

## The Project Gutenberg eBook of A Lonely Flute, by Odell Shepard

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](http://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:** A Lonely Flute

**Author:** Odell Shepard

**Release Date:** November 7, 2010 [EBook #34234]

**Language:** English

**Credits:** Produced by Al Haines

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A LONELY FLUTE \*\*\*

# A LONELY FLUTE

BY

ODELL SHEPARD

BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
*The Riverside Press Cambridge*  
1917

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ODELL SHEPARD  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Published April 1917*

TO  
M. F. S.

*And now 't was like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song*

*That makes the Heavens be mute.*

COLERIDGE.

## CONTENTS

[PROEM](#)  
[LAUS MARIE](#)  
[RECOLLECTION](#)  
[NIGHTFALL](#)  
[A BALLAD OF LOVE AND DEATH](#)  
[BIRDS OF PASSAGE](#)  
[WASTE](#)  
[THE WATCHER IN THE SKY](#)  
[HOUSEMATES](#)  
[POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE](#)  
[THE HIDDEN WEAVER](#)  
[VANITAS](#)  
[SPENSER'S "FAËRIE QUEENE"](#)  
[MORNING ROAD SONG](#)  
[EVENING ROAD SONG](#)  
[WINDY MORNING](#)  
[THE GRAVE OF THOREAU](#)  
[EARTH-BORN](#)  
["WHENCE COMETH MY HELP"](#)  
[UNITY](#)  
[VISTAS](#)  
[A NUN](#)  
[LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER](#)  
[CERTAIN AMERICAN POETS](#)  
[THE SINGER'S QUEST](#)  
[DEAD MAGDALEN](#)  
[THE ADVENTURER](#)  
[THE GOLDFINCH](#)  
[ORIOLES](#)  
[BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM](#)  
[APRIL](#)  
[A CHAPEL BY THE SEA](#)  
[EPHEMEROS](#)  
[WANDERLUST](#)  
[THE IDEAL](#)  
[THE FIRST CHRISTIAN](#)

## A LONELY FLUTE

### PROEM

Beyond the pearly portal,  
Beyond the last dim star,  
Pale, perfect, and immortal,  
The eternal visions are,  
That never any rapture  
Of sorrow or of mirth  
Of any song shall capture  
To dwell with men on earth.

Many a strange and tragic

Old sorrow still is mute  
And melodies of magic  
Still slumber in the flute,  
Many a mighty vision  
Has caught my yearning eye  
And swept with calm derision  
In robes of splendor by.

The rushing susurrations  
Of some eternal wing  
Beats mighty variations  
Through all the song I sing;  
The vague, deep-mouthed commotion  
From its ancestral home  
Booms like the shout of ocean  
Across the crumbling foam;  
And these low lyric whispers  
Make answer wistfully  
As sea-shells ... dreaming lispers  
Beside the eternal sea.

### LAUS MARIÆ

There is a name like some deep melody  
Hallowed by sundown, delicate as the plash  
Of lonely waves on solitary lakes  
And rounded as the sudden-bursting bloom  
Of bold, deep-throated notes in a midnight cloud  
When shadowy belfries far away roll out  
Across the dark their avalanche of sound.

It is a wild voice lost in the wail of the wind;  
The silvery-twinkling plectrum of the rain  
Plays in the poplar tree no other tune  
And pines intone it softly as a prayer  
In leafy litanies.

The name is raised  
Even to God's ear from ancient arches dim  
With caverned twilight and dull altar smoke  
Where tapers weave athwart the azure haze  
Innumerable pageantries of dusk.

Low-voiced and soft-eyed women must they live  
Who bear that holy name. And now for one  
Time has no other honor than to be  
The meaning of an unremembered rhyme,  
The breath of a forgotten singer's song.

*(October, 1903)*

### RECOLLECTION

I must forget awhile the mellow flutes  
And all the lyric wizardry of strings;  
The fragile clarinet,  
Tremulous over meadows rich with dawn,  
Must knock against my vagrant heart  
And throb and cry no more.

For I am shaken by the loveliness  
And lights and laughter and beguiling song  
Of all this siren world;  
The regal beauty of women, round on round,  
The swift, lithe slenderness of girls,

And children's loyal eyes,  
Hill rivers and the lilac fringe of seas  
Lazily plunging, glow of city nights  
And faces in the glow—  
These things have stolen my heart away, I lie  
Parcelled abroad in sound and hue,  
Dispersed through all I love.

I must go far away to a still place  
And draw the shadows down across my eyes  
And wait and listen there  
For wings vibrating from beyond the stars,  
Wide-ranging, swiftly winnowing wings  
Bearing me back mine own.

So soon, now, I shall lie deep hidden away  
From sound or sight, with hearing strangely dull  
And heavy-lidded eyes,—  
'T is time, O passionate soul, for me to go  
Some far, hill-folded road apart  
And learn the ways of peace.

## NIGHTFALL

In a crumbling glory sets  
The unhastening sun;  
The fishers draw their shining nets;  
The day is done.

Across the ruddy wine  
That brims the sea  
Black boats drag shoreward through the brine  
Dreamily,

And dark against the glow  
Firing the west,  
By three and two the great gulls go  
Seaward to rest.

Beneath the gradual host  
Of heaven, pale  
And glimmering, rides a dim sea-ghost,  
A large slow sail.

Slowly she cometh on  
Day's last faint breath,  
Drifting across the water, wan  
And gray as death.

From what far-lying land  
Swimmeth thy keel,  
Dim ship? And what mysterious hand  
Is at thy wheel?

What far-borne news for me?  
What vast release?  
Quiet is in my heart, and on the sea  
Peace.

*(Balboa, California)*

## A BALLAD OF LOVE AND DEATH

She winded on the castle horn,

She clamored long and bold,  
For she was way-spent and forlorn  
And she was sore a-cold.

And she stood lonely in the snow.  
Vague quiet filled the air....  
From heaven's roof looked down aloof  
The stars, with steady stare.

She heard the droning drift of snow  
And the wolf-wind on the hill....  
No other sound.... For leagues around  
The night was very still.

She cried aloud in sudden fright,  
"Open! Warder ho!  
Here is a pilgrim guest to-night  
Who can no farther go."

The steady beat of mailed feet  
In angry answer rang  
Along the floor. The castle door  
Gave in with iron clang

And the warder strode into his tower  
And saw her standing there  
Weary, like a storm-tossed flower,  
And, like an angel, fair.

"Here is no lodging for the night,  
No bread and wine for thee,  
No ingle bright, no warm firelight,  
No cheerful company.

"Here is no inn nor any kin  
Of thine to harbor guest,  
Nor thee to house will any rouse  
Out of his ancient rest."

Unearthly, dark, nocturnal things  
With faint and furtive stir  
Hovered on feather-muffled wings  
Round the fair face of her

As she made answer wearily:  
"Ah! open now the gate.  
Though I was fleet with willing feet,  
I have come very late.

"Yea, though I came through flood and flame,  
Through tempest, flood, and fire,  
And left the wind to trail behind  
The wings of my desire,

"And though I prayed the stars for aid  
And seas for wind and tide,  
And though God gave me goodly pave  
And ran, Himself, beside...

"Aye, though my feet have been thus fleet,  
Unto one heart, I know,  
Whose sleep is still beneath the hill,  
My coming has been slow."

And he bent gently down above,  
A soft light in his eye...  
"Is not the holy name of Love  
The name men call thee by?

"Ah, Love, I know thee, for thy face  
Is other-worldly fair;  
A great light of some heavenly place  
Is on thy shining hair.

"But thou, Love, who canst tread the stars,  
Whose seat is by God's throne,  
Why wilt thou bend thee to the dust

And walk the dark alone?  
"Thy ways are not our mortal ways.  
Hast thou nought else to do  
Than wander with thy dream-lit face  
Our glimmering darkness through?"

But Love made answer, and her voice  
Was as God's voice to him;  
As tall and fair she towered there  
As heavenly seraphim...

"Open the gate! for Love shall dwell  
Even among the dead  
And in the darkest deeps of hell!  
Open! For God hath said!"

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Dropping round and clear across the still miles,  
Ringing down the midnight's marble stair,  
A bird's cry is falling through the darkness,  
Falling from the fields of upper air.

Through the rainy fragrance of the April night  
Slow it falls, circling in the fall,  
And all the sheeted lake of sleeping silences  
Is troubled by the solitary call.

Each human heart awake knows the loneliness  
Of that strange voice clear and far,  
That lost voice searching through the midnight,  
That lonely star calling to a star.

Old memories are thronging through the darkness...  
Slow tears are blinding sleepless eyes...  
O lonely hearts remembering in the midnight!  
O dark and empty skies!

## WASTE

Reluctant, groping fog crept gray and cold  
Up from the fields where now the guns were still;  
Far off the thundering surge of battle rolled  
And darkness brooded on the quiet hill;  
Clearly, across the listening night, the shrill  
And rhythmic cry of a lonely cricket fell  
On ears long deafened by the scream of shot and shell.

And there were two who listened wistfully  
To that glad voice, that sad last voice of all,  
Who on the morrow after reveille  
Would make no answer to the muster call;  
Others would eat their mess, others would fall  
When the lines formed again into their places,  
And soon their marching comrades would forget their faces.

One moaned a little and the other turned  
Painfully sidewise, peering up the bare  
Shell-furrowed slope. Then, while his deep wound burned,  
He crawled, slow inch by weary inch, to where  
The boy lay,—young, he thought, and strangely fair.  
"You see, I came," he said. "It was a wrench.  
I thought I'd die. Let's have a light here. What! You're French!"

"No matter ... we'll be going pretty soon...  
Dying 's a lonesome business at the best,  
And when there's nothing but a ghastly moon  
And fog for company, I lose my zest.  
There's a girl somewhere ... well... you know the rest.  
I'm glad I came. It's hand in hand now, brother.  
I think I laid you here. I wish 't had been another.

"I never meant it, and you did n't mean  
For me this ugly gash along my side.  
Something has pushed us on. Our slate is clean.  
And long and long after we two have died  
Some learnedest of doctors will decide  
What thing it was. But we ... we'll never know.  
Our business now 's to help make next year's harvest grow.

"You've been at school? College de France! You know  
Next year I should have heard your Bergson there,—  
Greatest since Hegel. Think of Haeckel, though,  
At my own Jena! Mighty men they were.  
Not mighty enough for what they had to bear.  
They read and wrote and taught, but you and I,  
How have we profited at last? Well, here we lie.

"If I had known you by the silver Rhine,  
That dreamy country where I had my birth,  
The land of golden corn and golden wine  
And surely, I think, the world's most lovely earth,—  
I should have loved you, brother, and known your worth.  
But you were born beside the racing Rhone.  
Ah, yes, that made the difference. That thing alone.

"We might have fronted this world's stormy weather  
Hand clasped in hand and seeing eye to eye.  
What was there we could not have done together?  
Who dares to say we should have feared to die,  
Shoulder to shoulder standing, you and I?  
But now you are slain by me, your unknown friend.  
I die by your unknowing hand. This ... this is the end!

"And all the love that might have been is blown  
Far off like clouds that fade across the blue;  
The game is over and the night shuts down,  
Blotting the little dreams of me and you  
And all our hope of all we longed to do.  
But courage, comrade! It's not hard to die.  
It's not so lonely now. If only we know why!"

The fog-damp folded closer round the hill  
And stillness deepened, but the cricket's song  
Tore at the heavy hem of silence still—  
One small voice left of love in a world of wrong.  
A few dim stars looked down. The yelling throng  
Of guns had passed beyond the mountain's brow  
When once again he spoke, but slowly, faintlier now.

"Something discovered that it didn't need us—  
Me in the Fatherland and you in France.  
We were less worth than what it took to feed us,  
And so life gave us only a little glance.  
It's true to say we never had a chance.  
It's like this fog, around, above, below.  
Reach out your hand to me. Good-night. We'll never know."

And then they lay so still they seemed asleep,  
For death was near and they had little pain.  
The midnight did not hear them moan or weep  
For life and love and gladness lost in vain  
And faces they would never see again,—  
Old friends, old lovers. All seemed at a distance.  
The minutes crept and crept. They made no strong resistance.

They only lay and looked up at the stars,  
Feeling they had not known how fair they were.  
I think their hearts were far from those loud wars  
As they lay listening to the cricket's chirr

Until it faded to a drowsy blur,  
Dwindled, and died, lost in the distant roar  
Of waves that plunged and broke on some eternal shore.

### **THE WATCHER IN THE SKY**

She has grown pale and spectral with our wounds  
And she is worn with memories of woe  
Older than Karnak. Multitudinous feet  
Of all the phantom armies of the world  
Resounding down the hollow halls of time,  
Have kept their far-off rumor in her ear.  
For she was old when Nineveh and Tyre  
And Baalbec of the waste went down in blood;  
Pompey and Tamburlaine and Genghis Khan  
Are dreams of only yesternight to her.  
And still she keeps, chained to a loathsome thing,  
Her straining, distant paces up and down  
The vaulted cell, but wistful of an end  
When all our swarm of shuddering life shall drop  
Like some dead cooling cinder down the void,  
Leaving her clean, in blessed barrenness.

*(August, 1914)*

### **HOUSEMATES**

This little flickering planet  
Is such a lonely spark  
Among the million mighty fires  
That blaze in the outer dark,

The homeless waste about us  
Leaves such a narrow span  
To this dim lodging for a night,  
This bivouac of man,

That all the heavens wonder  
In all their alien stars  
To see us wreck our fellowship  
In mad fraternal wars.

### **POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE**

With a shout of trumpets and roll of drums,  
Down the road the music comes  
And all my heart leaps up to greet  
The steady tread of the marching feet.

Blare of bugle and shriek of fife...  
This is the triumphing wine of life!  
My senses reel and my glad heart sings,  
My spirit soars on jubilant wings.

Fluttering banners and gonfalons  
Cover with beauty the murderous guns;  
'T is sweet to live, 't were great to die  
With this vast music marching by.



For all my heart leaps up to greet  
The steady tread of the marching feet  
When down the road the music comes  
With a shout of trumpets and roll of drums.

### THE HIDDEN WEAVER

There where he sits in the cold, in the gloom,  
Of his far-away place by his thundering loom,  
He weaves on the shuttles of day and of night  
The shades of our sorrow and shapes of delight.  
He has wrought him a glimmering garment to fling  
Over the sweet swift limbs of the Spring,  
He has woven a fabric of wonder to be  
For a blue and a billowy robe to the sea,  
He has fashioned in sombre funereal dyes  
A tissue of gold for the midnight skies.

But sudden the woof turns all to red.  
Has he lost his craft? Has he snapped his thread?  
Sudden the web all sanguine runs.  
Does he hear the yell of the thirsting guns?  
While the scarlet crimes and the crimson sins  
Grow from the dizzying outs and ins  
Of the shuttle that spins, does he see it and feel?  
Or is he the slave of a tyrannous wheel?

Inscrutable faces, mysterious eyes,  
Are watching him out of the drifting skies;  
Exiles of chaos crowd through the gloom  
Of the uttermost cold to that thundering room  
And whisper and peer through the dusk to mark  
What thing he is weaving there in the dark.  
Will he leave the loom that he won from them  
And rend his fabric from hem to hem?  
Is he weaving with daring and skill sublime  
A wonderful winding-sheet for time?

Ah, but he sits in a darkling place,  
Hiding his hands, hiding his face,  
Hiding his art behind the shine  
Of the web that he weaves so long and fine.  
Loudly the great wheel hums and rings  
And we hear not even the song that he sings.  
Over the whirr of the shuttles and all  
The roar and the rush, does he hear when we call?

Only the colors that grow and glow  
Swift as the hurrying shuttles go,  
Only the figures vivid or dim  
That flow from the hastening hands of him,  
Only the fugitive shapes are we,  
Wrought in the web of eternity.

### VANITAS

Three queens of old in Yemen  
Beside forgotten streams,  
Three tall and stately women,  
Dreamt three great stately dreams  
Of love and power and pleasure and conquering quinquereemes.

They dreamt of love that squandered  
All Egypt for a kiss,

They dreamt of fame and pondered  
On proud Persepolis,  
But most they yearned for the wild delights of pale Semiramis.

They had for lords and lovers  
Dark kings of Araby,  
Corsairs and wild sea-rovers  
From many an alien lea,—  
Black-bearded men who loved and fought and won them cruelly.

They reared a dreamlike palace  
Stately and white and tall  
As a lily's ivory chalice  
Where every echoing hall  
Was rumorous with rustling leaves and plashing water's fall.

There to the tinkling zither  
And passionate guitars  
They footed hence and hither  
Beneath the breathless stars,  
From bare round breast and shoulder waved their glimmering cymars.

Theirs was an empire's treasure  
Of gems and rich attire,  
Love had they beyond measure  
And wine that burnt like fire;  
Each stately queen in Yemen found verily her desire.

But beauty waned and smouldered,  
Love languished into lust,  
The centuries have mouldered  
Their raven hair to rust,  
The desert sand is over them, their darkling eyes are dust.

Their bosoms' pride is sunken  
Beneath the purple pall,  
Their smooth round limbs are shrunken,  
Through clasp and anklet crawl  
Lithe little snakes, upon their tombs lean lizards twitch and sprawl.

### **SPENSER'S "FAËRIE QUEENE"**

Like some clear well of water in the waste,  
Some magic well beside the weary miles,  
This beauty is. I turn aside and taste  
The cool Lethean drink. Suddenly smiles  
A leafy world upon me,—peristyles  
Of flickering shade! The hush is only stirred  
Where silver runlets brighten down the aisles,  
From pool to pool rehearsing one low word  
Answered at drowsy intervals by a lonely bird.

Along the rustling arches and through vast  
Dim caverns of green solitude are rolled  
The wintry leaves of all the withered past,  
One confraternity of common mould.  
From summers perished, autumn's tarnished gold  
Long blown to dust in many a fallen glade  
Is reared this rumorous temple million-boled,  
This shrine of peace, this whispering colonnade  
Trembling from court to court with restless sun and shade.

And here a while may weary Fancy turn  
And loiter by the rote of guttural streams.  
Brushing the skirts of silence, the stirred fern  
Breathes softly "hush" and "hush"—a sound that seems  
Only the fluttering sigh of deepest dreams.  
Here comes no sound or sight of fevered things...  
No sight or sound. Green-gold the daylight beams,  
And deep in the heart of dusk a far bird sings

Faint as the feathered beat of her own wavering wings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Calm singer in the chambers of the dawn,  
Our hearts are weary singing in the heat  
When all thy dewy matin hopes are gone  
And all thy raptures, prophesyings sweet,  
And fair, false dreams are flying in defeat.  
O thou, the poet's poet, from thy sky  
Of ancient morning look thou down and greet  
Thy brothers of the noon with gentle eye.  
Lift them from out the dust. Forlorn and low they lie!

Heart-easing poet, sing to us like bells  
Across wide waters paven by the stains  
Of sunset; like a vagrant breeze that swells  
And rises lingering, fails and grows and wanes  
Along a listening wood; like April rains  
In which the anemones of dream are born.  
And though you cannot save us from the pains  
Of life,—the heat, the insensate noise, the scorn,—  
Here may we find our rose, forget a while the thorn.

### MORNING ROAD SONG

Let me have my fill of the wide blue air  
And the emerald cup of the sea  
And a wandering road blown bright and bare  
And it is enough for me.

The love of a man is a goodly thing  
And the love of a woman is true,  
But give me a rollicking song to sing  
And a love that is always new.

For I am a rover and cannot stay  
And blithe at heart am I  
When free and afoot on a winding way  
Beneath the great blue sky.

### EVENING ROAD SONG

It's a long road and a steep road  
And a weary road to climb.  
The air bites chill on the windy hill.  
At home it is firelight time.

The sunset pales ... along the vales  
The cottage candles shine  
And twinkle through the early dew.  
Thank God that one is mine!

And dark and late she'll watch and wait  
Beyond the last long mile  
For the weary beat of homing feet  
With her wise and patient smile.

### WINDY MORNING

Dawn with a jubilant shout  
Leaps on the shivering sea  
And puffs the last pale planet out  
And scatters the flame-bright clouds about  
Like the leaves of a frost-bitten tree.

Does a gold seed split the rosy husk?  
Nay, a sword ... a shield ... a spear!  
The kindler of all fires that burn  
Deep in the day's cerulean urn  
Rides up across the clear  
And tramples down the cowering dusk  
Like a strong-browed charioteer.

Blow out and far away  
The dim, the dull, the dun;  
Prosper the crimson, blight the gray,  
And blow us clean of yesterday,  
Stern morning fair begun,  
Till the earth is an opal bathed in dew,  
Flashing with emerald, gold, and blue,  
Held where the skies wash through and through  
High up against the sun.

*(Catalina Island, 1913)*

## THE GRAVE OF THOREAU

Brown earth, blue sky, and solitude,—  
Three things he loved, three things he wooed  
Lifelong; and now no rhyme can tell  
How ultimately all is well  
With his wild heart that worshipped God's  
Epiphany in crumbling sods  
And like an oak brought all its worth  
Back to the kindly mother earth.

But something starry, something bold,  
Eludes the clutch of dark and mould,—  
Something that will not wholly die  
Out of the old familiar sky.  
No spell in all the lore of graves  
Can still the splash of Walden waves  
Or wash away the azure stain  
Of Concord skies from heart and brain.  
Clear psalteries and faint citoles  
Only recall the orioles  
Fluting reveille to the morn  
Across the acres of the corn  
He wanders somewhere lonely still  
Along a solitary hill  
And sits by ever lonelier fires  
Remote from heaven's bright rampires,  
A hermit in the blue Beyond  
Beside some dim celestial pond  
With beans to hoe and wood to hew  
And halcyon days to loiter through  
And angel visitors, no doubt,  
Who shut the air and sunlight out.  
But he who scoffed at human ways  
And, finding us unworthy of praise,  
Sang misanthropic pæans to  
The muskrat and the feverfew,  
Will droop those archangelic wings  
With praise of how we manage things,  
Prefer his Walden tupelo  
To even the Tree of Life, and grow  
A little wistful looking down  
Across the fields of Concord town.

## **EARTH-BORN**

No lapidary's heaven, no brazier's hell for me,  
For I am made of dust and dew and stream and plant and tree;  
I'm close akin to boulders, I am cousin to the mud,  
And all the winds of all the skies make music in my blood.

I want a brook and pine trees, I want a storm to blow  
Loud-lunged across the looming hills with rain and sleet and snow;  
Don't put me off with diadems and thrones of chrysoprase,—  
I want the winds of northern nights and wild March days.

My blood runs red with sunset, my body is white with rain,  
And on my heart auroral skies have set their scarlet stain,  
My thoughts are green with spring time, among the meadow rue  
I think my very soul is growing green and gold and blue.

What will be left, I wonder, when Death has washed me clean  
Of dust and dew and sundown and April's virgin green?  
If there's enough to make a ghost, I'll bring it back again  
To the little lovely earth that bore me, body, soul, and brain.

## **"WHENCE COMETH MY HELP"**

Let me sleep among the shadows of the mountains when I die,  
In the murmur of the pines and sliding streams,  
Where the long day loiters by  
Like a cloud across the sky  
And the moon-drenched night is musical with dreams.

Lay me down within a canyon of the mountains, far away,  
In a valley filled with dim and rosy light,  
Where the flashing rivers play  
Out across the golden day  
And a noise of many waters brims the night.

Let me lie where glinting rivers ramble down the slanted glade  
Under bending alders garrulous and cool,  
Where they gather in the shade  
To the dazzling, sheer cascade,  
Where they plunge and sleep within the pebbled pool.

All the wisdom, all the beauty, I have lived for unaware  
Came upon me by the rote of highland rills;  
I have seen God walking there  
In the solemn soundless air  
When the morning wakened wonder in the hills.

I am what the mountains made me of their green and gold and gray,  
Of the dawnlight and the moonlight and the foam.  
Mighty mothers far away,  
Ye who washed my soul in spray,  
I am coming, mother mountains, coming home.

When I draw my dreams about me, when I leave the darkling plain  
Where my soul forgets to soar and learns to plod,  
I shall go back home again  
To the kingdoms of the rain,  
To the blue purlieus of heaven, nearer God.

Where the rose of dawn blooms earlier across the miles of mist,  
Between the tides of sundown and moonrise,  
I shall keep a lover's tryst  
With the gold and amethyst,

With the stars for my companions in the skies.

## UNITY

Where the long valley slopes away  
Five miles across the dreaming day  
A maple sends a scarlet prayer  
Into the still autumnal air,  
Three golden-smouldering hickories  
Are fanned to flame beneath the breeze  
And one great crimson oak tree fires  
The sky-line over the Concord spires.

In worship mystically sweet  
The rimy asters at my feet  
And spiring gentian bells that burn  
Blue incense in an azure urn  
Breathe softly from the aspiring sod:  
"This is our utmost. Take it, God,—  
This chant of green, this prayer of blue.  
This is the best thy clay can do."

\* \* \* \* \*

O lonely heart and widowed brain  
Sick with philosophies that strain  
Body from spirit, flesh from soul,—  
Worship with asters and be whole;  
Live simply as still water flows  
Till soul shall border brain so close  
No blade of wit can thrust between  
And hearts are pure as grass is green;  
Pray with the maple tree and trust  
The ancient ritual of the dust.

## VISTAS

As I walked through the rumorous streets  
Of the wind-rustled, elm-shaded city  
Where all of the houses were friends  
And the trees were all lovers of her,  
The spell of its old enchantment  
Was woven again to subdue me  
With magic of flickering shadows,  
Blown branches and leafy stir.

Street after street, as I passed,  
Lured me and beckoned me onward  
With memories frail as the odor  
Of lilac adrift on the air.  
At the end of each breeze-blurred vista  
She seemed to be watching and waiting,  
With leaf shadows over her gown  
And sunshine gilding her hair.

For there was a dream that the kind God  
Withheld, while granting us many—  
But surely, I think, we shall come  
Sometime, at the end, she and I,  
To the heaven He keeps for all tired souls,  
The quiet suburban gardens  
Where He Himself walks in the evening  
Beneath the rose-dropping sky  
And watches the balancing elm trees

Sway in the early starshine  
When high in their murmurous arches  
The night breeze ruffles by.

### A NUN

One glance and I had lost her in the riot  
Of tangled cries.  
She trod the clamor with a cloistral quiet  
Deep in her eyes  
As though she heard the muted music only  
That silence makes  
Among dim mountain summits and on lonely  
Deserted lakes.

There is some broken song her heart remembers  
From long ago,  
Some love lies buried deep, some passion's embers  
Smothered in snow,  
Far voices of a joy that sought and missed her  
Fail now, and cease....  
And this has given the deep eyes of God's sister  
Their dreadful peace.

### LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER

"If you dare," she said,  
And oh, her breath was clover-sweet!  
Clover nodded over her,  
Her lips were clover red.  
Blackbirds fluted down the wind,  
The bobolinks were mad with joy,  
The wind was playing in her hair,  
And "If you dare," she said.

Clover billowed down the wind  
Far across the happy fields,  
Clover on the breezy hills  
Leaned along the skies  
And all the nodding clover heads  
And little clouds with silver sails  
And all the heaven's dreamy blue  
Were mirrored in her eyes.

Her laughing lips were clover-red  
When long ago I kissed her there  
And made for one swift moment all  
My heaven and earth complete.  
I've loved among the roses since  
And love among the lilies now,  
But love among the clover...  
Her breath was clover-sweet.

O wise, wise-hearted boy and girl  
Who played among the clover bloom!  
I think I was far wiser then  
Than now I dare to be.  
For I have lost that Eden now,  
I cannot find my Eden now,  
And even should I find it now,  
I've thrown away the key.

## CERTAIN AMERICAN POETS

They cowered inert before the study fire  
While mighty winds were ranging wide and free,  
Urging their torpid fancies to aspire  
With "Euhoe! Bacchus! Have a cup of tea."

They tripped demure from church to lecture-hall,  
Shunning the snare of farthingales and curls.  
Woman they thought half angel and half doll,  
The Muses' temple a boarding-school for girls.

Quaffing Pierian draughts from Boston pump,  
They toiled to prove their homiletic art  
Could match with nasal twang and pulpit thump  
In maxims glib of meeting-house and mart.

Serenely their ovine admirers graze.  
Apollo wears frock-coats, the Muses stays.

## THE SINGER'S QUEST

I've been wandering, listening for a song,  
Dreaming of a melody, all my life long...  
The lilting tune that God sang to rock the tides asleep  
And crooned above the cradled stars before they learned to creep.

O, there was laughter in it and many a merry chime  
Before He had turned moralist, grown old before His time,  
And He was happy, trolling out His great blithe-hearted tune,  
Before He slung the little earth beneath the sun and moon.

But I know that somewhere that song is rolling on,  
Like flutes along the midnight, like trumpets in the dawn;  
It throbs across the sunset and stirs the poplar tree  
And rumbles in the long low thunder of the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

First-love sang me one note and heart-break taught me two,  
A child has told me three notes, and soon I'll know it through;  
And when I stand before the Throne I'll hum it low and sly,  
Watching for a great light of welcome in His eye...

"Put a white raiment on him and a harp into his hand  
And golden sandals on his feet and tell the saints to stand  
A little farther off unless they wish to hear the truth,  
For this blessed lucky sinner is going to sing about my youth!"

## DEAD MAGDALEN

Cover her over with pallid white roses,  
Her who had none but red roses to wear;  
All that her last grim lover bestows is  
Virginal white for her bosom and hair.  
Cover the folds of the glimmering sheet  
Clear from her eyelids weary and sweet  
Down to her nevermore wayward feet.  
Then They may find her fair.

Lovingly, tenderly, let us array her



Fair as a bride for the way she must go,  
Leaving no lingering stain to betray her,  
Letting them see we have sullied her so.  
Over the curve of the fair young breast  
Leave we this maidenly lily to rest  
White as the snow in its snow-soft nest.  
Now They will never know.

## THE ADVENTURER

He came not in the red dawn  
Nor in the blaze of noon,  
And all the long bright highway  
Lay lonely to the moon,

And nevermore, we know now,  
Will he come wandering down  
The breezy hollows of the hills  
That gird the quiet town.

For he has heard a voice cry  
A starry-faint "Ahoy!"  
Far up the wind, and followed  
Unquestioning after joy.

But we are long forgetting  
The quiet way he went,  
With looks of love and gentle scorn  
So sweetly, subtly blent.

We cannot cease to wonder,  
We who have loved him, how  
He fares along the windy ways  
His feet must travel now.

But we must draw the curtain  
And fasten bolts and bars  
And talk here in the firelight  
Of him beneath the stars.

## THE GOLDFINCH

Down from the sky on a sudden he drops  
Into the mullein and juniper tops,  
Flushed from his bath in the midsummer shine  
Flooding the meadowland, drunk with the wine  
Spilled from the urns of the blue, like a bold  
Sky-buccaneer in his sable and gold.

Lightly he sways on the pendulous stem,  
Vividly restless, a fluttering gem,  
Then with a flash of bewildering wings  
Dazzles away up and down, and he sings  
Clear as a bell at each dip as he flies  
Bounding along on the wave of the skies.

Sunlight and laughter, a winged desire,  
Motion and melody married to fire,  
Lighter than thistle-tuft borne on the wind,  
Frailer than violets, how shall we find  
Words that will match him, discover a name  
Meet for this marvel, this lyrical flame?

How shall we fashion a rhythm to wing with him,

Find us a wonderful music to sing with him  
Fine as his rapture is, free as the rollicking  
Song that the harlequin drops in his frolicking  
Dance through the summer sky, singing so merrily  
High in the burning blue, winging so airily?

( *Mount Vernon, New Hampshire*)

## ORIOLES

Wings in a blur of gold  
High in the elm trees,  
Looping like tawny flame  
    Through the green shadows,  
Now at an airy height  
Pausing a heart beat  
Quite at the twig's tip,  
    Pendulous, bending.

Golden against the blue,  
Gold in an azure cup,  
Golden wine bubbling  
    Out of blue goblets...  
Cool, smooth and reedy notes  
Fly low across the noon  
While through the drowsy heat  
    Drums the cicada.

Tropical wing and song  
Bound from Bolivia...  
All the blue Amazon  
    Sings to New England....  
Flute-noted orioles,  
Flame-coated orioles,  
Gold-throated orioles,  
    Spirits of summer.

## BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Where the rivulet swept by a sycamore root  
With a turbulent voice and a hurrying foot,  
I bent by the water and spoke in my dream  
To the wavering, restless, unlingering stream:  
"Oh, turbulent rivulet hastening past,  
For what wonderful goal do you hope at the last  
That never you pause in the shimmering green  
Of the undulant shade where the sycamores lean  
Or rest in the moss-curtained, cool dripping halls  
Hidden under the veils of your musical falls  
Or loiter at peace by the tremulous fern—  
White wandering waters that never return?"

And I dreamed by the rivulet's wavering side  
That a myriad ripple of voices replied:  
"Aloft on the mountain, afar on the steep,  
A voice that we knew cried aloud in our sleep,  
'Come, hasten ye down to the vale and to me,  
Your begetter, destroyer, preserver, the Sea!'  
We must carry our feebleness down to the Strong,  
We must mingle us deep in the Whole, and ere long  
All the numberless host of the heaven shall ride  
With the pale Lady Moon on our slumbering tide."

The voices swept out and away through the door

Of the canyon, and on to the infinite shore.

Oh, vast in thy destiny, slender of span,  
Wild rivulet, how thou art like to a man!

*(Cold Brook, California, 1912)*

## **APRIL**

*(To Bliss Carman)*

There's a murmur in the patient forest alleys,  
There's an elfin echo whispering through the trees,  
Lonely pipes are lifted softly in the valleys...  
All the air is filled with waking melodies.

From the crucibles of Erebus and Endor,  
Flame of emerald has fallen by the rills,  
And it flashes up the slope and sits in splendor  
In the glory of the beauty of the hills.

Now my heart will yearn again to voice its wonder  
And my song must sing again between the words  
With a mutter of unutterable thunder  
And a twitter of inimitable birds.

*(April, 1903)*

## **A CHAPEL BY THE SEA**

*(To Paul Dowling)*

There's a mouldering mountain chapel gazing out across the sea  
From beneath the lipping shelter of a eucalyptus tree  
That has drawn the ancient silence from the mountain's heart and fills  
And subdues a fevered spirit with the quiet of the hills.

For silvery in the morning the chimes go dropping down  
Across the vales of purple mist that gird the island town  
And golden in the evening the vesper bells again  
Call back the weary fishing folk along the leafy lane.

I'd like to be the father priest and call the folk to prayer  
Up through the winding dewy ways that climb the morning air,  
And send them down at even-song with all the silent sky  
Of early starshine teaching them far deeper truth than I.

I'd like to lie at rest there beneath a mossy stone  
Above the crooning sea's low distant monotone,  
Lulled by the lipping whisper of the eucalyptus tree  
That shades my mountain chapel gazing out across the sea.

*(Avalon, Christmas Day, 1913)*

## **EPHEMEROS**

A firefly cried across the night:  
"O lofty star, O streaming light,  
Clear eye of heaven, immortal lamp

Set high above the dew and damp,  
Thou great high-priest to heaven's King  
And chief of all the choirs that sing  
Their golden, endless antiphons  
Of praise before the eternal thrones—  
Hear thou my prayer of worship! Thine  
The glory, all the dimness mine.  
I am a feeble glimmering spark  
Vagrant along the lower dark."

The star called down from heaven's roof  
With a humble heart and mild reproof:  
"The Power that made, the Breath that blew  
My fire aglow has kindled you  
With equal love and equal pain  
And equal toil of heart and brain.  
For I am only a wandering light,  
Your elder comrade in the night.  
We are two sisters, you and I,  
And when we two burn out and die  
It will be hardly known from far  
Which was the firefly, which the star."

## WANDERLUST

*(To Willard)*

The birds were beating north again with faint and starry cries  
Along their ancient highway that spans the midnight skies,  
And out across the rush of wings my heart went crying too,  
Straight for the morning's windy walls and lakes of misted blue.

They gave me place among them, for well they understood  
The magic wine of April working madness in my blood,  
And we were kin in thought and dream as league by league together  
We kept that pace of straining wings across the starry weather.

The dim blue tides of Fundy, green slopes of Labrador  
Slid under us ... our course was set for earth's remotest shore;  
But tingling through the ether and searching star by star  
A lonely voice went crying that drew me down from far.

Farewell, farewell, my brothers! I see you far away  
Go drifting down the sunset across the last green bay,  
But I have found the haven of this lonely heart and wild—  
My falconer has called me—I am prisoned by a child.

*(Easter Day, 1916)*

## THE IDEAL

Serenely, from her mountain height sublime,  
She mocks my hopeless labor as I creep  
Each day a day's strength farther from the deep  
And nearer to her side for which I climb.  
So may she mock when for the sad last time  
I fall, my face still upward, upon sleep,  
With faithful hands still yearning up the steep  
In patient and pathetic pantomime.

I am content, O ancient, young-eyed child  
Of love and longing. Pity not our wars  
Of frail-spun flesh, and keep thee undefiled  
By all our strife that only breaks and mars.

But let us see from far thy footing, wild  
And wayward still against the eternal stars!

## THE FIRST CHRISTIAN

A little wandering wind went up the hill.  
It had a lonely voice as though it knew  
What it should find before it came to where  
The broken body of him that had been Christ  
Hung in the ruddy glow. A bowshot down  
The bleak rock-shouldered hill the soldiery  
Had piled a fire, and when the searching wind  
Came stronger from the distant sea and dashed  
The shadows and the gleam together, songs  
Of battle and lust were blown along the slope  
Mingled with clash of swords on cuisse and shield.  
But of the women sitting by the cross  
Even she whose life had been as gravely sweet  
And sheltered as a lily's did not flinch.  
Her face was buried in her shrouding cloak.  
And she who knew too sorrowfully well  
The cruelty and bitterness of life  
Heard not. She sat erect, her shadowy hair  
Blown back along the darkness and her eyes  
That searched the distant spaces of the night  
Splendid and glowing with an inward joy.  
And at the darkest hour came three or four  
From round the fire and would have driven them thence;  
But one who knew them, gazing in their eyes,  
Said: "Nay. It is his mother and his love,  
The scarlet Magdalena. Let them be."  
So, in the gloom beside that glimmering cross,  
Beneath the broken body of him they loved,  
They wept and watched—the lily and the rose.

At last the deep, low voice of Magdalen,  
Toned like a distant bell, broke on the hush:  
"We are so weak! What can poor women do?  
So pitifully frail! God pity us!  
How he did pity us! He understood...  
Out of his own great strength he understood  
How it might feel to be so very weak...  
To be a tender lily of the field,  
To be a lamb lost in the windy hills  
Far from the fold and from the shepherd's voice,  
To be a child with no strength, only love.  
And ah, he knew, if ever a man can know,  
What 't is to be a woman and to live,  
Strive how she may to out-soar and overcome,  
Tied to this too frail body of too fair earth!

"Oh, had I been a man to shield him then  
In his great need with loving strong right arm!  
One of the twelve—ha!—of that noble twelve  
That ran away, and two made mock of him  
Or else betrayed him ere they ran? Ah no!  
And yet, a man's strength with a woman's love...  
That might have served him somewhat ere the end."

Then with a weary voice the mother said:  
"What can we do but only watch and weep,  
Sit with weak hands and watch while strong men rend  
And break and ruin, bringing all to nought  
The beauty we have nearly died to make?"

"It is not true to say that he was strong.  
He did not claim the kingdom that was his,  
He did not even seek for wealth and power,  
He did not win a woman's love and get

Strong children to live after him, and all  
That strong men strive for he passed heedless by.  
Because that he was weak I loved him so...  
For that and for his soft and gentle ways,  
The tender patient calling of his voice  
And that dear trick of smiling with his eyes.  
Ah no! I have had dreams—a mother's dreams—  
But now I cannot dream them any more.

"I sorrowed little as the happy days  
Sped by and by that still the fair-haired lad  
Who lay at first beside me in the stall,  
The cattle stall outside Jerusalem,  
Found no great throne to dazzle his mother's eye.  
He was so good a workman ... axe and saw  
Did surely suit him better than a sword.  
I was content if only he would wed  
Some village girl of little Nazareth  
And get me children with his own slow smile,  
Deep thoughtful eyes and golden kingly brow.

"It seems but yesterday he played among  
The shavings strewn on Joseph's work-shop floor.  
The sunlight of the morning slanted through  
The window—'t was in springtime—and across  
The bench where Joseph sat, and then it lay  
In golden glory on the boy's bright hair  
And on the shavings that were golden too.  
I saw him through the open door. I thought,  
'My little king has found his golden crown.'  
But unto Joseph I said nought at all.

"But now, ah me! he won no woman's love,  
Nor loved one either as most men call love,  
And so he had no child and he is gone  
And I am left without him and alone."

So by her son's pale broken body mourned  
The mother, dreaming on departed days.  
And as with one who looks into the west,  
Watching the embers of the outburned day  
Crumble and cool and slowly droop and fade,  
And will not take the darkling eastward path  
Where lies his way until the last faint glow  
Has left the sky and the early stars shine forth,  
So did her dream cling to the ruined past  
And all the joy they had in Nazareth  
Before the years of doubt and trouble came.  
Then, while loud laughter sounded up the hill  
Where yet that ribald crew sang o'er the wine,  
She bowed her head above her cradling arms  
And softly sang, as to herself, the songs  
Of Israel that once had served her well  
To soothe the wakeful child.

#### But Magdalen

Arose upon her feet and tossed her cloak  
Back from the midnight of her wind-blown hair  
And lifted up her eyes into the dark  
As though, beyond this circle of all our woe,  
To read a hidden meaning in the stars.

"Aye, it is dark," she said. "The night comes on.  
He was the sunshine of our little day.  
The clouds unsettled softly and we saw  
Ladders of glory climbing into light  
Unspeakable, with dazzling interchange  
Of Majesties and Powers. But suddenly  
The tides of darkness whelm us round again  
And this drear dwindled earth becomes once more  
What it has ever been—a core of shade  
And steaming vapor spinning in the dark,  
A deeper clot of blackness in the void!

"The night comes on. 'T is hard to pierce the dark.  
And if to me who loved him, whom he loved—

Though well thou sayest, 'Not as most men call love'—  
Far harder will it be for those who hold  
In memory no gesture of his hand,  
No haunting echo of his patient voice,  
Nor that dear trick of smiling with his eyes.

"O ceaseless tramp of armies down the years!  
O maddened cries of 'Christ' and 'Son of Mary!'  
While o'er the crying screams the hurtling death....  
Thou gentle shepherd of the quiet fold,  
Mild man of sorrows, hast thou done this thing,  
Who camest not to bring peace but a sword?  
Ah no, not thou, but only our childishness,  
The pitifully childish heart of man  
That cannot learn and know beyond a little.

"The priests and captains and the little kings  
Will tear each other at the throat and cry:  
'Thus said he, lived he; swear it or thou diest!'  
But these shall pass and perish in the dark  
While the lorn strays and outcasts of the world,  
The souls whose pain has seared their pride to dust  
And burned a way for love to enter in—  
These only know his meaning and shall live.

"So is it as with one whose feet have trod  
The valley of the shadow, who has seen  
His dearest lowered into endless night.  
All music holds for him a deeper strain  
Of nobler meaning, and the flush of dawn,  
High wind at noonday, crumbling sunset gold,  
And the dear pathetic look of children's eyes—  
All beauty pierces closer to his heart.

"Yea, thou thyself, pale youth upon the cross—  
The godlike strength of thee was rooted deep  
In human weakness. Even she who bore thee,  
Seeing the man too nearly, missed the God,  
Erring as fits the mother. Some will say  
In coming years, I feel it in my heart,  
That thou didst face thy death a conscious God,  
Knowing almighty hands were stretched to snatch  
And lift thee from the greedy clutching grave.  
Falsely! Forgetting dark Gethsemane,—  
Not knowing, as I know, what doubt assailed  
Thy human heart until the latest breath.  
Ah, what a trumpety death, what mockery  
And mere theatric mimicry of pain,  
If thou didst surely know thou couldst not die!  
Thou didst not know. And whether even now  
Thy straying ghost, like some great moth of night  
Blown seaward through the shadow, flies and drifts  
Along dim coasts and headlands of the dark,  
A homeless wanderer up and down the void,  
Or whether indeed thou art enthroned above  
In light and life, I know not. This I know—  
That in the moment of sheer certainty  
My soul will die.

"No! On thy spirit lay  
All the dark weight and mystery of pain  
And all our human doubt and flickering hope,  
Deathless despairs and treasuries of tears,  
Gropings of spirit blindfold by the flesh  
And grapplings with the fiend. Else were thy death  
Less like a God's than even mine may be.

"Thou broken mother who canst see in him  
Only the quiet man, the needful child,  
And most of all the Babe of Bethlehem,  
Let it suffice thee. Thy reward is great.  
Who loveth God that never hath loved man?  
Who knoweth man but cometh to know God?  
Thou sacred, sorrowing mother, canst thou learn—  
Thou who hast gone so softly in God's sight—  
Of me, the scarlet woman of old days?

Come, let us talk together, thou and I.  
Apart, we see him darkly, through a glass;  
Together, we shall surely see aright.  
Bring thou thine innocence, thy stainless soul,  
And I will bring deep lore of suffering,  
My dear-bought wisdom of defeat and pain.  
For out of these may come, believe it thou,  
Sanctities not like thine, but fit to bear  
The bitter storms and whirlwinds of this world.  
Aye, out of evil often springeth good,  
And sweetest honey from the lion's mouth.  
And that he knew. That very thing he meant  
When he withdrew me from the pits of shame.  
'T is I who see God shining through the man.  
I see the deity, the godlike strength  
In his supreme capacity for pain.  
Nor have I known the cruel love of men  
These many years to err when now I say  
This man loved not like men but like a God.  
Thou broken mother, weep not for the child,  
Mourn not the man. Acclaim the risen Christ!"

She turned and touched the other lovingly,  
Then stooped and peered into her darkened face.  
The mother slept, forspent and overborne  
By weariness and woe too great to bear.

She gently smiled. "So it is best," she said.

Tall and elate she stood, her shadowy hair  
Blown back along the darkness and her eyes  
That searched the distant spaces of the night  
Splendid and glowing with an inward joy.  
And over that dark hill of tragedy  
And triumph, victory and dull despair,  
Over the sleeping Roman soldiery,  
Over the three stark crosses and the two  
Who loved Him most, the lily and the rose,  
Shone still and clear the great compassionate stars.

THE END

### NOTE

Some of these poems have been published before in *The Sunset Magazine*, *The Smart Set*, *Munsey's Magazine*, *The Bellman*, *The International*, *The Overland Monthly*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Poetry—A Magazine of Verse*, *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, *The Book News Monthly*, *Current Opinion*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Boston Transcript*, and the *Anthologies of Magazine Verse* for 1915 and 1916. I wish to thank the editors of those publications in which they originally appeared for permission to reprint.

The Riverside Press  
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS  
U . S . A



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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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.