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# SELECTED POETRY

VOLUME IV

THE LOVECRAFT COLLECTORS LIBRARY

EDITED BY GEORGE WETZEL

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S E L E C T E D   P O E T R Y

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# SELECTED POETRY

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

VOLUME IV  
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*SSR*

## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T

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\* A C Y C L E   O F   V E R S E

OCEANUS

Sometimes I stand upon the shore  
Where ocean vaults their effluence pour,  
And troubled waters sigh and shriek  
Of secrets that they dare not speak.  
From nameless valleys far below,  
And hills and plains no man may know,  
The mystic swells and sullen surges  
Hint like accursed thaumaturges  
A thousand horrors, big with awe,  
That long-forgotten ages saw.  
O salt, salt winds, that bleakly sweep  
Across the barren heaving deep;  
O wild, wan waves, that call to mind  
The chaos Earth hath left behind:  
Of you I ask one thing alone—  
Leave, leave your ancient lore unknown!

.....

CLOUDS

Of late I climb'd a lonely height  
And watch'd the moon-streak'd clouds in flight,  
Whose forms fantastic reel'd and whirl'd  
Like genii of a spectral world.  
Thin cirri veil'd the silv'ry dome  
And waver'd like the ocean foam,  
While shapes of darker, heavier kind  
Scudded before a daemon wind.  
Methought the churning vapours took  
Now and anon a fearsome look,  
As if amidst the fog and blur  
March'd figures known and sinister.  
From west to east the things advanc'd—  
A mocking train that leap'd and danc'd  
Like Bacchanals with joined hands  
In endless file thro' airy lands  
Aerial mutt'rings, dimly heard,  
The comfort of my spirit stirr'd  
With hideous thoughts, that bade me screen  
My sight from the portentous scene.  
"Yon fleeing mists," the murmurs said,  
"Are ghosts of hopes, deny'd and dead."

---

\* by Ward Phillips, from "Tryout," Vol 5, No 7, July, 1919



A CYCLE OF VERSE...

MOTHER EARTH

One night I wander'd down the bank  
Of a deep valley, hush'd and dank,  
Whose stagnant air possess'd a taint  
And chill that made me sick and faint.  
The frequent trees on ev'ry hand  
Loom'd like a ghastly goblin band,  
And branches 'gainst the narrowing sky  
Took shapes I fear'd—I knew not why.  
Deeper I plung'd, and seem'd to grope  
For some lost thing as joy or hope,  
Yet found, for all my searching there,  
Naught save the phantoms of despair.  
The walls contracted as I went  
Still farther in my mad descent,  
Till soon, of moon and stars bereft,  
I crouch'd within a rocky cleft  
So deep and ancient that the stone  
Breath'd things primordial and unknown.  
My hands, exploring, strove to trace  
The features of the valley's face,  
When midst the gloom they seem'd to find  
An outline frightful to my mind.  
Not any shape my straining eyes,  
Could they have seen, might recognize;  
For what I touch'd bespoke a day  
Too old for man's fugacious sway.  
The clinging lichens, moist and hoary,  
Forbade me read the antique story;  
But hidden water, trickling low,  
Whisper'd the tales I should not know.  
"Mortal, ephemeral and bold,  
In mercy keep what I have told,  
Yet think sometimes of what hath been,  
And sights these crumbling rocks have seen;  
Of sentience old ere thy weak brood  
Appear'd in lesser magnitude,  
And living things that yet survive,  
Tho' not to human ken alive.  
I AM THE VOICE OF MOTHER, GOD,  
FROM WHENCE ALL HORRORS HAVE THEIR BIRTH."

.....



\* VER RUSTICUM

"Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum Taurus, et adverso  
cedens Canis occidit astro."

—Virgil

Ye bare-branch'd groves and herbage dank and cold,  
Ye matted leaves, and vapour-breathing mould;  
Ye dripping heav'ns, that weep for Nature's pain,  
And mourn detested Winter's bereal reign:  
Hark to the note that thrills the languid air,  
And bids exhausted Earth discard her care!  
Pan, drunk with Autumn grapes, and stretch'd at length  
Upon the plain, a thing of slumb'ring strength,  
Feels the returning sun; and as a beam  
His curtain'd eye creeps o'er, and breaks his dream,  
Turns in his leafy blanket, eyes the mead,  
And stirs to sound once more the sylvan reed.  
Delighted Nature hears, and from each vale  
A faery band the genial season hail;  
Join in the dance and o'er the eager trees  
Lay sweet enchantment; while from Western seas  
Mild Zephyrus attends the call, and strews  
The greening vale with flow'rs of various hues.  
Borne on soft Auster's warm aerial tide,  
The feather'd race in gay-plum'd grandeur ride;  
With gladsome carolling delight the plains,  
And sing eternal youth in moving strains.  
Fresh with the nectar of the melting hills,  
The cool sequester'd fountain pours its rills;  
Swift flow the streamlets from the reed-grown urn,  
Raising along the marge the timid fern,  
Whisp'ring of joy to primrose-haunted shades,  
And gaily gleaming through the forest glades.  
O'er the damp wold Apollo's shafts descend  
In golden show'rs, that mercifully rend  
The Python chill of Winter, whose dread pow'r  
So lately coil'd about the budding bow'r.  
Meanwhile his rays inspire the grateful peak,  
Soothe the green valleys, and the woods bedeck;  
Gild all creation with a vernal light  
That blends with each glad scent and sound and sight.  
Now shine the hills, and valleys stretch'd between,  
And willow-fringed brooks, and groves of green;

---

\* From "The Voice From the Mountains," July, 1918



VER RUSTICUM...

Whilst in yon hollow 'twixt the shelt'ring crests  
The dear familiar hamlet calmly rests:  
In each bright roof and glitt'ring spire we trace  
A heighten'd charm, and more than usual grace.  
Now wind the verdant lanes, grass-carpeted,  
Where with their flocks the sprightly shepherds tread,  
Thence bound for sunny uplands, there to lie  
At ease beneath the azure April sky:  
O'er flowery slopes the nibbling lambkins play,  
While the young shepherds dream the hours away.  
Now bloom the hedges, and the rolling mead  
Where placid kine in tinkling comfort feed;  
Now wake the fields, whose earthy face must know  
The useful plough, and bounteous harvests grow.  
Ungrateful Man! who can such boons despise,  
Nor view the rural realm with raptur'd eyes!  
How dull the bard who flouts a pastoral theme,  
And scans his soul for some obscurer dream,  
Neglects the world for things he ne'er can see,  
And scorns the splendour of simplicity!  
Vain is his lay, whose narrow fancy clings  
To urban trifles, and unnatural things;  
Glow with false flame, and morbidly repeats  
Impassion'd nothings and chaotic heats:  
To sylvan scenes the fav'ring nine belong,  
And smile their sweetest on the shepherd's song!  
So let me seek for Beauty in the dawn  
Of April days, or on the dew-deck'd lawn  
That sleeps beneath Arcturus' evening light,  
Or in the watches of the vernal night.  
Let the fond lyre each verdurous bow'r explore,  
And sing the Nereida of the quiet shore;  
The languorous Dryads, and the Satyrs fleet,  
And bearded Pan, who leaps with cloven feet;  
And nymphs and clowns that chant Arcadian strains  
At twilight through the farmers' teeming plains.  
Let me for Beauty seek far from the strife  
Of with'ring commerce, and contested life,  
Where primal Nature wakes spontaneous fire,  
And golden fancies rouse the living lyre.  
No walls but hills the poet's shrine must own;  
No roof besides the vernal sky alone;  
No altar-flame but Phoebus, or the blaze  
Of his pale sister's nocturnal rays;  
No tapers but the stars must light the fane;



VER RUSTICUM...

No incense must the sacred air sustain  
But that which rises from th' unfolding woods,  
And flow'ring banks, and spangled solitudes,  
No hymnic strains but those of singing birds  
Or rippling brooks, or gently lowing herds,  
Or pensive croonings of the fragrant breeze  
In the tall rushes and Aeolian trees.  
So the young poet, at the close of day,  
Sang from the pansied slope whereupon he lay,  
His eyes fix'd on the prospect wide around,  
Of nodding groves, and cowslip-cover'd ground,  
And glinting streams, red with the sunset fires,  
And cottage roofs, and slender village spires,  
And verdant hillocks, gaily blossoming  
With the sweet tokens of the early spring:  
He paus'd, enraptur'd by the vernal view,  
Then in sublimer strains burst forth anew!



\* EARTH AND SKY

When the rude shepherd, thro' the starlit night,  
Watch'd o'er his flocks beside Chaldean streams,  
His eager eyes, with unexplain'd delight,  
Turn'd upward to the thousand friendly beams  
That mark'd his seasons, and in beauty bright  
Took fancy'd shapes, and pictur'd out his dreams.  
In grateful awe the simple watcher pray'd,  
And from each star a worshipp'd godhead made.

With what true pleasure must the swain have view'd  
Arcturus, climbing o'er the hills in spring;  
Soft summer gems of ev'ry magnitude,  
And blazing skies that winter evenings bring,  
When great Orion's raye, with cheer indued,  
Rob the inclement winds of half thier sting.  
He could not help but deem the wondrous show  
A boon design'd for suff'ring earth below.

When Infant Science taught us first to trace  
The sun and moon and planets thro' the skies,  
To count the almost countless orbs of space,  
And mark them as they set, or south, or rise,  
And chart the boundless blue's bespangled face,  
Guessing the changeless laws by which it flies,  
Our groping minds perceiv'd the order'd plan,  
And sought to learn of heaven's effect on man.

Alas! how long did man essay to read  
His doubtful future in the circling spheres!  
His claimed conceptions could not oft exceed  
A little sky to guide his hopes and fears;  
And all creation's glory he would heed  
But to predict his own inglorious years.  
Deluded days, when astronomic fame  
Could wreathe the temples of a Nostradame!

Triumphant Truth! What marvels are reveal'd  
When thy vast precepts penetrate the mind.  
Stupendous space, by ignorance concealed,  
Expands and shows creation unconfin'd,  
Yet that Creation—all the starry field—  
May be but one of billions scarce divin'd.  
Infinitude! Upon thy endless sea,  
What paltry waifs are mortals such as we!

---

\* from "Pine Cones," Vol 1, No 1, December 1918



## \* P R O L O G U E

The western sun, whose warm, rubescent rays  
Touch the green slope with soul-awak'ning blaze  
A thoughtful bard reveals, whose polish'd flights  
Spring from the scene on Dillon's pleasing heights.  
An ancient boulder is the poet's seat,  
A verdant vista fronts the blest retreat;  
From distant banks there comes th' elusive gleam  
That speaks the Hudson's silent, stately stream.  
Here, ere the birth of man, a granite train  
In speechless splendour rul'd the rising main;  
In later days an Indian horde desreed  
The varying fortunes of the fragrant mead.  
Here Dutchmen trod, till Albion's stronger sway  
Carv'd out the nation that we know today;  
'Twas here th' insurgent swain his king defy'd,  
And rural rebels broke Burgoyne's bold pride.  
Such is the scene, with shades historic rife,  
That HOAG, in numbers, gives eternal life!

## \*\* S O L S T I C E

Where steel and stone invade the sky  
And alien millions throng  
Yuletide recalls the hours gone by  
Like some remember'd song.

Again New England's frosty breeze  
The eye's vision clears  
And thro' a mist of memories  
The ancient town appears

The steepled village by the bay  
Where twisting lanes are white;  
Whose cottage candles twinkling play  
On snows of Christmas night.

The rolling fields, the hoary oaks,  
The road meandering lone  
By streams that stern December chokes,  
And walls of tumbled stone.

---

\* from "Tryout", Vol 3, No 8, July 1917.

\*\* by L. Theobald, Jr.; from "Tryout", Vol 9, no 10, January 1925



SOLSTICE...

The scent of pines, the scent of pines!  
And starlight on the hill—  
The farmhouse roof where Sirius shines  
When dusk is young and still!

Tonight I am at home again,  
Far from that fleshly tent  
Which breathes and walks and knows the pain  
Of scenes for me unmeant.

I am at home, beside my soul  
In that dear seaport street  
Which from the first to life's last goal  
Must be its changeless seat.

And TRYOUT, now a strong command  
I waft thro' stretching skies,  
Bidding my dull and distant hand  
Express these thoughts that rise!

\* THE GARDEN

There's an ancient, ancient garden that I see sometimes in dreams,  
Where the very Maytime sunlight plays and glows with spectral gleams;  
Where the gaudy-tinted blossoms seem to wither into grey,  
And the crumbling walls and pillars waken thoughts of yesterday.  
There are vines in nooks and crannies, and there's moss about the pool,  
And the tangled weedy thicket chokes the arbor dark and cool:  
In the silent sunken pathways springs a herbage sparse and spare,  
Where the musty scent of dead things dulls the fragrance of the air.  
There is not a living creature in the lonely space around,  
And the hedge-encompass'd quiet never echoes to a sound.  
As I walk, and wait, and listen, I will often seek to find  
When it was I knew that garden in an age long left behind;  
I will oft conjure a vision of a day that is no more,  
As I gaze upon the grey, grey scenes I feel I knew before.  
Then a sadness settles o'er me, and a tremor seems to start—  
For I know the flow'rs are shrivell'd hopes—the garden is my heart.

---

\* from "The Vagrant", Spring 1927



\* N A T H I C A N A

It was in the pale gardens of Zais;  
The mist-shrouded gardens of Zais,  
Where blossoms the white nephalot,  
The redolent herald of midnight.  
There slumber the still lakes of crystal,  
And streamlets that flow without murm'ring;  
Smooth streamlets from caverns of Kathos  
Where brood the calm spirits of twilight.  
And over the lakes and the streamlets  
Are bridges of pure alabaster,  
White bridges all cunningly carven  
With figures of fairies and daemons.  
Here glimmer strange suns and strange planets,  
And strange is the crescent Banapis  
That sets 'yond the ivy-grown ramparts  
Where thickens the dusk of the evening.  
Here fall the white vapours of Yabon;  
The thought-blotting vapours of Yabon;  
And here in the swirl of the vapours  
I saw the divine Nathicana;  
The garlanded, white Nathicana;  
The slender, black-hair'd Nathicana;  
The sloe-eyed, red-lipped Nathicana;  
The silver-voiced, sweet Nathicana;  
The pale-rob'd, belov'd Nathicana.  
And ever was she my belov'd,  
From ages when time was unfashioned;  
From days when the stars were not fashioned  
Nor anything fashion'd but Yabon.  
And here dwelt we ever and ever,  
The innocent children of Zais,  
At peace in the paths and the arbours,  
White-crowned with the blest nephalote.  
How oft would we float in the twilight  
O'er flow'r-cover'd pastures and hillsides  
All white with the lowly astalthon;  
The lowly yet lovely astalthon,  
And dream in a world made of dreaming  
The dreams that are fairer than aidenn;  
Bright dreams that are truer than reason!  
So dreamed and so lov'd we thro ages,  
Till came the cursed season of Dzannin;  
The daemon-damn'd season of Dzannin;

---

\* by Albert Frederick Willie; from "Vagrant", Spring, 1927



NATHICANA....

When red shone the suns and the planets,  
And red gleam'd the crescent Banapis,  
And red fell the vapours of Yabon.  
Then reddened the blossoms and streamlets,  
And lakes that lay under the bridges,  
And even the calm ababaster  
Glowed pink with uncanny reflections  
Till all the carv'd fairies and demons  
Leer'd redly from backgrounds of shadow.  
Now reddened my vision, and madly  
I strove to peer thro' the dense curtain  
And glimpsed the divine Nathicana;  
The pure, ever-pale Nathicana;  
The lov'd, the unchang'd Nathicana.  
But vortex on vortex of madness  
Beclouded my labouring vision;  
My damnable, reddening vision  
That built a new world for my seeing;  
A new world of redness and darkness,  
A horrible coma called living.  
So now in this coma call'd living  
I view the bright phantoms of beauty;  
The false, hollow phantoms of beauty  
That cloak all the evils of Dzannin.  
I view them with infinite longing,  
So like do they seem to my lov'd one:  
Yet foul from thier eyes shines thier evil;  
Their cruel and pitiless evil,  
More evil than Thaphron or Latgoz,  
Twice ill for its gorbious concealment.  
And only in slumbers of midnight  
Appears the lost maid Nathicana,  
The pallid, the pure Nathicana  
Who fades at the glance of the dreamer.  
Again and again do I seek her;  
I woo with deep draughts of Plathotis,  
Deep draughts brew'd in wane of Astarte  
And strengthen'd with tears of long weeping.  
I yearn for the gardens of Zais;  
The lovely, lost gardens of Zais  
Where blossoms the white nophalot,  
The redolent herald of midnight.  
The last potent draught am I brewing;  
A draught that the daemons delight in;  
A draught that will banish the redness;



NATHICANA....

The horrible coma call'd living.  
Soon, soon, if I fail not in brewing,  
The redness and madness will vanish,  
And deep in the worm-people darkness  
Will rot the base chains that have bound me.  
Once more shall the gardens of Zais  
Dawn white on my long-tortur'd vision,  
And there midst the vapours of Yabon  
Will stand the divine Nathicana;  
The deathless, restor'd Nathicana  
Whose like is not met with in living.

\* THE POET OF PASSION

Pray observe the soft poet with amorous quill  
Waste full half of a sheet on vague inspiration.  
Do not fancy him drunk or imagine him ill  
If he wails by the hour of his heart's desolations:  
    'Tis but part of his trade  
    To go mad o'er a maid  
On whose beautiful face he his eyes ne'er hath laid—  
And the fond ardent passion that loudly resounds,  
May tomorrow in Grub Street bring two or three pounds.

\*\* LINES FOR POET'S NIGHT AT THE SCRIBBLER'S CLUB;  
CLEVELAND, OCTOBER 13, 1923

A night for poets! send us, pow'rs above,  
A proper moon to light Aonia's grove!  
What's that—you tell me by the almanack  
It sets at eight? I'll take my pleading back!  
Sure, there's no need for sun or moon to shine  
Where wit and genius here in numbers join!  
Pox on't what luck! Must I be helpless bound  
To languish distant from the genial sound;

---

\* by Louis Theobald, Jr., from "Tryout" Vol 3, No 7, June 1917  
\*\* from "National Amateur"; Volume XLVI, No 3, January 1924



LINES FOR POET'S NIGHT...

Chained to my hearth, whilst Erie's templed shore  
Throbs to the tones that burning lutes outpour?  
Such was the Fate's decree—but Gad! I'll beat 'em!

Friends, Scribblers, Bards! Excuse my Doric Strains,  
And rustic couplets coarse as clanking chains:  
Awkward, unpolish'd, left from former times,  
I came to Praise, not emulate, your rhymes!  
Unstudy'd zeal my ancient bosom fires,  
And all my fancy kindles at your lyres.  
How shall I name ye, whose commingled art  
Tonight as one vast chorous charms the heart?  
Some are old friends, yet in your waxing band  
I spy new faces, bright on ev'ry hand:  
'Zounds! But the Muse engulfs us ere we know it,  
And all the town but me is grown a poet!

Yet one there is, whose radiant visage beams  
With the rapt glow of more than common dreams:  
Whose eyes are mellow with a prophet's light,  
And wide and wise from many a cryptic sight;  
Whose voice the gods a crystal song have made,  
Whose thoughts are fauns from Temple's arbours stray'd:  
Hail to thee, LOVEMAN, ev'ry Scribbler's pride,  
And soon to conquer all the world outside!

LOVEMAN, what throat but sings thee without end?  
The Delian minstrel and the loyal friend;  
Adorn'd with gifts that might a monarch thrill  
With vaulting pride, yet kind and modest still!  
Set to thy praise, Invention hangs her head,  
And warm sincerity descants instead!  
To thee, blest bard, the greenest bays belong—  
Scantly enough for thy Saturnian song!  
Thy soul it is, that down the ages leads  
Untarnish'd hymns from Atlantean meads.  
Thou, thou alone hast heard the piteous cry  
Of bury'd Gods that 'neath the mountains lie;  
Deserted Gods that in far caverns weep,  
Or haunt thier sunken temples in the deep:  
'Tis thine to know, and knowing keep ablaze  
Thier exil'd altars thro' ungrateful days:  
Thine to aspire—till Pan, once more released,  
Shall bless his fellow and exalt his priest!



LINES FOR POET'S NIGHT....

Bright as the moons that o'er the Aegean wave  
To island fanes a godlike splendour gave,  
Thy chords ecstatic light the years behind,  
And bring those fanes and noondays back to mind!  
For thee no broken columns strew the plain,  
Whose wizard song restores them fresh again:

Palace and temple, plinth and colonade;  
Ewer of gold, goblet of carven jade;  
Winged brazen lion, sphinx of diorite,  
And marble faun, an ode of living light;  
Ionian moonbeams, bow'rs of naxian vines,  
Weird trains of Maenads, drunk with Thasian wines,  
Rites that the gods themselves half-fear'd to see,  
And fever'd pomps of Phrygian sorcery;  
Vistas of cities in the sunset clouds,  
Black halls of Pharoahs in thier nighted shrouds;  
All that had pow'r to lift the mortal soul,  
Maim'd on the rack of time, thou giv'st us whole!

I pause abrupt, bewilder'd by the beam  
Of lucent loveliness from such a theme.  
Forgive, ye throng, the dotting partial eye  
That picks your chief, and seems to pass ye by—  
All I include, and split me! who can pray  
A loftier symbol than our LOVELYMAN lay?  
A poet's night! egad, with so much splendour  
I vow the title is a rank pretender!  
Rather a poet's cresset, where as one,  
Your joint aurora shames the midnight sun!



\* CINDY: SCRUB-LADY IN A STATE STREET SKYSCRAPER

Black of face and white of tooth,  
Cindy's soul has lost its youth.  
Strangely heedless of the crowd,  
O'er her mop forever bowed:  
Eyes may roll and lips may grin,  
But there's something dead within!

Brow serene—resigned to Fate—  
Some three hundred pounds in weight—  
Cindy wields a cynic's broom,  
Thinking not of hope or doom.  
For the world she cares no more—  
She has seen it all before!

Cindy's always dressed in red,  
With a kerchief round her head.  
What may blight the damsel so?  
Watermelon, work or woe?  
Tho' her days may placid be,  
Glad I am, that I'm not she!

\*\* THE DEAD BOOKWORM

Good Morning, Winewell! Heard the news?  
(Have a cigar—the sort I use!)  
Yes—it's old Bookworm—queerish chap—  
He's dropped off for his final nap!  
I hadn't seen him for a year—  
But then, you know, he was so queer!  
A temp'rance crank— confounded ass!  
He frowned upon the social glass.  
And such a bore! 'Twas scarcely strange  
He rather dropped out of our range.  
Books-books-books- week in, week out!  
He'd nothing else to talk about!  
They sometimes said his health had failed him!—

---

\* by L. Theobald, Jr.;  
from "Tryout", Vol 6, No 6, June 1920

\*\* by John J. Jones;  
from "United Amateur", Vol 19 No 1, Sept. 1919



THE DEAD BOOKWORM....

I thought 'twas laziness that ailed him!  
He wrote—they tell me—quite a bit;  
I knew he had a caustic wit,  
But hardly thought 'twould ever do  
For literary stuff—did you?  
I guess the stuff was pretty raw—  
'Twas in no books I ever saw!  
Remember when he was a lad?  
A queerer chum we never had!  
He'd not a thought akin to ours—  
But showed off his precocious powers.  
I always said—though as a friend—  
He'd some day come to a bad end!  
That fellow never seemed to thrive—  
I guess he was but half alive.  
Now that he's gone, I wish I might  
Not thus have let him drop from sight—  
But pshaw! he cared for reading only,  
And couldn't have been very lonely!  
Well, now it's over! (Hello, Jack!  
Enjoy your trip? I'm glad you're back!)  
Yes—Bookworm's dead—What's that? Go slow!  
Thought he was dead a year ago?  
No—it just happened. (Have a match?  
These lucifers are hard to scratch!)  
I hate a death! And—oh, the deuce!  
That fellow always was no use!  
Seen my new racer? It's a winner!  
I'm going home to dress for dinner!



\* AVE ATQUE VALE

To Jonathan E. Hoag, Esq.  
February 10, 1831 — October 17, 1927

Wild on the autumn wind there comes a crying  
As from some mountain spirit griev'd and lone,  
And thro' the woods resounds a deeper sighing  
Than throbbed last night for summer overthrown.

Vapours of grief the waning moonbeams deaden  
That glint upon Dionondawa's spray,  
And in the steeple all the chimes are leaden  
That toll o'er village square and hillside way.

The old farm home and rustic school seem blended  
With phantoms strange and wistful, wave on wave,  
While on a spectral peak there fades untended  
The last weird campfire of the fabled brave.

Legend and song, and memory's ancient treasures  
Slip half away, and glimmer more remote,  
Robb'd of the life that SCRIBA's magic measures  
Breathed in thier souls, and echoed in each note.

For he has paused amidst his crystal singing,  
Melting into the sunset's mystic gold;  
He, who with doric accents sweetly ringing,  
So long had charm'd us with his tales of old.

Poet whose annals were themselves a poem;  
Legate to us from brighter years than ours;  
Beacon to all who had the boon to know him;  
Silver of head, but wreathed in springtime's flowers.

Gentle and kindly, blest with upright vision,  
Valiant for truth and loveliness and right;  
Learned and wise with active mind's precision  
And radiant with the artist's lyric light.

Lib'ral, yet stern when sternness was a duty;  
Mellow with humour's quaint enliv'ning glow;  
Eager and tender with the love of beauty,  
And courtly with the grace of long ago.

---

\* from "Tryout", Vol. 11, No. 10; December 1927



AVE ATQUE VALE . . . .

Honour's own self, whom many an honour garnished;  
Scion of proud Columbia's staunchest line;  
Thrilled with the wonder of a youth untarnished;  
Aw'd by the works of Nature's vast design.

Minstrel of cottage hearth and cloud-capt mountain;  
Fond, sprightly laureate of days long gone;  
Teller of secrets of the woodland fountain  
And hopeful prophet of future a'dawn.

Ninety and six the years he bore so lightly,  
Close to the cherish'd fields that gave him birth;  
Think him not old, whose spirit burned so brightly,  
One with the ageless things of heaven and earth.

Think him not old, nor think him even vanish'd,  
Tho' now his well-lov'd form be laid to rest:  
Can deathless song by Azrael's hand be banished,  
Or lifelong vision cease its starward quest?

Then let the mountain wind bewail no longer,  
Nor lasting gloom shroud any scene he knew;  
He is still here, his olden song but stronger,  
Fix'd in the fulgent world his fancy drew!



\* THE DREAM

Respectfully Dedicated to Master Consul Hasting

As t'other night young Damon lay  
A-dreaming o'er his studious day,  
To his lone couch there stole with grace  
The likeness of his Delia's face.  
Above his raptur'd eyes it hung,  
And round his heart a magic flung;  
Till all the gifts of heav'n seem'd blent  
In one fair figure slight extent.  
The nymph (tho' fair enough in truth)  
Shone doubly to the spellbound youth,  
For in her childish look there gleam'd  
A score of charms he only dream'd.  
Who shall with fitting pencil draw  
The vision that young Damon saw?  
The task is sure beyond my skill,  
Whose nights such visions never fill!  
Fancy a visage young and fair,  
With ev'ry goddess' mingled air;  
A lip that envious Graces lack,  
And matchless eyes of lustrous black.  
Tresses of silk, as dark in hue  
As summer midnights sweet with dew,  
And a slim form whose robes of white  
Trail'd by like clouds of filmy light.  
This Damon saw, and as he gaz'd,  
His love to ardent lustre blaz'd;  
The bending nymph he dimly view'd,  
And blessed the pleasing solitude.  
Closer the lovely phantom came,  
As brighter burn'd the stripling's flame;  
Till ere her kind intent was known,  
The vision's lips had touched his own!  
In bliss the conscious youth essay'd  
To clasp this form his dream had made;  
But such rude haste all spells must break,  
So Damon started broad awake.  
"Delia!" he cry'd, "return, return,  
To quench the fires that in me burn!"  
But empty space repeats his cries.  
And only mem'ry fills his eyes,  
Transported thus, young Damon swore

---

\* by 'Edward Softly', from "Tryout"; Vol 6, No 9, Sept. 1920



THE DREAM.....

His nymph in virtue to adore:  
With sounding oath he vow'd that ne'er  
To well-known sports would he repair.  
Charisiys' banquets, rich with wine,  
He vow'd for ever to resign;  
The games, the dice, the friendly cup,  
All these forthwith he must give up.  
Sustain'd by vows, he sought the street,  
Nor could a saint more vows repeat!  
That evening as he called to mind  
The virtues of the day behind;  
The solemn rigour of his tread,  
The wines untouched, the jests unsaid,  
Young Damon sought to pass the time  
Now grown so dull, by scribbling rhyme.  
With hard-pushed quill he strove to tell  
Of comely Delia's magic spell;  
Of love, and youth, and such affairs  
As bards concoct to kill their cares,  
But sad to say, 'twas soon made clear  
That verse was nor his proper sphere;  
Tho' great the pains a bard may take,  
Fine dreams will oft poor dactyls make!  
The hour grew late, but still the swain  
To write his thoughts essay'd in vain;  
When sudden all his virtues new  
Burst in a curse and fled from view.  
Cry'd he, "How vast a dunce am I  
To put my solid pleasures by!  
If dreams my soul to good impel,  
I'll dream my virtuous life as well!"



\* YE BALLADE OF PATRICK VON FLYNN

Or, The Hibernio-German-American England-Hater

"Germanis ipsis Germaniores"

Attind ye all me wonthrous tale, an' Oi will tell to you,  
Of how an honest Oirishman into a Proosian grew.  
'Twas nigh on twinty year' ago Oi lift me native bog  
To seek in these majestic States a place to earn me grog.  
Sure, wurrk was aisy found fur me, fer Oi'm a clever man;  
Oi earnt so much Oi soon cud buy me whiskey by the can.  
Wid half a dozen other licks, a merry, dhrinkin' crew,  
Oi used to hang around shebeens and currese Ould England blue!  
Jist why Oi hate the Englishmen, Oi don't remember quoite,  
But Jimmy Dugan's grand-dad says they've ne'er used  
Oireland right.

Sure all they iver done fer us was civilize our land,  
An' we've no use for sober laws, but all fer fraydom shtand!  
How glad will be the fateful day whin England last draws breath,  
An' good Ould Oireland shall be free—to drink herself to death!  
Now comes the cruel, cruel, warr, wid German's runnin' loose.  
Sure, here's the toiem to make a shtir, an' give some more abuse!  
Us Oirish have no love fer Dutch, but side with Germany  
Because she hates Ould England most as fiendlishly as we!  
We know der Kaiser'd treat us wurse than England iver done,  
But sure, if we used England roight we'd lose our sweetest fun!  
There's somethin' in the Oirish hearrt that niver bows to rules;  
At jooty's call we tache our sons sedition in the schools.  
Last night the Germans hereabouts all gathered in a hall,  
Wid German flags above the stage, an' Kaisers on the wall.  
Oi don't know what they wanted, but so far as Oi cud see,  
They were hoched der Kaiser and enjoin'd "noothrality".  
They all denounc'd the President an' currs'd the Yankee laws  
Fer bein' too un-noothral loike to hilp the German cause.  
Thin they shtarted afther England, an' me hearrt bate quick  
with proide

As about "foul British perfidy" they babbled an' they lied.  
Oi thought we Oirish cud invint the rankest Billingsgate,  
But wonthrous arre the fishy yarns thin Dutchmen kin relate!  
Me frinds what had come wid me was so mov'd wid martial ire,  
They cluster'd round the rusty shtove to argue and perspire.  
Oi grew so pathriotic thot I took me hat in hand  
An' shouted "Hoch der Kaiser, und das dear ould Vaterland!"

---

\* by 'Lewis Theobald, Jr.', from "Conservative"; April 1916



YE BALLADE OF PATRICK VON FLYNN....

Bedad, we'll lick thim Britishers within a fortnight sharrp,  
An' jine on one triumphant flag the aigle an' the harrp!  
Thin all began to fraternize; McNulty and von Bohn—  
O'Donovan and Munsterberg, von Bulow an' Malone.  
In Baccic bonds our pact we seal'd; in harmony sarayne  
We sang at once "Die Wacht am Rhein" an' "Wearin' av the Grane."  
Old von der Goltz pick'd up a brogue; in Dutch young Dooley sang;  
Mid Prussian an' Hibernian shtrains the ancient rafters rang!  
Now all at once a magic seem'd to creep into me bones—  
Me whiskey-mellow'd Oirush voice burst forth in Prussian tones!  
Oi felt a shtrange sinsation, and in fancy seem'd to see  
Instad of dear ould Shannon's banks, the gently rippling Sprec—  
No, not the Spree ye think Oi mane, but that which softly flows  
Through glorious Deutschland's grassy leas, where warr and  
kultur grows.

Ochone! Ochone! Where am Oi now? What conflict am Oi in?  
Do Oi belong in Dublin town or back in Ould Berlin?  
A week ago me son was born; his christ'nin's not far off;  
Oi wonther will I call him Mike, or Friedrich Wilhelm Hoff?  
'Tis hard indade fer one loike me to know jist where he's at;  
Oi wonther if me name is Hans or if it shtill is Pat?  
But let me bore ye all no more; the proper course is clear.  
Oi'll slanther England all Oi dare, an rayson niver hear.  
A loyal "noothral" Oi shal be in all me wurlds an' worrk,  
An niver shpake excpt to praise the Dutchmen and the Turrk!



\* PACIFIST WAR SONG—1917

We are the valiant Knights of Peace  
Who prattle for the Right:  
Our banner is of snowy fleece,  
Inscrib'd: "Too Proud to Fight!"

By sweet Chautauqua's flow'ry banks  
We love to sing and play,  
But should we spy a foeman's ranks!  
We'd proudly run away!

When Prussian fury sweeps the main  
Our freedom to deny;  
Of tyrant's laws we ne'er complain;  
But gladsomely comply!

We do not fear the submarines  
That plow the troubled foam;  
We scorn the ugly old machines—  
And safely stay at home!

They say our country's close to war,  
And soon must man the guns;  
But we see naught to struggle for—  
We love the gentle Huns!

That through their hireling Greaser bands  
Invade our southern plains!  
We well can spare those boist'rous land,  
Content with what remains!

Our fathers were both rude and old,  
And would not live like brothers;  
But we are of a finer mould—  
We're much more like our mothers!

---

\* by 'Lewis Theobald, Jr.'. From "Tryout"; Vol 3, No. 4, March 1917.



\* THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE MODERN BUSINESS MAN

With apologies to W. Raleigh, Esq., in "Tryout" October 1916

If all the world and love were young,  
And I had ne'er before been "stung",  
I might enough a dullard prove  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But promis'd "autos", Love's rewards,  
Turn out to often to be Fords;  
And though you vaunt your splendid yacht—  
'Tis but a row-boat, like as not!

Your silks and sapphires rouse my heart,  
But I can penetrate your art—  
My seventh husband fool'd my taste  
With shoddy silks and stones of paste!

I like your talk of home and touring;  
They savour of a love enduring;  
But others have said things like that—  
And lead me to a Harlem flat!

So, dear, though were your pledges true  
I should delight to dwell with you;  
I still must as a widdow rove,  
Nor live with thee, nor be thy love!

\*\* WARD PHILLIPS REPLIES

"The Conservative acknowledges a communication from Ward Phillips, Esq., whose recent ulalumish poem entitled "Astrophobos" was so unfavorably contrasted with Mr. Kleiner's "Ruth" by a reviewer in the May United Amateur. Mr. Phillips would make it plain, that if he so desired he could work with perfect ease in a simpler, tenderer, and more popular medium; and as an answer to his critics he has graciously favored this office with the following effusion, in the meter and manner of his distinguished contemporary:

---

\* by Lewis Theobald, Jr., from "Tryout"; Vol 3, No 3, February 1917  
\*\* from "Conservative"; Volume 4, Number 1.



G R A C E

With Unstinted Apologies to the Author of "Ruth"

by Ward Phillips

In the dim light of the unrustled grove  
Amidst the silence of approaching night,  
I saw thee standing, as through boughs above  
Filter'd the pencils of the dying light.

Grace! I had thought thou wert by far too proud,  
Too harden'd to the world and all its pain,  
To pause so wistfully, with fair head bow'd,  
Forgetting all thy coldness and disdain.

But in that instant all my doubts and fears  
Were swept away as on the evening breeze,  
When I beheld thee, not indeed in tears,  
But racked and shaken with a mighty sneeze!

\* TO GREECE, 1917

Ye sons of Greece! by true descent ally'd  
To Athens' glory, and to Sparta's pride;  
Heir to the spark that set the world ablaze  
With new-born Freedom's first awakening rays;  
Children of Hellas, from whose deathless heart  
Sprang all we have of wisdom and of art;  
Can ye, unblushing, bear upon your throne  
A slave of gods and cultures not your own?  
Heav'ns! would Pelides, foremost in the fray,  
Bow thus to Thor's and Woden's frost-mad sway?  
Would Agamemnon drop his glist'ning shield,  
And passive to barbarian Wilhelm yield?  
Shame on thee, Constantinius! reign no more,  
Thou second Hippias of the attic shore!  
Rise from your tombs, ye Marathonian slain!

---

\*from "Vagrant" No. 6; November 1917



TO GREECE, 1917.....

Ye shades of Salamis, adorn the main!  
Appear, ye matyrs of th' embattled free,  
Whose sacred mem'ry guards Thermopylae!  
With ancient valour teach your native Greece  
To scorn the Goth, and spurn a coward's peace!  
As once your hands, invincible and just,  
Smote tyrant Xerxes prostrate in the dust;  
Disarm'd th' oppressor, and preserv'd the brave;  
Snatched infant Europe from a Persian grave;  
So may ye now against the despot stand,  
And stir the sleeping glories of your land!  
Need any tongue before your ears rehearse  
The monstrous menace of the Vandal curse?  
Need bard or prophet sound the mourning lyre,  
Or Delphic riddles rouse your smould'ring fire?  
Behold the teuton, threat'ning in his guilt  
The laws and arts your matchless Athens built;  
Your laws and arts, by Roman prowess spread  
Through grateful Europe, and to Britain led;  
By British pow'r sent o'er the ocean crest  
Where young Columbia rules th' expansive West;  
Gaze on the Hun, his bestial cohorts hurl'd  
Against the freedom of a Grecian world!  
See great Italia soar again to fame,  
Till monarchs shudder at the Roman name;  
See fiery Gaul achieve a nobler height,  
And show the neighb'ring nations how to fight;  
And proud o'er all the rest, with ties renew'd  
See brother Saxons cow the invading brood!  
All these behold—these scions of your mind—  
Shall Hellas, source of all, remain behind?  
Say not, ye Greeks, that those bold men are gone  
Who yesteryear your conquering hosts led on;  
Say not your plains of heroes are bereft,  
Nor cry that Clisthenes no heir hath left;  
False is the tongue that such a slander gives  
To Grecian soil, while VENIZELOS lives!  
With such a chieftain should your country know  
The fame and liberty of long ago;  
Once more would tyrants meet their well-earn'd fate,  
And Grecian freedom bless the Grecian state:  
A Cretan Pericles the helm would hold,  
That Greece might sail to glory as of old!



TO GREECE, 1917 ....

Cloud-crown'd Olympus! may thy godlike train  
Rule as of yore, and haunt the groves again;  
May Zeus, with thundrous scourge the martial scene  
Where Woden tramples o'er the unhappy green;  
May arm'd Athena with her aegis soar  
Above the phalanx of encroaching Thor,  
While gruff Poseidon's trident, pois'd with care,  
Smite the dread serpent in its ocean lair!  
Gods! Heroes! Men of Greece! at last come forth  
Against the crawling hydra of the North:  
Achaia's pow'r eternally endures—  
The past, the blood, the leader, all are yours!

\* LINES ON THE 25th ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE PROVIDENCE EVENING NEWS, 1892 - 1917

As some staunch citizen of wit and worth  
In manhood's prime surveys his life from birth;  
Casts o'er the changing scene a backward glance,  
Content to make the well-spent years' advance;  
Our patriot page tonight the post reviews,  
Pleas'd with the bays that justly crown THE NEWS:  
Exulting columns each bright year revive,  
And proudly cry, "THE NEWS is twenty-five!"  
Who but with satisfaction must commend  
The right's bold champion, and the people's friend?  
First in the fray to guard the public weal  
And first to mirror what the public feel;  
To homes a teacher, and to all a guide,  
Alert to serve mankind on Virtue's side:  
Its voice by factions and by mobs unsway'd,  
Unfetter'd by the chains that gold hath made:  
No man too humble to partake its smile,  
And none too learned to approve its style;  
Uncurb'd in thought, devoted to the free,  
The chosen mouthpiece of Democracy.

---

\* from "Tryout"; Volume 4, number 1, December 1917



LINES ON THE 25th ANNIVERSARY....

Scornful the pow'r of servile fear to own,  
It bows to justice, and to that alone!  
Let vaunting rivals seek with proud intent  
To shape a war, or mould a government;  
Stir the slow currents of patrician hate,  
And slight the people to exalt the state.  
Let baser minds debauch the yellow page  
With maudlin filth and half-seditious rage  
Or daub those mirthless shocks to sense and eye—  
"Cartoons" that look like naught in earth or sky;  
Our modest sheet the wiser plan pursues,  
And gives the readers what it is—The NEWS!  
Auspicious Clio! Whose unfading scroll  
Preserves the past, and keeps the record whole,  
Who twines with myrtle those deserving brows  
That hold the spark which genuine worth endows;  
Retrace the road of time, and show again  
THE NEWS, like Pallas, born from Heaton's brain;  
Recall th' ensuing years and wider plan,  
As the young daily led Progression's van;  
With loving care its rising path display;  
Point out the boons it strew'd along the way;  
Tell how its pages, with precision writ,  
Increas'd in service as they grew in wit,  
Nor fail the genius of the whole to crown,  
But grant the stateliest wreath of, Brown!  
Such is the past and present; here the tale  
Falls to the Sibyl since the Muses fail:  
What new Cumaeon, in prediction bold,  
Shall tell of half the future ages hold;  
Of greener laurels for good deeds well done,  
And lasting fame by rigid Justice won?  
If brave Integrity commands the field  
What will not soon to such pure pages yield?  
What rival is with equal care design'd  
To serve the race, and lift the gen'ral mind?  
A monarch's might the potent press commands,  
And mighty means arrogance in common hands;  
Rare is that pen, unlur'd by fame or pelf,  
Which moves unsullied, close to virtue's self.  
But this THE NEWS can claim, and with it reach  
The public vision, to advise and teach;  
Whilst in each part of life the precepts fall



LINES ON THE 25th ANNIVERSARY....

With aptness and amenity to all.  
The gratefull town with cordial warmth reveres  
The time-tried friend of five-and-twenty years,  
And fondly hopes, as in ages past,  
Each fruitful twelvemonth may outrank the last!

\* FACT AND FANCY

How dull the wretch, whose philosophic mind  
Disdains the pleasures of fantastic kind;  
Whose prosy thoughts the joys of life exclude,  
And wrech the solace of the poet's mood!  
Young Zeno, practis'd in the Stoic's art,  
Rejects the language of the glowing heart;  
Dissolves sweet Nature to a mess of laws;  
Condemns th' effect whilst looking for the cause;  
Freezes poor Ovid in an ic'd review,  
And sneers because his fables are untrue;  
In search og Truth the hopeful zealot goes,  
But all the sadder turns, the more he knows!  
Stay! vandal sophist, whose deep lore would blast  
The graceful legends of the story'd past;  
Whose tongue in censure flays th' embellished page,  
And scolds the comforts of a dreary age:  
Wouldst strip the foliage from the vital bough  
Till all men grow as wisely dull as thou?  
Happy the man whose fresh, untainted eye  
Discerns a Pantheon in the spangled sky;  
Finds sylphs and dryads in the waving trees,  
And spies soft Notus in the southern breeze;  
For whom the stream a cheering carol sings,  
While reedy music by the fountain rings;  
To whom the waves a Nereid tale confide  
Till friendly presence fills the rising tide.  
Happy is he, who void of learning's woes,  
Th' ethereal life of body'd Nature knows:  
I scorn the sage that tells me it but seems,  
And flout his gravity in sunlit dreams!

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\* from "Tryout"; Volume 3, number 3, February 1917.







