

Selected Poetry

POCKET WISDOM

Do all your deeds by good advice,
Cast in your mind always the end—
Wit bought is of too dear a price—
The tried, trust and take as friend;
For friends I find there be but two:
Of countenance, and of effect—
Of those sort first there are enow:
But few are of the other sect.
Beware also the venom sweet,
Of crafty words and flattery.
For to deceive they be most meet,
That best can play hypocrisy.
Let wisdom rule your deed and thought:
So shall your works be wisely wrought.
To-Day (London) reprints them from Tottel's
— *Miscellany*, 1557: Author unknown.

COURAGE

I

My tribesmen gladly yield me power,
I could be chief of all my clan. . . .
Atimorous folk, who still must cower
Beneath the wrath of god or man!
The wizard's curse, the foeman's threat,
The thunder's peal, the night-wolf's cry—
Before these things with fear they sweat,
And, but for me, of fear would die.

II

In all their terrors I was bred,
All—all!—their fears I share and own,
And have, besides, one further dread
That they have never shared or known;
Weak as the rest, I should appear,
More weak than all, myself I see,
But, since I am afraid of fear,
I have a name for bravery.
—G. M. HORT in the *Sphere* (London).

INNOCENCE

Climbing o'er the roses,
To find a batted ball,
The little fielder lingers
To puzzle out a scrawl
On convent-garden's wall:

"Riches, Honors, Pleasure;
The earthling's triune lord
Who is himself but measure
Of all he may reward
As vanities adored.

Trinal one unholy;
The three, of home and mart,
Who rule their worldling solely
By wills they each impart
Through senses to his heart.

Pleasure, Honors, Riches,
Whose kingdom has come—
O shrined in idol-niches
As once in Caesardom,
To thee we bow our thumb!"

Only Grecian scribbling
To him who scales the wall—
A run—his throw belated—
A lull—and angels call
From bleacher-thrones: "Play ball!"
—FRANCIS CARLIN in *America*.

HOW SHALL I PUT YOU FROM ME?

How shall I put you from me? Can the law
Of growth reverse itself, and let the tree
Put down the rising sap, or bid the rose
Deny her color, and the jessamine
Destroy its fragrance? Can the swelling
stream
Of memory flow backward to its source
And there be lost forever, blotted out?

(Oh love that will not die and must not live
Oh grief beyond the farthest reach of tears!)

How shall I cease to sorrow? How forget
When in your eyes I see my own despair
And in your silence hear my voiceless cry?

We meet no more and yet we can not part.
The living past remains, and with to-day
Is woven in one fabric. See the threads!
The haunting music that we loved so well,
The old, old songs we sang beneath the sky,
The rippling water moving toward the weir—
Still pour their melody upon the world.
And stab us when we hear. The twilight
star

Throbs in the west to-day as when we stood
And watched the sad horizon sink to dark,
Before the young moon silvered the far hills.
The lad's love is as sweet, and ivy leaves
Pungent as when we trod them underfoot.

No sight, no sound, no thought, no way of
life
But holds for me some memory of you,
A solace and a torture. You have grown
As much a part of me as warmth and dew
Are part and parcel of the fertile earth.

Without you all is dead and grey and waste,
A lonely desert where I can not live,
You are the slanting rain that cools my
brow,

The mighty storm that shakes me to my soul,
The radiant sun that quickens me to life—
You are my strength in need, my daily food,
My hope of some dim heaven, and when I
die

Your image will be patterned in my dust!
—JOSEPHINE JOHNSON in *The Lyric*.

THE EVENING SKY

Rose-bosom'd and rose-limb'd,
With eyes of dazzling bright
Shakes Venus mid the twined boughs of the
night;
Rose-limb'd, soft-stepping
From low bow to bough
Shaking the wide-hung starry fruitage—dim-
med

Its bloom of snow
By that sole planetary glow.

Venus, avers the astronomer,
Not thus idly dancing goes
Flushing the eternal orchard with wild rose.
She through ether burns
Outpacing planetary earth,
And ere two years triumphantly returns,
And again wave-like swelling flows,
And again her flashing apparition comes and
goes.

This we have not seen,
No heavenly courses set,
No flight unpausing through a void serene;
But, when eve clears,
Arises Venus as she first uprose
Stepping the shaken boughs among,
And in her bosom glows
The warm light hidden in sunny snows.

She shakes the clustered stars
Lightly, as she goes
Amid the unseen branches of the night,
Rose-limb'd, rose-bosom'd bright.
She leaps: they shake and pale; she glows—
And who but knows
How the rejoiced heart aches
When Venus all his starry vision shakes;

When through his mind
Tossing with random airs of an unearthly
wind,

Rose-bosom'd, rose-limb'd,
The mistress of his starry vision arises,
And the boughs glittering sway
And the stars pale away,
And the enlarging heaven glows
As Venus light-foot mid the twined branches
goes.

—JOHN FREEMAN in *An Anthology of Modern
Verse*.

THE PATHETICS

Who are just touched with dreams
And never are forgetting;
Who are entombed through all their glamor-
ous days
Amid dead things,
And seek the dusk for freedom
At the end?
These are the pathetics—
Who have no dreams worth telling
And yet would dream.

—FLORENCE KEADY, in *Harper's Magazine*.

AN APRIL SONG.

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the
Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone—
The catkins swing, the skylarks sing,
And Spring hath come to her own again.
A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone,
With love and life, in daily strife,
Once more together thrown.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the
Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone—
Jack turns to Jill and Jane to Bill,
And Will to little Joan again.
A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone;
From peep of day to dimpsy grey
He chimes his monotone.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the
Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone—
Oh, fairy bell, ring never knell
To tell that love hath flown again.
A cuckoo's back on the Cuckoo Stone:
Pray no heart meet, or spirit greet
His music with a moan.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come lads and lasses woo!

—EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in the *Nation and the
Athenaeum*.