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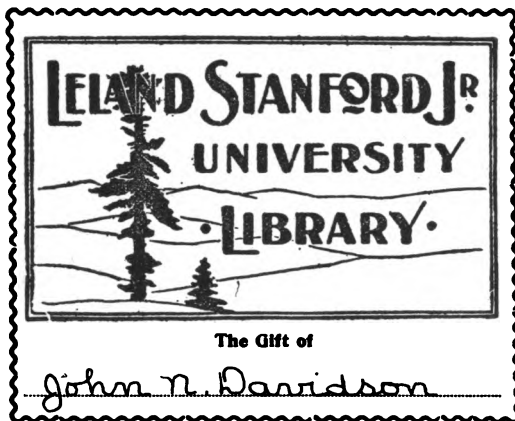
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"THIS OLD, OLD LAND
THAT MEN CALL NEW"

THE RHYMED STORY
OF WISCONSIN

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

JOHN NELSON DAVIDSON, A. M.

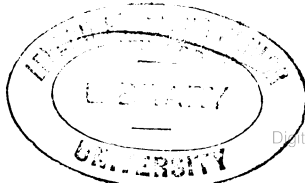
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IN MEMORIAM.

To him who sleeps in mountain grave alone,
Whose lips unkissed breathed out this mortal life,
Whom now I know not nor have ever known,
Who died afar from home and child and wife:—

*With her he wept not parting tears alone,
But doubly mourning. For a babe, their own,
In that last sleep that comes to all they laid
Where falls the old church's westward peaceful shade.
He toward the setting of the sun must lead
His little comp'ny. Not mere covetous greed
For gold possessed him as the outstretched plain
He traversed, hoping for an honest gain.—*

To him, my father (of that untold host
Prophetic of a nation's vast increase
From inland prairies to Pacific's coast,
Soldiers of peace who asked nor found release
Till, duty done, they gained that distant shore;
Not all, for death and plague claimed many a life;
He, where the Rockies hear the storm-wind's roar,
Fell under weight of the unequal strife
With fierce disease in far-off summer days,
And there they made his lone and unmarked grave),—
To him this poor memorial I would raise,
My father, faithful, loving, true and brave.

WISCONSIN.

Founded in justice was our state;
And as our fountains, full and great,
Have vast, deep sources in the sea,
So for our gift of liberty,
For our true history's noblest page,
Read of a second pilgrimage:—
A Mayflower bore it toward the West.
The triumph know: the strife to wrest
These lands of lakes from slavery's shame.
And learn Manasseh Cutler's fame;
Read that prophetic Ordinance
Whose passage marked a world's advance.



Æolian music breathes from fragrant pines;
There's treasure hidden in our deep, dark mines;
There's double beauty in the stars that gleam
When night sleeps deeper and the low winds dream;
Again they shine in twice a thousand lakes
That multiply our suns when morning wakes.

“This Old, Old Land That Men Call New.”



I.

Wisconsin, thou hast many a tongue;
In each hath glorious praise been sung.
The sons of England tell her glory,
Their kinsmen dwell on Scotland's story;
And Celtic speech of rugged Wales,
Of Irish mirth and Highland tales,
Hath sung the praise of saint and sage;
Read all on minstrel-written page,
Tear-marred with drops that fell like rain
And told of heroes' joy and pain.
These tongues are thine; they count thy days,
They speak, Wisconsin fair, thy praise.

II.

Nor these alone! Where Alpine snow
Makes white the skies, where glaciers glow
With promise of the mountain stream;
Where lakes are fair as painter's dream:
There music beareth varied speech,
But truth and love are heard in each.
And all the words of every tongue
'Mid mountains heard, o'er waters flung;
The speech that praised those men of old
Who bought their land but not with gold:
These tongues are thine; they count thy days,
Our own loved state! they speak thy praise.

III.

Those who have sung "Die Wacht am Rhein"
 On German hills where grows the vine;
 Those who have dwelt where upper air
 Bears sea-flung foam and, dwelling there,
 Have felt secure 'gainst wave and tide;
 Those who have Northern seas defied;
 Those who on plains of sunny France
 Have mingled in the harvest dance;
 Those who Bohemia's story know,
 Or trodden Poland's fields of snow:
 Their tongues are thine; they count thy days,
 Our chosen state! they speak thy praise.

IV.

And many a tale in varied speech
 Now dwells upon the lips of each.
 The Frenchman tells of Nicolet,
 Of Radisson and Groseilliers,
 And one, a martyr bold and brave,
 Who in our forests found a grave,
 Menard of pure and revered name.
 To win the lost for Christ he came.
 No others of those early days
 Have better right to claim our praise.
 They trod the unknown wilderness
 Or rode the waves 'mid storm and stress.

V.

Then came the days of lengthened strife,
 Of bullet-whistle, gleam of knife,
 And horror of barbaric fight.
 In that long war's tumultuous night
 Gaul strove with Outagamie bold.
 His hard-won victory scarce was told
 When mightier enemies appeared,
 Whom Gaul held great and Indian feared,—
 The Briton and his colonist.
 In cold and heat, in sun and mist
 They measured in their triumphs great
 Those realms where now is many a state.

VI.

Then from the Arctic's frozen seas
To gulf shores low, in tropic ease,
The flag of Britain held domain;
An empire won as war's rich gain.
Then heard these woods our English tongue.
"God save the king!" new voices sung.
Where Radisson had made his way
Came Carver in this later day.
Adventurous hero! Well he told
No fables of a land of gold.
"Here nations great shall rise," he said,
"Where Indian foes have fought and bled."

VII.

Montcalm and Wolfe! Their mortal fray
This fair land freed from Bourbon sway.
And in that struggle were set free
Two lands that now seek liberty,¹
Wronged Cuba and the Philippines.
By one of those unpardoned sins
That kings commit these lands to Spain
Again were given. A prince insane
In later years and never wise
Saw not great things with his dull eyes,
Recked not what nobler men had done,
Ignobly gave what they had won.

VIII.

Small wit or virtue in a king
Wakes loudest praise; court poets sing
And bishops prate as if this man
Had wise accord with God's own plan.
Misled by solemn churchmen's cant
And Tory statesmen's silly rant
The stupid George felt called to rule.
Now had it been some parish school
Wherein he exercised his sway,
Heard boys recite and watched them play,
None need have mourned; nor empire great
Bemoaned his folly and its fate.

¹ Written in Wisconsin's semi-centennial year,—the year of the Spanish war.

IX.

But foolish hands on empire laid
 In royal weakness, havoc made.
 Those who were friends now foes become.
 Again for war the hateful drum
 Beat wide alarm; and George then learned
 That men who Charles and James had spurned
 Held nations greater than their kings
 And crowns they ranked with worthless things.
 Nor were those voices heard alone
 On ocean's westward side; the throne
 Ill pleased heard Burke; and Chatham great
 Deplored the rending of the state.

X.

Yet that vast empire rent apart
 Gave double place for mind and heart
 Of Norman, Saxon, Teuton, Celt.
 And so whatever men once felt
 Of hate or anger now we know
 The Motherland as friend not foe.
 Yet are we glad and count it gain
 That in the allotment of domain
 This realm we proudly call our own
 To five-fold statehood grandly grown
 By our wise statesmen's claim was won,
 A claim made just by deeds well done.

XI.

Deeds that recall an honored name,—
 George Rogers Clark,—whose splendid fame
 Awakes our pride but calls for tears
 That mourn his fault of later years.
 Nor should our record fail to say
 In tale of that adventurous day
 That old Virginia sent him forth.
 So this fair region of the North
 The Old Dominion once called hers;
 Then but a land of fish and furs;
 Of Indian huts, of ill-wrought mines,
 Of traders wandering 'mid the pines.

Let our song change its tone;
Rest we from our lengthened story,
Tales of battle, grim and gory;
Let us go where alone
Each in the morn, or the eve, or the noon
May delight in the glory of this day in June;
May see what the hunter of the old time saw,
May see the summer's promise free from fault or flaw.

*A
Day
in
June.*

Delay, delay,
Thou glorious day,
Haste not, O radiant sun,
To say, "My journey's done."
Though the high stars shine
In the eve's decline;
Though the far west glows
With the colors of the rose,
Not so much we long for these
As for footsteps of the breeze
On the trees new-crowned,
On the silent, tender grasses that nestle on the ground

Delay, delay,
O glorious day.
Night will hide the beauty of the new-made leaf,
Night will hide the promise of the full-eared sheaf,
Night will hide the candelabra of the fragrant pine,
Night will darken arbored thickets where the wild grapes twine.

Delay, delay,
O leaved and blossomed day.
In the night is heard
Neither song of bird
Nor the wild bee's hum.
O dumb, dumb, dumb,
Is the night compared with day;
Somber, somber, its array.
Shine on, shine on, O hours of light.
Away, away, ye shades of night.
In the day we see the vesture of the white-clad birch;
Wild roses and the columbine reward our happy search;
We listen to the rustle of the maple's pendent seeds,
And we see the wood-girt meadow where the white flock feeds.
Haste not, haste not away,
Unselfish, happy day!

XII.

And thus renewed the trader's day
 Shines once again; we walk his way.
 He saw the beauty of our June
 And knew deep forests where the noon
 Had feeble light; and when the year
 Awoke from winter's sleep and fear
 He saw th' imperial robes put on
 That forests wear when frosts have gone;
 Saw those yet richer than the days
 Of autumn, in chromatic maze,
 Emblazon on the palmate leaf,—
 Surpassing splendor all too brief!



*Twice are
 Wisconsin's
 Woods
 Aflame.*

Twice are Wisconsin's woods aflame.
 First when the springtime's early gush
 Of April rain has brought the flush
 Of budding red to velvet leaves
 On ancient oaks, and all the trees,
 Kissed by the loving joyous breeze,
 Blush like a maid in faultless shame.

Nor leaves alone fling back the light
 In glowing hues to gladdened eyes
 Awaiting Nature's sweet surprise
 The new-formed boughs in bronze or brown
 And tasseled blossoms form a crown
 Worthy those monarchs of renown
 The forest kings in splendor bright.

The blossomed orchards call the bee;
 Wild apples, harsh in knot and name
 Give pledge of fruit in lines of flame
 Writ fair on page of fragrant white.
 And, at the passing of the night,
 The heavy dews, in blaze of light,
 Greet welcome day, as shadows flee.

Then when the cricket's shrill-toned call
Proclaims the time of ripened corn,
Of lengthened eve and later morn;
When noontide shadows longer grow,
And changeful winds swift journeys know,
And streamlets creep with lessened flow;
When red haws ripen, walnuts fall,—

Then wondrous flames in forests creep,
A burning that doth not consume
But gloweth bright as springtime's bloom.
The maple hangs her banners out
And mingles red (in careless rout)
And gold, with elm leaves strewn about,
Adrift from boughs where squirrels leap.

Then at October's frosty call
There drop, where deer once made a path
And lynxes met their foes in wrath,
The leaves that soon in autumn rain
Shall fade in forest, field or plain
And hide, with never thought of pain,
The dreamless bed prepared for all.



XIII.

There let them sleep whose sturdy forms
Confronted forests, seas and storms;
Faced foes unseen of precious life,—
Disease and hurt and Indian knife,
And with those men of older time,
Forget not one whose name with rhyme ¹
Hath slight accord; our rocky slopes
When rich with first of springtime's hopes
He trod and found anemones,
Those that his name now bear; they please
The favored dweller on the hills;
The devotee whom Nature thrills.

¹ Thomas Nuttall, the botanist. Scientifically the flower is *anemone patens*, var. *Nuttalliana*.

*Downy-
Stemmed
Anemones.*

Downy-stemmed anemones,
 Growing on the hillside!
 I know where to find them.
 Where stones lie not far below
 Or amid the grass they show
 Where the rootlets bind them;
 There anemones may hide,
 Downy-stemmed anemones.

Downy-stemmed anemones!
 I know where to find them;
 Where no farmer runs his plow,
 Nor the feet of sheep or ox
 Press too oft above the rocks
 Hid beneath the rough hill's brow;
 There in wreaths they wind them.—
 Children wind anemones.

Downy-stemmed anemones!
 I know when to find them.
 When the earth is rid of snow
 And the northward breezes come,
 When in sunshine blue flies hum
 Early grains the farmers sow
 (Wind and sun half blind them);
 Hunt then for anemones.

Downy stemmed anemones!
 I know who will find them
 Fair in color all their own:
 Boys set free from books for play,
 Girls made glad in sunny day
 Seek,—where seed by wind was sown,
 Sunward looking, hill behind them,—
 Seek the first anemones.



XIV.

What legend Nature's volume fills!
What tales are written on these hills!
Here ancient glaciers made their way,
The very earth once seemed their prey
And where ice streams were turned aside
The barren earth cold skies defied.
"This old, old land that men call new,"
Hath oldest part now fair to view,
Where wrecks of mountains write their age
On that long undeciphered page,
That tells where once an island old,
Waged war with oceans uncontrolled.



When there were none to count the years,
When earth was not a place for tears,
 When yet there were no graves,
 This ancient land rose from the deep
Rose with the throbbing of the earth
That gave a continent its birth,
 That set a bound to waves
 And broke creative night and sleep.
In vain would be the ambitious thought
To tell what things have here been wrought
 Since earth-crust bare and drear
 Beat back the heated ocean vast.
Nor moon nor sun could tell the tale.
In tones to make men's hearts to quail
 And frightened nations fear
 Old Ocean might reveal the past.
For here, foam-crowned, the waves once broke,
A seething mass, in angry stroke,
 Asserting right to reign;
 Here fierce the strife of sea and land
Was fought while yet the plastic rock,
Crushed upward by creating shock,
 Lay struggling as in pain,
 As foe is held by victor's hand!

*Isle
Wisconsin.*

But Ocean keeps his secrets well,
 And raging winds refuse to tell
 What deeds they here have done.
 Here, quivering yet with yielding heat,
 By cloud-mass hid from noon and morn,
 A mighty continent was born
 Unseen by star and sun,
 Unformed, chaotic, incomplete.

What form or shape of creeping thing
 To Mother Earth did portent bring
 Of changes yet to be?
 What sound, save roar of storm first broke
 Upon the dark and burdened air,
 (Though bearing yet no sigh of care)?
 What voice was first in glee?
 What timid bird to song awoke?

When later-born Himalayas high
 Leaped vast to fill the vacant sky
 Felt thou the wondrous thrill?
 When deep the treasures of the mine
 Sought forming earth and hid them there,
 When first the forest graced the air
 And shook at storms' wild will
 Thou gav'st them place and made them thine!

Most ancient of old earth's old lands!
 (We read from rocks now worn to sands)
 Thou hast the first-born's right,
 With seas long strife was thine, and play.
 A kinsman thou to mountains old
 Enrobed in pines and rich in gold
 Thou child of primal night,
 Thou still hast youth in full-orbed day!



XV.

Before the other streams that feed
The Mississippi's constant greed
Had even place whereon to be
Wisconsin's rivers met the sea.
That sea, displaced by rising earth,
Left inlet or a narrowed firth;
Thus was the Mississippi born
In that far-off creative morn.
And here most ancient part we know
Of that vast realm whose streamlets flow
To join the Mississippi's flood,
Great artery of a planet's blood!



No single stream, thou river Everywhere! ¹
See'st high the pole-star, bright in northern air;

*The
Mississippi.*

 And where the unwearied tides
 Made strong with strength of all the mighty seas
Thy burden lift for thee, Canopus² burns.
Full tribute thine from shades where grow the ferns;
 From mountain-cleft where hides
The treasured snow till wooed by southern breeze.

When Appalachian forests feel the light
And shade thy eastern fountains still the night
 Reigns dark in mountain gloom
 Where high Montana holds thy western springs.
Divided empire thine 'twixt dark and day,
From pine to cypress hast thou lengthened way;—
 Room, boundless deep, make room.
Unmeasured gift the mighty river brings.

¹ According to good authority the word or, rather, the combination of words, "Mississippi," means the "Everywhere river," and not merely the "Great river."

² The star next to Sirius in brightness. It is visible on the gulf coast but not farther north.

What catalogue is thine in rhythmic name
 Of lakes so fair they have no need of fame;
 Of tributaries old
 That gave thee first thy being and endure
 While mountains wasting turn old seas to land;
 Of states majestic in a nation grand;
 Of northern forests cold;
 Of cities great, from foe and war secure!
 On bare Archean islands hadst thou birth
 When heated seas fled back from rising earth,
 Earth with no tears nor smiles.
 The massive walls that guard thy westward plain
 Slept then unroused beneath a sunless sea;
 Than mountains older art thou that to thee
 Through thrice a thousand miles
 Roll dark the floods thou bearest to the main.
 "Eternal river," men once called thee; men
 Who pierced the forest; sought the gray wolf's den;
 Nor Indian arrow feared;
 For gain the trader; priest our God to please.
 Fit was the name they gave thee, mighty stream.
 Thou shalt endure till earth with rent and seam
 Grown old and scarred and seared
 Shall waste the floods from tideless, dying seas!



XVI.

These measurements of passing years
 Make man's day, with its hopes and fears,
 Exceeding brief; in awe we stand
 Read records written by that Hand
 Whose might hath shaped a thousand suns.
 Their message see in light that runs
 From world to world. But humbler task
 Employs our verse; in reverence ask
 And learn, if waves will answer thee,—
 Waves of a great, once greater, sea
 That beat on iron-reddened shores,
 On rocks unmoved though storm-wind roars.

Speak, solemn Cheq-u-am-e-gon!
Tell thou of mammoth, bird or fawn,
 Thou'st known upon thy shores
 O tell who launched thy first canoe,
First felt the heaving of thy breast;
First made him in thy woods a guest
 Here where the forest roars?
 When heard'st thou first his wild halloo?

*Cheq-u-
am-e-
gon
Bay.*

Let him who'd count thy centuries past
Confront the storms when billows vast
 By northern winds upborne,
 Hurl ice against the reddened rocks.
Then let him number blow ^{and} blow,
As Arctic storm-blasts come and go
 And bending pine-trees mourn.
 Count then thy years by storm's wild shocks!



XVII.

Yet standing on this ancient coast
And pressing rocks that seem to boast
Their age compared with life of man
We learn how little worth mere span
Of years or centuries. Better know
Man's generous joy; his short-lived woe;
"One crowded hour of glorious life;"
Alternate thrill of peace and strife
Than be for a thousand years mere rock.
Again of heroes' prowess talk:
Here came explorers bold; here reared
Defence 'gainst foes they justly feared.

XVIII.

Thus in unnamed Wisconsin stood
 First shelter (chiefly boughs of wood)
 Constructed by a white man's hand.
 And here on Cheq-u-am'gon's strand
 Its jangling bells their warning gave
 Of midnight foe or Indian knave.
 Where these alarming sounds had rung
 The mass-bell and the censer swung
 When with the traders Allouez came
 And founded with his zeal aflame
 The mission of the Holy Ghost
 And blessed with prayer this new-found coast.

XIX.

He blessed with prayer the homes then here,—
 The homes of men who fled in fear
 From Iroquois in distant East
 Whose triumph, sung at dance and feast,
 Cost many a tribe its bravest, best.
 Nor knew the exiles that the West
 Held other enemies athirst
 For war and blood; their name accurst
 (The Sioux, the leagued Dakotas great)
 In deep Algonquin words of hate
 Means beast and enemy and snake;
 These warred on dwellers by our lake.

XX.

They warred and won the fierce-fought fight.
 Thus came the sad and bloody night
 Of that old mission's darkened day.
 One hundred three score years the ray
 Of gospel light extinct remained.
 Then men of simpler rite here gained
 Access to Ojibway heart and home.
 Nor did the priest of ancient Rome
 Forget the field; we thus enshrine
 Those names once joined in work divine,
 Loved Ayer, Baraga and Hall,
 Responsive to their Master's call.

XXI.

O beauteous island once their home!
Sweet Madeline where tourists roam
Hence Boutwell went whose Latin gave
Itasca's name; and here the brave
And sainted Wheelers long abode.
These waters deep the frail craft rode
That bore endangered lives who came
Unheedful of coarse sneer or blame
To seek, as did their Lord, the lost.
In wind and calm, in heat and frost,
They followed paths the Indian made
Through drifted snows or forest shade.

XXII.

And hither came, in earlier day,
The traders bold; no summer's play
Was theirs who roamed with brave Du Luth.
Their hands were strong, and skilled to shoot.
What realms these great explorers trod,
Dominions long and empires broad!
They found the Indian's narrow trail,
Traced crooked streams or spread the sail
Where rivers widen into lakes.
What piteous shame, for their brave sakes,
That Bourbon fools had power to fling
A cont'nent as a worthless thing!

XXIII.

Wronged soldiers of an unjust king!
We claim you as our own and sing
Your praise in this unworthy verse.
Rewards were not for you; the curse
Corrupted courts spread far and near
Reached you while striving many a year
For glory of ungenerous France,
Your own loved land of song and dance.
But songs should cease when wrongs are done;
And dances end when God's sweet sun
Sees fair homes wronged, and dragonades
Fill all the land with Death's own shades.

XXIV.

Songs ended and the dancing ceased.
 Foul deeds and festering wrongs increased
 Till Bourbon rule was swept away
 In fury of tumultuous day.
 These things ye knew not, could not know.
 For summer's heat and winter's snow
 Had hid from sight for year on year
 The eyes that once, undimmed and clear,
 Saw sharp-browed bluffs and rounded hills
 And prairie paradise that thrills
 Our hearts as yours; oh ye are ours,
 Brave wanderers 'mid our trees and flowers!

XXV.

And ours those men whose greater might
 Displaced the Bourbon's vaunted right;
 Colonial boys,—bold hearts, strong arms,—
 And those who came 'mid war's alarms,
 By Chatham sent, to extend the sway
 Of God-made kings whom all obey.
 (Not puppets on a gilded throne
 But true-born kings whose right we own.)
 The untitled George¹ of Braddock's field
 Shows power his sovereign could not wield.
 For us these heroes victories won;
 For us their glorious work was done.

XXVI.

Great-hearted Wolfe at old Quebec,
 'Mid Bourbon empire's crash and wreck,
 Thanked God for victory, bought with life,
 The climax of a lengthened strife.
 Is he not ours? He fought and died
 That English law, not despot's pride,
 Might rule this extended fair domain,
 War's glorious prize yet freedom's gain.
 Are those not ours who with him fought?
 For states to be they strove and wrought.
 Here built for freedom shrine on shrine.
 Wisconsin! these are justly thine.

¹ One can not but think that the "George" in Washington's name shows the political sympathies of his father. A Tory would not have given his son, in that time of conflict between the Jameses and the Georges, the name of two sovereigns of the House of Hanover. And yet Augustine Washington's grandfather came to Virginia probably an adherent of the Stuarts.

XXVII.

Two conflicts great have filled this land.
The first raged from Atlantic's strand
To depths of unknown wilderness.
That time was long: that warred distress.
That strife began in William's day
Nor ended till the Frenchman's sway
Had ceased in North America.
No governmental replica
Though formed by royal art might stand.
The people here would take command
Nor worship image of a king,
Poor copy of a worthless thing!

XXVIII.

The second strife called justly great?
Not that when lawyers wrote "the state"
In place of "king." For Britons free,
True Britons born this side the sea,
Claimed rights that always were their own
No more; until they, bolder grown,
Thrust George's hated rule aside
And royal words and threats defied.
No revolution can that be
That left as it had found men free;
Not victims of disorder's maw
But subjects of continuing law.

XXIX.

The second conflict was the strife
That threatened once our nation's life.
The story often has been told.
O veterans gray! O soldiers bold!
Inspir'ing memories ye gave.
Ye saved the Union, freed the slave.
The world has known no manlier fight
Than that ye made for God and right.
Nine times ten thousand hence went forth
From this new state in distant North.
What sent them forth, our bravest, best?
What steeled their hearts to stand war's test?

XXX.

Our homes, our churches, and our schools
 Had taught the Master's blessed rules
 Of sacrifice. "Deny thyself;
 Take up thy cross." Did ever self
 Make strong the heart? Can men be brave
 Unless they seek the lost to save?
 Lost was the nation but for those
 Who battle's danger freely chose.
 Saved was the nation when her sons
 Confronted bravely hostile guns.
 Made offering of their lives, their all,
 At their imperiled country's call.

XXXI.

Wisconsin's sons had noble part
 In this great service; mind and heart
 Burned hot with patriotic flame.
 Who made the homes whence these men came,
 These ninety thousand men and more
 Who faced death in the battle's roar?
 Men who themselves had built our state,
 Had made her loyal, free and great.
 Whence came they? Ask New England hills;
 The proud state ask whose greatness fills
 Expanse from ocean to the lakes
 Where deep Niagara's thunder shakes.

XXXII.

Wise builders of the state! for they
 Established in their early day
 Our churches, schools and Christian homes.
 These better are than gilded domes,
 And nobler far than stately halls,
 And stronger than the massive walls
 That fold defended cities round;
 These surer are than moat or mound
 As proved defences of the state.
 Our fathers made Wisconsin great.
 Trained in such lineage our youth
 Could ride and shoot and speak the truth!

XXXIII.

But not alone the fathers came
From distant Eastern hills aflame
With burning zeal for liberty.
And not alone the inland sea
Spread broad its course for those who sought
Homes where no man was sold or bought.
The extended river Everywhere,
The Mississippi deep and fair,
Bore from the South a pilgrimage
Of those who hated Slavery's rage.
And these true sons helped free their land
When war-time spoke its stern command!

XXXIV.

And fleeing from another wrong
There came 'mid migrants' restless throng
Those exiles who, for conscience' sake,
Most loved Germania forsake.
And other exiles crossed the seas
Their children's cherished hopes to please.
The peasant of old Europe's fields
Is here the citizen who wields
A power once held by kings alone!
So has enfranchised manhood grown.
And now we celebrate in song
Our blending peoples, tested, strong.



*Wisconsin
Song.*

Wisconsin, favored state,
 In Union true and great
 With East and West;
 One people, happy, free,
 With realm of South are we,
 With dwellers by the sea;
 A nation blest.

They came from far and near
 Who hold Wisconsin dear
 And love her best.
 From lands of German name,
 Bohemia's fields of fame,
 Home-seeking wanderers came
 And here found rest.

From ancient Italy,
 From Norway, brave and free,
 In deed and name;
 From Wales, sweet land of song;
 From England, proud and strong;
 From Poland, suffering long;
 Our pilgrims came.

Though seas roll dark between
 The Irish fields of green
 And our fair land,
 Here Celt and Saxon find
 Sweet homes and ties that bind
 With faithful hearts and kind
 From Holland's strand.

From Scotland's lochs and braes,
 Sweet theme of poet's praise;
 From Alpine height;
 From land of Swede and Dane,
 From France, that fair domain;
 From war-trod Belgic plain;
 Came men of might.

They who loved home-land well
 In happy song now tell
 A tend'rer love
 Of homes that here abound
 Where peace and joy are found,
 And dearer ties have bound
 To God above.

Land of the oak and pine,
The prairie and the mine,
Our chosen state;
One people would we be,
Our nation serve and thee
In loyal duty free;
God make thee great!



XXXV.

The toilers of the fields and mines,
The men who felled the oaks and pines,
Who did their work unknown to fame;—
The fathers, mothers,—tend'rest name,—
Who built the home and school and church:
To these be praise! No need of search
For worthier subjects of our song,
Than labor's heroes, just and strong!

XXXVI.

Be this our hope for future days:
That faithful toil shall win men's praise;
That courage shall possess the soul;
That men shall hold, in wise control,
Their tempers, appetites, desires;
And strong in heart, like sturdy sires,
Shall love the truth and hate a lie;
Shall nobly live or bravely die;
And build the structure of the state
Of walls of manhood, true and great!

XXXVII.

But shall we leave unnamed the race
That everywhere hath left its trace
In legend, history and name?
Discoverers they ere Norsemen came.
Did Kuroshiwo's stream that sweeps
The North Pacific's soundless deeps
Bear hence from eastern Asia's isles
Some victims lured by ocean's wiles;
Whose kindred yet, perhaps, abide
Where Taguls Spanish rule defied?
Seek answer in the native speech
That falleth from the lips of each.

XXXVIII.

But ours is not the student's task
 To learn of speech or race; we ask
 What tribes have made their dwelling here?
 Who held our white men long in fear?
 Their names ye read on lake and stream;
 Their rich melodious words we deem
 For cities fit, for homes of men;
 And thus their accents live again.
 And tribes survive that here were found,
 Their children hold ancestral ground.
 And our deep shades have sheltered those
 Who fled from fellow-Indian foes.

XXXIX.

And some whose dim traditions tell
 Of western ocean's ebb and swell,—
 "The men of waters never still,"—
 Who bravely fought through good and ill
 For colonist of English speech;
 Who heard the good John Sergeant preach,
 'Midst whom the sainted Edwards taught
 (With Washington their warriors fought),—
 Their sons to unnamed Wisconsin came,
 Brought mem'ries of their better fame;
 Brought strange, quaint psalms; did Brainerd write
 Mohegan verse; these lines indite?



Lord, niyoppauweh kpittommon
 My voice paucheh thpokhauk;
 Ktennemmaunen baupohtommon,
 Nuhhuh dinneh thpoohquoh.

Neh unnuququeh wehook Christ auyaut,
 Wetuhhaumaut saint suh,
 Wpautennommuio waunneen okhen
 Auneh weenwommauyuq.

XL.

Amid these unknown words we read
That Name which forms the ample creed
Of thousand times ten thousand souls.
And where the dark Atlantic rolls
There dwelt the fragmentary tribes
Whose story, writ by unknown scribes,
Is half-forgotten; this we know
That Indian Occom long ago
In that great Name bade tribes unite,
Seek peace, love God, and do the right.
Thus trained in precepts true and great
These Brothertowns helped found our state.

XLI.

Forget not those who never trod
Wisconsin soil, yet laid the broad
And strong foundations of our state,
Who wrought that ord'nance just and great
Whose passage marked a world's advance;—
Wise Cutler of prophetic glance,
Dane who framed justice into law;—
They saved this land from slavery's maw.

XLII.

We debtors are to all who bought
With life our freedom; well they fought.
Hail brothers of Thermopylae,
Who died 'twixt mountain-side and sea!
Hail Maccabean hosts, whose cry
Of victory filled Judean sky!
Hail Martel, struggling for the Lord
Against the invading Arab horde.

XLIII.

For us his German forest home
Bold Herman freed from tyrant Rome;
For us was Magna Charta won;
For us Wat Tyler's deeds were done;
For us great Cromwell won the day
In conflict with a false king's sway;
For us the silent William's might
Shook off Spain's savagery and blight.

XLIV.

The nation, greater than the state,
 Shall end our song. No blinded fate
 Concealed beyond Atlantic storm
 America's majestic form
 Till nations learned the people's might.
 Till peoples learned God-given right,
 In this thy thought, O God, appears;
 Thy mighty plan divides the years.



Sing now the symbol of our chosen land,
 The banner of our hope, and prayer, and pride;
 Once 'neath its folds men sought foul wrong to hide,
 Atoned in blood. Men died on mount and strand
 That not one star from constellation grand
 That beams upon our flag should lose its place.
 Henceforth in glory let it bless with grace,
 With peace and mercy. Let the nation planned
 So wisely by the fathers count extent
 Not merely in her rivers, hills and plains,
 Nor measure greatness by the throng so bent
 On heaping high the treasure-house with gains
 Too oft ill-won; but let our colors blent
 In glorious union float where justice reigns!



The wind of the west bore a call from the sea
And an unknown world.
Said the voice, "Be ye free, be ye free, be free;
I've a flag unfurled;
The white of the cloud and the blue of the sky
And the low-gleaming red when the long days die.
Look aloft; see the stars as they westward go;
By their course, and the sun's, ye your guidance know."

*The
American
Flag.*

Then a mightier Voice than that of the sea,
From a higher world,
Said, "Go, be ye free, be ye free, be free,
Brave the sea, tempest-whirled.
The far shore unknown hath a place for you;
To your faith and your God be ye true, be true.
Look aloft, for your God will your leader be
Through the storm and the danger, the night and the sea."

Not alone did our pilgrims hear these calls
Who, in wise unrest,
Sought a sea-home dark within wooden walls
Borne far to the west
By the ship that in Plymouth's harbor lay
In the stress and the storm of a winter's day;
But all wisely just in their discontent
At wrongs that had filled a continent;
At false priests' lies, and at royal rage;
At castes that oppressed from age to age;
At wars unjust and at needless pain;
At the hurt of the poor, and at ill-got gain:
All who were moved in their souls to seek
A home for the bold or a place for the meek:
Pilgrims were these; and they hither came
Like the men of old led by cloud and flame.

And the wrong that would reach over land and sea
Found a flag unfurled
By the men of a mind and a purpose free
In their new-won world.
They fought; and men saw on the wind spread forth
A new standard bright;
It was fair with the white of the frozen North,
And with blue of night.
Of the night of the South, still and cloudless and deep.
In the flag where the stars that, when nations sleep,
Gleam with light in their changeless course, on the bed
Where the living sleep, on the grave of the dead.
It was flushed with the red of the morning sky
Seen aglow in the east when the long nights die.

But no nation yet hath been good or great
 Wherein men have not died for their God and the state.
 Did our land ever call on her sons in vain?
 In her need they have poured out their blood like rain.
 Deeper red's in the flag than the red in the sky
 Seen afar in the east when the long nights die:
 Deep as red of the crimsoned sacrifice
 When the patriot hero in striving dies.

Red the blood, white the soul, of the patriot true.
 Pure his gift of his life for the right that he knew,
 For his country's just cause,—justice ever is strong,
 Who would die or ask brothers to die for the wrong?
 "For the right! for the right!" is the patriot's cry.
 For the right heroes live, for the right they will die.
 So the flag bears the white of a soul unstained,
 A soul that true manhood's high honor hath gained.

The men of the covenant, bold, brave few,
 Held aloft as the sign of their faith the blue.¹
 It abides in the flag that their sons once bore
 'Gainst the royal hosts on Atlantic's shore.
 Like the fathers in conflict with cruel Dundee,—
 Like the fathers, the sons did not tremble nor flee.

And the white could not look on foul Slavery's stain;
 And the stars could not shine on its ill-got gain;
 For the white of a stainless soul they bear.
 They are stars that shine, not in upper air,
 Nor in shade, nor in night, nor in sun's eclipse,
 But seen by the seer of th' Apocalypse
 In the strong right hand of the Christ our Lord
 Whose word hath might like the thrust of the sword.

So the red is the crimsoned sacrifice
 When the patriot hero in striving dies.
 And an emblem the white of a soul unstained,
 A soul that pure manhood's true honor hath gained,
 And the blue is the sign of the faith of the few,—
 Of the men bold and brave of the covenant true.
 And the stars of the morn, in their brilliant array,
 Are the Lord's sign of promise of glorious day.
 And the red, white and blue, in our banner unfurled,
 Are the patriot's pride and a hope of the world!

¹ See the dedication of S. R. Crockett's book "The Men of the Moss-Hags."

Sunrise on the Lake.

I saw the building of a bridge of light,
All the way to the sun.

Would you know when it was done?

When the morning and the night
In a meeting of delight,
Their hands of blessing lifted on the new-born day;
When the wavelets on the lake
Heard the call, "Awake, awake!"
The call of the zephyr in its gladness and its play
It was then I saw the building of the bridge of light
All the way to the rising of the sun.

Would you know how it was done!

All the messengers that run
Swift between us and the sun
Made a pathway on the crest
Of each tiny wave and pressed
Waking waters vast and deep
Waking from their star-lit sleep;—
Silent messengers of light,
Gentle enemies of night,
Pressed on music of the wave
Till the yielding waters gave
Place and pier for bridge of light.
O the wonder of the sight
When the wavelets turned to gold
In the structure manifold
And the workmen of the sun
All their splendid task had done!

Then the message-bringing workmen of the full-orbed sun
Stopped them long enough to say
"It is done, well done
And the new-born day
Has a pathway all of light
Leading from the fleeing night
To the symbol of our God!
For the Lord is clothed in light.
Not to grave with folding sod
Man should turn for sermoned story
But to morn with light and glory.
Listen! Soon our word is done:
"Lord our God, thou art a Sun!"

Endeavor Home, 8 December, '99.

Two Rivers Song.

[The Indian name of Two Rivers is Ne-sho-tah.]

Where music of pines blends with roar of the lake,
 And foam-crested billows on roughened sands break;
 Where suns rise in splendor on Michigan's breast
 And sink in the glory of bright skies to rest;—
 Home, home, there 's my home;
 Ne-sho-tah, my heart's-love, wherever I roam.

There pillars of gold guard the temple of day:
 There light on the waves shows their joy and their play.
 Then night's dark'ning shades o'er the great waters creep
 And stars mark the hours when the weary may sleep.

CHORUS.

Though fierce blows the wind of the winter's wild storm,
 Our men, bold to brave it, have hearts true and warm.
 In homes safe and sheltered a softened light gleams
 And falls on the face of the babe as it dreams.

CHORUS.

O sweet is the breath of the summer so mild,
 And joyous the song of the glad-hearted child
 Who plays where the wild roses bloom on the shore,
 And hare-bells keep watch as the white sea-birds soar.

CHORUS.

There rivers first blend, and then give to the sea
 Their waters—their selves. Be this lesson for me.
 Who loseth life findeth, the Master hath said.
 He taught by the sea, and I walk where he led!

CHORUS.

Lincoln's birthday, 1898.

The German Mother in America.

We old folks, Annie, have a sorrow,—
We Germans, Danes and Welsh and Swedes.
To all the old the short to-morrow

Brings chiefly thought of yesterdays;
Remembrance of past years and deeds.

But mem'ry speaks to us in words.
Our children scarce can understand.
Forgive the fancy; mother birds

The same notes hear in woodland maze
Their nestlings learned in distant land.

But we a different language hear
From that in which we learned to pray,—
From that we heard when pressing near

The mother, or upon her knee;
From father's lips at close of day.

Near Wolfenbuettel's forest old
(Lechlumerholtz its stately name),
Stood that fair home, as you've been told,

Where I felt childhood's grief and glee
And learned Germania's ancient fame.

How Herman fought with Romans brave,
And drove those back to Italy
Who found not in our soil a grave;

How Barbarossa, raven-haunted,
Sleeps till he wake his realm to free.

O treasure-house of German story!
What ills afflict the wicked witch!
What plots are thwarted, and what glory
Attends the warrior-prince undaunted
Who frees the princess, good and rich!

Or the Crusaders' ancient time,
When men the Holy City sought,
Lives once again in song and rhyme;

The lion follows Henry's train
By loyal instinct led and taught.

He followed where the Kaiser knelt
 In Brunswick's church, grand old St. Magnus;
 No soldier-armor, sword or belt
 The Kaiser wore; the lion's mane;
 Crouched low before the *Dei Agnus*.

But you the British stories hear,
 And you the English language speak;
 To you New England tales are dear;
 John Alden and Priscilla charm you;
 You mourn Evangeline the meek.

Your forests are but so much lumber!
 No fairies course at midnight through them.
 Oaks, maples, pines,—these must not cumber
 Where plows can cut, although it harm you
 To lose the birds and trees that drew them.

Your farm-homes always are for sale;
 The child knows more than all his teachers;
 Each man has schemes that can not fail
 To make the nation rich—on paper;
 And pastors here are only "preachers."

"Smart" is your word of highest praise;
 And "hustlers" model men of trade;
 Your girls are aping mannish ways;
 Your boys hunt "snaps," and it's the "caper"
 To use the tongue as steel-edged blade!

But mine the common fault has learned!
 My land this is for good or ill.
 In girlhood days, when sunsets burned
 I dreamed of home beyond the sea,
 And wiser choice I count it still.

For here the faith of ancient day
 Unfettered, loved, is ours once more;
 No king can bid us what to say
 In Sabbath worship, heartfelt free;—
 In prayer, and psalm and sacred lore.

His grave is here who made me wife;
He struggled hard a home to make
And conquered in that manly strife.
 "Dutch John" he was to Hoosier neighbors;
It makes me angry for his sake.

But then! Their farm so long ago
Was sold that few remember, dear,
When "Dutch John" honest, plodding, slow,
 Awake with morn to faithful labors,
Bought all they had; ours many a year.

Then came the days when my boy Herman
Who soon would wed heard call to arms.
Your father, Annie, fought with Sherman;
 How sturdy he, and bold to dare!
They heroes were who left our farms.

Were they not brave who sent them forth?
Our nation's ransom twice was paid;
In both realms twice; in South, in North.
 What deeds to do, what grief to bear
Men left their homes, and women stayed.

Only to die did some return;
Some found a-field a soldier's death.
What lesson did our people learn?
 American we are; all one!
This were we taught by war's hot breath!

Home Herman came, lived happy years;
I need not tell his daughter so!
But oh, my Henry! Through my tears
 Again I seem to see the son
I gave so many years ago!

To this, my chosen land, with pride
And mother's grief; O surely I
May call that mine for which he died!
 Yet if I love th' ancestral shore
Do I my blood-bought land deny?

And though I love Wisconsin fair,
 That spot is dear where Henry lies;
 They laid him where he fell, and there
 My heart, these years, turns more and more
 When silence falls and twilight dies.

O Georgia, thou art dear to me;
 And Kenesaw, unseen yet known!
 For there are soldiers' graves, and he
 My loved, my own, 'neath Southern sky,
 Sleeps his last sleep; ah, not alone.

How many mothers wept with me!
 To us was mutual utterance given.
 The eye made clear with tears can see
 When trembling lips let accents die
 And grief's a storm by fierce winds driven!

Yet there is sorrow that hath pride,
 And such was ours; high words of praise
 Came for the sake of sons who died;
 Those words how well our mem'ries keep!
 In English writ, in far-off days.

How strong that conquering English speech!
 In day's broad glare I love it well;
 And when men talk, debate, or preach
 Its affluence roars like torrent deep;
 Adventure, strife and triumph tell.

But when the evening bells I hear,
 Or when I soothe a little child;
 And when I sing, or mourn, or fear,
 The words I learned in childhood's days
 Fall from my lips in accents mild.

Fair as your lover once was he,
 Your father's father, Annie dear,
 Who gave his pledge of love to me
 In German cadence, rich in praise;
 With vows thus spoken who could fear?

O German! language of the heart!
How tender was that lover's vow!
Still do I hold, by mem'ry's art,
His words and theirs who gave me life.
Almost I hear them even now!

Each day brings answer to the prayer
That asks contentment with my lot.
You soon may write on marble fair
His words,—dear words: "Beloved wife;"
Forget not these: "Hier ruht in Gott."



She Tells of Scottish Margaret.

So Frithjof wants you for his wife,
My Annie dear; I'll not say no.
God give you both a happy life
(She spoke in trembling voice and low);
A son to me; my Marg'ret's child.

My arms were first to take him when
His Scottish mother lay a-dying.
Her home had been in Ayrshire glen
And once she said "The whaups are crying
O'er martyrs' graves in storm-shade wild."

I've read since then in Scottish story
Those same sad words. But to my tale.
Long years ago the schooner Corey
Was driv'n ashore in northeast gale
And with her, Scottish Margaret.

A big Norwegian sailor brought her
Ashore where now the lighthouse stands.
There's just one ending; soon he sought her,
Then wed, and strove with honest hands
His wife to keep from fear or fret.

The Rhymed Story of Wisconsin.

But ducklings hens can't keep from water,
 Nor women sailors from the sea,
 Not even Frithjof's baby daughter,
 As Maggie often mourned to me
 Could keep on land the husband sailor.

His captain wanted him for mate
 And money Frithjof sorely needed.
 The old, old story; nothing great.
 The men said "Go," and them he heeded
 And Maggie would not be his jailer!

So sailed he forth and came again,
 And more than once in summer days
 Our Margaret from Ayrshire glen
 Sang him sweet psalm or paraphrase,
 And said good-bye with tears held back.

These Scottish tears are all too few!
 We Germans have a better way
 And to our loving hearts are true.
 The Scotch folk do the things they say;
 In uttered tenderness they lack.

The season passed into November
 And Frithjof's boat was coming home.
 You know the rest; I well remember
 That dreadful day when heaven's dome
 Seemed only place for storm and strife.

But who told Maggie Frithjof's danger?
 I knew that all the afternoon
 His boat,—I knew it well, the Ranger—
 Had shoreward drifted and must soon
 To foaming waves fling Frithjof's life.

Nor his alone. But him I knew,
 The others were to me unknown.
 Down to the beach I almost flew
 And there I heard my Maggie moan.
 Then darker grew the dying day.

The helpless schooner struck the land;
There seemed no light but where the wave
Burst foaming high above the sand
And, like a snow-piled, moving grave,
Engulfed the living for its prey.

Your Frithjof's father fought for life,
But limbs were palsied with the cold.
He spoke, they said, of babe and wife—
You've often heard the story told,
I seem to see him lying there!

That night your Frithjof, dear, was born
While fierce the wind was howling yet.
His mother died before the morn;
To baby Jean she called, "My pet,
Come, I would kiss you, bairn, once mair!"

And with that kiss passed pain away;
She mourned no more her Frithjof dead.
Her face was bright as when the day
Makes glad the east when night has fled;
She smiled her thanks to us who wept.

Then spoke she of the whaups and graves,
And tried to sing the ancient psalm,
"The Lord's my shepherd," and the waves
Grew silent, for there fell strange calm,
She kissed your Frithjof, then she slept.



To the Silent Soldier.

[Read at the unveiling of the Two Rivers Soldiers' Monument.]

Has time turned backward? Was it all a dream
That he, for whom tears fell like autumn rain,
Whose name, years past, men read in list of slain,
Is dead? He lives! And they to us who seem
Bent, aged, gray, have they grown young again?
Is this form theirs? They claim it, and in truth
Here stands each one as in his days of youth
And he called dead is dwelling yet with men.

O moveless lips! ye have no need of voice.

Yet, like Eve's murdered son, ye speak though dumb.

We hear once more great Lincoln's summons, "Come!"

We know the brave heart's answering throb, the choice

That made the boy a soldier clothed with strength

That thrust men forward into face of death,

Sent them on duty into deadly breath

Of poisoned marsh or pest'lent rivers' length.

Tell us, O tell, the narrative of years

Of high endeavor; days of fiercest fight;

Of conflict lasting into reddened night

(If you would know the story hear with tears

As fathers heard and mothers); of the strife

Renewed with new-born day; of those who bled

At Chickamauga, and who there lay dead

Or on unnumbered fields gave precious life.

It matters little where they fell; they rest

In the proud nation's heart and memory.

Proud is a hero's mother; proud are we

Of these our brothers; these our bravest, best.

Whether they fell where Lookout's heights were scaled,

Or pierced Virginia's battled wilderness,

Or died in prison's piteous duress,

Their praise has ceased not nor their glory paled!

Tell us the civic virtue of the time

When Lincoln, speaking in the people's name,

Appealing unto God, won endless fame

(Told none too oft in statue, speech and rhyme)

By freeing burdened men from hated wrong,—

Hurt, shame, alike to master and to slave.

Rejoice, O manhood! that to all he gave

New honor that exults in praise and song!

Bid us, O silent soldier! act the part

In our brief day, of men who feel the shame

Of coward silence when the sacred name

Of Liberty is used with evil art

To hide contempt of justice and of right;

To excuse neglect of duty unto God.

Forbid a mind irreverent, unawed;

Teach us to live as dwelling in his sight.

We give thee message to the future days:
 Speak to the men who in the years to come
 Shall read thy face when our frail lips are dumb.
Say that with all our faults we gave them praise
Who nobly lived or bravely died; whose hands
 Were clean of ill-got gain; whose hearts were just;
 Whose lives, whose wealth, whose all, were held in trust
For common good,—poured out at God's commands!
When years shall lengthen into centuries,
 When thou thyself shalt fall, as all things must,
 And these set stones shall waste to common dust
Still shall men throng where just adventure is;
Where Duty summons Courage: where hurts plead;
 And, as God can of stones raise faithful sons,
 So then in currents of the blood that runs
In men's warm hearts thou shalt have life indeed!



Mere Verses.

Our wise men say that the Muses no more
As they formerly did in the ages before
Our various changes—improvements?—were made
Seek mountains' cold hight or the forests' deep shade;
But finding the trade with their purses agreeing
They are dealing in books that discuss the true being
Of things that are ontological
On grounds that are psychological;
And the whenceness of the wherefore,
And the whyness of the therefore;
And other merry themes like these,
Light and frisky as the breeze.
Of volumes they have, as we're told, not a few;
They've books on all subjects, old, varied and new:
Alchemy, chemistry, law and theology,
Physics and algebra, Greek and geology,
X-rays and medicine, art and conchology,
And folios huge are on palaeontology.

But still, you know, they deal in rhymes,
 And accents clear that sound like chimes;
 In different kinds of metrical feet
 In various strains of harmony sweet.

“And now, Calliope, what is here;
 Iambi or trochees, or anapaest clear?”
 (The casket I lifted was heavy as lead.)
 “Material, sir, for an epic,” she said.
 “No use for that in the present dull age;
 Men read not the volume but only the page.”

“Euterpe, now am I mistaken? I’ve guessed
 That this little cover encloses the best
 State song that we of Wisconsin may hear.”
 The one we have waited for many a year.”
 She answered, “Quite right;
 It’s a gem, a delight;
 But one that another, not you, must write.”

A wonderful tablet there was that displayed
 A number of meters of very high grade.
 There was verse acatelectic
 Wrought in Doric dialectic
 There were Sappho’s broken strains,
 Source of freshman woe and pains;
 Logaoedic lines in plenty,—
 Different sorts full five and twenty.
 But the dochmiacs abounded,
 And alcaics, oft confounded
 With glyconics,
 And ionics.

But when I asked Melpemone
 If some of these things were for me;
 “No,” she said, “I’m somewhat willful;
 These go only to the skillful.”

“What is left,” I asked, “for me?
 Have you cadence like the sea
 Beating slow on pebbled shores?
 When the storm no longer roars?”

“Had I cadence like the sea,
 Such a gift is not for thee;
 What I give thee gladly take;
 Learn thy music from the lake;
 Breathe the breath of fragrant pines;
 By such rhythm count thy lines.”

A Summer Night by Our Inland Sea.

Artist in music write a soothing strain
Caught from the murmur of the low-voiced waves
When they,—so troubled when the wild wind raves,—
Pulse on the shore, forgetting storm and rain.

Painter in silver, and in blue, and light,
Hang low a moon, now full, in southern sky;
Put out the stars save, northward and on high,
Where the Great Bear keeps watch this perfect night.

Surely on such a night Lorenzo wooed
Fair Jessica in gardens of Belmont.
She with quick speech (for such is lover's wont)
Quarreled with praises, sweet as honeyed food.

On such a night we dwellers by the sea
View trebled glory both on lake and land;
The waves are silver, and the rippled sand
Shares in their gliding all their light and glee!



The Heroine's Eyes.

[According to popular novels.]

First came the hero; then her eyes
She coyly dropped upon the floor;
And yet, whatever your surprise,
She saw as she had done before.

She must have picked them up, for soon
On printed page those sweet eyes fell;
And next she turned them to the moon;
And then—perhaps I should not tell—

Then came a quarrel; eyes grew hot;
And hers in indignation blazed.
Then fiery glances forth they shot;—
What wonder had she then been crazed!

And yet those eyes withstood the fire,
But only more abuse to bear.
She lifted them; there was a spire
On distant church; she fixed them there.

She somehow loosed them from the spire
 And farther yet those poor eyes threw;
 Uplifted higher, higher, higher,
 They roved the dark'ning heavens through.

She gave them then a needed rest
 (A moment's only though, we're told)
 On Venus, glowing in the west;
 Then, turning, she, so calm and cold
 Pierced with her eyes the hero's soul.
 They darted then,—I mean those eyes,—
 Far down the street, and next they roll
 As if in madness or surprise.

They wandered then,—those eyes, you know,—
 Uneasy, troubled, full of feeling;
 And from him, to him, come and go
 Until they're lifted to the ceiling.

What next occurred you'll scarce believe.
 That girl,—a dream in blue and lace,—
 Found that her eyes,—I don't deceive,—
 Were riveted upon his face!

Remarkably, those eyes, soon free,
 A carriage follow down the street
 They quick return, and now you'll see
 What's done to eyes, coy, dear and sweet.

She washed them in her sad, salt tears!
 Then dried them on a bit of lace;
 Dismissed her anger and her fears
 And turned her eyes full on his face!

This painful story now must end;
 Those eyes, each like a harmless dove
 Whose cooings with the soft air blend,
 Were melted in a glance of love!



The Difference.

Wisconsiners we are and own it,
And some there are who've always known it;
For such we have sincere respect
And they may good from us expect.
To some who spell and accent wildly
We firmly say (to put it mildly):
"If of our favor you'd be winners,
Don't call us—don't—the Wisconsinners!"



From "The Seven Against Thebes."

The thanksgiving and the sorrow of the chorus. Thanksgiving because the defence of the city,—Thebes of Bœotia,—had been successful; sorrow because of the strife and death of the brothers Eteocles (true glory), and Polynices (much strife) who fell slain, each by the hand of the other.

O great-hearted Zeus and ye gods of our city
Who saved from our foes these proud towers of Cadmus,
Shall I now rejoice o'er this city in safety
Or utter lament o'er the childless, the fated,
 Dead lords of the battle,
Whose names boded doom and who, striving have perished
 In impious warfare?



From the First Book of the Odyssey.

Spake then the son of Ulysses, addressing the bright-eyed Athena,
Holding his head near in order that others might hear not:
"Stranger and guest are you; will you be angry whatever I utter?
Naught to these men is a care but the cithara's sound and the
 singing.
Careless are they, for the wealth of another unpunished they're
 wasting,
Wealth of another whose white bones lie rotting afar in the
 tempest;
Earth gives them rest or afar in the billows they roll in the ocean.
Were he but living and these men should see him to Ithaca
 coming
Hinds' feet would all choose for swiftmess; not gold or the
 splendor of garments."

From Baxter's "Saints' Rest."

Rest!

How sweet the sound!
 Melodious to my ears!
 Reviving cordial at my heart!
 It sendeth living spirits forth
 Through all the pulses of my soul!

Rest!

Not as the stone that rests on the earth,
 Nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave,
 Nor such a rest
 As the carnal world desires.

O blessed rest!

When we rest not, day and night,
 Saying, "Holy, holy, holy,
 Lord God Almighty!"
 When we shall rest from our sin
 But not from our worship
 From suffering and sorrow
 But not from our joy.

O, blessed day!

When I shall rest with God!
 Rest in the bosom of my Lord!
 When I shall rest
 In knowing, loving, rejoicing and praising!
 When my perfect soul and body
 Shall together
 The perfect God most perfectly enjoy!
 When God who is love itself
 Shall perfectly love me
 And rest in His love to me
 As I shall rest in love to Him;
 And over me rejoice with joy
 And joy with singing
 As I shall then rejoice in Him!

The wonderful paragraph from which this is taken finds place in at least one volume of "Choice Specimens of English Literature." So melodious is it that little change, save arrangement of lines, is needed to give it the form of a poem; its author gave it the spirit and beauty of one.

1897, June 14.

The Old Fairplay Meeting-House.¹

Fall'n asleep are they that built thee.
Broken ruin soon thou wilt be
Dark thy walls with rain and storm.
Near thee, many a silent form.
All that men now ask of thee;
That thou wilt a shelter be
While the solemn prayer is said
By the coffin of their dead.

Few and scattered they that love thee,
And the sun that beams above thee
Sees on many a humble stone
Gray with moss and lichen grown,
Names of those who worshiped in thee,
Waking memories sad within me,
Till again their forms appear,—
Forms of those I still hold dear.

“Judgment, judgment, judgment,” say'st thou
Silent preacher! justly may'st thou
Echo sermon yet again—
Truth thou'st heard from faithful men:
“Those forgetting God shall perish.”
Earnest prophet! should we cherish
This thy teaching? Look around.
Where were homes are ashes found.

Ash of wood the wind may scatter
But, howe'er transgressor flatter
Deadened heart or blinded mind
Mad with fury, doom in kind
Followeth hate's unpitying flame
Leaving ash of endless blame.
Pitying God, whose house we see,
Let it turn the heart to thee!

¹ In Puritan and correct usage the “meeting-house” is the place where God meets man. Compare the expression “tent of meeting” in the Revised Version of the Old Testament.

Walls grown old with storm and sun
 Faithfully their work was done
 Who with little skill once wrought ye
 Yet with sturdy labor brought ye
 From unshapen beam and board
 Cut from forests' ancient hoard
 Stand ye while ye may and shade
 Holy place where dead are laid.

Few are they who tread the street
 Few are left old friends to greet
 Lessening number they who love thee
 Yet the God who reigns above thee,
 Ancient bethel, answereth prayer
 All are objects of His care
 All included in His plan
 Who within thee meeteth man!



Twentieth Anniversary of Christian Endeavor.

Earth hath day without an ending;
 Always night and morn are blending
 Sheen of star and light of sun;
 Somewhere day has just begun.

Earth hath night without an ending;
 Always day and eve are blending
 Light of star and fading sun;
 Somewhere night has just begun.

Earth hath spring-time without ending;
 Winter's cold and summer blending
 Bring the sower's duty near;
 Somewhere is the morn of year.

Earth hath autumn without ending;
 Summer's heat and winter blending
 See the reaper's duty done,
 See the eve of year begun.

Night eternal, day unending,
Season with its sequel blending
Fill the vast expanse of earth
Here with sorrow; there with mirth.

Life of man hath glorious morning.
Great its promise and adorning;
Hours made bright with rising sun
See the toil of day begun.

Life of man hath day of serving;
Wage beyond our best deserving;
Strength is ours for every need.
Grace for generous thought and deed.

Life hath hour of eve's declining;
See, wise soul, without repining
Length'ning shadows, for the night
Giveth rest, and then comes light.

Light renewed in day eternal,
Light of life in joy supernal,
Day of service, day of song,
Day triumphant over wrong;

Brighter than earth's brightest morning,
Fairer than night's rich adorning,
Lovelier than dawn of year,
Is that day that draweth near.

Day unmeasured by earth's motion,
Age of ages, time's vast ocean;
Day whose dawn in sweet surprise
Gladdens now our waiting eyes;—

Ye its dawn whose gladsome morning
Hath th' eternal Light's adorning;
Ye its dawn whose radiant truth
Guides through years a heart of youth.

Hail, ye hosts of high Endeavor!
Him ye serve who, halting never,
Armored in transcendent wonder
Leads to battle's deepest thunder.

The Rhymed Story of Wisconsin.

Won are victories unnumbered
 Yet still onward! Be not cumbered,
 Soldiers of our Christ, with sinning
 Onward still, new conflicts winning.

Ye of Christ's own new creation,
 Host of His in expectation,
 Joined in blessed federation,
 Hold ye now glad celebration,
 Hear the cry of victory ringing,
 Come before the Lord with singing!

*Endeavor Consecration Hymn.*

(Tune: "The Suwanee River.")

Where I may serve Thee best, O Master,
 Keep me or send;
 Life's days are passing fast and faster,
 Soon labor here must end.
 Joy is it, blessed Lord, to serve Thee
 Where thou dost call.
 Mountain or plain or forest please me;
 Things either great or small.

CHORUS.

For Thy love that maketh gladness,
 Master, I praise Thee;
 Thy love doth conquer sin and sadness,
 Thou savest even me.

In brightest sunshine call to serve Thee,
 Call me in storm;
 Here, near the homes of those who love me,
 Or to strange face and form;
 To busy cities' crowded thronging,
 Or desert lone;
 Or 'mid earth's angry strife and wronging,
 Or to the sad heart's moan.

CHORUS.

Blessed the loving hand that saved me;
Hand pierced and torn.
Blessed the tender heart that owned me,
Sinner condemned, forlorn.
Thy loving kindness, it hath won me;
Love all Thine own.
And, Master, when in joy I meet Thee,
Let me not come alone!

CHORUS.



Funeral Hymn for the Aged.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. E. B. SEWELL.

Called home, October 9, 1888.

Fullness of ripened wheat
Gathered in well-bound sheaves,
Richness of grape 'mid fruitful leaves,—
Choice gifts of summer's heat:

Beauty of autumn leaf
Glowing with color bright,
Shining, tho' chilling breath so light
Endeth the summer brief:

Wheat, grape and leaflet fair:
Fit emblems these of Thee,
Servant of God, from earth set free
Glad life above to share.



To a Sister's Memory.

Strong in thy gentleness, and gentle in thy strength;
Forgetful thou of self, mindful of all held dear
(And all were dear whom thou could'st serve or bless);
Thou'lt be no stranger in a world of love.

An August Morning by the Lake.

Low winds bear silence from the west.
 And so I know
 That yonder 'neath horizon's crest,
 Where half-hid steamers come and go
 And schooners drift with sails of snow,
 The deep, dark waters are at rest.

The scarce-felt wavelets, low and slow,
 Are soundless on the lake's broad breast,
 And only murmur where the crest
 Of sand dune hath this hour's sweet rest
 When winds breathe faintly from the west;
 Breathe slow and low.

***Hymn.***

Sung at the laying of a corner stone.

If human lips to-day were still,
 And living voice and speech were dumb,
 The very stones with praise would thrill
 And answered prayer,—“Thy kingdom come.”

For gifts of love, like this, bring near
 The hope of lab'ring ages past;
 The kingdom of our Christ is here,
 Triumphant is His reign at last.

Let wisdom rule the earth in peace;
 Let error flee the growing light;
 Let sound of war and tumult cease,
 And day of truth dispel the night.

Here rev'rent age shall bow the head,
 And hither youth in gladness turn;
 Here thought in way of truth be led,
 And faith its quiet lesson learn.

O God of mercy, throned above,
 Bless Thou these walls and make Thine own,
 This off'ring of our faith and love
 That rests on sure Foundation Stone!

Dedication Hymn.

If Christ's blest form, unseen so long,
Should come again in joy and song;
If, as on Hermon's mount, should shine,
In this house now, the light divine,
What strength'ning comfort to each heart!
Then ours the favored children's part,
To greet our Lord as he appears,
And own his love with grateful tears.

Lo, He hath come! God manifest,
In pardon of the sin confessed,
In help to mortal weakness given,
In offered grace, in hope of heaven.
Then hallowed be this place and blest,
Where Christ Himself, a welcome guest,
With blessing enters from above,
The hearts of those who serve in love.



Beyond.

Gray, through the fullness of the rain,
The hills beyond the waves appear
A strip of earth 'twixt lake and sky,
Yet homes are there with joy and pain
And, darkness past, the morning clear
Shall bring them to the eager eye.

The hours of deeper darkness fall,
Rain-beaten lake and sky alone
Give fading light to sight grown dim
Yet stand the hills unseen and all
That made them fair, and trees full-grown
That lined the near horizon's rim.

And is it thus not far away
The hills of Paradise abide,
And storms that come with rain and night
And darkness of the fading day
That home with trees of life now hide?
Away with fear! Soon comes the light!

Lake Monona, 1891, June 1.

***Mother and Soldier Son.*¹**

1864, June 15.

This day he died
 At Kenesaw;
 Shot dead in uniform of blue.
 He fought for me, he fought for you;
 For right, for law,
 For these he died.

His empty veins here stained the sod,
 The veins his mother's heart once filled,
 The brave, strong heart so deeply thrilled
 By this new trust, received from God.

What prayed she for the new-born son
 With prayer that needs not words nor breath?
 A distant home? A soldier's death?
 She prayed for him man's duty done!
 Prayed that his life might lessen wrong;
 That all his love be true and pure;
 Neglect and hurt he might endure;
 Himself be valiant, just and strong.

Like all who build toward stars and skies,
 Her work was loftier than she knew;
 Her prayer's deep meaning, earnest, true,
 Was hidden from her longing eyes.

Eyes closed too soon in endless sleep;
 For near the murmur of the Clyde
 On far-off summer day she died
 And left the babe; too young to weep.

By kindred borne across the sea
 He found unmothered shelter where
 The heat and chill of Northern air
 Call man to strenuous service free.

Thence from the rock-browed hills he went,
 From winter school and rural plays,
 From harvest toil in summer days,
 At Duty's call; with brave intent.

¹ Written in memory of Margaret Correns Nelson and of her son Joseph, a soldier of Company I, Twenty-fifth Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteers.

And so he fell at Kenesaw
Shot dead in uniform of blue.
He died for me, he died for you,
Where thousands fought for right and law.

The mother died at Rutherglen;
Her life unknown, so deep, so still,
So strong in righteous choice and will,
Hath added to the ranks of men.

And is there left but empty name,
And bone and flesh returned to clay?
No morning of a happier day?
No hope that Love the Brave may claim?
Be thine, if thou wilt have it so,
The doubt that claims to be profound,
That talks in words of thundering sound
But answers Hope with constant "No."

Be mine the unchanging simple trust
That Love and Life are more than dust.



To a Lakeside Forest.

Twice do I see thee, forest fair,
In water once and once in air.
Above thee shines October's sun
And, from the mirror of the lake
Till sun-lit hours their course have run,
On zephyr-waves that fragrance bear,
His glorious beams upon thee break.

Twice glorified in beauteous light,
The touch of God hath made thee bright.
In gold and crimson gleam thy leaves;
Do any sigh and say, "Ah death
Hath smitten them; all nature grieves?"
O forest fair, from winter's night
Thou'lt wake again with April breath!

Lake Monona, 1890.

Where the Child Does Not Grow Old.

A lighter touch than that of painter's hand
Hath drawn on walls of loving memory
Fair pictures,—as of face by zephyr fanned;
Or romping girl, or boy in wholesome glee.

A child there was in by-gone, happy years,
Whose sleeping form abides in memory yet.
Closed eyes, fair cheek; these had no trace of tears.
The beating heart; that had no fear or fret.

The child no more I see; a sturdy boy
Dwells where he dwelt, and writes as his the name
The babe once bore; and truly it is joy
His life to guide, his honest love to claim.

But none shall see again that sleeping child,
For earth in growing life or heaven above
Must claim each babe; and where the boy hath smiled
Or girl pressed mother-heart in fondest love,—

Thence must the children go, but each will leave
An unchanged self with us while they grow old
And thus to parents do the children cleave
Though far away, or in the Shepherd's fold.

If thither they are called while yet the morn
Shows risen star—dawn waking from her sleep,
Let none forget that all of mother born
Leave treasured childhood for our love to keep!



Bible Hexameters.

The poet Longfellow once wrote of the "glorious hexameters" of the English Bible. He adduced these examples:

God is gone up with a shout; the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.—*Psalm XLVII.* 5.

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.—*Col. III.* 19.

[The latter has a labored movement, for it is composed mostly of spondees.] Following this suggestion of Longfellow I have noted some Bible hexameters that are hereto subjoined:

God shall be with you, and bring you again to the land of your fathers.—*Gen. XLVIII.* 21.

The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—*Ex. XV.* 2.

The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the home-born.—*Lev. XIX.* 34, R. V.

Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly and save us.—*Joshua X.* 6.

Now drink no wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing.—*Judges XIII.* 7, R. V.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Tremble before him. I. *Chron. XVI.* 29, 30, R. V. Also *Psalm XCVI.* 9, R. V.

Lord, thou art God, and hast promised this good thing unto thy servant.—I *Chron. XVII.* 20, R. V.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. *Prov. IV.* 26.

Their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind.—*Isa. V.* 28.

It was on this passage, according to Chief Justice Chase, that Mr. Lincoln's lips rested when he kissed the Bible on taking for the second time the oath of inauguration as President of the United States. It is comparable with that fine verse of Vergil's *Æneid* (XI. 875):

Quadrupedoque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum.

Wisdom and might are his: and he changeth the times and the seasons.—*Daniel II.* 20, 21.

Were there none found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger?—*Luke XVII.* 18, R. V.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.—*Rev. XX.* 6.

On the Campus.

Doane College, Crete, Nebraska.

Look round about thee, thou son of this college, and tell what thou seest.

Westward the way, by broad slopes, to the mountains; eastward
that long path
Made by the race that for ages has followed the sun's potent
guiding.

Makers of states are its children; they builded and broadened
our nation.

See in the course where they walked a new earth, according to
promise:

Houses of God and his people, and homes that are filled with
rejoicing;

Cities abundant in wealth, and rivers laden with commerce.

“Barren the plains of Nebraska, these will beat back emigration.”
Thus spake the many who dwelt, in safety and ease, at a distance.
“Storms beat down from the Rockies' high crests, and winds
from the Arctic

There wage warfare unending with simooms from llanos of
Texas;

Red men, coyotes, and bisons there have rightful dominion.”

Races courageous forget not traditions nor cease in their move-
ments.

Those who, guarding each step with their rifles, made way
through the forest

Pushing resistless their way with the plow o'er the prairies at
last stood

Where the Missouri's clay banks extended them farther allure-
ment

(Such invitation adventurers long for): a measure of danger,
Lands to be taken and homes to be builded where no one has yet
dwelt,

Counting the red man as no one for such is the way of the Saxon.

Pathways margined with lone graves showed them the way to
the ocean
Rolling afar to the west; the way to the snow-crowned Sierras
Rich in their gold-bearing quartz and laden with dark, fragrant
forests.
Thither had thousands departed, and many found graves by the
wayside.

Here on their overland pathway a new state came into being;
Hither came sons of a pilgrimage larger than Plymouth's or
Hartford's;
Here pilgrim churches erected their bethels, and presbyter-
bishops,
Pauline in doctrine and spirit, instructed their home-making
people.

Where are there not sons of Yale, of Harvard, and Amherst; of
Dartmouth,
Hamilton, Princeton, Beloit; of Oberlin, Williams and Bowdoin.
(Names that may well stand for all their fraternity, honored,
majestic).
Men of such training as these give must needs here a college
establish.
Homes and the school for all children, the church and the college,
All these together, and God in them all make a Puritan nation.

One in their nature are school and the college; one in their pur-
pose:
Training of childhood to manly uprightness and womanly graces.
Thus hath the college true children who never read Homer or
Vergil.
What they themselves were deprived of fathers give oft to their
children.
Want for the one hath been often abundance and blessing for
many.
Name that unspoken we celebrate! this is just claim to high honor
That in this work thou wast leader, true-hearted son of New
England;¹

¹ Mr. Thomas Doane, civil engineer of Boston; who was still living at the quarter-centennial celebration (1897), of the college that bears his name. These lines were written with that occasion in mind, though they were not then either read or published.

This work of building a college here in once far-off Nebraska;
Midway 'twixt ocean and ocean, sister of northland and south-
land,

Heart of the continent, highway of nations, leaf of God's record
Written on rock and savannah; vast is her royal dominion,
Rich in its corn and its cattle, great in its promise of manhood.
Here is the need of upbuilding; here is the home of our college.

Honor the givers of money, and givers of life and of labor.
Heads have grown gray in this service; trial struck hard at our
courage.

Patience! He reigneth whose will we are doing, on whom we
are building.

Patience! Each prayer, like the blossom of springtime, shall bear
its rich fruitage.

Patience! There dawneth that day of the future when right-
eousness ruleth.

*Look to that future, thou son of the college, and tell what thou
seest.*

The better days are yet to come,
The happier years before us lie,
When mouth of cannon shall be dumb
Nor fires of war make red the sky.

Yet shall not manly conflict cease;
The brave shall climb the mountain's hight.
Shall see a circling world at peace;
Or, hid from anxious watchers' sight,
Look where the avalanche may go;
Of crushing landslide warning give;
Learn whence endangering torrents flow;
Bid threatened homes in safety live.

Then shall the realms of endless snow
Their secrets of the ages yield.
Men shall the ocean's wonders know;
Confront the storm, and cities shield
From feared tornadoes' awful blow;
Perhaps shall learn whence earthquake shock
Impends, and where the lavas flow
Shall guide fierce streams of molten rock.

The tiger of the jungle deep,
The monster of Nile's reddened flood,
The dreaded boa, roused from sleep,
Shall feast no more on human blood.

For nobler chivalry to come
Whose manlier knights shall take the field
Yet speak no boast nor sound war's drum,
Far mightier weapons then shall wield
Than sword or lance of ancient rhyme.
The strength of what they overcame
Men deemed their own in savage time.
So torrents' might and lightning's flame,
The billows' roar and winds' wild thrust,
Ice mountains of Atlantic's main,
The wasting heats that turn to dust
Sahara's parched and pathless plain,
The moving of earth's hidden fire,
The drifting of the winter snows,
The northern light ascending higher
As night's still shadow deeper grows:—

All these, and forces yet unknown
Shall gird this knighthood with their power.
Yet first shall men, to wisdom grown,
Count neither might nor learning's dower
But that high troth that scorns a lie,—
Man's rich and full integrity,
The honest purpose, single eye,
That finds its light in verity!

O heroes of those happier years!
O warriors of those better days!
Your battles won shall bring no tears,
Your deeds unstained shall earn just praise.

Train thou, our college, men like these
Impart to them such high estate;
Abhor deceits, shun dead'ning ease,
In noblest striving be thou great!

We cease from song. There come inquiring words:
 What promise is there that thou shalt endure?
 What words of praise, our college, hast thou earned?
 Should sons or daughters speak them? Make these true,
 Be this thy promise and thy highest praise:
IF GOD HATH NEED OF MEN, THEN HE HATH NEED OF THEE!



The Exile of '48.

Son of my son, I hoped to see
 A Germany united, free.
 "A far-off dream of youth?" I know
 My steps are feebler now and slow.
 But hot within the blood still burns,
 And kings and priests my anger spurns!
 We students felt our souls aflame
 And, rallying in the people's name,
 Would blend in one the German folk
 And free them from the despot's yoke.
 We knew what Cromwell bold had done;
 We knew the deeds of Washington.
 We knew — "A race of thinkers" we,
 So said the world. "Now doers be,"
 We cried to German youthful blood,
 And courage rose like mountain flood.
 But drouth of rock and cold prevailed,
 And torrents' dash and foaming failed.
 And we, escaping from the strife,
 Must flee to save our forfeit life.
 The man of blood and iron spoke,
 And Germans shook the Hapsburg yoke.

But thrust their kin of Austrian name
From German rights and German fame.

Divided still, and none yet free!
We paid the price of liberty

For rule by Hohenzollern sword
And will of warlike overlord.

If wisdom come with later years,
With want of hope and deadened fears,—

But hate the lie! It comes not so;
It dwells with generous manhood's glow.

And wiser is the impetuous youth
Who dares to fight for right and truth

Than he who says: "It's wrong, I know,
But then it hath been always so,

And so forever must abide."
(A speech of shame; thou coward, hide!)

Let growth in wisdom vie with years
With hope renewed and vanquished fears,

With deadened hate, and deepening love,—
Good will toward all, below, above.

The hated priest is brother man;
The king hath place in some great plan.

I doubted long: said "God or fate."
But faith returns; not yet too late.

And childhood's prayer again is mine,
With deeper meaning, more divine.

I love this land that made me free;
Yea, love I God who loveth me.

And from some bright and happy place,—
Made bright by radiance from his face,—

In youth renewed I hoped to see
My native land united, free!

*The Rhymed Story of Wisconsin.****At Buffalo, 1901, September 6.***

The world's foul pest here took a treacherous shape,
And, offering hand of friendship, struck at life
Revered, beloved. Hear cry of feeble wife,
See women's tears and men's; see cities drape
Our flag's bright folds. Hear stroke of funeral bells
And say, foul spirit of the anarchist,
What hast thou wrought? Above Niagara's mist
The sun shines on. Before the blood that tells
The deep abomination of thy crime
Hath lost its hue, just law asserts its reign;
The PRESIDENT survives. With strains sublime
Of solemn song, and prayer, in mournful train,
His native land, from this unrest of time,
Commits unto eternity the Slain!



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