

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Cup of Comus: Fact and Fancy, by
Madison Julius Cawein**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The Cup of Comus: Fact and Fancy

Author: Madison Julius Cawein

Release Date: October 4, 2010 [EBook #34027]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by David Garcia, Josephine Paolucci and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <https://www.pgdp.net>. (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Kentuckiana Digital Library.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CUP OF COMUS: FACT AND FANCY ***

THE CUP OF COMUS

by

Madison Cawein

THE CUP OF COMUS

FACT AND FANCY

BY

MADISON CAWEIN

MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

THE CAMEO PRESS
NEW YORK
1915

Copyright, 1915, by
ROSE DE VAUX-ROYER

This edition is limited to Five Hundred copies of which this is Number

For permission to reprint most of the poems in this volume thanks are made to the various magazines and periodicals in which they first appeared.

VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

W. T. H. HOWE

Friend, for the sake of loves we hold in common,
The love of books, of paintings, rhyme and fiction;
And for the sake of that divine affliction,

The love of art, passing the love of woman;—
By which all life's made nobler, superhuman,
Lifting the soul above, and, without friction
Of Time, that puts failure in his prediction,—
Works to some end through hearts that dreams illumine:
To you I pour this Cup of Dreams—a striver,
And dreamer too in this sad world,—unwitting
Of that you do, the help that still assureth,—
Lifts up the heart, struck down by that dark driver,
Despair, who, on Life's pack-horse—effort—sitting,
Rides down Ambition through whom Art endureth.

THRENODY IN MAY

(In memory of Madison Cawein.)

Again the earth, miraculous with May,
Unfolds its vernal arras. Yesteryear
 We strolled together 'neath the greening trees,
 And heard the robin tune its flute note clear,
 And watched above the white cloud squadrons veer.
And saw their shifting shadows drift away
 Adown the Hudson, as ships seek the seas.
The scene is still the same. The violet
 Unlids its virgin eye; its amber ore
The dandelion shows, and yet, and yet,
 He comes no more, no more!

He of the open and the generous heart,
 The soul that sensed all flowerful loveliness,
 The nature as the nature of a child;
 Who found some rapture in the wind's caress.
 Beauty in humble weed and mint and cress.
And sang, with his incomparable art,
 The magic wonder of the wood and wild.
The little people of the reeds and grass
 Murmur their blithe, companionable lore,
The rills renew their minstrelsy. Alas,
 He comes no more, no more!

And yet it seems as though he needs must come,
 Albeit he has cast off mortality,
 Such was his passion for the bourgeoning time,
 Such to his spirit was the ecstasy
 The hills and valleys chorus when set free,
No music mute, no lyric instinct dumb,
 But keyed to utterance of immortal rhyme.
Ah, haply in some other fairer spring
 He sees bright tides sweep over slope and shore,
But here how vain is ell my visioning!
 He comes no more, no more!

Poet and friend, wherever you may fare
 Enwrap in dreams, I love to think of you
 Wandering amid the meads of asphodel,
 Holding high converse with the exalted few
 Who sought and found below the elusive clue
To beauty, and in that diviner air
 Bowling in worship still to its sweet spell.
Why sorrow, then, though fate unkindly lays
 Upon our questioning hearts this burden sore,
And though through all our length of hastening days
 He comes no more, no more!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

FOREWORD

[Pg 5]

It is with a sense of sadness and regret that this book, written by one who universally has

endeared himself to lovers of nature through his revelation of her mysteries, must be prefaced as containing the last songs of this exquisite singer of the South.

When the final word is spoken it is fitting that it be by one of authority. William Dean Howells, in the pages of *The North American Review*, offers this tribute:

"I had read his poetry and loved it from the beginning, and in each successive expression of it, I had delighted in its expanding and maturing beauty. Between the earliest and the latest thing there may have been a hundred different things in the swan-like life of a singer ... but we take the latest as if it summed him up in motive and range and tendency.... Not one of his lovely landscapes but thrilled with a human presence penetrating to it from his most sensitive and subtle spirit until it was all but painfully alive with memories, with regrets, with longings, with hopes, with all that from time to time mutably constitutes us men and women, and yet keeps us children. He has the gift, in a measure, that I do not think surpassed in any poet, of touching some commonest thing in nature, and making it live, from the manifold associations in which we have our being, and glow thereafter with an indistinguishable beauty.... No other poet can outword this poet when it comes to choosing some epithet fresh from the earth and air, and with the morning sun and light upon it, for an emotion or an experience in which the race renews its youth from generation to generation.... His touch leaves everything that was dull to the sense before glowing in the light of joyful recognition."

With a tone of conviction Edwin Markham says:

[Pg 6]

"No other poet of the later American choir offers so large a collection of verse as Mr. Cawein does, and no other American minstrel has so unvarying a devotion to nature. And none other, perhaps, has so keen an eye, so sure a word for nature's magic of mood, her trick of color, her change of form. He is not so wild and far-flying as Bliss Carmen, nor so large and elemental as Joaquin Miller; but he is often as delicate and eerie as Aldrich, and sometimes as warm and rich as Keats in the April affluence of 'Endymion.'"

"Mr. Cawein's landscape is not the sea, nor the desert, nor the mountain, but the lovely inland levels of his Kentucky. His work is almost wholly objective. A dash more of human import mixed into the beauty and melody of his poetry would rank him with Lowell and the other great lyrists of our elder choir."

Some of the new poems portray a high moral passion, potent with the belief of life beyond, where his delicacy of vision penetrates the shadow and seems to have sighted the shore that has given his soul greeting "somewhere yonder in a world uncharted."

Clear, sure, and strong is the vocal loveliness and inevitable word with which this poet endears the little forms of life in the field of Faery. The "Song of Songs" (1913) could be characterized as prophecy, by one in whom seemed inherent the fatal instinct of the predestined. He sought for "Song to lead her way above the crags of wrong," and he gave

"Such music as a bird
Gives of its soul when dying
Unconscious if it's heard!"
And so he went, singing, to his "Islands of Infinity."

ROSE DE VAUX-ROYER.

This edition is called the Friendship Edition, as it carries in its significance a testimonial of love and admiration for the author, extended by those who wish his last collected poems preserved for futurity.

Acknowledgment is due W. D. Howells, *The North American Review*, The Macmillan Co., Clinton Scollard and Edwin Markham for their courtesy.

BROKEN MUSIC

[Pg 7]

(IN MEMORIAM)

*There it lies broken, as a shard,—
What breathed sweet music yesterday;
The source, all mute, has passed away
With its masked meanings still unmarred.*

*But melody will never cease!
Above the vast cerulean sea
Of heaven, created harmony
Rings and re-echoes its release!*

*So, thin dumb instrument that lies
All powerless,—[with spirit flown,
Beyond the veil of the Unknown
To chant its love-hymned litanies,—]*

*Though it may thrill us here no more
With cadenced strain,—in other spheres
Will rise above the vanquished years
And breathe its music as before!*

[*Louisville Times*]

Written December 7th, 1914.

Rose de Vaux-Royer.

*The spirit of Madison Cawein passed at midnight from this world of intimate beauty "To stand a
handsbreadth nearer Heaven and what is God!"*

MADISON CAWEIN

[Pg 8]

(1865-1914)

The wind makes moan, the water runneth chill;
I hear the nymphs go crying through the brake;
And roaming mournfully from hill to hill
The maenads all are silent for his sake!

He loved thy pipe, O wreathed and piping Pan!
So play'st thou sadly, lone within thine hollow;
He was thy blood, if ever mortal man,
Therefore thou weapest—even thou, Apollo!

But O, the grieving of the Little Things,
Above the pipe and lyre, throughout the woods!
The beating of a thousand airy wings,
The cry of all the fragile multitudes!

The moth flits desolate, the tree-toad calls,
Telling the sorrow of the elf and fay;
The cricket, little harper of the walls,
Puts up his harp—hath quite forgot to play!

And risen on these winter paths anew,
The wilding blossoms make a tender sound;
The purple weed, the morning-glory blue,
And all the timid darlings of the ground!

Here, here the pain is sharpest! For he walked
As one of these—and they knew naught of fear,
But told him daily happenings and talked
Their lovely secrets in his list'ning ear!

Yet we do bid them grieve, and tell their grief;
Else were they thankless, else were all untrue;
O wind and stream, O bee and bird and leaf,
Mourn for your poet, with a long adieu!

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON.

Louisville Post, December 12th, 1914.

CONTENTS

[Pg 9]

	PAGE
THE CUP OF COMUS	11
THE INTRUDER	13

A GHOST OF YESTERDAY	15
LORDS OF THE VISIONARY EYE	16
THE CREAKING DOOR	18
AT THE END OF THE ROAD	20
THE TROUBADOUR OF TREBIZEND	21
GHOSTS	23
THE LONELY LAND	24
THE WIND WITCH	27
OLD GHOSTS	28
THE NAME ON THE TREE	29
THE HAUNTED GARDEN	31
THE CLOSED DOOR	33
THE LONG ROOM	34
IN PEARL AND GOLD	35
MOON FAIRIES	37
HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE	40
THE MAGIC PURSE	41
THE CHILD AT THE GATE	42
THE LOST DREAM	44
WITCHCRAFT	45
TRANSPOSED SEASONS	46
THE OLD DREAMER	47
A LAST WORD	49
THE SHADOW	50
ON THE ROAD	52
RECONCILIATION	53
PORTENTS	55
THE IRON CRAGS	57
THE IRON CROSS	58
THE WANDERER	60
THE END OF SUMMER	62
THE LUST OF THE WORLD	63
CHANT BEFORE BATTLE	64
NEARING CHRISTMAS	65
A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS	67
THE FESTIVAL OF THE AISNE	69
THE CRY OF EARTH	70
CHILD AND FATHER	71

THE RISING OF THE MOON	72
WHERE THE BATTLE PASSED	73
THE IRON AGE	74
THE BATTLE	75
ON RE-READING CERTAIN GERMAN POETS	76
ON OPENING AN OLD SCHOOL VOLUME OF HORACE	77
LAUS DEO	78
THE NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER	79
ROBERT BROWNING	80
RILEY	81
DON QUIXOTE	82
THE WOMAN	83
THE SONG OF SONGS	84
OGLETHORPE	90
A POET'S EPITAPH	96

THE CUP OF COMUS

[Pg 11]

PROEM

The Nights of song and story,
With breath of frost and rain,
Whose locks are wild and hoary,
Whose fingers tap the pane
With leaves, are come again.

The Nights of old October,
That hug the hearth and tell,
To child and grandsire sober,
Tales of what long befell
Of witch and warlock spell.

Nights, that, like gnome and faery,
Go, lost in mist and moon.
And speak in legendary
Thoughts or a mystic rune,
Much like the owlet's croon.

Or whirling on like witches,
Amid the brush and broom,
Call from the Earth its riches,
Of leaves and wild perfume,
And strew them through the gloom.

Till death, in all his starkness,
Assumes a form of fear,
And somewhere in the darkness
Seems slowly drawing near
In raiment torn and sere.

And with him comes November,
Who drips outside the door,
And wails what men remember
Of things believed no more,
Of superstitious lore.

Old tales of elf and dæmon,

[Pg 12]

Of Kobold and of Troll,
And of the goblin woman
Who robs man of his soul
To make her own soul whole.

And all such tales, that glamoured
The child-heart once with fright,
That aged lips have stammered
For many a child's delight,
Shall speak again to-night.

To-night, of moonlight minted,
That is a cup divine,
Whence Death, all opal-tinted,—
Wreathed red with leaf and vine,—
Shall drink a magic wine.

A wonder-cup of Comus,
That with enchantment streams,
In which the heart of Momus,—
That, moon-like, glooms and gleams,
Is drowned with all its dreams.

THE INTRUDER

[Pg 13]

There is a smell of roses in the room
Tea-roses, dead of bloom;
An invalid, she sits there in the gloom,
And contemplates her doom.

The pattern of the paper, and the grain.
Of carpet, with its stain,
Have stamped themselves, like fever, on her brain,
And grown a part of pain.

It has been long, so long, since that one died,
Or sat there by her side;
She felt so lonely, lost, she would have cried,—
But all her tears were dried.

A knock came on the door: she hardly heard;
And then—a whispered word,
And someone entered; at which, like a bird,
Her caged heart cried and stirred.

And then—she heard a voice; she was not wrong:
His voice, alive and strong:
She listened, while the silence filled with song—
Oh, she had waited long!

She dared not turn to see; she dared not look;
But slowly closed her book,
And waited for his kiss; could scarcely brook
The weary time he took.

[Pg 14]

There was no one remembered her—no one!
But him, beneath the sun,—
Who then had entered? entered but to shun
Her whose long work was done.

She raised her eyes, and—no one!—Yet she felt
A presence near, that smelt
Like faded roses; and that seemed to melt
Into her soul that knelt.

She could not see, but *knew* that he was there,
Smoothing her hands and hair;
Filling with scents of roses all the air,
Standing beside her chair.

* * * *

And so they found her, sitting quietly,
Her book upon her knee,

Staring before her, as if she could see—
What was it—Death? or he?

A GHOST OF YESTERDAY

[Pg 15]

There is a house beside a way,
Where dwells a ghost of Yesterday:
The old face of a beauty, faded,
Looks from its garden: and the shaded
Long walks of locust-trees, that seem
Forevermore to sigh and dream,
Keep whispering low a word that's true,
Of shapes that haunt its avenue,
Clad as in days of belle and beau,
 Who come and go
Around its ancient portico.

At first, in stock and beaver-hat,
With flitting of the moth and bat,
An old man, leaning on a cane,
Comes slowly down the locust lane;
Looks at the house; then, groping, goes
Into the garden where the rose
Still keeps sweet tryst with moth and moon;
And, humming to himself a tune,
—"Lorena" or "Ben Bolt" we'll say,—
 Waits, bent and gray,
For some fair ghost of Yesterday.

The Yesterday that holds his all—
More real to him than is the wall
Of mossy stone near which he stands,
Still reaching out for her his hands—
For her, the girl, who waits him there,
A lace-gowned phantom, dark of hair,
Whose loveliness still keeps those walks,
And with whose Memory he talks;
Upon his heart her happy head,—
 So it is said,—
The girl, now half a century dead.

[Pg 16]

LORDS OF THE VISIONARY EYE

I came upon a pool that shone,
Clear, emerald-like, among the hills,
That seemed old wizards round a stone
Of magic that a vision thrills.

And as I leaned and looked, it seemed
Vague shadows gathered there and here—
A dream, perhaps the water dreamed
Of some wild past, some long-dead year....

A temple of a race unblessed
Rose huge within a hollow land,
Where, on an altar, bare of breast,
One lay, a man, bound foot and hand.

A priest, who served some hideous god,
Stood near him on the altar stair,
Clothed on with gold; and at his nod
A multitude seemed gathered there.

I saw a sword descend; and then
The priest before the altar turned;
He was not formed like mortal man,
But like a beast whose eyeballs burned.

Amorphous, strangely old, he glared
Above the victim he had slain,

[Pg 17]

Who lay with bleeding bosom bared,
From which dripped slow a crimson rain.

Then turned to me a face of stone
And mocked above the murdered dead,
That fixed its cold eyes on his own
And cursed him with a look of dread.

And then, it seemed, I knew the place,
And how this sacrifice befell:
I knew the god, the priest's wild face,
I knew the dead man—knew him well.

And as I stooped again to look,
I heard the dark hills sigh and laugh,
And in the pool the water shook
As if one stirred it with a staff.

And all was still again and clear:
The pool lay crystal as before,
Temple and priest were gone; the mere
Had closed again its magic door.

A face was there; it seemed to shine
As round it died the sunset's flame—
The victim's face?—or was it mine?—
They were to me the very same.

And yet, and yet—could this thing be?—
And in my soul I seemed to know,
At once, this was a memory
Of some past life, lived long ago.

Recorded by some secret sense,
In forms that we as dreams retain;
Some moment, as experience,
Projects in pictures on the brain.

[Pg 18]

THE CREAKING DOOR

Come in, old Ghost of all that used to be!—
You find me old,
And love grown cold,
And fortune fled to younger company:
Departed, as the glory of the day,
With friends!—And you, it seems, have come to stay.—
'T is time to pray.

Come; sit with me, here at Life's creaking door,
All comfortless.—
Think, nay! then, guess,
What was the one thing, eh? that made me poor?—
The love of beauty, that I could not bind?
My dream of truth? or faith in humankind?—
But, never mind!

All are departed now, with love and youth,
Whose stay was brief;
And left but grief
And gray regret—two jades, who tell the truth;—
Whose children—memories of things to be,
And things that failed,—within my heart, ah me!
Cry constantly.

None can turn time back, and no man delay
Death when he knocks,—
What good are clocks,
Or human hearts, to stay for us that day
When at Life's creaking door we see his smile,—
Death's! at the door of this old House of Trial?—
Old Ghost, let's wait awhile.

[Pg 19]

This is the truth as I see it, my dear,
Out in the wind and the rain:
They who have nothing have little to fear,—
Nothing to lose or to gain.
Here by the road at the end o' the year,
Let us sit down and drink o' our beer,
Happy-Go-Lucky and her cavalier,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, oh isn't it fine
Out in the wind and the rain?
Now we have nothing why snivel and whine?—
What would it bring us again?—
When I was young I took you like wine,
Held you and kissed you and thought you divine—
Happy-Go-Lucky, the habit's still mine,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old Heart, what a life we have led,
Out in the wind and the rain!
How we have drunken and how we have fed!
Nothing to lose or to gain!—
Cover the fire now; get we to bed.
Long was the journey and far has it led:
Come, let us sleep, lass, sleep like the dead,
Out in the wind and the rain.

THE TROUBADOUR OF TREBIZEND

Night, they say, is no man's friend:
And at night he met his end
In the woods of Trebizend.

Hate crouched near him as he strode
Through the blackness of the road,
Where my Lord seemed some huge toad.

Eyes of murder glared and burned
At each bend of road he turned,
And where wild the torrent churned.

And with Death *we* stood and stared
From the bush as by he fared,—
But he never looked or cared.

He went singing; and a rose
Lay upon his heart's repose—
With what thought of her—who knows?

He had done no other wrong
Save to sing a simple song,
"*I have loved you—loved you long.*"

And my lady smiled and sighed;
Gave a rose and looked moist eyed,
And forgot she was a bride.

My sweet lady, Jehan de Grace,
With the pale Madonna face,
He had brought to his embrace.

And my Lord saw: gave commands:
I was of his bandit bands.—
Love should perish at our hands.

Young the Knight was. He should sing
Nevermore of love or spring,
Or of any gentle thing.

When he stole at midnight's hour,
To my Lady's forest bower,

We were hidden near the tower.

In the woods of Trebizend
There he met an evil end.—
Night, you know, is no man's friend.

He has fought in fort and field;
Borne for years a stainless shield,
And in strength to none would yield.

But we seized him unaware,
Bound and hung him; stripped him bare,
Left him to the wild boars there.

Never has my Lady known.—
But she often sits alone,
Weeping when my Lord is gone....

[Pg 23]

Night, they say, is no man's friend.—
In the woods of Trebizend
There he met an evil end.

Now my old Lord sleeps in peace,
While my Lady—each one sees—
Waits, and keeps her memories.

GHOSTS

Low, weed-climbed cliffs, o'er which at noon
The sea-mists swoon:
Wind-twisted pines, through which the crow
Goes winging slow:
Dim fields, the sower never sows,
Or reaps or mows:
And near the sea a ghostly house of stone
Where all is old and lone.

A garden, falling in decay,
Where statues gray
Peer, broken, out of tangled weed
And thorny seed:
Satyr and Nymph, that once made love
By walk and grove:
And, near a fountain, shattered, green with mold,
A sundial, lichen-old.

Like some sad life bereft,
To musing left,
The house stands: love and youth
Both gone, in sooth:
But still it sits and dreams:
And round it seems
Some memory of the past, still young and fair,
Haunting each crumbling stair.

[Pg 24]

And suddenly one dimly sees,
Come through the trees,
A woman, like a wild moss-rose:
A man, who goes
Softly: and by the dial
They kiss a while:
Then drowsily the mists blow round them, wan,
And they, like ghosts, are gone.

THE LONELY LAND

A river binds the lonely land,
A river like a silver band,
To crags and shores of yellow sand.

It is a place where kildees cry,
And endless marches eastward lie,
Whereon looks down a ghostly sky.

A house stands gray and all alone
Upon a hill, as dim of tone,
And lonely, as a lonely stone.

There are no signs of life about:
No barnyard bustle, cry and shout
Of children who run laughing out.

No crow of cocks, no low of cows,
No sheep-bell tinkling under boughs
Of beech, or song in garth or house.

Only the curlew's mournful call,
Circling the sky at evenfall,
And loon lamenting over all.

A garden, where the sunflower dies
And lily on the pathway lies,
Looks blindly at the blinder skies.

And round the place a lone wind blows,
As when the Autumn grieving goes,
Tattered and dripping, to its close.

And on decaying shrubs and vines
The moon's thin crescent, dwindling shines,
Caught in the claws of sombre pines.

And then a pale girl, like a flower,
Enters the garden: for an hour
She waits beside a wild-rose bower.

There is no other one around;
No sound, except the cricket's sound
And far-off baying of a hound.

There is no fire or candle-light
To flash its message through the night
Of welcome from some casement bright.

Only the moon, that thinly throws
A shadow on the girl and rose,
As to its setting slow it goes.

And when 'tis gone, from shore and stream
There steals a mist, that turns to dream
That place where all things merely seem.

And through the mist there goes a cry,
Not of the earth nor of the sky,
But of the years that have passed by.

And with the cry there comes the rain,
Whispering of all that was in vain
At every door and window-pane.

And she, who waits beside the rose,
Hears, with her heart, a hoof that goes,
Gallopng afar to where none knows.

And then she bows her head and weeps....
And suddenly a shadow sweeps
Around, and in its darkening deeps.

The house, the girl, the cliffs and stream
Are gone.—And they, and all things seem
But phantoms, merely, in a dream.

[Pg 25]

[Pg 26]

The wind that met her in the park,
Came hurrying to my side—
It ran to me, it leapt to me,
And nowhere would abide.

It whispered in my ear a word,
So sweet a word, I swear,
It smelt of honey and the kiss
It'd stolen from her hair.

Then shouted me the flowery way
Whereon she walked with dreams,
And bade me wait and watch her pass
Among the glooms and gleams.

It ran to meet her as she came
And clasped her to its breast;
It kissed her throat, her chin, her mouth,
And laughed its merriest.

Then to my side it leapt again,
And took me by surprise:
The kiss it'd stolen from her lips
It blew into my eyes.

Since then, it seems, I have grown blind
To every face but hers:
It haunts me sleeping or awake,
And is become my curse.

The spell, that kiss has laid on me,
Shall hold my eyes the same,
Until I give it back again
To lips from which it came.

[Pg 28]

OLD GHOSTS

Clove-spicy pinks and phlox that fill the sense
With drowsy indolence;
And in the evening skies
Interior splendor, pregnant with surprise,
As if in some new wise
The full moon soon would rise.

Hung with the crimson aigrets of its seeds
The purple monkshood bleeds;
The dewy crickets chirr,
And everywhere are lights of lavender;
And scents of musk and myrrh
To guide the foot of her.

She passes like a misty glimmer on
To where the rose blooms wan,—
A twilight moth in flight,—
As in the west its streak of chrysolite
The dusk erases quite,
And ushers in the night.

And now another shadow passes slow,
With firefly light a-glow:
The scent of a cigar,
And two who kiss beneath the evening-star,
Where, in a moonbeam bar,
A whippoorwill cries afar.

Again the tale is told, that has been told
So often here of old:
Ghosts of dead lovers they?
Or memories only of some perished day?—
Old ghosts, no time shall lay,
That haunt the place alway.

[Pg 29]

THE NAME ON THE TREE

I saw a name carved on a tree—"Julia";
A simpler name there could not be—Julia:
But seeing it I seemed to see
A Devon garden,—pleasantly
About a parsonage,—the bee
Made drowsy-sweet; where rosemary
And pink and phlox and peony
 Bowed down to one
Whom Herrick made to bloom in Poetry.

[Pg 30]

A moment there I saw her stand,—Julia;
A gillyflower in her hand,—Julia:
And then, kind-faced and big and bland,
As raised by some magician's wand,
Herrick himself passed by, sun-tanned,
And smiling; and the quiet land
Seemed to take on and understand
 A dream long dreamed,
And for the lives of two some gladness planned.

And then I seemed to hear a sigh,—"Julia!"
And someone softly walking nigh,—Julia:
The leaves shook; and a butterfly
Trailed past; and through the sleepy sky
A bird flew, crying strange its cry—
Then suddenly before my eye
Two lovers strolled—They knew not why
 I looked amazed,—
But I had seen old ghosts of long dead loves go by.

THE HAUNTED GARDEN

[Pg 31]

There a tattered marigold
And dead asters manifold,
Showed him where the garden old
 Of time bloomed:
Briar and thistle overgrew
Corners where the rose once blew,
Where the phlox of every hue
 Lay entombed.

Here a coreopsis flower
Pushed its disc above a bower,
Where once poured a starry shower,
 Bronze and gold:
And a twisted hollyhock,
And the remnant of a stock,
Struggled up, 'mid burr and dock,
 Through the mold.

Flower-pots, with mossy cloak,
Strewed a place beneath an oak,
Where the garden-bench lay broke
 By the tree:
And he thought of *her*, who here
Sat with him but yesteryear;
Her, whose presence now seemed near
 Stealthily.

[Pg 32]

And the garden seemed to look
For her coming. Petals shook
On the spot where, with her book,
 Oft she sat.—
Suddenly there blew a wind:
And across the garden blind,
Like a black thought in a mind,
 Stole a cat.

Lean as hunger; like the shade
Of a dream; a ghost unlaid;

Through the weeds its way it made,
Gaunt and old:
Once 't was *hers*. He looked to see
If *she* followed to the tree.—
Then recalled how long since she
Had been mold.

THE CLOSED DOOR

[Pg 33]

Shut it out of the heart—this grief,
O Love, with the years grown old and hoary!
And let in joy that life is brief,
And give God thanks for the end of the story.
The bond of the flesh is transitory,
And beauty goes with the lapse of years—
The brow's white rose and the hair's dark glory—
God be thanked for the severing shears!

Over the past, Heart, waste no tears!
Over the past, and all its madness,
Its wine and wormwood, hopes and fears,
That never were worth a moment's sadness.
Here she lies who was part o' its gladness,
Wife and mistress, and shared its woe,
The good of life as well as its badness,—
Look on her face and see if you know.

Is this the face?—yea, ask it slow!—
The hair, the form, that we used to cherish?—
Where is the glory of long-ago?
The beauty we said would never perish.—
Like a dream we dream, or a thought we nourish,
Nothing of earth immortal is:
This is the end however we flourish—
All that is fair must come to this.

THE LONG ROOM

[Pg 34]

He found the long room as it was of old,
Glimmering with sunset's gold;
That made the tapestries seem full of eyes
Strange with a wild surmise:
Glaring upon a Psyche where she shone
Carven of stainless stone,
Holding a crystal heart where many a sun
Seemed starrily bound in one:
And near her, grim in rigid metal, stood
An old knight in a wood,
Groping his way: the bony wreck, that was
His steed, at weary pause.
And over these a canvas—one mad mesh
Of Chrysoprase tints of flesh
And breasts—Bohemian cups, whose glory gleamed
For one who, brutish, seemed
A hideous Troll, unto whose lustful arms
She yielded glad her charms.

Then he remembered all *her* shame; and knew
The thing that he must do:
These were but records of *his* life: the whole
Portrayed to him his soul.—
So, drawing forth the slim Bithynian phial,
He drained it with a smile.
And 'twixt the Knight and Psyche fell and died;
The arras, evil-eyed,
Glared grimly at him where all night he lay,
And where a stealthy ray
Pointed her to *him*—her, that nymph above,
Who gave the Troll her love.

[Pg 35]

IN PEARL AND GOLD

When pearl and gold, o'er deeps of musk,
The moon curves, silvering the dusk,—
As in a garden, dreaming,
A lily slips its dewy husk
A firefly in its gleaming,—
I of my garden am a guest;
My garden, that, in beauty dressed
Of simple shrubs and oldtime flowers,
Chats with me of the perished hours,
When *she* companioned me in life,
Living remote from care and strife.

It says to me: "How sad and slow
The hours of daylight come and go,
Until the Night walks here again
With moon and starlight in her train,
And she and I with perfumed words
Of winds and waters, dreaming birds,
And flowers and crickets and the moon,
For hour on hour, in soul commune.—"

And you, and you,
Sit here and listen in the dew
For her, the love, you used to know,
Who often walked here, long ago,
Long ago;
The young, sweet love you used to know
Long ago
Whom oft I watched with violet eye,
Or eye of dew, as she passed by:
As she passed by.

And I reply, with half a sigh:—
"You knew her too as well as I,
That young sweet love of long-ago!
That young sweet love, who walked here slow.—
Oh, speak no more of the days gone by,
Dear days gone by,
Lest I lay me down on your heart and die!"

[Pg 36]

MOON FAIRIES

The moon, a circle of gold,
O'er the crowded housetops rolled,
And peeped in an attic, where,
'Mid sordid things and bare,
A sick child lay and gazed
At a road to the far-away,
A road he followed, mazed,
That grew from a moonbeam-ray,

A road of light that led
From the foot of his garret-bed
Out of that room of hate,
Where Poverty slept by his mate,
Sickness—out of the street,
Into a wonderland,
Where a voice called, far and sweet,
"Come, follow our Fairy band!"

A purple shadow, sprinkled
With golden star-dust, twinkled
Suddenly into the room
Out of the winter gloom:
And it wore a face to him
Of a dream he'd dreamed: a form
Of Joy, whose face was dim,
Yet bright with a magic charm.

[Pg 37]

[Pg 38]

And the shadow seemed to trail,
Sounds that were green and frail:
Dew-dripples; notes that fell
Like drops in a ferny dell;
A whispered lisp and stir,
Like winds among the leaves,
Blent with a cricket-chirr,
And coo of a dove that grieves.

And the Elfin bore on its back
A little faery pack
Of forest scents: of loam
And mossy sounds of foam;
And of its contents breathed
As might a clod of ground
Feeling a bud unsheathed
There in its womb profound.

And the shadow smiled and gazed
At the child; then softly raised
Its arms and seemed to grow
To a tree in the attic low:
And from its glimmering hands
Shook emerald seeds of dreams,
From which grew fairy bands,
Like firefly motes and gleams.

The child had seen them before
In his dreams of Fairy lore:
The Elves, each with a light
To guide his feet a-right,
Out of this world to a world
Where Magic built him towers,
And Fable old, unfurled,
flags like wonderful flowers.

And the child, who knew this, smiled,
And rose, a different child:
No more he knew of pain,
Or fear of heart and brain.—
At Poverty there that slept
He never even glanced,
But into the moon-road stept,
And out of the garret danced.

Out of the earthly gloom,
Out of the sordid room,
Out, on a moonbeam ray!—
Now at last to play
There with comrades found!
Children of the moon,
There on faery ground,
Where none would find him soon!

[Pg 39]

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE

[Pg 40]

Febrile perfumes as of faded roses
In the old house speak of love to-day,
Love long past; and where the soft day closes,
Down the west gleams, golden-red, a ray.

Pointing where departed splendor perished,
And the path that night shall walk, and hang,
On blue boughs of heaven, gold, long cherished—
Fruit Hesperian,—that the ancients sang.

And to him, who sits there dreaming, musing,
At the window in the twilight wan,
Like old scent of roses interfusing,
Comes a vision of a day that's gone.

And he sees Youth, walking brave but dimly
'Mid the roses, in the afterglow;

And beside him, like a star seen slimly,
Love, who used to meet him long-ago.

And again he seems to hear the flowers
Whispering faintly of what no one knows—
Of the dreams they dreamed there for long hours,
Youth and Love, between their hearts a rose.

Youth is dead; and Love, oh, where departed!
Like the last streak of the dying day,
Somewhere yonder, in a world uncharted,
Calling him, with memories, away.

THE MAGIC PURSE

[Pg 41]

What is the gold of mortal-kind
To that men find
Deep in the poet's mind!—
That magic purse
Of Dreams from which
God builds His universe!
That makes life rich
With many a vision;
Taking the soul from out its prison
Of facts with the precision
A wildflower dons
When Spring comes knocking at the door
Of Earth across the windy lawns;
Calling to Joy to rise and dance before
Her happy feet:
Or with the beat
And bright exactness of a star,
Hanging its punctual point afar,
When Night comes tripping over Heaven's floor,
Leaving a gate ajar.
That leads the Heart from all its aching
Far above where day is breaking;
Out of the doubts, the agonies,
The strife and sin, to join with these—
Hope and Beauty and Joy that build
Their golden walls
Of sunset where, with spirits filled,
A Presence calls,
And points a land
Where Love walks, silent; hand in hand
With the Spirit of God, and leads Man right
Out of the darkness into the light.

[Pg 42]

THE CHILD AT THE GATE

The sunset was a sleepy gold,
And stars were in the skies
When down a weedy lane he strolled
In vague and thoughtless wise.

And then he saw it, near a wood,
An old house, gabled brown,
Like some old woman, in a hood,
Looking toward the town.

A child stood at its broken gate,
Singing a childish song,
And weeping softly as if Fate
Had done her child's heart wrong.

He spoke to her:—"Now tell me, dear,
Why do you sing and weep?"—
But she—she did not seem to hear,
But stared as if asleep.

Then suddenly she turned and fled
As if with soul of fear.
He followed; but the house looked dead,
And empty many a year.

[Pg 43]

The light was wan: the dying day
Grew ghostly suddenly:
And from the house he turned away,
Wrapped in its mystery.

* * * *

They told him no one dwelt there now:
It was a haunted place.—
And then it came to him, somehow,
The memory of a face.

That child's—like hers, whose name was Joy—
For whom his heart was fain:
The face of her whom, when a boy,
He played with in that lane.

THE LOST DREAM

[Pg 44]

The black night showed its hungry teeth,
And gnawed with sleet at roof and pane;
Beneath the door I heard it breathe—
A beast that growled in vain.

The hunter wind stalked up and down,
And crashed his ice-spears through each tree;
Before his rage, in tattered gown,
I saw the maid moon flee.

There stole a footstep to my door;
A voice cried in my room and—there!
A shadow cowed and gaunt and hoar,
Death, leaned above my chair.

He beckoned me; he bade me rise,
And follow through the madman night;
Into my heart's core pierced his eyes,
And lifted me with might.

I rose; I made no more delay;
And followed where his eyes compelled;
And through the darkness, far away,
They lit me and enspelled.

Until we reached an ancient wood,
That flung its twisted arms around,
As if in anguish that it stood
On dark, unhallowed ground.

And then I saw it—cold and blind—
The dream, that had my heart to share,
That fell, before its feet could find
Its home, and perished there.

[Pg 45]

WITCHCRAFT

This world is made a witchcraft place
With gazing on a woman's face.

Now 'tis her smile, whose sorcery
Turns all my thoughts to melody.

Now 'tis her frown, that comes and goes,
That makes my day a page of prose.

And now her laugh, or but a word,

That in my heart frees wild a bird.

Some day, perhaps, a kiss of hers,
Will lift from my dumb life the curse

Of longing, inarticulate,
That keeps me sad and celibate.

TRANSPosed SEASONS

[Pg 46]

The gentian and the bluebell so
Can change my calendar,
I know not how the year may go,
Or what the seasons are:
The months, in some mysterious wise,
Take their expression from her eyes.

The gentian speaks to memory
Of autumns long since gone,
When *her* blue eyes smiled up at me,
And heaven was flushed with dawn:
'T was autumn then and leaves were sere,
But in my heart 't was spring o' the year.

The bluebell says a message too
Of springs long passed away,
When in my eyes her eyes of blue
Gazed and 't was close of day:
Spring spread around her fragrant chart,
But it was autumn in my heart.

THE OLD DREAMER

[Pg 47]

Come, let's climb into our attic,
In our house that's old and gray!
Life, you're old and I'm rheumatic,
And—it's close of day.

Lay aside your rags and tatters,
Shirt and shoes so soiled with clay!
They're no use now. Nothing matters—
It is close of day.

Let's to bed. It's cold. No fire.
And no lamp to make a ray.—
Where's our servant, young Desire?—
Gone at close of day.

Oft she served us with fine glances,
Helped us out at work and play:
She is gone now; better chances;
And it's close of day.

Where is Hope, who flaunted scarlet?
Hope, who led us oft astray?
Has she proved herself a harlot
At the close of day?

What's become of Dream and Vision?
Friends we thought were here to stay?
Has life clapped the two in prison
At the close of day?

They are gone; and how we miss them!
They who made our garret gay.
How we used to hug and kiss them!—
But—'tis close of day.

Where's friend Love now?—Who supposes?—
Has he flung himself away?

[Pg 48]

Left us for a wreath of roses
At the close of day?

And where's Song? the soul elected—
Has he quit us too for aye?—
Was it poverty he suspected
Near the close of day?

How our attic rang their laughter!
How it echoed laugh and lay!
None may take their place hereafter?—
It is close of day.

We have done the best we could do.
Let us kneel awhile and pray.
Now, no matter what we would do,
It is close of day.

Let's to bed then! It's December.
Long enough since it was May!—
Let's forget it, and remember
Now 'tis close of day.

A LAST WORD

[Pg 49]

Oh, for some cup of consummating might,
Filled with life's kind conclusion, lost in night!
A wine of darkness, that with death shall cure
This sickness called existence!—Oh to find
Surcease of sorrow! quiet for the mind,
An end of thought in something dark and sure!
Mandrake and hellebore, or poison pure!—
Some drug of death, wherein there are no dreams!—
No more, no more, with patience, to endure
The wrongs of life, the hate of men, it seems;
Or wealth's authority, tyranny of time,
And lamentations and the boasts of man!
To hear no more the wild complaints of toil,
And struggling merit, that, unknown, must starve:
To see no more life's disregard for Art!
Oh God! to know no longer anything!
Nor good, nor evil, or what either means!
Nor hear the changing tides of customs roll
On the dark shores of Time! No more to hear
The stream of Life that furies on the shoals
Of hard necessity! No more to see
The unavailing battle waged of Need
Against adversity!—Merely to lie, at last,
Pulseless and still, at peace beneath the sod!
To think and dream no more! no more to hope!
At rest at last! at last at peace and rest,
Clasped by some kind tree's gnarled arm of root
Bearing me upward in its large embrace
To gentler things and fairer—clouds and winds,
And stars and sun and moon! To undergo
The change the great trees know when Spring comes in
With shoutings and rejoicings of the rain,
To swiftly rise an atom in a host,
The myriad army of the leaves; and stand
A handbreadth nearer Heaven and what is God!
To pulse in sap that beats unfevered in
The life we call inanimate—the heart
Of some great tree. And so, unconsciously,
As sleeps a child, clasped in its mother's arm,
Be taken back, in amplitudes of grace,
To Nature's heart, and so be lost in her.

[Pg 50]

A shadow glided down the way
Where sunset groped among the trees,
And all the woodland bower, asway
With trouble of the evening breeze.

A shape, it moved with head held down;
I knew it not, yet seemed to know
Its form, its carriage of a clown,
Its raiment of the long-ago.

It never turned or spoke a word,
But fixed its gaze on something far,
As if within its heart it heard
The summons of the evening star.

I turned to it and tried to speak;
To ask it of the thing it saw,
Or heard, beyond Earth's outmost peak—
The dream, the splendor, and the awe.

What beauty or what terror there
Still bade its purpose to ascend
Above the sunset's sombre glare,
The twilight and the long day's end.

It looked at me but said no word:
Then suddenly I saw the truth:—
This was the call that once I heard
And failed to follow in my youth.

Now well I saw that this was I—
My own dead self who walked with me,
Who died in that dark hour gone by
With all the dreams that used to be.

[Pg 51]

ON THE ROAD

[Pg 52]

Let us bid the world good-by,
Now while sun and cloud's above us,
While we've nothing to deny,
Nothing but our selves to love us:
Let us fancy, I and you,
All the dreams we dreamed came true.

We have gone but half the road,
Rugged road of root and boulder;
Made the best of Life's dark load,
Cares, that helped us to grow older:
We, my dear, have done our best—
Let us stop awhile and rest.

Let us, by this halfway stile,
Put away the world's desire,
And sit down, a little while,
With our hearts, and light a fire:
Sing the songs that once we sung
In the days when we were young.

Haply they will bring again,
From the Lands of Song and Story,
To our sides the elfin train
Of the dreams we dreamed of glory,
That are one now with the crew
Of the deeds we did not do.

[Pg 53]

Here upon the road of Life
Let us rest us; take our pleasure:
Free from care and safe from strife,
Count again our only treasure—
Love, that helped us on our way,
Our companion night and day.

RECONCILIATION

Listen, dearest! you must love me more,
More than you did before!—
Hark, what a beating here of wings!
Never at rest,
Dear, in your breast!—
Is it your heart with its flutterings,
Making a music, love, for us both?
Or merely a moth, a velvet-winged moth,
Which out of the garden's fragrance swings,
Weaving a spell,
That holds the rose and the moon in thrall?—
I love you more than I can tell;
And no recall
How long ago
Our quarrel and all!—
You say, you know,
A perfect pearl grows out of—well,
A little friction; tiny grain
Of sand or shell—
So love grew out of that moment's pain,
The heart's disdain—
Since then I have thought of no one but you,
And how your heart would beat on mine,
Like light on dew.
And I thought how foolish to fret and pine!
Better to claim the fault all mine!
To go to you and tell you that:
And how stale and flat
All life without you was, and vain!
And when I came, you turned and smiled,
Like a darling child,
And I knew from your look that, in your heart,
You had followed the self-same train
Of thought that made me yours again.—

Dearest! no more!—
We shall never part!—
So. Turn your face as you did before.—

I smooth your brow
And kiss you.—Now....
Tell me true—
Did you miss me, dear, as I missed you?

[Pg 54]

PORTENTS

Above the world a glare
Of sunset—guns and spears;
An army, no one hears,
Of mist and air:
Long lines of bronze and gold,
Huge helmets, each a cloud;
And then a fortress old
There in the night that phantoms seem to crowd.

A face of flame; a hand
Of crimson alchemy
Is waved: and, solemnly,
At its command,
Opens a fiery well,
A burning hole,
From which a stream of hell,
A river of blood, in frenzy, seems to roll.

And there, upon a throne,
Like some vast precipice,
Above that River of Dis,
Behold a King! alone!
Around whom shapes of blood
Take form: each one the peer

[Pg 55]

Of those, who, in the wood
Of Dante's Hell froze up the heart with fear.

[Pg 56]

Then shapes, that breast to breast
Gallop to face a foe:
And through the crimson glow
Th' imperial crest
Of him whose banner flies
Above a world that burns,
A raven in the skies,
And as it flies into a Death's-Head turns.
The wild trees writhe and twist
Their gaunt limbs, wrung with fear:
And now into my ear
A word seems hissed;
A message, filled with dread,
A dark, foreboding word,—
"Behold! we are the dead,
Who here on Earth lived only by the sword!"

THE IRON CRAGS

[Pg 57]

Upon the iron crags of War I heard his terrible daughters
In battle speak while at their feet,
In gulfs of human waters,
A voice, intoning, "Where is God?" in ceaseless sorrow beat:
And to my heart, in doubt, I said,
 "God?—God's above the storm!
 O heart, be brave, be comforted,
 And keep your hearth-stone warm
 For her who breasts the storm—
 God's Peace, the fair of form."
I heard the Battle Angels cry above the slain's red mountains,
While from their wings the lightnings hurled
Of Death's destroying fountains,
And thunder of their revels rolled around the ruined world:
 Still to my heart, in fear, I cried,
 "God?—God is watching there!
 My heart,—oh, keep the doorway wide
 Here in your House of Care,
 For her who wanders there,
 God's Peace, with happy hair."

The darkness and the battle passed: and rushing on wild pinions
The hosts of Havoc shrieked their hate
And fled to Hell's dominions,—
And, lo! I heard, out in the night, a knocking at the gate:
 And one who cried aloud to me:—
 "The night and storm are gone!
 Oh, open wide the door and see
 Who waits here in the dawn!—
 Peace, with God's splendor on
 Back to the sad world drawn!"

[Pg 58]

THE IRON CROSS

They pass, with heavy eyes and hair,
Before the Christ upon the Cross,
The Nations, stricken with their loss,
And lifting faces of despair.

What is the prayer they pray to Him,
Christ Jesus on the Iron Cross?
The Christ, neglected, dark with moss,
Whose hands are pierced, whose face is grim.

Is it forgiveness for great sin
They plead before the Iron Cross?
Or for some gift of gold or dross?

Or battle lost, that they would win?

[Pg 59]

With eyes where hate and horror meet,
They pass before the Iron Cross,
The Cross, that ancient words emboss,
Where hangs the Christ with nail-pierced feet.

His hair is fallen on his face.
His head hangs sidewise from the Cross—
The Crucified, who knows all loss,
And had on Earth no resting place.

"O world of men," he seems to say,
"Behold me on your Iron Cross!
To me why kneel and tell your loss?
Why kneel to me and weep and pray?"

"Have I not taught you to forgive?
And bade you from my Iron Cross
Believe, and bear your grief and loss,
That after death you too may live?"

"You have not followed at my call!
You keep me on this Iron Cross,
And pray me keep you from all loss,
And save and comfort you withal.—"

"You ask for love, and hate the more!—
You keep me on this Iron Cross!—
Restore to me my greater loss,
The brotherhood of rich and poor."

* * * *

[Pg 60]

They pass, with weary eyes and hair,
Before the Christ upon the Cross—
The Nations, wailing of their loss,
And lifting faces of despair.

THE WANDERER

Between the death of day and birth of night,
By War's red light,
I met with one in trailing sorrows clad,
Whose features had
The look of Him who died to set men right.

Around him many horrors, like great worms,
Terrific forms,
Crawled, helmed like hippogriff and rosmarine,—
Gaunt and obscene,
Urged on to battle with a thousand arms.

Columns of steel, and iron belching flame,
Before them came:
And cities crumbled; and amid them trod
Havoc, their god,
With Desolation that no tongue may name.

And out of Heaven came a burning breath,
And on it Death,
Riding: before him, huge and bellowing herds
Of beasts, like birds,
Bat-winged and demon, nothing conquereth.

Hag-lights went by, and Fear that shrieks and dies;
And mouths, with cries
Of famine; and the madness of Despair;
And everywhere
Curses, like kings, with ever-burning eyes.

And, lo! the shadow shook and cried a name,
That grew a flame
Above the world, and said, "Give heed! give heed!"

[Pg 61]

See how they bleed!
My wounds! my wounds!—Was it for this I came?

"Where is the love for which I shed my blood?
And where the good
I preached and died for?—Lo! ye have denied
And crucified
Me here again, who swore me brotherhood!"

Then overhead the vault of night was rent:
The firmament
Winged thunder over of aerial craft;
And Battle laughed
Titanic laughter as its way it went.

THE END OF SUMMER

[Pg 62]

The rose, that wrote its message on the noon's
Bright manuscript, has turned her perfumed face
Towards Fall, and waits, heart-heavy, for the moon's
Pale flower to take her place.

With eyes distraught, and dark disheveled hair,
The Season dons a tattered cloak of storm
And waits with Night that, darkly, seems to share
Her trouble and alarm.

It is the close of summer. In the sky
The sunset lit a fire of drift and sat
Watching the last Day, robed in empire, die
Upon the burning ghat.

The first leaf crimsons and the last rose falls,
And Night goes stalking on, her cloak of rain
Dripping, and followed through her haunted halls
By ail Death's phantom train.

The sorrow of the Earth and all that dies,
And all that suffers, in her breast she bears;
Outside the House of Life she stops and cries
The burden of her cares.

Then on the window knocks with crooked hands,
Her tree-like arms to Heaven wildly-hurled:
Love hears her crying, "Who then understands?—
Has God forgot the world?"

THE LUST OF THE WORLD

[Pg 63]

Since Man first lifted up his eyes to hers
And saw her vampire beauty, which is lust,
All else is dust
Within the compass of the universe.

With heart of Jael and with face of Ruth
She sits upon the tomb of Time and quaffs
Heart's blood and laughs
At all Life calls most noble and the truth.

The fire of conquest and the wine of dreams
Are in her veins; and in her eyes the lure
Of things unsure,
Urging the world forever to extremes.

Without her, Life would stagnate in a while.—
Her touch it is puts pleasure even in pain.—
So Life attain
Her end, she cares not if the means be vile.

She knows no pity, mercy, or remorse.—

Hers is to build and then exterminate:
To slay, create,
And twixt the two maintain an equal course.

CHANT BEFORE BATTLE

[Pg 64]

Ever since man was man a Fiend has stood
Outside his House of Good,—
War, with his terrible toys, that win men's hearts
To follow murderous arts.

His spurs, death-won, are but of little use,
Except as old refuse
Of Life; to hang and testify with rust
Of deeds, long one with dust.

A rotting fungus on a log, a tree,
A toiling worm, or bee,
Serves God's high purpose here on Earth to build
More than War's maimed and killed.

The Hebetude of asses, following still
Some Emperor's will to kill,
Is that of men who give their lives—for what?—
The privilege to be shot!

Grant men more vision, Lord! to read thy words,
That are not guns and swords,
But trees and flowers, lovely forms of Earth,
And all fair things of worth.

So he may rise above the brute and snake,
And of his reason make
A world befitting, as thou hast designed,
His greater soul and mind!

So he may rid himself of worm and beast,
And sit with Love at feast,
And make him worthy to be named thy son,
As He, thy Holy One! Amen.

[Pg 65]

NEARING CHRISTMAS

The season of the rose and peace is past:
It could not last.
There's heartbreak in the hills and stormy sighs
Of sorrow in the rain-lashed plains and skies,
While Earth regards, aghast,
The last red leaf that flies.

The world is cringing in the darkness where
War left his lair,
And everything takes on a lupine look,
Baring gaunt teeth at every peaceful nook,
And shaking torrent hair
At every little brook.

Cancers of ulcerous flame his eyes, and—hark!
There in the dark
The ponderous stir of metal, iron feet;
And with it, heard around the world, the beat
Of Battle; sounds that mark
His heart's advance, retreat.

With shrapnel pipes he goes his monstrous ways;
And, screeching, plays
The hell-born music Havoc dances to;
And, following with his skeleton-headed crew
Of ravening Nights and Days,
Horror invades the blue.

[Pg 66]

Against the Heaven he lifts a mailed fist
And writes a list
Of beautiful cities on the ghastly sky:
And underneath them, with no reason why,
In blood and tears and mist,
The postscript, "These must die!"

Change is the portion and chief heritage
Of every Age.
The spirit of God still waits its time.—And War
May blur His message for a while, and mar
The writing on His page,
To this our sorrowful star.

But there above the conflict, orb'd in rays,
Is drawn the face
Of Peace; at last who comes into her own;
Peace, from whose tomb the world shall roll the stone,
And give her highest place
In the human heart alone.

A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS

[Pg 67]

The "happy year" of 1914

An hour from dawn:
The snow sweeps on
As it swept with sleet last night:
The Earth around
Breathes never a sound,
Wrapped in its shroud of white.

A waked cock crows
Under the snows;
Then silence.—After while
The sky grows blue,
And a star looks through
With a kind o' bitter smile.

A whining dog;
An axe on a log,
And a muffled voice that calls:
A cow's long low;
Then footsteps slow
Stamping into the stalls.

A bed of straw
Where the wind blows raw
Through cracks of the stable door:
A child's small cry,
A voice nearby,
That says, "One mouth the more."

A different note
In a man's rough throat
As he turns at an entering tread—
Satyrs! see!
"My woman—she
Was brought last night to bed!"

A cry of "Halt!"—
"Ach! ich bin kalt!"
"A spy!"—"No."—"That is clear!"
There's a good shake-down
I' the jail in town—
For her!"—And then, "My orders here."

A shot, sharp-rolled
As the clouds unfold:
A scream; and a cry forlorn....
Clothed red with fire,
Like the Heart's Desire,
Look down the Christmas Morn.

[Pg 68]

The babe with light
Is haloed bright,
And it is Christmas Day:
A cry of woe;
Then footsteps slow,
And the wild guns, far away.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE AISNE

[Pg 69]

Imperial Madness, will of hand,
Builds vast an altar here, and rears
Before the world, on godly land,
A Moloch form of blood and tears.

And far as eye can see, behold,
Priests plunge into its brazen arms
Men, that its iron maw of mold
Mangles, returning horrible forms.

Its Priests are armies, moving slow,
And crowned like kings, in human-guise:
And theirs it is to make it flow—
The crimson stream of sacrifice.

THE CRY OF EARTH

[Pg 70]

The Season speaks this year of life
Confusing words of strife,
Suggesting weeds instead of fruits and flowers
In all Earth's bowers.

With heart of Jael, face of Ruth,
She goes her way uncouth
Through hills and fields, where fog and sunset seem
Wild smoke and steam.

Around her, spotted as a leopard skin,
She draws her cloak of whin,
And through the dark hills sweeps dusk's last red glare
Wild on her hair.

Her hands drip leaves, like blood, and burn
With frost; her moony urn
She lifts, where Death, 'mid driving stress and storm,
Rears his gaunt form.

And all night long she seems to say
"Come forth, my Winds, and slay!—"
And everywhere is heard the wailing cry
Of dreams that die.

CHILD AND FATHER

[Pg 71]

A little child, one night, awoke and cried,
"Oh, help me, father! there is something wild
Before me! help me!" Hurrying to his side
I answered, "I am here. You dreamed, my child."

"A dream?—" he questioned. "Oh, I could not see!
It was so dark!—Take me into your bed!"—
And I, who loved him, held him soothingly,
And smiling on his terror, comforted.

He nestled in my arms. I held him fast;
And spoke to him and calmed his childish fears,
Until he smiled again, asleep at last,
Upon his lashes still a trace of tears....

How like a child the world! who, in this night
Of strife, beholds strange monsters threatening
And with black fear, having so little light,
Cries to its Father, God, for comforting.

And well for it, if, answering the call,
The Father hear and soothe its dread asleep!—
How many though, whom thoughts and dreams appall,
Must lie awake and in the darkness weep.

THE RISING OF THE MOON

[Pg 72]

The Day brims high its ewer
Of blue with starry light,
And crowns as King that hewer
Of clouds (which take their flight
Across the sky) old Night.

And Tempest there, who houses
Within them, like a cave,
Lies down and dreams and drowzes
Upon the Earth's huge grave,
With wandering wind and wave.

The storm moves on; and winging
From out the east—a bird,
The moon drifts, calmly bringing
A message and a word
Of peace, in Heaven it heard.

Of peace and times called golden,
Whose beauty makes it glow
With love, like that of olden,
Which mortals used to know
There in the long-ago.

WHERE THE BATTLE PASSED

[Pg 73]

One blossoming rose-tree, like a beautiful thought
Nursed in a broken mind, that waits and schemes,
Survives, though shattered, and about it caught,
The strangling dodder streams.

Gaunt weeds: and here a bayonet or pouch,
Rusty and rotting where men fought and slew:
Bald, trampled paths that seem with fear to crouch,
Feeling a bloody dew.

Here nothing that was beauty's once remains.
War left the garden to its dead alone:
And Life and Love, who toiled here, for their pains
Have nothing once their own.

Death leans upon the battered door, at gaze—
The house is silent where there once was stir
Of husbandry, that led laborious days,
With Love for comforter.

Now in Love's place, Death, old and halt and blind,
Gropes, searching everywhere for what may live.—
War left it empty as his vacant mind;
It has no more to give.

THE IRON AGE

[Pg 74]

And these are Christians!—God! the horror of it—
How long, O Lord! how long, O Lord! how long

Wilt Thou endure this crime? and there, above it,
Look down on Earth nor sweep away the wrong!

Are these Thy teachings?—Where is then that pity,
Which bade the weary, suffering come to Thee?—
War takes its toll of life in field and City,
And Thou must see!—O Christianity!

And then the children!—Oh, Thou art another!
Not God! but Fiend, whom God has given release!—
Will prayer avail naught? tears of father, mother?
To give at last the weary world surcease

From butchery? that back again hath brought her
Into that age barbarian that priced
Hate above Love; and, shod with steel and slaughter,
Stamped on the Cross and on the face of Christ.

THE BATTLE

[Pg 75]

Black clouds hung low and heavy,
Above the sunset glare;
And in the garden dimly
We wandered here and there.

So full of strife, of trouble
The night was dark, afraid,
Like our own love, so merely
For tears and sighings made.

That when it came to parting,
And I must mount and go,
With all my soul I wished it—
That God would lay me low.

ON RE-READING CERTAIN GERMAN POETS

[Pg 76]

They hold their own, they have no peers
In gloom and glow, in hopes and fears,
 In love and terror, hovering round
 The lore of that enchanted ground!—
That mystic region, where one hears,
By bandit towers, the hunt that nears
 Wild through the Hartz; the demon cheers
 Of Hackelnberg; his horn and hound—
 They hold their own.

Dark Wallenstein; and, down the years,
The Lorelei; and, creased with sneers,
 Faust, Margaret;—the Sabbath sound,
 Witch-whirling, of the Brocken, drowned
In storm, through which Mephisto leers,—
 They hold their own.

ON OPENING AN OLD SCHOOL VOLUME OF HORACE

[Pg 77]

I had forgot how, in my day
 The Sabine fields around me lay
 In amaranth and asphodel,
 With many a cold Bandusian well
Bright-bubbling by the mountain-way.
In forest dells of Faun and Fay
How, lounging in the fountain's spray,
 I talked with Horace; felt his spell,
 I had forgot.

With Pyrrha and with Lydia

How oft I sat, while Lalaga
Sang, and the fine Falerian fell,
Sparkling, and heard the poet tell
Of loves whose beauty lasts for aye,
I had forgot.

LAUS DEO

[Pg 78]

In her vast church of glimmering blue,
Gray-stoled from feet to chin,
Her dark locks beaded with the dew,
The nun-like dawn comes in:
At once the hills put on their spencers
Of purple, swinging streaming censers
Of mist before the God of Day
Who goes with pomp his way.

With sapphire draperies of light
Is hung the sombre pines;
Filling each valley, every height
With sacerdotal lines—
Shrines, where, like priests with worship vested,
The forests bow and, heavenly gestured,
Lift high the chalice of the sun,
Intoning, "Night is done!"

THE NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER

[Pg 79]

The Woolworth Building

Enormously it lifts
Its tower against the splendor of the west;
Like some wild dream that drifts
Before the mind, and at the will's behest,—
Enchantment-based, gigantic steel and stone,—
Is given permanence;
A concrete fact,
Complete, alone,
Glorious, immense,
Such as no nation here on Earth has known:
Epitomizing all
That is American, that stands for youth,
And strength and truth;
That's individual,
And beautiful and free,—
Resistless strength and tireless energy.

Even as a cataract,
Its superb fact
Suggests vast forces Nature builds with—Joy,
And Power and Thought,
She to her aid has brought
For eons past, will bring for eons yet to be,
Shaping the world to her desire: the three
Her counsellors constantly,
Her architects, through whom her dreams come true,—
Her workmen, bringing forth,
With toil that shall not cease,
Mountains and plains and seas,
That make the Earth
The glory that it is:
And, one with these,
Such works of man as this,
This building, towering into the blue,
A beacon, round which like an ocean wide,
Circles and flows the restless human tide.

[Pg 80]

ROBERT BROWNING

Master of human harmonics, where gong
And harp and violin and flute accord;
Each instrument confessing you its lord,
Within the deathless orchestra of Song.
Albeit at times your music may sound wrong
To our dulled senses, and its meaning barred
To Earth's slow understanding, never marred
Your message brave: clear, and of trumpet tongue.
Poet-revealer, who, both soon and late,
Within an age of doubt kept clean your faith,
Crying your cry of "With the world all's well!"
How shall we greet you from our low estate,
Keys in the keyboard that is life and death,
The organ whence we hear your music swell?

RILEY

[Pg 81]

His Birthday, October the 7th, 1912

Riley, whose pen has made the world your debtor,
Whose Art has kept you young through sixty years,
Brimming our hearts with laughter and with tears,
Holding her faith pure to the very letter:
We come to you to-day, both man and woman,
And happy little children, girl and boy,—
To laurel you with all our love and joy,
And crown you for the dreams your pen made human:
For Orphant Annie and for Old Aunt Mary,
The Raggedty Man, who never will grow older,
And all the kindly folks from Griggsby's Station,
Immortal throngs, with Spirk and Wunk and Faery,
Who swarm behind you, peering o'er your shoulder,
Sharing with you the blessings of a Nation.

DON QUIXOTE

[Pg 82]

On receiving a bottle of Sherry Wine of the same name

What "blushing Hippocrene" is here! what fire
Of the "warm South" with magic of old Spain!—
Through which again I seem to view the train
Of all Cervantes' dreams, his heart's desire:
The melancholy Knight, in gaunt attire
Of steel rides by upon the windmill-plain
With Sancho Panza by his side again,
While, heard afar, a swineherd from a byre
Winds a hoarse horn.

And all at once I see
The glory of that soul who rode upon
Impossible quests,—following a deathless dream
Of righted wrongs, that never were to be,—
Like many another champion who has gone
Questing a cause that perished like a dream.

THE WOMAN

[Pg 83]

With her fair face she made my heaven,
Beneath whose stars and moon and sun
I worshiped, praying, having striven,
For wealth through which she might be won.

And yet she had no soul: A woman

As fair and cruel as a god;
Who played with hearts as nothing human,
And tossed them by and on them trod.

She killed a soul; she did it nightly;
Luring it forth from peace and prayer,
To strangle it, and laughing lightly,
Cast it into the gutter there.

And yet, not for a purer vision
Would I exchange; or Paradise
Possess instead of Hell, my prison,
Where burns the passion of her eyes.

THE SONG OF SONGS

[Pg 84]

Read November 14th, 1913, before the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters in joint session at Chicago, Ill.

I heard a Spirit singing as, beyond the morning winging,
Its radiant form went swinging like a star:
In its song prophetic voices mixed their sounds with trumpet-noises,
As when, loud, the World rejoices after war.
And it said:

I

Hear me!
Above the roar of cities,
The clamor and conflict of trade,
The frenzy and fury of commercialism,
Is heard my voice, chanting, intoning.—
Down the long corridors of time it comes,
Bearing my message, bidding the soul of man arise
To the realization of his dream.
Now and then discords seem to intrude,
And tones that are false and feeble—
Beginnings of the perfect chord
From which is evolved the ideal, the unattainable.
Hear me!
Ever and ever,
Above the tumult of the years,
The blatant cacophonies of war,
The wrangling of politics,
Demons and spirits of unrest,
My song persists,
Addressing the soul
With the urge of an astral something,
Supernal,
Elemental,
Promethean,
Instinct with an everlasting fire.

[Pg 85]

II

Hear me!
I am the expression of the subconscious,
The utterance of the intellect,
The voice of mind,
That stands for civilization.
Out of my singing sprang, Minerva-like,
Full-armed and fearless,
Liberty,
Subduer of tyrants, who feed on the strength of Nations.
Out of my chanting arose,
As Aphrodite arose from the foam of the ocean,
The Dream of Spiritual Desire,
Mother of Knowledge,
Victor o'er Hate and Oppression,—
Ancient and elemental dæmons,
Who, with Ignorance and Evil, their consorts,
Have ruled for eons of years.

[Pg 86]

III

Hear me!
Should my chanting cease,
My music utterly fail you,
Behold!
Out of the hoary Past, most swiftly, surely,
Would gather the Evils of Earth,
The Hydras and Harpies, forgotten,
And buried in darkness:
Amorphous of form,
Tyrannies and Superstitions
Torturing body and soul:
And with them,
Gargoyls of dreams that groaned in the Middle Ages—
Aspects of darkness and death and hollow eidolons,
Cruel, inhuman,
Wearing the faces and forms of all the wrongs of the world.
Barbarian hordes whose shapes make hideous
The cycles of error and crime:
Grendels of darkness,
Devouring the manhood of Nations:
Demogorgons of War and Misrule,
Blackening the world with blood and the lust of destruction.
Hear me!—
Out of my song have grown
Beauty and joy,
And with them
The triumph of Reason;
The confirmation of Hope,
Of Faith and Endeavor:
The Dream that's immortal,
To whose creation Thought gives concrete form,
And of which Vision makes permanent substance.

[Pg 87]

IV

Fragmentary,
Out of the Past,
Down the long aisles of the Centuries,
Uncertain at first and uneasy,
Hesitant, harsh of expression,
My song was heard,
Stammering, appealing,
A murmur merely:
Coherent then,
Singing into form,
Assertive,
Ecstatic,
Louder, lovelier, and more insistent,
Sonorous, proclaiming;
Clearer and surer and stronger.
Attaining expression, evermore truer and clearer:
Masterful, mighty at last,
Committed to conquest,
And with Beauty coeval;
Part of the wonder of life,
The triumph of light over darkness:
Taking the form of Art—
Art, that is voice and vision of the soul of man.—
Hear me!
Confident ever,
One with the Loveliness song shall evolve,
My voice is become as an army of banners,
Marching irresistibly forward,
With the roll of the drums of attainment,
The blare of the bugles of fame:
Tramping, tramping, evermore advancing,
Till the last redoubt of prejudice is down,
And the Eagles and Fasces of Learning
Make glorious the van o' the world.

[Pg 88]

V

They who are deaf to my singing,

Who disregard me.—
Let them beware lest the splendor escape them,
The glory of light that is back o' the darkness of life,
And with it—
The blindness of spirit o'erwhelm them.—
They who reject me,
Reject the gleam
That goes to the making of Beauty;
And put away
The loftier impulses of heart and of mind.
They shall not possess the dream, the ideal,
Of ultimate worlds,
That is part of the soul that aspires;
That sits with the Spirit of Thought,
The radiant presence who weaves,
Directed of Destiny,
There in the Universe,
At its infinite pattern of stars.
They shall not know,
Not they,
The exaltations that make enduring here on the Earth
The ponderable curtain of flesh.
Not they! Not they!

[Pg 89]

VI

Hear me!
I control, and direct;
I wound and heal,
Elevate and subdue
The vaulting energies of Man.
I am part of the cosmic strain o' the Universe:
I captain the thoughts that grow to deeds,
Material and spiritual facts,
Pointing the world to greater and nobler things.—
Hear me!
My dædal expression peoples the Past and Present
With forms of ethereal thought
That symbolize Beauty:
The Beauty expressing itself now,
As Poetry,
As Philosophy:
As Truth and Religion now,
And now,
As science and Law,
Vaunt couriers of Civilization.

[Pg 90]

OGLETHORPE

An Ode to be read on the laying of the foundation stone of the new Oglethorpe University, January, 1915, at Atlanta, Georgia

I

As when with oldtime passion for this Land
Here once she stood, and in her pride, sent forth
Workmen on every hand,
Sowing the seed of knowledge South and North,
More gracious now than ever, let her rise,
The splendor of a new dawn in her eyes;
Grave, youngest sister of that company,
That smiling wear
Laurel and pine
And wild magnolias in their flowing hair;
The sisters Academe,
With thoughts divine,
Standing with eyes a-dream,
Gazing beyond the world, into the sea,
Where lie the Islands of Infinity.

[Pg 91]

II

Now in these stormy days of stress and strain,
When Gospel seems in vain,
And Christianity a dream we've lost,
That once we made our boast;
Now when all life is brought
Face to grim face with naught,
And a condition speaking, trumpet-lipped,
Of works material, leaving Beauty out
Of God's economy; while, horror-dipped,
Lies our buried faith, full near to perish,
'Mid the high things we cherish,
In these tempestuous days when, to and fro
The serpent, Evil, goes and strews his way
With dragon's teeth that play
Their part as once they did in Jason's day;
And War, with menace loud,
And footsteps, metal-slow,
And eyes a crimson hot,
Is seen, against the Heaven a burning blot
Of blood and tears and woe:
Now when no mortal living seems to know
Whither to turn for hope, we turn to thee,
And such as thou art, asking "What's to be?"
And that thou point the path
Above Earth's hate and wrath,
And Madness, stalking with his torch aglow
Amid the ruins of the Nations slow
Crumbling to ashes with Old Empire there
In Europe's tiger lair.

III

A temple may'st thou be,
A temple by the everlasting sea,
For the high goddess, Ideality,
Set like a star,
Above the peaks of dark reality:
Shining afar
Above the deeds of War,
Within the shrine of Love, whose face men mar
With Militarism,
That is the prism
Through which they gaze with eyes obscured of Greed,
At the white light of God's Eternity,
The comfort of the world, the soul's great need,
That beacons Earth indeed,
Breaking its light intense
With turmoil and suspense
And failing human Sense.

IV

From thee a higher Creed
Shall be evolved.
The broken lights resolved
Into one light again, of glorious light,
Between us and the Everlasting, that is God.—
The all-confusing fragments, that are night,
Lift up thy rod
Of knowledge and from Truth's eyeballs strip
The darkness, and in armor of the Right,
Bear high the standard of imperishable light!
Cry out, "Awake!—I slept awhile!—Awake!
Again I take
My burden up of Truth for Jesus' sake,
And stand for what he stood for, Peace and Thought,
And all that's Beauty-wrought
Through doubt and dread and ache,
By which the world to good at last is brought!"

V

No more with silence burdened, when the Land
Was stricken by the hand
Of war, she rises, and assumes her stand
For the Enduring; setting firm her feet

On what is blind and brute:
Still holding fast
With honor to the past,
Speaking a trumpet word,
Which shall be heard
As an authority, no longer mute.

VI

Again, yea, she shall stand
For what Truth means to Man
For science and for Art and all that can
Make life superior to the things that weight
The soul down, things of hate
Instead of love, for which the world was planned;
May she demand
Faith and inspire it; Song to lead her way
Above the crags of Wrong
Into the broader day;
And may she stand
For poets still; poets that now the Land
Needs as it never needed; such an one
As he, large Nature's Son
Lanier, who with firm hand
Held up her magic wand
Directing deep in music such as none
Has ever heard
Such music as a bird
Gives of its soul, when dying,
And unconscious if it's heard.

[Pg 94]

VII

So let her rise, mother of greatness still,
Above all temporal ill;
Invested with all old nobility,
Teaching the South decision, self control
And strength of mind and soul;
Achieving ends that shall embrace the whole
Through deeds of heart and mind;
And thereby bind
Its effort to an end
And reach its goal.

[Pg 95]

VIII

So shall she win
A wrestler with sin,
Supremely to a place above the years,
And help men rise
To what is wise
And true beyond their mortal finite scan—
The purblind gaze of man;
Aiding with introspective eyes
His soul to see a higher plan
Of life beyond this life; above the gyves
Of circumstance that bind him in his place
Of doubt and keep away his face
From what alone survives;
And what assures
Immortal life to that within, that gives
Of its own self,
And through its giving, lives,
And evermore endures.

A POET'S EPITAPH

[Pg 96]

Life was unkind to him;
All things went wrong:
Fortune assigned to him
Merely a song.

Ever a mystery

Here to his heart;
In his life's history
Love played no part.

Carve on the granite,
There at the end,
Where all may scan it,
Death was his friend.

*Giving him all he missed
Here upon Earth—
Love and the call he missed
All that was worth.*

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CUP OF COMUS: FACT AND FANCY ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the

United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of

works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™’s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by

the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.