

1 Disclosure

Songs that sink to rest at evening.
At Sunrise gaily fill the mind.
Songs whose beauty now
Only lies in memory.
Youth would sing with rapture.
Sing with joyous buoyant impulse.
Knowing now that he was singing.
Thus would God reveal the range of soul.

2 The Children's Hour

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

I hear from the stairway above me
The patter of little feet
The sound of a door that is open,
And voices soft and sweet.

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

Between the dark and daylight
Comes a pause
That is known as children's hour.

3 The Cage

A leopard went around his cage from one side back to the other side.
He stopped only when the keeper came around with meat.
A boy who had been there three hours began to wonder
"Is life anything like that?"

4 West London

Crouched on the pavement, close by Belgrade Square,
A tramp I saw, ill, moody and tongue tied.
A babe was in her arms and at her side a girl.
Their clothes were rags, their feet were bare.
Some laboring men whose work lay somewhere there
Passed opposite, she touched her girl, who hid across and begged.
And came back satisfied.

The rich, she had let pass with a passing stare.
Thought I: Above her state this spirit soars.
She will not ask of aliens, but of friends, of sharers
In a common human fate.

She turns from the cold succor
Which attends the unknown living
From the unknowing great.
And points us to a better time.
And points us to a better time—than ours!

5 The Indians

Alas for them. Their day is o'er.
No more. No more for them
The wild deer bounds.
The plow is on their hunting grounds.
The pale man's ax rings through their woods.
The pail man's sail skims o'er their flood.
Among the mountains of the West
Their children go to die.

6 Thoreau

He grew in those seasons like corn in the night.
Wrapped in reverie, on the Walden shore,
Amid the sumac, pine and hickory,
In undisturbed solitude.

7 October

October turned my maple leaves to gold.
The most are gone now.
Here and there one lingers.
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

8 Tom Sails Away

Scenes from my childhood are with me.
I'm in the lot behind the house, upon the hill.
A spring day's sun is setting.
Mother with Tom in her arms is coming from the garden.
The lettuce rows are showing, green.
Thinner comes the smoke from the town.
Stronger comes the breeze from the ridge.
Tis after six. The whistle has blown.
The milk train comes down the valley.
Daddy is coming up the hill from the mill.
We run down the lane to greet him.
But today, today Tom sailed away, for
Over there, over there, over there.
Scenes from my childhood are floating before my eyes.

9 In Flanders Field

In Flanders Field the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place.
And in the sky the larks still bravely singing
Fly scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead.
Short days ago we lived, felt dawn,
Saw sunset's glow, loved and were loved.
But now we lie in Flanders Field.
Take up the quarrel with the foe.
To you from falling hands we throw,
We throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die.
We shall not rest though the poppies grow in Flanders Field.

10 He is there

Fifteen years ago today a little yankee, little yankee boy
Marched beside his grand daddy at the Decoration Day parade
The village band would play those old war tunes and the GAR would shout
Hip hip hooray is all he'll say as he marches to the old camp ground.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean. Hooray!
He is there. He is there. He is there.
He's fighting for the right, but when it comes to might.
He is there, he is there, he is there.
As the allies beat up all the war lords,
He'll be there, he'll be there, and then the world will shout
The battle cry of freedom.
Tenting on a new camp ground.

Fifteen years ago today a little yankee, with a german name
Heard the tale of forty-eight, how his granddaddy liked Uncle Sam.
His fathers fought that medieval stuff and he will fight it now.
Hip hip hoopray this is the day that we'll finish up the aged job.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean.....

There's a time in every life when its do or die, and our yankee boy
Does his bit that we might live in a world where all can have a say.
He's conscious always of his country's aim which is liberty for all.
Hip hip hooray is all he'll say as he marches to the Flanders front.

That boy has sailed o'er the ocean.....
Tenting tonight, tenting on a new camp ground.
For it's rally 'round the flag and it's rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

11 The Last Reader

Sometimes I sit beneath a tree and read my own sweet songs.
Though naught they may to others be,
Each tender line prolongs a tone that might have passed away,
But for that scarce remembered lay.
They lie across my pathway bleak.
Like flowers that once grew wild.
As on a father's careworn cheek,
The ringlets of his child.
The golden mingling with the gray,
And stealing half its snows away.

12 The Greatest Man

My teacher said us boys should write about some great man.
So I thought last night, 'n thought about heros and men who had done great things.
And then I got to thinkin' about my Pa. He aint a hero or anything, but pshah!
He can ride the wildest horse and find minnows near the moss down by the stream.
And he can swim and fish. We ketched five newlights, me and him.
Dad's some hunter too, oh my Miss Mollie Cottontail sure does fly
When he stomps through the fields and brush. Dad won't kill a lark or a thrush.
Once when I was sick, and though his hands were rough he rubbed the pain right out.
"That's the stuff", he said when I winked back the tears.
He never cried but once and that was when my mother died.
There's lots o' great men, George Washington and Lee,
But Dad's got 'em all beat holler. Seems to me...

13 Berceuse

From the mountains toward the West
As the children go to rest,
Faintly comes the sound,
The song of nature hovers 'round.
Tis the beauty of the night.
Sleep thee well till morning night.

14 At Sea

Some things are undivined except by love.
Vague to the mind, but real to the heart.
As is the point of yon horizon line.
Nearest the dear one on a foreign shore.

15 The White Gulls

The white gulls dip and wheel over waters gray like steel.
The white gulls call and cry as they sspread their wings and fly.
The white gulls sink to rest on the tide's slow heaving breast.

Souls of men that turn and wheel over waters cold as steel.
Souls of men that call and cry as they know not where to fly.
Souls of men that sing to rest on an all receiving breast.

16 Walking

A big October morning,
The village church bells,
The road along the ridge,
The chestnut, myrrh and sumac,
The hills above the bridge,
With autumn colors glow...

Now we strike a steady gait
Walking toward the future.
Letting past and present wait
We seek on, toward the sun.
Now, hark! Something gives us pause...

Down the valley, a church,
A funeral going on.
Up the valley a road house,
A dance going on.

But we keep on a-walking.
'Tis yet not noon day.
The road still calls us onward.
Today we do not choose
To die or to dance.
But to live, and walk...

17 Evening

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied for the beast and bird.
They to their grassy house, these to their nests were slunk.
But the wakeful nightingale, she all night long, all night long
Her amorous descant sung. Silence is pleased.

18 The Housatonic at Stockbridge

Contented river, in thy dreamy realm.
The cloudy willow and the plummy elm.
Thou beautiful. From every dreamy hill
What eye but wanders with thee at thy will.

Contented river, and yet over shy
To mask thy beauty from the eager dye.
Hast thou a thought to hide from field and town?
In some deep current of the sunlit brown.

Ah! There's a restive ripple, and the swift red leaves,
September's firstlings faster drift.
Wouldst thou away, dear stream?
Come whisper near, I also of much resting have a fear.

Let me tomorrow thy companion be,
By fall and shallow to the adventurous sea.

19 Hymn

Thou hidden love of God
Whose height, whose breadth
Unfathomed, no one knows.
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Thy beauteous light.
In'tly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be at rest.
Till it find rest in Thee.

20 Serenity

Oh Sabbath rest of Galilee,
Oh calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love.

Drop thy still dews of quietness
'Till all our striving cease.
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.