



ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

Collected Poems

BOOKS, SONGS, AND THE DISABILITY RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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Arthur Franklin Fuller

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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Four distinct documents placed before the biographical introduction.

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Arthur Franklin Fuller traveling prone in his wheeled cot, which served as mobility aid, shop, stage, and publishing office.

Paralyzed Pianist-Poet Loses Wife He Wed in Salt Lake.

Kathleen Evington Fuller, the wife of Arthur Franklin Fuller, the paralyzed pianist of Los Angeles, died in that city October 17, after a sixteen weeks' illness, at the age of 28, according to advices received here yesterday. Mr. Fuller met his wife when he was in Salt Lake some years ago.

Fuller has for many years been completely paralyzed, and has made his living with his music and through the sale of books of poems which he has written despite his affliction. Mrs. Fuller had been his constant companion on their travels, and the news of her death at the county hospital in Los Angeles was heard with grief by thousands in the city who had come to know her.

Eight men had given their blood for transfusions, in an effort to bring her safely past a crisis, but to no avail.

Surviving Mrs. Fuller, besides her husband, is their 4-year-old son. Fuller is reported to have said, when he learned of his wife's death: "To but few men has come such a strangely magnificent love as to me."

SPECIAL MEMORIAL FOR

Kate Pool Evington Fuller, Fuller's first wife and traveling partner, in a newspaper memorial published after her death in 1919.

AFFLICTED MUSICIAN IN ANNUAL CONCERT

Having to meet the problems of life from the flat of his back has not stopped Arthur Franklin Fuller. Tuesday evening, he will offer his thirty-eighth concert. He plays the piano as well as sings, lying on a wheel-cot. The old Ebell Club Auditorium, 1719 South Figueroa street, will probably be crowded on this occasion as this annual event is patronized by many prominent people.

Program assistance will be given by America's Bird Whistling Chorus. Agnes Woodward, director; Helen Ward, accompanist.

An Indian Princess, Kathleen Kia-Wah-na, the gifted harpist, will likewise appear. A juvenile dancer, Beatrice Rainen, will entertain those who enjoy art in poise and motion. Portia Patton will serve as accompanist, vocalist and pianist. Margaret Goetz will open the program with her story of the life of Schubert, with pictures, collected by herself on European tours.

Announcement for Fuller's thirty-eighth annual Los Angeles concert, 1928, documenting his continuing work as singer, pianist, teacher, and impresario.

PRIZES GO TO WINNERS IN CONTEST

*Names of Essay Writers
Made Known by Pelton
Motor Company*

Last week the Pelton Motor Company, distributors of Dodge and Plymouth motor cars, posted the list of winners of the 1703 cash prizes awarded to the writers of the essays best describing the sensations of "A Plymouth Floating Power Ride."

Seven of the winners entered their essays through the Pelton Motor Company. Los Angeles was well represented, having twenty-four local residents listed as winners.

The most interesting of the awards and that was probably most appreciated was the \$50 check presented to Arthur Franklin Fuller, author, poet, composer, musician and teacher, and who for thirty-three years has been unable to walk, stand or sit up. He has published fifty-seven books of prose and poetry and seventy-eight musical compositions.

Others receiving awards through the Pelton Motor Company were R. D. Dawley, E. H. Fowler, Harold Gray, Walter B. Gump, Byron Phillips and Hoyt K. Pottenger.

Fuller receiving the Pelton Motor Company essay award in Los Angeles, 1932.

INTRODUCTION

A portable literary career in music, print, performance, and disability history.

Stage I | Chicago music and the onset of disability, 1880–1907

Arthur Franklin Fuller was born in Chicago, Illinois, on 1 June 1880, the son of James Franklin Fuller and Elizabeth “Lizzie” E. Leavett Fuller. He remembered a household shaped by music: both parents sang, and his mother was deaf. At seven or eight he entered the junior choir of St. James Episcopal Church under William Smedley, advanced to the senior choir, and became a soprano soloist. He later claimed an unusually broad range, numerous contest prizes, and exceptional sight-reading ability. His retrospective account also linked several childhood accidents—a near-drowning, a dog bite, a horse’s hoof, and falls while swimming or performing a “test of courage”—to the bodily crisis that defined his adult life, though no modern diagnosis can responsibly be derived from the evidence.

In March 1897 Fuller narrowly escaped the Ayer Building fire on Wabash Avenue, where he worked for the music publisher Alfred Bierly; he later described blocked elevators, smoke-filled stairs, falling bodies, and recurring nightmares. After a brief period at Sears, Roebuck and Company, he became choirmaster and organist at St. Paul’s Cathedral and its choir school in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, in 1898–99. He claimed responsibility for a large choir, a small orchestra, the organ, and the boys’ dormitory. He then moved to church work in Kingston, New York, where, after a demanding New Year’s program, he found himself unable to leave the organ loft. Back in Chicago he passed through a long succession of hospitals, physicians, healers, and incompatible medical explanations. His father’s death in 1907 removed a major source of care and support.

Stage II | The traveling cot, direct sales, and the first poetry books, 1908–1913

By Fuller's account he could no longer walk, stand, or sit. He designed a covered wheeled cot in which he could travel prone, carrying books, music, samples, and signs. The device became at once a mobility aid, a shop, a stage, and a publicity image. Newspapers found him in Houston in 1909 and in San Antonio in 1910, where he gave a song and piano recital while lying flat. He traveled by streetcar platform, baggage and freight cars, hayrack, truck, and eventually a Reo Speed Wagon. Fuller repeatedly insisted that he was selling his own work rather than begging. In *Fifty Thousand Miles Back-Ridden and Wrestling the Wolf* he analyzed the laws and charity practices that treated a visibly disabled seller as an offensive spectacle or a disguised mendicant. Susan M. Schweik's *The Ugly Laws: Disability in Public* later made those accounts central to the history of disability, labor, institutionalization, and public space.

Fuller's poetry appeared first in compact, repeatedly revised volumes designed for direct sale. *Poems* was issued in Fort Worth in 1909 and again in 1911; *A Book of Poems* followed at Berkeley in 1913 as a "seventh thousand," revised and greatly enlarged edition. Its accessible forms—regular rhyme, domestic sentiment, devotion, humor, elegy, and direct address—suited a mixed audience of lovers, mourners, churchgoers, tourists, and concert patrons. The book absorbed and revised almost the whole of the earlier collections. Fuller also wrote and marketed prose, autobiography, music instruction, short essays, sheet music, and numbered "literary productions." His later aggregate claims—twenty books by 1925, fifty-seven by 1932, fifty-nine by 1934—probably counted pamphlets, installments, selections, revisions, and individual components as books; they remain significant evidence of his self-conception, not a verified library census.

Stage III | Marriage, Los Angeles, war, and the 1919 collections, 1912–1923

On 16 July 1912 Fuller married Kate Pool Evington, a Yorkshire-born immigrant who had arrived in the United States in 1908. Their son, Franklin Alfred Fuller, was born in Houston on 19 May 1915. Kate was Fuller's constant traveling companion and belonged at the center of the household that sustained his expanding publication and performance work. Houston supporters organized a 1915 benefit at the Second Division United States Army pavilion in Texas City and a campaign, led by Maud Staples, to purchase the family a California home. Kate died at Los Angeles County Hospital on 17 October 1919 after a sixteen-week illness and multiple blood transfusions. Fuller's memorial poems, domestic lyrics, and the advertised but unrecovered book Kathleen preserve traces of that partnership and loss.

Fuller had established a durable Los Angeles base by the 1910s, although he continued to travel. His addresses included 1138 South Valencia Street and later 3646 Trinity Street, and Wayside Press printed several of his books. In 1918 he appeared without screen credit in Cecil B. DeMille's *We Can't Have Everything and Till I Come Back to You*. His 1919 *Brother Mine and Other Poems* combined wartime verse with love poems and a concluding sequence on architecture, painting, sculpture, music, dance, acting, and literature. *California and Other Selected Poems*, deposited in January 1920 and labeled "Literary Production No. 38," joined booster verse to religious, philosophical, and intimate poems. He married Violet in Ventura on 11 February 1924; their marriage ended in divorce in Los Angeles in April 1926 after allegations reported from Fuller's testimony and corroborating witnesses.

Stage IV | Concerts, teaching, late books, and legacy, 1924–1953

Annual Los Angeles concerts remained part of Fuller's public life. Notices for his thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth concerts, in 1927 and 1928, placed him at the old Ebell Club Auditorium as pianist and singer, supported by whistlers, singers, harpists, dancers, lecturers, and accompanists. A 1928 profile advertised private and class instruction in voice, breath, physical development, piano, sight reading, harmony, whistling, and composition. Among his named works are "While Thou'rt Away," "Guide Me, Thou Great Jehovah," "Night Song," *Pretty Girl Blues* (1929), *Wee Tot Mine Lullaby*, and *My Ray of Sunshine*. In 1932 the Pelton Motor Company awarded him fifty dollars for an essay describing a Plymouth ride, and the press again presented him as an author, composer, teacher, and working public figure rather than a passive object of charity.

Late publications included the children's verse book *Lil' Bitta Kitten* (1930), *The Harvest of Happiness*, volume II (1933), *The Laughing Chinaman* (1934), *Code of the Happy Traveler* (1937), and the independently documented *The Golden Chalice and Other Poems* (1939). Copies of several advertised poetry books—including *By the Fire-Place and Other Poems*, *Kathleen*, and *Poems on Love, Life, and Light*—have not yet been located. Fuller died in Los Angeles on 28 January 1953, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Los Angeles Odd Fellows Cemetery. His writing is inseparable from the improvised system by which it traveled: family labor, printers, public recitals, newspaper profiles, street sales, patrons, assistants, and the arresting image of an author carrying a publishing enterprise from a prone position. That system makes him both a popular poet of early Southern California and a consequential witness to disability history.

CONTEMPORARY RECEPTION

The publisher's 1913 account of the book's first readers and Fuller's disability.

Publisher's Note

From A Book of Poems (1913)

At the instant of going to press (December 3, 1913) with Volume V added to the 144 pages foregoing, this Book of Poems has been on the market only three months. It has been praised in the highest terms by the most cultured people—by book-lovers, teachers, elocutionists and professional people of the highest standing, both in this country and Great Britain.

It has been sent on approval to but two institutions. Both accepted it on its merits. Therefore it may be found both in the libraries of the University of California and the County Hospital of Los Angeles, which would seem to indicate that those who are most competent to pass judgment upon such work esteem it worthy of a place in anyone's library.

We quote from the Berkeley Daily Gazette: 'It will be observed that this volume contains poems in all short forms, according to modern usage. It is apparently designed to entertain, comfort, stimulate and enthuse the reader to a greater appreciation of life and its opportunities. In poetry, the accumulated results of much thought are given. In certain instances a year has been spent evolving four eight-line stanzas. For this reason, good poetry can be read and re-read. Fuller's book shows careful work.'

'In this carnal age, we do not often find a volume of new poetry of as much merit as this. In it are true reflections of experiences common to mankind, sincerely and prettily expressed, which will find echo in the hearts of many of its readers. While reading, one is filled with amazement that a man so afflicted could have such beautiful thoughts. He is gifted with perception and analysis—has strong feeling and easy facility of expression. There are both smiles and tears for the intelligent reader between the covers of this artistic

volume.’

Its author has been unable to walk or sit for fourteen years, and has been further handicapped by an affliction of the eyes which has made him unable to read or endure any considerable close ocular application for nineteen years. He was born in Chicago, June 1, 1880. He is afflicted with spinal and heart trouble, and has been treated by over one hundred physicians and healers, representing every method. He has been a patient in five hospitals.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Cumulative editions, source scans, lineation, variants, and unrecovered work.

This edition gathers all poetry recoverable from Fuller's surviving complete books in the project files. It prints each distinct poem once. Because *A Book of Poems* (1913) revised and greatly enlarged the 1909 and 1911 volumes, the complete 1913 reading text represents their poems; the two earlier books retain separate chronological sections, and earlier appearances are identified in the publication notes. Ordinary punctuation, spelling, and typographical changes are not expanded into a line-by-line variorum.

Each poem has been reset from the original scan. Source-page line wraps and accidental hanging indents have been removed; deliberate stanza divisions, refrains, subtitles, sectional labels, italics, and meaningful line indents are retained. Closed em dashes and uniform verse leading follow the series style. "Montaha," which Fuller printed as paragraph prose, remains a prose poem. The independently headed "The Dance," omitted from the contents of *Brother Mine and Other Poems*, is restored to its place in the arts sequence.

The 1913 poem "Bud" contains racist language and stereotype. It is reproduced without silent censorship as part of the historical book, not as an endorsement; its presence belongs to the record of popular racial representation in the period. Editorial intervention has been limited to evident scan/OCR corruption and clear typographical debris.

No text has been invented for advertised or documented books not accessible in complete form. Their titles appear in the appendix so the limits of the present collection remain visible and future recoveries can be incorporated.

POEMS (1909)

The first surviving book, represented by the later complete reading text.

All thirty poems in the 1909 collection recur in revised form in *A Book of Poems* (1913), printed below. Their individual publication notes identify this first witness.

In Confidence

Memory's Solace

Help Me to Win Her

Waitin'

Yearning

Impatience

A Heart's Request

Dependence

Mother's Song

Father's Song

Sunset

Money

Her Irretrievable Mistake

An Undying Grief

Lost

Twilight

Bud

Thy Face

A Picture

My Little Comforter

At Parting

Disappointment

Since Thou Art Gone

Aunt Susie's Birthday Party

The Vacation Problem

I Will

How Many Voices Call

The Gospel Train

What Is Man?

A Prayer

POEMS (1911)

The revised second edition, represented by the later complete reading text.

The 1911 edition carries forward the 1909 poems and adds four pieces. All are represented by the author's fuller 1913 text; publication notes preserve the edition's place in the sequence.

In Confidence

Memory's Solace

Help Me to Win Her

Waitin'

Yearning

Impatience

A Heart's Request

Dependence

Mother's Song

Father's Song

Sunset

Money

Her Irretrievable Mistake

An Undying Grief

Lost

Twilight

Bud

Thy Face

A Picture

My Little Comforter

At Parting

Disappointment

Since Thou Art Gone

Aunt Susie's Birthday Party

The Vacation Problem

I Will

How Many Voices Call

The Gospel Train

What Is Man?

A Prayer

Friendship

Do You Ever Think of Me?

Retaliation

A Summer Morning

A BOOK OF POEMS (1913)

The complete seventh-thousand, revised and greatly enlarged edition.

You Who Are Gentle, Generous, Kind

You who are gentle, generous, kind,
Will care to own this book—
Whose sympathies are all refined—
Its faults will overlook;

You will love the aspiration
Esteem the work, the thought—
Your warm appreciation
Is all that's wished or sought.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 7.

In Confidence

Come, take me to your den, just now—
That snug retreat from formal life—
Where each thing seen doth self endow;
Unhampered, free from sordid strife;
Confusion there may reign supreme,
But still the soul is not distraught—
Is true and frank and self-sincere—
Where time and space 'til day are nought.

Come take me to your private nook,
And there unveil the thoughts herein;
Between the covers of this book
Perchance some note to yours is kin,
And you'll forget the steady grind
Of daily toil and mental groove—
Some solace for your heartaches find,
And honest fellowship approve.

Come, take me to your hallowed place,
Where fervid prayers outspoken be
Expressed with every pulsing thought—
Unvarnished, simple grandly free!
O now receive your humble guest,
And find yourself as sweet received—
And thus your spirit will be blest—
These Heart-Life rhymes be soon retrieved.

Come, take me to your quiet nook,
Make welcome there your humble guest—
Mayhap within this modest book
Awaits some germ of peace and rest;
Some hint of grit may stir your blood—
Your soul with fire and hope renew,
And thus Tomorrow's sunny flood
Bring confidence in life—and You.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 8–9. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

The Poet's Prayer

I prayed my Muse to fill my groping mind
With inspiration noble and supreme—
That I might elevate and help mankind—
Becoming thus a loved immortal beam;
“But let me drink, O Fount of Art,” I cried—
The wondrous waters drunk by those of old,
Whom Fame hath crowned e’en after they have died,
And writ their names in letters clear and bold.

“Give me an understanding spirit too—
A mighty power of influence over all—
That love and kindness, health and comforts new,
Shall be dispensed where e’er my words may fall;
Injustice, malice—let me root them out—
Bring beauty, pureness, goodness, in their place—
Appreciation, trust, instead of doubt—
Both crime and war would my work then erase!”

’Twas thus I prayed—my Muse but smiled and said,
“Thine aspirations grace thee well my son—
Some due reward shall surely crown thy head—
Repay thine industry—hard toil, well done.
But it is not for thee to do a work
As great as thou hast asked and yearned to do;
I tell thee gently now without a quirk,
So Time can leave thy vision just and true.

“Be thou content with that I deign to give—
So many lives are spoiled by too much ease—
The happiest souls are those who love to live,
Who love to work and someone’s need appease;
If thou wilt strive with all thy little might,
Wilt labor hard with hand and heart and head,
Thy rhymes may gain thee lodging for a night,
May win for thee a crust of hardened bread.

“If thou canst be a mouth-piece for one soul,
Whom pain, despair or love hath stricken dumb,
Canst be a message—help one gain a goal,

Give comfort to some heart by grief made numb;
Assure one fear-crazed soul that nears the brink,
Death's shoreless river leads to rest and peace,
No soul who has done his best, here needs to shrink,
The hardest strain is sometime bound to cease.

"If thou canst cheer one laboured drooping heart,
Canst 'rouse the best in one by shame cast down—
If thou canst take the weaker vessel's part;
Give one a smile in place of worry's frown;
Then thou may'st see thou hast not wrought in vain—
To help one soul get nearer to his God—
To strengthen one to bear his bitter pain,
Is worth thy while my son, so onward plod."

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 10–12.

Memory's Solace

I bless Thee, Father Time,
Despite thy varied pace,
Thou'st let me know
The sunshine of her face,
And hence my woe-tried soul
Can brave Tomorrow—
Her sweetness Mem'ry stored—
From thence I'll borrow.

I bless thee, Mother Earth—
Despite the changing years
Thou'st held thine own
And lost no grace by tears;
And though, both Birth and Death
Attend Tomorrow,
A solace Mem'ry gives
To quell man's sorrow.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 13. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

A Heart's Request

O turn me not away,
The quest has been so long—
Life's way has been so hard,
The tempest strong.

Receive my aching heart,
And let my spirit rest;
Of all earth's roses fair
Thou art the dearest, best.

Take thou my loving hand,
Hear my despairing cry;
Life's bitter turn to sweet,
And be thou ever nigh.

O do thou understand,
My humble, ardent call;
Open thy heart, thine arms,
And love me "Best of all."

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 14. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Help Me to Win Her

Shine, glorious sun—smile, cloudless sky,
Babbling brook cry, tender breeze sigh,
Plead, mighty ocean you may stir
Her heart, 'til I win her.

Beam, hopeful face; look, sanguine eye;
Bound, aspiring heart, at joyous pace.
Exalted mind, her praise prefer—
Lend thine aid to win her.

For her all Nature sings a song;
For her this glad world moves along—
What raptures in her presence are!
Help me, Heav'n, to win her.

Bedeck thyself with colors rare,
Dame Nature; make the world more fair!
Her soul expand—and she her hand
Shall yield, and I win her!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 15. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

A Picture

Your limpid eyes with kindness glow,
Your voice is soft and sweet;
Your gentle ways refinement show,
And make your charms complete.

Your rose-lips, damp with honey-dew,
My heart with yearnings fill,
While precious dreams of home and you
My soul with rapture thrill.

Your tap'ring arms so round and white,
So soft and warm your breasts—
My hungry heart swells with delight,
And now contented rests.

'Tis sweet to hold your dainty hands
In quietude's retreat,
While coming thence at joyous pace,
I praise thy flying feet.

Your many gifts and faults so few,
Your cultivated powers
Assure appreciation true,
And coming pleasant hours.

Holy that temple, top to toe,
In palace or lowly cot—
Though miles divide, I humbly pray,
That thou forget me not.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 16–17. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Sunset

My sunset love is passing fair,
The golden west illumines her hair;
Sunbeams reluctant, sink to rest
And make rare tints on the sea's broad breast.
Her crown of glory is more grand
Than regal crown of any land;
Can this poor tongue her worth recite?
Describe her charm, my heart's delight!

My sunset love is wondrous sweet,
My heart enslaved lies at her feet.
'Tis joy to live, conceive and know
God's boundless good for Man below.
May this perverted world perceive,
Though dull and dense it aye hath been,
And yield the homage due her light,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath eyes that shine
With mildness, mercy—gifts divine;
No evil things engage her thought—
Of plot or plunder she knows naught;
With her no games for bloody gold—
Of selling souls and being sold,
So, godly fair, and simply bright,
Heav'n keep my sunset love this night!

My sunset love hath sunny hair
That charms away my weary care;
In her companionship I find
Repair for body, soul and mind;
Ah, all is well when love is near,
To soothe and comfort, rest and cheer—
Life and the West with gold are bright,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath pearly teeth,
As sweet as new-mown hay her breath—
Rose petals form her dainty lips,

My soul in fancy boldly sips
The nectar of her kisses sweet;
For her alone this heart doth beat—
Her angel hands are soft and white,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love's dear voice to me
Is sweeter than a song-bird's glee—
Ignoble impulse flees in shame
At the mere mention of her name!
Her flesh is soft and firm; and grace
Of movement, outline, give her place
As queen of queens—O vision bright!
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

And thus may you my love behold
Templed Life, in Beauty's mold;
Of all God's creatures, you'll agree,
The fairest of the fair is she!
I cannot, would not think nor dream
Of anything in Earth or Heav'n
Save God and her, my life, my light,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 18–21. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Money

Money—Money—Money—
Once I sought the jingling hoard-stuff,
Heard its siren tinkle sounding,
Felt the lust that makes men battle,
Disregard all save achievement;
Every muscle, nerve and talent,
Bent to winning sordid treasures,
Scorning peace and homelier pleasures,
Blinding eyes to Nature's doings,
Deafening ears to song-bird's wooings,
Longing, feverish, for that great hour,
When should sound at their dictation
Siren tones that conquer most men—
Make them slaves as I have been.

Money—Money—Money—
Well I knew its magic jingle,
Sweet, elusive as its mother;
Tameless, lawless, who may hold her?
Wings she taketh, swift and silent,
Leaving subtly, without warning—
Cruel as a woman's scorning.
Money! how the sound did lure me—
Made me bow to my task-master,
Fiercely guard each hard won vantage—
Long it baffled my endeavors;
But in time I gained the summit—
Formed a gold-tide, watched the scramble—
Made a test of what 'twould buy me.

Money—Money—Money—
Disapproving frowns now vanished;
Doors that had been closed, now opened—
Haughty ways were changed to fawning;
Strangers boasted long acquaintance,
Pledged their everlasting friendship;
Balls, receptions, in my honor,
Signs of favor without number,
Sped the time, fulfilled my longings,

Turned such appetite to loathing;
Satan laughing, scoffing, sneering,
Watched the fall my hopes were taking;
All this lacked the ring of true steel—
Echoed only siren tinkle.

Money—Money—Money—
When the silly, vapid laughter
Died away and left me stranded,
When the dance had turned to fool-play,
And the dinners changed to hell-feasts,
When I saw the drifting favor,
Pierced the shallowness and pretense,
Soft I heard a voice of music,
Sounding like a voice from Heaven;
Knew a hand-clasp, heard the joy-tone
Of a heart's sincere devotion.
Then I knew that gold and silver
Bring no joy to feed the hunger
Of a heart that yearns for trueness.

Money—Money—Money—
Blesséd be the day you left me—
Now I laugh at Satan's luring;
I have learned the truer values—
Count my treasures in the tresses
Gold as sunset—crowning glory
Of a vision fair as wholesome—
Mark the rubies of her rose lips,
Love the turquois 'neath her lashes,
Love the smile that shows her pearl teeth;
Love the privilege of love-clasp,
Love her graceful form, and yielding;
Love her sweet ways, loving service,
Love the blessing of her nearness.

Money—Money—Money—
What a silly, teasing earth-god—
Bringing discontent to thousands—
Bribing, tempting, cursing many;
Tinkle, tinkle, clinking silver—

Chime your sweetest, yellow gold-stuffs,
I have treasures far above you,
Far more precious than you all—
I've a queen that knows my ardor,
Loves my love and care and labor;
Treasures, treasures, boundless, worthy,
Here my whole heart glad, enslaved is—
Here my jewels, gold and silver,
Life flows peaceful as a river.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 22–25. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Bud

I know a little nigger boy
Whose name is simply “Bud” —
He chaws the worst tobacco
And keeps close friends with mud;
His face is always dirty,
His clothes are far from clean,
And such a rakish fellow
Your eyes have never seen.

And more about this nigger boy
I’m really bound to tell,
For he’s a sort of critter
That folks like none too well;
Perhaps you’ll thus see clearly
Just what his failings are,
And hitch your better notions
To a higher moving star.

This fellow’s mighty lazy
An’ sleeps most all the time—
Except when grub or mischief
Invites his senses fine.
The hair is black and kinky
That caps his bullet head—
His loose mouth shows his “ivories” —
A beauty-mark, ’tis said!

This sorry little nigger boy
Is never seen at school,
But you can often find him
Watchin’ men play pool;
To skip off, an’ go fishin’,
He’d even miss a meal—
His tongue is glib at lyin’,
And his fingers quick to steal.

This sorry little nigger boy
Is sowing brambles now,
And as the path gets rougher,

He'll wonder why, and how!
'Twere foolishness to tell him
That ease is Nothingness—
And Manhood comes from Effort—
Brings joys he'd never guess.

This sorry little nigger boy
Had ne'er a chance like you;
But shiftlessness can never bring
Results both good and true;
So hitch your wagon boldly
To a higher moving star,
And let your best ambitions
Sail proudly out afar.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 26–28. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Her Irretrievable Mistake

I know that thine was a vehement love,
I knew my beauty woke it into life,
And could have bought a life of heaven with you,
My noble-hearted lover, steadfast, true;
Ease, luxury, all the world deems superfine,
Enticed me, darling, from your love away;
The praise of many, rather than of one,
Intoxicated, lured me 'til I chose.

I know I took the sunlight from your life,
The darkness made thy nature grope and droop,
'Til crushed and bleeding thy patient spirit
Returned again to the God who gave it.
I chose the husks—forsook the grain so rare—
Exchanged for a yoke of love a cross of care;
My heart, my life is empty; and I cry,
“To gain the world and lose love is to die.”

I know thy soul is in that Paradise,
Where I trust is comfort for thy mourning
I am not worthy, having spurn'd your love—
That you should even pity me, my king;
I have drained the cup I preferred to take
Its phantom sweets were bitter without love—
If you were only here—but you are gone!
O God of Heaven, why has this come to pass?

The world still says that I am beautiful,
With lustrous, wistful, liquid eyes so deep—
With dimpling cheek and figure fair to see—
Would God these charms could bring you back to me!
O cruel fate! O tender memories!
O gentle hands! O voice of yearning,
Which called me and I would not hear,
Dear Love,
My peace, my rest, my soul are gone with you.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 29–30. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

An Undying Grief

One day you let me take your hand so white,
Your lustrous eyes assured me that I might;
I kissed it and my story told,
Of love-starved life, and heart-ache old;
Felt honored and favored that I should be
Blessed with your sweet sympathy;
By your mercy only, worthy to be near
A woman wholesome, sweet and so sincere.

One day you let my arm slip 'round your waist,
As through the fragrant woods old paths we traced;
I humbly questioned if 'twere true
That I was walking there with you;
And thrilled in happy awe to hear
Your soft assurance we were near.
Ah, how fond recollections make one sigh,
For departed pleasures and days gone by.

One day you let me lay my weary head
Upon your breast—a place so sacred,
A pillow sweet. I recall how
Your dear hands smoothed the hair from my brow;
Your rose-breath above me, the rise and fall
Of your bosom banished all
Heart-ache and fear; O what cheer,
Lullaby haven, resting place dear.

One day you let me take you in my arms—
One day when I succumbed to your charms;
Your graceful form so yielding, soft—
Rapturous moments! blissful contact!
I felt that having you life's labors, strife,
Were blest means of wearying
That I might know the sweetness of your rest
And everything worth while, my dearest, best!

One day the sun grew dark, the light went out;
Earth echoed my heart's desolation;
Shrieking winds, through winter-stripped trees—

The wolf-howl, the owl-scream, yea these
Blood-chilling sounds, but hint of the anguish
That freezes my heart! My God—
Why can't I die? My joy, my rest are gone,
And I must face Life desolate, alone!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 31–33. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

How Many Voices Call

How many voices call—
How long 'til you will heed?
Your loving mother wrings her hands—
In anguish prays to prove your need;
She knows, as you will one day know,
The baubles you so madly chase,
Are empty, vapid, dying things,
That rob of Hope, and spoil life's race.

Chorus

From Calvary's cruel Tree,
The gentle Savior calls you;
"Your soul is sinking, sick and sore—
Accept, and live forevermore!"

How many voices call—
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er plain,
Christ's Living Ministry who preach
Good news of peace, and joy again;
Awake and claim your heritage,
For shame! that you have scorned so long
His love—'twill give you all that's good
And fill your life with light and song.

Chorus

How many voices call—
The patient, Heav'nly Dove,
The Holy Spirit ceaseless strives
To make men know God's wondrous love;
Ah, not forever will He plead
And strain to storm your hard'ning heart,
The next time may be time TOO LATE,
And of Salvation, GONE—your part!

Chorus

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 34–35. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

A Summer Morning

First along the eastern sky
A golden glow is seen—
Clouds and shadows speed away,
Grass and trees show green;
Flowers and other vegetation,
Yester-eve forlorn,
Stand erect a glad oration
To the dew of morn.

Roosters make exultant call
Heralds of the day—
Birds full throated glad with all
Sing as song birds may;
Nature gives revivication
Heaviness is gone—
Earth is glad with expectation,
With the approach of dawn.

Beautiful is this mundane sphere—
Best at early morn—
Lovelier in her virgin state,
Than aught which man can form;
Night-time hints of dissolution—
Day and hope are done—
Life and noble aspiration
Dawn with Morning's sun.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 36–37. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Twilight

At last the tedious day is at an end—
The long cool shadows hush the world to calm;
The grateful quietude of twilight hours,
Distills o'er tired earth its restful balm.

From out the clovered meadows' misty depths,
The lowing kine come slowly into sight;
The circling swallows chirp their vesper hymn,
And hoof and feather seem to welcome night.

Anon the frogs in lusty chorus make
Response to creekly solos from the trees;
The risen moon his calm approval smiles
To star-lamps all in place, and earth at ease.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 38. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Dependence

O what is life but labor'd breath,
And ceaseless strife from birth 'til death?
And what am I, that I should dare
Expect to find a welcome there?
Yet dark indeed would be the way,
Did Hope not whisper every day:
"Strive on—and you shall surely find
Your Counterpart among mankind!"

O what is life? A tear, a sigh,
A swift caress, and then—"Good-bye."
Deny me not—our time is short—
Earth's joys are of a sorry sort;
And only Love is worth the while
Of care-worn mortals, pure or vile;
All know their pain in every day,
And need Love's sun to bright the way.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 39. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

My Little Comforter

The gusty wind moaned sad and chill,
The autumn sky was gray;
But love can warm a longing heart,
To hasten all the way.

Her dear eyes with fulfillment shone—
I clasped her to my breast—
And on her soft, responsive lips
A lover's kiss I pressed.

How fast our happiest hours flash by;
How deep is human bliss;
In hours of woe, let's not forget
The joys we did not miss.

We talked, we laughed, we sung, we dreamed,
Our inner selves communed;
The future full of promise, seemed
To music sweet attuned.

I know not if her throbbing heart
Shall beat again on mine,
Or if her glowing face on me
Will beam with love divine.

I know not if these hungry arms
Her form again shall hold—
Nor if her clinging clasp shall me
Within its circle fold.

Though disappointments strew the way,
And adverse things occur,
Life's crazy patch-work is worth the while,
Through comfort wrought by her.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 40–41. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

At Parting

O warden fair, of treasures rare,
For thee my heart is bleeding—
O maiden sweet, at thy dear feet
I still am humbly pleading;
But cruel is the circumstance
That lets aught come between us.
I let thee go—thou wilt it so—
And strife shall not demean us.

Good-bye to thee—good-bye to hope—
To all that heart could long for;
Life's rosy day hath flown away
And left me much to mourn for;
The music of the birds and streams,
The perfume of the roses;
Are fraught for me, with thoughts of thee—
Eve's dream of morn now closes.

The night creeps on—its subtle chill
Within my heart is stealing
For light was dear, and love was sweet,
A heav'n of bliss revealing;
But thou wert far, so far from me
Love could not bridge the distance;
So I go on—Woe's prisoner—
For useless is resistance!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 42–43. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Disappointment

They said that years would bring me joy—
And years indeed have quickly flown;
But where's the bliss without alloy—
The treasures I should call mine own?
And where's the silver to the clouds—
The harvest for the labor wrought?
And where's the comfort that I deemed
Would sure be mine if bravely sought?

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My grief-worn heart its sigh exhales,
And yearneth for you day and night.

The ocean in majestic turn
Sends foam-capp'd waves from shore to shore—
As ceaseless in my lonely heart
Arise Hope's ghosts forevermore.
Ah, sad the smile that hides the wrecks—
The clinging clasp would fain retain—
For God in heaven only knows
If even dreams may come again!

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My trembling soul in anguish waits,
And craves response through day and night.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 44–45. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Waitin'

When I see my darlin' comin'
Through the rustlin' summer leaves,
On the laden boughs a-swingin'
To the music of the breeze,
Seems to me that folks must know it,
An' I blush from top to toe,
But I ain't ashamed to show it—
That I luv my darlin' so.

He's my Bonnie—he's my Laddie,
He's my own soft-hearted John,
An' he's strong, an' kind, an' honest,
He's a true, good mother's son;
I kin see his face a-beamin'
An' my soul is filled with glee,
'Cause I see my darlin' comin',
Comin' glad, an' straight for me.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 46. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Possession

To a Bride

"Marriage is honorable in all." (Heb. 13:4.)

"Rejoice with the wife of thy youth and be thou always ravished with her love."

(Prov. 5:19.)

"Let every man have his own wife and every woman her own husband." (1 Cor. 7:2.)

O sleep, gentle lady, and sweet be your dreams—
This world, since I found you, a Paradise seems;
No one else shall e'er lie where you pillow your head—
Only yours is the comrade who rests in your bed—
So sleep, gentle lady.

So gently I'll smooth back these stray wisps of hair,
It will not disturb you—I'll surely take care;
And when in the morning your dear eyes first peep,
You'll see that I love you, awake and asleep—
So sleep, gentle lady.

It is worth while to love when you're loved in return,
The lamp of Sincerity ever to burn;
So I draw you still closer with a prayer to our God:
"Let naught come between us 'til we're laid 'neath the sod!"
Sleep on, gentle lady.

My hands love to pass o'er your dear graceful form,
And bless your white satin so tender and warm;
Your breath is so fragrant, your kisses so sweet—
I guessed it—and that's why I knelt at your feet—
Stay close, pretty lady.

Too soon day will come, dear—for awhile we must part—
When night falls, come nestle again o'er my heart;
God grant you'll ne'er want aught I cannot bestow—
Though years make us older, we'll still closer grow—
Stay close, gentle lady.

Home-maker! All my love and my sympathy, too,
Are yours—I appreciate all that you do;
Little wife—compensation for the stones in life's way—

May I ne'er be less worthy than now when I say,
Stay close, gentle lady.

May your dear breasts ever touch me—may your limbs never stray,
Very far from the lover who claims you today;
May we be “pals” forever—gain heaven at last;
When our sojourn as children—our schooling—is past—
Stay close, gentle lady.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 47–48.

Eula

Eula means sweet. Ah, sweet indeed was she—
A lily from God's own garden, given me;
She well deserved to wear the dearest name,
That human lips and tongue could ever frame;
In disposition, person, conduct, life,
She earned her name—my dainty little wife—
Dear God—how can I bear this heavy cross—
This bursting pain—this breaking, bitter loss?

Eula was sweet. Many sweethearts had I known,
Before she let me have her for my own—
Each one in turn, I had idealized—
Adored the creature Fancy had disguised;
Paid each my court—used every ardent word,
To tell what strong emotions had been stirred;
But fickle or false were all 'til Eula stood
And justified my faith in womanhood.

Ah, 'twas sweet—when torn with life's fierce storms,
To gain the love-locked harbor of her arms,
And there upon her graceful, cushioned breast,
To steep my soul in peace and joy and rest;
In every phase of life, one must be steeled
To loss—twixt promised harvest and the yield—
Eula looked full-laden—proved to be much more—
All I could need, and yet a boundless store!

Eula, my sweet! Every nerve and fiber yearns
To have you back. In vain my spirit turns
And gropes about to seize its lost estate,
And feel again your nearness, precious mate;
The world cares nothing for one's torturing woe—
Bear up, my heart bear up, and onward go!
The saddest tale is that none will believe—
The deepest grief no weeping can relieve.

Eula was sweet. I tell you ladies, sirs—
I never saw a sweeter smile than hers—
Had Angel Death but waited for her word,

Heaven's joys a period she would have deferred,
And stayed a while with me—she loved me so,
I know full well, 'twas hard for her to go;
No other loss could make one feel so odd
In this brief life—except he lose his God.

Eula all sweet! Dear God, heed if you can,
The prayer of this poor, blundering, sinful man—
Since now there's nought my feeble strength can do,
O mighty Jesus, see my darling through;
Though nothing in her hands my loved one brings,
Accept my humble witness, King of Kings,
And give my loyal queen an honored place,
Where she may ever view Thy holy face.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 49–51.

What Is Man?

I sat me down by the wayside
To watch the passing throng
And guess at the varied interests
That moved each one along.
I saw the young and simple
Who flirt in wanton glee—
The hurrying man of business
As serious as could be.

I sat me down by the wayside
To note the crowd and din,
Where haste keeps ever silent
The still, small voice within;
For minds that brim with conquest
Forget what is right and wrong
And hearts that seethe with lustings,
Unreasoning, drift along.

Behold th' approaching master!
With pompous ways supreme
Perhaps he's just created
A Universe, I ween!
Now, what is God beside him
Who struts so proud and chill—
Omnipotence is nothing
When one has Power to Will!

O vaunting, crumbling castle,
O sod that stalks so fine—
Where didst thou get thy power,
Thy intellect sublime?
Well friend, just let me tell thee
A Truth that thou shouldst know—
Thou mayst be wise and mighty,
But such had e'en to grow.

Now listen, self-fooled debtor,
And learn this lesson well—
There's nothing so important

As keeping out of hell;
Too late thou mayst discover
Some laws must honored be—
No man has e'er escaped them—
To this thou must agree.

No thing was e'er created
By man, and man alone—
The very thought thou thinkest,
God gives thee now to own;
Conception is receiving
And fostering, law on law,
The thought which God created
And full fruition saw.

All Power that was, or is, sir,
Or may seem given birth,
Comes straight from God Almighty,
Be it in heav'n or earth;
Then be not quite so haughty,
But choose a lowly place—
Humility becomes us
Who live but by His grace.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 52–54. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

The Vacation Problem

The summer days again are here,
And make one glad vacation's near;
Where best to spend it who can know?
The list of places seems to grow;
Attractions varied, promise charms,
At seashore points, and inland farms;
Now better not in haste decide—
Regrets might then the spirit chide.

Resorts along the sea's cool shore.
Claim sports peculiar by the score;
The white-brimmed waves' majestic roll
Makes music for a pleasant stroll;
The salt-breeze proves a tonic fine,
And fish respond to hook and line;
Again returns the appetite,
And life seems bursting with delight.

At night the band makes music sweet,
And those who dance find joy complete;
The drift-wood bonfire's ruddy glow
Makes ghostly shadows come and go;
The "clam-bake" parties laugh and sing
'Til sea and earth and welkin ring—
No grinding cares their minds infest,
And mirth swells every heaving breast.

Convention's rules are set aside,
Flirtations there, but few will chide;
Voluptuous sights oft meet the gaze—
Restraint seems scarce a voice to raise—
Extravagance seems quite the thing;
And hard-earned savings soon take wing;
Yet lack of means is ne'er confessed—
The home-trail's shown to such distressed.

E'en dreams of this may fascinate—
Such times are good to contemplate—
But pause a moment—thus be fair.

Let inland life its charms declare;
The curse of this, our modern way,
Is rushing through life's passing day—
For stimulation calls for more,
And beggars Nature's bounteous store.

Here flowers bloom in mossy dell,
And song-birds unmolested dwell,
While fruited bush and leafy tree
Make overtures so restfully;
The city's din is now forgot
All seem contented with their lot—
The war for gain seems useless strife,
For all Man's needs, earth's harvest's rife.

One ponders on an early day;
When man lived in an easier way
When there was much less to be done
"Twixt early morn and setting sun;
These hardy men—their hearts were true,
But books and luxuries were few—
That out-door life full vigor lent—
In simple rounds their days they spent.

Their guns unwritten laws enforced,
For honor in their blood-veins coursed—
Their wives were loyal helpmates, too,
And kept the vows their whole lives through;
The landlord knows some thrilling tales,
And thus his guest he oft regales—
And twilight hours too soon are past,
And sleep must claim its own at last.

'Tis hard to make a choice,
Since both their claims have given voice
The inland mountains, rivers, farms,
Are quite as great as seashore charms;

Just toss up a coin, and then abide
By its chance fall—and thus decide!
But it's very expensive far to roam,
So better be wise and stay at home.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 55–59. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Mother's Song

Soft the silver stars
Nestle in Heaven's breast,
Soft the mating birds
Chirp to their cosy nest;
Soft the fresh'ning dew
Shines on each flower-head,
Soft the Angel Hosts
Watch o'er my baby's bed.

Refrain

Good-night glows the sun,
Good-night laps the sea,
O mother's lamb,
Sleep peacefully;
Smile, ever smile,
And never cry
Be brave and be true!
Lullaby, lullaby.

Kind the evening breeze
Tenderly fans my dear—
Guardian canine's sighs,
Tell baby friends are near;
Kind the father's kiss,
Strong man so quick subdued,
Kind the shrine of home,
With perfect love imbued.

Refrain

Dream the dreams that bless—
Life is a passing dream,
Temporal things must end—
So keep thy face a-beam;
Time may make thee old—
Keep thou thy trusting smile,
God will love thee still,

And keep thee all the while.

Refrain

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 60–61. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Constant

City throngs are hastening by,
Seeking pleasures new;
Alone am I though in their midst,
While I am away from you.

Scenes both strange and wonderful,
Cease not all day through;
Yet nought can quell the loneliness,
While I am away from you.

Music, drama, gala things,
Pleasure's great ado—
But my little world is blank and void,
While I am away from you.

Glad the hours spent by your side,
Soothing their review;
Sweet content can ne'er return,
While I am away from you.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 62.

Father's Song

Sleep, little atom of life,
Shadows are lengthening fast—
Twilight has come,
The world is at home,
The long day has finally passed;
Now close your innocent eyes—
Dear little form, be at rest—
When need shall appear,
Your mother is near,
We'll love you and tend you the best.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Faithful watch we'll keep;
Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
O precious off-spring, sleep.

Sleep, little motherless babe—
Time brings its sorrows and strife;
Death soon has come,
And called mother Home,
Your best friend and my darling wife;
O growing image of her—
Now must I cherish you more—
Your mother's sweet soul
Held Heaven its goal,
Her spirit will unction outpour.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Mem'ry faith will keep;
Mother's soul hovers near,
To sing our grief to sleep.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 63–64. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

By the Fire-Place

When the days are getting shorter,
When the nights are long and chill,
With my cares and work forgotten,
And the whole world hushed and still—
Then I love to make a fire,
Watch the flamelets dance and race,
For things are mighty cozy,
By the fire-place.

I love to have a friend or two
To make the deal complete—
Shoes off, cocked on an extry chair,
We toast our weary feet;
A bowl of pop-corn sittin' near,
While time slips by apace,
Why folks, it's awful cozy,
By the fire-place.

Pretty soon some nice quotation,
Comes a-singin' through his head—
A clean and sweet potation,
Whose charm is quickly spread;
I'll bound I'll give an answer,
A match for his in grace—
Dad Time's a grand romancer,
By the fire-place.

Then my friend may tell a story,
Course I'll try to do as well—
We'll both be in our glory,
Just a-weavin' fiction's spell;
I'll read some book of poems
Prose animates his face—
A man gets stout but younger,
By the fire-place.

We may tell the joys and sorrows
That have figured in the past,
Speculate on our Tomorrows—

But tears may start at last—
In those glowing, ruddy embers,
Fancy paints an absent face—
There's a comfort one remembers,
By the fire-place.

Bye 'n' bye it comes to bed-time,
And I wind the clock and say,
Nine more hours an' we'll be facin'
Another little day;
But b'gosh, 'twill soon be over,
Back again our steps we'll trace
Spend another pleasant evenin'—
By the fire-place."

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 65–67.

An Old Maid

Anna's eyes were tender brown,
Anna's heart was kind,
Shapely brows that would not frown,
Pure and strong her mind;
Edgar saw the beauty sown,
Bright and worthy he—
Took her heart and gave his own,
For one were they to be.

Sickness led her far away—
Both their hearts were true—
Anna ne'er forgot to pray,
God gave health anew;
Then they planned that he should come,
Claim her for his bride—
Bring his pretty sweetheart home,
And honeymoon the ride.

Anna blossomed like a flower—
Lovelier grew each day—
Glad she'd yield him all her dower,
Why should he delay?
Trains arrived—yet came not he—
Letters came instead—
Froze her blood the words to see—
Her lover—then—was—dead!

Anna's breasts are plump and warm—
Anna's arms are round—
All about her graceful form,
Feminine charms are found;

Sympathetic, kind and true,
Is this gentle maid,
Virtuous Woman through and through,
Whose ideals never fade.
Look into her cheery face,
You would never guess—
Nought can e'er the pain erase—

“Waiting his caress;
Stifled, yearning for his touch—
Things that ne’er can be!
Though men offer over-much,
“Old Maid” she’ll please to be.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 68–70.

Pass On Beloved

Pass on beloved; as we sadly gaze
Upon thy face so still in its last sleep,
Our minds are filled with thoughts of bygone days,
And though against our wills we bow and weep;
Yet not for thee our bitter tears now fall—
Ah, not for thee this ache in heart and mind—
But for the severed ties—this cruel pall:
That we must wait our turn, and stay behind.

Pass on beloved; though beyond the veil
Our straining eyes in vain will seek to see;
Upon that unknown stream thou'lt safely sail;
Thy captain is the Christ who died for thee;
We would not call thee back, again to take
Thy heavy load of burdens, crosses, pains,
In God's good time, we know that thou shalt wake,
Where sin is not—where Love forever reigns!

Pass on beloved; words with comfort rife,
To us float down the years His peace to give:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!
He that believes, though dead, yet shall he live!"
Good Shepherd, keep us in the years to come
So that we shall attain yon fairer shore,
And may they be found waiting—welcoming Home—
Our dear departed who have gone before!

Chorus

Pass on beloved, take thy rest—
The world is poorer by thy loss—
But ransomed souls for aye are blest
Who mustered out with Calv'ry's Cross!

A Neglected Garden

Alone am I—all joy is gone!
Yet who this empty void hath done—
Since she who lured my soul away
They tell me now my path will shun?

O why do careless children play
What grown folk often live to rue?
No price that men could offer me
Could buy the heart I gave to you!

O ring sweet birds—ne'er cease to sing,
Nor winds to gently ebb and flow—
A soul is listening for your call
Through all the garden, wild with woe.

Roll on deep sea, roll on and mock,
And rend with spray the weed-clad wall—
Tell her who left me ages since
And ne'er returned to claim her all.

Or, if perchance she thinks of me,
He will not leave me comfortless;
Care grows apace; He'll soon release
For endless love and happiness.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 73.

Aunt Susie's Birthday Party

The world's eternal course brings year on year—
Summers of buoyant life, winters so bleak and sere;
The thirty-eighth mile-post I'll pass today,
But my blood is warm and my heart is gay;
My five years' teaching of dear "Class Ten"
Has made me happy and young again—
Its twenty-six members—I'll carve each name
In mem'ry's sacred Hall of Fame.

With joy I gaze into each beaming face,
And love this source of courage for life's race,
And hope each heart has found some pow'r,
Some faith, new-born each searching hour—
The influence here spread forth, a stay
To cheer to noble acts the strenuous day—
The mighty truths sincerely taught
The Good Book's news—salvation bought.

Thus your "Aunt Susie's" heart is full today,
It brims with love and joy, and now would pay
A tribute to God, who gives all good
Our friends, our raiment and our food;
So girls and boys, we've gathered here
To take this feast and quaff this cheer—
For innocent pleasure is ne'er amiss,
And saints need have no shame for this.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 74–75. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Yearning

Dear little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you:
“’Tis sweet to remember, and hard to forget,
And say, little girl, regard’st me yet?

Dear little maid with velvet hand,
Show me the way to Fulfilment Strand;
Give me the keynote, and teach me to sing,
That over your soul a charm I may bring.

Craving to know the things you’d prize—
Longing to see as through your eyes,
I’m ready to love whate’er you esteem,
Meet you half way, and travel up-stream.

Coziest maid that ever man knew,
Hungry is this heart for you;
O, how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne’er find me so lonely again?

Bonnie of person, dainty of mouth—
Sweet as roses from the South,
This homeless heart can know no rest,
’Til anchor’d, welcome, on your breast.

Dear little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you!
O how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne’er find me so lonely again?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 76–77. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Lost

Thou didst not please to choose me thy companion,
And make our lives one endless summer day;
Pledged life of care-free ease was our undoing—
All paths are rough if love smooths not the way;
As long as life shall last I will remember
The happy fleeting hours I've spent with you;
There is nowhere for me to flee for comfort—
In lonely grief I'll tread life's journey through.

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,
And a prayer for grace through grief to smile;
A tear for the bliss we ne'er may know—
O say, little girl, what is worth while?

What mad delights were mine had I but won you,
And Oh, how kind and thoughtful I'd have been!
I'd ne'er have changed with time, but always cherished,
'Til reaper Death my sheaves should gather in.
The beauteous flowers bedeck the summer meadows,
And birds to heav'n their songs of love outpour,
But what is beauty, perfume, song or riches,
If Love hath taken flight forevermore?

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,
And a prayer for grace through pain to smile;
A sob for the bliss we ne'er shall know—
O say, little love, what is worth while?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 78–79. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Retaliation

He that knocks and runs away
May live to knock some more next day—
But he who slanders in the open
May live to wish he had not spoken.
Some take vengeance through the law,
While others use a mighty paw—
But the meanest bully takes a crack
At helpless folk who can't fight back.

He that gluts his soul with "fun"
Can squander money by the ton.
None mourn nor worry where it went to,
What use the seller's funds are bent to—
Neither feels accountable
To his neighbor, friend or foe—
But the street-man's ways must keep in line
With saints' and sinners' judgment fine.

Sweet Spirit of love and tenderness—
Gentle ministrant of Mercy's dower—
To the selfish thou must e'er remain unknown—
The ruthless crush thee down as flowers full blown;
O hapless hour when on this earth
Some foul animus gave mean birth
To thy disgraceful counterfeit
Which all mankind should scorn and hate.

Ne'er let the day dawn on my sight
That sees me shorn of sense of right—
Nor let me hold by chance, or strength, or stress,
A thing I would not have all men possess;
For envy, thoughtlessness and scorn
Make full many a life forlorn—
Distrust and selfishness remove
All thought of Charity and Love.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 80–81. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

A Prayer

Once more, our heav'nly Father,
We come to worship Thee—
Confess our sins and failures,
And ask Thy pardon free;
Thy love hath gently led us
Thus far upon our way,
O draw us ever closer
To yon eternal Day.

O holy, patient Father,
O loving, pitying Son,
Rejoice we now and ever
For all that Thou hast done;
The Peace which Thou hast given
Is ours by day, by night,
And death is but a tunnel
That ends in joy and light.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 82. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

An Empty Place

Soft was the touch of her,
Sweet was the kiss of her,
Kind was the way of her—
Eula—my Treasure.

Dear was the voice of her,
Cheerful the light of her,
Pleasant the sight of her,
Eula—my Treasure,

Shone the clear eyes of her,
Rose the perfume of her,
Tender the breast of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Strong was the mind of her,
Quick was the wit of her,
Great was the worth of her,
Eula—my Treasure,

Blithe was the heart of her,
Godly the life of her,
Pure was the love of her,
Eula my Treasure,

Black was the hair of her,
Brown were the eyes of her,
Graceful the lines of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Pain had his will of her,
Cruel the cross of her,
Lonely the end of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Hard was the death of her,
Hard was the loss of her,
Jesus the Hope of her,
Eula—my Treasure,

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 83–84.

Duty

Do all you can for those you ought to love—
'Tis thoughtfulness and service that best prove—
Awaken! realize each circled dial—
The worth of what 'tis yours to own a while;
Bring now your flowers, the praise so fitly said—
'Twill bless the living—cannot cheer the dead;
Let men deride your sentimental spell—
Stay calm and know that you are doing well.

Do all you can for her whom you should love—
Each fleeting opportunity improve—
Be gentle, kind and tender while you may—
Regrets cannot bring back this passing day;
And if she craves for admiration's balm,
Deny her not, but lie without a qualm
If need be—such sin will God condone—
Her happiness will for that blot atone.

Do all you can for those you ought to love—
O rather be dumb than in haste to reprove—
About those blunders which you now deplore,
You'll some day cry, "Come back and make some more!"
No harshness, just or unjust is forgiven
By self when death these ties for aye has riven—
O cherish those who love you—crave your love—
And God will smile a blessing from above.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 85–86.

The Waning Honeymoon

A mood of discontent—Oho, I see!
You're not as happy as you used to be—
The wife seems not as charming as of old—
Love's getting somewhat tiresome—guess you're sold;
So many a girl you see upon the street,
Appears more fair, more absolutely sweet—
A better dispositioned, cleverer dame,
Than the little woman who now bears your name.

I'm proud to find you just as good a man
As on the day your married life began—
It's pretty hard to see your comrade fade,
Let go the bloom of youth—look like a jade,
Of course you've let her shift the furniture,
Do all the chores, your comfort to insure—
Such exercise could only do her good—
She raised your babes—but such is motherhood!

She might have had a little better show
To 've kept her looks if she'd have hoed your row—
But friend, if that sleek woman you admire
Were indeed your wife—you'd have to make the fire—
Do chores, be driven slave instead of boss—
Your homely comforts would surely suffer loss;
A part of one's good looks is in the clothes—
Does your wife own a decent pair of hose?

Your mouth may fairly water as you dream
About the graceful form you just have seen—
But could you know the facts both plain and nude,
Your true-souled bed-mate is at least as good;
Besides, some lovely creatures have no heart—
No warmth of soul—let not your faith depart—
You've got the sweetest girl you ever knew—
She had to be to wed the likes of you!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 87–88.

Love's Arch

Renew, my love, the fire
That once did burn so bright,
Upon the altar of your heart,
And happiness invite;
For love is a treasure few possess—
Without it life is comfortless;
I'm glad you're back—but can't you see,
That things are not as they used to be?

'Tis not our portion here,
In full to realize
The tender ideals of our youth—
Our plans we should revise;
For disappointment breaks the heart,
When one expects too fine a part;
O heart of mine, respond to me,
And have things now as they used to be.

As long as there are coals,
Among the smouldering heap,
As great a fire as hearth can hold
Re-fed, can wake and leap!
If aught there is I yet can do,
But tell me dear—you'll never rue—
Perfect Love's Arch and join with me—
Let's have things now as they used to be!

Your head on my shoulder lay,
Let mine incline o'er yours—
Hands clasped and one arm holding close,
Complete response assures;
Foundation built of deathless faith,
Love's Arch shall stand 'til Time's a wraith!
Each live for the other, whate'er life's lea—
Let's have things now as they used to be.

What Are We Living For?

“Is life worth living?” the workers ask,
As they go about their irksome task;
Each generation comes and goes,
And sees increase in Problem’s woes;
Within the factories, shops and mines,
Are faces seamed by Dearth’s sure lines;
These toilers’ homes boast comforts few,
In vain their bairns for culture sue:
What are they living for?

Look in upon the wealthy class,
Within their homes or as they pass
On boulevards, ’mid pomp and show,
Where poorer folk can never go;
How hard they seek for some new thrill—
Some way to pass the time until
Tomorrow works its way around
Relief from boredom is transient found:
What are they living for?

But turn unto the happiest folk—
The middle class—they’ll hardly croak!
They have their share of joy and grief,
Success and failure—all are brief;
They earn enough for present needs—
More than enough, but worry breeds;
Yet looking back o’er years and days,
The woe, they say, their weal out-weighs:
What are they living for?

Well—we were given life to learn
Great lessons, and the same to turn
To good account; the privilege ours,
To view and praise Jehovah’s powers;
To rise above environment—
In virtue always to augment;
When we shall gain perfection grand,
We’ll then be fit to understand:
What are we living for?

'Til then, 'tis good for us with might
To hold the Truth—so much of light,
As comes to us from day to day—
To help somebody on his way,
By precept and example too,
Our humble part with conscience do;
And pilot others from the reef
Of Error; oft we've said with grief,
What are we living for?

Though wealth, position, fame be won,
They're but a sham—when life is done,
The past goes by in swift review,
And gazing, one sees much to rue;
He who is useful—knows the Lord,
Renounces self, and loves His Word,
Who is loved of friends—who shirks no task,
Succeeds in life; and ne'er will ask:
What are we living for?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 91–93.

The Gospel Train

Where are you going, trav'ler?
The night is wild and dark—
The road has many pitfalls,
And woe each step will mark;
O Stranger, go no farther
Without a trusty Guide,
Calamities await you,
Without Him by your side.

Chorus

“All aboard—all aboard!”
The warning words sound clear,
“All aboard—all aboard!”
The leaving time is here;
No more trains—this the last!
Get your ticket, quick decide—
Arguing time now is past,
In heav'n or hell abide!

There is one name under heaven
Whereby you can be saved,
'Tis certain Transportation
To where streets with gold are paved;
Its owner gives you solace
For every earthly woe,
With trust and peace surrounds you,
Wherever you may go.

Chorus

Then come and know the Savior
Before it is too late,
Come now and claim Salvation
While there's an open gate;
Come quick! the bell is ringing,
The Gospel train may go,
O do not wait, my brother,

Eternal death to know.

Chorus

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 94–95. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Love's Hope

Yes, somewhere in this cold and selfish world,
A heart o'erflows with love and sympathy—
Soft lips my lingering kisses now await,
And clinging arms would open e'en to me;
Though Stygian darkness rises as a wall,
And Fate has robbed of every helpful thing,
I'll launch my cry—"Sweetheart!"—God speed the call:
And may today my living Answer bring.

I scan each passing face with anxious eye,
Reach out my hands at every spark of hope,
And yearn for her who will not pass me by—
He makes mistakes who must in darkness grope!
I haven't much to offer to you dear,
Just love and home—appreciation due—
Who'll say, "He gives enough who gives his all"—
I need her now—sweet lady, is it YOU?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 96.

Do You Ever Think of Me?

O maid of velvet lashes,
And eyes of winsome brown,
Your charms my heart have captured
And torn its armor down.
Do you ever think of me?
Will you deign my plight to see?
Hazy dawn 'til purple twilight—
Do you ever think of me?

Gentle maid, with voice of music,
And soul both sweet and true,
Days and nights o'erflow with goodness
When blessed by dreams of you.
You are all the world to me!
Can captive Captor be?
Gloomy night 'til rosy morning—
Do you ever think of me?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 97. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

While Thou'rt Away

Bells that chime o'er the waving fields,
Birds with their thrilling lay—
But how can the world with music ring,
 While thou'rt away, away?

Sunset-painted skies,
Mirrored in rock-bound bay—
But what can a sight or a sound rejoice,
 While thou'rt away, away?

Hills and dales with verdure clad,
Flowers with their colors gay;
But how can aught a charm distill,
 While thou'rt away, away?

While thou'rt away—ah, me, my sweet—
Tears and sighs hold sway;
For what can a spark of comfort bring,
 While thou'rt away, away?

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 98.

Exultation

How come such roses in your cheeks,
How come your mouth with honey reeks?
How come you have such graceful lines,
Your arms, your breasts are such joy-mines?
Reckon some bird gave you his voice,
To make your words so blithely choice?
Geraniums hover you I bet—
'Cause say—you're mighty sweet to pet!

How come your soul so kind and true?
You thrill me dearie, through and through—
If this whole lovely world were mine,
I'd humbly bring it to your shrine;
My heart keeps singin' all the day,
Since I dared ask—and found I may
Expect to have you—needn't fret—
And Gee—you're mighty sweet to pet!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 99.

Impatience

My heart is full of yearning,
Mine eyes are filled with tears;
Wild thoughts my brain are thronging,
No rest my spirit cheers.

I hear thee, see thee, feel thee,
At morn, at noon, at night;
Thy winsome grace and lovely face
My soul fills with delight.

The day is long and dreary,
Though faithful smiles the sun;
With grief my heart is weary—
Would God the task were done!

Ah, do not think I doubt thee—
'Tis simply hard to feel
That bliss as great as having you
Shall not be dreamed, but real.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 100. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Kathleen

Sweetheart Kathleen,
Dear little queen—
Happy the day that I found you;
Heaven has blest,
Now I can rest,
Love in his meshes has bound you;
Though the path may wind,
Fate seem unkind,
Within your arms still joy I'll find.

Refrain

Sweetheart Kathleen, my true love,
'Round you my arms I twine—
Fresh as the dew-dipped roses,
Glad in the sun's warm shine;
This world o'erflows with beauty,
How can a heart repine?
Pleasant the path of duty—
God keep you ever mine!

Mother so dear—
Dad I revere—
Both in yon church-yard are sleeping;
Old homestead gone,
Kinsfolk all drawn,
Far from old scenes memory's keeping;
But while some may please,
The world to roam,
We'll choose the joys of "Home, sweet home."

Refrain

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 101–102.

The Joys of Summer

The season Queen of all the year,
When all things at their best appear,
When airs are soft and skies are clear,
O the joys of summer!

Then sports and pastimes multiply,
Then leisure hours go hastening by,
Then work is tackled with a sigh,
O the joys of summer!

The fishing seems all-fired good,
The birds are calling from the wood,
You'd hasten out there if you could,
O the joys of summer!

But since you're bound to stay at home,
While those more lucky shirk and roam,
You'll get the hose and soak the loam,
O the joys of summer!

The purse, indulgence still denies—
Since action always mollifies,
You'll vent your spite by swatting flies;
O the joys of summer!

That fellow had his trunk all packed,
And ticket bought—no speed he lacked,
But left, just as he was attacked—
O the joys of summer!

A fly is sure a mighty pest—
He's there to tease when you would rest—
He thinks your pawing but a jest:
O the joys of summer!

Some epidemic we should start,
To give Sir Fly a failing heart,
Or Meningitis' mighty dart—
Augment the joys of summer!

Whoever read of "Flies Sun-struck!"

“Appendicitis has ’em stuck!”
What human had that much good luck?
O the joys of summer!

Now one of summer’s greatest joys,
Is getting up a crowd of boys,
And camping—far from city noise;
O the joys of summer!

So thus you rest your weary soul,
On a cot right width for a barber-pole,
While skeeters take their nightly toll:
O the joys of summer!

These river skeeters seem to be,
Some form of wing-ed elephantry,
With a spike on the end of his trunk, by gee!
O the joys of summer!

The fish bite best when you’re alone—
Such selfishness we may condone;
The boat from camp you softly sneak,
To some snug cove ’way up the creek;
At noon, some Rube you’ll think to bilk,
Out of some food, or at least, some milk;
It seems the old man’s gone to town—
The girls are home!—yes, you’ll sit down!
Since daddy won’t be home ’til dark,
’Tis sure a first class chance to spark;
Of course you know the way to camp!
Remain for supper—your ’vantage tamp:
O the joys of summer!

At last the good old man appears,
And ah—the time for parting nears!
’Tis hard to tear yourself away,
But hope to come again next day;
So back toward camp you bravely start,
With whistled tune and happy heart;
You think you’ll take a shorter cut—
You tie the boat and start off—but—
Somehow the woods seem mighty dark,

'Taint like walking through a park—
A fallen tree—a pool—such luck!
You stumble—fall right in the muck:
O the joys of summer!

If your camp friends should see you now,
They'd swear you'd flirted with a sow.
You dig the junk from out your eyes,
And wish that you had been more wise—
Regret you stayed 'til after dark;
Such grewsome shades and noises—hark!
Your flesh creeps—heart thumps—erect your hair:
Perhaps yon thing's a grizzly bear!
About worn out with bumps and fright—
My goodness gracious, what a night—
At last you find the blessed camp,
And sneak to bed without a lamp:
O the joys of summer!

When morning comes you square yourself,
By telling how the woodland elf
Had treated you the night before—
Which, though amusing, made you sore;
But after breakfast, get the gun,
And see if hunting's any fun;
You see a squirrel—miss your aim—
Give chase and almost catch the game;
But city feet are clumsy junk—
You get them tangled, and—ker-plunk!
A beehive-pillow's not the thing—
A while your face rides in a sling:
O the joys of summer!

The farmer's girls must wait in vain—
One can't be nice when in such pain;
Besides, your looks would make them laugh—
You're in no mood to take their chaff;
Folks say that berrying's lots of fun,
Although it's warm out in the sun;
But as you pick, a garter snake
Decides his leave he'd better take;

You see him move, and yells out-pour;
It might be an asp or a constrictor!
So up you jump and run for life—
You seem no kin to old Lot's wife:
O the joys of summer.

In swimming breeches now essay,
To sport some idle hours away;
Get sun-burned, all a cherry red—
The hide peels off from hips to head;
Then is aught in the way of dress,
An abomination of heaviness:
A farmer's orchard you invade—
Harsh sounds the welkin soon pervade—
When you're in the top of the tallest tree,
The farmer turns his game-dogs free;
By such small space you win the race,
You should sit down—yet can't with grace:
O the joys of summer!

A drizzling rain sets in next day—
So in the tent you're doomed to stay;
The guy-ropes shrink—up come the stakes—
You drive them back 'til the mallet breaks;
All go to bed, but in the night,
The wind starts blowing with ripping might—
The blooming tent comes dripping down—
The rain beats in as if to drown!
Wet matches mean no fire or light—
Sit 'round and shiver all through that night—
And rain all food-stuffs sure defiles;
The nearest town? About five miles:
O the joys of summer!

So all agree to start for home—
"Tis safer, 'neath a solid dome;
As from the depot with load you go,
A crowd is spied up Newspaper Row;
Perhaps there's something great to see—
The President—or a dog-fight free:
First bulletins of how our team

Is showing York giants some base-ball steam;
So, rushing madly up the street,
You feel distressed when loafers greet
Your haste with jeers—a sorry deal—
Just a man been killed by an automobile!
Go home—pray for sense—this life's whole show,
Is but a blooming farce you know:
Like the joys of summer!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 103–110.

Thy Face

Over hill and vale the rising sun,
The gloom of night doth chase—
So care and grief now flee before
Thy sweet and holy face.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 111. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

I Will

Brother, life's day is short—
Eternity has no end;
You should claim salvation now,
Judgment day you'll need a Friend;
Jesus gave his blood for you,
Jesus is a friend who's true;
Brother, how can you stay?
Renounce the world and say:

Refrain

I will heed the Savior's knock,
And become one of his flock;
Since he now forgives the past,
With the Cross my lot I'll cast;
I will take the manly stand,
Turn from sin, do God's command;
I will answer while I may
I will yield my soul today.

Jesus is at the door—
O fail not to let him in;
You should take him for your guide,
It is death to live in sin;
You cannot be saved by tears,
Give no mind to mortal fears;
Trust Him and strive and pray,
Come up, dear soul, and say:

"I will," etc.

Satan will strive to hold—
His triumph is now at stake;
Every day his fetters grow,
Break them while you've power to break;
Say not, you are free from sin—
Mortal man has never been:
Vaunt not your pride today,
Take sides with Christ, and say:

“I will,” etc.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 112–113. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Gray Ballad

Still hold thy lamp dear friend,
Before mine eyes—
A wealth of comfort
In its glimmer lies;
How soon the selfish friendship
Fades and dies!
Would I might ever keep
These holier ties—
Still hold thy lamp.

In youth and prime, both road
And sky are clear—
No dearth to hinder
Plenty far and near;
When all is changed and age stands
Stark and sere,
One gropes about and counts
A welcome dear.
Still hold thy lamp.

The light of friendship cheers
The darkest way—
When constantly it sheds
Its blessed ray;
The noblest acts are those
Not done for pay
I've nought to give but yet
I humbly pray:
Still hold thy lamp!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 114–115.

Consolation

Turn, turn to me—whatever be thy burden—
Strive not to -keep thy grief within thy heart;
When trouble comes, the shallow all forsake thee—
Constancy bids me do a kinder part!

Though selfish men have filched thy precious treasures—
Taken thine all, and left thee lost and lone—
Call, call to me! with zeal and haste I'll answer,
Thine to command is all I am or own!

Come, dear one, come; relieve thy bitter heartache—
Welcome art thou—let love this tribute pay;
I'll understand, with insight swift and gentle
These loving hands would wipe thy tears away.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 116.

Unregenerate

The doctor sez my stummick,
Has got plumb out o' fix,
My liver has done wasted—
Seeds jam my ap-pen-dix.

My skin keeps on a yallerin',
My lease is hastenin' by,
In short, I'm totely founderin',
From too much berry pie.

I wish that my Creator
Had made old Adam keep
Right in the straight and narrow,
An' let his senses sleep.

But since he chose the habit
Of cravin' things too high,
I feel I've got excuses
For wantin' berry pie.

Now when life's day is over—
All done with hopes and fears—
The fashion is to tender
Sweet flowers and salty tears.

I wish my friends would do this,
The day before I die,
And let their fond affections
Be 'spressed in juicy pie.

I'll then climb in the coffin,
Without a qualm or sigh,
And take the plunge full-stummicked,
With 'nuff of berry pie.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 117–118.

Fear

A Heroic Sonnet

Thou blighting viper from a Dante's hell—
Imbued into the mind from infancy,
To rob of peace, reduce man's potency,
To hurt the health, make failures, ring Faith's knell:
And when thy growth no force attempts to quell,
Thy vantage shows in greater vacillancy,
Unchecked, to culminate in maniacy:
No quarter ever marks thine influence fell;
Thou'st been so sly, thou ne'er wert seen 'til late,
But now thou'rt known, thou'lt find man dares defy;
Except he yield, no power can separate
That soul from God who strives from sin to fly;
By prayer, by will, this curse annihilate—
O dragon Fear, now and forever, DIE!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 119.

Since Thou Art Gone

Since thou art gone, the restful sky
Hath lost its lovely blue,
No more have bells a thrilling sound,
Nor flowers a charming hue.

Since thou art gone I wait and wait,
And listen all the while,
O how I long thy step to hear
And see thy loving smile.

Since thou art gone—this body seems
A worthless mass of clay—
Life's endless round, but vapid dreams,
That keep Friend Death away.

Since thou art gone—if God there be,
That heedeth human grief—
He'll soon call thence my mangled soul
And send the grave's relief.

Since thou art gone I grope, I fall,
I wonder who I am,
And what existence here is for,
And what the end of man?

Since thou art gone—O Faith, stand by!
Oh, leave me not alone—
There is a God—He'll hear my cry—
And some day call me home.

Home—where moth and rust eat not,
Nor thieves break in and steal—
Where mortal woes are all forgot,
And Christ all wounds doth heal!

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 120–121. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1909 and 1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

An Old Staff

'Tis many a mile we've been, my wooden friend—
Mere rosewood stick—yet oft I apprehend,
You have a grain of consciousness—a heart—
For how could aught that's dead play such a part?
Few men can claim acquaintance broad as mine,
Yet not a soul among the human kind,
Has been as brave as you and free from blame,
Sweet-scented staff that's earned a worthier name.

'Twas forty years ago my sweetheart Fay,
Gave you to me that happy Christmas Day—
Your graceful crook lay snug about my arm—
An ornamental thing—a guard from harm;
Outside my reach you scarce have been since then,
And may you never pass beyond my ken—
E'en when 'tis time to lay me 'neath the soil,
I'll clasp you still—true friend through play and toil.

Aha! but we did make those ruffians fly,
That stormy night—they thought no help was nigh
And sought to 'sault my Fay or take her purse—
She ran, but fell—which made the matter worse;
I hasted fast as e'er legs took a man,
And swung my rosewood stick as few men can—
I knocked their weapons from their hands and beat
Them into ignominious retreat.

You helped me win my sweetheart for my wife—
You've helped me in a thousand sorts of strife:
In youth the touch that made me feel well-dressed—
A source of calm to help me do my best;
And now in feeble age, my trusty stay,
That aids my crumbling castle on the way—
I won't feel quite at home in yon bright land,
Unless my rosewood stick be in my hand.

Friendship

Thou wert ever good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
Thou hadst me often in thy mind—
No wound thy gentle tongue did send;
No selfish purpose taught thy ways—
No subtle greed e'er bribed thy heart;
In looking back I bless those days
And sore regret that friends must part.

Kinship is no guarantee,
Those whom birth hath placed close by
Will hold their interest pure and free
And seek thy good with single eye;
But thou wert faithful, noble soul,
And kindly just from year to year;
Thou heldst thine aims to higher goal
Than victories over Friendship's bier.

Sorrow came—thy comfort too;
Shame accused—yet thou didst trust;
My early efforts, crude, you knew,
Yet strengthened me with upward thrust;
No matter hid I from thy gaze—
A guide wert thou of firmest mien;
In every way thou'st earned fair praise—
A truer friend hath man ne'er seen.

Father mine, and mother dear—
Brother, sister, neighbor, wife—
In whomsoe'er these traits appear,
I see the sprite that sweetens life;
What though this trusting heart may break
From faithlessness of one loved friend,
Yet I will know and solace take
That time another sure will send.

Thou hast e'er been good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
No fears or doubts assail my mind—

No loss or change I apprehend;
But though one friend should fickle be,
Or flail the heart with coldness new—
Thanks be to God I plainly see,
The Spirit of Friendship aye is true.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 124–126. Earlier witnesses: *Poems* (1911); the fuller 1913 reading text is printed here.

Watchers' Song

Jesus is coming—O hear the glad word,
The like of it has not for ages been heard—
Then come precious Saviour, and come noble King,
A few souls are ready Thy welcome to sing.

Jesus is coming—O happy the day—
False doctrines and mystery will vanish away;
All creeds and religions He will merge into one,
Possess all His vineyards, thou husbandman's Son.

Jesus is coming—but how will He come—
Descend from the heavens with trumpet and drum,
With shouting archangels and fiery cloud,
Convincing at once both the humble and proud?

Jesus is coming—O what would we do,
If He should come meekly when nobody knew?
Would we be like children or apostles of old,
Accept His new gospel and enter His fold?

Jesus is coming—then come blessed Christ—
The worth of thine advent could not be o'er-priced;
Conviction place on us, the Truth let us see,
That nothing can keep us from knowing 'tis Thee!

Jesus is coming—O hasten the hour,
When sin, pain and sorrow shall no more have power;
There's nothing we hold but we'd gladly release,
To gain us a place in Thy Kingdom of Peace.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 127–128.

Death

Behold an enemy worthy of thy steel!
Prepare to quit thee as becomes a man:
Nerve up thy courage, lest thou flinch or reel:
Be thou content to meet this racial ban;
Since man is born to hardship, grief and pain,
Why feel regret this fickle world to leave?
Has any pleasure proved too good to wane?
In what can man perfection here achieve?

Farewell proud earth—too well indeed thou’st feigned
To be God’s good creation—man’s estate.
And thou wert fair, ’til Disobedience strained
The Creature’s standing—and deserved this Fate;
If atheistic claims be wholly true,
Then no Hereafter makes the dead distressed;
If pain and sorrow cease, there’s naught to rue,
And Death is but a means of perfect rest.

All things through Death are transitory made;
His authority is absolute—his call
Quite irresistible. This grewsome shade
At last has triumphed since old Adam’s fall.
That Death is but a birth, there is some chance—
And not a greater change than embryos know,
When forced from ease to full inheritance,
Yet of their previous life no memory show.

Away with Dread—away with Doubt, my soul!
Hold fast the sheaves thou’st gleaned from earthly dross!
For One came down from heaven to fix thy goal—
To show the way—and buy thee through His cross;
Beyond such mercy’s reach thou canst not fall—
Though justice be too good for such as thee—
But trust in Him—thy times can bring no gall;
By Faith, thou’lt soon be done with Mystery!

Heaven

Sure, Heaven is a state of consciousness:
Existing therefore wholly in degree;
Where God is, there is lasting happiness,
For all who love both right and equity;

E'en in this transient little world of ours,
There are so many deep and wondrous things—
So much to learn that's quite beyond our powers,
Who dares fore-judge thy Heaven, thou King of kings!

In this short life, rejoicing, we have used,
Each added power; with Him as we unfold,
With joy we'll see God's gracious gifts infused,
Eternal progress in ourselves behold;

For then as now, He'll give to every one,
More than he can in full appreciate;
We'll own the friendships dear, on earth begun—
Renew old ties, no more to separate.

"But where is Heaven?" some doubting one inquires;
Shun idle talk—thy first concern should be
To know the Lord; to live as He requires,
Accept His Christ and strive the Truth to see;

"Believe and ye shall never die!" 'Tis writ—
Then know, the righteous merely taste of death—
The wicked suffer it. Sown in the pit
The seed must die, to heed Life's quickening breath.

"But where is Heaven?" some doubter still may ask;
'Tis that fair place where mansions are prepared;
Man enters in the outer courts to bask
In glory's light when he no pains has spared

To get in harmony with Deity.
The overcomers leave this plane at once to go
To Life and Service—wholesome piety—
While others sleep a thousand years or so.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 131–132.

Forget-Me-Not

No letter comes from you my dear—
So soon have you forgot?
In these sad eyes there shines a tear—
Sweet friend, forget-me-not!

Oh! would that I within your heart,
Had gained so warm a spot,
To treat me so, such pain would start,
You would forget-me-not.

May Time twine roses in your hair,
A thornless path allot—
Of all that's good a bounteous share,
And Faith—forget-me-not!

Thy “fare-thee-well” was sweet and kind,
With hope these lines I jot—
Again to come before your mind
And say—“Forget-me-not!”

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 133.

Good-bye

“’Tis time to part—how dear those hours
We’ve spent in fellowship divine!
Both work, and recreation’s flowers,
Made sweet by Friendship’s holy wine;
For when our tongues no words have found,
It just seemed good to have you ’round—
The all-wise God alone can know
How hard it is to let you go
Good-bye, sweet friend.

We’ve each desired the other’s weal
Sought to bring out the very best
That in us lay; thus both may feel,
All those who have such friends are blest;
Ah yes! ’tis mighty hard to part,
And bitter tears will often start;
The future’s veiled from us indeed—
How much may each the other need!
Good-bye sweet friend.

Publication. *A Book of Poems* (1913), pp. 134.

BROTHER MINE AND OTHER POEMS (1919)

The complete wartime, love, philosophical, and arts collection.

Brother Mine

O brother mine, this heart is full of joy
As on that happy day a baby boy
Came to our home convoyed by tender hands
And welcomed as when eager heart expands
To take the gift, long coming, borne of love—
A gift from God from its fair home above
Come down to gladden hearts on earth
To take its course and prove what life is worth.

O brother mine, as happy then was I
As blithesome bird that soars 'neath summer sky;
For I was told that I must surely be
A regular "little mother"—and feel free
To counsel, coax, indulge—anon to chide—
But not forget to shield and nurse and guide!
I took my office seriously and told
Our little world, my brother's life I'd mold.

O brother mine, so happy then was I
The years seemed short and childhood soon passed by.
How glad I was to run to pick you up
When baby-tumbles proved your baby-luck—
To rub the bumped-spots, rumpled curls to smooth,
Adjust your frock and try with love to soothe.
I looked to you, you looked to me, and found
A helpful love which shall for aye surround.

O brother mine, so happy now am I
To know I'm still "beloved 'Sis'"—as high
In your esteem today as you to me
When toddling by my side in childish glee—
Or when your curls were shorn, and you, disowned
By Sis, begged hard that barber quick be phoned
To put them back—restore those curls of gold—
That charm of babyhood again you'd hold!

O brother mine, my heart with joy doth swell—
With thoughts of you, the ready teardrops well;
I'm glad you've grown, as years have rolled along,

A man—clean, decent, brave and kind as strong.
I glow with pride to think that you are mine—
My influence, interest, love—have helped refine
And make you what you have been, are—and won
The proud distinction, worthy soldier son!

Sweet baby brother—grown to man's estate—
Who has scorned the vile—the shame of lust and hate;
Unselfish stalwart, in your Country's need
It thrills my heart to see you state your creed
And shoulder arms to halt the haughty Hun—
Do your brave bit to see that work is done!
God bless you every birthday—fill each more
With love and good, than those which passed before.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 7–8.

He's Right

We're Backing Up the President Because We Know

We were told that this war came from rivalry of trade;
 Uncle Sam took a hand to protect his shares and gold;
 Allies' trade was the ground for our sympathies and aid,
 That the rich now were kings as in baron days of old.
 Then the spies sprung their lies—tried to poison every mind,
 Clothed the wolf like a lamb, strove to make his sins look good.
 Everywhere, tricks unfair came to hypnotize and blind;
 Prussian might rose to blight—tried to crumble all that stood.

CHORUS

But we'll stick together—
 We'll brave the stormy weather;
 Our nation dares follow the light.
 Now by Wilson we're standing,
 And he our course commanding,
 Not just because he's President,
 But just because he's right.
 So we'll stand by the flag—
 And we're backing up the President
 Because we know he's right!

Since the world first began, there has been a struggle on,
 (For the few always held, that the weak must serve the strong!)
 Prussian thought now reflects what conceit has fed upon;
 Thus the beast, made like man, rose to champion lust and wrong.
 But at last, some awoke—saw Autocracy was bad—
 Government ought to be, of, by, for, the people, all.
 Right must win—truth prevail—only then can men be glad;
 Since this war had to come, let's barbarity forestall.

CHORUS

So we'll stick together—
 We'll brave the stormy weather;
 Our nation dares follow the light.
 Still by Wilson we're standing,

And he our course commanding,
Not just because he's President,
But just because he's right.
Yes, we'll stand by the flag—
And we're backing up the President
Because we know, he's right!

Vicious tongues boldly say: "Wilson?—Monstrous autocrat!
Try to spread discontent—make all cowardice seem right.
Selfish folk dodge the points—peace-talk now is far from pat;
For, the first thing to do, is to crush the thrall of might!
Wilson's cry, hear it aye: "Sacred are the rights of all!
We must make this world safe, where Democracy may dwell!
So our boys, over there, do their bit for this grand call—
Here, we'll stand, of one mind—ring sedition's burial knell.

CHORUS

So we'll stick together—
We'll brave the stormy weather;
Our nation dares follow the light.
Now by Wilson we're standing,
And he our course commanding,
Not just because he's President,
But just because he's right.
So we'll stand by the flag—
And we're backing up the President
Because we know he's right!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 9–10.

Freedom Bells

Ring, ring the Freedom Bells, over land and sea;
Shout, shout the battle cry, "Every nation free!
Let all the freemen rise, champion peace and right—
Stamp out Autocracy—now for Freedom fight!
Now let the people rule, slavery be done;
God be the only King—lasting peace be won.
Free then the hearth and home, ocean's highways grand;
Ring, ring the Freedom Bells—ring in every land.

Ring, ring the Freedom Bells—ring them far and near;
Over the whole wide world—toll them loud and clear.
"Freedom," our battle-cry; sound on sea and shore—
Echo from mountain top, refrain in thunder's roar.
Hark, heed the clarion call—speed the message far
"God made His children free; let not man debar!"
Foes serve a baser cause—to their rights are blind;
Joy-bells are Freedom Bells—ring for all mankind.

Ring, ring the Freedom Bells, over land and sea;
Brave Pilgrim fathers dared storm and ocean free
So they might worship God as their conscience taught;
Dared risk their lives on Hope—thus their freedom bought.
Our dear America gave to Freedom birth;
Now let her sons arise—prove their sterling worth.
Now let "Old Glory" wave, weave in nations' lore—
Her true defenders gain fame forevermore.

Ring, ring the Freedom Bells—ring them far and near;
Over the whole wide world—toll them loud and clear;
"Freedom," our battle-cry—sound on sea and shore,
Echo from mountain-top, refrain in thunder's roar.
Hark, heed the clarion call—speed the message far:
"God made His children free—let not man debar!"
Foes serve a baser cause—to their rights are blind;
Joy-bells are Freedom Bells—ring for all mankind!

Sacrifice

How great it is—God's gift of conscious life,
Despite the cares, the woes of man-made strife;
'Tis joy indeed, to sense the good around—
The lovely answers by His wisdom crowned.
It's held too cheap by us and others too—
The many bow in bondage to the few;
Aristocrats yet scorn the vassals' right;
Humanity comes slowly to the light.

Good-bye my boy, good-bye!
For you our heart-sick cry;
Though war your life may take
It will be for Duty's sake!
The noblest death of all—
"Redeem mankind!" the call—
Yet we will hope, when Right is throned,
We may welcome back the boy we loaned.
Good-bye—Good-bye. . . .

We'll miss you lad, both early morn and eve;
Forget and listen for your step—then grieve;
Yearn oft, to hear your voice and whistled tune—
Fight off the dreams of trench, and field be-strewn.
Let not your heart with hate or malice fill;
Find no delight in knowing you must kill!
Do all your part—be staunch and fearless quite—
Be-nighted foes must die to further Right!

Good-bye my boy, good-bye!
For you our heart-sick cry;
Though war your life may take
It will be for Duty's sake!
The noblest death of all—

“Redeem mankind!” the call—
Yet we will hope, when Right is throned,
We may welcome back the boy we loaned.
Good-bye—Good-bye. . . .

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 12.

Her Soldier Son

My boy came home—it seems but yesterday—
And, placing loving arms around my neck,
Told me his heart in gentle, manly way—
Our Country's need, and honor's call to check
The ruthless bully who the challenge flung,
Contemptuous for the democratic world,
Our civilization backward would have swung
A thousand years—all into chaos hurled!

My boy then said, he felt his duty clear—
To leave his home and prospects, and contest
The right of cunning brute by might and fear
To overturn the world at lust's behest.
“Nor dread of pain nor bribe to peace shall quell—
For principle your boy to war shall
Meanwhile my heart with mingled thoughts did swell;
For his courage, joy; and for his leaving, woe.

So bright, so friendly, fair, this cheerful lad
Could hardly fail to find himself as dear
To comrades, as to those he left so sad
At home—his kin, and all within his sphere—
All loved my boy, so brave and loyal too!
He did his work so well—applied his mind
To serve his country as all heroes do.
Who fight for right are serving all mankind!

It seems so long ago my boy left home so
To answer duty's call—defend the flag—
The noblest principles that e'er bid man roam
O'er foreign lowly moor or lofty crag.
Now word has come, my boy will ne'er come back.
My heart is wrung with anguish none can guess.
A soldier's grave for him—for me but lack;
Yet now God has him safe—and Love's not less!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 13.

Little Wife Back in the States

Stout heart and sturdy frame,
Clear eye, unsullied name,
God knows your loyal heart,
Knows too your noble part;
None love more deep than you
Give more, the whole war through;
No lives at home more dare,
Patient the smile you wear:
Little wife back in the States
Who opened wide life's happiest gates.

Sweet wife who formed the home,
Led one to cease to roam;
Made it a blessed place
Helped mould a noble race:
Your husband stands for right—
Ideals that bear no blight;
Fighting for them and you,
He'll do as heroes do:
Little wife back in the States
Who opened wide life's happiest gates.

Brave little pal, alone,
On your resources thrown,
Always he thinks of you—
Prays time will soon renew
Those joys you two have shared—
With them naught else compared;
Safe, sound, may he return—
Love's lamp forever burn:
Little wife back in the States
Who opened wide life's happiest gates.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 14.

Called

My boy, my son, will you ever know
The pangs that smite your father's breast
To think his boy must age and grow
Without paternal love expressed
By guiding hand, by virtue's seed
Well sown and nurtured in your mind
To harvest forth in thought and deed
And in your choices be defined?

My son—my boy—my heart's best blood!
Will you come to know the loss I bear,
The hopes that died before their bud
Was fairly fashioned, foiling care?
Will you ever guess how I longed to be
Your boon companion—and retrieve
Through you, the ideals dear to me—
Help you avoid the paths that grieve?

My son, my own—will you ever guess
The pain it costs to come to this—
The privilege I may not possess—
Yon pitfalls I would have you miss?
That I cannot spare you—give you all
The good my mind or spirit gained
In our brief sojourn—thus forestall
The curse that error's course entrained?

My son, my own, will you ever dream
The tender love I have for you—
Your good, in prayers, the earnest theme—
Your health and strength and progress too?
But since my hopes have been denied
And you are left in others' care,
This cross I only can abide
By knowing, God is ever there!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 15.

Toll of the Trenches

Good-bye little mother—Good-bye little son!
A few more breaths and life is done.
I'd hoped to beat this cruel game—
Return as fit as when I came.
When men are brutes, what sad disgrace;
They cheat, deceive, make war and place
A value mean on all about
And snuff their fellow's candle out.

Good-bye little mother—Good-bye little son!
'Tis life's last battle and death has won.
The crown of life I leave behind,
Since blood is cheap and Justice blind.
I wonder who will help you now—
And mend your future—who and how?
The foes of right demand this price—
God grant we'll meet in Paradise!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 16.

America—My Country

America—the Home-land—
Free people sing thy praise;
Extending all a friendly hand
Who stick to righteous ways;
A country scorning conquest,
Nor seeking selfish gain,
And only craving harvest
Where such is fair and plain.

Refrain

America—my country—
The happiest land of all;
Where genial, generous folk reside
And neighbors fill your boundaries wide
We stand as one—in unity—
We live and let live too;
We'll call the boast of any foe
And take our colors through!

America—whose leaders
Are men who serve their kind;
Whose Press promotes the common good
And molds the cosmic mind;
Quick censure falls on baseness—
Vile tricks are soon suppressed;
The traitors find removal—
The persecuted, rest!

Refrain

America—my country—
Where yet the people reign;
Where citizens not only count
But equal right retain.
Here decency and justice
Still mark the cultured life,
And arbitration ends disputes

And spares the curse of strife.

Refrain

America—we love thee!
Thy sons and daughters free;
We dare to fight, we are not slaves,
But guard our liberty.
None fight more fair or earnest—
Out-do the wit of “Yanks”;
Our “dough-boys” proved their mettle,
And earned all freemen’s thanks!

Refrain

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 17–18.

My Native Land

My own dear Native Land—
With joy thy reach I view;
Thy towering mountains, fertile plains,
Thy sunny vales and skies so blue;
Thy mighty rivers, yea,
And lakes both great and small;
Thy mines and woods and flowers gay,
Thy climates good for all.

My own, my fatherland—
How happy, blest was I
To find my birth-place on your strand—
The fairest country 'neath the sky
Where every tongue and race
A home and flag has found;
Where righteousness and reason rule,
Where bread and peace abound.

God's country—sure enough,
Where men know how to live;
Where culture means, "refine the rough";
Where women, free, as comrades give
The nation, power and pride;
While children have their rights
Which none may slight or turn aside
But friends their best incite.

My own, my Native Land—
Whose flag is free of shame,
Thy happy people's souls expand—
Thy virtues, honor, still proclaim;
For Principle thy sons
Have fought, and won the day;
For in their veins the red blood runs—
They stand for right alway!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 19.

Salutation

I met her first one afternoon
Just after hearing music fine.
That initial visit, gone too soon,
Was like a draught of holy wine.
Gracious, genial, dowered by grace—
Bubbling, joyous, all aglow
With feminine charm! The thought gained place:
“A woman, sweet—I’d like to know.”

An outline of her life obtained
From friends who knew her story well
Revealed that she had much attained.
With nought to drive, how few excel—
Progress make, while moments flit.
Heed for those above, below
From selfish motive aye acquit
A woman, sweet—and good to know.

Again we met. This time, ’twould seem
A woodland elf of cheerful prank
Had come from out some fairy dream
In velvet black; but free and frank
Mischiefs handmaid—keen of wit,
Cleverness from toque to toe!
They love her—whom the gods permit—
A woman sweet, and good to know!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 20.

My Lady

The blood-warm blush of the lovely rose
Was first beheld by the master-seed
In the Cupid's-bow of her lips' repose,
So soft and red, and sweet indeed;
My lady's mouth—'tis all refined,
Her thoughts are pure, her heart is kind;
Though in Creation first be classed
The rose, then woman; best is last!

My love's not like the lesser thing
Though it be wondrous, perfect, fair:
Not like a rose, nor bird on wing—
In them, forsooth, no soul is there!
There is no perfume 'neath heaven's blue,
No thing in nature to vie in hue
With the tone, the fragrance of womankind
When wholesome, bright with soul and mind!

In body, mind and soul complete,
God's MASTERPIECE—Himself outpoured—
Responsive, vibrant, passing sweet,
Man's inspiration, goal, reward!
To Woman let men pay respect,
For happy they, held in her thrall;
'Tis great to be alive—reflect—
And know, my lady's queen of all!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 21.

What Is Love

I

Pray tell me, what is love?
Is it an ardent fire
Which burns insatiate—
Incontinent desire?
Is it a white-heat flame
Which full control assumes
The powers of the frame
All heedlessly consumes?

Pray tell me, what is love?
The lure of sense-delight
That makes you disregard
The morrow and the right?
Convenience, comfort, mood
Of your companion, till
You clutch the witching food
And gain th' ecstatic thrill?

Or yet, is love the thing
That casts respect aside
To let self revel, king,
Nor lofty thoughts abide,
As does dumb brute whose mind
Is limited to sense,
And as a creature, find
Such course life's recompense?

The answer yet I seek—
A sane reply I crave;
Let him with wisdom speak—
The need for Truth is grave.
Is love companionship
In idleness and ease
Long tarrying where you yield
And appetites appease?

II

What is love?

Let you who have conquered fleshly urge—
Attained to intellect's lofty height—
But deign to heed my cry—diverge;
From your plateau of thought recite.

Is love the cold impassive claim
Of appreciation, virtue, worth,
Intelligence, skill and lofty aim—
Which knows more dignity than mirth—
And scorns the pleading humanness
Of this, the being chosen then,
To be the nearest, dearest; yes,
Your chum in all your kind may ken?

Will it scorn Dame Nature's plain-told plan—
Her bounteous gifts, which should rejoice;
Or grace and charm, releasing ban
On sight and sound and smell and choice?
The pulsing flesh that waits the touch
Which in one blissful moment pays
For all the fights that cost so much
And all the grief of life allays?

Will love despise the fond caress—
The throbbing frame that longs to bless;
The heart that pleads to sacrifice—
And counts no pain too great a price
But yearns to comfort, rest and give,
If but thereby the mate may live.
Will love forget—replace so soon
This comradeship—life's dearest boon?

Will it hold asceticism right
And humanness but carnal mind—
Constrain the child to coldly slight,
Condemn its mother, nature-blind?
Do you say, affection's foolish stuff
That infant fondling really seems
But mammal instinct, sure enough,

And kisses, fit for Judas' schemes!

III

Arise, ye souls that claim to be re-born,
And left the toys of infancy behind;
The lure of Hedonism who've learned to scorn—
The things of present life, for heaven resigned.
Tell me. Is love that vague, ethereal thing,
Impersonal essence, straight from Paradise
That makes man live the Golden Rule and cling
To habits of philanthropy precise?
That lifts the robber's victim from the dust
Or gutter-fallen son of Bacchus takes
To sheltering arms of home, new hope and trust?
Which prompts a vice crusade—or slumming, makes
A show of kind concern, dispensing tracts
Among soiled doves who missed the happier way—
Feels duly shocked to see what shame enacts—
To view these wrecks and degradation's prey?

Define love clear. Is it love that doth endow
A hospital or home where the poor may pitch,
Or is such done that Fame may view; avow
The giver great. Behold—one man was rich!
Or is it love that stands betwixt a man
And his just sentence as the mighty can,
Or is their clemency more but to impress
The masses and make show of tenderness?

Have patience with me—do not scorn to tell
So my untutored soul may grasp the sense!
Is it love that gives up all that pleases well
To go to foreign lands and there dispense
One's own preferred religion to those folk
Of other tongues—but notions quite as clear
As ours, regarding Truth; who light invoke
And worship God with holy faith and fear?
Perceive no need of doctrines new, and creeds
That seem the fruit of Holy Writ. They feel,
Too many sects and zealots' points but feed

Dissentions, and great verities conceal.
They too with me would ask: Oh, is this love—
Which feels no personal regard for one,
And none more close or dear—none stand above
The rest, in thought and heart—no ties begun?

IV

Avaunt! Ye all are warped, the issue waive;
Ye stall and speak with faltering tongue
And logic quite as dull as earthling's grave,
When on this matter ye should be full strung.
When human wisdom fails to qualify—
When sages, seers and prophets shrug and shirk
Mayhap some simple God-child such as I
Can tell the story—pierce the fog and murk.

Ah love! to know thee is to live indeed!
'Tis love deals gently, kindly all the way—
Expresses life, meets every shade of need,
Creates all beauty's marvelous array;
Calls forth the grand parade of Wisdom's part,
Fills all God's universe with joy and good,
With oil for every head and balm for heart,
Gives all a use and place as Wisdom should.

'Tis Love inspires, uplifts and glorifies—
Brings out the latent powers and good describes
In everything about—or low or high—
And knows it is the Truth that God is nigh.
So on this plane, 'tis only worth the name
When equal in each phase. Our present frame
Needs ministrations—body, mind and soul—
And no one part may claim to be the whole.

By loyal, earnest loving, here on earth,
We win promotion—gain a higher birth.
To bear and forbear, vanquish self, we learn—
That only good can bless we thus discern.
We see it is our blessed part to be
The best of what we are—high humans—free

To choose our course and harvest what we sow;
Old carnal mind is dross we must outgrow.

Ah, Love is understanding, sympathy;
It longs to help—it scouts all tyranny,
'Tis Love that doeth good—casts out all fear;
It is of God—fills heart and life with cheer!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 22–26. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

Hope Forlorn

Love I am dreaming,
Clasping the seeming;
Though you are sated
And weary of men,
You I'm adoring,
Humbly imploring,
Say you forgive
And will meet me again!

Oh, how I miss you—
Yearn, Sweet, to kiss you;
Fondly I hoped
Mutual help we'd have been!
You woke love's fires—
Kindled desires;
Foolish, I risked all—
Believed I would win!

Life is so short, dear—
Teachings distort, dear:
Peace, joy and rest
Are more fickle than men;
Now we're both lonely—
Love comforts only—
I'll do as you wish—
But please come again!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 27.

Anchorage

Bursting with joy this glad heart seems—
The world with glory glows;
With music sweet anon it teems,
All fair the breeze that blows.

Loveliest creature ever seen—
At last my heart finds rest;
My peerless, radiant, gentle queen,
Thou art life's dearest, best.

Fair, creamy white thy velvet sheath—
Thine eyes so tender, sweet;
All womanly the soul beneath—
With charm thou art replete.

Gladly I pass the giddy throngs—
Sensations new they seek;
Their laughter, empty as their songs,
Their way, all downward, bleak!

Glorious the guerdon of thy breast!
Within thy loving arms
Is quiet joy, and peace and rest—
Heart-home that boosts and charms!

Thy silken hair—I love its sheen;
Thy form so soft and round;
Thy lips whose graceful curves I ween,
For lingering kisses bound.

While I adore thine outward mask,
I'm happier still to know
Thou hast a mind—nor shirk thy task,
And daily progress show.

Heart that forgives—nor charges fault—
I think of thee with tears
Of grateful yearning; you exalt
And scout despair and fears!

Ambitious, energetic too,
And loyal to the core
I'll love you all our whole lives through,
Sweet pal—then better, more.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 28–29. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

Because I Know You Love Me

How fair and bright the world all seems;
Fulfilled are all life's dearest dreams;
With hope and joy the future gleams
Because I know you love me!

I fear no ill, I know no care,
And good seems blooming everywhere—
No longer hard the way I fare,
Because I know you love me!

The zephyrs blow a kind caress,
The world seems full of tenderness;
While all I touch essays to bless,
Because I know you love me!

How good it seems to be alive!
Now higher impulse seems to thrive;
No longer need I search and strive—
Because I know you love me!

The air seems filled with sweet perfume,
The earth, the sky, seem all a-bloom,
And lonely grief no more finds room
Because I know you love me!

All is success—I've found my Prize!
Behold love's blessing in your eyes!
What'er my lot, for you I'll rise,
Because I know you love me!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 30. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

A Woman's Love

Mere man—so dull thou art of ear and eye,
To read a woman's soul, small use to try;
E'en though in other things thy wit be keen,
The vastness of her depths remain unseen.
All man beholds is that which, mirrored now,
His ardent self, just when she doth allow
Upon her surface—as when two souls touch—
Man bows in awe that she can love so much!

Hence, seldom fair esteemed or understood,
She must add patience to her store of good;
Must rise to towering heights and find reward
In learning unself-ed love doth joy afford!
A mere man, such as I, may never gain
So high a sphere—a fit response sustain;
Yet I recall with awe your deeds and touch—
Who would have dreamed that you could love so much?

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 31. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

I Wonder Why

I wonder why there seems no other way
To rise, except we fall; or flowers gay
With concentrated fragrance only bless
When torn from state and crushed within a press?
That better qualified to win, each soul
Which earnest strives, yet fails to win its goal?
Why hopes deferred till anguished, sick, we cry,
Seem best for growth? Ah me—I wonder why?

I wonder why the Truth is hard to see—
Why we can be misled and few agree;
Why some who yearn for light find but the dark—
Defeat and bondage seem each life to mark?
Why 'tis so rare to find one who can bless—
Can give us courage by their tenderness;
Why swine can lure the pearls—nor know, nor try,
While those who strive get naught—I wonder why?

I wonder why with chance so rare and fleet,
In vain I sued for mercy at your feet,
And shameless bared by ardent, weary soul—
Believed we understood and echoed toll;
Why choice of words or passing mood offends,
When still the heart no bitterness intends;
But only yearns to help and bless and try
To speak in fond caress—I wonder why?

I wonder why your graceful, curving lips,
Your rounding cheek, soft eyes, and charm, eclipse
The women-folk that I have chanced to meet—
In all that heart could wish you seem replete;
Yet like a mirage in the desert waste
You came, a vision sweet—but soon effaced;
Since, while we may, I could not qualify
For fellowship with you—I wonder why?

I wonder why so seldom realized
Are those sweet dreams we have idealized,
And things we think we want and fight to get

Prove void of satisfaction when they're met;
And priceless treasures offer but in vain—
Are scorned, e'en when one knows rebuff will pain!
But if hereby you're spared one anguished sigh,
'Tis better so. And yet—I wonder why?

I wonder why the secret still is hid
Of how to get all good and peace; and rid
Our consciousness of all that blights and grieves—
So he who toils the fairer wage receives!
If it must be that I but yearn in vain
And strive unblessed—the ministry of pain—
I'll do my bit, since you reward deny!
Why cheat us both—O Love, pray tell me why?

I wonder why this trial has come to me—
What ancient CAUSE made this RESULT to be—
Demands that I my ardent soul must quell,
Resist your charm—the gifts I love so well!
Must cease my pretty speeches, act so cool—
Renounce the role of sentimental fool!
To hopes of sweet communion say goodbye—
Go accept my fate—but wonder, why?

I wonder why, in spite of thought and grit
It proves so hard to find a place we'll fit—
The thing we want is oftentimes out of reach—
And all our struggles fail to span the breach;
From glint of silken tress of red-wood hue
To sole of grace-wise feet, all told, you're you!
Who takes of joy must pay in sob and sigh,
I'll cease—you say I must! I wonder why?

I wonder why 'tis not my lot to give
All that you wish and pray for. Yet you'll live
Perchance, to see it is the simple fact
That none could furnish all—aye, something lacked!

I beg you be not ruthless now, forsooth,
But yield to reason, face the cruel truth!
The strongest man or thing must shortly die—
But has his day. Is this not mine? Then why?

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 32–34. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

Euchred

With hearts for trumps, sure life is but a game—
The cards we hold seem dealt by circumstance;
An evil genius seems to rule. His name?
The Devil. And we men, the sport of chance.
Now, in this game a Joker's in the pack—
No doubt old Satan laughs to see us squirm
In bitterness of spirit, on the rack,
And makes a cinch that binds us yet more firm.

A Devil's joke, I say—and I the goat.
I've come to manhood, labored all the way;
I've kept alert, been mindful to devote
All powers toward real progress; nor did stay
For worldly pleasures, nor indulge a whim,
But strove to build a mind and soul of worth—
Supposed thereby, I'd qualify to brim
Life's cup with Love—naught else avails on earth.

I've searched, I've found and wooed you—and you say
I have done well, and yet, I'm not the man—
Not your ideal; though as you are today
To me, you answer all that heart could plan.
You do not need or want me! Can it be?
Good God—how fails the needle to the pole?
My being seems to stop, nonplussed, at sea;
And lost, the Prize of life—its only goal!

I'm glad you have found refuge in the Truth—
Regret your Choice forgot—passed out of ken;
But Universal Love would wax uncouth
If loosed to easy contact with more men—
A plea excusing wilfull blindness here;
A fickle, faithless, pleasure-loving way
Which yields too soon to charm. "Tis queer
How wrong interpretation leads astray!

You bid me seek another—if I could
How glad I'd be to say, 'twas a mistake—
That I could elsewhere turn and find my good,

Thus in her arms and heart, my home to make.
But as I know for certain never law
Would need to be invoked to make me cleave
To you, and true till the last breath I draw,
As well I know your loss for aye must grieve.

It means my life's a failure—now ashamed
Must I forever bow my weary head.
While seeking you, then dreams and hopes still flamed
To kindle joy in life—my spirit fed.
But now you're found, Oh satisfying queen,
Yet turn away, my being, in revolt
Cries out against my lot in anguish keen—
That I must bear this cruel thunderbolt!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 35–36.

Montaha

The End

For the blessing you were to me before we parted, may God bless you.

For the cheer, the comfort, your Living Presence was to me during the sweet days you blessed me with your society and gracious caresses, may God bless you.

For the helping hand, the thoughtful endeavor, the interest you have had in all my efforts and their fruits; for the tender understanding, the wholesome sympathy, the melting compassion visited upon me; for the helpful appreciation, ready ear, soulful attention, encouragement and commendation; may God bless you.

For the sweet comradeship, hours of pleasant debate, helpful discussion, intelligent co-analysis, the happy times of wit-sharpening; for those friendly advances and response in the beginning—or when petulance or haste threatened to becloud the sunny horizon of our communion, the ready forgiveness, generous trust, uncomplaining sacrifice; Ah, for all these, may God bless you!

For the help your love and its delightful demonstrations have been to me; for the life and inspiration of your touch—the thrilling, soothing contact—the thought of your beauty, the blessed privileges I have had with you; the memory of your charm; the sanctity of your womanhood; for your spontaneous and unselfish freeing me from responsibility—your generously releasing me from taxing, grinding, puzzling obligations; for the steps you have taken to do me good; for the concern manifested in my temporal, mental and spiritual welfare; O Beloved, for all these, may the Good God bless you!

For your precious sincerity, steadfastness, constancy—all that has been between us two; for the richness you have added to my experience; the kind words spoken; the patience you have had with my mistakes, my faults and failings; the tears your dear, soft hands have dried; for the appreciation you have shown of what I have tried to be to you—what I have desired, have striven to do for you!

For the blessed fulfillment of the dreams of my youth that you have brought me, the hopes you have fulfilled, the precious answer to the call of my soul, the unutterable longings of the heart; the revelation you have been to me of God's beneficence in blessing man with woman; the revelation you have been to me of the wealth and beauty of womanhood; yes, for the wonderful love you gave me; may the All-wise God open the windows of heaven and pour out upon you blessings. May God bless you, bless you, bless you!

Farewell, beloved Light!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 37–38.

The Narrow Way

None but the good are beautiful,
None but the kind are truly great;
None but the wise are dutiful,
None but the faithless hesitate.

Only the grateful can rejoice—
Only the honest rest in peace.
Only the meek are soft of voice,
Only the patient gain release!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 39. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

The Lodestar

With fear and doubt enthralling
The mortal Adam-man,
Will, cannot save from falling,
Nor bless the dearest plan;
The cup of worldly pleasure
Yields naught but bitter dregs;
And empty proves earth's measure—
In vain for joy he begs,

But for the man who catches
A glimmer of the Truth,
Comes power that more than matches
All claims of ill, forsooth.
“Let there be light!” said Godhead—
And there was light indeed;
So shall the child, illumined,
Find cure for every need.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 40. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

Seeker's Song

O Sun of Truth, dawn thou on us who wait;
Open our eyes.
The mists of mortal thought now penetrate—
Destroy its lies.
Systems of thought and creeds in countless throng
Veil heavenly skies;
They teach sincerely wrong.

O Day-Star, many say thou'lt come again
In human form;
Come as a thief at night and none know when—
Wilt all transform.
Yearning for truth, our hearts now overflow;
Mark error's storm—
Make haste—we need thee so!

Look on the tears by earnest seekers shed—
Their ceaseless search;
Perplexed, bewildered, and so oft misled,
They can but lurch.
Those promises fulfill that we may know
Thy Body—Church;
Come Lord, we need thee so!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 41. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

A Confession

I fain would write for you some pleasing lines,
But see my purpose fail if thought inclines
To theme didactic; or should I permit
My Muse through ardent lover's glade to flit
Or filch his privileged pen and thus indite
The melting words which tender ties invite;
A task peculiar thus I undertake—
To please, yet let no selfish aim awake.

Sometimes t'is good to softly slip away
From vexing cares that mark the strenuous day—
From all the world outside one's inner thought—
The shrine where precious treasures all are brought.
Retiring then from all confusing things
I rest awhile and let my thought take wings
And stage the scenes that please, in fair review—
And so, sometimes I dare to think of you.

Thus shamelessly indulging that sweet charm
That comes when one is near who can disarm
The fighting spirit—bid it pause and rest,
And dare enjoy the things it loves the best.
So then, your picture now to mind I call—
Enjoy your girlish grace, sweet face and all
That makes you good to look upon and know
The soul and mind inside, the shell outshow.

Your personal charm another's right to praise—
Your beaming presence, sprightly, girlish ways;
But he who must, should have the right to care
Enough to breathe to heaven a little prayer
For you—that God may ever help and keep
Your gentle self, while waking and asleep;
That you make progress—ever be ahead
Of knotty problems, and thus safely tread.

The Sovereign Gift

One day when sad and weary too,
With loneliness depressed—
Perceiving turmoil everywhere,
Sharp conflicts and unrest;
I turned to God in humble prayer—
Desired a worthy friend,
Whose loving touch would mean so much—
Whose heart with mine would blend.

I looked to many whom I knew
And sought the solace rare;
But all were bent on serving self
And scorned to answer fair.
Who knows the rule of give and take
And lives it all the while
Will do the will of Love on earth—
Cause many a face to smile.

Where e'er I turned, I met rebuff,
For none could understand;
The Bible edict's not enough—
The way that God has planned.
Yet you perceived, nor scorned to bless—
But charmed away my care,
And deigned to give a kind caress—
Your fingers on my hair.

Full many a song the bards have sung
Of eyes and form and ways,
But in my soul a note has rung
That calls for sweeter lays;
A song of generous love expressed
By hands so trim and white;
Which soothed and thrilled and sweetly blessed—
Old care quick put to flight.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 43.

A Yellow Rose

A sweet little lady with a brand new dress!
My frank opinion I'll express,
And say she looks like a yellow rose—
Except for the pink of her rounding cheeks,
The blue of her sparkling eye that glows
With kindly light. It speaks
Of all that animates her thought—
The tenderness and mischief, too,
That loves a laugh and stops at naught
That one, dove-harmlessly, may do.

Most anyone could love her well.
She's clever, cute—her charms excel
Attractions of most wealthy snobs
Whose haughty souls abhor the maid
Who earns her bread. Dear heart, that throbs
With human feelings—not afraid
To serve her kind and do her part.
By culture, spirit, she'd adorn
Luxurious home, or throne or mart,
More fit than coarse folk, wealthy-born.

I love to hear her joyous laugh,
'Tis good to catch her merry chaff;
Anon her gaily tripping feet
Of graceful steps by rhythm tell;
Her cheerful songs rise full and sweet
And gloomy spirits all dispel;
Who'd not enjoy the toothsome meals
Her useful hands with skill contrive;
Through her new glories life reveals,
And makes us glad to be alive.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 44.

Cheated

A certain young man called last night,
As oft he has done before;
The quiet parlor, softened light,
Helped Cupid and his lore;
My bashful suitor quite forsook
His former timid way;
My head upon his shoulder took
And in reproach did say:

“The greatest thing in the world is love—
Too good for me it seemed!
I’d have shown the way I felt before,
But of welcome seldom dreamed;
I feared dismissal if I dared
Conduct myself too boldly.
For good times lost, I am to blame—
But how should I know—you never told me!”

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 45.

Waiting

O mother—it is night and time to pray;
I kneel in holy silence in the way
You taught me in my early childhood's course
And nurtured daily. Thus Prayer's gentle force
Still permeates my heart and life; dost see?
Ah, tend me now as here the world I flee
To seek a closer touch with God above
And strive to feel e'en now, your tender love.

'Tis not so long ago you took your way
To realms beyond the ken of mortal clay;
But hours and days drag by with leaden feet
And only night is good when solace sweet
Is lent me as when Morpheus' kind embrace
Brings sleep's forgetfulness a little space—
Till with the morning's light I wake to know
You are not here; and Ah, I miss you so!

O mother, what though every earthly need
Be fully met, and all you planned proceed—
My schooling, culture—all a girl should own—
A healthy body, now an adult grown;
And while my heart with gratitude o'erflows,
For all of this, yet Time a laggard goes
Since nevermore on earth thy face I'll see
And though I call, you cannot come to me.

Those happy, golden days, O mother dear,
When you, my friend and comrade, still wert near
Must e'er remain the sweetest of my life—
With your companionship, Ah, joy was rife;
Would God your tender touch could reach me now—
Your wealth of love and understanding still endow
The course of life. I'll wait my call with grace,
But miss you so—a loss naught can replace!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 46. Reprinted in *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919/1920); ordinary punctuation and spelling variants are not separately printed.

Architecture

The basic principles of any art
Are structural integrity which show
In sensuous molds, imagination, heart;
Where thought and feeling clearly, richly glow.
Art that tells the culture man evolves—
The thing behind him in his highest state
From whence desire for progress soon resolves
To clear the way for faculties innate.

The special realm of Art we thus can see
Is to refine, build character and reach
The minds and hearts of others. In degree
As their advance, give light and joy to each.
'Tis not the mere amusement of the rich,
Nor yet an industry for idle folk;
But knowledge, well applied, forsooth; from which
Both benefit and pleasure, men evoke.

In structural work is Architecture's sphere—
Design, that e'en in buildings should appear
Both grace and beauty—they with fitness vie,
While each the other deigns to justify.
Its stately columns, domes and arches fine
Can but impress the thinking soul—combine
To lift the thought from sordid things and base.
Thus style portrays the character of the race.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 47.

The Painter's Art

What profit, pray, is a thing inert and cold—
With stagnant life, low-pulsed—a soulless mold?
Could God, without a child, a Father be?
Creation stand, its purpose, reason, flee?
To demonstrate its being, power and life,
The living in expression must be rife.
Hence, man interprets God and Nature too—
Accepts the seed, in Art brings forth the true.

A picture true to life in any age,
Forever writes its tale on history's page—
Is comprehended by the kindling eye,
No matter how the tongues of men may vie.
So then, whate'er may cause the soul to grow—
To taste of joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
The brilliant victory or the crushed defeat,
The painter's brush in soul will make replete!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 48.

Sculpture

However fine the painter's work may be—
However true is represented there
The transient form and color rich and rare
That eyes afar, or yet unborn may see
The charming sight which here the artist caught;
However unobtrusively the frame
Accord with content, or enhance the same,
Another phase of Art may yet be sought.

Lo, every aspect has its proper place.
A rugged art which needs no tender light—
Whose products live, though wind and storm may smite;
And plainly shows the Age's growth and grace
By giving three dimensions, actual lines,
The real proportions—clearer view of life—
Well, this is Sculpture—work of hand and knife;
Or mallet, chisel—thus the thought defines.

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 49.

Music

O Music—grateful fount of pure delight
Which flows resistless, constant—changeless quite,
Though men and times have changed—the new turned old,
The comfort of thy balm no pen has told.
Who lists with understanding heart and mind
To song of bird or stream or humankind
Turns gratefully to God—all else apart,
For giving us this language of the heart!

O Music—well of water springing up to heaven
Lift now my aspiring soul above earth's leaven;
I fain would glimpse the vast, eternal Source—
In consecrated effort choose my course.
Then give to me of thine own boundless store—
Thy melody and harmony outpour;
Bid Inspiration be Ambition's bride
And true Expression's toil be glorified!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 50.

The Dance

Beloved Art, misunderstood, misused,
Whose worthy functions Jealousy diffused,
While tainted thoughts of weak and tainted folk
Have sullied proper use and framed a yoke
Of legal bondage, since Convention frowned—
The voice of natural impulse stilled or drowned
In floods of stilted, artificial ways,
Submerging naive expression's happier days

Through ignorance or mere forgetfulness,
The tale of history, meets with fretfulness;
When sheer Self-Will forbids the brain to act,
Then Reason sits in dust where judgment lacked.
But, 'tis the truth that even Plato danced,
And Ancient Greece both old and young entranced
By this fair means, engendering healthy glow—
Made beauty, grace, the worth of life to show.

Who dares deny that pristine man gave vent
To fair emotion's spell, and bowed and bent
With tree-tops swaying in the summer breeze,
Or beat his tom-toms, rhythmic sense to please?
Why, Music's very life was cradled, buoyed,
By dance—her nearest sister art—enjoyed
By priest and sage, by peasant and by lord—
A part in which the humblest could afford.

The Dance in ages past has formed a part
Of public celebration where the heart
Rose high above the dictates of the head—
In weddings and in honor of the dead;
Religious rites of every type and mood,
Their full expression must the Dance include!
The Christian Church employed it too, till fear
Crept in to gender notions false and queer.

"The way to Heaven's too straight to dance," they said—
And framed a pale religion of the head—
Denied that Dance was Worship, Prayer, combined—

(In rhythmic motion sun and stars, we find);
While nodding flowers, bird-wings in steady beat,
Prove Nature all with pulse and grace replete.
Since life is movement, self-expression's best—
Uplift the Thought—and Growth will do the rest.

The modern mind believes: "To complicate,
Make artificial is the highest rate."
But Nature's sweet simplicity still stands
The satisfying yield to heart's demands.
The rhythmic chantey of the sailor's work
"Yo-heave" of willing labor's scorn to shirk—
The Indian's war-dance, education's skill,
The naiveness tell, of rhythmic motion's will.

In courtship, long, the Dance has played a part—
For grace of movement told of grace of heart.
In South Tunisia, marriageable maidens dance
With swaying heads and hair, and thus entrance
Their doting swains; in Africa, they use
The breasts and flanks; while elsewhere, dancers choose
To tell their tale by sensuous, curving arms—
Both speed and quiet weigh in dancer's charms.

With hands and fingers, South Sea Island folk
Will dance, while they of colder climes evoke
Emotion by their agile lower limbs,
Expressing thus, their deepest and their whims.
O fie! the body is in no sense vile.
'Tis not the act, but Thought that fills with guile.
The Dance gives poise to nerves and strength to will—
Proclaims the state of life—emotion's drill.

'Twere foolish to condemn all literature
Because some pervert made a use impure;
Or speech because its use is oft abused
The Truth forego because it seems suffused.
Absurd to let the artificial clan
Drag down the Dance to mere amusement's plan!
Why let the cosmic mind forever drift
In helpless serfdom, void of nature's rift?

O beauteous Dance, live on! Thy mission true
Fulfill—our joy, our youth, our grace renew;
Still charm the dancer and beholder aye
From sordid thoughts—the cares that fret the day.
Thou peerless symphony—thou artless tale—
Emotion's best interpreter, All Hail!
Thy bubbling zest be everywhere diffused;
Dance one and all—for Life is self-enthused!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 51–53.

Histrionic Art

'Twas indeed a world found new
When 'twas opened to man's view
The extent of action's field,
What an influence he could wield,
By expressive face and eyes,
Gesture, pose—where art applies;
Costume, scenery, combine
Truly give the play's design.

We enjoy emotion's use—
Love to view with fancy loose
Moving pictures of events—
Life and its accoutrements;
Love to hear the ringing tone—
Triumph, joy, or sorrow's moan;
See how passion oft devours—
Life there shown, resembles ours!

Praise to those who built the art—
Technics found to move the heart,
Charm the eye and charge the mind;
Telling messages divined;
Fair traditions aye upheld
In their noble art excelled;
Saint and sinner trod the stage—
Some for art and some for wage.

Spoken drama, in neglect,
Wonders at the disrespect;
Decadence seems the fate in store
Now the films have gained the fore.
For their stars, a galaxy,
Shine in well-paid brilliancy.
Well—each thing but has its day,
Take we must, what now has sway.

Literature

As far as sound of voice may clearly reach
Your realm of influence may extend by speech;
As far as eye can mark, by telling act
You may make known a feeling or a fact;
As far as sword or gun can terror spread
You may control a mob that cries for bread;
But let me mold my period's literature
And hearts and minds of men will I immure.

The Play can waken conscience—serve an end—
Resolve a stubborn will naught else could bend;
May touch the heart and teach it tenderness,
Arouse to nobler action and express
As good a sermon as was ever heard
To some who, scornful, flee the priestly word.
By comedy, drama, farce—all subtly preach
While pleasing; give the lessons life can teach.

In Poetry resides much benefit.
It kindles fancy, fosters depth and wit—
Appreciation of the beautiful;
Refining, training, making worshipful;
Its rhyme and rhythm give respect for law
And proves the power of symmetry to draw,
To charm and hold—aver 'tis not a cheat,
But disciplines the mind with influence sweet!

Good books are never-failing, helpful friends.
They stir to lofty thought and make amends
For cares and sorrows, losses; help uphold
Our faltering purpose—blessings manifold.
They give us poise and cheer—gain rest from self;
Develop taste and power, shear lure from pelf.
Dost ask, what art deserves the sovereign place?
Why, Literature—'tis vital to the race!

Publication. *Brother Mine and Other Poems* (1919), pp. 55.

CALIFORNIA AND OTHER SELECTED POEMS (1919/1920)

*Unique poems from the later selection; ordinary republications are
documented with their first printing.*

California

Your letter came today and pleased me well—
I'm glad to sit right down and try to tell
What can be found in this dear "Golden State";
Don't think I over-draw; /'ll tell it straight.

Within its boundaries you can find
Most every climate you can call to mind;
Yet for the most part, it is milder here,
And nearly ideal, any time of year.

The East lies buried deep in ice and snow,
When here the grass and trees their greenest show;
The sky is bright and sun shines clear most days
In California—theme for poet's lays.

Electric lines, like giant spider webs,
Convenience give—the steam roads' prestige ebbs;
While miles of boulevard lie beside the sea,
And lead o'er hill, o'er vale, by ranch and sea.

You'd see great droves of cattle—herds of sheep
The stock-farms, truck-farms—then your gaze could sweep
O'er groves of walnuts, fields of cotton, too;
The spineless cactus—best fodder e'er man grew!

Here fields of sugar beets the eye will please,
And sweet alfalfa waves in luscious seas;
In Coachella valley, date palms spread—
In Yucaipa land grow apples big and red.

The ostrich and the alligator farms
Afford amusement—add to woman's charms;
The San Joaquin valley adds its tasty store
Of figs, grapes, prunes and luscious things galore.

But the greatest thing of all in this great land
Is the orange grove—so fragrant and so grand;
Casabas sweet, with watermelons vie,
While grape-fruit and peach orchards oft you'll spy.

'Tis in Tulare county where one sees

A wonder of the world—the redwood trees;
Why, there are some near thirty feet at base,
That reach three hundred feet up into space!

But many love the Eucalyptus best—
Some stand one hundred feet from ground to crest;
While in the background loom the mountains grim—
Here's scenery to meet one's every whim.

There's beautiful Lake Tahoe—I 'most forgot—
A splendid place to go to fish and yacht;
In California's marshes, cranes we see—
In the mountains, wolves, deer, bears and lions be!

Round Bakersfield comes little from the soil,
But there a world of wealth comes forth in oil;
There's scarce a thing you'll name, but here is found—
Of all the stuff that's taken from the ground.

Within our cities one can go and find,
In color, tongue, religion—his own kind;
Poor folk declare this climate safest yet—
About their fuel and clothes, they've less to fret.

This State's a splendid place to come and rest—
And those who can stay the longest are most blest;
They renew their joy in living—for they see
One place where things are, as we'd have them be!

So many come for health and find it here—
Some come too late for aught to help or cheer;
Here Father Time wears an indulgent smile,
And for the old folks, just turns back a while!

The yards and hedges yield for slightest care,
Profusion great—there are flowers everywhere—
Sweet violets, roses and geranium,
Poinsettias, poppy and chrysanthemum.

Who could from loving flowers now refrain—
Make these dear smiles of God exist in vain?
Hydrangea, hyacinth and lilies white,
Nasturtiums and sweet peas, e'en bees delight!

The gaudy moths and butterflies: flit past
In glad parade—no need for them to fast;
The humming birds call California “home”—
When joy and food abound, what need to roam?

All through the night the mocking birds here sing;
By day, red-headed linnets on the wing
Fruit-robbers prove—yet pipe sweet tunes; just hark
Yon bull-finch rivaling nightingale and lark!

Strut, satin blackbird—sing, gay oriole—
Let man expand his sordid, hardened soul;
The sportive seals make merry ’mid the rocks—
Ducks, geese and quail, speed marshward in gay flocks.

All nature’s joyous—life is worth the while—
Sure, all have blessings—only fools revile;
If Fortune lets you come out Sunset-way,
You’ll swear “Old Cal’s the place wherein to stay!”

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 5–9.

A Good World

Sometimes the best of us get down,
And dear Dame Fortune seems to frown;
Our precious friends keep finding fault,
And fears and doubts our peace assault;
The means that cheered no more renews—
We admit with shame, we've got the blues!
Then some blithe comrade heeds the call,
And say, 'tis a good world after all!

We're none of us so big and strong
But need some cheer to help along.
We need the human touch, and word
Of kindly interest—a heart yet stirred
With warm regard. These prove we count!
And straightway make the life-glow mount;
They boost the spirits, scale the wall—
Aver, a good world after all!

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 10.

The Quest of Life

The wildest song of joy,
The loftiest words of praise,
Bow down in awe and silence—
The skill of Orpheus stays!
A theme too grand for mortal terms—
The Dawn of Bliss now heaven affirms;
The Gift of Love—unbought, unsnared,
All freed of self—with grace prepared.
Oh, is this really true?
What merit can I show?
Of beauty, fame or riches
No dower can I bestow.
Nor have I wrought for thee, dear heart,
Nor used Dan Cupid's guile or dart.
Pray tell—hast come through Fancy's dream
To vanish with the Day-star's beam?

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 11.

The Miracle of Love

The miracle of love has come to me!
The Answer to my voiceless prayer I see.
A queen among her kind my need hath guessed
Hath brought me joy, content, and sweetest rest.

O gentle, velvet hands that raised my head
From dust and ashes, and about me spread
The magic mantle of unselfish love
Exalted thus my soul to planes above.

O beaming eyes of wondrous hue benign
With golden, feminine heart and mind they shine;
They gazed on me with understanding sweet—
With loving impulse, warm her heart then beat.

Sweet, tender lips—dear arms and bosom fair,
How dared I hope that I might nestle there?
And clasp you yet again in long embrace—
Press raptured kisses on your neck and face!

O lovely creature, full of grace and charm,
God grant that none shall do you any harm;
Would I might shield and guide you where you go—
Companionship and service humbly show.

For, since I held you, life hath sweeter grown—
And blessed seeds of hope and joy are sown;
Would God 'twere mutual—then my own you'd be—
Rejoicing, love to spend your life with me.

Publication. California and Other Selected Poems (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 12.

Brown Eyes

Brown-eyes with tender light aglow,
Lotus-like, wondrous and shy,
Wherein a spirit more lovely doth show
Than the temple which men descry;
Soft thine arms and tender thy breast;
Womanly charms upon thee rest,
Ah! 'tis no wonder I love thee best,
Sweet maid with the tender brown-eyes.

Brown-eyes! Intelligence shining there,
Telling of progress and light,
Would you could tell me your owner does care
And the future for me is bright!
Hers the touch of an angel's hand,
Thrilling with joy as though heaven planned
We'd bless each other and understand—
Dear Love, with the tender brown-eyes.

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 13.

Blue Eyes

Blue eyes that smile “good morning,”
Beaming with loving care,
Watching, to tell their sweet owner
That here is a task she can share;
Interest and constancy kindling
Love-lights that faithfully shine,
Though her soul seem to be faulty
Its virtues but prove it divine.

Chorus

Love brings to Life sweetest music—
A language all its own;
Speaking in look and contact,
In service and in tone.
She is my loving companion
Binding with homely ties;
And I’m blessed all my days, in a thousand ways
By her of the sweet blue eyes!

Blue eyes, with gaze so unflinching
Tell of a heart pure as dew,
Ideals a wee bit old-fashioned
But sweet as the summer’s review.
Blue eyes, so luminous, tender,
Their evening message disclose;
Calm as a river at sunset,
Trustful—as a God-child who knows!

Chorus

Publication. California and Other Selected Poems (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 14.

I've Found a Man

Shoulders broad and hips so trim,
Sinews tough as a hickory limb;
Light as a panther, lithe as an eel,
Chest like a greyhound—a grip like steel;
Lion of heart, with a voice that rings,
Tuned like a harp of a thousand strings;
As kind as brave and as brave as strong—
My heart with him he took along.

REFRAIN

I've found a man I can love for aye—
I've found a comrade for work and play;
Ne'er known such joy as now thrills with glee—
The greatest love has come to me!

Mind as keen as Damascus steel—
Able to grapple with any deal;
Genial spirit—generous too—
Gifted with conscience, leal and true;
I know by his frame he can play a man's role—
I see by his thoughts he's a noble soul;
I see by his eye he's sincere—wants me—
With joy I'll yield to Love's decree!

REFRAIN

I've found the man I can love for aye—
I've found my comrade for work and play;
Ne'er known such joy as now thrills with glee—
The man I love is loving me!

Publication. California and Other Selected Poems (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 15.

Remembered

Sweetheart, the days and nights are long—
Night-birds echo my lonely song;
Nor sigh nor song my heart relieve
From dark till dawn or morn till eve.
What though I dream of wish fulfilled,
The yearning yet remains unstilled;
'Tis you I crave—to you I cleave—
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.

Refrain

My Consolation—Sweet Repose—
With yours my soul e'er linking,
Of all the world 'twas you I chose,
Of you then, still, I'm thinking.

The distant hills lie blue and grand
Like sea-waves made by master-hand;
As sure as they, my love receive
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.
Thy living presence bring to me—
Nor fancy aught can solace be
But thine own self; thy joy come weave
From dark till dawn and morn till eve.

Refrain

Publication. California and Other Selected Poems (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 16.

A Happy Pair

Soft the perfumed air is blowing
Sweetly sing the happy birds,
Shines the splendid sun, bestowing
Kindly beams like gracious words;
Love by equal love reflected
Claims its own as two agree;
Call and Answer, heard, respected—
Holy ties that bind, yet free.

Now the best in them exalted,
Faith and Hope with Love descried,
Tender thoughts and joy in service
Humanness thus glorified.
Joy be theirs, today, tomorrow—
Harmony and rapport new;
God revealing, scouting sorrow—
Progress all their whole lives through.

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 17.

Farewell

We have packed your things for travel,
Wished you both all wedded bliss
While each thing we have handled
We've foreseen we'll often miss.

All is done save bidding God-speed
And we're holding back our tears
As we hope for a re-union
Ere the months have grown to years.

May the ties that bind grow stronger
As the scroll of life unrolls;
May each find, before much longer,
Fond ambition's worthiest goals.

Don't forget we're watching, waiting—
Keeping home-fires burning, too;
Fame and Fortune raise your rating—
But—come home and joys renew.

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 18.

Little Blossom

O sweet little blossom so stately and gay
Reflecting God's sunshine in your blessed way,
It's good that you're with us—a gift from above—
The world would be darker without you to love.

O sweet little blossom, we're watching you grow—
Unfolding quite flower-like as years come and go;
And birthdays, it seems, are adding so fast
While each phase of childhood too quickly is passed.

O sweet little blossom, our refuge is here:
That you are God's child and there's nothing to fear!
We'd help you to choose the best use of your time,
And onward and upward in progress to climb.

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 19.

Good Cheer

My heart with love o'erflowing,
In all around I see
But beauty, joy and kindness—
A world from gloom set free;
The sky so soft, in azure deep,
The radiant sun with quickening sweep;
Awake, rejoice, with vision clear,
Now spread the gospel of Good Cheer!

The birds their paeans singing,
The flowers in myriad hues,
In grateful rapture springing,
Their happy homage choose;
With nature glad, shall man be sad
And let his thought with gloom be clad?
Awake, rejoice! thy vision clear—
Come share with me the real Good Cheer!

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 20.

Heart Courageous

A Cruce Salus

Though black my night with sullen gloom,
Though ripping lightnings threaten doom,
Though loud the thunders crash and boom,
 My soul goes on unshaken!

Though torrents pour and chasms yawn,
The treacherous way make life a pawn,
The “better day” forget to dawn,
 Thank God I stand unbeaten!

It matters not how oft I fall—
What troubles tower, what demons maul,
What tricks or lies essay to pall,
 I am—I know—I’ll conquer!

No circumstance shall crush me down—
I’ll gain the heights though Fate still frown;
I’ll claim my right of Good—my crown;
 The Truth-way Home, I’ve taken!

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 36.

The Ultimate

Darkness—thick—that can be felt;
Misery, mud and mire;
Labor and strife to each one dealt,
Affliction's torturing fire.

Winter-storms and bitter cold,
Skies o'ercast and gray,
Comfort lean and hardship bold—
New problems every day.

Anger leaping to the throat—
Criticism rife;
Times of peace and joy remote—
What bitterness in life!

See! the dawning Sun shines out—
Darkness disappears;
Error's legions put to rout,
With all its doubts and fears.

Old things now are passed away
As Truth is understood;
No matter how things seem today,
The END, the REAL, is GOOD!

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 37.

Il Cammino

The Way

The Path—a tortuous Way we all must tread
From cradle warm to lonely bed of ground,
Whereon are problems, cares, all thickly spread,
And disappointments, sore defeats abound.

So must it be till Truth is understood—
Till mortals scout the dross of carnal mind;
Adopt the law of love—do only good,
Rejoice in service, love but to be kind.

In tenderness, the faults and failings hide
Of these thy brethren on the road today;
Bind thou the stranger's wounds—forbear to chide;
And comfort one another on the Way.

Italian—meaning, the path, the road, the course, the way of a journey.

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 38.

By the Western Sea

Queen of the earth, O peerless one!
Thine unveiled charms may none resist;
But captive bow, all fairly done,
And crowned by lovers thou hast kissed;
Thy glorious mountains, bosom fair,
Thy fertile valleys graces rare;
Thy dazzling sunsets vanquish care—
Dear California!

Refrain

By the western sea,
Is the fairest lea—
No room for care
In you or me;
Hear the zephyr's tune
In the treetops croon!
Hours flit by too soon
In California.

Here, sweet fulfillment of a dream,
Edenic peace and beauty reign;
While flow'r and fern and fragrance seem
An endless, gorgeous, happy train.
At eve the star-gemmed crown of blue
To raise the gaze from earth will sue;
No soul's forlorn who dares to woo
Sweet California!

Refrain

Publication. *California and Other Selected Poems* (1919; copyright deposit 1920), pp. 39.

APPENDIX | DOCUMENTED AND UNRECOVERED POETRY BOOKS

Titles whose complete poetry texts were not available for this edition.

By the Fire-Place and Other Poems. Advertised by 1919. A constituent title poem survives in A Book of Poems; no separate copy has been located.

Kathleen. Advertised in 1919–20. Its form and contents remain uncertain; the poem “Kathleen” survives in A Book of Poems.

Lil’ Bitta Kitten. Los Angeles: A. F. Fuller, 1930. A forty-six-page children’s verse book located through Google Books, but only its cover is available in the local research file.

Poems on Love, Life, and Light. Advertised in Appreciation (1922); no copy has been located.

The Golden Chalice and Other Poems. Los Angeles: A. F. Fuller, 1939. Independently documented by Susan M. Schweik from a surviving copy; the text is not presently accessible.

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A Book of Poems. Seventh thousand, revised and greatly enlarged edition. Berkeley, California: Anchor Publishing Company, 1913.

An Odd Soldiery: The Tale of a Sojourner. Ninth edition. Fort Worth, Texas: Anchor Publishing Company, 1914.

Fifty Thousand Miles Back-Ridden. Fort Worth, Texas: Anchor Publishing Company, 1915.

An Odd Romance: The Story of a Brave Little Soldier. Fort Worth, Texas: Solar Literary and Music Bureau, 1915.

Friendship and Other Writings. Los Angeles: Arthur F. Fuller / Wayside Press, 1918; later issue, 1920.

The Joyous Life: Seven Essays. Los Angeles: Arthur F. Fuller / Wayside Press, 1919.

Brother Mine and Other Poems. Los Angeles: Arthur F. Fuller / Wayside Press, 1919.

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Pretty Girl Blues. Musical composition, 1929.

Lil' Bitta Kitten. Los Angeles: A. F. Fuller, 1930.

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COLOPHON

Editorial and production record.

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