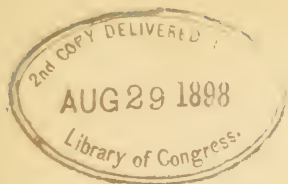


# THE SHRINE OF LOVE.

LUCIEN V. RULE





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**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.**

# The Shrine of Love



“The everlasting hills that rise,  
And streams that murmur music’s strain  
Shall say, ‘How sweet is she.’”

—LOVE’S TRIBUTE, Pg. 107.

# The Shrine of Love

and

Other Poems

BY

Lucien V. Rule

"



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## A Dedication

*O lonely lives in whose sad sky  
No star of hope now softly beams;  
Who sit in endless night, and sigh  
For love's glad dawn that never gleams,  
It is for you, for you, I seek!*

*O lonely lives that never share  
The solace of a sweet caress;  
Who love and hunger to despair,  
But win no word of kindness;  
In your behalf my soul would speak!*

*O lonely lives that firmly kept  
Affection's faith through every fate;  
But saw at last your rapture swept  
By wildest storms that desolate;  
For you, for you, my breast doth bleed!*

*O lonely hearts that nobly built  
In hopeful faith a holy shrine;  
But soon beheld the traitorous guilt  
Of the dear idol deemed divine;  
I fully know your awful need!*

*O lonely souls that loved and longed,  
As only lofty souls can do;  
But stood at last betrayed and wronged  
By just the friend ye thought was true;  
Let these my lines your solace be!*

*O lonely lives so sadly dazed,  
And blinded by dear hope's defeat;  
O weary ones whose eyes are raised  
To find a shelter from life's heat,  
Receive, receive these songs from me!*



Dedication of  
The Shrine of Love

In the still night-time of obscurity  
I have been building in my boundless love  
A shrine aspiring toward the stars above;  
And wonder if at dawn its form will be  
Aladdin-like and fair for all to see;  
That I may say to her whom I adore,  
"Behold a temple in which evermore  
This happy heart of mine shall worship thee;  
And show thy soul to lovers everywhere!"  
But if it prove an humble edifice,  
Unnoticed by the world, a soothing thought  
Shall still reward me for my ceaseless care,  
And weary time of waiting, and 'tis this—  
"O Sweet, for love of thee the work was  
wrought!"

# The Shrine of Love

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## PART FIRST

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### The Story of a Faithless Ideal

*"'Tis But a Simple Bird I See."*

Sweetheart, 'tis but a simple bird I see,  
Beneath the broad and spacious summer skies;  
Yet in its gentle bosom I surmise  
A wondrous wealth of tenderness to be.  
And few the notes that make its melody,  
Uttered in such a winsome, artless wise;  
But where the mate that hears those accents rise  
Could ill esteem their tender, plaintive plea?  
Crude is the phrase in which my heart makes  
    known  
The deep affection it has cherished long;  
Yet sweet as balm by April breezes blown  
Its meaning is; nor bard's immortal song  
Could tell the story of a love more true  
Though it should sound earth's wide dominions  
    through!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

### *"How Sweet Thy Beauty Is."*

Can it be true thou dost not care nor know  
How pure and sweet thy beauty is to me?  
That with thee near 'tis like the jubilee  
Of spring, when all her kindly breezes blow,  
When coursing sylvan streams melodious flow,  
And each glad bird has won its chosen mate;  
That when afar thou art, though desolate  
The days and all the fields, a tender glow  
Lives in my heart, if but one word or smile  
Of thine in some sweet interval I gain?  
Ah, if thy every glance can so beguile  
All gloom, and unto nobler being thrill  
My soul, dear maiden, is my longing vain  
That woost the blessing of thy beauty still?



### *"True Souls in Love."*

True souls in love are mild as any breeze  
The sunniest day in summer's season hath;  
But ah, when roused by wrong to righteous  
wrath,  
The words they speak are like the surging seas  
That wildly thunder forth their melodies  
Along the shore; and though they may relent  
From sternness; yet, alas, the wound that went  
To the heart's core cannot be healed with ease.  
It is no idle thing to coldly sneer,  
And hold aloof from them with high hauteur,  
When at love's altar they sincerely bow;  
For she who scorns will soon discover how  
The heavenliest love is fierce as fiendish hate  
When wronged, abandoned, and left desolate!

## THE STORY OF A FAITHLESS IDEAL

*"Thou hast no Heart."*

What is thy claim to lofty character,  
That thou shouldst scornful unto others be?  
There is no trait of nobleness in thee;  
For if thy thoughts would only once recur  
To thy small deeds, it were enough to stir  
A stolid soul to shame! Thou hast no heart;  
So centred in thy petty self thou art,  
That 'tis delight to thee to cast a slur [fore.  
At humbler ones whom thou shouldst bow be-  
Blue-blooded! Ah, the billows on the shore  
Are not more empty than thy boast! 'Tis they  
Who live for love that win renown today;  
And one pure-hearted pauper has more worth  
Than all the soulless kings that strut the earth!



*"The Lack of Soul in Thee."*

Thou dost not e'en deserve to walk with these  
Thou scornest so; for what are we unless  
Susceptible to simple kindness?  
What profit all thy luxury and ease,  
Thy empty pleasure, and thy aim to please  
The throngs of wealth, when thou didst fail,  
to bless [press!  
The one who loved thee more than words ex-  
'Tis truth of soul that through the centuries  
Leads on the world to what it yet shall be.  
The noble-hearted need no loud display  
To call attention unto what they are;  
But silent shine, like evening's beacon star;  
And all thy petty airs and proud array  
Show but the more the lack of soul in thee.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

(She shows further that her selfish pursuit of empty pleasure has stifled the gentleness of heart and refinement of soul she at first possessed; and it sadly wounds his higher nature.)



*"When She We Trusted is Remiss."*

No sorrow to the soul can e'er occur  
More sickening sad, than when at last we see  
The one we thought was lofty prove to be  
Unworthy. Then wild anguish seems to stir  
The very stars, and all the skies to blur.  
Affection in the shattered idol seeks  
Just one redeeming thing, but Honor speaks:  
"There is no truth therein; the traits that were  
So tender to thine eyes, are but deceit."  
There is no sweeping storm more harsh than  
this;  
No sorrow so resembling desert heat;  
Nor wastes of ocean waters, where no bliss  
Of bird ascends to make the morning sweet—  
When she we trusted is, alas, remiss!



*"I did not hold her Perfect."*

I did not hold her perfect, hence this stroke  
Of woe springs not from a few natural flaws;  
But from the disregard of all love's laws;  
And Heaven's sweet charity could never cloak  
Her cruel falseness now. When I awoke,  
And walked the streets thereafter, oh how sad  
Seemed even faces that were gay and glad!  
Then from my lips harsh execrations broke;

## THE STORY OF A FAITHLESS IDEAL

And I exclaimed, "If thus my fellows do,  
What profits it that I should still prove true?"  
But soon with yearning eyes, and hands up-  
raised,

I vowed to still be noble. E'en though dazed,  
And blinded by the thought that she could treat  
My soul so ill, I trampled down deceit!



*"Mine Outraged Feelings asked."*

Mine outraged feelings asked, "What is the use  
Of worthiness in me, when one so fair  
As she is formed, can cast aside all care  
For her high womanhood and so induce  
The blasting arrows of deserved abuse?"  
The sweetest creature under all the sun  
She seemed at first—my soul's anointed one;  
But like a robber now who, by some ruse,  
Inspires, then wrongs and strips the heart, she  
seems.

And though my every thought toward her was  
right,

I feel from contact tainted in love's sight;  
And cry aloud, "Oh that I had the might  
To turn my soul, which even yet esteems  
Her precious, unto eyes with kindlier gleams!"



*"Love is so Sovereign."*

Sometimes a sneer and harshly-mocking laugh  
Leap to my lips, and seem to say aloud,  
"Thou fool! Thy spirit should be far too proud  
To bow to one who holds thy love but chaff;  
Too lofty to submit, and meekly quaff

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

The cup of servitude she offers thee.  
Stand forth again before her strong and free!  
Let pity plead a while in her behalf,  
While thou dost seem devoid of all regard;  
Then shall her heart relent, and be less hard!"  
But ah, I silent sit, and merely sigh.  
Love is so sovereign that, if I should try  
The cut of coldness to obtain release,  
Love would arouse at once, and bid me cease.



### *"One Consolation left."*

There is one consolation left with me:  
When love and time have softened what is sad,  
I'll take the hints of Heaven that once I had  
Through thee, and on them yet build tenderly  
The beauteous soul I thought thine own to be.  
I will forget the times when thou didst treat  
Me harshly, and revert to seasons sweet.  
There is no bliss to me in blaming thee;  
For I already have enough to bear  
In the sad fall of what I hoped to share,  
Wronged was my pride, and blasted all my  
peace;  
But I shall seek with Nature sweet release,  
And only think of thee with tenderness;  
And after while mine anguish may be less.



### *To Nature once more.*

Dear Nature, still thy scenes shall solace me,  
Though left by her who holds my life's warm  
love.  
The skies, still blue and beautiful above,

## THE STORY OF A FAITHLESS IDEAL

Seem listening to my soul's rejected plea;  
The larks uplift their notes still tenderly  
To say that though her voice, once kind, refuse  
To cheer me now, amid the morning dews  
Their wakening music will but softer be.  
The breeze still meets me with its warm caress,  
Though her dear arms my life shall never bless;  
Though her dear lips refuse their tender touch,  
The kisses of the sunbeams still hold much  
Of Heaven for me, and still the stars are sweet  
With light and love, untarnished by deceit.



*"I will not Blame the World."*

I will not blame the whole wide world when I  
Find thee unfaithful; thou art only one;  
And shall I say in haste that there are none  
With kindly hearts; are none who nobly try  
To keep the laws of truth? My soul may sigh  
That thou wast faithless, and may never find  
Another who can just as sweetly bind  
Love's bonds about it; but will not deny  
Itself unto all others; 'twill receive  
With joy each friendly word that may relieve  
The wearing of its burden. Though I miss  
At morning, noon, and night thy loving kiss;  
The anguish of its absence still may be  
A little lessened by each smile I see.



*A Stainless Soul still left.*

Life and a stainless soul are still with me,  
Though of all else I have been sadly robbed.



## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Toward one I thought was constant sweetly  
throbbed  
This breast of mine, but ah, she proved to be  
Deceptive as the winds that sweep the sea!  
I have been wronged, rejected and disdained;  
But still the heights of heaven have I gained,  
And shown that e'en her scorn and treachery  
Shall spur me onward to more proudly win.  
Then will I rise, and from this hour begin  
With hope the course of my career once more.  
Twill make me gentler than I was before;  
Because my breast was bruised, and made to  
bleed,  
I now can feel a fellow-creature's need.



*“There are Two Lives within.”*

There are two lives within—one of the sky  
That lifts us to the lofty and the true,  
And yields us joy in everything we do.  
Another of the world, which doth defy,  
And oft defeat the first, though hard it try.  
Of these two lives thou hadst the choice be-  
tween—  
To serve the first whose pathways are serene,  
Or that whose sure result is sorrow's sigh.  
Alas, the latter thou didst take, and gone  
Forever is the glory that was thine!  
When first we met, thou seemedst as the dawn  
Ascending into vernal day divine;  
And love's sweet dew was on thy trembling  
lips;  
But ah, sad shadows now thy soul eclipse!

## THE STORY OF A FAITHLESS IDEAL

### *"Be still my Heart."*

Be still my heart; say nothing more to her;  
She is unworthy of thy notice now.

When such as she, whom Nature doth endow  
With just the precious traits that we prefer  
Above all others, can so sadly blur,

And blot life's page, in speechless grief we bow.

Wild questionings within us clamor, "How  
Could she do thus?" and throbs of anguish stir  
The soul like some great storm that sweeps and  
roars

Amid the forest, or on ocean's shores.

But let her be! When favored spirits fail,

The crown of love is unto others given.

Remorse, worse than thy grief, will soon assail  
Her, and like some lone bark shall she be driven!



### *"There is One Wound."*

There is one wound I would to heaven were  
Not left behind amid my shattered bliss.

Far worse than fallen hopes it is, ah, this—

Whene'er my soul hereafter shall recur

To thee, alas, my lingering love will stir,

And keep me even from a higher joy.

O dearest, thou didst not alone destroy

My happiness; for if, a worshiper,

To any other woman's shrine I went,

And even won her willing soul's consent,

This wound within me still would sadly start,

And cry aloud, "Thou canst not give thy  
heart!"

Alas, a two-fold crime is charged to thee—

Wronging another one as well as me!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"Show me a Life."*

Show me a life that Truth cannot despise ;  
Show me a love unmixed with self desire !  
Alas, men feign affection to acquire  
The object that awakes their treacherous eyes !  
Pretenders to devotion's holy sighs,  
They are so heartless, shallow-souled, and  
    stained,  
It were but justice should they be disdained,  
Till from their shameless waywardness they  
    rise.  
But Honor's scorn is nothing in their sight ;  
And Love alone can lead them to the light.  
Each worthy heart enlisted in behalf  
Of higher things shall lift this wayward world  
Toward heights where heavenly banners are  
    unfurled,  
And sin-parched souls of God's pure rills may  
    quaff.



*"Like One without a Rudder on the Sea."*

Now am I in this weary world like one  
Who drifts without a rudder on the sea,  
And vainly lifts his eyes to find a lea  
Where fellow-creatures dwell, and toward the  
    sun  
The birds ascend when daybreak is begun ;  
Thirsting a thousand leagues from where the  
    streams  
With music gush to greet the morning gleams.  
I watch the days their weary circles run ;  
But looking to the boundless blue above,  
I vow to still keep holy life and love ;

## THE STORY OF A FAITHLESS IDEAL

And still have hope that I ere long shall learn  
The reason why our souls so often yearn,  
Yet when they seek the object of their joy,  
There is a Providence which doth destroy.



### *Seeking his Soul's Counterpart.*

Men call me fanciful because my heart,  
Formed on the order of the nobler kind,  
Sighs for a maiden nature rare, refined,  
Created as mine own sweet counterpart.  
I've passed a myriad by whose beauty art  
Makes classic in productions wondrous fair,  
Since vainly I sought soul communion there.  
But I will wait, though disappointment's dart  
Should shatter every future hope to me.  
For ah, some blissful day new notes may claim  
This harp of mine, and skies be glad with  
gleams.  
For some true soul it may be mine to see,  
And love—a soul whose sweetness is the same  
I seek, though such now but celestial seems.



### *A Wise Conclusion.*

O soul that seekest friendship's benison,  
Give to the winds all care for rank and pride!  
Can ever empty social creeds decide  
Where thou canst find a truly noble one  
Worthy of thy dependence, and upon  
Whom thou canst place the jewel of thy love?  
Ah, rather know thy needs are all above  
Such petty circumscriptions, and that none  
Shall reach the sacred precincts of that shrine

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Where mutual confidence unhindered springs,  
And thy most dearly treasured thoughts are told,  
Excepting one whose bosom beats with thine;  
And none but such, though recognized by kings,  
And all the pomp of earth's imperial gold!

## PART SECOND

---

### The Dawning of a Truer Love

(Long afterward he meets another, who, while neither beautiful nor of proud social position, nevertheless possesses exceeding sweetness of heart, and refinement of soul. He is impressed with her, and there duly begins the dawning of a new affection within him.)



#### *From the Old to the New.*

At first this olden love seemed everything  
That ardent fancy could conceive of fair;  
But ah, too late I found were wanting there  
All tender traits to which my soul could cling.  
And after weary years of wandering,  
As sounds anew some warbler's wooing strain,  
Thy coming was: "But not so soon again,"  
Said I, "shall love its sad deception bring."  
Yet ah; as after one sweet bird sends out  
Its note, another and another starts  
Forth into singing all the forest through,  
Each beauty of thy nature 'mid my doubt,  
Aroused me to behold a heart of hearts  
Beyond my wildest dreams, divine and true!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"My Heart was like a Flower."*

Ah, dearest, this my heart was like a flower  
In some far forest's lonely solitude;  
Unnurtured till the tender sunlight wooed  
It forth to share the summer song and shower.  
And since thy sweetness found me, every hour  
Has such a boon of heaven seemed to be,  
My soul would all affection's fragrancý  
Exhale to thee whose grace imbues with power  
Its strivings after nobleness divine.  
But ah, a sadness mingles with my bliss!  
Sweet once to me was Beauty's slightest smile;  
But now I've known this perfect love of thine;  
And should my rapture e'er be less than this,  
Earth's gold nor glory could my gloom beguile!



*"O Soul Elixir, that ne'er satisfies."*

When my warm heart was wont to yearning  
woo [deigned  
At Beauty's shrine for each slight smile she  
To give, I said, "Were glorious love but gained,  
The skies above would be forever blue!"  
But of this love, alas, I little knew!  
Each summit of affection when attained,  
Though rapturous it seems, still leaves me  
pained,  
Another height near heaven looking to.  
O soul elixir that ne'er satisfies,  
Would all the notes of mating birds were mine,  
That in one flight of music, wild, and sweet,  
To sing my adoration I might rise!  
And yet what strain of melody divine  
Could half the lover's bosom feels repeat?



“Some Lonely Solitude.”



## THE DAWNING OF A TRUER LOVE

*“Why sayest Thou that I would Prove  
Untrue?”*

What sayest thou that I would prove untrue,  
Should I this high renown I seek secure,  
And in the smiles of Beauty bask? Ah, sure  
Thou hast forgot how mine affection grew—  
First love's faint gleam, and then the glorious  
blue

Of heaven when every cloud of doubt withdrew.  
Since Beauty, dearest, is but just the beam  
That biddeth gloom depart, and not the stream  
Of after radiance that doth so renew  
The soul; then think'st thou when my bosom  
yearned

So long to find Affection's perfect light,  
'Twould with its semblance merely be content?  
If once the heart from thee to love has learned,  
'Twill loyal be on glory's lofty height,  
'Mid all the arts of Beauty's blandishment.

(He meets and addresses the old love; rebuking her scorn of him, and her unworthiness).



*“A Bitter Truth Thou wilt be Taught.”*

Since for society's flattery thou hast sought,  
I hope that thou hast had thy heart's content;  
When for the fawnings of the opulent,  
A noble nature's love was set at naught.  
But ah, a bitter truth thou wilt be taught,  
When all these empty flatteries are spent,  
And thou rememberest him whose heart was  
rent.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

A love was offered thee that could have brought  
The laurels of a heroine of song,  
And made thy name an honor everywhere.  
But now they're given a worthier than thou art.  
Not unto those who do affection wrong  
Is sent renown; or, if renown they share,  
'Tis that of one who wounds a trusting heart.



### *"The Records of Our Love."*

Ah, like the volume of some glorious bard  
That heavenward singing soared, then sadly  
fell,  
The records seem of our old love which tell  
A story that was sweet, but so ill-starred.  
While thou thyself canst heartlessly discard  
All that whereon dear memory used to dwell,  
I simply sigh, "Alas, perhaps 'tis well!"  
The poet's tender pages, not the hard,  
Unfeeling ones I find that I peruse;  
And so upon each kindly word and tone  
Of thine it is my wont to only dwell,  
When rambling in the happy fields alone.  
But comes the thought, "How could she roughly  
use  
Devotion, and its every sign disown?"

(To the later love again.)



### *He Rejoices in Her.*

Ah, thou didst come into my life more fair  
Than morning to the fields; strong-souled and  
sweet;  
Impulsive-hearted, but with all the heat

## THE DAWNING OF A TRUER LOVE

And haste of feeling calmed by wisdom's care;  
One patient to endure the ceaseless wear  
Of this harsh world, yet free from all deceit;  
One who will stand unmoved, when roughly  
beat

Misfortune's storms. A being heavenly rare;  
Not falsely proud; yet as refined and true  
As that high type of which the world has  
few—

Not low in nature, but one who can love .  
Life's humbler things no less than things above,  
In stately halls—a soul which can inspire,  
And yet can satisfy my least desire.



*"Think not Thy Lover False."*

Think not thy lover false, when far from thee,  
He genial finds another's word and smile;  
For, oh, the world, which gloomy seemed the  
while

Before thy kindness beamed, has come to be  
So radiant now, that he can even see  
A glory in the humblest flower that springs.  
And thou hast so attuned the harshest strings  
Of all his nature to the harmony  
Of thy dear heart, seraphically sweet;  
That, though to him there's music everywhere,  
'Tis but an echo of thy tender tone,  
Or thought, with wisdom's subtlest power re-  
plete;  
Nor courtly throngs of all the earth's most  
fair  
Could make his homage other than thine own.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"Of Thy High Trust no more be Un-  
aware."*

Of thy high trust no more be unaware,  
If dear its charge thou never yet hast deemed.  
For, ah, a noble, gifted soul that dreamed  
To find in Beauty all his fancies fair,  
Beheld them blasted as in empty air,  
Then walked the world in sadness, till there  
gleamed [streamed  
Love's light from thee; and now when it has  
To the clear splendor of the dawn, oh where  
Would solace spring, if this should ever wane?  
Incarnate evidence to him thou art  
That all his cherished dreams at last are true;  
And since thy smile did bid to bloom again  
The blighted blossoms of his worthy heart,  
Keep for them still love's wooing warmth and  
dew.



*"Soul Love, and Love for Nature."*

Soul love and love for Nature are the same  
In character; for, as dear Nature now  
Is fairer than when first she taught me how  
To strip of sordidness my life's high aim—  
Thy wondrous love, that with its solace came  
To my sad heart, has since but sweet increase  
Of rapture brought, and all-pervading peace.  
And just as soon the sunset's gorgeous flame,  
That builds within the west its battlement  
Of splendor, shall forever lose all joy  
For me, as thy dear love, which long has lent  
Such gladness unto every hour's employ.  
For now on both my soul is too intent  
For a time its strong devotion to destroy.

## THE DAWNING OF A TRUER LOVE

*"If I should ever Take Offense."*

Ah, dearest, should I ever take offense  
At some slight thing thou thoughtlessly hast  
done,

So slight, perhaps, that not another one  
But I would look upon it in that sense;  
Know that my love for thee is so intense,  
And that of all the glad earth's smiles is none  
So sweet as thine, 'tis just as if the sun,  
That beams in heaven above, were blotted  
thence,

To see thy kindness toward me ever less.  
But say not thou a heart so sensitive  
As this in its affection will not last;  
For, it is such as these that stand the stress  
Of bitterest scorn, and in return but give  
The tenderness they proved in all the past.



*A Sweetness beyond all Speech.*

Like blissful notes the birds at dawning blend,  
First came the consciousness of love to me;  
Then the wide world more beautiful grew to  
be;

But when I tried that light to comprehend,  
So far its sweetness did all thought transcend,  
That, like the birds, with look uplifted to  
The boundless realms of the celestial blue,  
I gazing stood—thrilled as though I could  
spend

A life-time there; but ah, no burst of song  
Within me wakened then, for love had streamed  
Across my heart so wildly sweet and strong,

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

I could but stand with speechless rapture  
dazed;  
And unto thee I shall henceforth belong  
Whose heavenly soul mine own so lofty raised.

## PART THIRD

---

### A Crucial Test

(He learns that the former object of his affection is in distress of heart; that she sighs for his presence, and desires his favor again.)



*“Poor Shattered Wreck.”*

Poor, shattered wreck of what thou wast, O why  
Return again to tear this heart of mine?  
Why show me now the sad, dismantled shrine  
Of thy lost beauty, once so like the sky,  
Where love-delighted larks upspringing fly?  
How can I lessen any grief of thine  
By quaffing further of life's bitter brine?  
What profit to the alien that he sigh  
To cross the seas, and seek his native shore  
Where desolation dwells forevermore;  
To walk his native city's silent streets  
Where hopeless ruin his tearful vision meets?  
Far rather let those precious scenes appear  
Alone on memory's scroll, serenely dear!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"What Good Were It?"*

What good were it should I, despite thy guilt,  
In scorning me, conduct thee once again  
To love's high halls which bear no faithless  
stain?

'Twas by thy treacherous hand Hope's wine  
was spilt,

And blasted everything my heart had built!

Alas! my soul is too sincere to feign

Devotion where it once was shown disdain.

Yet were these wrongs forgiven though I saw  
wilt

Affection's fairest flowers before thy scorn.

Alas! how often have I lain till morn

In lamentation o'er my love for thee;

How often have I wandered till I'd see

The twilight star, endeavoring to forget

How my soul's worship was with mockery met!



*"Now Wilt Thou Say."*

Now wilt thou say for this I stand accursed;  
That I, who once such boundless love ex-  
pressed,

Failed utterly at the one vital test;

And on my head thy harsh reproach will burst;

Though thou hast acted of all beings, worst.

Hast thou forgot how through the bygone years

I followed after thee with pleading tears,

When thou didst put thine empty pleasure  
first:

Didst take this heart, whose heaven was in  
thine eyes,



## A CRUCIAL TEST

And cast it down with things that we despise?  
Meseems 'twould make thy wearing woe within  
More awful now, when thou so false hast been.  
Oh what a fall from bright abodes of bliss  
To misery unspeakable, is this!



### *"My Sternness to Thee."*

Say that my sternness to thee is insane;  
That though thou wert perverse, the world is  
so;  
That I am foolish if my feelings glow  
With anguish at each trifling human stain.  
Go from me then; the simplest warbler's  
strain  
Is sweeter than thyself, and has more heart,  
And wandering in the forest will impart  
Far more relief than seeking thee again.  
Say I should suit myself to earth, and be  
Like others, else they soon will look on me  
As some strange creature crazed about a fault.  
Alas! then well and good; my heart will halt.  
I would not sell my birthright of the skies  
For all the winsome smiles of woman's eyes!



### *The True Love.*

Conquer all sinful tendencies, my soul,  
And lift to Heaven my hungering, human  
heart;  
That I may show the world my love is part  
Of that eternal, ever-perfect Whole,  
Toward which the circling centuries onward  
roll.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

A love which can console with sweet caress,  
Yet hath no self-desire nor sordidness;  
A love which shields from stain life's sacred  
scroll,  
Yet kindlier makes our every deed and word.  
These coarser ones who need the gaudy  
show  
Of fashion's halls to set their hearts aglow,  
Have never yet his holy whisper heard;  
For though love's pulses warmly thrill and  
beat,  
His spirit is divinely pure and sweet!



*"Ah, Say Not Now to Me!"*

Ah! say not now to me in thy defense  
That it were wiser that I execrate  
Men's base hypocrisy, than to berate  
A woman's worldliness with such intense,  
And wounding words; for darker and more  
dense  
Becomes thy guilt; since thou didst sneer at  
me,  
Whose heart for one was from all treason free.  
Keener than other women's was the sense  
Of right and wrong with which thou wert en-  
dowed;  
And thou who couldst have stood amid the  
crowd  
Of this sin-serving world as Truth's own type,  
Compelling men to waken and to wipe  
Deception from their souls, didst stoop, alas,  
From that high station to the foolish class!

## A CRUCIAL TEST

*"Gone is Our Guiding Star."*

Heaven knows that I would not one whit excuse

My fellows in their course of heartless wrong;  
Nor speak to them less sternly or less strong  
Of retribution's blow that swift ensues.  
So base they are, that often they abuse  
The holiest things of life for selfish ends  
But ah, there is not one of them that spends  
His days in such indulgence who would lose  
For worlds the lingering smile of woman's eyes  
That woos him back to honor and the skies;  
And even he who seems to set at naught  
Her sacred rights, reveres her in his thought.  
Oh then, if love's own vestal virgins mar  
Life's perfect page, gone is our guiding star!



*"I've Suffered for Thy Sake."*

What was the Inquisition of old days  
Compared to what I've suffered for thy sake?  
I saw the mighty things that were at stake  
When first thy soul was wilful, and I'd gaze  
In wonder at thee in thy worldly ways.  
And oh! how oft would I resolve to break  
Through all discretion, and in mercy wake  
Thee from thy foolish, pleasure-following  
craze!

I saw deception in thee, while my lips [word;  
Were silenced, and could speak no warning  
Then came the shadows, and the dark eclipse,  
When of thy utter heartlessness I heard;  
And I, who once besought of thee love's alms,  
Behold thee pleading now with piteous palms!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"I am not able now to Bless."*

Alas! I am not able now to bless  
And cheer thee as in other days I was.  
While thou wert filling thy fair life with flaws,  
And scorning me who sought thy kind caress;  
I was ascending through my soul's distress,  
Where I could worship with a love more wise.  
Then ask me not to leave these holier skies,  
And Her I love, to live with something less.  
And as for thee, oh can the winds restore  
Thy guilelessness that unto them was cast?  
Can e'en the loftiest longing that thou hast  
Bring back the beauty which was thine before;  
Or endless years of anguish re-create  
Life's bartered crown, lamented now too late?



*Love Changed to Pity.*

When fate divides two trusting hearts that care,  
And cling, 'tis hard to give each other up;  
But ah, to drink and drain the bitter cup  
Of tainted tenderness, and love, once fair,  
Now fallen low, is more than we can bear.  
There is a line where Honor, Truth and Right  
Together stand with swords of flaming light,  
And cry to him who would transgress, "Be-  
ware!" [heart  
And when that line is reached, from out the  
All holy thoughts of her we loved depart;  
And in their place a pity like the sea,  
Wide, strong, and yearning, comes, whose  
plaintive plea  
To lift the wayward soul whose life is rent,  
Would make the lofty skies themselves relent.

## A CRUCIAL TEST

(He heeds her call; his reason being that of pity and mercy.)

*"Be Calm, My Soul."*

But ah, be calm, my soul, and stand the test!  
Commingle love and mercy from above  
Are yet as gentle as the dawning's dove,  
And cross the line to soothe the one distressed,  
Who used thee ill. But ah, it still is best  
That sacred Justice should abide supreme;  
That e'en the wayward world should still es-  
teem

The only things through which our life is blest.  
Forgive, aye, and forget; but nevermore  
Lift the dear idol lofty as before.  
Abide thou always near to kindly heed  
The slightest summons to supply her need;  
But keep thy life and love forever fair,  
And taintless as the unreached realms of air.

## PART FOURTH

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### The Ways of Love

(He returns to the second love, after having soothed the first with sympathy; and then addresses the later love to prove his loyalty still to her.)



#### *Unchanging Love.*

When came my soul to the refreshing spring  
Of thy dear love, 'twas not to quaff, and then  
Indifferent turn away, like other men;  
For there to me the birds more sweetly sing,  
And newer life and joy hath everything.  
Long sought my heart this happy haven, and  
when  
'Tis found, not lightly hence I'll turn again,  
But through the years thereto more fondly  
cling.  
And never until thou thyself refuse  
To longer let my soul this rapture share,  
Shall I depart; then will I sadly muse  
Still on it as I wander everywhere.  
But when thy love my bosom so renews,  
Ah, dearest, couldst thou cease for me to care?

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

### *"In Silence at Thy Side."*

In silence at thy side I worship, Sweet—  
The beauteous being sent by Heaven above  
To lift the fallen feelings of my love,  
And make me for a nobler usage meet.  
The first, fair-featured, whom I sought to take,  
Was not the one; for wiser Heaven brake  
The image down. Ascend thou then love's seat  
Within my soul, and its dear idol be.  
The shrine I have been building was for thee;  
Each note of rapture struck; each grief I bore;  
Each longing unrewarded, more and more  
The bark of my sad spirit onward drew  
To thee, so genial, angel-like, and true.

(He hears that which makes her seem untrue.  
His feelings, as he afterward expresses them.)



### *"Is She Untrue?"*

When this first sadness had bedimmed the blue  
Of our affection's yet unshadowed skies,  
I turned me toward thee with reproachful eyes,  
And thought, "Is she, alas, become untrue?"  
But, dearest, when my heart reverted to  
Thy kindliness of word and look and tone,  
Which only thou sincerely couldst have shown,  
Devotion touched me, like the vesper dew,  
And soothed my soul of every wound and pain.  
Ah, never knew I till that hour how strong  
Love's holy ties around the heart may be.  
When thou didst sit beside me and explain,  
Oh never seemed the world so sweet with song,  
Or thy dear love so precious unto me!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*“When First I had this Saddening Thought.”*

When first I had this saddening thought of  
thee,  
My heart's dear hopes, that had appeared so  
fair,  
And which I'd cherished with peculiar care,  
Seemed all at once about to blasted be.  
But Love asserted his supremacy  
At last, just as he ever does, and where  
This sadness entered, soon the sunlit air  
Was filled with sweeter happiness for me.  
Ah, dearest, gratitude to fate is due,  
Which proved our credence in this love we'd  
told  
Each other would be more than equal to  
All trials, and last as unalloyed as gold.  
For now I feel that though the charge were  
true,  
My heart for thee its ardor still would hold.



*“O Soul Beloved.”*

O soul beloved, when comes a doubt to thee,  
Cast it away, or hasten soon to tell  
Me of it, that I may at once dispel  
It from thee! Clear as yonder skies must be  
This tender trust between thyself and me.  
Not for a moment must suspicion dwell  
Within the heart. Nay, for I know too well  
How soon is marred its sweet tranquillity!  
Sometimes occurreth this inquietude;  
But let our mutual faith abide so sure,



## THE WAYS OF LOVE

That not a storm which comes, however rude,  
Can makes its anchor any less secure.  
So shall our rapture ever be renewed,  
And as we've hoped, shall through the years  
endure.



### *"Love's Faith."*

Ah, dearest, to the intellect alone  
Comes ever question of thy tenderness.  
The lofty soul unhappy is unless  
It reasons always; therefore it is prone  
To doubts the heart doth readily disown.  
Hence Beauty, Pride, and Thirst for Glory to  
The intellect appeal, when they untrue  
Would make us. In the heart thy tender tone  
Is, like celestial music, murmuring  
Forever; and distrust ne'er cometh there.  
Each season's splendor surfeits, and must  
change;  
But thy dear love to my glad heart doth bring  
A joy like that which liveth everywhere,  
At every season in wide Nature's range.

(He expresses his love with sweeter intensity.)



### *"There is a Trembling Tenderness in Thee."*

There is a trembling tenderness in thee  
That glorifies thy presence like the gleam  
Of morning doth the world; a seraph's seem  
Thy step and smile and every tone to be,  
Or Nature's self, incarnate, come to me.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

And when I think to win thy sweet esteem,  
Thou seemest lofty as some lark, whose theme  
Of love is trilled from the infinity  
Of heaven's holy blue, and I but naught.  
Yet when my humble breast declares its need,  
And for thy soothing sympathy doth plead,  
The soul sublime, that in the skies I sought,  
Is back to earth a heart still human brought.  
Ah, dearest, then thou art divine indeed!



### *Why His Harp Notes are Heard.*

Ah, never think this love I feel for thee  
Is but a theme by which I seek applause;  
For know, I only speak thereof because  
The sweetness it has brought has made me see  
How blinded to soul-beauty men may be  
Who find in all love's wisdom only flaws;  
And 'tis to teach the world love's simple laws  
That these my notes are heard. Love is with  
me

A thing sublime—of life itself the sum;  
And surely, dearest, if my humble thought  
Has ever cheered a heart, or solace brought,  
The music of my harp should not be dumb.  
And all thy tender traits would then become  
A theme with but intenser sweetness fraught.



### *"That I Could Prove Untrue!"*

Thou wouldst not think that I could prove un-  
true,  
If thou didst know how dear to me thou art.  
Can love be of the very soul a part;

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

Add sweetness unto everything we do,  
Or hope to be; and, like the morning blue  
Of heaven's horizon, open more sublime,  
The loftier hills of happiness we climb,  
And not endure? True love no limit to  
Its sweetness sets; for though the past supreme  
With rapture was, the days to be shall bring  
A joy like some celestial jubilee.  
In all the world is but one worthy theme;  
But one sweet thought to which my heart doth  
cling—  
And that the glorious love thou givest me.

❁

*"When Every Hour Has Proved This  
Love."*

Why thinkest thou that time will witness me  
Less ardent in my tenderness than now?  
Ah, rather have I always wondered how  
A doubt could come about my constancy,  
When every hour has proved this love to be  
So far more sweet than when it first began.  
As well it were to say that they who scan  
With joy the beauty and sublimity  
Of Nature will grow weary after while:  
Of absence ask you? Does the alien who,  
Far from his native land has roamed the world,  
Share less delight, when once again the smile  
Of her dear shore he greets, and in the blue  
Of heaven above her banners are unfurled?

❁

*"Love's Everlasting Spring."*

O Sweet, the skies and flowers divinely fair  
Have come! The meadow-larks so tenderly

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Are caroling, it seems thy tone to me;  
And such a soothing softness has the air,  
'Tis like thy genial presence everywhere.  
The sunny smiles of dewy morn allure  
The blossoms forth so wondrous sweet and  
    pure,  
That, like thy thoughts, they bring to me a  
    rare  
Delight which nothing else beside inspires.  
Ah, e'en as earth and skies ere long shall seem  
To blend their beauties into one supreme,  
And perfect glory, let each noble thing  
That wakens in our hearts love's sweet desires,  
Unite us in its everlasting spring!



*"Oh, Let Us Make This Love of Ours so  
Rare."*

Oh, let us make this love of ours so rare,  
That other loves will like to it be built;  
A love which like those leaves that never wilt,  
Will change not; yea, a love which will forbear,  
And will forget, be skies or dark or fair.  
Oh, let us hold such mutual tenderness  
Between us, that our beauteous lives shall bless,  
And cheer all hearts, like morning's balmy air.  
Let every thought and deed in everything,  
Like sweet, harmonious bells accordance ring,  
That others so regardless now, shall pause,  
And learn of us love's ever kindly laws.  
And, dearest, our glad story soon shall cause  
The world to thrill with love's returning  
    spring.

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

### *"I Love Thee So."*

I love thee so that if my every thought  
Of thee is not as soft as evening dews,  
With bitterness will I myself accuse;  
Yet all the while I know that there is naught  
Can chill the kindness thou to me hast taught.  
To but be in thy presence so imbues  
My breast with purity, and so renews  
My nature, that high Heaven seems nigh me  
brought.  
Oh then, say not that saddening word, "For-  
bear!"  
Nor send me forth thy smile no more to share.  
What arms would sooner shield thee, Sweet,  
than these?  
What soul would sacrifice so much to please  
Thee in all things, or sooner fly to ease  
Thy precious life of every pain and care?



### *Aspirations.*

Alas, could I but be what I desire,  
My soul no longer would continue dumb,  
But in immortal words would sound the sum  
Of life and love, like a melodious lyre!  
But wait, O soul, and soon the warm desire  
For lofty things will so awaken thee,  
That thou wilt wing the ether wild and free  
As warblers when the dawn is fair with fire.  
It is ordained that thou shouldst suffering seek  
Before the hour has come for thee to speak.  
And though 'tis lonely for thee thus to wait,  
Thy wings will but be lifted more elate;  
For only he who finds the lowly sweet

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Shall rise to realms where fadeless sunbeams  
beat.



### *Unselfish for Love's Sake.*

'Tis he who walks the world with sympathy  
For all its ills; who strives with song to rob  
The weary of their care; whose feelings throb  
Responsive unto every human plea;  
Who shows how beautiful it is to be  
Unselfish and unstained for love's sweet sake,  
That into notes of rapturous joy shall break,  
And know at last fame's immortality.  
Go forth my soul, and from this very hour  
Prove by thy life the purity and power  
Of principle; and by thy harsh disdain  
Of all dishonor that the world again  
Shall witness one who nobly dares to do  
Alone the things he holds sublime and true.



### *"To Taste of Life and Love."*

To taste of life, of love's absorbing themes,  
Then think how faintly we conceived before,  
Reminds us of the wild, melodious roar  
Of Ocean outward bearing on its streams  
Some bark which sent on its first mission  
seems.  
Forgotten is the fast-receding shore;  
The skies, wide-arched, and cloudless, stretch-  
ing o'er,  
Bend down to meet the billows kissed with  
beams  
Of sunny splendor, and the wondering gaze

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

Is thrilled although it turn a thousand ways.  
Then find affection's sweet infinity,  
And teach thy heart to ever kindly be;  
And the small shore of Self will soon, indeed,  
Forever from thy widening sight recede.



### *"The Calm of Later Years."*

And after while the multitudinous beat  
Of billows will be stilled, and thou wilt see  
Another harbor which shall welcome thee—  
The Calm Of Later Years, which comes as  
sweet

As autumn-time, when all the ardent heat  
Of aimless longing leaves; when to be free  
To stroll the happy fields, and just to be  
Back with the birds is rapture as complete  
As we could ask. Ah, in that calm delight  
Abides, O soul, thy source of ceaseless might!  
To leave Self's lonely harbor, and explore  
The seas of life and love; and when the roar  
Of their wild water lulls, to find release  
To teach sweet truths—ah, this is perfect  
peace!



### *Absence Unavailing to Conquer Love.*

Though Ocean's tide should take thee far from  
me,  
And fate conspire to keep us long apart,  
O Sweet, forevermore my loyal heart  
Would follow after and abide with thee.  
And since all absence can but saddening be,  
This will but show the more how dear thou art.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

When the rich splendors of the morning start,  
And clearly sings the lark upon the lea,  
Love's tender thrills back to my breast return.  
And though, with thought to chill, thou  
shouldst forsake

And leave me, my devotion would not cease.  
When once within love's altar-fires awake,  
For the dear worshiped idol will I yearn,  
And only in her presence find sweet peace.

(She sees the strength of his affection for her, and for certain reasons not understood by him, pursues a course of delicate, womanly silence, which he deems to be coldness, and even scorn.)



*"Ah, Dearest What Is There That I  
Can Do?"*

And art thou dumb, while still my bosom  
pleads?

Ah, dearest, what is there that I can do  
More than I have to prove my heart is true?  
In bitter anguish every feeling bleeds,  
To think that, though my nature's highest  
needs

Spring upward toward thy sweet, exhaustless  
love,

As wakening bloom to balmy skies above,  
Their cherished hope, alas, to nothing leads!  
Would that each midnight star whose tender-  
ness

Looks from the dome, was now a word for me;  
That in full flaming speech I could express  
The deep devotion that I feel for thee;



## THE WAYS OF LOVE

And morning's splendor set to melody,  
To tell how boundlessly thy love could bless!



*"When Thou Regardest Not My Plea."*

Beloved heart, why be so harsh with me?  
If all the favor of dear friends I deem  
Not half so precious as is thy esteem,  
When thou regardest not my plaintive plea,  
What solace can their kindness ever be?  
Ah, dearest, thou dost cause my soul to wrong  
Their sympathy, when thus I show how strong  
The center of my life is fixed in thee!  
They think me then ungrateful for the true,  
And tender things they are so glad to do.  
But be thou loving, and a warmth will start  
Forth from my bosom to the humblest heart  
That cares for me. Thy sweetness is the one  
Dawn-beam whence springs affection's un-  
dimmed sun.



*"But Love Is So Strange."*

But love is strange; and scorn is sometimes  
meant  
To send it an evangel everywhere  
That its sweet cheer is needed in the air.  
The soul on just one other soul intent  
Will find its homage all for nothing spent,  
If it should chance the idol has no care.  
So Nature turns us, that the world may share  
The wasted offering. 'Tis when we have blent  
Our feelings with some great, ennobling cause,  
Comes wakening to love's universal laws;

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Comes the wide dawning on our wondering  
sight  
The meaning and the aim of truth and right.  
'Tis then our souls in their unselfish arms,  
Can clasp the bliss divine that truly charms.

### *Love's Potency.*

Sometimes stern Duty's rugged oath I take  
To rid me of these clinging cords of love,  
And help me, eagle-like, to rise above  
Its blinding bondage, active and awake.  
But ah, such high resolve I soon forsake!  
For like the sound of some dear forest dove,  
Love's notes recall me and more potent prove  
Than every effort that my heart may make.  
And Pride, which can rebuke so bitterly;  
Sage Wisdom with her counsels shrewdly  
wrought;  
And Friendship, with the kindest feeling  
fraught,  
In vain unite their most persuasive plea  
To turn the current of my tender thought,  
And from Love's gentle thralldom set me free.

(He renews his pleading with more passion-  
ate fervor.)

### *"For Love of Thee."*

My soul is sickened with the ceaseless care  
It has for thee. Had I but seen before  
That I should watch so wearied and so sore,  
I'd ne'er have asked thy kindness to share.  
Whate'er thou wishest I will gladly bear,

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

If only true in thought toward me thou art.  
I would not sigh though we were wide apart,  
And skies above to all but me were fair.  
But ah, when with cold silence thou dost meet  
Love's lavish offering, life no more is sweet!  
The chilling blasts of autumn-time that blight  
The beauty of her hills and forests, cease;  
But ah, for love of thee I leave delight,  
And walk the wilds where comes no calm nor  
peace!



*"'Tis for Thy Happiness."*

Affection's sacred choice I leave with thee;  
And when thou choosest, I will say no more.  
But I beseech thee, dearest, now before  
The deed is done, that thou shouldst careful be.  
'Tis for thy happiness I make the plea,  
And not my own devotion's selfish sake.  
My soul in time can crush each cruel ache  
That comes, if only thine from gloom is free  
Thou walkest in a world where dwells deceit,  
All unsuspecting of men's artifice;  
Because thou art so guileless, pure, and sweet.  
And though I can endure my blighted bliss,  
If one unworthy win thee—oh, at this,  
With what wild anguish would my bosom beat!



*"To Give Thee Up."*

Ah, do these gentle words of warning mean  
To give thee up, and walk life's ways alone?  
Oh, can they mean that fairest joys have flown,  
And these sweet skies shall be no more serene;  
That I who, happy-hearted, went to glean

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

In hope's glad fields, return again with bare,  
And bleeding hands, and with the sad despair  
That in love hungering, weary souls is seen?  
To give thee up, and bid my breast be still,  
Which at thy slightest step was wont to thrill?  
To give thee up, and bid mine eyes to meet  
No more thy smile, so heavenly and so sweet?  
If such indeed must be my awful task,  
Alas, thou dost not know what thou dost ask!



*“Yet Will I Wish Thee Well.”*

Yet will I wish thee well, and set the right  
Of my great love aside, at thy desire;  
Yea, at thy word, will quench devotion's fire,  
And leave its altars in eternal night.  
I will submit though in the very sight  
Of Heaven itself, whose gates I longed to gain;  
And, at thy wish, will all my hopes restrain.  
I will go forth at thy desire, to fight  
Alone life's endless and unequal fray;  
Will bid my soul be dumb when day by day  
It wakes to call thee with despairing cries.  
Yea, I will wish thee well though all the skies,  
The hills and streams, which seemed to say  
before  
That thou wast mine, now whisper so no more!



*At Parting.*

The music of thy voice is not for me;  
And when anear thee now I must not broach  
The burden of my heart, lest I encroach  
Upon those rights that are more dear to thee  
Yet will I love thee still while tenderly

## THE WAYS OF LOVE

The birds around are caroling their strain.  
For though their guileless gladness gives me  
    pain,  
They sound sometimes the hapless lover's plea.  
But think not I reproach by speaking thus ;  
For still have I what many never share—  
Sweet thoughts of hours that were melodious  
As coming morn ; when in thy presence there  
Were joys more rich than all the fabulous  
Arrays of royalty sublimely fair.



### *“To Part in Kindly Peace.”*

O send me not away, if in thy heart  
The least unkindly feeling still thou hast ;  
For wounds forevermore with lovers last,  
Though ocean's billows bear them wide apart.  
Since in this breast of mine supreme thou art,  
Dethrone not now the holy image there.  
These sweet associations I shall share  
No more ; and if, alas, the cruel dart  
Of altered tone or action cling to me ;  
It had been well if thou hadst never come  
Into this life of mine. Then still I plead  
To part in kindly peace ; lest when to thee  
In future days I cry, the skies be dumb,  
And Nature her dear self shall give no heed !



### *When Duty Bade Love Be Silent.*

Stern duty bids my ardent soul forbear,  
When in my bosom leaps wild, yearning love ;  
And points each purpose to the stars above,  
When comes the ocean-tide of tender care

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

For her whose traits my deep devotion share.  
"Desist!" fate seems to say, "the destiny  
That all-wise Nature has designed for thee  
Denies love's sweetness now. "Then cease,  
O air,  
Of morn to bring thy beauty to my heart.  
Be still, ye birds that into music break  
On every bending bough, lest I forsake  
All silence, and aloud love's pleadings start!  
And likewise cease, ye bards, whose wondrous  
art  
Bids these wild thrills within my breast awake!



### *He Continues to Love Her in Silence.*

There is a love whose longing never gains  
The glorious object of our deep desires;  
But lingers in the breast like smouldering fires,  
Long after lesser adoration wanes.  
The soul may stifle all its pleading pains,  
Nor show its passion save in noble deeds;  
But still it lives, and ever onward leads  
To the supreme which human hope attains.  
With the dear idol dumb our voice may be;  
But still the heart a holy light shall share—  
Caught from the worshiped-one's serenity,  
And from our high resolve, that, should the  
care  
Of those she deems more worthy languish, we  
Will give our all to guard her anywhere.

## PART FIFTH

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### When All Love's Hope Has Fallen.

(A singular fate suddenly brings them together again just as the unhappiness of which he forewarned her, is about to come; and the trying conflict begins between the restraining power of his mighty affection, and woman's sovereign will in choosing her own course.)



#### *Love's Final Warning.*

Eternal truth and justice at the stake  
Today are standing, and the voice of love,  
As holy as a being's from above,  
Appeals to thee to pause; for not an ache,  
Nor sorrow stirs my soul but for thy sake.  
Self is extinguished, and whate'er I speak,  
Or do, Beloved, is but because I seek  
Thy happiness. All Nature seems to quake  
In anguish with me and aloud protest.  
To further see thy precious life distressed  
Which has already sacrificed so much;  
To still see on thee woe's un pitying touch,  
While these strong arms can never soothe thy  
care  
With one sweet clasp is more than I can bear!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

### *"But Go Thy Way."*

But go thy way, and I will silent be,  
However much my wounded feelings bleed.  
If thou in whom I trusted take no heed,  
Nor hast a word of kindness for me,  
Who lavished all my life and love on thee,  
'Tis time, alas, that I were dumb indeed.  
When tender thoughts and honors which exceed  
All sweetness that thy soul has hoped to see,  
And share for years, are proffered and refused;  
When he who would have blessed thee is  
abused,  
And turned away; when bartered for a mess  
Of pottage is love's birthright, surely less  
In justice to myself I could not do,  
Than trust the after years to prove me true!



### *"How Often 'Tis the Fate."*

Alas, how often 'tis the hapless fate  
Of lofty souls to love and idolize,  
Yet win no sweet response from women's eyes;  
To plead with all the pure and passionate  
Devotion of a nature nobly great,  
Yet see but silence after all their sighs.  
Oh, that some clarion call from out the skies  
Could wake her heart ere 'tis, alas, too late!  
Why will she linger with the shams called love,  
When Love himself with arms outstretched  
above,  
Beseeches her to share his kingly feast?  
Why will she wait until his voice has ceased  
Forever, and she languishes in need,  
Ere she those holy words of his will heed?



## WHEN ALL LOVE'S HOPE HAS FALLEN

### *"My Spirit Will Submit."*

Without a word my spirit will submit;  
But thought of me, if ever to thee dear,  
Shall thrust thee through hereafter like a spear.  
The record of my love in sorrow writ  
Shall overwhelm thy soul when thou dost sit,  
And watch life's clouded skies which once  
were clear.

Sweet seasons shall return, and thou shalt hear  
The happy birds; but ah, love's smile that lit  
Thy heart shall then have left its heavens for  
aye!

I asked so little, yet was turned away.  
I followed after thee till it was wrong  
Against myself to follow more. Though strong  
As warming tides my love went forth to thee,  
'Twas met by but a silent, icy sea.



### *"I Wonder Not."*

I wonder not that thy dark eyes desire  
No more to sweetly seek and meet mine own;  
Nor that thou wishest now to be alone.  
The tender sound of love's melodious lyre  
Would strike thy spirit like a flame of fire.  
Thou art a land from which the birds have  
flown  
To find a fairer and more genial zone;  
A sunset whose faint gleams no more inspire  
With rapture, but harass with harsh unrest.  
And what am I? A hopeless wanderer  
Among bare bowers, where birds no longer  
nest;

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

A weary and belated reveler  
Amid sad, lonely halls from whence delight,  
And love, and melody have winged their flight!



*"Thou Wilt Reproach Me."*

Thou wilt reproach me. I remember well  
In bygone days when Beauty cast her slur,  
And scorn at me, that thou didst plead for her,  
And try my irritation to dispel;  
And thou wilt say I 'should suppress the swell  
Of these great sorrows now regarding thee.  
Ah, dearest, 'tis the voice of Destiny  
That stirs my spirit, and which bids me tell  
The woe of every breast that has been wronged!  
Before we were divided, I belonged  
To thee, and only spake thy precious praise.  
But unto suffering souls and future days  
I now belong, and in each thrilling word  
I speak, a thousand heart-throbs may be  
heard!



*"I Now Can Feel."*

I now can feel the sufferings of his soul  
Who, following after erring human life,  
To lift it up from sickening sin and strife,  
And set it forward toward Truth's lofty goal,  
Beholds him shipwrecked in the treacherous  
shoal  
Of thankless sneers, and base ingratitude;  
But who, despite it all, doth sit, and brood  
In sad conjecture how the blotted scroll  
Of life may still be made immaculate!

## WHEN ALL LOVE'S HOPE HAS FALLEN

O absent dearest, is my love so great  
That, like the sunshine, it unnoticed is?  
Ah, couldst thou see the sorrows that are his  
Who waits, while in his breast is speechless  
    woe,  
Perhaps some little kindness thou wouldst  
    show!



### *The Heart That Is Hard.*

It seems sometimes my soul's sad cry would  
    reach,  
And thunder like a judgment in thine ears;  
That thou wouldst pity me for all the tears,  
And sighs with which in worship, I beseech.  
Sometimes it seems that if the hills had speech,  
They'd sound my cause across the endless  
    years,  
And say to thee that holy Heaven hears,  
Though thou dost not. The billows on the beach  
Rebuke thee; and the morning birds that rise,  
And trill their tender notes through all the  
    skies,  
I think would mock thee: and the silent stars,  
Like sorrowing eyes, would say, "Truth's  
    sword debars  
Thee from the rapture of these realms above,  
Because thou wronged a fellow creature's  
    love!"

(During this trying interval she sends him  
forth from her. He leaves with the impres-  
sion of bitter wrong).

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"We Seek a Friend and Find Not One."*

When she in whom we trusted has abused  
The tenderest ties entwined about the heart,  
And with no throb of pity said, "Depart!"  
With bitter words we have at first accused,  
And blamed; but, ah! the breast, though  
    wronged and bruised,  
At last relents, and Love forgives it all.  
When the dear idol, that we hoped to call  
Our own, is shattered, and the scenes we used  
To stroll, are now no longer full of peace;  
When kindness, that we thought would never  
    cease,  
Is changed to coldness, and the hopes we built  
Are blasted; when the world to gloom and  
    guilt  
Seems given, under all the shining sun  
We seek a faithful friend, and find not one.



*The Soul That Is Sincere.*

But, ah! from such disaster and defeat  
O soul, emerge thou stronger and sublime;  
And call the world to witness that no crime  
Has touched thine altar, still secure and sweet.  
Let Honor testify that in the heat  
Of every crisis thou wert fully true,  
And bid Devotion say, "Let others do  
Whate'er they please, thou wilt not use  
    deceit."  
O then continue changeless as before  
The thoughtless wronged thee; and though to  
    the core  
They cut thy feelings, for each stab of theirs,

## WHEN ALL LOVE'S HOPE HAS FALLEN

Show thou the garb the nobler nature wears;  
And league thyself with them whose deeds  
redeem

These latter days which so degenerate seem.

### *The Higher Glory.*

There is a glory higher than the gain  
Of that on which we sometimes set our hearts;  
And, ah! so often God's relentless darts,  
Which strike our idols down, but bid us strain  
Our vision to behold a loftier plain  
Of peace, from which we were kept back  
before.

There thoughts and themes of beauty shall  
restore

A sweet contentment in the place of pain.  
The earth and sunny skies there meet and melt  
Together; there the sadness which we felt  
Is lulled, and leaves us; and our hearts, elate,  
Thrill with a rapture that no tongue can speak.  
Then rise, O soul, with new resolve and seek  
The holier things that on the heights await.

### *"We Shall Not Pause."*

'Tis Nature's purpose that we shall not pause  
To waste in fruitless longing all the day;  
But at the dawn to waken, and away  
To where the world is battling for the cause  
Of Truth, and Love's so long neglected laws.  
Then lift thy fallen feelings and essay  
To sound a sweeter summons to the fray;  
And thou shalt find how harsh defeat but  
draws

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Thee on to that which for thyself is best.  
Then calm within thee all this wild unrest;  
Let not thy fervor be a force whose bent  
Is misdirected; nor thy life be rent  
With petty trials, but untiring be  
To find and fill thy noblest destiny.

❁

*"Like One Who Sees the Sunset Fade  
Away."*

Like one who sees the sunset fade away,  
When onward comes the starless, stormy  
night,  
I stand, as from my life departs the light  
Of thy dear love. Brief was its blissful day;  
Alas, far too celestial sweet to stay!  
Sad, streaming tears of anguish dim mine eyes,  
And after thee my heart still wildly cries.  
There is no earthly crown that could repay  
My soul for the fond hope it now gives up.  
So fully have I quaffed of sorrow's cup  
That pleasure will hereafter prove but pain.  
And ah, so rudely was I torn from thee,  
That I could never, never love again,  
Though all love's hoarded wealth were offered  
me.

❁

*"This Is the Fate."*

This is the fate of sadness and despair  
Far worse than darkness, dearest, from which I  
Had hoped to keep us, sure thou knowest why—  
Because there is no blow more hard to bear;  
No keener cut of thrice-armed tyrant care.  
There is no refuge underneath the sky,

## WHEN ALL LOVE'S HOPE HAS FALLEN

Where from its harsh effects the heart may fly.  
There is no lapse of seasons that can wear  
Away its wound; no mighty hand of power  
Able to bid it leave us for an hour—  
The fate to stand divided from the one  
Who of all souls where shines the circling sun,  
Or lift the azure realms of heaven above,  
Was dearest to our life's confiding love.



*"Yea, Sweet, I Loved Thee."*

Yea, Sweet, I loved thee; loved thee with a  
pure,  
And holy worship, like to theirs who dwell  
Where love's celestial soothing harp notes  
swell.

But ah, just when I thought I was secure  
Of thee its priceless treasure, stricken poor  
Was I with a bare want no words can tell.  
Yet shall I try to think that all is well,  
However hard my fate be to endure;  
For ah, the soul to duty and to right  
Loyal forever, finds at last the light!  
Conscious within that we were never false  
Nor sordid in the least desire we had;  
A faith ineffable at length exalts  
Us far above all fate however sad.



*"Lay Thou No Sorrow to My Charge."*

At some far future day, if I no more  
Return with tender kindness unto thee,  
Remember how thou didst go forth from me,  
And I without a word mine anguish bore.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

When, like a watcher on some lonely shore,  
Thine eyes shall sweep the wide, unpitying  
    sea  
Of life in vain for one to hear thy plea;  
Recall the love abandoned long before.  
For though my breast in that sad day shall  
    bleed,  
Because I cannot fly to fill thy need;  
Remember, dearest, 'twas thine act which  
    brake  
The bond between us. Then lay thou no ache  
Nor sorrow to my charge, in thy distress,  
When love returns no more to soothe and  
    bless!



## PART SIXTH

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### Separation

*"Like Lone and Sad-Eyed Israel."*

Alas, like lone and sad-eyed Israel,  
Which saw its pride and precious glory gone—  
Down-trampled by the hosts of Babylon—  
Seem I, as now we separate to dwell  
In darkness and despair. Wild sorrows swell  
My breast such as the captive Hebrews had,  
When that loved city there amid the glad,  
Sweet hills, was fired by alien hands, and fell.  
Yet, dearest, still across the dreary days,  
Like Daniel's, shall my trusting spirit gaze:  
Beholding in each beauty of the west  
An image of the hour when I may see  
Rebuilt the hopes by which my life was  
blessed;  
And as of old, unsorrowing, worship thee.



*"Though Thou Art Silent."*

Though thou art silent, yet I fully know  
Thou hast a higher heart that leaps and longs  
To meet mine own, despite dividing wrongs.  
Though thou, alas, art bound to things below,  
Thou hast a spirit that doth starward go

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

To greet mine own on pinions glad and free!  
Yea, dearest, thy sweet soul still walks with  
me

Amid the friendly hills where breezes blow.  
My care-worn brow each evening seems  
caressed

By thy kind touch, when turned toward the  
west.

And when the sounds of blissful dawn I hear,  
It seems thy step, so softly sweet and dear;  
And soon the earth and overarching skies  
Seem smiling with the love light of thine eyes!



### *"The Thought of Thee."*

Though I may never, never greet again  
Thy precious presence, still the thought of thee  
Shall evermore my inspiration be—  
My sheltering refuge from the world's disdain:  
My sweet consoler in each trial and pain.  
Though nevermore beside me I may see  
Thy blessed self, O soul of sympathy,  
And tenderness, yet shalt thou sovereign reign  
Within my life to keep it nobly pure.  
And, ah, if fate should call thee to endure  
Sad days of sorrow for love's fallen flowers  
Which could, alas, have once been fully ours:  
Remember then that for each sigh of thine,  
A thousand griefs have wrenched this breast  
of mine!



### *"Like a Majestic Cloud."*

Like a majestic, cool, and showery cloud  
That on a long, and sultry summer's day

## SEPARATION

Uplifts its lofty form afar away,  
Love came into thy life, with weariness bowed;  
And there continued it; thou couldst not crowd  
It from thee, nor escape its sovereign sway.  
It filled thy skies, and with its genial spray  
Wakened the traits with which thou wast en-  
dowed,  
And caused them to put forth, like fairest  
flowers.  
Thou didst not know how truly thou wast  
blessed;  
But simply quaffed the solace of those hours,  
And let it soothe thy spirit's harsh unrest.  
So sweet Love was, that e'en thy griefs seemed  
set  
To music whose soft murmur said, "Forget!"



*"Hope Winged Away from Thee."*

Then came Love's gloaming. As the western  
skies  
Aflame with gorgeous splendors but declare  
The night at hand, the rapture thou didst  
share,  
But told its sad departure from thine eyes;  
For as the dove that through the twilight flies  
Till lost to view, Hope winged away from thee,  
And left thee but its wretched memory,  
Lone lamentations, tears, and ceaseless sighs.  
Then Love's great shadow swelled into a cloud  
Filled with fierce lightnings, and with thunders  
loud;  
And like a bird that beats against its bars

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Art thou. Yet, dearest, wait; the tranquil  
stars  
May gleam again; and afterward the dawn  
Break with lark carols saying, "Grief is gone!"



*"Go and Forget Thee."*

"Go and forget thee!" Dearest, words are  
vain.

Bid yonder mateless, winter-weary bird  
Forget the hours when on the hills were heard  
The south-wind's murmur and the streamlet's  
strain,

Which ne'er for it may sweetly sound again.

Alas! 'tis easy to annihilate

Love's hope; but never by the hand of fate  
Has love's sad lingering memory yet been  
slain.

As well to bid the night forget her stars,  
When storms are loud; or him whom heaven  
debars

From halls of bliss to think of them no more;  
To say to him whose royal forehead wore,  
In happier days the dazzling coronet  
Of kingly sovereignty and fame, "Forget!"



*"When Thou Art Away."*

When winds of winter strip the forest bare,  
And drive the warblers to a sunnier shore,  
Hope in the heart of Nature smiles no more;  
For her dear scenes their desolation wear  
Till spring with scepter touch bids them be fair  
In odorous robes of flowers, and to rejoice,



“When winds of winter strip the forest bare,  
And drive the warblers to a sunnier shore,  
Hope in the heart of Nature smiles no more,  
But her dear scenes their desolation wear.”

## SEPARATION

As sounds again each bird's familiar voice.  
But what to me will be the flowing hair  
The seraph step and silvery laugh of Spring  
When thou, who wast her image, art away?  
Still to the past my sorrowing soul shall cling;  
And, if heaven wills, thou mayest return some  
day,  
Like Autumn, to these waiting arms of mine—  
Sad-eyed, but sweeter and far more divine.



### *"They Speak of Battles.*

They speak of glorious battles that have  
gained  
A loftier elevation for the world;  
Of them who stood where shot and shell were  
hurled,  
And fiery missiles were around them rained.  
But ah, a fiercer conflict far has stained,  
And rent love's banner over me unfurled—  
A moral conflict, in which I was whirled,  
And forced along by every traitor trained  
To overthrow the heart that would be true.  
And not by day alone did they pursue  
Their fiendish work, but in the silent night,  
Aroused from rest, I've put their hosts to  
flight.  
But, dearest, though ten thousand such assailed,  
For thy sweet sake and holy love's they failed!



### *Love Still Sovereign.*

Then say not thou another shall secure  
The adoration of this soul of mine, [thine.]  
Which through such awful conflicts still was

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

For as the everlasting hills endure,  
So shall my love for thee, made but more pure  
By separation, till it seems divine.  
Amid these fields, and all along that line  
Of forests have I wandered to secure  
Release from Pride's assault upon my heart.  
But forth as if from ambush then would dart  
Revenge and Jealousy to baffle me;  
But through those troublous hours I cried to  
thee  
In spirit, and though still divided now,  
Still sovereign of my soul O Love art thou!



*"Think It Not Strange."*

Think it not strange when I thus execrate  
The heartless fate that sundered us for aye;  
That I who never yet was heard to say  
Harsh words to thee, now seem to speak with  
hate.  
Ah, didst thou but divine my hopeless state  
Of anguish which increases day by day,  
As from my life thy love doth fade away,  
Thou likewise wouldst lament this fall of fate!  
Ah, then think it not strange that thou dost  
find  
Hard accents in my voice, once only kind;  
That these mine eyes, once soft with love's  
desire  
To heed each wish, now flame with fiercer fire.  
Alas, how could I love thee so unless  
'Roused when we both are sure of wretched-  
ness!



“ Then on the wings of the last fading gleams  
Of sunset shall my holy wishes fly;  
And not fall back as from an empty sky:  
But sweet as twilight to the hills and streams,  
Descend again with the celestial spell  
Of Peace, which softly whispers, ‘All is well.’ ”



## SEPARATION

### *"They Are of Love Alone."*

Yea, should these silent sorrows I have shown  
Seem in the least degree to violate  
That lofty spirit which should bow to fate—  
Remember that they are of love alone,  
And not mere idle words at random sown.  
Then should they reach thee in this awful state  
Of separation, know they are not hate,  
But holy hints of my heart's worship blown  
Across dark days and deserts unto thee  
As sweet assurance that, though sundered, we  
Are of the few who love forevermore!  
This suffering soul of mine can stand before  
The face of Truth and Honor, and can say,  
"Strike, if I now offend in any way!"

(He hears that she is unhappy, as he had warned her she would be; and thereupon expresses his sorrow for her; and defends himself for so doing.)



### *"The World Would Say."*

The world would say I have no right to speak,  
Nor show these lamentations o'er my love;  
But I will breathe them to the stars above,  
Which witness the keen anguish of the weak,  
And helpless. Silent seem they, aye, and  
meek;  
Yet are they each the everlasting seat  
Where God's own chosen guardian angels meet  
To send forth aid to all that suffering seek.  
Then on the wings of the last fading gleams  
Of sunset shall my holy wishes fly,

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

And not fall back as from an empty sky ;  
But sweet as twilight to the hills and streams,  
Descend again with the celestial spell  
Of Peace, which softly whispers, "All is well!"



*"Tis Not That I Am Selfish."*

'Tis not that I am selfish, and desire  
Thee just to walk life's ways with me alone,  
That, like a restless sea, I sigh and moan.  
Oh, 'tis because thy spirit which was higher  
Than any woman's; and which at love's fire,  
As a sweet vestal virgin could attend,  
Is doomed through weary years to sadly spend  
Its heavenly self as lesser things require.  
Without a murmur could I see thee go  
Forever from me, if I did but know  
That thy dear heart had health and happiness;  
And that thou wast beloved as I love thee.  
But ah, no plaintive language can express  
My woe at witnessing thy misery!



*"I Blame Thee Not."*

I blame thee not, but ah, my burdened breast  
Laments the desolation thou hast left!  
Life's bowers of birds and beauty are bereft;  
And Love with anxious eyes looks forward lest  
Thou likewise shalt awake with wild unrest,  
To find his genial smile forever gone.  
Alas! what then will be the blush of dawn;  
The sunny noon, or glory-kindled west;  
The far infinity of fading hills;  
The over-arching azure of the skies;

## SEPARATION

The golden-breasted larks, or gleaming rills,  
But sad reminders to thy dear dark eyes?,  
Redoubled then will be my weight of woe  
To see thy precious soul despairing so.



*“How Truly Dear Thou Art.”*

The world will wonder, and will ask me why  
I stifle not these sorrowing words I say,  
And, like the rest, go gaily on life's way.  
Alas, the spirit that is of the sky  
Cannot behold this world without a sigh.  
What is the heart that warmly throbs, but  
when  
Hope is eclipsed, can lightly love again?  
If love doth idolize, yea deify  
Its object, 'twill not cease if fate exclude  
It from the altar where it used to go.  
Oh, then when city pleasures I've pursued  
Dim not thy likeness in my lonely heart;  
Nor Nature's scenes console me, let it show  
But all the more how truly dear thou art.



*To What Extent Affection Flies.*

I sometimes think that holy Heaven has sent  
This awful separation down on me,  
To test the mighty love I feel for thee,  
And show the wayward world to what extent  
Human affection flies, yet is not spent.  
Across the deserts, dearest, will I seek  
Hereafter for thee; and though worn and  
weak;  
Yea, wrecked and wretched even, every rent

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

Within thy heart my love will heal again,  
If thou but keep thy spirit free from stain.  
Far back amid these hills must I abide;  
But still my love, whatever may betide,  
Shall daily wing its flight, and hover where  
Thou art, if thou but heed it in the air.



### *I Will Be Silent.*

At last I will bid silence seal my lips;  
For after all thou sufferest more than I  
Since peace hath left thee now, and in thy sky  
The sun of love forever sees eclipse.  
Thy life no more like murmured music slips  
Along, but is a dreary, dull routine;  
And hopes on thy horizon now are seen  
Departing from thee, like far-sailing ships.  
For one brief, empty hour thou didst exchange  
The calm and bliss of all the after range  
Of circling years; and pity bids me cease.  
Would it were mine to bring thee still release;  
But ah, the spirit for its hasty deeds  
In endless bitterness of anguish bleeds!



### *The Strength of Silence.*

Should any at thee hurl their shafts of hate  
And scorn, go silent onward, O my soul.  
Let them not lure thee to the shallow shoal  
Of small contention; they will but berate  
Thee more thereafter. Fools that speculate  
Upon a star change not its course one whit.  
'Throned with eternal truth doth Silence sit;  
And subject unto her is every fate.

## SEPARATION

Then though the heart that thou hast trusted in  
Through all the years, against thine own  
should sin;

Speak thou no word of harshness, but be still;  
For sorrowing eyes of love more deeply thrill  
Than wounding words; and they who wait,  
and bear,

Shall victory's imperial purple wear!

(Up to this time in the separation he has no reason to believe she really loves him; but faint indications of the truth reach him, without her knowledge; and in the exhaustless tenderness of his heart, he casts away all thought of his own grief; speaks sorrowfully of her sufferings, and declares his unchanging loyalty and love.)



*"How Strange the History of Our Lives."*

How strange has been the history of our lives!  
Blessed with a sweet similitude of heart;  
The same high scorn of every selfish art;  
And with that spirit which still onward strives  
Through trial until triumphant it arrives  
At glory's goal; how glad could we have gone  
Together in love's ever-widening dawn!  
But harsh misfortune, which so oft deprives  
Us of the treasures that we deem most dear,  
Befell our hopes, and blasted them for aye.  
But ah, the hills and starry hosts shall hear  
Our hapless story and esteem it sweet;  
And lonely fellow-sufferers day by day,  
Shall find a solace in our sore defeat.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"Yet How I Miss Thee."*

Yet how I miss thee! Dearest, every day  
I need thee. None can know my heart and soul  
As thou, who read them like a written scroll;  
And soothed me more than seraph speech could  
say.

How often has my spirit, held at bay  
By troubles, seen them at thy word dispelled.  
What wonder then that my devotion welled  
With its full strength to thee, and will alway.  
'Twas thou I saw when far blue western hills  
In childhood stirred me with a strange unrest.  
'Twas thou I heard when softly murmuring  
rills

Awaked a vague, sweet sadness in my breast—  
My Love, my Destiny, whose touch yet stills  
These longings, and makes all my being  
blessed!



*"Not for the World."*

Not for the world and all that it contains  
Would I accept a spoken word from thee,  
Which said thy precious heart was still with  
me.

But ah, there is a spirit which disdains  
All barriers that are blindly built, and gains  
Celestial summits, where it wanders free,  
And finds the One who is its destiny;  
And there they dwell, immaculate of stains.  
Why we were sundered, and must suffer so,  
Alas, is now not for our hearts to know;  
But in love's higher, holier atmosphere

## SEPARATION

We shall live always, to each other dear.  
So shall the streams and birds, which sound so  
sad,  
Again for us be softly sweet and glad.



*"Let Us Submit."*

Let us submit, and do our duty well.  
Go pass thy precious life in servitude;  
And I will wander on. So shall this rude,  
And selfish world be shown how sorrow's spell  
But softens lofty souls. Though thou dost  
dwell

In darkness, dearest, grief shall be subdued  
By knowledge that my love awakes renewed  
In strength each day, like one sweet season's  
swell

Into another that is more sublime.  
Send me no word; for such would be a crime.  
The world beholds us; and if we should break  
The smallest tie of truth, the shock would  
shake

The everlasting structure of love's laws,  
And we love's altar keepers be the cause.



*"We Cannot Stifle Love's Great Soul."*

But ah, despite this awful sacrifice,  
We cannot stifle Love's great, throbbing soul;  
Ne'er wreck his bark on separation's shoal;  
Nor sweep his flaming star from out our skies!  
Yet we shall never meet; for ah, my sighs  
Would swell to sorrows that I could not bear,  
To see thee in thy servitude's despair!  
The past is precious, but no soul is wise

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

To seek the shattered wreck of its lost love,  
Unless assured that soon hope's heavens will  
clear,  
And life to both thereafter be more dear.  
Far rather let him, like the forest dove,  
Which murmurs evermore sweet memory's  
lays,  
In absence only muse of by-gone days.

❁

*"When Thy Dear Life."*

When thy dear life with troublous tasks is  
worn;  
And thy dark eyes with sorrow's tears are dim,  
My love shall hover like a seraphim  
About thee, to thy slightest service sworn,  
Though I then wander far away, forlorn.  
Though thou receive no sign nor word from  
me,  
My heart of hearts shall still abide with thee.  
My soul of souls on each succeeding morn,  
Shall stand beside thee and behold thy tears.  
When thy dear mind amid life's harsh routine,  
Reverts to sweeter times of long gone years,  
Look forth on Nature's softly soothing scene;  
And let thy longings seek me evermore,  
Like birds that fly to find a sunnier shore.

❁

*"They Know Me Not, Nor Read My  
Heart Aright."*

They know me not nor read my heart aright  
Who think 'tis for myself alone I show,  
And speak this grief at harsh misfortune's  
blow.



## SEPARATION

For sure, a sympathetic spirit's sight  
Can wisely look and witness that the light  
Which on love's altar burns is but for thee.  
Suppressed, alas, must be the piteous plea  
Thy soul would utter in its hopeless night  
Did not stern Duty bid that voice be still.  
And in these words of mine that pierce and  
thrill,  
Thy stifled woe, as well as mine, is heard.  
The knowledge of thy suffering has so stirred  
My being that it will no more be bound,  
But in far-reaching notes thy grief shall sound!  
(He learns to live without her.)



### *"Faith's Star Still Shines."*

Watch with thy spirit's wiser vision, lest  
Thou miss the purpose of these lines of mine.  
The truths I write are none the less divine  
With love because in sorrowing words ex-  
pressed.  
Beyond the shadows of the sunless west,  
Yea, through the curtains of the darkest cloud  
Faith's star still shines, unnoticed by the  
crowd.  
My soul still trusts that all is for the best,  
Despite the saddest things my songs may say.  
Since I must walk life's longest, weariest way,  
Bid not my solace-seeking heart be still;  
For other sufferers follow, and until  
The height is reached whence breaks God's  
glorious dawn,  
Oh, let my harp still sweetly lead them on!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

### *"I Would Not Be Content."*

I would not be content to just possess  
The holy treasure of thy tender heart,  
Though more than all the world to me thou  
art.

I would not ask to share thy love unless  
It lifted me to God, and made me bless  
With songs celestial all who might give heed.  
I would not for thy precious kindness plead,  
Nor ask of thee a single sweet caress,  
Unless the light that lives in all true love  
Should shine through me, and set my soul  
above,

Where all the weary of the world could see  
The ceaseless throbbings of my sympathy,  
And feel that thy dear heart to me was given  
To make me but an instrument of Heaven.



### *"Forth from the Flames."*

Tried in the fire was I to bring the force,  
And strength within me to its destined end;  
For though by anguish bowed, my soul did  
bend,

Not break; and soon its every deep resource  
Aroused, and set me on a loftier course.  
The sorrows that distressed me now recede,  
And after while it shall be dawn indeed,  
And leave no lingering shadow of remorse.  
Though thou art gone, yet still my gain is  
great;

For love and faith now triumph over fate,  
And I am rich with wondrous wealth divine.

## SEPARATION

Forth from the flames that torture, but refine,  
I come, and hopeful face the future days,  
Though now we walk life's wide-divided ways.



### *Faith and Hope.*

'Twas early morning and the fields were sweet  
When forth with happy Faith and Hope I went  
To find life's flowers. The golden hours were  
spent

Without a thought of sorrow or deceit.

But soon the storms around about us beat,  
And from the skies no ray of splendor gleamed.  
Then were we separated, and it seemed  
That we, alas, no more should ever meet.

But ah, I feel again the tender touch  
Of their dear lips; their arms encircle me  
With warmer clasp; and looking up I see  
How loftier than mere earthly love they are.  
And from this holy hour a purpose such  
As ne'er I've had, shall be my guiding star.



### *"The World Is Beautiful Once More.*

The world today is beautiful once more.  
Across the fields a newly-wakened bird  
Now wings her flight, and vernal streams are  
heard.

Forgotten is the gloom which was before;  
And cheerful-hearted I can now explore  
The quiet hills; for see, the skies are sweet;  
And Hope with Memory once more may meet.  
The wound that pierced my being to the core  
Is soothed: a firmer faith in every one,

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

And consciousness that after all there's much  
To make life tranquil, sooths me with its  
touch.

The fabric of affection still is seen  
Uplifting its tall turrets toward the sun,  
But ah, 'tis holier and far more serene!

## PART SEVENTH

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### Through Trials to Trust Supreme

(A long season elapses, during which he learns the reason of all her past action toward him: sees that she even loved him most tenderly during all the days of her silence, and seeming coldness: and he pleads for the re-establishment of the former affectionate relationship with her: and also tells how exalted she has become in his eyes.)

#### *In Anguish Bowed.*

How often in our heedless haste we say  
To even one who is our dearest friend,  
"Do this, or that, and all our trust will end!"  
But like the skies, which brighten far away,  
When widening dawn awakens unto day,  
Love onward leads, and bids us follow him—  
For well Love knows that, though our eyes be  
dim

With tears of anguish now, he will array  
Our souls with glory in the after years,  
When God's high purpose in each trial appears.  
For Love arises from the crucial test  
Far sweeter, yea, as well as sadly wise:  
And soon the sorrow which so sorely tries,  
Shall prove the angel by which we were  
blessed!

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

### *When Faith Returns.*

Though storms divide us, still shall I retain  
The tender trust that evermore was ours  
When skies were soft, and birds built in the  
bowers.

For well I know could thy sweet voice explain,  
'Twould, soon transform to rapture all my  
pain.

On heavenly heights my heart can scarce con-  
ceive,

Thou walkest now: but dearest, I will weave  
Love garlands for thee, and awake the strain  
This harp of mine has never caught till now,  
When perfect laurels crown thy holy brow.

What is my kindness when compared to thine,  
But worldly worth to righteousness divine?

What is my love to thine but one faint  
gleam

Of starlight unto morning's sun supreme!



### *"Since I Have Suffered."*

O Sweet, since I have suffered all the years,  
Cannot thy loving kindness now forgive,  
That we hereafter as of old may live?  
Heed thou my ceaseless longing, sighs and  
tears,

Which tell how time but all the more endears  
Thee to my soul as its anointed one.

The purest beauty I have looked upon  
Not half so precious as thyself appears.

Forgiveness and affection are in me  
Exhaustless now, and evermore shall be.

## THROUGH TRIALS TO TRUST SUPREME

Then since this heart of mine is humbled so,  
Bid thou thy streams of feeling to reflow ;  
For ah, love is too fair of all life's flowers  
To idly toss aside if it be ours.



### *He Reviews the Past, and Tells How Love Changed Him.*

Before thy coming I was like to one  
Within his room, from all the world withdrawn.  
But soon I heard the happy sounds of dawn,  
And opened wide my windows to the sun ;  
Since bliss and beauty for me had begun.  
Then forth again, like some glad-hearted fawn,  
Into life's fields I went ; and joyous on  
I've journeyed ever since ; and there is none  
In the whole land who tastes such sweet  
release,  
Or finds such ceaseless, satisfying peace.  
The birds around me can but half express  
The rapture that I share ; and skies which  
bless  
Mine upward gazing vision seem too small  
To shrine thee, now indeed my all in all !



### *He Tells of Love's Reflection to the World.*

Oh, would that I amid these wayward years  
Could take the themes of love and tenderness,  
And clearly sound them forth to sweetly bless  
The world wherever suffering need appears ;  
That I could speak in language like a seer's,  
Yet soft as murmured dove notes 'mid the dew,  
And with warm feelings these hard souls  
imbue !

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

I'd take sweet Nature, which each day endears  
Herself more strongly to my inmost heart,  
And touch again the altar fires of Art;  
And teach the haughty with their selfish ways,  
That truth of life still wins the noblest praise;  
That all which thrills the soul or greets the  
sight,  
Still has within it Love's celestial light.



### *The Noblest Type.*

Amid earth's wearying throngs we find a few  
Whose hearts are heavenly altars, still afire  
With tenderness and truth; who never tire  
Of Duty's call, whatever may ensue;  
Who stand sublime, though all the sunny blue  
Of life be darkened, and warm friends for-  
sake;  
So sacrificing that they hold each ache,  
And trial as nothing, so they still are true.  
'Tis souls like these that through the circling  
years  
Abide as lofty models to the world;  
And like great crags 'gainst which the sea is  
hurled,  
Beat back whatever tide of fate appears;  
Till soon the billows that did once distress,  
Submissive come to murmur and caress.



### *"Thou Wert Selected."*

Thou art no longer as thou wast before,  
In by-gone days; for Song hath taken thee,  
So tender, seraph-like, and true, to be



## THROUGH TRIALS TO TRUST SUPREME

A type to womankind forevermore ;  
Hath lifted thee where larks with love notes  
    soar,  
That heedless eyes may heavenward look and  
    see  
A soul from selfish faults and failings free.  
As ocean's waters whisper to the shore  
Their ceaseless music, so thy wondrous heart  
With warmest sympathy toward all doth  
    start.  
Thou wert selected for the sovereign seat  
Of fame because thy life was kind and sweet.  
Thou scornest not the lowliest task nor care,  
And honor's highest laurels shalt thou wear.



### *"I Fled from Men."*

I fled from men when thou my all wert gone ;  
For oh, I could not walk the crowded streets,  
And face my fellows, lest the flaming heats  
Of baseness that burned in them, like a drawn,  
Keen saber smite me ; and I could not fawn  
Upon the fools of fashion, lest my heart  
Be stung by soulless smiles as by a dart,  
I sighed and said, "Oh that my gift were  
    brawn  
Of arm, instead of heart and soul that seek  
For love and beauty fading e'er from view !"  
But like immortal music's murmur speak  
The accents of thy voice to me once more ;  
And thy dear touch, as soft as vesper dew,  
Now heals my heart and soul, once wounded  
    sore.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

*"Is Thy Sweet Self the Same?"*

Is thy sweet self the same? Oh, can it be  
I look upon thee still as seraph pure  
In spirit as when thou didst seem secure  
Of sunshine, and to walk life's ways with  
me?

Oh, shall my lofty longings find in thee  
The same untarnished nature that was thine  
In other days? Yea, only more divine!  
Through flames of grief and floods of woe still  
free

Was thy heart's holy altar kept, and this  
Shall bring thee honor's crown, and ceaseless  
bliss.

Subdued thou art, but doubly sweet and  
dear.

Yea, in thy dawn-like eyes still smiles the clear,  
Celestial light of everlasting love;  
And murmurs in thy breast its beauteous dove!



*"A Sainly Halo Is Around Thy Brow."*

A saintly halo is around thy brow,  
And in thy soul are truth and strength which  
make

Martyrs immortal at the burning stake.  
If earth contains incarnate Heaven, 'tis thou,  
Who, in thy nobleness of spirit now—  
When all the world, absorbed by self desire,  
Forgets the fervor of love's holy fire—  
Submissive to such blows of fate canst bow.  
But ah, a sheltering harbor calleth thee.

## THROUGH TRIALS TO TRUST SUPREME

For dearest, on life's ocean long enough  
Hast thou been tossed by billows wild and  
rough.

Then let this harbor give thee once again  
Serenest calm in place of ceaseless pain ;  
And from the sorrowing past thy spirit free.

## PART EIGHTH

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### Love Unspeakable at Last

(They meet amid the autumn fields in after days.)

#### *Autumn.*

'Tis autumn on the hills. The summer's heat  
Has hastened southward, and a subtle calm,  
Which at once a quickening and a balm,  
Has come to make the dim September sweet.  
No rapture of the year is more complete  
Than that which thrills through all thy tender  
airs,

O autumn-time: for though thy beauty bears  
The soul aloft where larks and sunlight meet,  
Thou hast the spirit of long vanished years,  
Whose sad, vague sweetness thy return  
endears.

Still linger in thy dales the vernal dews:  
Warm summer in the splendor of thy hues  
Is imaged still: and in thy very blight  
Abides a strange, ineffable delight.



#### *The Autumn of the Heart.*

There is an autumn of the human heart  
That in its spirit is akin to thee—  
When ardent aspiration comes to be



“ 'Tis autumn on the hills.”

## LOVE UNSPEAKABLE AT LAST

No less sublimely fruitful than thou art:  
When hopes and longings that within us start,  
Are all from vain ambition's fervor free.  
When kindness asserts its sovereignty:  
And noble strength diverts dejection's dart,  
As doth a shield. When with unselfish deeds  
We meet the waiting world's unnumbered  
needs:

When fairer than thy hues, we find within  
Us truth and honor, then the days begin  
That to the soul like thy sweet presence seem,  
O season of the circling year supreme!



### *"Aye, Summer Days Are Ended,"*

Aye, summer days are ended, but the air  
Is balmy, and the meadow-larks still make  
Melodious music: nor will they forsake,  
When other warblers fly to lands more fair.  
Come, dearest, while they carol; cease all  
care,

And let love's tender rapture re-awake  
To soothe our souls of every wound and  
ache.

The breeze shall unto us its blessing bear,  
And autumn hills around us whisper, "Peace!"  
Let us not hasten. Long for this release  
I've hoped and waited, when my heart could  
speak,

Unhindered, all its burden: and could seek  
The idol of my breast, and ask for me  
The tender love that lives alone in thee.

## THE SHRINE OF LOVE

### *"Love Has Been Guiding Me."*

Love has been guiding me since long ago,  
When skies were sunny and the fields were  
fair,  
He led me on, his sweet delights to share.  
But soon I saw 'twould not be always so.  
In conflict with affection's every foe  
I found myself—to teach me I must bear  
Rough bruises, and sad waiting's ceaseless  
wear.  
Then precious hopes were blasted at a blow,  
To try my loyalty, and prove me true.  
Not always in the dales and vesper dew  
Did he permit my lingering, but sent heat,  
And thirst to test, and make my spirit sweet.  
Oh, then since these without a word I bore  
To win thee, be thou mine forevermore!



### *"I Feel Your Perfect Peace."*

Ah, dearest, answer soft and sweetly, "Yes."  
These hands have long outstretched alone to  
thee:  
This soul has yearned to live beside the sea  
Of thy great heart's unbounded tenderness—  
Has silence kept until it could express  
In one wild sentence all my life-long plea:  
"Thou art the heaven of every hope to me!"  
Receive the shelter of these arms to bless,  
And cheer thee, since thou taught them to be  
strong  
O lips that I have idolized so long,

LOVE UNSPEAKABLE AT LAST

Your touch is truth! O trembling eyes, your  
gleam

Is love unspeakable at last! O theme  
That tongues and harps celestial never cease  
To speak, and sound, I feel your perfect peace!



# Lyrics of Love

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## *Beauty.*

Like April's seem thy features fair,  
Sweet maiden, for her blush so pure;  
Her freshness; and her grace demure,  
Beam forth in rarest beauty there.

And oh, what brilliance in thine eyes!  
Celestial fire the soul to thrill;  
Light out of darkness, deep and still,  
Ascending through the dawning skies.

And whence the music of thy speech?  
Did some meandering rivulet,  
Where overhead cool boughs were met,  
To thee those tones so cheering teach?

And whence thy heart so free from guile?  
Sure some dear warbler of the field  
That priceless boon to thee revealed,  
Which no deceit could e'er defile.

Long may that smile, sweet maid, be given  
To set men's souls from darkness free;  
To guide them up to purity,  
And light the way, like gleams from heaven!

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *Absence.*

The western skies are starless now;  
No beauty's beacon sweet,  
When evening comes, smiles softly down  
Where happy lovers meet.

Thus from the heavens of my heart  
I miss a tender light;  
For she my song, and hope, and cheer,  
Is far from me tonight.



### *Constancy.*

I love thee when the morning hours  
Are joyous, fresh and new;  
I love thee when the noontide calm  
Descends the forest through.

I love thee when the sunset skies,  
Aflame with glory, burn;  
I love thee when the twilight birds  
Back to their nests return.

I love thee when the silvery moon  
Smiles down on vale and hill;  
I love thee when the midnight stars  
Are glowing far and still.

I love thee when the dawning east  
Proclaims the darkness o'er;  
Ah, sweetheart, wouldst thou know the truth?  
I love thee evermore.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *"Sweet Harp, How Oft."*

Sweet harp, how oft I've known thee  
To languid be a time,  
The deeper to intone thee  
For melody sublime.

O bosom that repinest  
At birds for silence long,  
Hark how with notes divinest  
They flood the skies with song.

Lo, what a gleam of splendor  
Bursts from the gloomy west,  
And with effulgence tender  
Gilds all the storm cloud's crest.

Thus when she seemed forsaking  
My idolizing heart,  
Her smile upon me breaking,  
Bade all my doubt depart.



### *When Love Despairs.*

Thy love may meet with bitter scorning,  
And never reach luxuriant bloom;  
But let the fragrance of its morning  
Still sweetly linger in the gloom.

Forever may the days deny thee  
The bliss on which thy soul was set;  
But leave its broken beauty by thee;  
'Twill rob the past of vain regret.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

It came an angel voice awaking  
Thy heart to hear life's virgin hymn  
Proclaiming forth the dawn time breaking  
Along the gorgeous eastern rim.

Thy harp had else not now been singing  
Affection's rapture strange and sweet,  
Nor Nature's glories round thee springing,  
The self-same story would repeat.

Its golden glow thy future gilding,  
Shall quicken thee with life sublime;  
And precious hopes that thou art building,  
To sun-kissed summits surer climb.



### *A Sentiment of Life.*

A sentiment of life today  
I noted as I mused in thought;  
And now record it, as there may  
A valued truth thereby be taught.

Why shouldst thou deem thyself to be  
Less blessed than those of high estate?  
Thy innate worth is more to thee  
Than all the treasures of the great.

'Tis what thou art, not what thou hast  
That maketh thee of noble mould;  
Thy talents truly used shall last  
When gone are stores of Ophir's gold.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

In wisdom Nature doth divide  
Her various gifts among us all;  
And not to those of rank and pride  
Alone do her endowments fall.

Ofttimes beneath the humblest roof  
The highest gifts of God we see;  
What matter then if cold, aloof,  
The pampered wealthy stand from thee?

Within thy lowly, sweet abode  
Were nurtured those conspicuous traits  
That move thee swiftly on the road  
To sure renown and glory's gates.

Then tarry not to idly mourn  
Slights that the scornful show to thee;  
Let such with quiet calm be borne,  
As doth become thy dignity.

Be conscious of thy princely might,  
Without appearing vain therein;  
A firm self-confidence is right  
For lofty souls that long to win.

Outstrip the aimless, servile crowd,  
And make for thee a noble name;  
Then shall the haughty one be proud  
Thy slightest friendship but to claim.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *"The One That I May Love."*

I care not if her happy eyes  
Are like the morning's sunny blue  
Or dark as silent midnight's hue  
If only her dear heart is wise  
And filled with love forever true.

I care not if her features be  
Surpassing fair as forest flower;  
Or are devoid of beauty's dower;  
If only sweet they smile for me,  
And bid me rest within love's bower.

I care not if her station high,  
Or humble is, so she but bless  
My life with heavenly kindness;  
For then the very wintry sky  
Will softer seem than songs express.

O vernal days descending clear  
With hope and rapture from above,  
Bring ye the one my heart may love;  
Then doubly sweet, indeed, and dear,  
Shall this your latest dawning prove.



### *"I Once was Proud."*

I once was proud and held aloof  
From humble things; the cottage roof,  
Which shelters sweet sincerity,  
Appealed not then, as now to me—  
The home of sons the world would see  
Shield their dear land if put to proof.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

But soft as sound of dawning's dove  
Came intimation of thy love,  
O soul divine, to bid me wake  
To duty, and no more mistake  
The false for true. 'Twas then I brake  
The bond of self and soared above.

For foolish fame I sighed no more.  
The scenes that simple seemed before,  
Became with fairest beauty fraught;  
And things I once esteemed as naught,  
Became the subjects of all thought,  
The idols I did most adore.

And I was free from all unrest,  
And walked the world supremely blest.  
Within my heart the calm content  
Of Nature came, and sweetly spent  
Were then the days; for love had lent  
To harshest duties newer zest.

Ah, he whose loving lines have limned  
Life's humble scenes; whose harp has hymned  
Their happiness, alone hath gained  
Men's hearts. He who hath not disdained  
The lowliest flower hath attained  
Fame boundless as the blue, undimmed.



*"All Love for Thee Is Gone."*

Once and forever from me now  
All love for thee is gone, for thou,  
With whom alone was the decree,

## LYRICS OF LOVE

Alas, hast willed it so to be!  
The smile that made my soul to sing  
Once on a time, is now its sting;  
And thou so long its dearest theme,  
Art now, alas, an idle dream!

Though long I've felt that thou wouldst spurn  
My love; still faint the hope did burn  
That surely thou wouldst not discard  
All traces of the old regard.  
But like some ruin of ancient Rome,  
Where freedom sought, but found no home,  
Henceforth shall seem my every thought  
Of thee who set me so at naught.

Go where the gay with flatteries fawn;  
For they more than the glorious dawn  
Of love shall please thy simple heart,  
That in such light can have no part.  
Those lofty heights, whence with disdain  
Thou lookest on me, ere long I'll gain;  
And then perhaps we will compare  
Who has the clearer title there.

But think not thou my heart alone  
Was left, because thou didst disown  
Its love; for ah, a haven more sweet  
Than thine was bleak is its retreat.  
Now trust I one like heaven's blue,  
Whence comes all day love's light so true,  
So constant, and so wondrous fair,  
My heart is happy everywhere.



## LYRICS OF LOVE

And as when day to night doth turn  
The stars above us brighter burn,  
Her traits in absence still attest  
How truly my fond soul is blessed.  
Yet it was well that thou unkind  
Didst treat my heart; for now I find  
That unlike thine, its sympathies  
Are wide and wondrous as the seas.



### *“When Thou Art Kind to Me.”*

When thou art kind to me,  
With all the world I am at peace;  
And this my heart, like sweet release  
From wintry blight to vernal beams,  
Toward sunnier skies upleaping seems.

When thou art kind to me,  
A kindred kindly feeling starts  
Forth from my bosom toward the hearts  
Of all around that thrill with love,  
On earth or in the air above.

When thou art kind to me,  
The scenes of Nature seem so, too;  
From happy bird to bending blue;  
And like mine own familiar friend,  
To all my gladness doth attend.

When thou art changed to me,  
The world had too as well forsake.  
Melodious birds at dawning's break  
No rapture for my heart retain  
When it has felt thy cold disdain.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

Then still be kind to me.  
Ah dearest, do I ask too much  
To feel within my heart the touch  
Of just one gleam of tenderness,  
And know it never will be less?  
Oh still be kind to me!



### *To One Beloved.*

Thy tender soul is love's own bower,  
Where comes no chilling change of clime;  
Where flowers are springing all the time,  
And warblers build each golden hour.

Thy kindness like the morning sun,  
Which wakes the forest erstwhile dumb,  
To music wild and wide, doth come  
To e'en the humblest needy one.

My bosom seeks that blissful booth  
As the dear dove at night her nest;  
For only there I find sweet rest,  
And hear the tones that truly soothe.

And all the while thy constancy  
Abides unchanging as a star  
Whose radiant beams at evening are  
The center of the skies to me.

There is a thrill of tenderness  
In thy dark eyes as when I greet  
The spring, whose coming is more sweet  
Than speech of seraph could express.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

And thy dear presence can imbue  
The breast with the same calm content  
As Nature's self when we have spent  
The day beneath the undimmed blue.

It was with thee I learned to love  
As I had never loved before ;  
And like the bird of dawn to soar,  
And sing through rapturous realms above.

And first I learned when lingering there  
The subtle secret of the touch  
Of sympathy that means so much  
To burdened bosoms everywhere.

And it was there I learned aright  
The truth that they who nobly do,  
Shall more than blood of royal blue,  
Be crowned with honor's holy light.

'Twas thou who taught me to forsake  
The thrall of self, and made me strong  
To stand the wild assaults of wrong  
Like some great rock where billows break.

If all these thoughts which thrill me now  
Were changed into a fabric fair  
As splendors of the sunset air,  
The beauteous image would be thou.

So wondrous wise and sweet thou art,  
That all who lack might come to take  
Of thee the tender traits which make  
Akin to heaven the human heart.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

*"I Love You."*

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
'Tis on my lips at break of day,  
When meadow-larks uplift their lay;  
Whether she's with me, or away,  
'Tis all this heart of mine can say.

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
When splendors of the morning stream  
Across the world it is my theme.  
From sad defeat it can redeem,  
And change my gloom to glorious gleam.

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
The thought still lingers through the hours  
Of all the day, when dew-kissed flowers  
Display the beauty of their dowers  
To mating birds amid the bowers.

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
'Tis in my heart when I retire  
To soothing rest; the one desire  
Above all others that can fire  
The soul that starward would aspire.

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
And I become thereby more true,  
And tender unto others, too;  
For soul devotion can imbue  
With sweeter spirit all we do.

"I love you; oh, I love you!"  
A sentence simple as can be,  
Yet wide with meaning as the sea;  
A heaven of happiness to me,  
If only answered is my plea.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *Love's Faith.*

Believe thou art untrue?  
As soon I'd say the blue  
Of heaven would never smile  
Again, because the while  
A gloomy cloud was there.

Thee I would never doubt  
Though all the world without  
With one accord agree  
That thy inconstancy  
Has wronged affection fair.

As soon I'd seek deceit  
In yonder lark whose sweet  
Celestial note of love  
Through all the skies above  
Now carols to its mate.

Untrue? O tender heart  
To think that thus thou art  
Would prove that love is naught,  
And every holy thought  
Delusion desolate!



### *"When Skies Are Soft."*

When skies are soft, oh let them be  
My message bearer, Love, to thee,  
To say, "There is no thought within  
His bosom that has ever been  
The least untrue; and naught shall win  
His heart from that same loyalty."

## LYRICS OF LOVE

When clouds have dimmed the morning sun,  
And gloom has o'er the earth begun  
To gather, let the absent beams  
Remind thee, Love, "He so esteems  
Thy cheering smile, that soulless seems  
The smile of any other one."

Whene'er I see some simple flower,  
That makes more sweet my strolling hour,  
It seems thyself, so heavenly fair  
Of heart; and ah, could I but share  
Its kindness, Love, what would I care  
For worldly pride, or worldly power?

And when the splendor of the west  
Has thrilled me with a wild unrest,  
It seems to show what I desire  
To be for thee—a soul on fire  
With lofty longings that aspire  
To make mankind more truly blest.

All Nature, dearest, is intent  
With tenderness and beauty meant  
To teach our souls to see aright  
Sweet thoughts in things that seem but trite;  
To find the love whose holy light  
Inspires each bird-note heavenward sent.



*"Were Thy Dear Heart but Mine."*

Were thy dear heart but mine,  
These bending skies above would beam  
So sweet toward earth that they would seem  
As does some lover's waiting arms  
Whose soft caress the spirit charms.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

Were thy dear heart but mine,  
These tender thoughts that sigh for thee,  
Would leap to deeds as fair and free  
As blossoms of the forest when  
Sweet spring awakes the world again.

Were thy dear heart but mine,  
A badge of honor I would wear  
Which would denote me everywhere  
A new and loyal-bosomed knight  
Enlisted in the cause of right.

Were thy dear heart but mine,  
These hours with thee, alas, so few,  
To bliss as boundless as the blue  
Of heaven would change, and every thought  
And hope to fullest bloom be brought.

Oh that thy heart were mine!  
Yet ah, love's melodies were meant  
Not all the while with sweet content  
To soothe, but often just to fire  
The soul's deep purpose and desire.

Yet still thy heart is mine!  
Its soothing word and soft caress  
Another one than me may bless;  
But its ideal shall ever be  
The source of all high thought to me.  
Yea, still thy heart is mine!

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *Loyal Love.*

O Sweet, say not my ardent heart  
For thy dear self would cease to care,  
If we were but a while apart,  
And came another truly fair  
To stroll with me; for everywhere  
My source of rapture still thou art.

When warblers wing their morning flight  
Forth from their mates, can we accuse  
Their little hearts of holding light  
Love's bonds? Ah, absence but imbues  
Them with more love, for like the dews  
They come again to soothe at night.

Then never say my love is less  
Because I thrill with ecstasy  
At finding one whose tenderness  
Reminds my waiting heart of thee.  
For will not our reunion be  
More sweet than music could express?

Watch with me, dear, the skies at dawn.  
Faint beauties first will softly break;  
And as our gaze is thither drawn,  
A widening splendor like a lake  
Of light arises, which will wake  
The world from gloom forever gone.

'Twas thus this heart of mine was brought  
To make surrender to thee, Sweet.  
A charming grace my fancy caught;



## LYRICS OF LOVE

Soon smiled a soul without deceit ;  
Then came thy presence, the complete  
Ideal my soul so long had sought.

And the wide dawning will recede,  
Before my loyal heart will cease  
To care for thee, whose every deed  
Is kindness, every movement peace.  
Ah, rather say thou wilt increase  
In sweetness with my nature's need!



### *A Christmas Love Lyric.*

There is one thing that I desire  
Above all others this glad day—  
To see the light of love's soft fire  
Within her eyes, and hear her say,  
"I will be yours ; I will be yours!"

There is one gift that I entreat  
Kind Heaven to send o'er all the rest—  
To hear her accents whisper sweet  
As murmured bird notes in the nest,  
"My heart is yours ; my heart is yours!"

There is one hope that softly charms  
And cheers my soul with peace divine—  
The hope to clasp her in my arms ;  
And while her heart beats warm with mine,  
To say, "My own!" to say, "My own!"

## LYRICS OF LOVE

There is one rapture I would share  
Above this happy season's bliss,  
Today abounding everywhere—  
To hear her say, with love's sweet kiss,  
"Our lives are one; our lives are one!"

O Christmas season ushered in  
With seraph music, woo for me  
The heart of her I sigh to win;  
And ever after shalt thou be  
My Day of days; my Day of days!



### *A Home with Nature.*

No costly gold, no glittering gem  
Have I to give, O Love, like them  
With fortune blest; but heaven's blue  
Will shower its sunshine, and the dew  
Gleam jewel-like, if only you  
Accept devotion's diadem.

No mansion halls where splendors greet  
Thy gaze I boast; but just the sweet,  
Though humble shelter of a heart  
That will divert each cruel dart  
Of discontent; will ne'er depart  
From your dear side, nor use deceit.

No brilliant station far above  
The world is mine to offer, Love;  
But just a bower to cheer and charm—  
A home with Nature, free from harm;  
Where soul communion true and warm;  
And sympathy will ample prove.



“A Home with Nature.”

## LYRICS OF LOVE

O heart to mine so much akin,  
Crowned by thy love, life would begin,  
Like endless morning unto me,  
Where warblers carol joyously;  
And soon the sweet infinity  
Of every hope my soul would win.



### *The Dearest Hope Is Yielded.*

I now know what it is to yield  
The dearest hope within the breast,  
E'en when harsh fate has not revealed  
One soothing reason why 'tis best.

And though my heart to yield it bleeds,  
In the keen anguish of its pain;  
I still shall try to think it leads  
To some yet undiscovered gain.

The course of love is often wise,  
And well, though wildly rough it seem;  
Though gloomy be the midnight skies,  
The morning still may brightly beam.

For the deep fountains of our love  
Are never caused to spring for naught;  
Since some sweet purpose far above  
Our clouded ken thereby is wrought.

Though heaven thy love had been to me,  
Could I have claimed it as my own;  
I now shall sing more tenderly  
Of love because I am alone.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

I wish thee all the happiness  
That love had meant had it been mine;  
For though its boon can never bless  
My life, I deem it still divine.



### *The Nobler Love.*

Though elsewhere, dearest, thou hast vowed  
Thy love, alas, and not to me;  
Still calls my burdened breast aloud,  
And its sad cry is all to thee.

Thy tender traits have intertwined  
Themselves about my life so strong,  
That with a worship wildly blind  
To thy dear self I now belong.

Though elsewhere shines thy love's sweet  
heaven,  
Which hapless fate denied to me,  
Yet gladly would my all be given  
Still through the years to shielding thee.

About thy way I will attend,  
To do thee every kindly deed;  
And shouldst thou ever need a friend,  
This heart of mine that hour shall heed.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

### *"With Thee Away."*

I leave my home among the hills  
Because, alas, 'tis torture there  
To think, beloved, of thee.  
The silvery ripple of the rills,  
And every bird note in the air  
Tells thou art gone from me.

I plunge in pleasure and the roar  
Of busy cities to forget  
Thy touch that so caressed;  
But thy dear image evermore  
Awakens anguish and regret,  
And blights what once was blest.

I seek release in other eyes,  
But they reflect the light of thine,  
And bring me no relief;  
I set to music all my sighs;  
But though that music were divine,  
'Twould but increase my grief.

I seek my friends so true and kind  
To soothe the wound within my heart,  
And make me glad again;  
But ah, their words more surely bind  
The cords I could not tear apart,  
And quicken all my pain.

There is no solace left me now.  
The scenes of Nature seem to say:  
"Without her, what are we?"  
And crowded cities show but how  
Sad is the world with thee away;  
How cheerless all I see.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

Yet think not, dearest, I desire  
To make thy poignant grief more keen,  
By speaking of my own ;  
For love shall linger with my lyre,  
And still on thee my soul shall lean,  
Though now I walk alone.



### *Love's Tribute.*

There are sad hearts that sigh for thee,  
Though thou, alas, art far away,  
And dost not know their love—  
Hearts which would cross the land or sea,  
And watch through weary night or day,  
Their loyalty to prove.

There are true souls that like the star  
Which every evening cheers the west,  
Would hover where thou art—  
True souls which, though from thee afar,  
Still cry to Heaven to make thee blest,  
And heal thy suffering heart.

The world is sweeter where thou dwelt ;  
Is happier for thy duties done,  
And speaks thy precious praise.  
Then though harsh anguish thou hast felt,  
Despair not, for hope's soothing sun  
Shall smile in after days.

## LYRICS OF LOVE

There is not one in all the throng  
Of wealth that crowds these busy streets  
Whose life is rich as thine ;  
O soul with sympathies so strong ;  
O breast that for the humblest beats,  
Thou art indeed divine !

Though sorrow dims thy dear dark eyes,  
They shall ere long be glad again,  
Since honors wait for thee.  
The everlasting hills that rise,  
And streams that murmur music's strain,  
Shall say, "How sweet is she !"

The souls that felt thy tender touch  
Remember thee more fondly now  
And for thy sake strive on ;  
And God's own holy garlands such  
As martyrs wear, shall deck thy brow  
At love's far future dawn.



*Elsie.*

I.

Is it her step, so softly sweet  
Descending as of old the stair,  
That step which thrills me so?  
Shall I once more my Elsie meet,  
My Elsie, seraph-like and fair,  
Who left me long ago?

I wonder if she will receive  
Me gladly as she used to do,  
When life was all serene ;



## LYRICS OF LOVE

Still as of old in me believe;  
Uplift her eyes, so kind and true;  
And on my love yet lean.

Shall I attune her life once more  
To simple and sincere delights,  
The health of every heart;  
Go wandering with her as before,  
The shady dales and sunny heights,  
Where rills upspringing start?

### II.

My dearest Elsie! Yea, 'tis she.  
O dark and sympathetic eyes  
Smile on me once again,  
Responsive to love's purest plea;  
And change the sadness of my sighs  
To rapture's sweetest strain!

My dearest Elsie let me hear  
The restful murmur of thy speech  
That I so long have missed.  
The cloudiest skies serenely clear,  
And earth to starry realms doth reach  
When lovers' lips have kissed.

Sit by me as in olden days,  
And bid my bliss to rebegin,  
For life has long been sad.  
Still soothe me with thy tender ways;  
For long my Elsie hast thou been  
The heavenliest hope I've had!

# The Greek Crisis

(APRIL, 1897.)

*"Shame on the Royal Powers."*

As we recall today each great event  
That has enabled us to nobly win  
From tyrant thralldom and the ceaseless din  
Of arms our ocean-guarded continent,  
O Greece, we thrill to think how thou hast spent  
The years in strife, and now must rebegin  
To battle for those blessings that have been  
Our own with scarce a blow. Ah, was it meant  
For some to share such dear immunities,  
And then all rights to feebler realms refuse?  
Shame on the royal Powers that will not use  
Their sovereignty, which could suppress with  
ease  
Thy foeman Despotism, whose base decrees  
The simplest justice brutally abuse!



*"Still Firmly Stand."*

Then noble heroes of the Hellespont,  
Still firmly stand to your resolve sublime  
That Crete shall not be trampled in a time  
When other lands are free. Oh, let no want  
Of heart in tyrants for a moment daunt

## THE GREEK CRISIS

Your high intent! The world will not refrain  
From aiding those who struggle so to gain  
Sweet Liberty, nor longer leave to taunt,  
And jeers her fame, immaculately fair.  
Despite the dallyings of each coward State;  
Despite all weapons in the hands of Hate,  
And Hell against you raised, earth's millions  
share  
Your hopes, and will not leave you to your  
fate,  
But throng to your support from every where.



*“This Wrong Should Never Be.”*

Would that the sympathy of the world's great  
heart  
Which throbs today for the down-trodden  
Greek,  
Could for a while heaven's retribution wreak,  
And everywhere fierce strife for freedom start—  
A strife to spread through the remotest part  
Of the Domain of Despotism, and seek  
Its dire destruction. Rise, ye lands made  
bleak  
So long by tyranny, and soon the mart  
Of trade shall smile where war and pillage  
waste!  
This state of shameful wrong should never be,  
While righteous realms retain supremacy.  
The Isles have sworn they nevermore will taste  
Oppression, but will have a freedom based  
On justice, honor, and humanity.

## THE GREEK CRISIS

### *"Abandon Not Thy Cause."*

Though conquered in the field, yet never cease  
But seek the wilds where freedom has her  
home;  
And strike from there, like lightning from the  
dome  
Of heaven, the blow to bring thy sons release.  
To shackled millions there can be no peace  
But that of full-triumphant liberty;  
And while Oppression's prisoners look to thee,  
Abandon not thy cause, heroic Greece!  
The world is with thee, though its sovereigns  
seem  
Leagued with the foemen of that holy cause.  
Then fling thy banners forth through all the  
blue  
Of spring's sweet skies, with Justice for thy  
theme;  
And every land that loves enlightened laws,  
Shall stand with thee thy struggle to renew!



### *"They Tell Us, Greece."*

They tell us, Greece, thy glorious fame is gone;  
That noble valor dwells no more with thee.  
But in thy latest strife for liberty,  
How fair thou art, compared with those who  
fawn  
Upon thy heartless foeman, or, withdrawn  
To safety, watch thy struggle to be free,  
And burst the bonds of them that shackled be!

## THE GREEK CRISIS

Cursed be thy slanderers! The awakening  
dawn  
Of days that shame the old is thine again.  
Thermopylæ, and Marathon! Aye, true,  
Immortal fields and fames; but to them who  
Fight not for self, but for their fellow-men,  
And ask no aid of any even then,  
The laurel of all laurel wreaths is due!



### *"These Dastard Realms."*

Our bosoms bleed for thee as for some heart  
Left by the one who deeply wronged its love;  
And should these skies, which smile so calm  
above,  
Change into darkness, and fierce lightnings  
dart  
Dire vengeance on the realms which stand  
apart,  
While fiendish hordes through all thy borders  
swarm,  
Just were the work of heaven's wild, sweeping  
storm.  
Fight, though abandoned by the world thou art.  
Fight, though the hand of help be still refused!  
Then should the flowers of freedom's spring  
which seem  
Alone with thee, expire, and her fair gleam  
Fade into night because thou wert abused,  
These dastard realms would be but rightly  
used—  
Which raised no arm of valor to redeem!

## THE GREEK CRISIS

### *"Has Honor Faded?"*

Has honor faded from the human heart,  
And pity for the helpless now become  
A byword and a sneer? Aye, else not dumb  
Would sit the nations while those devils start  
Afresh their strife infernal where high Art,  
And holy freedom had their origin.  
The ties that once made all mankind akin  
Are lax today because of lucre's mart  
Why trifle longer, O ye lands? Redeem  
These deeds of shame, that should have been  
sublime!  
Shall Turkish tyranny still dim the gleam  
Of a new-dawning century of time?  
If so, then through the years the saddest theme  
On human tongue shall be your awful crime!



### *"When the Strife was Stopped."*

At last the lands have wakened; freedom's  
cause,  
Which seemed abandoned, cries aloud no  
more;  
And sweet the strains that from the classic  
snore  
Of Hellas come. A near the dawning draws  
When homes shall be secure through better  
laws;  
When Justice, that the world so long forebore  
To honor, shall be loved as ne'er before.  
The pleading of the poor prevails, and warm  
applause

## THE GREEK CRISIS

Is heard wherever beats a human heart.  
The sword of Greece, so nobly raised to smite  
The tyrant Turk assailing helpless Right,  
Has waked a thrill that never shall depart;  
And on the Powers that stood for her today,  
May freedom's sunny light smile down for aye!



### *A Lesson-Giver to the World.*

Still art thou lesson-giver to the world,  
Though now the lands no longer from thee draw  
Their lofty thoughts in letters, art, and law—  
Thou Greece, who though hot shells were at  
thee hurled,  
Stood forth undaunted, with thy flags unfurled  
For more than art, and law, and literature—  
For liberty which makes the least secure!  
What matters it though other realms have  
whirled  
On wheels of progress past thee long ago;  
When from thy springs the same sweet waters  
flow  
That cheer the wronged, the weary, and op-  
pressed,  
Whose injuries are still, still unredressed?  
The broadest empires with their wealth are  
now  
Not half so noble nor divine as thou!

# Lyrics of Liberty

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## *The Noble Beginning.*

What mean these thunder tones that shake  
The peace of realms beyond the sea?  
They mean true men do not forsake  
Their kindred struggling to be free.  
With hissing shells that in the night  
Fill all the skies with lurid flame,  
Greece has begun the glorious fight  
To rid our century of its shame.

Immortal deeds of days that were  
Are matched by other deeds sublime—  
Deeds that when told at morning, stir  
With wonder earth's remotest clime.  
From the achievements of this hour  
Her ancient grandeur rebegins;  
And now we wait to see if power  
And wrong, or holy freedom wins.

This side the ocean's dashing foam,  
O Greece, our bosoms throb for thee;  
Aye, none there are who have a home  
But bid thee fight for liberty.  
In favored lands where freedom's light  
Smiles down from skies forever fair,  
We little think how rich a right  
Is her sweet sunshine that we share.



## LYRICS OF LIBERTY

While other realms deprived of these  
Same rights, still vainly strive therefor;  
And have through weary centuries  
Endured annihilating war.

But Greece, thy flags today unfurled  
Shall hasten all mankind's release  
From tyranny, and to the world  
The reign of justice and of peace!

Fight till the last base link is riven  
That has chained down your kindred long;  
Though few, yet in the sight of heaven  
Ye shall be more than millions strong!  
Fight till the waves along the shore  
Shall sound aloud sweet hymns of praise;  
Till with your cause the cannon's roar  
Shall set the world's great heart ablaze!



(APRIL, 1897.)

### *The Fatal Finale.*

These men of modern times are meek  
As mice. They let the valiant Greek,  
Through centuries tortured by the Turk,  
Stand forth for freedom while they shirk  
Like dastards with their banners furled,  
The scorn and shame of all the world.

This curst "Concert," so called, of theirs  
Is not composed of stirring airs,  
Which sound aloud sweet notes to thee,  
O Freedom, but the harmony  
Of Mammon's minions who forsake  
Their fellow men for what they make!

## LYRICS OF LIBERTY

Watch when the tyrant has o'errun  
Heroic Hellas; every one,  
Though like a Mars for war equipped,  
Will see the smaller kingdom stripped  
Of all caprice could wish to rob,  
Yet with no thrill of pity throb.

If Greece must bear this fiendish blow  
Then friend indeed is changed to foe;  
And humankind, depraved by pelf,  
Seeks but to serve its soulless self;  
While all who dare the least dissent  
Must suffer brutal punishment.

And is our land become untrue?  
When now she neither hearkens to  
Soft southern breezes that beseech,  
Nor wild waves breaking on the beach,  
With warnings that she heed the plea  
Of Cuba, struggling to be free?

But never for submission take  
This present lull. Deep mutterings shake  
The future skies; and wild alarm  
Shall leap therefrom and bid us arm  
To blast the curst oppressor's cause,  
And clear the way for freedom's laws!



(MAY, 1897.)

### *For Cuban Liberty.*

Land of our fathers, long enough  
Hast thou reposed in lethargy,  
While helpless realms, where storms are rough,

## LYRICS OF LIBERTY

Outstretch their pleading hands to thee.  
Why sittest thou in silence meek,  
While cunning cowards at thy door  
Destruction on our kindred wreak,  
Like ocean gales along the shore?

Shall taunt of tyrants make thee pause  
While Cuban homes to ashes burn?  
When calls aloud a people's cause,  
Such traitorous trifling thou shouldst spurn.  
A cringing nation cannot win  
A shadow of the world's respect;  
Nor wilt thou till thou shalt begin  
To do as Duty doth direct.

Do Mammon's minions, lest they lose  
A little lucre, bind thy might?  
Then burst thy thralldom, and abuse  
No more the holy cause of right.  
If thou wouldst keep thy record fair,  
And regent of republics reign,  
Then stand not idly anywhere  
That valiant men do kings disdain.

Undaunted Cuba will be free,  
Despite all deeds of power and pelf;  
Abandoned though she be by thee,  
She still shall struggle for herself;  
This Western world was meant alone  
For freemen, not the favored few;  
And royal rule it will disown  
While bends above wide heaven's blue!

# The Cause of Cuba

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## *The Wrecking of the Maine.*

Talk not of lucre as a recompense  
For outraged honor, and warm heart blood  
spilt;

Else then not Spain's, but ours will be the  
guilt.

Our conscience is not stifled, nor our sense  
Of justice dulled. Though war clouds gather  
dense,

And threatening, still shall we continue true,  
And never yield what now is but our due.

Yea, for these sins our sabers in defense  
Of starving Cuba shall be swiftly drawn.

Wedded to peace are we; but, ah, the brawn  
Of our right arm can strike with furious might,  
When sickening wrongs continue in our sight!

And speedier than the night-dispelling dawn,  
Shall we arise, and put these foes to flight.



## *"When Once Insulted."*

Not swift are we to wrongfully suspect  
Another nation of intended ill;

But ah, when once insulted, devil skill  
Cannot avert the blow that we direct!

Our banner, crimson barred and star-bedecked,  
Shall force these foul, infernal fiends of Spain

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

To sue for mercy, or like beasts be slain.  
No more shall their unhallowed hands infect  
The holy halls of freedom. Every bird  
Returning to our fields from Cuba bears  
The burden of her cry, which shall be heard;  
For soon spring's soft, and sweetly murmurous  
airs  
Shall swell into a wild and sweeping gale  
These curst Castilian legions to assail!



### *When War Must Come.*

Sweet are the strains of happy birds and  
streams;  
And sweet the ways of study, lore, and art;  
Inspiring is the sight of prosperous mart;  
And argosies that sail to where the beams  
Of morning smile, or sunset splendor gleams,  
Dispensing to the world our goods and grain.  
But Duty's voice today bids us refrain  
From these pursuits of peace, and to redeem  
The sore-oppressed, ere 'tis, alas, too late.  
Stand back, ye throngs athirst for wealth, and  
wait!  
Ye shall not barter while your brothers' blood  
Is shed like water in your very sight.  
Desist! Else Righteous God's avenging flood  
Of fury shall your guilty spirits smite!



### *"What is this Boastful Spain?"*

What is this arrogant, and boastful Spain?  
A heartless shrewd deceiver that would stab

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

Whoever dares rebuke her hands which grab  
In selfish greed her fellow-creatures' gain.  
Heaven has inscribed on her escutcheon,  
"Stain!"

And Truth has written on it, "Treachery!"  
Her empire builded here was meant to be  
A realm where tyrants could unhindered reign;  
And glut themselves on subjects sore oppressed.  
But thou, O proud Republic of the West,  
Didst rouse to blast her hellish, cunning  
schemes;

Aye, and today wilt fight till all thy streams  
Run red with blood, before thou wilt obey  
Her base behests, or freedom's cause betray!



### *"The Day For Dallying is Gone."*

The day for dubious dallying is gone.  
Thou, Land of Liberty shalt heed the cries  
Of helpless Cuba. Her sad, hopeless eyes,  
That scan the darkness for a sign of dawn,  
Shall see the light. Fleet as a startled fawn  
The fervor of thy heart now leaps to her.  
No longer like an anxious, trembling cur  
Shalt thou shrink back; for thy keen sword is  
drawn

For justice now, and shall be sheathed no more  
Till the last alien leaves that sunny shore.  
Soon shall her valiant-hearted patriots hear  
The friendly step they've listened for so long—  
Thy step, O great Republic, come to cheer  
Her, and to curse the fiends that do her wrong!

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

*"Arouse, Ye Millions!"*

Arouse ye millions, from rock-girdled Maine  
To flowery, far-off California's coast,  
And sweep into the seas this hireling host  
Assailing us from tyrant-serving Spain!  
Arouse ye sovereign States! the Union's strain  
Thrills wildly from the bugle's brazen throat;  
And still The Stars and Stripes above you float.  
Cleanse from Columbia's shield this fouling  
stain

By impious, old-world wretches printed there.  
Strike as one man your legioned foes, and tear  
In shreds the rag they flutter in your face.  
Yea, show them every one that, by the grace  
Of Heaven ye will avenge this crime and wrong  
Wrought by their base and bloody hands so  
long!



### *United Indeed.*

The myriad millions of the North and South  
When liberty is wronged will never lag;  
But will fling forth the same dear starry flag  
Our fathers followed to the cannon's mouth.  
Then shall we see depart the long, sad drouth  
Of alienation 'twixt once warring States,  
As on they go to Glory's flowery gates.  
The wealthiest magnate with the rough,  
uncouth  
Workman shall march in sweeping battle line.  
The music that inspires us more divine  
Than ever in our history then shall sound.

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

Our hearts shall thrill, and our glad pulses  
bound

As ne'er before; and we shall see begun  
Indeed the days that make our Union one!



### *"The Valor of the Past."*

The valor of the past has waked again  
Through all the land. The spirit that inspires  
Us is the same that stirred our noble sires,  
In earlier days. Aye, when they dared disdain  
Oppression's rod, think not their sons will feign  
Affection for the servile hordes that hire  
Themselves to do a despot's base desire.  
Our step is quickened by the same sweet strain  
That thrilled their breasts to battle long ago.  
Our hearts are kinder, and our hands more  
slow

To strike than theirs; but Justice sits secure  
And honored in her station still today;  
And though the world assails it, not less sure  
We'll follow our dear flag into the fray!



### *"O War, We Welcome Thee!"*

O War, we welcome thee, though in thy wake  
Stalks Slaughter gluttled with heroic blood.  
We will not falter though a lava flood  
Of hate from hell's own hot abysses break;  
For what of that, when Cuba at the stake  
Is shackled, and no helper heeds her cry?  
Determined are we now, and will defy  
Castilian cannon blasts for freedom's sake.



## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

Our country's call has sounded, and its note  
Reverberates from forest hill and dale.  
Loud answering cheers leap from each loyal  
throat;  
And soon her valiant sons shall form and scale  
The ramparts of Havana and arraign  
These wretches for their crime against The  
Maine!



### *"Ye Foreign Realms!"*

Ye foreign realms that stood so idly by  
When hapless Greece sublimely fought, but fell  
Before the overwhelming hosts of hell,  
Behold our starry flag that floats on high—  
Columbia's answer unto Cuba's cry,  
And Destiny's decree that all who dwell  
Anear this Union shall be free as well  
As we who live beneath its glorious sky.  
Land of our Fathers, we will follow thee  
Through awful flame, and gleaming saber  
stroke,  
To break asunder this Castilian yoke;  
To win this Western world for liberty;  
And show to kings that though thy borders  
stream  
With slaughter, thy right arm shall still  
redeem!



### *On Certain Foreign Criticism.*

Charge if ye will that 'tis but to acquire  
A new possession that we strike this blow.  
The taunt shall stay us not, for we will show

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

That 'tis your breasts that burn with base  
desire

For conquest; ours alone with freedom's fire.

Think not since soulless Europe sits at ease,  
That we will seal our lips, while tyrants seize  
And slaughter helpless subjects that aspire  
To shield their throats from brutal hands of  
hell.

Fret not yourselves with fear that Mammon's  
spell,

Which lusts for broader lands and richer gain,  
Shall fall on us, as now it shackles you!

For we will fight, whatever may ensue,  
Till liberty and truth triumphant reign.



### *When Europe Arms.*

Armed are the realms, and toward the Orient  
Their martial tramp, it seems, shall soon be  
heard.

To factory and farm shall come the word,  
"Be still!" Your sturdy strength must now  
be spent

In widening by strife the vast extent'  
Of selfish empires. Rouse ye! Gird your  
loins!

The bugle calls to shield the wretch who coins  
His gold, and not to aid your fellows bent  
With cruel burdens that they cannot bear.

To earth's oppressed these nations say, "Be-  
ware!

Peace is at stake! 'Twere wrong to interfere!"

## THE CAUSE OF CUBA

But when they see assailed what is more dear  
Than sweetest liberty—their lust for gold,  
Not Heaven nor Hell their murderous hands  
can hold!



### *The Hope of Earth's Oppressed.*

But thou, Republic, art a nobler State  
Than selfish empires; and thy righteous sway  
Is widening and extending day by day.  
Love is thy law; and human hearts that hate  
These realms which sleep while truth and justice wait,  
Exultant leap to warmly wish thee well!  
Thy moral strength shall with restraining spell  
Fall on the ruler who would desolate  
For servile ends the lands that live at peace.  
Ere long shalt thou with but a word release  
The injured from the fiend who does them  
wrong.  
Yea, and thy armies, though so wondrous  
strong,  
Are only marshalled when some fool defies  
The flag of freedom in our sunny skies!

# America's Answer

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( TO ALFRED AUSTIN.)

## I.

What though a thousand leagues of billowy  
brine

Divide us, British brothers, still our blood  
Is Anglo-Saxon. Love o'erleaps the flood  
Of Sundering seas, and links with bonds  
divine.

Leagued are the sons of that immortal line  
The whole world through; and as we now  
await

The wild assault of harsh Castilian hate,  
Our soul exultant thrills to see the sign  
Of sympathy that bids us to be true.  
Aye, and with nobler strength shall it imbue  
Our mighty arm; and in the battle's blaze  
Shall still inspire us, till the precious days  
Of peace return; when our triumphant cause  
Shall lead the lands to learn more righteous  
laws.

## II.

Why should we deem as but "a worn out tale"  
Our Revolution's record writ with fire,  
And woeful tears; when every patriot sire,  
Who then went forth to face the fiercest hail

## AMERICA'S ANSWER

Of hissing shot and shell that could assail,  
Showed but this Anglo-Saxon blood we boast—  
That same stern spirit which doth keep thy  
coast  
Secure, O England, while proud empires fail!  
For ah, no bitterness now taints our breast!  
This great Republic of the far-off West  
Hath thy fair likeness in her lovely face;  
And in her form thine own perennial grace.  
Yea, and her lifted eyes, like thine, are clear  
With freedom's smile, divinely sweet and dear!

# On Reported French Enmity to America

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## I.

Alas, and is the land of La Fayette  
Now leagued against us? She who nobly drew  
The sword in our behalf, and boldly blew  
The clarion of liberty that set  
The earth athrill—ah, can she so forget?  
In face of frowning foes when friends were few  
She stood our stay and shield the wild storm  
through;  
And crowned Columbia with the coronet  
Of stars—the first Republic of the free.  
And now so false! Such is the cold world's  
way.  
The tenderest, truest friend we have today  
Tomorrow wrongs us; and the eyes we see  
So softly smiling now ere long will glow  
With that dark hate which deals the dagger-  
blow!

## II.

Yet still Columbia hath a friend whose breast  
Beats warm with hers — Beloved Britannia,  
thine!

## FRENCH ENMITY TO AMERICA

What though the world may mock her and  
malign

Her lofty aim in aiding the oppressed?

The knowledge of thy kindness hath caressed  
Away her cares; and freedom's darkened skies  
Again are clear. Thy heart and hers are wise  
Through their estrangement: yea, are even  
blessed.

Thy words are dearer, and thy mother smile

Is sweeter now since it doth reconcile,

And bind her to thy breast forevermore.

United are ye now. The sword that slew

The allied hosts of tyranny before

Can smite them at another Waterloo!

# Why Should She Now Be Spared?

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## I.

What though she's prostrate; why should she  
be spared  
Who showed no mercy while she proudly  
reigned?  
Hard-hearted torturer; since she so disdained  
All kindness, let her shoulders now be bared  
To feel the whips her helpless victims shared.  
The God of Battles wills it; He commands  
To slay this Amalek of modern lands.  
This haughty devil that so boldly dared  
Defy His holy justice, let her fall;  
And He himself shall mock her if she call.  
If but one soul abided that was just,  
Within her borders, Vengeance still might stay  
The work of slaughter; but she stands today  
A Sodom and Gomorrah, His disgust.

## II.

To us His Israel hath He given the sword  
Of retribution to avenge His own;  
To change the lamentation and the moan  
Of captives to rejoicing, at His word;



## WHY SHOULD SHE NOW BE SPARED?

To fall like lightning on this hellish horde  
That still befoul dear Freedom's altar-place,  
And fling harsh insults in her very face.  
Not till our thundering guns have full restored  
Sweet Freedom to her shrine again shall Peace  
Outstretch her wings to bid red slaughter cease.  
Not until suffering Cuba shall be crowned  
With sovereignty, and sit amongst the free,  
Shall war subside; nay, not till Spain is bound,  
And banished to her dens beyond the sea!

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