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# SELECTED POETRY

VOLUME III

THE LOVECRAFT COLLECTORS LIBRARY

EDITED BY GEORGE WETZEL

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first series  
SELECTED POETRY

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# SELECTED POETRY

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

VOLUME THREE  
THE LOVECRAFT COLLECTORS LIBRARY  
EDITED BY GEORGE WETZEL



SSR PUBLICATIONS  
North Tonawanda New York

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

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## C O N T E N T S

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To Edward Plunkett, Baron Dunsany  
To Mr. Lockhart, on his Poetry  
Autumn  
Iterum Conjunctae  
To the Eighth of November  
The Pensive Swain





\* B E L L S

I hear the bells from yon imposing tower;  
The bells of Yuletide o'er a troubled night;  
Pealing with mock'ry in a dismal hour  
Upon a world unheaved with greed and fright.

Their mellow tones on myriad roofs resound;  
A million restless souls attend the chime;  
Yet falls their message on a stony ground --  
Their spirit slaughter'd with the sword of Time.

Why ring in counterfeit of happy years  
When calm and quiet rul'd the placid plain?  
Why with familiar strain arouse the tears  
Of those who ne'er may know content again?

How well I know ye once -- so long ago --  
When slept the ancient village on the slope;  
Then rang your accents o'er the starlit snow  
In gladness, peace and sempiternal hope.

In fancy yet I view the modest spire;  
The peaked roof, cast dark against the moon;  
The Gothic windows, glowing with a fire  
That lent enchantment to the brazen tune.

Lovely each snow-drap'd hedge beneath the beams  
That added silver to the silver there;  
Graceful each cot, each lane, and all the streams,  
And glad the spirit of the pine-ting'd air.

---

\* by Ward Phillips, from Tryout, vol 5-12, Dec 1919



...BELLS....

A simple creed the rural swains profess'd  
In simple bliss among the hills they dwelt;  
Their hearts were light, their honest souls at rest;  
Cheer'd with the joys by reas'ning mortals felt.

But on the scene a hideous blight intrudes;  
A lurid nimbus hovers o'er the land;  
Demoniac shapes low'r black above the woods,  
And by each door malignant shadows stand.

The jester Time stalks darkly thro' the mead;  
Beneath his tread contentment dies away.  
Hearts that were light with causeless anguish bleed,  
And restless souls proclaim his evil sway.

Conflict and change beset the tott'ring world;  
Wild thoughts and fancies fill the common mind;  
Confusion on a senile race is hurl'd,  
And crime and folly wander unconfined.

I hear the bells -- the mocking, cursed bells  
That wake dim memories to haunt and chill;  
Ringing and ringing o'er a thousand hells --  
Fiends of the Night --- why can ye not be still ?

.....



## \* THE VOICE

On distant hills the murmur first is heard,  
Faint as the pipings of a snow-chill'd bird;  
Down melting slopes soft echoes bear the cry  
To vales and woods that yet enmantled lie.  
At night the stars with milder luster shine,  
And thro' the deeps convey th' auspicious sign.  
From all the land a mytic vapour springs,  
While by the op'ning rill a presence sings;  
Majestic trees unspoken calls avow,  
And subtle juices fill each tingling bough;  
Heaven and earth attend the rising lay,  
And own, in Pan, a greater pow'r than they.

Poor timid souls, who tediously have said  
From pen and pulpit, "Mighty Pan is dead!"  
Dull'd with the darkness of a mytic creed,  
They see the truth, but seeing fail to read.  
For them in vain the vernal breezes stir,  
Northward in vain the feather'd wanderers whir;  
Deaf with their doctrines, blind with their belief,  
Amid such joys they whine in pious grief.  
But yesterday within a willow'd dell  
I heard the fauns their precious secrets tell;  
In melting streams I saw the naiads wake,  
And spied a satyr in the budding brake.  
Sweet at the dusk, beneath young moonbeams dim,  
all the wild scene inton'd a pagan hymn;  
The mountains sang, as from their snowy shrouds  
They sprang in loveliness to greet the clouds;  
The plains responded, as they cast aside  
The graceless garments of the winter-tide;  
Groves sway'd in music, and the dryad throng  
Join'd with the bubbling fountain's liquid song,  
While far away the never-silent sea  
Added the notes it learn'd in Arcady.  
But hark! O'er every voice that softly blends,  
A deeper-note, a wilder hymn ascends!

---

\* From The Linnet, August 1920



## THE VOICE.....

Westward from shores where broken columns lie,  
A call of antique beauty rides the sky;  
"O thou whose soul th' eternal past recalls,  
"Whose eyes can pierce the present's sombre walls,  
"Remember'st still the prophecy of old  
"That annual rings in syrinx-tones of gold --  
"Remember'st thou the promise of the morn  
"The swelling tide of ecstasies reborn;  
"Once more Meenalian winds shall fan thy cheek;  
"And sea-borne voices from Arcadia speak;  
"Once more thine eyes upon the wat'ry plain  
Shall glimpse old Nereus and his green-hair'd train;  
"Thee once again upon the sylvan steep  
"An Oread band shall gently sing to sleep;  
"And to thy sight, where ferny forest lies,  
"Fair forms thro' immemorial years shall rise."

The accents ceased-- and as I glanced around,  
I drank the odours of the spongy ground;  
From peak and vale mysterious sounds convey'd  
Some potent message to the deep'ning shade;  
The sinking moon unusual shadows threw  
And formless beings ro'ld the spangled blue;  
On ev'ry hand strange men'ries fill'd the air --  
I look'd for landmarks, and they were not there.  
Yon outrag'd hill, by stack and chimney crown'd,  
Loom'd from the past, a grassy virgin mound;  
And by the stream, where noisy paddles turn,  
I saw a bearded god with flowing urn.  
With raptur'd eyes the veil of ages fell;  
Again I view'd the old familiar dell,  
While round my form a saltant, shadowy choir  
Sang of great Pan, and beauty's smold'ring fire.  
List'ning, I learn'd each long-forgotten truth  
Of gods and men, and sempiternal youth;  
And cry'd with joy to know that man's mad day  
Is brief, whilst Pan shall never pass away!

.....



\* ON THE DEATH OF A RHYMING CRITIC

My Muse attempts a doleful rune;  
Poor MACER, Sunday afternoon  
Resign'd the cares of earthly strife,  
And reach'd his last eternal life !  
A curious fellow in his time,  
Fond of old books and prone to rhyme --  
A scribbling pedant, of the sort  
That scorn the age, and write for sport.  
A little wit he sometimes had,  
But half of what he wrote was bad;  
In metre he was very fair;  
Of rhetoric he had his share ---  
But of the past so much he'd prate  
That he was always out of date !  
He lean'd to mythologic matters,  
And sang of Gods and Nymphs and Satyrs,  
Till so unvary'd grew his art,  
You could not tell his works apart !  
The modern ear he'd often pain  
With rantings in heroic strain;  
And when the town would call them witty,  
'Twas mostly out of friendly pity.  
Though much by ancient notions marr'd,  
He was a fairly clever bard;  
His numbers smooth enough would roll,  
But after all--- he had no soul !  
His pen was ever keen to fight  
For manly virtue and the right --  
But somehow he was rather weak --  
Instead of slang, he quoted Greek !  
He serv'd his purpose -- to correct  
Each rising poet's crude defect,  
And yet -- he ne'er made life the sweeter,  
For all he knew was rhyme and metre.

---

\* From Toledo Amateur, July, 1917



ON THE DEATH OF A RHYMING CRITIC....

His even verses will be miss'd --  
Though he was quite an egotist !  
Of all his views I can't approve,  
But still, I mourn with tears of love.  
My grief is deep -- since half-past three  
I've worked upon an elegy,  
Yet cannot seem to get it done  
In time to reach the MORNING SUN !  
The polish must my care engage,  
For I am promis'd the first page !  
Yes, he is gone ! I feel the sorrow --  
The fun'ral will be held tomorrow --  
My broadcloth suit I'm having press'd  
To go and see him laid to rest.  
God speed his soul ! I trust he'll rove  
In peace 'mid Seraphim above --  
And by the way, though I've been told  
He had but little wealth in gold,  
I wonder what his heirs will do  
With all his books -- they were not few !  
In truth, I know of two or three  
That could be nobly us'd by me !  
So many struggles he befriended  
That rougher bards on him depended;  
His death will still more pens than his --  
I wonder where the fellow is !  
He's in a better land -- or worse --  
(I wonder who'll revise my verse ?)  
He never left a stanza slack --  
But I could hardly wish him back.  
Tears for his loss to freely flow --  
Yet after all, 'tis better so !

.....



\* M O N O S : A N O D E

Mine be the boon to sleep  
On warm Hymettos' flow'r sweet steep,  
Lull'd by the lays that mountain torrents sing,  
And Lydian carolling  
Of choirs celestial, heard by none but me,  
A faery minstrelsy  
Of sound as subtle as the living light  
Which wings its flight  
From immaterial spheres, remote and free.

Let not intrude  
Into this sacred solitude  
Aught of the Satyr-shades of mortal mind;  
Grossness that galls, empiric thoughts that bind;  
But let my fancy soar  
Above the clouds that veil our planet o'er,  
Far from the seeming forms and dreams of earth,  
To deeps of Nature's birth  
Where pure, unparticled and splendid, course  
Th'ethereal founts of entity and force;  
And circling as begun,  
All cosmic being is as one,  
And Time, Space, Change and varied Nature blend  
In cycles infinite and without end,  
Till Reason, beaming clear,  
Sees disappear  
All that is complex, earthy, vile or drear;  
And may at last behold  
Matter and life unfold  
To Unity unbody'd and divine,  
Throughout whose fabric fine  
Beauty and Purity unsully'd shine.

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\*

From The Silver Clarion, vol 2 #7, October 1918.



\* I N S P I R A T I O N

One fragrant morn, when spring was young,  
I roam'd the glen in eager quest,  
Happy with careful eye among  
The grass to find the violet's nest.  
But not a leaf or bud seem'd sprung  
Up from the couch of wint'ry rest.  
And yet, when all my greedy search was o'er,  
By chance I spy'd the flower I miss'd before.

One night, within my chamber pent,  
I strove my fancies to enchain  
In breathing numbers, and to vent  
Some portion of my bliss and pain;  
But strife of soul my musings rent --  
The sluggish pencil mov'd in vain;  
Yet out upon the mead, the starlight brought  
The long-wish'd song, unbidden and unsought!

.....

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\* From The Conservative, Vol 2-3 October 1916  
by Lewis Theobald, Jun.



\* HYLAS AND MYRRHA, A TALE

Thro' Dorian meads, where countless beauties bide,  
A gentle river pours its crystal tide;  
Pensive but sweet the singing currents flow,  
While in each wave surpassing graces show,  
In this broad flood a tow'ring rock is seen  
Remote alike from either bank of green,  
Around its base, caressing ripples move,  
And murmur with the dulcet tones of love.  
Here the white dove, by Cyprus' goddess bless'd,  
With tender skill constructs its lofty nest;  
Whilst on the stony summit proudly stands  
A temple, looking o'er the stream-cleft lands.  
Sometimes at night, upon the river banks,  
A howling throng appear, in eager ranks;  
Of feline form, their voices yet contain  
A conscious throb, and more than beast-like strain.  
Their longing glance the rocky inlet seeks,  
While ev'ry howl a baffled wish bespeaks;  
At the cold stone their eyes enamoured gleam,  
And tongues revile the intervening stream.  
Each spring there come from all the lands around  
A virgin train, to tread the sacred ground;  
In many a boat they reach the templed isle,  
To pray for Cytheraea's fav'ring smile;  
And there 'tis said the Paphian Queen imparts  
A balm that heals their love-distracted hearts.  
Hither one day, by vagrant fancy brought,  
I wander'd, half dissolv'd in curious thought,  
The silver stream shone beautiful and bright;  
This island rock gleam'd lovely to my sight;  
On flow'ring banks, and many a pansy'd steep,  
Lay dreaming swains, at ease among their sheep.  
The eldest of the band, whose beard of snow  
Belied his black eyes' reminiscent glow,  
My question heard, and in quaint words unroll'd  
The local legend, kept from days of old.

Long years ago, in these sequester'd shades,  
Dwelt Myrrha, loveliest of the rustic maids;

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\* From Tryout, Vol 5 # 5, May 1919  
by Lawrence Appleton



## HYLAS AND MYRRHA.....

No neighb'ring fair an equal grace possess'd,  
And ev'n the nymphs inferior gifts confess'd;  
Blue were her eyes, gold ringlets deck'd her head,  
Rose-hu'd her cheeks, her lips of deeper red;  
Unrivall'd features vied with height of soul,  
And ev'ry charm of manner crown'd the whole.  
But tho' no other maid such charms could own,  
On beauty's peak the fair stood not alone,  
For in a bow'r that nestled on the lawn,  
Liv'd the young Hylas, radiant as the dawn.  
What words can paint, what tongue describe in truth  
The fulgent graces of the tender youth?  
A head Praxiteles might ne'er excel;  
A form whose poise no poet-half could tell;  
Brown sparkling eyes in face of marble gleam'd;  
Brown curling locks in rich profusion stream'd;  
Such lips Apollo might in vain desire,  
And over all shone wisdom's gen'rous fire,  
This stripling, rich in beauty and in art,  
Own'd the fond Myrrha's young confiding heart;  
No noon seem'd bright, no azure sky seem'd clear  
To Myrrha, save when Hylas linger'd near.  
His lucent smile was trusting Myrrha's sun,  
And when he frown'd, she felt the day was done,  
In his brown eyes her sole Elysium lay  
While in his arms she dream'd the hours away.  
How oft the pair would tread the spangl'd green,  
And praise the rapture of the rural scene!  
Thro' fragrant groves their blissful ways they took,  
Or paus'd to watch the windings of the brook;  
Now and again their wand'rings forms would rest  
On some acclivious slope, with daisied dress'd.  
And here the lovely youth, with tender care,  
Would weave a chaplet for his Myrrha's hair.  
Alas, that such blest innocence must know  
The pangs of malice and the hand of woe!  
But while the ardent twain their loves reveal'd,  
Invidious echoes fill'd the floral field.  
Enrag'd to see a mortal maid enjoy  
Such heav'nly pleasure and so fair a boy,  
The jealous Oreads of the hillside bow'rs  
Conferr'd, and summon'd all their evil-pow'rs.



## HYLAS AND MYRRHA.....

Chief of the band malignant Phimua stood,  
The proudest nymph in all the hilly wood;  
Her had young Hylas oft in days gone by  
Repuls'd and scorn'd, as Myrrha's form drew nigh.  
Now spurr'd to action, she her minions leads,  
And evil presence haunts the rolling meads.  
'Twas on a roseate morn, in genial June,  
When op'ning buds forecast a cloudless noon,  
The tender Hylas, some small wish deny'd,  
Roam'd in a transient pet from Myrrha's side.  
Up a green slope the pouting stripling stray'd,  
(The while half frantic for the absent maid,)  
When sudden from a secret grotto came  
Rejected Phimua, warm with am'rous flame.  
Ere he could flee, the nymph had seized his hand,  
And call'd about her all the ardent band;  
The more he struggled, tighter did they hold,  
With love inflam'd, and with great numbers bold,  
At length his feeble efforts died away,  
And wretched Hylas own'd the Oreads' sway.  
These tidings soon to lonely Myrrha flew,  
And blanch'd her crimson cheeks to ashen hue;  
Morn, noon and night beside the brook she mourn'd,  
With streaming eyes, and tresses unadorn'd.  
Succeeding months increasing anguish brought,  
Till grief and pain possess'd her ev'ry thought;  
Her ceaseless tears the rising brooklet bore  
In mounting tides that lav'd the pensive shore,  
And one bleak day a new swell'd stream alone  
Mark'd the sad spot that Myrrha once had known.

High in the hills the hapless youth remain'd,  
Lov'd but unloving, by the Oreads' chain'd;  
While passing time but magnify'd his pain,  
To see the treasure'd Myrrha once again.  
One night when all of Phimua's train were deep  
In the blank folds of wine-imparted sleep,  
The boy, impatient of his hated lot,  
Fled from the precincts of the hillside grot.  
Down darkling slopes his hast'ning course he took,  
Eager for Myrrha and the well-lov'd brook,  
When a snapp'd twig that lurk'd along the route  
Awak'd his captors, and arous'd pursuit.



HYLAS AND MYRRHA.....

From cave and copse swift pour'd the Oread throng,  
On the hot chase by frenzy borne along,  
Whist Hylas pray'd for wings, that he might soar  
To Myrrha's side, and see the nymphs no more.  
On far'd the fleet pursuers and pursu'd,  
O'er moonlit glade and thro' the shady wood,  
Till Hylas, nearly spent, now breath'd the air  
Of lower meads where flow'd his alter'd fair.  
The conscious flood the strange procession spies  
And waves of wonder on her surface rise;  
Her lover's flight she notes with joyous mind,  
Yet dreads the throng that press him hard behind.  
On, on the runners race, till Hylas sees  
The new-swoln stream, and marks the grassy leas;  
With many a cry the panting nymphe essay  
To reach the boy, and bear the prize away,  
But Hylas now the unknown river braves,  
And plunges headlong in the friendly waves.  
On to the shore bold Phimua's band advance,  
Intent to follow thro' the stream's expanse,  
When Venus from the sky observes the sight  
And casts her magic on the troubled night.  
Unwonted peace now fills the swaying groves,  
And not a form on the broad champaign moves.  
The nymphs, arrested in their eager chase,  
Stand chang'd, and stript of all their former grace;  
The beauteous train to furry felines shrink,  
And hover baffled by the river's brink !  
Meanwhile the youth, within th'embracing stream,  
Senses his Myrrha in the pale moon's gleam;  
The flood, responsive, seeks with wat'ry flow  
Some fond caress, or mark of love to shew.  
Again the Paphian Queen her pow'r displays  
And on the scene a kind enchantment lays;  
For, as young Hylas nears the middle tides,  
A creeping change o'er all his figure glides;  
He slackens, stops, then settles with a smile,  
Transform'd forever to a rocky isle.  
Thus rest the lovers thro' eternal time,  
While nature blesses all thee genial clime;  
Her constant waves his faithful form caress,



HYLAS AND MYRRHA.....

And he survives in all his loveliness.  
Atop his brow a fane of Venus stands  
Where pray the virgins of the neigh'bring lands,  
And Myrrha's tides on distant banks restrain  
The feline hordes that still the youth would gain.

Here ceas'd the Shepherd, as the blazing day  
In gold and purple twilight died away.  
The deep'ning sky a starry host reveal'd,  
And the young moon shone bright o'er flood and field.  
I glanc'd about, entranc'd by all I view'd,  
Then sought my homeward path thro' shadowy wood.

.....

\* A M B I T I O N

On crimson'd plains the deadly missiles dart.  
And surging legions to destruction pour;  
Above the strife, unconscious and apart,  
The skylark sings as blithely as before.

Beneath the wave the loathesome thing of steel  
Lurks coward-like to claim its helpless prey;  
Round and about the ancient billows reel,  
As vast and blue as on earth's primal day.

From tottering thrones the trembling tyrants crawl;  
Ecstatic crowds a new-born age acclaim  
In quiet groves the with'ring oak-leaves fall,  
And seasons roll eternally the same.

Thus in its little hour a mortal brood  
Affects to mould a cosmos by its deeds;  
The while Creation's mighty magnitude  
Whirls on thro' changeless Time, nor hears nor heeds.

.....

---

\* by Ward Phillips, from The United Co-operative  
Vol I # 1, December 1918



## THE BOOKSTALL

An epistle to Reinhart Kleiner, Esq., Poet-Laureate.

Congenial KLEINER, whose broad brow sustains  
The bays that prove the sweetness of thy strains,  
To rougher rhymes than thine an audience lend,  
And take th' admiring tribute of a friend.  
What shall I say? Must I in pain rehearse  
The deadly dullness of a modern verse,  
Or prate of Whitman, whose Boeotian bawl  
Can scarce be justly labelled verse at all?  
Alas! Such themes no charms for me afford,  
Nor can I scan them happy and unbor'd.  
Pox on the rogues that writ these lifeless lays!  
My fancy beckons me to nobler days!  
Bay, waking Muse, where ages best unfold,  
And tales of times forgotten most are told;  
Where weary pedants, dryer than the dust,  
Like some lov'd incense scent their letter'd must;  
Where crumbling tomes upon the groaning shelves  
Cast their lost centuries about ourselves.  
Mine be the pleasure of the grimy stand  
Where age-old volumes sleep on every hand.  
Mine be the joy to live in Thought's desmesne  
The bygone hours of volumes thick and lean;  
With Wittie's aid to count the Zodiac host,  
Or hunt with Johnson for the Cock-Lane ghost.  
O'er Mather's prosy page, half dreaming, pore,  
Or follow Hawkesworth to the distant shore.  
Ye old familiar friends whom ages bless,  
How oft ye greet me in a diff'rent dress!  
Watch shining Maro, who on ev'ry side  
Adorns the dingy walls with Roman pride.  
Untouch'd or English'd; French or Leipzig made,  
The lustrous lines of Virgil pierce the shade.  
O Mantuan lamp! what bard before or since  
Can such a wealth of polish'd force evince?  
Thus the quick question, but the answer lies  
Where yonder rotting Homer meets our eyes.  
The blind, the bearded bard before us burns,

---



## THE BOOKSTALL.....

And thrills our temples with his tragic turns.  
Of Ilion's seige each time as new we hear,  
While shrewd Ulysses charms the eager ear.  
These share we all, yet what affection twines  
About obscurer, less remembered lines!  
Each knows his fav'rites, and ~~in~~ fancy claims  
For boon companions those forgotten names.  
Would ye read Lucan? Start ye then and go  
Where Lucan gains Brittanic garb from Roew.  
Full many a Grecian lyrist smiles or grieves  
To English tunes through Elton's quarto leaves.  
Or if our own originals ye'd see,  
Go smell the drugs in Garth's Dispensary!  
What shades scholastic through the twilight flit  
Where Knapton's sagging folios loosely sit  
The skull-capp'd dealer, crouching on his stool,  
O'er the vague past can claim a wizard's rule;  
On his sear'd face the myriad wrinkles play,  
And subtly link him to the yesterday.  
Rise, Stanhope, rise! Thy macaroni train  
Dance in the beams that pierce the dusty pane.  
Hail! sportive Rochester, bestir thy feet,  
And mince in ~~fancy~~ o'er the cobbled street.  
House after house appear in gabled rows,  
And the dim room Old London's spirit shows!  
Upon the floor, in Sol's enfeebl'd blaze,  
The coal-black puss with youthful ardour plays;  
Yet what more ancient symbol may we scan  
Than puss, the age-long satellite of Man?  
Egyptian days a feline worship knew,  
And Roman consuls heard the plaintive mew;  
The glossy nite can win a scholar's glance,  
Whilst sages pause to watch a kitten prance.  
Outside the creaking door a nation boils,  
And Progress crushes Learning in its coils.  
The blessed Past in mad confusion fades,  
And Commerce blasts Retirement's quiet shades.  
Unnumber'd noises, in demonic choir,  
Wake the curs'd Pit, and stir the seething fire.  
A million passengers, in hastening heat,



### THE BOOKSTALL.....

Jostle their fellows, and disturb the street.  
From their coarse lips barbaric tones diffuse,  
To shock the senses and affront the Muse.  
Decadent day! That Culture must return  
To cloister'd cell, and Man, secluded, learn.  
O ! for the days when I would idly dream  
In grassy meads by Seekonk's swelling stream;  
When leafy groves adorn'd the rising hill,  
And in the copse the feather'd train would trill.  
When fragrant zephyrs fann'd the summer green,  
And stars, undim'd, lit winter's snowy scene.  
Then flow'd the verse spontaneous from the heart,  
That now demands the student's labor'd art.  
Then pour'd Creation's blessings on us all,  
Which now we strain from books in dingy stall.  
Yet let us bless the bookstall whilst it stays,  
That, too, may soon be part of other days!

.....

### \* ON RECIEVING A PICTURE OF SWANS

With pensive grace the melancholy swan  
Mourns o'er the tomb of luckless Phaeton;  
On grassy banks the weeping poplars wave,  
And guard with tender care the wat'ry grave.  
Would that I might, should I too proudly claim  
A heav'nly parent, or a god-like fame,  
When, flown too high, and dash'd to depths below,  
Recieve such triumph as a Cygnus' woe.  
The faithful bird, that dumbly floats along,  
Sighs all the deeper for his want of song!

.....

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\* From Conservative, Vol 1 # 4, Jan 1916



\* TO EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX PLUNKETT  
EIGHTEENTH BARON DUNSANY

As when the sun above a dusky wold  
Springs into sight, and turns the gloom to gold,  
Lights with his magic beams the dew-deck'd bow'rs,  
And wakes to life the gay responsive flow'rs;  
So now o'er realms where dark'ning dulness lies,  
In solar state see shining PLUNKETT rise!  
Monarch of Fancy! whose ethereal mind  
Mounts fairy peaks, and leaves the throng behind;  
Whose soul untainted bursts the bounds of space,  
And leads to regions of supernal grace;  
Can any praise thee with too strong a tone,  
Who in this age of folly glean'st alone?  
Thy quill, DUNSANY, with an art divine  
Recalls the gods to each deserted shrine;  
From mystic air a novel pantheon takes,  
And with new spirits fills the meads and brakes;  
With thee we wander thro' primeval bow'rs,  
For thou hast brought earth's childhood back, and ours!

How leaps the soul with sudden bliss increas'd,  
When led by thee to lands beyond the East!  
Sick of this sphere, in crime and conflict old,  
We yearn for wonders distant and untold;  
O'er Homer's page a second time we pore,  
And rack our brains for gleams of infant lore;  
But all in vain-- for valiant tho' we strive,  
No common means those pictures can revive.  
Then dawns DUNSANY with celestial light,  
And fulgent visions break upon our sight;  
His barque enchanted each sad spirit bears  
To shores of gold, beyond the reach of cares.  
No earthly trammels now our thoughts may chain;  
For childhood's fancy hath come back again!  
What glitt'ring worlds now wait our eager eyes!  
What roads untrodden beckon thro' the skies!

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\* From Tryout, Vol 5 # 11, November 1919



TO LORD DUNSANY.....

Wonders on wonders line the gorgeous ways,  
And glorious vistas greet the ravish'd gaze;  
Mountains of clouds, castles of crystal dreams,  
Ethereal cities, and Elysian streams;  
Temples of blue, where myriad stars adore  
Forgotten gods of aeons gone before!  
Such are thine arts, DUNSANY, such thy skill,  
That scarce terrestrial seems thy moving quill;  
Can man, and man alone, successful draw  
Such scenes of wonder and domains of awe?  
Our hearts, enraptur'd, fix thy mind's abode  
In high PEGANA; hail thee as a god;  
And sure, can aught more high or godlike be  
Than such a fancy as resides in thee?  
Delighted Pan a friend and peer perceives  
As thy sweet music stirs the sylvan leaves;  
The nine, transported, bless thy golden lyre;  
Approve thy fancy, and applaud thy fire;  
Whilst Jove himself assumes a brother's tone,  
And vows thy pantheon equal to his own.  
DUNSANY, may thy days be glad and long;  
Replete with visions, and atune with song;  
May thy rare notes increasing millions cheer,  
Thy name beloved, and thy men'ry dear!  
'Tis thou who hast in hours of dulness brought  
New charms of language, and new gens of thought;  
Hast with a poet's grace enrich'd the earth  
With aureate dreams as noble as thy birth.  
Grateful we name thee, bright with fix'd renown,  
The fairest jewel in HIBERNIA's crown.

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\* TO MR. LOCKHART, ON HIS POETRY

Whilst the town poet, dodd'ring in decay,  
 With hopeless drivel drives the muse away,  
 Pleas'd with the clatt'ring of some formless line,  
 That only he can fathom or define;  
 While sense and rhyme are banish'd as too hard  
 Till ev'ry chimney-sweep can turn a bard;  
 How great our joy to leave the free-verse throng,  
 And ease our ears with LOCKHART's moving song!  
 Melodious LOCKHART ! Whose Aonian art  
 Transmits the pulsing of the simple heart;  
 Whose homely pen no languid soul dissects,  
 Whose polish'd lines no cultur'd fog reflects;  
 From Grecian stores he bears no tinsel pelf,  
 Content to be a classic in himself!  
 Let feebl' wits their cumbrous couplets weight  
 With dry allusion — dulness' specious freight,  
 Or deck with sounding words the empty length  
 Of stilted odes, to hide their want of strength;  
 Our Milbank bard such formal trash disdains,  
 And fresh from nature draws his rural strains.  
 'Tis not for him in solitude to scan  
 The pedant's page, and shun the haunts of man;  
 'Tis not for him in books alone to trace  
 The moods and passions of our mortal race;  
 Close to mankind, his deft, experienced quill  
 Portrays his fellows with familiar skill.  
 No borrow'd sentiment or mimic rage  
 Stalks coldly through our poet's glowing page;  
 Fancy's true visions ev'ry line inspire,  
 And fill each melody with genuine fire;  
 Charm'd by the sound, the cynic stops to hear,  
 And sheds against his will the human tear.  
 What rising fame will future ages bring  
 To LOCKHART, master of the lyric string ?  
 With what fond honours will the minstrel move  
 Amongst the Muses of the sacred grove ?  
 Skill'd in sweet harmonies, supremely blest  
 With all the genius of his native West,  
 His lofty brow deserves the laurel crown  
 That none hath worn, since RILEY laid it down !

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\* From Tryout, Vol 3 # 4, March 1917



\* A U T U M N

Arcadian Goddess! whose fond pleasing reign  
Enchants the forest and delights the plain;  
O'er vernal scenes a gentle magic pours,  
And glads the flow'rs that bloom on summer shores:  
TODAYS less bright thy potent charm extend,  
Nor scorn the sad Vertumnus as thy friend.  
As Phoebus falters with declining light,  
Halt conquer'd by th' encroaching hosts of night;  
His genial rays by chilling blasts subdu'd  
To suit the season's melancholy mood;  
As skies once blue grow desolate and drear,  
And with'ring meads proclaim th' expiring year,  
As fallen blossoms strew the frost-struck ground;  
While birdless groves lament the absent sound;  
Thy pow'rs, Arcadian Muse, dispel the woe,  
And through the gloom unnumber'd beauties show!  
Behold the fields, by kindly Pales blest,  
In regal robes of yellowing herbage drest;  
Mark how the rustic train, with chorus'd tune,  
Reap the rich produce 'neath the harvest moon.  
Each bending stalk some buxom Chloe cleaves.  
And honest Damon binds the swelling sheaves,  
Happy their lot, whom no gay town can spoil;  
Pleas'd with their rural shades and simple toil!  
What world-worn Sybarite, though far he roam,  
Can find a happier scene than harvest-home?  
Where nymphs and swains, whose mingled accents praise  
The bounteous goddess of the golden maize,  
With harmless mirth their useful caros divide,  
And husk the gen'rous fruitage by their side.  
The teeming orchard and the laden vine  
Declare the rule of pow'rs no less benign:  
Pomona's blessing crowns the fertile trees,  
And vineyards yield to Liber's mild decrees.  
On yonder wooded hill, where nimbly rove  
The sylvan Pan, and spirits of the grove,  
A faery spell the graceful scene transmutes,  
And dazzling splendour o'er the verdure shoots:  
Each hamadryad sheds her wreath of old

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\* From Tryout, Vol 3 # 12, November 1917.



AUTUMN.....

To don fresh garlands, gay and red with gold.  
With lib'ral hand, they fling their gaudy store  
Of pleasing pigments round the forest floor:  
Hark to the music of the hunter's horn,  
That wakes the meadows and salutes the morn!  
Look whilst the pack their panting prey pursue;  
And lead afield the mounted retinue:  
The sharper winds our spirits but restore;  
Excite the chase, and whet us on the more.  
When o'er the marsh the hunter's noon appears,  
And silver light the bleak October cheers,  
Th' inclement winds in rapture we defy,  
Charm'd with the glories of the crystal sky.  
Aloft in space the shimm'ring Pleiads show  
Their dainty beams to frosty realms below,  
Whilst huge Orion, climbing o'er the lea,  
Dilates the soul with wond'ring ecstasy.  
Capella and Aldebaran unite  
To dwarf the Heav'nly Twins' inferior light;  
And all the vault with growing glow essays  
To mend the loss of Phoebus' warmer rays.  
Resplendent Autumn! whose prismatic veil  
Drapes the sad earth, and hides the coming gale,  
In sumptuous state the dying year adorns,  
And cheers the grieving watcher whilst it warns.  
As gorgeous gleams the fading day attend,  
And vary'd hues in sunset lustre blend,  
So now the season, drawing to the last,  
Outgive the calmer radiance of the past.  
Like the bright butterfly, whose glorious hour  
Speaks but the end of life and earthly pow'r,  
The tinted valley and the spangled hill  
Blaze for awhile -- then languish cold and still.  
'Tis thine, Arcadian Muse, the heart to raise  
With pleasing fancies and auspicious lays;  
Amidst a frigid world 'tis thine to sing  
Th' unbroken promise of returning spring:  
Close to the hearth by Autumn rigours bound,  
We hear the song, and bless the annual round.

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\* ITERUM CONJUNCTAE

Hail ! mighty kindred, ever bound  
By ties of freedom, blood and speech  
Whose mingled empires girdle round  
The teeming earth's expansive reach.

Our mother **BRITAIN** taught the brave  
Their sacred rights with zeal to hold;  
To spread their glory o'er the wave,  
And liberty to all unfold.

From such a source **COLUMBIA** grew,  
And fill'd the West with freedom's light;  
A second world uprear'd to view  
And aw'd the nations with their might.

Let now th' aspiring Vandal quake,  
And shrink affrighted from the plain,  
For ancient bonds at last awake,  
And **SAXONS** stand as one again!

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The following two poems by "Archibald Maynwaring" are quite likely the work of Howard Lovecraft. They were retrieved from the amateur journals where they first appeared by George Wetzel, acting upon the following items of information;

- 1) In R.H. Barlow's list of Lovecraft's pseudonyms, printed in Acolyte # 2, appears the following notation, "...Archibald X X X -- surname forgotten by Lovecraft;"
- 2) In all the amateur journals where Lovecraft's material appeared, there was only one "Archibald" to be found, the author of these two poems;
- 3) The poems contain internal mannerisms characteristic of poetry known to have been written by Lovecraft -- references to classic Roman and

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\* From Tryout, Vol 3 # 6, May 1917



Greek names, archaisms such as "o'er" and "ne'er", the simplified orthography wherein syllabic "e"s" were dropped, as in "pow'r" and "falt'ring," and the use of the archaic "shew" for "show", which was a conscious mannerism frequently found in both Lovecraft's prose and poetry;

- 4) To the Eighth of November is dedicated to two people who were great friends of Lovecraft, and one of whom, in fact, wrote a "Lament" for the piano in memory of Lovecraft.

\* TO THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER

(Joint birthday of Master Alfred Galpin Jr. ((1901)) and Mistress Margaret Abraham, ((1902)) of Appleton, Wisconsin))

Eventful day, whose magic pow'r hath sent  
Two fulgent minds to light our continent !  
First of the twain see radiant Phoebus rise,  
Next wise Minerva quits her native skies;  
Both, by the will of Jove, design'd to reign  
O'er Appleton, and all th' Hesperion plain;  
To raise the dying Muses; calm the soul;  
Teach falt'ring poesy again to roll;  
Cast from decaying prose a baneful spell  
And shew the world the art of writing well.  
Bright day of days, a thankful earth proclaims  
The splendor of thy children's noble names;  
A genuine praise, devoid of every sham,  
Attends a GALPIN and an ABRAHAM !

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\* From Tryout vol 5 # 11, November 1919  
by Archibald Maynwaring



\* THE PENSIVE SWAIN

Dedicated to P.M., Esq.

Where Auster with his am'rous breath  
Ruffles the warm Sicilian air,  
See Daphnis on the sun-drap'd heath  
Sigh for a distant, unknown fair.

No rural nymph of neigh'bring grove  
His pensive longing can appease,  
But (whilst his flocks neglected rove)  
He wanly scans the sparkling seas.

Why, asks the ploughman as he spies  
The noonstruck youth upon the shore,  
Doth Daphnis thus with wat'ry eyes  
Look hungrily the billows o'er ?

Are not the maids by Acis' streams,  
Or by the reedy Cyane,  
Fair as the phantom of his dreams,  
Or fit for such a swain as he ?

The sage attends with smiling face,  
Amus'd young Daphnis' plight to note,  
And vows that ne'er can present grace  
Match charms imagin'd and remote !

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\* From Tryout, Vol 5 # 10, October, 1919  
By Archibald Maynwaring.







