SOUTHERN POETS

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Every age produces hundreds of poets and would-be poets who write rhyme and verse with more or less facility and grace. But no man may hope to win a permanent place in poetical literature who does not produce one or more poems of unusual power and originality. Few names are better known to lovers of poetry than that of Thomas Gray, but not one out of a hundred who know a large part of *The Elegy* by heart can name another poem by Gray or quote a line from him not taken from *The Elegy*. William Cullen Bryant is known almost exclusively by *Thanatopsis* and the *Lines to a Waterfowl*. The fame of Holmes is limited to *The Chambered Nautilus. The Last Leaf, The One Hoss Shay,* and *The Boys*. And yet he wrote a considerable volume of verse. About all that even school people know of Lowell is his *Sir Launfal* and his *Courtin*. Longfellow is the most popular American poet, with the exception of Riley, and though more than a dozen of his poems are well known, his fame as a poet rests upon three or four. Poe was fortunate because of his limitations and the small number of poems he produced.

There are more than a hundred writers of verse listed in the *Library of Southern Literature*. Much of the work of these southern singers ranks well with the bulk of poetry produced by the New England writers, with the exception of their outstanding poems. But if we except Poe from consideration as a southern poet, no name except that of Sidney Lanier ranks with the New England group. Lanier was a true genius and next to Poe the greatest master of musical verse in American, if not all literature, Tennyson, alone, it seems to me, ranking with these two American singers in sheer beauty of musical rhythm. But when I say that Lanier is the only southern poet but Poe who could be regarded as of first rank in American poetry, I do not mean that the South has not produced good verse. Every

southerner is a singer, and it is an easy matter to mention twenty or thirty whose work is a delight to the ear and heart. The name of Danske Dandridge, I dare say, is unknown to most readers of verse, and yet much of her poetry is of surpassing beauty. A few lines taken at random from her pages will justify this statement. Note the lilt, the grace and delicacy of these lines:

It was a spot by man untrod,
Just where
I think is only known to God.

The spirit, for a while,
Because of beauty freshly made
Could only smile;
Then grew the smiling to a song,
And as he sang he played
Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole
Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
Of far or near,
Save one small sparrow of the wood,
That song to hear.
This, in a bosky tree,
Heard all, and understood—
As much as a small sparrow could
By sympathy.

'Twas a fair sight
That morn of Spring,
When on the lonely height,
The spirit paused to sing,
Then through the air took flight,
Still lilting on the wing.
And the shy bird,
Who all had heard,
Straightway began
To practice o'er the lovely strain;
Again, again;
Though indistinct and blurred,
He tried each word,
Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
Like the faint tinkles of a fairy bell.

Who ever put more fire and energy into a heroic lyric than John Reuben Thompson breathed into his *Ashby?* If his stirring ballad, *The Death of Stuart*, sent that bold southern knight riding down the years, as Mrs. Preston said, his lines on *Ashby* make the light of dying day linger longer around that hero's grave, the showers of summer fall softly and even the gloom seems gay.

To the brave all homage render,
  Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance, pure and tender,
  Shine, O saddened moon!
"Dead upon the field of glory,"
Hero fit for song or story,
  Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned whose hands have slain him,
  Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor or Paynim,
  Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
  Went he forth we know.

There throughout the coming ages
  When his sword is rust,
And his deeds in classic pages
  Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly,
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
  Keep above his dust.

It seems that only poets ever truly understand poets. And unfortunately jealousies and envy often blind the eyes and close the hearts of poets to the beauty and power of their brothers' work. But Waitman Barbe understood Sidney Lanier, though born after the heroic struggle was over with Lanier. He knew that Life shall ever walk out upon the slipping sands because of Lanier.

  Thy life was hedged about by ill
As pitiless as any northern night;
Yet thou didst make it as thy "Sunrise" bright.
The seas were not too deep for thee; thine eye
Was comrade with the farthest star on high.

The marsh burst into bloom for thee—
And still abloom shall ever be!
Its sluggish tide shall henceforth bear alway
A charm it did not hold until thy day.

Another of the young southern poets whose work is but fairly begun is Stark Young. His music, his power of inducing atmosphere and casting the spell of romance and superstition over his readers, may be seen in a few lines from *Gordia*.

The nightbird crieth a long wail,
'Tis a ghostly hour, the stars are pale,
The horned moon drifts down the west,
The spectre day hath stirred, and soon
The sea-mews chatter in the nest.
Why goeth Prosper on the sands?
Lo! phantom mists are on the plain,
Cold the wind comes from off the main.

Out in the melancholy stars
The ghosts of dear lost things must come
And many, many a weary day
Prosper hath his wont to roam.
'Tis follow, follow, ah, welaway!
Tarry, young Prosper, and go pray;
Light thy taper and tell thy beads,
Criste's moder hath ear for lovers' needs.

I wish it were possible in this brief address to speak at length of the work of the two southern priest-poets, Father Ryan and Father Tabb. Father Ryan is one of the best known singers of the south. He did not possess great originality, but he was master of music and rhyme. He has few if any magic phrases and none of the felicitous lines of Madison Cawein. But he had fire and patriotism and deep religious fervor and faith that go home to the heart. A stanza of the *Conquered Banner* is all the space I can spare him here.

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

Father Tabb like Robert Loveman has given the world his message in short swallow flights of song that rarely go beyond a dozen lines and more often express a brief but throbbing thought in a single quatrain. His voice is like the snowbirds—a never frozen rill.

Since that the dewdrop holds the star
  The long night through,
Perchance the satellite afar
  Reflects the dew.

And while thine image in my heart
  Doth steadfast shine;
There haply, in thy heaven apart
  Thou keepest mine.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
  Life again.

How many an acorn falls to die
  For one that makes a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
  For one that cleaves to me!

How many a suppliant wave of sound
  Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
  An echo in my soul!

The name of Robert Loveman is not found in any of the anthologies of southern literature that I have seen, but I have spent many a happy hour with his quatrains, his rondeaus and rondels. Many of his lines are mere conceits but always they are brilliant.

NIAGARA.

Some vast despair, some grief divine,
Doth vigil keep
Forever here; before this shrine
The waters weep.

Methinks a God from some far sphere,
In sportive part,
In ages past wooed Nature here,
And broke her heart.

MY JOSEPHINE.

There was a France, there was queen,
There was another Josephine,
Whose gentle love and tender art
Subdued Napoleon's soldier heart.

But she of France was ne'er, I ween,
Fairer than thou, my Josephine;
To storm thy heart I'll boldly plan,
God! if I were the Corsican!

TO LONDON TOWN.

To London town Will Shakespeare went,
Ambitious, eager, and intent,
To one vast end his being bent,
To London town.

He hugged his precious manuscript
Close to his heart, his fancy tripped
All feather-footed through the day.

And she—poor, lone Ann Hathaway—
Taught Judith, Hamlet, how to pray
For him—her lord, away, away
To London town.

And may I say of this southern poet so little known but so well beloved by those who know him that

He knew Will Shakespeare's human heart
And felt his God-like brain,
And sang his soul a kindred part
In rondeau and quatrain.

Margaret Junkin Preston was born in Pennsylvania, but married a Virginia professor who became a colonel in the Confederate army. She was the greatest woman poet of the south, and it has been said of her, of all America. Her pen was a force in arousing and inspiring the knights of the Confederacy. *The Shade of the Trees* is one of her best known poems celebrating the last hours of Stonewall Jackson and his final words to his soldiers. A few lines from the *Color-bearer* will give us an idea of her poetic passion and inspiration.

The shock of battle swept the lines,
  And wounded men and slain
Lay thick as lie in summer fields
  The ridgy swathes of grain.

The deadly phalanx belched its fire,
  The raking cannon pealed,
The lightning-flash of bayonets
  Went glittering round the field.

On rushed the steady Twenty-fourth
  Against the bristling guns,
As if their gleams could daunt no more
  Than that October sun's.

It mattered not though heads went down,
  Though gallant steps were stayed,
Though rifles dropped from bleeding hands,
  And ghastly gaps were made—

"Close up!" was still the stern command,
  And with unwavering tread,
They held right on, though well they knew
  They tracked their way with dead.

As fast they pressed with laboring breath,
  Clinched teeth and knitted frown,
The sharp, arrestive cry rang out—
  "The color-bearer's down!"

Quick to the front springs, at the word,
  The youngest of the band,
And caught the flag still tightly held
  Within the fallen hand.

With cheer he reared it high again,
  Yet claimed one instant's pause
To lift the dying head and see
  What comrade's face it was.

"Forward!" the captain shouted loud,
  Still "Forward!"—and the men
Snatched madly up the shrill command,
  And shrieked it out again.

But like a statue stood the boy,
  Without a foot's advance,
Until the captain shook his arm,
  And roused him from his trance.

His home had flashed upon his sight,
  The peaceful, sunny spot!
He did not hear the crashing shells,
  Nor heed the hissing shot.

And when the stubborn fight was done,
  And from the fast-held field
The order'd remnant slow retired,
  Too resolute to yield—

They found a boy whose face still wore
  A look resolved and grand,
Who held a riddled flag close clutched
  Within his shattered hand.

It is beyond the limitations of this paper to consider the poetry of Edgar Allen Poe. He was born in Boston and grew up in Virginia, but his poetry is not indigenous to southern soil. Indeed his poetry belongs to no time and no country. The music and atmosphere of his verse were induced by moods common to all people and every age. And though his poetry is not of the popular type, it is probably the most universal literary note that has ever been sounded. His poems have no definite meaning but like wierd music they sing themselves into our senses with an irresistible power. If we disregard Poe in the discussion of southern poets, Henry Timrod next to Lanier, is the most original and natural poet of the south. Lanier resembles Poe more than any one else in American or English poetry in his mastery of rhyme and haunting iteration, his musical technique; and he is all but as individual and original as Poe. But his art is sometimes conscious and apparently less spontaneous than that of Poe. Timrod on the other hand is always spontaneous but less musical than Lanier. There is no strain in the verse of Timrod, no affectation. In this respect he

is far superior to his brother poets of the south who for the most part are not strikingly original either in form or substance. Timrod did not originate new forms in poetry but he did put new wine into old bottles, wine too of unusual sparkle and flavor.

The life of Henry Timrod, like that of Sidney Lanier, was an inspiring, heroic struggle with poverty and disease. He and Paul Hamilton Hayne were born in the old city of Charleston and were seat mates in school. They grew up together and after the death of Timrod his brother poet wrote a beautiful memoir of his friend, which was published in the first collected edition of Timrod's poems. Timrod's early life was a struggle with poverty, but Paul Hamilton Hayne's family was rich and he grew up in a palatial home. When Sherman drove the juggernaut of destruction through Charleston to the sea, the palace and the humble cottage of the two poets went down together. Hayne retired to an obscure spot which he named Copse Hill, just outside of Augusta, Georgia, and spent the rest of his life keeping the wolf from the door with his pen.

How well he did his work as the consort of the muse may be inferred from his dream of the south winds.

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

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms, faint undertune,
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy south wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

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

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

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

Timrod's fight with disease augmented by poverty, was heroic to the end, but he succumbed at the age of thirty-seven. His genius cannot, therefore, be judged by his performance, for his vitality was so reduced in the last years of his life by ravages of disease and want that he was unable to live up to his earlier promises in the character of work turned out. It is remarkable that there is no bitterness in all of Timrod's poetry, only joyousness and hope. His *Spring* is one of the best poems ever done on that hackneyed theme. Its individuality, freshness and originality are quite as remarkable as is spring itself. A few stanzas of this poem will evidence the truth of my observation.

Spring with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

His heart was with his beloved south, but not with war.

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of death

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

Timrod's poetic creed is found in his longest poem, *A Vision of Poesy*:

Once, on a cold and loud-voiced winter night,
The three were seated by their cottage fire—
The mother watching by its flickering light
The wakeful urchin, and the dozing sire;
There was a brief, quick motion like a bird's,
And the boy's thought thus rippled into words:

"O mother! thou hast taught me many things,
But none I think more beautiful than speech—
A nobler power than even those broad wings
I used to pray for, when I longed to reach
That distant peak which on our vale looks down,
And wears the star of evening for a crown.

"But, mother, while our human words are rife
To us with meaning, other sounds there be
Which seem, and are, the language of a life
Around, yet unlike ours: winds talk; the sea
Murmurs articulately, and the sky
Listens, and answers, though inaudibly.

"By stream and spring, in glades and woodlands lone,
Beside our very cot I've gathered flowers
Inscribed with signs and characters unknown;
But the frail scrolls still baffle all my powers:
What is this language and where is the key
That opes its weird and wondrous mystery?

"The forests know it, and the mountains know
And it is written in the sunset's dyes;
A revelation to the world below
Is daily going on before our eyes;
And, but for sinful thoughts, I do not doubt
That we could spell the thrilling secret out.

"O mother! somewhere on this lovely earth
I lived, and understood that mystic tongue,
But, for some reason, to my second birth
Only the dullest memories have clung,
Like that fair tree that even while blossoming
Keeps the dead berries of a former spring.

"Who shall put life in these?—my nightly dreams
Some teacher of supernal powers foretell;
A fair and stately shape appears, which seems
Bright with all truth; and once, in a dark dell
Within the forest, unto me there came
A voice that must be hers, which called my name."

Timrod felt a responsibility in his art.

"The poet owes a high and holy debt,
Which, if he feel, he craves not to be heard
For the poor boon of praise, or place, nor yet
Does the mere joy of song, as with the bird
Of many voices, prompt the choral lay
That cheers that gentle pilgrim on his way.

"Nor may he always sweep the passionate lyre,
Which is his heart, only for such relief
As an impatient spirit may desire,
Lest, from the grave which hides a private grief,
The spells of song call up some pallid wraith
To blast or ban a moral hope or faith.

"Yet over his deep soul, with all its crowd
Of varying hopes and fears, he still must brood;
As from its azure height a tranquil cloud
Watches its own bright changes in the flood;
Self-reading, not self-loving—they are twain—
And sounding, while he mourns, the depths of pain.

"Thus shall his songs attain the common breast,
Dyed in his own life's blood, the sign and seal,
Even as the thorns which are the martyr's crest,
That do attest his office, and appeal
Unto the universal human heart
In sanction of his mission and his art.

"Much yet remains unsaid—pure must he be;
Oh, blessed are the pure! for they shall hear
Where others hear not, see where others see
With a dazed vision: who have drawn most near
My shrine, have ever brought a spirit cased
And mailed in a body clean and chaste.

"The poet to the whole wide world belongs,
Even as the teacher is the child's—I said
No selfish aim should ever mar his songs,
But self wears many guises; men may wed
Self in another, and the soul may be
Self to its centre, all unconsciously.

"And therefore must the Poet watch, lest he,
In the dark struggle of this life, should take
Stains which he might not notice; he must flee
Falsehood, however winsome, and forsake
All for the Truth, assured that Truth alone
Is beauty, and can make him all his own.

"And he must be as armed warrior strong,
And he must be as gentle as a girl,
And he must front, and sometimes suffer wrong,
With brow unbent, and lip untaught to curl;
For wrath, and scorn, and pride, however just,
Fill the clear spirit's eyes with earthly dust."

The *Cotton Boll* has been highly praised by critics. It contains some of the finest descriptive lines to be found in all the range of American poetry.

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place

So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind:

In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!

His patriotism and faith in his country are revealed in his *Ethnogenesis.*

Hath not the morning dawned with added light?
And shall not evening call another star
Out of the infinite regions of the night,
To mark this day in Heaven? At last, we are
A nation among nations; and the world
Shall soon behold in many a distant port
Another flag unfurled!
Now, come what may, whose favor need we court?
And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?
Thank Him who placed us here
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun
Takes part with us; and on our errands run
All breezes of the ocean; dew and rain
Do noiseless battle for us; and the year.
And all the gentle daughters in her train,
March in our ranks, and in our service wield
Long spears of golden grain!
A yellow blossom as her fairy shield,
June flings her azure banner to the wind,
While in the order of their birth
Her sisters pass, and many an ample field
Grows white beneath their steps, till now, behold,
Its endless sheets unfold
The snow of Southern Summers! Let the earth
Rejoice! beneath those fleeces soft and warm
Our happy land shall sleep
In a repose as deep
As if we lay intrenched behind
Whole leagues of Russian ice and Arctic storm!

And finally and best of his musical technique and mastery of rhythm is a *Summer Shower.*

Welcome, rain or tempest
From yon airy powers,
We have languished for them
Many sultry hours,
And earth is sick and wan, and pines with all her flowers.

What have they been doing
In the burning June?
Riding with the genii?
Visiting the moon?
Or sleeping on the ice amid an arctic noon?

Bring they with them Jewels
From the sunset lands?
What are these they scatter
With such lavish hands?
There are no brighter gems in Raolconda's sands.

Pattering on the gravel,
Dropping from the eaves,
Glancing in the grass, and
Tinkling on the leaves,
They flash the liquid pearls as flung from fairy sieves.

Wait, thou jealous sunshine,
Break not on their bliss;
Earth will blush in roses
Many a day for this,
And bend a brighter brow beneath thy burning kiss.

But we cannot longer linger with this brave spirit. Had he lived out his natural life under more favorable circumstances he might have ranked with the greatest American poets.

Sidney Lanier is the best known and best loved of the southern group. His life was an inspiring example of faith, courage and energy, equaling, if not surpassing that of Timrod. He accomplished vastly more though living only a few years longer than did his precursor in southern song. He was primarily, if not chiefly, a musician. Poetry to him was only another musical instrument, the flute being the one of which he was the greatest master. His theories of poetry are probably

the soundest to be found in all criticism. But it would have been better for his reputation as a poet if he had never formulated these principles into prose. His poetry should have spoken for itself. One who is familiar with his work entitled Music and Poetry, is apt to have these theories in mind as he reads Lanier's verse. Poetry should never suggest theories of any sort.

The *Song of the Chattahoochee* is one of the finest lyrics ever written, equalling if not surpassing Tennyson's *Brook.* If I had a reputation as a critic, I might hesitate to make this statement, but being only desirous to tell the truth, I have no hesitancy in saying that I have gotten more joy and inspiration out of Lanier's poem than out of Tennyson's *Brook,* much as I love that wonderful lyric. Ordinarily I do not care to fish for the allegory in poetry. But when there is an underlying spiritual meaning in every line, one can but respond to the finer breath of the song. This poem is not only, in my opinion, intensely autobiographic, but it carries with it an inspiration of universal ambition. The hand of the divine was on Lanier from childhood. There was no musical instrument that he could not play. His father, belonging to the old school of the south, and believing the law and the forum were the only theatres for the exhibition of talent, and that even a business career was far superior to the pursuit of any art, persuaded his boy to give up the violin and play only the flute, hoping to win him away from the life of music and lead him into law or business. But the little green leaves would not let him alone in his sleep; up breathed from the marshes a mesage of range and sweep, and interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties.

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, Abide, Abide,
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling brass said Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed Abide, Abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The range and sweep of his genius is best seen in his *Marsh Hymns*. Here is originality and power. But the message is only to the poetic soul, for poetry of this type, will never be understood and loved by the masses of mankind. His simple

poem, *The Ballad of the Trees and the Master*, is one of those flashes of genius that always distinguish a poet from a rhymster.

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

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

Personally I do not consider his *Symphony* a great poem, though many have found it so. And again his *Corn* as a whole is somewhat tedious though containing some wonderful poetry. But his song of songs, *Sunrise*, he wrote while dying. It was indeed *Sunrise* in this world as well as in the world that was opening to Lanier's soul. It is all but divinely inspired and is clothed with ineffable light.

In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
  Of the live-oak, the marsh, and the main.
The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
Up-breathed from the marshes, a message of range and of sweep,
Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
  Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting.
    Came to the gates of sleep.
Then my thoughts, in the dark of the dungeon-keep
Of the Castle of Captives hid in the City of Sleep,
Upstarted, by twos and by threes assembling:
  The gates of sleep fell a-trembling
Like as the lips of a lady that forth falter yes,
    Shaken with happiness:
  The gates of sleep stood wide.
I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might not abide:
I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks, to hide
    In your gospelling glooms—to be
As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea.

But the range of Lanier's genius was so broad, and his versatility was so marked that no adequate discussion of his work can here be given. One of the most inspiring and beautiful stories I have ever read is the devotion of Lanier's wife in his struggles with poverty and disease and the high call of art. *My Springs* is a tribute to this devoted companion, as beautiful and tender, if not as highly inspired, as the lines of Robert Browning to his poet wife who had already taken flight into the realms of light. I refer to the closing passage of the first book of *The Ring and the Book*. Here are the lines of Lanier:

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with light of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortality.

Always, when art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

The younger Hayne is a nature poet pure and simple, and in airy grace and lightness of touch surpasses even his father. He exercised the minstrel's joy of roaming hill and forest, listening to the song-birds, and recording their music. He loved

to watch their wings in thickets dim. He noted that the redbird is a winged ruby wrought of flame, and to him the shimmering wing of the hummingbird was a thing of beauty and a constant joy.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

When bending o'er a blossom's cup
To draw its liquid sweetness up,

You act as though, in honied lore,
You were a sylvan epicure!

And soon above its brittle stem,
Bright as a fairy's diadem,

To some unsullied bloom you dart,
And drain the nectar from its heart!

O'er lily leaves or fragrant vines
Your dainty body sways and shines,

Until to some rich rose it clings,
With kindred color in its wings!

Why are you always fleet and bright,
With blended attributes of light?

Is it because in some far time
Your sires of an elder clime

To the young earth were swiftly drawn
From the pure potencies of dawn,

And through the grace of heaven increased
From the first sunrise in the East?

But the Screech-Owl is to him a dark and portentous thing.

He loves the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

When the sun's latest glow has fled,
Weird as a warning from the dead,

His voice comes o'er the startled rills,
And the black hollows of the hills,

As though to chant, in language fell,
An invocation caught from hell!

He seeks the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

He loves to think man's breath must pass
Like a spent wind amid the grass;

And oft the bitterest blows of Fate,
His eerie cries anticipate!

Ah! once he knew in realms below
The mysteries of Death and Woe;

And in his somber wings are furled
The secrets of the under world!

Several years ago I read two volumes of poems by Samuel Minturn Peck, a Georgia poet, who I think is today connected with the Atlanta Constitution. I wish I had time and space to say something of this southern singer, but I must be content with a statement of my impressions of his song, made at the time in sonnet form when I had finished his *Rhymes and Rosez.*

The drowsy drone of honey-laden bees,
The poppied breath of gardens blooming fair,
The scent of elder blossoms, sweet and rare,
Come stealing in on balmy southern breeze;
And dying lays, whose long lost melodies
Still haunt old storied ruins everywhere,
Are dimly floating through the fragrant air—
I dream beneath the blooming apple trees:

A merry orchestra of nymphs and fays
Has gathered in the pine tree's elfin shade,
With naiad shell and fairy reed and string,
While Minturn Peck the magic baton sways.
And when the band his "Rhymes and Roses," played,
The dryads' voices made the woodlands ring!

And now I have not time for even a line from George G. Prentice, imported from New England to Kentucky. His *Closing Year* is all but as well known as *Thanatopsis,* but he is known as a poet almost exclusively by this poem, though in my

opinion he wrote at least a dozen others of almost equal beauty and power.

Madison Cawein, who died but a few years ago, while still a young man, gave the world almost as large a volume of poetry as did Robert Browning. William Dean Howells and Edmund Gosse, two of the leading critics in America and England, long ago accorded Cawein a high place in American poetry. His lines are replete with verbal felicities and striking figures. But I have found few readers who could quote a whole stanza of his poetry. He has no message at all that I can discover. And by message I do not mean lesson or moral sermon. I mean that his poems as wholes mean nothing in the larger unit. His genius was for lines and phrases, for word inventions and most unusual and surprising similes and metaphors. This does not make poetry though it may highly adorn it. But just as rhyme and metrics and versatile and well modulated rhythm are not in themselves poetry, so the felicitous phrase and the magic figure and the surprising simile can never make a poem. *Break, Break, Break* is a poem, brief but complete, and a poem not made by the magic line "Thy cold gray stones, O sea." It would be a matter of small trouble to gather a string of glittering poetic beads from any one of Cawein's numerous volumes. But aside from a single poem written just before his untimely death, which may be considered his swan song, I have never felt any one of his poems as a whole. But this poem is one of the finest that has appeared in American literature in a decade.

This is the truth as I see it, my dear,
Out in the wind and the rain:
They who have nothing have little to fear—
Nothing to lose or to gain.
Here by the road at the end o' the year,
Let us sit down and drink of our beer,
Happy-Go-Lucky and her Cavalier,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, hey, isn't it fine,
Out in the wind and the rain?
Now we have nothing, why snivel and whine?
What would it bring us again?
When I was young I took you like wine,

Held you and kissed you and thought you divine—
Happy-Go-Lucky, the habit's still mine,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old Heart, what a life we have led,
Out in the wind and the rain!
How we have drunken and how we have fed!
Nothing to lose or to gain.
Cover the fire now; get we to bed.
Long is the journey and far has it led.
Come, let us sleep, lass, sleep like the dead,
Out in the wind and the rain.

Cawein was in league with the genii of wood and stream and he gathered his gems on some fairy shore. It seems to me a pity that he did not use them for adornment, as a beautiful woman dresses well without calling attention to her jewels. May I express in sonnet form a conception of Cawein:

I saw him standing with his ear a-tilt
As if he heard strange music in the wood—
Some concert by his fairy brotherhood—
Or drops of song by spirit-redbird spilt
Where southwinds tossed them till he felt the lilt
Of love that pulsed in rhythm through his blood;
And then I knew my poet understood
Where dryads made their home and song-birds built.

And I have learned who schooled him in the tongue
Of elfland, wood, and naiad stream,
Inspired and then interpreted his dream,
And taught him all the songs that he has sung:
'Twas she no mortal eye did ever scan
But his—the daughter of the wood-god Pan.

In my opinion, Cale Young Rice is far superior to Cawein as a poet. His poetry has meaning as a whole. There is synthesis in his lines and stanzas, and this I cannot find in Cawein. The first thing that any reader of Cale Young Rice will notice, is his love for the sea, though oftentimes his utterance is inspired by the wind, the mountain, the season, and sometimes by a bird or flower. But whether he draws his inspiration from landscape or ocean, he is not a pictorial poet. Much less is he a poet-photographer. I would not say, however, that he is not

picturesque, for a single line often gives us a scene at once both beautiful and sublime.

> The fierce sea-sunset over the world
> Springs like a wounded spirit.

Or

> When the wind is low, and the sea is soft,
> And the far heat-lightning plays
> On the rim of the west where dark clouds rest
> On a darker bank of haze.

But Mr. Rice is not often concerned with detail of description. In this, as in his general attitude toward nature, he resembles Wordsworth more than he does Mathew Arnold, Keats or Shelly. And in what he omits, as well as in what he says and thinks, he is very unlike a host of contemporary poets. Madison Cawein lets nothing escape his eye. A painter could copy one of his descriptions and all but pass it off for a photograph. Conrad Aiken has more detail on a few pages of his *Earth Triumphant* than can be found in a whole volume of Mr. Rice. Amy Lowell sees a greater variety of natural (and sometimes unnatural) phenomena through a cobwebbed window than Mr. Rice has ever discovered from a mountain top. He is no petty poet, nor has he the microscopic eye. The sublimer aspects of nature appeal most powerfully to him. He is not concerned so much about what he sees as how he feels and what he thinks.

> "And I would that my tongue could utter,
> The thoughts that arise in me,"

seems always in his heart. Not the picture alone delights his eye, but something suggested by it disturbs him "with the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused whose dwelling is in the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air, and the blue sky and in the mind of man."

Mr. Rice is a poet of contemplation, of meditation. There is much of the brooding spirit in his poetry. And this is because he is philosopher as well as poet. He sees beyond the landscape. He delves into its hidden meaning, into the secrets that lie beyond the reach of eye or ear. He holds communion with

nature's visible forms, indeed, but more with her spirit. And the language that she speaks to him is the language of hope and faith and immortality. There are times, indeed, when darkness comes like a pall over his spirit, and hope for the moment wanes—times when he seems to fall "upon the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God," and though he stretch lame hands of faith and grope, he calls to what he feels is lord of all, and bravely trusts the larger hope. And always faith is at last triumphant. And so it is, much as he loves the face of the ocean, earth and sky, he is most of all concerned with her teachings, her mysteries, her inspiration.

But let him speak for himself:

> The universe is spread before my face,
> Worlds where perchance a million seas like this
> Are flowing and where tides of pain and bliss,
> Find, as on earth, so prevalent a place
> That nothing of their wont we there should miss.
> The Universe that man has dared to say
> Is but one Being—ah, courageous thought!
> Which is so vast that hope itself is fraught
> With shame, while saying it, and shrinks away.

It would be a pleasure to extend this criticism of Mr. Rice's poetry. His reputation is suffering probably from his inability so far, to make any poem stand out from his great mass of poetry like the *Vagabonds* of Trowbridge, or *Woodman, Spare That Tree* of G. P. Morris. There is almost a monotonous evenness in his poetic work. It is all far above the average verse, musical, finished, refined, delicate, artistic. But like most of the contemporary and for that mater all poetry, there is nothing that has especially called attention to him. With each new volume, I have looked for the advent of such a poem, but so far it has not appeared. I think I can best sum up my impressions of his genius and passions, his attitude toward nature and human nature in these lines:

> He loves the boom of breakers on the shore,
> The winds that lash the billows into foam;
> He loves the placid seas beneath the dome
> Of blue infinitudes—not less, but more;

He loves to brood upon the mystic lore
  Of silent stars above the silent seas,
  And feels the passion of infinities
Beyond, where only Faith would dare explore.

Thus groping after God has helped him find
  Divinity in man (where only sin
  And brutal lust have seemed to hedge him in),
And taught his heart that Fate is never blind.
That somehow, somewhere, now beyond our ken,
One day we'll understand the wrongs of men.

All of the southern poets have felt their kinship with the song birds. I have noted as many as ten poems to the mocking-bird. It would be interesting if we could read these poems in full. It would give us more than an understanding of each poet's technique. Often the interpretation of the music of the mocking bird is a revelation of a heart rife with song. What a revealment of personality in these lines from Albert Pike:

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

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

Many a poet writes only to relieve the tension of an overwrought heart. Such a song is that of Hilton Ross Greer in his Mockingbird.

Then, as if such riotings
Had consumed symphonic springs,
For a solemn space—a hush!
But once more a rhythmic gush,
Flashing downward, fleet and free,
Mad with mirthful minstrelsy;
Ravishing the raptured ear
With a cadence crystal-clear
As the laugh of limpid rain
In autumnal fields of grain:
Stilling spirit-strife and stress
With a rune of restfulness:
Purging blood and breast and brain
Of their poignant pangs of pain:
Rousing noble aims and true
In the slumbrous soul of you!

The Mockingbird at night by Paul Hamilton Hayne shows Mr. Hayne a songbird of scarcely less passion and versatility of rhythm than the king of song in birdland.

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night;
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while, for me,
Heart-thrilled to ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,

Till, as a fountain that has reached its height
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

What is more exquisite in all the range of music and poetry than the three sonnets by Sidney Lanier?

Trillets of humor—shrewdest whistle-wit—
  Contralto cadences of grave desire,
  Such as from off the passionate Indian pyre
Drift down through sandal-ordered flames that split
About the slim young widow who doth sit
  And sing above—midnight of tone entire—
  Tissues of moonlight shot with songs of fire;
Bright drops of tune, from oceans infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave
And trickling down the beak—discourses brave
Of serious matter that no man may guess—
Good-fellow greetings, cries of light distress—
  All these but now within the house we heard:
  O death, wast thou too deaf to hear the bird?

Ah me, though never an ear for song, thou hast
  A tireless tooth for songsters: thus of late
  Thou camest, Death, thou Cat! and leap'st my gate,
And, long ere Love could follow, thou hadst passed
Within and snotched away, how fast, how fast,
  My bird—wit, songs, and all—thy richest freight
  Since that fell time when in some wink of fate
Thy yellow claws unsheathed and stretched, and cast
Sharp hold on Keats, and dragged him slow away,
And harried him with hope and horrid play—
  Ay, him, the world's best wood-bird, wise with song—
  Till thou hast wrought thine own last mortal wrong.
    'Twas wrong! 'twas wrong! I care not, wrong's the word—
    To munch our Keats and crunch our mocking-bird.

Nay, Bird; my grief gainsays the Lord's best right.
  The Lord was fain, at some late festal time,
  That Keats should set all Heaven's woods in rhyme,
And thou in bird-notes. Lo, this tearful night,

Methinks I see thee, fresh from death's despite,
  Perched in a palm-grove, wild with pantomime,
  O'er blissful companies couched in shady thyme,
—Methinks I hear thy silver whistlings bright
Mix with the mighty discourse of the wise,
  Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,
'Midst of much talk, uplift their smiling eyes,
  And mark the music of thy wood-conceits,
  And halfway pause on some large, courteous word,
  And call thee "Brother," O thou heavenly Bird!

Frank L. Stanton, one of the greatest humorous poets that our country has produced, and next to Irwin Russel and Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the keenest interpreter of negro charactor, gives us the origin of the mockingbird in these lines.

He didn't know much music
  When first he came along;
An' all the birds went wonderin'
  Why he didn't sing a song.

They primped their feathers in the sun,
  An' sung their sweetest notes;
An' music jest come on the run
  From all their purty throats!

But still that bird was silent
  In summer time an' fall;
He jest set still an' listened,
  An' he wouldn't sing at all!

But one night when them songsters
  Was tired out an' still,
An' the wind sighed down the valley
  An' went creepin' up the hill;

When the stars was all a-tremble
  In the dreamin' fields o' blue,
An' the daisy in the darkness
  Felt the fallin' o' the dew—

There come a sound o' melody
  No mortal ever heard,
An' all the birds seemed singin'
  From the throat o' one sweet bird!

Then the other birds went Mayin'
  In a land too fur to call;
Fer there warn't no use in stayin'
  When one bird could sing fer all!

No one with the slightest impulse for song can restrain his pen, once he comes under the spell of the southern mocking bird. I can testify myself that at times I have been so enthralled by his music that I was unable to do anything else until the spell was broken, and the spell was never broken until the song had ceased. I hope, therefore, that I may be pardoned for expressing my mocking bird emotions in these lines:

Whence is thy song,
Voluptuous soul of the amorous South?
Oh! whence the wind, the rain, the drouth;
The dews of eve; the mists of morn;
The bloom of rose; the thistle's thorn;
Whence light of love; whence dark of scorn;
Whence joy; whence grief; Death, born of wrong—
Ah! whence is life ten thousand passions throng?
Thence is thy song!

Thou singest the rage of jealous Moor,
The passionate love of Juliet;
Thy villanous art can weave a net
With shreds of song, that never yet
Hath lover escaped, however noble and pure.
Ophelia's broken heart is thine,
And Desdemona's, true and good;
Thou paintest the damned spot of blood
That will not out in stain or line!
Oh Lear! Oh Fool! Oh Witch Macbeth!
And wonderous Hamlet in a breath!
Who knows thy heart? thy song? thy words?
Thou Shakespeare in the realm of birds!

This paper has already extended beyond the limits I had intended, and I have not even mentioned the names of all of the Kentucky poets of talent and note. A few years ago Robert Burns Wilson ranked high among the poets of America. Henry T. Stanton made a national reputation on a single poem, *The Moneyless Man*. Will H. Hays was the most noted writer of popular songs in America a generation ago. His *Molly Darling* has been sung the world around. O'Hara is known almost exclusively by the *Bivouac of the Dead*, which has been committed to memory by thousands of readers. I would like to refer to other well known poets of Kentucky and the South, such as Olive Tilford Dargan, but lack of space forbids. Edwin Carlile

Litsey is a true poet, though better known as a writer of short stories and novels. The following taken almost at random from his volume of beautiful verse, *Spindrift*, will give the reader the flavor of his poetry. This book deserves careful and sympathetic reading by lovers of poetry.

O how I love the sturdy, patient trees!
Naught else in Nature holds a charm like these.
Whether in calm, when ghostly words are flung
From leaf to leaf in mystic, wildwood tongue;
Or whether in the awful time of storm,
When each assumes a wild, majestic form,
And, whipped to fury by the goading blast,
Shrieks out its challenge to the tempest vast!
I love them sleeping in the arms of night;
I love them in the blush of morning's light,
In midday's glare when all the leaves rejoice,
And rustle sylvan secrets in low voice,
And bird notes wake the silence above
In dreamy chirps and croonings of wild love—
I love them then; and yet, again when low
The sun is swinging in the western glow,
It is my joy to stand enrapt and calm,
And feel the blessings of the forest's balm.

And this:

Formless and still, close wrapped in darkness dense,
The summer landscape breathed its redolence;
Till, touched by moon-dawn—a magician's rod—
It bloomed a flower in the hand of God.

And

THE HUNGRY HEART.

You've given me an honored place
I know I have the power to grace.

You've given me your worthy name,
Free from reproach, or cloud or blame.

Your mansion rising granite strong,
Will shelter me my whole life long.

Your wealth is mine to squander free,
And hosts of women envy me.

In ease and luxury I abide
From morning glow to eventide.

I'd give it all to hear you say
A little word of love each day.

David Morton has already won a secure place in poetic literature, his sonnets taking high rank among the critics. But we can give no more space to this paper. The names of other Kentucky poets have already been referred to in pages of the Quarterly and can not be mentioned again. If this paper leads the teachers of Kentucky and in the Southland to turn the pages of Southern Poetry in search of literature worthy to place before their students it will have accomplished all and even more than I dare hope.

Note.—The quotations in this article are taken from poems that appear in the following works: Library of Southern Literature, published by The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia; Southern Literature, by Louise Manly, published by The B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.; Southern Literary Readings by Leonidas Warren Payne, Jr., published by Rand McNally & Company, Chicago; Poems of Henry Timrod, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company; Poems of Sidney Lanier, Charles Scribners Sons, New York; Collected Plays and Poems of Cale Young Rice, and Earth and New Earth by Cale Young Rice, both published by Doubleday, Page, New York; Spindrift, by Edwin Carlile Litsey, published by John P. Morton & Company, Louisville, Ky.; Poems, by Robert Loveman, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Phila.; At the End of the Road, Madison Cawein in the Bellman, 1914.

AIMS.

If I can sing a cheerful lay
To make some sad heart lighter;
If I can smile one sunny smile
To make some dark path brighter;
If I can speak a hopeful word
To ease a heart in pain,
My living in this need filled world
Shall not have been in vain.

If I can lend a strengthening hand
To help a weaker brother;
If I can throw an arm around
Some little one er other;
If I can share a crust of bread
To ease some pang of hunger;
If I can speak a helpful word
To someone who is younger;
If I can tell a soul of love,
And prove it by my living,
I'll do the best that can be done
In this old world, by giving.

—Alice Hazel Wood