

Panama Songs

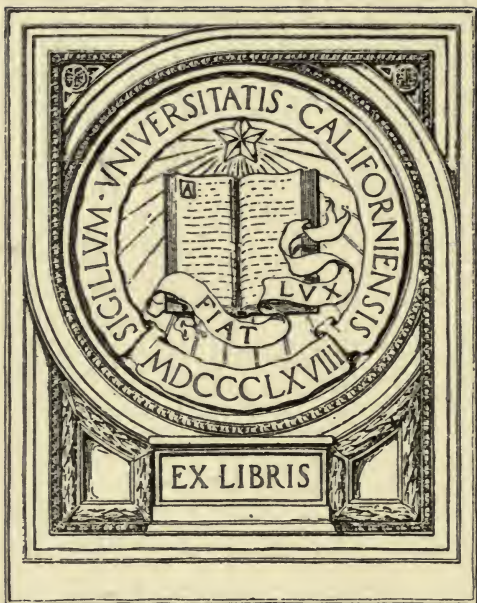
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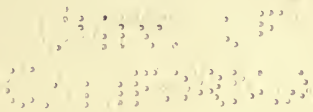
"My home is where the tropic glare, with glory crowns the palms."

PANAMA SONGS

(Copyright, 1906.)

BY

MICHAEL DELEVANTE.



NEW YORK:
ALDEN BROTHERS,
PUBLISHERS.

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To
DOCTOR AMADOR GUERRERO,
FIRST PRESIDENT
OF
THE REPUBLIC OF PANAMA,
THIS BOOK
IS
SINCERELY AND RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

My home is where the tropic glare
With glory crowns the Palms!
Where the breakers roar on the coral shore
With wondrous-sweet alarms!
Where the Trade-Winds blow through the
 Summer-glow,
And Hatred builds her Shrine—
Where Friendship's star, in a Cocktail Bar,
Burns bright 'neath the flush of the Wine.

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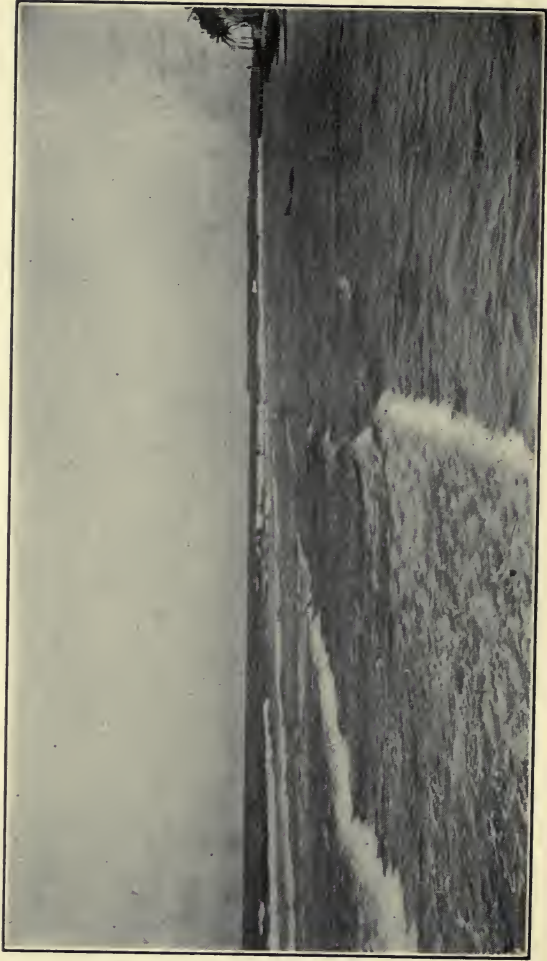
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"Where the breakers roar on the coral shore."

INTRODUCTION.

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er could be!
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

The earlier poems contained in this volume, those which date back to 1894—all of which have since been carefully revised, and a spirit of the new times infused in some of them—have already appeared before the public, under the title of “First Blossoms.” The later poems appear for the first time in book-form.

Literature is not my vocation: I am simply a devotee before its glorious shrine—a worshiper of that which lifts men's souls up to the higher and sublimer life! I am but a toiler of the Desk; and this volume is simply the work of forced leisure nights and Sundays borrowed.

I have written under severe difficulties—even under domestic protests, entered and extended to the fullest measure; for jealous Love would invariably step in and divorce me from Pegasus just when I thought I had caught him by his wing, and held him in securely! It,

therefore, happened that, oftentimes, I was compelled to hide myself and wait to catch him again on the "fly"; for, despite of interruptions, I had determined, come what may, to accomplish this much, however little it might be.

Then, again, when I tell my readers that this book has been conceived and written in a house where the noise and laughter of happy little children have swelled all other dins above—with no particular apartment dedicated to me exclusively—writing any and everywhere—they will not wonder at finding defects innumerable.

Be that as it may, however, I send my "Panama Songs" out—seeking no special public commendation whatever—expecting only the just and impartial criticism of my readers.

MICHAEL DELEVANTE.

Colon, Republic of Panama, December, 1903.

SONGS OF THE PANAMA ISTHMUS.



OH. PANAMA, BRAVE PANAMA.

Oh, Panama—brave Panama!—
Full weaned from thy late sires—
I sing to thee, dear Panama,
The song my soul inspires.

I wing the anthem wild and free
Across the boundless blue,
Till, 'long thy marge of murmuring sea,
My song come back to you—

Till, on the pinions of the breeze,
It reach thy furthest Bays—
Be scattered o'er the briny seas—
Tossed on the silver-sprays!—

Gifts within gifts are thine—thou hast
Thy storied rivers of gold;
And, in thy virgin forests vast,
A Nation's wealth untold.

Thou hast the secret of two seas
Within thy jungles dense—
Thou art the keeper of the keys
Of two great Continents.

Thou nast, imbosomed in the Past,
 My Boyhood's golden dreams;
 But all the hopes my soul had massed
 Are vanished like sunbeams!

Thou hast thy sons—the dauntless, true—
 Thy mighty Ministers,
 Whom God this all-great hour lead through
 With Wisdom's wisest powers!

Ten thousand golden Years be thine!
 From Strife, the sweet surcease;
 Above thy new-born banner shine,
 The glorious stars of peace.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, INCANDESCENT.

Twinkle, twinkle, Incandescent,
 How you jump and toss incessant!
 As the breezes 'gainst you dash,
 Down you tumble with a crash!
 Late your lights are very poor,
 They scarcely "see" us to the door:
 Now they flicker—now they're bright,
 Till, like a ghost, they take their flight,
 And leave us in the darkness groping—
 O, we count it most provoking,
 Just when at our dinners seated—

'Fore our meals are half completed—
 To be thus, so badly treated!
 Twinkle, twinkle, Incandescent!
 Why so stubborn, so persistent?
 I have told you, of times a score,
 That your costly light was poor;
 And I tell you once again,
 That your star is on the wane.

February, 1901.

SO SCANT OF FAITH OUR LITTLE ISLE.

So scant of faith our little Isle;
 So prodigal of craft and guile,
 And war-like spirits—a lovely pile!—
 We fight, and, fighting, fight in style!
 We woo the False; eschew the Truth;
 Our Janus-natures, born, in sooth,
 Of Hate enough a horse to kill,
 Take arms and, with malicious will,
 Ten thousand plots of wrong fulfil!
 Not wholly haters of our kind,
 But, like the boy, who leads the blind,
 We seek for peace, that lags behind,
 The peace we ne'er shall find.

September, 1801.

OUR CLUB LIST.

- A—stands for Anderson, whom the Schot-
tische delights,
And Ashby who seeks for his subjects
their rights.
- B—stands for Blixt, and Beveridge, the
Scotch—
Bermudez, who makes of the English a
botch!
- C—stands for Cecil, who has lots of fun;
- D—for Delevante, Dolphy, Degallon,
Deboteau, Dogherty, Uriah DeLeon.
- E—stands for Evans, who of Mars all can tell,
And Ehrman, who tries to outdo Philo-
mel!
- F—stands for Fraser, our Waltzer the best—
Faulette, 'gainst whose height there are
few to contest!
- G—stands for Gilbert, our President Ex;
Of Presidents he is the *Right Royal Rex!*
- H—stands for Humphreys and Hambrook and
Horn—
Herrera, who, if you'll let him, will dance
until morn!
'And Halstead and Hollier appear on the
List,
'And Haffeman, too, whom we lately have
missed;
'Another Herrera adorns our page—

If I don't put him down he'll get in a
rage!

I—is not in it— *I* is sorry to say;

But when *I* is dancing, get out of *I's* way!

J—stands for James, who pays highest Ex-
change,

But never comes up to the Club—it is
strange!

K—shares the same fate as *I* on the List;

May *K-us* forever keep 'way from our
midst!

L—stands for Levi, Limberi, Lebeuff—

The last mentioned gent, sure he serves us
enough!

M—stands for Mott, our President new—

The revision of Article Four he would rue!
And Mendes, Messias, come under the
M—

Messias, though last, is not least among
them.

N—like the *I* and the *K*, it seems is *non est*;

N says that *I Kan* be none of the best!

O—like the *I, N* and *K*, is not in, I think—

O says that *I-N-K* always spells *INK*.

P—stands for Pasos—*Pepito*—that's clear—

Pepito is running for President's Chair.

Q—on the *Q-T*, I find is quite blank;

So, with O, I, N, K, Q will fall into rank.

R—stands for Raillac, we don't often see,

And Russell, who think's he's the boss of
the Glee!

S—stands for Sarria, Shaffer, Soracco—
Stevenson, too, and our friend Moritz
Sasso.

T—stands for "Tolo"—in full, Toledano,
And Taylor of "Man in the Moon" fame,
you know.

U—as you no doubt will see at a glance,
Like *O, I, N, K, Q*, has made no advance.

V—I've searched, and can find nothing there—
Like *I, Q, U KNO, V* is not a compeer.

W—stands for Wardlaw, who, you all will re-
member,
His bachelor days brought to end last
September.

X—as *X*pected, is out—there is none;
But *V, Q, U, I KNO* that *X* has no fun!

Y—*Y* hide the truth? *Y* is out, I admit;
He once was amongst us, but made his
exit.

Z—say that *Z IZ* not here at the feast—
*Vy, NO QUIZ, XKU*se me, this *Z*(e-
bra)'s a beast.

October, 1892.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

'Twas Christmas Eve, and every heart was
glad,

As forth the music streamed!
The Christmas Tree, with gewgaws dight,
In gorgeous splendor gleamed.

Then came the little revellers—
The beauties of this Isle!—
Their cheeks, like the early flowers of Spring,
All tinged with a sunny smile.

In Youth's fresh bloom arrayed they came—
Their footsteps all blithe and gay—
Like beings strayed from their native stars,
They wandered' this sinful way.

Oh, how they revelled in the dance!
Did ye hear their mirthful noise
As 'round the Christmas Tree they swung,
Those bright-eyed girls and boys.

Saw ye their sweet seraphic forms?—
The effulgence of their eyes?
Heard ye their laughter, prattle swell
To exulting harmonies?

I watched them in the game of Chance—
Some faces radiant with glee;

On others I read, "Oh, Santa Claus,
Have you got nothing for me?"

And then I fell to dreaming dreams
Of my past romps and plays,
Until my thoughts went back again
To dead old Christmas days.

December, 1902.

A COLON PAY-DAY INCIDENT.*

MISS KATE.

Mista! whe' de dime you owe me?—
Jus' gimme me money, I say!
S' 'elp me God ef you no pay me
I wi' tek you a Jail dis day!
Den pay me 'fo' I raise one row
So mek *Policia* come:
Dis long, long time you owe me now—
You tek me money buy Rum!

JOHNSON.

Le' go me shut, I say, Miss Kate!
Or else I wi' chop you, you know!

* Dramatic scene between Miss Kate, the Ginger Beer and Bun Seller, and her debtor, Jeremiah Johnson, who has just received his pay from the Pay Car.

Me no been ax you, gall, fe wait
Nex' Pay-Day me pay you, no?

MISS KATE.

God blind me I not gwine wait at all!
For promise can't bwile de pot;
Jus' pay me now befo' I call
De Constab fe mek you trot!—
You ebba see me trial, eh?
Him well nyam me sinting done,
And now de brute him no wan' fe pay
Fe me Ginger Beer an' Bun!—
You teefin niggah! You well an' cheat!—

JOHNSON.

Jus' mind how you talks to me now!
I wi' lick you 'prawlin' in a de 'treet,
So mek you go bawl like cow.

MISS KATE.

Hi! man, cho! de fight you wan' fight?
Mek I fetch "grass" bottle fuss!—
No 'tinkin' shame me can't seek me right
Widout me get beatin' and cuss?

* * * * *

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

Dat 'nough now!—no lick him no mo'!
You wi' go a "Cage" 'fo' you done;

Cho! you no hear *Policia* de blow?—
Get up, you chupids, so run.

A COLON SUNSET.

Like forest-fires, illuming, far and wide,
Some sylvan scene and desert leagues away,
Last evening shone, all radiant on the tide,
The last expiring embers of the day!
Soft clouds of crimson, floating down the
West,
With glory crowned the distant bluffs and
high;
All flushed and dreamy sank the day to rest
In twilight's arm outstretched athwart the
sky.
Yon "Toro Point," that skirts the watery way,
With soft suffusion 'neath the Heavens
glowed;
What wondrous hues reflected o'er the Bay
As Night came stealing up the starry road!
Calm was the eve—peace brooded on
the deep;
The stars, all shining, warned the hour
of sleep.

April, 1893.

THE DREDGES.

Oh, ye Dredges leap
From your long, long sleep!—
Awaken, nor dream ye again,
Till your work is done—
Gained your homeward run,—
The glorious task of men!

Awake from the wreck
Of the years, and deck
Ye with triumphs all fresh and new!
Like cormorants dash
In the stream with a splash,
For the prey that awaiteth you.

Let the forests ring
With your clink-clank-clink—
Oh, we long for that old refrain!
Let your monster scoops,
That the wild vine loops,
Swing merrily 'round their chain.

On—on, nor relent
Till the bonds are rent,
And the chivalrous deed is done!
Till Atlantic rear
A triumphant cheer
For his bride, the Pacific, won.

Then the waves will prance,
And carouse and dance,

As the stately ships line the Bay;
 While foremost, elate,
 'Mongst the Nations great,
 The U. S. in gorgeous array.

November, 1903.

AN *INVIERNO* REVERY.

How switly come the drear *Invierno* days!
 When, lo! the tropic *lluvias* descend,
 And mists grow thick athwart the arching
 ways,
 And threatening rain-clouds bend.

Within their caves the balmy Trade-Winds
 rest;
 The sweet *Verano* days have spent their
 sum;

The waves are pillowed on the Ocean's breast,
 And broad Caribbean's dumb.

What fearful silence broods upon the deep,
 Filling my soul with spells akin to pain!
 I all but sit and sigh and mourn and weep
 While I explore the main;

For in the stillness rapt, I dream and muse
 Of days long buried in the faded past,
 Till, faint and dim, like swift dissolving views,
 Before me crowd, at last,

Visions of Love, once beings of form and
speech,

But spirits now inhabiting the skies;
Alas! alas! the tender voice of each
Those dear departed ties

Bursts o'er my spirit in the stilly air
Like sweet seraphic melodies from high!
I catch the strain, and intercept the tear
That lurks within mine eye.

September, 1893.

OUR CLUB.

Say, lads, Oh, what's gone wrong
With that dear old Club of ours?
Will ye see her droop through the Seasons
long,
And her glory fade like the flowers,
Nor heave one sigh
As ye pass her by,
That once beguiled the hours?

Oh, desolate abode!—
Come, lads, uplift the crumbling pile!
Shall the Summer come with her garnered load
Of flowers that bloom and smile,
Without one more
Sweet Chaplet o'er
Her portals as erewhile?

Hushed is she now and still ;
 Dispersed the merry band and gone :
 No more the voice of the music shrill
 Streams through her Halls forlorn :
 The Ballad is dead,
 And the mirth has fled
 From our dear "Club-Colon."

October, 1893.

CHRISTINA, THE MAD GIRL.*

Señor, I am not mad!
 Why wouldst thou deem me so?
 Because thou seest me scant'ly clad,
 And indigent and low?—
Dios me libre, Señor!

In sooth, *Señor*, I feign:—
 I have but lost my way
 In the labyrinth of my brain,
 Wherein my senses stray—
Hi! Que es eso?—musica!

List to the *Musica!*
 I'll put my bundle down
 And dance for you the *Cumbia*,
 As they dance it in my town,
Por un real, Señor!

* A familiar figure about the streets of Colon.

I can read, too *Señor*:
 Here's my Breviary!—
 And count my Rosary, too, *Señor*,
 And sing my Ave Mary
Mejor que Ud, Señor!

What sayest thou now, *Señor*?
 I've sung my Ave well,
 And read my *Santa Biblia* o'er;
 For I am no infidel—
Diga, Señor!—soy loca?

I am not mad, I swear!
 Hi! see, the crowd gathers!
 For the mummers are passing there
 With their painted masks and feathers;
Y me voy a verlas!—adios!

November, 1893.

COLON LIGHT HOUSE TO POINT. TORO LIGHT HOUSE.

Hello! my friend, across the Bay—
 You that lure the ships to the strand;
 That flirt with the mariners, so they say,
 With the flash of your orb from land
 If you don't quit a-cutting your eye at me,
 You prodigal charge for a light,

And a-winkin' and blinkin' all night at me,
There's bound to be bloodshed and fight!

How came you, Sir, on yonder Point?
And what is your mission?—Oh, speak!—
If you can without winkin' your eye out o'
joint—

Are you merely the child of a freak?
Be you Christopher's ghost I see?
Oh, you Brobdignagian pile!
Go tend to the *toros*: you can't shine with me:
I'm Lord of this sea and Isle.

That's what I am, you parvenu!
That's what I'll be to the end;
So, pack up your traps, and be off, and quick,
too,
My *blinky-eyed*, sleepy-head friend;
For the people say you've no right here—
The neighbors protest, so do I!
Unwelcomed you came, like a dreaded night-
mare—
So, good-riddance to you, and good-bye.

November, 1893.

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Oh, those parrots!—how they both yell
All day long above my head!
Hear the ringing of that church bell!—
Loud enough to wake the dead.
Now the *Loros* start a-singing,
And the peacock's shriek is heard—
Soon you'll hear a gun-shot ringing
Through the air to down a bird!

Hear that tricycle above me,
Pounding on the attic floor!
And the "kid" that's riding, how he
Screams till all his throat is sore!
I am reading—*what* I'm reading
I'll be hanged if I can tell,
For the tricycle that's wheeling
O'er my aching head like—well,

Now my "kids" take up the chorus,
And the noises swell to bad!—
Parrots, tricycle—the whole house
And the children drive me mad!—
This is how I spend my Sundays—
Talk about your "Bedlams Loose!"
This one takes the palm by long ways—
Oh! my head—the noise, the deuce.

March, 1894.

ARCHITECTURAL.

(To I. L. M.)

Say, when are you going to finish that house
That stands by the track line so near—
That once Jackson-famous old "Boston Ice
House,"
That sold ice to the thousands down here?

O, when will you finish, for heaven's sake say?
I long for some sparkling Old Mumm;
But it seems to me, Sir, as I pass every day,
The "Wetting-tide" never will come!

For each day something new—an improvement
or two—
Some new work or other begun—
Greet mine eyes as I raise them the structure
to view;
But the answer comes back, "Not yet done!"

So, pray let me ask, have you any new
schemes?—
More filigree work 'round the Gable?
You soon will be wanting some strong, heavy
beams;
For the house grows above quite *unable!*

So, let me exhort you to finish the Barn;
For, I swear, all top-heavy she's getting!

Just give her a coat of the best paint and
 warn
 All your friends to come 'round to the "Wet-
 ting."

March, 1894.

RETRENCHMENT.

The impending blow, that hath fallen at last,
 Hath my old-time stipend sundered!
 I feel the "cut" of the ten-per-cent. blast
 On my three score *pesos* and hundred!
 I'll have to do some "home cutting" too,
 To the tune of sixteen gold dollars:
 Eat one meal a day till they raise my pay—
 Wash my own clothes, my cuffs and my
 collars.

July, 1894.

THEY'VE GOT ME HOOKED.

They've got me hooked—they've got me
 booked
 To the lass across the way;
 They've got my heart a-thumping so,
 I can't hear what they say!
 They've got a "case" against me,
 And they're looking for the dart—

They're bringing Doctor Roentgen's Rays
To navigate my heart!

But it's just like folks in Colon:
They know a thing or two!—
Can tell you more about yourself
Than you ever dreamt or knew:
They get it straight from Tom Eaves—
Have your ear-strings never rung?
And all because there are no laws
To amputate a tongue!

They've got it dead, I'm going to wed;
And I wish they hadn't now;
For they'll find me 'commodating
In a hell-split, firing row!
They've got me all a-thinking;
For I want to know—don't you?
If to chin a "boofer lady" means
To work the Rule o' Two?

But it's just like folks in Colon:
They're bound to talk or die;
And I'm thinking, Sir, it's part of their
Anatomies to—lie!
They've worked this Rule o' Two, Sir,
Till my Muse's ears have rung!
And all because there are no laws
To amputate a tongue.

May, 1896.

SOME COLON CONCLUSIONS.

(Air, Killaloo.)

If you'd have of truths a dose,
I could give you, Sir, a gross;
For I've seen the gamut rise and topple
over—

I could tell you things, my friend,
That would start your hairs on end—
They're rougher than the passage o'er to
Dover!

But the reason of this Rhyme
Is to sing of present time—
To leave the dead Past buried for a minute—
Just to tell you, one by one,
Some conclusions of Colon—
Your wise men from the East, Sir, are not
in it!

The first conclusion is,
If a damsel you should quiz
As you meet her in the moonlight with her
mother;
Just as sure as eggs are eggs—
With the art of Silas Wegg(s)—
They'll swear you must be sweet on one an-
other!

Which conclusion, I must tell
Is another name for—well,

It rhymes with "eye" and "'sigh"; and, by
 the by, Sir,
 It's a case of *Verbum sat*,
 With a bow drawn long as—that,
 To flaunt the Ninth Commandment in dis-
 guise, Sir!

The second is, I ween,
 Cause of many a home-made scene,
 Of which I've had, Oh, Lord, a dose ap-
 palling!
 It's a fight to go to Lodge—
 Thinks your wife 'tis just a dodge
 For a time out with the boys until the morn-
 ing.

Why you can't go to a bar
 E'en to buy you a cigar,
 Or stop and with the barman have a laugh-
 ter;
 But, as one and one make two,
 They'll have something up 'gainst you:
 A cocktail or a Scotch they'll swear you're
 after!

When you come back to Colon,
 After your vacation's done,
 And from the Press you get no "Personal
 Mention";
 Oh, you'll kick and swear and fuss—

Say, each editor is a cuss,
 And conclude, for sure, the slight was of in-
 tention.

I've conclusions by the score;
 But my Muse's throat is sore,
 Or else this song I'd keep up for a whole
 week!

So, I'll only add to-day,
My Conclusion, by the way,
 I've never struck a place like this for Logic.

June, 1896.

THE AFRICANOS.

Did you see those *Africanos*
 Out the "Castle Eden" pour,
 With their pantaloons of gingham,
 And their shirt-tails out o' door?

Didn't you see them?—What a gang, Sir,
 Each a tin trunk and a straw,*
 And—I'd blush to tell you, *hombre*,
 All the *funny sights* I saw!

Some wore wrappers; some wore breeches—
 Some had gambled all their "wears;"
 Some wore just what Nature'd wove them
 In the deft loom of the years!

* Straw mat.

They were lined off—every man, Sir!—
 Pobrecitos, what a crew!—
'Fore the Medical Profession—
 Whole anatomies in view!

It was, "Muzza!"—it was "Johnson!"
 It was, "Chooko!" step this way—
Have your carcasses examined
 By the doctors of the Bay!

It was "Joseph!"—it was "Sambo!"—
 It was "Samuel!"—"MacBain!"
Till the *pobre Africanos*
 Were all huddled in the train—

Some a-dreaming of their mothers
 In dear Afric far away!
Some a-thinking of the digging
 Of the Isthmus' Highway—

Some a-thinking of the "Eden,"
 And the engineer, and how
With a red-hot poker he, Sir,
 Quelled their contumacious row!

But they've come amongst us, strangers;
 Let us take them by the hand—
Whisper, "Johnson, Muzza, welcome
 To this hospitable land."

December, 1896.

THE TRADE WINDS AND OLD
PLUVIUS.

(After Kipling.)

“What are ye Trade Winds blowin’ for?”
Said Pluvius-on-Parade.

“To run you out, to run you out,”
The Balmy Trade Winds said.

“What makes ye ’owl so loud, so loud?”
Said Pluvius-on-Parade.

“To warn you, Mister Pluvius,
To ’ide your bloomin’ ’ead!”

For, we’re tunin’ of our Trumpets—

We’re goin’ to ’ave our spell;

We’re blowin’ of your fevers,

Mister Pluvius to—well,

We’ve took of our Galoches off—

Umbrellas, gone to ’ell!—

We’re goin’ to blow our Trumpets till the
mornin’.

“What makes the Palm Trees wave so ’ard?”
Said Pluvius-on-Parade.

“The touch of us, the touch of us,”
The Balmy Trade Winds said.

“What makes ’em bend so low, so low?”
Said Pluvius-on-Parade.

They’re waving you their farewells, Sir,
The Balmy Trade Winds said.

Oh! they're 'appy in the sunshine—
 They're 'appy rid o' you!
 They're shakin' off their mackintosh—
 They've 'ad enough o' you!
 They're throwin' down their blossoms
 In the moonlight and the dew,
 For the little children's aprons in the mornin'.
 "What makes the Frangipani bloom?"
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 "Their love of us, their love of us,"
 The balmy Trade Winds said.
 "What makes 'em smell so sweet, so sweet?"
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 "We've kissed 'em with the breath of us,"
 The Balmy Trade Winds said.
 Oh, they're pourin' of their essence
 O'er the poisonous Lagoons!
 They're sending of their sweetness
 To the Back Swamps of the Coons—
 They're fallin' on the pavements
 For whoever wants o' boons;
 And the children will be 'appy in the mornin'.

"What are Christ-Church Bells ringin' for?"
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 'Tis New Year, Sir, 'tis New Year, Sir,
 The balmy Trade Winds said.
 "What makes 'em sound so sad, so sad?"
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 "Their last year's song they're singin', Sir,"

The balmy Trade Winds said.
 Oh! they're ringin' all a blessin'
 'Fore the passin' of their rhymes;
 They're weepin' sad an' sorry, Sir,
 Those comrades of old times—
 They're tellin' soon they're *cuttin'* them
 For other bells, called *chimes*—
 They're biddin' you good-bye this New Year's
 mornin'.

“What are the sea-waves shoutin' for?”
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 “To welcome us, to welcome us,”
 The balmy Trade Winds said.
 What makes 'em look so white, so white?”
 Said Pluvius-on-Parade.
 They're decked out for your funeral,
 The balmy Trade Winds said.
 Oh, they're 'appy you are goin'!—
 They are marchin' you away!
 They're singin' songs o' burial
 For you, my frien', to-day!—
 They're tellin' of the letters
 From our Loves of many a Bay—
 They're goin' to make us 'appy in the mornin'.

December, 1896.

THE RAINS ARE FALLING.

(Morning.)

The rains are falling—
The heat's appalling!
The butterflies are winging for the West;
All the waves are rocked to sleep
On the bosom of the deep,
And the salams of the Palm trees are at rest.

The rains are falling;
The clouds are thralling
The Monarch of the morn a-down the Bay:
All the hills are robed in mists
Deep as moltened amethysts,
And the rain-clouds, all a-swiftly, dim the day!

(Night.)

The rains are falling;
The night is walling
With battlements of clouds the ether heights!
All the frogs are croaking loud,
And the moon hath donned a cloud—
Oh, these weary, weary, weary rainy nights!

The rains are falling—
My soul is calling
For the salams of the Palm Trees to the sea—
For the fellowship I win

From the thunder and the din—
From the music of the billows' jubilee.

August, 1897.

'ERE'S TO US.

A Colon Vignette.)

(After Kipling.)

We've fought, O, many a battle in our day;
An' some was red 'ot fights, and some was
not!

We're a bloomin' set of Atkinses, they say—
Of Atkinses there is no finer lot!

We've quarrelled over Dollars, Cents and
Dimes;

We've licked the Africs silly in a fray!
We've mixed up ideas with ideals, at times,
And we've played the "cat and banjo" in
our way.

So, 'ere's to us, *mi amigo*,
Oh, the Lawd, Gawd, keep us free
From this sloshing, worse than Fuzzy
Gave the British "Infantree!"
We've 'ad enough o' fightin',
So, let's call the bargain square,
For the 'olidays are comin',
An' the Christmas an' New Year.

We've done some things we 'adn't ought to
do;
But Christ is Christ to right the wrongs o'
men!
And Gawd is Gawd for gentile and for jew,
And Time—the foremost soldier in the en'!
Gawd! we're 'ell, we uns: we never sees the
right;
For Right is just where Wrong 'ad ought
to be!
Gawd!—we're fools, we uns; but some day
know we might,
' The friend that's friend, and who's the
enemy!

So 'ere's to us, *mi amigo*,
And the friends which are astray;
If we 'adn't been so thin-skinned,
We'd 'a' 'ad 'em all to-day!
But Give and Take isn't Gospel
With a bloomin' crowd like we:
It's just sloshing at our neighbors
Till, at last, we don't agree.

We 'aven't got no peace 'ere of our own:
We're 'acking at each other all day long;
'And when we've done a 'acking at the bone,
We generally winds 'er up in song!—
We never shirks a scrap, it seems, no 'ow;
We rushes in the fight and don't gets done!

We're all 'ot 'eaded, 'asty in a row,
And generally 'unts one when there's none.

Then 'ere's to us, *mi amigo*,
And 'ere's to 'ands all round;
For it's six days Chagres fever
And the seventh day under ground.
And 'ere's to us, *mi amigo*,
And the peace that is to be,
You big bull 'eaded fellow—
You, *amigo*, all and me.

November, 1897.

THERE'S A MAN ABOUT THE TOWN.

There's a man about the town—
Hunt him down!—hunt him down!
With a Crow-bar, or a Car-pin, or a Cane;
For he thinks the earth and sea
All are his—on you and me
He can look down with a studied, cold disdain!

There's a man about the town—
Run him down!—run him down!
With a Locomotive, Bus or Funeral train!—
Oh! it doesn't matter which:
A Road Engine or a Switch
Will dispatch him to the warmest clime amain!

There's a man about the town—
 Nail him down!—screw him down,
 That no breath of air his six-foot house retain!
 Chant the usual "Dust to dust,"
 "Earth to earth"—then swiftly thrust—
 Thrust the beggar where he'll evermore remain.

Then, we'll have him *out of town*—
 Lower him down—gently down,
 Safe on yonder Hill a-dreaming in the rain,
 'Neath the blackest sort of skies—
 Oh! let's hope the lullabies
 Of the Saurians will not Lazarus him again.

January, 1901.

THE SONG OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

I'm an independent gentleman:
 I come just when I please!
 'Tis my delight to take my flight
 Ere dinner hath reached to cheese.

Then, it's all hands groping in the darkness,
 And a-swearing for no good!—

Oh, the hunting scene for kerosene
To light up the neighborhood.

I'm an independent gentleman,
With faults as many as wires—
My Dynamo runs down so low,
My life-light soon expires.

Then it's rushing to the Street-Transformers—
It's a hunting the faults all 'round:
They burn no Coal, and, 'pon my soul,
That's where the trouble is found.

When the West dons her dream-gold tiara—
When Evening's almost Day,
'Tis then I vie with the sun on high!
But at dusk—well, you know my way!

But it's all the same to me, my friends—
It's all the same to me!
You don't like my way?—good-night—good
day:
I'm Mister Monopoly.

February, 1901.

A SONG OF THE WEATHER.

The reefs are barren, and the tide is low—
 What means this strange digression
 Of Season, of Winds, of the Waters' flow?—
 Are the Weather clerks in session?

Are the elements, mutinous, changeful, queer,
 Plotting vengeance all together?—
 Ahoarding up rain-clouds, thunders' blare,
 For an onslaught on Dry Weather?

For the waves are dumb, and the skies are
 gray—
 The Sunsets have lost their roses;
 The fisherman's boat, in the far-out Bay,
 On the peaceful sea reposes.

E'en the Palm trees droop as if grieving o'er
 The Trade Winds grave omission!
 And the wave-desolated strand seems sore
 At the billows' indecision.

But like as the weather are all things here:
 Fitful, inconstant—deluding—
 Like the veriest flower 'neath whose dream-
 folds fair
 Some poisonous germ lies brooding!

So, hand-in-hand, all the weather-clerks go
 A-weaving—I count it treason—

From moon-wrought sheen and silver stars'
glow,
The rains for the next Wet Season.

February, 1901.

THE DATE TREE PALM

'Twas but a lowly Date-Tree Palm,
That lived its life among the statelier trees,
A-dreaming dreams of peace, white-winged
and calm,
Beside the lonely seas.

And Time came, and time, as time will, went
'Midst songs of stars and litanies of winds;
And though each day it sicklier grew and
bent,
It recked not of designs,

Nor dreamt it of such sudden end,
'Gainst which the very winds did wail—
complain,—
E'en all the billows by the gray-beach bend
Protested all in vain.

For two score years and gone
It saw the sun dip down to wed the sea;

But 'cause it strewed seared blossoms on the
 lawn,
 Death was the penalty

It reaped just as the sun burst forth
 And all the waters with the morn did glow—
 Thus two score years of Nature's growth
 A wanton hand laid low.

REVIEWAL.

'Tis Evening—our task of day is done:
 The Clerks have left their Offices—'tis *five!*
 The West is all a-glow with setting Sun;
 The *Reading Room* with readers is alive.

Along the Beach-walk sweep the strollers by!
 The children laugh and prattle on the sands;
 And rainbow-tinted ribbons flaunt yards high,
 While Lovers tell their hearts'-tales, squeez-
 ing hands.

Full shrill hath blown the *Cacho's* evening
 blast!
 Adown the tracks the weary Artisans go;
 Within the *Washington* the Boys are massed,
 And Pascal-Cocktails on the Counters flow.

The shadows fall—night creeps on stealthily;
The rain-clouds gather thick athwart the
sky!

The Toro Light House blushes fitfully—
The billows sob; the night-winds, deep-
mouthed, sigh.

Down swoops the rain, and darkness veils the
land!

The palm-trees shake and shiver on the
lawn;

And all is black beyond the boisterous strand,
And all outside is dreary and forlorn.

I hear the voice of Rumor on the winds;
I hear the cry of Gossip on the deep—
The wild waves sing full lust'ly of designs—
Of malices that life-long comrades keep.

I peer my head outside my cottage-door—
The rains have ceased; the night's grown
hot as—well,

I don my hat, and sally forth to bore
Some friends within the neighborhood that
dwell.

We talk of Church, where so few white folks
go,

And wonder why this element keeps 'loof:
Are God and Christ not One in all men's woe?

Can Christian folks not worship 'neath one
roof?

We talk of foreign lands across the seas—
Of folks to whom the Isthmus had grown
"cold";
Of things domestic—of those Evening Teas,
And quote from all the Gossips, new and
old!

Gossips that only tongues attuned to lies,
And hearts all reckless of Commandment
Nine,
Delight to traffic in, and things disguise—
Condemn as faults—faults theirs and yours
and mine.

October, 1901.

A VERANO ODE.

Thou comest back again,
Sweet Summer, a-wooing the North-east
blast—
With glad rejoicings o'er the blustering main
Thou comest back, at last,

Fresh from they wanderings long!
A thousand voices greet thee, and the land
Lifts up her welcome in a wild-wave Song,
That melts upon the strand.

All things from out their thrall—
The merry winds that rock the azure sea,
The frangipanis, in high festival—
Awake to welcome thee!

There's gladness in thy track
And sun-lit visions borne upon thy wings,
And sadness too, vain longings and the rack
That Time, unconscious, brings.

Thou comest back with heaven flushed—
Ravishing Sunsets crimsoning all the Isle!—
With nights star-jeweled, and wave-songs
unhushed,
Thou comest back a-while.

Verano, the winds are crying:
Their deep-toned anthems sweeping o'er the
sea,
The rush of waters and the palm-trees' sigh-
ing,
Sing of the Past to me.

February, 1902.

THE "PANTHER-BOYS."

I've been asked if the war is ended—
I've told them, "The struggle is done!"
For the "Boys," that the Road defended,—
Yester evening left Colon.

They sailed when the West was dreaming—
When the Sun kissed the day adieu!
And the girls on shore were grieving
For the jolly Khaki-crew.

They've gone, yet they scarce had landed;
Oh! the Dock where they camped is dumb,
And the Armored Car's disbanded,
For the days of peace have come.

They've gone—some of new Loves dream-
ing—
Others, haply, of the old Loves true;
Some a-thinking of the war, while we sing
Hosannas that the conflict's through.

They were here when the days were clouded,
And the nights all whelmed with rue!
And the town each hour was crowded
With rumors of some crisis new.

They've gone—though the "Panther" wander
From Colon unto furthestmost Bays,—

In our hearts her brave Commander
And her "boys" will live always.

Then, it's Good-bye, Captain—and Good-bye
To the jolly Khaki-crew!
For your ship, fair winds and a clear sky—
God speed you o'er the boundless blue.

November, 1902.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

So, you want to know 'bout Society, my
friend,
In this land of perennial row?—
Here's a glass, and a bottle of the best Old
Blend;
Take a seat and I'll tell you now.

You're a stranger come amongst us yester-
day—
You're green in the Social Ring;
But you'll find some Dont-believe-you-what-
they-say,
Who'll tell you of everything!—

Of everybody, what's what and who's who—
God help genealogical trees!
They'll paint them every color, Sir,—black
and blue—
O'er the Cups at their evening teas!

When it's "Whom have you seen since you've
been down here?"
"Have you met Mrs. So-and-So?"—
They'll put you through a Catechism, Sir, most
queer—
Tell you things they know and—*don't know!*

And "You mustn't visit So-and-So because
We're out with the folks 'round there!"
But where'd be your peace if you didn't heed
the laws
Of neutrality right down here?

Yet it's out of ten the chances are nine
Come a day when *we'll* cut loose!
Then you and your new-made friends'll com-
bine
To *roast* me as you would a goose!

For that's the way some people down here
Have of doing—I know too well:
I've seen it in the cases of friends most dear—
I've seen it, for I read and spell.

November, 1902.

A BALLAD OF THE TIMES.

Oh! the Christmas tide is coming;
And the times are's hard as Laws!
All the little folks are humming
Songs of dear Old Santa Claus.

The Druggists' bills have just come in—
Dios, mio!—what prices!—stars!
For one prescription of Quinine,
Two dollars or—funeral cars!

Then bills from Butcher and Baker—
From the Grocer down the lane;
And bills from the Old Shoemaker
For the soles made new again.—

'Tis bills from *Señor* Commissary,
And bills from the Chinese stores;
'Tis bills each month—Oh! misery!
And "Cards" by the "bunch" and scores!

Oh, those Pay Days in the morning!
Oh, those Pay Days in the noon,
When the Bills come in a-swariming,
How our heads begin to swoon!

But worst of Pay Day ills we know
Is the man who comes around
With Bills, when funds are sinking low,
Persecuting us like a Hound.

December, 1902.

THE "ACAPULCO." *

An Outcast on the deep am I—
A vagrant-ship, a waif, a stray!
They will not have me, low nor high,
From Panama to San José—
Corinto, nor, perchance—Shanghai!
And so, rejected and tabooed,
I sail along the scornless brine,
A plaything of the billows' mood—
The sport and prey of every wind—
I drift and drift upon the seas,
"All on account of those dreadful peas!"

From port to port and port I go:
"Rejected!" comes the answer back;
Then all those peas begin to grow

* The Pacific Mail steamer *Acapulco* left San Francisco on December 20th, 1902, bound for Panama, via Central American and Mexican ports.

At Mazatlan, a Mexican port, where, it appears, there existed a few cases of bubonic plague, she took in some 684 sacks of peas, on account of which she was detained in Quarantine at Panama for eight days, after the expiration of which time her passengers were allowed to land at Isla de Naos, a small island in Panama Bay. The steamer, however, was turned back to San Francisco, January 24th, 1903, with all her cargo on board. On the return voyage she was refused pratique by all the Central American and Mexican ports at which she called; and this incident it was that inspired the poem, "Acapulco."

With protests rending every sack;
Adown the hold the dread-peas bloom
With *Mazatlans* all white with rage!—
I wonder what the morrow's doom:
If port shall be my heritage,
Or drift and drift upon the seas,
"All on account of those dreadful peas!"

A-weary of the strife and war
Of boycotts, 'nough to fill a slate!
I've set my Compass to a star
That beckons from the "Golden Gate."
Of peas I've strung a Rosary
To tell my wanderings all forlorn!—
Count ports that have rejected me—
Perchance I'll have to round the Horn!
And drift and drift upon new seas,
"All on account of those dreadful peas!"

February, 1903.

HE JUST COULDN'T STAY AWAY.

So, he's come back here again?
And he didn't stay for good,
As he thought he would!
But it's nothing strange,

And it's nothing new:
I've never seen the man that could!—
Have you?
Oh!—say,
He just couldn't stay away.

Missed the old haunts—now didn't he?
And the Isthmian life, and the Beach,
And the rythmic speech
Of the sad, sea waves,
So wondrous sweet!
And he dreamt of it all and each
So fleet,
That—say!
He just couldn't stay away.

Longed for the Trades—our Sunsets,
And the ceaseless Song of the Palm!
And the mystic charm
That binds us to this place—
He felt the sweet spell
Around him like a Lover's warm
Embrace,
And—say,
He just couldn't stay away.

Yearned to get back—now didn't he
'Tis an old, old story, my friend,
We'll sing to the end;

Full many a one 've sung it,
 As Time approves so well:
 I, too, essayed one day to rend
 The spell;
 But—say,
 I just couldn't stay away.

February 7th, 1903.

THAT'S WHAT I AM.

I'm sick and tired of some people's
 Malevolent jabber and chat!
 Their tongues are as tall as Church Steeples,
 And their mouths?—well, I'm coming soon to
 that!
 It seems to me they want a damn good caulking—
 Or a gagging, or a Yale Padlock—
 To stop their daily slanderous leaks of talking;
 For their heads are just all chock-up-full-a-
 block
 With?—you know what came when Moses
 struck the Rock.

February, 1903.

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

Once upon an Isthmian time,
There lived a man—a Wise-Acre,
Who posed as Judge of Lyric Rhyme,
And thought himself a Seneca—
A something like a Whittaker!—
In sooth, he was far out his clime—
His rhetoric he deemed sublime;
And in the Elocution line,
He'd give you odds and beat you blind!
His speech was Angel-tongued—he read,
Just sweet enough to wake the dead!—
He dreamt he wore Disraeli's head,
This Pythagoras, Agrippa—
Of critics he was critica'—
At least as such he tried to be
Without the Critic's quality;
But then I knew just how it went:
This critic was of jealous bent;
And yet I had not given one cent
For his opinion cynica'!
I only knew this strange creature
Was not my friend in lit'rature—
He sought to climb the heights of Fame one
night
But fell: he lost his cue through fright.

March, 1903.

KEEP 'EM AWAY, FOR THE LORD'S
SAKE.

They've gone!—keep 'em away, for the Lord's
sake:

No use for them down here—
They do no good, more trouble make
Than you know, have any idea—
Keep 'em away, for the Lord's sake!

They seem to think they're the Hundred-
Four—

I do not think as they:
That theirs is *the* and *only* door—
Society's vise—
Keep 'em away, for the Lord's sake!

They're very exclusive—they're not to blame
They're friendly with but few,
Who kneel and bow to them the same
As if they were Jesu'—
Keep 'em away, for the Lord's sake!

They fight with the Rector of their Church,
Who's match for any two!
He stands up, fearless, on his Perch
And he gives them Hallelu'—
Keep 'em away, for the Lord's sake!

Let 'em be like the ships that pass at night:
 No more to meet again!
 No moon, nor star their voyage to light
 Across the boisterous main—
 Keep 'em away, for the Lord's sake!

May, 1903.

IN DIALECT.

Johnson, you hear de news dat come
 From Bogota to-day?—
 Me-frien' it knack me down so dum'
 Me don' kno' what fe say!

De Messige say de Treaty dead—
 What Treaty is me no kno'!
 Exceptin' it's de t'ing Mas' Ted
 And Morgan fight 'bout so.

But anyhow, me tell you say
 Dat porro ketch us now!
 An' we all wi' hav' fe go away,
 For me really don' kno' how

We gwine fe manage at all, me son,
 Widout Canal down here!—
 You soon wi' see de grass de run
 'Bout 'treet an' eberywhere!

So, fetch me Ban Box an me 'tick,
 An' re'ch me Tin Pan down:
 Me wan' fix up fe go nex' week
 Wid me female to Greytown.

Fo' what's de use o' waitin' mo' ?—
 Me trousers bruck from wait!—
 De oder day de t'ing look so
 Me went go speculate!

Me buy up nearly all de lan's
 De Rail Road hav' fe sell;
 But now me wish me had in han's
 Me money, dat gone to—well,

I's gwine to Nicaragua, John,
 Fo' all de papers say,
 The President at Washington
 Gwine dig Canal dat way!

But case you hear say, when me gone,
 De people change dem mind
 At Bogota 'bout poor Colon,
 Jus' drap me one short line,

Fe tell me say de sinting fix
 At las' at Bogota!
 Me den wi' come wid shovel and picks
 Fe help dig Panama.

'August, 1903.

THE DREAM OF A COLON
SUNSHINER.

Last night I dreamt that Joshua came
To visit poor Colon,
And tried to play his little game
He worked on Gibeon!

But, 'spite of fame in that far land,
He could not stay *our* Sun!
For 'round him grouped a little band
Of "Sunshiners-Colon."

"Dear children, I am sore-afraid,"
Said Josh, "You hold the key:"
"The Sun, that once my will obeyed,
No more stands still for me!"

"And yet, methought, I'd own him e'er—
For all time left to come—
But, seems, you folks that live down here
Have got him 'neath your thumb!"

"That's what we have!" said one wee boy,
Whose head was crowned with curls—
"And yes, we fill the world with joy
And sunshine," cried the girls—

"You see, dear Josh, the time was when
The Sun you could make dim—

We were not in it, Joshua, then,
But now we've cornered him!"

We take him with us 'round the world—
North, South and East and West!—
Our glorious Banner ne'er is furled—
Sunshiners have no rest!"

We're up and doing all the time,
And cheerfully we roam
About this town, through mud and slime,
Sunshining some poor home."

Then Joshua stroked his hair—said he:
"Dear children, I am done!
I cannot stop, I clearly see,
The Sunshine in Colon."

August, 1903.

CONFESSIO^NAL.

Oh, Lord of all the Universe,
Who ruleth over land and sea,
And blessings over all disperse,
We open, Lord, our hearts to Thee!

We are, O God, but weaklings, all
A-groping through this thorny land,
Where Vice, temptations several
Beset us, Lord, on every hand.

When first we came here, Lord of Lords,
We went to Church in Sun or Rain;
But 'twas not long ere all the chords
Of Good Resolve were snapped in twain.

We wandered into evil ways,
And soon, O Lord, Thine House forgot;
For all our nights and all our days
Were spent in things that profit not:

We wooed, fore'er, the magic *wheel*,
And left it oft without a cent!
We've drunk and drunk and drunk until
From drink we're almost indigent!

In sooth, O God, our very lives
All mammoth, living lies have been!—
In every Vice we have been Dives,
And Croesuses in every Sin!

We've done, O Lord, the thousand things
Thou countest vilest of the vile!
We've been, O Lord, the hirelings
Of Satan on this little Isle!

We've practised every subterfuge
That's known, O Lord, beneath the skies—
We are a monument of huge
Hypocrisies and wicked lies!

We've sought to wrong the very men
We swore eternal friendships to;
And been, time o'er and o'er again,
Iscaariots while we played true!

Our very souls we've sold to Debt,
With int'rest Himalaya-high!—
We now have only Hell to get—
Upon the Brink, O Lord, we cry

For Mercy, for Thou'rt merciful,
And wilt not turn us from Thy sight—
Oh, teach us, Lord, the Golden Rule,
And lead us back to greater light—

To Hope and Faith and Charity,
And all things goods before Thine eyes—
We seek, O Lord, Thy clemency—
Oh, in Thy wisdom, make us wise.

Colon, July 18th, 1904.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.
PANAMA.

(Panama, November 3, 1903.)

Last night I slept beneath the Banner that
For years and years had flaunted o'er my
head,

And waved me welcomes in this land whereat
I dreamt not of the wedding of the Red
And dauntless Azure in one common band;
Nathless, I woke one morn and found the
Two

A brotherhood of One, hand clasped in hand—
The Spartan Sires of a Republic new,

Conceived and Mothered by Paternal Wrong,
And years of stern oppressions, manifold!—
To Panama there never did belong

The right to shape her destiny, nor mold
Her *ideal dream*—the Isthmian sentiment—
In sweet fulfillment, proud accomplishing—
To weld up Continent and Continent
By two great Oceans' hands a-joining.

For in the stormy Councils and Debate,
That shook the Capital, the *dream* was spent;
But yet, it seemed, one hope commensurate
Remained for her—right of self govern-
ment!

And so, it came to pass that, on a night,
Brave Panama, unaided and alone,
Resolved to set her grievances aright,
And seek what was, by heritage, her own,

Before the just Tribunal of her arms,
That heaped no carnage, and diffused no
blood—

So worn the bird that laid the golden-charms,
That from the hearts of men, that night, a
flood

Of indignation, passionate and long,
Burst forth in *Vivas* to the *Patria*;
But to her sons was sweetest, dearest song:
Viva La Republica De Panama.

November, 1903.

SONGS OF TO-DAY.

(A Memory of November, 1903.)

Oh, the Rain-Song—day and night long—
The Sun is asleep somewhere!
Oh, the Bird-song, and the Wind-song
That toys with the ladies' hair.

Oh, the Wave-song, like a great gong
Sounding far and wide and near!
Oh, the Frog-song in the Swamps-strong!
And the Songs mosquitoes rear.

Oh, the Rush-song—Hurry-Up-song!—
Don't you hear the bugle's blare?
Oh, the Bus-song!—"Waited too long;"
But then it was double fare!

Oh, the Ball-song—not a Ping-pong—
We'd have had to face right square!
Oh, the Praise-song of a whole throng
For men that the fight did veer!

Oh, the War-song, and the talk-long
Of the *Orinoco-scare!*
Oh, the Gun-song that we missed strong
From the R. M. Comp'ny's Pier!

Oh, the Run-song—couldn't stop thong—
For the steamers everywhere!—
The Relief-Song of a whole throng
When the "Dixie" did appear!

Oh, the Shield-Song—hammer-and-tong!—
Every man thinks he'll get there!
But the Prize-Song sure will *be*-long
To a man who lives down here!

Oh, the Gold-Song, which is dead wrong;
But the Bankers they don't care!—
The Canal-Song, heard in Hong-Kong,
And the Rumors everywhere.

Oh, the This-Song, and the That-Song,
Of the Wealth there'll be down here!
Oh, the Scheme-Song, that folks ding-dong
In your ears 'bout Gains each year.

But they're all wrong, they that sing-song
Of the Millions they will clear:
There's an old song, if I ain't wrong,
'Bout the man who had his share.

November, 1903.

THE UNPOPULAR MAN.

I am not what some folks would call,
A man of popularity,
Because I am not prodigal,
Like some, of rank hypocrisy!

Wherefore I'm counted e'er in thought
A chap of great disparity—
They are not wrong: I deal in nought
That savors of duplicity:

I tell my mind without reserve—
In me there's no mendacity!—
Because I'm frank I don't deserve
What's called down here—"Sincerity."

And yet time was, an ideal man
They made of me in poesy;
But was there aught on ideal plan
In this unique community?

Where one's unpopular, because
He stands with the minority,
Upholding all the moral laws,
Eschewed by the majority!

But what care I?—I go my way,
With head erect, defiantly!—
Unmindful of what people say
'Bout my unpopularity.

For when we count the meaning well,
Good fellowship's a luxury,
In which men send their souls to hell,
And oftentimes to—penury.

November, 1903.

OTHER POEMS.

OUR FIRST.

His little life—his brief, soft breathing,
Came like a dew-drop glistening on a rose—
Perchance he was a message past our reading;
But God only knows.

June, 1883.

THE MALEVOLENT.

What! deemest thyself a man?—'tis cheap to
deem!
And meet of thy known ignorance and deep;
Then, wherefore mar thy wild, delusive dream?
The waking would but leave thee still asleep!
Thou livest in a world from me apart—
Dost traffic in Malice and plots of Wrong:
I heed, nor fear the cunning of thy heart,
Nor all the mischief of thy venal tongue!
Thou art no man; for man was framed, 'tis
told,

After God's own Image—divine and vast:
 But I forbear to tell thee in what mould
 The Janus-spirits, such as thine, were cast.
 I spare thee, fool!—my modest Muse hath
 done:
 'Tis better thus for such as thee to shun.

March, 1890.

A FRAGMENT.

Each em'rald blade that waveth 'neath the sun,
 Speaks of fierce battle and a fallen one!
 Each yellow leaf, strewn o'er the mossy field,
 Is epitaph no chisel e'er revealed!—
 The humblest blossoms scattered o'er the plain,
 Are beds whereon the countless dead have lain.
 The flowers, too, they tell a varied tale
 In fragrance wafted over hill and dale:
 They soothe our aching hearts, relieve the
 gloom,
 And bear us all in triumph to the tomb!
 Oh, love the flowers!—they mingle with our
 dead—
 Distill sweet fragrances o'er them, and shed
 The lustre of their petals o'er each bed.

July, 1891.

EDDY.

(November 10th, 1889.)

All smiling thou camest—
Then, wherefore, my darling, so soon away?
Scarce had thy morning burst forth into day,
When, lo! thou fled'st, my boy, to rest—
Down to the gilded West,
Where lieth the peaceful Bay.

So soon—so soon to flee
To thy Father's home o'er the crystal floods—
Ten thousand hopes lie withered in their buds!
Silent thy parents weep for thee—
No more thy Mother, flushed with joy,
Keeps vigil o'er her baby-boy.

November, 1890.

THE REJECTED LOVER.

“I do not love you!” were the words she
spake—
The words that sent my soul a-sighing!
Oh, I thought my heart, that night, would
break
Beneath her cold denying.

She asked me to forget her for aye—
I chafed her tender hand and pleaded
For one small spot within her heart always;
But all in vain—she ne'er conceded.

We parted—I, with rheumy eyes and sad—
My heart all filled to overflowing!
Hers, seeming, in ten thousand winters clad—
Haughty and unbestowing!

But let that pass—nathless, I'll love her e'er;
E'en tho' my heart break on the morrow!
I'll love her, love her till my life doth sear
And my days grow weary with sorrow.

Forget her tender face, I never shall!
I'll think of her till my sands are run—
Till Night o'er my head draw its purple pall,
And my weary travel is done.

Then I'll take her image to the grave with
me—
The impress of her hand beneath the sod—
I'll wake with the Trumpet's call, and flee
To confess her my love 'fore God.

December, 1890.

LO, SYLVANUS.

Lo, Sylvanus!—thou Sovereign of the Woods
And trackless fields, and leafy solitudes—
A thousand memories are thine and sweet;
Thy shady realms, the youth's enchanted seat,
How oft, ere boyhood's tender days were run,
And manhood's sterner, riper years begun,
I gambolled o'er, a careless, happy swain,
Glad 'midst the bowers of thy fair domain!
Beneath the shade of thy tall poplars' arms,
Thy towering pines and quivering palms,
Are traces where my early footsteps strayed
In days of yore—in days forever dead.

July, 1901.

TO MY SYDANNA.

Thou'rt more than I—
My soul doth yearn and pine for thee and
long—
Light of my verse and spirit of my song!
I live for thee and die.

I wait for thee;
But weary's the waiting; thou comest not,
sweet,

To light the burden of my soul, nor greet
My longing, Love, for thee.

I love thee true—

Nor Time, grown hoary, shall my love assail:
'Tis sung by the birds and whispered in the
gale,

And well thou knowest it, too:

Ten thousand times,
Sweetheart, mine eyes have flashed the tale and
wept—

Ten thousand times within my heart thou'st
crept,

And creepest in my rhymes.

Lo! in my dreams

I see thy form all rapturously fair!

Sweet is the dream; but Oh, the sadness, dear,
Comes with the Eastern gleams!

But say—Oh, say!—

For my heart is sad and my life doth sear—

How shall I bear these lonely days that wear
My very soul away?

I sigh for thee!

Oh, bid the anguish cease within my heart!

Oh, haste the meeting, Love—no more to part
Till Death's rich harvest be.

July, 1891.

GONE.

[(To J. L. M.)]

Gone!—not like the ship to other havens bound,
Nor like the Dove, with branch of Olive found;
But gone unto that sweet, ethereal realm,
Where thy wrecked bark no more may heed
the helm,
Where sails are furled for aye, and anchors
cast,
And nought remaineth save the barren mast—

Where the rude tempest's breath, nor Thunder's
roar
Thy dreamless sleep shall mar! For, evermore,
Hast thou past beyond the turbulent foam,
And art safe—safe. In thy superital home
No levin's wrath upon thee shall intrude
To mar the splendor of thy beatitude!

Sleep on—sleep on! thy homeward race is run,
The din of storm is lulled, thy goal is won;
In thy haven fair our shattered barks may meet
To swell the countless host of Heaven, Sweet;
If such be sooth—a Doctrine Sages urge—
Speed—speed, my craft across the boundless
surge.

August, 1891.

NEW YEAR.

(1892.)

This is the glad New Year!
May it bring us all good cheer—
May every home
'Neath Heaven's dome,
Upon this New Year day,
Be blessed for aye!

This is the New Year tide—
Let Passion's flame subside!—
Old wounds take flight,
Friends reunite,
As in the days of yore,
In peace once more.

This is the Season blest
By lofty prayer and rest—
Let Charity,
Humanity,
Unfold their portals wide
This New Year tide.

Upon this New Year tide
Away with Folly's pride!
For Proud, Opulent,

Meek, Indigent,
Alike shall pass to dwell
Within one common cell

January, 1892.

OUR LITTLE LIVES ARE MYSTERIES.

Our little lives are mysteries—
Around us lie the boundless seas
Of Time, wherein by pain, disease,
We fall and sink by slow degrees.

Our days are spent 'midst fears and aches
Till, like the placid rills and lakes
The mightier torrent overtakes,
We're swept beyond all earthly wakes!

Our days are numbered—silently
We pass from this deep mystery—
From out this turmoil—drudgery,
To sleep—to dream eternally!

We grope forever in the dark,
Till, like the tempest-ridden bark,
We're shattered ere one glimmering spark
Doth warn us of the danger mark.

So little Spring throughout the year!—
 The chiliad winters blight and sear
 The tender roots of our career
 Ere we are aware.

March, 1892.

DISTINCTIONS.

When shall this world, this strange, cold world
 resign
 Her haughty purple, and her pompous line?
 And men, who walk through life their several
 ways
 To suit proud stations and their golden days,
 Pursue the self-same road the meek abound,
 And meet their brethren upon equal ground
 For, wheresoever our footsteps turn,
 All pathways lead unto one common bourn!

Society, for starch decorum's sake,
 Within her halls plants firm the limit stake,
 And sets her boundaries with prudish mind
 To plan unjust divisions in mankind.
 Let fit distinctions lie within the gates
 Of Reason's realm—Discretion's vast estates;

But wherefore Gold his glittering sceptre
wield
To raise up ramparts on Society's field?

As in the meadows bloom, of every scent and
dye,
The varied flowers 'neath one argent sky,
Transcending some in radiance, some in grace,
Yet all must mix to harmonize the race!
So, after well proportioned lines are drawn,
Precise as clouds divide dark night from dawn,
Let all men know, whate'er their stations be,
Mankind may dwell in sweeter harmony.

March, 1892.

THROUGH LIFE WE TRAVEL ALL ALONE.

Through life we travel all alone:
There is no friend to call our own;
For Friendship is a thing unknown.

The daily proffered hands we press—
How many a one in times of stress
Will minister one kind caress?

On this, our rugged road of life,
 We wage with man eternal strife!
 For every morn the air is rife

With clash of arms, and cannonade—
 The latest wailings of the dead,
 And carnage o'er the meadows spread.

Eons roll on—the Seasons bring
 The timely frosts, the vernal Spring,
 And soft and sunny skies that ring

With melodies; but what to man?—
 No nice mutations to our clan:
 The cycles end, as they began,

In days of strife; for in the race
 And rush of life, we chase and chase,
 Fore'er, vain dreams of fame and place.

May, 1892.

TENNYSON.

(October 6th, 1892.)

Thy sun hath set, Oh, Bard divine;
 Thy day's sunk down—
 Night shades thy head, Oh, Bard divine,
 With sable frown.

Cold death hath chilled thy honored brow—
Thy life-blood quenched;
And from thy hand, that resteth now,
The quill hath wrenched.

Mute hangs thy Lyre on the wall
Mourning thy hap;
Thy mantle serves as Funeral pall
Thy bier to wrap.

Thine earthly voice is hushed fore'er,
But soars above—
What other Laureate fill thy bright career
With songs of love?

I will not here invoke a throng
Thy fame to ring:
Thy praise, that lights on every tongue,
What Minstrel sing!

Thy name shall live in every age—
In every clime!
Thy mem'ry dwell in every page
Of thy sweet rhyme.

In the bright meadows of thy verse
Enchantment dwells:
Thy fields of song I oft traverse
With raptured spells!

Thou are not dead—Oh, sweetest Singer!
Thy bays are green—
Tho' cloistered in dark sepulchre
Thy light is seen.

Thou art not dead—Oh, Bard divine!
Thy work endureth—
Thy voice, through every song of thine,
Still rings on Earth.

October, 1892.

“BILL” MCKINLEY.*

I hear them say, “McKinley's dead!”—
Dead for the cycles to be!
His vaunted Tariff knocked in the head
By triumphant Democracy!

Poor Billy was a Shipwright famed,
Who built for his party a Skiff,
Which, one fine day, he launched and named
The “Nation's Protective Tariff.”

* Lines inspired by the defeat of the Republican Party in the U. S. of America in 1892.

He sailed the shallop, he and his clan,
 'Midst the din of *Free-Traders'* storm;
 He flew the flag Republican,
 And steered from the port of *Reform!*

McKinley was a Skipper brave;
 But his vaunted "Tariff" and he
 Lie wrecked fore'er 'neath the tidal wave
 Of triumphant Democracy.

November, 1892.

CONSUELO.

Wherefore do we weep, my brothers—
 Weep with blinding tears, our dead?
 Know we aught of that dim Future—
 Of the after-life we dread?

It may be that Death, the Pilot,
 Though his seas be dark and dim,
 Steers us o'er the silent waters,
 Nearer, nearer—near to Him-

It may be that the transition
 From a world of care and strife,
 Leads us to a sweet Elysium—
 To a new and better life!
 Where we reck no more the seasons—

What the dawning morrows bring,
Where the altar-fires clothe us
In perennial garb of spring—
In the bloom of youth eternal,
In the light of God's own Being.

Time, my brothers, Time is fleeting :
Onward sweep the years apace!
Day by day our steps grow fainter
Till we stumble in the race—
Lo! our little lives are speeding
Like the streams o'er mount and hill :
Onward till the currents take us
To that Haven—peaceful still—
Where it's golden summer always,
And there comes to us no ill!

Life, my brothers, life is two-fold :
Earth is but the pseudo half ;
Elsewhere lies the golden harvest,
Here we reap the grainless chaff !
Let us then be steadfast, brothers,—
Strive to shape our lives aright :
Keep with God the Trust unbroken—
Keep with men the Faith we plight ;
Justice be the glowing Censer—
Truth, the Incense burning bright.

October, 1892.

THE DAWN AND LUCILLE.

The morn, the drowsy morn elate,
 Silvering the tranquil blue—
Stole softly through the Eastern gate—
 The starry avenue!
Sweet was the message of that morn—
 I heard the tiny warning:
That unto us Lucille was born—
 My own Lucille with the morning—
 My pretty Lucille;
 My darling Lucille—
 Long live my Lucille of the dawning.

February, 1893.

TRUTH.

The crystal font of Truth is dry—
Falsehood chants Truth her lullaby,
Till Truth in Falsehood's lap doth lie
Aswoon—asleep.
And swoons and sleepeth on and on;
For Falsehood, rising on the morn,
Obscures, as early mist the dawn.
The light of Truth.

June, 1893.

MEEMY.

I saw thee pass away, my own true friend,
In all the matchless glory of thy days!
I watched, with anxious eyes, the frosts descend
About thy path, encompassing thy ways;
Till all the snows, that gathered 'round thy head,
Had weaved for thee, in silence, Meemy dear,
On yonder Hill amongst the countless dead,
The grave wherein thou sleepest and fore'er!
Oh, how my soul has sorrow'd at thy flight!
With trembling hands, across thy placid breast
I laid thy wasted arms that, many a night,
In childhood days, had lulled me back to rest—
For all thy sweet, unselfish love for me
I pay thee back a thousand tears, Meemy.

August, 1893.

THE STORM.

The calm is broke—how darkly frowns the
night!

The wild winds whistle through my cottage
door;

And, like a thousand cataracts, foaming white,
The billows shout and roar!

And deafening thunders rend the skies and
crash:

I hear each far-off prophesying peal;
And fitful gleams of lightning, flash on flash,
The gates of Heaven reveal.

Wild is the scene, and dark the eve and cold—
See how the freighted clouds yon heights in-
vade!

No stars to-night their sweet communion hold
In those vast realms of shade;

But gloom is o'er the land; and, far and wide,
The storm-clouds, frowning, o'er the Heav-
ens extend;

I hear the deep, weird moaning of the tide,
And lo! the rains descend.

Down swoops the mighty shower amain!
The Palm Trees shake and shiver in the
blast!

Apace, apace the driving hurricane
Sweeps o'er the land aghast,
And the rain falls thick and fast.

November, 1893.

THE SONG OF SILVER.*

I've ben ousted by the Senate,
 Where I've known nor had relief
 Since "them" Democrats came in and sate
 Upon me like a thief!
They held the Wake before I died,
 And rang my knell and tolled;
 They dubbed me *base*, my worth denied,
 And howled for brother Gold!

I heard the cries of: "Down the wight!"—
 "The Metal White to hell!"
 I stood my guns: I knew my Right,
 I fought, and, fighting, fell.
 But why the rumpus?—why the rows?—
 The long debates—gee whiz!—
 That made the Senate and the House
 With lucubrations dizz'?

For *I'm taken by the hands of all!*
 I've been *counted* as of worth
 E'er since I left my native thrall—
My boundless Mother Earth!
 I'm courted everywhere and sought;
 I keep men out of debt;

* Lines inspired by the repeal of the Sherman Law
 in the United States Senate.

'Twas with my stuff the Cup was wrought
 Dunraven tried to get!

Some put me in heir pockets for wealth,
 I'm pocketed by "sum!"
 I'll be the poor man's friend and health
 From now till Kingdom come.
 Yet I'm banished into exile,
 The desert ore to range!
 But, hold my friends, just wait a while—
 You'll come to me for *Change*.

November, 1893.

THE CHRISTMAS SERENADE.

What sounds were those that stirred the morn-
 ing air—
 That snatched me from the glowing hours
 of sleep;
 That, loud and shrill, voluptuous and clear,
 Swelled on the morn, re-echoed on the deep?
 'Twas the voice of Song that, floating from
 afar,
 Blent with the murmur of the sad sea rim;
 I heard the plaintive moaning of the bar—
 The sweet, exultant swelling of a Hymn!

Then all my soul, enraptured and elate,
Half dreamy caught the burden of the Song
That swelled all loud before the Chaplain's
gate—
Sweet were the words that lighted on each
tongue,
That Christmas morn beneath the starlit
Heaven:
"Peace upon earth, and Good Will toward
men."

December, 1893.

MIDNIGHT ODE TO THE DYING YEAR.

The year is dying—dying fast:
I hear the Minster-Bells a-ringing.
By the wayside of Time, all weary, aghast,
While the world is up and singing,
Lies the old year dying fast.

Calm is his furrowed brow and pale;
All thick the mists are gathering 'round him;
From the dreamy West, like a soft Summer
gale—

The West where a red, lone star grows
dim—
Comes the Old Year's dying wail.

Hark! on the midnight, hushed and still,
I hear the parting footsteps of the Year
All light as the ripples of a babbling rill—
A million torches, burning clear,
Escort the Old Year down the Hill.

December, 1893.

MY AMBITION.

All men have their own ambition—I have
mine:

'Tis not to soar to realms of regal heights,
Nor mingle with the long glittering line
Of persecuting Monarchs, Lords and
Knights:

I hold all these the pageant of a day!

Nor yet to don me with a Mammon's Crest
Is my ambition—far loftier than they!

I'd sing the songs my neighbors love the
best;

And, singing, swell the ballad loud and long.

Till some poor mortal, bending 'neath the
 load
 Of griefs and cares find comfort in my song—
 I'd help a fallen brother on the road—
 Be humane, charitable—my name write then
 Upon the hearts of all my fellow-men.

February, 1894.

I'M GOING HOME.

I'm going Home—I'm going Home—
 My boat lies moored upon the land;
 I hear the sound of the surging foam
 Break—break on the golden strand!
 And the voice of the wind, all loud and shrill,
 Like the wail of the whip-po'-will,
 A-calling me Home—"Come Home!"

I'm going Home—I'm going Home:
 To my Home o'er the crystal floods,
 Whence my weary bark nevermore shall roam;
 But beneath sweet flowers and buds,
 And Myrtles that forever are green,
 I'll sleep till God doth gather me in
 At last 'neath His shining Dome.

Weep not for me when I am gone
 To that Haven of peace and rest,
 Where the noon-day sun, shining on and on,
 Never sinks to the dreamy West;
 But come with the flowers thou reapest in
 Spring
 To brighten the spot where I sleep, Darling;
 And leave me a-dreaming on.

April, 1894.

I LOVE TO WANDER.

I love to wander through the trackless woods,
 To quaff the fragrance of the opening buds,
 And hear the gentle lowing of the kine—
 The lambs' cold bleating—the rustle of the
 pine:
 Sweet are those solitudes beyond the strife
 And rush and tumult of the City-life!

I love the mountain-paths, the meadows
 green—
 The sweet romantic grandeur of the scene.
 I love to dwell the hills and dales among—
 To catch the spirit of the song that's sung
 By every vine and waving branch around—
 To feel the God-like silence—sweet—profound.

To hold communion with the sun-kissed hills,
 And hear the music of the rippling rills;
 For here no scandal-tongues the ears invade—
 'Tis sweet repose and rapture in the shade!
 For in those boundless paths and forests dense,
 All things commune with lofty eloquence.

April, 1894.

THE PRESENT.

Oh, thou, perturbed and all too fleeting Present!—

Thou keeper of the Secrets of the Past!—
 All swift thou goest, like the Bedouin, bent
 On some grave mission—hurrying through }
 the blast

And storm and tempest of thy fading hours,
 That, one by one, thou givest up to swell
 The wealth and harvest of the Years—Time's
 dowers—

Tell me, Oh, thou mysterious Present, tell!
 What knowest thou of the Seasons and the
 Years—

Of all the days and ages yet to be?
 For 'fore thy Throne, o'erwhelmed with many
 fears,

I crouch and shudder lest the wrath of thee
 Should bid my captive soul, this hour,
 away;
 Tell me, for thou art Master of To-day.

May, 1894.

THE PAST.

Oh, thou, soul-sad, irrevocable Past!—
 Ten thousand wrecks lie scattered at thy
 door—
 I dream, ofttimes, of all the things thou hast
 Of mine within thy illimitable store.
 But foremost in the ruin and the rack
 Of all the years now gathered 'round thy
 head—
 Amidst thy grief-worn paths I see, alack!
 The wasted, pallid faces of my dead.
 All these, Oh, thou, relentless Past and sealed—
 When thou, the Future, Present, shall be
 One—
 To thy heir-regnant Future wilt thou yield,
 Clothed in new life, another course to run?
 Or wilt thou keep—forever keep them
 all?—
 Tell me, Oh, Past, for I grow skeptical.

May, 1894.

THE FUTURE.

Oh, thou Future!—sing me thy song all low,
Thou stern, mysterious Arbiter to be;
What hast thou in thy giving to bestow?—
Or Death, or Life Eternal thy decree?
I speak not of the plenitude thou hast
Of living dowers and bounties to bequeath;
But when the years are gathered in, at last,
Oh, claim me from the “sluggish clod,” and
breathe,
Once more, within my crumbling form and
dust
Life’s sweet ambrosial spirit that, from the
dream
And bond of Death, awakening, I may burst
Forth into immortal Day, beneath the gleam
Of the far-fair vistas of that glorious sphere
Whereof have sung the Prophet and the
Seer.

May, 1894.

I WONDER.

Ofttimes I gaze into the starlit sky,
In the tranquil night, elate,
And wonder if, beyond those shining orbs on
high,

Another destiny for me doth wait—
If there, beyond the cold ethereal space,
Where a thousand stars are gleaming,
I'll find the Haven and the tender Grace
Of God, in my last long dreaming.

June, 1894.

SO THEY SAY.

Some Poets, they say, are jealous of each other;
Though each unto each should be brother.
Let a Poet just ask, sir, of one of his crew
An opinion of such and such poem—or two,
“They are gems!” he will answer, but—
whew!—
Let a Critic approach him—
The Lord help the poem!—
With praises for each line and letter!
That Bard, sure enough,
Will declare, “It’s all stuff!”—
That, “A child, two years old, could do bet-
ter!”
Tho’ he not as much, I’ll bet, Sir.

June, 1894.

AWAKE.

Awake and up, Sydanna!

See!—o'er yonder mountain brown the sun
is shining.

Awake and up, Sydanna,

And hie with me, for my heart is sad and
pining!—

Pining for thee that thou sleepest thus soundly!

Hark!—dost thou not hear from yonder
Belfry, dear,

The hour of noon a-tolling all profoundly?

Awake! awake! thy new-born boy is here—

Here with a thousand smiles to greet thee—

Smiles born from out that wonder-world of
pain!

Here with a thousand hopes—ah, woe's me!

What doubt and terror flash across my brain,

All weary grown with sad misgiving—

Misgiving born as sudden as the storm,

And thunderbolts and jagged lightnings, riving

Italian skies, when Summer suns are warm.

Thou wakest not, Sydanna!

Last evening's buds in the noon-day sun are
gleaming—

Buds that for the love of you

Yield flower fragrances distilled with dew

Of last night's heaven, where every star was
dreaming,

And the moon not e'en the weeping clouds
shone through!
For Sorrow was of moon and star and me,
Sweetheart, all for the love of thee.

December 5th, 1894.

I DREAMT OF THEE.

I dreamt of thee the live-night-long:
I dreamt that thou wast fair as ever!
I heard thee sing the old, sweet song
That we twain once had sung together.

I saw thee by the front porch standing—
I heard those mighty billows roar!—
And as I stepped upon the landing,
We weaved our wreaths of kisses o'er.

Bathed was thy face in Summer's glory;
Around us played our little band,
While we two spake our old love-story,
With heart to heart, and hand in hand.

But to my dream the awakening came
And swept my soul from thine asunder!
And then my life once more became
The prey of grief, I'm sinking under.

For Day me bringeth nought but sorrow—
 Night soothes my soul with balm of rest;
 For then I dream, perchance to-morrow
 I'll once more clasp thee to my breast,

To say some loving words unspoken—
 Repair those graver moods of mine!—
 To give thee, sweet, this one last token:
 I loved thee with a love all thine.

June, 1895.

A PLAINTIVE LULLABY.

Lullaby, lullaby—child, I'm in sorrow!
 Sleep, baby mine, till the dawn of the day;
 Down into Dream-land go roam till the mor-
 row,
 A-dreaming of Mother, who's far—far
 away!
 Far, far away, where, in raiments of glory,
 She watches thy slumbers, and guards thee,
 my boy—
 Far, far away—but I'll tell thee the story;
 I'll tell how my life was bereft of its joy—
 Bereft of its sunshine, and love unawares—
 When Time weaves around thee his garland
 of years.

Lullaby, lullaby—child of the morning!

List, baby mine, to the song of my heart—
There where the stars are all brightly adorn-
ing,

Is where thy sweet Mother now dwelleth,
apart!

Sleep, baby mine, the sweet slumber of child-
hood;

No fond Mother's kisses shall ever be thine!
Nor when thou awakest from boyhood to man-
hood,

Wilt hear the soft ring of her voice all
divine!

For the songs she had sung thee are blending
above

With the songs Angels sang her, and won
her, my Love.

June, 1895.

BACK TO MY ISTHMIAN HOME.

Back to my Isthmian home—

Back to the scenes of my boyhood!

Where my weary feet, every evening roam

The sad, lone paths where once *she* stood,

In all the glories of her prime—

In all her loveliness sublime!
 'Twas then we twain, my Love and I,
 Like playmates on a Summer's day,
 Together wandered, hand in hand,
 Adown the wave-washed, pebbled strand,
 And the world was one sweet May.

Back to my Isthmian home—
 Alone—for my Love lieth sleeping!
 No exile from his Tiber-watered Rome
 Hath wept as I am weeping!
 "Back"—I hear the palm trees sighing—
 "Back," the mighty billows roar;
 I see the crimson sunsets dying
 As in the happier days of yore.
 And stars are born to light the skies—
 The silver crescents burn and wane,
 And gladdening Summer suns arise;
 But my true Love comes not again!
 Gone is the Mother of my flock—
 Gone my counsellor and my friend!
 I stand, as on a lonely rock
 Some shipwrecked mariner waits his end.

Back—where once my Love and I
 Together watched the sunsets dying,
 'And spake of days that, drawing nigh,
 To kindred hearts would find us hieing.
 But now I sit and dream alone,

Till, in the building of the dream,
 I win her back all Heavenly grown;
 And then my Love doth living seem!
 But soon the dream-wove spell is broken:
 I feel the kiss she gave me last—
 I hear the sad farewell, half spoken;
 And then the Past is mine again,
 With all its bitterness and pain.

August, 1895.

SO YOU'VE HEARD THAT MY HEART
 IS PLIGHTED.

So, you've heard that my heart is plighted?—
 That my love is born again?
 And the love that my soul first lighted
 Lies dead at a new Love's fane?

Have you heard that the Sunsets' glories
 Yesterevening burnt the East?—
 If you have, sooner heed such stories
 Than believe me'n love, at least!

Have you heard that the Ships of the Ocean
 All inverted sail the blue?

Have you heard that the Earth's swift motion
Hath paused 'round the Sun's disk too?—

Well, yes, methinks I'll marry
When Heaven swings wide for me
The gates where my Love doth tarry—
The gates of Eternity.

August, 1895.

I SEE THEE NOW, SYDANNA.

I see thee now, Sydanna—
Flushed with the glories of thy girl-days'
prime!
A wealth of rose-tints on thy cheeks, Sydanna;
And in thy violet eyes, sublime,
A love, that was for me,
All boundless as the sea—
A love that loved all time.

I see thee now, Sydanna—
Not as thou art—amongst the countless
dead!
But as thou wast, in days of old, I see thee:
A gold-curl cluster circling thy head,
And on thy face divine,

The smile that e'er was mine—
The smile that comforted.

I saw thee last, Sydanna—
The light all faded from thy blue-pale eyes;
The kiss of Death upon thy face, Sydanna—
Upon thy brow, the star of Paradise!
Thy smile, not as of old;
Thy dream-head aureoled
With halos of the skies.

I see thee now no more!
And nights are mine without one guiding
star,
Or silver moon, or pearly cloud, Sydanna—
Even the days without one sunbeam are!
For thou, whom Death hath won,
To me wast star and sun
And moon, no cloud could mar.

I'll see thee nevermore!
Nor hear the tender cadence of thy tongue,
That stirred such music in my soul, Sydanna,
My very life with Angel-chords seemed
strung;
But those glad-golden days
Are dead for me always.

October, 1895.

ONE YEAR A-GONE.

My soul is wrapped to-night in gloom,
Deep as yon clouds the heavens wear!
I sit within a cheerless room,
And lisp some solemn words of prayer
To Him Whose Will will e'er be done—
God rest her soul in peace, I prayed—
I weep for her whom God hath won,
Until I see her all arrayed
In garb of peace, all heaven-made.

One year ago; and yet meseems
'Twere yesterday my life's own light—
The first Love of my boyhood's dreams—
Passed, like the Sunsets, into Night!
Yet the world laughs on, all heedless
Of my sorrow, and lonely am I!
Yet sorrow is but loneliness:
I lift my soul to heaven on high
For comfort, but there is none nigh!

One year ago—wherefore I sit
To-night, my body spent with fast—
My soul with meditations lit;
Mine eyes all wet with tears of last
Year's Sorrow, communing with the dead—
I call her vision out the sod;

And, when my soul's half comforted,
I give her back unto the God,
Who giveth—taketh—I keep the Rod.

December 4th, 1895.

MY SHIP SAILS OVER THE BLUE.

I've just seen the children—bless them!
I've just bade them all adieu;
I've just kissed the children—spare them;
And my Ship sails over the blue.

I've just left them all—God keep them
From Sorrow and pain and rue!
I've just left them all a-weeping
'Cause my Ship sails over the blue.

I've left them, my loved-ones, dreaming
Of days that were brief and few—
Of days that were reft of sorrow,
Till my ship sailed over the blue.

I've left them—Oh, how they wept o'er me,
And clung to my arms and flew!
How my hands they chafed, and caressed me
Ere my ship sailed over the blue!

I've left them—I go with my sorrow—
 Mine eyes all bedimmed with dew—
 My soul dreaming dreams of the morrow
 I'll return o'er the boundless blue.

March, 1896.

CUBA LIBRE.

Cuba libre! Cuba libre!
 Full many a heart is crying.
 For *Cuba libre, Cuba libre,*
 Her brave, bold sons are dying.
 For *Cuba libre* sings the world—
 For Cuba sings a Singer;
 What though my Muse's wings are furled?—
 A song soul-deep I sing her!
 I wing the anthem wide and free
 Across the boundless waters;
 And, singing, pray for Liberty
 For Cuba's sons and daughters.
 Then stand ye Spartan Cubans—stand
 On the battle field and gory,
 And, for the love of thy dear land,
 Strike—for her freedom—glory!
 To arms! To arms! your Mothers cry;
 To arms! your children prattle—
 To arms! To arms! the drums beat high,

And the bayonets clash and rattle!
They come—they come, the banded train;
The foe your gate is thralling—
They come, they come, and the bright red rain
O'er the land ye love is falling—
To arms! to arms! the widows cry;
To arms! your children prattle—
Where Gomez and Maceo lie,
Go pledge your souls in Battle.

June, 1896.

ADDRESS TO THE SKY.

Oh, realm of promised bliss!
Unfold to me thy secret, hidden lore,
That I may read the myriad stars that kiss
Thy meek, mild face, and, reading, weep no
more.

Illimitable sky!—
To-night all prodigal of moon-wrought
sheen—
I fill my spirit with the things that lie,
Perchance, beyond thee—things that once
have been,

But are no more of earth,
 This grief-worn planet, where the sons of
 men
Are born to suffer, and where life is dearth,
 And death is nigh, and tears fall as the rain!

Art thou, O boundless space!
 The far, fair bourn, where the freed spirits
 dwell?—
Where kindred souls, beneath thy eternal grace,
 Awake and quicken, and where all is well?

I lift mine eyes to thee!
 And in the hurrying clouds—that blot and
 blur
Thy stars and cold, pale moon—that follow me,
 I trace the visions of the things that were,

And weave them in a dream!
 Then, all my soul, deep-laden and o'er-
 fraught
With things as many as the stars that gleam,
 Lies racked beneath vain questionings and
 thought.

June, 1896.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

The winds are up with litanies,
And the Sailors' hymn swells high;
And the billows free
Are chanting their glee
As my Ship goes sailing by.

The stately prow dips gracefully
In the white baptismal sprays!
And the "Don" doth speed,
Like a breathless steed,
O'er the fathomless, boundless ways!

For my children all are watching
For the signal from the sea—
Oh, each one doth wait
At the Garden Gate
With wreaths of kisses for me.

Then, speed my Ship o'er the waters!
Haste, haste, o'er the surging foam!
For my soul doth long
For the old sweet song
Of my little loved ones home.

Oh! I'm sailing, sailing, sailing
In the track of the sea-weed now;

And my heart beats high
At the helmsman's cry
Of "Land on the starboard bow!"

And the birds poise on the topmast
With a message sweet for me;
And the Blue Peaks rise
'Gainst my native skies
Like sentinels on the sea!

Oh, I'm sailing, sailing, sailing!
And my big Ship hails the morn;
For her flags wave high
To the land where I
And my widowed-love were born.

Oh! I'm sailing, sailing, sailing
To my home by the Caribee,
Where affections flow
And the true hearts glow
With a deathless love for me.

July 22nd, 1896.

THERE'S JOY UPON THE SEA TO-DAY.

There's joy upon the sea to-day :
See how yon billows rise,
 And lash my ship,
 And bound and skip,
And mount up to the skies !
And, one by one, they follow us
Across the boundless sea ;
 Till ship and wave
 Together rave—
Vie for supremacy !

The white-capped billows sweep the decks,
And dash the vigilant crew ;
 In myriad bands
 They clap their hands,
And lift us o'er the blue !
Till down we go, and up we come—
Poised on the heaving sea :
 My ship nor minds
 Nor wave nor winds,
But dashes for the lea !

There's joy upon the sea to-day :
Dream-clouds festoon the skies ;
 And underneath
 This God-wove wreath
My ship, triumphant, flies.

For every wind of heaven is up
To speed my ship along—
 To marshal me
 Across the sea
With music and with song.

The glad waves lift the hurrying keel!
The "Medway" cleaves the foam.
 The sun has gone,
 The stars are born—
To-morrow we'll be home!
Home again with my loved ones—
Oh, Helmsman, guard the helm;
 My children wait
 With souls elate—
Oh! steer me safe to them.

Oh, Helmsman! safe across the deep—
Helmsman; the night wind moans;
 The tackle sings,
 My brave ship springs
High in the stellar zones!
And sways and bounds up to the night
To chase the vanishing stars—
 Speeds on her way
 To reach the Bay
With buntings on her spars.

I'm sailing back to Love again—
Love, boundless as the sea—

To Love that's kind,
To Loves that bind
Immortal wreaths for me—
To Home, to Love, to Home again—
To hearts all tried and true!
Oh, side by side,
Each one doth bide
My ship across the blue.

I'm dreaming dreams of 'phemeral joys,
Weft of the mid-night's loom:
I hear the din
Of children in
My *Sydna-Cottage* room!
They're donning it with roses sweet,
And fairy palms and spice—
With mottoes such
As but Love's touch
Could fashion in Device.

There's joy upon the sea to-day—
And gladness on the shore:
Six hearts aglee
All wait for me
To welcome me once more.
Methinks I hear their tambourines'
And pop-guns' wild alarms!
With hearts aglow
Of Love's true flow
They'll take me to their arms.

With wreaths of kisses twined for me
They wait to greet me back—
 Upon the moor
 Or by the door
They're watching for the hack.
I hear their stormy prattling
Re-echo o'er the brine:
 And in the row,
 Says Lucille, "Now
The first kiss shall be mine!"

There's joy in many a heart to-day!
My native hills loom high;
 The sea-gulls pass
 And chant their mass,
And, hurrying, homeward, fly
With a message to my loved-ones—
God bless them!—hear that drum!
 The pop-guns' blare,
 The children cheer,
"Hurrah! dear Father has come."

January, 1897.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Last night, there came to me
A message o'er the azure sea ;
So soft it came across the brine,
I scarcely dreamt it could be mine—
An Angel's had been less divine !
It came, that eve, like some stray chord
Of music, struck by the Lord !
It was to me so heaven-fair,
I felt my soul dwelt otherwhere :
The stars a brighter silver wore ;
The waves sang sweeter on the shore—
The full-round moon, Saint-white above,
Reflected back, meseemed, the love
That came that night to me
In a message o'er the sea.

Out of this message sweet,
A thousand buds beneath my feet
Burst forth into immortal flowers,
That wove a dial of golden hours
And days about me, till my path,
With Love's delicious aftermath
Was myrtle-heaped, and redolent
Of Love's new Spring, whose sweetness blent
With strange, soft odors, till the night,
That was with moon and star sheen dight,
Betime seemed one vast Araby

Of blended scents, whose witchery
Did fill my soul with harmonies
And silver-throated symphonies,
That held my soul in subtle bond
And prison of song—my Muse beyond.

I only felt—can *only* feel:
What have I of the gift and skill
Of poesy, to frame in song
The cadences my spirit throng?—
Aswoon with joy, of late no part
Of me, I took unto my heart
The message sweet, and left it there,
Where love shall blossom lily-fair!
Where never boreal winds, astir,
Shall chill the love I have for her—
Nor Arctic snows my love buds blight;
But like a star, burnt in the night,
Our love in our own heaven shall glow
To light our little world below—
I know not why I love her so!

Nor how it came to pass
I met her at the dying mass
Of day, beneath the trellised porch,
The evening sun's expiring torch
Had kissed with many a golden ray—
Or what compelled my feet that way?
I only know that in her manse

I found me soon by some strange chance
Of Fortune, or happy circumstance!—
In converse, many-thinged, we fell;
And as I rose to part, I pressed
My whole heart in her hand, for quest
Of Love, methought I saw, dream-wise,
Across the Heaven of her blue eyes.
Then, out in the dim twilight I went—
Aglow was all the Occident,
As though the drowsy West, low-bent,
Had caught the spirit and the fire
Of all my longing soul's desire! —
And so, with thoughts of her I'd won,
I walked home at the set of sun
That eve, with hopes new love had spun—
I know not how this love begun!
I only know that soon she crept
Deep in my heart, where she was kept
A prisoner of Love's prison cell,
Where she, forevermore, shall dwell.

August, 1897.

THE OPERA CLOAK.

Over the waters blue, Love—
O'er the fathomless, boundless sea,
I send thee a token of love unbroken—
My love undying for thee.

'Tis a token, Love, that's woven
In the loom of the heathen "Chinee"—
Oh, each silken thread, that the deft loom hath
wed,
My heart binds nearer to thee!

And so, may the folds of the Cloak, dear,
A-flowing thy shoulders above,
Thy delicate form, from the stress of the storm,
Protect now and ever, my Love!

Then, here's the Cloak, and my Song, Love—
My song that is born of thee!—
The gift and the token of Love unbroken—
My love undying for thee.

October, 1897.

WAITING.

She waits for me—Alethia—
Where the sunbeams kiss the noon;
Where the glad winds moan,
In a sweet, soft tone,
He cometh to his own love soon.

She waits for me—Alethia—
Where the Southern Cross shines through,
And the sun doth vie
With the light of her eye,
And the sea with its violet-blue.

She waits for me—Alethia—
Where the south-wind woos the sea—
Where the Palm Trees loom,
And the violets bloom,
She waiteth, my Sweetheart, for me!

She waits for me—Alethia—
By the south-bound hall alone,
Where, heart unto heart,
We'll each impart
The love that was never full known.

She waits for me—Alethia—
By the hall-way 'cross the green,
For the love that's due
O'er the boundless blue—
For the Ship that'll soon come in.

October, 1897.

THE WIND, THE WAVE AND ALETHIA

Over the fathomless, boundless sea,
A wind one morn went sweeping—
Over the wide and refluent tide,
Where an infant wave lay sleeping.

And it said to the Wave, "Sweet Wave, I
crave,
Thou comest with me a-roaming
Across the sweep of the purple deep—
Over the waters foaming."

Quoth the Wave to the Wind, "My lute and
thine,
Then string to a tension ringing
With songs so sweet that the sea-gulls fleet
Pause raptured with our singing."

And we'll sail away—far out to a Bay
That Love each day is limning—
To a lady fair, with dream-gold hair,
We'll go sweet songs a-singing."

And the Wave and the Wind sailed o'er the
brine—
Across the Carib fleeting,
Till on a shore where Love bounds o'er,
They sang their songs of greeting.

(Sang the Wind.)

Oh, lady fair, with dream-gold hair,
 I come o'er the woodlands speeding—
 Over the lea, over the sea,
 I come at Love's own pleading.

I've roamed the meadows and 'prairies
 through—
 I've kissed every leaf and flower;
 And on my wing sweet spice I bring,
 And rose-scents for thy bower.

I've come whence my brother, the North-Wind,
 wails
 And frets for thee through the gloaming—
 Where Solitude, in brotherhood
 With Love, for thee sits moaning.

Oh, lady fair, with dream-gold hair,
 I come with Myrtle teeming—
 This love-wove wreath for thee, 'Aleth',
 I bring with love-stars gleaming.

I've roamed the valleys and mountains blue—
 I've come o'er the waters fleeting—
 Over the vales and hills and dales,
 I come with Love's sweet greeting.

(Sang the Wave.)

*O Love, O Life, O Love, soon wife—
O Love, with gold hair streaming—
With violet eyes that mock the skies,
The stars' and crescents' gleaming!*

*I come from alien lands afar;
And, on my bosom heaving,
I bring for thee, from over the sea,
A message of Love's giving.*

*From Love that sings of thee all through
The long, sad nights and lonely,
The sea near-by, where Love and I
Keep fellowship and only.*

*A thousand dreams are ours, 'Aleth,'
Of joys, reft of all sorrow—
Dreams of a day that Love doth say
Foretell a sweet to-morrow,*

*When every wind of heaven and I,
Responsive to Love's pleading,
'Across the sea shall bear to thee
Thy Love, triumphant, speeding.*

*I know thy secret well, for Love and I—
'At nights when stars went spooning*

*The palm-trees through that rim the blue—
Have held our sweet communing.*

*So, lend thine ear—that's my message;
For now thy lips Love merits;
I give thee this and this and this—
The kisses Love inherits.*

November, 1897.

FAREWELL, SWEETHEART.

Farewell, Sweetheart—ten thousand sad fare-
wells!

Over the boundless deep thou'rt speeding—
Far from thy alien home, where thine own
Love dwells—

Far from the heart, that for thee's left bleed-
ing!

Thou wilt not see me in the morn :

Thou wilt have left me all forlorn—

Thy ship a-sailing o'er the sea—

Thyself, Sweetheart, full many a mile from
me!

Farewell!—my heart doth grieve that thou
shouldst go;

But when thou art gone, far away, I alone
Will stray by the banks where the waters flow,
To catch, from out the billows' ceaseless
moan,

The far-off echoes of thy voice—
Some message from my own Love's choice—
To tell me, Sweetheart, thou art well—
Good-bye!—God bless thee, and farewell.

December, 1898.

THEY'RE GOING.

They're going—

Ten thousand myrtled-wreaths go with
them!

With rosaries kiss-strung to overflowing,
They go, and my heart with them.

They're going—

With blessings manifold—Oh! God go with
them,

His image mirrored in the billows' flowing,
The passionate tides to stem.

They're going—

Hush! Let's sing it to the fathomless sea!
Let's wing the song unto the waves, imploring
Their mercy—clemency.

They're going—

Last night I read it in the star-jewelled
skies;
And something fell, belike a dew-drop glowing,
From out n. soul-sad eyes.

They're going—

Come—a prayer, a benediction and a psalm;
Winds of the North, South, East and West!
cease blowing—
Billows of the waste, be calm.

For they're going—

The tender offsprings of two loves divine—
They're going where two loves converge, un-
knowing
The depths of each one—mine.

They're going—

Before my door the lilies droop and weep;
'And hearts are grieving too because they're
going,
Their loved-ones o'er the deep!

They're going!

The morrow's sun'll set, and stars pearl-pale
be born;

And other suns shall rise, new bride-morns
wooing;

But, Oh!—the children shall have gone.

December, 1901.

A TOAST.

Hands all 'round!

And hearts while the bowls are flowing;
For it's many years—just twenty years
Of a Love of long, long wooing.

Hands all 'round!

For to-night their hearts are glowing
With two souvenirs—the gifts of years—
Living dowers of God's bestowing.

Hearts all 'round!

Hearts filled with a true love growing;
For it's many years, through nights of cares,
Their vigils we've been knowing.

Then, it's glass all 'round!
A toast and a wish ere going:
Here's health to them—long life to them!—
Rich harvests from their sowing.

February 2nd, 1902.

A MEDITATION.

'Again new moon the heaven doth dight;
The drowsy stars, with sleep aswoon,
All abdicate the throne of night
Unto the Regent Moon.

Peace broodeth on the azure deep—
The peace some hearts with joy had stirred:
The peace they've not—will never reap
Through thought or deed or word.

Swiftly the days speed on and on—
The sunsets hoard their wealth of gold,
Till in the flood of years are gone
Our hopes and longings manifold.

'April, 1902.

I'VE SET MYSELF A LESSON TO
LEARN.

I've set myself a lesson to learn:
'Tis hard; but I'm a dunce at best—
My slate is all a-blur and worn
With Friendship's interest!

Nathless I wait—with tearful gaze
I pierce the starry world on high,
And fervently I pray that days
Of better things be nigh.

For in this voyage of blinding dark,
Head winds and seas my Craft assail!—
God send my storm-tossed, fragile bark
In safety through this gale.

April, 1902.

NEW YORK.

I've just been a guest of the waters;
I'm just now from over the sea—
A wife and two sons and four daughters,
And a lazy coon 'compained me!

I've just seen the sights of a City
That Sleep buildeth only in dreams!—
Palaces, Sky-Scrapers gidly,
And Sunday newspapers by reams!

And Autos all madly careering
Through Avenues, Streets and Har-lem!
And "L's" where men sit all *don't-caring*
For ladies who stand up 'fore them.

Last night I went down into Dream-land,
And I took all the children with me;
We frolicked and played on a gold strand—
New York is the ideal for me!

It's the City of Cities—the City
My soul goes out to in refrain;
Oh, I would that my pen were but witty
To limn her my love, as I'd fain.

But I sing to her, light though my song is—
I dream of those months holidays!—
The Suppers, "Wild Rose" and "Quo Vadis,"
And Races a-down Sheepsh. Bay.

I've visited lands o'er far waters—
Seen women, the fairest of fair;
But to me North America's daughters
For beauty stand foremost, I swear!

I've travelled from Calais to Dover—
To Paris and London and Cork;
But give me, ten thousand times over
All other great Cities, New York.

July,, 1902.

IN DREAM LAND.

Last night I dreamt the world was sorrow-
grown;
That Peace, whereof so few had little part,
With fruitless vigils bent, had, weary flown
And furled her wings beyond the strife-full
mart,

Where Peace was aye; for in this pearly realm
Of Comfort-Thoughts, wherein she'd sought
to dwell,
Empire was hers, and swift responsive helm,
That no rude tempests shook, nor aught
befell.

Late, failure had been her part and many tears;
For all the stormy passions of Love's soul

Peace had essayed to quell, thro' years and
years,
Their bondage broke fierce as yon Ocean's
roll!

And dreaming on—my soul a-swoon with
sleep;
And yet, perchance, I might have been
awake,
So real the dream—methought I heard, full
deep,
The sound of voices twain that troubled
spake:

A thousand plaints seemed theirs who converse
held!
And, peering thro' the Night, all moon-star
aureoled,
For knowledge of the ones that thus rebelled,
I saw, wasted by conflicts manifold,

The crouched form of Peace, all hoary grown!
No wealth of morn illumed her tear-spent
eyes—
'Midst waste of night, and crumbled column-
stone
She sat, a-weary, down—nevermore to rise.

Dreaming — until the dream seemed half a
Creed—

I turned and gazed, when, lo! before Peace
stood
Love, that once was Love, but since had
mutinied,
Severe—bereft of Love's beatitude!

Love spake no more to Peace, grown idol-
dumb;
For all Love's Words seemed kindled into
flame,
That silent stirred Love's soul to mad delirium,
Unconscious whose the praise and whose the
blame.

Dreaming, weeping, dreaming—weeping in-
tense!
I dreamt that Peace lay dead, that Love,
heart-broke
And whelmed with tears, too late, of penitence,
Beside dead Peace sat down, when lo! I
woke!

September, 1902.

THE MYSTIC NINE.

He's lily-fair,
With golden hair—
His eyes, soft-blue—skin, mellow;
He's a prize-show boy—
His parents' joy;
In sooth, he's a lovely fellow!
He came to us at the hour of two—
On the third day of September
To swell my e'er increasing crew
By one more little member.
Oh! he came, the sweet lad,
And all hearts are glad—
E'en the stars sing a song of greeting!
And the waves on the shore
Chant of one life more
From God's, to our own keeping.

September, 1902.

THE BALLAD OF A COAL MINER.

(To Mr. Capital.)

So, you've lost once more, Mr. Capital?
You've lost, and you'll lose again!
For Labor's not the Chap at all
To be treated with disdain

It is true I'm but a poor Coal Miner—
You're king of your millions, ten!
But I'm Labor, and a strong Combiner
For the Rights of my fellow-men!

Can you burn gold-bars, Mr. Capital,
When the weather is all a-freeze?
Can you run your Trains or Ships at all
When the Coal-shafts stand at ease?—

You're freezing to death, Mr. Millionaire!
But what is your wealth 'gainst Coal?
'All your Steamers' dates are out of gear,
And your Yachts at anchor roll.

You've lost, and the strife is ended—
We've won—would you grudge us?—say,
You've never in your life descended
A shaft with your men one day! —

You live on your Lordly rations,
And banquet on your dream-grape wines,
Oblivious of the sad privations
Of the men in your dank coal mines!

You've lost, and it's past—here's my hand,
Sir—
Here's my hand, though the blame is yours;

Here's my hand that has won for you lands,
Sir,
And your millions by the scores.

October, 1902.

SO LET IT BE.

Well, perchance 'tis best:
Friendships they come and go
Like wave-breaks on old Ocean's breast—
Lost in the ebb and flow!

And so let it be!
Oh, I ween it boots not!
For Truce is only Truce to me
When everything's forgot.

And yet, hath he aught—
Aught to forgive—forget?
I've never wronged him in one thought—
In deed or one word yet.

Yes, we once were friends—
Friends staunch and tried and true;
But then the flame that forged twain ends
In One, is dead in Two.

Coffin the corpse, then;
 And dust to dust heap high!
 I sing no dirge nor weep Amen—
 To me he's *dead* for aye.

December, 1902.

NIGHT.

Out of the dreamy West, Night came again—
 The heavens surplined in the white of stars,
 And moon that dropped soft showers of argent
 rain
 O'er the glad waters and the moaning bars.

Musing I sat, then 'round my day-worn soul
 I drew the peaceful pinions of the Night,
 And left my longings to the stern control
 Of Fate—and looked back to a fallen height!

I made no murmur; but watched the white
 moon wane
 Beneath a cloud—no harbinger of calms!
 Then, as a Mother soothes her child in pain,
 The meanwhile-darkness soothed my soul's
 alarms.

Comforted, I gave my soul up to the Night—
A thousand martins twitter on the trees;
The billows glistened 'neath the moon-beams
white—
Sweet was the music 'neath of the bugle-
breeze.

Then, back I took my soul again, and
dreamed—
Dreamt of my loved-ones o'er the boisterous
brine!
I traced each lineament till each face seemed
Around me gathered, with their loves divine.

The moon waned; the stars in heaven grew
blind;
The waves lay pillowed on a peaceful sea;
Hushed was the music of the North East
wind—
The martins dreamt bird-dreams, and I—
well, ah! me.

December, 1902.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(1902-1903.)

Comrades, draw your chairs around me—
Come a-near, and let's review,
O'er this wassail-bowl and holly,
Grim old Nineteen Hundred, Two—

Grim with War and burning Lavas —
Grim with Death, oh! Mount Pelee!
Forty thousand *Aves*—*Aves*,
Soared in vain to heaven and thee!

We, too, home have had our sorrow:
Crimson rains 've fallen like dew!—
I, myself, have had my morrows
And my days and nights of rue!

But it's New Year's Eve, my Comrades;
Brim the wassail-bowl again!
Sing until the Halls of Decades
Tremble with the glad refrain—

Sing—but, hark! Old Year is dying:
Hark the echoes o'er the sea
Of the Church Bells prophesying
New Year, Nineteen Hundred, Three!

Hush the Song and cease the revel!—
One tear to our kindred dead;
Toss to absent ones a wassail:
Toast the land our footsteps tread.

Drink to Friendships purer—truer,
Round this Ring that's almost bare:
Hands are missing, friends are fewer,
Thus the Circle thins each year.

Pass the bowl!—but, man, you're weeping!
Did the music of the bells
Stir your tears, awake some sleeping
Memories of sad farewells? —

Did you wander back to Childhood?—
Friends, I've long since walked that way;
For Old Time my brow has furrowed,
And my locks have grown all gray.

Hands all round!—the time is flying—
Draw the Circle nearer—near;
Hark the bells—Old Year is dying —
Dead, my Comrades!—Happy New Year.

A CAT'S OBITUARY.

'Twas only a Cat;
But what of that?
We loved her and cared her well!
She was Lucille's joy,
And Ivan's toy,
And Leonie's Cinderell'.

A Chair was her bed,
Where she slept and fed—
Manœuvred in mimic fights!
She was no cat-thief,
For she had roast-beef
At morning, noon and nights.

She was full tame—
Well, she had no name—
Baptismal one, I mean;
"Pussy," "pussy" was she
To Leonie and me—
To Lucille she was Queen.

But there came a day,
I'll mind alway,
She picnicked with us by Train,
Till at Mindi nigh,
The folks screamed high,
"The cat has a fit again!"

I had just read done
 A New York Sun—
 To the Kit at once I hied;
 I found her aswoon
 In a fit, and soon
 In my hand the poor kit died!

So, up on a hill,
 Where the winds distil
 The scent of Orange and pine,
 I built her a grave—
 Dear Pussy! I crave
 A cat-heaven peace be thine.

March 15th, 1903.

JUST A WOMAN'S WAY.

She'll be very kind to you when you are sick—
 She'll be kinder yet to you when you are
 dead:
 She'll forget your cranky notions very quick,
 And forgive you for the selfish life you led.
 She'll feel, too late, you loved her in a way
 She never knew nor tried to understand!
 She'll be sorry for the things she used to say,
 And she'll yearn to feel the pressure of your
 hand.

She'll weep for you, but not for very long;
For soon another one will take your place;
And she'll sing to him the sweetest kind of
 song,
As she holds him in her tender, warm em-
 brace.

For few brief months, but just for Fashion's
 sake,
She'll don the epicedial mockery,
Whose place the gold and crimson soon will
 take,
As one scene takes another's in a comedy!

She'll be happy with her newest, latest rings—
To the next man, how she loves him she'll
 confess:
Oh, she'll tell him: "You're an Angel without
 wings"—
As her new toy to her bosom she doth press.

She'll soon forget the grave upon the Hill;
And weeds will run where flowers were wont
 to grow—
She'll think of him no more who used to thrill
Her heart at his home-coming and saddened
 as he'd go.

May, 1903.

TO SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

So, you've come again, Sir Lipton,
A-chasing your pet-dream?—
You've come again, for you're hipped on
"America's" Cup, 'twould seem.

For it's thrice you've crossed the ocean
To battle for the Cup,
And it seems you have no notion
Of giving your pet-dream up!

With *Shamrocks One* and *Two* you came
And now you've brought the *Third*;
But she will have no easy game:
"Reliance" is a "bird!"—

A dream, a swan on the water!—
A fiend till she is done!
If you don't look out she'll slaughter
Your "Shamrock Third" each run.

In Twice times One you got it where
The chicken got the ax!
In Three times One, Sir Tom, beware
Of how you make your tacks!

For the Yankee Boat's a demon!—
A holy terror 'mongst Yachts!

She has no lubbers for sea men,
But "Salts" and lightning knots.

I am a true born Britisher,
And yet I've gloried in
Your two defeats, but now I'm for
And with you in this spin!

For of the Sportsmen I have met
You are the King, I trow—
Dunraven tried his best to get
The Cup—got left—*you know.*

I'm betting all I have on earth
This time, Sir Tom, on you;
So whistle, Sir, for all you're worth,
And wake the winds up—do!

And spread your canvas for'ard—aft,
And warn your bloomin' crew,
They'll have to lick the Yankee Craft,
And lift the Cup for you.

August, 1903.

THE SLATE'S REDEMPTION.

Last night, I sat me down full wearily—
Dreamt of my heart-aches, sorrows and my
pain!

And yet, in sooth, I looked more cheerily
Upon the world—saw one bright star again.

I sat me down, and counted all the years
Of "Gold-barred" silence 'twixt my Love
and I!—

I took my slate again—reck'd up th' arrears
Of my late life, that seemed to multiply.

Musing, I watched the goblin-figures rise
Before my vision, westerning of late;
I did not chide myself, nor sermonize;
I only sought redemption for my slate.

Nor sought that very long; for Love, to whom
I poured my soul, in full, out yesterday—
Confessed my secret-sorrow, and the gloom
That tore my heart, had, bless her! found
the way.

And so, through Love, and one true Achates,
I lift, to-night, the burthen off my slate,
And fill my spirit with the rose-release,
Triumphant Love hath strewn before my
gate!

I make no murmur, nor complain e'er more;
 But watch the world swing 'round a golden
 ring
 Of Time and space, until each dawn doth pour
 Its flood of sunshine and bird-caroling—

Till Night, a starry thing of wonder is!—
 Belike, in sooth, the Bethlehem of old—
 The West, a-glow with dream cloud argosies
 A-sailing freighted with the Sunset's gold!

I dream no more of melancholy things,
 Nor hold sad councils with the nights—my
 soul,
 Belike some bird, from far, long wanderings
 Through darkest space, at last doth find a
 goal

Of Morning all a-flowered with delight,
 And sweet idlesse, and golden harvesting—
 Past are the weary longings of the Night,
 And dawn steals o'er me, hope a-blossoming!

Dreams within dreams of future vows are
 mine!
 The Past—of many a melancholy day,
 And sleepless nights and tears—I now consign
 Unto the Past, and cast my slate away!

For now, my heart is like the thrush's—light,
And buoyant full, and prodigal of song!—
Free as the Nightingale's, that woos the night
With cadences, and thrills the starry-throng.

And so, I sit me down in sweet content,
And tell a golden rosary of days!—
I look no more towards the Occident,
Nor weep me blind, nor plead for Time's
delays,

As once I did when all my slate was blurred
With promises that filled me with unrest!
For now, with every man my plighted word
And faith I've kept with interest on interest!

Yet Time was, dark night my ship did envelop;
But once upon the voyage, methought I saw
A friend-beam—I stretched my hand out for a
rope,
And caught—not e'en the shadow of a straw.

And yet, perchance, the glamour and the glow,
I reck'd that night and counted as a star
To guide my boatling o'er the depths, was lo!
A sneer to lure me to some sandy bar.

Nathless, my boat, triumphant, rode the tide:
The stormy passion of the night soon past!

Propitious winds my sail did fill with pride;
I steered for port—I'm anchored there at
last.

October, 1903.

A BIRD SONG.

There's a little bird that's sleeping
'Neath the cold stars of to-night;
There are tender hearts a-weeping
For a bird-soul that's a-flight!

There's an empty cage that's swinging
To the music of the breeze;
There are bird-songs ringing—ringing
In mine ears bird-memories!

There's a feed that's left unfinished—
There's a drink yet in her Cup;
But the ho, , that undiminished
In our hearts, we've given up!

There's a Hook that, morn and evening,
Woos my vision to a door
With a vain trust and believing
I shall see her as of yore.

There is sorrow in the bird-land—
 In bird-heaven, one bird more;
 There's a blessing into my hand
 That she left ere all was o'er.

There's a dream my soul's possessing:
 That, had I but known bird-lore,
 I had read, ofttimes, a blessing
 In the bird-songs, now no more.

November, 1903.

THERE ARE.

There are some people on this Earth
 With greeds all beyond compare!
 You may give them every cent you're worth
 And more they will want, I swear!

You may do for them the Ninety-Nine—
 If you don't complete the Hundred,
 Your soul unto Hades they'll consign
 For the One that you have plundered!

And, figure it out what way you will—
 By Measures, Weights or Fractions—

If you want to lose your friends, just deal
With them in money-transactions.

For, it seems to me, for all you do
For friends, when troubles come 'round,
The most you get is a kick or two,
And "cusses" just by the pound!

But I take my kicks and "cusses" with
A graceful resignation,
And bind them up in a shameful wreath
Of rank Depreciation.

November, 1903.

IN LOVE-LAND.

Give me my harp once more,
Ere yet my dreams are run:
I have a song I'd sing before
This little book is done—

A little song of life—
Of Death and deathless Love—
I'd sing in this, my garden, rife
With blessings from above!

Give me my harp, Sweetheart,
And kiss each string that, so,
From out their depths, with magic-art,
My Muse's numbers flow.

For here, within these gates
Of Love's enchanted bower,
I'd tell in song what Love relates
To me in Bud and flower—

In Bud, a clustered-three
That Love, new-born, hath doled;
In Flower, just six left unto me—
All by the Love of old!

And so, I sit in this
Small Kingdom of my own,
Contented with each living bliss,
And leave the world alone.

For in this peace-jeweled spot,
Immortal wreaths are mine;
And Myrtle and Forget-Me-Not
Two Loves around me twine.

Here, there is no morrow
That Time swings 'round a-new,
But a sun-beam doth not borrow
Out of eyes of heaven-blue;

Nor yet is there one night
That ever darkness mars,
But ebon eyes are there, full bright,
To substitute the stars!

Musing, I sit and count
Love's precious harvesting—
Some flushed with life at Youth's fresh fount—
Others, just blossoming.

Yet, here, not only Bud
And flower about me bloom:
The Weeping Willows shed their flood
Of tears o'er many a tomb!

By these, I sit me down,
Soul-deep in revery,
And plant on each a deathless crown
Of loving memory!

'And here, where Winter's snow
Hath fallen thick and fast,
I sit and watch the West a-glow
With all my suns amassed.

For on my faded brow,
Old Time hath chiselled deep
The years that are upon me now
In numbers all a-heap!

And now, Sweetheart, to thee
I leave this harp of mine—
Take it and count it as part of me,
And, when I've crossed the brine,

Come sometimes, Sweet, and wake
Upon each silent string
An echo of my voice, that take
As song to thee I'd sing.

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