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*These Songs Are Dedicated  
in the*

*Spirit of Friendship*

By spirit that lives  
To spirits that died  
Where the rivers give  
To the deathless tide,  
And the moan of the bar  
Is heard afar,  
By those who died to live.

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C. F. B.

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POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

Sun-chah-ca Stloo—the East Wind.

Sum-mit-lite—west.

Smanas—a hill.

Tallipus—a lesser god, usually taking the form of a coyote, but capable of assuming other forms.

Ten-as-sin—morning.

Tepee—an Indian dwelling.

Tipso—flat, level.

Tipso illahe—flat, meadow or prairie country.

Tomaniwus—Spirit of Life, not exactly a god, inhabiting all animate as well as inanimate objects.

Tulox—home of the South Wind.

Twah—twilight.

Wapato—a root bulb used by the Indians for food.

Waum illahe—warm earth, summer.

We-co-na—the ocean, sea.

Wiyeast—an Indian lover of the maiden Loowit, for misbehavior turned into Mt. Hood by the gods.

## BALLAD OF CHAMPOEG

### PRELUDE

I see the wraiths of long and dusty trains  
In early years  
Braving the toil of barren plains;  
Mid hopes and fears  
Slowly creeping o'er a continent  
Toward a fabled land of rich content,  
The last land of hardy pioneers,  
Rich in its struggles, its hardships, and its tears.

There yet remains the halo of the days,  
When toiling bands  
Westward faring, kept their steadfast gaze  
Upon our lands.  
And as they came away from homeland sod  
“Looking through Nature up to Nature's god,”  
Deeply drank they at the bounteous fountain  
Of inspiration, quaffed from plain and mountain.

Prints they left on tortuous trails are gone;  
There but remain  
Wraiths of their faith and fortitude; but song  
Shall yet proclaim  
Their deeds of valor, and the price  
They paid in love and sacrifice  
That we may live, and living know 'twas thus  
From out their past, down through their present,  
Handed they the future on to us.

I  
CREATION

Ecahníe, God of Gods,  
The Great Spirit, spoke;  
And all the lesser Gods,  
The totem Gods, awoke.

Ecahníe then declared His love  
Should take material form;  
That from celestial realms above  
A world be born.

Thus from infinitude into space  
A cloud of dust took form and place;  
Into space from somewhere flew  
A cloud of mist; these clouds two  
Meeting, united, a nucleus to form  
Of what should one day be  
The land of Oregon.

Thus united, Ecahníe, at the helm,  
Guided their journey through His infinite realm  
Of never-changing clime,  
Knowing naught of space nor time.

And as Ecahníe sped them on their endless way,  
Time divided He into night and day.  
He limited their space, and to a trail around  
A central place of heat, the clouds He bound.

Then Ecahníe, the Great Spirit, told  
Of seasons, and decreed  
That through alternate heat and cold  
The clouds united speed.  
Cole-ill-a-he, winter,  
He called the time of cold;  
Waum-ill-a-he, summer,

He named the heated time;  
And thus Ecahníe caused the clouds to hold  
Their course through varied clime.

Myriad dust specks by the heat  
Were melted into one,  
To form a place for chieftain's feet  
To follow trails upon.  
The little drops of cloud mist  
Could not the cold endure,  
And so they drew together  
Into a liquid pure,  
To bear, on gently heaving breast,  
The canim, chief's canoe,  
Far beyond the breakers' crest  
Into the twilight hue.  
Then Ecahníe rent the sky;  
Rent He then the sky in twain,  
Making place to enter by,  
That He and lesser Gods obtain  
A dwelling place on ill-a-he.

Ecahníe then created hills,  
Valleys between, and flowing rills  
From crested mountain's wintry chills  
Where snowdrifts lie.  
And for Himself He made a home  
Where, from beneath We-co-na's foam,  
He raised Nekamin's noble dome  
Against the western sky.

He caused a rill to break the girth,  
The mountain fastness, of its birth,  
That mighty river sweep the earth  
From hills to sea.  
So the Willamette, bathing feet  
Of terraced hills, flows on to meet  
The pulsing tides, its last retreat  
Through all eternity.

II  
CHAMPOEG

Hill and meadow;  
River in between,  
Dividing twain the two  
By silver sheen.  
Fir tree colonnade  
On hillside steep,  
Swathing in its shade  
The river deep.

Gold of the sun  
Are nodding blooms,  
Red and blue among,  
On meadow dunes.  
Far over meadow  
Distant haze  
Enshrouds the snow  
Of mountain glades.

Born from spring in meadow glade,  
Leaps a brook in wild cascade,  
And river joins at palisade  
Of hills in verdant green;  
Flows then in a sweep it made  
Along the forest colonnade,  
Where, merging into woodland shade  
Its flank is sunlit meadow gleam.

III  
COMING OF THE RED MAN

Whence far-flung waters ever flow  
Across the face of evening's glow;  
Whence crested billows fall and rise,  
To fall again on the breast of tides;  
Tides that reach

O'er foam-flecked beach,  
To sweep and leap  
At rugged feet  
Of pinnacle, turret, castled dome,  
But to retreat,  
And wail defeat  
In angry monotone;  
Over trees, the forest crests  
That crown the tide-worn minarets,  
Home of Tallipus, brave coyote,  
Whose deeds of valor oft bespoke  
The plaudits of the tribes;  
Up through the valley, rippling gleams  
Cast by the sun on coursing streams;  
Glorying in the strength it knew  
As it leaped the mighty crags that spew  
The waters into foam;  
But soft as maiden's song of love  
Wafted from the heights above,  
Chinook, the West Wind, sought his home.

From where the Mississippi sped,  
Father of Waters, down its bed  
From Lake Itaska at its head  
In Minnesota's hills;  
Over the prairie stretched away  
Into the haze of another day;  
Where, numbered like sands on the beach.  
Mighty herds of bison reach  
From range to range  
Across the plains  
Oft shaken by the frenzied speed  
Of hurrying, scurrying, wild stampede;  
Through a pass in the rocky butte  
Of mountain fastness, rugged, mute;  
Under a bridge Ecahnie raised  
To span a mighty river's waves,

Where rushing waters, churned to mist,  
 Plunge from a rocky precipice;  
 Past white mountain, shrouded, slender,  
 Spectral form of brave Wiyeast,  
 Standing in eternal splendor  
 For the love of maiden Loowit;  
 Came the fair Wind of the East,  
 Sun-chah-ca Stloo; her journey ended  
 Where the twain, embracing, met  
 Upon the banks of fair Willamette.

Spirit of Life, Tomaniwus,  
 Sent Ecahnie then,  
 And mighty coyote, Tallipus,  
 From distant Tillamook glen,  
 To breathe upon the meeting pair,  
 Chinook the brave,  
 Sun-chah-ca Stloo the fair,  
 That they take form, and on the earth  
 To mighty tribes of men give birth.

IV

CHAMPOEG OF THE RED MAN

Sahalee illahe,  
 Hillside glen;  
 Tipso illahe,  
 Meadow fen;  
 Between the river glides  
 Over illahe  
 Home of men  
 And mighty tribes.

Twah, the twilight, settles where  
 All things are at rest;  
 Tepees standing in the flare  
 Of fires, dot the meadow's breast.

Beacon fire on the hill,  
 Smanas, hill the river laves,  
 Sending message to the still  
 Council of the braves  
 On point that bends the river's flow  
 Into curve like chieftain's bow.  
 Shadows creep upon the water  
 From the towering trees.  
 Softer and yet ever softer  
 As the daylight leaves,  
 Appear the forms of moving squaws  
 Around their home tepees.  
 Children, quiet under spell  
 Of fast descending night,  
 Listen to the shaman tell  
 His youthful deeds of might.

Ecahnie Sah-a-le-ty-e;  
 Spirit of Life, Tomaniwus;  
 Coyote the brave, the Tallipus;  
 Gods of the tribes of illahe;  
 Breathe of your peace,  
 Your life,  
 Your strength;  
 That wars may cease;  
 That strife be spent  
 Between the tribes, and gone.

Under the spell of midnight born  
 Star gleams, lighting their homeland sods,  
 Awaiting the light of ten-as-sin, morn,  
 Slumber the Children of the Gods.

V

COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

Chinook, the brave,  
 Sun-chah-ca Stloo, the fair,  
 High on beacon hill, which gave  
 Prominence from which the tribes,  
 The children of their love and care,  
 Were summoned to the council sides,  
 Looking together towards the east,  
 Beheld storm cloud and cloud of fleece;  
 Gloomy darkness topped with sunlight;  
 Stress of storm beneath the peace  
 Of Ecahnie's might;  
 Spirit of treachery and disaster;  
 Spirit of love, and peace and right,  
 Bound together; faster, faster  
 Came they with the morning light;  
 Came they in the form of love,  
 Love the light-tipped clouds above;  
 Came with war's grim-arrowed sheath,  
 Sheath the tempest clouds beneath;  
 Came with outward form of brother  
 From one land into another.

Chinook saw but the light of love;  
 Sun-chah-ca Stloo beside him  
 Saw the vision that she knew  
 His noble soul denied him.  
 Round her memory visions rose  
 Of her home fires, of her clan,  
 Driven from their loved abodes  
 By the mighty Paleface man.  
 This she knew, and this she told  
 To Chinook, the brave, the bold.

Chinook, oh brave, I fear to tell  
 What I know will grieve my husband;  
 Fear to speak the evil spell  
 That endangers all our loved land.  
 There reside back near the sunrise  
 Men of fine and noble bearing;  
 In the east where morning lies,  
 Men as white as fleecy cloud,  
 Stalwart men, and men of daring,  
 Cover illahe like a shroud.  
 Fast these men are moving westward,  
 Numbered like the buffalo,  
 Faster, and yet ever faster,  
 When they come the red men go,  
 Vanish from sahalee illahe  
 As melt snows in summer-time,  
 Leave tepees on tipso illahe,  
 Tepees that warmed in winter-time.  
 Look, my husband, to the eastward,  
 See the storm cloud on the hills,  
 Storm cloud moving ever westward  
 With foreboding gloom that chills.  
 'Tis the spirit of the white man  
 Moving westward through the hills,  
 Bearing callipeen, bow that can  
 Shoot no arrow, yet that kills.

Sun-chah-ca Stloo take no alarm,  
 Above storm clouds I see the sun;  
 Little fleece clouds still and calm  
 Tell Chinook his brothers come;  
 Chinook will keep thee from all harm;  
 Chinook says, Let the white man come.



Chinook oh brave, oh brave my husband,  
 Sun-chah-ca Stloo knows what she tells;  
 Knows that in the east, her homeland,  
 From the place of Tulox, South Wind,  
 To Shuksan, cold home of North Wind,  
 All her tribe in anguish dwells.  
 She has seen the white man come  
 Driving the red man from his home;  
 That is why, from morning sun,  
 Came she westward all alone;  
 Traveled till Chinook was met  
 In the valley of Willamette.  
 Chinook, oh father of the tribes  
 That are my children's children,  
 When white man comes the red man dies,  
 With callipeen he kills them.  
 You that fathered, I that mothered,  
 All the tribes that we gave birth,  
 When the paleface hath discovered,  
 Depart from illahe, the earth.  
 Therefore open not your red heart,  
 Let your mind dwell on your own,  
 That the paleface may not start  
 Driving our children from their home.

Have no fear Sun-chah-ca Stloo,  
 I and all my tribes are strong;  
 We will let the white man know  
 He cannot harm or wrong;  
 Let him a brother's welcome get  
 From all the tribes of Willamette.

Thus, advancing from the east,  
 These two clouds assembled,  
 Storm-cloud and the cloud of fleece,  
 A noble man resembled.  
 Chinook, disdainig cloud of storm,

Looked up at cloud of light,  
 And thus within his red heart born  
 Was love for man of white.

VI

CHAMPOEG OF THE WHITE MAN

Hills to westward,  
 Meadow eastward,  
 Forming river banks;  
 Blockhouse in the meadow standing,  
 Built of rough-hewn planks,  
 Just above the pointed landing  
 Whence fur trading boats depart  
 Laden with the trapper's cargo  
 For the eastern mart.

Fences stretch across the lowland,  
 Fences that divide,  
 So the white man knows his own land  
 From his brother's side.  
 Plows have ripped the sod asunder  
 Furrow after furrow,  
 Turning golden blossoms under  
 That once graced the meadow.  
 Fen, once green to hillside feet,  
 Now is yellow field of wheat.

Belfried church upon the hillside;  
 Schoolhouse standing near;  
 Houses scattered far and wide;  
 Here and there appear  
 Granaries and log-built barns  
 Belonging to the valley farms.

Forest giants, trees that held  
 Proud heads to bend and sway  
 Upon the hillsides, have been felled;

Those monarchs of a bygone day  
Have been felled to build the barns,  
And fence the meadow into farms.

In the distance, place where past  
Meets the future, holding fast  
To traditions of its race,  
Indian village holds a place.

VII

PASSING OF THE RED MAN

Upon the hill,  
Against the midnight dark  
Of sum-mit-lite, the west,  
Whence dreams depart,  
Whence hopes grown dim  
Follow the setting sun to rest  
Beneath We-co-na's rim,  
Kobaiway, last remaining chief,  
To Celaist, his daughter fair,  
Pours forth his grief.  
Stand they close together, where  
A mournful, sad farewell is said  
To their beloved ancestral dead.

All trails lead backwards;  
None before me stretch;  
I cannot carry forward;  
I but go back to fetch  
Memories that I owned  
Of homeland sod,  
Before Ecahnie was dethroned  
By white man's God.  
Land of the sunrise birth has given  
To hosts who journey west;  
By these hosts, the red man driven,

Must seek eternal rest.  
Further and further, as they came  
In numbers like wild geese,  
Our tribes forgot Ecahnie's name,  
Their wisdom ceased.  
Mighty mother is Ill-a-he,  
From Ill-a-he I awoke,  
On her bosom I was happy.  
Thus Kobaiway spoke.  
Has mother Ill-a-he naught to say?  
Does not Ill-a-he listen?  
Do not We-co-na's waters play  
Where yet the beach sands glisten?

Fair daughter of a mighty race,  
We are the last; we stay  
Not to find a resting place  
Our mother's way,  
Not to meet death on the trail  
Our valiant father's trod,  
But to go forth, like those who fail,  
To seek Ecahnie, God.  
But ere from our ancestral home  
We turn away,  
Listen to the words  
I hear Ill-a-he say.

I was placed here by the just  
And mightiest of Gods, Ecahnie;  
Breathed on by Tomaniwus,  
Spirit of Life; 'twas he who calmed me  
From the tempest that he found me,  
And into nursing mother formed me.  
I gave birth unto the red man;  
Mighty tribes to wander o'er me;  
And it was Ecahnie's plan  
That I return the love they bore me.

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POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

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Factions ready for the test  
To decide what might be best  
For the young community  
Growing there so rapidly.  
Some desired establishment  
Of a formal government;  
Others said it should remain  
Just unorganized domain.

Within the blockhouse built of plank  
Close beside the meadow bank  
Of the river Willamette  
At Champœg, there they met;  
There they met, and there debated,  
Little dreaming of the fated  
Generations yet to come  
To make this land a cherished home.

Pastor Babcock spoke in greeting;  
Chose they him to lead the meeting.  
Father Griffin, tender, true,  
Admonishing thought for all they do,  
Counciling they proceed with care,  
Opened the meeting with a prayer,  
Asking that Almighty God  
Bless all their paths, wherever trod.

Thus they met, and long debate  
Had they to decide the fate  
That should befall the far-flung sod  
They and their wives and children trod,  
Fifty for government told their mind;  
Fifty were otherwise inclined;  
Two could thus the meeting sway,  
Matthieu and Lucier held the day.

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POEMS FROM OLD CHAMPOEG

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Thus hung the fate of this fair land  
From mountain range to ocean sand,  
From heights where snowdrifts ever stay  
To river mouths at tide-washed bay;  
Land where monarchs of the hills  
Bathe their feet in mountain rills;  
Where snow peaks cold look down upon  
Meadows warm beneath the sun.

Debate had ceased; all were at rest,  
Awaiting result of a final test;  
Awaiting action by someone  
Whose name by minstrel should be sung;  
One who should enroll his name  
That day upon a scroll of fame;  
Tense was the feeling over all  
Waiting to hear a leader's call.

Then arising from his seat,  
Leaving the blockhouse, Joseph Meek,  
Arms extended, hat in hand,  
Pleaded for his fatherland.  
In stentorian voice he cried,  
"Follow me, those for a divide."  
And upon the sod he drew  
A line dividing the factions two.

Out of confusion order came;  
Between two lines of men a lane  
Marked the course of Joe Meek's line  
Serving the factions to define.  
Answering Meek's call to divide  
Fifty stood upon each side,  
Fifty determined men, and grim,  
Counting the cost, to lose or win.

But two men undecided stood  
 Holding converse in the wood;  
 Matthieu and Lucier heard the cry,  
 "Fifty, fifty, the vote's a tie."  
 Heard the cry and the call to come  
 And help decide what should be done.  
 Lucier stepping forward then  
 Took his place beside Meek's men.

Tense was the silence while they stood  
 Watching the lone man in the wood.  
 Heart of every man stood still  
 Waiting for him to do his will.  
 Slow his step, and steady, when  
 He came, faltered a moment, then  
 Following Lucier's manly stride  
 Matthieu stepped to the winning side.

Thus the side of Joe Meek won!  
 Thus our country's flag was flung  
 Over land that had been the quest  
 Of intrepid voyagers into the west.  
 Land of the east our fathers trod,  
 Land of the west today thanks God  
 For the men who that day stood in line  
 Making Oregon child of thine.

IX

L'ENVOI

Glory is dear that must be bought  
 At any price,  
 From any human suffering wrought,  
 Or sacrifice.

Torn by the grief that homeland ties  
 Were dead and gone;  
 That from his hills, his paradise,  
 Must flee his song;  
 That his ancestral hallowed graves  
 By none revered,  
 No more would know the tear that laves,  
 The love that seared  
 Torn anguished hearts and souls of men  
 To whom, though red,  
 Ecahnie gave fair hill and fen  
 To hold their dead;  
 For one long, last, grief-stricken sight  
 Did chieftain stand  
 Alone upon the hill at night,  
 Mourning the land  
 Ecahnie had bestowed in love,  
 That stronger God  
 Of white man had bespoiled him of,  
 His homeland sod.

Alas, that glory of the one  
 The death was of the other's,  
 The two Ecahnie had intended  
 Should be brothers.

FIELD VOICES

Green dotted stubble  
 Carpets the field;  
 Green that has grown  
 Since the last harvest yield.  
 Green dotted stubble is calling:  
 "Plow me, come plow me,  
 Oh, plowman,  
 Come plow me!"

Wave upon wave  
 Of senna-brown earth,  
 Left by the plowman  
 Upturned from the turf;  
 Senna-brown furrows are calling:  
 "Harrow me, harrow me,  
 Harrowman,  
 Harrow me!"

Bed soft as velvet,  
 Soft velvet indeed,  
 Left by the harrowman  
 Ready for seed;  
 Soft velvet seed bed is calling:  
 "Sow me, come sow me,  
 Oh, farmer,  
 Come sow me!"

Yellow sea waving  
 Beneath harvest sun,  
 Gold-crested stalks  
 Tell that growing is done.  
 Each gold crested stalk is now calling:  
 "Harvest me, harvest me,  
 Reaper,  
 Come harvest me!"

MOODS

Would I be sunshine, molten gold, shining out through  
 infinite cold to warm the orbits planets hold?

Would I be raindrops, lucent pearls, to fall on earth  
 with driven swirls, to seek and chill defenseless churls?

Would I be moonlight, silver sheen, to spot the dark  
 in eerie mien, and shadows make my spots between?

Would I be fog-bank, chilling shroud, deep to engulf  
 some spirit bow'd, some weary traveler, in my cloud?

Just one of them I would not be; aye, because I'm all.  
 Sunshine is a part of me; raindrops from me fall;  
 moon's eerie sheens and silvered greens I oft reflect at  
 night; and fog enfolds and oft withholds my own true  
 self from sight.

They all are me, if one were gone I'd be like tree of  
 some limb shorn. Through sunshine bright, moon's  
 mystic light, storm-driven rain and fog's depression, all  
 which are me; my moods obtain their free expression.

SILENTLY

I stood upon the hills at morning,  
 Watching, through the gray mists forming,  
 Streams of iridescent gold,  
 Into unknown spaces soaring,  
 From some hidden caldron pouring  
 Molten light into a mold.

Silently, silently,  
 Rose from the dawn to me,  
 Silently, silently,  
 Veil of God's mystery.

I stood upon the plains at mid-day,  
 Watching gather for the fray  
 Cloud-formed charioteers;  
 Shaping, massing, ranks assembling  
 Overhead dark forms resembling  
 Armored grenadiers.

Silently, silently,  
 Over the plain and me,  
 Silently, silently,  
 Veil of God's mystery.

I stood upon the shore at evening,  
 Watching mists arising, leaving  
 Mother breast of rolling deep,  
 Whence ascending, spread they, screening  
 Fading hues of sunset, weaning  
 Day child into night of sleep.

Silently, silently,  
 Rose from the depths to me;  
 Silently, silently,  
 Veil of God's mystery.

BRIDGING

Let us enter the future by bridging the past.  
 What's the use of friends being estranged,  
 Each hoping eagerly unto the last  
 That a meeting may yet be arranged?

If you are on one side and I on the other  
 Of a gulf that has opened between,  
 Let us build us a bridge, and approach one another,  
 Far over the turbulent stream

Of misunderstanding that should not have been,  
 And for which we may each be at fault;  
 So let us each at our own end begin  
 Building a bridge, and not halt

Until it is finished, and on it we meet,  
 Our misunderstandings at last  
 Banished forever, and together we greet  
 The future we enter by bridging the past.

WORDS

Words never can express  
 The heights of human happiness;  
 Words never have defined  
 The depths of sorrow; for the mind  
 Knows far beyond the spoken tongue,  
 Or all the songs that bards have sung.  
 It is not given words to tell  
 Emotions that within us dwell;  
 For words are but the fruit of thought  
 Out of man's emotions wrought.  
 Words speak but ill for heart, for soul,  
 If understanding is your goal,  
 Look in my eyes and clasp my hand—  
 Then without words you'll understand.

THE PERFECT DAY

Not for me in solitude  
Is found the perfect day,  
Although for some beatitude  
May come that way.

Yes, I have dwelt in shady spots  
Where trees, like plumed Huguenots,  
By very silence spoke;  
And I have stood where point of land  
Dipped beneath the breakers, and  
My reverence awoke.  
I have followed the mountain stream,  
Sat by many a lake to dream,  
Where fishes swim,  
And through the reaches of the night  
Gazed alone upon the flight  
Of stars, from brim to brim.  
The hand that through a firmament  
Moon and star and sun-course bent,  
Hath often guided me  
In solitude to while away  
The passing hours of a day  
Delightfully.

But the perfect day—ah, when at night  
I can look back and clearly sight  
A tear removed from face of crying child,  
Or something done for which a friend has smiled,  
That—that is the perfect day!

THE WAY OF SHIPS

They bear our hopes, our joys, our griefs,  
Out of the harbor, between the reefs,  
While empty hearted we stand alone  
Knowing the ships will ne'er come home.

They go about on the starboard tack  
With spars and sails silhouetted black  
Against the glow of the setting sun;  
Endless voyages are thus begun.

They are cargoes with battles we have fought,  
For dreams of things we have never wrought;  
And we watch till their spars and sails unfurled  
Silently slip o'er the edge of the world.

A CLOUD

It takes the mountain peaks and heads;  
Valleys by their watersheds;  
Snows that melt upon the hills  
To form the myriad trickling rills;  
Rills that must together run  
To where some little brook's begun;  
Many brooks must flow together  
To make the waters of a river;  
Mighty rivers then must sweep  
Their waters to the mightier deep;  
Warming sunbeams must caress  
The waters of the ocean's breast;  
Boundless space must add its cold;  
Winds must blow to form and mold;  
It takes all these, by God endowed,  
To make a little soft white cloud.

FLOWERS

There is not much that I want now;  
 No laurel wreath upon my brow;  
 No mournful dirges to be sung  
 When I have ceased to be among  
 My fellowmen.  
 All that I ask is that some flower  
 Be picked for me before the hour  
 That I depart; that I may hear  
 The blossom speak a word of cheer  
 From friend again.  
 Flowers for me living—oh  
 Those are the flowers I would know;  
 But flowers for me when I'm dead  
 Are like kind words all left unsaid.

FORGETTING

You ask me to forget;  
 But to forget  
 I must first remember,  
 And remembering  
 I cannot then forget.  
 It is a cycle  
 Of impossibilities  
 That you ask,  
 Returning always  
 To its starting point.  
 For I cannot forget  
 Without remembering,  
 And remembering,  
 I cannot then forget.

OFFERINGS

Go read the story  
 Of the widow's mite,  
 And then you'll know  
 It matters not  
 What I may bring,  
 Or give  
 As friendship's offering.  
 If you meet me  
 With outstretched hands—  
 Though empty quite—  
 And loving smile,  
 You have done all  
 That needful is,  
 And in my eyes  
 You'll see the glory  
 That in friendship lies.

A FLOWER

God took a bit of dewy crystal mist,  
 A rainbow hue or two,  
 Wrapped them like a chrysalis  
 And hid them safe from view  
 Within the heart of Mother Earth,  
 Where, nursed by sun and rain,  
 Awaited they their time of birth  
 A gorgeous life to gain.  
 Again came God, and gently kissed  
 The breast of Mother Earth,  
 And rainbow hue and crystal mist  
 United were in birth.  
 'Twas thus, by artistry and power,  
 God gave to Mother Earth a flower.



A THOUGHT

One day a little friendly thought  
I breathed into the air,  
And as it fled its spirit caught  
The message it should bear.

Speeding to meet the dark of night  
By just a star-gleam brightened,  
The little thought was lonely, quite,  
And just a wee bit frightened.

But the star-gleam lit the way  
To guide the little thought  
To where, in peaceful slumber lay,  
The friendly heart it sought.

The little thought slid down the gleam,  
Entered the friendly heart;  
And there became a little dream,  
In which I had a part.

WHERE I WOULD SLEEP

'Neath arch of sky, deep blue of space,  
Course where stars and planets race,  
Whence clouds descend to curtain me  
From all unkindly scrutiny;  
A hilltop crowning rugged steep  
Is where I would discover sleep.  
Upon a mound in some far glade,  
With just a tree to lend me shade;  
A welcome couch, cool laid and mossed,  
With flowered blanket o'er me tossed.  
God, save some hill, and some lone tree  
To serve as sepulcher for me.

BURIED TREASURE

I know where treasure lies buried deep,  
Where dreary reaches of silence keep  
Watch over locks that guard the hoard  
In the vaults where the treasure trove is stored.

'Tis not on a far-flung desert isle  
Where mystical pirates buried their pile;  
Nor in holds of ships that found their homes  
Deep in the locker of Davy Jones.

The treasure is not what pirate shades  
Seek with ghostly picks and spades;  
Nor yet what helmeted divers show  
To reward their searchings down below.

The treasure? Why, just a thought of me  
Deep in some heart, tenderly  
Guarded by silence I cannot break,  
But hoarded there for old time's sake.

GOD'S LAW

God hath ordained the oneness of mankind,  
That none can sever others from the fold.  
As tree, its branches waving in the wind,  
Is still a tree, though branch be dead and cold,  
Just so mankind is still a unit, if  
Daring to venture into realms of hate,  
Refuse you me the love that you should give;  
For love is God's intent towards man's estate.  
I still am portion of the tree, the limb  
Is mine own self; I feel this truly, for  
So long as I love all I live in Him;  
In hating one, contrary to God's law  
"Love one another," always and forever  
You disobey, and thus yourself you sever.

TILLAMOOK HEAD

High raised above the storm,  
Wrathful beneath thee born,  
Flung upon ages-worn  
Crag for its bed;  
Calm by the raging sea  
Spewed into foam to be,  
Veil for thy mystery—  
Tillamook Head.

Born of long eons past,  
Mighty upheaval cast  
Thy heights above the vast  
Vaults of the dead;  
Deep sunk beneath the waves,  
Where, finding unsung graves,  
Sleep they within thy caves—  
Tillamook Head.

Since time began thy crest  
Facing forever west,  
Where, with the sun, for rest  
Lone souls have fled;  
Both joy and grief has known,  
As on thy crested dome  
Men sang or wept alone—  
Tillamook Head.

Hearts aged and torn by grief,  
Find solace and relief  
On thy majestic reef;  
Before them spread,  
Seeming a living goal,  
Thy heart, thy strength, thy soul,  
Redeems and makes them whole—  
Tillamook Head.

If but thy constancy  
Could be a part of me,  
I'd face eternity  
Knowing no dread;  
Knowing that I had done  
God's will, and thus had won  
Life, when my death shall come—  
Tillamook Head.

SOLILOQUY

No one knows the love within this heart  
I have for those I wish to be my friends;  
Nor length, nor breadth, nor depth its measure hath,  
Nor weight nor volume tells.

I only know; because I answer it  
In doing unto others as I do;  
What happiness their love returning  
Brings, or none at all,  
I still must serve.

But One knows with me, for He put it there,  
To be, in measure, useful to mankind;  
So even though myself cannot discern  
Returning love, yet happily  
I still may love.

FRIENDSHIP

Out in the world is a friendship  
 That will not let you go  
 Without the spirit of friendship  
 Wrapped around you so  
 That wherever you may wander,  
 In pathways far and wide,  
 That spirit of friendship travels  
 Ever at your side.

It follows you over desert plain;  
 It hurdles mountain peaks;  
 It patiently waits its end to gain,  
 The friendship this friendship seeks.  
 No storm that blows, no drowning tides,  
 No man-made sad affair,  
 Can stay that friendship; it abides  
 With you, friend, everywhere.

GAIETY

Oh Gaiety, mask all sorrow I may feel;  
 Let thy bright smile be all my fellows see.  
 Be for me a rampart, behind which I conceal  
 The scars of wounds the world has left on me.  
 Banish all sadness from my outward mien.  
 If sadness must reside within my heart,  
 Let it not by others e'er be seen,  
 But give me strength to look a friendly part.  
 Fallen amid the strife, it still is worth my while  
 To help the world along upon its way;  
 So, Gaiety, lend me thy winsome smile,  
 And constantly be with me day by day.  
 Thus may I do my part, e'en though I'm sad,  
 And by thy help, help others to be glad.

AN OREGON NOOK

Inviting rock  
 With moss-grown carpet spread  
 In shady spot;  
 Tree arching overhead.

Ferns fine as lace  
 Bending to sweep the rock,  
 Sway in their place  
 Within this quiet spot.

Trillium bloom,  
 And sister flowers there  
 Find happy room,  
 And sweetly scent the air.

Grotto behind;  
 Green vines to curtain it;  
 With dew gems lined,  
 By peeping sunbeam lit.

Within, a spring;  
 A limpid crystal pool;  
 Brooklets that sing  
 Come from its waters cool.

River that flows  
 Beyond a meadow green;  
 Top white with snows,  
 A distant mountain seen.

TO A BIRD

Little wild thing  
 On air awing,  
 If, like you, I could fly,  
 I would soar away  
 At peep o' day  
 Into the morning sky.

Little wild thing,  
 The song you sing  
 Afloat on feathered spray,  
 Awakes in me  
 A wish to be  
 Joining your roundelay.

Little wild thing,  
 As you gently swing  
 At rest mid evening dews,  
 You hear all  
 Of the Father's call,  
 I am the one to lose.

Little wild thing,  
 Oh, the joy you bring  
 To those who know you well;  
 You are answered prayer  
 That a Father's care  
 May be where His creatures dwell.

DREAMS

What would life be without our dreams?  
 Whimsical fancies? Even so,  
 They beckon us on with a light that gleams  
 Always ahead. We do not know  
 That we shall accomplish their promise, still  
 They bring us hope, and so believing  
 We carry on, in the end achieving  
 Our destined path to the top of the hill.

Then dream your dreams, they are the skein  
 That you would weave with your own life thread  
 If you the pattern chose; so let a dream  
 Lead on, and follow as by dreams you're led.

MY ADDRESS

If you know where Memory dwells,  
 The number and the street,  
 You will know what address tells  
 The place of my retreat.

For I dwell not within the halls,  
 Wherever they may be,  
 From which Anticipation calls  
 And beckons Memory.

Anticipation is a sprite  
 As fickle as the gleam  
 And glow of speeding meteorite,  
 Or phosphorescent beam.

But Memory is steadfast;  
 She always hears my cry;  
 And so I dwell within the past,  
 With Memory standing by.

LOVE

Moonlight and flower,  
 Wood scent and hue  
 Enchanted the bower  
 Where, Love, I met you.

Moonlight, a silver sheen,  
 Lighted the path I knew,  
 Trod through all verdant green  
 Pastures with you.

Valiant the climb we made  
 Upward together; ne'er  
 Seeking in cooling shade  
 Respite from care.

Desert the top we gained,  
 Lonesome and bare;  
 Give me the light that waned  
 Shadowed with care.

Feeble the steps we take  
 Down the decline;  
 Knowing not when will break  
 Thy hand from mine.

WOODLAND HARMONIES

Hark to the gentle treble swo-o-ow,  
 The voice of the breezes as they blow,  
 As if by touch of magic bow  
 The gentle chords are sung.  
 List to the tap of bough on bough,  
 Traps of the woodland music, how  
 They keep the tempo, beating now  
 Loud, now soft, the chords among.

Hark to the undertone that's freed  
 From rustling grass and water reed,  
 Beside the lake where wild birds feed,  
 Adding their melody.  
 List to the silver bell tones ringing  
 From cascading waters, singing  
 As they rush down hillsides, bringing  
 Their joy to the symphony.

Hark to the notes, distinctly heard  
 The call in the wild of bird to bird,  
 And the drum of the partridge wings that whirred  
 Out of a hidden nest.  
 List to the chirp of squirrel leaping  
 Here and there, his harvest reaping  
 To lay away in secret, keeping  
 Store for his winter rest.

Hark to the sharp staccato notes  
 Of insects—as from a thousand throats  
 They seem to come, from hidden moats  
 Down on the forest floor.  
 List to the honk of the goose in flight,  
 And to the whine of the owl at night;  
 Solo parts—they possess by right  
 A place in the music score.

Hark to the anthem of nature, swelling  
 Into the hearts of men, and dwelling  
 There, the soft toned music telling  
 Where turmoils cease.  
 List, for the music in the air  
 Out in the woodland banishes care,  
 And makes you glad that you were where  
 All, all is peace.

SIGHING

Sighing never yet undid the past.  
 Man cannot sigh his errors into naught.  
 All he may know, all he may hold fast,  
 Is that he loved and served, and always thought  
 Of others, and of other's pleasure,  
 Never of himself; but gave his all  
 To others in unstinted measure  
 That happiness might in their pathway fall.  
 If man within his heart can truly feel  
 That hatred never played a part in life,  
 Then all his errors surely but reveal  
 Where loving heart had fallen in the strife;  
 And he may rest contented to the last,  
 For sighing never yet undid the past.

VISIONS

He wandered away with a weary heart  
 Into the hills where the freshets start;  
 Up and up and away beyond  
 The place where friendship can make a wound.

Up and up nigh unto Heaven  
 He carried his load, till finally driven  
 By weariness, he sought repose,  
 And the ebb and flow of his life stream froze.

He troubled none at his journey's start,  
 For no one witnessed his soul depart.  
 Those he loved were far away  
 Enjoying results of his earthly stay.

I'd go like that if I had my say,  
 Just turn my back and walk away  
 Up into the hills, till so near God  
 My soul left its home upon the sod,

And winged its way into far Somewhere  
 I could not follow, for nothing was there  
 Upon which the home of my soul could tread,  
 And I'd sleep alone, forgotten, dead.

MOUNT HOOD

Majestic sentinel cast on a ridge  
 Close by the point where a mythical bridge  
 Once spanned a great river that flows at your base,  
 The red man has bowed to your silence and grace.

Standing alone, in white your top gowned,  
 With purple and gold sunlit clouds you are crowned;  
 Your base clothed about with evergreen firs,  
 Nature, Mount Hood, has claimed you for hers.

You witnessed the birth pains by which this land came;  
 You witnessed the waters recede;  
 You witnessed a river cut through a great chain  
 Of mountains, o'er which 'twas decreed

That you should have eminence greater than they;  
 You witnessed the tragedy when  
 A nation courageous, of children, gave way  
 Before the advance of white men.

You witnessed the coming and going of men;  
 You witnessed again a great race  
 That conquering came, and ruthlessly then  
 Your beauties began to deface.

Shelter you give to the beast in its lair;  
 And surcease you give unto man,  
 Who gazes on you, from his burden of care,  
 As only your steadfastness can;

As Heavenward pointing, there silent you stand,  
 Reared high on my native sod,  
 Seeming to say to all of mankind,  
 "Surely, there is a God."

MY SHIP

When I was a lad, full fancy free,  
 I played beside a brook  
 That seemed so wide and deep to me  
 It had an awesome look.

I stuck a leaf upon a chip,  
 And set it, then, afloat;  
 It looked to me like a princely ship,  
 Or some bold pirate boat.

A beetle was its captain bold,  
 And fairy elves its crew;  
 And I had great fun as I watched it hold  
 Its course—and wouldn't you?

A cargo rich was in its hold,  
 (Youthful dreams of mine)  
 For it was crammed to its decks with gold,  
 And jewels rare and fine.

And breezes came and blew it strong,  
 Blew it far and wide;  
 Blew it straight and blew it long,  
 To a port on the other side.

And I thought to myself, "Oh, boy, you know  
 Where a treasure ship with a fairy crew  
 Is safe in port, and you can go  
 Sometime to get it"—Now wouldn't you?

The years have flown and my dreams have died,  
 While the brook flows as of old;  
 And I never got to the other side  
 To claim my ship and gold.

But if I did I am sure that it  
 Would be but a memory thought;  
 Just a leaf, and a bit of a chip,  
 And a hole in the bank for a port.

For the fantasy dreams of the youthful mind  
 Seldom materialize,  
 And as we grow old somehow we find  
 We have managed to miss the prize.

To miss the prize; but have we though?  
 Perhaps the prizes for which youth strive  
 Seem less alluring as we grow,  
 And better ones in their time arrive.

So I feel that my fairy crew have brought  
 My dream ship home to me,  
 With prizes better than I thought,  
 Or my youthful dreams could see;

Because I'd choose the prize I won  
 In place of the wealth I once thought due,  
 The knowledge of loving deeds I've done  
 For friendship's sake—and wouldn't you?

UNCLE MOSE

Li'l pickaninny,  
 While yo cain, bes  
 Lay yo kinky wooly haid  
 Down on yo mammy's bres;  
 Caise when yo gettin' older  
 Yo member what Ah said,  
 Yo fine nuthin' but cold shoulder  
 Fur a plaice ter lay yo haid.

Li'l pickaninny,  
 Yo bes take yo joy  
 Playin' roun yo mammy,  
 While yo am a boy;  
 Caise yo gwain be kine an' frien'ly  
 When yo grow ter be a man,  
 An' yo fine de worl' shu empty  
 O' folks what unnerstan'.

Li'l pickaninny,  
 Some day yo fine yo out  
 Yo aint got no frien's at all  
 Anywhere about.  
 Yo try yo bestes ter be kine,  
 But Uncle Mose knows what yo fine;  
 Yo sure fine dat hate am whut  
 Yo mostest ain't got nuthin but.

Li'l pickaninny,  
 When yo dun grow ole,  
 Yo fine yo Uncle Mose am right  
 'Bout dis worl bein' cole.  
 Yo'll member what Ah tole yo,  
 An' yo'll say yo Uncle Mose  
 Was atelling yo de trufest truf  
 Of all tings what Ah knows.



So li'l pickaninny,  
Yo bes have yo fun  
Playin' roun yo mammy  
While yo still am young;  
Caise dis worl's so cole an' frien'less  
Dat yo griefs, yo unnerstan,  
All gets mighty big an' endless,  
When yo grows ter be a man.

### MEDITATION

Pondering, I stood upon the shore  
Before that mystic line  
Where, vastness yet a greater vastness meeting,  
The waters and the universe converge.  
The waters and the universe, those two;  
And wave-washed rocks projecting out to sea,  
Immovable and silent since creation's dawn;  
Unchanging works of God unchanging.  
And thus spoke I:  
Oh, you restless waves!  
You washed those rocks when Isabel sent Columbus on  
his voyage.  
You washed those rocks when Christ hung lifeless on  
the Cross.  
You washed those rocks when Moses proclaimed his  
righteous Law.  
You washed those rocks for countless eons yet before;  
You'll wash those rocks for ages yet to come.  
From behind the western waters, the setting sun pro-  
claimed  
The rising, from the forest, of the moon.  
Before me, spread majestically,  
Eternal evidence of God eternal.

### TO BE FREE

You may be free  
If but your feet direct  
Where hills, nor trees, nor gushing streams forget  
Their source, their destiny.

You may be free,  
But if to gain, you die instead of climb  
Toward flashing jewels capping hills of time;  
You die blinded, and thus fail to see  
Your Deity intended you to climb, e'en though alone;  
That living, climbing, you will reach a home  
Where you may hear the whispered name of friend,  
And learn that storms not always grief portend—

You may be free,  
And living grasp the treasure;  
But if in tragic measure  
It is thine,  
It is because you did not rightly climb.  
Be like the hills, the trees, the gushing streams—  
Forget not  
Your source, your destiny;  
Then you'll be free.

THE CONFLICT

A basement window, dark within,  
Mirrored the great outdoors to him;  
He was a robin; hopping by  
His mirrored image caught his eye.

Angered, he stopped, with his head acrook,  
And the mirrored image gave back his look.  
With ruffled feathers and head bent low  
He delivered the image a wrathful blow.

The robin was stunned by his hard impact  
With the glass, but he found his foe intact;  
So the battle was on, and with fury fought  
The robin and bird that the glass had caught.

Peck for peck and blow for blow  
The glass bird gave the robin, so  
At the end, when the fight was done,  
Robin was dead, and the glass bird won.

Valiant he fought, but the robin began,  
As does so many and many a man,  
To fight without stopping to look, and so  
To find in himself his only foe.

BABY

(To P. L. J.)

From star to star  
Afloat afar  
In azure depth,  
A spirit flew  
The long space through,  
While all earth creatures slept.

Down through the night  
From realms of light  
Beyond our ken,  
This spirit mild  
Of little child  
Came here to live with men.

We only know  
That spirit so  
Came from above;  
That it was born  
One early morn  
Into you, babe we love.

We but caress  
In prayerfulness,  
That we may be  
Steadfastly true  
In all we do  
To shape your destiny.

We can but pray  
That come the day,  
The joyful dawn,  
When, for your worth,  
All men on earth  
Rejoice that you were born.

With awe-stilled voice,  
Whispered rejoice  
That you are here,  
We look through haze  
Tear-dimmed, and praise  
The One who sent you, dear.

### CONSTANCY

Water steady falling,  
Steady falling drop by drop,  
As with a mighty purpose,  
Will wear away a rock.

Fond thoughts steady streaming,  
Steady streaming thought by thought,  
Will build a mighty highway  
From blocks of friendship wrought.

Kind deeds steady flowing,  
Steady flowing day by day,  
Will build an equipage for friends  
To travel that highway.

Heart-imprisoned longing,  
Like a bird within its cage,  
Will some day summon travelers  
To ride that equipage.

### HEROISM AT SEA

Out where relentless storm waves sweep,  
Where dauntless men lone vigils keep;  
Out where rest is fathoms deep,  
Where only shades and silence creep;  
Out where towering combers reap  
Death's harvest, and in vengeance leap  
Like wolves at carrion prey;  
Out where man in deep defile  
Of storm wave trough seems lone exile;  
Out where a lone star guides the while  
It troops its way down cloud-dimmed aisle;  
Out where no blazing lights beguile,  
No sounding brass, no beckoning smile,  
Man lives as man, God's way.

There man must follow a path begun  
Where duty calls and needs be done.  
There man is known, and requiem sung,  
For the fame his valor and courage won.  
There heroism is all, and none  
Is found without when its need has come.  
Alone with God at sea,  
Man loses all that is selfish, mean,  
His courage rises to heights supreme;  
God dwells within, and we see the gleam  
Of the naked soul of the man stripped clean.  
None may belittle, none blaspheme,  
For the man within will the man redeem,  
Afloat with his destiny.

MOTHER

Softly falls faint music of the years  
Echoing down the corridors of time,  
Heard but in memory upon ears  
Age-dimmed, those childhood songs of mine.

Softly, too, as from beyond a veil,  
Age, accustomed to the evening shade,  
Mother's eyes, seeing but children, fail  
To note the faltering life-steps we have made.

Softly caressing, baby-velvet still  
Seem time-worn toilers that her hands may hold,  
Believing naught but that a mother's will  
Had kept them to the paths she had foretold.

Softly her presence, as the evening wanes  
Tempers worldly thoughts within the mind  
Arising from the losses or the gains  
The day has brought, and leads us to be kind.

Softly "Good night," she calls, as from the stair  
She smiles down on us all, and nods,  
Seeming to be quite unaware  
That we are not the Darlings of the Gods.

NATURE'S SHRINE

I know a bare hill  
That is crowned by a tree,  
And a rugged path leads to the top,  
Where all is so still  
It seems ever to be  
A shrine, just inviting a stop.

A shrine where no thought  
In a world-weary heart  
Of troubles and passions and care  
Can ever be brought,  
For such are apart  
From the quiet and peacefulness there.

Come, clamber with me  
To the top of the steep,  
And let us commune there together;  
For under the tree  
Is where silences keep  
Singing God's praises forever.

LITTLE THINGS

There is no Empire in my dream,  
No greed for power, wealth,  
Nor fame nor fortune that may seem  
Won by strength or stealth.  
The pleasures that I have, I found  
Among the little things around.

The spoken word, the light of eye,  
Mouth aquiver with a sigh,  
Hand-clasp as we said good-bye;  
The joy of meeting once again;  
Faith in all my fellowmen;  
For joy and peace I find abound  
Among the little things around.

Just to give—  
Not to receive;  
Just to live,  
And to believe  
That love will always conquer hate,  
That kind words never come too late;  
It is a joy in vast amount  
To know the little things that count.

PRAYERS

UNBORN SPIRIT

Let me awake, God, let me awake  
From Thy unknown into newborn life,  
Pulsing with energy, ready to break  
Into the world, its confusion and strife.

YOUTH

Let me grow happily, happily, God;  
Let me grow strong for the work to be done;  
Let me learn love for my native sod,  
And loyalty to the friends to come.

MANHOOD

Let me be strong, O God, be strong  
To travel the path of rectitude;  
Fearlessly to discountenance wrong,  
And to meet life's storms with fortitude.

AGE

Put me to sleep, God, put me to sleep;  
I have weathered the storms as best I might;  
Loved and served; and now I seek  
Rest in Thy final restful night.

DEPARTED SPIRIT

Let me pray at Thy feet, God, pray  
That those whom I love and left behind  
May know Thy care, and come some day  
To find me lovable, tender, kind.

PATHS

Paths that are made upon the sands  
 Of this and many far-off lands;  
 Prints on many a sandy beach  
 Of pulsing tides within the reach;  
 Are washed away  
 Within the day;  
 Prints that could not long endure  
 The tides, and soon became obscure.

Paths that are made upon the rocks  
 Withstand the stormy equinox.  
 Prints on many a rock-strewn hill  
 Endure the ages, and are still  
 Intact, though marred,  
 Time-worn and scarred;  
 Prints that have obtained old age  
 In places where fire and tempest rage.

We all make paths upon the sands  
 Of life, and oh the reprimands  
 Relentless tides have ever brought  
 For easy sand paths I have sought;  
 Each rocky path  
 That I trod hath  
 Returned full-fold in ecstasy  
 For every hardship given me.

LET'S GO

'Way off up there back, that big hill,  
 I got a dad. I know  
 'Cause my mamma tells me so  
 When she holds me close and still  
 Every night,  
 Jes' 'fore she puts out the light.

She puts me in my little nighty  
 And holds my head  
 In her lap until I've said,  
 "Dear God Almighty,  
 Bless my daddy who's away,  
 And let me go to him some day."

An' then she tucks me up in bed,  
 Saying, "Dad's away as far's  
 That big hill, apickin' stars  
 To bring to me," and once she said  
 Orful low, "Shut those eyes,  
 They shine like daddy's in the skies."

I'd like to ask her what she meant  
 But I can't; it don't seem right  
 To talk of daddy, 'cept at night;  
 'Cause once I asked if daddy sent  
 My new toys to me,  
 And mamma cried most orfully.

But mamma says that some day she  
 Will go find dad,  
 An' tell him 'bout the little lad  
 He's pickin' stars for, an' that's me.  
 But I won't let her go alone  
 An' leave jes me back here at home.

I tell mamma if I can  
 When I grow older  
 I'm agoin' to be a soldier,  
 An' then she calls me "daddy's man."  
 But it always makes her cry so  
 When I play, and yell "Let's go!"

ORDERS

You hurrying hosts  
 Of thoughtless men  
 In disarrangement marching,  
 Fall in, eyes front, attention!  
 If you but look  
 In darkness eyes may see;  
 If you but hark  
 In silence ears may hear;  
 For out of darkness comes the light,  
 And out of silence anthems rise;  
 Infinite wisdom made it so.

Lift up your eyes  
 That you may see  
 In darkened skies  
 The panoply  
 Of silent, marching hosts;  
 Then born of silence  
 You may hear  
 In choral, each  
 Star grenadier  
 Chanting the peace hymn  
 Of eternity.

THE SOURCE

A rosebud asway  
 Delights in the day  
 That it is unfolding to view.  
 Its exquisite beauty  
 It holds as a duty  
 To present, in perfection, to you.  
 Its aim is to please  
 As it nods to the breeze,  
 And true to its nature it grows.  
 What makes it unfold  
 Into beauty untold?  
 God, in the bud of the rose.

An acorn, from sight  
 Hid away, without light,  
 Hath within it the wonderful power,  
 From deep in the earth  
 An oak to give birth,  
 Toward Heaven to mightily tower.  
 What urge did it know  
 As it struggled to grow,  
 And one day the earth crust it broke?  
 It just obeyed laws  
 It had to, because  
 God, in the acorn, gave life to the oak.

In a nest by a stream  
 Three tiny eggs green,  
 Lay under a mother bird's breast.  
 And the bird was aware  
 Of the life that was there  
 As she patiently sheltered the nest.

Then came the great day  
When the shells fell away,  
And the peep of the birdlings was heard.  
What made the shells part  
To give birdlings their start?  
God, in the egg, sent forth the bird.

It is just like a prayer  
To stand watching where  
Life can be found as it starts;  
For there, surely, is God,  
Whether under the sod,  
Or above, where sunlight darts.  
Once God doth conceive  
Of a life, I believe  
That He never destroys it again;  
So the life of a tree  
Or a bird, seems to me  
As eternal as that He has given to men.

SPIRIT FLIGHT

Swing lariat, swing about my head,  
Thy bight descend upon the head  
Of Pegasus, winged steed.  
Come forth, winged horse, from out thy stall,  
Bear thou my spirit on, enthrall  
It by thy speed.

From sun to sun, while dark shall last,  
Oh winged steed fly fast, fly fast,  
Night's hours speed away.  
From pole to pole, each icebound shore,  
My spirit give one trip, no more  
I ask ere dawn of day.

Come, flying steed, hold now thy course  
From southern skies where holy cross  
Is flung in space alone,  
To northern realm of Ursa, bear,  
Growling at Polaris, there  
At peak of starry dome.

Fear not Sagittarius with bow,  
Speed on, speed on, I'm bending low,  
His arrow we defy.  
Speed down the course with Lepus, hare,  
Gird thy loins to beat him fair,  
To win! To win! the cry.

On past Orion with his Bull.  
Let winds sweep past us blowing full  
Upon thy heaving breast.  
Heed not Sirius, barking dog,  
He cannot thy sure pathway clog,  
So neigh him passing jest.



My spirit thus give nightly flight  
Through space, like flaming meteorite,  
On fiery steed.  
Thy pounding hoofbeats none can stay,  
We span the earth on the Milky Way  
With lightning speed.

Oh death-defying Steed of Night,  
My spirit take with thee in flight,  
And bear it near  
Its power throne, omnipotent,  
There cast it off, fatigued and spent,  
But knowing naught of fear.

YE OLD BRIDGE

Timbers all sprung out of line,  
Planking broken through,  
Underpinning worn by time,  
Water-soak and mildew;  
Roadway washed with banks askew,  
Twisted and all out of plumb  
By flooding waters rushing through;  
Thou yet hath pride of duty done.

Railing in a drunken sway  
Moving with the sweep  
Of breezes toward the waterway  
Seems about to leap  
Into the eddying murky gloom  
Of waters, and to drift  
Away to some inglorious doom  
Through yonder hillside rift.

Yet all of life we know  
Thou hath seen pass  
Upon thy sturdy timbering, and go  
To meet the future, carrying the past.  
Youth to meet youth, in the joy,  
Untrammelled, of their spring;  
Country maid and farmer boy,  
You know their whispering;

For they have loitered on you where  
The eddying pool might cast its spell;  
And of the sorrowing, who would dare  
Their passing numbers tell?  
Full many an aged hand its hold  
Hath taken on thy rail;  
And many a murmured sorrow told  
Of hopes thou hast seen fail.

Blushing brides have gone to test  
 Love-passions of a new-made home;  
 Lifetime friends have gone to rest  
 Beneath the country churchyard stone.  
 Children running o'er thy planks  
 Thou hast seen grow, and then  
 Their children's children join the ranks  
 Of passing men.

Light-hearted, laughing, morning time,  
 Care-embittered noon,  
 Sorrowing, grief-bowed evening, thine  
 To know them all, and soon  
 Will ring out clear thine own death knell,  
 And as you crumple into murky swale  
 Requiems will chant, "Thou hast done well,  
 Never been known to fail."

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

[*On Columbia River Highway*]

All through the night the snows come down  
 A mighty mountaintop to crown  
 In spotless hue;  
 To clothe a torn and tortured sod  
 With something like a part of God,—  
 Promise for me—for you,  
 All through the night,  
 All through the night.

All through the night from melting snow  
 Over the mountainsides there flow  
 Streams from above;  
 Leaping in joy, though joy be brief,  
 Follow by depths of fathomless grief,  
 Streams of God's love.  
 All through the night,  
 All through the night.

All through the night into depths abyssed  
 Streams are falling; then torn to mist  
 Each fall appears  
 To be a part of an infinite plan  
 Of God's, to hide from the sight of man.  
 But show His tears;  
 All through the night,  
 All through the night.

All through the night into pools below  
 God's tears are poured, and softly flow  
 A tryst to keep;  
 For all the tears God weeps for men  
 Are gathering unto Himself again  
 In ocean deep.  
 All through the night,  
 All through the night.

THEN

Some day God will lift  
 The mists around me  
 So I may be seen,  
 And then  
 When friends have found me,  
 God will let the light  
 The mists have veiled  
 Shine forth upon their sight;  
 And they will know  
 I have not failed  
 In loyalty;  
 Will know that naught  
 Within me ever sought  
 To harmful be.  
 And then  
 Both God and friends  
 Will dwell in me.

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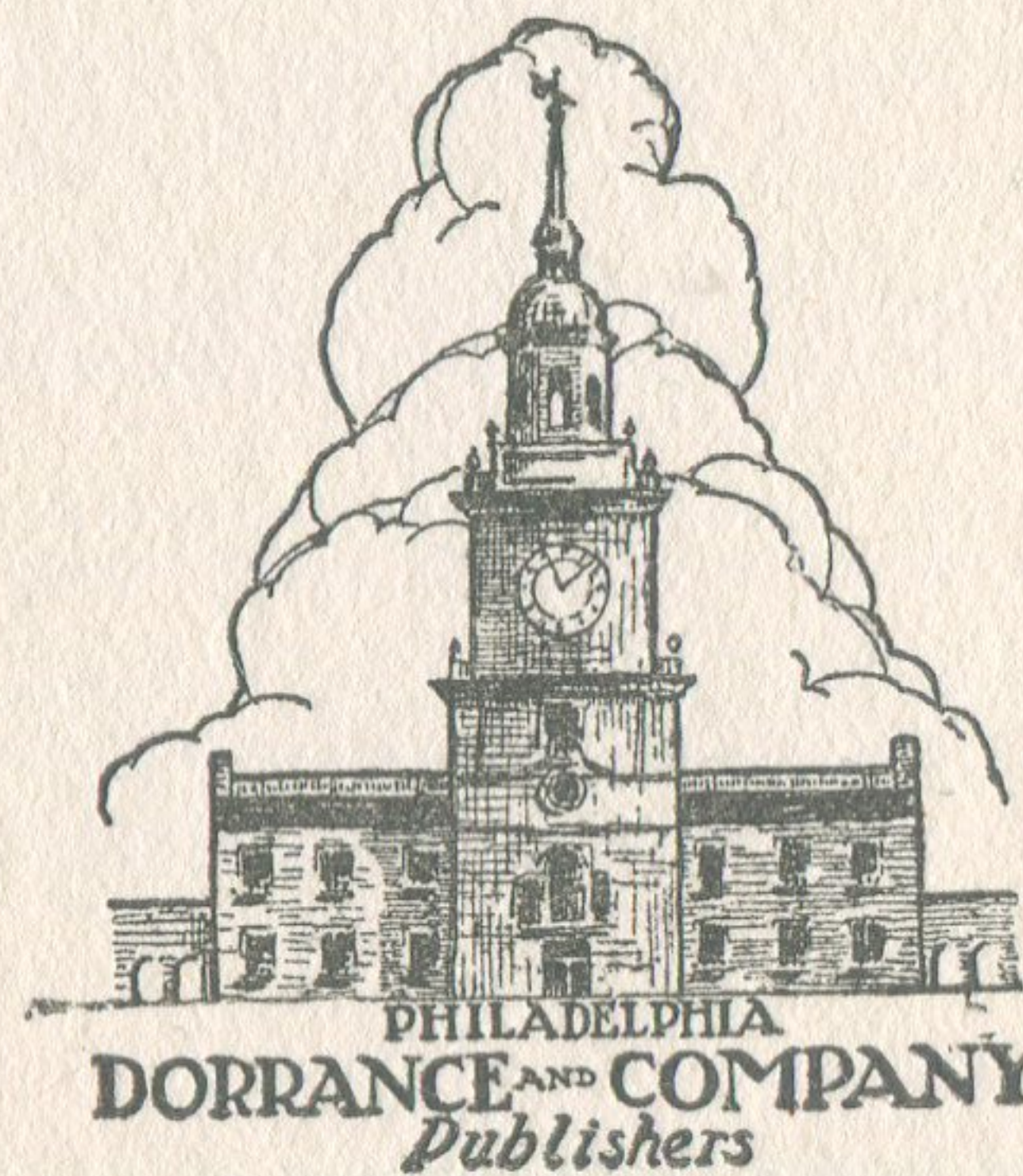
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