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PIPE DREAMS  By A.
VAGRANT



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A West Coast Romance—The Green Diamond
Clothilde of Montmartre—The Hills of Gold
McLennan's Little Girl—A Point of Honor
In the Gardens of the Dawn Flowers
Jean Paul—Limpy, Bachelor of Love
The Stress of Impulse—"Slivers"
The FitzGerald of Ballyowen, etc.

PIPE DREAMS

BY
A. VAGRANT



BOSTON
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*To those indulgent readers who have professed to
find these random verses not wholly lacking that
"touch of nature that makes the whole world kin"
this book is gratefully dedicated*

APOLOGY

¶ For any lack of literary exactitude, for limping rhythm and faulty metre, the writer of these verses begs indulgence. They were for the most part born of the mood of a moment, in the inky atmosphere of a press-room, and set to paper between whiles of assignments. If they touch, however gently, the vibrant chord of memory, if they bring a smile to weary lips, if they draw one lonely soul for a brief half-hour nearer to its fellows, their purpose will have been accomplished. Since most of the poems now gathered here together have in past years taken their message (if indeed they bear one) to lonely mining camps and smoky foc's'les and farm firesides o' winter evenings, the writer has not deemed it wise to "polish" them,—indeed, he has not had the heart to. With all their imperfections,—which are many,—with their excellences, alas! too few, he sets them forth again on a fresh voyage, hoping they may reach some friendly haven.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

EVERETT, MASS., June, 1908.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

☞ *To the editors of the following papers and magazines I wish to make grateful acknowledgment for their kind permission to republish most of the poems gathered together in these pages: "The Bohemian," "The Brown Book," "The National Magazine," "Modern Women," "Every Other Sunday," Boston; "The Iron Trail," Minneapolis; "The Sun," New York; "Wayside Tales," Chicago.*

M. L. O.

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PIPE DREAMS



ONLY A PIPE

ONLY a pipe! I can hear you say;
Yet this bit of battered, blackened clay
Has shared my sorrows for many a day,
And joys, as well.

Only a pipe! Blackened and old,
Yet I can laugh at lack of gold,
At unkind Fate, at friends grown cold—
Under its spell.

Only a pipe! Had I red wine
To warm my heart, and raiment fine,
Would I forsake this pipe of mine?
I cannot tell.

Only a pipe! There are loftier things
To love—like gold, that oft grows wings,
And gives not peace, which my pipe brings—
I love thee well.

IN THE FALL

· You can hear the partridge drumming
 In the Fall;
And the wild bees' drowsy humming
 In the Fall;
Then Jack Frost, with elfin touches
Of his magic hues and brushes,
Will suffuse the leaves with blushes
 In the Fall.

The stars shine brighter, clearer,
 In the Fall;
As the Ice King's reign draws nearer,
 In the Fall.

Then will come the kitchen dances,
Where for kisses there'll be chances:
'Round some girl you'll weave sweet fancies
 In the Fall.

The grain hangs ripe for shocking
 In the Fall;
You can see the wild geese flocking
 In the Fall.

Then the evenings will grow longer,
And the old folks will be fonder
Of the cosey kitchen corner,
 In the Fall.

SINCE YOU WERE JUST A
LITTLE GIRL

When you were just a little girl,
And I a boy—a boy,
The world was such a wondrous place!
So full of joy—of joy,
That we could scarcely spare the time
From play to sleep and eat,
And chattered like two magpies then
Whene'er we chanced to meet.

The blithesome years danced lightly by,
And you—a maiden fair—
'Mid rose-hued dreams of romance moved
And had your being there.
Each wingèd year had brought to me
Its evanescent joy,
But left me still, alas the while!
Left me an awkward boy.

Still Time's dread finger beckoned us
Where Life's broad river ran,
Till you were grown a woman, dear,
And I a man—a man,
And stood at last within the door

 PIPE DREAMS 

That bears the scroll above:
“Who enters here walks hand in hand
With Faith and Hope and Love.”

The sunset shadows gather o'er
The pathway we have trod:
Oft-times the way was strewn with stones,
Oft-times 'twas velvet sod;
And yet we've gleaned, dear heart, our share
Of Life and Love and Joy
Since you were just a little girl
And I a boy—a boy.

“TAPS!”

They are marching with a halting step,—
 A halting step and slow;
And many in those blue-clad ranks
 Have hair as white as snow:
Their youth lies on the battlefields
 Of forty years ago.

The faded, tattered flags they bear,
 All torn by shot and shell,
Are sacred emblems of the dead
 Who loved their country well:
How great their love and sacrifice
 No human tongue may tell.

Those serried ranks are thinning fast
 That once with martial tread
The knapsack and the musket bore
 Where Grant and Sherman led:
Their sleep is sound and peaceful
 In the bivouac of the dead.

No more the reveille at dawn
 Shall rouse them from their sleep,
No more shall wives and sisters mourn,
 No more shall mothers weep:

 PIPE DREAMS 

Their names upon the roll of Fame
Time's hand has graven deep.

And some lie on those hard-fought fields
Where now the Blue and Gray
Clasp hands across the battle lines
Their blood has washed away:
Where once the tide of battle flowed,
Their children's children play.

The passing years speed swiftly,
And silence round them wraps;
And to their listening ears there comes
No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle sounds
Again the old call,—“Taps!”

WITH LOVE AND YOU IN THE
LATIN QUARTER

I dream to-night of the olden days—

Those golden days in the Latin Quarter—
When Love was guide in the pleasant ways
Where strayed our feet in the Latin
Quarter.

You were the model, young and gay,
Who posed for me in the Latin Quarter,
And taught me love in the olden way
That lovers love in the Latin Quarter.

Your pictured face on the canvas grew
Beneath my brush in the Latin Quarter,
While in my heart my love for you
Grew fairer still in the Latin Quarter.

The purse we shared was thin and lean,
And meals were scant in the Latin Quarter:
The clothes we wore were old and mean—
But what cared we in the Latin Quarter!

For love was ours, and a sweet content
With life had we in the Latin Quarter;
And when we fasted to pay the rent
'Twas but a jest in the Latin Quarter.

 PIPE DREAMS 

The parting came, as the parting must,
 To those who love in the Latin Quarter:
I left you there, as lovers must
 Leave those they love in the Latin Quarter.

But, dreaming now of those olden days—
 Those golden days in the Latin Quarter—
When Love was guide in the pleasant ways
 Where strayed our feet in the Latin Quar-
 ter,

I can't believe—as some might hold—
 That our love was wrong in the Latin
 Quarter:
Young hearts will love till the world grows old,
 And love was sweet in the Latin Quarter.

LULLABY

Sleepy eyes are winking, winking;
One by one the stars are blinking;
Now 'tis time, mamma is thinking,
 Baby Blue should be in bed.

Rosebud mouth is yawning, yawning;
Lest she oversleep the dawning,
Comes the sandman with the warning:
 “Baby Blue should be in bed!”

Tiny fingers clutching, clutching,
Mamma's loving lips are touching—
At her tender heart-strings clutching:
 Baby Blue must go to bed.

Mamma's voice is crooning, crooning,
O'er her baby in the glooming,—
Tender lullabies she's crooning:
 Baby Blue has gone to bed.

MY OLD BRIAR PIPE AND I

We loaf along the woodland way,
My old briar pipe and I,
Past meadows sweet with new-mown hay
And billowing fields of rye.

We seek a moss-grown, shady nook,
My old briar pipe and I,
Where babbling o'er the stones the brook
Goes glinting swiftly by.

Like choice bouquet of rare old wines,
My old briar pipe and I
Breathe in the fragrance of the pines
Beneath the summer sky;

And, while the curling smoke ascends,
My old briar pipe and I
Quaff deep the joy contentment lends,
And let the world go by.

The sylvan dramas of the woods delight
My old briar pipe and I:
We watch the robin, gay bedight,
And shy brown mate steal nigh.

PIPE DREAMS

Their nest swings low in yonder beech:
My old briar pipe and I
Sit very still, and watch them teach
Their nestlings how to fly.

The musquash on the sedgy bank
My old briar pipe and I
(While lunching on the sweet-flags rank)
Oft scans with doubting eye.

A squirrel chatters from a limb:
My old briar pipe and I
Would fain become firm friends with him
If he were not so shy.

The woodland way is cool and dim:
My old briar pipe and I
Give grateful praise and thanks to Him
Who paints the summer sky.

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Say! I've got a present up to my house
Santa didn't bring for me;
Mamma says she thinks th' angels
Left it on my Chris'mas tree.

Mamma calls it "little sister,"
An' she hugged me awful tight
While I said my prayers, an' kissed me
'Most a hundred times last night.

Little sister's awful funny,
She don't care a mite for toys;
Guess she wants to sleep, for Nurse says,
"Now you mustn't make a noise!"

An' say! I'm dreadful lonesome:
Mamma used to play with me;
But she don't since little sister
Came upon my Chris'mas tree.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL

When o'er the hills and woods and streams
the shades of evening fall,
The dancing flames within the grate throw
shadows on the wall;
And pictured there we see the past—gone now
beyond recall—
In the mystic, magic limning of the shadows
on the wall.

Merry years and sad years, dreary years and
glad,
Trooping past, remind us of the joys we may
have had;
Joy times and sorrow times, love and friend-
ship rare,—
Memories sweet and tender of the sorrows we
must bear.

Baby feet come pattering—careful, lest you
fall!
Baby laughter sweetly rings adown the dark-
ening hall.
Baby voices silent, breaking heart and all,
Are pictured there before us in the shadows
on the wall.

 PIPE DREAMS 

Dark days and bright days, gladsome days and
drear,—
Days that brought the parting from the ones
we held most dear;
Sunshine and sorrow—dreaming of the past
Brings to mind sweet memories of the joys
that do not last.

I'M SORRY, DEAR!

If, in the cares of every day,
My thoughts from you have seemed to stray,
And I have failed in word or deed
Perchance to show the constant need
I have of you;
If I have caused a tear to start,
If I have bruised your loving heart,—
I'm sorry, dear!

THE NATION'S DEAD

“Where lie the dead, Sentry?”

“They lie yonder on the hill:
The stars look down upon their rest,
The night wind groweth chill;
But the flag that led them proudly waves,
For brave men follow still.”

“How fell the dead, Sentry?”

“They fell fighting for the right:
They followed at the heels of Death,
Nor looked to left or right;
And their country's grateful memory
Shall keep their honor bright.”

“How lie the dead, Sentry?”

“The dead lie very still:
The moon shines soft and tender
O'er their graves upon the hill,
While lone mothers weep in silence,
As mothers ever will.”

“How sleep the dead, Sentry?”

“The dead sleep very sound:
The graves upheaved on yonder hill
Have made it hallowed ground,
And on the lips of unborn time
The heroes' names shall sound.”

WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG

She sang a song of the olden time
 When Love was young and the world was
 fair,
And the moonbeams shone with a silver sheen
 On the rose that glowed in my true love's
 hair.

I dreamt, 'neath the spell of the fresh young
 voice,
 That my heart was as blithe as in days of
 yore,
That the scent of the rose in the air hung
 sweet
 While I walked by my true love's side
 once more.

The singer paused, and my dream had fled:
 The rose long since on the hearth was
 flung,
The moon has waned; but my heart still
 glows,
 For Love, sweet Love, must be always
 young.

WHERE THE FARM-HOUSE STOOD

When I'm feeling old and weary,
And the world seems sad and dreary,
And the sun shines not as brightly as it
should,

Then my thoughts will often roam
To my boyhood's happy home,
And recall loved scenes of childhood
Where the farm-house stood.

I hear the rumbling mill,
Nestling low behind the hill,
By the river in the shelter of the wood;
And see the shady lane,
Winding past the fields of grain,
And the sweet wild roses blooming
Where the farm-house stood.

There's the gnarled old apple-tree:
How the flavor comes to me
Of the golden russet apples that always tasted
good!

And the flag-root still must grow
In the meadow wet and low,
As when I played in childhood
Where the farm-house stood.

PIPE DREAMS

There's the school-house, painted red,
Where the master—long since dead—
Taught us the love of learning and of good;
And the little old white church,
In the shadow of the birch,
Whose Sabbath summons reached us
Where the farm-house stood.

In the quiet churchyard lies—
'Neath the kindly summer skies—
The sweetheart of my childhood, so gentle,
sweet, and good;
Though she's slept so many years,
I can scarce keep back the tears
When her spirit seems to greet me
Where the farm-house stood.

When Death closes Memory's door,
And my weary work is o'er,
I'd like to rest beside her in the churchyard
near the wood:
When the angels' harps shall ring
And the hosts of heaven sing,
Hand in hand once more we'll
wander
Where the farm-house stood.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Far away, like fairy bugles, sound the joyful
Christmas chimes,
And the night wind, hushed, expectant, bears
the tale of ancient times,—
Bears the legend of the manger, and the old
sweet story tells
In the softly swelling murmur of the distant
Christmas bells.

Now the rhythmic throb of organ, with its
diapason vast,
Joins the chorus of the church bells with their
message from the past,
Till the very air is vibrant, as the sacred
music swells
With the glad triumphant pæan of the joyful
Christmas bells.

Far at sea the sailors wonder, as the stars
gaze down on them,
If 'twas one among that number hovered over
Bethlehem;
But in vain they hark and listen for the mes-
sage of the bells,—
For the sweet and solemn message of the dis-
tant Christmas bells.

 PIPE DREAMS 

The cow-boy's lonely vigil on the vast and
silent plain
Gains a new and solemn meaning as the Star
shines out again,
And he bares his head to listen for an echo of
the bells,—
For an echo of the music of the joyful Christ-
mas bells.

And the weary, toiling miner, in the darkness
under ground,
Leans upon his pick to listen for a whisper of
the sound,—
For the night wind's solemn message when
the waiting world it tells
The story of the Christ Child in the joyful
Christmas bells.

From the palace with its pleasure, from the
hovel with its pain,
Sounds anew the Psalm of Ages,—men are
brothers once again;
Children's voices swell the chorale, all the
world is joyful then,
While the bells peal out their greeting, "Peace
on earth! Good will to men!"

WHEN THE ICE IS OUT OF
RANGELEY

When "the ice is out of Rangeley,"
 How our hearts begin to leap,
As the waters stretch and waken
 From their ice-bound winter's sleep!
And we dream of speckled beauties
 Waiting, hungry for our lure,
And the swing of six-ounce trout rods
 With a steady hand and sure.

Then our fingers feel the paddle,
 And our faces feel the sun,
And our pulses beat the measure
 When we "meet them on the run."

Oh, "the ice is out of Rangeley!"
 Flash the message far and wide!
Time to gather at the killing
 With canoe and rod and guide,
Time to drop all care and hasten
 By the swiftest train, and sure,
Where the hungry trout are waiting
 For our never-failing lure.

 PIPE DREAMS 

When "the ice is out of Rangeley,"
 There's a meaning then to life,
And a call to drop dull business
 And desert our home and wife;
For there's weighty matters waiting,
 And the time is then at hand
For the fishing clan to gather
 In the chosen Promised Land.

Oh, "the ice is out of Rangeley!"
 And the market can go hang!
For the swishing silken trout line sings
 As sirens never sang;
And the ripple of the paddle
 Shines like silver in our wake
When the moon comes up to guide us
 To our camp across the lake.

AT THE PASTURE BARS

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” Hark to the milk-
maid calling!

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” The evening shades
are falling.

“Come, Spot! come, Mollie! come, Su-
key! come, Bess!

Come, lazy ones! How can I milk you
unless

You come to the pasture bars?”

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” The birds their
vespers sing.

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” The swallows home-
ward wing.

And, loitering past the fields of grain,

The cows adown the winding lane

Come to the pasture bars.

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” Mounts the ca-
dence of that call.

“Coo, boss! Coo, boss!” The rhythmic rise
and fall

Of the milkmaid’s voice is a siren song

That lures my steps, like the cows’, along

The path to the pasture bars.

THE MAID WHO WAITS FOR ME

A little brown maid in a sunlit land,
By the shore of a sunlit sea,
'Neath the waving palms, by the wave-lapped
strand,
Watches and waits for me.

The tropic moon, as it sails above
That land by the murm'ring sea,
Is a beacon light to my own true love
And the maid who waits for me.

And the summer breeze, like a voice that
charms,
Lures me o'er the sleeping sea
To that far-off shore and the longing arms
Of the maid who waits for me.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES

While the flickering firelight dances on my
lonely hearth to-night

Comes a flood of memory-fancies, setting care
and pain to flight,

And I dream with tender musing of my boy-
hood on the farm,—

Of that rainbow-hued and joyous time of
childhood on the farm.

Now the shining eyes of loved ones smile back
at me from the flames,

While the echo of their laughter wakens mem-
ories of the games

That we played in happy childhood, as we
roamed about the farm,—

In that distance-dimmed and joyous time of
childhood on the farm.

And the air seems heavy-laden with the scented
breath of flowers

Growing wild upon the hillside where I
dreamed away the hours

Of the drowsy, happy summers of my boyhood
on the farm,—

In that Heaven-sent and peaceful time of child-
hood on the farm.

THE AGE-LONG PLAIN

The deeds we would, but have not done,
The words we have not said,
The loves we craved and were denied,
The hopes now cold and dead;

The pictures we could never paint,
The songs that died unsung,
The books we would, but could not write,—
Life's vibrant harp unstrung;

The glowing thoughts that fired our brain;
Ambition, pride, and all,—
Like lilies on their slender stems,
That flourish but to fall.

Fond hopes of youth and sober age
That dwindled to decay,
The ashes of a rose-hued past
That Fate has blown away!

THE IRON TRAIL

Over rivers, under mountains,
From the ocean to the plains,
Stretch the shining bands of iron,
Sounds the rushing of the trains.

We have staked the bounds of empire,
We have blazed the iron trail,
We have linked the golden future
With the spiking of a rail.

We have toiled and we have hungered,
We have fought with man and beast,
And we bring a golden harvest
To the markets of the East.

We have bound the States together
With a bond that never'll fail,—
Set the pulse of trade to throbbing
All along the iron trail.

DAPHNE

I have seen the sunrise breaking on the shores
of distant seas,
I have seen the mists of evening creeping
slow across the leas
To the borderland of twilight when the birds
were winging home,
And the air was filled with sweetness from
the newly furrowed loam;
But the wondrous tints of evening and the
glory of the skies
Cannot move my soul to gladness like a smile
from Daphne's eyes.

I have heard the chimes of church bells faintly
echoing on the breeze,
I have heard the south wind sighing soft
and low among the trees
When the moon had bathed the hill-tops in a
weird and magic glow,
And her wake was traced in silver on the river
far below;
But the sweetest strains of music cannot
make my heart rejoice
Like the love-notes, low and tender, that I
hear in Daphne's voice.

WHILE MADGE AND I ARE
SWINGING

The sunlight glimmers through the vine
That round the oak is clinging,
And wild-flowers nod their heads at us
While Madge and I are swinging.

The apple-trees are white with bloom,
Soft winds their sweet scent bringing
To where the squirrels fearless play
While Madge and I are swinging.

The fleecy clouds go sailing by,
The birds with joy are singing,
And all the world is glad with us
When Madge and I are swinging.

THE UNKNOWN LAND

There's a maiden fair, with wondrous hair,
Who waits with a smile for me,
Where the sunbeams gleam like a golden
stream

On the shores of the perfumed sea.
From the clover bloom the wild bee sips,
And the drooping willows with trembling
tips

Touch eager leaves to the water's lips;
And there's never a cloud in the sky,
And never a frown, and never a sigh,
In the beautiful Unknown Land.

.
In the beautiful Unknown Land,
Where the streamlets glide
Through the meadows wide
With a love-song soft and low,
A maiden fair waits to greet me there
In the sunset's golden glow.

THE VETERAN'S CALL TO ARMS

Shine up the dear old bugle

That's been silent for so long,
And again we'll tread the measure
Of our old-time battle song:

The vanished years have cooled our blood
Since Sherman led the throng,
But our hearts are still as loyal to Old Glory.

Take down the battered musket

From its hooks upon the wall,
And the old canteen and knapsack,
Bayonet, cartridge-box, and all;

Patch up the faded suit of blue
That we donned at Old Abe's call,
And "fall in" to guard the honor of Old Glory.

Unfurl the tattered battle-flag

Whose hues have duller grown
Since the glory of its presence
Hallowed graves that War had sown.

As of old, our souls are quickened
When the need for men is known,
And we're ready still to battle for Old Glory.

EN PASSANT!

Clarice, thou slender maid and sweet,
Behold me prostrate at thy feet!
For me existence were divine,
Might I claim your dear hand for mine!

Helen holds my heart in thrall,
So fair is she,—divinely tall;
Her every move instinct with grace
Bespeaks the pride of name and race.

Fair Alice, with her dreamy eyes
And hair the hue of midnight skies
And lips to tempt a monk's desires,
With dreams of bliss my soul inspires.

Mignon, with tender eyes of blue,
Compels my passion warm and true.
Her hair is like a fairy dell
Where glinting sunbeams love to dwell.

And thou, my queenly Claribel,
O haughty maid! I love thee well:
To thee responds my ardent soul
As turns the magnet to the pole.

A score of others I might name
With whom I've played Love's old sweet game,
 And often thought I loved *one* best,
 But found, alas! I loved the *rest*.

MOTHER EARTH

Earth mothers the spawn of a seething brood,
 Restless, dominant, wild!
Sends Man forth in the pride of life,
 Calls him her best-loved child;
Gives him to play with the toys of power;
Amuses him thus for a fleeting hour;
 Patiently waits till the play is past;
 Gathers him back to her breast at last,
 Brooding old Mother Earth!

THE TALE OF THE ANCIENT
MARINER

I strolled one day in a careless way
Where the ships sail out to sea,
And a sailor old, with a manner bold,
Cast a glowering glance on me.

“Good sailor man, you doubtless can,”
Said I, “spin a yarn to me
That reeks with gore,—of the days of yore,
When pirates scoured the sea.”

“Yo, ho!” he cried, and the green waves eyed.
“Shipmate, take a seat by me,
And listen well to the tale I tell,—
A terrible tale of the sea.

“Your heart will thrill and your blood will chill
And your flesh will creep,” said he,
“When the tale you’re told of the pirate bold,
Which the same it was told to me:

“The pirate trod his bloody deck—
His bloody deck trod he;
And he cast an eye at the rolling waves,—
At the rolling waves looked he;

“And he says, says he, ‘Fetch yonder maid—
Fetch yonder maid to me,
And let her choose ’tween the sea and me—
’Tween me and the sea,’ says he.

“‘For long I’ve loved that haughty maid—
I’ve loved her long,’ says he:
‘Unless she’ll marry me now, I swear
I’ll throw her into the sea.’

“The maid gazed long at the pirate bold,
And she gazed at the heaving sea;
She gazed at the crew and the clouds so blue,
And ‘I guess it is up to me,’

“She said with a sigh and a downcast eye,
‘To marry you now,’ says she.
The pirate called for his parson bold—
For his parson bold called he,

“And the parson married them then and there
As tight as tight could be.
But the pirate found, ere a year had fled—
Ere a year had fled found he

“That the maid was more than a match for
him—
More than a match was she.

 PIPE DREAMS 

‘‘Od’s blood!’ he groaned, with horrid oaths—
With horrid oaths groaned he,

‘‘Is there never a spot in the whole wide
world—

Is there never a spot on the sea,
Where I may look for a moment’s peace—
For a moment’s peace?’ groaned he.

‘‘When Bloody Mike and One-eared Ike
And a dozen more and me
Raised chests of gold from the Spaniard’s
hold—

From the Spaniard’s hold,’ says he,

‘‘And hung the crew and the captain, too,
In a manner bold and free,
I little knew, as the wild winds blew,
The trouble in store for me.

‘‘A hundred men have walked the plank—
Have walked the plank,’ says he,
‘Or danced on air with a glassy stare
To furnish sport for me.

‘‘The blood I’ve spilled and the men I’ve
killed

Were a terrible sight to see,

But my nerves are steel and I never feel
The slightest regret,' says he.

“‘But now, alas! there has come to pass,
A grievous curse on me:
I rule my band with an iron hand,
But a woman's tongue rules me!’”

TRIOLET

Accept this pledge, my lady fair
 Of my unending love for thee.
Though with thy face 'twill not compare,
Accept this pledge, my lady fair.
I pray thee wear it in thy hair
 In token of my love for thee.
Accept this pledge, my lady fair,
 Of my unending love for thee.

THAT SUMMER LONG AGO

To-night, sweetheart, I see your face
 In the embers' dying glow,
And in the night wind hear the songs
 You sang long years ago.

.
We were happy then, and careless, love,—
 Life's troubles yet to know,—
And all the world was glad with us
 That summer long ago.

The sun shone brightly then, dear love,
 But rivalled not the glow
That lingered in your own sweet eyes
 So many years ago.

The flowers that bloomed beside our path
 Could never hope to grow
As fair as you seemed, dear, to me
 In the days of long ago.

The birds sang sweetly to their mates
 In the sunset's golden glow,
But not so sweetly as you sang
 To me so long ago.

 PIPE DREAMS 

The air was full of melody
 When you whispered soft and low
The words I never shall forget,
 Though 'twas so long ago.

I've wandered since in distant lands,
 And viewed life's bravest show,
And still I love you as I did
 So many years ago,

But now the hillside where you sleep,
 'Neath willows drooping low,
Is white with daisies as it was
 That summer long ago.

FRISCO'S PRAYER

“Dear Lord, I never took a hand in this here
 prayin’ game before,
But Bill’s cashed in his chips, an’ we’re all
 feelin’ sore
Because th’ show-down wasn’t square;
An’ seems to me that somewheres over there
In that fair land th’ parson tells about
There ought to be some spot where Bill could
 stake a claim out,
For Bill was white. Dear Lord, just chalk it
 down,
There never was a squarer man struck town
Than Bill. He’d sell his shirt to buy a friend
 a meal;
An’ once, when Limpy Pedro tried to steal
His dust, an’ some of us had roped him when
 he fled,
‘Perhaps th’ cuss was hungry, let him go,’
 was all Bill said.
You might have thought sometimes that he
 was wild;
But, Lord, his heart was tender as a little child.
He had his faults, of course,—the best man
 sometimes slips;

But, Lord, just let him have a fair show for
his chips,
An', if he trumps when he should follow suit,
Please bear in mind he's just a plain galoot
Who shoves his chips in smilin' when he shows
A losin' hand, an' tries to play th' game th'
best he knows."

THE PATRIOT

When Eteocles, at the seventh gate of Thebes,
Polynices 'gaged in mortal strife,
His country's weal supreme o'er ties of blood
he held,
And valued honor more than life.

So the true patriot, at his country's call,
All ties forsakes, her cry for help to heed,
And studies not his own advantage, but to give
His country succor in her hour of need.

WHUT'S DE USE?

Whut's de use o' hoardin' money?
Yo' cain't spend hit when yo're dead;
Whut's de use o' bein' stingy,
When so many cain't git bread?

Whut's de use o' bein' haughty?
Whut's de use o' bein' proud?
Dere's heaps o' smarter men den yo' is
Cuts no figger in er crowd.

Whut's de use o' bein' gloomy?
Whut's de use o' bein' sad?
In de darkest hour o' trouble
Dere's some reason ter be glad.

Whut's de use o' bein' graspin'—
Lookin' fer yo' pound o' flesh?
Lak ez not some shiftless nigger
Wid yo' help might start afresh.

Yo'll git mo' pleasure out er givin'
Den receivin', any day;
Ef yo're only mind ter think so,
Dere's mo' fun in work den play.

Jes' stop er bit an' look erbout yo';
See de hulks dat strew life's shore,
Den shuck yo' coat an' holp ter float dem
On de tide o' hope once more.

IN THE TIME OF THE HARVEST
MOON

Oh, Love is sweet joy in the Springtime,
And Love is sweet joy in June,
But tender and true and joyous, too,
Is the Love of the Harvest Moon.

For many will love in the Springtime,
And many will love in June,
But, ah! so few are tender and true
In the time of the Harvest Moon.

THE SAME OLD SEASON

The same old Christmas will soon be here,
With the same old joys to share,—
With the same old games we always play,
The same old punch, and the same old
fare.

We'll respond to the same old query,
“Will you have dark meat or light?”
And, whether we take the light or dark,
'Tis the same old bird, all right.

There'll be the same old Christmas tree,
Decked out in the same old way,—
With the same old toys, the same popcorn,
The same old Santa, and the same old
sleigh.

There'll be the same old horns to blow,
The same old candles to burn;
And the same red wagon under the tree—
With wheels that refuse to turn.

Under the same old mistletoe bough
We shall find the same old miss,
With the same old patient, expectant air—
Still in wait for the same old kiss.

 P I P E D R E A M S 

The same smug babe will be there, too,
And require the same old praise,
(And the same old fib, "How like his pa!")
Expressed in the same old ways.

We'll make the same old presents,
And receive the same old things,—
The same old slippers (a size too small),
The same old books, and the same old
rings.

.

The same old Christmas will soon be here,
With the same old joys to share;
And God be praised in the same old way
If the same old faces greet us there!

BA'TISTE'S BEEG FEESH

Wan tam mon père, he catch a feesh
So beeg she look lak whale:
She's mos' so long as t'ree, four feet
From wan end to her tail.

Mon père, he pull zat feesh right up,
He lan' her on ze shore,
An' zen, Mon Dieu! she flop her tail,
An' he don't see her some more.

Mon père, he brag some 'bout zat feesh,
W'en he go down to ze store,
An' tell how beeg an' long she vas,—
Bimeby he brag some more.

Till pretty soon ol' man Brosseau,
He laugh an' say, "It's wrong
To brag much 'bout ze feesh you catch
'Less you bring zat feesh along."

Mon père, he's mad, an' jomp up queek,
An' bang him on ze head;
Till w'en they pick ol' Brosseau up,
By Gar! you's tank he's dead.

Mon père, he's go to jail for zat,
An' he get fine forty dol';
He's stay lock up for wan long tam,
So he can't go feesh at all.

.
It seems to me lak wan sure t'ing,
An' ze moral is, "It's wrong
To brag much 'bout ze feesh you catch,
'Less you bring zat feesh along."

RECOMPENSE

To sing a song as we go along
(Though with pain the heart's a-quiver)
Will lighten the way on the grayest day,
As gifts enrich the giver.

COY FAME

There lived a dreamy poet once
 In old St. Botolph's town,
Who wrote much weird and soulful verse
 That brought him great renown;
For none could understand it,
 However hard they tried,
And those who most endeavored to
 Soon gave it up or died.
His sonnets were most wondrous things,
 With themes that soared sublime,
And wove in words of mystery
 That never chanced to rhyme.
No one could grasp their meaning,
 So all made haste to say,
"How grand! How sweet! How simple!
 They're transparent as the day!"
So this dreamy poet scribbled
 Reams of verse that quickly sold,
And gathered in much glory,
 Likewise a lot of gold.
And when at last he came to die
 They planted him with care,
And raised a lofty shaft inscribed,
 "Here lies a genius rare!"

The moral I would point is this:
 Would you be rich and grand,
Just write a lot of *soulful* stuff
 That none can understand.

RUTH

I know a little maiden, passing fair,
With glinting gleams of sunbeams in her hair,
 And in her eyes a look most wise,
When mirth and mischief lurk not there.

This little maiden, with her soul of truth
And winsome, 'witching sweetnesss of youth,
 Now grave, now gay, and lovable alway,—
This little maiden's name is Ruth.

THE POINT OF VIEW

A rich man and a poor man met by chance
one day,
And a beggar by the roadside heard the rich
man say:
“Oh that I were as happy, as strong, and
free from care
As yonder stalwart fellow! Then, indeed,
would the world seem fair.
Were I rid of my tiresome millions, my houses
and stocks and bonds,
I'd glean my joy from the hillsides, from the
woods and fields and ponds,
I'd roam o'er my new-found kingdom, like a
boy from school set free,
And the goddess of false riches would beckon
in vain to me.
But, no! I must carry the burden that rests
on me day and night,
And walk with a sure and steady step lest it
bury me from sight.”
The rich man sighed and went his way, and
the beggar mused the while
Till the poor man came that way once more,
and lingered by the stile.

"Had I but that rich man's millions," the
 beggar heard him sigh,
 "Dear Mollie should go to a sunnier clime,
 not linger here—to die.
 Ah, Mollie! Ne'er was a wife more true. Is
 it God who bids us part?
 Or is it a poor man's poverty that's helping to
 break my heart?
 'Tis hard to know that the shining gold he
 scatters with careless hand
 Would bring to your cheeks their olden bloom,
 like the touch of a fairy's wand;
 But he to his idle pleasure goes, while I, as
 the days go by,
 For the lack of what he would never miss,
 must helplessly watch you die."

The beggar mused on the problem old, while
 the poor man went his way,
 Till the moon crept up to find him there,
 content with his bed of hay;
 And at last he uttered this maxim wise:
 "Who climbs not does not fall."
 So it seems to me," the beggar said, "*I'm* the
 happiest, after all."

THE MEN OF FORTY-MILE

They fought with cold in their search for gold
In the land of the Polar Zone,
Driving a pick in the ice-cap thick
While their fingers froze to the bone.

They slept like logs, and they ate their dogs
(When grub ran low) with a smile,
And would pass up a plate for "more o' that
steak,"
Would the men of Forty-Mile.

They were brave and bluff, and their ways
were rough,
For they faced Death every day
While they delved in the soil with bitterest toil,
And counted their work as play.

Their language might shock ears polite,
And praying was not their style;
But they'd grit to burn, when it came their
turn,
Had those men of Forty-Mile.

MOLLIE DEAR

We have journeyed long together,
Mollie dear.

We have faced some stormy weather,
Mollie dear.

We have felt both joy and pain,
We have had both loss and gain,
As the sunshine follows rain,
Mollie dear.

As Life's pathway we have trod,
Mollie dear,

O'er the rocks and on the sod,
Mollie dear,

When our feet were bruised and torn
And our hearts were weak and worn,
By our love we were upborne,
Mollie dear.

June was joyous when we met,
Mollie dear;

And our love is tender yet,
Mollie dear.

Now your hair is white as snow,
And to me you seem to grow
Fairer than long years ago,
Mollie dear.

 PIPE DREAMS 

We have come through joy and tears,
Mollie dear,
To the sunset of our years,
Mollie dear.
While the shadows round us creep,
By your side I'll closer keep:
Hand in hand we'll fall asleep,
Mollie dear.

QUATRAIN

On grief that's yet to come or pleasure flown,
Why waste a thought? The rose that's blown
Has lost its fragrance on the desert air;
And who knows the harvest ere the seed is
sown?

THE MASTER POWER

The ice-locked stream, like a poet's dream,
Waiting the waking hour,
At the swift sweet bliss of the Sun God's kiss
Thrilled to the master power.

The morn's soft light bathed its bosom white
Till it stirred to its inmost deep,
And its soul lay bare in its beauty rare
When it woke from its winter sleep.

The maiden's heart, in a world apart,
Waiting the waking hour,
At the swift sweet bliss of a lover's kiss
Thrilled to the master power.
Love's flame leaped bright in her bosom white
Till it stirred to its inmost deep,
And her soul lay bare in its beauty rare
When it woke from its virgin sleep.

.

The ice-locked stream and the maiden's heart,
With joy, when their bonds were free,
Each cast on the altar of love their charms,—
The maid sped swift to her lover's arms,
And the stream to the distant sea.

NEW ENGLAND'S HILLS

SPRING

Always with garlands Spring delights to crown
New England's hills,
Always the shy arbutus hastes to welcome the
laughing rills;
And always the winding valleys, stretching
away between,
Astir with the mystic springtime, are clothed
with a living green.

SUMMER

Always the clouds sail high and white over New
England's hills,
And always the silver sheen is seen of a thou-
sand laughing rills,
Dancing their way with a merry lilt down to
the valleys green,
With their plenteous charms of smiling farms
stretching away between.

AUTUMN

Always a motley robe is spread over New Eng-
land's hills,
And its gold and crimson threads float down
along with the laughing rills:

 PIPE DREAMS 

Always their aisles are carpeted with Nature's
wondrous weaves,
And the warp and woof of her tapestry are the
rustling fallen leaves.

WINTER

Always the Frost King holds his court on the
bleak New England hills,
And his impish elves with bands of steel fetter
the laughing rills;
Always the hills are robed in white, and a
wondrous sight is seen
When the sunshine plays like a stream of fire
over its crystal sheen.

O WASHINEE

When the rosy flush of morn,
 O Washinee,
Comes to greet me with the dawn,
 O Washinee,
And the red deer comes to drink,
Standing fearless at your brink,
There's no fairer sight, I think,
 O Washinee.

When the sable robe of night,
 O Washinee,
Hides your distant shores from sight,
 O Washinee,
And the stars blink in the sky,
Through the silence, like a sigh,
Floats the loon's sad, eerie cry,
 O Washinee.

Fairest gem of all you are,
 O Washinee,
Gleaming like a jewelled star,
 O Washinee;
And your mirrored surface seems
Like the mirages of dreams
'Neath the moonbeams' silvery gleams,
 O Washinee.

In your depths the lake trout sulks,
 O Washinee;
On your shores the wildcat skulks,
 O Washinee;
Where your rice fields scatter seed,
There their flocks the wild geese lead,
And the black duck comes to feed,
 O Washinee.

I have heard your wild waves roar,
 O Washinee,
As they beat upon the shore,
 O Washinee;
And I've fled with sails close furled
From their angry crests, white curled,
At my craft with fury hurled,
 O Washinee.

I have loved your every mood,
 O Washinee,
Were it gentle, were it rude,
 O Washinee.
Happy days forever past,
With too much of joy to last,
By your side sped all too fast,
 O Washinee.

“VANITY OF VANITIES”

Brief the play our parts are cast in; small the
stage on which we tread;

Trivial things engross us, living; sound our
sleep when we are dead.

Time's effacing flood engulfs us, sweeps us
and our works away;

Where the desert sands are drifting, ruled an
empire yesterday.

Many feet have trod the measure, prince and
pauper, saint and knave;

Human loves and joys and sorrows pave a
pathway to the grave.

Rarest joy is born of sorrow, and, like sorrow,
cannot last.

On the altar of dead pleasures lie the ashes of
the past.

THE WAVES ALONG THE SHORE

Far away, like distant music,
 Sounds the murmur of the sea,
While it gives the wind a message
 From the silent past to me;
And I hear the words of loved ones
 Faintly echoed o'er and o'er
In the distance-softened murmur
 Of the waves along the shore.

When the summer sun is shining,
 And the sails far out at sea,
Like white birds on the horizon,
 Gravely curtesy to me,
Comes the whisper of the ocean,
 Sad, sweet tones I loved of yore,
And the plaintive moan and murmur
 Of the waves along the shore.

Like the rhythmic throb of organ,
 With its diapason vast,
Swells the chorus of the ocean
 With its message from the past,
Till the wild winds wrap the mainland,
 And the breakers' sullen roar

Tolls the knell of shipwrecked sailors,
As they beat upon the shore.

When the sea-gulls whirl in circles
Far above the distant sea,
Comes a vision of my childhood,
Fraught with memories to me,—
Comes a sound of children's laughter,
As they race along the shore,
By the distance-softened murmur
Of the waves along the shore.

By my door I sit, a-dreaming
Of the years forever past,
While the summer sun is shining
And the time is speeding fast
To the day for which I'm waiting,
When I shall hear no more
The plaintive moan and murmur
Of the waves along the shore.

PROTEST

We've opened our doors to Europe, we've
welcomed her teeming hordes;
We've beaten the peaceful ploughshare from
the blades of our idle swords;
We've welcomed the stupid Moujik, the Slav
and the Hun and Finn,
And the dregs of foreign gutters, with their
squalor and filth and sin.
Go look at our ports of entry, where the hordes
come streaming in,
With forms grown gaunt with hunger and
faces seamed with sin,
Who have squandered their lives in labor, and
hunger and debt and pain,
Till the innocent truth of a vanished youth can
never come back again;
Whose children are born in travail and nurt-
ured in woe and want,
Whose eyes have seen only sorrow and whose
faces are pale and gaunt;
Who have eaten the crust of hunger and slept
on the bed of pain,
Who have slaved from the dawn of the early
light till the sun went down again.

 PIPE DREAMS 

How long shall we bear the burden, how long
shall we be the prey
And the dumping-ground of Europe for the
stuff she would throw away?

THE CHIEFEST GIFT

Love, fame, or wealth,—were either mine for
choosing,
Think you that I would long debate?
Possessing love, I'd laugh at fate confusing,
And tread life's thorn-strewn path with
soul elate.

ON THE OLD BARN DOOR

I wonder, Jane, if you remember—
Sixty years ago, or more—
How I carved our names together
On the old barn door?

How I carved a heart and arrow—
Emblems prized in lovers' lore—
And entwined our names around them
On the old barn door?

I can see just how you looked, Jane,
While you stood there by my side,
And remember how my heart thrilled
With a boyish love and pride.

You were but a blue-eyed child then,
And your cheeks were round and red;
And as soft as golden corn silk
Were the curls upon your head.

And the kiss you gave me, simply,
With an innocence sublime,
Lingers still upon my lips, Jane,
After all that lapse of time.

PIPE DREAMS

Memory drew my steps to-day, Jane,
 To the old farm-house once more,
And I found our names engraved there
 On the old barn door.

Time had blurred the carven letters,
 And the moss of many years
So obscured them I could hardly
 Trace their shaping through my tears.

When my name is carved again, Jane,
 I would ask for nothing more
Than some kindly hand to trace it
 On the old barn door.

LET'S GO A-FISHING

The morn is young. Its rosy gleam
Lights all the surface of the stream—
Let's go a-fishing.

The dew is still upon the grass:
'Twill shine like diamonds as we pass—
Come, try the fishing.

The birds will greet us with a song:
We'll light our pipes and jog along—
To go a-fishing.

The air is sweet beneath the pines
As choice bouquet of rare old wines—
When going fishing.

I know where trout lurk in a pool
That's deep and still, and dark and cool—
They wait our fishing.

A Silver Doctor, cast with care,
May lure them from their deepest lair—
Haste to the fishing.

Or Stranger, Toodle Bug, or Tim,
May tempt them to the pool's dark rim—
If we go fishing.

 PIPE DREAMS 

A Parmachenee Belle we'll try
If they should happen to be shy—
While we are fishing.

And, oh, the peace that we shall feel
If we bring back a well-lined creel—
When we go fishing!

For there's no sport, however rare,
That to my mind can half compare—
With going fishing.

THE GIRLS WE'VE LOVED

The girls we've loved in the yesteryears
Were winsome girls, and fair;
And some had eyes like sapphires blue,
And some had golden hair.

And some had rosy cheeks, and lips
That oft in smiles would part;
And each has left some tender touch
Of romance in our heart.

To singing-schools and husking-bees
We went as squires of dames
With shy, untutored coquetries
And sweet old-fashioned names:

Such names as Ruth and Abigail,
Or Patience, Prue, or those
That from the family Bible's store
Their doting parents chose.

At dances in the raftered barns
The wondering kine looked on
While we in minuet and reel
Tripped gayly till the morn.

 PIPE DREAMS 

And when the maple sap in spring
 Dripped sweetly in the trough,
We trooped through snow-drifts deep to join
 The joys of "sugaring off."

Dear comrades were the girls we loved,
 Who shared our joys and woes:
I fear me 'twould be hard to find
 The equals now of those.

Then here's the toast I offer you,—
 Let glass to glass touch rim:
"Here's to our loves of the yesteryears—
 God bless their memories dim!"

VALENTINE

*Sunrise and morning mist,
And after that the day,
And at the shore one swift farewell
Ere I must sail away.*

*Noontide and fainting heart,
And one cool drink for me,
And your dear lips in prayer to guide
My argosies at sea.*

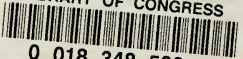
*Sunset and curfew bell,
And waves that curl and foam,
And beaming far your beacon light
To guide me safely home.*

*Twilight and twinkling stars,
And one true heart for mine,
And on Life's voyage to its end
I'll be your valentine.*

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