

Poetry

for the Well-Educated Heart

Compiled By Marlene Peterson

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Compiled From:
Golden Numbers, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, (1902).

Poems My Children Love Best of All, by Clifton Johnson, New York: Lloyd, Adams, Noble, (1917).

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Type Lessons for Primary Teachers, by Anna E. McGovern, A. Flanagan Company (1905).

Cover Image: Gentle Memory – 4th of July
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Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522
Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com
Printed in the United States of America

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Child-life, Home and Family

LITTLE
Dorothy Aldis

I am the sister of him
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

HIDING
Dorothy Aldis

I'm hiding, I'm hiding,
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother—
"But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

"Have you looked in the ink well?"
And Mother said, "Where?"
"In the INK WELL," said Father. But
I was not there.

Then, "Wait!" cried my mother—
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place,"
Said Father and looked, but saw
Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,
"As hard as we could
And I AM so afraid that we've
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And Father said—"Look, dear,
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny's.
There are ten of them. See?"
And they WERE so surprised to find
Out it was me!

THE REASON WHY

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause it was me that fell!"

LITTLE THINGS

When God doth make a lovely thing,
The finest and completest,
He makes it little, don't you know?
For little things are sweetest.

Little birds, and little flowers,
Little diamonds, little pearls—
But the sweetest things on earth
Are the little boys and girls.

Little raindrops fill the fountains,
Little birds sing in the trees,
Little sand-grains make the mountains,
Little hives are filled with bees.

All the little things are useful,
And the children must be too,
There is always work made ready
For the little hands to do.

MY DOLL

I have a little doll,
I take care of her clothes;
And she has flaxen hair,
And her name is Rose.

She has pretty violet eyes
And a very small nose
And a sweet little mouth,
And her name is Rose.

She has a little bed,
And when the daylight goes
I tuck her up in it,
And say, "Good night, dear Rose."

IS IT YOU?
Mrs. Goodwin

There is a child—a boy or girl—
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to:
Is it—it isn't you?
Oh no, it can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl—
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child:
Was it—it wasn't you?
I hope it wasn't you!

THE GOOD-NATURED GIRL

No matter what happened
They found her the same,
No fuss and no fury,
And no word of blame.

Her friends and relations
Were quite at a loss
To think how it was
That she never was cross!

They said to her, "How
On earth is it—pray tell
That you always are keeping
Your temper so well?"

"Only this," she replied,
"I have made up my mind,
No matter what happens,
That I will be kind!"

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,
That kettles cannot boil
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are mislaid,
Who had them last but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill, the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots; they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES

When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me just so,
If I have done a naughty thing,
She's sure, somehow to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me, "Yes, little one,
I see it in your eye;"
And if I look across the room,
Or run and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE
Anna Maria Pratt

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know
what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart,"
she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful
shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times,
till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if
you can."
For I thought of my doll and —sakes alive!— I answered,
"*Mary Ann*!"

THE LOST DOLL
Charles Kingsley

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least big curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE
Christopher Morley

I'm glad our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide;
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmering green
Against our whited walls,
And in the phlox, the courteous bees
Are paying duty calls.

INFANT JOY
William Blake

"I have no name;
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

INFECTION
Louis de Louk

A baby smiled in its mother's face;
The mother caught it, and gave it then
To the baby's father—serious case—
Who carried it out to the other men;
And every one of them went straight away
Scattering sunshine thro' the day.

MY MOTHER'S SWEET KISS
Sarah Hale

I have learned my lesson,
And mother said
She would give me a *kiss*
When I went to bed—
I do not want sugar-plums
Candy and cake,
They make my mind dull,
And my head to ache.

My mother's sweet kiss
Is my best reward—
To gain her smile
I will study hard—
And when I am good,
She has always said
She would give me a kiss
When I went to bed.

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

Where do all the daisies go?
I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep;
That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the far, warm south they go;
Where they stay till daisies blow,
That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know!
In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm,
That is where they go!

HOME SONG
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care,
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled, and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

WE ARE SEVEN
William Wordsworth

—A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
She was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone at sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them.

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.

"How many are you, then? Said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WHICH SHALL IT BE?
Ethel Lynn-Beers

Which shall it be? Which shall it be?
I looked at John; John looked at me.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
This is his letter:
"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out of your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn;
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care
Which I, though willing, could not share.
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need.
And then of this.
"Come, John," said I
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking hand in hand
Dear John and I surveyed our band;
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stopped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James' rough, red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace;
"No, not for a thousand crows, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from his bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love,
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a willful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee."
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad;
Trusty and truthful, good and glad;
So like his father. "No, John, no.
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote, in a courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterward, toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
Happy in truth that not one face
Was missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in Heaven.

THE FAMILY

The family is like a book—
    The children are the leaves,
The parents are the covers
    That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost!

THE FAMILY MEETING
Charles Sprague

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All you hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!
Tonight let no cold stranger come.
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle Peace assert her power,
And kind Affection rule the hour.
We're all —all here.

We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below!
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all—all here!

MOTHER'S BOYS

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with flowers and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many odd treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you may go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
And I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet I would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys.

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE?

What would you take for that soft little head
Pressed close to your face at time for bed;
For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight,
And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night?
What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn;
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day
Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say?
What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet;
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes,
The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?
Now, what would you take?

MOTHER'S BOY
Cora A. Watson

Make rowdy music, little one!
Make rowdy mirth and song!
It is for life like this, my own,
That I have watched you long.

Romp in your merry ways apart,
And shout in freedom wild;
But creep at night time to my heart,
A tired little child.

LONGFELLOW'S FUNNIEST POEM
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

There was a little girl, she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

A BUNCH OF KEYS

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good night!"
I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key.
I often use each golden key,
Because folks are so kind to me.

TWO AND ONE

Two ears and only one mouth have you;
The reason, I think, is clear;
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To talk about all you hear.

Two eyes and only one mouth have you;
The reason of this must be
That you should learn that it will not do
To talk about all you see.

Two hands and only one mouth have you;
And it is worthwhile repeating;
The two are for work that you must do,
The one is enough for eating.

KIND MAMA

This is not the old woman who lived in a shoe;
She has seven children, and knows what to do;
She gives them some honey on nice home-made bread;
She reads them a story, then puts them to bed.

ONLY ONE MOTHER

Hundreds of stars
In the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells
On the shore together;

Hundreds of birds
That go singing by,
Hundreds of bees
In the summer weather;

Hundreds of dewdrops
To greet the morn,
Hundreds of lambs
In the crimson clover;

Hundreds of butterflies
On the lawn,
But only one mother,
The wide world over.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN
Translated from German

Now another day is o'er,
I lie down to sleep;
For my little eyes no more
Can I open keep.

Dear Mamma has cover'd me,
Snug and warm to rest,
Till the Sun again we see,
And I leave my nest.

Parents ever good and mild,
Guard me through the night,
Watch o'er me, their darling child,
Always with delight.

But I have, in heav'n above,
A kinder Father still,
Who, with never-ceasing love,
Keeps me safe from ill.

He doth ne'er His eyelids close,
He preserves us all;
Kindly gives us sweet repose,
And listens when we call.

Gracious Father, now I pray,
Deign thy child to hear:
And henceforth, both night and day,
Bless my parents dear!

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
She rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as a child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

WHEN
Clifton Bingham

When cherries grow on apples trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woolen wraps;

When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play,
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics,
When London is a town of France,
When two and two make six,

When drops of rain are real pearls,
When coal is clear and white,
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.

SOME OF GOD'S GIFTS
Translated from German

Two eyes have I, both bright and clear,
Which swift can glance afar and near;
Can mark each flow'ret on the ground,
Yet high as heav'n can gaze around:
These eyes were gifts from God to me,
And His are all things that I see!

Two ears are fastened to my head,
With which to hear whate'er is said;
To hear Mamma, with tender care,
Bid me of evil to beware;
Oh dear Papa, in accents mild,
Call, "Come to me, my darling child."

A mouth, a mouth I have also,
Of which I make full use, you know;
With it I utter each request,
By it are all my thoughts exprest;
And I can laugh, and sing, and pray
To God who hears each word we say.

Of hands too, see! I have a pair,
The right is here, the left one there;
On each, five fingers, which can hold
My playthings now, till I grow old;
Then, when I cease a child to be,
I will employ them usefully.

Two feet I have, which trot about,
When with my parents I go out;
And though in trying far to jump,
I sometimes fall, and get a thump;
Yet never mind, I try again,
And shall not always try in vain.

A heart I have, with which to love
Kind friends on earth, and God above:
And all these blessings, hands, feet, eyes,
Ears, mouth, and heart, with all we prize,
E'en life itself, full well I know
To God's great goodness all we owe.

HOME, SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THE BRIGHT HEARTH
Sarah Hale

Now the gloomy winter days,
Clouds and storms are coming on,
But our cheerful hearth doth blaze
Brighter than the summer sun.

Here, my mother, we can stay
With thee, in this pleasant room;
Who would ask abroad to play,
When so cheerful is their home?

Soft the song of summer bird,
Sweet the breath of summer flower,
But a kind, a loving word,
Comes with sweeter, softer power.

Mother, when thy loving voice
Checks or cheers we will obey,
And be silent, or rejoice
Through this stormy, gloomy day.

And when evening shades appear,
Brighter still will glow our hearth,
Then our *father* will be here,
And his smile will join our mirth.

DAY OF JOY
Translated from German

Six tedious days of ev'ry week,
Papa, with busy cares opprest,
Can hardly find a moment's rest;
And scarce a single word can speak
To his poor child, or snatch a kiss,
For fear some duty he should miss.

On happy Sunday rests my hope,
Through all the other dreary days:
That morning, with the sun's first rays,
I quick my little eyes do ope,
From the pillow lift my head,
And run to rouse Papa from bed.

He leads me, then, through meadows green,
Some pleasant walk o'er hill and dale,
Through shady wood, or smiling vale;
And calls to mind how each gay scene
Was shapeless, once, and dark as night,
Until God spake, "Let there be Light!"

Oh! Sunday, best and holiest day,
I love thee more than I can tell!

HIDE AND GO SEEK

H.C. Bunner

It was an old, old, old lady—
And a boy who was half –past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down—
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One- Two- Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothes-press, Gran'ma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a One, and Two and Three.

And they never stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half past-three.

LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING

"Grandmother, tell me, were you young once, and little, like me?
Golden and brown was your hair? smooth and unwrinkled your skin?
Could you once frolic and run round in the garden, like me?
Grandmother, had you a doll? Did you love flowers and birds?
Shall I a grandmother be? totter along with a cane?
Might one not stay ever young on this bright, beautiful earth?"

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

I love, when the evenings are balmy and still,
And summer is smiling on valley and hill,
To see in the garden the little ones there,
All happy and smiling round grandfather's chair.

Such stories he tells them,—such tales of delight,—
Such wonders to dream of by day and by night,
It's little they're thinking of sorrow and care,
Their bright faces beaming round grandfather's chair.

And words, too, of wisdom, fall oft from his tongue;
Dear lessons to cherish and treasure while young;
Bright things to remember when white is their hair,
And some of them sit in a grandfather's chair.

Ah! little ones, love him, be kind while you may,
For swiftly the moments are speeding away;
Not long the kind looks and the love you may share,
That beam on you now from a grandfather's chair.

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES

Grandpapa's spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the room, high and low, round and round:
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents for the child who will find them to-day."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran;
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began;
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said, "*I'll* look for them, grandpa, without any pay!"

All through the big Bible she searches with care,
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair;
They feel in his pockets; they peep in his hat;
They pull out the sofa; they shake out the mat.

Then down on all-fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs.
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,
He believes that those glasses are *not anywhere*.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they *could* be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands; all her dimples came out;
She turned to the boys with a bright roguish shout,—
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

OLD TALES

My Grandpa says that long ago,
Before he was a man,
His Grandma told my tales to him
As only grandmas can.

And long before he was a boy,
In lands across the sea,
The boys and girls were told the tales
That now he tells to me.

So when my Grandpa reads a tale
Or tells a tale to me,
I know it is as old, as old,
As old as it can be.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

THE READING MOTHER
Strickland Gillilan

I had a Mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,
True to his trust till his tragic death,
Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings—
Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be—
I had a Mother who read to me.

I AM YOUR WIFE

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright thro' care and strife;
And, oh! I thank my God tonight, I am your wife!

THE LESSON
Sarah Hale

'Come here, my son,' the father said—
'What lesson have you read today?'
The little prattler raised his head,
And shook his curls away,
And answered with an earnest eye,
'My father, I have read the sky.'

'How read the sky?'—'Yes, father, yes—
I saw a beauteous rainbow there,
And then I thought, how fair it is—
And read, God made it fair;
You say that everywhere around
Lessons of wisdom may be found.

'O, father, tell me how I can
Read all I see in earth or sky?'
'My son, the God who fashioned man
Can guide his heart and eye,
To him as to thy Master look—
He made, and he can teach the *book*.'

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL
Cecil F. Alexander

All things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,

The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

SONG
Robert Browning

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

VELVET SHOES
Elinor Wylie

Let us walk in the white snow
In the soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as white cow's milk,
More beautiful
Then the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
By a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
Upon silver fleece,
Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

They say that God lives very high;
But, if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God, and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept from love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made—
Through sight and sound of every place.

POEMS IN NATURE

Maurice Thompson

In the oldest wood I know a brooklet,
That bubbles over stones and roots,
And ripples out of hollow places,
Like music out of flutes.

There creeps the pungent breath of cedars,
Rich coolness wraps the air about
Whilst through clear pools electric flashes
Betray the watchful trout.

I know where wild things lurk and linger
In groves as gray and grand as time;
I know where God has written poems
Too strong for words or rhyme.

Nature: Stars

LITTLE STAR

Little star, little star,
Shining in the sky afar,
First star of all the night,
First to show your little light,
Tell me why you come so soon;
Where's the silver lady moon?
Tell me, too, dear little star,
Where your thousand brothers are.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Up above the world so far,
Whisper now and tell me, pray,
What you are, and how you stay."

"Some of us away so far,
Planets like your own earth are,
And we shine with borrowed light,
Borrowed from the sun so bright;

"Some of us are silvery moons,
Shining all the nightly noons;
Some of us are jelly soft,
Shooting, falling, from aloft;

"Some of us are nebulae,—
Faint and misty stars we be;
Some are suns to other worlds;
Here and there a comet whirls;

"Having each our time and place,
Swinging in the wondrous space;
Held in line by Him who planned,
And who holds you in His hand."

CAN YOU COUNT THE STARS?

Can you count the stars that brightly
Twinkle in the midnight sky?
Can you count the clouds, so lightly
O'er the meadows floating by?
God the Lord doth mark their number
With his eyes that never slumber.
He hath made them, ev'ry one.

Do you know how many children
Rise each morning, blithe and gay?
Can you count the little voices,
Singing sweetly, day by day?
God hears all the little voices,
In their pretty songs rejoices,
He doth love them, ev'ry one.

DAISIES
Frank Dempster Sherman

At evening when I go to bed,
I see the stars shine overhead.
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go.
She is a lady sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

SUNDOWN

Now the sun is setting;
See the western sky:
How those rays of glory
Flush the clouds on high!

Tree and grass and flower
Love the crimson light.
Sun, thy smile sheds gladness:
Now, good-night, good-night!

Birds and lambs and children
Soon will go to sleep:
Father dear in heaven,
Bless us all, and keep!

THE NIGHT WILL NEVER STAY
Eleanor Farjeon

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky,
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

THE CRESCENT MOON
Amy Lowell

Slipping softly through the sky,
Little horned, happy moon,
Can you hear me up so high?
Will you come down soon?

On my nursery window-sill
Will you stay your steady flight?
And then float away with me
Through the summer night?

Brushing over tops of trees,
Playing hide and seek with stars,
Peeping up through shiny clouds
At Jupiter or Mars.

I shall fill my lap with roses
Gathered in the milky way,
All to carry home to mother.
Oh! what will she say!

Little rocking, sailing moon,
Do you hear me shout—Ahoy!
Just a little nearer, moon,
To please a little boy.

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

Matthias Barr

Moon, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky.
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air:

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hill at last.

Sometimes I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

SILVER
Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

DREAM-SONG
Walter de la Mare

Sunlight, moonlight,
Twilight, starlight—
Gloaming at the close of day,
And an owl calling,
Cool dews falling
In a wood or oak and may.
Lantern-light, taper-light,
Torchlight, no-light:
Darkness at the shut of day,
And lions roaring,
Their wrath pouring
In wild waste places far away.
Elf-light, bat-light,
Touch-light and toad-light,
And the sea a shimmering gloom of grey,
And a small face smiling
In a dream's beguiling
In a world of wonders far away.

SUNRISE

Come and see the sunrise,
Children, come and see;
Wake from slumber early,
Wake and come with me.
Where the high rock towers,
We will take our stand,
And behold the sunshine
Kindling all the land.

You shall hear the birdies
Sing their morning lay;
You shall feel the freshness
Of the new-born day;
You shall see the flowers
Opening to the beams,
Flooding all the tree-tops
Flashing on the streams.

SUNBEAMS

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere.
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.

Kind words are like sunbeams,
That sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all.
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

THE SUNBEAMS
Emilie Poulsson

"Now, what shall I sent to the Earth to-day?"
Said the great, round, golden Sun.
"Oh! let us go down there to work and play,"
Said the Sunbeams, every one.

So down to the Earth in a shining crowd,
Went the merry, busy crew;
They painted with splendor each floating cloud
And the sky while passing through.

"Whine on, little Star, if you like," they cried;
"We will weave a golden screen
That soon all your twinkling and light shall hide,
Though the Moon may peep between."

The Sunbeams then in through the windows crept,
To the children in their beds—
They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,
Gilded all the little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee,
"And from Dreamland come away!
We've brought you a present: wake up and see!
We have brought you a sunny day!"

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM
Lucy Larcom

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know what I'd do:
I would seek white lilies
Rainy woodlands through:
I would steal among them,
Softest light I'd shed,
Until every lily
Raised its drooping head.

"If I were a sunbeam,
I know where I'd go:
Into lowliest hovels,
Dark with want and woe:
Till sad hearts looked upward,
I would shine and shine;
Then they'd think of heaven,
Their sweet home and mine."

Art thou not a sunbeam,
Child whose life is glad
With an inner radiance
Sunshine never had?
Oh, as God has blessed thee,
Scatter rays divine!
For there is no sunbeam
But must die, or shine.

LIGHT
Francis Bourdillon

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one.
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.

THE SETTING SUN

Dear John, the sun is setting now;
Behold him in the west;
And all the children now must soon
Lie down and go to rest.

In other countries far away,
The day begins to break,
And many a child and many a bird
Will soon be wide awake.

But when the sun comes round again,
And rises in our east,
Then evening will begin with them,
And they to bed will haste.

How very in God it is,
To make the sun to go
All around the great, wide world of ours,
To light each country so.

Nature: Rocks

LITTLE THINGS

Julie Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the heaven above.

WHAT THE COAL SAYS

I am as black as black can be,
But yet I shine.
My home was deep within the earth,
In a dark mine.
Ages ago I was buried there,
And yet I hold
The sunshine and the heat which warmed
That world of old.
Though black and cold I seem to be,
Yet I can glow.
Just put me in the blazing fire,
Then you will know.

THE SANDMAN

Margaret Thomson Janvier

The rosy clouds float overhead,
The sun is going down;
And now the sandman's gentle tread
Comes stealing through the town.
"White sand, white sand," he softly cries,
And as he shakes his hand,
Straightway there lies on babies' eyes
His gift of shining sand.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

From sunny beaches far away—
Yes, in another land—
He gathers up at break of day
His store of shining sand.
No tempests beat that shore remote,
No ships may sail that way;
His little boat alone may float
Within that lovely bay.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

He smiles to see the eyelids close
Above the happy eyes;
And every child right well he knows,—
Oh, he is very wise!
But if, as he goes through the land,
A naughty baby cries,
His other hand takes dull gray sand
To close the wakeful eyes.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

So when you hear the sandman's song
Sound through the twilight sweet,
Be sure you do not keep him long
A-waiting in the street.
Lie softly down, dear little head,
Rest quiet, busy hands,
Till, by your bed his good-night said,
He strews the shining sands.
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, and brown,
As shuts the rose, they softly close,
When he goes through the town.

PEBBLES
Frank Dempster Sherman

Out of pellucid brook
Pebbles round and smooth I took;
Like a jewel, every one
Caught a color from the sun,—
Ruby red and sapphire blue,
Emerald and onyx too,
Diamond and amethyst,—
Not a precious stone I missed;
Gems I held from every land
In the hollow of my hand.
Workman Water these had made;
Patiently through sun and shade,
With the ripples of the rill
He had polished them until,
Smooth, symmetrical and bright,

Each one sparkling in the light
Showed within its burning heart
All the lapidary's art;
And the brook seemed thus to sing:
Patience conquers everything!

Nature: Ocean and Sea-Life

THE RAIN

"What makes the rain, mamma?"
"The mists and vapor rise
From land and stream and rolling sea,
Up toward the distant skies;
And there they form the clouds,
Which, when they're watery, dear,
Pour all the water down to earth,
And rain afar or near."

SEA SHELL
Amy Lowell

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
    Sing me a song, O please!
A song of ships, and sailor men,
    And parrots, and tropical trees,
Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves.
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

ON THE SEA-BEACH

See the wild waves, how they toss up the spray!
Why should not we be as merry as they?
Come, my own sister, and walk on the sand,
Beside the blue ocean: oh! is it not grand?

Hark to the roar of the surf on the rocks!
The foam rushes onward like snowy-white flocks.
Then back the waves hurry away from the shore;
Then forward they rush with another wild roar.

The land, oh the land, my dear sister, for me!—
The good land, that stirs not for wind or for sea.
The ocean I love: but I love it the best
When I stand on the shore; for the shore is at rest.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,
    A-sailing on the sea,
And oh! it was all laden
    With pretty things for thee!

There were raisins in the cabin,
    And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
    And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
    That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
    With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
    With a jacket on his back;
When the ship began to sail,
    The captain cried, "Quack! quack!"

ROMANCE
Gabriel Setoun

I saw a ship a-sailing,
    A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
    Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
    And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sand
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD
Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

WHERE DO THE WHITECAPS GO?

I see the whitecapped waves at play
On sandy shores from day to day,
When winds blow loud and full of glee
Across the salt and shining sea.

But when the winds are whispering low,
I wonder where the whitecaps go?
Have they, perhaps, a slumberland
Upon some far and gleaming strand?

And are the soft and sleepy sighs
We sometimes hear, their lullabies?
On days like this when the winds lie low,
I wonder where the whitecaps go?

THERE ONCE WAS A PUFFIN
Florence Page Jaques

Oh, there once was a Puffin
Just the shape of a muffin,
And he lived on an island
In the
bright
blue sea!
He ate little fishes,
That were most delicious,
And he had them for supper
And he
had
them
for tea.
But this poor little Puffin,
He couldn't play 47othing',
For he hadn't anybody
To
play
with
at all.

So he sat on his island,
And he cried for awhile, and
He felt very lonely,
And he
    felt
        very small.
Then along came the fishes,
And they said, "If you wishes,
You can have us for playmates,
Instead
    of
        for
            tea!"
So they now play together,
In all sorts of weather,
And the puffin eats pancakes,
Like you
    and
        like
            me.

THE FOOLISH FISH
Ann and Jane Taylor

"Dear mother," said a little fish,
    "Is that a worm I see?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
    You'd get the worm for me."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
    And started from her nook,
"That worm you see is there to hide
    The sharpness of a hook."

As I have heard, the little trout
    Was young and foolish too,
And presently he ventured out
    To learn what might be true.

Around about the worm he played,
With many a longing look,
And "Dear me!" to himself he said,
"I'm sure there is no hook."

"I think I'll give one little bite;"
And that was what he did,
And thus he died in hapless plight
By not doing as he was bid.

SWEET AND LOW
Alfred Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS
Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings;
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reef lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Thank ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Thro' the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings;

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul.
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Nature: Flowers/Plants/Trees

ANNIE'S GARDEN

In little Annie's garden
There grew all sorts of posies;
She had pinks and mignonette,
And tulips and roses.

Sweet peas and morning glories,
A bed of violets blue,
And marigolds and asters
In Annie's garden grew.

There bees would go for honey;
There birds would sip the dew;
And there the gay-winged butterflies
And little beetles flew.

And there among the flowers
Each bright and pleasant day,
In her own pretty garden,
Little Annie went to play.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

Gabriel Setoun

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

THE SEED

As wonderful things are hidden away
In the heart of a little brown seed,
As ever were found in the fairy net
Of which children sometimes read.

Over its pretty shining coat
We sprinkle the earth so brown,
And the sunshine warms its lowly bed,
And the rain comes dropping down.

Patter, patter, the soft, warm rain
Knocks at the tiny door,
And two little heads come peeping out,
Like a story in fairy lore.

One is the Calicle creeping down,
At the first but a wee white root;
The other the Plumule; above the soil
It sends up a little green shoot.

Steadily up toils the slender stem,
And only its work it heeds;
A leaf appears, buds, blossoms, and fruit,
Last of all come the little seeds.

Then its work all done, if an annual,
It has had its brief, bright day,
And now at the touch of the Frost-king's breath
It withers and fades away.

WINGED SEEDS

Helen Gray Cone

Oh, gold-green wings, and bronze-green wings,
And rose-tinged wings, that down the breeze
Come sailing from the maple trees!
You showering things, you shimmering things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The shade of lovely leaves to spread?
Or shining angels, that had birth
When kindly words were said?

Oh, downy dandelion wings,
Wild-floating wings like silver spun,
That dance and glisten in the sun!
You airy things, you elfin things,
That June-time always brings!
Oh, are you seeds that seek the earth,
The light of laughing flowers to spread?
Or flitting fairies, that had birth
When merry words were said?

A SPRING SONG

Old Mother Earth woke up from her sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear.
"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."
"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make the fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violets,
"With a lovely purple hue."
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jeweled over with dew."
"And we'll be your gems," said a voice from the shade,
Where the ladies' ear-drops live—
"Orange is the color for any queen
And the best we have to give."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

THE LITTLE ROSE TREE
Rachel Field

Every rose on the little tree
Is making a different face at me!
Some looked surprised when I pass by,
And others droop—but they are shy.
These two whose heads together press
Tell secrets I could never guess.
Some have their heads thrown back to sing,
And all the buds are listening.
I wonder if the gardener knows,
Or if he calls each just a rose?

PINE TREE SONG
Marjorie Barrows

Little pines upon the hill,
Sleeping in the moonlight still,
Are you dreaming now of me
Who bloomed into a Christmas tree?
Baby moons of gold and red
Cuddle close beside my head;
In my tangled leaves a string
Of fairy stars are glimmering;
While my arms, for girls and boys,
Blossom with a hundred toys.
O, little pines, it's fun to live
To be a Christmas tree—and give.

THE PROCESSION
Margaret Widdemer

When the snow has gone away
Maypinks blossom where it lay,

And before the Maypink's gone
Dancing windflowers hurry on:

All the violet-buds are made
Long before the windflowers fade

Then before the violets go
Yellow dandelions grow:

And before they ever die
Buttercups are growing high,

Then the daisies hurry up,
Each beside a buttercup:

Little pink wild roses follow,
And in every sunny hollow

Black-eyed Susans grow up tall
Long before the roses fall.

Clovers blossom pink and steady
Till the goldenrod is ready:

Purple asters last of al
Wait until the late, late fall,

Till the snow comes flying down
Once again on field and town.

Flowers are very kind to grow
One by one, and never go

Till the snow comes back, and stays
Here for all our winter plays!

THE USE OF FLOWERS
Mary Howitt

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

READY FOR DUTY
Anne B. Warner

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering rains.

"Now then," though Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves straight up through the ground,
Till she came to the surface—and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead,
\ Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" said Daffy, still working away;
"The earth's hard today!
But unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that Spring herself's dead!"

So little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

Oh, Daffy-down-dilly, so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE DAFFODILS
William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd —
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads as sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THE DANDELION

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?
I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play.

O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?
I wait and wait till the cool dews fall
And my hair grows long and white.

And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?
They take me up in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away.

TO THE DANDELION

James Russell Lowell

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

THE VIOLET

Jane Taylor

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

But thus it was content to bloom,
Its modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume
Within the silent shade.

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
There came a little blue-eyed one—
All timidly it came—
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing at His face,
It said with low and timid voice,
And yet with gentle grace,
"Dear Lord, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot."
The Father kindly looked on him
And said, "Forget-me-not."

I NEVER SAW A MOOR
Emily Dickinson

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES
George Cooper

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come over the meadows with me and play.
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
For summer is gone, and the days grows cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all.
O'er the brown field then they danced and flew
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon, fast asleep on their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS!

High and low
The spring winds blow!
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low
The summer winds blow!
They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.

High and low
The autumn winds blow!
They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low
The winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New year.

WINTER JEWELS
Mary F. Butts

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little children cried,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song!

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroken;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"Little by little," an acorn said,—
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed—
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away!"
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew.
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride
Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect-train work ceaselessly.
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the tops look out on the sunny sky.
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there,
Till the summer-sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.
"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.

Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago:
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me."
Now, do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

Susan Coolidge

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great Tree to his children said:
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among—

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax, and fret."
But the great Tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear them whispering;

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Goodnight, dear little leaves," he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Goodnight," and murmured
"It's *so* nice to go to bed!"

THE LEAFLETS
Kate L. Brown

Dance, little leaflets, dance,
'Neath the tender sky of Spring;
Dance in the golden sun,
To the tune that the robins sing.
Now you are light and young,
Just fit for a baby play;
So dance, little leaflets, dance,
And welcome the merry May.

Sway, little leaflets, sway,
In the ardent sunlight's glow;
Oh, what a sleepy world!
For August has come, you know.
Many a drowsy bird
Is drooping its golden crest,
So sway, little leaves, and rock
The orioles in their nests.

Swing, little leaflets, swing;
The quail pipes in the corn;
Under the harvest sun,
The cardinal flow'r is born.
Russet and gold and re,
Little leaves are gayly dress'd;
Is it holiday time with you
That you have put on your best?

Fall, little leaflets, fall,
Your mission is not sped;
Shrill pipes the Winter wind,
And the happy Summer's dead.
Make now a blanket warm,
For the leaves till the Spring-winds call;
You must carpet the waiting earth,
So fall, little leaflets, fall.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?
Christina Georgina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

TREES
Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

PLANT A TREE
Lucy Larcom

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To those whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

THE TREE
Jones Very

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when the darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppressed;
And when the autumn winds have stripped thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
When naught is thine that made thee once so far,
I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
And through they leafless arms to look above
On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

GIVE THEM THE FLOWERS NOW
Leigh M. Hodges

Closed eyes can't see the white roses,
Cold hands can't hold them, you know.
Breath that is stilled cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them blow.
Death, with a peace beyond dreaming,
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time we can help them,
So give them the flowers now!

Here are the struggles and striving,
    Here are the cares and tears;
Now is the time to be smoothing
    The frowns and furrows and fears.
What to closed eyes are kind sayings?
    What to hushed heart is deep vow?
Naught can avail after parting,
    So give them the flowers now!

Just a kind word or a greeting;
    Just a warm grasp or a smile—
These are the flowers that will lighten
    The burdens for many a mile.
After the journey is over
    What is the use of them; how
Can they carry them who must be carried?
    Oh, give them the flowers now!

Blooms from the happy heart's garden
    Plucked in the spirit of love;
Blooms that are earthly reflections
    Of flowers that blossom above.
Words cannot tell what a measure
    Of blessings such gifts will allow
To dwell in the lives of many,
    So give them the flowers now!

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me
    I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
    Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
    The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
    The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING
Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch the woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think its queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep.
And miles to go before I sleep.
And miles to go before I sleep.

Nature: Animals

MY DOG

I have a little dog,
With soft, long hair that curls,
And bright, black, sparkling eyes,
And he loves little girls.

He never snarls or bites,
His temper is so mild
And he dearly loves to play
With every little child.

And in the morning early,
He's sure—this funny pup,
To say, "Bow-wow, Miss Mary
'Tis time that you were up."

LITTLE TIGER CAT

Annette Wynne

Little Tiger Cat with the spotted face,
Do you think you've found a baby-jungle-place?
Going through the grass, stealthily and slow,
Are you waiting to jump out and scare the folks you know?
And send them running to the house as fast as they can go?

Little Tiger Cat, it's no use at all,
No matter what you think of yourself, you're rather tame and Small,
And with all your hiding and your stern contemplation,
You cannot scare a single one of high or lowly station,
And so, there's no use trying to be like your wild relation.

THE ANIMAL STORE

Rachel Field

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
Or maybe a little more,
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go
Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"
"What kind of a dog is he?"
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,
Or wagged a tail at me!

I'd take the hound with the drooping ears
That sits by himself alone;
Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups
For to be my very own.

I might buy a parrot all red and green,
And the monkey I saw before,
If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
Or maybe a little more.

NURSERY SONG

Mrs. Carter

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet
As my little lammie, with his nimble feet;
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white,
Oh! he is my darling, my heart's delight,"
And the mother-sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft; said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.
The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe—she,
May love their babies exceedingly,
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night,
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm.
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine!
You may hunt the full moon and the stars if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these;
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens all sped,
As fast as they could, to their nice feather bed,
And there let them sleep in their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

THE FROG

Hilaire Belloc

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin," or "Polly-wog,"
Or likewise "Uncle James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin," or "Toad-gone-wrong,"
Or "Billy-Bandy Knees":
The frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair,
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and by the way,
They are extremely rare).

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live;
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,—
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hard
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright window of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

THE PURPLE COW
Gelett Burgess

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one.
But this I will say anyhow
I'd rather see than be one.

THE COW
Ann Taylor

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

MARY'S LAMB
As originally written by Sarah Hale

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—'I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm.'

'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry—
'O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The Teacher did reply;—
'And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always *kind*.'

LITTLE LAMB
William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

THE LOST LAMB
Thomas Westwood

Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy, torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb,
Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar;
Through the mirky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly,—
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Up the glen he races,
Breasts the biter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind;—
Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,—
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound;
Soon within his bosom,
All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Oh! the happy faces,
By the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own,—
In their midst the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

DING DONG!
Eliza Lee Follen

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little bird.
He sat on a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never said a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little mouse.
He looked very cunning
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about my kitty.
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

Nature: Birds

THE WISH

Oh, if I were a birdie,
    How happy I would be,
Singing all day long
    In a green, leafy tree!

Or down in the meadow,
    Drinking up the dew—
If I were a birdie,
    Say wouldn't you?

THE DUCK
E.L.M. King

If I were in a fairy tale,
And it were my good luck
To have a wish, I'd choose to be
A lovely snow-white duck.

When she puts off into the pond
And leaves me on the brink,
She wags her stumpy tail at me,
And gives a saucy wink.

Which says as plain as words can say,
I'm safe as safe can be,
Stay there, or you will drown yourself.
The pond was made for me.

She goes a-sailing to and fro,
Just like a fishing boat,
And steers and paddles all herself,
And never wets her coat.

Then in the water, upside down,
I've often seen her stand
More neatly than the little boys
Who do it on the land.

And best of all, her children are
The ducklings, bright as gold,
Who swim about the pond with her
And do as they are told.

THE MIST AND ALL
Dixie Willson

I like the fall,
The mist and all.
I like the night owl's
Lonely call—
And wailing sound
Of wind around.

I like the gray
November day,
And bare, dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it—
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall—
The mist and all—

IF EVER I SEE
Lydia Maria Child

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not, in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve the mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

SNOW
Jane Taylor

Oh come to the window, dear brother, and see
What a change has been made in the night;
The snow is all over the big cedar tree,
And the ground, too, is covered with white.

And see the poor birds how they fly to and fro,
As they look for their breakfast again;
But the food that they seek for is hid in the snow,
And they hop about for it in vain.

Then open the window, I'll throw them some bread;
I've some left from breakfast to spare.
I wish they would come to my hand to be fed,
But they've all flown away, I declare.

Nay, now, pretty birds, don't be frightened, I pray,
You shall not be hurt, I'll engage.
I'm not come to catch you, or force you away,
Or fasten you up in a cage.

I wish you could know there's no cause for alarm,
From me you have nothing to fear,
Why, my little fingers should do you no harm,
Although you came ever so near!

THE WOODPECKER

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.
When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT

James Buckham

A little bird sang in the dead of the night,
    When the moon peeped out through a cloud;
He sang, for his heart was so full of delight,
    It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you foolish young thing,
    To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your wing;
    You'll rouse our good neighbors too soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the tree,
    And looked up into the sky.
"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
    "And sing in the night will I."

Nature: Insects

BAREFOOT DAYS
Rachel Field

In the morning, very early,
    That's the time I love to go
Barefoot where the fern grows curly
    And grass is cool between each toe,
        On a summer morning-O!
        On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by
    Up the sunny slopes of air,
And each rose has a butterfly
    Or a golden bee to wear;
And I am glad in every toe—
        Such a summer morning-O!
        Such a summer morning!

THE SONG OF THE BEE
Marian Douglass

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow;
A jolly, good fellow,
    And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
    He's making his wax:
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
    He levies a tax!

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
    Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy
And weeds of the meadow,
    Some treasures he brings.

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
    The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
    To have nothing to do.

THE PUZZLED CENTIPEDE

A centipede was happy quite,
    Until a frog in fun
Said, "Pray, which leg comes after which?"
This raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in the ditch
    Considering how to run.

THE CRICKET

Marjorie Barrows

And when the rain had gone away
And it was shining everywhere,
I ran out on the walk to play
And found a little bug was there.

And he was running just as fast
As any little bug could run,
Until he stopped for breath at last,
All black and shiny in the sun.

And then he chirped a song to me
And gave his wings a little tug,
And *that's* the way he showed that he
Was very glad to be a bug!

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.

"Oh, what will become," says the cricket, "of me?"
At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant.
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain.
A mouthful of grain
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it tomorrow;
If not helped, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket: "I'm not your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend.
Pray tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I."
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"you sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and sing winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good—
If you live without work, you must live without food.

A FLY
Theodore Tilton

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls;
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread.
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose
Where to look to find his shoes—
Three small pairs
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.

Tongues to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly
No such things;
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

In the sun
Webs are spun,
What if he gets into one?
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by;

And a secret I can tell—
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay,
Little fly, good day.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY
Mary Howitt

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed? said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin;
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are the gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,—
Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

THE WORM
Translated from German

Be tender and kind to all things around,
And e'en to the worm that crawls on the ground;
Though mean is his dress, and lowly his lot,
The great King of kings despises him not:
He gave him his life, and watches him still,
And wills not that we should e'er treat him ill;
He moistens the earth, that there he may feed,
And kindly attends to his every need:
Since God, then, provides for his comfort and joy,
Oh! do not *you* hurt him, my dear little boy!

DOWN IN THE HOLLOW
Aileen Fisher

Down in the hollow,
Not so far away,
I saw a little ladybug
When I went to play.

Swinging on the clover
Up in the air . . .
I wonder if the ladybug
Knew I was there.

SOME ONE
Walter de la Mare

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure—sure—sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

FIREFLY
Elizabeth Madox Roberts

A little light is going by,
Is going up to see the sky,
A little light with wings.

I never could have thought of it,
To have a little bug all lit
And made to go on wings.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE
From a Welsh book, 1855

On a bridge I was standing one morning
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the helpless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed with compassion,
"Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escapest being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken
Than lo, like an angel of love,
I saw, to the waters beneath me,
A leaflet descend from above.

It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which soon to the land reascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

O sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should never despair,
For He who takes cares of an insect,
Much more for His children will care.

And though to our short-sighted vision,
No way of escape may appear;
Let us trust; for when least we expect it,
The help of "Our Father" is near.

GAINING WINGS
Edna Dean Proctor

A twig were clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marveled how from the withered bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

"Poor little prisoned waif," I said,
"You shall not struggle more";
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm—
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings;
'Tis the stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

LOOKING FOR FAIRYLAND

"Where is the road to fairyland?
What is the shortest way?
Come, let us ask the flowers all,
And see what they will say.

"The little birds that sweetly sing
Above us in the air
Will kindly tell us where to go:
They surely have been there.

"And then, perhaps, when we have found
The fairy queen so true,
She'll touch us with her little wand,
And make us fairies, too."

THE FAIRY FOLK

Robert Bird

Come cuddle close in daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.
For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still,
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken with the wind
Their merry ringing swells.
And riding on the crimson moth,
With black spots on this wings,
They guide them down the purple sky
With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys,
To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cozy cots
And at their faces peep.
For in the whole of fairy land
They have no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
With faces rosy bright.

On tiptoe crowding round their heads,
When bright the moonlight beams,
They whisper little tender words
That fill their minds with dreams;
And when they see a sunny smile,
With lightest finger tips
They lay a hundred kisses sweet
Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
Spread out their crimson wings,
And bear away the fairy crowd
With shaking bridle rings.
Come bairnies, hide in daddy's coat,
Beside the fire so bright—
Perhaps the little fairy folk
Will visit you tonight.

SERIOUS OMISSION
John Farrar

I know that there are dragons,
St. George's, Jason's, too,
And many modern dragons
With scales of green and blue;

But thought I've been there many times
And carefully looked through,
I can't find a dragon
In the cages at the zoo!

THE FAMILY DRAGON

Margaret Widdemer

Last night there walked across our lawn a beast we didn't know—
We saw his little footprints marked quite plainly in the snow.
It might have been an ocelet, or perhaps a grizzly bear—
We *hoped* it was a dragon, come out walking from its lair;
We didn't want a grown-up one, all fire and scales and foam,
But just a baby dragonlet that we could carry home;
We'd keep him in the nursery and give him a nice name,
And have him for a fam'ly pet, with ribbons on, quite tame.
We tracked him down the meadow path and all along the hedge
And there his little footprints stopped close up beneath the edge,
For there the snow had gone away—there wasn't any track—
And it was tea-time anyway, so both of us went back.
But we shall go some day quite soon and find him in his lair,
And capture him while he's asleep, and tie him up with care,
And we will have the 'spressman come and put him in his wagon
And bring him home to stay with us and be our family dragon!

FINDING FAIRIES

Marjorie Barrows

When the winds of March are wakening
    The crocuses and crickets,
Did you ever find a fairy near
    Some budding little thickets,
A-straightening her golden wings and
    Combing out her hair?
        She's there!
And when she sees you creeping up
    To get a closer peek,
She tumbles through the daffodils,
    A-playing hide-and-seek,
And creeps into the tulips till
    You can't find *where* she's hid?
        Mind did!
Have you ever, ever come across
    A little toadstool elf
A-reading by a firefly lamp
    And laughing to himself,
Or a saucy fairy queen upon
    Her favorite dragonfly?
        So've I!

It's fun to see a fairy flutter
Off a catkin boat,
And wrap her fairy baby in
A pussywillow coat;
Oh, don't you love the fairies
And their fairy babies, too?
I do!

POLITELY
Dixie Willson

When Goldilocks went calling
On the Little Baby Bear
And spoiled his bowl of porridge
And sat holes into his chair—
I hope she hurried home again
For others nice and new
And took them back politely
To the Baby Bear. Don't you?

JONATHAN BING
B. Curtis Brown

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,
But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"
(He'd forgotten his hat!)
Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and put on a new hat for the King,
But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!
You can't see the King; you've forgotten your tie!"
(He's forgotten his tie!)
Poor old Jonathan Bing,
He put on a beautiful tie for the King,
But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!
You can't come to court in pyjamas, you know!"
Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and addressed a short note to the King:
"If you please will excuse me I won't come to tea,
For home's the best place for all people like me!"

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE
Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!
It blooms on the shore of the Lollypop Sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so.

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains,
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

THE DUEL
Eugene Field

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one not t'other had slept a wink!
    The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
    Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
    (*I wasn't there: I simply state*
    What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went, "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied, "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
    While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
    Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
    (*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
    What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
    Employing every tooth and claw
    In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and the calico flew.
    (*Don't fancy I exaggerate—*
    I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
    But the truth about the cat and pup
    Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
    (*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
    And that is how I came to know.)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT
Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

THE DINKEY-BIRD
Eugene Field

In an ocean, 'way out yonder
(As all sapient people know),
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
Whither children love to go;
It's their playing, romping, swinging,
That gives great joy to me
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
In the amfulala tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries
And taffy's thick as peas—
Caramels you pick like berries
When, and where, and how you please;
Big red sugar-plums are clinging
To the cliffs beside that sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
And make merry all the day,
When there's naught to put a damper
To the ardor of their play;
When I hear their laughter ringing,
Then I'm sure as sure can be
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
And staccatos are so sweet—
His roulades, appoggiaturas,
And robustos so complete,
That the youth of every nation—
Be they near or far away—
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow brighter and brighter—
Their lungs begin to crow,
Their hearts get light and lighter,
And their cheeks are all aglow;
For an echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me,
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you'd like to go there
To see your feathered friend—
And so many goodies grow there
You would like to comprehend!
Speed, little dreams, your winging
To that land across the sea
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
In the amfalula tree!

History: Month 1

COLUMBUS
Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For le! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on, sail on! And on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
If we sight not but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget the way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite:
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: "On! sail on!"

POCAHONTAS

William Makepeace Thackerey

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king.
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
    Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
    And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
    Still 'tis told by Indian fires
    How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

KING CANUTE
William Makepeace Thackerey

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much, and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop, walked the King with steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and gold-sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp and pages,—all the officers of state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung,
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master!" cried the Keeper of the Seal,
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served for dinner, or the veal?"
"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch, "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried: "The King's arm-chair!"

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded,
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen
able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so!" exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze
a tear).
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit,
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried,
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my order, sure I can command the tide?

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly: "Land and sea, my Lord, are thing."
Canute turned toward the ocean: "Back!" he said, "thou foaming
brine."

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

SWEDISH BATTLE-SONG
Altenburg

Fear not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His Word.

As true as God's own Word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—
A jest and byword are they grown;
"*God is with us*," we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
Worlds without end. Amen.

History: Month 2

THE PILGRIMS CAME

Annette Wynne

The Pilgrims came across the sea,
And never thought of you and me;
And yet it's very strange the way
We think of them Thanksgiving Day.

We tell their story, old and true,
Of how they sailed across the blue,
And found a new land to be free
And build their homes quite near the sea.

Every child knows well the tale
Of how they bravely turned the sail,
And journeyed many a day and night,
To worship God as they thought right.

The people think that they were sad,
And grave; I'm sure that they were glad—
They made Thanksgiving Day—that's fun—
We thank the Pilgrims every one!

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Felicia Hemans

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the Anthem of the Free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoins of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;—
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER

William Cullen Bryant

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
    Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
    Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
    With years, should gather round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
    How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
    Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
    With reverenc when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
    Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the Pilgrim sires
    This hallowed day like us shall keep.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

Phoebe Cary

The good dame looked from her cottage
    At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
    Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
    While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
    Across the dikes, for me,
And take these cakes I made for him—
    They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
    Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place.
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their houses come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up at the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'*Tis a leak in the dike*! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know,
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea

With the strength of his single arm!
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And come and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife:
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the children on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PIRATE DON DURK OF DOWDEE
Mildred Plew Merryman

Ho, for the Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee!
He was as wicked as wicked could be,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see!
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, was as black as a bat,
But he had a floppety plume on his hat
And when he went walking it jiggled—like that!
The plume of the Pirate Dowdee.

His coat it was crimson and cut with a slash,
And often as ever he twirled his mustache
Deep down in the ocean the mermaids went splash,
Because of Don Durk of Dowdee.

Moreover, Dowdee had a purple tattoo,
And stuck in his belt where he buckled it through
Were a dagger, a dirk and a squizzamaroo,
For fierce was the Pirate Dowdee.

So fearful he was he would shoot at a puff,
And always at sea when the weather grew rough
He drank from a bottle and wrote on his cuff,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

Oh, he had a cutlass that swung at his thigh
And he had a parrot called Pepperkin Pye,
And a zigzaggy scar at the end of his eye
Had Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

He kept in a cavern, this buccaneer bold,
A curious chest that was covered with mould,
And all of his pockets were jingly with gold!
Oh jing! went the gold of Dowdee.

His conscience, of course, it was crook'd like a squash,
But both of his boots made a slicker slosh,
And he went through the world with a wonderful swash,
Did Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

It's true he was wicked as wicked could be,
His sins they outnumbered a hundred and three,
But oh, he was perfectly gorgeous to see,
The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee.

History: Month 3

BOSTON
Ralph Waldo Emerson

December 16, 1773

The rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
They did what freemen can,
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade,—
To plant and eat be none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
To them their secret told;
Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,
"Like us be free and bold!"
The honest waves refuse to slaves
The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,
Her lords enough and more;—
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city of the poor;—
For day by day could Boston Bay
Their honest labor overpay.

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
We hold like rights and shall;—
Equal on Sunday in the pew,
On Monday in the mall.
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The noble craftsmen we promote,
Disown the knave and fool;
Each honest man shall have his vote,
Each child shall have his school.
A union then of honest men,
Or union nevermore again.

The wild rose and the barberry thorn
Hung out their summer pride
Where now on heated pavements worn
The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose, the planted hills behind
The good town on the bay,
And where the western hills decline
The prairie stretched away.

What care though rival cities soar
Along the stormy coast:
Penn's town, New York, and Baltimore,
If Boston knew the most!

They laughed to know the world so wide;
The mountains said: "Good-day!
We greet you well, you Saxon men,
Up with your towns and stay!"
The world was made for honest trade,—
To plant and eat be none afraid.

"For you," they said, "no barriers be,
For you no sluggard rest;
Each street leads downward to the sea,
Or landward to the West."

O happy town beside the sea,
Where roads lead everywhere to all;
Than thine no deeper moat can be,
No stouter fence, no steeper wall!

Bad news from George on the English throne:
"You are thriving well," said he;
"Now by these presents be it known,
You shall pay us a tax on tea;
'Tis very small,—no load at all,—
Honor enough that we send the call."

"Not so," said Boston, "good day my lord,
We pay your governors here
Abundant for their bed and board,
Six thousand pounds a year.
(Your highness knows our homely word.)
Millions for self-government,
But for tribute never a cent."

The cargo came! and who could blame
If *Indians* seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same
Into the laughing sea?
For what avail the plough or sail
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The townsmen braved the English king,
Found friendship in the French,
And Honor joined the patriot ring
Low on their wooden bench.

O bounteous seas that never fail!
O day remembered yet!
O happy poet that spied the sail
Which wafted Lafayette!
Pole-star of light in Europe's night,
That never faltered from the right.

Kings shook with fear, old empires crave
The secret force to find
Which fired the little State to save
The rights of all mankind.

But right is might through all the world;
Province to province faithful clung,
Through good and ill the war-bolt hurled,
Till Freedom cheered and the joy-bells rung.

The sea returning day by day
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein;
And the wit of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech,
And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers!
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

April 18, 1775

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roof of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper: "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight,
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
In the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house window, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON
Sidney Lanier

April 19, 1775

Then haste ye, Prescott and Revere!
Bring all the men of Lincoln here;
Let Chelmsford, Littleton, Carlisle,
Let Acton, Bedford, hither file—
Oh, hither file, and plainly see
Out of a wound leap Liberty.

Say, Woodman April! all in green,
Say, Robin April! hast thou seen
In all they travel round the earth
Ever a morn or calmer birth?
But Morning's eye alone serene
Can gaze across you village-green
To where the trooping British run
Through Lexington.
Good men in fustian, stand ye still;
The men in red come o'er the hill,
Lay down your arms, damned rebels! Cry
The men in red full haughtily.
But never a grounding gun is heard;
The men in fustian stand unstirred;
Dead calm, save maybe a wise bluebird
Puts in his little heavenly word.

O men in red! if ye but knew
The half as much as bluebirds do,
Now in this little tender calm
Each hand would out, and every palm
With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke
Or ere these lines of battle broke.
O men in red! if ye but knew
The least of all that bluebirds do,
Now in this little godly calm
Yon voice might sing the Future's Psalm—
The Psalm of Love with the brotherly eyes
Who pardons and is very wise—
Yon voice that shouts, high-hoarse with ire,
Fire!

The red-coats fire, the homespuns fall:
The homespuns' anxious voices call,
Brother, art hurt? And *Where hit, John?*
And, *Wipe this blood*, and *Men, come on*,
And *Neighbor, do but lift my head*,
And *Who is wounded? Who is dead?*
Seven are killed. My God! My God!
Seven lie dead on the village sod.
Two Harringtons, Parker, Hadley, Brown,
Monroe, and Porter,—these are down.
Nay, look! Stout Harrington not yet dead.
He crooks his elbow, lifts his head.
He lies at the step of his own house-door;
He crawls and makes a path of gore.
The wife from the window hath seen, and rushed;
He hath reached the step, but the blood hath gushed;
He hath crawled to the step of his own house-door,
But his head hath dropped; he will crawl no more.
Clasp Wife, and kiss, and lift the head,
Harrington lies at his doorstep dead.

But, O ye Six that round him lay
And bloodied up that April day!
As Harrington fell, ye likewise fell—
At the door of the House wherein ye dwell;
As Harrington came, ye likewise came
And died at the door of your House of Fame.

CONCORD HYMN
Ralph Waldo Emerson
(Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836)

April 19, 1775

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flat to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green banks, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made these heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE
Oliver Wendell Holmes

June 17, 1775

'Tis like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and quakings of "the times that tried men's souls";
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker Hill.

'Twas a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking
To hear talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father, with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute"—
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him,—it was lucky I had found him,—
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair,
Just across the narrow river—O, so close it made me shiver!—
Stood a fortress on the hilltop that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, *The hour has come!*

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons' deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;
It was Prescott, one since told me; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;
Lie a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed fainthearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting,—
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing—
Now the front rank fires a volley—they have thrown away their shot;
For behind the earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear sometimes and tipple),—
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war) before,—
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry floor:—

"Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's shillin's,
But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are falling on the rickety belfry railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer,—nearer,—nearer,
When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a crash—the steeple shakes—
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat—it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!"—Ah! the grim soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly speak, we shook so),—
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they beaten?"—"Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our error:
They were baffle, not defeated; we have driven them back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs of Charlestown blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and brimstone round them,—
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a peaceful town!

They were marching, stern and solemn; we can see each massive
column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! Scarce a rod the foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the ominous calm i
broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backward to the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges they have
run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old soldier's
features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would ask:
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, —once more, I guess they'll
try it—
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!"—then he handed me his flask.

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky:
I'm afraid there'll be more trouble afore this job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping,—they were creeping round
to four,
When the old man said, "They're forming with their bayonets
fixed for storming:
It's the death grip that's a coming,—they will try the works once
more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling—
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks over a deck;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me down the stair:
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps were lighted,—
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN! hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, where the place from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door,
He could not speak to tell us; but 'twas one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered 'round him crying,—
And they said, "O, how they'll miss him!" and, "What will his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" —and—I saw his eyes were blue.

—"Why, grandma, how you're winking!"—Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a—mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather;
—"Please to tell us what his name was?"—Just your own, my
little dear,—
There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well acquainted,
That—in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!

WARREN'S ADDRESS

John Pierpont

June 17, 1775

Joseph Warren was commissioned by Massachusetts as a Major-General three days before the battle of Bunker Hill, of which he fought as a volunteer. He was one of the last to leave the field, and as a British officer in the redoubt called to him to surrender, a ball struck him in the forehead, killing him instantly.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slave?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in the battle-peal!
Read it on you bristling steel.
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you!—they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;—
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
Of his deeds to tell!

RODNEY'S RIDE
Elbridge Streeter Brooks

July 3, 1776

In that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The North and the South on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and the coat of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English State,
Was Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew, from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that brought him there,
To the counties three on the Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead;
Give us both and the King shall not work his will.
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on panting bay:
"Ho, Rodney, ho! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate."

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress; it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night. Not a moment to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away—
And I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "God-speed" dies;
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones move a-read.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldboro's dust with a clang and a cling;
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into New Castle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick! not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of Chester Street
Flies back in a cloud from the courser's feet.

It is sever; the horse-boat broad of beam,
At the Schuykill ferry crawls over the stream—
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his reins to the tavern jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Caesar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the act was passed; ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of Delegate Rodney's ride.

KING BRUCE AND THE SPIDER
Eliza Cook

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clue;
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honour to those who *try*;
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "*I can't*;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST
Attributed to Sir Walter Scott

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
The lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that run,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprung up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;—
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus, lightly, to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "*My Mother*!"

HYMN OF WORLD PEACE
George Huntington

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Blinds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
Blessing and blest.

AMERICA TO ENGLAND
M.J. Savage

The youngest of the nations,
Grown stalwart in the West,
Yearns back to where each morning
Glows o'er the ocean's crest,
And cries: "O Mother Country,
Our is your ancient pride,
And, whate'er may befall you,
Our place is at your side.

"Ours are the old traditions
Of Saxon and of Kelt;
We visit rare Westminster,
And kneel where you have knelt.
Your restful country places,
Hills, lakes, and London town—
Their memories we inherit
And share in their renown.

"Your Avon is our Avon;
Song knows no border line;
The stars their radiance mingle
Which in one heaven shine.
Within your 'Poet's Corner'
Longfellow's gentle grace
With all the August shadows
Is given a welcome place.

"Your might men of science
Who've made the world anew,
Transforming earth and heaven,
Wrought not alone for you.
Form Newton up to Darwin
Each from his truth-built throne,
Nods greeting to our homage—
We claim them for our own.

"You fought the fight for freedom
And taught mankind the creed;
Long ere our 'Declaration,'
There was a Runnymede.
We won at Appomattox,
But you had won before;
Our Bunker Hill and Yorktown
Look back to Marston Moor—

"Our Washington and Lincoln
Were of your sturdy stock—
Cut out of Milton's quarry,
One piece of Cromwell's rock.
Our Pilgrims learned the lesson
That English means be free,
And through the wintry weather
They brought it over sea.
. . . . . .
"Then let this glorious vision
Along our pathway gleam
As up the future leads us
The Seer's, the Poet's dream.
One race and one tradition,
English, American,
And one high aspiration—
The destiny of man!"

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW
Robert Lowell

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last:
That the enemy's lines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the man and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever and with siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes home frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh, please then waken me!"

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodline shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the half-open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden, till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening;
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
And drew me near, and spoke:

"The Highlanders! Oh! dinna ya hear
The slogan far awa'?
The Macgregors! Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a'.

"God bless the bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried.
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men;
And they started, for they were to die;
Was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, "The slogan's dune:
But can ye no hear them noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It is nae a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar
Or the sappers underground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne";
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd,
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcome them in
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and the tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipers played "Auld Lang Syne."

History: Month 4

WASHINGTON
Nancy Byrd Turner

He played by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.
Strong and slender and tall he grew
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills, the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long
He'd think of the river flowing by,
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whippoorwill's far-off song.
Boy and soldier, in peace or strife,
He loved America all his life!

WASHINGTON
James Russell Lowell

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honor worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsettling lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's
—WASHINGTON.

THE BELL OF ATRI
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have born the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days of Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons and their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.
At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."

So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom of the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beams swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old son:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong."

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form or woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and a lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.

The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."
The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud, "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the doors;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

History: Month 5

TICONDEROGA

V.B. Wilson

May 10, 1775

(After the news of Concord fight, a volunteer expedition from Vermont and Connecticut, under Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, seized Ticonderoga and Crown Point, whose military stores were of great service. From its chime of bells, the French called Ticonderoga "Carillon.")

The cold, gray light of the dawning
On old Carillon falls,
And dim in the mist of the morning
Stand the grim old fortress walls.
No sound disturbs the stillness
Save the cataract's mellow roar,
Silent as death is the fortress,
Silent the misty shore.

But up from the wakening waters
Comes the cool, fresh morning breeze,
Lifting the banner of Britain,
And whispering to the trees
Of the swift gliding boats on the waters
That are nearing the fog-shrouded land,
With the old Green Mountain Lion,
And his daring patriot band.

But the sentinel at the postern
Heard not the whisper low;
He is dreaming of the banks of the Shannon
As he walks on his beat to and fro,
Of the starry eyes in Green Erin
That were dim when he marched away,
And a tear down his bronzed cheek courses,
'Tis the first for many a day.

A sound breaks the misty stillness,
And quickly he glances around;
Through the mist, forms like towering giants
Seem rising out of the ground;
A challenge, the firelock flashes,
A sword cleaves the quivering air,
And the sentry lies dead by the postern,
Blood staining his bright yellow hair.

Then, with a shout that awakens
All the echoes of hillside and glen,
Through the low, frowning gate of the fortress,
Sword in hand, rush the Green Mountain men.
The scarce wakened troops of the garrison
Yield up their trust pale with fear;
And down comes the bright British banner,
And out rings a Green Mountain cheer.

Flushed with pride, the whole eastern heavens
With crimson and gold are ablaze;
And up springs the sun in his splendor
And flings down his arrowy rays,
Bathing in sunlight the fortress,
Turning to gold the grim walls,
While louder and clearer and higher
Rings the song of the waterfalls.

Since the taking of Ticonderoga
A century has rolled away;
But with pride the nation remembers
That glorious morning in May.
And the cataracts silvery music
Forever the story tells,
Of the capture of old Carillon,
The chime of the silver bells.

THE OLD CONTINENTALS

Guy Humphrey McMaster

1775-1783

The nucleus of the Continental Army was the New England force gathered before Boston, to the command of which Washington had been appointed two days before the battle of Bunker Hill, although he arrived too late to take part in that fight.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer,
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore,
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers;
And the 'villainous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Power-cloud;
And his broad-sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six pounder,
Hurling death!

NATHAN HALE
Francis Miles Finch

September 22, 1776

After the retreat from Long Island, Washington needed information as to the British strength. Captain Nathan Hale, a young man of twenty-one, volunteered to get this. He was taken, inside the enemy's lines, and hanged as a spy, regretting that he had but one life to lose for his country.

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wandering lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From the Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL
Will Carleton

Between Sept. 26, 1777 and June 17, 1778

The heroine's name was Mary Redmond, and she lived in Philadelphia. During the occupation of that town by the British, she was every ready to aid in the secret delivery of the letters written home by the husbands and fathers fighting in the Continental Army.

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse, and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now who will buy my apples?" he shouted, long and loud;
And "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day,
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find:
And she paused a while and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said:
And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

"You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she;
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again *this* package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd was laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak,
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak;
And, "Miss, *I* have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street.
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

MOLLY MAGUIRE AT MONMOUTH

William Collins

June 28, 1778

The battle of Monmouth was indecisive, but the Americans held the field, and the British retreated and remained inactive for the rest of the summer.

On the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne.
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish Cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's Brigades could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foreman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's Brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead—beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades, it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foreman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington."

Greene's Brigade, though shorn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan,
Turned and charged the foe again.
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington,
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets\
Clinton's red battalions flee.

Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them onward dashing
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN
William Cullen Bryant

1780-1781

While the British Army held South Carolina, Marion and Sumter gathered bands of partisans and waged a vigorous guerilla warfare most harassing and destructive to the invader.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:

When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.

And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

NAPOLEON AND THE ENGLISH SAILOR BOY

Thomas Campbell

I love contemplating—apart
From all his homicidal glory—
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our land every freeman;
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how—
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over
With envy,—*they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Then this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger:

"Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But, absent long from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said;
"Ye've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

History: Month 6

THE FLAG
Arthur Macy

Here comes the flag
Hail it!
Who dares to drag
Or trail it/
Give it hurrahs,—
Three for the stars
Three for the bars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it.
The unsullied white of it.
The blue and the red of it.
And tyranny's dread of it!

Here comes The Flag!
Cheer it!
Valley and crag
Shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it.
Children caress it.
All shall maintain it.
No one shall stain it.

Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it.
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it.
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it.
Here comes The Flag!

THE FLAG GOES BY
Henry Halcomb Bennett

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

THE RETURNED BATTLE FLAGS
Moses Owen

Nothing but flags, but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by.
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags; yet methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of flight;
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.
As the word is given—the charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags; yet they're bathed with tears;
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears,
Of a mother's prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed; of the coming day.
Silent they speak, and the tear will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are ne'er forgot—
Their flags come home, why come they not?

Nothing but flags; yet we hold our breath,
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags; yet the thought will come,
Their heart must pray, though the lips be dumb;
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear, loved flags come home again;
Baptized in blood, our purest, best,
Tattered and torn, they're now at rest.

A SONG FOR OUR FLAG
Margaret E. Sangster

A bit of color against the blue;
Hues of the morning, blue for true,
And red for the kindling light of flame,
And white for a nation's stainless fame.
Oh! fling it forth to the winds afar,
With hope in its every shining star;
Under its fold wherever found,
Thank God, we have freedom's holy ground.
Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the schoolhouse peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that aye shall be
Symbol of honor and victory?
Don't you thrill when the marching feet
Of jubilant soldiers shake the street,
And the bugles shrill, and the trumpets call,
And the red, white, and blue is over us all?
Don't you pray, amid starting tears,
It may never be furled through age-long years?

A song for our flag, our country's boast,
That gathers beneath it a mighty host;
Long may it wave o'er the goodly land
We hold in fee 'neath our Father's hand.
For God and liberty evermore
May that banner stand from shore to shore,
Never to those high meanings lost,
Never with alien standards crossed,
But always valiant and pure and true,
Our starry flag: red, white and blue.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key

September 14, 1813

After the British had burned the Capitol at Washington, in August, 1813, they retired to their ships, and on September 12th and 13th, they made an attack on Baltimore. This poem was written on the morning after the bombardment of Fort McHenry, while the author was a prisoner on the British fleet.

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
Its full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND

Robert Bridges

Paris, July 4, 1900

Huge and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This is the land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise—destined to be great.
Drink to our Native Land! God Bless the State!

GOD GIVE US MEN!

J. G. Holland

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

Thomas Dunn English

January 8, 1815

The treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Ghent, December 14, 1814; but before the news crossed the ocean, Pakenham, with twelve thousand British veterans, attacked New Orleans, defended by Andrew Jackson with five thousand Americans, mostly militia. The British were repulsed with a loss of two thousand; the American loss was trifling.

Here, in my rude cabain,
Few poorer men there be
Among the mountain ranges
Of Eastern Tennessee.
My limbs are weak and shrunken,
White hairs upon my brow,
My dog—lie still, old fellow!—
My sole companion now.
Yet I, when young and lusty,
Have gone through stirring scenes,
For I went down with Carroll
To fight at New Orleans.

You say you'd like to hear me
The stirring story tell
Of those who stood the battle
And those who fighting fell.
Short work to count our losses—
We stood and dropp'd the foe
As easily as by firelight
Men shot the buck or doe.
And while they fell by hundreds
Upon the bloody plain,
Of us, fourteen were wounded,
And only eight were slain.

The eighth of January,
Before the break of day,
Our raw and hasty levies
Were brought into array.

No cotton-bales before us—
Some fool that falsehood told;
Before us was an earthwork,
Built from the swampy mould.
And there we stood in silence,
And waited with a frown,
To greet with bloody welcome
The bulldogs of the Crown.

The heavy fog of morning
Still hid the plain from sight,
When came a thread of scarlet
Marked faintly in the white.
We fired a single cannon,
And as its thunders roll'd
The mist before us lifted
In many a heavy fold.
The mist before us lifted,
And in their bravery fine
Came rushing to their ruin
The fearless British line.

Then from our waiting cannons
Leap'd forth the deadly flame,
To meet the advancing columns
That swift and steady came.
The thirty-twos of Crowley
And Bluchi's twenty-four,
To Spott's eighteen-pounders
Responded with the roar.
Sending the grape-shot deadly
That marked its pathway plain
And paved the road it travell'd
With corpses of the slain.

Our rifles firmly grasping,
And heedless of the din,
We stood in silence waiting
For orders to begin.

Our fingers on the triggers,
Our hearts, with anger stirr'd,
Grew still more fierce and eager
As Jackson's voice was heard:
"Stand steady! Waste no powder
Wait till your shots will tell!
To-day the work you finish—
See that you do it well!"

Their columns drawing nearer,
We felt our patience tire,
When came the voice of Carroll,
Distinct and measured, "Fire!"
Oh! then you should have mark'd us
Our volleys on them pour—
Have heard our joyous rifles
Ring sharply through the roar,
And seen their foremost columns
Melt hastily away
As snow in mountain gorges
Before the floods of May.

They soon reform'd their columns,
And 'mid the fatal rain
We never ceased to hurtle
Came to their work again.
The Forty-fourth is with them,
That first its laurels won
With stout old Abercrombie
Beneath an eastern sun.
It rushes to the battle,
And, though within the rear
Its leader is a laggard,
It shows no signs of fear.

It did not need its colonel,
For soon there came instead
An eagle-eyed commander,
And on its march he led.
'Twas Pakenham, in person,
The leader of the field;

I knew it by the cheering
That loudly round him peal'd;
And by his quick, sharp movement,
We felt his heart was stirr'd,
As when at Salamanca,
He led the fighting Third.

I raised my rifle quickly,
I sighted at his breast,
God save the gallant leader
And take him to his rest!
I did not draw the trigger,
I could not for my life.
So calm he sat his charger
Amid the deadly strife,
That in my fiercest moment
A prayer arose from me,—
God save that gallant leader,
Our foeman though he be.

Sir Edward's charger staggers:
He leaps at once to ground,
And ere the beast falls bleeding
Another horse is found.
His right arm falls—'tis wounded;
He waves on high his left;
In vain he leads the movement,
The ranks in twain are cleft.
The men in scarlet waver
Before the men in brown,
And fly in utter panic—
The soldiers of the Crown!

I thought the work was over,
But nearer shouts were heard,
And came, with Gibbs to head it,
The gallant Ninety-third.
Then Pakenham, exulting,
With proud and joyous glance,
Cried, "Children of the tartan—
Bold Highlanders—advance!

Advance to scale the breastworks
And drive them from their hold,
And show the staunchless courage
That mark'd your sires of old!"

His voice as yet was ringing,
When, quick as light, there came
The roaring of a cannon,
And earth seemed all aflame.
Who causes thus the thunder
The doom of men to speak?
It is the Baritarian,
The fearless Dominique.
Down through the marshall'd Scotsmen
The step of death is heard,
And by the fierce tornado
Falls half the Ninety-third.

The smoke passed slowly upward,
And, as it soared on high,
I saw the brave commander
In dying anguish lie.
They bear him from the battle
Who never fled the foe;
Unmoved by death around them
His bearers softly go.
In vain their care, so gentle,
Fades earth and all its scenes;
The man of Salamanca
Lies dead at New Orleans.

But where were his lieutenants?
Had they in terror fled?
No! Keane was sorely wounded
And Gibbs as good as dead.
Brave Wilkinson commanding,
A major of brigade,
The shatter'd force to rally,
A final effort made.
He led it up our ramparts,
Small glory did he gain—

Our captives some, while others fled,
And he himself was slain.

The stormers had retreated,
The bloody work was o'er;
The feet of the invaders
Were seen to leave our shore.
We rested on our rifles
And talk'd about the fight,
When came a sudden murmur
Like fire from left to right;
We turned and saw our chieftain,
And then, good friend of mine,
You should have heard the cheering
That rang along the line.

For well our men remembered
How little when they came,
Had they but native courage,
And trust in Jackson's name;
How through the day he labored,
How kept the vigils still,
Till discipline controlled us,
A stronger power than will;
And how he hurled us at them
Within the evening hour,
That red night in December,
And made us feel our power.

In answer to our shouting
Fire lit his eye of gray;
Erect, but thin and pallid,
He passed upon his bay.
Weak from the baffled fever,
And shrunken in each limb,
The swamps of Alabama
Had done their work on him.
But spite of that and lasting,
And hours of sleepless care,
The soul of Andrew Jackson
Shone forth in glory there.

MY NATIVE LAND
Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the man with no soul dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own—my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprang,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

CHRISTMAS MORNING
Elizabeth Madox Roberts

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay,

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled—
I mean the lady would—and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"
The mother, Mary, would, "Take care,"
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

THE KING'S RING
Theodore Tilton

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who, upon his signet ring,
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they,
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these;
But he counted not as gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say:
"'Even this shall pass away.'"

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;
"But with patience, day by day,
"Even this shall pass away.'"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?"
Fame is but a slow decay—
'Even this shall pass away.'"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?'"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."

TUBAL CAIN
Charles Mackay

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

II

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

III

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

IV

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;"—
As he fashioned the First Ploughshare!

V

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands,
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!"

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB
George Gordon, Lord Byron

The Assyrians came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purpose and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and child,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the tur,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal!
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

YUSSOUF
James Russell Lowell

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying: "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power if bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Youssouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Youssouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me;
First-born, for whom my day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

APPLE-SEED JOHN
Lydia Maria Child

Poor Johnny was bended well nigh double
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

"But what can I do?" old Johnny said;
"I who work so hard for daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would."

The old man sat thinking deeply a while,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands with a boyish glee,
And said to himself: "There's a way for me!"

He worked, and he worked with might and main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.
With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well, and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain and air.

Sometimes for days he waded through grass,
And saw not a living creature pass,
But often, when sinking to sleep in the dark,
He heard the owls hoot and the prairie-dogs bark.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was filled,
And looked at the holes that the white man drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stories of bread and meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sung right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty, in work or play,
Men, women and boys all urged him to stay;
But he always said, "I have something to do,
And I must go on to carry it through.'

The boys, who were sure to follow him round,
Soon found what it was he put in the ground;
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,
Ev'ry one called him "Old Apple-Seed John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy;
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been found;
That a flick'ring play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;

That blossoming sprays would form fair bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread,
Would become ripe apples when he was dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.
He said at the last, "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a great deal."

Weary travelers, journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on:
"These trees were planted by Apple-Seed John."

THE EMPIRE SHIP
Nixon Waterman

I have sung my songs to the stately ships that are
sailing the Seven Seas,
But today I sing of a ruder craft that laughed at
the lulling breeze,—
Of the "Prairie Schooner," quaint and slow, with its
dim and dusky sails,
A phantom ship from the long-ago, adrift in the
grass-grown trails.
Westward, ho! Westward, ho!

Out where the winds are sweet and low
And the grassy cradles swing and sway,
The star of empire takes its way.
Westward, ho!

Ere the bellowing steed of steel and steam had startled
the timid deer,
Where the curlew whistled its plaintive call to the gray
grouse nesting near,
Through the fair, fresh prairies, hushed and hid, where
the wild wolf made her den,
There came the land-launched schooner, manned by
bronzed and brawny men.
Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the bold, brisk breezes blow,
And a young world walks in the fields of May,
Westward, ho!

And in that marvelous ship that sailed to the shores of
the wondrous West,
Was a mother who caroled a song of joy to the babe at her
happy breast;
And stowed away in the good ship's hold were a book and
plow and pen,
And a sickle and seeds—yea, all God needs for the making
of matchless men.
Westward, ho! Westward, ho!
Out where the golden harvests glow
And the builders are building day by day,
The star of empire takes its way.
Westward, ho!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a might man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawn arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows road,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, —rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

AT THE FARRAGUT STATUE
Robert Bridges

1801-1870

Farragut's statue by Saint Gaudens was unveiled in New York in 1881.

To live a hero, then to stand
In bronze serene above the city's throng;
Hero at sea, and now on land
Revered by thousands as they rush along;

If these were all the gifts of fame—
To be a shade amid alert reality,
And win a statue and a name—
How cold and cheerless immortality!

But when the sun shines in the Square,
And multitudes are swarming in the street,
Children are always gathered there,
Laughing and playing round the hero's feet.

INDIAN CHILDREN
Annette Wynne

Where we walk to school each day
Indian children used to play—
All above our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round—
What a different place today
Where we live and work and play!

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sand the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

ABOU BEN ADHEM
Leigh Hunt

Abou ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

JAFFAR
Leigh Hunt

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer.
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.
All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief,)
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house; and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.
"Bring me this man," the Caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restor'd me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"
Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said: "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;

The Caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

History: Month 8

LINCOLN
Nancy Byrd Turner

There was a boy of other days,
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,
Who trudged long weary miles to get
A book on which his heart was set—
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp
But very wise in woodmen's ways.
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,
And crisping leaf, and kindled them
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,
The firelight flickered on his face,
And etched his shadow on the gloom,
And made a picture in the room,
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,
But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,
He met them all. And when today
We see his pictured face, we say,
"There's a light upon it still."

LINCOLN'S HEART
Hezekiah Butterworth

"You are wounded, my boy, and the field is your tent,
And what can I do at the last for you?"
"Yes, wounded am I, and my strength is spent
Will you write me a letter and see me through?"
And the tall man ruffled some papers there
To write a letter in sun-dimmed air.

"What now shall I sign it?" "Twill give her joy,
Whatever your name, my friend, may be,
If you sign it just 'from the heart of your boy,'
And put your name there, so she may see
Who wrote so kindly this letter for me."
"A. Lincoln" was written there, trembling.

The bleeding lad, from the hand unknown
The letter took. "What? 'A.Lincoln!' Not he?
Will you take my hand—I'm all alone—
And see me through, since he you be?"
And the Heart of the Nation in that retreat
Held the little pulse till it ceased to beat.

The sun through the trees like an oriel shone,
Like a gate of Heaven reflected there,
And a bird's heart song and a ringdove's moan
Fell on the tides of the amber air!
Both closed their eyes; both hearts in prayer
Went up the steps of the silent stair.

And he, the boy, still holding the hand
Of the heart he loved, no more returned;
But far in the south an iris spanned
The singing forests where sun-rifts burned.
And the Commoner closed in the amber air
Two eyes and crossed two hands as in prayer.
And our Lincoln learned life's lesson there.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Richard Henry Stoddard

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;

Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place
To this dear benefactor of the race.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman

April 15, 1865

Abraham Lincoln was killed by John Wilkes Booth, almost exactly four years after the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their
eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
James Russell Lowell

April 15, 1865

This is a fragment of the noble Commemoration Ode delivered at Harvard College to the memory of those of its students who fell in the war which kept the country whole.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind,
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of a true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

THE BLACK REGIMENT

George Henry Boker

May 27, 1863

"The colored troops fought nobly" was a frequent phrase in war bulletins never did they better deserve this praise than at Port Hudson.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dead mass, and drifts,
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land,—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam, and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told that what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now!" the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh, what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondsmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one though aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the gun's mouth they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands,
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crushing steel,—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry.—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah, and they meant the word!
Not as with us it is heard,—
Not a mere party shout;
They gave their spirits out,
Trusting the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death;
Praying—alas, in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges, and shackles strong,
Never shall do them wrong.

Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment!

READY
Phoebe Cary

1861

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point
With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
No slavish soul had he;
"Somebody's got to die, boys,
And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
As the boat swung clear and free;—
But there wasn't a man of them that day
Who was fitter to die than he!

FIFTY YEARS
James Weldon Johnson

1863-1913

On the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

O Brothers mine, to-day we stand
Where half a century sweeps our ken,
Since God, through Lincoln's ready hand,
Struck off our bonds and made us men.

Just fifty years—a winter's day—
As runs the history of a race;
Yet, as we look back o'er the way,
How distant seems our starting place!

Look farther back! Three centuries!
To where a naked, shivering score,
Snatched from their haunts across the seas,
Stood, wild-eyed, on Virginia's shore.

This land is ours by right of birth,
This land is ours by right of toil;
We helped to turn its virgin earth,
Our sweat is in its fruitful soil.

Where once the tangled forest stood,—
Where flourished once rank weed and thorn,—
Behold the path-traced, peaceful wood,
The cotton white, the yellow corn.

To gain these fruits that have been earned,
To hold these fields that have been won,
Our arms have strained, our backs have burned,
Bent bare beneath a ruthless sun.

That Banner which is now the type
Of victory on field and flood—
Remember, its first crimson stripe
Was dye by Attucks' willing blood.

And never yet has come the cry—
    When that fair flag has been assailed—
For men to do, for men to die,
    That we have faltered or have failed.

We've helped to bear it, rent and torn,
    Through many a hot-breath'd battle breeze
Held in our hands, it has been borne
    And planted far across the seas.

And never yet,—O haughty Land,
    Let us, at least, for this be praised—
Has one black, treason-guided hand
    Ever against the flag been raised.

Then should we speak but servile words,
    Or shall we hang our heads in shame?
Stand back of new-come foreign hordes,
    And fear our heritage to claim?

No! stand erect and without fear,
    And for our foes let this suffice—
We've bought a rightful sonship here,
    And we have more than paid the price.

And yet, my brothers, well I know
    The tethered feet, the pinioned wings,
The spirit bowed beneath the blow,
    The heart grown faint from wounds and stings.

The staggering force of brutish might,
    That strikes and leaves us stunned and dazed;
The long, vain waiting through the night
    To hear some voice for justice raised.

Full well I know the hour when hope
    Sinks dead, and 'round us everywhere
Hangs stifling darkness, and we grope
    With hands uplifted in despair.

Courage! Look out, beyond, and see
The far horizon's beckoning span!
Faith in your God-known destiny!
We are a part of some great plan.

Because the tongues of Garrison
And Phillips now are cold in death,
Think you their work can be undone?
Or quenched the fires lit by their breath?

Think you that John Brown's spirit stops?
That Lovejoy was but idly slain?
Or do you think those precious drops
From Lincoln's heart were shed in vain?

That for which millions prayed and sighed,
That for which tens of thousands fought,
For which so many freely died,
God cannot let it come to naught.

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT
Percy Shelley

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

THE PICKET'S SONG
Alice May Youse

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

It was on an ocean steamer,
And one voice above the rest,
Beautiful, pure, rich and mellow,
All the air with music blest.
Something more, a faint remembrance
Broke upon the listener's ear—
"Yes," he thought, "tis not the first time
That sweet voice is mine to hear.

Silence followed. Then the stranger
Stept up to the singer rare,
"Were you in the Civil War, sir?"
"A Confederate, I was there."
Then a time, a place, were mentioned—
"Were you?" "Yes, and strange to say
This same hymn was then my comfort,
That you hear us sing today.

"Dark the night, so cold and dreary,
And my boyish heart felt low,
Pacing there on sentry duty,
Dangerously near the foe.
Midnight came, the darkness deepened,
Thoughts of home, forebodings brought,
So, for comfort, prayer and singing
Dissipated gloomy thought.

"'All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring.
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'"

Then a strange peace came upon me,
No more fear and gloom that night,
Dawn came, heralding the morrow,
Ere the first faint streak of light."

Then the other told his story:
"I, a Union soldier, true,
In those woods that very evening,
With my scouts were passing through.

You were standing, and our rifles
Covered you. We heard you sing:
"Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing'

"'Twas enough. 'Boys,' I said, 'come,
Lower rifles; we'll go home.'"

THE PICKET GUARD
Ethel Lynn Beers

September, 1861

The stereotyped announcement, 'All Quiet on the Potomac," was followed one day in September, 1861, by the word, 'A Picket Shot,' and these so moved the authoress that she wrote this poem on the impulse of the moment.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

Charles G. Halpine

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades, tried in dangers many,
Comrades, bound by memories many,
    Brothers let us be.
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
    Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades, known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
    Brothers evermore to be.
And, if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
    Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,—
Crimson, white, and starry banner,—
By the baptism of the banner,
    Children of one Church are we.
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us
Still, whatever fate betide us,
    Children of the flag are we.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

George H. Boker

September 1, 1862

Close his eyes; his work is done!
    What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
    Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
        Lay him low, lay him low,
        In the clover or the snow!
        What cares he? he can not know:
            Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him,
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

BARBARA FRIETCHIE
John Greenleaf Whittier

September 6, 1862

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn.

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of your gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round the symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

MUSIC IN CAMP
John R. Thompson

December 15-31, 1862

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame,
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the bank;
Till margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And Yankee Doodle was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the crowding Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, lone stream its noiseless tread
Spread o'er the glistening pebbles:
All silent now the Yankees stood;
All silent stood the Rebels:

For each responsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage neath the live-oak trees,
The cottage by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Sending the tear-mist in his eyes—
The dear ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julie Ward Howe

November, 1861

This war-song was written to the tune of "John Brown's Body,"—a tune to which many thousands of Volunteers were marching to the front.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG
Bret Harte

July 1, 2, 3, 1863

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well,
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won reknown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, Sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living wave
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the Rebels kept—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;

With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy,"—begged he'd disclose
The name of his tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked:
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,

And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backwards pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns:
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's weather
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

SHERIDAN'S RIDE
Thomas Buchanan Read

October 19, 1864

General Early surprised and routed the Union troops during General Sheridan's absence in Washington. Sheridan hastened to the front, rallied his men, and won a complete victory.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every never of the charger was strained in full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of ire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffling the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA
Samuel H. M. Byers

May 4, 1864-December 21, 1864

After Sherman left Tennessee in May, to the taking of Atlanta September 2, there was hardly a day without its battle; after he left Atlanta he marched to the sea and took Savannah; then he went to Columbia and the backbone of the Rebellion was broken. The poet wrote this while a prisoner at Columbia; and when Sherman arrived there and read it, he attached Adjt. Byers to his staff.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
As we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out of the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!
We marched on our wearisome way,
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
And Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;
We paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
But to-day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we the song of our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

THE BURIAL OF SHERMAN

Richard Watson Gilder

1820-1891

Sherman died on January 14. His funeral took place two days later. The statue by Saint Gaudens was unveiled in New York in 1903.

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of
the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapt coffin comes.
Fame and honor and glory, and joy for a noble soul;
For a full and splendid life, and laurelled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and History's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Francis Miles Finch

1861-1865

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, had shown themselves impartial in the offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Love and tears for the Gray.

ELDORADO
Edgar Allen Poe

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight
In sunshine and in shadow
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell, as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow:
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains
Of the moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

THE WOODMAN AND THE SANDAL TREE
Josie Rosas, originally in Spanish, translated by William Cullen Bryant

Beside a sandal tree a woodman stood
And swung the axe, and while its blows were laid
Upon the fragrant trunk, the generous wood
With its own sweet perfumed the cruel blade.
Go, then, and do the like. A soul endued
With light from Heaven, a nature pure and great,
Will place its highest bliss in doing good,
And good for evil give, and love for hate.

QUIVIRA
Arthur Guiterman

Francisco Coronado rode forth with all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of Spain,
To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts hold,—
The City of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur at heel,
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile!
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin marshals of the throng,
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet-note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved of serf and lord,
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with sword,
Though nought of knightly harness his russet gown revealed—
The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry hearts
grew tame,
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla came;
And brawny spearman bowed their heads to kiss the helpful hand
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men understand.

What pen may paint their daring—those doughty cavaliers!
The cities of the Zuni here humbled by their spears.
Wild Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow
Of blades that won Granada and conquered Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls of stone;
Still, North and East, where deserts spread, and treeless prairies
rolled,
A Fairy City lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

Through all their weary marches toward that flitting goal
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and soul.
He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty arrow made;
He cheered the sick and failing; above the dead he prayed.

Two thousand miles of war and woe behind their banners lay:
And sadly fever, drought and toil had lessened their array,
When came a message fraught with hope to all the steadfast band;
"Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew the rein!
There shone no golden palace, there blazed no jeweled fane.
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their view—
A squalid Indian village; the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Coronado bowed his head. He spake unto his men:
"Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain! Now ride we home again.
And would to God that I might give that phantom city's pride
In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful bore:
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more.
His soul still longed for conquest, though not be lance and sword;
He burned to show the Heathen the pathway to the Lord.

Again he trudged the flinty hills and dazzling desert sands,
And few were they that walked with him, and weaponless their hands—
But and the trusty man-at-arms, Docampo, rode him near
Like Great Heart guarding Christian's way through wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies toss,
Among the dark Quiviras Padilla reared his cross.
Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw
In wonder heard the Gospel of Love and Peace and Law.

They gloried in their Brown-robed Priest; and oft in twilight's gold
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale he told;
While round the gentle man-at-arms their lithe-limbed children played
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving shell,
The Friar rose at dawning and spake his flock farewell:
"—And if your Brothers northward be cruel, as ye say,
My Master bids me seek them—and dare I answer 'Nay'?"

Again he strode the path of thorns; but ere the evening star
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plumes of war.
Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were most his own:
"My children, bear the tidings home—let me die here alone."

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling Sioux.—
"Forgive them, oh, my Father! they know not what they do!"
The twanging bow-strings answered. Before his eyes, unrolled
The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with gold.

MONTEREY
Charles Fenno Hoffman

September 19-24, 1846

The assaulting American army at the attack on Monterey numbered six thousand six hundred and twenty-five; the defeated Mexicans were about ten thousand.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have with us been at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries pasta,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

History: Month 10

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS

Marie van Vorst

August, 1914-April, 1917

In the long months before the United States entered the war many Americans took service under the flag of France.

Neutral! America you cannot give
To your sons' souls neutrality. Your powers
Are sovereign, Mother, but past histories live
In hearts as young as ours.

We who are free disdain oppression, lust
And infamous raid. We have been pioneers
For freedom and our code of honor must
Dry and not startle tears.

We've read of Lafayette, who came to give
His youth, with his companions and their powers,
To help the Colonies—and heroes live
In hearts as young as ours!

Neutral! We who go forth with sword and lance,
A little band to swell the battle's flow,
Go willingly, to pay again to France
Some of the debt we owe.

THE CHOICE

Rudyard Kipling

April, 1917
(The American Spirit Speaks)

To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfilment lies
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.

Let Freedom's Land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of Good or Ill is given.

Not at a little cost,
Hardly by prayer or tears,
Shall we recover the road we lost
In the drugged and doubting years.

But, after the fires and the wrath,
But, after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

In the Gates of Death rejoice!
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
With Freedom's brotherhood!

Then praise the Lord Most High
Whose Strength hath saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die
And not the living Soul!

To the God in Man displayed—
Where e'er we see that Birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth!

To the Spirit that moves in Man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be Glory since our world began
And service to the end!

ANNAPOLIS
Waldron Kinsolving Post

April, 1917-November, 1918

This tribute to the Naval Academy at Annapolis was written while the American squadron of destroyers was helping to preserve the freedom of the seas.

The mother sits by Severn side,
Where Severn joins the Bay,
And great gray ships go down the tide
And carry her sons away.
They carry them far, they carry them wide,
To all the Seven Seas,
But never beyond her love and pride,
And ever the deathless tales abide
They learned at the Mother's knees.

Stern she is, as well becomes
The nurse of gentle men,
Who trains their tread to roll of drums,
Their hands to sword and pen.
Her iron-blooded arteries hold
No soft Corinthian strain;
The Attic soul in a Spartan mould,
Loyal and hardy, clean and bold,
Shall govern the roaring main.

They come from South, they come from North,
They come from East and West;
And who can say, when all go forth,
That any of these are best?
With names unknown, and names that won
Their fame in a hundred fights,
The admiral's son, and the ploughman's son,
Mothered by her, they all are one,
Her race of sailor knights.

Young and eager and unafraid,
As neophytes they kneeled
And watched their arms, and only prayed
"Keep stain from every shield."
Naught else they fear as they hunt the foes
Through fog, and storm, and mine,
Keen for the joy of the battle blows;
But God make strong the hearts of those
Who love, and are left behind.

YOU AND YOU
Edith Wharton

November, 1918
To the American Private in the Great War

Every one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Each one knowing what it was for,
And what was his job to do.

Every one of you won the war,
Obedient, unwearied, unknown,
Dung in the trenches, drift on the shore,
Dust to the world's end blown;
Every one of you, steady and true,
You and you and you—
Down in the pit or up in the blue,
Whether you crawled or sailed or flew,
Whether your closest comrade knew
Or you bore the brunt alone—

All of you, all of you, name after name,
Jones and Robinson, Smith and Brown,
You from the piping prairie town,
You from the Fundy fogs that came,
You from the city's roaring blocks,
You from the bleak New England rocks
With the shingled roof in the apple boughs,
You from the brown adobe house—

You from the Rockies, you from the Coast,
You from the burning frontier-post
And you from Klondyke's frozen flanks,
You from the cedar-swamps and you from the vine,
You from the rice and the sugar-brakes,
You from the Rivers and you from the Lakes,
You from the Creeks and you from the Licks
And you from the brown bayou—
You and you and you—
You from the pulpit, you from the mine,
You from the factories, you from the banks,
Closer and closer, ranks on ranks,
Airplanes and cannons, and rifles and tanks,
Smith and Robinson, Brown and Jones,
Ruddy faces or bleaching bones,
After the turmoil and blood and pain
Swinging home to the folks again
Or sleeping alone in the fine French rain—
Every one of you won the war.

Every one of you won the war—
You and you and you—
Pressing and pouring forth, more and more,
Toiling and straining from shore to shore
To reach the flaming edge of the dark
Where man in his millions went up like a spark,
You, in your thousands and millions coming,
All the sea ploughed with you, all the air humming,
All the land loud with you,
All our hearts proud with you,
All our souls bowed with the awe of your coming!

Where's the Arch high enough,
Lads, to receive you,
Where's the eye dry enough,
Dears, to perceive you,
When at last and at last in your glory you come,
Tramping home!

Every one of you won the war,
You and you and you—
You that carry an unscathed head,
You that halt with a broken tread,
And oh, most of all, you Dead, you Dead!

Lift up the Gates for these that are last,
That are last in the great Procession.
Let the living pour in, take possession,
Flood back to the city, the ranch, the farm,
The church and the college and mill,
Back to the office, the store, the exchange,
Back to the wife with the babe on her arm,
Back to the mother that waits on the sill,
And the super that's hot on the range.

And now, when the last of them all are by,
Be the Gates lifted up on high
To let those Others in,
Those Others, their brothers, that softly tread,
That come so thick, yet take no ground,
That are so many, yet make no sound,
Our Dead, our Dead, our Dead!

O silent and secretly-moving throng,
In your fifty thousand strong,
Coming at dusk when the wreaths have dropt,
And streets are empty, and music stopt,
Silently coming to hearts that wait
Dumb in the door and dumb at the gate,
And hear your step and fly to your call—
Every one of you won the war,
But you, you Dead, most of all!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS
John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

A SONG OF THE CAMP
Bayard Taylor

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsmen said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory,
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of Hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

CALLING THE ROLL
Sheppard

"Corporal Greene!" the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier standing near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
"Cyrus Drew!" and a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man saw him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night,
The fern on the slope was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.
"Herbert Cline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice said "Here!"
"Hiram Kerry!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighted,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.
"Ephraim Deane!" Then a soldier spoke:
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot. I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment, and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it and closed his eyes."
For the company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

AMERICA'S WELCOME HOME
Henry van Dyke

November 11, 1918
When the fighting ceased there were two million American soldiers in France.
Oh, gallantly they fared forth in khaki and in blue,
America's crusading host of warriors bold and true;
They battled for the rights of man beside our brave Allies,
And now they're coming home to us with glory in their eyes.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
Our hearts are turning home again and there we long to be,
In our beautiful big country beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Our boys have seen the Old World as none have seen before.
They know the grisly horror of the German gods of war;
The noble faith of Britain and the hero-heart of France,
The soul of Belgium's fortitude and Italy's romance.

They bore our country's great word across the rolling sea,
"America swears brotherhood with all the just and free."
They wrote the word victorious on fields of mortal strife,
And many a valiant lad was proud to seal it with his life.

Oh, welcome home in Heaven's peace, dear spirits of the dead!
And welcome home ye living sons America hath bred!
The lords of war are beaten down, your glorious task is done;
You fought to make the whole world free, and the victory is won.

Now it's home again, and home again, our hearts are turning west,
Of all the lands beneath the sun America is best.
We're going home to our own folks, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Angela Morgan

November 10, 1921

This poem was read by the author over the casket of the Unknown Soldier, at the special memorial exercises held in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

He is known to the sun-white Majesties
Who stand at the gates of dawn.
He is known to the cloud-borne company
Whose souls but late have gone.
Like wind-flung stars through lattice bars
They throng to greet their own,
With voice of flame they sound his name
Who died to us unknown.

He is hailed by the time-crowned brotherhood,
By the Dauntless of Marathon,
By Raymond, Godfrey, and Lion Heart
Whose dreams he carried on.
His name they call through the heavenly hall
Unheard by earthly ear,
He is claimed by the famed in Arcady
Who knew no title here.

Oh faint was the lamp of Sirius
And dim was the Milky Way.
Oh far was the floor of Paradise
From the soil where the soldier lay.
Oh chill and stark was the crimson dark
Where huddled men lay deep;
His comrades all denied his call—
Long had they lain in sleep.

Oh strange how the lamp of Sirius
Drops low to the dazzled eyes,
Oh strange how the steel-red battlefields
Are floors of Paradise.
Oh strange how the ground with never a sound
Swings open, tier on tier,
And standing there in the shining air
Are the friends he cherished here.

They are known to the sun-shod sentinels
Who circle the morning's door,
They are led by a cloud-bright company
Through paths unseen before.
Like blossoms blown, their souls have flown
Past war and reeking sod,
In the book unbound their names are found—
They are known in the courts of God!

SHIP OF STATE
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Thou, too sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee.

THE RICHEST PRINCE

From the German of Andreas J. Kerner,
Translated by H.W. Dulcken

All their wealth and vast possessions
Vaunting high in choicest terms,
Sat the German princes feasting
In the knightly hall of Worms.

"Mighty," cried the Saxon ruler,
"Are the wealth and power I wield:
In my country's mountain gorges
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"See my land with plenty glowing,"
Quoth the Palsgrave of the Rhine;
"Beauteous harvests in the valleys,
On the mountains noble wine."

"Spacious towns and wealthy convents,"
Lewis spake, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Wurtember's beloved monarch,
Eberherd the Bearded, cried:
"See, my land hath little cities,
'Mong my hills no metals bide;

"Yet one treasure it hath borne me,—
Sleeping in the woodland free,
I may lay my head in safety
On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utterance,
Cried aloud those princes three:
"Bearded count, thy land hath jewels!
Thou art wealthier far than we!"

BABOUSCKA
Edith M. Thomas

Babouscka sits before the fire,
Upon a winter's night,
The driving winds heap up the snow,
Her hut is snug and tight;
The howling winds, they only make
Babouscka's fire more bright!

She hears a knocking at the door,
So late—who can it be?
She hastes to lift the wooden latch
(No thought of fear has she):
The wind-blown candle in her hand
Shines out on strangers three.

Their beards are white with age, and snow
That in the darkness flies;
Their floating locks are long and white,
But kindly are the eyes
That sparkle underneath their brows,
Like stars in frosty skies.

"Babouscka, we have come from far;
We tarry but to say,
A little Prince is born this night
Who all the world will sway.
Come join the search; come, go with us
Who go these gifts to pay."

Babouscka shivers at the door:
"I would I might behold
The little Prince who shall be King;
But ah, the night is cold,
The wind so fierce, the snow so deep,
And I, good sires, am old!"

The strangers three, no word they speak,
But fade in snowy space—
Babouscka sits before the fire,
And looks with wistful face:
"I wish that I had questioned them,
So I the way might trace!

"When morning comes, with blessed light,
I'll early be awake.
My staff in hand, I'll go —perchance,
Those strangers overtake.
And for the Child, some little toys
I'll carry for His sake."

The morning came, and, staff in hand,
She wandered in the snow;
And asked the way of all she met,
But none the way could show.
"It must be farther yet," she sighed,
"Then farther I will go."

And still 'tis said, on Christmas eve,
When high the drifts are piled,
With staff, and basket on her arm,
Babouscka seeks the Child.
At every door her face is seen—
Her wistful face and mild!

At every door her gifts she leaves,
And bends, and murmurs low,
Above each little face half hid
By pillows white as snow:
"And is *He* Here?"—then softly sighs:
"Nay, farther must I go!"

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Alfred Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
    Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
    Into the valley of Death
    Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
    Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
    Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
    Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
    Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
    All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
    Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not—
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
    All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
    Noble six hundred!

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Little by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh.
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grow strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.
Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;

Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

A LITTLE KINGDOM
Louisa May Alcott

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads.
And selfishness its shadow casts,
On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart,
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear!
Teach me to lean on Thee and feel
That thou art very near.
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself
And dare to take command.

MY CREED
Harold Arnold Walters

I would be true, for there are those that trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would be friend to all—the foe—the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.

IF
Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

INVICTUS
William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
    Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
    For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
    I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
    My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
    Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
    Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
    How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
    I am the captain of my soul.

TODAY

I'd laugh today, today is brief,
    I would not wait for anything;
I'd use today that cannot last,
    Be glad today and sing.

A SMILE
Emily Dickinson

They might not need me; but they might.
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

WATCH THE CORNERS
Lulu Linton

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout, or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather, in countryside or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

A HAPPY DAY

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with;
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it brings to thee.

A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way,
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

HOW DID YOU DIE?
Edmund Vance Cooke

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a tone, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts.
But only how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth! Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's a disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether it's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Sam Walter Foss

> *"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house*
> *by the side of the road."* —*Homer*

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;—
But let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both part of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon,
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

JOHN WESLEY'S RULE

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

BECAUSE OF SOME GOOD ACT

Let me today do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me tonight look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today.

I KNELT TO PRAY

I knelt to pray when day was done
And prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone,
Lift from each saddened heart the pain
And let the sick be well again.

And then I woke another day
And carelessly went on my way.
The whole day long I did not try
To wipe a tear from any eye.

I did not try to share the load
Of any brother on the road.
I did not even go to see
The sick man just next door to me.

Yet once again when day was done
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."
But as I prayed, into my ear,
There came a voice that whispered clear,

"Pause now, my son, before you pray.
Whom have you tried to bless today?
God's sweetest blessing always go
To hands that serve him here below."

And then I hid my face and cried,
"Forgive me, Lord, I have not tried,
But let me live another day
And I will live the way I pray."

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter day;
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by,
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laugh and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Finding the snow piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street;
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed and without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away!"

And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who was somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

A PSALM OF LIFE
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID
James Whitcomb Riley

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope for fair renown,
Let something good be said.

IN A FRIENDLY SORT O' WAY
James Whitcomb Riley

When a man ain't got a cent, and he's feeling kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the
sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the teardrops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart;
You can look up and meet his eyes, you don't know what to say
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,
With its cares and bitter crosses, but a good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—leastways, that is what I say
When a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

I WILL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN
Ellen H. Underwood

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass this way again.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway;
I'm sure I shall not pass this way again.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

JUST TO BE TENDER

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

SPEAK GENTLY
David Bates

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love is sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care,

Speak gently to the aged one.
Grieve not the careworn heart,
Whose sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

ANNABEL LEE
Edgar Allen Poe

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud at night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
    Of those who were older than we,
    Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
    Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
    Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
    In the sepulcher there by the sea,
    In her tomb by the sounding sea.

GRIEF AND JOY
Frederic Lawrence Knowles

It takes two for a kiss,
    Only one for a sigh;
Twain by twain we marry,
    One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,
    Grief weeps alone;
Many guests had Cana,
    Gethsemane had one.

CHARITY

There is so much that is bad in the best of us
And so much that is good in the worst of us
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

YOUR MISSION
Ellen Gates

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along—
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command:
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
With the Saviour's true disciple,
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
    Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
    There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
    You can go with careful tread—
You can bear away the wounded,
    You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
    For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
    She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
    Do not fear to do or dare—
If you want a field of labor
    You can find it anywhere.

A COMMONPLACE LIFE

"A commonplace life," we say as we sigh.
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and stars are commonplace things,
And the flowers that blooms and the bird that sings.
But dark were the world and sad our lot
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not.
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful Whole.

BALLADE OF RICHES
Edward Wilbur Mason

What care I for the treasure isles
    Enskyed where purple oceans are?
I have the sunlight's golden smiles;
    I have the silvery gleam of star;
    Daily beside the pasture bar.
The daisies flash me radiance free—
    Poets are rich, or near or far,
For wealth abides with poverty!

Roses have I for daily bread;
Why could I crave a richer fare?
Who eats of beauty, he is fed;
Who drinks a draught of sweet pure air,
He has wine of vintage rare.
Yea, naught have I but youth and glee,
Yet always I have joy to spare—
For wealth abides with poverty!

Science shines like moon on the mind;
The soul is thrall to starry art;
I covet not their cold unkind
Splendor of death in whole or part.
I have love in a true, pure heart,
And nevermore on land or sea
Can summer from my life depart—
For wealth abides with poverty!

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

Madeline S. Bridges

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
They give to the world the best you have,
And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength, in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

CONSEQUENCES

A traveler on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe his early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He paused again, and lo! The well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random though;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

TRUE REST
Goethe

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

WORK THOU FOR PLEASURE
Kenyon Cox

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul,
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

Margaret E. Sangster

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
    It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
    At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
    The letter you did not write;
The flowers you did not send, dear,
    Are your haunting ghosts at night.

The stone you might have lifted
    Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
    You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
    The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time nor thoughts for
    With troubles enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
    So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
    Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
    Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is fain, and flagging
    And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
    And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
    That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear.
    It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
    At the setting of the sun.

FAME
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND WORTH LOVING

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's a health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land,
Should a brother of workmen dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL
Nixon Waterman

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see,
If I knew you and you knew me.

THE SIMPLE FAITH
John Greenleaf Whittier

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well.

HONESTY
Horatius Bonar

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

PLUCK WINS

Pluck wins! It always wins! Though days be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go,
Still pluck will win; its average is sure;
He gains the prize who will the most endure;
Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
Who waits and watches, and who always works.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

Joaquin Miller

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deeds sublime.
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with the sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and who still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-brother of mine.

TO THE MAN WHO FAILS

Alfred Waterhouse

Let others sing to the hero who wins in the ceaseless fray,
Who, over the crushed and fallen, pursueth his upward way;
For him let them weave the laurel, to him their paean sung,
When the kindly fates have chosen, who are happy their loved among;

But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress to reach;
To bind, o'er the wound of failure, the balm of pitying speech;
To whisper: "Be up and doing, for courage at last prevails"—
I sing—who have supped with Failure—I sing to the man who fails.

I know how the gray clouds darkens, and mantles the soul in gloom;
I know how the spirit harkens to voices of doubt or of doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word, "Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that our God is there.

Our years are as moments only; our failures He counts as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected, perchance is the one that He sought.
Mayhap, in the ultimate judgment, the effort alone avails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man who fails.

We sow in the darkness only; but the Reaper shall reap in light;
And the day of His perfect glory shall tell of the deeds of the night.
We gather our gold, and store it, and the whisper is heard, "Success!"
But, tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were an achievement less?

We struggle for fame, and win it; and lo! like a fleeting breath,
It is lost in the realm of silence, whose ruler and king is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a housewife's tales?
I sing—for the Father heeds him—I sing to the man who fails.

Oh, men, who are labelled "failures", up, rise up! again, and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room; there is room for you.
No failure was e'er recorded, in the annals of truthful men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts again.

The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss of the sun.
Oh, weary and worn and stricken, oh, child of fate's cruel gales!
I sing—that it haply may cheer him,—I sing to the man who fails.

THE CONQUEROR
Emil Carl Aurin

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows; he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.

NEVER GIVE UP
Martin Farguhar Tupper

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.

Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success,—if you'll only hope on;

Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest
Is the true watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
Or the full thundercloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock,—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst;

Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of "Never give up!"

I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY

S. W. Gillilan

When you've set your head to do it,
When your judgment says you're right,
When your conscience gives its sanction,
Then pitch in with all your might.
Don't let anything prevent you,
Though the odds seem big and strong;
Every obstacle must vanish
As the swift days roll along—
If you set your jaw and say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

While the whole world loves a lover,
Yet it loves a winner best;
Loves the man who, till he conquer,
Stops not e'en for sleep or rest.
Of the may be worn and haggard,
Often he may weary be;
Yet the lion heart within him
Has been firm as rock since he
Set his quiet jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

Oh, the loose-hung jaws encountered
In the course of but a day!
Oh, the lives devoid of purpose,
That we find along the way!
They the weaklings are, who know not
What strong faith and will may do;
Know not that the world's a servant
To the man who's game and true—
And who sets his jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

THE ONE

I knew his face the moment that he passed
Triumphant in the thoughtless, cruel throng—
Triumphant, though the tired, quiet eyes
Showed that his soul had suffered overlong.
And though across the brow faint lines of care
Were etched, somewhat of Youth still lingered there.
I gently touched his arm—he smiled at me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

Where I had failed, he'd won from life Success;
Where I had stumbled, with sure feet he stood;
Alike—yet unalike—we faced the world,
And through the stress he found that life was good.
And I? The bitter wormwood in the glass,
The shadowed way along which failures pass!
Yet as I saw him thus, joy came to me—
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

I know him! And I knew he knew me for
The man he might have been. Then did his soul
Thank silently the gods that gave him strength
To win, while I so sorely missed the goal?
He turned, and quickly in his own firm hand
He took my own—the gulf of Failure spanned . . .
And that was all —strong, self-reliant, free,
He was the Man that Once I Meant to Be!

We did not speak. But in his sapient eyes
I saw the spirit that had urged him on,
The courage that had held him through the fight
Had once been mine. I thought, "Can it be gone?"
He felt that unasked question—felt it so
His pale lips formed the one-word answer, "No!"
. . . . . .
Too late to win? No! Not too late for me—
He is the Man that Still I Mean to Be!

WHO NE'ER HAS SUFFERED
Rev. J.B. Goode

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half,
Who never failed, never strove or sought.
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh,
And he who never doubted never thought.

ON HIS BLINDNESS
John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE RAINY DAY

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL

Horatius Bonar

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true thing truly done each done.

Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

GRADATIM
Josiah Gilbert Holland

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

Henry Wotton

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grave than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

William Wordsworth

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. —Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

Alexander Pope

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native are
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE DAY IS DONE
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe the restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Of tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have powers to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from some treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"Little by little," an acorn said,--
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed--
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away!"
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew.
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;

And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.
Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect-train work ceaselessly.
Grain by grain they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the tops look out on the sunny sky.
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there,
Till the summer-sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.
"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending al my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be better for me."
Now, do you not think that this simply plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?