



**P**oetry  
**A** Magazine of  
**V**erse

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**Poetry**  
A Magazine of Verse

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GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO  
HEAVEN

(To be sung to the tune of THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB with  
indicated instruments.)

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum.

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

The saints smiled gravely, and they said, "He's come."

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

**Bass drum:**

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,  
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,  
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends pale —  
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail!  
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of death —

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

Every slum had sent its half-a-score  
The round world over — Booth had groaned for more.  
Every banner that the wide world flies

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Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.  
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang!  
Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang,  
*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*  
Hallelujah! It was queer to see  
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free!  
Loons with bazoos blowing blare, blare, blare —  
On, on, upward through the golden air.  
*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

Banjo

Bass drums  
slower and  
softer

Booth died blind, and still by faith he trod,  
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.  
Booth led boldly and he looked the chief:  
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,  
Beard a-flying, air of high command  
Unabated in that holy land.

Flutes

Jesus came from out the Court-House door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there  
Round and round the mighty Court-House square.  
Yet in an instant all that blear review  
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled  
And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.

Bass drums  
louder and  
faster

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!  
Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl;



*General William Booth Enters into Heaven*

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,  
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

The hosts were sandalled and their wings were fire—

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

Oh, shout Salvation! it was good to see  
Kings and princes by the Lamb set free.  
The banjos rattled, and the tambourines  
Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of queens!

Grand chorus—  
tambourines—  
all  
instruments  
in full blast

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer  
He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.  
Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.  
He saw King Jesus—they were face to face,  
And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.

*Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?*

Reverently  
sung—no  
instruments

*Nicholas Vachel Lindsay*

WASTE LAND

Briar and fennel and chincapin,  
And rue and ragweed everywhere;  
The field seemed sick as a soul with sin,  
Or dead of an old despair,  
Born of an ancient care.

The cricket's cry and the locust's whirr,  
And the note of a bird's distress,  
With the rasping sound of the grasshopper,  
Clung to the loneliness  
Like burrs to a trailing dress.

So sad the field, so waste the ground,  
So curst with an old despair,  
A woodchuck's burrow, a blind mole's mound,  
And a chipmunk's stony lair,  
Seemed more than it could bear.

So lonely, too, so more than sad,  
So droning-lone with bees —  
I wondered what more could Nature add  
To the sum of its miseries . . .  
And *then*—I saw the trees.

*Waste Land*

Skeletons gaunt that gnarled the place,  
Twisted and torn they rose —  
The tortured bones of a perished race  
Of monsters no mortal knows,  
They startled the mind's repose.

And a man stood there, as still as moss,  
A lichen form that stared;  
With an old blind hound that, at a loss,  
Forever around him fared  
With a snarling fang half bared.

I looked at the man; I saw him plain;  
Like a dead weed, gray and wan,  
Or a breath of dust. I looked again —  
And man and dog were gone,  
Like wisps of the graying dawn. . . .

Were they a part of the grim death there—  
Ragweed, fennel, and rue?  
Or forms of the mind, an old despair,  
That there into semblance grew  
Out of the grief I knew?

*Madison Cawein*

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MY LADY OF THE BEECHES

Here among the beeches  
Winds and wild perfume,  
That the twilight pleaches  
Into gleam and gloom,  
Build for her a room.

Her, whose Beauty cometh,  
Misty as the morn,  
When the wild bee hummeth,  
At its honey-horn,  
In the wayside thorn.

As the wood grows dimmer,  
With the drowsy night,  
Like a moonbeam glimmer  
Here she walks in white,  
With a firefly-light.

Moths around her flitting,  
Like a moth she goes;  
Here a moment sitting  
By this wilding rose,  
With my heart's repose.



*My Lady of the Beeches*

Every bough that dances  
    Has assumed the grace  
Of her form: and Fancies,  
    Flashed from eye and face,  
    Brood about the place.

And the water, shaken  
    In its plunge and poise,  
To itself has taken  
    Quiet of her voice,  
    And restrains its joys.

Would that these could tell me  
    What and whence she is;  
She, who doth enspell me,  
    Fill my soul with bliss  
    Of her spirit kiss.

Though the heart beseech her,  
    And the soul implore,  
Who is it may reach her —  
    Safe behind the door  
    Of all woodland lore?

*Madison Cawein*

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THE WAYFARERS

Earth, I dare not cling to thee  
Lest I should lose my precious soul.

*'Tis not more wondrous than the fluff  
Within the milkweed's autumn boll.*

Earth, shall my sacred essences  
But sink into thy senseless dust?

*The springtide takes its way with them —  
And blossoms blow as blossoms must.*

Earth, I swear with solemn vow,  
I feel a greatness in my breath!

*The grass-seed hath its dream of God,  
Its visioning of life and death.*

*Anita Fitch*

LES CRUELS AMOUREUX

Two lovers wakened in their tombs —  
They had been dead a hundred years —  
And in the *langue* of old Provence  
They spoke of ancient tears.

"*M'amour*," she called, "I've pardoned you;"  
(How sad her dreaming seemed to be!)  
"When I had kissed your dead face once  
Love's sweet returned to me."

"*M'amour*," he called, "it was too late."  
(How dreary seemed his ghostly sighs!)  
"Blessed the soul that love forgives,"  
He whispered, "ere it dies."

And then they turned again and slept  
With must and mold in ancient way;  
And so they'll sleep and wake, 'tis told,  
Until the Judgment Day.

ENVOI

*O damoiseau et damoiselle,*  
Guard ye your loving while ye live!  
Sin not against love's sacred flame —  
While yet ye may, forgive.

*Anita Fitch*

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LOVE-SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD

MORNING

The morning wind is wooing me; her lips have swept my  
brow.

Was ever dawn so sweet before? the land so fair as now?  
The wanderlust is luring to wherever roads may lead,  
While yet the dew is on the hedge. So how can I but  
heed?

The forest whispers of its shades; of haunts where we have  
been,—

And where may friends be better made than under God's  
green inn?

Your mouth is warm and laughing and your voice is calling  
low,

While yet the dew is on the hedge. So how can I but go?

NOON

The bees are humming, humming in the clover;

The bobolink is singing in the rye;

The brook is purling, purling in the valley,

And the river's laughing, radiant, to the sky!

The buttercups are nodding in the sunlight;

The winds are whispering, whispering to the pine;

The joy of June has found me; as an aureole it's  
crowned me

Because, oh best beloved, you are mine!



*Love-Songs of the Open Road*

NIGHT

In Arcady by moonlight,  
    (Where only lovers go),  
There is a pool where only  
    The fairest roses grow.

Why are the moonlit roses  
    So sweet beyond compare?  
Among their purple shadows  
    My love is waiting there.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Arcady by moonlight  
    The roads are open wide,  
But only joy can enter  
    And only joy abide.

There is the peace unending  
    That perfect faith can know —  
In Arcady by moonlight,  
    Where only lovers go.

*Kendall Banning*

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SYMPATHY

As one within a moated tower,  
I lived my life alone;  
And dreamed not other granges' dower,  
Nor ways unlike mine own.  
I thought I loved. But all alone  
As one within a moated tower  
I lived. Nor truly knew  
One other mortal fortune's hour.  
As one within a moated tower,  
One fate alone I knew.  
Who hears afar the break of day  
Before the silvered air  
Reveals her hooded presence gray,  
And she, herself, is there?  
I know not how, but now I see  
The road, the plain, the pluming tree,  
The carter on the wain.  
On my horizon wakes a star.  
The distant hillsides wrinkled far  
Fold many hearts' domain.  
On one the fire-worn forests sweep,  
Above a purple mountain-keep  
And soar to domes of snow.  
One heart has swarded fountains deep  
Where water-lilies blow:  
And one, a cheerful house and yard,

*Sympathy*

With curtains at the pane,  
Board-walks down lawns all clover-starred,  
And full-fold fields of grain.  
As one within a moated tower  
I lived my life alone;  
And dreamed not other granges' dower  
Nor ways unlike mine own.  
But now the salt-chased seas uncurled  
And mountains trooped with pine  
Are mine. I look on all the world  
And all the world is mine.

*Edith Wyatt*

A SONG OF HAPPINESS

Ah Happiness:  
Who called you "Earandel"?  
(Winter-star, I think, that is);  
And who can tell the lovely curve  
By which you seem to come, then swerve  
Before you reach the middle-earth?  
And who is there can hold your wing,  
Or bind you in your mirth,  
Or win you with a least caress,  
Or tear, or kiss, or anything—  
Insensate happiness?

Once I thought to have you  
Fast there in a child:  
All her heart she gave you,  
Yet you would not stay.  
Cruel, and careless,  
Not half reconciled,  
Pain you cannot bear;  
When her yellow hair  
Lay matted, every tress;  
When those looks of hers,  
Were no longer hers,  
You went: in a day  
She wept you all away.



*A Song of Happiness*

Once I thought to give  
You, plighted, holily—  
No more fugitive,  
Returning like the sea:  
But they that share so well  
Heaven must portion Hell  
In their copartnery:  
Care, ill fate, ill health,  
Came we know not how  
And broke our commonwealth.  
Neither has you now.

Some wait you on the road,  
Some in an open door  
Look for the face you show'd  
Once there—no more.  
You never wear the dress  
You danced in yesterday;  
Yet, seeming gone, you stay,  
And come at no man's call:  
Yet, laid for burial,  
You lift up from the dead  
Your laughing, spangled head.

Yes, once I did pursue  
You, unpursuable;  
Loved, longed for, hoped for you—  
Blue-eyed and morning brow'd.

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Ah, lovely happiness!  
Now that I know you well,  
I dare not speak aloud  
Your fond name in a crowd;  
Nor conjure you by night,  
Nor pray at morning-light,  
Nor count at all on you:

But, at a stroke, a breath,  
After the fear of death,  
Or bent beneath a load;  
Yes, ragged in the dress,  
And houseless on the road,  
I might surprise you there.  
Yes: who of us shall say  
When you will come, or where?  
Ask children at their play,  
The leaves upon the tree,  
The ships upon the sea,  
Or old men who survived,  
And lived, and loved, and wived.  
Ask sorrow to confess  
Your sweet improvidence,  
And prodigal expense  
And cold economy,  
Ah, lovely happiness!

*Ernest Rhys*

## HELEN IS ILL

When she is ill my laughter cowers;  
An exile with a broken rhyme,  
My head upon the breast of time,  
I hear the heart-beat of the hours;  
I close my eyes without a sigh;  
The vision of her flutters by  
As glints the light of Mary's eyes  
Upon the lakes in Paradise.

I seem to reach an olden town  
And enter at the sunset gate;  
And as the streets I hurry down,  
I find the men are all elate,  
As if an angel of the Lord  
Had passed with dearest word and nod,  
Remembered like a yearning chord  
Of songs the people sing to God;  
I come upon the sunrise gate—  
As silent as her listless room —  
There seven beggers sing and wait  
And this the song that breaks the gloom:

God a 'mercy is most kind;  
She the fairest passed this way;  
We the lowest were not blind;  
God a 'mercy bless the day.

*Roscoe W. Brink*

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VERSES, TRANSLATIONS, AND REFLECTIONS  
FROM "THE ANTHOLOGY"

HERMES OF THE WAYS

The hard sand breaks,  
And the grains of it  
Are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it,  
The wind,  
Playing on the wide shore,  
Piles little ridges,  
And the great waves  
Break over it.

But more than the many-foamed ways  
Of the sea,  
I know him  
Of the triple path-ways,  
Hermes,  
Who awaiteth.

Dubious,  
Facing three ways,  
Welcoming wayfarers,  
He whom the sea-orchard  
Shelters from the west,



*Hermes of the Ways*

From the east  
Weathers sea-wind;  
Fronts the great dunes.

Wind rushes  
Over the dunes,  
And the coarse, salt-crusted grass  
Answers.

Heu,  
It whips round my ankles!

II

Small is  
This white stream,  
Flowing below ground  
From the poplar-shaded hill,  
But the water is sweet.

Apples on the small trees  
Are hard,  
Too small,  
Too late ripened  
By a desperate sun  
That struggles through sea-mist.

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The boughs of the trees  
Are twisted  
By many bafflings;  
Twisted are  
The small-leafed boughs.

But the shadow of them  
Is not the shadow of the mast head  
Nor of the torn sails.

Hermes, Hermes,  
The great sea foamed,  
Gnashed its teeth about me;  
But you have waited,  
Where sea-grass tangles with  
Shore-grass.

*H. D.*

From "The Anthology"

PRIAPUS

*Keeper-of-Orchards*

I saw the first pear  
As it fell.  
The honey-seeking, golden-banded,  
The yellow swarm  
Was not more fleet than I,  
(Spare us from loveliness!)  
And I fell prostrate,  
Crying,  
Thou hast flayed us with thy blossoms;  
Spare us the beauty  
Of fruit-trees!

The honey-seeking  
Paused not,  
The air thundered their song,  
And I alone was prostrate.

O rough-hewn  
God of the orchard,  
I bring thee an offering;  
Do thou, alone unbeautiful  
(Son of the god),  
Spare us from loveliness.

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The fallen hazel-nuts,  
Stripped late of their green sheaths,  
The grapes, red-purple,  
Their berries  
Dripping with wine,  
Pomegranates already broken,  
And shrunken fig,  
And quinces untouched,  
I bring thee as offering.

H. D.

EPIGRAM

*(After the Greek)*

The golden one is gone from the banquets;  
She, beloved of Atimetus,  
The swallow, the bright Homonoëa:  
Gone the dear chatterer;  
Death succeeds Atimetus.

H. D.,  
"Imagiste."

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### STATUS RERUM

*London, December 10, 1912*



THE state of things here in London is, as I see it, as follows:

I find Mr. Yeats the only poet worthy of serious study. Mr. Yeats' work is already a recognized classic and is part of the required reading in the Sorbonne. There is no need of proclaiming him to the American public.

As to his English contemporaries, they are food, sometimes very good food, for anthologies. There are a number of men who have written a poem, or several poems, worth knowing and remembering, but they do not much concern the young artist studying the art of poetry.

The important work of the last twenty-five years has been done in Paris. This work is little likely to gain a large audience in either America or England, because of its tone and content. There has been no "man with a message," but the work has been excellent and the method worthy of our emulation. No other body of poets having so little necessity to speak could have spoken so well as these modern Parisians and Flemings.

There has been some imitation here of their manner and content. Any donkey can imitate a man's manner.



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There has been little serious consideration of their *method*. It requires an artist to analyze and apply a method.

Among the men of thirty here, Padraic Colum is the one whom we call most certainly a poet, albeit he has written very little verse—and but a small part of that is worthy of notice. He is fairly unconscious of such words as “aesthetics,” “technique” and “method.” He is at his best in *Garadh*, a translation from the Gaelic, beginning:

O woman, shapely as a swan,  
On your account I shall not die.  
The men you've slain—a trivial clan—  
Were less than I:

and in *A Drover*. He is bad whenever he shows a trace of reading. I quote the opening of *A Drover*, as I think it shows “all Colum” better than any passage he has written. I think no English-speaking writer now living has had the luck to get so much of himself into twelve lines.

To Meath of the pastures,  
From wet hills by the sea,  
Through Leitrim and Longford  
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness  
Their slipping and breathing.  
I name them the bye-ways  
They're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,  
Brown bogs with black water;  
And my thoughts on white ships  
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

I would rather talk about poetry with Ford Madox Hueffer than with any man in London. Mr. Hueffer's beliefs about the art may be best explained by saying that they are in diametric opposition to those of Mr. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats has been subjective; believes in the glamour and associations which hang near the words. "Works of art beget works of art." He has much in common with the French symbolists. Mr. Hueffer believes in an exact rendering of things. He would strip words of all "association" for the sake of getting a precise meaning. He professes to prefer prose to verse. You would find his origins in Gautier or in Flaubert. He is objective. This school tends to lapse into description. The other tends to lapse into sentiment.

Mr. Yeats' method is, to my way of thinking, very dangerous, for although he is the greatest of living poets who use English, and though he has sung some of the moods of life immortally, his art has not broadened much in scope during the past decade. His gifts to English art are mostly negative; i. e., he has stripped English poetry of many of its faults. His "followers" have come to nothing. Neither Synge, Lady Gregory nor Colum can be called his followers, though he had much to do with bringing them forth, yet nearly every man who writes English verse seriously is in some way indebted to him.

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Mr. Hueffer has rarely "come off." His touch is so light and his attitude so easy that there seems little likelihood of his ever being taken seriously by anyone save a few specialists and a few of his intimates. His last leaflet, *High Germany*, contains, however, three poems from which one may learn his quality. They are not Victorian. I do not expect many people to understand why I praise them. They are *The Starling*, *In the Little Old Market-Place* and *To All the Dead*.

The youngest school here that has the nerve to call itself a school is that of the *Imagistes*. To belong to a school does not in the least mean that one writes poetry to a theory. One writes poetry when, where, because, and as one feels like writing it. A school exists when two or three young men agree, more or less, to call certain things good; when they prefer such of their verses as have certain qualities to such of their verses as do not have them.

Space forbids me to set forth the program of the *Imagistes* at length, but one of their watchwords is Precision, and they are in opposition to the numerous and unassembled writers who busy themselves with dull and interminable effusions, and who seem to think that a man can write a good long poem before he learns to write a good short one, or even before he learns to produce a good single line.

Among the very young men, there seems to be a gleam of hope in the work of Richard Aldington, but it is too early to make predictions.



There are a number of men whose names are too well known for it to seem necessary to tell them over. America has already found their work in volumes or anthologies. Hardy, Kipling, Maurice Hewlett, Binyon, Robert Bridges, Sturge Moore, Henry Newbolt, McKail, Masfield, who has had the latest cry; Abercrombie, with passionate defenders, and Rupert Brooke, recently come down from Cambridge.

There are men also, who are little known to the general public, but who contribute liberally to the "charm" or the "atmosphere" of London: Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the grandest of old men, the last of the great Victorians; great by reason of his double sonnet, beginning—

He who has once been happy is for aye  
Out of destruction's reach;

Ernest Rhys, weary with much editing and hack work, to whom we owe gold digged in Wales, translations, transcripts, and poems of his own, among them the fine one to Dagonet; Victor Plarr, one of the "old" Rhymers' Club, a friend of Dowson and of Lionel Johnson. His volume, *In The Dorian Mood*, has been half forgotten, but not his verses *Epitaphium Citharistriae*. One would also name the Provost of Oriel, not for original work, but for his very beautiful translations from Dante.

In fact one might name nearly a hundred writers who have given pleasure with this or that matter in rhyme. But it is one thing to take pleasure in a man's work and another to respect him as a great artist.

*Ezra Pound*

## REVIEWS

*The Lyric Year*, Mr. Kennerley's new annual, contains among its hundred contributions nearly a score of live poems, among which a few excite the kind of keen emotion which only art of real distinction can arouse.

Among the live poems the present reviewer would count none of the prize-winners, not even Mr. Sterling's, the best of the three, whose rather stiff formalities in praise of Browning are, however, lit now and then by shining lines, as —

Drew as a bubble from old infamies. . . .  
The shy and many-colored soul of man.

The other two prize-poems must have been measured by some academic foot-rule dug up from the eighteenth century. Orrick Johns' *Second Avenue* is a *Gray's Elegy* essay of prosy moralizing, without a finely poetic line in it, or any originality of meaning or cadence. And the second prize went to an ode still more hopelessly academic. Indeed, *To a Thrush*, by Thomas Augustine Daly, is one of the most stilted poems in the volume, a far-away echo of echoes, full of the approved "poetic" words—*throstle, pregnant, vernal, cerulean, teen, chrysmal, even paraclete* — and quite guiltless of inspiration.

But one need not linger with these. As we face the other way one poem outranks the rest and ennobles the book. This is *The Renascence*, said to be by Edna St. Vincent Millay, who, according to the editor, is only



twenty years old. This poem is the daring flight of a wide-winged imagination, and the art of it, though not faultless, is strong enough to carry us through keen emotions of joy and agony to a climax of spiritual serenity. Though marred by the last twelve lines, which should be struck out for stating the thesis too explicitly, this poem arouses high hopes of its youthful author.

Among the other live poems — trees, saplings or flowers — are various species. *Kisa-Gotami*, by Arthur Davison Ficke, tells its familiar story of the Buddha in stately cadences which sustain the beauty of the tale. *Jetsam*, a "Titanic" elegy by Herman Montagu Donner, carries the dread and dangerous subject without violating its terrors and sanctities with false sentiment or light rhythm. Ridgeley Torrence's *Ritual for a Funeral* is less sure of its ground, sometimes escaping into vapors, but on the whole noble in feeling and flute-like in cadence. Mrs. Conkling's bird ode has now and then an airy delicacy, and Edith Wyatt's *City Swallow* gives the emotion of flight above the roofs and smoke of a modern town.

Of the shorter poems who could ignore Harry Kemp's noble lyric dialogue, *I Sing the Battle; The Forgotten Soul* by Margaret Widdemer, *Selma*, by Willard H. Wright; *Comrades* by Fannie Stearns Davis, or Nicholas Vachel Lindsay's tribute to O. Henry, a more vital elegy than Mr. Sterling's? These are all simple and sincere —

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straight modern talk which rises into song without the aid of worn-out phrases. *Paternity*, by William Rose Benét, *To My Vagrant Love*, by Elouise Briton, and *Dedication*, by Pauline Florence Brower, are delicate expressions of intimate emotion; and *Martin*, by Joyce Kilmer, touches with grace a lighter subject.

To have gathered such as these together is perhaps enough, but more may be reasonably demanded. As a whole the collection, like the prizes, is too academic; Georgian and Victorian standards are too much in evidence. The ambition of *The Lyric Year* is to be "an annual Salon of American poetry;" to this end poets and their publishers are invited to contribute gratis the best poems of the year, without hope of reward other than the three prizes. That so many responded to the call, freely submitting their works to anonymous judges, shows how eager is the hitherto unfriended American muse to seize any helping hand.

However, if this annual is to speak with any authority as a Salon, it should take a few lessons from art exhibitions. Mr. Earle's position as donor, editor and judge, is as if Mr. Carnegie should act as hanging committee at the Pittsburg show, and help select the prize-winners. And Messrs. Earle, Braithwaite and Wheeler, this year's jury of awards, are not, even though all have written verse, poets of recognized distinction in the sense that Messrs. Chase, Alexander, Hassam, Duveneck, and other jurymen in our various American Salons, are distinguished painters.

In these facts lie the present weaknesses of *The Lyric Year*. However, the remedy for them is easy and may be applied in future issues. Meantime the venture is to be welcomed; at last someone, somewhere, is trying to do something for the encouragement of the art in America. *Poetry*, which is embarked in the same adventure, rejoices in companionship.

H. M.



Already many books of verses come to us, of which a few are poetry. Sometimes the poetry is an aspiration rather than an achievement; but in spite of crude materials and imperfect artistry one may feel the beat of wings and hear the song. Again one searches in vain for the magic touch, even though the author has interesting things to say in creditable and more or less persuasive rhymed eloquence.

Of recent arrivals Mr. John Hall Wheelock has the most searching vision and appealing voice. In *The Human Fantasy* (Sherman, French & Co.) his subject is New York, typified in the pathetic little love-affair of two young starvelings, which takes its course through a stirring, exacting milieu to a renunciation that leaves the essential sanctities intact. The poet looks through the slang and shoddy of the lovers, and the dust and glare of the city, to the divine power of passion in both. In *The Beloved Adventure* the emotion is less poignant; or, rather, the poet has included many indifferent pieces which obscure the quality of finer lyrics. More rigorous tech-



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nique and resolute use of the waste-basket would make more apparent the fact that we have here a true poet, one with a singing voice, and a heart deeply moved by essential spiritual beauty in the common manifestations of human character. At his best he writes with immense concentration and unflagging vigor; and his hearty young appetite for life in all its manifestations helps him to transmute the repellent discords of the modern town into harmony. The fantasy of *Love in a City* is a "true thing" and a vital.

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn is also a true poet, capable of lyric rapture, but sometimes, when he seems least aware, his muse escapes him. *The Infidel*, the initial poem of his *Poems and Ballads* (Houghton Mifflin Co.), recalls his *Woman of Corinth*, and others in this book remind one of this and of his Harvard class poem, *The Troop of the Guard*, in that the words do not, like colored sands, dance inevitably into the absolute shape determined by the wizardry of sound. He is still somewhat hampered by the New England manner, a trend toward an external formalism not dependent on interior necessity. This influence makes for academic and lifeless work, and it must be deeply rooted since it casts its chill also over the Boston school of painters.

But now and then Mr. Hagedorn frees himself; perhaps in the end he may escape altogether. In such poems as *Song*, *Doors*, *Broadway*, *Discovery*, *The Wood-Gatherer*, *The Crier in the Night* and *A Chant on the Terrible Highway*, we feel that he begins to speak for himself, to sing with

## Reviews

his own voice. Such poems are a challenging note that should arrest the attention of all seekers after sincere poetic expression.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, in *Uriel and Other Poems* (Houghton Mifflin Co.), shows also the Boston influence, but perhaps it is difficult to escape the academic note in such poems for occasions as these. With fluent eloquence and a ready command of verse forms he celebrates dead poets, addresses noted living persons, and contributes to a number of ceremonial observances. The poems in which he is most freely lyric are perhaps *In the Bohemian Redwoods* and *To the Fire-Bringer*, the shorter of his elegies in honor of Moody, his friend.

In two dramatic poems, *The Tragedy of Etarre*, by Rhys Carpenter (Sturgis & Walton Co.), and *Gabriel, a Pageant of Vigil*, by Mrs. Isabelle Howe Fiske (Mosher), the academic note is confidently insisted on. The former shows the more promise of ultimate freedom. It is an Arthurian venture of which the prologue is the strongest part. In firm-knit iambics Mr. Carpenter strikes out many effective lines and telling situations. Indeed, they almost prompt the profane suggestion that, simplified and compressed, they might yield a psychological libretto for some "advanced" composer.

Mrs. Fiske's venture is toward heaven itself; but her numerous archangels are of the earth earthy.

In *The Unconquered Air and Other Poems* (Houghton Mifflin Co.), Mrs. Florence Earle Coates shows not inspir-



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ation but wide and humane sympathies. Her verse is typical of much which has enough popular appeal and educative value to be printed extensively in the magazines; verse in which subjects of modern interest and human sentiment are expressed in the kind of rhymed eloquence which passes for poetry with the great majority.

These poets may claim the justification of illustrious precedent. The typical poem of this class in America, the most famous verse rhapsody which stops short of lyric rapture, is Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*.

### NOTES

Our poets this month play divers instruments. The audience may listen to H. D.'s flute, the 'cello of Mr. Rhys, the big bass drum of Mr. Lindsay, and so on through the orchestra, fitting each poet to his special strain. Some of these performers are well known, others perhaps will be.

Mr. Ernest Rhys is of Welsh descent. In 1888-9 he lectured in America, and afterward returned to London, where he has published *A London Rose*, Arthurian plays and poems, and Welsh ballads, and edited *Everyman's Library*.

Mr. Madison Cawein, the well-known Kentucky poet resident in Louisville, scarcely needs an introductory word. His is landscape poetry chiefly, but sometimes, as in Wordsworth, figures blend with the scene and become

a part of nature. A volume of his own selections from his various books has recently been published by The Mac-Millan Company.

Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay is the vagabond poet who loves to tramp through untravelled country districts without a cent in his pocket, exchanging "rhymes for bread" at farmers' hearths. The magazines have published engaging articles by him, but in verse he has been usually his own publisher as yet.

"H. D., *Imagiste*," is an American lady resident abroad, whose identity is unknown to the editor. Her sketches from the Greek are not offered as exact translations, or as in any sense finalities, but as experiments in delicate and elusive cadences, which attain sometimes a haunting beauty.

Mr. Kendall Banning is an editor and writer of songs. "The Love Songs of the Open Road," with music by Lena Branscord, will soon be published by Arthur Schmidt of Boston.

Mrs. Anita Fitch of New York has contributed poems to various magazines.

The February number of POETRY will be devoted to the work of two poets, Messrs. Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter Bynner.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Lyric Year*, Mitchell Kennerley.  
*Poems and Ballads*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Shadows of the Flowers*, by T. B. Aldrich. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Poems and Plays*, by William Vaughn Moody. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Nimrod*, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.  
*The Shadow Garden and Other Plays*, by Madison Cawein. G. P. Putman's Sons.  
*Via Lucis*, by Alice Harper. M. E. Church South, Nashville, Tenn.  
*Songs of Courage and Other Poems*, by Bertha F. Gordon. The Baker & Taylor Co  
*Narrative Lyrics*, by Edward Lucas White. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*The Dance of Dinwiddie*, by Marshall Moreton. Stewart & Kidd Co.  
*The Three Visions and Other Poems*, by John A. Johnson. Stewart & Kidd Co.  
*Hands Across The Equator*, by Alfred Ernest Keet. Privately printed.  
*Songs Under Open Skies*, by M. Jay Flannery. Stewart & Kidd Co.  
*Denys Of Auxerre*, by James Barton. Christophers, London.  
*Songs in Many Moods*, by Charles Washburn Nichols. L. H. Blackmer Press.  
*The Lord's Prayer*. A Sonnet Sequence by Francis Howard Williams. George W. Jacobs & Co.  
*The Buccaneers*, by Don C. Seitz. Harper & Bros.  
*The Tale of a Round-House*, by John Masefield. The MacMillan Co.  
*XXXIII Love Sonnets*, by Florence Brooks. John Marone.  
*The Poems of Ida Ahlborn Weeks*. Published By Her Friends, Sabula, Iowa.  
*The Poems of LeRoy Titus Weeks*. Published by the author.  
*Ripostes*, by Ezra Pound. Stephen Swift.  
*The Spinning Woman of the Sky*, by Alice Corbin. The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co.  
*The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves*. Maunsel & Co.  
*Welsh Poetry Old and New, in English Verse*, by Alfred Perceval Graves. Longmans, Green & Co.

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