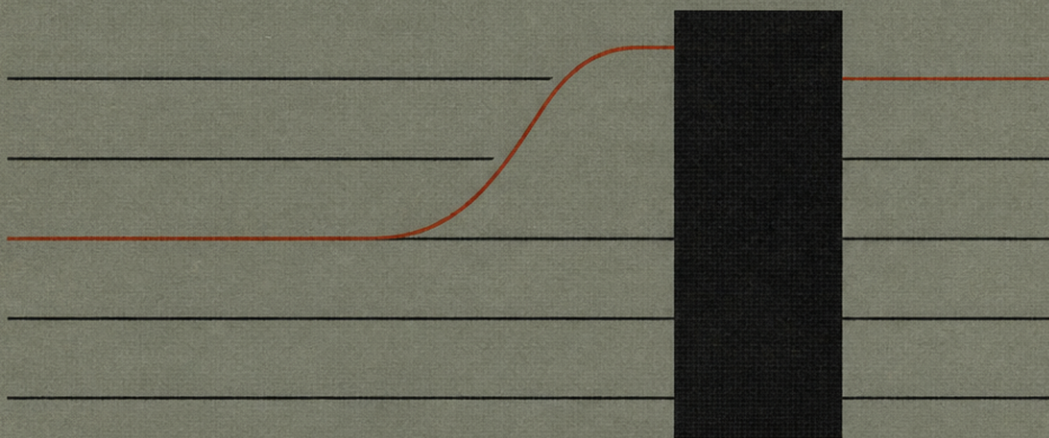




HOWARD L. TERRY

Sung in Silence

SELECTED POEMS AND A VERSE DRAMA, 1892–1929

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

Sung in Silence

Howard L. Terry

A Critical Reading Edition

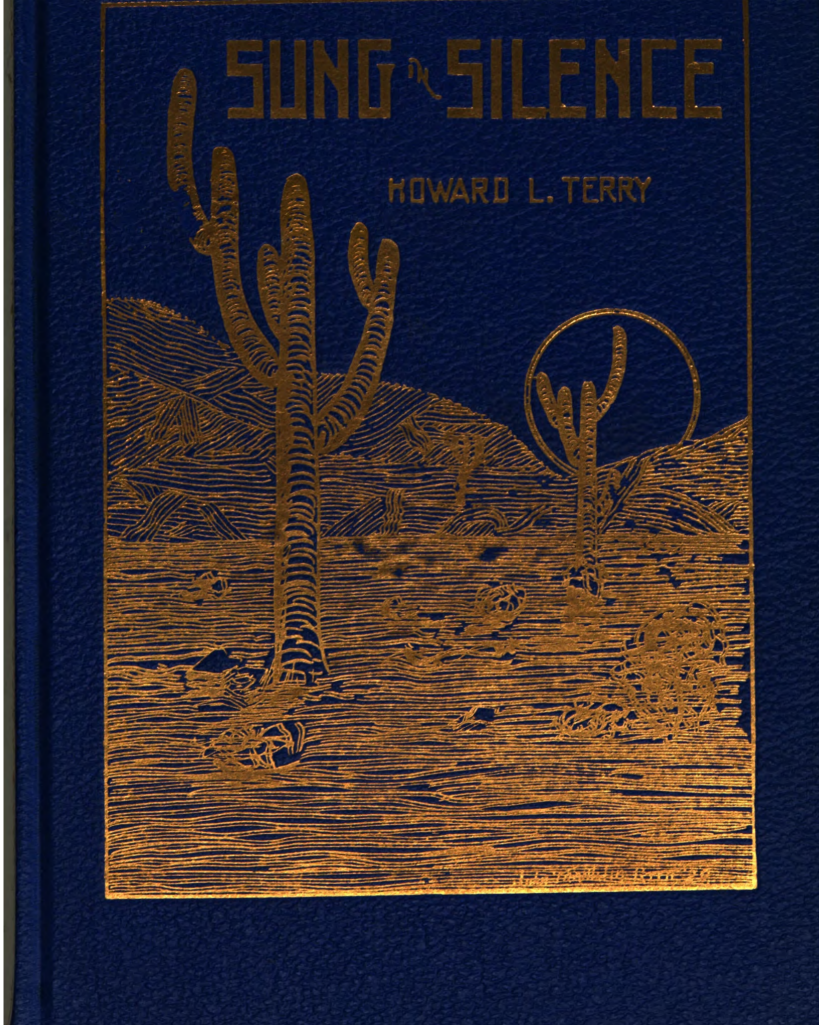
Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers

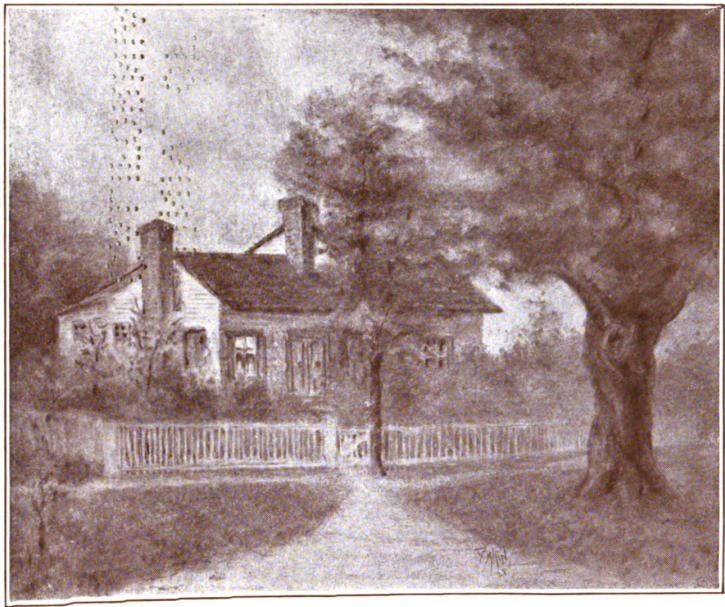
Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record

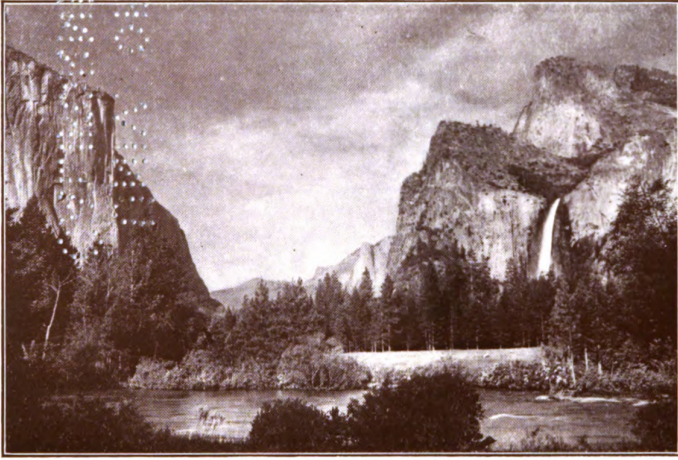


*Original front cover of *Sung in Silence* (1929).*



The Old Homestead 71

*The Bassett house in Collinsville, Illinois, reproduced in *Sung in Silence* as “The Old Homestead.”*



The Yosemite Valley

"The Yosemite Valley," the photographic plate introducing Terry's "Poems of the West."



**"With fearful croak that fiendish bird,
Like ghost in shadows dressed,
Shot through the air towards the pirate there,
Who near and nearer pressed.**

Illustration for "The Deserted Ships" in Sung in Silence.



**They had tarried too long and had fallen asleep
Where the spirits of Dreamland their revelries keep.**

*The sleeping lovers in the garden bower, from *The Dream*.*



**The Court of Bliss behold,
With infant stars attending.**

The Court of Bliss, from The Dream.

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source page images in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Source-page wraps were rejoined only when the page image showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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Introduction

Howard L. Terry begins *Sung in Silence* by looking backward at fifty-one years of life and writing. The title names the central fact of his career without reducing it to a simple story of hardship. Terry lost his hearing after a childhood illness and later experienced serious loss of sight, but the poems do not stay inside one account of disability. They move constantly: through England, Italy, California, the Ozarks, family rooms, farms, mountain trails, city streets, and invented realms. Silence is a condition of the work, not its only subject. The book is crowded with bells, surf, songs, machines, voices, animals, and remembered conversation—sounds imagined, recalled, or translated into visible rhythm. Terry was born in Missouri in 1877 and became deaf at eleven. He studied at Gallaudet College, worked for a time in the St. Louis Post Office, farmed in Missouri and Illinois, and eventually settled in Southern California. He also took an active role in Deaf literary life. He directed the Literature Bureau of the National Association of the Deaf, later led the Guild of American Deaf Writers, defended sign language, and published several books before this one. That combination of private writing and public organizing matters. Terry was not simply an isolated poet speaking from silence; he was part of a community arguing for its language, culture, and place in print. The poems themselves are generous, uneven, and often unexpectedly lively. Terry writes formal lyrics, comic verse, travel poems, ballads, hymns, occasional pieces, and long narratives. California appears as landscape and promise, but also as traffic, commerce, spectacle, and moral unease. “A Night on Mount Lowe” sets the city below a winding trail; “Hollywood” turns the dream factory into a joke about hunger and fame; “Speed” watches the automobile reshape human scale. Elsewhere Terry follows pirate ships, remembers Keats and Poe, addresses family members, and returns again and again to farms, water, weather, and work. His long sequence “The Old Homestead” is the book’s emotional center: an attempt to rebuild a lost house, its people, and an entire daily world from memory. The volume ends with *The Dream*, a two-act verse drama whose allegorical lovers, spirits, and moral tests extend Terry’s interest in devotion and the afterlife. It belongs to the architecture of the 1929 book and is therefore included here in full. Terry also supplied a printed errata sheet for *Sung in Silence*. This edition follows those corrections—including the restored “calling tones of Mission bell”—and resets the poems from the source pages while preserving stanza breaks, alternating ballad indents, inset refrains,

italics, subtitles, notes, and section divisions. The result is meant for reading rather than imitation: a clear new setting that keeps the movement and shape of Terry's original book visible.

Biography

Howard Leslie Terry was born in Missouri to John Henry Terry and Elizabeth Helen Todd Terry. He became deaf at eleven. He attended public school in Collinsville, Rugby Academy in St. Louis, and Gallaudet College from 1895 to 1897; Gallaudet later awarded him an honorary Master of Literature.

Terry worked as a civil-service clerk in the St. Louis Post Office from 1899 to 1901, leaving as his eyesight failed. He then farmed in southwestern Missouri and Illinois. Agricultural work, Ozark landscape, and the old family homestead remained major subjects.

He married Alice Taylor in 1901. Their children were Catherine Bassett, Howard Leslie Jr., and Victor Taylor. Family life enters the poems through dedications, travel memories, comic domestic scenes, and the homestead sequence.

Terry directed the Literature Bureau of the National Association of the Deaf in 1913–14 and later served as president of the Guild of American Deaf Writers. He defended sign language and participated in national Deaf cultural organizations at a time when oralist education often suppressed signing.

Books before *Sung in Silence* included *A Voice from the Silence*, *Waters from an Ozark Spring*, and *California, and Other Verse*. The 1929 selected poems draw from those earlier stages and add new work. Terry's own foreword reflects on deafness, changing literary fashion, and the difficulty of sustaining a writing life.

In Southern California he belonged to the Poetry Club of Southern California and other writers' organizations. *Sung in Silence* was privately printed in Los Angeles at the Seelycroft Press. The source copy preserves a detailed errata list, which this edition applies.

Terry died in Los Angeles in 1964. His work belongs to both California literary history and Deaf literary history; future research should use Gallaudet archives, National Association of the Deaf records, family papers, and the

earlier books to produce a fully collated collected edition.

Publication Note

These selected poems have appeared in various newspapers, and newspaper magazines; in magazines and newspapers published in the interest of the deaf, and in *The Hesperian*, *Out West*, *Sports Afield*, and *Wee Wisdom*. “The Old Homestead” is here published for the first time. “The Dream” is in book form.

From the Author of *The Mission Play*

To be a poet is to have the divine fire poured out by God on one's head as a gift and as a token of his special care. Next to being a poet, the most desired state is to be a lover of poetry.

Well, here is a little bag of songs by a true poet, Howard L. Terry. He calls his book by the title of *Sung in Silence*, and you will know why when you read the book.

If you love poetry, you will love these poems. For they are true poems and have in them the spark of divine fire. Indeed, I would say that they have the flame of the divine fire. I have read so many of them with the deepest pleasure and comfort of heart.

I commend *Sung in Silence* to all lovers of poetry.

John Steven McGroarty

Author's Foreword

In offering these poems to the public I feel as if I were throwing a snowball into a red-hot furnace! How many today prefer the song of the skylark to the honk of the auto? Where are they who would find the path to the spring in the woods rather than the hard highways to some roadhouse to dance and dine? Who, in plain clothes, gentle mannered, considerate of others, finds himself welcome at present-day affairs? The change has come swift and sure, and the world seems to like it; yet there still is the little army of dissenters, those that refuse to accept, *en tout*, the new conditions and the new literature, almost all of which is wild and experimental. What appealed to human emotions a hundred thousand years ago appeals today, if the people are put to the test. The trouble is the startling, the sensational, the crass, given in every form of attractiveness for commercial reasons, catches and carries them away. The sweet flowers in our garden lovingly challenge the grosser things beyond the wall and sweeten our lives, thus keeping alive the finer part of man. The little army of dissenters keep alive the true and the beautiful, and it is to such that I look for a grain of appreciation.

These collected poems were written through a period of over thirty-five years. Thought flows freely and wonderfully in youth; it slows down with the years and becomes more serious. The more pleasing work is the early work, but the finer craftsmanship, though lacking in vividness and spontaneity, comes with fuller years. I speak thus in general. But with the deaf poet there is not that marked and readily perceived difference. Deafness retards daily mental growth. The deaf man slowly falls behind his hearing brother. He moves with the slower shore current, while his fortunate brother is hurrying along with the stronger middle current. The deaf man moves, but not with his hearing brother. Equally gifted, the hearing poet is doing better work at thirty-five than the deaf poet. Beyond that age the deaf writer does less work than the other; he has lost his grip, he is growing less sure of his way as times change, and he is less able to grasp and comprehend the new order of things. His themes savor of the old. The hearing poet is adapting the new and tuning his lyre to sing them. We must judge the work of the former by the way he has handled his subject, and not score him for being out of date. Modeling, he has used the kind of clay he has been accustomed to; the other fellow is experimenting with a new kind of substance for shaping things.

Ten years ago I wrote a book, *Adventures in Silence*. It is still in manuscript. The book opens thus:

When I look back to that period of my childhood which was the transition from the world of sound to a world of silence, I have some recollection of order, but far more of chaos, of a dismembering of what was once whole, of a disintegrating of solidity, of the abstract where before was the concrete. I was like a bit of pollen that, torn from the mother flower, floats about, impotent, yet capable of bringing about a greater creation when it comes in contact with an affinity; I was like an anchor slipping distressingly through an oozy bottom vainly trying to strike into a firmer bed.

There is nothing in that to tempt a commercially inclined publisher of books; but to a thinking person, to a student, to a man of science, there is enough to give material for a book. I lost my hearing before my twelfth birthday (and serious eye trouble has always interfered with study and writing); with it went life and the world as I had known it. I was out of harmony with life. I lost my touch with all about me. My brain was no longer fed as it had been fed. It was a very strange sensation; I hungered for knowledge and that hunger has never since been satisfied. I gradually lost my social place and gave myself more and more to the society of my own thoughts and to books. This solitude developed a taste for poetry that had already manifested itself in childish rhymes. Poetry gave me the delight that I had lost with the loss of companionship with young people. I grew more serious than my young friends, who were under the influence of the common talk around them. Their ears absorbed more than their eyes, and it was largely trivial, banal, commonplace. My mind grew on what I read and saw, and the latter was nature. Here was the parting of the ways. My young friends were destined to progress along the usual channels, while I was carried along in a world apart, in a soundless world whose atmosphere fed the fires of creativeness. I was attracted to and impressed by things that hardly disturbed the minds of others. I became a boy apart, and later a man apart. I lived in a world largely of my own creating. Out of the world as hearing people know it, uninfluenced by expressed thought of those about me, it can be readily understood how I came to seize on themes for poetic expression different from those of other verse writers. No deaf poet can give the color and the vital touch in his lines that are found in the verse of those whose minds have always had the advantage of sound impressions. However, where there is a rare bit of this artistry, it must be

attributed to the subconscious mind where the knowledge, the impression, has been stored before deafness came on. In my mind's ear I still hear the melodies of the folk song of my childhood days; but were I suddenly to regain my hearing, and those old songs were sung near me, I am sure I would not recognize the tunes. In this way a deaf poet can and does faithfully render sound in the course of his lines; but you do not find it so frequently as you do in the poems of hearing poets.

A poet is a lonely creature; but a deaf poet is lonelier. Cut off from the world by deafness, he is further cut off from the companionship of his fellow deaf, very few of whom have any taste for poetry and literature. The loneliness at times is bitter. He writes, but rarely writes what appeals to hearing people in common. His consolation lies in his very creativeness. He takes subjects that attract and please him, and these are rarely along advanced lines of thinking. His work, then, must be judged on how well he has handled what is within his limitations. If a blind man sings better than a deaf man, the deaf man describes a mountain better than the blind man.

Sung in Silence

Stage 1 | 1929

The complete poetry text of the 1929 collection, reset from the source pages and followed by Terry's complete two-act verse drama.

At My One-and-Fiftieth Year

Here, at my one-and-fiftieth year,
As I look back on days forever gone,
May I be pardoned if I seek some cheer
In melodies my changeful Muse has sung;
If I find comfort in these children dear,
Amusement in their various attitudes;
As they, in smiles delight or shedding tear,
Now gather round me in their varying moods.
They sprang from silence, and in silence dwell,
The offspring of a Muse that hears no sound,
But sings in seeing—they in seeing tell
In storied numbers what in youth I found
Most to my interest. If my bosom swell
With joy and pride and memories unbound,
The far-off holdings of a wondering mind
That took delight in all that it could find,
And sang the message light, or tale profound,
Still may I pardoned be, e'en though some ear I wound.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 28.

Opening Poems

The Spirit of the Place

The spirit of the place is gone,
 The scene a duller aspect wears,
And I am here, but here alone,
 And God knows what my bosom bears.

The spirit of the place is gone,
 The fuller sense of life is lost;
My cup was full with her alone,
 I drank, and misery is the cost.

No longer mine the days' delights,
 My soul is dead to music's swell;
The glory of the starry nights
 Falls not on me as once it fell.

I gaze with aching heart afar,
 O'er boundless waters, to the sky;
Perhaps she dwells on yonder star,
 And living still, will never die.

I turn; the mountains' sombre wall
 Is as the barrier I must break,
If I would be within her call,
 Up, up, my soul! Arise, awake!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 30.

The Christmas Carol

A lout sat on a whiskey barrel
Outside the bar of Tim O'Rouke.
Within there rose a Christmas carol,
Sweet from the lips of Nellie Luke;
Salvation Nell, the Angel said,
Was breathing life into the dead.

Salvation Nell, the devil scanned,
Was spoiling all that he had planned.

Without, the air was bitter cold,
Within, the room was warm and bright,
And there were gathered young and old
To rouse away the Holy Night.
Salvation Nell had found the place,
And she was brave to show her face.

The devil erst had found it, too,
But now his fears and doubting grew.

The creature in the cold without,
Wild visaged, pressed against the pane,
He saw the dancing, heard the shout
Of painted wench and drunken swain;
His stiffened limbs he straightened up,
"I'll join the bunch and quaff a cup."

It was a wreck that pushed the door,
It was a corpse that hit the floor.

The organ ceased its shaky note,
The jig, the toddle, and the trot
Were still, but from that virgin throat
There swept across the startled lot
Such singing as was never sung
By mortal since the world was young.

Spellbound, they stood in fading light.
The walls and floor passed from their sight.

It was a verdant land around,
A land in summer beauty clad,

The virgin led them o'er the ground,
And as she sang, their hearts were glad.
She did not sing the story old,
The star, the Child, the manger cold.

She sang the song of work and love,
Of duty to the God above.

Those wicked eyes that long had lured,
Those hands that ne'er had paused at wrong,
By some strange magic now were stirred,
And hearts beat soft to godly song;
A light shot through each darkened brain,
And they were clean and whole again.

And in each breast there burst a fire
That burned away all foul desire.

And as they marched a change came o'er,
They felt the flesh and spirit pass,
A newer life grew more and more—
Such miracle there never was.
They trembled with the newer life,
With holy joy their souls were rife.

With lighter step they moved along,
Diviner grew the maiden's song.

They came upon a crystal pool,
A pool that mirrored as they gazed,
And bending o'er its waters cool,
They lingered, marveling, amazed;
The blotch of rouge, the penciled streak
No longer brazened eye and cheek,

And on the face and o'er the brow
A look of manhood rested now.

Oh, Holy Hour, the Christmas Morn,
The Spirit in those wretches moved
An hour before, and there was born
Anew those lives that still He loved.
They hark again to Christmas bells,
Again with love each bosom swells.

And who shall say such morn of bliss
There never was in world like this?

They stayed not long. The singing rose,
And on the march again they went;
But one by one those pilgrims chose
To leave, on virtuous purpose bent.
Along the road and in the town
Have newer faces settled down.

The virgin ceased. Before her eyes
There rose the Christ, the Sacrifice.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 31.

To Catherine on My Leaving for Europe

There are little people waiting in the countries far away,
In those countries where I'm going when my ship sails out the bay;
There are pretty maidens smiling in the gardens by the gate,
There are gallant fellows waiting when the clock is striking late;
And I'm going over to them with a mood for every one,
And some pennies for the urchins with their papers, on the run,
And I'm going after pleasure with a heart to give it, too,
But I'll never, in my wanderings, cease to think, my child, of you.

There are scenes that thrilled my spirit in the golden days of youth,
There are spots great souls made holy when they died to give us truth;
There are fields once red from slaughter on a kingdom's overthrow,
There are crumbling ruins hoary that were shelters long ago;
And I'll pass among them, glowing, in fulfillment of my dream,
With a spirit keyed to meet them, as they were and as they seem,
And I'll pluck the dewy flowers as my footsteps wander through,
And I'll press a hawthorne blossom next my heart, O child, for you.

I have seen the hopes of boyhood go to ruin with the years,
I have felt my bosom surging with the overflow of tears;
I have seen the soul of courage striving in the face of doom,
Till my own weak steps were strengthened and a light burst through the gloom;
And there stand these wrecks of ages to remind me as I gaze
That the spirit of the ruin lives to brighten coming days;
And I'll soon be sailing westward, with this message, o'er the blue,
And a heart renewed of courage and o'erflowing, Kate, for you!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 33.

Burns Cottage

The spirit of his Mary lingers here,
That raindrop isn't rain, it is a tear.
Oh, humble spot, by hardship ever nursed,
Where sprang the child by sorrow ever cursed;
Yet 'tis from nature that our natures come,
And peasant poetry from a peasant home.
Voice of the heather and the virgin soil!
How sweetly rise your songs above the toil.
Thrice are they blessed whose feet these flagstones press,
Whose eyes gaze o'er the scenes his verses stress,
Whose hands may touch the things his own have held,
The while with song his generous bosom swelled.
Spirit of Mary! Would you press a kiss
He is not here, but where his language is.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 34.

The Last Oak of Sherwood Forest

Strike me not, O sturdy woodsman, while as yet I am not dead,
Centuries have rolled beneath me since I raised o'er earth my head;
And I stand, a lonely monarch, for my race has passed away,
Looking at the stars at even and the busy world by day.
I have seen my comrades falling, all around me, one by one,
So I ask you, leave me standing till my lease of life is run,
Then, when all my leaves have fallen, and my limbs are hanging low,
And I feel no more the raindrop or the winter's sturdy blow;
When my trunk is dry and rotting and my roots imbibe no more,
Fell me, and while I am falling, listen to my crash and roar!
With me, then, shall go the stories that the ages caused to be,
From the Saxons' early coming through the days of Chivalry;
When I saw the fields about me soaking oft with human blood,
Conflicts waged by greedy nations coming hence from o'er the flood;
When I learned the sign of battle in the night so clear and still
By the glimmering campfires burning brightly on the distant hill;
When I saw the knights in armor on their chargers ride afield,
And the hills returned the echoes when the brazen trumpets pealed.
England, gardenland of warfare, nourished with the nations' blood!
All thy conflicts I have witnessed through my days of hardihood.
Nightly would the dryads gather round my trunk so huge and strong,
Like the Druids round their altar told in story and in song.
History's pages, slowly turning, gave me wonder day by day,
Age surpassing age I witnessed, superstition giving way.
Ceased to sound the shrilly trumpet, ceased to ride the gallant knight;
Gone those days of mighty conquest, gone the burnished armor bright.
Then I saw the cities round me raise their spires high in air,
And I often said within me, "Slowly grows the world more fair."
But, alas! while all was gaining, I was losing, day by day;
From the surging, restless progress, slow my comrades passed away.
Where are they? I cry. I shudder; you have robbed me, let me be.
Use your axe upon another, strike not such an aged tree.
I will hurl my limbs upon you, crush your dwelling with my breath,
In your dreams I'll fall upon you, mock your agonies of death,
If again you dare to strike me with your tempered blade of steel.
So again I tell you, leave me, o'er my warning words are real.

Ah, he hears me. Every moment, like the years, his form recedes,
While my soul on happier ages of a glorious future feeds.

—1894.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 34.

In Sherwood Forest

Now I am in the forest wide,
 Midst many a greenwood tree,
With Robin walking by my side,
 Robin, the bold and free.
Be glad, my soul! Be light, my feet!
 It is not every day
Such company as this we meet
 To while an hour away.
Ho! Robin's gone; methinks I hear
 A far-off, shrilly blast,
I see a rush of startled deer,
 His band are gathering fast!
Why did that haughty earl come here?
 This day shall be his last.
The air with hurtling darts is filled,
 The earl and all his men are killed—
I dream; those days are past.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 36.

Newstead Abbey

It stood, a monument to old ideals,
Until a boy came here to live. He grew
In face and figure beautiful, in mind
Supreme; and as his genius rose,
The walls forgot their heritage, and took
Upon themselves the glory of the Bard.
Byron! The magic of your name has sent
The pulse of life through these proud beams and stones,
And glory crowned the battlements. Like Rome,
It draws our gaze of wonder and delight,
The shrine of superstition, art and power.

Newstead Abbey was built by order of Henry II shortly after the death of Thomas à Becket in 1170. It stands in Sherwood Forest about twenty miles from Nottingham. It passed into the hands of the Byrons, and the poet was the last of the line to own it.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 36.

The Grave of Keats

That summer afternoon as we neared Rome,
There rose, not far away, a pyramid
That marks the grave of Cestius. My eyes
Dwelt long upon it, though I had not dreamed
That my first sight of ancient Rome would be
Of that dear spot where rest the bones of him
Whose soul was beauty and whose life was gall,
The darkest page of English literature.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 37.

On Returning from Europe

We have no ruins, Art is yet a child,
And Mammon stamps his foot on Virtue's breast;
Go, then, to Nature, in her virgin wild,
There Beauty find, and woo her while ye rest.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 37.

The World's Ingredients

And who will say that one is right,
And from another turn away?
He who made the summer day
Also made the winter night.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 37.

The Sea's Reply

I said to the restless Sea,
“O Sea, do you never tire?”
A great wave rose near me,
And then, unconsciously,
My face turned high and higher.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 37.

The Titanic

She might have come to port a happy bride,
 Bearing her freight of beauty, genius, gold,
From lands afar, and in her queenly pride,
 Untouched by tempest or the Artic's cold,
Borne witness to the triumph of the age,
 The height of art and skill, of mighty mold.
She laughed to scorn the billows in their rage,
 Majestically beautiful. Ne'er told
A dreamer of great dreams a prophecy so bold!

Two thousand souls aboard, no sign of fear!
 Oh, happy, happy hearts that westward sail,
Ye dream of loved ones till the happy tear
 Of greetings springs too soon. Along the rail
Ye promenade in glad expectancy.
 Low sinks the sun, and o'er the sea the veil,
Star-decked, of night draws on. In mighty glee
 On plows the ship, defiant of the gale.
Through fog and wave and ice she leaves a titan trail!

O Thou, who madest and rulest the universe,
 It is not fit weak mortal ask thee why
Thou work'st blessing or the sapping curse;
 Enough to know that man was born to die.
Two thousand souls and not a sign of fear,
 The crash of doom, the wild alarm, the cry
Of men gone mad, the end of all that's dear,
 Ambition, hope, love, home, as suddenly
As 'twere two worlds had met wild-whirling through the sky.

The news was flashed, the news that shocked the world,
 And peasant, statesman, monarch, men of power,
With dim eyes stood, as if from heaven were hurled
 An avalanche of woe. Slow passed the hour.
And then she sank, midst breaking hearts and tears,

And brave farewells of men of princely dower,
And agony and terror, such as wears
 Deep furrows in the heart, and all was o'er.
The sun rose on a world appalled as ne'er before.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 38.

Poems of the West

Ye Sons of the East

Ye sons of the East, oh, arise from your dreams,
 A sign in the heavens is breaking your rest,
Steadfast and alone in its beauty it beams,
 In silence it calls you—the star of the West!

Ye sons of the East, do you harken that tone?
 The Wasatch, the Cascades, the Sierras call;
Through far, mystic wastes of the desert lands, lone,
 The echo replies, to the glory of all.

The surf, as it breaks on the rock or the sand,
 It voices you welcome, O sons of the East;
But gladder and truer than all is the hand
 That's waiting to welcome, to serve you the feast!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 43.

California

The sensuous clime in glory glows,
Like magic swells the harvest here,
O'er lands once dead where Genius sows
The seeds of progress and of cheer.
And midst the palm and midst the pine
From daring peak to laving brine,
The glorious sun, both yours and mine,
Has made a living spot divine.
Or be it day, or be it night,
By dashing wave, on mountain height,
Midst poppy fields, on desert sand,
My heart is thine, O lovely land!

*Dream of the hardy pioneer,
Land of the famed Yosemite,
Clime to a thankful people dear,
California! This to thee.*

The mist that falls with eve and dawn
Is but the veil of beauty's form,
Yon purple peaks we gaze upon,
The calm, broad ocean rolling warm,
Land of sweet romance and the Don!
Ah, far and wide is stretching free
Her beauty, wealth, and brilliancy!
And still, to crown this paradise,
How proud, how fair her cities rise,
And copious streams about them flow
Through fertile lands that wait the plow,
Where bountiful Nature springs her best,
Where man, if e'er he was, is blest,
Where, seeking far, he finds his rest,
O El Dorado of the West.
But gold and feasting have their hour,
For honey-seeking mortals' joy;
For me, with sunset mellowing o'er,
The peace of God without alloy;
And turning from this glowing scene,
With softer eye, with calmer mien,

Behold yon piles of days of grace
Along the Serra's path of old,
That stand in truth, and face to face
With these, we turn from dreams of gold.
Lo! o'er the hills and valleys swell
The calling tones of Mission bell.

*Dream of the hardy pioneer,
Land of the famed Yosemite,
Clime to a thankful people dear,
California! This to thee.*

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 44.

A Night on Mount Lowe

The moon hangs overhead,
 The city lies below,
The mountainside is red
 With sunset's golden glow.
The winding trail I tread,
 The night winds come and go,
The roseate heavens spread
 O'er yon far ocean's flow;
The breaths of the faint and first
 Sweet scent of the darkling hurst,
Of the pine and the cedar blow.

The day is done, and night
 Is gathering with its chill;
A ghostly stillness quite
 Enthralls the mortal will,
For the soul has taken flight
 Though the heart is beating still.
The depths about me gather
 The shadows of the night,
The peaks the cold mists lather
 With heaven's drapery bright,
As the moon's beams or, rather,
 A flood of heaven's light
Bathes the far heights, and near,
 In her ethereal flight.

I retire to sleep and dream,
 I retire to dream and sleep,
Near to God, as it would seem,
 Near to God, as I would keep;
With the bright stars overhead,
 And the virgin world around,
Where but sweet thoughts are bred,
 And to all good respond.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 45.

The Volcano

I heard a mighty mountain clear its throat,
I saw it burst with lava and fierce flame,
I felt a trembling, and the crackling note
And roar of streaming lava to me came.

I saw the heavens darken, and the glare
Of wild flame come bursting through the gloom;
I turned, and saw a city rising fair
A moment more, I saw the city's doom.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 46.

Lake Tahoe

On the crest of thy waters, O lake of the north,
I float with the joy of a spirit set free,
For the angels in heaven that witnessed thy birth
Are weaning with song all my spirit from me.

Oh, the rare light that quivers upon thy clear waves,
Thy dark depths and caverns unfathomed by man,
And this frail shallop shell that so lightly behaves,
Ah, this were my world as my youthful dreams ran.

By those stern walls around me my safety's secured,
The blue sky above me gives promise of peace;
And my boat is my temporal haven assured;
These depths be my grave on my spirit's release.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 47.

Two Friends of Mine

Douglas Tilden and Granville Redmond, deaf-mutes.

One, with his fingers, puts life in his dead clay,
The other's magic brush makes every pigment play.
You who would know, stroll by the Golden Gate,
There rise the bronzes of the silent great;
Or to the galleries or the cultured hall,
And find our Redmond's work upon the wall.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 47.

Genius

To the Memory of Jack London

Strong spirit of the deathless cause,
That breathes itself in flame, and dies,
Rejecting all but Nature's laws,
And claiming kin with earth and skies.
Brave heart, great soul, far-reaching eyes,
How little earth has rendered back!
Now all thou art beyond it lies
Where fields are rife with what we lack.
Thine is the sphere in life thou'st dreamed,
Ours is the task to learn in death;
Thine is the light that in thee gleamed,
And gave thy very being breath!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 48.

Joaquin Miller

Grizzled old poet. What a fate was yours,
You who had proudly sung these Western shores,
You who had dreamed and penned your way to fame,
And had not for your title page a name!
Cincinnatus was too long for you,
And Heine—well, that name would never do;
And London waiting for her Western bard
When Ina Coolbrith played the saving card,
And called you “Joaquin,” symbolic of the West;
To cap the climax, “Columbus” did the rest.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 48.

The Bargain

When I found him in a ditch,
I was sure he wasn't rich,
By the patch and the stitch
Of his ragged old coat.

He had something in his hand
That I couldn't understand;
He had dug it from the sand
In that country so remote.

Then he looked up with a grin,
And he wiped his hairy chin
With his dirty hand and thin
He'd been using for a spade.

"See," he said, "I found it there,
Part of it stuck in the air,
Where the rains had washed it bare;
Looks as if it was decayed."

Then I closer drew to look,
And my frame with tremors shook,
And I shouted as I took
A precious fossil from his hand.

"Here!" I cried. "A hundred dollars,
Take it, buy some clothes and collars!
"Give me this." The bargain follows,
Now I'm known in every land.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 49.

Hollywood

Where is such beauty found as we have here
In the warm Southland where the picture folk
Grind out their wonders for the wide world's cheer
In silent drama of the quarrel or joke?
Among the hills, on Sunset, Hollywood,
Like stars at night these stars of daylight shine,
Drawing our eyes away from other good
To gaze in theirs, and of their beauty pine.
The olive maid, the blonde, the dark brunette,
That need nor paint nor pencil to impress
Their matchless beauty other marts would set
Their wealth at naught such beauty to possess.
Like lilies fair that shrink before our gaze,
Like roses red that die of their own blush,
Like whispered words of love, this beauty maze
Enmeshes, binds, as Love's warm currents rush
Upon us, and we linger in her ways.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 50.

[Untitled: “Be a Boy as Long as You Can”]

Be a boy as long as you can;
There’s ample time to be a man.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 50.

Prospector's Song

Away with the town and the street's smooth plain;
Give me the mountains and the rushing stream,
In whose depths lies the golden grain
That charms the eye with its mellow gleam.

Away with the dress of the millionaire;
Give me the garb of buckskin brown,
The fare of the wild and the sleep of the child,
And the stars o'erhead when I lay me down!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 51.

The Discovery of Gold

If thou couldst from a hilltop see
A bivouac of infantry
Far spread upon the grassy plain,
Where calm moonlight and silence reign,
Recumbent forms in quietude
Around the piles of burning wood,
And not a sound of good or fell,
Except the watchword, "All is well,"
That, like some unexpected sound
That starts the echoes far around,
And travels on and on until
'Tis answered o'er the distant hill;
Those forms a-weary, fast in dreams,
While from each stacked rifle gleams
The flashing rays that dart around,
Mocking the fires' dance on the ground,
Rest safe from danger. Shouldst thou see
Advancing hosts from o'er the lea,
And hear the bugle in the camp,
Behold the waking, hear the tramp,
The dead spring into life again,
And din of battle on the plain,
Then thou wouldst know how sudden, strange,
Came consternation o'er that range
Of quiet woodland, mount and glen
Sublime in primal glory then,
When yellow gold, washed from the stream,
First startled man by its fair gleam,
And sent its message, world around,
"El Dorado has been found!"

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 51.

Fires of Brushwood

Bright fires of brushwood burning far away,
Lighting the horizon as the sky is turning gray;

Strong arms of Progress clearing for the corn,
Toiling late into the night but up with early morn;

Strong arms of Progress forging out the West,
Making pleasant lands for those that follow when they rest.

Here I sit a-dreaming, dreaming of a race,
Jew, Gentile and Christian blood mingled by His grace,

Living in the peace of God in this most blesse'd land;
Bright fires of brushwood, ye picture such a band!

Bright fires of brushwood burning in the gray,
True, come true, O happy dream, that drives my cares away.

Fires of brushwood burning that lands may yet be free,
Fires of war fierce raging for lasting peace to be.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 52.

The Deserted Ships

A Sea Tale from the West

One day in 1908, while living on our farm, "Sunset," in southwest Missouri, I was reading *Wide World* magazine. An article on the work of government wreckers off our Atlantic coast interested me. The duty of these wreckers is to find and destroy drifting derelicts that imperil ships. On one occasion a vessel under full sail was found with no living soul aboard. The question naturally arose, "How did it happen?" The idea haunted my mind for over a year. We later left the farm and moved to Carthage, Missouri. There, one day, the solution of the mystery, as brought out in the following tale, flashed to my mind. The poem, excepting five verses, was written at one sitting. When my wife read it she said, "It is too much like *The Ancient Mariner*." I had not then read that great poem, and while I knew that it was based on the killing of an albatross, what followed I did not know. Another similarity of incident is that of two brothers in both poems. I recall distinctly the moment of introducing this as giving a needed touch of pathos. The charge that later was made against me by a book reviewer that it was not only gross plagiarism, but also deliberate "lifting line after line from *The Ancient Mariner* while he manufactured his rhymes" is proof in itself of the shallowness and incompetency of the reviewer. Birds of evil omen are a common superstition among sailors and always have been. Mine is a pirate tale in rhyme, a tale of folly, of the ludicrous, and of battle and blood. *The Ancient Mariner* is a classic—the work of two great poets, Coleridge and Wordsworth. As Mr. Charles Shinn, book reviewer for *The Fresno Republican*, wrote, "No living poet could plagiarize that great poem." A man from the Middle West was strolling on the California beach, when he came upon three men, evidently old sailors. They were telling tales, and the Western man paused to listen. When the story telling was over, one of the three made a bet with the stranger that he could not tell a sea tale. The Western man, having noticed the sailors' superstition, accepted the challenge and entertained them thus:

"And how is this, my fellow men,
And how, my sailors three,
That I possess such yarn as this
Who never sailed the sea?

"Oh, ho! You wink your weather eye,
I know its meaning well;
So you believe that I deceive,
No tale of sea can tell?

"Then sit ye down, my sailors three,
And hearken to my tale,
How night and day for leagues away,
Unmanned two ships did sail."

He was a rugged Western man
Who came to know the sea,
With eager face he took his place
Beside the sailors three.

It was a stretch of ocean beach,
The waves did roar and roll;
He fed his eye on breakers nigh,
That stirred him to the soul.

“Oh, ho!” he cried, “I like the sea,
I like the waves and roar,
Now sit ye ’round, your nerves I’ll sound
With tale ne’er told before.”

And they did sit as he did say
Upon the sands and shale,
And there he stood while iced their blood
That made their cheeks to pale.

“And how came I by this? you say,
A man of the West countree,
Though rough my looks, I’m schooled in books
In tales and historie.

“I got it from my great-grandad;
He was a fearless soul,
He dared be free—he sailed the sea
Where’er its waters roll.

“It was the good ship *Flying-Fish*,
With three masts pointing high,
As spick-and-span as any man
E’er sailed beneath the sky.

“And every man aboard that ship
Had vowed that he would try
To find that land upon whose strand
Man blest might live and die.

“Ah, simple minds, ah, foolish men,
That dreamed to happy be,
All free from care in th’ enchanted air
Of island in the sea;

“Where suns are warm and moons are mild,
And gentle breezes blow,
Where men no more desire their shore,
Where lotus-flowers grow;

“Utopian land, a fabled isle,
Near famed Aegean Sea,
Where ills of eld have been withheld,
And all earth’s misery.

“Ah, well-a-day and well-a-day,
Those foolish, luckless men!
Bright was the day they sailed away,
But ne’er to land again!

“They saw the golden sun go down
Where long had dwelt their sires;
They said farewell, they hailed the swell
Of sea that never tires;

“They saw the golden sun come up,
The whitecaps rolling far;
Theirs was rejoice with ringing voice,
From deck and mast and spar.

“By west and south the vessel sailed,
And reached the Afric shore,
It passed the strait, the Mid-Sea gate,
They hailed the dusky Moor;

“By east and south, Calypso’s isle,
Beyond the shores of Crete;
Fair blew the wind, far, far behind,
The sky and islands meet;

“But on the thirtieth day they spied
A speck against the sky;
It nearer drew, it larger grew—
They watched with fearful eye.

“And when that thing had neared the ship,
Ah, they were filled with fear,
Right well the crew its meaning knew,
Some dreadful doom was near!

“It was a noxious cormorant,
A foetid, carrion thing,
It sought a mast—such sign did blast
Those men’s fond reckoning.

“‘Oh, woe is me!’ the captain cried—
He swore a fearful oath—
He drew his gun and fired upon
That bird which he did loathe.

“No sound it made, nor moved at all,
’Twas silent as a trap!
To scare the thing each man did fling
On high his sailor cap.

“‘Thou art a solitary bird,
I know it by thy beak,
No bird could be thy companie,
E’en I abhor thy shriek;

“‘Thou art a harbinger of woe,
A sign all sailors dread.
I will not rest, thou horrid pest,
Until I see thee dead!’

“The captain’s anger scarce had burst,
When loud the bird did cry;
The fearful crew together drew.
‘What’s that ’neath yonder sky?’

“Far o’er the sea they saw a sail,
Full every canvas drew;
They raised the glass. What ho? Alas!
That ship the black flag flew!

“‘Aloft! Aloft! Set every sail!’
The captain’s voice rang loud,
And louder rang. The sailors sprang
And manned each mast and shroud.

“Tops, top-gallants, main and jib
Were spread as ne’er before;
She swung, she dipped, she leaped, she slipped;
Like thing possessed she tore!

“But still was perched above the ship
Which flew before the wind,
That wicked bird. It never stirr’d;
The sailors said it grinned!

“Ah, day on day and night on night,
The pirates chased that bark
Now near, now far, ’neath sun and star,
By daylight and by dark.

“The hopes of th’ ones were high,
The others’ ire was, too,
Who cursed and railed as on they sailed,
But close they never drew.

“Still perched that evil cormorant;
The efforts of the crew
To drive away that bird, or slay,
Were vain and foolish, too.

“They tried by every means, but failed
That evil bird to slay,
When near the thing it took to wing,
It knew the game to play.

“Hard strained the ship as winds increased,
But high she bore and well,
Until—a crash! Quick as a flash,
The straining mainmast fell!

“The mast the bird had perched upon,
That bird demoniac,
Strained, snapped, and fell. The exultant yell
Of the pirates wafted back!

“With fearful croak that fiendish bird,
Like ghost in shadows dressed,
Shot through the air towards the pirate there,
Who near and nearer pressed.

“Can aught escape that crippled be
When pressed full hard and fast?
The hour was come, the men were dumb,
The battle on at last!

“The pirates overhauled that ship,
But dearly bought the day;
The deck was red from slaughtered dead
Where man and pirate lay.

“They spared not one, those pirates grim;
With thirst for blood and gore,
They cut and slashed. The blood it splashed,
They threw the wounded o’er!

“My men, was there ever a scene
Like this, unjustified?
The pirate crew infuriate grew
As swift the knife they plied;

“And yell on yell, and oath on oath
’Mid clash of steel arose;
And flash of arms of men in swarms,
And shrieks and groans and blows!

“Then prayers went up from dying lips,
Midst pirate curse and yell;
And fading eyes saw Paradise
Beyond that bloody hell.

“The deed was done. The night drew on.
The waves received the slain
It was not good, this deck of blood;
They sought their ship again.”

The Western man here paused for breath.

“Go on!” his comrades cried,

“We sit to hear with eager ear.”

“Then list,” the man replied.

“‘One crowded hour of glorious life,’
You’ve heard the line, my men.
That murderous crew now sought to do
One meaning of it then!

“They lashed their prize beside their ship,
Exultant in their task,
Then back they sprang and loud they sang,
Spread round about a cask:

The Pirates' Song

"Fill high the glass, the fight is won!
We sing, who never died;
Their flesh and blood is fishes' food,
We are the ocean's pride!

"Let others toil for what they get,
We win by right of force!
Our home, our grave, the ocean wave,
Our path, the trackless course;

"We came not of our own desire;
Why should we toil to live?
By others' blood we gain our food,
What though at times we give!

"Let others mark by deed or line
The boundary of their home;
Ours is the free and boundless sea,
Our roof, the azure dome!

"Fill high the glass, the fight is won!
We sing, who never died;
Their flesh and blood is fishes' food,
We are the ocean's pride!

"They sang, they drank, the orgy grew,
Till they could stand no more.
A frightful wreck, each stretched the deck,
The rum was running o'er!

"Oh, ghastly scene! Oh, horrid scene!
As one by one they rose;
They cursed, they raved, each face was grav'd
With terror: What are those?

"About the deck a host appeared,
The spirits of the dead!
With weird shout they rushed about;
It was an hour of dread.

"The frenzied men were chased about
Like fishes scared by shark.

They raved, they yelled, by ghosts impelled,
Upon that haunted bark.

“It was a Babel on the deep,
Where minds, not tongues, were changed;
The ocean-swell, the waves of Hell
That all around them ranged!

“There were two brothers in that crew,
Together always found;
Their minds were one as life went on,
Held by a common bond.

“Of these, one fled with awful shriek
Above, about, below;
He seemed to see a spirit free
Close in to deal a blow.

“In vain he climbed, he dropped, he ran,
Close on his heels it flew,
With terror crazed, his cutlass raised
And stabbed it through and through!

“Alas! Alas! What had he done?
There at his trembling feet,
With bleeding side his brother died;
He sank with moaning meet.

“Relentless spirits! Heaven-sent,
They drove them, one by one,
To walk the plank. They yelled, they sank
For sharks to feed upon.

“Splash, splash, splash!
As one by one they fell;
The hungry shark arose in th’ dark,
And bore them through the swell;

“Splash, splash, splash!
As over the vessel’s side,
The yells of the men were terrible, when
They plunged below and died;

“Splash, splash, splash!
Was e’er a night so grim?

'Midst wild alarm the sharks did swarm,
And crunched them, trunk and limb.

"Splash, splash, splash!
The spirit of Justice bore
Above that ship with its rise and dip,
Till every man was o'er!

"And then a deathly silence fell,
Save waters lapping nigh,
Like that which falls in cavern halls
When lost men cease to cry.

"And they, the ghosts of them that died,
The men the pirates slew,
The task well done, like setting sun
To another world withdrew.

"Then o'er the sea the moon arose,
And graced that place of strife,
But all were gone. The ships, alone,
Gave not a sign of life.

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,
So silent, beautiful,
Where just before was death and gore
And Justice dutiful?

"Oh, was ever a scene so fair,
On lone and silent sea?
The moon shone red, the vessels sped
In solemn majesty.

"And I am told that to this day
The ghost ships haunt the sea;
Lashed side by side they drift and ride,
And point a moral free:

"Eternal law of righteousness,
God worketh out His will;
No land of bliss on earth there is.
Death follows those that kill."

He was a rugged Western man
Who came to know the sea,

With solemn face he left his place,
 “Avast! you win!” cried three.

During the composition of this tale I looked up the habits of the cormorant, and found this: “Its voice is hoarse and croaking, and all its qualities obscene. No wonder, then, that Milton should make Satan impersonate this bird ... and sit, devising death, on the Tree of Life. Aristotle expressly says the cormorant is the only sea fowl that sits on trees.”

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Song and Ballad

The Poet's Dream

I'll marry my muse some happy day,
A muse most beautiful, jubilant, gay.
We'll live in a castle up so high
The lowest portals look over the sky.
I'll have my paper and pen and ink,
And sit all day in my chair and think.
I'll spatter the ink o'er many a clime,
And bring it back in the form of rhyme.
I'll sing with the muses and dine with the gods,
And measure my verses in poles and rods.
I'll company keep with the fairies free,
And I will love them until they love me.
I'll kiss their cheeks and smooth their hair
And dance with them on their plain of air,
And quaff a cup of nectar cold
As they did in Olympian days of old.
And when with rhyme there is nothing to do,
I'll send a loving epistle to you,
And cancel its stamp with a kiss or two.
Oh, a poet ne'er knowing a tear or sigh
Will I be in my castle up in the sky.
The people with glasses on earth below
Will climb a high mountain to look at me, oh!
And I'll toss them bunches of roses sweet,
And sugared cakes the muses eat.
My food, served up in a crystal dish,
Choicer by far than a god would wish:
Ambrosia, nectar and roses' dew,
And a dash of wine old Bacchus drew
From an antediluvian keg!
Safe in my castle up in the sky,
Merrily living as time goes by,
I'll pass my days and pen my dreams
Where the moon and the stars flirt with their beams,

And there I'll reap, and there I'll sow,
Nor taste the sorrows of earth below!

—1892.

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The Hollow of the Moon

I'm going to build a cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And fix it all up cozy, dear, and take you pretty soon.
We're going to leave old mother earth, with all its hate and wars,
We're going to leave this place of tears, with all its ugly scars,
And live in that dear cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And you will be my angel harp and I shall be your tune.

It's going to have its flowers and a dear, old-fashioned well,
A shade tree and a garden and a bossie cow and bell;
I'll fix a little kitchen where we'll make our cake and pie
In that cozy little cabin in the moon up in the sky.
You'll get your things together, dear; we're going very soon
To that cabin I am planning in the hollow of the moon.

I'm sick of all the ravings of a world that's lost its love;
I'm dying for that cabin, with you in it, far above.
A place that's calling, calling, and waiting for us, dear,
Where it's clean and fresh and lovely every minute of the year.
I'm going to build a cabin in the hollow of the moon,
And fix it all up cozy, dear, and take you—pretty soon.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 66.

The Irish Maid

I come from the land where the shamrock, green-growing,
Is emblem of love in the homes of the isle,
Where free was my youth as the cool waters flowing
Through highlands and lowlands, through green-walled defile.
I've kissed the blessed stone in our dear castle Blarney,
I've paddled my boat in the waves of Killarney;
I've searched the dark chambers of Fingal's vast cave,
I've climbed the high mountains, I've swum the blue wave;
I've scaled the steep peaks which the boldest decline,
The wild beast subdued by this dark eye of mine.
My father had castles and riches untold;
I cared not for riches, the life they unfold.
And many a one who had courted me long
Must needs be content with a smile and a song.
I loved but the mountains, the moorlands, the sea.
The roar of the ocean was music to me;
The shadowy wood and the pinnacled height,
The fast-racing waves, and the bright stars of night;
To live in the love of this freedom of mine,
To gaze on earth's beauty, to drink of its wine;
And so, all untamed, the sweet days passed away,
But now, far from home, are the raven locks gray,
And memory nurses the sorrowful strain,
"Oh give me my youth and my island again!"

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 67.

The Ballad of Jennie Brown

This rhyme of mine is a rhyme of the time
When our fathers were boys as we,
And they wore their clothes—as I suppose—
With as much propriety.

There lived in a town a young Miss Brown,
A lady of style was she,
And the tale I tell, it once befell
This lady of quality.

There wasn't a man (so the story ran)
In the old New England town,
Who was not aware of the lady fair
That was christened Jennie Brown.

Her hair was dark, and a heavenly spark
Would flash from her lovely eyes;
Her figure good, and as fine her blood
As nature could ever devise.

And many a dupe with awkward stoop
Had humbled himself to her;
And now and then the sensible men
She used her arts to lure.

Oh, as many loves as awkward moves
An elephant makes in a day,
Had young Miss Brown in the cozy town
Built o'er New England way.

But she threw them off with a laugh and a cough,
And prepared the next to catch;
And she thought it fun, when the day was done,
This jilting her art would hatch.

But there came a day when the men that way
Had let her alone for good,
And the days she sighed and the nights she cried,
In her lonely maidenhood.

The days went on, and her lovers were gone,
Were married many a year,

And she mourned her fate and her single state
With many a salty tear.

Her beauty of youth (I am telling the truth)
Was slowly fading away;
And she worried deep, and she lost her sleep
Until her locks were gray.

Her beauty was gone, and her cheeks were wan,
And her heart was sad, I'm sure,
When a happy scheme, like a sudden gleam
Aroused this maid demure.

She'd buy some locks from the milliner's stocks,
Of a lovely, golden hue,
And she'd paint her cheeks, like other freaks
Who have had the art to rue.

She kept the locks in an ebony box,
With jeweled hinges bright,
And every morn the locks were worn,
And she put them back at night.

And she was vain and young again,
At least she fancied so,
And she went to a town, did Jennie Brown,
And captured a little beau.

Oh, a little beau named So-and-So,
So nice, so sweet, so small;
But he didn't know the dreadful woe
Into which he soon would fall.

She took him away, and her heart was gay,
And his the same, I fear;
But oh and alas, it came to pass
That there was many a tear!

For the little beau named So-and-So,
He wasn't a man at all;
And the little girl with the golden curl,
She wasn't a girl at all!

And now ye maids with lace and braids,
And beauty that cannot last,
Take while you can an honest man,
Nor turn them off so fast.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 67.

Yuledon

Oh, here is a beautiful fleur-de-lis

That I plucked in the garden of Yuledon,
And I've carried it here, O my love, for thee,
With a note from the warden of Yuledon.

"Oh, what can it mean?" she exclaimed as she ran
To my side, flushing o'er at the meeting,
As a maiden will flush when the face of a man
Her own unexpectedly greeting.

But I said not a word as I gave her the note
That was carefully sealed by the sender,
And I caught the faint sigh that escaped from her throat
As she stood by my side, tall and slender.

Her fairy-like fingers tore open the seal,
And the letter unfolded before me,
And then, while her voice did the story reveal,
What a joy, what a passion spread o'er me.

What a glow on her face, what a light in her eye,
When she finished the note, came upon her!
And I felt the sweet breath of a passionate sigh,
And I dared to believe I had won her;

For sometimes the heart is aware of a fact,
Yet untold, but by actions around it,
And my heart and my soul were together intact
With the truth ere the moment we found it.

The missive was short, and she read it aloud.
"He is dead," wrote the warden of Yuledon;
"You are free; he was slain midst the battle's fierce cloud.
Come at once to the Garden of Yuledon."

"O, Alice," I cried, "we are free, let us go.
'Tis a blessing that Heaven has given,
And what is our future, oh, soon shall we know,
If we reach the fair garden this even."

On, onward we went, over hill and o'er dale,
And our hearts and our steps were in union;

No ship did more lightly o'er fair waters sail,
As we sped, with our hearts in communion;

For he who was slain was a suitor whom fate
Had set, by king's order, between us.
But Alice for him ever cherished a hate
That was known to all those who had seen us.

Oh, Alice, oh, Alice, how young and how fair!
A princess, yet queen in her bearing,
And back to that moment my musings repair,
To that beauty and grace she was wearing.

Sweet moments sped on, and an hour and an hour,
Till at last, warm and flushed from exertion,
We stood in the Garden beneath a fair bower,
And awaited the warden's assertion.

Age-bent, he drew near us, our hearts all aglow,
A passionate madrigal beating;
Behind him a priest with a step firm and slow
Was coming to sanction the meeting.

The Priest gave a blessing and offered his hand,
And paused, while the warden of Yuledon
Approached, raised his cane, a magical wand—
I awoke in the Garden of Yuledon!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 69.

Hymn to the Brave

This poem, which is all that remains of a prose work, The Stigma, is sung by a child of six years. The manuscript of the nearly completed story was unintentionally burned.—H. L. T.

From the dark shadow of death I was taken,
By the strong arms of the brave and the true,
Midst the wild storm when all hope was forsaken.
Mother, from death I've come back unto you.

Weave of the olive a crown for the hero,
Gathered when sweet with the cool morning dew;
Why dost thou weep, dear, and what dost thou fear, O?
Mother, from death I've come back unto you.

Bright be the days of the youth who has saved me,
Long be the years of his life to ensue;
Deep in my heart may his fair name engraved be.
Mother, from death I've come back unto you.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 71.

[Untitled: “’Tis Well to Love”]

’Tis well to love, e’en though we do not win,
And through the years the memory to keep,
And, all oblivious to the worldly din,
Back to those moments in our dreams to leap.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 71.

Gone

Gone, gone, gone!
The dull words echo still,
Gone, gone, gone!
And over beyond the hill
Is a mound of clay where the violets stray,
And Dearest lying chill.

Gone, gone, gone!
And never to come again;
Gone, gone, gone!
And the words bring dull, drear pain;
For the joys that were and the days with her,
I call them back in vain.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 71.

A Song of Twenty-one

I'm twenty-one today, boys, I'm twenty-one today,
And oh, the happy schemes, boys, that in my fancy play.
The world is twice as bright, boys, as e'er it was before,
The voice of friends is sweeter, too, a hundred times, and more.
I've got the world before me, boys, and though they say it's hard,
A buoyant spirit's born today no fate shall e'er retard!
I dreamed when ten that love was sweet, but oh, as it is now,
You can but know when twenty-one has dignified your brow.
A letter came from home today that I shall always keep;
'Twas penned by one that loves me true, who penned it but to weep;
And how that letter breathes her love, how Mother prays for me,
That how she guided me in youth I still might guided be!
Then fill for me the glasses, boys, I'll do for you the same,
When you have reached your twenty-first, the proudest hour, I claim;
And lift to me the glasses, boys, and touch them while we sing,
In ecstasy, the joy he feels who's twenty-one in spring!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 72.

The Song of Wanton Wa-wa

Apologies to Longfellow

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this strange, unheard-of story
That I'm writing in this meter,
Just to please a lovely maiden,
Just to make a lovely maiden
Feel that life is less a burden
By the pleasure that it gives her,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the brain of Wanton Wa-Wa,
From the brain of that strange creature
Whom the Fates have surnamed Wa-Wa,
Whom the Fates have doomed forever
To a life that's strange and dreamy,
With his head concerned with rhyming,
And his hands unused to labor.
He who sits and smokes the peace pipe,
While the maidens dance around him,
Asking, "Whence this mighty genius?
Whence this power of snatching fancies,
And the power of putting fancies
Into lines of even measure?"
Once, when Wa-Wa, sad and weary,
After many months of study,
Left his college and his study,
Left the place to which the maiden
Oft addressed her pretty letters,
Sought the calm of western country,
Sought the village where the maiden
Lived her life of fun and frolic.
Came upon a summer morning,
Came when all the bees were humming,
And the orchards were o'rladen
With the fruit that fair Pomona
Loves to give us in the summer,
Loves to watch in starry evenings
When the hearts of happy lovers

Hold communion with each other,
Both afraid to tell the secret
That is wearing them to pieces.
Such the time when Wanton Wa-Wa
Went to seek the lovely maiden
Who had sent the pretty letters,
And had always closed the letters
With the sentence, "I am weary."
Who had said she loved him dearly,
(With a love that was Platonic)
But the maiden didn't know it,
Didn't know that Wanton Wa-Wa
Had so early come to see her.
Then when Wa-Wa, all ecstatic,
With his heart as light as fancy
Went with dreams of Seventh Heaven,
To the house to find the maiden,
To the house wherein the maiden
Used to entertain young Wa-Wa,
He, poor Wa-Wa, saw the maiden
Walking with another fellow,
With a fellow that was handsome,
Handsome than Wanton Wa-Wa,
And the heart of Wanton Wa-Wa
Sank as does a stone in water,
Sank with all its glory in it,
Sank and sank and found no bottom!
Then he gave a look of hatred,
Bit his lips with jealous hatred,
And he turned, all hope departing,
Turned him from that cruel maiden,
And with strides that Polyphemus
Would have judged extremely mighty,
With a stride that some wild rabbit
Would have judged extremely rapid,
Fled, and threatened direful vengeance,
Uttered words that are not pleasant,

All about that faithless maiden,
All about that wicked maiden
Who had left poor Wanton Wa-Wa,
Left him for another fellow!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 72.

The Loving Cup

The Loving Cup, the Loving Cup,
The Loving Cup with handles three,
Oh, fill me high the Loving Cup,
And let me drink, my love, to thee.

A king upon a journey went,
And while a-resting he,
A peasant maid did water give
In cup with handles three.

And how it did delight the king,
And how she smiled to him,
And how that king did eye askance
That maiden fair and slim.

The monarch tarried thereabout
And wooed the peasant maid,
And drank they deep the Loving Cup
Beneath the evening shade.

“And come with me,” he said at last,
“And come with me,” he said.
Away with him she gaily went
And did the monarch wed.

The Loving Cup, the Loving Cup,
The Loving Cup with handles three,
Oh, fill me high the Loving Cup,
And let me drink, my love, to thee.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 74.

Miscellaneous Poems

The City of Lost Hope

A Vision

Below me rolls the tireless main,
 Around are mountains, pile on pile;
Mine eyes stretch o'er a golden plain
 For many a mile, for many a mile,
But rest at last, as, gazing, they
 Behold a city—in decay.

Her fires are bright, her streets are gay,
 And traffic clangs and voices ring;
'Tis nearing that blessed Natal Day
 When man the praise of God should sing;
But love of gold and wine and song,
 And not to God reflects the throng.

With quickened pace they rush along,
 Bedecked with silk and jewels rare;
One face of truth is not among
 The thousands that are gathered there;
But something Nature ne'er designed
 Replaces figure, face and mind.

Alas! they are not of the kind
 That I was wont to know of old;
They soulless seem, to virtue blind,
 Their loveless hearts are beating cold;
Their words come wafted to mine ear,
 But not a voice is sweet to hear.

Their hurried language foreign seems,
 Their taste is like to savage creed;
From every eye a challenge gleams,
 For Greed is master, and their seed
Could not a sadder thing beget,
 For God is not among them yet.

(Is this—I pause in dread and fear,
The thoughts that rise my soul appall;

Is this to be my Christmas cheer?
Unhappy race, my spirits fall.
What civilization here hath done
The sun must blush to look upon!)

I turn and from the vision run.
I trail the fragrant mountain slope.
Good God, such sight mine eyes must shun.
Yon city lives without a hope!
Their God is gold, their meat is wine,
But they and theirs shall not be mine!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 77.

Speed

After the Automobile Race at Santa Monica, 1913

A roar, a thrill! The thing has passed,
The demon of the road;
Nor is man content that it goes so fast,
With its daring human load.

“A mile a minute,” you say. Look there,
A mile in fifty-three!
Another roar, a flash in air,
The dead and mangled—see!

And men have bled and men have died,
And suffered the pains of fire,
To open the way that wins today,
To further a mad desire.

They have conquered the land and the farthest sea,
They have mounted the vaulted blue,
And what will be left for you and me
When they cut the continents through?

A roar, a thrill! The thing has passed,
The demon of the road;
Nor is man content that it goes so fast
With its daring human load.

Our fathers lived and our fathers died,
Nor witnessed the things today,
The submarine, the flying ship,
The demon that speeds away.

But now we dare to dream of things,
And our marvelous skill exacts;
But I pale and shrink from what we do,
From the sweetness that it lacks.

And when, at last, we have seen and heard,
Till we sicken, and sigh for rest;
When all we have done, and all we have won,
No longer impart their zest;
When the faith that was ours, and the beauty of stars

Are dead, and our souls divest
Themselves of the thing that forever must ring
In our being as being the best;
Let us go back to the olden days,
To home, and Nature, and rest.

Panama Canal.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 78.

A Poet

A poet is a thing that starves to death,
The while he sings immortal songs to cheer
A dying cause to victory. The wreath
Or laurel crown's awarded at the bier.
The rhymer is the aper of the bard.
He gets the cash from penny magazines,
And wears good clothes and dines him like a lord,
The while the poet counts his navy beans!
He dies, and is forgotten in a year.
Ah, fame's a tempting thing, but food just now is dear.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 79.

Lines

Written on a flyleaf of a copy of Tennyson's In Memoriam given to a young friend, G. J. S.

Read, but for me, O child, what here I give;
 E'en though thou mayst not for thyself desire
To put thy time upon it, yet believe
 The spark that glows in me is of the fire
That forged these verses, pensive, half divine;
 For in my childhood hour I read and found
A solemn inspiration in each line,
 A beauty and a feeling and a sound
That still inspire me. What thou readest here
 Once lulled me to Parnassus. I have been
To its deep music an attentive ear;
 So mayst thou be, another ear to win.

Gems from Tennyson is the title of the slim, ivory-bound booklet that first drew me to poetry. I was then eight years old. I still have the book.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 80.

Poe

He lived in a world that was truly his own,
In a world that was wondrous strange,
 And that world was his tome,
 And that tome was his home,
 In the sky, in the sky,
Where the stars of the firmament range.

His soul was a harp and it played for a world,
For a world that was heedless and cold;
 For the world had no ear,
 Or at least would not hear,
 Gave no thought, never dreamed
Of what stuff was this wonderful mold.

His heart was a heart of a sensitive kind;
In its depths was the well of his tears.
 'Twas the heart of a poet,
 But the world didn't know it,
 Art so rare, could not know
It was one that should conquer the years.

He lived in a world that was truly his own,
In a world that he fashioned himself,
 In a world he conceived
 When this one deceived,
 Discouraged, deceived,
With its glitter, its falseness, its pelf.

'Tis the world's fatal error, when Genius appears,
To know not the worth of the thing;
 With the past borne in mind,
 Still, still we were blind,
 We were deaf, we were blind,
To this man taught by seraphs to sing.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 80.

Keats

Poor Keats! When Nature made you, she forgot
To give you common strength, and you succumbed
To little hurts that rugged hearts feel not.
You died from the flutter of your own ecstasy,
Immortal dream of Beauty and fine phantasy.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 81.

Chatterton

And he is dead, the child whom Genius crowned,
And left to Poverty's remorseless will.
Here, in this shabby room the clay was found;
The poison phial did here its mission fill.
About the floor in dire confusion strewn
The fruitage of his muse, its worth unknown,
The toil without reward. There was no noon
To this young life. Too early he had grown
Above the world's mentality, and chose
The unknown state, by desperation driven.
The tragic scene before my vision grows:
Neglected worth to self-destruction given;
But lo, an infant star shines in the Poet's heaven.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 81.

Lincoln

O thou, the child of Poverty and Care,
 If I would make a parallel of thee,
I feel I am not wrong if I compare
 To Him thou followed—Man of Galilee:
In lowliness was thy nativity,
 Thou noble offspring of the virgin soil,
Thou child of meekness and humility,
 Rising to heights sublime by truth and toil.
The careworn face, my cheeks the teardrops soil,
 When I behold, for thine was fire that burned
To light the world. Thy will, what foe could foil?
 Thy purpose, e'en by armies ne'er was turned
From its wise course. Thy fall, a nation's groan;
 Thy task for man performed, God took thee for His own.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 82.

Enlist

A blast of stirring music comes,
The shrieking fife, the martial drums,
And clarion call to arms.
Where is the spirit of your sires?
Where are the hearts such music fires,
The dying bosom warms?

You see your brothers' sacrifice.
Must you be called for more than twice?
And you, my countrymen!
Our ships are sunk, our blood is shed
By ruthless hands with murder red,
And Freedom calls again!

She bids each to her colors fly,
With heart of oak and flashing eye,
And spirit of the free!
For never was her peril so great,
'Tis of the world, and not the state,
For God her victory!

It is not ours to seek a fight,
But when the cause demands our might,
Our battle hosts arise!
They bear the flag in triumph on,
The flag of Grant and Washington,
The glory of the skies!

Far from the depths I hear a cry,
"Avenge! avenge! To battle fly!"
Our answer rings, "We come!"
I hear the battle shout afar,
I feel the cannon's awful jar,
Up, up, my boys! To arms, to war!
For freedom and for home!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 83.

A Peace Song

Sing not the praise of olden days—
 Their songs are sung for evermore;
But sing the ways of better days,
 Of peace and rest from shore to shore;
A single day of heaven is worth
 A thousand years of strife on earth.

My native land, in glory stand,
 But not the pomp of armed ranks;
But of the fields and all that yields
 Us peace and wealth; and render thanks
To Him whose boundless blessings flow
 From polar light to tropic glow.

The mother breast doth calmly rest,
 The fields again their verdure spread;
No stern alarms, nor call to arms
 Disturb the quiet overhead;
A Holy Presence draweth near
 To heal the wound, to dry the tear.

So let us climb the heights sublime,
 Let Peace in golden letters glow
Before our eyes to emparadise
 This world long lost to war and woe;
A single day of heaven is worth
 A thousand years of strife on earth.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 84.

On My Deafness

1906

All things go well until they feel His wrath.
O silence, there are marvels in thy state!
Flora may bud and bloom despite the drouth,
Impelled of God, and I, despite my fate,
Believing, yet may bloom in fairer fields.
If listening inwardly to unheard sound
Is reaping all that's best, what silence yields,
Then sound deceives; truth is in silence found.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 84.

Faith

It is not I that would refuse
The wish of him who seeks it right;
Nor is it ever mine to choose
The things that might be mine tonight.

Unless I go about my task
With one clear thought that may be ours,
That he can have whate'er he ask,
If he but seek beyond the stars.

For what is there is also here,
And what is here from there has come,
And thought may fly from sphere to sphere,
Yet be no farther from its home.

And what is worthy to be had,
Oh, surely, must be good to give,
And out of the seeming gross and bad
This thought hath sprung to burn and live.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 85.

As I See It

Try as I will, I cannot see
Aught else but immortality:
We were before we touched this earth,
And will be by another birth;
For motion is life and eternity,
The breath in you and the breath in me,
The fiat of That which cannot die;
Though fail the earth, the stars on high;
It breathes again in the spirit free,
In God, the Birth and Maturity.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 85.

Weep Not

Oh, weep not, weep not for the wilted rose,
A thing of beauty, it is gone, but those
Whose hearts are hearts of faith
Shall find another blows.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 86.

To Science

Keen Science! Thy cold heart beats not like mine,
For mine is warm and does not wound like thine.
I love to clothe with romance and old myth
Those things I know of, old ideals and scenes,
Until I'm lost in Fairyland, and with
My mind ecstatic by this psychic means,
I live in the fullness of my happiness.
But when thou comest, I am all distress.
Thou fillest me with knowledge not desired.
My soul is touched with truth of deep impress;
My dreams depart, life changes, I grow tired.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 86.

Room 41

At College

Old key! I've turned you many a time,
And thrown ajar the ancient door,
And passing to this room of mine,
Oft have I mused on college lore.

Full forty years have come and gone
Since first a student kept this lair,
And turned the key from dawn to dawn,
And trudged the old and winding stair.

As I have done, and yet will do,
And dreamed, perhaps, as I have dreamed,
The days, the months, the long years through,
Until the final morning beamed,

When, full of learning gathered here,
Before the throng he made his bow,
Received his sheepskin midst the cheer,
And left these halls with sober brow.

O Time, what changes have you wrought?
Where are they now who then were here?
Mayhap life's battle some have fought,
And moldering lie beneath the bier.

But one I know who lived herein,
When fewer things to cheer there were,
One who a guide and friend has been
Meus Latinus magister.

And for that reason hold I dear
The room and haunts of 41;
The haunts of youth are Age's cheer,
Their memories the warming sun.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 86.

Greeting Card Verses

These verses are the property of the Newman Art Company, of New York, and protected by their copyright as well as by my own.

For Christmas, 1918:

Over the top with a holly wreath,
The gun is still, the sword in sheath;
Over the top with Christmas cheer,
“Peace on earth and a glad New Year!”

If every day were Christmas,
And Christmas every day,
I’d send you love and greetings
To drive your cares away;
But every day’s not Christmas,
Nor Christmas every day,
So I’ll try hard with just one card,
To do it anyway!

For the New Year:

Old friend, it’s many and many a year
Since last we walked together,
And I’ve known many a joy and tear,
And many a kind of weather;
But through it all, its rise and fall,
My thoughts were of you ever.

For St. Valentine:

God made the world so lovely, dear,
Because he planned to put you here,
And now to me is life divine,
Because of you, my Valentine!

Mother to Son:

How proud I am to send a line
To you, my son, my Valentine,
And, looking back through many a year,
Your rise has made you doubly dear.

For Easter:

Through mist and cloud the Easter sun has risen,
Steadfast and fearless in his beauty-might;
The mists of doubt that long have made my prison

Are cleared away, and I behold the Light.

For Birthday:

Here's a birthday greeting,
The best that I can send,
A brimming cup of friendship
That knows no blend.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 87.

Home, Farm and Country

Parrydise

Gee whiz! I'm in the country. Do you know,
There ain't no place on earth that cheers me so.
The city's all right for them kind of folk
That can't see nothin' in this life but money,
Who sit in offices an' scheme an' smoke.
But jest give me the fields all green and sunny!
I don't care if my gal's along or not.
The honey's sweet enough for me out here,
Yet I'll admit her presence'd be a lot
Of satisfaction if she'd stay right near!
Gee! Ain't it fine? The air's all cedar-laden,
An' there's a bluebird meltin' into sky;
That mockin' bird kin fool ye like a maiden.
Oh, in a world like this who wants to die?
Them little flowers growing in the grasses
Weren't made for us big folk to tread upon.
They live and breathe, jest like us human masses.
Them city folk don't know what God has done.
Hist! Look at that, a little squirrel friskin',
An' watching me with two bright little eyes.
Maybe he's sayin' as he's whiskin',
"What great big thing has come to Parrydise!"

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 91.

Sunset Farm

I love my home, my cheery hearth,
And all that's true and good on earth,
And all that warms and all that cheers,
And all that drives away our fears,
And her who does abide with me,
And these fair children on my knee,
And Him who blesses this dear home,
And guides my steps where'er I roam.

O home! O sweet composure!
When from the world's exposure
Into your welcoming rooms I go,
And feel the fire's bright, warming glow,
And greet the loved ones waiting near,
What bliss on earth is half so dear?

We often longed for other joys
When these would seem too tame,
And sought the towns, where gold decoys
And makes or wrecks a name;
And joined the whirl of pleasure there
That mocked the fleeting hours,
Until this spot would seem as drear
As woods when winter lowers;

But oh, the bliss on coming back,
And oh, the comfort here,
And oh, the music of the crack
Of greenwood burning near!

Let others dream of pleasures gay
That fade as they appear.
No bliss will ever come my way,
However far and wide I stray,
To fill my cup so full of cheer,
To nestle to my heart so dear,
As this sweet home I've builded here!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 92.

Elm Spring

Below our farm a mile or so
 The Elm Spring's waters rise and flow;
By spreading elm and towering spruce
 It turns its crystal waters loose.

Around about it cresses grow,
 Above, the wooded violets blow,
The cowslips in the grasses stray,
 And ever the crystal waters play.

The rocks of old around it stand,
 So rudely carved by the stormgod's hand,
And on their dripping side so cold
 The moss and the lichen have taken hold.

'Tis there the cows from pastures near
 Come to drink of the waters clear,
And many a lover of solitude
 Has cheered his heart in the shady wood.

And ever the crystal waters flow,
 And ever the happy lovers go,
And ever, ever songbirds sing
 To happy hearts at Elm Spring.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 93.

[Untitled: “The Cold, Bright Moon”]

The cold, bright moon shines out tonight
 On yonder barren field,
The dewdrops sparkle in the light,
And every object meets the sight;
But oh, what lies within my breast,
The sorrows manifold compressed,
 Can never be revealed.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 93.

The Marsh Mill Waterfall

A Child's Song of Nature

From Wee Wisdom, Unity Publishing Company.

My father has a happy world with a great fence around,
And there are many lovely things about my father's ground.

Each morning when the sun comes up to rouse me from my dreams,
The world of nature meets my eyes—a fairyland it seems;

And pretty things my mother made, and fields my father tills,
The dense, green wood that skirts the farm, and then the distant hills.

I love the gay, small garden close, my mother tends with care;
The roses and the hyacinths, and lilies, pure and fair.

I love to see the plowman, in the springtime, plow the field;
I love to roam the meadows where the soft green grasses yield.

I love to watch the little pigs that snort and grunt all day,
I laugh to see their little pranks—I laugh to see them play.

I love my gentle little cow, with hair so slick and brown;
I milk her in the morning, and when the sun goes down.

I call the barns my castles. Oh many a rainy day
Have Jane and I spent romping and tumbling in the hay!

And how I love to climb the hills and hear the sweet birds call,
Or listen to the music of the Marsh mill waterfall.

The wheel goes round and round and round, for many a weary hour,
The farmers' wheat is grinding, and the miller makes the flour.

A spring of crystal water flows, that feeds the rushing stream,
Down yonder where the valley slopes and sunbeams rarely gleam.

The hills are high around the spring, and dense the forests be.
Oh, never have I seen a spot so beautiful to me!

The miller wears a linen cap and apron, snowy white;
He's busy, busy all the day, and happy every night.

He used to make us little bags, and fill them full of meal,
And write our names upon them, when we came to watch the wheel.

Oh, round and round and round it goes, for many a weary hour,
The farmers' wheat is grinding, and the miller makes the flour.

The miller loves the waterfall that makes the wheel go round,
And, like a poet, understands the meaning of each sound.

He told me every moment, every moment, every day,
The waters in their falling seem to sing this little lay:

"I serve thee, I serve thee! I serve with all my heart,
With all my strength and days of length and all my natural art.

"A hundred springs my being is that bursts from cave and scar,
And there I rear my waters clear to travel swift and far.

"I have no time to tarry, sir; I have no time for play,
My labors are my neighbors'. I serve them night and day!

"A thousand head of sheep and kine, as many horses, too,
Depend on me, my waters free, as grass does on the dew.

"I turn for thee, O miller, thy ponderous wooden wheel,
With all my strength and days of length, my flowing grinds the meal.

"I feed the tender little sprouts that grow upon my bank,
The willows root, like monster's foot; the grasses growing rank,

"A purpose God has given me, to serve his people here,
With all my strength and days of length, I flow and bring them cheer.

"But sometimes, when the night is still, and shines the mellow moon,
O'er rock and stone, I purl and drone, singing myself a tune.

"Once, long ago, was history made, where spreads yon poplar tree,
And students far by train and car have come and learned of me.

"And many a weary traveler has kneeled upon the bank;
With clothing torn and features worn, he thanked his God, and drank.

"So, onward, ever onward, and onward to the sea,
I sing and toil, through rock and soil, for all that live near me!"

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 94.

My Breakfast

Here's to a dish of porridge,
Of grain from the Scottish reed,
Served steaming hot with cream that's got
From cows of the Jersey breed.

Here's to a dish of porridge,
Served when the frosted panes
Obscure the view of a scene that's new
When the great snows hide the plains.

Here's to the buttered, yellow bread,
Of grain from my good barn,
The grain of the field of golden yield,
The golden field of corn.

Here's to a cup of coffee,
Of Mocha and Java blend,
Whose odor sweet and flavor meet
A fine contentment lend.

Here's to a wife before me,
Whose skill has put it through,
To beauty and strength and days of length,
And satisfaction true!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 96.

The Farmer

He is the backbone of the universe!
And toil is his forever. He supports
The crushing millions. Daily
Through long years he strives, and seeks
That which shall ne'er be his, while deathless hope,
That fountain by whose flow our lives are guided,
Still leads him on and on. The bright sun
And warming rains of spring, the infant year,
Encourage him to resolutions firm,
And fill his soul with gladness. He forgives
By fine philosophy all things that wrought
Him loss and disappointment, and tired limbs
Through that last year he struggled, when before
His eyes were ever those much cherished things
Which he would have by honorable toil,
But not for you, O tiller of the land,
Is recompense that glitters, nor vain toys,
And baubles that fake cheer to empty lives,
Nor what mankind calls luxuries. Oh, no!
My brave and worthy friend, my strong of limb!
But that which is real cheer and satisfaction:
In your barns, behold, the gift of loving Providence,
Your vaults the fruitage of the vine and bush and tree
Preserve for your enjoyment, and the woods
Supply your ingle 'gainst the winter chill,
While in your veins the blood of priceless health
Races triumphant 'neath the skin's clear glow,
Original gift of God vain men destroy
Seeking a meaner prize. These and your good larder,
And the bright and happy faces of your house,
Conduce to your enjoyment of this life,
And make you your reward. Delight in them,
Nor let ambition ever claim in you
Another soul to wreck.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 97.

The Country Doctor

The learned little doctor who lives on the hill,
 I smile when he passes each morning at eight,
With his shiny silk hat which he wears with a will,
 And his bright, shining face and his manner sedate.

From the top of that hat to his well-polished shoe,
 Not a thread or a button amiss or awry;
There's a cheer in his way that's contagious to you,
 And the light of contentment is seen in his eye.

He seeks the bright moments, the cheer of this life,
 He heals all our wounds and he cures all our ills,
He is sure in the use of the pill and the knife,
 But, alas! not so sure of collecting his bills.

Then here's to the doctor! We hail him with joy,
 When a friend or a brother is lying abed,
'Tis he with his presence our fears will destroy,
 The ills of the body, the pains of the head.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 97.

The Cyclone

I am the Cyclone,
Fearful and dreaded!
Fly I immeasurably
Swift o'er the country!
I am God's warning
When He is angry!
O'er village and city
I'm sent on His errand,
Dealing destruction,
Death and wild carnage
Midst a weak people,
O'er whom I am master!
Oaks on the mountain,
Lords of their kingdom,
Sway and snap sharply,
And crash to the valley!
Ships are as feathers
And founder before me!
Lake, stream and ocean
Are tossed into fury,
Scattering broadcast
Spray to the heavens!
Temples of granite,
Massive and lofty,
Tumble and crumble
As madly I pass them!
I am the Cyclone,
I am the terrible,
I am God's warning,
He spoke, and I am!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 98.

Camper's Song

Awake, arise! the reddening skies
Tell morning fair is coming,
And campers we in forest free
Shall hear the partridge drumming.

The crackling logs and barking dogs
Shall greet us on awaking.
Then ho! for the meal from gun and reel
We soon shall have a-baking.

The bounding deer our shouts shall hear,
E'er day again is dying,
And many a trout from streams about
Be in our baskets lying.

Then off, away! at break of day,
O'er woodland, hill and valley,
Our hounds shall track and rifles crack
As to the chase we sally!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 99.

“Boss”

She hears my voice and comes
 From the thicket hedge, where drums
The wild grouse, and where hums
 The busy bee of spring.
Adown the pathway, lowing,
 O'er many a flower growing,
Her saucy head a-throwing,
 With a tinkle, tinkle, ting!

Oh! Boss, the willing giver,
 Is coming with the night,
My pulses, how they quiver
 When I think of the delight
Of cream upon the berries,
 And milk that brims the bowl,
A treat to please the fairies,
 To lighten any soul;

And dainty little cheeses
 That melt upon your lip,
A dish my lady pleases
 When the rich cream I whip;
And golden balls of butter
 To spread upon our bread.
Oh! my heart is all aflutter
 When I see my Bossie's head!

She hears my voice and comes
 From the thicket hedge, where drums
The wild grouse, and where hums
 The busy bee of spring.
Adown the pathway, lowing,
 O'er many a flower growing,
Her saucy head a-throwing,
 With a tinkle, tinkle, ting!

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 99.

The Uncouth Boy

The uncouth boy has come our way,
And he is covered over
With clinging straws of meadow hay,
And sprinklings of sweet clover.
 He lives over there
 By the side of the hill,
 Where the road makes a turn,
 And crosses the rill.
 His mother is dead,
 And his father's in bed,
 Sick as a fellow can be;
Of brothers and sisters a dozen there are,
 Each of them younger than he!
Of learning there isn't a bit in his head,
 Excepting the lore of the hills;
Of toil, his forever, with little reward,
 And onerous duties and ills
 His pleasure is sought
 In the pipe he has wrought
 From the corn he has raised in the fields;
 His solace is found
 In the woodlands around,
 Where heaven her spirit reveals.
And this is his life,
And this is his lot,
And never complaint has he,
For he knoweth not of a better lot,
Or that such a thing might be.

Publication. First published in *Sung in Silence*. Los Angeles: privately printed by the author at the Seelycroft Press, 1929, p. 100.

To Pearl M

Pearl M was a contributor to the Home Circle Page of Colman's Rural World at the time we lived at "Sunset," our farm in southwest Missouri.

Pearl M, you've said the twenty-first of August was your birthday. Well, I'll
send a greeting, if I "durst," and beg our spinster friend to tell:

How many times that happy day
Has smiled upon your rural cares,
And whether your long locks are gray,
Or you are blithe with youthful airs.

We've read your tales of homely joys,
And sorrowed with you in your tears,
And so, of course, we farmer boys
Would like to know about your years.

The manly man and pretty maid
Are proud of every well-spent year,
And so I trust you're not afraid
To breathe the secret in my ear.

And as for me, I'm twenty-nine,
And filled with youth's ambitious glow.
My thoughts to human good incline,
My soul's at peace with all below.

I have a wife and children two,
A cottage and a barrel of gold,
My crops, the bumper sort, and whew!
Three barns as full as they will hold!

So when your birthday comes again
We'll spread our board with ample cheer,
Invite you and your friends, and then
Straightway begin that board to clear.

And in the midst of happy times
 I trust you'll tell your friends your age,
And with that hope I'll close my rhymes,
 And wish you joy upon this page.

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The Old Homestead

Retrospection

The scene of this poem (written in 1896, in my nineteenth year while a student at Gallaudet College for the deaf, in Washington, D. C.) is the old Bassett house, in Collinsville, Illinois. The house is no longer standing. It was a gift from my mother to my aunt, Mrs. Helen M. Bassett, with whom I lived six years following my mother's death in St. Louis, in 1888. My brother, John, lived there with me about two years. The poem has followed me around these thirty-three years, hidden away among my books and manuscripts, and coming to light of late, I chose to give it some editing, delete some lines here and there, and add some.—H. L. T. Deafness came gradually. At this time I could still hear the church bells, and loud noises.

When time, as time has done and yet will do,
 Outgrows the old to make way for the new,
 The lonely heart, forgetting outward self,
 And care and pain and riches, lowly pelf,
 Allows itself to wander far away
 To that sweet time when life was but a day
 Of joy and sureness, love and sheer delight,
 Untouched by wrong, e'er guided in the right
 By loving hand of mother or of friend,
 And dreams all this continues to life's end,
 There comes some scene, some spot the best of all,
 And this the memory does with joy recall.
 Endearing moments, how ye hold and bind!
 More than an idle musing of the mind,
 For there is that within it, unexpressed,
 That to the soul with sacredness is blessed,
 And scenes by love engraved upon the heart
 Remain a part of us until from life we part.

I hold most dear, with unexpressed love,
 That scene, that home, where first I early strove,
 And if these lines are efforts to reveal
 My love of it, oh, break me every seal
 That binds my heart, and from its depths let flow
 Unchanged the current of my being's glow.

With that dark hour when I was orphan made
 A change came o'er that with me e'er has stayed:
 A silent life, the slowly failing ear

In rural home I strive to picture here.

A humble house of unpretentious wood,
Wherein an aunt, long in her widowhood,
With daughters two engaged the lengthening years,
The business of life, the joys, the tears.
Such is the modest subject of my lines,
The spot for which my absent presence pines.
The house beside a mighty poplar stands,
Just where the roadway slopes to lower lands.
The weather-boarded sides its age extends,
And with that age a pleasing quaintness blends.
The overhanging roof and windows small
Full many a tale from out the past recall;
And there the swallow, nesting in the eaves,
Seeking their food a little family leaves,
High and secure beneath the sheltering board
The peeping fledglings wait the mother bird.
Their time to leave, like mine, was yet to come.
Might they, like me, recall their little home!
Within, the rooms are large and ceilings low,
Just as they made them many years ago;
And there the chimneys, piercing roof and floors.
The papered walls, the ever-creaking doors.
The narrow stair that to the garret leads,
For human comfort great improvement needs,
And youth must follow age to reach their height.
Such steps were never made for hurried flight.
The leaky roof, the rattling shutters green,
The cracking plaster and the cheesecloth screen;
The dear old garret of my boyhood day!
Bitter the winter chill and fierce the summer ray!

The goodly aunt who has the mother been
Through all my sickness and the trials within,
Has striven, and is striving while I write,
A child obedient to her God, a light
That through the sorrows she has had to bear
(And she had more than is just her share)
Has burned with one increasing radiance,
That will not flicker when the Maker's glance

Falls on it, as it will. Of her I speak,
But words are wanting and my lines are weak,
And pay but poorly as a recompense
For all that she has done for me and my defense.
And I have seen her, tearful, in her pain,
When all our efforts to appease were vain;
When anguish, trouble, care and mental strife
Seemed on the verge of blotting out her life;
But then and there her Christian spirit told,
When rose she up to take another hold.
How many an act of kindness has she.
Put forth her efforts to extend to me!
And e'en the life that courses in these veins
I owe to her, to her and all her pains;
For once my pulse was slowly ebbing, when
With love and care she nursed me back again.
Should I not then outpour a thankful heart,
And in these lines my gratitude impart?
The daughters fair were kind and loving, too,
The one a teacher, in her letters true,
The other for the family played the cook,
And good she was at that, nor used a book
Of old recipes, with all its measures wrong.
Experience was her book, and well she got along.
The shelves of books the teacher's evening care,
The sister's thoughts were on our daily fare,
The mother dear and aunt her needle plied,
Managed the home and proved a loving guide.
Such was the little family of the place,
As best my pen in portraiture can trace.
A deep religious faith abided there,
Yet not so deep as ever to declare
Against the joys we are entitled to,
That drive our cares and spring the laughter true.
Religion is mysterious. Indeed,
When first we grasp it deeply must we plead
Within us, but the soul once on its track,
Increases strength no evil day can rack.
'Twas there I learned the Word, the godliness of grace,
Enough alone to bind me to the place.

Full every season had its days of joy,
And what a place to captivate a boy!
The spring, the summer, and the winter bare,
Youth found the thrill of pleasure everywhere!
Oh, might I have again one glorious hour;
I'd drain one cup and never ask for more.
The orchards lush, Pomona's smiling care,
Of autumn nutting Nature gave our share;
The fishing streams, the lakes, the shady lanes,
The fields of grain that swelled with summer rains,
The harvest days, the harvest moon, the night
That softly mellowed all the picture bright.
On glassy pond in winter time we'd glide,
And hills there were on runner's edge to slide.
The marshy lakes—who sought the wary duck
Could get him had he half a hunter's luck.
And he who sought the solitary wood
To roam therein in meditative mood,
Need but to follow yonder streamlet's flow,
And be alone where reeds and violets blow.
There was a shadowed spot beside the stream
Where I was wont to sit alone and dream.
And thereabouts might poets love to roam,
Forget the world, and make a poet's home;
Where Solitude and Goodness dwelt as one,
And foliaged treetops hid the summer sun.
Enchanted spot that soothed my yearning soul,
Still may ye be, howe'er the seasons roll!
Oh, happy place! Should not a youthful heart
Rejoice in what such places rare impart?
How transitory, though, these wholesome joys.
We have them for a time, when Time destroys
The spirit and the zeal that filled us then,
Nor condescends to give them back again.
A melancholy thought it were, indeed,
Did Providence not kindly intercede,

And while Time steals from us a goodly thing,
Yet ever in our pathway does he bring,
Appropriate to our years, a newer way
To pass our days, though not so flush and gay.

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Daytime

Terry's discarded original couplet reads: "Just so, but from that moment I have found, / The rich man's penny is the poor man's pound."

That scene is lovely where the earliest ray
Of glorious sunrise starts its fearless play.
The crystal drops that night has spread around,
Like myriad diamonds, sparkle on the ground,
Or quiver in their brilliancy above,
When freshening zephyrs in the treetops move.
The hazy mist that floats upon the air
Reflects the sunbeam, all its colors rare,
And oh, a heavenly music, near, remote,
Bursts forth effulgent from the songbird's throat,
And wakening chimes from steeples rising 'round
In echoing glory o'er the land resound,
And all that lives, recovering from the night,
Springs forth ecstatic with the morning light!
With keenest joy that hour I now recall,
Of hours of day the loveliest of them all.
The merry sunbeam or the pealing chime
Would daily wake us at the proper time,
Those early hours that strength and health impart,
For such is given them that so resort.
The kitchen fire is lit, the water boils,
And then begin the daily joys and toils.
The table to be set with country delf
Prompts the good housewife to the cupboard shelf,
And neatly o'er the table broad are laid
The plates and cups of heavy china made.
Some in their gleaming white, and some in blue,
And some in gold—all pleasing there to view;
The bowl of cream, the marmalade of quince
(The like of which I have not tasted since),
The home-churned butter and the splendid bread
Forget, forget! Those happy days are fled.
Ah, from those cups, so thick and commonplace,
I've drunk with twice the joy, with brighter face,
Than ever I shall do, howe'er I go

To spreads supreme with Dalton ware aglow.
Now while the morning meal is making there,
In other rooms there's bustle in the air.
The doors and windows have been opened wide,
And back and forth the busy workers glide,
With broom and duster, over floor and wall,
In parlor, passage, closet, nook and hall,
Until, as if a simoon o'er the sands
Had swept in fury 'cross the Afric lands,
There's not a trace of dust about the place,
Nor aught its dainty neatness to efface.
Without, upon the early hour of day,
The sturdy townsmen pass along the way,
In modest clothing dressed, yet hearts as light
As theirs that trip the waxen floors at night,
And some are whistling as they pass along
A lively passage of a cherished song;
And others who in pairs pass on the way
Discuss the business of another day;
And now a sturdy miner with his lamp
Who, deep in subterranean chambers damp,
From morn till night, begrimmed, his life doth live,
That he may to his family shelter give.
What though the day is as the night to him,
And labor hard, his wages often slim,
You'll find a cheery sparkle in his eye,
That bids you greeting when you pass him by.
And who is he that, plodding o'er the green,
With careful step and slow is to be seen?
Now mark him well. We've seen him oft before.
A face familiar, a quadruple score
Of years well occupied have wrinkled so
A strange fantasy o'er his features throw.
He is a man who all around is known,
And many a worthy honor has been shown
Toward him for what he is and oft has done
To elevate the spot he lives upon.
'Twas long ago, in childish revelry,
I do remember riding on his knee.

He seemed a Noah for his very age,
But still he lives, and even does engage
In part, upon the duties of the day,
That all were his before his locks were gray.

O Time, O Age! How have you changed the man,
Unerring ever in the Maker's plan.

The heart that was throbbing and dancing for glee,
The mind that was noble and fearless and free,
The arm that was steady and sturdy and strong,
The voice that was merry and ready for song,
Have slackened and weakened as onward you rolled
And all you have left is a ghost of the mold!

Now comes a wagon rumbling o'er the street,
And long drawn out a huckster does repeat
In praises strong his fruit and greens for sale;
A woman's voice does next the vendor hail.
He stops his nag and leaps him to the ground,
My cousin eyes the spread with looks profound,
For she has eyes that have been trained to tell
The good and bad that wayward vendors sell.
A bunch of rhubarb, sprouting green and large,
Examines she, and asks the fellow's charge.
It is too high—her purse it isn't fat.
Too high? A rich man's pride would laugh at that.
Just so, and in that moment thought I o'er,
The penny of the rich is the dollar of the poor.
However, some tomatoes does she take,
Asparagus, a dainty dish to make,
A quart of berries, luscious, large and red.
"Aught more?" the huckster asks. She shakes her head,
And pays the price, all that the purchase meant,
And closes then a summer incident.

The hour of nine has nearly come around,
And bright-faced children trip across the ground.
All one direction have, all one intent,
To school it is, for learning's betterment.
Those healthy lads, those rose-kissed maidens there,
Dark eyes and blue, chestnut and golden hair.

Enjoy the hour, while yet 'tis childhood day!
'Tis only now Care cannot spoil your play.
But look at him, that idle, shambling boy,
Who will not work or study, but annoy
All whom he can, with mean and wanton tricks;
His daddy makes him useful, though, with sticks,
And I remember staring in affright,
To hear him bawl from beatings every night.
He was too lazy to express his thoughts,
And all his earnings you could write in—naughts.

Such are the scenes I witnessed day by day,
That caught my memory, ever there to stay,
And what a pleasure, now, to write them down,
For pleasure's sake, what though there's no renown.
The hours wear on. One sister is away,
The teacher, leading youth in learning's way.
The other and the aunt remain within,
Discharging duties that each day begin,
Or calls they make, informal, short or long,
And leaving them, this canto of my song
I close; but when begins the night's dull ray,
A soberer song I will begin to play.

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Evening

Fair is that hour, O heart, when dying day
Casts its long shadows faintly o'er the way,
When weary limbs move slower and serene,
And resignation on each face is seen,
And they who tripped them lightly hours ago,
Now homeward bend with paces long and slow,
The weakening sun its spell of quiet spreads
Alike on childhood's, youth's, and aged heads;
But as the morning spread effulgent light,
For one brief period now, as falls the night,
As if a parting token to extend,
A flood of splendor the far sunbeams send.
O village, lifted high by rolling hills,
How many a heart your splendid sunset fills
With ecstasy, imagination's guide,
With growing wonder, like a surging tide!
A sea of clouds against a fiery sky,
With rainbow-tinted edges hurries by,
And now the night wind, as it boldly rides,
Commingles them, the whole a moment hides
The sea of fire behind it, yet about
The countless burning arrows shoot them out!
Fierce strikes the wind, the cloud bank parts, the eye
Heaven's own radiance bursting from the sky
Beholds in wonder. Endless waste of flame
Spread out as it would luminate His name!
But for a moment does it last, and then,
Like some majestic lion to his den,
Retires, the orb of day drops out of sight,
And leaves behind a faint, long-lingering light.
How quiet, then! While in city's crowded street
At this same hour the clattering sounds repeat,
Such silence o'er the darkening world has spread
The owl's hoot, or sparrow overhead
In startling clearness over hill and hill
Resound, a weird note, or ever lovely trill.

Anon the home. There flares a gleaming light,

Now here, now there, now passing out of sight.
Another one appears, another one,
Those globes of oil, a substitute for sun.
But now the shades are drawn, and all about,
As we behold the spectacle without,
The old house loses in the shades of night
A distinct form, and looms faint to the sight.
There is a scent of lilac in the air
To guide me, for the swinging gate is there.
The springtime clusters near the gatepost bow;
By open gate the flowers their fragrance throw,
Guiding me in the night. What smell so sweet
As that of home, far from the busy street?
The honeysuckle with the red rose vies,
The locust bloom drops fragrance from the skies,
The gay carnation flings her spice about.
Ye flowers! what a wild, delicious riot!
The quiet night, the old house looming there,
My lingering steps to breathe the flowered air.
E'en as a boy I yielded to the spell,
And to its charm a willing victim fell.

But slow, as every season has its scene,
The winter, white, the spring and summer, green,
With blendings rare that join the three together,
Mysteriously wrought by changing weather,
In union with each change our little place
Accommodates itself to Nature's pace;
But let our scene be drawn from only one,
And that when flushing autumn's day is done,
When Flora sleeps and sweet Pomona reigns,
Singing her song of joy in fruitful strains.
How vivid is the scene, how dear to me!
What happy recollections now there be!
The polished stove gives forth a warming blush,
The sleepy cat is purring on the plush;
Again I see the little family there:
The grey-haired aunt low nodding in her chair,
Or working with a needle, or a book
Infirmlly held she scanneth with a look

That's hard to understand, yet full of love,
And wisdom wrought, that will not fail to move
The studious mind that vain would utter thought
Begot of such a heavenly picture wrought.
Beside the table, bending over books,
The teacher sits, with deep, attentive looks
And thoughtful brow. A little college she,
With many-branching mind, repeatedly
Poured forth to country urchins, who make sport
At thought of gaining knowledge, and extort
Her patience with their mischief and their play,
Just as I did myself, I do not blush to say!

And there beside her oft myself I see,
Poring o'er Byron, or some melody
That taught me first how beauty doth incline
To show itself in finely measured line.
'Twas then and there, O Heart, 'twas there, indeed,
I sipped me first that rare poetic mead,
That, howsoever deep I drink, I find
My thirst unsatisfied; I'm still inclined
To drink again, and never fear to be
Surfeited with the sweets of melody.

Fall oft on Saturday a man appears
Whose bearded face a certain likeness bears
To Him, the Christ, whose word with humble heart,
In two small cities alternate does impart.
Across the room he sits. I see him now,
In entertaining talk, while o'er his brow
And all his features sparkling fun is seen,
That bubbles forth with gay or sober mien.
The household cares her task who gives him ear,
The church her joy, her pride the minister.
With them the duties of the parish rest,
Age, youth, revere, and deem them doubly blest.
So whiles away the evening, but at times
The old walls echo with the merry chimes
Of youthful voices gathered for the dance;
Those beaming faces, joy in every glance.
My brother, John, whose taste for clothes and form,

And handsome face, and genial spirit warm,
The social center holds. The school girl's glance
Of envy at the maid he asks to dance,
He sees with thrill of triumph as he glides,
And on the wave of pleasure gaily rides!
Oft would we gather of a winter night
With open hearts that welcomed Cupid's flight.
Now here, now there he'd send his reckless dart,
To carry joy or wound a waiting heart.
But they play the deuce, and it isn't funny,
This Fellow, Love, and his partner, Money.
He entered mine, I could not help it, oh!
What ecstasy, what thrill, what gentle glow
Spread through me, and what visions did I dream!
And when beside her Paradise did seem
Less welcome to me. The fair world around
A thousand times more beautiful I found.
What hour of youth so like the bliss of heaven
As that when to his heart a pure, fair maid is given?

But love is strange, and never all expressed,
And never leaves the aching heart at rest.
How many a night, while lying, half awake,
Would hopes arise, then vanish, like a flake
Of fairy snow upon the blood-warm hand,
Or letters made upon the ocean sand.
Dreams of my youth! How many have come true?
Old Time has buried all save one, or two.
O friends of youth, O love of younger days!
Ye have come back, your vision 'round me plays!
We little deemed our varied annals then
In years to come would stir our thoughts again.
But still, amid those scenes, our hearts, though true,
The weakness of the race too often knew.
Unruly tongues! To thoughtless gossip given,
Too often making hell where was a heaven.
Stronger the weakness in the fairer sex;
Out goes the tale before she half reflects.
And there are heartbreaks and embarrassments,
And friends made foes and divers discontents.

How, from those rosy lips such gall can rise?
How poison-glance dart from those liquid eyes?
How come from out that warm, voluptuous breast
By love engendered and by infant pressed.
A deed, a crime to lay the bravest low?
Yes, how, O Heaven, still I ask thee, how?
O God, must this be true, in them so fair,
One single, untamed nature must impair
The thing so beautiful? The sculptor makes
From marble white an image pure that takes,
Or seems to take, life's current in its veins,
Nor gives it one false stroke to ruin all his pains.
Ah, should we sing of that which is not good?
Should we uproot a weed and call it food?
Should wise men bow their heads unto a dunce?
'Twould beat the four winds blowing all at once!
Philosophy of youth! To moralize
'Twas mine each night before I'd close mine eyes
In restful sleep, where I may rest no more;
So let me sleep, with now my singing o'er.
And dear old home, I bid goodnight to you.
You sheltered me, and thus I sing, and who
May read these lines perhaps can dream again
Of his old home and sing a finer strain.
And they, the three, who still within you live,
With love sincere this little song I give,
And closing, make this line my final strain:
Oh, give me back that happy youth again!

Song sparrow.

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The Dream

A Drama in Two Acts

Dramatis Personae

Isabella — A fair maiden
Richard — A youth in love with Isabella
Leander — His rival
Comet — Prince of the Realm of Bliss
Queen of the Realm
Satan
A Woman
Cupid
Spirits
Fairies

The scene: a bower in a garden, afterward the Realm of Bliss. The time: a summer night.

Act I · Scene I

A bower near a fountain in the garden of a beautiful estate. Mountains in the distance. Moonlight.

Discovered: Richard and Isabella asleep on a rustic bench among the flowers. Voices are heard from recesses in the garden singing.

Prince Comet mounted a moonbeam bright,
And traveled to earth of a summer night,
And found, asleep, at the midnight hour
A man and a maid in a garden bower;
They had tarried too long and had fallen asleep
Where the spirits of dreamland their revelries keep.

Enter Comet, who goes hunting about the garden. Voices continue.

Oh, wild with delight was the fairy then,
And he climbed to the flowers above his head,
And he danced for joy in this world of men
On a poppy's wonderful petals red.

A fountain flowed at the lovers' feet,
And the soft moonbeams came down to meet
The spirit of melody rising there

From waters that danced in the fragrant air.

Among the flowers the narcissus grew,
And into a cup the fairy drew
A narcotic potion of odorous dew,
And straight to the sleeping forms he flew,
And rubbing it on their faces two,
Repeated, slowly, his witchery through:

Comet, now near the sleepers, begins his charm.

Comet

Act, oh, act my magic art,
On the brain and on the heart!
Arise, fair mortals, join my flight
On a moonbeam, in the night;
Welcome to our eery height,
Welcome, welcome to the light!

They rise in air.

Farewell to this humdrum earth,
Mine's a world of love and mirth!

Voices again begin singing. The forms of fairies enter and glide slowly about—they are the voices incarnate.

Then rose the fairy and his captives two,
And swiftly, airily to the heavens drew
Upon a moonbeam, and the great globe grew
A speck to their glad eyes the distance through.

They move faster.

As swift and as bright as a meteor's flight
Seen in the sky of a summer night;
Or the arrow sped from Apollo's bow
When it laid the monster Python low,
They sped to the fairy's realm of light.

They stop.

A wakeful owl on a ruin's height
Beheld them passing, and the sight
Alarmed him so he died of fright!
A sea gull and an eagle tried

With straining wings, on, side by side,
To hold the aerial spirit's pace.
(And oh! the spirit of the race!)
Of old no falcon's pride of place
Such fearful height did ever face.
But vain! nor gull's nor eagle's wing
Had power beside the three to cling.

Curtain drops behind the singers.

You have heard of the azure of Italy's sky,
Of its glorious nights with the moon riding high;
You have harkened the skylark's, the nightingale's cry
With a spirit inspired and a mist in your eye;
You have heard of the rare-smelling attar of rose,
And those Persian fields where in luxuriance grows
The famed flower whose oil, when from presses it flows,
Is a joy to my lady wherever she goes;
You have read in Arabian stories of old
Of the bowers and gardens, and castles of gold,
And the beautiful maidens of heavenly mold
With their forms lightly wrapped in the cashmere's rich fold;
You have heard the sweet singing of angelic choir,
And the strains of the trumpet and seraphic lyre,
You have looked at rare paintings to sigh and admire,
And you know the great joy of a fulfilled desire;
But you never, oh, never conceived such a sight,
Such an all-satisfying abode of delight,
Such a place as the gods would not dream about, quite,
As the goal of Prince Comet's most wonderful flight!

Exeunt.

Act I · Scene II

The Realm of Bliss. The Queen about to hold open-air Court.

Spirit

The Court of Bliss behold,
With infant stars attending;
Up to the throne of gold
The spirit queen ascending.

Queen

Arise, my subjects, rise!

Bells are heard.

Fairy

Up, up! my spirits, kneeling;
Hear ye the joyous note
Of silver bells far pealing!
See! down the long aisle float
Prince Comet and his pair,
Bedecked with jewels rare,
Bright eyes and flushing cheeks
Their happy hearts revealing.

Enter Comet and his pair in a winged boat.

Chorus of Spirits—singing

They have come, they have come,
In a sandalwood boat,
With wings for oars propelling,
Rising and falling with ev'ry note
Of our voices, rising and swelling!

First Spirit

We have searched the realm afar,
We have robbed the ocean bed,
We have taken from each star
Countless gems as on we sped.

Second Spirit

We have made the flowers grow
With a fragrance more intense,
We have caused the streams to flow
With a joyous affluence.

Third Spirit

We have caused the moon to shine
On our world with softer light,
We have brought the Muses nine
From their famed Parnassian height.

All

We have given heart and hand,
Every art that spirits know,
To improve this lovely land
For these mortals from below.

Comet

My Queen, behold them.

Queen

What have we here?

Comet

Love-sick mortals from the lower sphere!
I grew a-hungry after my long trip,
And sought the honeysuckle for a sip;
It was an hour when man should be abed,
While Morpheus puts an end to joy and grief;
I found them, love-sick, sighing for relief,
And brought them hither. All the spirits went
To work to welcome us, on joy intent,
And decked your realm with many an ornament!

Queen

Such sport is rare, and past my understanding;
But come, my Prince, your couple should be landing.

Comet

Yes, Mother, and we'll have a wedding next.

To the spirits.

O spirits, attend!
The bride disembark.
The groom will descend;
Ho, ho, for a lark!

Comet alights with Richard and Isabella.

Spirits' greeting to Isabella

From the world below,
To our world above,
With thy heart aglow,
Fluttering with love,
Thou hast come tonight,
At our brother's calling.
Our world is all delight,
Its blessings on thee falling.
Thy gown of lilies made,
Thy veil the autumn mist,
Thine eyes with night arrayed,
Thy cheeks with roses kissed,
Thy heart's and soul's desire
Is love's eternal fire.

Richard

Oh! heavenly bliss,
What joy is this?
What realm unearthly, Isabel,
Is this, where all these spirits dwell?

Isabella

Yes; how and where?
This gown I wear
Is not the work of mortal hand;
You took me o'er my father's land
To spend a happy evening hour—

Comet

And you are in our spirits' power!

Richard—unheeding

Methinks through heaven's portals pour
More blessings than I ever knew before
Upon me, and, O Isabel,
You who have kept me waiting all these years
Now yield without a question. Mine eyes swell
With joy unearthly, blinded with glad tears.

Richard steals his arm around Isabella, and they pace slowly about.

Comet

Hist, spirits, hist! the charm is working well,
Bring forth the minister and sound the marriage bell.

The spirits rush from the stage; the throne disappears. Enter Cupid, and Comet attacks in an effort to drive him off. Enter Leander, with guitar, singing. Isabella is charmed by the sweet voice, and as the song continues, she slowly moves towards Leander.

Leander—singing

Thy sighs are breaths of roses sweet,
Thy voice, the music of the lyre,
And could my lips thine own but meet
But once, 'twould quiet my desire.

The soft love-light within those eyes,
Whose darkness matches raven gloss,
Is such, it seems, as angels prize,
But mine's the gain, and theirs the loss.

The magic waves that o'er me leap,
From pulse to pulse, from vein to vein,
When thy soft hand in mine I keep,
Is as the buds' when summer rain
With gentle warmth all lightly falls,
And to the withering blossoms yields
The nourishment their beauty calls
If they must bloom in bower or fields;

But when the lights are burning low,
Thy phantom form before me floats,
And love's soft passions gently glow,
While in mine ears are sweetest notes.

And there my reverie fades and dies,
The phantom glides away, and night
Steals o'er me, and my drooping eyes
Await Aurora's car of light!

Isabella

Leander!

Richard—aside

Now how came he upon this scene? Alas!
That he, Leander, should at this glad hour
Make his appearance.

Gazes at Isabella.

My love, she yields!

Leander

Thou here? And hast thou heard my heart declare
Its love for thee? Then take thy choice, Richard
Or me.

Isabella—softly

Hush! He's here.

Leander

Why, as I live! I had not seen him.

Richard

Isabella—come—back!

Isabella—aside

What power is this that makes me move
To one I like from one I love?

Richard—aside

Now I have lost; but I'll control myself.

To Isabella.

In that, O Bella, that I love thee so,
Is why, without vain words I let thee go,
And in my heart I never will believe
That thou, in this, intended to deceive;
And thou, Leander, since to thee is given
The fairest, dearest creature under heaven,
Let not a moment pass that may not tell
That thou wert worthy of fair Isabel.

Isabella—falteringly

O Richard!

Exeunt Leander and Isabella.

Richard

Farewell. Now let me close mine eyes
Forever on my dream of paradise.

Cupid shoots Richard, who falls.

Richard

Oh!!

Exit Cupid. Comet runs to Richard. Enter Satan at rear.

Satan

My work it is pressing,
But never distressing—
I'm master of all I assume;
My pleasure is mixing
In other men's fixing,
And turning delight into gloom:
When not busy below
I to other worlds go,
And—why, here's a mortal. Heigh-ho!

Comet—springing back in alarm

What monstrous mischief maker must we meet?
My best art has no effect whatever;
I'll get the band and purge the place of him!

Exit Comet.

Richard—rising

And you—here?

Satan

I am everywhere.

Richard—lifting his hands

What a maelstrom of distress
Is the world's unhappiness!
What a balm must heaven be
If it's half what's taught to me!

Satan

If it's half what's taught to thee.

Richard

Where can man go that thou art not,
Thou grim destroyer, earth's worst blot?

Satan

Nowhere. But come, what's the matter?

Richard

Why torture me?

Satan

Ah.

He glides about.

Saint Peter sat by the pearly gate,
'Twas his to whistle and listen and wait
For occasional souls of unusual men,
In ninety years he had counted ten—

Richard

Thou monster!

Satan glides to one side and makes a pass. Richard beholds the wedding ceremony of Leander and Isabella.

Richard

My God!

Satan

She has played thee false!

Richard—in despair

Now let me die. I had presumed to think
I stood in rapture at the very brink
Of happiness. Oh! never more will I
Put faith in woman. Come eternity!

Satan—handing Richard a dagger

Here, let me help you!

Satan makes another pass, and a very beautiful blonde woman appears. Richard drops the dagger and gazes at the figure, which vanishes.

Richard

Who was that?

Satan

Another woman.

Richard slowly paces back and forth. Satan, arms folded, watches him.

Richard—addressing Satan

She was very beautiful.

Satan

Even as I am dutiful.

Richard—with a start

I like that not.

Satan

Did you like the woman?

Richard

She was very fair, and had she the qualities and those endearing ways of my lost Isabella, I might have some hope of happiness.

Satan

The art of woman is the same in all,
Fat, lean, light, dark, short, tall.

Richard

Isabella was a rare exception,
Beyond the very gods' supreme conception!

Satan—aside

Fool—as bad in judgment as in verse.

Addressing Richard.

Now Isabella is beyond your reach,
No use about her many charms to preach.
He's a weak mortal who cannot forget
His love affairs, or, say, a losing bet;
The world has good things scattered everywhere,
Why, come with me and throw away your care.

Richard

With you?

Satan

Why not? I rarely fail to bring about
Gain of some sort—

Aside.

—or at least a riot.

Richard—aside

I have been true, my love the wrong hath done,
And all my sacrifices bring me woe;
’Twas ever, ever thus beneath the sun,
The good must bow before the winds that blow,
Consoling selves in conscience. Is it fit
That man continue so? Oh, hard conclusion—
I fly—I fly! my mind is all confusion!

He rushes out.

Satan

I’ll fix it so he’ll meet with more adventure,
My word is good, with or without indenture.

Curtain.

Act II · Scene I

A grove bordering a lake in a mountainous country. A beautiful blonde woman, same that appeared at Satan’s command in the last scene, is seen dressing her hair after a bath in the lake. Richard enters; the woman, seeing him, starts to flee.

Woman

Alas, alas! I am discovered! What, a mortal?

Richard

I beg your pardon, I no sound had heard,
Except the sweet singing of a lonely bird;
Nor seen a soul in this vast wilderness,
Save you. I’ll go and cause you no distress.

Woman

I trust thou hast not seen me otherwise?

Richard

No sight more beautiful e’er met mine eyes.

Woman

Then thou hast seen.

Richard

I could not help it. Were the stars between
Me and such beauty I could see them not!

Woman—sighing

How came you here?

Richard

Fleeing from what has been to what may come,
Even as others, who, with sorrow dumb,
Drop from the world and seek forgetfulness
In any form or guise, joy or distress,
Or solitude intense, or pallid grief;
All that I seek is, from this woe relief.

Woman

If aught that I possess can bring thee cheer,
’Tis thine—and thank the Fates that brought thee here.
My home is on yon mountainside,
No one with me did e’er abide,
My care has been to shield from eyes
The wonders of my paradise:
My form divine, my chambers rare
With jewels and art from everywhere;
My closets with the rarest wine
That ever left the banks of Rhine;
The secrets long from man concealed
By cunning sought, but ne’er revealed.
There every kind of wound is healed.

A bugle is heard; Woman flees. Enter Comet and troop of fairies.

Richard

She’s gone! What silvery trumpet pealed?

Fairies

He has seen her!

Bugler

Rash mortal, how darest thou?

Spirit

What shall we do to punish him?

Bugler

Woe, woe! Loss, ruin, and woe!
She, the fairest of womankind.
Never did a flower grow
More pleasing to a fairy's mind.
She whom we have guarded well
Is forever lost!
Broken, broken now the spell,
Spirits, spirits, sound the knell.
This mortal pays the cost!

Comet

Richard!

Richard

Where am I? Who are you?

Comet—aside

Alas, he knows me not.

Bugler

Where thou shouldest not be.

Richard

It was by accident I happened here,
And since this place has yielded up a prize,
I will not be content until I have it.

Comet holds a consultation with the bugler while the fairies weave a spell around Richard.

Ha, ha, ha! You match your strength with mine?
When mortal loves he knows nor bond nor time.
I do admire you, spirits, but beware,
There are some things 'twere better not to dare.

Enter Satan. Richard starts. Comet shows fear. Richard struggles to escape.

Thou again?

Satan

Even so; and as ever, at your service.

Richard

Then rid me of these spirits. I had thought
With ease to rid me of them. I am caught
In a strange power, maybe of their own making,
And no amount of tearing, striking, breaking
Gives me my liberty. What place is this?

Satan

These creatures call it the Realm of Bliss.

Richard

It might be could I get to yonder height.

Satan

Nor spirit nor mortal,
Nor witch hid in whortle,
Nor working of magic,
Nor threatening tragic,
Nor craft e'er invented,
Has ever prevented
That which I attempted.
Off, spirits, begone!

They vanish.

Richard—surprised

What marvel now?

Satan

No marvel whatever.
I'm simple and clever.

Richard

How shall I thank you?

Satan

Of that you need not now concern yourself.

Richard

Thou art magnanimous. 'Tis hard to say
Thou art the same I saw but yesterday;
I've always felt no creature is so bad
That somehow cannot make another glad.
Upon yon height a marvelous beauty dwells,
More lovely than all else mine eyes have met,
And since I saw her first, my bosom swells
With a deep yearning. Couldst thou help me get
The lady's favor?

Satan—aside

I like the savor.
But yesterday he swore to ne'er again
Put faith in woman. Such a vow were vain.
But let him go. I know what's waiting him.
I like to see a person fall to whim.

To Richard.

How did you learn she lives up there?

Richard

I saw her and she told me.

Satan

Then go ahead; but, mortal, have a care.

Richard

Wherefore?

Satan

Hast thou not felt the fairies' wrath already?
Were't not for me thou wouldst be brought to task,
And next to me these creatures are supreme
In mischief, once their minds are set. She
Whom ye see is their sole thought and care,
The rarest being ever brought from earth,
And well they guard her from all eyes but theirs;
But as thou art the victim of false love,
And in thy desperation wert about
To end existence, I to solace thee
Caused this chance meeting for thy happiness.

Richard

'Tis but a mile to reach her place
If I the flowered pathway trace,
Methinks I can escape the band
And seek the lady's heart and hand.

Satan

Then go ahead. I'll grant thee passage safe.

Richard—pressing Satan's hand

A thousand thanks, my friends, to you;
Pardon my haste. I fly—adieu!

Exit Richard.

Satan

Now look at that! were it not for me,
Think, what a dull state man's would be,
People would die of ennui,
There would be no rule of three,
Fruit would grow on every tree,
Food be had too easily,
Lawyers would of toil be free,
Men on all things would agree
And no use for churches see;
Gold would know no victory,
Love would have no mystery,
Spell, suspense, uncertainty;
Life would not be worth the fee!

Though I am condemned to hell,
All the excitement earth doth swell
Comes of my unconquered spell;
Sweet, how sweeter man can tell
After woe which him befell;
Never tolled a funeral knell
But sweeter rang the marriage bell;
'Twas my art did death compel.
Judge me, world, and so—farewell.

Act II · Scene II

A room of marvelous beauty. Richard and the woman seated at a table. They drain their wine glasses.

Woman

For one brief moment while 'twas in our throats
We both enjoyed it. So with pleasures all,
The sweetness while it lasts, then emptiness;
Reflection, not too pleasant; torture next,
And then, unless we feed desire to its
Content (which process is expense, and which
Means energy expended, or a scheme
Out of all honor to possess the price),
We drag on miserable.

Richard

I had supposed
Here and in you to find surcease of woe.

Woman

Alas!

Richard

You gave me all you had, and while 'twas new
Then was it pleasurable; but I am sick
Of all that here belongs.

Woman

Including me?

Richard

I am weary.

Woman

I to my chamber will
Retire for sleep. Here, Richard, are the keys
To every room and vault and secret place,
Wherein are stored all things that mankind seeks.
Amuse yourself with all that they contain,
And when of them you tire, remember—me.

Richard—taking her hand

With all my heart, I thank you. Pleasant dreams.

Exit Woman.

Richard—dashing down the glasses

Most miserable of mortals! Woe is me!
Alas, alas! what weakness have I shown!
That she whom I have loved and trusted so
Has played me false, is no excuse that I
Should fall to this. O man, where is your strength
In time of trial? Not in the glass—I know,
For I have tried; neither in gold, nor things
By art produced; nor in sweet sound, neither
In woman loved not purely.

Goes to window and throws away the keys.

There! I'm done
With these contrivances for man's delight.
Get thee behind me, Satan, get—and—stay!
Teach me to love thee, Lord, and all thy works,
And give me strength against the ways of man.
O Isabella, let me dream of thee!
However false, still let me dream of thee!

Richard, with head bowed, paces slowly back and forth. The stage darkens slowly, and when it is almost dark, Richard breaks out in song. While he is singing, the scenery is changed to the interior of a peasant's hut near a village.

Richard

Oh, canst thou not, when night is low,
And storms are blowing o'er the lea,
Forget thyself a moment, oh,
And let thy thoughts return to me?
I lived for thee. I feel, I know
That thou wert made alone for me,
For all the fires that in me glow
Were brightened by a look from thee.

And must I dream of other days?
My heart, it only beats a moan,
The while the demon, Memory, plays
In mockery of the bliss that's gone.
The joy that was, the broken plight,
And thou that were the soul of both!
Alas, alas! the wedding night—
The bride, the groom, the solemn troth!

If mine's the pain, is thine the bliss?
To me no second love can be;
No, God will never sanction this,
Nor free thee of my misery!

Act II · Scene III

The peasant's hut. Richard is lying on the floor, stupefied.

Richard—rising

Good Lord, where am I? Where are those splendors?

Looks about him.

I am awake. Pinches himself. See, I am not dreaming.

Alas, but one short hour ago, I dwelt
In a most sumptuous palace. Where is she
Who entertained me? Ah, I did renounce
Her and her ways. I must begin anew,
And set myself to this, a peasant's life.

He looks over the place.

Something is wanting—my dear Isabel—
To make this simple hut a paradise.

Singing heard without.

Hist! what's that? Can it be that she repents?

Rushes to the door.

Ah me, a flower girl. I will be kind.

To the girl, now near the door.

Come in.

Flower Girl

Good Sir, my father's dead, and all we have
For our support is what I earn by singing.

Richard

Then sing, my child, and gladden this sad heart.
God has not given man a higher art.

Flower Girl

As the song proceeds, Richard shows signs of self-reproach and remorse.

When first I kissed that lovely face,
It seemed that Nature and her race
Of fairy artists vied their skill
To make the fairest, and to fill
That single mold with all the good
That makes the charm of maidenhood.

Again I kiss that face today—
Some forty years have passed away,
The brows are knit, the locks are gray,
And round about it wrinkles stray.
The heart has lost its childish play,
The bloom of youth forever gone,
But still, unchanged, my love lives on.

Richard—giving the girl a coin

Child! Here, all I have—would it were more.

He hurries out; the scene shifts, and Richard is seen in a wood.

My God! what have I done, what have I done?
Who sent that child to call me so to task?

I am awake! 'Tis I who have been false!
O Isabella where art thou, my love?
Mercy, mercy, heaven! God forgive!

He hurries on and comes to the bower scene in the first act, where Isabella is found asleep.

There! My love, Isabel! What shall I say?

He throws himself down beside Isabella, and suddenly awakes. He rubs his eyes in bewilderment. Comet, who has just broken the charm, slips away.

I can't believe it. What, all this a dream?
Then thank heaven; I've grown an age in wisdom
By this night. Let the consequences be
Whate'er they may, I will defend myself.

Bells are heard. He rouses Isabella.

Awake, my Isabel! Alas, what hour?
Loud peal the chimes in yonder tower.

Isabella—awakening

Richard!

Richard

Bella!

Isabella

O Richard, Richard, I have slept!

Richard

And I!

Isabella

And I have dreamed. Ah me!

Richard

And I!

Starts homeward.

Isabella

Stay, hear me just a moment. 'Twas so real,
Even as life. O Richard, I have been
Through torture—yea, long years of misery.
I dreamed I to Leander gave my hand,
When on the point of yielding all to you,
Although I did not love him—do not now,
And never did—and saw you left to grief;
Yet master of yourself in sorrow's hour.
I heard you speak for me—my happiness,
Without a thought of your own wretchedness;
Heard each word that you spoke, forgiving me,
Your caution to Leander. O my love,
What I have passed through teaches me to act,
Act my true self, when heretofore I faltered.
Here, Richard, if you want me, I am yours.
If in the past I have been quick to wound,
Slow in those things that you desired of me,
Tell me, you'll forgive; and may it please
Kind heaven to increase my love for you.

Richard—drawing Isabella to him

My sweet, my love, thank God for this strange night.
I, too, have dreamed, was part and person to
What you have dreamed. You broke my heart, I fell
Into the snares of Satan, and partook
Of all the vanities this world contains.
Then came I to my strength and nobler self,
Asked God for help, the truer life, and you.
In moral strength alone shall man advance,
In faith and simple life is man's content.
So come, sweet Isabella, we'll go forth,
And ask of Heaven only love and worth.

Exeunt.

Enter Comet and his troop, now as mortals, singing.

Dreams and love and happy hours,
Heart's desire attaining;
Maidens fair and moonlit bowers,
Oh! how Joy was straining.
Spirits that in childhood day
Drive the cares of life away,
Things impossible to be
This glad night were company!

Sorrow, wickedness and pain
Shadow all the earth.
Loss in time will turn to gain,
If a man have worth!

Who would not a sweet dream have
When the day is ended,
In a bower where waters lave,
And rose breaths are blended?

Who would not a strange dream have,
Wond'rous things revealing
Even as the spirits gave,
With you mortals dealing?

'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I!
Yes, I would a sweet dream have
When the day is ended,
With my love and fairies by,
Where rose breaths are blended.

Yes, I would a strange dream have,
Which all fears had ended.
In a bower where waters lave,
And rose breaths are blended,
Then goodbye to one and all,
Phebus scales the mountain wall!

Curtain.

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Colophon

Publication and production notes

This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The complete 1929 poetry text and verse drama were reset from the local source scan and checked against Terry's printed errata. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses the selected “Interrupted Graphic Score” artwork prepared for this edition.