Spake the Lord to His suffering servant,
The mild-mannered martyr of Uz,
From the midst of the turbulent tempest—
As the Lord most generally does:

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel
By words without knowledge or sense?
Where wert thou when I laid the foundations
Of earth in the darkness intense?

"When the morning starscharted together,
And my suns shouted loudly for glee?
When I made the cloud-garment of ocean,
And his limits did fix and decree?

"Hast thou ever commanded the dawning
By the light of thy signified grace?
Didst thou cause by thy precepts and teaching
The dayspring to know his own place?

"Unto thee have the gates of death opened?
Hast thou seen the door's shadow thereof?
And the dwellings of light and of darkness—
Their places, dost know aught whereof?

"Who gendered the hoar-frost of heaven?
Out of whose womb cometh the ice?
Will the waters pour forth their abundance
From the clouds at the sound of thy voice?"
"Canst thou bind the sweet power of Pleiad?  
The bands of Orion unband?  
Canst thou send forth the thunder and lightning,  
Or hold them sedate in thy hand?

"Shall he that contendeth instruct Me?  
His duty to God shall he tell?  
Let him that reproves the Almighty  
Make answer—and answer it well!"

Thus spake the Lord out of the whirlwind  
To the mild-mannered martyr of Uz;  
But the Lord asked too many questions,  
As, somehow, the Lord always does!

Yet now, if He'd speak in a zephyr,  
The mildest that blows o'er the bay,  
He'd get answers to all of His queries  
Ere the sound of His voice died away!
FIDUS ACHATES

(A PET DOG)

O faithful friend! Companion
Of many Isthmian years!
Through dry and rainy season,
Through happiness and tears,
I've never known thee falter,
Whatever chance might bring:
Thy faith's an open psalter,
From which thy praise I sing!

Thy love each year increaseth
By never act of mine;
My conduct ever pleaseth
That wondrous heart of thine!
Tho' oft neglected, slighted,
On days of selfish gloom,
Thy fondness ne'er is blighted,
But e'er in fuller bloom!

Should Time decree us parting—
Oh, may this never be!—
I'll curse the fate disheart'ning
That severs me from thee!
May Death unbarb his arrow
When'er toward thee he shoots,
And spare my soul to harrow,
For I love thee, "Mr. Toots!"

97
WARNED

There is, so old Mohammed said
Some little time ago
(It was, if memory serves me well,
    Twelve hundred years or so!),
A wondrous bridge across the space
    'Twixt Earth and Paradise,
Of marvellous construction and
    Most curious device.

Not wider is its footpath than
    A famished spider's web;
The knife-edge of the guillotine
    Is wider, so 'tis said!
And far beneath its dizzy height
    Lies Hell's appalling gloom,
Where tortured souls forevermore
    Work out their awful doom.
And o'er this gruesome bridge must pass
    The spirits of the dead,
With no less speed and no less weight
    Than Thought and Lightning wed!
The soul that travels safely here
    Must sort its sins with care,
Nor e'er attempt a heavy one
    Upon the span to bear.
Of all the sins that falls have caused
To those upon the trip,
That bulky load, hypocrisy,
Has made the most to slip.
If this is really so, dear friends,
Disastrously, I fear,
Will end the parlous journey when
We on the bridge appear!
Ah, ha, I know you now at last!  
I've traced you thro' the ghostly past!  
Down from the far Azoic Age  
I know your each succeeding stage!  
I mind you well!  When I was stone  
You could not then leave me alone,  
For you were fungus—choked my breath  
With your putrescent, mouldy death!  
When I a megatherium—  
The last surviving—had become,  
You were the scale upon my eyes,  
You were the itch upon my thighs!  
And then when I was pachyderm  
And ruminant, each in their turn,  
You were the poison in the mud—  
The bitter herb that spoiled the cud!

I was a monkey, then a man;  
You first a louse, then saurian.  
I know!  'Tis scarce a thousand years  
Since you, a crocodile in tears,  
Swam up the Ganges, ate my child,  
And with your slime the stream defiled!  
And then when I in Lisbon town  
Incurred the Inquisition's frown,  
You were the fiend in red and black  
Who pressed the levers of the rack!
I died for liberty; you were
The tyrant’s executioner!
Your presence then became a joy—
You lost your power to annoy!
You saw my smile and your mistake,
And quickly did that sphere forsake.
Since then you haven’t been a man;
To retrograde you then began,
And now, tho’ still with me you stay,
You’re that to-morrow, this to-day.
The cur that howls the whole night through,
The fever lurking in the dew,
The sand-fly on my blood intent,
The sly mosquito, pestilent!
The ant that o’er the sugar crawls,
The spider on my head that falls!
You’ve found your office once again—
Your sharpest tool is petty pain!
Your greater efforts lose their wings—
You’re potent but in little things!
Ah, yes, I know you thoroughly!
You’ll cling to me eternally;
And reincarnate though I be
Thro’ century on century,
You’ll dog my footsteps night and day
Till sense and matter pass away!
To happiness superlative
You are the prefix negative!
The qualification Evil sent—
Your name is dis and mine content!

101
A TOAST

I DRINK to him who when he knows he's wrong
    Has manliness enough to say so;
Whose Yes, when others dodge, is clear and strong,
    Who when he thinks No will but say No.

I drink to him whose spoken Yea and Nay
    No skulkers shelter just behind them;
Whose sentiments are open as the day,
    So when one needs them one can find them.

I drink to him who to his own affairs
    Pays sole and strict attention purely;
Who deals not in his neighbor's wares—
    For he's a rara avis surely!
SAINT PATRICK

Here's to you, dear old Patrick,
In tuns of Irish wine,
That tastes of bog and peat-fire,
And that merry heart of thine!
A hundred healths I've pledged you,
A hundred more I'll drink!
God keeps you, His pet crony,
Near His right hand, I think!

You, doubtless, sit there musing
O'er the life that had to pass;
Why don't you come and join me
In one last fragrant glass!
In body 'tis not possible—
You've cast flesh-pots away;
But aid me with your spirit
To drink your natal day!

You won't? 'Tis not your fault, then:
You've had your little fling,
And now you're sublimated—
Wear halo, robe, and wing!
But know, my dear old fellow,
I've kindly thoughts of thee
As I quaff this nightcap, dreaming
Of Seventeenths to be!
MALACHI

The last of the prophets—old Malachi—
   Way up on the great coping-stone
Of the loftiest tower of Paradise,
   Sat pensively musing alone
As, weary of walking the golden streets,
   And inspecting the palaces fair,
In my dream I ascended the battlements,
   And discovered him sitting there.

I knew him at once, and I hastily climbed
   Over many a huge parapet,
Till I reached him at last, and sat by his side
   On the top of the tall minaret.
He seemed down in the mouth—dejected, in fact,
   And I marvelled profoundly thereat;
But, laconic as ever, he gave me Good-day,
   And told me to take off my hat.

He'd a halo round his head that wouldn't come off,
   Or he'd shed it, at least so he said;
He remarked that he'd worn it for two thousand years,
   And 'twas getting as heavy as lead.
"In fact," said he, "stranger, I'm awfully tired
   Of—well, nearly everything here;
The things that once seemed to me wondrously fine
   Are becoming unbearably drear."
"I am tired of the sunlight that never grows dim,
And I long for a shower of rain;
A regular flood would be welcomed by me
Could I see but a rainbow again!
I am tired of metallic, glittering streets,
And I long for an old country road;
I long for the mountains, the valleys, the fields—
To ride with the hay on the load!

"I long for the trees, for the flowers, and ferns,
And I long to hear birds sing again;
I am tired of the sound of hosanna and harp—
Stringed instruments give me a pain!
The jaspery sea is quite beautiful, yes,
But of late it is rather a bore;
I am perfectly crazy to plunge in the surf,
And to smell the salt water once more!

"I am tired of the summer—I wish it would snow!
I'd like to see hoar-frost and ice!
I'd like to build forts, and slide down the hills—
Oh, wouldn't that be mighty nice!
I'd like to be out in a howling old gale—
To buffet and battle the storm!
I wouldn't mind getting completely chilled through
For the bliss of again getting warm!

"And, say!—never breathe it!—I once knew a girl
When I sojourned in Palestine there,
Whose shoulders were guiltless of feathers or wings,
Who wore sandals, and 'did up' her hair!"

105
Right here I awoke, and I think it was time,
    Tho' I lost what the seer meant to say.
Last night I retired, somewhat sick of this world,
    But I'm feeling more cheerful to-day!
ME TOO

THAR are these six things ez the Lord doth hate—
   Yes, seven ez make Him sick!
I wuz thinkin' 'em over myself last night,
   And they're enough tew make enny one kick!
Ye kin find the hull list, ef ye don't believe me,
   In Proverbs, along to'lds the fust;
And uv all the sins uv humanity,
   I guess they are clus tew the wust.

A proud look on the face uv a man
   Ez hain't got no pride at all;
Who don't even know the sense uv the word—
   Who thinks it means nothin' but gall!
A lyin' tongue thet wags, b'gosh,
   Like the clack uv an old grist-mill—
Thet is hung in the middle and works both ends,
   Thet death alone kin keep still!
Hands thet shed innercent blood comes next,
   And I calkerlate ye'll agree
Thet thar's nothin' more pizon in enny one
   Than deliberet krewelty!
And then thar's the heart thet's busy all day
   And purty near all the night,
A-devizin' all kinds uv wickedness,
   And tryin' tew make black look white!
Nur He don't like the feet thet be so swift
   Ter run inter mischief and sich:
The path thet they make don't run very straight,
   And like ez not leads tew a ditch!

107
A crooked witness ez can't speak the trewth
   Don't cut enny figger with Him!
A perjerer's chances uv gittin' thar,
   I reckon, are all-fired slim!
Then the feller thet's allers a-raisin' a row
   'Twixt people ez wanter be friends:
He's the last on the list, but he won't be the least
   When He declares His dividends!

These are the things ez the Lord jest hates
   And abomernets all the way thrown;
I wuz thinkin' 'em over myself last night,
   And I'll be durned ef I don't tew!
LITTLE JAMAICA MAN

A COOLIE TOWN LULLABY

De sun's hangin' ovah de aide of de worl',
Li'l man, li'l man;
An' de clouds in him breat' all frizzle an' curl,
Li'l Jamaica man.

Hit's gwine be dahk fe come bimeby,
Li'l man, li'l man;
So light up de tawch in you tail, firefly,
Li'l Jamaica man.

De stahs got ta swing low down dis night,
Li'l man, li'l man;
De fool-vahgin moon feegit hile fe light,
Li'l Jamaica man.

But hit meks no diff' once to dis sugah chile,
Li'l man, li'l man;
Hi fin' light 'nuff in him mummah smile,
Li'l Jamaica man.

De win' blow hahd, but him no git skeer,
Li'l man, li'l man;
De tunnah crack, but him mummah here,
Li'l Jamaica man.

De Lahd got him safe in Him 'evenly keep,
Li'l man, li'l man;
So sleep along, honey, sleep—sleep—sleep,
Li'l Jamaica man.
Beneath the rose, who knows?
Perchance a serpent lurketh there,
Safe-screened within that bosom fair;
And passion's lightest breath that blows
May all the turpitude disclose
Clandestine there, beneath the rose!—
Who knows?

Beneath the rose, who knows?
Perchance a wrong is burning there,
A brand upon that bosom fair,
That wider, deeper, hourly grows—
A brand that ever flames and glows,
Suspected not, beneath the rose!—
Who knows?

Beneath the rose, who knows?
Perchance a love is dying there,
Enfamished on that bosom fair—
A starveling, whose expiring throes
Are witnessed not by friends or foes
Who cannot see beneath the rose!—
Who knows?

Beneath the rose, who knows?
Perchance a joy is hiding there,
And madly thrills that bosom fair!
Whate'er there be, it never shows;
She still doth smile and calmly pose!
Can there be naught beneath the rose?—
Who knows?
AT SUNSET TIME

At sunset time so long ago—
Ah, long ago! Ah, hearts of woe!—
We numbered in the shoreless West
The cloud-born Islands of the Blest,
And sought the one we once would know.

O'er seas serene of opal glow,
With softened thoughts we urged the quest
Till Night's far whisper bade us rest
At sunset time.

And now, tho' left alone, and tho'
Through tears the Isles but dimly show,
We seek, still seek the purple crest
Where, waiting, She hath made her nest,
And Hope—for She would have it so—
At sunset time.
I THINK OF THEE

The sun has set—the stars are in the sky,
The clouds form valleys deep and mountains high,
And as I watch full many a form and face
Appear and vanish in the azure space,
    I think of thee.

The sun has set—the weary day is done,
Another night of retrospect begun;
Yet while fond memory tales of sadness tells,
One ray of comfort all the gloom dispels—
    I think of thee.

The sun has set—across the land and sea
That seem to separate my love from me,
Still soul communes with soul, heart throbs with heart;
Tho' distance darkens we are not apart—
    I think of thee.
SHE SENDS HER LOVE

She sends her love! My heart prepare
To cleave the last, thin band of air
Where slothful spirits hesitate
And sluggish souls deliberate,—
Then back to sordid earth repair.

We'll leave this atmosphere of care
And zones of ether penetrate—
For doth the word not clearly state,
"She sends her love"?

Yea! Jubilant our path shall fare
To that far Aiden none may dare
Save those—the passing fortunate,
To whom—O dear and charming fate—
O boon benign and rapture rare—
She sends her love!

II3
TO VIOLET

When Nature scattered roses 'round
To please the eye of man,
She rested while she stood aloof
Her handiwork to scan.
She was by no means satisfied—
A flower was lacking yet;
And so she came to earth again
And brought the violet.

That's why, dear one, thy friends rejoice
And render thanks to-day;
Our souls are glad, our hearts are light—
We laugh, we sing, we play.
For Nature, bless her smiling face,
Our need did not forget,
But gave us what has pleased us most—
Our precious Violet!
THESE AWFUL DAYS

The sun climbs over the indigo hills
And lazily mounts the sky;
So slothful his gait that noon we await
Ere his course is two hours high.
The waveless sea inertly lies
In the hush and quiet of death—
'All nature's asleep in slumber deep,
And the breeze is an infant's breath.

O these are the days, the awful days,
When the fiercest spirit quails!
When the keenest zest is fain to rest,
When the strongest effort fails.
When the sluggish mind and the sluggish soul
To the sluggish pulse respond;
When desire is dead, ambition fled,
And we sink in the Slough of Despond!
THE HAPPIEST TIME

In all the day the happiest time
Is when old blazing Red Eye sets,
And frogs in distant pools of slime
Begin their raucous pumps to prime;
When crickets practice their duets
And fireflies puff their cigarettes.

The deadly night-air not at all
Doth frighten me, for I'm immune;
And I've become so tropical,
So bilious and malarial,
Mosquitoes sing as sweet a tune
As ever did the birds of June.

So, on the balcony at ease,
I watch the stars wink merrily,
And palms play in the evening breeze
At see-saw with the almond trees—
And now it is that, verily,
I look at things quite cheerily.

This is the hour I'm glad to live,
And know I'd just as gladly die;
The hour that doth one courage give
To sift his sins in Candor's sieve,
And when in graded heaps they lie
To count them o'er without a sigh.

116
It is the hour that brings relief
   From daylight's all-exposing glare;
That deadens doubt and dims belief,
   And even dulls one's dearest grief.
When one's most hateful fault looks fair—
   For 'tis the hour when one don't care!

And so to me the happiest time
   Is when old blazing Red Eye sets,
And frogs in distant pools of slime
   Begin their raucous pumps to prime—
When crickets practice their duets
   And fireflies puff their cigarettes.
TABOGA

I know of an isle in the mighty Pacific,
   To which Nature retires when her day’s work is done,
And thence doth she issue decrees soporific
   That govern the world to the rising of sun.

There she marshals the stars and parades constellations,
   Commanding their march o’er the fleece-adorned blue,
And orders the moon to pour silver libations
   To the Master of Night and his shadowy crew.

On the crest of the mountain a rude cross erected
   By rev’rently pious hands long years ago,
Spreads sheltering arms, in soft light reflected,
   O’er the bamboo-built hamlet that nestles below.

Down verdure-clad slopes and terracing reaches
   Where orange and mango and pine-apple grow,
One wanders thro’ Eden to ocean-washed beaches—
   An Eden that only the sun-children know.

Here Idleness tarries and Care is a stranger;
   Here Love has his grotto and fashions the darts
That bear on their flight their ever-sweet danger
   To eagerly waiting and passionate hearts.
Alas that our happiness never lacks leaven—
    That an anchor is chained unto every delight!
That Taboga's a place which might be called
    Heaven,
Were it not for the fact that it isn't,—not quite!
I discovered a flower yesterday
   In a rubbish barrel growing;
It smilingly nodded its head at me,
   In the gentle zephyr blowing.

Its petals were beaten from elfin gold
   By a fairy as day was breaking;
She daintily fashioned them all alike,
   From a heart her pattern taking.

She joined them together in matchless grace,
   With a star each pendant gripping,
And enamelled them all with velvet gloss,
   Her brush in the sunshine dipping.

From her diadem then, a tiny pearl
   She loosed from its sheeny setting,
And fastened it down in a stellar zone
   With tethers of filmy netting.

It was only a weed, when all is said,
   In a rubbish barrel growing,
That smilingly nodded its head at me,
   In the gentle zephyr blowing:

But I plucked it, and bring it here to you
   With never a word of preaching;
Should it bear no lesson within itself,
   Why, you’re past the power of teaching!

120
**SIMPLE AVEU**

Evening dons her starry robe,
   All the world's asleep;
Luna, pale and cold, looks down,
   Shadows sweep the deep.
Yet, dear heart, thy presence seems
   Brightness full for me;
Sleeping, thou art all my dreams,
   Awake, I think of thee!

List, oh, listen!  Hear my vow
   As I longing plead:
Faith and truth I pledge thee now,
   Love in thought and deed!

Gently folds the wings of night,
   Darkness falls apace;
Yet my soul is full of light—
   Light from thy dear face.
Night can ne'er of life be part;
   Darkness never be!
Day is ever in my heart
   While I think of thee!

Gentle lady, of thy grace
   Tell me thou art mine;
Then shall neither time nor place
   All my love confine!
Banish every doubt and fear,
Grant my earnest plea;
Bless the suppliant waiting here
Thinking still of thee!
"THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES"

Come, let us sit together while
Old friends are round us falling,
And memory doth our tears beguile—
Departed days recalling.
Hold thou my hand, and I'll hold thine,
Thou friend of many graces,
While we drink a cup of salty wine
To the old familiar faces.

Long years have we together dwelt,
Thro' dry and rainy season;
I've felt with thee, as thou hast felt
With me, o'er Fortune's treason.
We've seen our comrades sail away
To earth's far-distant places,
And 'tis salty wine we drink to-day
To the old familiar faces.

Together we have fought the fight—
Each other always aiding—
Together we have watched the light
'Neath each other's eyelids fading.
So put thy brave old hand in mine
While we count the empty spaces,
And drink a cup of salty wine
To the old familiar faces.
Full many a one we've borne to rest,
Our hearts with sorrow breaking;
Full many a friend on earth's cold breast
His last repose is taking.
Then let us drain death's loving-cup,
And dash away the traces:
'Tis salty, yet we'll drink it up
To the old familiar faces.

There's still an arrow left for us
In that exhaustless quiver;
Right soon, with Charon's pall o'er us,
We'll cross the inky river;
But put thy brave old hand in mine,
Thou friend of many graces,
And pledge with me in salty wine
The old familiar faces.
"OLD COMRADE"

God bless you, dear old comrade,
   You're my kind of gentleman!
I've known you since the "eighties,"
   When our years of grief began.
I've known you and I've loved you—
   I couldn't help it, see?
And I've respected you, sir,
   As you've respected me!

You've never thought your duty
   Lay in making others feel
That on top was your position—
   Theirs the bottom of the wheel.
Yours are Nature's manners,
   Yours is the tender heart;
And the part that you have chosen
   Is, by God, the better part!

You've sorrowed with the weeping,
   You've been merry with the glad;
You've helped to bear the burden
   When it almost drove us mad!
You've wasted no time talking,
   You've simply said a word,
But in that word we've fancied
   A sermon we have heard!
Again I say, God bless you
   Wherever you may be!
Whatever be the distance
   You can't get far from me!
I've known you and I've loved you
   Since our years of grief began:
Here's a brimming bumper to you—
   *You're my kind of gentleman!*
THE PRAYER OF A TIMID MAN

Oh, answer me, Lord, from the whirlwind,
As Thou didst Thy servant of old!
Oh, tell me in speech without figures
The things I long to be told!

Cast into my heart's darkened chamber
One ray of Thine infinite light!
Drive out from my soul but an instant
The deepening shadow of night!

Give heed to my ceaseless petitions
As prostrate I lie at Thy feet!
Reply to my unspoken questions—
The questions I dare not repeat!
IF YE WEEP

If ye weep, ah, then weep least for him
Who mourns some loved one lost,
For tender Time smoothes finally
The brow with pain o’er-crost;
The wound will heal that seemeth now
E’er open to the touch:
And forgiven much—’tis written so—
Is he that loveth much.

If ye weep, ah, weep far more for him
Who sheds no outward tear,
But whose very soul the unshed tears
Of disappointment sear!
Who tries and fails and tries again,
And faileth o’er and o’er—
For him whose life naught visiteth
Save failure evermore!

If ye weep, ah, yes; weep most for him,
The unsuccessful man,
Whose weakness of each dear design
Leaves but the barren plan;
Who fails and, as a forest leaf,
Unheeded, falls to rot:
All charm unknown, all grace unseen,
For to him hope cometh not!
MEMORY

"There is no progress in the life which feeds on memory, only stagnation and death."—Elements of Theosophy.

On memory's progressless sea
Then let me, stagnant, lie
And rot with my remembrances
Until I, stagnant, die!

No gospel preach to me, I pray,
That robs me of the bliss—
Still sweetly tasted on my lips—
Of a sainted mother's kiss!

That teaches that the childish prayer
I prattled at her knee
Was silly nonsense, and unfit
To be recalled by me!

That teaches that a father's care,
The precepts that it taught,
Are wisdomless, devoid of truth,
And hence, accounted naught!

That sees in youth and love's first dream
No lessons that the mind
On Karma set, on progress bent,
Some benefit may find!

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That would ignore the consciousness
    Of life's maturer sins;
That teaches that with every day
    Another life begins!

That dims the blush, that blunts the sting
    Of an unworthy deed;
That teaches that of memory's whip
    No mortal hath a need!

Ah, no, I'll suffer for my faults
    Each wretched night and day;
'And in kind acts small comfort find
    In the old, old-fashioned way.

So, then, on memory's changeless sea
    Pray, let me, stagnant, lie
'And rot with my remembrances
    Until I, stagnant, die!
THE WAVE

Behold, far out upon the heaving sea
That dim, faint shadow-line that momentarily
Grows deeper, wider, longer, till at length,
It gathers form and ocean's awful strength,
And rushing onward o'er the hidden reef,
With one prolonged and thundrous sob of grief
Relinquishes its might; and on the shore
Becomes a pool—a giant wave no more!

And what of this? Why, this is human life.
Impelled, we know not how, we join a strife,
The purpose and design of which we are
As far from knowing as yon frozen star,
Whose wickless lamp a million years hath lit.
We rise, we fall, and that's the end of it!
JOB AND ANOTHER

ANOTHER

A moan for the hapless dying,
   A moan for the helpless dead,
A moan for the thousands lying
   On yonder hillock dread.
A moan for the passed and passing
   Let us, the living, give;
And then, our voices massing,
   A groan for those that live.

JOB

If Thou to a grave would'st guide me,
   And over me darkness cast,
In secrecy would'st hide me
   Till Thy day of wrath be past,
An appointed time, oh, set me
   To wait Thy welcome call;
Nor, hidden, do Thou forget me,
   Lest I, like the mountain, fall!

For now while e'en I slumber
   Thou watchest o'er my sin;
My footsteps Thou dost number,
   And the shrinking fears therein.
Desire with desire Thou cloyest;
   The race ends ere 'tis ran:
Serenely Thou destroyest
   The dearest hope of man!

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ANOTHER

A moan for the hapless dying,
   A moan for the helpless dead,
A moan for the thousands lying
   On yonder hillock dread.
A moan for the passed and passing
   Let us, the living, give;
And then, our voices massing,
   A groan for those that live.
LET ME ALONE

I care not who the cup celestial wins,
   Let me alone!
I've lost my grip, I'm wedded to my sins,
   Let me alone!
Within my hand I hold no stone to throw;
Let that suffice: it is enough to know.

Fare straight ahead, oh, ye the sanctified!
   Let me alone!
I pray ye, race upon the other side,
   Let me alone!
I stumbled early, fell, and here I lie
Contented, so ye do but pass me by!

For me no visions of the Promised Land,
   Let me alone!
For me? Not much! I would not with ye stand,
   Let me alone!
For me nor sun, nor moon, nor star shall bow;
'Tis Reuben, 'tis not Joseph, dreaming now!
AU REVOIR

I wandered last night to the mystical mountain
Where the Muses recline 'neath the evergreen trees;
And deeply I drank at the crystalline fountain,
While flowers of poesy perfumed the breeze.

And this was my object: To see if I could not
Imbibe or absorb of the gentlest of arts
Some aid to express—pray, tell me who would not?—
The thoughts that this evening lie deep in our hearts.

I deemed it my right and my privileged duty
To gather a garland of messages sweet;
A wreath of good wishes in blossoming beauty
As an earnest of friendship to place at thy feet.

Alas, for my dreams! With daybreak they vanished,
Leaving never a trace of their fragrance behind;
And I from Parnassus am evermore banished
With soul over-full, but with vacuous mind.

So, tremulously, haltingly, timidly, weakly,
Yet voicing the feeling that governs us all;
Unworthily, doubtless, but humbly and meekly,
I pray for all blessings upon thee to fall.

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I drink to the virtues that cause us to love thee,
    I drink to the graces so purely thine own;
I drink to kind skies—may they long smile above thee—
    And the tenderest twilight that ever was known!

A health to thy journey! God grant us to lead it,
    And on it the favors of fortune compel!
A health to the morning—God grant us to speed it—
    When the word shall be Welcome instead of Farewell!