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WORDS  
FOR  
MUSIC





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WORDS FOR  
MUSIC



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# WORDS FOR MUSIC

A SYMPHONIC SERIES

BY

WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL

BOSTON MASS.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO

1904

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Under the title "Words for Music" appeared in 1895 a collection containing about one third of the pieces now included. The series, though not formally announced as symphonic, was animated by kindred intentions, and may be regarded as an imperfect sketch. I have therefore preferred to retain the appellation.

No. 21 is a version of an Italian folk-song; Nos. 22 and 23 of ancient Danish ballads. No. 44 was suggested by the "Orpheus" of Corot. No. 47 is founded on the custom of "carolling" holy wells, on a particular day of the year, with intent to assure the abundance of their flow. No. 63 refers to the ceremony of Decoration, as observed in 1878 at New Rochelle, N. Y.; No. 64 to a rite in memory of shipwrecked fishermen, annually performed in Gloucester, Mass. No. 65 was written for the Chicago Exposition of 1893. With regard to No. 77, it is to be remembered that a grave often formed the essential part of a temple, as indeed Christianity itself is founded upon a sepulchre. No. 78 has relation to the Twelfth of February.









Earthly is varying pleasure,  
    And mortal vanishing pain,  
But holy the garment of Music,  
    Enwoven out of the twain.







 SUNRISE SONG 

Lovely in orient  
Wakeneth Light;  
Music from Silence,  
Morning from Night.

Peacefully fragrant  
Bloometh the hour;  
Well if the fruit be  
Fair as the flower!

Born of blue Ocean,  
Darteth a beam;  
Window and pavement  
Glimmer and gleam.

Over the City  
Orbeth the Sun;  
Labor ariseth,  
Day is begun!

II

SALUTATION

White cloud on high that motionless remaineth,  
Far sails a-shine,  
Immortal Love, that in blue heaven reigneth  
And heart of mine,

Green marge, where lies yon sapphire-winding river  
In sunny rest,  
Gray spire, whose admonition warneth ever  
My childhood-nest!

Lo hither one, who clambereth to meet me,  
On highland way;  
From stranger, for a comrade I will greet thee,  
And praise the day!

### III

## DESIRE

Arise on my spirit lonely, arise with thy  
radiancè dear,  
Like a star that lendeth to ocean its lustre  
silver and clear,  
With the air of thy bosom's breathing sweet  
breath to the flowers give,  
In thy murmur and thy silence let the soul  
of the music live.

Each life will be grateful, and render its  
present to make thee blest,  
The many lamps and the lustres a jewel  
to bind on thy breast,  
The garlands that fall in the chambers  
a wreath to twine in thy hair,  
The feast be thy beauty's garment, and  
thine be the presence there.

IV

**W**ELL - **W**ISHING



Thought, go for me  
Over land and sea ;  
Early or late,  
Linger and wait.

When falls the hour,  
Become a flower,  
At feet to lie  
Where a friend passeth by.

For perfume's sake,  
The flower he will take,  
To breathe its air,  
And carelessly bear.

On he will go,  
Thoughtful and slow:  
How came it here,  
All dewy and dear?



## V

## INQUIRY

A crimson bud of your wreath,  
Secure in its clinging sheath,  
    You strewed o'ernight ;  
I rescued and thought no more,  
Yet bore it homeward, and bore  
    Your low good night .

I woke with the dawn of day ;  
Joy-breathing, beside me lay  
    A rose of light .  
I muse how the flower came ;  
Reply, if it be the same  
    You strewed o'ernight .

## VI

### LOVE THOUGHT

The lake art thou, beloved,  
When the sunrise dawneth o'er;  
My thoughts, they are water-lilies,  
That float and blow by the shore.

The forest art thou, beloved,  
Full leafy in warm July;  
My thoughts, they are crimson roses,  
That twine and blossom by.

The heaven art thou, beloved,  
All holy at still midnight;  
My thoughts, they are stars of summer,  
That beam with a peaceful light.

VII

LOVE'S MEASURE

Beloved, tell,  
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with days, as many as be,  
And I love thee with all that the day-beams see;  
I love thee with every river that flows,  
I love thee with the heart of the rose.

Yet tell, yet tell,  
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with nights, so starry and deep,  
I love thee with all the kingdoms of sleep;  
I love thee with many a radiant star;  
I love thee with moons, that golden are.

Yet tell, yet tell,  
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with the blue eyes of a child,  
I love thee with his lisping mild ;  
I love thee with the orient morn  
On the brow of youth when the spirit is born.

Yet tell, yet tell,  
If thou lovest me well.

I love thee with sorrows, I love thee with tears,  
I love thee with wreck of the darkening years ;  
I love thee with the silence and peace  
Of angel who waiteth for soul's release,

Cease, cease to tell,  
For thou lovest me well.

VIII

LOVE AND TIME

Immortal Time decreed without redress  
From earthly fair a fairer to express,  
With loveliness build higher loveliness,  
Such love inheres in Time.

Herein lies love, that law by heart to know,  
Of Time's swift-running tide a wave to go,  
From self toward dearer self decline and flow,  
Till Love and Time are one,

## IX

### MOTHERHOOD

Mary gave to Jesu birth,  
In her arms had heaven and earth,  
So clasp I thee!

Mary lulled her babe to sleep,  
Slumber calm did Jesu keep,  
Hush thou for me!

Mary knelt above her child,  
Jesu opened eyes and smiled,  
Smile thou on me!

Jesu held out arms so blest,  
Mary caught him to her breast,  
So take I thee!

## X

## INFANCY

Eyes blue and clear,  
Large, orb'd, and dear,  
Where Joy and Fear  
    Alternate sway;  
That laughter keep,  
Are veiled for sleep,  
Now earnest-deep,  
    Now wide as day.

Twin founts, where flow  
The bliss and woe  
Of long ago,  
    That purer meet;  
Twin Aprils, fain  
To drop in rain,  
Then beam again,  
    More dewy-sweet.

Mild heavens, a-shine  
With pledge divine  
In rainbow-sign  
    Serenely born;  
Fair prophecies  
Of suns to rise,  
More calm and wise  
    Than ever morn.









XI  
THE FOUNTAIN

The water flowed, and the water shone.

---

She rested her jar on the fountain-stone;  
The water flowed, and the water shone.

"Give me to drink of thy water cold,  
I'll pay thee with silver, I'll fee thee with gold."

"Thy silver and gold, they are little to me;  
I pour for another, I pour for thee."

She held to his lips the pitcher a-gleam,  
She shed on his palms a silvery stream.

"Thou hast quaffed thy fill of the flowing well,  
Thy fever is past, I bid thee farewell."

XII

**W**ELCOMES AND **P**ARTINGS

Pure round of the dark-blue ocean!  
Wide ring of the foam-wreathed sea!  
A choice between welcome and parting  
Thy circle offereth me.

From billows haughty approacheth  
A ship under press of sail;  
She flingeth the spray from her quarter,  
And over the wave doth prevail.

Behind, toward horizon declineth  
Another erewhile as proud;  
Look aft where her topsail shineth;  
Or only a glimmering cloud?

### XIII

## ENCHANTMENT



A mariner floated with indolent sail,  
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,  
The coast was robed with a silvery veil,  
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

The sea-vapor lifted a glimmering while,  
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,  
And granted him glimpse of a radiant isle,  
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

A fair maid sat on the strand apart,  
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,  
Their glances encountered, heart to heart,  
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

The curtain came down upon harbor and land,  
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,  
He was carried away from her blossoming strand,  
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

Seven years hath he sailed that islanded shore,  
In month when the mead-lily bloweth,  
The maid and her marge he beheld nevermore,  
While the salt tide oceanward floweth.

XIV

Æ GLANCE

The circle swayed, as shadows  
    When branches waver free,  
Its laughter rose, like surges  
    Aye mounting noisily.

Twain bartered ware of strangers,  
    Phrase light or lingering,  
Till thoughtlessly was uttered  
    A plain familiar thing,

Create of common duty  
    And faith therein that lies;  
She answered, and looked upward,  
    Her soul within her eyes.

He read the cheerful service,  
    Repose arising thence,  
Calm days of gentle wisdom,  
    And steadfast innocence,

That tide of flowing kindness  
A maiden heart may keep,  
And far below, unaltered,  
The woman's boundless deep.

Beside them paused another,  
He bowed, and turned away;  
The look he will remember  
For ever and a day.

Like ocean-mist, divideth  
The veil of years behind;  
She sitteth, while she gazeth  
From grateful eyes and kind.

XV

Æ NÆYWORD

In earnest if I love thee? or ever I reply,  
Forgive me, and remember how much in love  
doth lie,  
How much doth lie.

Love's duty and Love's passion breathe not with  
mortal breath;  
Pure love is joy and sorrow, sweet love is life  
and death,  
Is life and death.

Indeed, I do not love thee, I love thee not, ah no;  
Indeed I cannot love thee, I care not for thee so,  
Alas! not so.



XVI

THE MENDED VIOL

It lieth in thy heart, I know,  
    To play the movement o'er;  
The instrument will not bestow  
    That favor lent before.

With pains the tone may be restored,  
    And thou forgiveness earn;  
Note after note, and chord by chord,  
    The music will return.

## XVII

### NO MORE

No more, she saith, no more,  
Her mate may I wander, wander,  
By mead, by paths of the forest,  
That smiled to salute us, requite us,  
Where we twain went roaming, to cherish  
The children, the stars of the wild.

Though she cometh no more, no more,  
Alone, alone, will I wander  
By mead, by paths of the forest,  
That these may salute me, console me,  
Where we twain went roaming, to cherish  
The children, the stars of the wild.

Like a stranger, a stranger, they greet me,  
Commanding: "No more, no more,  
Alone, alone, dar'st thou wander  
By mead, by paths of the forest,  
Where you twain went roaming, to cherish  
The children, the stars of the wild."

XVIII

IN A FAR COUNTRY

Now prithee call me by my name,  
    And kiss me on the cheek;  
So long it seems since any came  
    With playmate-lips to speak;  
So few there be who any more  
    The childish name will know;  
Then prithee call me as before,  
    And kiss as long ago.

## XIX

# SHADOWS

Dim courses of a ghostly board  
    Supply me thrice a day;  
About the room, in disaccord,  
    Bold shadows flit or stay.

They pause in passing by my chair,  
    Salute, and speak the while;  
I know what semblances they wear;  
    I answer, and I smile.

Alas, if thy redeeming hand  
    Were reached to render aid,  
And guided me from shadow-land,  
    Wherein I float a shade!

## XX

## AT THE GATE

Chill falleth the eve of October, the twilight  
 grows yellow and cold,  
 Now herds have returned from the pasture, now  
 sheep are safe in the fold;  
 The lamps are lit for thy banquet, the candles  
 are lighted o'er;  
 Bestow a boon on the roamer who chanteth  
 beside thy door.

Command thy porter to open, 't is little he doth  
 require,  
 The crumb that remains from thy table, the seat  
 that is free at thy fire,  
 To stand apart with thy servants, be cheered by  
 thy mirth as they,  
 Repose in thy porch for a midnight, and wend  
 with the morrow day.

## THE LAND OF THE LOST

At deep of night, in lonely bower, upon  
 a muse I fell;  
 A gentle dream conveyed my soul where  
 fallen spirits dwell.

They seemed so sad, they looked so fair, I  
 gazed and marvelled long;  
 A single shape, a face I knew, came  
 forward from the throng.

"Dear friend, she cried, dear parted friend,  
 't is pleasure thee to greet;  
 Ere thy return, a kiss bestow, thy lips they  
 are so sweet."

I kissed her lips, "Herein," she said, "I seal  
 thee mine, dear heart;  
 For thou hast kissed, thy home is here, O  
 never to depart."

# FAIRIES' HILL



He hunted by hill, he hunted by fell;  
 When died away the twilight-beam,  
 A cloud of sleep closed over his eyes,  
 And his heart grew faint with a dream.

He lighted down near an oaken grove,  
 By the rein his courser he bound;  
 His head was propped on a gnarled root,  
 In face of a fairy mound.

Came midnight, oped the fairy doors,  
 The halls within were a-shine;  
 A lady stepped forth from the Fairies Hill,  
 To serve the stranger with wine.

She bore in her hands a silver grail,  
 As she passed to the hunter's place;  
 She stooped to his seat, and proffered the bowl;  
 The twain gazed face to face.

Sweet sister, is it truly thou?  
And, sister, farest thou well?  
Is it joy to drink of the fairies' cup,  
And with the fairies dwell?"

The silver slipt between her hands,  
The liquor on moss was shed:  
"More fortunate she at our mother's door  
Who shareth the dole of bread,

And happier one who shivering waits  
For the robe of a mercy cold,  
Than it is to be fed of the fairies' feast,  
Arrayed in the silk and the gold!"

My charger hath a flying speed;  
Sweet sister, mount behind,  
And I will bear thee so far away,  
That the fairies can never find,



"Will carry thee hence to a shelter safe,  
Where nevermore needest thou fear  
To be charmed by the charm, and spelled with  
the spell,  
And be ruled by the fairies here."

"And if thy steed were wingèd with thought,  
So far thou couldst never go,  
But I must be back in the Fairies Hill,  
Or ever the dawn doth glow."

The cloud of sleep closed over his eyes,  
He fell to dreaming anew;  
When next he awaked, the dawn was gray,  
And cold on his forehead the dew.

XXIII

RED-ROSE-WOOD

When I was young, and a simple youth,  
A-wooing behooved me to ride;  
I rode as far as the red-rose-wood,  
And it pleased me there to abide.

I lighted down at the red-rose-wood,  
I fell on a slumber deep;  
Forth from her bower came the fairy queen,  
To waken me out of sleep.

Forth from her bower came the fairy queen,  
In mine ear low murmured she:  
"Hark what I say, thou beautiful youth,  
Tonight to dwell with me?"

"To-night with me, thou beautiful youth,"  
She murmured low in mine ear,  
"And my damsel shall sing thee a fairy song,  
If it pleaseth thee to hear."

The damsel was wise, she knew her lay,  
Such spell of delight she began,  
That the rushing river she bound to be still,  
The river that swiftly ran;

The rushing river she bound to be still,  
That poureth over the linn;  
The trout who darts in the foamy pool,  
Did stir with never a fin;

The stag who leaps in the red-rose-wood,  
Was fleet of foot no more;  
The chanter upon twilight bough,  
His melody was o'er.

The fairies were dancing out and in,  
They danced all in a band;  
I gazed and gazed, poor simple youth,  
While I leaned my head on my hand.


 THE MINSTREL
 

"Fair dweller of this garden,  
 Pale-cheeked and sorrow-mute,  
 Why flaunt the garb of minstrel,  
 Yet lonely leave thy lute?"

"I sang for merry-making  
 On high where turrets rise,  
 Beheld the sad hearts aching  
 Below their festal guise,

The buds a frost hath blighted  
 Or ever bloom began,  
 The wrongs that ne'er are righted,  
 The curse man meteth man,

Life not to be recorded  
 In measures, that combine  
 With yonder sweetly-chorded  
 And gentle lute of mine."

XXV

EXORCISM

Tonight my mind is darkened  
By cloud of mortal pain;  
Bestow on me thine harping,  
Bestow thy voice again.

Tonight pale faces haunt me,  
And eyes of lonely woe;  
Bestow on me thine harping,  
Fair child, thy voice bestow.

XXVI

THE WRECK

At lowest ebb of the ocean, I wander on  
twilight strand;  
The wreck of a sturdy schooner lies bedded  
in yellow sand.

Above her skeleton blancheth, gray barnacles  
gather below;  
Long pools of glimmering water lie crimson in  
sunset glow.

I stare upon whitening timbers, I marvel at  
radiance free;  
Arise and bury thy conquest, O tide of the  
triumphing sea!

XXVII

THE LONELY OCEAN

A blue and lonely ocean  
    Encompasseth an isle;  
With many-voiced motion  
    It soundeth all the while.

A merry infant playeth  
    With never-wearied joy,  
Beside a pool delayeth  
    To launch his floating toy.

Time cometh, when he pleases  
    To dare the shining sea;  
He flieth before breezes,  
    White sail, and billows free.

'Twixt hope and terror only  
    He tosseth by and by,  
A waif on ocean lonely,  
    Beholding sea and sky.

XXVIII

THE FOUNT OF TEARS

Sweet fountain, to thy lily'd brink  
    Let lovers go,  
There hand in hand kneel down, and drink  
    Thy healing flow.

For me, who neither hope nor sigh,  
    Thy cup is o'er;  
Alone I wander, and draw nigh  
    Thy marge no more.



XXIX

THE WELL OF  
THE WORLD'S END

"What water to this twilight dell  
Doth lonely glimmer lend?"  
"Fair wanderer, 't is called the Well  
Of the World's End."

"Pray, is it sweet, the rivulet,  
That icily doth flow?"  
"Its virtue maketh to forget  
Desire, and woe."

"What duty thine, who lingerest late,  
Pale feature veiled o'er?"  
"Dear child of earth, I am thy Fate;  
Inquire no more."







XXX

Æ BIRTHDÆY

A thrush upon a maple-bough gave all his  
mind and sang;  
The hill was green, the maple bare, both  
road and valley rang.  
I listened to the lay afar, I heard the tune  
anear;  
The burden went: "Fair Earth today is  
younger by a year,  
Fair Earth today, fair Earth today, is younger  
by a year."

Or if I came, or if I went, the voice would  
not be mute,  
It chanted on in sweeter change than viol,  
harp, or lute.  
I learned the melody by heart, it chimeth  
in mine ear;  
The burden went: "Fair Earth today is  
younger by a year,  
Fair Earth today, Fair Earth today, is younger  
by a year."

XXXI

SNOWDROP

Where yearly in childhood  
Her candor shone,  
A white lady waiteth  
By threshold-stone.

While driveth from ocean  
The eastern gale,  
She lingereth patient,  
Pure, and pale.

Roses and lilies  
Will blow again;  
Hither hies Summer  
With blooming train.

Her love-letter beareth  
The snow-maiden here,  
Who tidings declareth,  
Drooping and dear.

XXXII

BLUEBIRD

Here halteth the winter, March-morning is mild;  
Down garden-path danceth a merry child,  
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,  
welcome!"

Before him floateth a piece of the sky;  
He stealeth behind, to follow and cry:  
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,  
welcome!"

In apple-tree hangeth a jar for his nest;  
Will Heaven be pleased in our orchard to rest?  
"Ah, welcome, sweet, welcome, sweet,  
welcome!"

XXXIII

HEPATICÆ

While the forest, the forest, awaketh.

---

Naked are oak-boughs,  
Barren the wild;  
Blue eyes behold me,  
Azure-mild.

I muse on their brightness,  
Starry-free;  
'T is the soul of the woodland  
Gazeth on me.

Half friendly her glances,  
Half foreign to mine;  
I carry her color  
In heart to shine.





## HOUSTONIA



When summer's new,  
A floweret blue  
    Doth meadow bless ;  
Fair maids, day after day,  
With petting love-names pay  
    Her friendliness,

Sky-flower, Starlight,  
Angel, Eye-bright,  
    Babe Blue-eyed ;  
Admire her beauty staid  
With Nun, and Quaker-maid,  
    And words beside.

Our maidens here  
The flower endear  
    As Innocence,  
For love of her mild ways,  
And trusting infant gaze  
    Of confidence.





Purple and pink is the twilight of May,  
 Fresh of a morning early;  
 Awaken the birds with the waking of day,  
 And I love my love so dearly.

Apple-blossoms are blithe to see,  
 Fresh of a morning early;  
 Green are the leaves of the maple-tree,  
 And I love my love so dearly.

An oriole builds on a hanging bough,  
 Fresh of a morning early;  
 Hark, to his mate he calleth now,  
 And I love my love so dearly.

XXXVI

 CATBIRD 


The sun shines, the rain falls, the green boughs  
waver on high,  
That way warble the others, while mew!  
go I.

---


From wayside-bush the catbird gray  
Mocketh the airs of the orchestra.

Their making of love he'll sweetly present,  
Then mingle his laughter impertinent.

About the song-book I hear him range,  
Chanting and piping in endless change.



THE SOWER



Now airs breathe sweet,  
 Now singers greet  
     The morn with carol blest;  
 On elm-tree high,  
 Four blue eggs lie  
     In every robin-nest.

---

The sower of the fresh field, a careful man  
     is he;  
 He casteth on the brown land his seed in  
     handfuls free.

The sower of the fresh field, a gentle heart  
     hath he;  
 He hath nor wife nor children, nor innocent  
     roof-tree.

The sower of the fresh field, a virtue doth  
     he own;  
 He careth for another's as if it were his  
     own.

XXXVIII

THE SCARLET TANNER

A flame, a wandering fire,  
With wavering desire  
    From bough to bough,  
Thou wingèd, wondrous thing!  
Of glad, of golden spring  
    The soul art thou,  
    A flame, a wandering fire.

Thy strange, thy scarlet gleam,  
Will glisten through my dream  
    The livelong year;  
O pure, O holy May!  
O blithe, O blessed way  
    I travel here!  
    A flame, a wandering fire.

XXXIX  
INDIGO BIRD

To my gate came a Joy  
    When morning was new,  
Gave me leave to enjoy  
    A wing deep-blue;  
From my glances, coy,  
    Far, far, he flew.

If I knew where my Joy  
    May nest and reside,  
Secure from annoy,  
    By some wild brook-side,  
Mine hour I'd employ  
    To gaze and abide.

XL

SONG-FOREST

In roamings of the May,  
To every sweet thing  
That hailed me on the way,  
I answered greeting;  
With flowers like stars that shone,  
Changed welcomes many a one;  
For the friend, for the friend alone,  
Who all deserved, had power to render  
none.

How, if each lesser fair  
Salute obtaineth,  
While she for whom I care  
No guerdon gaineth?  
Because, when her I leave,  
I part from everything,  
Of wavering lays I weave  
A wilderness, where she may dwell and  
sing.

# AT THE WINDOW

Near my window wide  
 Dwelt side by side  
     A bluebird-pair,  
 Now flitting, and now  
 In a hollow bough  
     Residing there.

Debate they made,  
 If the lining were laid  
     By bluebirds' law;  
 Would twitter and sing,  
 Then rove, to bring  
     A shred, a straw.

Flower-months are gone,  
 And the nestlings flown;  
     Yet I tarry, to view  
 The couple rest,  
 A ruddy breast,  
     A wing bright-blue.



XLII

ROSE OF THE NORTH

Alone, alone, with the morning.

---

I sit among the beach-grass beside a southern  
strand;  
I hearken, while the ripples fall plashing on  
the sand.

The wild rose bloometh lonely along a northern  
shore;  
Below lies gray the granite, dark-blue the wave  
before.

Far north the wild rose bloometh in beauty  
without cease;  
Her color and her odor refresh my heart  
with peace.

XLIII

DAWN-MUSIC

In birthtide-hour of the morning,  
Melodies come to me:

When a holy rose of Aurora  
Blooms over a darkened lea;

When silver dawnlight clingeth  
In the net of a vaporous sea;

When scarlet honor crowneth  
The rolling of billows free;

In the birthtide-hour of the Morning,  
Melodies come to me.

XLIV

SUNRISE

Lo falleth o'er yon eastern height  
    A beam of crimson fire!  
To thee, pure fount of song and light!  
    I lift the golden lyre!

Enamor thou the instrument,  
    Endear each thrilling chord;  
Make every tone obedient  
    As arrow of its lord!

From skies by thee illumed today,  
    And lands thou shalt behold,  
A glory render, that the lay  
    Rise full and clear and bold!

And when thine happiness may leave  
    The west with roses crowned,  
As grateful let the hymn of eve  
    In peace and honor sound!

XLV

SUNSET

Make voices rhyme once more  
With plashing of the oar,  
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

Cloud-castles of the sky  
Take fire and flame on high,  
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

The lake before the bow  
Lies fairy water now,  
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

Let twilight-roses die,  
To bloom in memory,  
While we row, while we chant to our rowing.

XLVI

LAKE AND RIVER

THE RIVER

Blue heaven thou beholdest  
With eyes deep-blue and glad,  
In white and shining lilies  
All innocently clad.

THE LAKE

Thou fallest from the mountain,  
Thou flowest by the hill;  
A thousand singing streamlets  
Thy rushing torrents fill.

## THE RIVER

Mild roses of the sunset  
Upon thy breast remain,  
So pure the heart thou yieldest,  
Devoid of selfish stain.

## THE LAKE

Thy broad and gleaming splendor  
Hath nought to envy mine,  
When o'er empurpled water  
Deep twilight-glories shine.

XLVII



Arise, arise, sweet fountain,  
Where dimple of the mountain  
Enfolds thy well, abounding  
    Its rock below;  
Like infant who awaketh,  
And gently sleep forsaketh,  
    A smile bestow;  
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

From forth thy cradle creeping,  
Adown the glen haste leaping,  
Such tireless freedom keeping  
    As children know;  
A moment pause, and after  
With babble and babe-laughter  
    Rejoicing go;  
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

Wear purple of the dawnlight,  
Stream azure in the sunlight,  
Foam silver, when the moonlight  
    May dreamy grow;  
With melodies of playtime  
Run laughing, while in Maytime  
    Flower-rainbows glow;  
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.

Expand among green rushes,  
Enlarge to grateful freshes,  
Where cool neath alder-bushes  
    Roam cattle slow;  
Neath meadow-bridges loiter,  
Where tiny bare feet patter  
    To and fro;  
Arise, arise, sweet water, sing, sing, and flow.



XLVIII

MOONLIGHT

The breathing of Ocean  
Is peaceful to-night;  
The golden Moon bindeth  
His bosom with light.

Her glory in heaven  
Doth reign and prevail;  
Its torches she quenqueth  
In mystery pale;

The chamber she floodeth  
Where calm thou dost lie;  
Thy dream be illumined  
As water and sky!

XLIX

STAR~SHINE

Eyes that behold me,  
Show love that enfolds me.

---

"What are the stars, my little maid?"  
"Pinholes to let through the light," she said.

"And what is the moon, now tell me plain?"  
"No more than a cloudy window-pane."

"And how of the sun, dear teacher mine?"  
"A door for the brightness of heaven to shine."

L

THE REAPER

Where wavered the rye,  
Now corded sheaves lie;  
Let every life be content with its share  
Of dew, and sunshine, and blithening air.

---

The rye he lay warm under winter-snow;  
In the spring of the year he was eager to grow.

He rejoiced in the sun and the rain so free;  
His green acres rolled, like the waves of a sea.

On reaping car sitteth a driver small;  
The red horses pace, and the yellow ears fall.

## LI

## THE GALE

An angry gale waileth  
With wakening might;  
In sleep-robe a lady  
O'er-roameth the height.

Below her the valley  
Lies darkling there;  
She casts to the night-wind  
Long strands of her hair.

"Wild tempest," she calleth,  
"Encompass my form!  
Through midnight exalt me,  
A soul of the storm.

I'll fall upon forest,  
Pine-trees I'll bow,  
O'er ocean foam-bordered  
Furrows I'll plough,

I'll waver with columns  
Of merciful rain,  
Pale Summer reviving  
From faintness again!"

## OLIVE &amp; THRUSH

A pathway climbing red or green  
 Through closely-tangled evergreen,  
 Fresh air replete  
 With balsam-sweet,  
 And a voice, one thrilling voice only,  
 Lest he who mounteth be lonely.

Gray lichened ridges granite-bold,  
 Green forest falling fold on fold,  
 On naked heights  
 Mild mountain-lights,  
 And a voice, one thrilling voice only,  
 Lest he who pauseth be lonely.

A pale and cloudy sky o'erhead,  
 A paly sea cloud-islanded,  
 Pale western hue  
 Of cloudless blue,  
 And a voice, one thrilling voice only,  
 Lest he who gazeth be lonely.

LIII

MOUNTAIN-BROOK

Mid gorge of the mountain,  
Where evergreens dwell,  
A hemlock-darkened  
And shade-loving well,

Pale mirror-like fountain,  
Cold, silent, and clear,  
At margin imprinted  
With hoof of the deer,

From covert escaping,  
Descendeth the steep  
With many a childish  
And silvery leap,

In mossy cleft hideth  
Where dripping ferns grow,  
O'er granite ledge glideth  
With shimmering flow,

Pure-falling, transparent,  
    In poureth and out  
Of pebble-paved basin  
    Where harbor the trout,

Way-weary, reposeful,  
    For loitering's sake,  
Expandeth to azure  
    And wind-woodèd lake,

Refreshed, rejoicing,  
    Outdanceth again  
Neath fir-root, and birches  
    That mantle the glen,

Cool shadow desireth,  
    An amber-fresh stream,  
Of sunshine requireth  
    A glint, a gleam,

Is hidden by timber,  
That bridgeth its course,  
Memento of stormy  
And rain-rushing force,

Delays, where a comrade  
Or clambereth by,  
Or springeth to boulders  
That islanded lie;

Or lower, or louder,  
The summerlong day  
Aye chanteth, chanteth,  
One varying lay,

One magical music,  
Like human elf,  
Who wandereth, humming  
A tune to himself,



A melody, murmured  
    All yester-night,  
A movement to render  
    When morrow is bright,

O'erheard by a stranger,  
    Who marvelleth there  
What feeling or fancy  
    That carol declare,

As laughing, the water  
    Flows vocal and free,  
To merge with the tidal  
    And infinite sea.





THE MOUNTAIN

I tarry on dome of the mountain, while morn  
 breatheth azure and clear;  
 Around me like couchant leopards lie brown  
 hills tawny and near;  
 Yon deep lake of darkening purple hath  
 silver marge to behold;  
 A mantle of fresh-shining forest falls thither  
 fold below fold.

Far ranks of the northern highlands, now  
 cloudless range beyond range,  
 Retain color of sunlight and wisdom,  
 undarkened by shadow of change;  
 Clear round of the holy horizon enringeth  
 broad ocean-miles,  
 Here freedom of wayfaring waters, there  
 order of channels and isles.

Tomorrow a bank of the sunrise will wander  
in from the deep,  
Envelop harbor and headland, encompass  
meadow and steep;  
Today I have paused on the summit, today  
beheld from the height;  
I shall view the roof of my cottage, and the  
world in a morning-light.

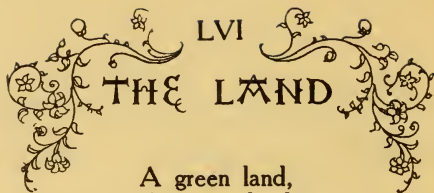


THE FOREST

Wild harp of the lonely forest, thy many  
    voices prepare  
To sound in a single music, be born amid  
    golden air;  
Deep joy hath he in the forest who liveth  
    and reigneth alone;  
The spirit of every creature doth breathe  
    and blend with his own.

Gray stones o'erlichened and stainèd, green  
    leaves that waver and shine,  
Young oaks that mantle the highland, and  
    sun-lighted stems of the pine,  
Pure waters that gather and glisten in  
    silence from mosses fed,  
Strange world of shadows and marvels, and  
    blue-gleaming sky overhead,

Dark curve of the eastern ocean, glad chain  
of the radiant west,  
From morn to even unclouded, apparelled  
in sapphire blest,  
Mine heart is free and rejoiceth, aware of  
rhymes that belong;  
Wild harp of the lonely forest, prelude the  
chords of the song.



LVI  
THE LAND

A green land,  
A sweet land,  
Of founts freshly-flowing,  
Pure lakes azure-glowing,  
Free ocean-winds, blowing  
On granite strand;  
Thy friendship bestowing,  
Green land!  
Sweet land!

A green land,  
A sweet land,  
Of forest extending,  
High pasture ascending,  
Low river-mead, lending  
Flower-wealth to the hand;  
Thy bloom-magic lending,  
Green land!  
Sweet land!

A green land,  
A sweet land,  
Of highland far-shining,  
Horizons defining,  
With sunsets combining  
Or golden or grand;  
Like Heaven far-shining,  
Green land!  
Sweet land!

LVII

THE SURF

I pour from the deep  
    In cataract green,  
Over reef I leap,  
    A fountain sheen,  
Pinetree-high;  
By and by,  
    The cliff I smite  
    With thunder-might!

Amid chasm I boil,  
    Swarm over the ledge,  
Like serpent-coil,  
    To forest-edge;  
Among crags I play,  
With rocket-spray  
    Enveil them all;  
Cascading back,  
Rock red and black  
    I sheet with silver waterfall!



As Moments flow on the strand of Time,  
I beat forever, in cadence and rhyme;  
    Million-handed I tear,  
Cloud or shine,  
    Earth flowery-fair,  
To make her mine;  
    Mine shall she be,  
    Whelmed in a sea  
Shore-free!

LVIII

THE LIGHTHOUSE

A mild and wakeful beacon  
    Glow lonely o'er the deep;  
Above its crowning lantern  
    Do scornful waters leap.

Now boiling surges eddy,  
    Now welling billows pour;  
Resounding breakers thunder  
    Along a granite shore.

Homeward, a swift sail neareth  
    The pure and friendly light;  
A moment more, it veereth,  
    Concealed by foam and night.

LIX

FRINGED GENTIAN

A decorative flourish consisting of several elegant, swirling lines that originate from the bottom of the 'G' in 'GENTIAN' and extend downwards and outwards, ending in small curls.

Ere October days  
Set the forest ablaze,

In our marshes low  
Doth a flower blow,

With sunshiny hue  
Of purple-blue,

Like heavens, that shine  
Over mountain-pine,

Save silvery cloud  
For fringes allowed,

To waver and glow  
When west-winds blow.

Though blossom decrease,  
To yon daughter of Peace

Belongeth an art,  
In the gazer's heart

With beauty that shone  
In months which are flown,

To mingle the morn  
Of Summers unborn.

LX

## CORONATION

Blue shone the heavens over,  
    Deep blue lay waters beneath,  
While Hours were crowning October  
    In pride of a victor wreath.

With a flower-like garland they crowned him,  
    Of honor blithe to behold;  
In emperor's mantle they gowned him,  
    Embroidered of scarlet and gold.

LXI

AUTUMN LEAVES

A MOURNER

Earth-mother mine, alas, and alas!  
That youth and bloom like a vapor pass!  
Thy mantle brown, that ageth toward fall,  
Doth fold like a wan and funeral pall  
O'er my love, o'er my hope, that lies buried

THE EARTH

Share rather with me the World-builder's mood,  
Who gazed on his work, and behold, it was  
good!  
Lo, I enlarge for a token to thee  
A rich and a crimson canopy  
O'er thy love, o'er thy hope, that lies buried

LXII

BLUE SKY



Now calm and tender blue  
Doth confidence renew,  
    And care release.  
Though westward may remain  
One thought of yester rain,  
    A silver peace.

The wide eternal sky,  
Where past and future lie,  
    Doth sunshine keep,  
And over Autumn's march  
Maintain a holy arch  
    Of color deep.









LXIII

DECORATION

TENOR

From forest and fountain-sweet meadow,  
    Remainder of the spring  
I carry in color-bright palms  
    To make mine offering;  
Let their sacred and starry freshness  
    Betoken what homage I bring.

SOPRANO

By the friendly and bountiful garden  
    Were granted clear honors I bear;  
I paused where ancient lilacs  
    All freshly are blooming there;  
A fragrant peace of the household  
    My clustered branches declare.

## BASS

Each heart with its silent story,  
    They came from workshop and plough;  
No letter recordeth a legend,  
    No stone doth a title allow;  
The mound that covered a foeman  
    Is reckoned a comrade's now.

## ALTO

Dear child, until worship is over,  
    Retain me firm by the hand,  
As hushed in a row with the others,  
    Near the foot of a grave we stand;  
Lay down thy blooms for a token,  
    When the trumpet chanteth command.

## QUARTET

While Hate o'ercloudeth no longer,  
    And Love may sunshine recall,  
'T is right the riches of Summer  
    To render memorial;  
Lo, forth from their mortal sowing  
    Hath harvest of ours been born,  
As after December shines April,  
    And Night is the mother of Morn.

LXIV

FOR THE SÆA

The lives that Ocean hath garnered,  
To them let Ocean be true;  
For the wave our roses and laurel,  
For the wave our lilies and rue.

Who repositeth from duty and danger,  
What matter where he sleep,  
In bed of the wandering waters,  
Or below Life's stormier deep?

The lovers whom Love hath forsaken  
To hardship and lonely years,  
Require the comfort of sorrow,  
Demand the mercy of tears.

For us the raiment of mourning,  
The emblems of honor for you;  
We cast our roses and laurel,  
We throw our lilies and rue.


 GREETING

Before the tides of Atlantic,  
     That flow so clear and so cold,  
 By feet of the shining Sierras,  
     By western Gate of Gold,  
 Where billowy tides of the prairie  
     Roll green under skies of light,  
 In glens of the leafy highland,  
     On fields where the cotton is white:

I hail thee, I greet thee, my brother!  
     Receive the heart and the hand,  
 In name of the bountiful parent,  
     The dearly-beloved land!  
 She weareth the mantle of plenty,  
     She reigneth from sea to sea;  
 As wide as the realm of the mother  
     Let thought of the children be.

LXVI

ALL SAINTS

Today I keep holy,  
    Tomorrow thou;  
So in life did the saints  
    Adorèd now.

Thus petal by petal,  
    Enfolded blows  
The flower of the fragrant  
    And mystical rose.



LXVII

ALL SOULS

A holy tree as ancient  
As Time himself is old,  
Doth starry glories ripen  
Of lustre manifold.

Like orbs, whose guardian splendor  
Can pacify the night,  
For one beheld, a million  
Unthanked bestow their light.

The dimmest fruit and farthest  
Doth aye a seed contain,  
That if the parent perish  
Would make it rise again,

With all the roots that nourish,  
And all the buds that blow,  
And all the leaves that waver,  
And all the globes that glow.

LXVIII  
REQUIEM

From northern cold, how bloomed yon lily blest?  
To beauty cherishèd on Nature's breast.

Will dear companions sigh above his grave?  
While forests murmur, and while grasses wave.

Who harboreth his Thoughts, their lover gone?  
No after-friend; they trusted him alone.

Where gain of life, now he hath found repose?  
Indeed, a bluer sky, a redder rose.

LXIX

THE CATHEDRAL

A builder, of bright marbles all,  
    Heaped high a minster-stone;  
The insolent and heartless wall  
    Did right nor reason own.

A lover spent a silent while,  
    And carved an angel-face;  
Behold the warrant of the pile,  
    Adore the temple's grace.

LXX

  
R&COMPENSE

For every gentle ray  
That beamed upon the way;

For eyes, where heavens shone,  
That earth might briefly own;

For love allowed to dwell,  
Too pure and deep to tell;

For lives, with joy and woe  
Full like a river's flow;

For hearts, whose channels bare  
Were parched by earth's despair:

How answer rightful claim  
Of every separate name?

They do not so require;  
One guerdon they desire,

A roof secure and wide,  
Where none may be denied.

LXXI

Æ STAR

"Friend, sweet friend,  
I would make a song,  
Of thee a song,  
Thou small star,  
Thou shy star,  
That hidest so deep in the heaven."

"Friend, make no song,  
Of me no song;  
Make a song of my sister,  
The bright moon,  
The pure moon,  
Her in whose glory I veil me."

LXXII

FUNERAL MARCH

Let earth to earth be resignèd ;

Rest in peace.

Let soul with soul be enshrined ;

Rest in peace.

As thy deed, so thy memory lowly,

To love alone shall be holy ;

March, march, in order and slowly,

Rest in peace.

The comrades who battled about thee,

Rest in peace.

What task will be theirs without thee ?

Rest in peace.

Thy pride, adversity scorning,

Their beacon, their hope, and their warning,

Beheld the night like the morning,

Rest in peace.

For fate severe wert thou singled;

Rest in peace.

World's woe for thee hath been mingled;

Rest in peace.

Thy crown, of sorrow's designing,

Showed thorn and lily entwining,

No laurel, no myrtle combining,

Rest in peace.

Alas, that so hath befallen!

Rest in peace.

Thy flower ungathered hath fallen;

Rest in peace.

No maid, in thee for her lover,

May deep under discover,

Clear height over height above her,

Rest in peace.



With hero's heart hast thou striven;

Rest in peace.

A soldier's life hast thou given;

Rest in peace.

We make no lamenting o'er thee;

Forgive the sigh, we implore thee;

Thy right of calm we restore thee;

Rest in peace.

LXXIII

ADIEU

From throng apart I saw her stand;  
The train drew forth; she waved to me  
A dear farewell, she kissed the hand;  
At morn, between us rolled the sea.

I wandered over many a land;  
I hoped with her once more to be;  
Today I see her kiss the hand,  
While evermore doth roll the sea.

LXXIV

LINNÆÆ

We wandered where the path was red  
    With fallen needles of the pine;  
Behold, below our footsteps spread,  
    Pink-flowering, a slender vine.

A graceful vase, a tiny bell,  
    That brimming perfume overfills;  
Too timid near mankind to dwell,  
    'Tis fled to solitary hills.

She knelt to breathe the perfumed air,  
    She lifted palms of ecstasy;  
Less pleasure mine in blossom there,  
    Than part in her felicity.

New wine of summer sweetly fills  
    Pink chalices remote from men;  
But I must climb remoter hills,  
    To find my flower in bloom again.

LXXV

WATER-LILIES

I carry white water-lilies, white lilies of  
starry grace;  
I lay them beside her bosom, I twine them  
about her face.

She lieth serene and stately, adorned with  
her beauty the while;  
Out of a tender silence on me she seemeth  
to smile.


I leave the light of mine eyes, I leave the  
hope of mine heart;  
Beloved, bestow thy peace, thy peace with  
me to depart.

LXXVI

REBIRTHS

When early summer weareth  
    Dawn-colors of the year,  
Sweet Memory declareth  
    Her mind in flowers clear.

Then bloometh out of longing  
    What love did there reside;  
Of life to man belonging,  
    Doth Love alone abide.



THE TEMPLE

My temple bright  
 I made on a height,  
     Wide earth below;  
 Of marbles strange  
 Did columns change  
     In many a row.

Each glorious wall  
 Was storied with all  
     That gods befell;  
 In outer court,  
 For world's resort,  
     A healing well.

Pure holy days  
 With robes and praise  
     Did clergy keep;  
 Alone divine,  
 One grave, one shrine,  
     To kneel and weep.

LXXVIII

ΕΡΟΪΚΑ

Remembrance and honor we owe thee, regard  
and thought that are thine,  
Today be gratefully chanted in vows at thy  
martyr-shrine;  
Thy courage that mounted with danger, thy  
mercy that ripened through pain,  
Mid bloom of awakening summer will flower  
and grow fruitful again.

For thee, when mantle of May-tide adorneth  
the orchard-land,  
Young lovers who breathe of the perfume will  
silent go hand in hand;  
For thee, when pride of October enlargeth  
the hope to behold,  
Shall he move, a priest of thanksgiving, in  
raiment of crimson and gold.

For thee in a chorded music will billows march  
rolling forth,  
Triumphal rise tones of the tempest, and life-  
bringing gales from the north;  
O'er thy peace shine a million ages, where  
every star hath his part;  
Like the wave of a flowing water, their anthem  
beareth the heart.



LXXIX

EX VOTO

Pilgrim, chance-inmate of our hostel, let  
Thine heart be peace, accept a wel-  
come free;  
Who made the hospice, destined it for  
thee,  
Through thee to pay some portion of a debt.

What creditor, what obligation? Know  
No more, than let thy fantasy conceive  
All life from life in lifetime may receive,  
Thou 'lt never sum what total he doth owe.

The loan he hath no freedom to requite,  
He shareth as the lender would desire.  
For his soul's sake, from thee he doth require  
Below the roof that tranquil be thy night.

LXXX

Æ MEMEMORY

A lamp I know of a merciful ray;  
It burneth forever, by night and by day.

It maketh a safe and a pleasant room;  
It shineth far, if deep be the gloom.

The darkness I welcome for love of its grace;  
My lamp hath the light of a holy face.



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