ;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free ;

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
    With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
    From the morning of his birth ;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain;  
    And struck him to the earth !

## SERENADE

FROM "THE SPANISH STUDENT"

STARS of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steeps,

Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

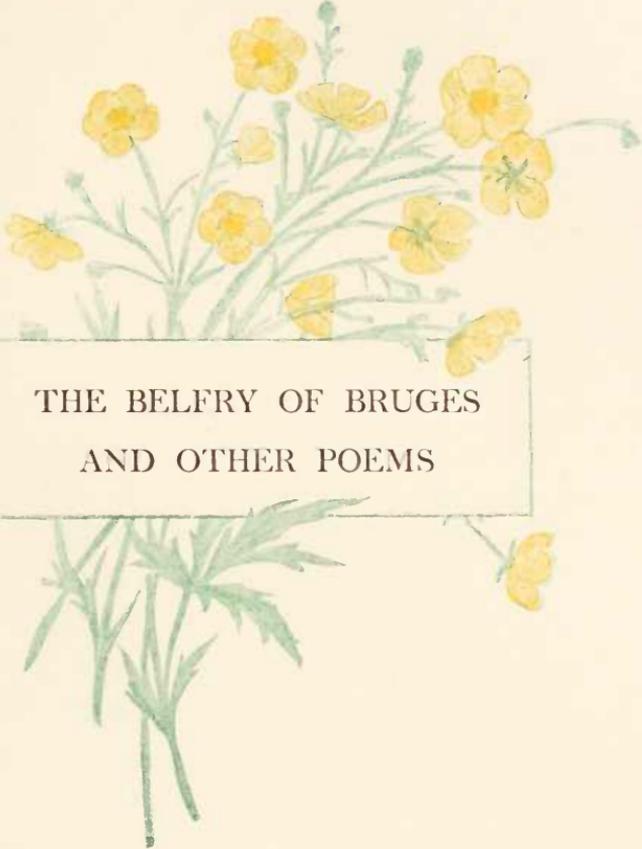
Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!





THE BELFRY OF BRUGES  
AND OTHER POEMS





## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

### CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and  
brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches  
o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower  
I stood,  
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of  
widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with  
streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the  
landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here  
and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished,  
ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning  
hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows  
wild and high ;  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more dis-  
tant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden  
times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melan-  
choly chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns  
sing in the choir ;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting  
of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled  
my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth  
again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders, — mighty Baldwin Bras  
de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dam-  
pierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days  
of old ;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore  
the Fleece of Gold ;

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden  
argosies ;  
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp  
and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the  
ground ;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and  
hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept  
with the queen,  
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword  
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers  
bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs  
of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods  
moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Drag-  
on's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with  
terror smote ;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's  
throat ;

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of  
sand,

“I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the  
land!”

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened  
city's roar

Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their  
graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was  
aware,

Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated  
square.

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

## THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts :

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

## THE NORMAN BARON

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying ;  
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,  
    And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
    Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster,  
    From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster  
    Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
    Sang the minstrels and the waits ;

## THE NORMAN BARON

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused awhile and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

“Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger!  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free!”

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
“Miserere, Domine!”

In that hour of deep contrition  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Through all outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

## THE NORMAN BARON

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
    And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched creatures,  
    By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
    And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
    Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
    Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

## RAIN IN SUMMER

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

RAIN IN SUMMER

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told, —  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,

## RAIN IN SUMMER

Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

## THE BRIDGE

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

## THE BRIDGE

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

## THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist :

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

THE DAY IS DONE

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

## TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty  
Omahas ;

Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name  
thou hast taken !

Wrapped in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through  
the city's

Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of  
rivers

Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only  
their footprints.

What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but  
the footprints ?

How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the  
green turf of the prairies ?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the  
sweet air of the mountains ?

Ah ! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou  
dost challenge

Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and  
these pavements,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-  
trodden millions

Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns  
that they, too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its divi-  
sion !

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of  
the Wabash !

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves  
of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in  
summer

Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath  
of their branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of  
horses !

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the  
Elkhorn,

Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the  
Omaha

Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave  
of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those  
mountainous deserts ?

Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty  
Behemoth,

Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of  
the thunder,

And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red  
man ?

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and  
the Foxes,

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of  
Behemoth,

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the  
Missouri's  
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the  
camp-fires  
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the  
gray of the daybreak  
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dex-  
terous horse-race;  
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the  
Camanches!  
Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the  
blast of the east-wind,  
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy  
wigwams!

## WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, " From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed ;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

## THE 'OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all, —  
    “Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass, —  
    “Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !”

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door, —  
    “Forever — never !  
    Never — forever !”

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe, —

“ Forever — never!  
Never — forever!”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased, —

“ Forever — never!  
Never — forever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told, —

“ Forever — never!  
Never — forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear, —  
Forever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly, —

“Forever — never !  
Never — forever !”

## THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## CURFEW

### I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
And put out the light ;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire ;  
Sound fades into silence, —  
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall !  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

### II

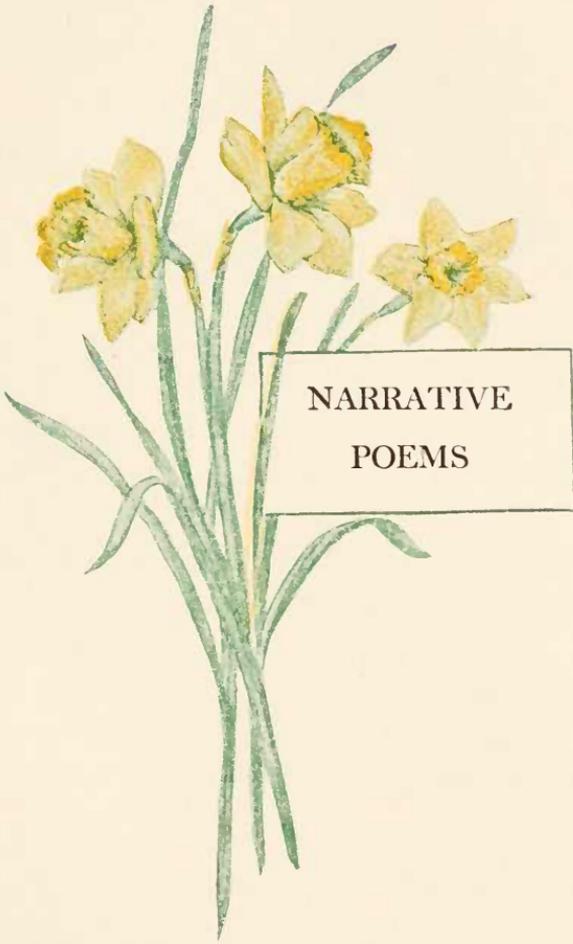
The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day ;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.

## CURFEW

Dim grow its fancies ;  
Forgotten they lie ;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall ;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all.



NARRATIVE  
POEMS





THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct  
in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbor-  
ing ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of  
the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts  
that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the  
voice of the huntsman ?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Aca-  
dian farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the  
woodlands,

EVANGELINE

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image  
of heaven ?

Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for-  
ever departed !

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts  
of October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far  
o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village  
of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures,  
and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's  
devotion,

List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of  
the forest ;

List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to  
the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks with-  
out number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with  
labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the  
flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er  
the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards  
and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away  
to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty  
Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station  
descended.

## EVANGELINE

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian  
village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and  
of hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign  
of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and  
gables projecting  
Over the basement below protected and shaded the  
doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the  
chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in  
kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the  
golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors  
Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels and  
the songs of the maidens.  
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and  
the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to  
bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons  
and maidens,

## EVANGELINE

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate  
welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely  
the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from  
the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the  
village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and  
contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers, —

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they  
free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of  
republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their  
windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of  
the owners ;

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in  
abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the  
Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-  
Pré,

## EVANGELINE

Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his  
household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the  
village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy  
winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with  
snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as  
brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen sum-  
mers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn  
by the wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown  
shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in  
the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at  
noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the  
maiden.  
Fair was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell  
from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with  
his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon  
them,



*Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music*







## EVANGELINE

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of  
beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and  
the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as  
an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long gen-  
erations.  
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after  
confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction  
upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the  
farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a  
shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing  
around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and  
a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the  
meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a  
penthouse,

## EVANGELINE

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-  
side,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of  
Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with  
its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the  
horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the  
barns and the farm-yard.  
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique  
ploughs and the harrows ;  
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his  
feathered seraglio,  
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with  
the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.  
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.  
In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a  
staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-  
loft.  
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and inno-  
cent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant  
breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of  
mutation.

## EVANGELINE

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer  
of Grand-Pré  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his  
household.  
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his  
missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest  
devotion ;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem  
of her garment !  
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-  
friended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her  
footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
knocker of iron ;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he  
whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was  
welcome ;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of  
all men ;  
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and  
nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the  
people.

EVANGELINE

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.  
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-thing,  
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,  
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

## EVANGELINE

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into  
the chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the  
eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the  
meadow.

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on  
the rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which  
the swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of  
its fledglings ;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the  
swallow !

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were  
children.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of  
the morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought  
into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a  
woman.

“ Sunshine of Saint Eulalie ” was she called ; for that  
was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their or-  
chards with apples ;

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight  
and abundance,

Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

## EVANGELINE

### II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow  
colder and longer,  
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.  
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the  
ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.  
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of  
September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the  
angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their  
honey  
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters as-  
serted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the  
foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that  
beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of  
All-Saints !  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and  
the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart  
of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in har-  
mony blended.

## EVANGELINE

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the  
farm-yards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and  
the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors  
around him ;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and  
yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree  
of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with  
mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and  
stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twi-  
light descending  
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds  
to the homestead.  
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks  
on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness  
of evening.  
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,  
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

## EVANGELINE

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders

## EVANGELINE

Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular  
cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets de-  
scended.  
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the  
farm-yard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into still-  
ness ;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the  
barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly  
the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and  
the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind  
him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures  
fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into  
darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-  
chair  
Laughed in the flickering light ; and the pewter plates  
on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the  
sunshine.

## EVANGELINE

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before  
him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian  
vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner  
behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent  
shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments  
together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals  
ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest  
at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,  
suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back  
on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the  
blacksmith,

## EVANGELINE

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was  
with him.

“Welcome !” the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps  
paused on the threshold,

“Welcome, Basil, my friend ! Come, take thy place on  
the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee ;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of  
tobacco ;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the  
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial  
face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of  
the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the  
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-  
side : —

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and  
thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are  
filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a  
horseshoe.”

EVANGELINE

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline  
brought him,  
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly  
continued : —  
“ Four days now are passed since the English ships at  
their anchors  
Ride in the Gaspereau’s mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.  
What their design may be is unknown ; but all are  
commanded  
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty’s mandate  
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in the  
mean time  
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the peo-  
ple.”  
Then made answer the farmer : “ Perhaps some friend-  
lier purpose  
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests  
in England  
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children.”  
“ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly,  
the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a sigh,  
he continued : —  
“ Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

## EVANGELINE

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its  
outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-  
morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons  
of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the  
scythe of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial  
farmer : —

“ Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and  
our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,  
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's  
cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of  
sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night of  
the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the  
village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking the  
glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a  
twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and  
inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our  
children ? ”

## EVANGELINE

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her  
lover's,  
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father  
had spoken,  
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

### III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the  
ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary  
public ;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,  
hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
glasses with horn bows  
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom super-  
nal.  
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a  
hundred  
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his  
great watch tick.  
Four long years in the times of the war had he lan-  
guished a captive,  
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of  
the English.  
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-  
picion,  
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and  
childlike.

## EVANGELINE

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;  
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,  
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the  
horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who un-  
christened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers  
of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,  
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a  
nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and  
horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the vil-  
lage.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the  
blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending  
his right hand,

“ Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “ thou hast heard  
the talk in the village,

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships  
and their errand.”

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary  
public, —

“ Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never  
the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know not better than  
others.

## EVANGELINE

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention  
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then  
molest us ? ”

“ God’s name ! ” shouted the hasty and somewhat iras-  
cible blacksmith ;

“ Must we in all things look for the how, and the why,  
and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the  
strongest ! ”

But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary  
public, —

“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice  
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port  
Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to  
repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was  
done them.

“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its  
left hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice pre-  
sided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of  
the people.

## EVANGELINE

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the  
balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine  
above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land were  
corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were op-  
pressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a noble-  
man's palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a sus-  
picion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaf-  
fold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of  
Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,  
Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the  
thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its  
left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the  
balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
magpie,  
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was  
inwoven."

## EVANGELINE

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended,  
the blacksmith  
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no  
language ;  
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face,  
as the vapors  
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the  
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-  
brewed  
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the  
village of Grand-Pré ;  
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and  
inkhorn,  
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the  
parties,  
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and  
in cattle.  
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were  
completed,  
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the  
margin.  
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the  
table  
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;  
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the  
bridegroom,

## EVANGELINE

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fire-side,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,  
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise

Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

## EVANGELINE

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the  
door-step  
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with  
gladness.  
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on  
the hearth-stone,  
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.  
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline fol-  
lowed.  
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the dark-  
ness,  
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the  
maiden.  
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her  
chamber.  
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,  
and its clothes-press  
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were care-  
fully folded  
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline  
woven.  
This was the precious dower she would bring to her  
husband in marriage,  
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill  
as a housewife.  
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and  
radiant moonlight

## EVANGELINE

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room,  
till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides  
of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood  
with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her  
chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the  
orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp  
and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of  
sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in  
the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a  
moment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely  
the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her  
footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with  
Hagar!

### IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of  
Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of  
Minas,

EVANGELINE

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were  
riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous  
labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of  
the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and  
neighboring hamlets,  
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peas-  
ants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the  
young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous  
meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in  
the greensward,  
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on  
the highway.  
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were  
silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors  
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-  
gether.  
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and  
feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers to-  
gether,

## EVANGELINE

All things were held in common, and what one had was  
another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;  
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome  
and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she  
gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of be-  
trothal.

There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the  
notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the black-  
smith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and  
the beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts  
and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on  
his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the  
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown  
from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his  
fiddle,

EVANGELINE

*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dun-  
querque*,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.  
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
dances

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
meadows;

Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-  
smith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a sum-  
mons sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows  
a drum beat.

Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without,  
in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and  
hung on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from  
the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching  
proudly among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant  
clangor

## EVANGELINE

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling  
and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous  
portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the  
soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the  
steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal  
commission.

“ You are convened this day,” he said, “ by his Ma-  
jesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have  
answered his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and  
my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be  
grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch ;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle  
of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from  
this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell  
there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !  
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty’s  
pleasure ! ”

## EVANGELINE

As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,  
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the  
    hailstones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters  
    his windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch  
    from the house-roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclo-  
    sures ;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of  
    the speaker.  
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and  
    then rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the  
    door-way.  
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce im-  
    precations  
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the  
    heads of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
    blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and  
    wildly he shouted, —  
“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have  
    sworn them allegiance !  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes  
    and our harvests ! ”

## EVANGELINE

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand  
of a soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to  
the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry con-  
tention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of  
the altar.  
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into  
silence  
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his  
people ;  
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured  
and mournful  
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the  
clock strikes.  
“ What is this that ye do, my children? what madness  
has seized you?  
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and  
taught you,  
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !  
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers  
and privations?  
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-  
giveness?  
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you  
profane it

EVANGELINE

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with  
hatred?  
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing  
upon you !  
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy  
compassion !  
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘ O Father,  
forgive them ! ’  
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked  
assail us,  
Let us repeat it now, and say, ‘ O Father, forgive  
them ! ’ ”  
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of  
his people  
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the pas-  
sionate outbreak,  
While they repeated his prayer, and said, “ O Father,  
forgive them ! ”

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed  
from the altar.  
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the  
people responded,  
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave  
Maria  
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with  
devotion translated,  
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to  
heaven.

## EVANGELINE

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of  
ill, and on all sides  
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.  
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her  
right hand  
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,  
descending,  
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and  
roofed each  
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned  
its windows.  
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on  
the table ;  
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant  
with wild-flowers ;  
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh  
brought from the dairy,  
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of  
the farmer.  
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the  
sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambro-  
sial meadows.  
Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
ascended, —  
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience !

## EVANGELINE

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of  
the women,  
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they  
departed,  
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of  
their children.  
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmer-  
ing vapors  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending  
from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evange-  
line lingered.  
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the  
windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by  
emotion,  
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but  
no answer  
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier  
grave of the living.  
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of  
her father.  
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the  
supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with  
phantoms of terror.

EVANGELINE

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her  
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain  
fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by  
the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echo-  
ing thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the  
world he created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the  
justice of Heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-  
bered till morning.

v

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the  
fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the  
farm-house.

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-  
cession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Aca-  
dian women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to  
the sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their  
dwellings,

## EVANGELINE

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and  
the woodland.

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the  
oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments  
of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and  
there on the sea-beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the  
boats ply ;

All day long the wains came laboring down from the  
village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his  
setting,

Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from  
the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sud-  
den the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in  
gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian  
farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes  
and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary  
and wayworn,

## EVANGELINE

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives  
and their daughters.  
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together  
their voices,  
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Mis-  
sions : —  
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible foun-  
tain !  
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission  
and patience ! ”  
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women  
that stood by the wayside  
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sun-  
shine above them  
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits de-  
parted.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in  
silence,  
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
affliction, —  
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession ap-  
proached her,  
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emo-  
tion.  
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet  
him,

EVANGELINE

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,  
and whispered, —  
“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances  
may happen ! ”  
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused,  
for her father  
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was  
his aspect !  
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his  
eye, and his footstep  
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in  
his bosom.  
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and  
embraced him,  
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort  
availed not.  
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mourn-  
ful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of  
embarking.  
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion  
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too  
late, saw their children  
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest  
entreaties.  
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,

## EVANGELINE

While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with  
her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down,  
and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the  
refluent ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-  
beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slip-  
pery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and  
the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near  
them,

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing  
ocean,

Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and  
leaving

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the  
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from  
their pastures ;

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from  
their udders ;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars  
of the farm-yard, —

## EVANGELINE

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand  
of the milk-maid.  
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no  
Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights  
from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had  
been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks  
in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were  
gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the  
crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his  
parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing  
and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-  
shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat  
with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old  
man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have  
been taken.

## EVANGELINE

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to  
cheer him,

Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked  
not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering  
fire-light.

“ *Benedicite!* ” murmured the priest, in tones of com-  
passion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full,  
and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on  
a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful pre-  
sence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the  
maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above  
them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and  
sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together  
in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn  
the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o’er the  
horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain  
and meadow,

## EVANGELINE

Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge  
shadows together.  
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the  
village,  
Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in  
the roadstead.  
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame  
were  
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the  
quivering hands of a martyr.  
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning  
thatch, and, uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a  
hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-  
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.  
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their  
anguish,  
“ We shall behold no more our homes in the village of  
Grand-Pré ! ”  
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-  
yards,  
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing  
of cattle  
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs  
interrupted.

## EVANGELINE

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden

Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.

Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.

## EVANGELINE

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber ;  
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a  
multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gaz-  
ing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest com-  
passion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the land-  
scape,  
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces  
around her,  
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering  
senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people, —  
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier  
season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land  
of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-  
yard.”  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste  
by the sea-side,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of  
Grand-Pré.

## EVANGELINE

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of  
sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast  
congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with  
the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of  
the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking ;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the  
harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the  
village in ruins.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

### HIAWATHA'S SAILING

“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree !  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree !  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley !  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily !

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree !  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper !”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, “Behold me !  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me !”

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,

## HIAWATHA

Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
“ Take my cloak, O Hiawatha ! ”

With his knife the tree he girdled ;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward ;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“ Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me ! ”

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
“ Take my boughs, O Hiawatha ! ”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-work,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

“ Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree !  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! ”

## HIAWATHA

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
“Take them all, O Hiawatha !”

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the frame-work.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree !  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me !”

And the Fir-tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha !”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom !”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog

## HIAWATHA

With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him ;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,

## HIAWATHA

Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenau.

## HIAWATHA

### HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitchie Gumee,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing-line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him ;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches ;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

## HIAWATHA

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting !  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure.  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

“Take my bait,” cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger !”  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,

*And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water*

The first part of the report  
 deals with the general  
 conditions of the country  
 and the progress of the  
 various departments.  
 It is followed by a  
 detailed account of the  
 work done during the  
 year, and a summary of  
 the results achieved.  
 The report concludes  
 with a list of the  
 members of the  
 committee and a  
 statement of the  
 amount of the  
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## HIAWATHA

“Take my bait, O King of Fishes !”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting ;  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,

“Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !”

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
“Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are but the pike, Kenozha,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !”

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,

## HIAWATHA

And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
“Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha !”

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
“Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes !”

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,

## HIAWATHA

The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint ;  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma.  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,

## HIAWATHA

In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
“O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you ;  
For hereafter and forever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you ! ”

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma.

## HIAWATHA

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
“ ‘T is our brother, Hiawatha ! ”

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns :  
“ O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and forever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers ! ”

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water,  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,

## HIAWATHA

Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

“I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes !” said he ;  
“Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls ;  
Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon,  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes ;  
Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter.”

And she waited till the sun set,  
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with clamor,  
And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labor,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed places,  
Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,

## HIAWATHA

Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate  
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,  
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

### THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from  
the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village  
of Plymouth ;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order impera-  
tive, "Forward!"  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then  
silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the vil-  
lage.  
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous  
army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the  
white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the  
savage.  
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of  
King David ;  
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the  
Bible, —  
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Phi-  
listines.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morn-  
ing ;  
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows,  
advancing,  
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the  
village of Plymouth  
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold  
labors.  
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from  
the chimneys  
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily east-  
ward ;  
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked  
of the weather,  
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair  
for the Mayflower ;  
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers  
that menaced,  
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in  
his absence.  
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women  
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the  
household.  
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at  
his coming ;  
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the moun-  
tains ;

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at  
anchor,  
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of  
the winter.  
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping  
her canvas,  
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the  
sailors.  
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,  
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon  
rang  
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the  
echoes  
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of depar-  
ture!  
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the  
people!  
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from  
the Bible,  
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent  
entreaty!  
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pil-  
grims of Plymouth,  
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the  
sea-shore,  
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May-  
flower,  
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here  
in the desert.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had  
lain without slumber,  
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his  
fever.  
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from  
the council,  
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and  
murmur ;  
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded  
like swearing.  
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment  
in silence ;  
Then he had turned away, and said : “ I will not awake  
him ;  
Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more  
talking ! ”  
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down  
on his pallet,  
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the  
morning, —  
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his cam-  
paigns in Flanders, —  
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.  
But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden  
beheld him  
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,  
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,  
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of  
the chamber.

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned  
to embrace him,  
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;  
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;  
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him, —  
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.  
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,  
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !  
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,  
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,  
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,  
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,  
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep  
Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient  
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean  
about him,

Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters  
and parcels

Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled to-  
gether

Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewil-  
dered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on  
the gunwale,

One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the  
sailors,

Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for  
starting.

He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his  
anguish,

Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is  
or canvas,

Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise  
and pursue him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of  
Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that  
was passing.

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his in-  
tention,

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and  
patient,

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its  
purpose,  
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is de-  
struction.  
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious  
instincts!  
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are mo-  
ments,  
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall  
adamantine!  
“Here I remain!” he exclaimed, as he looked at the  
heavens above him,  
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist  
and the madness,  
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering  
headlong.  
“Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether  
above me,  
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over  
the ocean.  
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-  
like,  
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for  
protection.  
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the  
ether!  
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I  
heed not  
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so whole-  
some,  
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by  
her footsteps.  
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible pre-  
sence  
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her  
weakness ;  
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock  
at the landing,  
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the  
leaving ! ”

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air  
and important,  
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and  
the weather,  
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded  
around him  
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful re-  
membrance.  
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping  
a tiller,  
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his  
vessel,  
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and  
flurry,  
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and  
sorrow,

## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but  
Gospel !

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of  
the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the  
Mayflower !

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this  
ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of  
the sailors

Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponder-  
ous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the  
west-wind,

Blowing steady and strong ; and the Mayflower sailed  
from the harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the  
southward

Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First  
Encounter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open  
Atlantic,

Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts  
of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the  
vessel,

Much endeared to them all, as something living and  
human ;

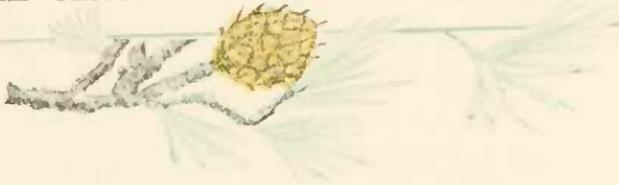
## THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision  
prophetic,  
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth  
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked  
the Lord and took courage.  
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock,  
and above them  
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death,  
and their kindred  
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the  
prayer that they uttered.  
Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the  
ocean  
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a  
graveyard ;  
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.  
Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an  
Indian,  
Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake  
with each other,  
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, " Look !"  
he had vanished.  
So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a  
little,  
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of  
the billows  
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash  
of the sunshine,  
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

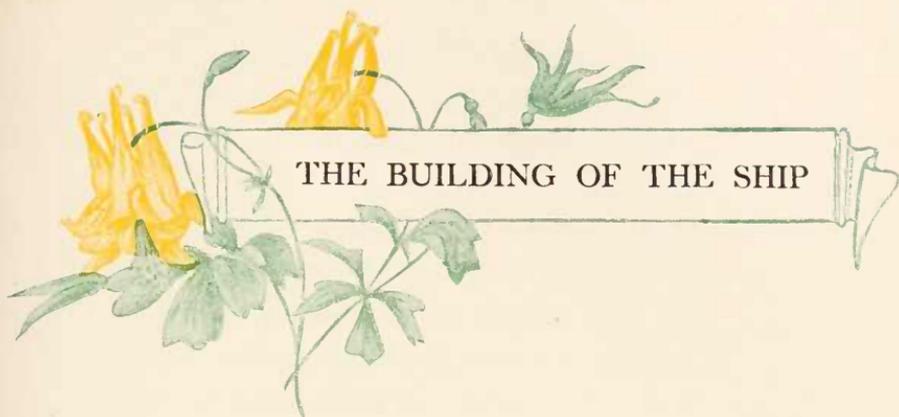




THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE







“ BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard ;  
For his heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, “ Erelong we will launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea ! ”  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature ;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labor might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of all  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this !"  
It was of another form, indeed ;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft ;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,  
With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around ;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !  
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion !  
There 's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Framed and launched in a single day.  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth, against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.  
Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth !  
The old man, in whose busy brain  
Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ; —  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,  
When he had built and launched from land  
What the elder head had planned.

“ Thus,” said he, “ will we build this ship !  
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care ;  
Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.

*The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair*

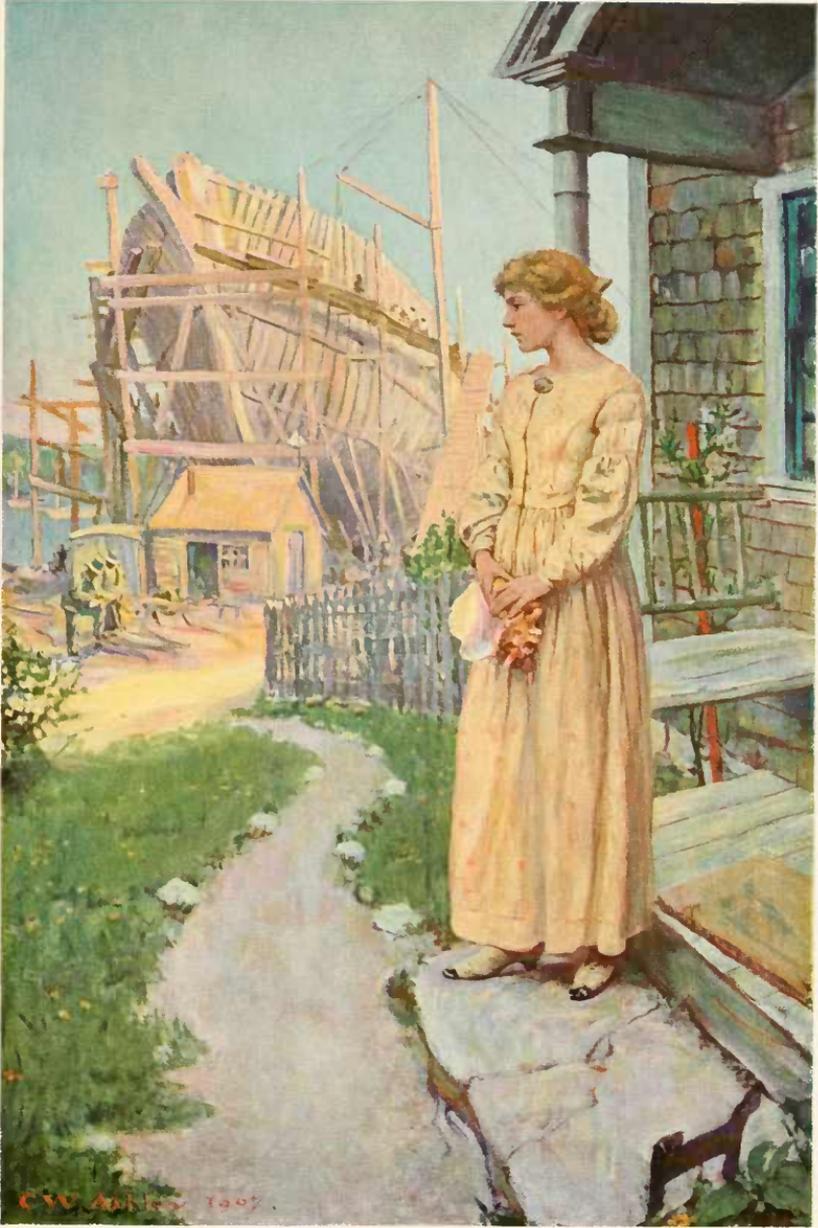
THE FIFTH DAY OF THE STRIKE

I walked along the pier in a fange day  
The wind was cold, the sea was  
The waves were high and every one  
The work of men was yet begun  
The men were silent, the water  
The water was silent as an old man  
The men were silent as an old man  
The men were silent as an old man

Remember that work is done  
The men were silent as an old man  
The men were silent as an old man

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THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !”

The Master’s word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,  
Standing before  
Her father’s door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride.  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.  
Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow’s reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love’s command !  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love’s behest  
Far excelleth all the rest !

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds  
Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along  
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.  
Happy, thrice happy, every one  
Who sees his labor well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still,  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,  
Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine  
The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men : —

“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle ! ”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have control  
Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand  
Would reach down and grapple with the land,  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast !  
And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's daughter !  
On many a dreary and misty night,  
'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ;  
Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell, — those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers,  
Panting beneath the goad,  
Dragged down the weary, winding road

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Those captive kings so straight and tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them forevermore  
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
In foreign harbors shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'T will be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Slowly, in all its splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sudden fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

The prayer is said,  
The service read,  
The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor —  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock —  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents, that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its course.  
Therefore he spake, and thus said he : —  
“ Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise  
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear ! ”

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand ;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

And see ! she stirs !  
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,  
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms !”

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care !  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !  
For gentleness and love and trust

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock ;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea !  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines ; —

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land ; —

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried, with impulse strong, —  
“ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous song ! ”

“ Wouldst thou, ” — so the helmsman answered,  
“ Learn the secret of the sea ?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

## TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

## TWILIGHT

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother  
Drive the color from her cheek ?

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun ;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
“Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”  
He said, “by water as by land !”

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold !  
As of a rock was the shock ;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, o'er the open main ;  
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
They drift through dark and day ;  
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream  
Sinking, vanish all away.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
With strange, unearthly splendor in the glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
    Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
    They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
    Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
    Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
    On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink ;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
    He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
    Year after year, through all the silent night  
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,  
    Shines on that inextinguishable light !

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
    The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace ;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
    And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
    Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
    Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

“ Sail on ! ” it says, “ sail on, ye stately ships !  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;  
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man ! ”

## THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

## THE BUILDERS

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

## GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist  
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But, alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island  
Had the precious wood been brought ;  
Day and night the anxious master  
At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
Sat he now in shadows deep,  
And the day's humiliation  
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !  
From the burning brand of oak  
Shape the thought that stirs within thee ! "—  
And the startled artist woke, —

GASPAR BECERRA

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
And therefrom he carved an image,  
And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
Take this lesson to thy heart :  
That is best which lieth nearest ;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

## PEGASUS IN POUND

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;  
'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the school-boys he was found ;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

PEGASUS IN POUND

Then the sombre village crier,  
    Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
    There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
    Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
    Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
    Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
    Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
    Looked he through the wooden bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
    Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
    Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,  
    Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
    Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
    To those stars he soared again.

PEGASUS IN POUND

On the morrow, when the village  
    Woke to all its toil and care,  
Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
    And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward  
    Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
    From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
    Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
    While it soothes them with its sound.





BIRDS OF PASSAGE





THE PHANTOM SHIP

In Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

“ O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure ” —  
Thus prayed the old divine —  
“ To bury our friends in the ocean,  
Take them, for they are thine ! ”

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath said he,  
“ This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be ! ”

## THE PHANTOM SHIP

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel  
Nor of Master Lambertton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered :  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lambertton, Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

## THE PHANTOM SHIP

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun !

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

## THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,  
With his swarthy, grave commanders,  
I forget in what campaign,  
Long besieged, in mud and rain,  
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,  
In great boots of Spanish leather,  
Striding with a measured tramp,  
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,  
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went  
Over upland and through hollow,  
Giving their impatience vent,  
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,  
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,  
Built of clay and hair of horses,  
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,  
Found on hedge-rows east and west,  
After skirmish of the forces.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

Then an old Hidalgo said,  
As he twirled his gray mustachio,  
"Sure this swallow overhead  
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,  
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name  
Coupled with those words of malice,  
Half in anger, half in shame,  
Forth the great campaigner came  
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"  
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"  
Adding then, by way of jest,  
"Golondrina is my guest,  
'T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,  
Through the camp was spread the rumor,  
And the soldiers, as they quaffed  
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed  
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid  
Sat the swallow still and brooded,  
Till the constant cannonade  
Through the walls a breach had made,  
And the siege was thus concluded.

## THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

Then the army, elsewhere bent,  
    Struck its tents as if disbanding,  
Only not the Emperor's tent,  
For he ordered, ere he went,  
    Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,  
    Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,  
Till the brood was fledged and flown,  
Singing o'er those walls of stone  
    Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

## VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey  
At daybreak the bugles began to play,  
    Victor Galbraith !  
In the mist of the morning damp and gray,  
These were the words they seemed to say :  
    “ Come forth to thy death,  
    Victor Galbraith ! ”

Forth he came, with a martial tread ;  
Firm was his step, erect his head ;  
    Victor Galbraith,  
He who so well the bugle played,  
Could not mistake the words it said :  
    “ Come forth to thy death,  
    Victor Galbraith ! ”

He looked at the earth, he looked at the sky,  
He looked at the files of musketry,  
    Victor Galbraith !  
And he said, with a steady voice and eye,  
“ Take good aim ; I am ready to die ! ”  
    Thus challenges death  
    Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red,  
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;  
    Victor Galbraith

VICTOR GALBRAITH

Falls to the ground, but he is not dead :  
His name was not stamped on those balls of lead,  
And they only scath  
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and brain,  
But he rises out of the dust again,  
Victor Galbraith !

The water he drinks has a bloody stain ;  
“ Oh kill me, and put me out of my pain ! ”  
In his agony prayeth  
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame,  
And the bugler has died a death of shame,  
Victor Galbraith !

His soul has gone back to whence it came,  
And no one answers to the name,  
When the Sergeant saith,  
“ Victor Galbraith ! ”

Under the walls of Monterey  
By night a bugle is heard to play,  
Victor Galbraith !  
Through the mist of the valley damp and gray  
The sentinels hear the sound and say,  
“ That is the wraith  
Of Victor Galbraith ! ”

## MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

## MY LOST YOUTH

And the voice of that wayward song

Is singing and saying still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,

And the fort upon the hill ;

The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,

The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song

Throbs in my memory still :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,

How it thundered o’er the tide !

And the dead captains, as they lay

In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song

Goes through me with a thrill :

“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,

The shadows of Deering’s Woods ;

And the friendships old and the early loves

Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.

## MY LOST YOUTH

And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It flutters and murmurs still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the school-boy’s brain ;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that fitful song  
Sings on, and is never still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak ;  
There are dreams that cannot die ;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town ;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,

## MY LOST YOUTH

As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still :  
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

## THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,  
With its windows all a-row,  
    Like the port-holes of a hulk,  
Human spiders spin and spin,  
Backward down their threads so thin  
    Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;  
Squares of sunshine on the floor  
    Light the long and dusky lane ;  
And the whirring of a wheel,  
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel  
    All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end  
Downward go and reascend,  
    Gleam the long threads in the sun ;  
While within this brain of mine  
Cobwebs brighter and more fine  
    By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,  
Like white doves upon the wing,  
    First before my vision pass ;

## THE ROPEWALK

Laughing, as their gentle hands  
Closely clasp the twisted strands,  
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,  
With its smell of tan and planks,  
And a girl poised high in air  
On a cord, in spangled dress,  
With a faded loveliness,  
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,  
And a woman with bare arms  
Drawing water from a well ;  
As the bucket mounts apace,  
With it mounts her own fair face,  
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,  
Ringing loud the noontide hour,  
While the rope coils round and round  
Like a serpent at his feet,  
And again, in swift retreat,  
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,  
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,  
Laughter and indecent mirth ;  
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !

## THE ROPEWALK

Breath of Christian charity,  
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a school-boy, with his kite  
Gleaming in a sky of light,  
And an eager, upward look ;  
Steeds pursued through lane and field ;  
Fowlers with their snares concealed ;  
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,  
Anchors dragged through faithless sand ;  
Sea-fog drifting overhead,  
And, with lessening line and lead,  
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,  
These, and many left untold,  
In that building long and low ;  
While the wheel goes round and round,  
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,  
And the spinners backward go.

## THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

### A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S OROSIUS

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery gray  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the color of oak ;  
With a kind of a laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

“So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains;  
To the westward all is sea.

“So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

“I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

“I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas; —

“Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep; —  
Oh I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

“To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I fain would know ;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

“The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And northward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

“And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water’s edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

“The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

“Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night :  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light.”

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while ;  
And raised his eyes from his book,  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,  
“Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal ;  
Ha ! ’t was a noble game !  
And like the lightning’s flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

“ There were six of us all together,  
Norsemen of Helgoland ;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the strand ! ”

Here Alfred the Truth-teller  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
“ Behold this walrus-tooth ! ”

## THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago  
In the pleasant month of May,  
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,  
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The child upon her knee,  
Saying : " Here is a story-book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod ;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song,  
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

So she keeps him still a child,  
And will not let him go,  
Though at times his heart beats wild  
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams  
The Ranz des Vaches of old,  
And the rush of mountain streams  
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, “ Hark !  
For his voice I listen and yearn ;  
It is growing late and dark,  
And my boy does not return ! ”

## DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

## SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it, — the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress ;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,

## SANDALPHON

Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below ; —

From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red ;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know, —  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;  
Yet the old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing

SANDALPHON

Sandalphon the angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away !

## ENCELADUS

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,  
It is slumber, it is not death ;  
For he struggles at times to arise,  
And above him the lurid skies  
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,  
The earth is heaped on his head ;  
But the groans of his wild unrest,  
Though smothered and half suppressed,  
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away  
Are watching with eager eyes ;  
They talk together and say,  
“ To-morrow, perhaps to-day,  
Enceladus will arise ! ”

And the old gods, the austere  
Oppressors in their strength,  
Stand aghast and white with fear  
At the ominous sounds they hear,  
And tremble, and mutter, “ At length ! ”

## ENCELADUS

Ah me ! for the land that is sown  
    With the harvest of despair !  
Where the burning cinders, blown  
From the lips of the overthrown  
    Enceladus, fill the air ;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts  
    Over vineyard and field and town,  
Whenever he starts and lifts  
His head through the blackened rifts  
    Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !  
    'T is the glare of his awful eyes !  
And the storm-wind shouts through the pines  
Of Alps and of Apennines,  
    “ Enceladus, arise ! ”

## THE CUMBERLAND

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,  
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;  
And at times from the fortress across the bay  
The alarum of drums swept past,  
Or a bugle blast  
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose  
A little feather of snow-white smoke,  
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes  
Was steadily steering its course  
To try the force  
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,  
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;  
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,  
And leaps the terrible death,  
With fiery breath,  
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight  
Defiance back in a full broadside !  
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,  
Rebounds our heavier hail  
From each iron scale  
Of the monster's hide.

## THE CUMBERLAND

“Strike your flag ! ” the rebel cries,  
    In his arrogant old plantation strain.  
“Never ! ” our gallant Morris replies ;  
    “ It is better to sink than to yield ! ”  
    And the whole air pealed  
    With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,  
    She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp !  
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,  
    With a sudden shudder of death,  
    And the cannon's breath  
    For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,  
    Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.  
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day !  
    Every waft of the air  
    Was a whisper of prayer,  
    Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in the seas !  
    Ye are at peace in the troubled stream ;  
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like these,  
    Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
    Shall be one again,  
    And without a seam !

## SNOW-FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,  
    Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
    Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
    Silent, and soft, and slow  
    Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
    Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
    In the white countenance confession,  
    The troubled sky reveals  
    The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
    Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;  
This is the secret of despair,  
    Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
    Now whispered and revealed  
    To wood and field.

## A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :  
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies ;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,  
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,  
Whose steep sierra far uplifts  
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

Blow, winds ! and waft through all the rooms  
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !  
Blow, winds ! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !  
O heart of man ! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

## SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOR with what zeal we will,  
    Something still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still  
    Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,  
    At the threshold, near the gates,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
    Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;  
    Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;  
By the cares of yesterday  
    Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems  
    Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
    Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,  
    Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
    On their shoulders held the sky.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
    And wild and sweet  
    The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
    Had rolled along  
    The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
    A voice, a chime,  
    A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
    And with the sound  
    The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
    And made forlorn  
    The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;  
“ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;  
    “ For hate is strong,  
    And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :  
“ God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !  
    The Wrong shall fail,  
    The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;  
Listening to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.



*A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies*

## THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A curly boy, with soft and silken locks,  
A sunny boy, with lashes and tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wondrous blocks,  
And towers that reach imaginary skies.

A freedom-lover, all his father's eyes,  
A tender heart, with warm and generous soul,  
The friend of Kings of the universe,  
All nations and all creeds, united!

There will be cities forever for those to build;  
There will be cities eternal for those to ride;  
There will be cities legendary, and all allied,  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Bring and raise them upward to the skies;  
Knocking no vaunts in the upper air,  
But live thy simple faith in mystery.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER  
AND OTHER POEMS





## THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,  
As sang the bard of old,  
Running with feet of silver  
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean  
There rolled a turbulent wave,  
Now singing along the sea-beach,  
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the billow,  
Though they flowed so far apart,  
And has filled with its freshness and sweetness  
That turbulent, bitter heart !

## THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,  
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone  
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own  
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold  
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold  
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown  
My kindred and companions. Me alone  
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.  
I can remember when the Medici  
Were driven from Florence ; longer still ago  
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.  
Florence adorns me with her jewelry ;  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

## TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,  
And yonder gilded vane,  
Immovable for three days past,  
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself  
And to the fireside gleams,  
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,  
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
And the bright days when I was young  
Come thronging back to me.

I fancy I can hear again  
The Alpine torrent's roar,  
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,  
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

I journey on by park and spire,  
    Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
    And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,  
    No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet  
    O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,  
    And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand  
    Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies  
    Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
    Better than with mine own.

## THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

UP soared the lark into the air,  
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,  
As if a soul released from pain  
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard : it was to him  
An emblem of the Seraphim ;  
The upward motion of the fire,  
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate  
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,  
From moor and mere and darksome wood  
Come flocking for their dole of food.

“ O brother birds,” St. Francis said,  
“ Ye come to me and ask for bread,  
But not with bread alone to-day  
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

“ Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,  
With manna of celestial words ;  
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,  
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

“ Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise  
The great Creator in your lays ;  
He giveth you your plumes of down,  
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

“ He giveth you your wings to fly  
And breathe a purer air on high,  
And careth for you everywhere,  
Who for yourselves so little care ! ”

With flutter of swift wings and songs  
Together rose the feathered throngs,  
And singing scattered far apart ;  
Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood  
His homily had understood ;  
He only knew that to one ear  
The meaning of his words was clear.

## SONGO RIVER

NOWHERE such a devious stream,  
Save in fancy or in dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,  
Ever doubling on itself  
Flows the stream, so still and slow  
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,  
Lost in woodland or on wold,  
Such a winding path pursued  
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest  
After hazel-nut or nest,  
Through the forest in and out  
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide  
Tangled thickets on each side  
Hang inverted, and between  
Floating cloud or sky serene.

## SONGO RIVER

Swift or swallow on the wing  
Seems the only living thing,  
Or the loon, that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name  
Unfamiliar is to fame ;  
For thou hidest here alone,  
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach  
Wisdom deep as human speech,  
Moving without haste or noise  
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,  
And art ever calm and still,  
Even thy silence seems to say  
To the traveller on his way : —

“ Traveller, hurrying from the heat  
Of the city, stay thy feet !  
Rest awhile, nor longer waste  
Life with inconsiderate haste !

“ Be not like a stream that brawls  
Loud with shallow waterfalls,  
But in quiet self-control  
Link together soul and soul.”

## A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home again,  
From cruising about with his buccaneers ;  
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,  
And carried away the Dean of Jaen  
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,  
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,  
There are silver tankards of antique styles,  
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles  
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,  
Overlooking the sluggish stream,  
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,  
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,  
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks  
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,  
And the listed tulips look like Turks,  
And the silent gardener as he works  
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

## A DUTCH PICTURE

The windmills on the outermost  
Verge of the landscape in the haze,  
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,  
With whiskered sentinels at their post,  
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,  
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,  
And old seafaring men come in,  
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,  
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine  
Of the flickering fire of the winter night ;  
Figures in color and design  
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,  
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,  
And their talk is ever and ever the same,  
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,  
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,  
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides  
He paces his parlor to and fro ;  
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,  
And swings with the rising and falling tides,  
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

## A DUTCH PICTURE

Voices mysterious far and near,  
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,  
Are calling and whispering in his ear,  
“ Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?  
Come forth and follow me ! ”

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again  
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,  
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,  
And capture another Dean of Jaen  
And sell him in Algiers.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O Spain,  
    Went out to thee in days of yore !  
What dreams romantic filled my brain,  
And summoned back to life again  
The Paladins of Charlemagne,  
    The Cid Campeador !

And shapes more shadowy than these,  
    In the dim twilight half revealed ;  
Phœnician galleys on the seas,  
The Roman camps like hives of bees,  
The Goth uplifting from his knees  
    Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,  
    From annals of remotest eld,  
That lent the colors of romance  
To every trivial circumstance,  
And changed the form and countenance  
    Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid  
    In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —  
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

Zamora and Valladolid,  
Toledo, built and walled amid  
The wars of Wamba's time ;

The long, straight line of the highway,  
The distant town that seems so near,  
The peasants in the fields, that stay  
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,  
When from the belfry at midday  
The Angelus they hear ;

White crosses in the mountain pass,  
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din  
Of muleteers, the tethered ass  
That crops the dusty wayside grass,  
And cavaliers with spurs of brass  
Alighting at the inn ;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,  
White cities slumbering by the sea,  
White sunshine flooding square and street,  
Dark mountain ranges, at whose feet  
The river beds are dry with heat, —  
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe  
O'er the enchanted landscape reigned ;  
A terror in the atmosphere  
As if King Philip listened near,

CASTLES IN SPAIN

Or Torquemada, the austere,  
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom ;  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among  
The palm, the olive, and the vine ;  
Gem of the South, by poets sung,  
And in whose mosque Almanzor hung  
As lamps the bells that once had rung  
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,  
The star of stars, the cynosure,  
The artist's and the poet's theme,  
The young man's vision, the old man's dream, —  
Granada by its winding stream,  
The city of the Moor !

And there the Alhambra still recalls  
Aladdin's palace of delight :  
Allah il Allah ! through its halls  
Whispers the fountain as it falls,  
The Darro darts beneath its walls,  
The hills with snow are white.

## CASTLES IN SPAIN

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,  
    And cold with blasts that bite and freeze ;  
But in the happy vale below  
The orange and pomegranate grow,  
And wafts of air toss to and fro,  
    The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,  
    The fascination and allure  
Of the sweet landscape chains the will ;  
The traveller lingers on the hill,  
His parted lips are breathing still  
    The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown  
    With flowers that hide the rents of time,  
Stands now the Past that I have known ;  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
But of white summer clouds, and blown  
    Into this little mist of rhyme !

## THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

In that desolate land and lone,  
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone  
Roar down their mountain path,  
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs  
Muttered their woes and griefs  
And the menace of their wrath.

“Revenge !” cried Rain-in-the-Face,  
“Revenge upon all the race  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair !”  
And the mountains dark and high  
From their crags reëchoed the cry  
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide  
By woodland and river-side  
The Indian village stood ;  
All was silent as a dream,  
Save the rushing of the stream  
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,  
Like a bison among the reeds,  
In ambush the Sitting Bull  
Lay with three thousand braves

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE

Crouched in the clefts and caves,  
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare  
The white Chief with yellow hair  
And his three hundred men  
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;  
But of that gallant band  
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death  
Overwhelmed them like the breath  
And smoke of a furnace fire :  
By the river's bank, and between  
The rocks of the ravine,  
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,  
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,  
Uplifted high in air  
As a ghastly trophy, bore  
The brave heart, that beat no more,  
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong ?  
Sing it, O funeral song,  
With a voice that is full of tears,  
And say that our broken faith  
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,  
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal : " Steer southwest. "  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near.  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay,  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly : " Let us pray !

" O Lord ! we would not advise ;  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came ;  
It came with a mighty power,  
Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
And I cried : " Stand still, and see  
The salvation of the Lord ! "

The heavens were black with cloud,  
The sea was white with hail,  
And ever more fierce and loud  
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
And the broad sails in the van  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
Or the curtains of Midian.  
Down on the reeling decks  
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

Ah, never were there wrecks  
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke  
The great ships of the line ;  
They were carried away as a smoke,  
Or sank like lead in the brine.  
O Lord ! before thy path  
They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
With thine horses through the sea !

## THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,  
His chestnut steed with four white feet,  
    Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and bandit chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief,  
    Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
    Reach the dust-cloud in his course.  
More than maiden, more than wife,  
More than gold and next to life  
    Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
Erzeroum and Trebizond,  
    Garden-girt his fortress stood ;  
Plundered khan, or caravan  
Journeying north from Koordistan,  
    Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
Men at arms his livery wore,  
    Did his bidding night and day ;

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Now, through regions all unknown,  
He was wandering, lost, alone,  
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice descends,  
Loud the torrent roars unseen ;  
Thirty feet from side to side  
Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride  
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,  
At the precipice's foot  
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah  
Halted with his hundred men,  
Shouting upward from the glen,  
“ La Illáh illa Alláh ! ”

Gently Roushan Beg caressed  
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;  
Kissed him upon both his eyes,  
Sang to him in his wild way,  
As upon the topmost spray  
Sings a bird before it flies.

“ O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
Round and slender as a reed,  
Carry me this peril through !  
Satin housings shall be thine,

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
O thou soul of Kurroglou !

“ Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
Soft as woman’s hair thy mane,  
Tender are thine eyes and true ;  
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
Polished bright ; O life of mine,  
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou ! ”

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air’s embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o’er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore ;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan’s tasselled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless sat he and upright ;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look,  
As he galloped out of sight.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
    Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;  
Thus the phantom horseman passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
    Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
    Passed above him. " Allahu ! "

Cried he. " In all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
    As this Robber Kurroglou ! "

## THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from far away,  
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;  
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,  
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,  
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,  
That all the other stars of the sky  
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,  
And by this they knew that the coming was near  
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,  
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;  
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows  
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,  
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,  
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,  
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,  
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,  
With the people they met at some wayside well.

“Of the child that is born,” said Baltasar,  
“Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;

## THE THREE KINGS

For we in the East have seen his star,  
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,  
    To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, " You ask in vain ;  
    We know of no king but Herod the Great ! "  
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,  
As they spurred their horses across the plain,  
    Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,  
    Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,  
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;  
And said, " Go down unto Bethlehem,  
    And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,  
    The only one in the gray of morn ;  
Yes, it stopped, — it stood still of its own free will,  
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,  
    The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the  
    guard,  
    Through the silent street, till their horses turned  
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;  
But the windows were closed, and the doors were  
    barred,  
And only a light in the stable burned.

## THE THREE KINGS

And cradled there in the scented hay,  
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,  
The little child in the manger lay,  
The child, that would be king one day  
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth  
Sat watching beside his place of rest,  
Watching the even flow of his breath,  
For the joy of life and the terror of death  
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :  
The gold was their tribute to a King,  
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,  
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,  
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,  
And sat as still as a statue of stone ;  
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,  
Remembering what the Angel had said  
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,  
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;  
But they went not back to Herod the Great,  
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,  
And returned to their homes by another way.

## THE WHITE CZAR

Dost thou see on the rampart's height  
That wreath of mist, in the light  
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!  
It is not a wreath of mist;  
It is the Czar, the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,  
The artillery roll o'erhead;  
The drums and the tramp of feet  
Of his soldiery in the street;  
He is awake! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries  
Of his people: "Awake! arise!"  
He has rent the gold brocade  
Whereof his shroud was made;  
He is risen! the White Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don  
He has led his armies on,  
Over river and morass,  
Over desert and mountain pass;  
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,  
Batyushka! Gosudar!

## FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT TREE.

Mr. Longfellow had this poem, which he wrote on the same day, printed on a sheet, and was accustomed to give a copy to each child who visited him and sat in the chair.

AM I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebon throne?  
Or by what reason, or what right divine,  
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
It may to me belong;  
Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer-time  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than threescore years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr  
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,  
Sings at his task  
So clear, we know not if it is  
The laverock's song we hear, or his,  
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields  
A more ethereal harvest yields  
Than sheaves of grain ;  
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,  
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,  
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed  
Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed  
Beside the stream  
Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and grass  
And heather, where his footsteps pass,  
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines  
The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;  
He feels the force,

ROBERT BURNS

The treacherous undertow and stress  
Of wayward passions, and no less  
    The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
    The brush-wood, hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
    Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o'er all, elate and strong ;  
    Its master-chords  
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,  
Its discords but an interlude  
    Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave  
Unfinished what he might achieve !  
    Yet better sure  
Is this, than wandering up and down,  
An old man in a country town,  
    Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land  
As an immortal youth ; his hand  
    Guides every plough ;  
He sits beside each ingle-nook,

ROBERT BURNS

His voice is in each rushing brook,  
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast.

Welcome beneath this roof of mine!  
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost !

## THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,  
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;  
In the fields of grain I see  
The harvest that is to be,  
And I fling to the air my arms,  
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off, from the threshing-floors  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the wind, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face  
As a brave man meets his foe.

THE WINDMILL

And while we wrestle and strive,  
My master, the miller, stands  
And feeds me with his hands ;  
For he knows who makes him thrive,  
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;  
Church-going bells begin  
Their low, melodious din ;  
I cross my arms on my breast,  
And all is peace within.

## TO THE AVON

Flow on, sweet river ! like his verse  
Who lies beneath this sculptured hearse ;  
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall  
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now  
A boy with sunshine on his brow,  
And hear in Stratford's quiet street  
The patter of his little feet,

I see him by thy shallow edge  
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;  
And lost in thought, as if thy stream  
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;  
And fain would follow where it goes,  
To the wide world, that shall erelong  
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream is o'er ;  
He stands upon another shore ;  
A vaster river near him flows,  
And still he follows where it goes.

## MAD RIVER

### IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

#### TRAVELLER

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River ?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf forever ?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast ?  
Why all this fret and flurry ?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry ?

#### THE RIVER

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,  
O stranger from the city ?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty ?

#### TRAVELLER

Yes ; I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,

MAD RIVER

And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
    And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
    Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
    Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
    For the wide world I panted ;  
Out of the forest, dark and dread,  
Across the open fields I fled,  
    Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
    My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
    The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,  
    Imploring and entreating ;  
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
    Made answer to the greeting.

MAD RIVER

And now, beset with many ills,  
A toilsome life I follow ;  
Compelled to carry from the hills  
These logs to the impatient mills  
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
The rudeness of my labors ;  
Daily I water with these arms  
The cattle of a hundred farms,  
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
When, full of rage and trouble,  
I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
As of thine own creating.  
Thou seest the day is past its prime ;  
I can no longer waste my time ;  
The mills are tired of waiting.

## DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest  
On this Field of the Grounded Arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death  
No sound your slumber breaks ;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,  
Untrampled lies the sod ;  
The shouts of battle cease,  
It is the truce of God !

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep !  
The thoughts of men shall be  
As sentinels to keep  
Your rest from danger free.

DECORATION DAY

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers ;  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

## THE MONK FELIX

FROM "THE GOLDEN LEGEND"

One morning, all alone,  
Out of his convent of gray stone,  
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
His lips moving as if in prayer,  
His head sunken upon his breast  
As in a dream of rest,  
Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,  
Filling the summer air ;  
And within the woodlands as he trod,  
The dusk was like the Truce of God  
With worldly woe and care ;  
Under him lay the golden moss ;  
And above him the boughs of hoary trees  
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
And whispered their Benedicites ;  
And from the ground  
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
On the volume in his hand,

## THE MONK FELIX

Wherein amazed he read :

“ A thousand years in thy sight  
Are but as yesterday when it is past,  
And as a watch in the night ! ”

And with his eyes downcast  
In humility he said :

“ I believe, O Lord,  
What is written in thy Word,  
But alas ! I do not understand ! ”

And lo ! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing,  
So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing,  
And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
And long, long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw, as in a vision,  
The land Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.  
And he would fain

## THE MONK FELIX

Have caught the wondrous bird,  
But strove in vain ;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday.  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !  
He looked for each well-known face,  
But the faces were new and strange ;  
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chanted in the choir ;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls  
Of cold, gray stone,  
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood.  
“Forty years,” said a Friar,  
“Have I been Prior  
Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld thy face !”

## THE MONK FELIX

The heart of the Monk Felix fell :  
And he answered, with submissive tone,  
“ This morning, after the hour of Prime,  
I left my cell,  
And wandered forth alone,  
Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers.  
It was as if I dreamed ;  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours ! ”

“ Years ! ” said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall ; —  
He was the oldest monk of all.  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow :  
“ One hundred years ago,  
When I was a novice in this place,

## THE MONK FELIX

There was here a monk, full of God's grace,  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

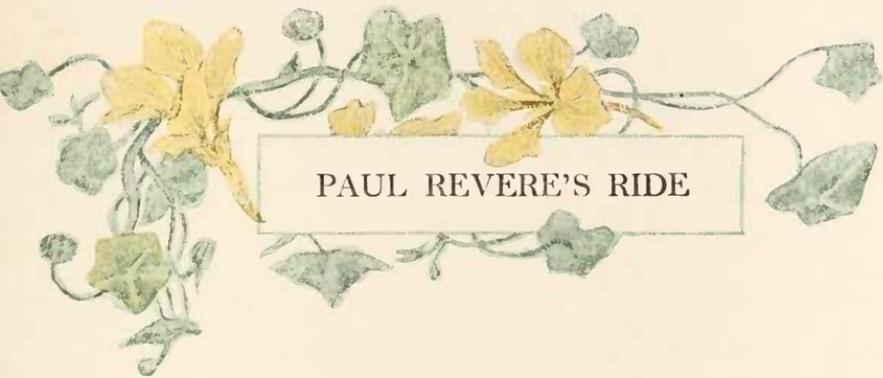
And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of day  
A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent, since it was edified.  
And there they found,  
Just as the old monk said,  
That on a certain day and date,  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent gate  
The Monk Felix, and never more  
Had entered that sacred door.  
He had been counted among the dead!  
And they knew, at last,  
That, such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song,  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour!





TALES  
OF A  
WAYSIDE  
INN





## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight,  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

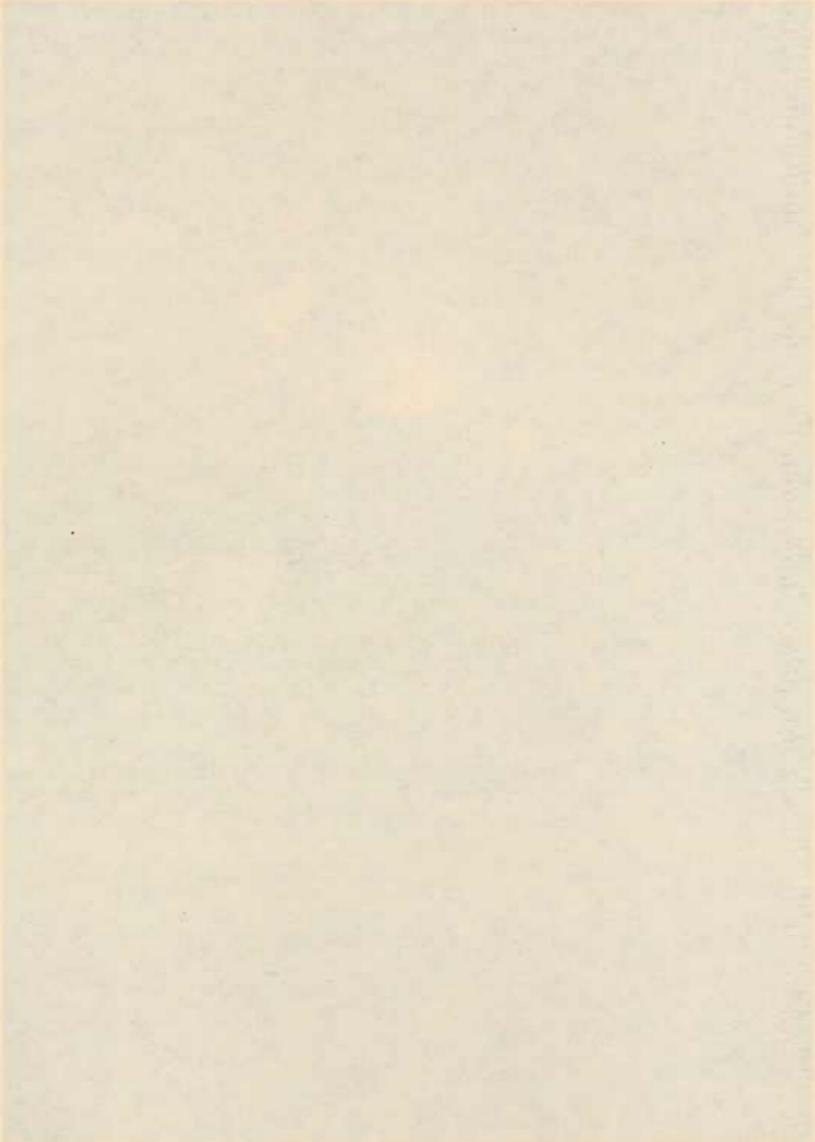
## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :  
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the  
    light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,



*A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door*

I came at twelve in a village street,

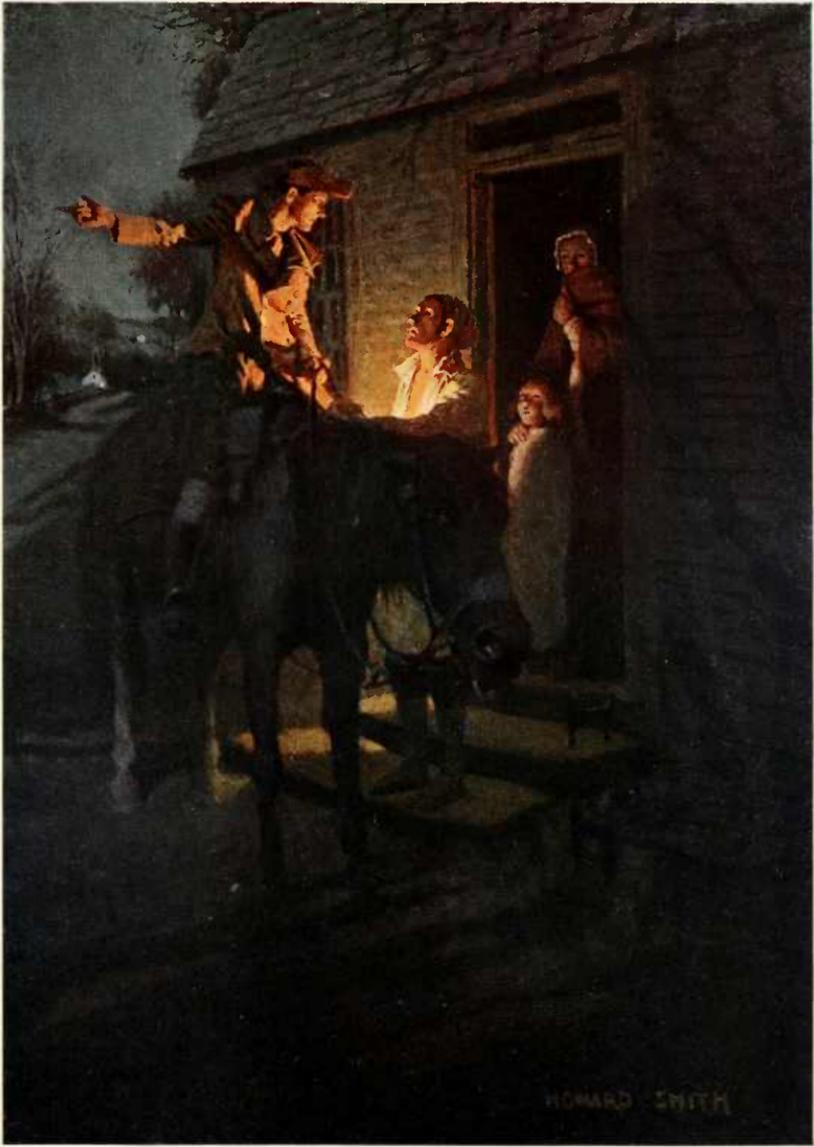
I slipped in the moonlight, I fell in the dark,  
 and beneath, from the pebbles, by passing, a spark  
 that lit up by a moon arising fearless but dead :  
 I sat there all I And yet, through the gloom and  
 light,

The face of a woman was riding that night :  
 "And he was my husband and by that deed, as his right,  
 Know that the Lord has done with his hand,

He took the world's goods and measured the crop,  
 The earth with him trampled and beared and deep,  
 From the soil, instead of the best of the seed,  
 He took the olden that of his hand,  
 With a hand that the world, some hand, as the ledge,  
 He kept on a crop of his hand as he rode,

It was twelve by the village clock,  
 When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,  
 He heard the ringing of the clock,  
 And the cry of the farmer's dog,  
 And the tramp of the river dog,  
 And they say that the sun was down,

It was twelve by the village clock,  
 When I was driven from Lexington  
 By the wind of the weathercock  
 And the wind of the weathercock  
 And the wind of the weathercock  
 And the wind of the weathercock





PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*"  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer  
meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
"'T is well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne !"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.  
When he awoke, it was already night ;

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ? "  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
" Open : 't is I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? "  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! "  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"  
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
"I am the King, and come to claim my own

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

From an impostor, who usurps my throne !”  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
“ Nay, not the King, but the King’s Jester, thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! ”

Deaf to King Robert’s threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King ! ”

Next morning, waking with the day’s first beam,  
He said within himself, “ It was a dream ! ”  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Days came and went ; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

## KING ROBERT OF SICILY

And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
" Art thou the King ? " Then, bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !  
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven ! "

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
" He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree ! "  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
" I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! "

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

But all appavelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

## THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,  
In his ship-yard by the sea,  
Whistling, said, " It would bewilder  
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,  
Any man but me! "

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,  
Built of old by Raud the Strong,  
And King Olaf had commanded  
He should build another Dragon,  
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes,  
And his head turned sideways, drafting  
That new vessel for King Olaf  
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered  
Mallet huge and heavy axe ;  
Workmen laughed and sang and clamored ;  
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging  
Spun the shining flax !



*“ Men skall bear of Thorberg Skafting  
For a hundred year ! ”*

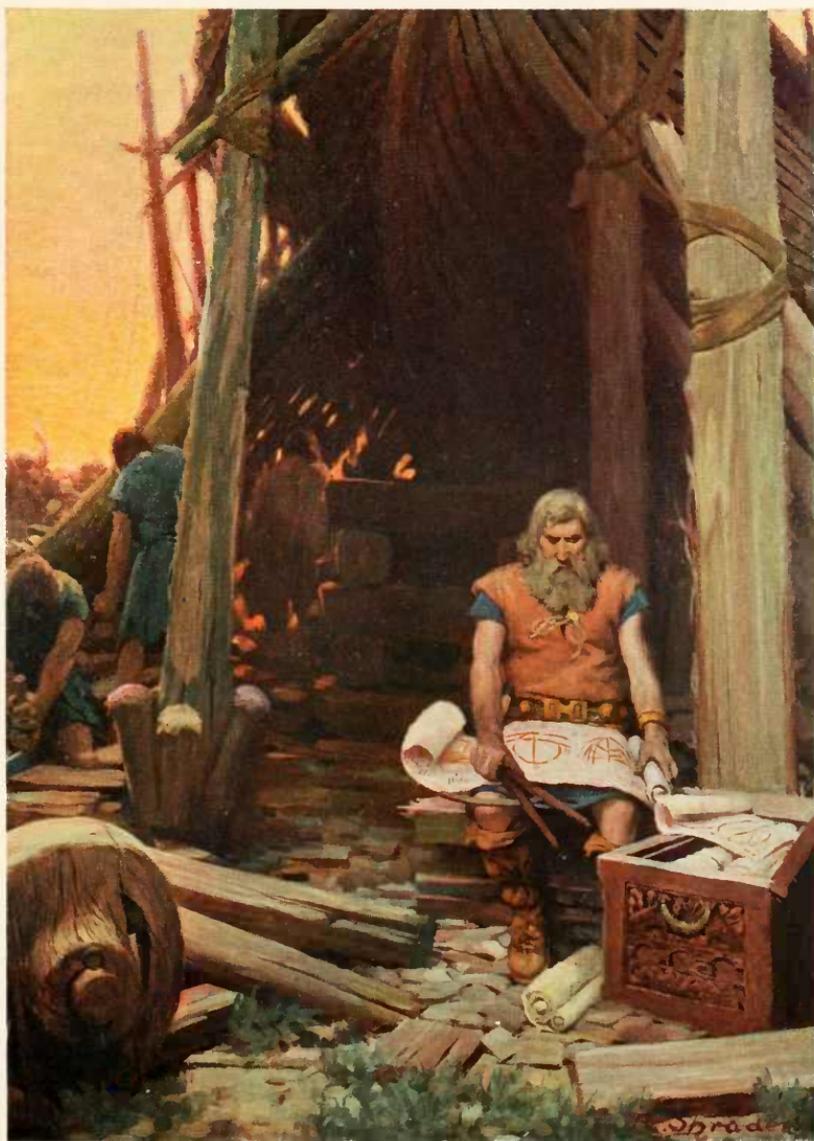
THE BILLING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Two red Skating, unicephalic,  
In a ship past by the sea,  
Whispering, said, "It would be a pity  
Not to see the Thirteen Skating,  
As you see me!"

Next him by the Dragon sounded,  
Head of water, head the Spring,  
And King Olaf was commended  
The Dragon to be another:  
Twice as large and long.

Then a white-headed Thirteen Skating,  
As he sat with half-closed eyes,  
And his head turned sideways, drafting  
Two red vessel for King Olaf  
To see the Dragon's size.

And him white-headed and hairless,  
Made hope and misery;  
Who sang bugged and sang and clamored:  
Who said that the King was a dragon  
- you see, "Whispering!"





## THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

All this tumult heard the master, —  
    It was music to his ear ;  
Fancy whispered all the faster,  
“ Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting  
    For a hundred year! ”

Workmen sweating at the forges  
    Fashioned iron bolt and bar,  
Like a warlock's midnight orgies  
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron  
    With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,  
    Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?  
Could you not be gone a minute  
But some mischief must be doing,  
    Turning bad to worse ?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting  
    From his homestead words of woe ;  
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,  
Oft repeating to his workmen,  
    Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning  
    Came the master back by night ;  
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,  
Hurried he, and did not leave it  
    Till the morning's light.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

“Come and see my ship, my darling!”  
On the morrow said the King;  
“Finished now from keel to carling;  
Never yet was seen in Norway  
Such a wondrous thing!”

In the ship-yard, idly talking,  
At the ship the workmen stared:  
Some one, all their labor balking,  
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,  
Not a plank was spared!

“Death be to the evil-doer!”  
With an oath King Olaf spoke!  
“But rewards to his pursuer!”  
And with wrath his face grew redder  
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,  
Answered thus the angry King:  
“Cease blaspheming and reviling,  
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting  
Who has done this thing!”

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,  
Till the King, delighted, swore,  
With much lauding and much thanking,  
“Handsome is now my Dragon  
Than she was before!”

## THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Seventy ells and four extended  
    On the grass the vessel's keel ;  
High above it, gilt and splendid,  
Rose the figure-head ferocious  
    With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,  
    In the ship-yard by the sea ;  
She was the grandest of all vessels,  
Never ship was built in Norway  
    Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she christened,  
    'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !  
They who to the Saga listened  
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting  
    For a hundred year !

## THE BELL OF ATRI

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town  
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,  
One of those little places that have run  
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,  
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,  
“I climb no farther upward, come what may,” —  
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,  
So many monarchs since have borne the name,  
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,  
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space  
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.  
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,  
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,  
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong  
Was done to any man, he should but ring  
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,  
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.  
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,  
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.  
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,  
The hempen rope at length was worn away,  
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,

## THE BELL OF ATRI

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,  
Till one, who noted this in passing by,  
Mended the rope with braids of briony,  
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine  
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt  
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,  
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,  
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,  
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports  
And prodigalities of camps and courts ; —  
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old,  
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,  
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,  
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,  
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,  
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,  
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : “What is the use or need  
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,  
Eating his head off in my stables here,  
When rents are low and provender is dear?  
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;  
I want him only for the holidays.”  
So the old steed was turned into the heat

## THE BELL OF ATRI

Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;  
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,  
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime  
It is the custom in the summer time,  
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,  
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;  
When suddenly upon their senses fell  
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !  
The Syndic started from his deep repose,  
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose  
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace  
Went panting forth into the market-place,  
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,  
Reiterating with persistent tongue,  
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :  
“Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !”

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade  
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,  
No shape of human form of woman born,  
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,  
Who with uplifted head and eager eye  
Was tugging at the vines of briony.  
“Domeneddio !” cried the Syndic straight,  
“This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !  
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,  
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”

## THE BELL OF ATRI

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd  
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,  
And told the story of the wretched beast  
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,  
With much gesticulation and appeal  
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.  
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply  
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;  
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,  
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King ; then said :  
“ Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !  
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?  
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed  
To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

## THE BELL OF ATRI

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,  
And cried aloud : “ Right well it pleaseth me !  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;  
But go not into mass ; my bell doth more :  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”

## THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

### I

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
    Within the sandy bar,  
At sunset of a summer's day,  
Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
    The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,  
    And played along her side ;  
And through the cabin windows streamed  
In ripples of golden light, that seemed  
    The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,  
    Old skippers brown and hale,  
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,  
And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
    Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn  
    About Klaboterman,  
The Kobold of the sea ; a spright  
Invisible to mortal sight,  
    Who o'er the rigging ran.

## THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,  
Sometimes upon the mast,  
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,  
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,  
And toiled with jovial din ;  
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,  
He helped them stow the casks and bales,  
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
The idlers of the crew ;  
Them to torment was his delight,  
And worry them by day and night,  
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
Klaboterman behold.

It is a certain sign of death ! —  
The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
He felt his blood run cold.

## II

The jolly skipper paused awhile,  
And then again began ;  
“ There is a Spectre Ship, ” quoth he,  
“ A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,  
And is called the Carmilhan.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

“ A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,  
In tempests she appears ;  
And before the gale, or against the gale,  
She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers.

“ She haunts the Atlantic north and south,  
But mostly the mid-sea,  
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare  
Like furnace chimneys in the air,  
And are called the Chimneys Three.

“ And ill betide the luckless ship  
That meets the Carmilhan ;  
Over her decks the seas will leap,  
She must go down into the deep,  
And perish mouse and man.”

The captain of the Valdemar  
Laughed loud with merry heart.

“ I should like to see this ship,” said he ;  
“ I should like to find these Chimneys Three  
That are marked down in the chart.

“ I have sailed right over the spot,” he said,  
“ With a good stiff breeze behind,  
When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear, —  
You can follow my course by these pinholes here, —  
And never a rock could find.”

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

And then he swore a dreadful oath,  
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,  
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,  
He would run her down, although he ran  
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro,  
The cabin-boy had heard;  
He lingered at the door to hear,  
And drank in all with greedy ear,  
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
But of a roving mind.  
“Oh, it must be like heaven,” thought he,  
“Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
And fortune seek and find!”

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
The mariners blaspheme,  
He thought of home, he thought of God,  
And his mother under the churchyard sod,  
And wished it were a dream.

One friend on board that ship had he;  
'T was the Klaboterman,  
Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
And made a sign upon his breast,  
All evil things to ban.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

III

The cabin windows have grown blank  
As eyeballs of the dead ;  
No more the glancing sunbeams burn  
On the gilt letters of the stern,  
But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar Victorious,  
Who looketh with disdain  
To see his image in the tide  
Dismembered float from side to side,  
And reunite again.

“It is the wind,” those skippers said,  
“That swings the vessel so ;  
It is the wind; it freshens fast,  
'T is time to say farewell at last,  
'T is time for us to go.”

They shook the captain by the hand,  
“Good luck ! good luck !” they cried ;  
Each face was like the setting sun,  
As, broad and red, they one by one  
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon rose,  
Serene o'er field and flood ;  
And all the winding creeks and bays  
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,  
The sky was red as blood.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair ;  
As fair as wind could be ;  
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
With all sail set, the Valdemar  
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
As one who walks in dreams ;  
A tower of marble in her light,  
A wall of black, a wall of white,  
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast  
The lights begin to burn ;  
And now, uplifted high in air,  
They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,  
The sea is all around ;  
Then on each hand low hills of sand  
Emerge and form another land ;  
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack  
She flitteth like a ghost ;  
By day and night, by night and day,  
She bounds, she flies upon her way  
Along the English coast.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
Cape Finisterre is past ;  
Into the open ocean stream  
She floats, the vision of a dream  
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
There is no land in sight ;  
The liquid planets overhead  
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
And longer stays the night.

IV

And now along the horizon's edge  
Mountains of cloud uprose,  
Black as with forests underneath,  
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth  
Were white as drifted snows.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
But flushed each snowy peak  
A little while with rosy light,  
That faded slowly from the sight  
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky, — all black, all black ;  
The clouds were everywhere ;  
There was a feeling of suspense  
In nature, a mysterious sense  
Of terror in the air.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be ;  
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro ;  
Now watched the compass at the wheel,  
Now lifted up his hand to feel  
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,  
And now upon the deep ;  
In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with spume,  
In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,  
And rent the sky in two ;  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs through.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before ;  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,  
The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds ;  
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts alone :  
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom Bark.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,  
    But cleft it unaware ;  
As when, careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
    The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
    They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar ;  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
    Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was sealed ;  
    They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed before,  
And some they wept, and some they swore,  
    And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
    And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,  
    Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light  
    To streak the east began ;  
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
    To tell of the Carmilhan.

## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

“HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !”  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial  
In temptation and in trial ;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone ;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,  
Like a garment round Him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind He healed,  
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.  
It was now the appointed hour  
When alike in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food

## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
And their almoner was he  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.  
Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration ;  
Should he go or should he stay ?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away ?  
Should he slight his radiant guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate ?  
Would the Vision there remain ?  
Would the Vision come again ?  
Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear  
As if to the outward ear :  
“ Do thy duty ; that is best ;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! ”

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by ;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die !  
But to-day, they know not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure ;  
What we see not, what we see ;  
And the inward voice was saying :  
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me ! ”

Unto me ! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
Full of troublesome suggestion,  
As at length, with hurried pace,  
Towards his cell he turned his face,  
And beheld the convent bright  
With a supernatural light,  
Like a luminous cloud expanding  
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
At the threshold of his door,  
For the Vision still was standing  
As he left it there before,  
When the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Summoned him to feed the poor.  
Through the long hour intervening  
It had waited his return,  
And he felt his bosom burn,  
Comprehending all the meaning,  
When the Blessed Vision said,  
“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled !”

## CHARLEMAGNE

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,  
League after league of harvests, to the foot  
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach  
A mighty army, thronging all the roads  
That led into the city. And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth  
As hostage at the court of France, and knew  
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne  
Among that host?" And Olger answered: "No."

And still the innumerable multitude  
Flowed onward and increased, until the King  
Cried in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne  
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"  
And Olger answered slowly: "No; not yet;  
He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed  
King Desiderio asked, "What shall we do,  
If he approach with a still greater army?"  
And Olger answered: "When he shall appear,  
You will behold what manner of man he is;  
But what will then befall us I know not."

## CHARLEMAGNE

Then came the guard that never knew repose,  
The Paladins of France ; and at the sight  
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror cried :  
“ This must be Charlemagne ! ” and as before  
Did Olger answer : “ No ; not yet, not yet.”

And then appeared in panoply complete  
The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests  
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts ;  
And Desiderio could no more endure  
The light of day, nor yet encounter death,  
But sobbed aloud and said : “ Let us go down  
And hide us in the bosom of the earth,  
Far from the sight and anger of a foe  
So terrible as this ! ” And Olger said :  
“ When you behold the harvests in the fields  
Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino  
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,  
Then may you know that Charlemagne is come.”  
And even as he spake, in the northwest,  
Lo ! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,  
Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms  
Upon the people pent up in the city ;  
A light more terrible than any darkness,  
And Charlemagne appeared ; — a Man of Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves  
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves  
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.

## CHARLEMAGNE

In his left hand he held an iron spear,  
In his right hand his sword invincible.  
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,  
And color of iron. All who went before him,  
Beside him and behind him, his whole host,  
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them  
Were stronger than the armor that they wore.  
The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,  
And points of iron glistened in the sun  
And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane  
Saw from the tower, and turning to the King  
Exclaimed in haste: "Behold! this is the man  
You looked for with such eagerness!" and then  
Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

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**The Riverside Press**  
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS  
U . S . A





