

Southern Poems

ed. by Charles William Kent

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PREFACE

THESE poems are selected from the wide range of Southern poetry, that the South's contribution to our national literature may be in part apprehended. For a long time the productions of Southern writers were so inaccessible that authors of text-books on American Literature were disposed to neglect them altogether; and even later the admission of any Southern author, save one or two of international fame, was somewhat grudging and apologetic. In recent years, especially since the publication of the *Library of Southern Literature*, by which a new perspective for American literature was afforded, fuller treatment has been accorded these Southern authors; but very few students of American literature have yet comprehended clearly and fully that, for some periods of our literary history and in some significant; and far-reaching movements, literature in the South has been the dominant and controlling factor.

These selections, however, have not been made to establish any cause or exemplify any theory, but partly to illustrate chronological development, and mainly to portray Southern life and sentiment in poems of individual literary merit. In giving preference to such poems as reveal characteristics of Southern climate, conditions, and life, the danger has not been escaped of presenting an occasional sentiment heated by the passions of war or heightened by the presence of a dramatic crisis. It would be strange indeed if at that time no such sentiment were cherished or uttered: it would be even stranger to-day if we could not read these sentiments with the sympathy that belongs to their circumstances or the intellectual detachment that belongs to ours. As a nation we can recognize the literary merit of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and *Maryland, My Maryland*, even though as individuals we may not commend all the sentiments of either.

In choosing these poems free use has been made of, first, the *Library of Southern Literature*, edited by Charles W. Kent and others, published by the Martin & Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia; second, *Three Centuries of Southern Poetry*, edited by Carl Holliday, published by the Publishing House of the Methodist Church, South, Nashville, Tennessee; third, *Songs of the South*, edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Acknowledgments to holders of copyright are made at appropriate points throughout the following pages.

BACON'S EPITAPH. UNKNOWN

In 1814 the Massachusetts Historical Society published the *Burwell Papers*, so called because of the family in whose possession these papers had long remained. At the close of *Bacon's Proceedings* in these papers stands the following remarkable poem, entitled *Bacon's Epitaph, Made by his Man*, and presumably written soon after Bacon's death in 1676.

DEATH, why so cruel? What! No other way
To manifest thy spleen, but thus to slay
Our hopes of safety, liberty, our all,
Which through thy tyranny with him must fall
To its late chaos?
. Now we must complain,
Since thou, in him, hast more than thousand slain,
Whose lives and safeties did so much depend
On him their life, with him their lives must end.
.
Who now must heal those wounds, or stop that blood
The Heathen made and drew into a flood?
Who is 't must plead our cause? Nor trump nor drum

Nor Deputations; these, alas! are dumb
And cannot speak. Our Arms (though ne'er so strong)
Will want the aid of his commanding tongue
Which conquer'd more than Cæsar. He o'erthrew
Only the outward frame; this could subdue
The rugged works of nature. Souls replete
With dull chill cold, he'd animate with heat
Drawn forth of reason's limbic. In a word,
Mars and Minerva both in him concurred
For art, for arms, whose pen and sword alike,
As Cato's did, may admiration strike
Into his foes; while they confess withal
It was their guilt styl'd him a criminal.
Only this difference does from truth proceed;
They in the guilt, he in the name must bleed.
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures; until time shall bring
Truth crown'd with freedom, and from danger free
To sound his praises to posterity. 30

Here let him rest; while we this truth report
He 's gone from thence unto a higher Court
To plead his cause, where he by this doth know
Whether to Cæsar he was friend or foe.

RESIGNATION: OR, DAYS OF MY YOUTH. ST. GEORGE TUCKER

DAYS of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye shall fall;
Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, you have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet a while ye can last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Written during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in Baltimore, in 1814.

O! 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 clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that 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, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'T is the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has 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.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when 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.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE. RICHARD HENRY WILDE

Originally entitled *Stanzas*, and inscribed to Ellen Adair, daughter of General John Adair of Kentucky.

MY life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

**I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE. SAMUEL HENRY
DICKSON**

I SIGH for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms, and the gay woodbine;
Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree,—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the hummingbird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine,
Where the long, gray moss decks the rugged oak tree,—
That sun-bright land is the land for me.

A HEALTH. EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air, 't is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her, so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

THE SWAMP FOX. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

WE follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe,
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.
He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease—

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The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too. But hush!
He's praying, comrades; 't is not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that 's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'T is seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 't is the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads;
The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men. 80

ISRAFEL. EDGAR ALLAN POE

"And the angel, Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—*The Koran*.

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell
Whose heartstrings are a lute;
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings,—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the Houris glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute;

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Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sour;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfil
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

ANNABEL LEE. EDGAR ALLAN POE

This poem appeared in the *New York Tribune*, October 9, 1849, two days after Poe's death. Presumably the poem refers to Mrs. 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 by 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

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Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE RAVEN. EDGAR ALLAN POE

First published in *The Evening Mirror* on January 29, 1845.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
" 'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

Southern Poems

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though his answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before:
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee – by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;

Southern Poems

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead? – tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting:
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

ODE TO THE MOCKING-BIRD. ALBERT PIKE

THOU glorious mocker of the world! I hear
Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
And floods the heart. Over the spherèd tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music tide;
No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations; they have died:
None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing
O'er me perhaps, as now thy clear notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in other's honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within:
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
No discord on thy melodies. O, where,
Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these odd solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods, and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody,—like a rain
Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped when round it roll
Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become,
With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the song of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy heart wove
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I reveled in such songs, and sorrowed when,

Southern Poems

With noon–heat overwrought, the music–gush was done.

I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with nature—but it may not be;
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow–checkered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard;
There is a voice sweeter than shine, sweet bird,
To welcome me within my humble home:
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illumine.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast,
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

LAND OF THE SOUTH. ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK

These stanzas were introduced in an address entitled "The Day of Freedom," delivered in 1838.

Southern Poems

I

LAND of the South!—imperial land!—
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these—
I love thy fields to roam;
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,—
Thou art my native home!

Southern Poems

II

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequaled to the sea;
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Not for thy azure dome,
Sweet, sunny South, I cling to thee,—
Thou art my native home!

Southern Poems



I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song,
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where Gods, of old, did roam,—
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou, my native home!

IV

And thou hast prouder glories, too,
Than nature ever gave;
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And Freedom's pinions wave;
Fair Science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,—
These, these endear thee to my heart,
My own, loved native home!

Southern Poems

V

And "Heaven's best gift to man" is thine—
God bless thy rosy girls!
Like sylvan flowers they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam;
How can I then, whilst loving them,
Not love my native home?

VI

Land of the South!—imperial land!—
Then here 's a health to thee:
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blest and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam!
But should it come, there's one will die
To save his native home!

FLORENCE VANE. PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

Published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1839, while Poe was its editor. It was not personal in its address.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hope and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

But, fairest, coldest wonder
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
Where maidens sleep:
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

Southern Poems

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD. THEODORE O'HARA

Read by its author when his comrades who had fallen in Mexico were buried in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1847.

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps this great plateau,
Flushed with triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or death."

Southern Poems

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His firstborn laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunlight of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot

Southern Poems

While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THE LONG AGO . PHILO HENDERSON

OH! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And summers like buds between,
And the ears in the sheaf,—so they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There 's a magical Isle in the river of Time
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,

And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,—
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust,—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets, and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There 's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life till the night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight! 35

LITTLE GIFFEN . FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

A true story of a boy whom Dr. Ticknor nursed back to life at Torch Hill, Georgia.

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
Eighteenth battle and he sixteen—
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome," the surgeon said;
"Not the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in our summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed;
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death!
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch,—
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't! Nay! more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write—
"Dear mother!" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain!" inquiring about the men.

Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

"Johnston pressed at the front," they say; —
Little Giffen was up and away!
A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the courtly Knights of Arthur's ring,
With the voice of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee—
The whitest soul of my chivalry—
For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

MUSIC IN CAMP. JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

The contending armies were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg, during the winter of 1862–63.

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 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 banks,
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 movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream with burnished glow
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,

Southern Poems

But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets 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 swarming 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, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured over the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive 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 cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes,
His loved 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,

Southern Poems

Gave this one touch of Nature.

CARCASSONNE . JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

"I'M growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

"You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store!
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

"They tell me every day is there
Not more or less than Sunday gay:
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

"The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind,
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

"Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I append:
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignon,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;

Southern Poems

My grandchild has seen Perpignon,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!"

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant double-bent with age;
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on,
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON . JOHN REUBEN THOMPSON

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
Reassembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window by chance,
These memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
In an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
All distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
We but look, and a vision behold . . .

Like some magical picture the sunset reveals
With its colors of crimson and gold,
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
From beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
As any that beam on us now.

While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along
O'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
And the play of affection is warm:
Look once more . . . as the garlanded Spring reappears,
In her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
That has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke or Kneller that hangs
On the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
On the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
And though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that, breathing below,
In a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
With the tracery work of the rime;
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
From some far-away tropical clime:
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some, the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
Where they sweetly rest under the sod.

Southern Poems

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child
In its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane,
And thus cancel the story it bears;
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain
Unto trustier tablets consigned,
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
Who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired!
Let the moral be read as we pass;
Recollect, the illusory tablets of fame
Have been ever as brittle as glass;
Oh! be not content with the name thus inscribed,
For as well may you trace it in dust;
But resolve to record it, where long it shall stand,
In the hearts of the good and the just.

BEFORE DEATH . MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

I

How much would I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or snow,
The ravelled garment of life's brief day
Folded, and quietly laid away;

The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars:
How much would you think it would matter then
What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help nor harm me more?

II

If midst of my toil they had but thought
To stretch a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid, to bear me through
Some bitter duty I had to do:
And when it was done, had I but heard
One breath of applause, one cheering word,
One cry of "Courage!" amid the strife,
So weighted for me, with death or life,
How would it have nerved my soul to strain
Through the whirl of the coming surge again!

III

What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle-blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No! no! if you have but a word of cheer,
Speak it, while I am alive to hear! 30

THE SHADE OF THE TREES. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

"Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees " were the last words of Stonewall Jackson in 1863
Mrs. Preston was General Jackson's sister-in-law.

WHAT are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?
What is the mystical vision he sees?
"Let us pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?
Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?
Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow
Ofttime has come to him borne on the breeze,
Memory listens to, lapsing so low,
Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,
Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,
Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore,
Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight,
Heard the harps harping like soundings of seas,
Watched earth's assoiled ones walking in white
Under the shade of the trees.

O, was it strange he should pine for release,
Touched to the soul with such transports as these,
He who so needed the balsam of peace,
Under the shade of the trees?

Yes, it was noblest for him—it was best
(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees)
There to pass over the river and rest
Under the shade of the trees!

GONE FORWARD. MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON

Among the broken sentences uttered by General Lee on his death-bed (1870) was this: "Let the tent be struck, the General has gone forward."

YES, "Let the tent be struck": victorious morning
Through every crevice flashes in a day
Magnificent beyond all earth's adorning:
The night is over; wherefore should he stay?
And wherefore should our voices choke to say,
"The General has gone forward"?

Life's foughten field not once beheld surrender;
But with superb endurance, present, past,
Our pure commander, lofty, simple, tender,
Through good, through ill, held his high purpose fast,
Wearing his armor spotless,—till at last
Death gave the final "*Forward!*"

All hearts grew sudden palsied: Yet what said he
Thus summoned?— "*Let the tent be struck!*"— For when
Did call of duty fail to find him ready
Nobly to do his work in sight of men,
For God's and for his country's sake—and then
To watch, wait, or go forward?

We will not weep,—we dare not! Such a story
As his large life writes on the century's years,
Should crowd our bosoms with a flush of glory,
That manhood's type, supremest that appears
To-day, *he* shows the ages. Nay, no tears
Because he has gone forward!

Gone forward?—whither? Where the marshalled legions,
Christ's well-worn soldiers, from their conflicts cease,—
Where Faith's true Red-Cross Knights repose in regions
Thick-studded with the calm, white tents of peace,—
Thither, right joyful to accept release,
The General has gone forward! 30

WASHINGTON—PATER PATRIÆ . JAMES BARRON HOPE

ACHILLES came from Homer's Jove-like brain,
Pavilioned 'mid his ships where Thetis trod;
But he whose image dominates this plain
Came from the hand of God!

Yet of his life, which shall all time adorn,
I dare not sing; to try the theme would be
To drink as 't were that Scandinavian Horn
Whose tip was in the Sea.

I bow my head and go upon my ways,
Who tells that story can but gild the gold –
Could I pile Alps on Apennines of praise
The tale would not be told.

Not his the blade which lyric fables say
Cleft Pyrenees from ridge to nether bed,
But his the sword which cleared the Sacred Way
For Freedom's feet to tread.

Not Cæsar's genius nor Napoleon's skill
Gave him proud mast'ry o'er the trembling earth;
But great in honesty, and sense and will—
He was the "man of worth."

He knew not North, nor South, nor West, nor East:
Childless himself, Father of States he stood,
Strong and sagacious as a Knight turned Priest,
And vowed to deeds of good.

Compared with all Earth's heroes I may say
He was, with even half his virtues hid,
Greater in what his hand refrained than they
Were great in what they did.

And thus his image dominates all time,
Uplifted like the everlasting dome
Which rises in a miracle sublime
Above eternal Rome.

On Rome's once blooming plain where'er we stray
That dome majestic rises on the view,
Its Cross a-glow with every wandering ray

Southern Poems

That shines along the Blue.

So his vast image shadows all the lands,
So holds forever Man's adoring eye,
And o'er the Union which he left it stands
Our Cross against the sky!

OUR ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE. JAMES BARRON HOPE

GOOD is the Saxon speech! clear, short, and strong,
Its clean-cut words, fit both for prayer and song;
Good is this tongue for all the needs of life;
Good for sweet words with friend, or child, or wife.
Seax – short sword—and like a sword its sway
Hews out a path 'mid all the forms of speech,
For in itself it hath the power to teach
Itself, while many tongues slow fade away.

'Tis good for laws; for vows of youth and maid;
Good for the preacher; or shrewd folk in trade;
Good for sea-calls when loud the rush of spray;
Good for war-cries where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt,—
Good for all times, and good for what thou wilt!

A COMMON THOUGHT . HENRY TIMROD

SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

ODE. HENRY TIMROD

*Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston,
South Carolina, 1867.*

I

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

THE COTTON BOLL. HENRY TIMROD

This poem was written during the war between the States.

WHITE I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibers peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!
Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,

Southern Poems

Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the west
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!

Southern Poems

His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind?
In offices like these thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee. Though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearthstones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;

And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach —
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche or shape the archèd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn

Southern Poems

Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
O, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

MY STUDY . PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Written before his mansion in Charleston, South Carolina, was destroyed by fire. It was published in 1859.

THIS is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service. The hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought;
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-time pulse, 't is not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

THE PINE'S MYSTERY. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

"Copse Hill," Hayne's Georgia home after his home in Charleston was sacrificed to war, was surrounded by pines.

I

LISTEN! the sombre foliage of the Pine,
A swart Gitana of the woodland trees,
Is answering what we may but half divine
To those soft whispers of the twilight breeze!

II

Passion and mystery murmur through the leaves,
Passion and mystery, touched by deathless pain.
Whose monotone of long, low anguish grieves
For something lost that shall not live again!

THE WILL AND THE WING. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers
Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus—the thirst
For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires

Of the wild passion that our souls have nursed
In hopeless promptings—unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

O FRESH, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint under-tune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm entralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars –
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars? 30

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

IN HARBOR . PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last,
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbb'd thro' the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah!—few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release:
From the ravage of life, and its riot
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last?
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throbb'd through the sanctified river
Which girdles the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last?

I *know* it is over, over,
I know it is over at last!

Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing seaward;
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbb'd thro' the river,
Those lights in the harbor at last,
The heavenly harbor at last!

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND . JAMES RYDER RANDALL

Written in Louisiana when the author heard of the clash between the Massachusetts troops and the citizens of his native city, Baltimore, April 19, 1861. The poem was written on April 23, 1861.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—

Southern Poems

"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to shine own heroic throng
Walking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wert ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes—she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

THE CONQUERED BANNER . ABRAM J. RYAN

This tribute to the Confederate flag was published in the *Banner of the South*, March, 1868.

FURL that Banner, for 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
O! 't is hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there 's none to hold it;

Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!
Weep for those who fell before it!
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!
But, O! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,

Southern Poems

Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are fled!

THE SWORD OF LEE. ABRAM J. RYAN

FORTH from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,

And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free;
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee. 30

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'T is shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

A LAND WITHOUT RUINS. ABRAM J. RYAN

A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiful, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade— crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold of

humanity—the triumphs of might are transient— they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations.

YES, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just.
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days:
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song!
Enshrine the strife of the right with the wrong!
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of night,
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.

BETTER THAN GOLD. ABRAM J. RYAN

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT

"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.
'T is 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. 40

Southern Poems

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.

THE MONEYLESS MAN. HENRY THROOP STANTON

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah, search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up, and renew,
In long lighted vistas the 'wilderling view:
Go there! at the banquet, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a Moneyless Man.

Go, look in the Banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore!
Walk up to their counters—ah, there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, till your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the Banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look to yon Judge, in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict—they've already made;
Go there, in the court-room, and find if you can,
Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man;

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed

Southern Poems

The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death—frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless while it smites you the chastening rod,
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING . MARIE LA COSTE

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls
Where the dead and the dying lay,—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave:
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold,—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush every wandering silken thread,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—

Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here!"

BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER . SIDNEY LANIER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,

Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'T was on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came.

THE MOCKINGBIRD. SIDNEY LANIER

SUPERB and sole, upon a plumèd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM. JOHN HENRY BONER

Edgar Allan Poe, with his wife, Virginia Clemm, and her mother, lived in a small cottage at Fordham, then outside of the city of New York, from the early summer of 1846 to 1847. Virginia Poe died there on January 30, 1847.

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,

Southern Poems

Led earth's most happy choir
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.

And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

COUNSEL . MOLLIE E. MOORE DAVIS

IF thou should'st bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell should be,
Press thou his hand in thine; how canst thou tell
How far from thee

Fate, or caprice, may lead his feet
Ere that to-morrow come? Men have been known
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears –
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pleasure true
The palms of him who goeth forth. Unseen,
Fate goeth, too!

Yea, find thee always time to say
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

NECTAR AND AMBROSIA . MAURICE THOMPSON

IF I were a poet, my sweetest song
Should have the bouquet of scuppernong,
With a racy smack in every line
From the savage juice of the muscadine.

The russet persimmon, the brown papaw,
The red wild plum and the summer haw,
Serviceberries and mandrake fruit,
Sassafras bark and ginseng root,
Should make my verse pungent and sweet by turns;
And the odor of grass and the freshness of ferns,
The kernels of nuts and the resins of trees,
The nectar distilled by the wild honey-bees,
Should be thrown in together, to flavor my words
With the zest of the woods and the joy of the birds!

Who sings by note, from the page of a book,
So sweet a tune as the brawl of a brook?
Shall Homer, or shall Anacreon
Suggest as much as the wind or the sun?
Give me a shell from the sea so green,
Cut me a flute from the Aulocrene,
Give me Nature's sweets and sours,
Her barks and nuts, her fruits and flowers;
And all the music I make shall be
Good as the sap of the maple-tree,
Whilst a rare bouquet shall fill my song
From the muscadine and the scuppernong.

THE BLUEBIRD . MAURICE THOMPSON

WHEN ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears weary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebird's songs and winds of spring;

They tell me after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendour fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream. 40

REGRET . FRANCES CHRISTINE TIERNAN

IF I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide,
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,

I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life,
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart so constant grown,
And kept it constant even there,
If I had known.

Southern Poems

If I had known that until Death
Shall with his fingers touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

INTIMATIONS . JOHN BANISTER TABB

I KNEW the flowers had dreamed of you,
And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their faces with the dew
Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About their pinions all the day
A summer fragrance stayed.

And so, awakening or asleep,
A memory of lost delight
By day the sightless breezes keep,
And silent flowers by night.

KEATS. JOHN BANISTER TABB

UPON thy tomb 't is graven, "Here lies one
Whose name is writ in water." Could there be
A flight of Fancy fitlier feigned for thee,
A fairer motto for her favorite son?
Now crested proud in tidal majesty,
Now tranquil as the twilight reverie
Of some dim lake the white moon looks upon,
While teems the world with silence. Even there,
In each Protean rainbow-tint that stains
The breathing canvas of the atmosphere
We read an exhalation of thy strains:
Thus, on the scroll of Nature, everywhere,
Thy name, a deathless syllable, remains.

KILLDEE. JOHN BANISTER TABB

KILLDEE! KILLDEE! far o'er the lea
At twilight comes the cry.
Killdee! a marsh-mate answereth
Across the shallow sky.

Killdee! Killdee! thrills over me
A rhapsody of light,
As star to star gives utterance
Between the day and night.

Killdee! Killdee! O Memory,
The twin birds, Joy and Pain,
Like shadows parted by the sun,
At twilight meet again!

A TRYSTING-PLACE . JOHN BANISTER TABB

As stars amid the darkness seen,
When flows the deepening dawn between
To cover them from sight,
O'erleap the spaces of the dark,
And, spark to quickening sister-spark,
Commingle in the light;

E'en so a solitary way
Do we, Beloved, day by day,
In weariness and pain,
Climb, desolate, from steep to steep,
Till, in the shadowy vale of Sleep,
Our spirits blend again.

THE WIND-STORM . MARGUERITE E. EASTER

ALL through the night the south wind blew. When first
I marked the tumult, 't was as if a crowd
From far away approached with voice that loud
And louder grew, and only paused to burst
Right at my gate, where for a while it nursed
Itself, reposing on the leaf-strewn sod
Complacently; till of a sudden, shod
With strength, it strode around and, manlike, cursed

That which it hurt. The maples turned one way
Their white-faced leaves and looked about to flee
Before its rage; the bushes all got gray
And grisly, as they crept on hand and knee;
And the whipped clouds, of tears and speech bereft,
Sullen and aimless, fled to right and left.

MAPLE LEAVES. MARGUERITE E. EASTER

ON smooth-skinned, sappy boughs of darker brown
The woolly wads of buds are folded down,
Each swaddled in a rumped, fuzzy gown.

The chilling breezes cannot get to them,
Thus closely cuddled to the mother stem,
Their feet wrapped in their red frock's ruffled hem.

Betimes their yellow tendrils looser curl,
Betimes their fan-shaped follicles unfurl;
They're growing stealthily, as grows a girl.

Waked by the bluebird's chirp, some balmy day,
They'll burst the sheaths that bind them and display
Themselves, green-kirtled, to the eyes of May.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING . SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

WHEN I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I 'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

Out—o'er the water—lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss—grown tree;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking—bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing—
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
O to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore at heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to—day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

VERNAL PROPHECIES . WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

TO-DAY the wind has a milder range,
And seems to hint of a secret change;
For the gossipy breezes bring to me
The delicate odor of buds to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

Those forces of nature we cannot see—
The procreant power in plant and tree,
Shall bring at last to the waiting thorn
The wealth of the roses yet unborn
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The early grass in a sheltered nook
Unsheathes its blades near the forest brook;

In the first faint green of the elm I see
A gracious token of leaves to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The peach-trees brighten the river's brink,
With their dainty blossoms of white and pink,
And over the orchard there comes to me
The subtle fragrance of fruit to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The rigor of winter has passed away,
While the earth seems yearning to meet her May,
And the voice of a bird in melodious glee
Foretells the sweetness of songs to be
In the gardens and groves of Spring.

A SEA LYRIC. WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

THERE is no music that man has heard
Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
With infinite mystery;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
With marvelous melody;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
Like the grief of the worldless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
With an untranslated pain;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
The song of a vast unrest.

TO MY COMRADE TREE . DANSKE DANDRIDGE

"The tree is grown that shall yield to each . . . his 'last narrow house and dark.' "—*County Parson.*

REMOTE in the woods where the thrushes chant;
Or on some lonely mountain slope;
Or in a copse, the cuckoo's haunt—
With fingers pointing to the cope,
There stands a tree, there stands a tree,
Must fall before they bury me.

O waiting heart, where'er thou art,
At last thy dust with mine shall blend;
For though we spend our days apart,
We come together at the end;
And thou with me, and I with thee,
Must lie in perfect unity.

Within a cramped confine of space,
And owning naught of earth beside,
That heart must be my dwelling—place
For whom the world was not too wide.
A new—time Dryad, mine must be
The shape that shall inhabit thee.

Perchance in some lone wandering
On thine old roots I may have lain,
And heard above the wood—birds sing,
While God looked down upon us twain;
And did I feel no thrill, with thee,
Of fellowship and sympathy?

Is thy strong heart ne'er wearied out,
With standing 'neath the overfreight
Of boughs that compass thee about,
With mass of green, or white, a—weight?
O patient tree, O patient tree!
Dost never long for rest, like me?

I know thou spreadest grateful shade
When fierce the noontide sun cloth beat;
And birds their nests in thee have made,
And cattle rested at thy feet:
Heaven grant I make this life of mine
As beautiful and brave as thine!

And when thy circling cloak is doffed,
Thou standest on the storm—swept sod

Southern Poems

And liftest thy long arms aloft
In mute appealing to thy God:
Appeal for me, appeal for me,
That I may stand as steadfastly.

Let me fulfil my destiny
And calmly wait for thee, O friend!
For thou must fall, and I must die,
And come together at the end—
To quiet slumbering addressed;
Shut off from storm; shut in for rest.

Thus lying in God's mighty hand
While his great purposes unfold,
We'll feel, as was from Chaos planned,
His breath inform our formless mould;
New shape for thee, new life for me,
For both, a vast eternity.

THE WHIPPOORWILL . MADISON CAWEIN

This bird is familiar to all Southerners and is generally associated with sadness and with negro superstitions.

ABOVE long woodland ways that led
To dells the stealthy twilights tread
The west was hot geranium-red;
And still, and still,
Along old lanes, the locusts sow
With clustered curls the May times know,
Out of the crimson afterglow,
We heard the homeward cattle low,
And then the far-off, far-off woe
Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

Beneath the idle beechen boughs
We heard the cow-bells of the cows

Come slowly jangling toward the house;
And still, and still,
Beyond the light that would not die
Out of the scarlet-haunted sky,
Beyond the evening star's white eye
Of glittering chalcedony,
Drained out of dusk the plaintive cry
Of "whippoorwill!" of "whippoorwill!"

What is there in the moon, that swims
A naked bosom o'er the limbs,
That all the wood with magic dims?
While still, while still,
Among the trees whose shadows grope
'Mid ferns and flow'rs the dewdrops ope—
Lost in faint deeps of heliotrope
Above the clover-scented slope—
Retreats, despairing past all hope,
The whippoorwill, the whippoorwill.

EVENING ON THE FARM. MADISON CAWEIN

FROM out the hills where twilight stands,
Above the shadowy pasture-lands,
With strained and strident cry,
Beneath pale skies that sunset bands,
The bull-bats fly.

A cloud hangs over, strange of shape,
And, colored like the half-ripe grape,
Seems some uneven stain
On heaven's azure, thin as crepe,
And blue as rain.

By-ways, that sunset's sardonix
O'erflares, and gates the farm-boy clicks,
Through which the cattle came,
The mullein's stalks seem giant wicks
Of downy flame.

From woods no glimmer enters in,
Above the streams that, wandering, win
From out the violet hills,
Those haunters of the dusk begin,
The whippoorwills.

Adown the dark the firefly marks
Its flight in golden-emerald sparks;
And, loosened from its chain,
The shaggy watch-dog bounds and barks,
And barks again.

Each breeze brings scents of hill-heaped hay;
And now an owlet, far away,
Cries twice or thrice, "T-o-o-w-h-o-o-";
And cool dim moths of mottled gray
Flit through the dew.

The silence sounds its frog-bassoon,
Where, on the woodland creek's lagoon,
Pale as a ghostly girl
Lost 'mid the trees, looks down the moon,
With face of pearl.

Within the shed where logs, late hewed,
Smell forest-sweet, and chips of wood
Make blurs of white and brown,
The brood-hen huddles her warm brood

Southern Poems

Of teetering down.

The clattering guineas in the tree
Din for a time; and quietly
The hen-house, near the fence,
Sleeps, save for some brief rivalry
Of cocks and hens.

A cow-bell tinkles by the rails,
Where, streaming white in foaming pails,
Milk makes an uddery sound;
While overhead the black bat trails
Around and round.

The night is still. The slow cows chew
A drowsy cud. The bird that flew
And sang is in its nest.
It is the time of falling dew,
Of dreams and rest.

The brown bees sleep; and round the walk,
The garden path, from stalk to stalk
The bungling beetle booms,
Where two soft shadows stand and talk
Among the blooms.

The stars are thick; the light is dead
That dyed the west; and Drowsyhead,
Tuning his cricket-pipe,
Nods, and some apple, round and red,
Drops over-ripe.

Now down the road, that shambles by,
A window, shining like an eye
Through climbing rose and gourd,
Shows where Toil sups and these things lie –
His heart and hoard. 70

OPPORTUNITY . WALTER MALONE

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

FLORIDA NOCTURNE. WALTER MALONE

THROUGH midnight shadows purple–brown,
The stars are peeping open–eyed;
There in her glowing, silvery gown
The moon comes like a radiant bride.
Now sweet and clear
From citron coppice near,
I hear a mocking–bird repine.
In gurgle, gurgle of his melodies divine.

From lemon orchards, starred with blooms,
And bending low with fragrant fruit,
Soft odors haunt the purple glooms
Like whispers of a lover's lute.
I wait alone
For you, for you, my own,
With love more spirit–like and sweet
Than all the fragile blossoms that I scatter at your feet.

Through green pomegranate trees
I see the swelling globes of gold;
Through jasmine vines I feel the breeze
Trip like a cherub, silken–stoled;
Magnolias loom
With creamy clouds of bloom;
With pining they are pale, my dear,
But not more pale with pining than the one who waits you here.

The orange fruit swings on the trees,
The sprays of orange scent the air;
Gold apples of Hesperides,
I bring their blooms to wreathe your hair!
Hark to the trill
Of yon lone whip–poor–will,
Reminding by his mournful tune
That Youth and Love and Joy must pass, so soon, so soon, so soon!

The orange odors soon must faint,
The lemon blossoms soon must die,
The mocking–bird must end his plaint,
Magnolias, fading, flutter by.
Then come, sweet mate,
Before it be too late!
While Youth is blissful, Love divine,
O maiden of the flower–like face, be mine, be mine, be mine! 40

THE VULTURE AND HIS SHADOW . HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

ALL the day long we roam, we roam,
My shadow fleet and I;
One searches all the land and sea,
And one the trackless sky;
But when the taint of death ascends
My airy flight to greet,
As friends around the festal board,
We meet! we meet! we meet!

Ah! none can read the sign we read,
No eye can fathom the gales,

No tongue can whisper our secret deed,
For dead men tell no tales.
The spot on the plains is miles away;
But our wings are broad and fleet—
The wave-tossed speck in the eye of day
Is far—but we meet! we meet!

The voice of the battle is haste, oh, haste!
And down the wind we speed;
The voice of the wreck moans up from the deep,
And we search the rank sea weed.
The maiden listens the livelong day
For the fall of her lover's feet;
She wonders to see us speeding by—
She would die, if she saw us meet!

L'ENVOI

Sweeping in circles, my shadow and I,
Leaving no mark on the land or sky,
When the double circles are all complete,
At the bedside of death we meet! we meet!

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES . WILLIAM GORDON McCABE

I PICTURE her there in the quaint old room,
Where the fading fire–light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom,
With the shadows that dance on the dim–lit walls

Alone, while those faces look silently down
From their antique frames in a grim repose –

Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand–fold,
Leaning dreamily back in her low arm–chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
Softly clear, steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to–night
With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her small hands lie clasped in a listless way
On the old *Romance* – which she holds on her knee—
Of *Tristram*, the bravest of knights in the fray,
And *Iseult*, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
As she watches the dying embers fall;
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men—
I'll be true to the end all the same.

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING . DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

FAIR were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land;
Children were we in simple faith,
But god-like children, whom nor death,
Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
In the land where we were dreaming!

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender;
And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
At evening hushed the whip-poor-will;
At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And we had graves that covered more of glory,
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
And in our dream we wove the thread
Of principles for which had bled,
And suffered long our own immortal dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Tho' in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be;
Till Northern glances, slanting down,
With envy viewed our harvest sun—
But little recked we, for we still slept on,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;
Crimson the Moon; between the Twins
Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
Of light; red Comets tossed their fiery manes
O'er the land where we were dreaming!

Down from her eagle height smiled Liberty,
And waved her hand in sign of victory;
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The brave, the good and just gave us their prayer,
For the land where we were dreaming!

High o'er our heads a starry flag was seen,
Whose field was blanched, and spotless in its sheen;
Chivalry's cross its union bears,
And by his scars each vet'ran swears

Southern Poems

To bear it on in triumph through the wars,
In the land where we were dreaming!

We fondly thought a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talk'd in sleep of rank, commission,
Until so life-like grew the vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision,
In the land where we were dreaming!

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
From the land where we were dreaming!

We looked again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
Erect he stood, as clothed with power;
Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour,
With firm, majestic sway—of strength a tower,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free—
So Richmond, we, on guard for thee,
Beheld a bronzed hero, god-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls —
As wakes the mother when her infant falls —
As starts the traveler when around
His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound—
In the land where we were dreaming!

Woe! woe! is us, the startled mothers cried,
While we have slept, our noble sons have died!
Woe! woe! is us, how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled,
Have left us nothing real but our dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No, Dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again;
From every plain—from every height—
On which they seemed to die for right,
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Southern Poems

Unconquered still in soul, tho' now o'er-run,
In peace, in war, the battle's just begun!
Once this Thyestean banquet o'er,
Grown strong the few who bide the hour,
Shall rise and hurl its drunken guests from power,
In the land where we were dreaming! 90

THE MAGNOLIA . MARY McNEIL FENOLLOSA

O FLOWERS of the garden, of skilled and human care,
Sweet heliotrope, and violet, and orchid frail and fair,
Pour out your love to happier hearts; the woodland flowers for me,
The pallid, creamy blossoms of the dark magnolia tree!

I close my eyes; my soul lifts up to float with their perfume,
And dull the body lying in this narrow city room.
Again I am a happy child. I leap and joy to see
The great curved petals wavering slip from out the gleaming tree.

As holy grail, or pearl inwrought, or carven ivory cup,
They stand on bronze and emerald bough, and brim their sweetness up;
And underneath a happy child!—O days that used to be!
In distant land, the flowers still stand upon the dark green tree.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

- BONER, JOHN HENRY:—in Salem, North Carolina, in 1845; of Moravian lineage; became printer and writer; had government employment in Washington; died 1903. Author of numerous poems.
- CAWEIN, MADISON:—born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865; lived for a time in Indiana; studied in Louisville High School; engaged in business but was a constant composer; lives in Louisville and is devoted to letters. Author of numerous volumes collected in a uniform edition by Bobbs–Merrill Company.
- COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON:—born in Virginia in 1816; educated at Princeton, where he began writing poetry; contributor to *Southern Literary Messenger*; died in 1850. Author of *Froissart Ballads and Other Poems*, etc.
- DANDRIDGE, DANSKE:—born in Denmark in 1869, where her father, Henry Bedinger, was United States Minister; lived in West Virginia since her marriage; contributor to magazines. Author of *Joy and Other Poems*, etc.
- DAVIS, MARY EVELYN MOORE:—born in Alabama in 1852; went with her father to Texas; began publishing in 1870; married in 1874; moved to New Orleans; became a social leader and her home a center of literary influence; died 1909. Author of many volumes of stories and poems.
- DICKSON, SAMUEL HENRY:—born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1798; eminent practitioner of medicine; professor in New York and Philadelphia medical schools; died in Philadelphia, 1872. Author of medical books, negro studies, and poems.
- EASTER, MARGUERITE E.:—born in Virginia in 1839; her parents, Daniel Rutter and wife, were of Maryland; married in 1859; contributed to numerous magazines; death of her son in 1888 re-created her poetic spirit; died in Baltimore in 1894. Author of *Clytie and Other Poems*, etc.
- EDWARDS, HARRY STILLWELL:—born in Macon, Georgia, in 1855; practiced law; connected with *Macon Telegraph*; began writing for magazines; at present postmaster in Macon. Author of short stories, several novels, and a few poems.
- FENOLLOSA, MARY McNEILL:—born in Alabama in 18—; her second marriage took her to Japan, after which she began writing; in 1895 married Professor Fenollosa, a distinguished Orientalist; lives in Alabama. Author of several novels, several volumes of poetry, etc.
- HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON:—born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1830; educated at Charleston College; editor; impoverished by Civil War; moved to "Copse Hill," Georgia; died there in 1886. Author of numerous magazine articles, several biographies, *Legends and Lyrics*, and other volumes of poems.
- HAYNE, WILLIAM H.:—born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1856; educated mainly at "Copse Hill," Georgia; has devoted himself mainly to literature; lives at Augusta, Georgia. Author of *Sylvan Lyrics*, etc.
- HENDERSON, PHILO:—born about 1822; editor of paper in Charlotte, North Carolina; died in 1852.
- HOPE, JAMES BARRON:—born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1829; educated at Hampton Academy and William and Mary College; saw sea-service; lawyer; contributor to *Southern Literary Messenger*; soldier during Confederacy; editor and educator; died in Norfolk in 1887. Author of many occasional poems, etc. Poems edited by his daughter.
- KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT:—born in Frederick County Maryland, in 1780; educated at St. John's College, Annapolis; lawyer in Washington, D.C.; died in 1843. His *Poems* were edited by Chief Justice Roger B. Taney.
- LA COSTE, MARIE:—of French parentage and long a resident of Savannah, Georgia; now living in Washington, D.C.
- LANIER, SIDNEY:—born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842; educated at Oglethorpe College; entered Confederate service; imprisoned at Point Lookout; health broken; appointed lecturer in Johns Hopkins University; died in North Carolina in 1881. Author of many volumes.
- LUCAS, DANIEL BEDINGER:—born in Virginia in 1836; educated at the University of Virginia; studied Law; served the Confederacy; became Judge of Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia; died 1909. Author of addresses, several volumes of poetry, etc. Poems edited by his daughter.

Southern Poems

- McCABE, WILLIAM GORDON:—born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1841; educated at the University of Virginia; served in Confederate army; many years head master of a school; lives now in Richmond. Author of poems, reviews, etc.
- MALONE, WALTER:—born in Mississippi in 1866; began writing for publication when he was thirteen; at sixteen published a three hundred page book of verse; graduated in law in 1887; practiced law and wrote poetry in Memphis; spent several years in New York; now judge in Memphis. Author of several volumes of poetry and some short stories.
- MEEK, ALEXANDER BEAUFORT:—born in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1814; grew up in Alabama; educated at the University of Alabama; became lawyer, politician, editor, public speaker, and author; died at Columbus, Mississippi, in 1865. Author of *Songs and Poems of the South*, etc.
- O'HARA, THEODORE:—born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1820; practiced law; served through the Mexican War and the Civil War; became a planter in Alabama; died in 1867. Author of several noted poems.
- OLIVER, THADDEUS:—born in Georgia in 1826; eloquent lawyer and a gifted man; died in a hospital in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1864. Author of several poems and believed on good evidence to be author of "All's Quiet along the Potomac To-night."
- PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN:—born in Alabama in 1854 ; lived for a time in Illinois, but returned to Alabama in 1867; graduated from University of Alabama and in medicine from Bellevue, New York; began writing early; has spent much time abroad, though he counts Tuscaloosa his home. Author of *Cap and Bells, Rings and Love-Knots, Rhymes and Roses*, etc., as well as of short stories and sketches.
- PIKE, ALBERT:—born in Boston in 1809; lived in Arkansas, where he was editor, lawyer, soldier; moved to Washington, where he died in 1891. Contributed to *Blackwood's*; author of *Prose Sketches and Poems* and other works.
- PINKNEY, EDWARD COOTE:—born in London, England, where his father was Minister, in 1802; entered United States Navy; withdrew and became lawyer; later journalist; died in 1828. Author of a number of poems.
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN:—born in Boston in 1809; adopted by Mrs. Allan in Richmond, Virginia; educated in England and at the University of Virginia and West Point; died in Baltimore in 1849. Author of poems, stories, criticisms, etc.
- PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN:—born in Pennsylvania in 1820; moved with her father, Rev. George Junkin, to Lexington, Virginia; married Colonel J. T. L. Preston; died in Lexington in 1897. Author of *Beechenbrook, a Rhyme of the War; Old Songs and New*, etc.
- RANDALL JAMES RYDER:—born in Baltimore in 1839; educated at Georgetown College; traveled much and became professor in Louisiana; employed as private secretary in Washington; editor; died in Augusta, Georgia, in 1908. Poems edited by Matthew Page Andrews.
- RYAN, ABRAM J.:—born probably in Norfolk, Virginia, about 1836; educated for the Catholic priesthood; served in many parishes; served as chaplain in the Civil War, edited *Banner of the South*; died in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1886. *Poems* were first published in Mobile.
- SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE:—born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806; traveled through unexplored South; settled near Charleston; edited several magazines; died in 1870. Author of numerous novels and volumes of poetry.
- STANTON, HENRY THROOP:—born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1834; educated in Maysville, Kentucky; entered West Point but withdrew; became editor, then lawyer; was adjutant-general in Confederacy; returned to editorship; died in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1899. Author of *The Moneyless Man and Other Poems*, etc.
- TABB, JOHN BANISTER:—born in Virginia in 1845; education interrupted by weak eyes; saw service in Civil War and was captured; studied for Episcopal orders, but was converted to Roman Catholicism; studied in St. Charles College and was made professor; died there in 1909. Author of *Poems, Lyrics*, etc.
- THOMPSON, JOHN REUBEN:—born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1823; educated at the University of Virginia; graduated in law; editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*; contributor during Civil War to English journals; died in New York in 1873. Author of numerous poems.

Southern Poems

- THOMPSON, MAURICE:—born in Indiana in 1844; identified with Georgia; entered the Confederate service; later returned to Indiana, but spent much time in the South; lawyer, politician, editor, and author; died in Crawfordsville, Indiana, in 1902. Author of several novels, books on archery, poems, etc.
- TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRAY:—born in Georgia in 1822; studied and practiced medicine; a fluent versifier; died in 1874. His poems have been edited by Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor.
- TIERNAN, FRANCES CHRISTINE:—better known as Christian Reid; born in Salisbury, North Carolina, in 1846; began her literary career in 1870; married in 1887 and lived much in Mexico; since 1898, when her husband died, mainly interested in her church. Author of numerous novels and short stories.
- TIMROD, HENRY:—born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1829; attended University of Georgia; tried law, took to journalism; contributed many poems to Southern magazines; died in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1867. Poems edited first by Paul Hamilton Hayne; later edition by J. P. Kennedy Bryan.
- TUCKER, ST. GEORGE:—born in Bermuda, in 1752; came to Virginia early in life; married the mother of John Randolph of Roanoke; became a prominent jurist, professor of law in William and Mary College; author of *Days of My Youth and Other Poems*, *Commentary on the Constitution*, *Dissertation on Slavery*, etc.; died in 1828.
- WILDE, RICHARD HENRY:—born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1789; brought to America at eight; studied law in Georgia and became Attorney-General of the State; Member of Congress; extensive traveler; professor of law in University of Louisiana; died in 1847. He was the author of lyrics and odes.