



JAMES GOWDY CLARK

Collected Poems

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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Collected Poems

James Gowdy Clark

A Critical Reading Edition

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Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



James G Clark

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James Gowdy Clark, frontispiece to Poems and Songs (1898).

Editorial Note

This edition resets the complete 1898 *Poems and Songs*, the posthumous collection arranged by Clark's daughter. Its three chronological divisions, stanza structures, and deliberate indentations are retained. The 1886 *Poetry and Song* is treated as a variant witness; substantially equivalent poems are not printed twice. Narrow source-page wraps are rejoined, while running heads, folios, and OCR debris are removed.

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Introduction

James Gowdy Clark wrote songs people could carry—to war meetings, labor gatherings, reform halls, churches, and home pianos. His long career moved from Civil War anthems and sentimental ballads toward spiritual, democratic, and labor poetry. In his final Southern California years, the scale of his work changed again: Mount Lowe, Santa Catalina, Saticoy, clouds, electricity, and the view from Pasadena entered poems that imagine technology and nature sharing one luminous landscape. This edition resets the complete 1898 *Poems and Songs*, including Jennie Clark Jacobson's preface and B. O. Flower's substantial introduction, and preserves the book's own three-part chronology.

Biography

James Gowdy Clark was born in Constantia, New York, on 28 June 1830, though some early notices gave 1829. He showed talent in music and verse from childhood and composed both words and melodies for songs that circulated nationally. "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," written at his mother's request, became one of his best-known early pieces.

During the Civil War Clark wrote songs for the Union cause, including "Fremont's Battle Hymn," while also producing ballads, memorial poems, and songs of home. In later decades his religious views broadened and his poetry increasingly joined spiritual reform to democratic and labor politics. B. O. Flower's 1898 introduction called him America's "Laureate of Labor," placing him beside popular poets of social change.

Clark's 1886 *Poetry and Song* gathered much of his career. Failing health later brought him to Southern California, where he lived with C. T. and Jennie Havens near Pasadena. The mountains and the Mount Lowe railway transformed his late work. "Dawn on Mount Lowe," "Message of Mount Lowe," "The City of the Clouds," "Santa Catalina," "The Mocking Bird of Saticoy," and "The Last Song" belong to this final regional phase.

Clark died in Pasadena on 17 September 1897. His daughter Jennie Clark Jacobson prepared the posthumous *Poems and Songs* (1898), thanking the California friends who cared for him and noting that from their home he sent out much of his best work. The volume's chronology makes visible a remarkable arc from antebellum song and Civil War verse to labor reform and

Southern California mountain modernity.

Preface to the 1898 Edition

In giving to the world this new and complete edition of my father's poems, I wish to thank the friends whose messages and deeds of kindness did much to cheer and convince him that he had not labored and sung in vain.

Especially do I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Havens for their care and devotion when failing health compelled him to leave those nearest and dearest for a more kindly climate. From their home in Southern California he sent out much of his best and truest work, and there, in sight of his beloved mountains, he sang his last song.

Jennie Clark Jacobson.

Introduction to the 1898 Edition

By B. O. Flower

James G. Clark belonged to the noble choir of people's poets of which Gerald Massey, Charles Mackay and William Morris are the most illustrious members on the other side of the water; he may be justly termed "America's Laureate of Labor," for no poet in the New World has written so many highly meritorious poems in behalf of the toilers, nor has any singer expressed more beautifully or truthfully the highest aspirations of the new social revolution which is stirring the hearts of millions of men and women as has this simple, earnest and spiritually minded prophet of a better day.

Mr. Clark descended from sturdy Puritan stock, and in his life of consecration to duty, we see the shadowing forth again of a spirit which characterized more than one of his ancestors.

William Clark, the first of the family to settle in the New World, came to Dorchester from England in 1630, and thirty-one years later he, with seven friends organized the first church in Northampton, Mass., over which Eleazor Mather was ordained minister.

Mr. Clark raised and commanded a company in several Indian wars; served for ten years as judge of the county court, and was for fourteen years a member of the general court.

From this able, just and courageous Puritan, Mr. Clark was descended on his father's side. His maternal grandfather, Rev. James Gowdy, was an influential Universalist minister, whose conspicuous courage in defending the weak and the wronged, his tender love for the oppressed and his splendid independence of thought and action seem to have blossomed afresh in his grandson, affording another illustration of the transmission of strong moral characteristics from generation to generation.

The poet was born in Constantia, New York, in 1830. His mother was a woman of deep feeling and highly refined; the exalted spirituality which marked the life of Mr. Clark from dawn to dusk, seems to have come very largely from the noble-souled mother who shared so fully the hopes and aspirations of her son. At an early age the poet displayed fine musical talent and no little poetical ability; his mother encouraged, stimulated and guided the

boy, always emphasizing the highest ideals and seeking to develop his spiritual nature. By the time he had arrived at his majority, he had won no small degree of popular favor through his songs, the words and music of which he composed. He also sang most acceptably in public.

At the request of his mother, for whom he ever cherished the deepest love, he composed "The Ever-Green Mountains of Life," a song which, in church, home and school, has been sung for nearly forty years, and whose popularity has in no way diminished.

In later years the poet's religious sentiments deepened and broadened. Heaven became more near, more real and tangible than when he had sung:

"Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gales of its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the desert of this."

At the time when the cloud of civil war was looming up big and dark along our political horizon, and the passions and hopes of a great nation were rendering life oppressive and making suspense terrible for sensitive natures, the young poet was summoned to the deathbed of his mother. While listening to her loving admonitions there came to him the words of his most beautiful lyric, "Leona." This poem was published in the *New York Home Journal*, then under the able editorial management of N. P. Willis and George Morris, and was more widely copied than any other poem published by that periodical.

Mr. Clark's literary life may be divided in three parts: (1) the lyric poet and popular song writer; (2) the poet of freedom; and (3) the laureate of labor. *Leona* marks the close of the first period. The war was now at hand; the union of the states and the slavery issues were on the lips and in the hearts of every one; something of the beauty and brightness of the old home had gone out of life which now appeared more stern and august than ever before.

He felt as he had never felt the personal responsibility which devolved upon him. Great issues involving the happiness of millions were up for settlement. He was no longer justified in remaining the "idle singer of an empty day." Nay more; even poems which at certain times would have been appropriate must now give place to the great cause which he felt demanded his

best work.

He composed songs which he set to music and sang to vast multitudes in Northern towns. His "Freedom's Battle Hymn" was second only in popularity to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the interest of the Sanitary Commission and the Soldier's Aid Society he visited city after city, electrifying the people as stirring song and music only can arouse and enthuse the awakened imagination. He became a very real factor in the cause of the Union, and his war poems ceased to be on the lips of the multitude only after the flags were furled.

The war closed, but the poet had come to understand that the human caravan could not rest; that civilization must advance or retrograde. A higher vantage-ground revealed nobler heights to be attained which had not been visible on the lower eminence. He refused to rest on the greensward by the wayside or to become a dreamer. For him new occasions taught new duties. He beheld the misery of the millions who to him were brothers and sisters. He felt that God had given to him a voice with which to speak for the voiceless and burdened ones. He became the prophet, champion and friend of the toilers, throwing into their cause the same poetic fervor that had inspired Gerald Massey and Charles Mackay during the Corn Law agitation, and William Morris in behalf of the burdened wage-earners during the later years of his life. Throughout the past two decades Mr. Clark has written more really excellent poems of progress and songs of the people than any other poet in America since the war of the rebellion.

Mr. Clark was married while still a young man. Two children, a son and a daughter—James G. Clark, Jr., and Jennie (now Mrs. J. C. Jacobson)—came to bless his life, and in truth they proved a blessing; their steadfast love and sympathy were ever his; the relationship between the poet and his children was always very tender and beautiful. In several personal letters penned to me during the past six years, he has referred most touchingly to his children, and especially to his daughter, Jennie Clark Jacobson. How fully this love and sympathy was reciprocated by his daughter is seen in the following extract from a personal letter received after her father had passed into the great Beyond: "He was the most loving father and the truest friend a daughter ever had." It would be difficult to conceive of a nobler tribute from the lips of child than that.

Of Mr. Clark's poems, it is needless to speak at length, for they are present and need no words of praise; they will live, for they hold the potency of Truth, clothed in beautiful and expressive verbiage; they reveal deep spiritual insight, and at times are profoundly philosophical. This is notably true of that wonderful poem which recognizes the mother principle in life and which begins,

"I am Mother of Life and companion of God."

His songs of the people will grow dearer and dearer as the years roll by, until

"The King is slain in Babylon

And the captive hosts go free."

I now come to notice Mr. Clark's religious views. I have seldom known a more Christlike life than his. His heart was so like the great Nazarene's in its deep love and sympathy for all the world, and especially for the suffering, the wronged and the sorrowing, that it often oppressed his great soul and not unfrequently tinged his songs with sadness. He gladly gave his life's richest treasures for the suffering and oppressed. In early life, with popularity and lucrative positions before him, he heard the august voice of Duty, and he unhesitatingly followed. Upwards along the stony and thorn-strewn path of the reformer and the champion of justice, he pursued his way. The snow of age whitened his brow, he faltered not; he had ascended the spiritual Alps and the nearer he came to the end, the clearer his vision, the sweeter his songs, and nobler his ideals. Why? Because he had lived the Christ-life as well as preached it. He discusses at length, questions of religion and life in many interesting personal letters, for I held him among my dearest friends, but he was rather backward about expressing his religious views in public, merely because he disliked profitless debates, which so often aroused angry passions and so seldom accomplished good. During his last illness, when the light of the eternal day was breaking for him, he dictated the following which may be considered as his confession of faith:

"I do believe firmly in Jesus of Nazareth as represented by the early Christians, to be the great ideal man of this planet, upon whose ideals of justice and love, human society and government, to be permanent and peaceable, must be reconstructed and re-established. I believe that He has power to

regenerate human beings, so far as they permit the vital essence of His life to flow into theirs, and that thus, in the great essential sense, is the highest and most loving life of which we have record; He is under the Infinite love, the natural Redeemer of the race. Furthermore, I believe in the inter-communication between the two worlds, under conditions, however, that need to be carefully considered and understood, and I believe that these things will grow plainer as the race becomes more spiritualized—until they become a basis for a common religion, with the Son of Man as the vitalizing and controlling essence of the whole.

“As regards Christ’s personality, I wish to say that, in the contemplation of His character and life, I have derived what has been the best and most comforting and inspiring experiences of my existence.”

Mr. Clark never doubted the love of God or the final triumph of Right. He believed that a new social order was at hand; a social democracy based on the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His exalted faith buoyed him up in life’s darkest hour; “I always know,” he wrote in one of his letters, “that His banner over me is Love.” The benumbing materialism of our age had no influence on his soul; he felt the presence of the Unseen; he knew within his soul that death was the ante-room of a truer life.

His closing years were crowded with noble works, in fact, they were his most fruitful years. The great cause of the industrial millions became his cause, and the singer of earlier days became at once prophet, poet and apostle of a juster, nobler and truer order. His best poems were composed in the last two decades of his stay with us. At a time in life when most men, even the noblest workers in God’s vineyard, sink by the wayside to rest, he pressed forward with the soul of youth aflame with divine enthusiasm, sending message after message to cheer the burdened ones, while with the courage of an old-time prophet he cried out against oppression and injustice. Before his death, he beheld many bright visions of his loved ones on the other side who were waiting to welcome him to the larger life, and at times the veil was lifted and he caught glimpses of the beauty of the home of the soul of which he had so beautifully sung. A life like his is ever a strong inspiration to others; his was one of the most deeply spiritual natures I have ever known, one of the most conscientious and lovable friends it has been my fortune to enjoy. He was one of nature’s noblemen—a prophet, a poet and a MAN.

B. O. Flower.

Poems and Songs

The complete posthumous collection | 1898

The complete posthumous collection, arranged in the author's three chronological groupings.

Early Poems and War Period

The Mountains of Life

There's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of old,
And life is a treasure sublime:

'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
On the evergreen mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss;
And our souls by the gales from its gardens are fanned
When we faint in the deserts of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drunk from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Oh! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,—
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 29.

Leona

Leona, the hour draws nigh,—

The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the River of Death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that blest me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart;
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow: when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold!
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh! come not in tears to my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod:
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth;
And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn,
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.
'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play,
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by. Should the grief
That is gathering now ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief;
And, remember, the journey, though lonesome, brief,
Over lowland and river, to me.

November

The red sun gathers up his beams,
To bid the withered earth farewell,
And voices from the swelling streams
Are mingling with the evening bell;
The cold lake sobs with restless grief,
Where late the water-lilies grew,
While autumn fowl, and autumn leaf,
Are sailing down the rivers blue.

Forsaken are the woodland shrines,
The bluebird and the wren have fled,
And winds are wailing through the pines
A dirge for summer's glorious dead;
E'en man forsakes his daily strife,
And muses on the bright things flown,
As if in Nature's changing life
He saw the picture of his own.

I often think at this sad hour,
As evening weeps her earliest tear,
And sunset gilds the naked bower,
And waves are breaking cold and clear,
Of that glad time, whose memory dwells
Like starlight o'er life's cloudy weather,
When side by side we roved the dells
Of dear New England's coast together.

'Twas on old Plymouth's rock-famed shore,
One calm November night with thee,
I watched the long light trembling o'er
The billows of the eastern sea;
The weary day had sunk to rest
Beyond the lines of leafless wood,
And guardian clouds, from south to west,
Arrayed in hues of crimson stood.

We climbed the hill of noble graves,
Where the stern patriarchs of the land
Seemed listening to the same grand waves
That freed them from the oppressor's hand;

We talked of spirits pure and kind,
With gentle forms and loving eyes,—
Of happy homes we left behind,
In vales beneath the western skies.

A few brief days,—and when the earth
Grew white around the traveler's feet,
And bright fires blazed on every hearth,
We parted never more to meet
Until I go where thou art gone,
From this dark world of death and blight,
And walk with thee above the sun
That sank upon thy grave to-night.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime:
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing,
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow
Amidst the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 33.

To My Mother's Spirit

Come to my weary heart, wand'ring from duty,
 Spirit that guarded my pathway in youth,
Come in the beams of thy glorified beauty,
 Smile on a soul that is struggling for truth;
Thou hast been with me when pleasures were fleeing,
 Silv'ring the night-time of sorrow with love,
Floating like light through the clouds of my being,—
 Come to me now from thy dwelling above.

Come to my couch when the wide world reposes,
 Watch o'er the slumbers and visions of night,
Rest on my hopes like the dew on the roses;
 Bring all the budding ones forth to the light.
True as the stars o'er the mountain storm playing,
 Faithful through trial, temptation, and pain,
Thou hast been true when my spirit was straying.
 Come, and I never will grieve thee again.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 35.

My Mother Is Near

Sweet mother, the birds from our bowers have fled,
 The reaper has gathered his sheaves,
The glorious summer lies silent and dead,
 And the land like a pale mourner grieves;
But the garden of mem'ry is blooming to-day
 With flowers and leaves ever new,
And the birds and the fountains around it that play
 Are singing, dear mother, of you.

Like green shores receding beyond the blue seas
 Seem the years by your tenderness blest,
And youth's merry music grows faint on the breeze
 That is wafting me on to life's west;
Yet beautiful seems the mild glance of your eye,
 And the blessing your fond spirit gave,
As the mists of the valley hang bright in the sky
 Though the mountains are lost in the wave.

I wonder, sometimes, if the souls that have flown
 Return to the mourners again,
And I ask for a sign from the trackless unknown
 Where millions have questioned in vain;
I see not your meek, loving face through the strife
 That would blind me with doubting and fear,
But a voice murmurs "Peace" to the tumult of life,
 And I know that my mother is near.

The cold world may cover my pathway with frowns,
 And mingle with bitter each joy;
It may load me with crosses, and rob me of crowns,
 I have treasures it cannot destroy;
There's a green, sunny isle in the depths of my soul
 Whose roses the winds never strew,
And the billows and breezes around it that roll
 Bring tidings of heaven and you.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 36.

The Bird of Washington

When the winds are unchained o'er the plains of the world,
 And clouds burst their bonds on the hills,
When the banner of storm o'er the deep is unfurled,
 And terror the human heart thrills,—
'Tis then that I fly to my aerie on high,
And gaze on the battle of billow and sky:
I laugh in my glee while the elements rave,
And they call me the bird of the Brave.

When Liberty looks on the woes of the world
 Through clouds of oppression and crime,
When tyrants and knaves from their high thrones are hurled,
 And men break the fetters of Time,—
'Tis then that I rise on the death-rolling night,
And strike for the brave in the battle of Right:
I laugh as the legions of tyranny flee,
And they call me the bird of the Free.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 37.

Ocean Musings

The sun has hid his fiery eye.
'Neath quiet evening's jewelled brow,
And from her yellow casement in the sky
 The musing moon is gazing now:
 The clear, soft glimmer of her crown
 Behind us paves the waters wide,
While, from their distant walls, her guards look down
 To see their faces in the tide.

 A spell of tranquil glory binds
 The bosom of the voiceless deep,
And, gently dimpled by the powerless winds,
 The waves in laughing beauty sleep:
 And, basking'neath the dreamy smiles
 Of mingled shade and misty light,
Lie the dim summits of our native isles,
 Reposing in the arms of night.

 Slowly our bark, to realms more new,
 Moves on before the moving moon,
While we look back to take our lingering view,
 Through night's mysterious summer noon,
 Of happy scenes forever flown,—
 Scenes which now beam from yon loved shore,
More bright than when we deemed them all our own,
 And time flew lightly, gayly o'er.

 Thus, when the sun of Hope's bright day
 Sinks down behind Life's lonely main,
Will the mild moon of memory lend her ray,
 Disclosing those fair scenes again,
 Where sleep the smiles of youth's lost dream:
 And manhood's eye with tears shall fill,
To see the waves of vanished glory gleam
 More lovely and enchanting still.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 38.

Outcast

Alas for her who sits alone
 Beside the sepulchre of hope,
With none to roll away the stone
 And bid the flowers that lined life's slope
Return once more, and fill the gloom
With sweeter life and fresher bloom:
Better for her the voiceless tomb,
Without a sign to mark the spot
Except the blue forget-me-not,
That sits upon the lap of spring
Before the robins come to sing,
 Or bluebirds pipe their flute-like tunes;
Before the icy chains are riven
 That fetter fountain, lake, and river,
And from the snows that chill the sod
Looks up to greet the eye of God,
 A promise of celestial Junes,
When in the quickening light of Heaven
 Our dead shall live and bloom forever.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 39.

The Wood Robin

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and plain,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood time,
That season of emerald and gold,
Ere the storms and the shadows that fall on our prime
Had told me that pleasures grow old;

I loved, in the warm summer eves,
To recline on the welcoming sod,
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and leaves,
Where the wood robin worshipped her God.

I knew not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day,
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tones of the wood robin's lay.

Oh beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its visions of hope and love,
How cruel is life to reveal us the truth,
That peace only liveth above!

The wood robin trills the same tune
From her thicket in garden and glen;
And the landscape and sky, and the twilight of June,
Look lovely and glowing as then. —

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a knell,
Tolling back through the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest, forlorn
Though the visions that rise from the past,

The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth,
Where the tides of the infinite roll.

Oh! I fain would arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain;
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale,
And sigh for the haven in vain.

And I watch for the ripples to play
And tell me the breezes are nigh,
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away
To the lands that lie hid in the sky.

But the whippoorwill wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west;
The moon glimmers down through the vines at my door,
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird! Ere the sun
Shall line the green forest with light,
Thou'lt wake from thy slumber more merry than one
Who heard thee and blest thee to-night.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 40.

Scotland, I Love Thee

O Scotland! I love thee: I cling to thee yet,
 As a young maiden clings to her lover;
I love thy gray mountains, and never forget
 The glens which their dark shadows cover;
I know that the long weary leagues of the main
 Now hide thy green valleys from me,
And I know that I never may tread them again,—
 Yet, Scotland, I'm dreaming of thee.

O, Scotland, I love thee: I turn to thy shore
 With a song for each scene of my childhood,
As a bird o'er the billow where rough waters roar
 Will turn to her nest in the wildwood:
Then give me the storm-braving headlands that stand
 Like sentinels guarding the sea,
The homes and the hearts of my dear native land,—
 O Scotland! I'm dreaming of thee.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 42.

I Look for Thee

I know that in this world of strife,
 Our paths will ever parted be,
Yet sometimes on the hill of Life
 I pause, and turn to look for thee.
I trace our footsteps back again,
 Down Youth's forsaken slope of flowers,
Where all we knew of hope or pain
 Passed by, like April sheen and showers.

I see the glen, the grove, the rill,
 Where last we sung of joys to come,
And mourn to think we're living still
 Without a joy, without a home,
Without a pillow for the head,
 Which may not know nor seek relief
Till, in the dwelling of the dead,
 It finds forgetfulness of grief.
The radiant June of love has fled,
 With all its birds and blossoms gay;
And we, like forms among the dead,
 Recalling spirits back to clay,
Still cheerlessly must wander through
 The silent vaults of buried years,
Where sleep the hopes no longer true,
 And Memory lives in groans and tears.
We're traveling on a lonesome road,
 Deserted by the gleam of day,
And on the heart there lies a load
 That Death alone can take away.
Farewell! Thy soul, éppressed with strife,
 Will weep for scenes no more to be;
And sometimes, on the hill of Life,
 I'll pause, and turn to look for thee.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 43.

Sweet Ruth

The summer will soon be here, sweet Ruth;
For the birds of brighter bowers
Are singing their way from the balmy south
To the land of opening flowers.
But the summer will fade, and the flowers will die,

And the birds from bank and plain
Go mourning back to a warmer sky,
While I wait for thee in vain.

Oh! many a heart and many a hand,
I have prized in pain and bliss,
Have found that rest in a better land
Which they never knew in this;
And of all the forms that have fled with thee,
From a kingdom fraught with tears,
There are none that seem like thine to me
Through the golden mist of years.

But I never have wished thee back, sweet Ruth,
In the years that since have rolled;
And I guard the memory of thy truth
As a miser would his gold:
The loneliest glens of my being know
How the birds of peace may sing,
And the darkest waves have caught the glow
From a guardian angel's wing.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 44.

Art Thou Living Yet?

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
 Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
 And dry the tears from weeping eyes?
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
 And June stands near with deathless flowers,
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
 Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
 With tears for one I cannot see:
O mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
 Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me trill
 An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
 As from a being glorified,
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
 And I forget that thou hast died:
I almost lose each vain regret
 In visions of a life to be:
But, mother, art thou living yet,
 And dost thou still remember me?

The Springtimes bloom, the Summers fade,—
 The Winters blow along my way;
But over every light or shade
 Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
 Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
 Grows deeper when the storm is nigh:

I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea,—
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track,
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death:
And yet, at times my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see:
O mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 45.

The Beautiful Years of Our Love

I stoop by that stream where the wild roses grew
In the green bloom of summer when Nature looked new,
And I thought of the time that I roamed there with you,
We were poor, but the pearl of affection was ours,
And we loved the glad world with its sunshine and showers,
For life was a wayside of fountains and flowers,

Now far from that valley I wander, and dream
Of the raptures that perished with love's morning gleam;
And day is more lonely than night used to seem
For I miss your affection, the rose, and the stream
That murmured its tune by the moon's mellow beam:
Ah! pleasure seemed real, and life a bright dream,

There are isles in Life's ocean we cannot forget
Till the light of its sun in the billow has set,
And our souls never turn but with longing regret
For we dreamed of the pleasure, and saw not the woe,
Which Time o'er the scenes of the future might throw,
And we hoped for the joys that we never should know,

As the exile looks back from the waves of the deep
To the blue-fading hills where his forefathers sleep,
Oh, thus when the waves of the present time sweep
Do our souls from the future look backward through tears
To that shore where the splendor of youth disappears,
And weep o'er the graves of those time-buried years,

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 47.

Flowers Are Dying

On the hillside and the plain;
Birds are flying,
Homeward hieing
To the southern groves again.
And the day retires in glory
Westward with his purple shield,
Like some hero, famed in story,
Marching from the battle-field.

Hopes are dying,
Darkly dying;
All the world looks back with pain,

Vainly sighing,
Vainly trying
To recall the past again.
Every vine to something cleaveth,
Life grows leafless while it clings;
Every beam a shadow leaveth,
Every hope a memory brings.

Oh! forever
Down Life's river
Storms will rend the quivering sail;
Ties will sever,
Hearts will shiver,
In the bleak and bitter gale.
Bards may sing the bright ideal,
Prophets dream of fairer skies;
All must feel the shadowy real,
And the present never dies.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 49.

Star of the North

Star of Freedom burning high
In the cold, dark northern sky,
See the sufferer turn to thee,
Guide him safe from slavery.

Chorus

Star of the North, we follow thee,
We follow thee to Liberty,
Nor dread the snows of Canada,
With Freedom's blood to warm our veins,
And Freedom's fire to melt our chains.

When our hearts, bowed low with toil,
Bleed upon a tyrant's soil,
Through the gloom of slavery's night,
Star of Freedom, pour thy light.

When the bloodhound's angry howl
Thrills with fear the faltering soul,—
When for life we struggling pray,
Star of Freedom, gild the way.

When we drop the galling chain,
When the promised land we gain,
When we dwell where men are free,
Still, bright star, we'll turn to thee.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 50.

A Prophecy

1852.

How glorious, how grandly bright
 Above the dark and suffering Earth,
The Sun comes forth in deathless might!
 He has a smile for every hearth,
And shines alike on scenes of crime
 And paths of angel purity,
But never on a fairer clime
 Than that from which a slave must flee
To find the boon his spirit craves,
Yet cannot find where proudly waves
 The starry banner of the Free.
Children of Afric's burning skies,
 Columbia's eagle yet will rise,
And spread above your bleeding forms
 The pity of his sheltering wings,—
Wings that have braved the raging storms
 Which rock the thrones of despot kings!
For Hope looks from the clouds above,
 And Liberty's clear bells are ringing,
And generous hearts, like flowers of love,
 From every mountain-side are springing.
From California's yellow sands
 To old Niagara's mighty fall,
Where the broad lakes of Northern lands
Leap madly from their mountain wall,
They come,—they come in robes of light,
 With Freedom's lightning blazing o'er them:
They're bursting through Oppression's night,
 And tyrants fly in dread before them.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 51.

Fremont's Battle Hymn

Oh, spirits of Washington, Warren and Wayne!
Oh, shades of the heroes and patriots slain!
Come down from your mountains of emerald and gold,
And smile on the banner ye cherished of old;
Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
Like legions sent forth from the armies of life;
Let us feel your deep presence as waves feel the breeze,
When white fleets like snowflakes are drowned in the seas,

As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged cloud,
Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind-woven shroud,
So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore,
Ere the conflict shall startle the land with its roar:
As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is riven
When clouds strike together, by warring winds driven,
So the blood of the race must be offered like rain,
Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

Proud sons of the soil where the palmetto grows,
Once patriots and brothers, now traitors and foes,
Ye have turned from the path which our forefathers trod,
And stolen from man the best gift of his God,—
Ye have trampled the tendrils of love in the ground,
Ye have scoffed at the laws which the Nazarene found,
Till the great wheel of justice seemed blocked for a time,
And the eyes of humanity blinded with crime.

The hounds of Oppression were howling the knell
Of martyrs and prophets at gibbet and cell,
While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years
When her harpstrings no more shall be rusted with tears;
But God never ceases to strike for the right,
And the ring of His anvil came down through the night,
Though the world was asleep and the Nation seemed dead,
And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled,
When the day-king arises to quicken the world?
Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast,
Or turn him aside from his goal in the west?

Ah! sons of the plains where the orange-tree blooms,
Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for tombs,
But the light ye would smother was kindled by One
Who gave to the universe planet and sun.

Go strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath,
Till he utters no sound on his torrent-cut path;
Go bind his great sinews of rock-wearing waves,
Till he begs at your feet like your own fettered slaves;
Go cover his pulses with sods from the ground,
Till he hides from your sight like a hare from the hound;
Then swarm to our borders, and silence the notes
That thunder of Freedom from millions of throats.
Come on with your chattels, all worn, from the soil
Where men receive scourging in payment for toil;
Come, robbers! come, traitors! we welcome you all,
As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by fall:
The birthright of manhood awaits for your slaves,
But prisons and halters are waiting for knaves;
And the blades of our freemen are longing to rust
With their blood who would bury our stars in the dust.

They fade unlamented from life and from sight
Whose lives are but shadows on Liberty's light;
They slumber unblest by fraternity's star
Who have blocked up the track of humanity's car;
Regarded, when dead, by the wise and the good,
As shepherds regard the dead wolf in the wood,
And only unhated when Heaven shall efface
The memory of wrong from the souls of the race.

The streams may forget how they mingled our gore,
And the myrtle entwine on their borders once more;
The song-birds of Peace shall return to our glades,
And children clasp hands where their fathers clashed blades;
Columbia shall rise from her trial of fire
More pure than she came from the hand of her sire:
But Freedom will point the cold finger of scorn
When History tells where her traitors were born.

Freedom's Dead

Ah! green their glory long will be
Who give their lives to liberty;
Their names will linger broad and bright
When other names are lost to sight;
Their memory will dearer grow
While sounding seas and rivers flow;
And, though the world is black with crime,
Their fame shall live, a light sublime,
A pillar of deliverance burning,
To which th' oppressed, for Freedom yearning
May turn, as Israel turned of yore,
And view from far the Promised Shore.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 55.

The Children of the Battle-Field

Upon the field of Gettysburg

The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her haughty foe
Beneath a northern sky.
Among the heroes of the North
That swelled her grand array,
And rushed like mountain eagles forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,—
A sire of children three,—
And gazed within a little frame
His pictured ones to see:
And blame him not if, in the strife,
He breathed a soldier's prayer,—
"O Father! shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Upon the field of Gettysburg,
When morning shone again,
The crimson cloud of battle burst
In streams of fiery rain:
Our legions quelled the awful flood
Of shot and steel and shell,
While banners, marked with ball and blood,
Around them rose and fell:
And none more nobly won the name
Of champion of the Free
Than he who pressed the little frame
That held his children three;
And none were braver in the strife
Than he who breathed the prayer,—
"O Father! shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Children of the Battle-field

Upon the field of Gettysburg

The full moon slowly rose,—
She looked, and saw ten thousand brows

All pale in death's repose;
And down beside a silver stream,
From other forms away,
Calm as a warrior in a dream,
Our fallen comrade lay;
His limbs were cold, his sightless eyes
Were fixed upon the three
Sweet stars that rose in memory's skies
To light him o'er death's sea.
Then honored be the soldier's life,
And hallowed be his prayer,—
"O Father! shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 56.

Minnie Minton

Minnie Minton, in the shadow
I have waited here alone,—
On the battle's gory meadow,
Which the scythe of death has mown,
I have listened for your coming
Till the dreary dawn of day,
But I only hear the drumming,
As the armies march away.

Chorus

O Minnie! dear Minnie,
I have heard the angel's warning,
I have seen the golden shore;
I will meet you in the morning
Where the shadows come no more,—
Nevermore, nevermore.

Minnie Minton, I am wounded,
And I know that I must die,
By a stranger host surrounded,
And no loved one kneeling nigh;
And I fain would hear you whisper
In the twilight cold and gray,
But I only hear the tramping
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am weary,
And I long to reach my goal;
Yet the billows of old Erie
Blue upon my memory roll;
And I pause to hear you singing
By the waters of the bay,
But I only hear the bugles
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I've been dreaming
Of those moments gone before,
Ere I saw the sabres gleaming
On the fields of death and gore;
And I thought that you were kneeling

O'er the turf whereon I lay,
But I woke to see the banners
As the armies march away.

Minnie Minton, I am dying.
As the world recedes from view,
I can see the old flag flying
O'er the rebel rag of blue;
I behold the heroes saintly
Who have fallen in the fray,
And their bugles warble faintly
As they beckon me away.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 58.

Sought but Never Found

We'll sing to-night of other times
That bloomed along the years
Ere war had clanged its iron chimes,
And filled our homes with tears;
And we'll recall a gallant form
That sleeps among the slain,
And dream that, safe from shot and storm,
Our brother lives again.

We know the flag for which he died
May never more be furled;
We know our land, though crucified,
Will rise and bless the world,—
But hearts must bleed while lands rejoice,
And States forget their strife:
We long to hear our brother's voice
Blend with the sounds of life.

The God of Peace rolls back the gloom,
And stills the combat's roar,
And bursting shell, and cannon's boom,
Are heard in wrath no more;
But who may count their distant graves,
Unmarked by name or mound,
Who, 'mid the home-returning braves,

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 60.

When You and I Were Soldier Boys

Oh, the stormy times we knew,
 In our suit of army blue,
When you and I were soldier boys together, Will;
 Ere they laid you in the soil,
 Where a glory crowns your toil
As the springtime crowns the gloomy winter weather,
Will.

Chorus

Oh, gallant, gallant Will,
Your noble heart is still
Where the river waves roll in the sun;
 You never more will thrill
 At the wild bugle's trill,
Nor wake at the roar of the gun,—
 Nor march to the war drum rolling,
 Nor march to the war drum rolling,
 Nor march to the war drum rolling,
Nor shout when the battle is won.

Ah! we loved each other more
For the trials that we bore,
When you and I were soldier boys in battle, Will;
 And our hearts the stronger grew
 For the dangers we passed through,
'Mid cannons' crash and rifles' deadly rattle, Will.

Chorus

Though my fighting time has passed
Like a storm upon the blast,
And I walk no more among the dead and dying, Will,
 I recall the days with pride
 When we battled side by side,
And the sun and stars above our heads were flying,
Will

Chorus

And I still remember you,
Of the many tried and true,
Who slumber now in southern glen and valley, Will;

And sometimes in a dream
Will the old flag o'er me stream,
While the spirits of the brave around it rally, Will.
Chorus

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 61.

America and Ireland

We will not forget thee, old Ireland, now
 That the storm-cloud hangs over thy borders,
And the sigh of submission expires in a vow
 To be free as thy girdle of waters:
The leaves of the shamrock are spreading afar,
 And we honor the heroes who bore them,
When Sheridan, Mulligan, Corchran, and Meagher
 Like pillars of fire went before them.
The roar of the lion is heard in the night,
 As he drinks from the depths of thy fountains;
But the eagles are pluming their pinions for flight
 On the crags of Columbia's mountains.
They will fall on the lion with talons of steel,
 When the war-cry is raised by their brothers;
They will strike, and the power of the tyrant shall reel
 "Neath the pangs he has meted to others.

Forget not the time when the spirit of Moore
 Like a tropic breeze moved in thy bowers,
And warmed every garden and glen of thy shore
 Till they blossomed with Liberty's flowers;
But languish not now for the summer of song,—
 Lo! the autumn wind over thee rages;
The fields are all ready, the reapers are strong,
 And they rush to the harvest of ages.

O Erin! thy glorious hair mingles with gray,
 And thy blue eyes are swimming in sorrow,
But the millions who mock at thy visions to-day
 Shall view thee in wonder to-morrow:
Thou shalt rise from the anguish now rending thy breast,
 And hurl on the scoffer thy scorning;
Thy night shall be lit by the stars of the West,
 Till it breaks into Freedom's full morning.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 63.

The Rover's Grave

They bore him away when day had fled,
 And the storm was rolling high,
And they laid him down in his lonely bed
 By the light of an angry sky;
The lightning flashed, and the wild sea lashed
 The shore with its foaming wave,
And the thunder passed on the rushing blast,
 As it howled o'er the Rover's Grave.

No longer for him—like a fearless bird—
 Yon bark floats under the lee,
No longer his voice on the gale is heard
 When its guns peal over the sea;
But near him the white gull builds on high
 Her nest by the gleaming wave,
And the heaving billows groan and die
 On the sands of the Rover's Grave.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 64.

The Rock of Liberty

A song for the rock, the stern old rock,
That braved the blast and the billows' shock;
It was born with Time on a barren shore,
And laughed with scorn at the breakers' roar!
'Twas here that first the Pilgrim band
Came weary up to the foaming strand;
And the tree they reared in those days gone by,
It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

Thou firm old rock, in the ages past
Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast;
But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,
And the billows beat thy base no more!
Yet countless as thy sands, old rock,
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock;
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

Then rest, old rock, on the sea-beat shore,—
Our sires are lulled by the ocean's roar!
'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,
O'er the startled cry of the white sea-bird!
'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died,—
Their forms repose on the green hill's side;
But the tree they reared in the days gone by,
It lives, it lives,—and ne'er shall die!

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 65.

The Boatman's Dream

With long arm o'er the prairies tossed,
And feet that bathed in tropic spray,
And head all white with Northern frost,
The mighty sire of waters lay:
His fingers gleamed with priceless mines,
Or watered herds along the plains,
And lowly grass and lofty pines
Drew life and grandeur from his veins.

The June winds left their mountain towers
Which guard the Valleys of the West,
With odors from a million flowers
To soothe the sleeping giant's rest;
They danced along his pulsing form,
With many a quaint and charming grace,
And threw their kisses, sweet and warm,
In dimples on his quiet face.

It was the time when human souls
Their visioned thoughts of Heaven renew,
And inspiration o'er us rolls
From rising star and falling dew:
The hour when higher aims have birth,
And passion's wildest tides are still,—
When angel pinions fan the earth,
And men may feel them if they will.

An humble boatman viewed the scene
In silence from his crew apart,
As, slowly through the twilight sheen,
His rude craft sought the Southern mart;
And o'er him swayed a form of light,
Unseen, but felt in soul and mind;
As lightning glimmers through the night,
Vivid and clear, yet undefined.

A black man hummed a careless air,
And toiled to swell a white man's gains,
And little dreamed the boatman there
Would yet redeem his race from chains.

With folded arm and pensive eye
The boatman gazed upon the stream;
And, lo! the spell of prophecy
Stole on his senses like a dream.

And, like the sound of far-off floods,
When ocean choirs majestic roll
Their wild psalms through the mellowing woods,
A low voice murmured to his soul.
And sweeter than the hymns of birds
Which thrill the springtime of the year,
That low voice, melting into words,
Thus sank upon his dreaming ear:

“O’er highlands green and billows blue
I bear the banner of the Free,
I am the Genius of the True,
The glorious Maid of Liberty;
I led the Pilgrim to the rock,
I tuned the soul of William Tell;
I live in every battle shock
That rings the key to Slavery’s knell.

“God gave a New World to thy sires,
When despots trampled on the Old;
And I in Truth’s eternal fires
Baptized a nation for my fold:
I took it from the lion’s grasp,
And fondly nursed its wondrous charms:
I held it with a mother’s clasp,
And guided it through war’s alarms.

“And I have loved it since the time
Of Lexington and Bunker Hill;
I’ve warned it of the Old World’s crime,
I pray that God may shield it still;
But God is just, and time is sure,
And vengeance will arise at last,
To crush the crime it cannot cure,
In sword and fire and cannons’ blast.

“What though the palm tree smite the pine,
And Saxon’s first recoil with pain?

The Serpent of the South will twine
 Around the Eagle's nest in vain.
Its folds shall know the squadrons' tread,
 The burning town, the combats' glare,
While Mercy bows her golden head,
 And shuts her blue eyes in despair.

"Go forth, sad man of thought and care,
 Of weary nights and anxious morns;
'Tis thine to toil, and wait and wear,
 "Mid sneers and taunts, the crown of thorns.
But those who curse thee most shall bow
 And bless thy work in brighter hours;
The crown shall blossom on thy brow,
 And all its thorns be changed to flowers.

"Thy people do not know thee; yet,
 In yon black night that looms afar,
When all thy earthly hopes have set,
 Thy name will be their morning star:
And by its light a race of slaves
 Will march as did the slaves of yore,
Unfettered through the Red Sea waves,
 Triumphant to the Promised Shore."
The full moon climbed the skies of June
 To hang her shield on lake and stream;
The river played a pleasant tune,
 And woke the boatman from his dream.
And when the Junes of many years
 Had bloomed and ripened in the land,
A nation placed, mid hopes and fears,
 Its sceptre in the boatman's hand.

With life unsullied from his youth
 He meekly took the ruler's rod;
And, wielding it in love and truth,
 He lived, "the noblest work of God."
He knew no fierce, unbalanced zeal,
 That spurns all human differings,
Nor craven fear which shuns the steel
 That craves the way to better things.

And in the night of blood and grief,
 When horror rested on the Ark,
His was the calm, undimmed belief
 That felt God's presence in the dark.
Full well he knew each wandering star
 That once had decked the azure dome,
Would tremble through the clouds of war,
 And like a Prodigal come home.

He perished ere the angel Peace
 Had rolled war's curtain from the sky;
But he shall live when wrong shall cease,—
 The great and good can never die;
For, though his heart lies cold and still,
 We feel its beatings warm and grand,
And still his spirit pulses thrill
 Through all the councils of the land.
The flag of strife at length is furled,
 Rebellion drops the gory knife,
The spring of peace glides up the world,
 Its buds are bursting into life;
Beneath the death-clouds, low and dun,
 The serpent shrinks in black despair,
We lift our eyes to freedom's sun,
 And see the eagles hovering there.

Oh, for the hosts that sleep to-day,
 Lulled by the sound of southern waves:
The sun that lit them in the fray
 Now warms the flowers upon their graves,—
Sweet flowers that speak like words of love
 Between the forms of friends and foe:
Perchance their spirits meet above,
 Who crossed their battle blades below.

'Twas not in vain the deluge came,
 And systems crumbled in the gloom;
And not in vain have sword and flame
 Robbed home and heart of life and bloom:

The mourner's cross, the martyr's blood,
 Shall crown the world with holier rights;
And Slavery's storm and Slavery's flood
 Leave Freedom's ark on loftier heights.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 66.

The Old Mountain Tree

Oh! the home we loved by the bounding deep,
 Where the hills in glory stood,
And the moss-grown graves, where our fathers sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the waving wood;
We remember yet, with a fond regret
 For the rock and the flowery lea,
Where we once used to play through the long, long day,
 In the shade of the Old Mountain Tree.

We are pilgrims now, in stranger lands,
 And the joys of youth are passed;
Kind friends are gone, but the old tree stands
 Unharm'd by the warring blast:
The lark may sing in the clouds of spring,
 And the swan on the silver sea,
But we long for the shade where the wild bird made
 Her nest in the Old Mountain Tree.

The time went by like a tale that's told,
 In a land of song and mirth,
And many a form in the churchyard cold
 Finds rest from the cares of earth;
And many a day shall wander away
 O'er the waves of the western sea,
And the heart will pine and vainly pray
 For a grave by the Old Mountain Tree.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 71.

The Exile's Return

My mountain home, my own green hills,
 I see your long-lost glories rise,
I hear the birds and gushing rills
 That roam beneath your clear blue skies;
Ah! here I dwelt in early years,
 When hopes were high and hearts were true,
Ere love's bright dream was dimmed with tears,
 And life had lost its rainbow hue.

My mountain home, sweet home of yore,
 I left your paths in life's fair May,
And as I view their scenes once more
 I wipe the starting tear away:
They greet me not, the young, the old,
 The early loved of boyhood's bloom,
For years have rolled and hearts grown cold,
 And friends are sleeping in the tomb.
I see my home on yonder hill,—
The woods are waving o'er it still,
While far below the torrent shines
Like silver through the tow'ring pines.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 72.

Joys of My Childhood

Vanished forever,
Days oft remembered which never return,
Flowers in the wildwood
Path by the river,
Long will their memory linger and burn.
Dear was the home of my father and mother,
There have I played with my sister and brother,
There have I roamed by the side of another,
Happy and pure in my life's merry morn.

Friends of my childhood,
Tender and loving,
Scattered like leaves o'er the desolate plain,
Dreams of my childhood,
Where are ye roving,
Never to gladden my pathway of pain?
Morning that burns on the brow of the billow,
Driving the mist from the mariner's pillow,
Waking the lark from her nest'neath the willow,
Brings not the light of my lost youth again.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 73.

Oh! Take Me from the Festal Throng

Where loving hearts grow false and cold,
And let me hear one burning song
That thrilled my soul in days of old.
I may not feel that kindling flame,
The trembling hope, the inward glow,
For dreams of beauty, love, and fame,
Are faded lights of long ago.

There's not a tone in Nature's voice,
There's not a ray by noon or night,
But lights the shrine of buried joys,
Or tells a tale of lost delight,—
The morning sun, the moon's pale beam,
The stars that shine with fainter glow,
And bird and breeze, and lake and stream,
Bring back the forms of long ago.

Then take me from the festal throng,
Where loving hearts grow false and cold,
And let me hear one burning song
That thrilled my soul in days of old.
I cannot trace those winding ways
Where life's young flowers no longer grow,
But, oh! I feel beneath thy gaze
The morning light of long ago.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 74.

Moonlight and Starlight

Far over ocean, o'er moorland and lea,
 Moonlight and starlight are beaming;
Wake from thy slumber, and wander with me
 Down where the roses are dreaming.
 Come to the hills,
 Sing with the rills,
 Roam where the river is shining;
Oh, may our hopes, like the stars o'er the sea,
 Live when our day is declining.
Moonlight and starlight, silently beaming,
 Gilding the mountain, silv'ring the wave,
Moonlight and starlight, tenderly streaming
 Over the beautiful, over the brave.

Daylight has flown to the caves of the deep,
 Mars o'er the mountain is burning;
Rise ere the song-birds awake from their sleep,
 Come ere the dawn is returning;
 Sing me the lays
 Breathing of days
 Radiant with memories olden,
Sweet as the flowers where the night shadows weep,
 Pure as the moonbeams golden.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 75.

Oreanna

The moon is on the sea, Oreanna,
 I'm dreaming still of thee, Oreanna;
 The stars are in the skies,
 But I'm thinking of the eyes
That were more than all the stars of heaven to me.
 Shall I meet thee, Oreanna,
When life's evening shadows meet eternal day?
 Wilt thou know me, Oreanna,
In that morning light that never turns to gray?
 Oreanna, Oreanna.

 The summer days go by, Oreanna,
 The winters veil the sky, Oreanna;
 But winter's chilling gloom
 Cannot quench the light and bloom
Of that climate where the lilies never die.
 Shall I meet thee, Oreanna,
When life's weary winter melts in endless May?
 Wilt thou love me, Oreanna,
In that glowing spring that never dies away?
 Oreanna, Oreanna.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 76.

We Cannot Give Thee Up

Return, dear one, return to-night,
And cheer our lonely fold,
Bring back those hours of glad delight
More dear than fame or gold.—

Chorus

We cannot, cannot give thee up,
We will not let thee go
To drown thy soul, and drain the cup
Of ruin, shame, and woe.

Nay, by those bright departed days
That gild our home no more,
That shine through memory's tender haze
From memory's golden shore,
We cannot, etc.

By Him who prayed and died for man,
On Calvary's storied height,
Who took the hand of Magdalen
And led her to the light,
We cannot, etc.

The days seem dark when thou art gone,
The nights are filled with tears;
Return, dear one, and bring the dawn
Of happier, nobler years.
We cannot, etc.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 77.

The Captive

I am dreaming of my home,
Of the valley where the torrent dashes by,
 Where the eagle and the wild deer love to roam,
And the mountains hang their shadows in the sky.

I am grieving for the maid
Who will linger for her warrior in vain,
 She will listen for my signal in the shade,
And the footsteps that will never come again.

I am bleeding far away
From the glories of my native mountain sky,
 And I'm longing in my bondage for the day
When the foe shall lead their captive forth to die.

In my slumber I am free,
And, in dreams, again I grasp the bended bow;
 But I waken in my solitude to see
The vision melt in fetters and in woe.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 78.

Song of the Indian Mother

Gently dream, my darling child,
Sleeping in the lonely wild;
Would thy dreams might never know
Clouds that darken mine with woe;
Oh! to smile as thou art smiling,
All my hopeless hours beguiling
With the hope that thou mightst see
Blessings that are hid from me.

Chorus

Lullaby, my gentle boy,
Sleeping in the wilderness,
Dreaming in thy childish joy
Of a mother's fond caress,—
Lullaby, lullaby.

Sleep, while gleams the council fire,
Kindled by thy hunted sire:
Guarded by thy God above,
Sleep and dream of peace and love:
Dream not of the band that perished
From the sacred soil they cherished,
Nor the ruthless race that roams
O'er our ancient shrines and homes.

Sleep, while autumn glories fly,
"Neath the melancholy sky,
From the trees before the storm,
Chased by winter's tyrant form:
Oh!'tis thus our warriors, wasted,
From their altars torn and blasted,
Followed by the storm of death,
Fly before Oppression's breath.

Sleep, while night hides home and grave,
Rest, while mourn the suffering brave,
Mourning as thou, too, wilt mourn,
Through the future, wild and worn;
Bruised in heart, in spirit shaken,

Scourged by man, by God forsaken,
Wandering on in war and strife,
Living still, yet cursing life.

Could thy tender fancy feel
All that manhood will reveal,
Couldst thou dream thy breast would share
All the ills thy fathers bear,
Thou wouldst weep as I am weeping,
Tearful watches wildly keeping,
By the silver-beaming light
Of the long and lonely night.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 79.

Moonlight Hours

When moonlight hours in beauty beam
Along the midnight shore,
I wander by the waves and dream
Of hours that shine no more;
And then the tide of by-gone years
Returns o'er life's blue sea,
Till from the rolling mist appears
Each scene I loved with thee.

The moonlight hours may wane and fade
From yonder changing sky,
The light of youth may turn to shade,
And friendship's taper die,—
But let the skies be dark or bright
That bend o'er life's blue sea,
My heart will view through day and night
Each scene I loved with thee.

When moonlight hours their beams unite
Along the murmuring main,
I dream beneath their melting light
Of hearts that meet again:
The world may smile, and glory fling
Its glance o'er scenes to be,
But still my heart will turn and cling
To all I loved with thee.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 81.

Harry O'Lane

The sunlight was streaming through woodbine and willow,
The clover was blooming on meadow and plain,
And a bark floated off like a bird o'er the billow,
The morning I parted from Harry O'Lane,—
Dear Harry O'Lane, lost Harry O'Lane.

The heavens grew dark, and I heard the wild warning
That tells of a storm coming down on the main,
And I knew in my heart that the last golden morning
Had dawned on the world for my Harry O'Lane,—
Dear Harry O'Lane, lost Harry O'Lane.

The wing of the blast o'er the ocean came sweeping,
I knelt to the God of the sailor in vain,
And I dream of a form on the red coral sleeping,
Where foundered the bark of my Harry O'Lane,—
Dear Harry O'Lane, lost Harry O'Lane.

The morning winds play through the bright golden willows,
I hear the glad music of waters again,
But never shall morning, nor breezes, nor billows,
Bring back the glad voice of my Harry O'Lane,—
Dear Harry O'Lane, lost Harry O'Lane.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 82.

'Tis Sweet to Be Remembered

Oh! 'tis sweet to be remembered
While the world seems full of brightness,
And the soul retains its truth;
When our hopes are like the morning beams
That flash along the sea,
And every dream we know of life
Is one of purity;
As the spring remembers earth,
Spreading roses in our pathway,
Filling all our hearts with mirth.
In the summer-time of life,
Ere we reach the burning summit
With our weight of woe and strife;
To look backward through the shadows
Where our journey first begun,
And the golden flowers of memory
Turn their faces to the sun;
As the breeze remembers day,
Floating upward from the valley,
O'er the pilgrim's weary way.
When our life has lost its bloom,
And every morning sun we meet
May leave us at the tomb;
When our youth is half forgotten,
And we gaze with yearnings fond
From a world where all is dying
To a deathless world beyond;
As the stars remember night,
Shining downward through the darkness,
With a pure and holy light.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 83.

Meet Me by the Running Brook

Meet me in the shady nook,
 Where the silver waters flow.
Friends we loved are broken-hearted,
 Smiles have flown and tears have started
Since the time when last we parted,
 In the days of long ago.

Meet me when the starlight plays
 O'er the wavelets bright and low;
Tell me of our youthful days,
 Ere the heart knew pain or woe.
Joy will come to charm and leave us,
 Lingering hope will still deceive us;
Life had nothing dark to grieve us,
 In the days of long ago.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 84.

Let Us Love While We May

Let us love while we may, for the storms will arise
 As we sail o'er the blue waves of Time,
And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes
 By the noon-clouds that darken our prime.
We may look for the lost hills of morning, and grieve,
 But the soft hush of twilight will come,
And our souls on the rose-tinted billows of eve
 Float calmly away to their home.

Let us love while we live, and our mem'ry will rise
 Like a halo of light from the grave,
As the day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes
 That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
There's a life in the soul that is better by far
 Than the glitter of glory and gold,—
It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
 When the proud world is darksome and cold.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 85.

Marion Moore

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
 Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing;
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing.
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
 Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore,—
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
 Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone as the rill, to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
 Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow:
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
 Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 86.

Beautiful Annie

Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Gone ere thy light heart knew sorrow and woe;
Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Oh, how we miss thee no mortal may know!
Sweet is thy song, though the world may not hear it;
Bright is thy home, with the angels to cheer it;
Oh, for one view of thy glorified spirit,
Free from the fetters that bind us below!

Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Gone ere thy young life a shadow might feel;
Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Green is thy memory in sorrow and weal:
Thine is the splendor of joy undeceiving,
Ours be the love to thy memory cleaving,
Ours be the faith which is blest in believing
All the fond visions the angels reveal.

Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Gone from our pathway in life's early May;
Beautiful Annie, silver-voiced Annie,
Smile on our home from thy glory-lit way.
Glide round the hearts that so oft were thy pillow,
Sing in our gloom like the bird in the willow,
Come to our night like the star to the billow,
Gilding the wave with a promise of a day.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 87.

The Dawn of Redemption

See them go forth like the floods of the ocean,
 Gathering might from each mountain and glen;
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
 Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men;
Hear the great multitude singing in chorus,
 Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,
“Father, the midnight of death gathers o’er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?”

“Look on us wanderers, sinful and lowly,
 Struggling with grief and temptation below;
Thine is the goodness o’er every thing holy,
 Thine is the mercy to pity our woe;
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us
 Spotless and pure as the angels on high,—
Father, the midnight of death gathers o’er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?”

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
 Lovers of mammon and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
 Lifting their souls to that one mighty name,—
“Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
 On the broad waters the black shadows lie;
Father, the midnight of death gathers o’er us,
 When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?”

Lo! the vast depths of futurity’s ocean
 Heave with the pulse of the Infinite breath,
Why should we shrink from the billows’ commotion?
 Angels are walking the waters of death;
Angels are blending their notes in the chorus,
 Rising like incense from earth to the sky,—
“Father, the billows grow lighter before us,
 Heaven with its mansions eternal draws nigh.”

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 88.

The Beautiful Hills

Oh! the Beautiful Hills where the blest have trod

Since the years when the earth was new:

Where our fathers gaze from the fields of God

On the vale we are journeying through:

We have seen those hills in their brightness rise

When the world was black below,

And we felt the thrill of immortal eyes

In the night of our darkest woe.

Then sing of the Beautiful Hills,

That rise from the evergreen shore;

Oh! sing of the Beautiful Hills,

Where the weary shall toil no more.

The cities of yore that were reared in crime,

And renowned by the praise of seers,

Went down in the tramp of old King Time,

To sleep with his gray-haired years;

But the Beautiful Hills rise bright and strong

Through the smoke of old Time's red wars,

As on that day when the first deep song

Rolled up from the morning stars.

Then sing of the Beautiful Hills, etc.

We dream of rest on the Beautiful Hills,

Where the traveler shall thirst no more;

And we hear the hum of a thousand rills

That wander the green glens o'er.

We can feel the souls of the martyred men

Who have braved a cold world's frown;

We can bear the burdens which they did then,

Nor shrink from their thorny crown.

Then sing of the Beautiful Hills, etc.

Our arms are weak, yet we would not fling

To our feet this load of ours.

The winds of spring to the valleys sing,

And the turf replies with flowers;

And thus we learn on our wintry way

How a mightier arm controls,
That the breath of God on our lives will play
Till our bodies bloom to souls.
Then sing of the Beautiful Hills, etc.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 89.

Prophet of Nazareth

Sweet Prophet of Nazareth, constant and tender,
Whose truth like a rainbow encircles the world;
The time is approaching when wrong shall surrender,
And war's crimson banners forever be furled;
When the throat of the lion no longer shall utter
Its roar of defiance in desert and glen,
When the lands will join hands, and the black cannon mutter
Their discords no more to the children of men.

As breaks the gold sunlight, when heroes and sages
Were rising and falling like meteors in space,
A new glory broke on the gloom of the ages,
And love warmed to life in the glow of Thy face;
The wars of the Old Time are waning and failing,
The peace of the New Time o'erarches our tears,
The orbs of the Old Time are fading and paling,
The sun of the New Time is gilding the years.

The mist of the ocean, the spray of the fountain,
The vine on the hillside, the moss on the shrine,
The rose in the valley, the pine on the mountain,
All turn to a glory that symbolesh Thine;
So I yearn for Thy love as the purest and dearest
That ever uplifted a spirit from woe,
And I turn to Thy life as the truest and nearest
To Infinite Goodness that mortals may know.

O Soul of the Orient, peerless and holy,
Enthroned in a splendor all angels above,
I would join with the singers that raise up the lowly,
And praise Thee in deeds that are Christlike in love.
Let my words be as showers that fall on the highlands,
Begotten in shadows, expiring in light.
While Thine are the billows that sing to life's islands
In numbers unbroken, by noonday and night.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 91.

The Guardian Angel

I come not from the weeping willow-tree:
 I sing of climes where pleasures ever thrill,
I bear a message of a life to be,
 When spheres dissolve, and warring waves are still;
I guard thee in the early morning light,
 The noonday glare, the glow that paints the west;
I gaze upon thee in the lonely night,
 And mark each sigh that stirs thy sleeping breast.

'Tis mine to hover near thee every hour;
 To note the cares that shade thy troubled face,
Till life anew shall lift the fallen flower,
 And crown with deathless bloom each fading grace.
Though life seems dark, and hope shines dim and far,
 Faint not; I never leave thee long alone:—
The golden light that speaks from star to star,
 Is far less fleet than love that claims its own.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 92.

Look Up

Look up, look up, desponding soul,
 The clouds are only seeming,
The light behind the dark'ning scroll
 Eternally is beaming.
 Wait on, hope on,
 Work with heart and hand;
Make room in your life for the angel throng
 From the beautiful morning land.

The warmth and glow of deathless youth
 Shall crown the true endeavor;
The tide of God's immortal truth
 Climbs up and on forever.

There is no death, there is no night,
 Nor life nor day declining;
Beyond the day's departing light
 The sun is always shining.

Could we but pierce the rolling storms
 That veil the pathway sunward,
We'd see a host of shining forms
 Forever beckoning onward.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 93.

Where the Roses Never Wither

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
We shall meet, we shall meet:
Where no wintry storm can roll,
Driving summer from the soul;
Where all hearts are tuned to love,
On that happy shore above.

Chorus

Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
Nor the storms of sorrow gather,
Angel bands will guide us thither,
Where the roses ne'er shall wither.

Where the hills are ever vernal,
And the springs of youth eternal,
We shall meet, we shall meet:
Where life's morning dream returns,
And the noonday never burns;
Where the dew of life is love,
On that happy shore above.

Where no cruel word is spoken,
Where no faithful heart is broken,
We shall meet, we shall meet:
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Friend with friend, no more to part,
Ne'er to grieve for those we love,
On that happy shore above.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 94.

The Isles of the By and By

We shall meet again in the By and By,
Where the mountains gleam in the morning sky,
We shall meet again in the land of Love,
Our Father's home above.

Chorus

We shall meet again, we shall meet again,
In the beautiful Isles of the By and By,
We shall meet again, we shall meet again,

In the balmy Isles where the angels roam
By the crystal seas of our Father's Home,
There are forms of grace and of beauty rare,
And the ones we have lost are there.

We must part in tears when the twilight dies
On the far-off hills of our evening skies;
We shall meet in joy where our dear ones stand
In the gates of the Morning Land.

We shall fall asleep where the autumn grieves
O'er the fading flowers and the falling leaves;
We shall wake again where the angels sing
In the bloom of eternal spring.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 95.

After His Fiftieth Birthday

Lord, Keep My Memory Green

My feet approach life's western slope:
 Above me bend the noonday skies,
Beyond me spreads the realm of hope,
 Behind the land of memory lies;
I know not what the years may bring
 Of dangers wild, or joys serene;
But turning to the east, I sing,

O land of winter and of bloom,
 Of singing bird and moaning pine,
Thy golden light, thy tender gloom,
 Thy vales and mountains, all are mine!
The holy loves of other years,
 With beck'ning hands toward me lean,
And whisper, through their falling tears,

Dear Memory! whose unclouded gaze
 Can pierce the darkest wilds of space,
I see her morning watch-fires blaze,
 I feel her breezes fan my face;
I would not give the light she flings
 Across my future's landscape scene
For all the pomp and power of kings,—

Let Memory near my soul abide,
 With eye and voice to warn and win,
Till Hope and Memory, side by side,
 Shall walk above the tides of sin,—
Till from life's western lakes and rills
 The angel lifts the sunset sheen,
And hangs it o'er the eastern hills,—

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 99.

Dawn

O Venus! lift your face once more
Above the surging of the main.
I stand upon a troubled shore
And look and long for you in vain;
I hear the ocean sob and call,
Like some great life by love unblest;
I see the waters rise and fall
Like warring passions in the breast;
The foreheads of the far-off isles
Are bathing in the springs of dawn:
O Venus! lift your face in smiles,
And tell me that the night is gone.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 100.

The East and the West

Land where the bright day dies
On the empire's rugged breast,
Where the river sources rise,
And roll to the east and west,
We hail thee, we hail thee,
From our high and massive walls,
Where the mighty soul of commerce
To the "star of empire" calls,
We hail thee, we hail thee
From many a tender shrine
Where our loving mothers slumber
In the shade of oak and pine,—
From many a field of battle
By the blood of heroes blest,
Where the eagles fought together
For the grand old parent nest.

Land of the morning light,
Of the pine and drifting snow,
Of the dark green mountain height,
And rivers that downward flow.
We hail thee, we hail thee,
From our prairies broad and free,
Where the fields of grain are waving
Like the billows of the sea.
We hail thee, we hail thee,
From our western summits bold
Where the rocks are tied together
With yellow threads of gold,—
Where the awful shadows linger
In our canyons wild and grim,
And the torrent god is singing
His everlasting hymn.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 101.

Going Home

Kiss me when my spirit flies,—

Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death
While I draw my parting breath,
And am borne to yonder shore
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war, and pain,
Into power, peace, and gain,
Out of winter gale and gloom
Into summer breath and bloom;
From the wand'rings of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go:
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border land of souls;
I can catch sweet strains of songs
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet,
We shall not be sundered long,—
Like the fragments of a song,

Like the branches of a rill
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune or time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noontide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Ere the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face;
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand,
And the legions of the blest
There shall welcome you to rest;
They will know you when your eyes
On the isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May;
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel, and know, and see,
God knew better far than we.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 102.

The Picture

It was only a symbol in soft light and shade
Which the sun looking down in his glory had made,
But the sight of it touched me that morning in May
As a billow is touched by the birth of the day;
The landscape of Life at my feet lay unrolled,
Its rivers of silver, its sunsets of gold;
I heard the spring torrent rush down from the hill,
And, faint from the lowlands, the wood-robin's trill.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 104.

Night on the Prairie

I am here again, where the prairies sweep
Like the rolling tides of a shoreless deep;
And I eastward turn, while the clear, bright eyes
Of the planets flash in the midnight skies;
For dearer than all the orbs that shine
From the Milky Way to the world's low line,
Is one whose eyes are awaiting me
Behind the gates of the eastern sea.

Far up and away in the starry heights
Are the changing spires of the wild north lights,
As they form and fade, then gather again,
Like the sheen of spears on the battle plain,
Like the gleam of crests through the awful gloom
Where the Arctic monsters crash and boom,
And the uncurbed ice-steeds plunge and tramp
O'er the sentry lines of the storm-god's camp.

I am all alone in the waning night:
I have lingered here in the growing light
Till the stars have paled, and the skies turned gray
In the westward march of the coming day;
And lo! my beautiful Morning Star
Climbs over the brown horizon bar
And beckons to me from the verge of space
With the soul of day in her tender face.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 105.

The Mount of the Holy Cross

The ocean divided, the land struggled through,
And a newly born continent burst into view;
Like furrows upturned by the ploughshare of God,
The mountain chains rose where the billows had trod;
And their towering summits, in mighty array,
Turned their terrible brows to the glare of the day,
Like sentinels guarding the gateway of Time,
Lest the contact with mortals should stain it with crime.

The ocean was vanquished, the new world was born.
Its headlands flung back the bold challenge of morn;
The sun from the trembling sea marshalled the mist
Till the hills by the soul of the ocean were kissed;
And the Winter-king reached from his cloud-castled height
To hang on each brow the first garland of white;
For the crystals came forth at the touch of his wand,
And the soul of the sea ruled again on the land.

Then arose the loud moan of the desolate tide,
As it called back its own from the far mountain side:
“O soul of my soul! by the sun led astray,
Return to the heart that would hold thee alway;
The sun and the silver moon woo me in vain,
By day and by night I am sobbing with pain;
Oh, loved of my bosom! Oh, child of the Free,
Come back to the lips that are waiting for thee!”

But a sound, like all melodies mingled in one,
Came down through the spaces that cradled the sun.
Like music from far-distant planets it fell,
Till earth, air, and ocean were hushed in the spell:

“Be silent, ye waters, and cease your alarm,
All motion is only the pulse of my arm;
In my breath the vast systems unerringly swing,
And mine is the chorus the morning stars sing.

“Twas mine to create them, ’tis mine to command
The land to the ocean, the sea to the land;
All, all are my creatures, and they who would give

True worship to me for each other must live.
Lo! I leave on the mountain a sign that shall be
A type of the union of land and sea,—
An emblem of anguish that comes before bliss,
For they who would conquer must conquer by this.”

The roar of the earthquake in answer was heard,
The land from its solid foundation was stirred,
The breast of the mountain was rent by the shock,
And a cross was revealed on the heart of the rock;
One hand pointing south, where the tropic gales blow,
And one to the kingdom of winter and snow,
While its face turned to welcome the dawn from afar,
Ere Jordan had rolled under Bethlehem’s star.

The harp of the elements over it swung,
In the wild chimes of Nature its advent was rung,
Around it the hair of the Winter-king curled,
Against it in fury his lances were hurled,
And the pulse of the hurricane beat in its face
Till the snows were locked deep in its mighty embrace,
And its arms were outstretched on the mountain’s cold breast,
As spotless and white as the robes of the blest.

Then the spirit of Summer came up from the south
With the smile of the Junes on her beautiful mouth,
And breathed on the valleys, the plains, and the hills,
While the snow rippled home in the arms of the rills;
The winter was gone, but the symbol was there,
Towering mutely and grand, like the angel of prayer,
Where the morning shall stream on the place of its birth
Till the last cross is borne by the toilers of earth.

It will never grow old while the sea-breath is drawn
From the lips of the billows at evening and dawn,
While heaven’s pure finger transfigures the dews,
And with garlands of frost-work its beauty renews;
It was there when the blocks of the pyramid pile
Were drifting in sands on the plains of the Nile,
And it still shall point homeward, a token of trust,
When pyramids crumble in dimness and dust.

It shall lean o’er the world like a banner of peace

Till discord and war between brothers shall cease,
Till the red sea of time shall be cleansed of its gore,
And the years like white pebbles be washed to the shore;
As long as the incense from ocean shall rise
To weave its bright woof on the warp of the skies,
As long as the clouds into crystals shall part,
That cross shall gleam high on the Continent's heart.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 106.

The Silver Pilgrim

We knew him many years ago,
One of a band of noble boys,
On old Chautauqua's grassy plains,
A stranger to life's bitter pains,
Before his deep eyes caught the glow
Of manhood's graver aims and joys:
Before ambition's fever dream
Had launched him on the restless stream
Of human lives, that surged and rolled
Across the world in search of gold,—
The stream whose bed is filled with graves
Of thousands strangled in the waves
While looking out with eager eyes
Toward the ever-flitting prize,—
The stream whose noisy billows chase
Around the Rocky Mountains' base,
Then rolling on, with tumult fills
The silver city of the hills,
Whence leap the ocean's new-born rills,
The mountain city of the West,—
A hammock swung from crest to crest,
A hammock hung to fast'nings rude
Up in the awful solitude
Where twice ten thousand souls abide
Ten thousand feet above the tide
That kisses with its foamy lips
The keels of fifty thousand ships,
And clutches with its briny hands
The outlines of a thousand lands.

The years rolled by,—his feet had pressed
The trails that cross the high divide
That sends its fountains east and west,
To inland sea and ocean wide;
And still the same unrest remained
That chafes in every earnest soul
Which strives for objects unattained,
Yet knows that earth holds not the goal.

And when, at last, "his time had come,"
Before the years that mark man's prime
Had fallen from the boughs of time,
It found him where the busy hum
Of stranger voices rose and fell,
While yet a parent's late farewell,
From hearts that were too full to speak,
Was lingering fresh on lip and cheek.

On one of those soft summer's days
Which only mountain regions know,
Where earth is like a hymn of praise,
And heaven seems list'ning near and low,
They brought him to the "miner's rest,"
With fever in his weary breast,
But in his soul that holy trust
Which comes at last to cheer the just.

There knelt beside that sacred bed
But two from all the household band,
And when the last low words were said,
A sister's lips, a brother's hand,
Were softly laid on cheek and head,
As if to waft across the land,
O'er mountains vast and deserts drear,
The signs which all would wish to hear.

The August moon was fair and young,
Its crescent o'er Mt. Massive hung,
And touched with silver-tinted lines
The solemn canyons, rocks, and pines;
And midnight stars looked softly down
Upon the Mammon-haunted town,
As though they viewed with mournful ken
The griefs that cloud the homes of men,

Without a struggle or a sigh,
To hint that death was passing by,
He joined the angels from the sky,
And calmly crossed the border-line
Beyond life's crest of rock and snow,
And saw the hills immortal shine,

And heard the fountain's heavenward flow,
Where peace shall crown the weary heart
 With sweeter rest than mortals find,
And never from the eye shall start
 The tears that prove the troubled mind.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 109.

Retrospection

I can talk with you when the day is done,
 And the closing scene of earth draws nigh,
And the amber tides of the evening sun
 Flow back to the verge of the eastern sky;
I may tell you then what I would not say
 When the low-land mist half hides the truth,
And Hope sits veiled by the thorny way
 That winds to the far-off heights of youth.

O! those mountain ranges soft and dim
 Whose outlines curve in the light of spring,
While the clouds of May above them swim,
 And the bees of May to their blossoms sing;
I can shut my eyes and the olden time
 Returns like the cry of a wounded bird,
And our heart-life seems like a half-formed rhyme
 That failed for the want of a fitting word.

We were happy there, in the long ago,
 As the rills that near to their sources glide,
Till we mingled in one broken flow,
 And together leaped to a life untried,—
And in discord rushed with heedless haste,
 Till a torrent into a river grew,
And the river crept through a treeless waste,
 With only a desert land in view.

It is vain to mourn, and to blame were worse,—
 We both were young and had yet to prove
That the deepest woe and the deadliest curse
 Are sometimes quaffed in our thirst for love:
There are lines of grief on your troubled brow
 That the curious throng may read aloud;
If I have deceived the world till now,
 ’Tis because a song-wreath hides a shroud.

’Tis the afternoon of a lonely day,
 The autumn side of a weary year,
The sun is dim and the skies are gray
 And the early frost will soon be here,—

I can rest your head till the day is o'er,
And the yellow sunset lights your hair,
And I would to God we could each give more
Than a brother's love and a sister's prayer.

We can walk in peace, and at least be friends,
For the lives that sprang from you and me,
For the angel one whose presence blends
This hungering life with the life to be;
A few short miles, and the morning light
Of a perfect day will guide our feet,
Where the tear-wet ways shall all end right,
And the lost be found and the parted meet.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 112.

The Woman and the Angel

She sat on the side of the mountain,
 The cataract thundered below;
Above her the roofs of the ages
 Were lifting their thatches of snow;
The landscape was swimming in glory,
 The sky and the earth were in love,
And the great peaks seemed hanging like anchors
 Cast out from the planets above.

'Twas the land where the pale lips of winter
 To the ripe lips of August are pressed;
Where the dead, frozen heart of the rain-drop
 Revives on the lily's white breast;
The cool tide of summer poured round us,
 The bird in the aspen sang sweet,
And the cedar-ribbed shaft of the miner
 Yawned darkly and deep at our feet.

She had turned from the vision of splendor,
 Which Nature before us had spread,
To a form that went down and ascended
 By the windlass that wound overhead;
Then her face, for a moment averted,
 Was raised to the blue of the skies,
And I saw the white soul of the woman
 Shine out through the blue of her eyes.

Unmoved by the voices without her,
 She hearkened to voices within,
And I know that the angels had spoken
 To save her from anguish and sin.
Two spirits contended above her,—
 One fierce and malignant, one mild;
One strove for a treacherous lover,
 One plead for a passion-swayed child.

Then she stooped, as our voices grew louder
 In converse, in music and mirth,
And traced, with her delicate finger,
 Strange lines in the dust of the earth;

She knew not their language or import:
 A spirit directed her hand,
And Heaven alone might interpret
 Those characters written in sand.

She ceased, for the conflict was over,
 The glory had gone from her face;
And a look, half despairing, half loving,
 Came forth, and was throned in its place;
And a storm, broken loose from the mountain,
 Swept over the vale in its flight;
And the sweet bird that sang in the aspen
 Fluttered downward in dumbness and fright.

She descended that night to the valley,
 Oppressed with confusion and pain;
The tempter had conquered the tempted,
 The angel had pleaded in vain:
And the will of her captor surged 'round her
 Like the tide that encircles the bark,
Which, rudderless, crewless, and helpless,
 Drifts out in the desolate dark.

But the angel will follow her footsteps
 O'er mountains, in cities and ships:
She will hear its low call in the midnight,
 And awake to the touch of its lips;
And her soul from the spell shall be lifted,
 For the woman illumines it still;
And the spirit that conquered the tempest
 Shall strengthen the links of her will.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 114.

I Care Not for This World Without Thee

Apart from thee all life is pain,
The flowers that bloom and breathe about me,
If thou art gone, unfold in vain:
The sun and the moon, the twilight, the dawn,
Grow dim if the light of thy love be withdrawn;
Ah! never can my spirit doubt thee
While hope and trust and life remain.

Chorus

Oh! hear me, hear me when I call thee,
When the moon is on the mountain beaming,
Or the stars are dreaming
Where the billows roll,—
Ill cannot befall me
While thou art near my soul.

Let other friends betray and leave me,
And tears of bitter anguish fall,
I know one light will not deceive me,
I know one ear will hear my call:
The sun may expire, the bright stars decay,

But thou wilt draw nearer while worlds fade away,
Ah! never more can mortal grieve me,
While dwells thine image over all.

Chorus

Oh! hear me, etc.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 116.

By the Borders of the Sea

On his couch the Ruler lay,
With death's twilight slowly creeping
Through the noontide of his day;
And the waves complaining moan
And the breathing of the spray,
Drifted upward from the bosom
Of the bay.

From that window looking out
O'er the ocean's ebb and flow,
How his weary heart goes backward
To the land of long ago,
Where a little cabin stands,
While the trees wave to and fro,
And his mother's voice is singing
Sweet and low.

And that mother prays alone
When the toil of day is done,
That the struggling boy may conquer
In life's battle just begun:
But she dreams not of a time
When, with shouts of victory won,
All the nation shall be turning
To her son.

From that quiet cabin home
To the marble halls of state
Is a life-track winding upward,
'Neath the golden star of fate;
At the end a sorrowing race
With bowed hearts in silence wait,
While immortal hands swing open
Glory's gate.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 117.

Our Dream by the River

'Twas here that we wandered when winter was over,
 And saw the white apple-blooms falling like snow,
The birds in the trees and the bees in the clover
 Were tuning their notes to the water's soft flow;
The earth was awaiting the birth of her roses,
 When all her sweet voices in harmony sing.
I shall never forget, till the day of life closes,
 Our dream by the river that morning in spring.

The soul of that morning still lingers in splendor,
 The song of the water still rings in my ears,
That look in your eyes, half reproachful yet tender,
 Has haunted my life through a long night of years;
On the vast rolling plains where the rivers pressed onward
 For freedom and rest in the fetherless blue,
On the wonderful heights where the mountains swept sunward
 I've paused to remember that morning and you.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 118.

Children's Day

The wintry winds have flown away
To colder lands than ours,
And summer brings this joyous day
With all its wealth of flowers;
We come in many a happy throng,
We meet in every clime,
To crown with love and cheerful song
The dearest name of Time.

Refrain

We come, we come,
Amid the bloom of June;
Our hearts are light,
Our faces bright,
Our voices all in tune;
We come, we come,
Our love for Him to prove
Who took the children in His arms,
And blest them with His love.

Let lilies breathe and roses fling
Their fragrance on the air,
And all the birds of summer sing
In one melodious prayer;
Let mountain, river, rill, and lake
Give praises to His name,
And every voice of Nature wake
Our hearts to holy flame.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 119.

The Captain's Signal

I am safe in port, but I watch and wait
For another boat to bring my Mate,—
The faithful Mate, who, in calm and strife,
Had cruised with me o'er the seas of life.
I left our crew at the close of day,—
It is hardly a cable's length away,—
And stepped ashore in a quiet bay;
A silver cloud on the lowlands lay,
And through the mist, by a radiant band,
I was borne across o'er the border land.

And my Mate sits gazing out through tears,
For her heart goes back to our youthful years,
When all the storms of the ocean wide
Might beat and break o'er the good ship's side,
And never a sturdy spar or mast
Would yield at the rage of tide or blast,
And never a sail at the storm-king's frown,
Like a frightened bird would flutter down,
And never a spar nor a timber start
From her maintop high to her oaken heart.

O Mate of my life! though hid from view
By the silver mist, I am guarding you,
And will linger near till the day is done,
And the white sail furled in the western sun;
When the boat-keel grates on the golden strand,
Ere the hulk sinks down in the shifting sand,
I will welcome you to the bright green land,—
You shall see my face, you will grasp my hand,
And wander with me the New Realm o'er,
Where the dreams of youth can be lost no more.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 120.

The Golden Dream

The golden dream of all my life

Is framed in soft September's ray,
And rises o'er long leagues of strife
Like some blest island far away:
Its memory has haunted me,
When love seemed like a leafless tree,
And charmed away my pain, love,
And sung within my brain, love,
Like music from a moonlit sea.

O queen of all my royal hours,
Before your glance all sorrow flies,
Your face looks out from stars and flowers,
And lends new grace to hills and skies;
No more I tread the barren strands,
Through lonely wastes of burning sands,
I walk no more in gloom, love,
My life is glad with bloom, love,
And all its wealth is in your hands.

My every thought, in woe or weal,
Across your soul some token flings,
And every new-born hope you feel
In my own spirit soars and sings;
The love that leaps from soul to soul
Whose impulse Fate could not control,
Shall conquer Time and Art, love,
Shall hold us heart to heart, love,
When Time's brief years no longer roll.

My life is yours, your life is mine;
Like crystal waters interwove,
No mortal will can fix a line
To part the mingled tides of love:

The storms that vex the ocean's face,

Can only mar its outward grace,
While calm below its crest, love,
Deep down within its breast, love,
The waves are lulled in love's embrace.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 121.

Completeness

O Love that all my being warms!
O love that shields my life from storms!
O love that every impulse wills,
And every flitting fancy fills!
O love that shines through all my dreams
Like starlight through the summer streams;
That thrills with melody my days,
And rounds all discord into praise!—
I lean my face upon thy breast
As bends my noon-ray to the west,
And calmly, in my open boat,
I floating sing and singing float.
I wait no more by wayside lakes,
To dally with the reeds and brakes;
Behind me fade the mountain snows,
And in my face the June wind blows,
While strong and wide the currents sweep
Toward the ever-calling deep.
O love that rocks me in its arms,
And makes me brave amidst alarms!
I know not where thy stream may lead,
Through rocky pass or flowery mead,
I only feel that I am blest;
I only know I am at rest.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 123.

Love's Morning Call

Come over the valley, my darling, my own,
 The flowers are waking in gladness and dew,
The spirit of night has deserted its throne,
 There's a blush of delight on the mountain's dark blue;
The arrows of morning are winging their way
 From a quiver of gold on the billow's broad breast,
The isles of the ocean are purpling with day,
 The moon lies asleep at the gates of the west.

I've seen the wild waters encompass your form
 As you reached in the darkness for comfort and light,
I've heard your low call in the din of the storm,
 And felt your soft touch in the stillness of night;
Your life shall forget all the anguish it bore
 When adrift and alone on a desolate deep;
The phantom of sorrow shall haunt you no more
 '*Mid the cares of the day nor in visions of sleep.*

Oh! love is of being the glory and grace,
 The power, the impulse, the voice, and the breath!
It can rest in the light of a dearly loved face,
 Yet is stronger than edict and ruler o'er death;
If planets and systems between us should roll,
 And our paths by the spaces be sundered apart,
I should know when a shadow swept over your soul,
 And be swayed by the innermost pulse of your heart.

Come out from the lowlands, my beautiful one,
 I've crossed the dark mountains that hid you from me;
The young morning's laugh ripples up from the sun,
 And dimples with smiles the sad face of the sea;

From the highlands of gold to the valleys of green
 The voices of summer are singing in tune,
And roses are waiting to welcome the queen
 With their red lips upturned for the kisses of June.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 124.

June Days

The Queen of all the year
Once more walks land and sea;
Her days of bloom are here,
To tell my soul of thee:
The dearest days of all I know
In summer shade or shine,
For in their soft light long ago
A soul was born for mine.
O royal June!
Sweet flowering June!
Her song is in the rill
That to the valley flows,
Her tender eyes
Light earth and skies,
Her cheek with beauty glows,
Her breath perfumes the hill,
Her lips are in the rose.

And though we walked apart
Till life's brief May was o'er,
The summer of the heart
Is ours forever more.
And so the Junes are ever new,
And filled with glad surprise,
For all their bloom, their light and dew,
Are blended in thine eyes.
O royal June!
Sweet flowering June!
Her song is in the rill
That to the valley flows,
Her tender eyes
Light earth and skies,
Her cheek with beauty glows,
Her breath perfumes the hill,
Her lips are in the rose.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 126.

To Dr. James C. Jackson

Grand Prophet of life, when thy sun shall go down,
And clouds fade in glory that gathered in frown,
And the lives thou hast blessed with thine own life and light
Shine forth like the stars in the dome of the night,
Thou shalt look o'er the labor-worn track of the past,
And thy spirit rejoice in its travail at last;
The crown of the victor shall rest on thy brow,
And mortals behold thee as angels do now.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 127.

Two Conquerors

'Twas midnight on the tented plain,
 The din of strife had died away,
And, tangled in the lion's mane,
 The captive Corsican eagle lay;
No more, 'mid shouts of victory won,
 His pinions climbed the morning light,—
The splendor of his noonday sun
 Was quenched in swift and awful night;
They bore him in his iron cage
 To stern Helena's rock-walled shore,
To beat the bars with baffled rage
 In answer to the ocean's roar.
There, haunted by the orphan's shriek,
 The widow's curse, the mother's moan,
With battered wings and muzzled beak.
 The bird of doom was left alone;
And when he died the pent-up wrath
 Of Nature burst in flame and flood,
As if to cleanse his blackened path
 Whose rule was born of woe and blood:
And Freedom will his name record
 With those who bore her name in vain,—
Who raised on high the victor's sword,
 But forged for man a tyrant's chain.

Oh, silent man, whose mighty deeds
 Awoke the land from dumb despair,
Who rose responsive to our needs
 In answer to a nation's prayer,—
Whose trustful manhood, warm and true,
 Through every act and impulse ran,
Till foes whom war could not subdue
 Surrendered to the kindly Man.—
Oh, Master of each storied field
 Where mortal man with thee has striven,
Till death itself was forced to yield
 And fly before thy faith in heaven:

When every battle-flag is furled,
 And love has wiped away our tears,
When songs of peace shall thrill the world,
 Thy life shall tower above the years
Like some calm mountain, crowned with snows
 Which o'er the storms of summer shine,
From whose green heart a river flows,
 And o'er whose feet the myrtles twine;
And Freedom's hand shall write thy name
 Among the few bright names of Time
That glow with all a conqueror's fame,
 Unclouded by a conqueror's crime.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 128.

My Prayer

Father, bend from thy blue throne
 While I call to Thee in prayer,
Let Thine angels linger near me
 In my time of grief and care,—
Like the sun upon the river
 Let Thy love upon me shine,
Till my life shall sing forever
 In the boundless deep of Thine.

Father, when my lips are pleading
 For the weary march to end,
Homeless, lonely, torn, and bleeding,
 Let me find in Thee a friend;
When like leaves my hopes are falling,
 And despair has filled my breast,
Let me hear Thy low voice calling,—
 “Come, and I will give you rest.”

Father, let Thy spirit guide me
 Through the darkness and the blast,
Let Thine angels walk beside me,
 Till temptation’s power be past,—
Till I view the heights supernal
 Tow’ring o’er life’s changing sea,
Till I tread the vales eternal,
 Where the blest are led by Thee.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 130.

The Infinite Mother

I am mother of Life, and companion of God,
 I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
 I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
I fathom all depth and I crown every height;
 Within me the globes of the universe roll,
 And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
 Without me all forms into chaos would fall,
 I was under, within and around, over all,
 Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
 Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

 I loved you, O Earth, in those cycles profound,
 When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
 And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
 Was only a dream in the Infinite mind;
 I nursed you, O Earth, ere your oceans were born,
 Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
 When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
 Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
 And all that appeared of your form or your face
 Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms
 I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms,
 I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
 Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
 And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast
 As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
 When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
 And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow and flower

Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
 In garments of purple, of gold and of green,
 From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
 For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
 And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
 And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
 As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair,

Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
Or slept'neath the gaze of the passionless moons,—
And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown
Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
And held you secure in your young mother-days,
And sung to your offspring their lullaby lays,
While races and nations came forth from your breast,
Lived, struggled, and died, and returned there to rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws;
I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
No form is too great or minute for my care,
No place so remote but my presence is there.
I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
From the centre of suns to the flowers of the sod
I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
The ladder of action all spirit must climb
To the clear heights of Love from the lowlands of Time.
'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done;
Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray
And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day;
Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
And your forms are absorbed in my currents again,—
But your sons and daughters, unconquered by strife,
Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life,
While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
And bright constellations to vapor return,
And new ones that rise from the graves of the old,
Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is told.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 131.

Love's Immortality

Oh, the gladness and glory
Of life and of time
When love's dual story
Is told in one rhyme!

When one face is pictured on brain and on eye,
And one name is written on rainbow and sky;
When the robins sing love through all seasons and changes,
And waves whisper love in the arms of the night;
When the years rise before us like green mountain ranges,
Whose cedars and myrtles are bathed in one light.

Like the rose by the fountain
That mirrors its hue,
Like the rain on the mountain
That hungers for dew,
So your life in the stream of my life saw its own,
So your presence brought flowers where no flowers had blown.
Oh, the clasp of our souls was the glory of living!
We shared with each other in pleasure and pain,
For the wealth of our love was the rapture of giving,
And all that we gave was the sweetest of gain.

Like the sun to the ocean
Where two vessels glide,
Keeping time to one motion
Of breeze and of tide,
Was the spell of our love to life's billow and air,
And in sorrow and shadow we knew it was there:
We knew it at midnight by stars shining o'er us,
When mist hid the deep, by a voice and a breath
Floating ever above and behind and before us,
A presence in darkness, in trial, and death.

How it sang through all weather
In mind and in heart!
How it willed us together
When sundered apart!
How the sweet star of Hope cast her smile on the strife
Where the surges of fate shook the headlands of life!

The landscapes of time have their Junes and Decembers,
And rivers of beauty between them that roll,
But of all that my spirit beholds or remembers,
Our love is the warmth, and the light, and the soul.

It may pass like the shower
That watered the earth;
It may fade like the flower
That springtime gave birth;
The sun may go down on its gladness and bloom,
And the winter storm shroud it in drift and in gloom;
But the rain shall live on in the heart of the river,
The rose tint ascend to the cloud and the sky;
And the love that is ours shall enfold us forever,
When fountain, and river, and ocean are dry.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 134.

Our Love Shall Never Die

No matter where my feet may stand,
On silent plain or noisy strand,
On sailing ship or solid land,
In lowly ways or mountains grand,
My soul is close to you, love,
My soul is close to you.

No matter what my lips may say
To turn the questioning world away,
In moments sad, in moments gay,
In clouded night or cloudless day,
My life to you is true, love,
My life to you is true.

The morning suns may lose their gold,
The bright warm noons turn pale and cold,
And all bright things we now behold
In earth and air and wave, grow old,
And fade from brain and eye, love,
And fade from brain and eye.

But in the gloom of deepest night
A rose shall wave in beauty bright,
A star shall hail the morning light,
A bird shall sing across the night,
“Our love shall never die, love,

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 136.

Venus

When Venus rises from the deep
 With morning glory in her face,
And all her train have gone to sleep
 Behind the paling dome of space,
Sweet mem'ries through my being sweep
 Of one whose rare and loving grace
Flung o'er my dark and lonely way
A promise of the coming day.

When Venus from her throne of blue
 Stoops down to touch the western sea,
Before her train appears in view
 From out the calm Immensity,
I turn to her, and think of you,
 Whose love is life and light to me,
Whose touch controlled my troubled breast,
And gave me peace for wild unrest.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 137.

A Fragment

Oh, keels that cleft the seas of long ago!

Oh, sails that drifted in the morning light,

Till, lost behind the line of ice and snow,

They gleamed no more upon our longing sight!

What golden waters now around them roll,

Where isles of beauty sleep in living bloom?

What glories draw them to the Eternal Pole,

Whose headlands glimmer through the north night gloom?

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 138.

The Woman in the Moon

O moon! that from your starry height
 Looks down on river, lake and sea,
Go seek her eyes whose tender light
 Is more than star and sun to me;
Reflect on thine the radiant face
 That cheered my way when all was dark,
And send the picture down through space
 To light the tide that bears my bark.

Ah, moon! I see her image now
 Reflected on thy silver shield,
It sways before my vessel's prow,—
 The fairest wave and sky can yield.
I see her face in beauty rise,
 And, o'er the changing glance of thine,
The steadfast glory of her eyes
 Is beaming fondly into mine.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 139.

On the Beach

O Imogene, loved Imogene!
I stand upon the beach to-day,
And watch the white sails fading dim
O'er the blue deeps that lie serene
Against the low sky far away,
And wonder if you think of him
Who vainly waits for tide and gale
To bring his treasures from the main,
Whose hopes went forth like ships that sail,
And come not back to port again.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 140.

The Voice of the People

Swing inward, O gates of the future!

Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;

The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
And trod down the wounded and slain,
While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
And men poured their life-tide in vain;
The day of its triumph is ending,
The evening draws near with its doom,
And the star of its strength is descending,
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Though the tall trees are crowned on the highlands
With the first gold of rainbow and sun,
While far in the distance below them
The rivers in dark shadows run,
They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them
Where the lands and the low waters meet,
And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them
With the soles of their swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O gates! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old;
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands he prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;

While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in Life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the Sea plead in vain that the River
May return to its mother for rest,
And the Earth beg the rain clouds to give her
Of dews they have drawn from her breast?
Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter
From domes where the quick lightnings glow,
And from heights where the mad waters utter
Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
In fields where they never have sown,
Who have stolen the jewels from labor
And builded to Mammon a throne;
For the snow-king, asleep by the fountains,
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
And descend in his rage from the mountains,
Bearing terror, destruction, and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
And a servant be chief in the land,—
And the Truth and the Power united
Shall rise from the graves of the True,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
In the might and the light of the New.
For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
Whose lips never uttered a lie,
And His prophets and poets have read it
In symbols of earth and of sky:
That to him who has revelled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,

A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 141.

The Martyr of Truth

Tie my wrists with hempen strands
While brazen force around me stands!—
You cannot with your fetters bind
The daring impulse of the mind,
Nor quench the lightning sparks of thought
That upward from the scaffold leap,
 To live and wait through slavery's years
'Till Destiny's firm web is wrought—
To bide their time while tyrants sleep,
And prisoners pace their cells and weep—
Then burst with power, in bolt and flash,
And roaring flood and thunder crash
 In answer to the exile's tears!—
To work their will, above control
Of human customs, courts and laws;
So leaped the fires of Emmet's soul,
To burn anew in Freedom's cause
Wherever blades for Freedom rise,
Wherever Freedom's banners stream,
Wherever Freedom's thunders roll,
Wherever Freedom's lightnings gleam,
And man for Freedom strikes and dies!

Still my pulse and stop my breath!—
Who works with Truth may play with Death,
Hang me quick and hang me high!—
So hung the form of old John Brown;
And though they cut the body down,
The shadow broader, higher grew;
It met the seas, it reached the sky,
And darkened mountain, lake and town!—
Wherever Freedom's eagle flew,
Wherever Freedom's breezes blew—
From frigid North to fervid South,
From Maine to broad Columbia's mouth—
The shadow towered above the world
Where Freedom's stars in shame were furled;
It turned the stars and sun to blood,

And poured on earth a crimson flood!—
The Nation quaffed the bloody rain,
And all her first-born sons were slain.

Let me die! My work is done!
The dying stars proclaim the sun
That weaker eyes could not behold,
And lower lights had not foretold;
Then die upon a bed of gold,

Because the grander light is born!
The highland rills that seaward glide,
May vanish in the mountain side,
And, sinking through the voiceless earth,
Within the cold, dark caves abide;
But naught can stay their “second birth,”

Or dim their resurrection morn;
Sometime, somewhere, in stronger tide,
And warmer light and broader sweep,
They rush to swell the distant deep,
That turns its awful palms to Heaven
That girdles with its mighty bands
All kingdoms, empires, realms, and lands, ~
Within whose all-embracing rim
The fleets of Nations sink or swim
Like fire-flies in the mist of even,
And on whose all-receiving breast
The Ages lay their dead to rest.

Lead me forth! I'm ready now!
Pull the black cap o'er my brow!—
You cannot blind my inner sight:
I see the dawn behind the night,
Beyond the dawn I see the day;

And through the day I see the Truth
Arising in immortal youth!
The sunbeams on her forehead play,
The lilies in her tresses twine,
The Peace of God dwells in her face,
And rolls the clouds of war away;
Around her feet the roses grow,

Her tender bosoms swell and flow
With healing for the stricken race,
And in her eyes seraphic shine
Faith, Hope and Love and every grace!—
The Old recedes, the New descends!
Earth clasps the hand that Heaven extends—
The Lion and the Lamb are friends!

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 144.

A Song for the Period

"Oh, weave us a bright and cheerful rhyme
Of our land where the fig tree grows,
And the air is sweet in the New Year time
With the breath of the new-born rose."
This message rang while the engine roared
By the wharf at the city's feet,
Where the white-winged birds of trade lay moored
In a vast, unnumbered fleet.

It filled my ears as we moved away,
And the iron wheels rolled on,
From the noisy town and the sobbing bay,
For the wilds of Oregon,
Where the mountain cloud and the mossy sod
Are kissed by the self-same rills,
And the torrents beat like the pulse of God
In the hearts of the ancient hills.

And I sung of the broad and generous fields
That were fresh with a promise rare,—
Of the mother-breast that sweetly yields
All life to the People's prayer,—
But my song grew sad with a minor tone
From the souls of the outcast poor
Who asked for work and received a stone,
As they tramped o'er the lonely moor.

Then I thought of a land whose faith was sealed
By the blood of the brave and great—
Of the strong, fierce bird, and the starry shield
That guarded the halls of State,—
But the eagle watched o'er the idle gold
That was heaped on the rich man's floor,
While the gaunt wolf leered at the toiler's fold,
And howled by the poor man's door.

I cannot join with the old-time friends
In their merry games and sports
While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
To the Judge of the Upper Courts,—

And I cannot sing the glad free songs
 That the world around me sings,
While my fellows move in cringing throngs
 At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low, from the open skies,—
 That have weighed them one and all,—
And the fiery letters gleam and rise
 O'er the feast in the palace hall,
But my lighter lays shall slumber on
 The boughs of the willow tree
Till the King is slain in Babylon,
 And the captive hosts go free.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 147.

A Vision of the Old and New

'Twas in the slumber of the night—
 That solemn time, that mystic state—
When, from its loftiest signal height,
 My soul o'erlooked the realm of Fate,
And read the writing on the wall,
 That prophesies of things to be,
And heard strange voices rise and fall
 Like murmurs from a distant sea.

The world below me throbbed and rolled
 In all its glory, pride and shame,
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,
 Its flitting lights that man calls fame,—
And from their long and deep repose,
 In memory and page sublime,
The ancient races round me rose
 Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press
 To Tiber with their snow-white foam,
And prowling in the wilderness
 The wolf that suckled infant Rome.
But wilder than the mountain flood
 That plunged upon its downward way,
And fiercer than the she-wolf's brood,
 The soul of man went forth to stay.

Kingdoms to quick existence sprang,
 Each thirsting for another's gore,
The din of wars incessant rang,
 And signs of hate each forehead wore.
All nations bore the mark of Cain,
 And only knew the law of might:
They lived and strove for selfish gain
 And perished like the dreams of night.

I woke: and slept, and dreamed once more,
And from a continent's white crest,
I heard two oceans seethe and roar,

Along vast lands by nature blest:
All races mingled at my feet
With noise and strange confusion rife,
And Old World, projects—incomplete—
Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;
But boldly seated on the throne,
The grasping god of Mammon reigned,
And claimed Earth's product for his own.
He gathered all that toilers made,
To fill his vaults with wealth untold
The sunlight, water, air, and shade
Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,
While agents gathered rents and dues.
He ruled the nation with a nod,
And bribed the pulpit with the pews;
Yet, over all the regal form
Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,
And eagles poised above the storm
That draped the far horizon's rim.
At length, the distant thunder spoke
In deep and threatening accents; then
The long roll of the earthquake woke
From sleep a hundred million men.

I woke: and slept and dreamed again:
A softened glory filled the air,
The morning flooded land and main,
And Peace was brooding everywhere;
From sea to sea the song was known
That only God's own children know,
Whose notes, by angel voices sown,
Took root two thousand years ago.

No more the wandering feet had need
Of priestly guides to Paradise,
And banished was the iron creed
That measured God by man's devise;

No more the high cathedral dome
 Was reared to tell His honors by,
For Christ was throned in every home,
 And shone from every human eye.

No longer did the beast control
 And make the spirit desolate;
No more the poor man's struggling soul
 Sank down before the wheel of Fate:
And pestilence could not draw near,
 Nor war and crime be felt or seen—
As flames that lap the withered spear,
 Expire before the living green.

And all of this shall come to pass—
 For God is Love and Love shall reign,
Though nations first dissolve like grass
 Before the fire that sweeps the plain;
And men shall cease to lift their gaze
 To seek Him in the far-off blue,
But live the Truth their lips now praise
 And in His life their lives renew.
There yet shall rise beneath the sky—
Unvexed by narrow greed for pelf—
A race whose practice shall deny
The heartless creed,—“each for himself.”
There is no halt nor compromise
Between the ways all life has trod—
'Tis downward with the brute that dies,
 Or upward with the sons of God.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 149.

The North Star

When twilight's purple veil is furled
 Beyond the western verge of day,
And slowly o'er the darkened world
 The stars come forth in bright array—
When Venus hides her burning face
 Upon Old Ocean's peaceful breast,
Or—weary of his march through space—
 Mars camps behind the mountain crest.

The sailor on the moonless sea,
 The pilgrim of the trackless plain,
The bondman panting to be free,
 Turns northward and takes heart again;
For there, above unmeasured heights,
 An emblem of eternal truth,
Unchanged amidst the changing lights,
 The North Star lifts her crown of youth.

Self-centered in the boundless blue,
 Calm dweller of the vast unknown,
Forever tender, strong and true,
 Serenely from her distant throne,
She gazes down the voiceless deep,
 While worlds are drifting at her feet,
And mighty constellations sweep
 Around her like an endless fleet.

The Northern Lights across her fling
 The glory of their dancing spears,
The Morning Stars beneath her sing
 The chorus of creation's years—
And while the systems sink and rise,
 And planets to each other nod
The light streams from her tranquil eyes
 As steadfast as the love of God.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 153.

Sleep, Robin, Sleep

While mother watches o'er you,
And bright starry skies
Bend o'er the sleeping land.
Rest, birdie, rest;
The world is all before you,
And pleasure and pain
Go ever hand in hand.

With mother's wing above you,
And soft angel eyes
To guard your sleeping form.
Rest, birdie, rest;
May angels ever love you,

And walk by your side
In sunshine and in storm.

Chorus

Sleep, Robin, lullaby;
Rest, birdie, lullaby;
Sleep, sleep, Robin, lullaby.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 154.

Missing

Wandering brother, where art thou?

On the land or on the sea?

Art thou thinking of us now

As we ever think of thee?

Years have come and years have flown,

Forms have lost their youthful grace,

Golden locks have silver grown

Since we gazed upon thy face.

Joys have risen, shone and set,

Grief no longer brings surprise;

Does the old light linger yet

In the azure of thine eyes?

Care has hummed her minor song

Down life's track of withered flowers,

And the dearest of our throng

Sing in sweeter strains than ours.

Are thy lips forever dumb?

Shall we hear thy voice no more?

Must our meeting never come

Till all parting here is o'er?

All the garnered fruits of fame,

All the garlands she may twine,—

I would give to hear my name

Uttered in those tones of thine.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 155.

The Voice of the Mountains

I saw the mountains stand
 Silent, wonderful and grand,
 Looking out across the land
 When the golden light was falling
 On distant dome and spire,
 And I heard a low voice calling,
 “Come up higher, come up higher;
 From the lowlands and the mire,
 From the mist of earth-desire,
 From the vain pursuit of pelf,
 From the attitude of self,
 Come up higher, come up higher;
 Think not that we are cold,
 Though eternal snows have crowned us;
 Think not that we are old,
 Though the ages die around us;
 Underneath our breasts of snow
 Silver fountains sing and flow;
 We reflect the young day’s bloom
 While the valleys sleep in gloom;
 We receive the new born storms
 On our ragged, rock mailed forms,
 And restore the hungry lands
 With our rivers and our sands.

“He who conquers inward foes
 All the pain of battle knows,
 And has earned his calm repose.
 Countless æons ere the races
 In the cycles took their places
 We were groaning to be free
 From our chains below the sea,
 Till we heard the sun—our sire—
 Calling, calling, “come up higher,”
 And we burst our prison bars,
 And from out the mist and fire,

And the ocean's wild embraces,
And the elemental wars,
We arose and bathed our faces
In the sunlight and the stars."

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 156.

Two Lives

There is a language of the soul
 That mortals feel, but cannot see,
Which none can fathom or control
 Save those who hold the dual key;
And two may touch unplighted hands
 And strive to loose that key in vain,
While two that dwell in wedded bands
 In awful solitude remain.

O hungry hearts that search through years
 For something missed, but never found!
O lips that smile to hide the tears
 Of weary lives in fetters bound
To those who fail them in the hour
 When soul and eye and lifted palm
Are pleading for some higher power
 To guide them to the isles of calm!

They met when life and hope were new,
 As rills beside each other run,
And, gliding on through grass and dew,
 Go singing to the golden sun.
They came together in their course
 Without a dream of coming times,
When, crossed by Fate's dividing force,
 Their paths should lead to separate climes.

They parted on the rocky crest,
 No more to meet in faith's embrace:
She drew the cypress to her breast,
 And shadows gathered in her face.
He, like the torrent of the height,
 Poured out his life on thirsty lands;
To darkened lives he brought delight,
 And gave new strength to tired hands.

The world upon his pathway smiled,
 Yet in its crowds he walked alone;
For he was Nature's birthright child,
 And she baptized him for her own.

To him her ancient hills were young,
He felt her calms above her storms,
Through him her voiceless wonders sung,
And shapeless things took souls and forms.

The secret of the haunted pine,
The midnight's soft and holy hush,
The distant star, the lowly vine,
The strains of mocking-bird and thrush,
The morning on the mountain slope,
The spirit of the ocean side,
The hidden springs of pain and hope,
Touched by his rhyme, were glorified.

He sang of "home" he never knew,
His bold words made the timid brave,
The rich absorbed his light and dew,
And barely thanked the life that gave.
He lavished all the gifts he had
To cheer his race and make it strong;
And withered joys grew fresh and glad,
Thrilled by the current of his song.

She groped in shade toward the main,
Where all the streams of time unite.
He watered many a sunburnt plain,
And blessed the world by day and night;
And, while he wandered, toiled and sang,
With heart of love and voice in tune.
New hopes around his presence sprang,
Like flowers around the feet of June.
They move in lines more wide apart
Than strangers who have never met,—
One burdened by a troubled heart,
One haunted by a vain regret.
There stands between their life-ways now.
A mountain, broad and steep and high:
The drifted snow lies on its brow,
And down its glens the low winds sigh.

And just below the high divide
I read this lesson—cold as fate,—

“Who wins the wide world for a bride
Should never woo another mate.”

And then I hear an undertone
Come floating from the sunset sea,
“Lo, here each stream shall find its own,
And all be reconciled in me.”

But sweet and clear and pure, and far
Above the ocean’s changing calls,
And gentle as the morning star,
This message from the mountain falls:
“The life that peace immortal seeks
Must rise o’er passion’s ebb and flow;
For none except the loftiest peaks
Retain their shining crowns of snow.”

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 158.

I Will Be with You

I will be with you when daylight is ending,
And sunset's rare glories have died on the plain,
When Love's evening star from her throne is descending,
To lave her sweet face in the foam of the main.

I will be with you when cold dewes are falling,
And song-birds have ceased to remember the day,
When dark rolling waves through the midnight are calling
For stars to come down and illumine the way.

And dawn's tender promise is kindling the skies,
When Love's morning star in the east is awaking
With new life and light in her beautiful eyes,
On sea and shore,—
Forevermore.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 161.

The Mocking Bird of Saticoy

What was the song bird singing,
 When day, with its sounds of joy,
Had westward marched, with banners furled,
 From the hills of Saticoy?
He sat in the dark magnolia tree
While the mist came up from the twilight sea
And sang his evening song to me,
 And these were the words I heard
 From the throat of the mocking bird:

“I am singing the song my fathers sung
When the sea was here and the hills were young,
And the surf leaped up to greet the sun
Where the corn now waves and the squirrels run,
And the wild sea-mew and the gray gulls flew
 Close up to the feet of the mountains brown,
When the sea was here and the hills were new,
 Ere the torrent bore their treasures down
To bridge the bay with the fertile lands,
 Where the orange groves in gold and white
 Now lift their heads in the soft warm light,
And the silver leaves of the olive shine,
And the fields are decked with the fruitful vine,
And the lofty eucalyptus stands
 Forever green in the traveler’s sight—
Where the rose tree blossoms the whole year round,
And the hues of heaven new birth have found
In the flowers that shine from the lowly ground.”

What was the song bird telling his mate,
 In a ripple of quiet joy,
When the midnight moon—like the eye of Fate—
 Looked down on Saticoy?
He sat by their nest in the cypress tree,
Two leagues away from the silver sea,
And warbled low to his mate and me,
 And these are the words I heard
 From the heart of the mocking bird:

“I am singing the song our fathers sang
In the Aztec combats long ago,
When the air was rent with the battle’s clang
And the Northern arrows rained and rang
On the shields of the southward flying foe
That fought in vain, then sank and died
On the crimson plain and mountain side,
And left no sign but the tell-tale grounds
Where a race lies dead in a million mounds
That dot the lands from the cold North Lakes
To the clime where the wind of the Tropic shakes—
O’er the grave of many a buried town—
The fruit of the palm and fig tree down.”

But what was the song bird singing about
In a chorus mad with joy,
When the day came in and the stars went out
O’er the slopes of Saticoy?
He sat in the green acacia tree,
Where the land looked out on the golden sea,
And sang his sunrise song to me,
And these were the words I heard
From the soul of the mocking bird:

“We are trilling the notes the birds shall trill,
When men no longer scourge and kill,
When the North and South and the East and West
Shall draw their life from a common breast,
When the Northern brain and the Northern will
And the Southern heart and the Southern soul
Shall together blend in a perfect whole
Of the Nobler Race, whose blood shall roll
Forever free from the taint of crime,
In that shining Age, whose morn sublime
Appears on the distant verge of Time,
Whose music floats on the early air
Like an answer to a world’s long prayer

That man shall his 'brother's keeper' be,
That the mark of Cain may be effaced,
And the land, like the open air, be free,
And the white rose bloom in the desert waste."

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 162.

Turn to Me, Thou Lonely One

"I in them, and Thou in me." —St. John 17:23.

Seek me in the night of woe
As the flowers seek the sun—
 As the rivers seaward flow;
Look on me, oh, look and live,
 Never more forsaken be,
I have life and love to give
 And I freely give to thee.

Chorus

Weep no more upon thy pillow,
Drift no more with tide and billow,
Leave the cypress and the willow,
Tune thy harp and sing for me.

Come and lean upon my breast
 Till the morning o'er thee streams;
Grief no more shall mar thy rest,
 Fear no more alarm thy dreams,
Clouds may rise and billows roll,

I will calm the storm and sea,
Life to life and soul to soul,
Thou henceforth shalt dwell with me.
Chorus

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 165.

Let Me Rest

Let me rest on Thy bosom, I'm weary and lonely,
 The stars are all gone from my sight,
Let me rest on Thy bosom, on Thine and Thine only,
 Till darkness gives place to the light,—
 My last joy is taken,
 My last hope is shaken,
 The wild waters over me roll,—
 My heart all forsaken
 Now turns to Thee only,
 The day-star and dawn of my soul.

Chorus

Let me rest on Thy bosom,
Let me rest, let me rest.

Let me rest on Thy bosom, the world may bereave me,
 Thy love is my light and my stay;
Let me rest on the bosom that never will leave me,
 Tho' brother and friend turn away.
 In language unspoken,
 In silence unbroken,
 I bring all my trials and woes;

Thy word is a token
That will not deceive me
Nor leave me alone with my foes.
Chorus

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 166.

Star of My Soul

I know I cannot wander far from Thee,
I feel Thy love forever guiding me,
My mountain path may wild and lonely be,
Or dark my track along the rolling sea,
 But on the height or on the wave,
 I feel Thee near to save.

Chorus

Star of my soul—Star of my soul,
Star of my soul, I call, I call to Thee, etc.

The rosy light of life may turn to gray,
And darkness wrap the golden springs of day,
But Thou shalt never, never fade away,

Though suns grow cold and shining worlds decay,
In storm and gloom I know not fear,
For Thou art always near.

Chorus

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 167.

After Sixty Years

The People's Battle Hymn

There's a sound of swelling waters,
 There's a voice from out the blue,
 Where the Master His arm is revealing,—
Lo! the glory of the morning.
 Lights the forehead of the New,
 And the towers of Old Time are reeling,
There is doubt within the temples
 Where the gods are bought and sold,
 They are leaving the false for the true way;
There's a cry of consternation
 Where the idols made of gold
Are melting in the glance of the New day.

Chorus

Lift high the banner,
Break from the chain,
Wake from the thralldom of story.
Like the torrent to the river,
The river to the main,
Forward to Liberty and Glory!

There is tramping in the cities,
 Where the people march along,
 And the trumpet of Justice is calling;
There's a crashing of the helmet
 On the forehead of the Wrong,
 And the battlements of Babylon are falling.
O! the Master of the morning,
 How we waited for His light
 In the old days of doubting and fearing—
How we watched among the shadows
 Of the long and weary night
 For His feet upon the mountains appearing.
He shall gather in the homeless
He shall set the people free,
He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler;
He shall render back to labor

From the mountains to the sea
The lands that are bound by the spoiler.
Let the lightning tell the story
To the sea's remotest bands;
Let the camp fires of Freedom be flaming,
While the voices of the heavens
Join the chorus of the lands
Which the children of men are proclaiming.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 171.

Justice to “Liberty Enlightening the World”

O, Liberty! whose searching eyes
Are fixed upon the distant blue—
As if to pierce the veil that lies
Betwixt the Old World and the New—
What seekest thou in other climes,
And isles that gem the salt sea foam?
What findest thou of woes and crimes
That dwell not in thy chosen home?

Child of the rainbow and the star,
Around whose path the whirlwind sings,
Recall thine eagles from afar
And answer to my questionings!
Call down thy colors from the clouds,
And nail them o’er the city marts,
And let thy beacon cheer the crowds
Of darkened lives and weary hearts.

“And what art thou? to question one
Whose impulse every bosom warms,
Whose eagles soar athwart the sun,
And rock their young upon the storms;
And who art thou? to ask me why
I stand upon the New World strands,
And bid my eagles outward fly
To probe the ills of other lands!”

Men call me “Love” when—bending down—
I kissed the tears from sorrow’s face,
And “Mercy” when I change the frown
Of judgment to a smile of grace;
They call me “Justice” when I shift
The weak man’s burdens to the strong.
But “Vengeance” when my earthquakes lift
The tidal waves that drown the wrong.

I fix the headland bounds of Fate
Against which Error frets in vain;
I watch by Truth’s eternal gate,
And balance every loss and gain;

I hover o'er the Lethean deep
Where Progress mourns her murdered braves,
I touch the waters where they sleep,
And lo! they wake from honored graves.

The empty boasts of power and pelf
Like fleeting vapors round me meet;
The star of destiny itself
Climbs from the throne to reach my feet;
The nations poise upon my scales
Like cloudlets on the midday air;
I stand erect where Empire fails,
And wait serene amidst despair.

"O! thou whose fire-winged word descends
Like lightning from unclouded zones—
At whose decree oppression ends,
And despots tremble on their thrones—
I bow to thy divining life
Which every perfect life fulfills;
My warring factions cease from strife,
My thunders die among the hills.

"Full well I know the deeds of shame
That nations in my name have done,
Whose record lingers on my fame
Like spots upon the morning sun;
But while my conquering legions stand
With sabres sheathed and banners furled,
Pray tell me of my chosen band
Whose star and torch illumine the world."
I see a land so broad and fair—
So free from titled lords and kings—
That all the tribes seek refuge there
As young birds seek the mother wings;
The fig-tree, orange, grape and palm
Grow wild upon her southern plains,
Where summer breezes drift in balm,
And blooms caress the winter rains.
The oceans of the east and west
Along her borders laugh and roar;

The mountains sleep upon her breast,
And vast lakes down her north lines pour.

I see a nation half in chains;
The mingled blood of all the earth
Is surging through her fevered veins,
And striving for a nobler birth;
The New World's warp, the Old World's web
In all her garments come and go,
While from her life the old taints ebb,
And new ones rush with fiercer flow;
Her snowy sails, her keels and helms
Go forth with stores of fruit and bread
To all the kingdoms, climes and realms
Where man is asking to be fed.

Her star-crowned head proclaims the light
That seers and poets long have sung;
Her feet and skirts are wrapped in night
Where Wrong is old and Hope is young;
No more the lion treads her coast
In war's red pomp and force arrayed;
He leads a far more cruel host
That plunders by the laws of trade.
Her soldier band, whose sabre stroke
Released from bonds four million lives,
Are weighted by a usurer's yoke
More galling than the black man's gyves;
Though gone the auction block of old,
The soul of slavery lingers still,
The chains are forged of power and gold
To bind the white serf's brain and will.

The poor man—robbed of lands he earned—
Goes wandering homeless o'er the moor;
And eagles, into vultures turned,
Stand guard beside the rich man's door;
The masses move with fettered feet;
The classes feast on Labor's toil;
The eagles with the lions meet,
To gather and divide the spoil.

I am not blind; I see and feel,
 While Mammon rules the broad domain,
And stretches forth his hand to steal
 The garnered sheaves of ripened grain.
I am not deaf, I am not dead,
 Though Mercy groans in travail pain,
While chartered Murder rears its head,
 And children wail for fathers slain.

No longer shall my arm be stayed,
 No more my trumpet call retreat
When Truth, by lying lips betrayed,
 Is dragged before the judgment seat;
The line is crossed; the doom draws nigh;
 Lo! Justice wakes with lifted hand
To write her mandate in the sky,
 And not upon the shifting sand.

“But Justice, listen; and behold;
 My star upon the darkness gleams,
My upraised torch has not grown cold;
 The world is moaning in her dreams;
In dreams of grander conflicts won,
 She yearns for freedom, light and air;
And can the child of Washington
 Be dumb to her unanswered prayer?”

The ages cannot pause to wait
 The counter-moves of Mammon’s hoard,
While Labor lingers at the gate.
 To beg the crumbs from Dives’ board!
The world shall onward, sunward swing
 Till torch and star are merged in light,
And all the nations rise and sing
 Their triumph o’er the powers of night.

I see a mighty feast outspread,
 Where gilded lords their honors wear;
The banquet king sits at their head;
 The guests are drunk on vintage rare;
And far below on every side,
 No more by cringing fear subdued,

And murmuring like a rising tide,
I see the countless multitude.

As rivers to the ocean roll,
All tongues and races join the throng,
One purpose burning in each soul,
And on their lips a single song;
One common cause, one flag unfurled,
They kneel to neither king nor clan;
Their country is the round, wide world;
Their creed the brotherhood of man.

The feast goes on; the proud rejoice;
They hear a sound of distant waves;
They think it but the torrent's voice
Complaining through the highland caves;
It is no mountain stream, that leaps
Rebellious of its rocky bands;
It is the lifting of the deeps,
The sinking of the ancient lands.

Resistless as the pulse of doom,
The ocean swings from shore to shore;
And frightened kings flit through the gloom,
Like stars that fail to rise no more.
The high sea-walls of caste are gone;
The pent-up floods their chains have burst;
The toilers face the golden dawn:
The first are last, the last are first.

The Old goes down, the New ascends;
Its sunny isles in glory rise;
A rainbow o'er the deluge bends.
And Labor's curse dissolves and dies;
The gods of gold no more hold sway;
The people bow to truth alone,
And He whose voice the tides obey
Remains forever with His own.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 173.

A Fragment

Go plant within the self-same day
 Two germs, alike in form and size,
And leave them, till some future day,
 With years of rains and genial skies,
And winds that wander east or west,
 And one shall grow a fruitful tree
Where pilgrims pause for food and rest,
 And song-birds come to build their nest,
And one a thorny shrub shall be.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 179.

Freedom's Reveille

The time has passed for idle rest;
Columbia, from your slumber rise!
Replace the shield upon your breast,
And cast the veil from off your eyes,
And view your torn and stricken fold—
By prowling wolves made desolate—
Your honor sold for alien gold
By traitors in your halls of state.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;
Our sires fall fainting by the way;
The Lion robs them of their lands,
The Eagle guards them to betray;
Shall they who kill through craft and greed
Receive a brand less black than Cain's?
Shall paid "procurers" of the deed
Still revel in their Judas gains?

O daughter of the matchless Sire,
Whose valor made your name sublime,
Whose spirit, like a living fire,
Lights up the battlements of Time,—
The World's sad heart, with pleading moan,
Breaks at your feet—as breaks the main,
In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone—
And shall it plead and break in vain?

Fling off that garb of golden lace
That knaves have spun to mask your form
And let the lightning from your face
Gleam out upon the gathering storm—
That awful face whose silent look
Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings,
And like the bolts of Sinai shook
The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be
Has touched with gold the mountain mist,
Its white fleets plow the morning sea,
Its flag the morning star has kissed.

But still the martyred ones of yore,
 Whom tyrants to the scaffold led—
Transfigured now forevermore—
 Gaze backward o'er the ages dead:

And ask: "How long, O Lord! How long
 Shall creeds conceal Thy human side,
And Christ the God be crowned in song
 While Christ the Man is crucified?
How long shall Mammon's tongue of fraud
 At Freedom's Prophets wag in sport,
While chartered murder stalks abroad,
 Approved by Senate, Church and Court?"

The strife shall not forever last
'Twixt cunning Wrong and passive Truth—
The blighting demon of the past,
 Chained to the beauteous form of Youth—
The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,
 Its day with cloudless glory burn,
The Right with Might from slumber wake,
 And the dead Wrong to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;
 The young day looks through bars of blood;
The air throbs with the breath of Him
 Whose pulse was in the Red sea flood;
And flanked by mountains, right and left,
 The people stand—a doubting horde—
Before them heave the tides uncleft,
 Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.
But lo! the living God controls,
 And marks the bounds of slavery's night,
And speaks through all the dauntless souls
 That live or perish for the right.
His Face shall light the people still,
 His hand shall cut the sea in twain
And sky and wave and mountain thrill
 To Miriam's triumphant strain.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 180.

The Fall of New Babylon

“Be still, and know that I am God!”

 This message fell distinct and low,
While wealth, with steel and iron shod,
 Crushed out the cries of want and woe;
And from the scourged and bleeding throng,
 As if to end the age-long tryst,
With eyes rebuking gilded Wrong,
 Shone forth the wondrous face of Christ.

Man heeded neither voice nor look—
 For Mammon’s vampires asked for blood—
And what were signs and omens took
 The forms of conflict, flame and flood;
The tempest down the mountains whirled;
 The lightnings danced among the crags:
And far below the breakers curled
 And raised on high their battle-flags.

The ocean’s heart with angry beats—
 Swayed by the earthquake’s fiery breath—
Uplifted cities, troops and fleets
 And hurled them down to wreck and death;
Then rose the death-yell of the Old—
 The old, dark Age of ruthless gain,
Of crouching thieves and warriors bold
 Who slew the just and robbed the slain.

For he who led the hordes of Night—
 The Monarchs of marauding bands—
Went down before the Sword of Light
 That flashed upon the plundered lands;
And stretched upon his mighty bier,
 With broken helmet on his head,
And hands still clutching brand and spear,
 The King at last lay prone and dead,

 The birds of conquest o’er him swooped
In baffled rage and terror wild;
 The silent Fates around him stooped
To deck with flowers their fallen child;

And where the powers of shore and wave
Together clashed in border wars,
With systems piled upon his grave,
They left the meteor-son of Mars.

The cruel rule of craft and pelf
Had vanished like a midnight pall;
The cold, hard motto, "Each for Self,"
Had melted into "Each for All,"
For every human ear and heart
Had heard the message, "Peace, be still!"
And sought through Freedom's highest art
For oneness with the Perfect Will.

The star of strife had ceased to reign,
And Venus woke with tender grace
Between the lids of sky and main
And smiled upon a nobler race;
And as a brute foregoes its prize
And cowers before the gaze of day,
With backward look from baleful eyes
The wolf of Usury slunk away.

From ocean rim to mountain height
All Nature sang of glad release;
The waters danced in wild delight
And waved a million flags of peace;
For he who held the world in thrall
Through greed and fraud and power of gold,
Had seen the "writing on the wall,"
And died like Babylon's King of old.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 183.

Fraternity

If man would love his brother man
 Like Him who died to seal the Truth,
And live like Him one mortal span,
 Old mother Earth would find her youth:
The race would clasp the hands of heaven
 And souls would feel their fetters riven,
And rising, leave their crimes behind,
 Until the sense of sins forgiven
Would flash like light from mind to mind:
 As when the world awakes from rest,
And morning greets the billowy main.
 The glow is caught from crest to crest,
The tidings leap from deep to deep,
 Till one by one around the world
The sable flags of night are furled
 And every sea becomes a plain
Of dancing fire, and gladness thrills
 The faces of the rocks and hills,
And listening woodland, vale and lake
 The silence of their slumber break,
And all the harps of Nature play
 The chorus of the new-born day.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 185.

Old Glory

Thou art Freedom's child, Old Glory,
Born of Freedom's high desire,
Nursed amid the battle's ire,
Tried by thunderbolt and fire.
On the field and on the tide,
Where our heroes, side by side,
Followed thee and fought and died
Gazing on thy stars, Old Glory.

We will stand by thee, Old Glory,
On the lands and on the waves,
For our babes and for our graves,
Though we stand or fall as slaves.
For thy stars are not to blame
For the treason, fraud and shame
That pollute thy holy name
In our halls of state, Old Glory.

Knaves have stolen thee, Old Glory,
For their Babylonian bowers;
From their festal walls and towers
Droops the flag that once was ours;
O'er their crime thy beauty trails,
And the old-time answer fails
When from chain-gangs, courts and jails
Men appeal to thee, Old Glory.

Be our shield once more, Old Glory!
Lo! the world in travail pain
Turns and pleads to thee in vain
While through plundered vale and plain,
Stripped and bruised by licensed thieves,
Starving, begging for her sheaves
Outcast Labor tramps and grieves,
With no help from thee, Old Glory.

We will rescue thee, Old Glory!
Bloodless may the process be,
Peaceful as the yearning sea
Anchored to the windless lee,—

But if peace cannot avail,
Welcome tidal wave and gale,
Welcome lightning flame and hail
Till the very stars turn pale
In the grander light, Old Glory.

If it must be so, Old Glory—
If blind error smite with force
Truth and justice at their source,
Suns and planets in their course—
Let the earthquake lift the deep,
Let the wild floods wake from sleep;
Let the crouching Terrors leap,
And where God's own toilers reap
We will carry thee, Old Glory.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 186.

Our Babylon

Oh! the towers of Babylon are rare
And the tinkling fountains play
Over gardens hung in the drowsy air.
Where the careless youths and maidens fair
Are dreaming the years away;
And the kings of Babylon are bold,
For the realms before them fall.
And they rule the world from thrones of gold
While the people's lives are bought and sold
Like the herds in the butcher's stall.

Oh! the towers of Babylon are strong,
And their dungeons damp and deep,—
And the rich rejoice in the reign of wrong,
And the princes join in the revelers' song
While the toilers tramp and weep,—
But stern and still, like a troop of Fates,
Round the city's roar and din,
The invading host of the conqueror waits
In the midnight hush outside the gates
As the feast goes on within.

And the walls of Babylon are high,
And their arches grim and low,
And the birds of commerce scream and fly
While the proud Euphrates wanders by
In its wild relentless flow,—
But the river that rolls in Mammon's pride
Shall the people's servant be—
By the toiler's will shall be turned aside
And the channel surge with a grander tide
Than the pulse of the Persian sea.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 188.

Dawn on Mount Lowe

Looking southward to the sunlands,
 On the ocean's ebb and flow,
Keeping watch o'er Echo Mountain,
 Dwells the spirit of Mount Lowe—
In the glowing light of noonday,
 In the midnight calm and lone,
Gazing outward from the summit
 Like a ruler from his throne.

At his feet sits Pasadena,
 Framed with fields of fruit and grain
Where the valley of San Gabriel
 Slopes in beauty to the main—
Pasadena, decked with roses
 And with gems of gold and green,
Resting on the landscape's forehead
 Like a crown upon a Queen.

And the "City of the Angels,"
 On her hills of bronze and gold,
Stands amidst her groves of olives
 Like Jerusalem of old;
With the purple Sierra Madres
 Smiling downward from the dawn,
As Mount Hermon smiled on Zion,
 In the ages that are gone.

West and south the blue Pacific,
 Hemmed with surf and fringed with spray,
Bathes in floods of molten silver
 Headland, island, beach and bay;
East and north the inland deserts,
 With their ever-shifting sands—
More unstable than the waters—
 Fade in distant mountain-lands.

Oh! that vision of the sunlands
 Where the skies are ever fair,
And the Autumn woos the Winter
 With young rosebuds in her hair—

Where the orange blooms forever
And its leaf is never sear,
And the mocking bird is singing
To his mate the livelong year.

It has haunted me in slumber,
It has gleamed and throbbed again
In my solitary musings,
And in crowded throngs of men;
Like a vanished revelation
Floats the memory back to me
Of that dawn upon the mountain
'Twixt the desert and the sea.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 189.

All for One and One for All

With an endless song and sweep,
So the billows rise and fall
On the bosom of the deep;
Louder in their single speech,
More resistless as they roll,
Broader, higher in their reach
For their union with the whole.

Wheeling systems sink and rise,
In one shoreless universe,
And forever down the skies
Myriad stars one hymn rehearse;
Countless worlds salute the sun,
Planets to each other call,
Ages into cycles run,

Kissed by sunshine, dew and shower,
Leaping rill and living sod,
Sea and mountain, tree and flower,
Turn their faces up to God;
And one human brotherhood,
Pulsing through a thousand lands,
Reaches for one common good
With its million, million hands.

Through all warring seas of life
One vast current sunward rolls,
And within all outward strife,
One eternal Right controls—
Right, at whose divine command
Slaves go free and tyrants fall,
In the might of those who stand

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 191.

The Inner Voice

I heard a voice, distinct and near,
 Appealing to my inward ear,
So near and low, so clear and far,
'Twas like the influence of a star
That from its sparkling dome in space
 Descends to earth with humble grace,
When lamps are gone and winds are still,
 To seek the wayside pool or rill,
And there in lines of light to trace
 The likeness of its tender face
That mortal man may seek and find
 God's image in the lowliest mind.
The voice in sweetness died away,
 But echoes still through calm and strife;
The star dissolved in dawning day,
 But left its lesson on my life.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 192.

The Old Age Dies

To B. O. Flower, the moral hero and tender and faithful friend.

We met six thousand years ago
 On India's storied mountain heights.
Six thousand years of bliss and woe
 And sunlit days and starry nights
Like passing ships have come and gone
 Along the silent sea of space
Since first your eyes upon me shone,
 Since first I looked upon your face.

But still survives within my soul
 The memory of scenes sublime,
Though shoreless deeps of ether roll
 Between me and that far-off time;
And often in my dreaming hours
 Old landscapes on my vision rise,
And through the sheen of stars and showers
 Vast mountains loom from out the skies.

Four thousand years ago we called
 The stars by name from Shinar's plain,
While Tigris and Euphrates crawled
 Like yellow serpents to the main;
Before the Sun-God's temple made
 Its awful shadow on the land
Or Ninevah's firm base was laid
 By Nimrod's all-prevailing hand.

And where the desert sands now drift,
 And prowling things the daylight shun,
We saw the Tower of Babel lift
 Its spiral pathway to the sun
Ere Babylon, with gardens hung,
 And walls that spanned the mighty stream,
Had from the age-long travail sprung
 And faded like a splendid dream.

Two thousand years rolled on, and then,
 Upon the ships of Galilee,

We saw the kingly Man of men
 Subdue the tempest and the sea;
We saw Him strong to heal and save,
 To calm the spirit's inner strife,
We saw Him weep beside the grave
 And bring the loved and lost to life.

The outcast, humbled by her shame,
 And frozen by a cold world's frown,
In burning tears before Him came
 And laid her sins and burdens down;
And timid babes, with hearts unsealed,
 Surrendered to His touch and look,
As tender lilies of the field
 Reflect their forms in Kedron's brook.

Yet He who lived without a flaw,
 And gave to man the Law of Laws,
Between two breakers of the law
 Was hung and murdered without cause;
Thus, in the strength and bloom of youth,
 And manhood's morning light, He fell,
Pierced by the hands that lose the truth
 While clinging to the broken shell.

And though He fell before their creeds—
 The Master of all martyrs slain—
He fell as fall the deathless seeds
 That sink in earth to rise again,—
To rise a countless million fold,
 Like conquering legions from the tomb,
With lifted palms and fruits of gold
 In fields of everlasting bloom.
The Old Age dies,—the cycle turns
 Upon the New its pleading face,
The spirit of the same Christ yearns,
 With sheltering wings, to shield the race;
And voices from the wilderness
 Proclaim His kingdom near at hand
Who comes with power to scourge or bless
 The Stewards of His plundered land.

The spoiler, crouching in his den
 Glares out upon the dying night,
As in the wakened souls of men
 New hopes, like song-birds, greet the light.
No longer shall the truth sit dumb
 While martyrs bear their cross alone,—
The harvest time at last has come
 When right with might shall mount the throne.

The shepherd with his flock ascends,
 The reaper moves upon the corn,
The grain before the sickle bends,
 The wolf shrinks cowering from the morn;
But slowly up the world's far West,
 With lightning flashing from his shield,
And thunders muttering in his breast
 The storm-king marches to the field.

The walls of ancient Error shake
 Above the earthquake's smothered roar,
And tides of retribution break
 With sullen boom on every shore,—
But they who build upon the rock,
 And not upon the shifting sand,
Unharm'd shall meet the battle's shock,
 And storm and tidal wave withstand.
And somewhere on the Great Divide,
 Where systems part to meet no more,
We shall be striving side by side—
 As in the ages gone before—
For Him who comes with love's pure flame
 To burn the false and test the true,
While tongues innumerable proclaim:
 "The Old Age dies,—long live the New."

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 193.

The Living Christ

Dedicated to Prof. George D. Herron.

The Son of Man appears once more—
The Christ who taught in Galilee
Proclaims His truth on every shore
And walks the waves of every sea;
Unsullied by the taint of bribes
He challenges the proud and great,
Rebuking Pharisees and scribes
Who guard the doors of church and state.

He comes in signs, He “comes in clouds”
Whose hidden lightnings bide their time;
He wanders homeless in the crowds,
That Mammon drives to want and crime;
I see Him stripped and bleeding lie
Beside the road to Jericho,
Where lordly bishops pass Him by,
As in the ages long ago.

O! Christ, the tender, loving One
In whom all deathless graces blend,—
The goal to which the cycles run
In spiral paths to one vast end;
As torrents in their courses turn
To mingle with the Mother-Breast,
All tongues and tribes and nations yearn
For what is found in Thee expressed.
O! constant, patient Heart of Life,
Whose warm pulse beats for all the zones,
While men still waste their powers in strife
For gods of gold and petty thrones,—
I hear Thy voice amidst the roar
Of trade and war on land and sea,
Repeat this message o’er and o’er:
“Take up the cross and follow Me.”

I see Thee smitten by Thy foes
In courts of law and noisy marts.
While virtue from Thy presence flows

In healing streams to wounded hearts;
I see a drowsy priesthood—met
In solemn form to watch and pray—
Who slumber while in bloody sweat
Their Master waits the dawn of day.

I see those sad, reproving eyes
Still search the cringing Peters through,
And One whom Pilate justifies
Rejected by the church anew.
Again the robber is released,
The saint to crucifixion doomed,
Again the Cæsar and the priest
Conspire to keep the Lord entombed.
Again the surplice hangs revealed
Behind the warrior's cassocked head,
Again the sepulchre is sealed
Where Justice sleeps but is not dead;
But who can stay the awful birth
Of Truth from out the age-long night?
Though all the armies of the earth
Their legions hurl against the Light.

As rock-mailed shores submissive throw
Their armors down upon the strand,
And towering summits plumed with snow
Obey at last the tide's command,
So Thou, O Christ! with love sublime
Shalt draw all races to Thy breast,
And all the warring things of Time
Shall turn to Thee at last for rest.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 197.

Message of Mount Lowe

We were born of the earthquake, the mist and the fire,
 And rocked and baptized in the foam of the brine—
The Earth is our Mother, the Sun is our Sire,
 And the planets at night on our bosoms recline:
The Earth is our Mother—we lean on her breast
 When the full moon awakes on her outermost rim,
And the shield of our father lies low in the west,
 And his eyelids have closed and his glory waxed dim.

When the world was unsullied by hatred and strife,
 Ere the plunder and slaughter of war had begun—
Ere man had come forth from the Fountains of
 Life—
 We were turning our gaze to the stars and the sun—
And as Teachers and Toilers and Builders with God,
 We were weaving the warp and the web of the
 Lands,
And the valleys and plains that the races have trod,
 In their ebb and their flow, are the work of our hands.

The cycles crept on, with their seasons and days—
 Those shuttles that play in the Infinite Loom—
And our Mother rejoiced in her lover's fond gaze,
 And her being responded in gladness and bloom,
Till the hungry invaders and pillagers came
 With instincts of heaven and passions of hell,
And our bare hands were lifted in protest and shame
 While millions in conflict and agony fell.

We were tired of the clashing of saber and spear,
 So we opened our lips to the Powers above,
And prayed for some Hero of Truth to appear
 And plant on our summits the emblem of Love.
He came not with cannon and red battle flags,
 In the vauntings of might and the spirit of war,
Yet the lightnings and torrents leaped down from our crags
 To be harnessed as helpers and steeds to his car.

The steeds had been tamed by the touch of his hand,
 And well knew the lesson the master had taught,

And bent to their task at the word of command
 To capture a realm with the chariots of Thought;
And we, who the thunders of Time have defied
 Since our rule o'er the lowlands and waters began—
And we, who to commerce our gates have denied,
 Surrender at last to the genius of man.

Still, with feet to the desert and ocean we rise—
 And with faces upturned in the stillness profound,
And worlds looking down with their wonderful eyes,
 And clouds like white garments encircling us round,
We question the dawn, as we silently kneel,
 And lo! by the light of the Orient's face,
A Prophet approaches whose wand shall unseal
 The secrets that sleep in the bosom of space.

His soul has communed with the souls of the Seers,
 Whose dreams with the Thought of the Infinite blend—
His life is in tune with the Harp of the spheres,
And He talks with the planets as friend talks with friend;
And from treasures and tribute of forest and mine,
 And stone that are quarried from canyon and glen,
Arises a Temple—an altar divine,
 Where the stars shall come down and hold council with men.
The ages shall roll, with their decades and years—
 Those pages and leaves in the volume of Time,
Whose records are written in smiles or in tears,
 Or painted in shadows, or symbols sublime—
And the children of men shall the story recount
 Of victory won o'er the gods of the Heights,
While pilgrims ascend to our shrine on the Mount
 To be led by the stars to the "Father of Lights."

The Sierra Madre is a noble range of mountains in South California, near Los Angeles and Pasadena. It rises from the San Gabriel Valley to an altitude of 6,000 feet. Prof. T.S. C. Lowe is the genius referred to in the poem, who projected and built the mountain railway which penetrates the deep canyons and surmounts the cliffs of the range which culminates in Mount Lowe. Dr. Lewis Swift, the eminent astronomer who presides over the Lowe Observatory, located on Echo Mountain, is the seer of the poem.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 199.

Santa Catalina

Have you seen blue Catalina
On the western billows rise?
Like the palm of Lost Atlantis
Turned in protest to the skies;
Have you heard that low wail breaking
Night and day along the shore?
Like the moan of Lost Atlantis
For the years that are no more.

Have you heard that weird tradition,
Handed down through cycles gone?
Of a realm that rose and flourished
In creation's golden dawn;
How it blent the warring instincts
Born of heaven, earth, and hell,
Towered in selfish aspiration,
Spurned the Law of Love, and fell.

When the sun-god sank to slumber
On the bosom of the world
He beheld ten thousand banners
From their battlements unfurled—
When he woke from troubled visions
On his bed of brown and gold
Lo! a wild, tumultuous ocean
O'er his buried Empire rolled.

Far below yon smiling surface
Where the white-winged navies ride,
Through the sun-god's sunless temple
Unclean things and monsters glide;
And they smite and slay each other
In their moods of fierce unrest,
Circling round a golden image
Fallen prone on face and breast.

High above those ruins haunted
By the fiends of endless shade,
Cleaving through the upper currents,
Move the ships of war and trade;

And they smite and rend each other,
 Filling earth with pain and woe,
Praying to one God above them,
 Living for one god below.

Still blue Catalina rises
 Like a hand from out the waves—
Linking races that are living
 With the races in their graves;
And her wild goats pause to hearken
 On the rugged mountain sides,
As if listening for the signals
 From the old Atlantian guides.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 202.

A Voice in the Night

I have come, and the world shall be shaken
 Like a reed at the touch of my rod,
And the kingdoms of Time shall awaken
 To the voice and the summons of God;
No more through the din of the ages
 Shall warnings and chidings divine,
From the lips of my prophets and sages,
 Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;
 Ye have kept back from labor its meed;
Ye have challenged the outcasts to battle,
 When they plead at your feet in their need;
And when clamors of hunger grew louder,
 And the multitudes prayed to be fed,
Ye have answered with prisons or powder
 The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,
 And the mocking of steeples and domes,
To join in the long, weary marches
 Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes;
I share in the sorrows and crosses
 Of the naked, the hungry and cold,
And dearer to me are their losses
 Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler;
 I will laugh at your dungeons and locks;
The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,
 And your judges eat grass like an ox;
For the prayers of the poor have ascended
 To be written in lightnings on high,
And the wails of your captives have blended
 With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered
 And the prisoner and serf shall go free;
I will harvest from seed that I scattered
 On the borders of the blue Galilee;

For I come not alone and a stranger—
 Lo! my reapers will sing through the night
Till the star that stood over the manger
 Shall cover the world with its light.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 204.

A Vision of Lost Atlantis

In the mystic spell of slumber,
Through the sea's unfathomed gloom,
I beheld the lost Atlantis
Burst the silence of her tomb;
And the grave-clothes that confined her
In the bonds of age-long sleep
By her hands were rent asunder
As she rose from out the deep.

I could see her gleaming rivers
Down the winding valleys run,
Where the olive groves and vineyards
Drank the kisses of the sun;
I could see vast mountain ranges
On her skies their glories trace,—
Winters wrapped around their shoulders,
Summers blooming at their base.

In the measure of a heart-beat,
In the twinkling of an eye,
I beheld her mighty cities
Lift their battlements on high,
And her strong, triumphant armies,
Which the very gods defied,
Marching to the field of battle
In their arrogance and pride.

Oh, the princes of that kingdom,—
How they ruled on land and sea!
How they spurned the God of justice,
And to Baal bent the knee!
And they reared a golden Image
In the grandest of their marts,
And the incense that ascended
Rose from ruined homes and hearts.

And the one word that the Image
Uttered day and night was "Give!"
Till the people only answered:
"Grant us work that we may live."

But the rulers babbled: "Business,"
As they revelled at their ease,
And they locked up Nature's storehouse,
And to thieves consigned the keys.

And the wolves of want went prowling
Round the cabins of the poor,
While the toilers starved and perished
On the highway and the moor;
For the few claimed all the increase
From the ocean, soil, and air,—
Precious stones and gems and metals,
Flocks and grain and fruitage rare.

Still the multitude paid tribute
To the miser in his den,
Still the Shylock knife was sharpened
For the flesh and blood of men;
Crafty minds, like human spiders,
Weaving traps for human flies,
Veiled with webs of legal pretense—
Things that all men know were lies.

And the victims fell by millions
Under land and chattel bond,
Driven from God's soil like lepers
By the usurer's magic wand,
Till the army of the homeless
Gathered like a rising flood,
And the cry went up at midnight,
"Give us bread or give us blood!"
And the gathering flood climbed higher
Till it struck the palace door
And awoke the royal sleepers
With its wild, devouring roar.
There are tigers in the jungle
That delight in human prey,
But a fiercer tiger crouches
In a starving man at bay.

And the rulers and the robbers,
Though they quailed with inward dread,

Answered back in bold derision,
“Give them blood instead of bread!”
And I saw the moon blush crimson,
And beneath the weird eclipse
Sat and rode the “scarlet woman,”
With a sneer upon her lips.

There was gathering of the legions
At the mandate of their queen,
And the flashing of a million
Blades lit up the awful scene,—
And a million starving toilers
Fell like blighted stalks of grain
In that horrid midnight harvest,
By their sons and brothers slain.

There are crimes that stir with horror
Saints and angels round the throne,
And whose judgments can be meted
By the courts of God alone:—
And I saw the kingdom sinking
At the scarlet woman’s feet,
And her splendid cities plunging
Like a tempest-foundered fleet.
Mountain ranges met and melted,
And above the fiery tomb
Two great oceans swung together
Like the closing gates of doom.
And I heard a voice proclaiming
Down the solemn aisles of space
“He who slays a starving brother
Smites his Maker in the face.”

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 206.

The City of the Clouds

It leans on Sierra Madre's breast,
It gleams from Echo Mountain's crest,

That city of the clouds.—

It dwells serene—while far below
The wheels of commerce come and go
And busy feet move to and fro—

That city of the clouds.

When Venus views with eyes of love,
And scattered cloudlets drift above

That city of the clouds,

Far swinging down the great incline
The isles behold the search-light shine
And hail from out the blue sea brine

That city of the clouds.

When planets flash their golden lights
Upon that jewel of the heights—

That city of the clouds—

Another search-light points on high
To hail the bright ships of the sky
Which through the upper deep sail by

That city of the clouds.

The rich and poor come there to dwell,
The sick and weary love it well—

That city of the clouds!

Its arms embrace all beauteous things,
Trees, rocks and flowers and flowing springs,—
And song-birds seek with grateful wings

That city of the clouds.

Though blinding storms may sometimes rise
And veil thy glory from our eyes,

Fair city of the clouds!

We know where thy foundations stand,
We know thy builder's brain and hand
Reared thee on rock and not on sand,

O! city of the clouds!

He saw with faith's prophetic eye,
He scaled the steep and built on high
 A city of the clouds;
He toiled for years the long days through,

From rising sun to falling dew,—
He builded grander than he knew
 That city of the clouds.

We see his face in every flower,
His strong heart throbs in all thy power,
 O! city of the clouds!
In canyon, trail, and sylvan grove
His life with thine is interwove—
Thou art his last and cherished love,
 O! city of the clouds!

The painter's art thy charms shall limn,
While future bards shall sing of him—
 O! city of the clouds;
"It was no lust for pelf or place
That moved his royal soul to trace
That epic for a nobler race—
 That city of the clouds."

The great telescope in Mt. Lowe Observatory.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 210.

The World of Trade

Oh! a glorious realm is the world of Trade
Where every craft is a ship of war,
And every crew is a robber band
Against all other bands arrayed;
Where the broadsides thunder near and far,
And the wrecks are hurled to a friendless strand—

Where the Syndicate and its “Admiral,”
And the “Commodore” of the City Bank,
And the “Captain Bold” of the wholesale store
Go down alike in the battle’s hell,
Or together walk the pirate’s plank,
To sail on the treacherous seas no more—

Where no life-boat to the rescue flies,
But the wreckers light their luring fires,
And bide their time like the birds of prey
That strike till the victim wounded lies
And in helpless agony expires,
While his flesh is torn on the broad highway.

The man who met with the ancient thieves
On the lonely road to Jericho,
Was a luckier man than the travelers now
When the lawyers steal what the bandit leaves,
And the priest and the Levite come and go
Among the thieves with a smile and bow.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 212.

Jamie's Lullaby Song

To James Clark Chamberlain.

Mother's birdling of the hills,
Can you sing a song for me,
While the woodland singer trills
To his mate upon the tree;
Sing while the light is breaking,
Sing while the flowers are waking,
And the stars the heavens forsaking
For the smiles of day.
Sing for me, baby boy,
Sing, baby boy.

Now the sun is in the west,
And the moon is on the deep,
Lean your face on mother's breast,
Close your eyes and sink to sleep;
Sleep while the flowers are sleeping,
Sleep while the stars are peeping
And their mighty guard are keeping
O'er the couch of day.
Lullaby, baby by,
Sleep, baby by.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 213.

Eternal Youth

To Dr. J. M. Peebles, on the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth.

On the camping ground of Life,
Kind Pilgrim, Sage and Friend!
You stand with strong and youthful face
Where two worlds meet and blend,
Defying Time's rude hand to trace—
On brow or cheek—a line
That angel hands may not efface,
Or touch with light divine.

On the battlefield of Life,
Bold hero of the Right!
There are conflicts to be fought and won
Against the foes of Light:
Wherever work pleads to be done,
In every phase of Truth,
We see you face the rising sun
With all the zeal of youth.

From the signal heights of Life,
Brave Traveler, Friend and Seer!
We hail you from a hundred lands
And nations far and near—
From India's shrines, and Jordan's strands,
From islands far away,
We lift our hearts, we lift our hands
And greet our friend to-day.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 214.

The Sunny Side of Seventy

On the sunny side of seventy
 We backward turn to-day,
To view the track where vanished years
 Like milestones mark the way;
And some are wet with bitter tears,
 And some with rapture glow,
As on the evening side of life,
 We dream of long ago;

Chorus

Long ago, long ago;
As on the evening side of life,
We dream of long ago.

O! the sunny side of seventy
 How far away it seems,
When gazing through the morning mists
 Of childhood's early dreams,
Before the western sun has kissed
 The mountain slopes afar,
And age appears as cold and dim
 And distant as a star—

Chorus

As a star, as a star,
And age appears as cold and dim
And distant as a star.

On the sunny side of seventy
 The day has just begun,—
With faces turned to greet the light,
 Our souls reflect the sun,—
As dews that weep and fall at night—
 In lonely shadows born—
Are changed to jewels pure and bright,

Transfigured by the morn,—

Chorus

By the morn, by the morn,
Are changed to jewels pure and bright
Transfigured by the morn.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 215.

Mayata

To James G. and Mary Bowman Clark.

Sweet Spirit of dawn
 That arose on our way,
To beckon us home from afar,—
 Thou hast risen and gone
 And dissolved into day
Like the gaze of a beautiful star.

 But the stars linger near
 When the sun's golden lace
Has concealed their soft eyes from our sight,—
 And our darling is here
 Though she hides her sweet face
On the breast of the Father of Light.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 217.

A Tranquil Mind

Grant me a tranquil mind,
Sheltered in Thee;
Loving to all mankind,
Firm, glad, and free:
Free from all wearing strife,
Which in the world is rife,
Thus only can my life
Thine wholly be.

Grant me the power to stand,
Calm, constant, wise,
E'en though on every hand,
Strong tempters rise;
Make me a frame divine,
Wherein Thy face may shine
Till men behold in mine
Unclouded skies.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 218.

A Fragment

I'll sing a song of long-ago,
So long ago that now
I wonder not that frost and snow
Are drifting o'er my brow;—
And, looking back o'er conflicts wild,
To where the old days shine,
I wonder at the careless child
Whose dreams resemble mine.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 219.

At Last

My soul looks up in voiceless praise
Beside the tranquil sea,
While visions rare of other days
Come drifting back to me,
Sweet echoes of the olden songs
I sang the wide lands through,
To lonely hearts and hungry throngs,
Return with meaning new.

I hear the rush of streams that rise
In memory's mountain springs,
And music born of earth and skies
Around my spirit sings;
All sounds of discord, pain and strife
Have rounded into tune,
And thorns that pierced and vexed my life
Have changed to flowers of June.

I know not when the sun may dip
His forehead in the foam
And beckon to my tide-rocked ship
To seek the Isles of Home;
I know not when my sails shall glide
Behind the sunset hills,
But peace—to manhood's prime denied—
My being folds and thrills.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 220.

To My First-Born

O, nearest of the treasured ones
 That line my path like deathless flowers—
Whose lives beneath the moons and suns
 Make heaven of this world of ours:

Come linger at my side awhile
 Ere yet the old life fades away—
And let the sweet soul of your smile
 “Good morning” to the new life say.

Lift up the window, let the calm
 Of dawn upon my senses fall,
Ere Nature wakens fresh with balm
 All radiant at her lover’s call.

From yonder gold-of-Ophir rose,
 Ascending from the dying night,
The mocking-birds’ glad rapture flows
 In ripples to the morning light.

So shall my soul on waves of song
 Float out to meet its endless youth
And join the bright, enraptured throng
 Whose life is God,—whose thought is Truth.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 221.

Good Night and Good Morning

Lean upon my heart, dear friend,
Here at last your trials end,
Here the silver fountain glides
Into deeper, purer tides,
And the swift-winged spirit flies
To its native hills and skies;
Round us hover forms of light,
Gently falls the angel's warning,—
Press my hand and say "good night,"
Ere the angels say "good morning."

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 222.

The Last Song

In the Everlasting arms,
 Waiting for the perfect day,
 Free from shadows and alarms,
 On the border-land I lay.

 Never more can fear enthrall me,
 Never pain or woe befall me,
 Or the world's false pleasures call me
 From the Everlasting arms.

Publication. First published in *Poems and Songs*. Champlin Printing Company, 1898, p. 223.

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Colophon

Publication and production notes

This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.

HISTORICAL FRONT MATTER

James Gowdy Clark - Collected Poems

Preface to Poetry and Song

Restored from the original source scans

PREFACE.

THESE rhymes have been developed at intervals, and thrown off at random, during the past thirty-five years of a somewhat busy public life, involving almost constant travel, unaccompanied, until within the present year, by any serious view to their ultimate collection in a volume by themselves.

With the exception of the last poem in the book, — which is my latest production, and in which I attempt to give voice to the universal and “Divine Energy” that acts in unison with the Supreme Mind, — they are, as a rule, arranged without regard to the order in which they were first written.

A number of them are already familiar to the public through repeated appearance in the newspapers; and, with others less familiar, are now for the first time organized into a separate literary colony at the earnest request, not only of old and valued friends, but of strangers in all parts of the land.

No less than forty of the lyrics have been wedded to the author's own music, and to the music of other com-

Preface.

posers, and issued in sheet form; and a few of these — written long ago — treat of themes that, perhaps, would not have been chosen later on in life, while others are by no means up to the author's present standard of expression. But even these have friends who have sung, or heard them sung, in times past, and who would miss them, and be dissatisfied, were their favorites to be excluded from the collection.

JAMES G. CLARK.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June, 1886.