

**HANNAH
BAILY**

BY THE SEA,
AND OTHER
VERSES

Hannah Baily
By the Sea, and Other Verses

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H. Lavinia Baily

By the Sea, and Other Verses

MYSELF AND YOU

There are only myself and you in the world,
There are only myself and you;
'Tis clear, then, that I unto you should be kind,
And that you unto me should be true.

And if I unto you could be always kind,
And you unto me could be true,
Then the criminal courts might all be adjourned,
And the sword would have nothing to do.

A few fertile acres are all that I need, —
Not more than a hundred or two, —
And the great, wide earth holds enough, I am sure,
Enough for myself and for you.

The sweet air of heaven is free to us all;
Upon all fall the rain and the dew;
And the glorious sun in his cycle of light
Shines alike on myself and on you.

The infinite love is as broad as the sky,
And as deep as the ocean's blue,
We may breathe it, bathe in it, live in it, aye,
It is *life* for myself and for you.

And the Christ who came when the angels sang
Will come, if the song we renew,
And reign in his kingdom, — the Prince of Peace, —
Reigning over myself and you.

O, then, may I be unto you always kind,
And be you unto me always true;
So the land may rest from its turmoil and strife,
And the sword may have nothing to do.

BY THE SEA

AN ARGUMENT FOR PEACE

"You do but dream; the world will never see
Such time as this you picture, when the sword
Shall lie inglorious in its sheath, and be
No more of valorous deeds incentive or reward."

The ocean breezes fanned them where they sat,
At leisure from life's conflict, toil and care,
Yet not unthoughtful, nor unmindful that
In all its weal and woe they held their share.

The rose-light charm and pride of earliest youth
A chastening touch had toned to lovelier hue,
And the white soul of purity and truth
Looked out alike from eyes of brown and blue.

"I covet your fair hope," he spake again,
"I cannot share it; all the hoary past
Denies that mightier prowess of the pen
The poet claims, and proves it still surpassed

"By sword and musket and the arts of war.
And 'twere not so, – the query will return,
Albeit such conflict we must all abhor —
How should the fires of patriotism burn?

"Their flames are kindled by the flash of arms,
And fed by recount of heroic deed;
The sanguinary story has its charms
Tho the heart sicken o'er it as we read.

"And what were Greece without her Marathon?
Or Rome, had not her Caesars fought and won?
How reigns Britannia, Empress near and far,
But for her Waterloo and Trafalgar?

"And we, know not our souls a quickening thrill
At thought of Lexington and Bunker Hill?
And with a pride no rival passion mars
Greet we not now our glorious Stripes and Stars?

"Yes, friend, I own your theory is fine;

I grant your outlook far exceedeth mine
In excellence and beauty, in its scope
Embracing that millennial age of bliss
The spirit pants for while it chafes in this;
I covet, tho I cannot share, your hope."

"My hope," she answered, smiling, "is a faith;
The kingdoms of this world are yet to be
The kingdoms of our blessed Lord, the Christ; —
Lord of all life thro' dire and vengeful death —
Wrought thro' such sacrifice, unspared, unpriced,
His word and purpose must fulfilment see,
And realms by mountains bounded or by seas
Must own allegiance to the Prince of Peace.

"I yield to none" – and as she spoke there sped
Across the opal beauty of the sea
A light-winged vessel, bearing at its head
The starry emblem of the brave and free —

"I yield to none in loyalty and love
For yon bright banner, but I hold it still
As token to the world, all else above,
Of peace on earth and unto man good will.

"God gave His land to be the home of man;
And all that brightens and upbuilds the home
Uplifts humanity; tramp, tribe and clan,
Knowing no hearthstone, are content to roam,

"But drawing nearer God the man returns
And rears his household altar. In some quest
The feet may wander, but the heart still yearns
For the soft home-light and the quiet rest.

"Think yet again, good brother, is it not
From off such altar, whether it may glow
In princely palace or in lowliest cot,
That the true flame of country-love must flow?
While that enkindled by the flash of arms
Is a 'strange fire,' consuming while it charms.

"Lives Greece less nobly in her Parthenon,
In what her Solons wrote, her poets sang,
Than in the gastly pride of Marathon,
And kindred fields where victors' praises rang?

"And we, enriched thro' Commerce, Letters, Art,
Forgot our earlier grievances and scars,

Are we not ready for a better part?
Have we not now outgrown our need of wars?

"Surely it should be so," he made reply;
"The sated earth cries out against the flow
Of human blood: 'How long? how long?' The cry
Must pierce the heavens from writhing hearts below.

"But men heed not; the glamor and the gain
Of warfare blind them to its sin and pain;
They know not pity and they count not cost
Till armies meet and life and cause are lost.

"Would they but listen 'twere an errand blest
To plead against oppressor for oppressed;
Would they but follow it were joy indeed
Up the white hills of truth and peace to lead.

"But, ah! the multitudes are gone astray,
The powerful of the earth will have their way;
What profit, sister, in our prayers and tears?
Why mar the spring-time gladness of our years

"In vain pursuit of universal good?
In fruitless care for earth's vast brotherhood?
Glad would I grasp such work could I but see.
Or near, or far, your hoped-for victory."

"Whether they hear," she answered, "or forbear,
'Tis ours with signal truths to light the skies;
God's promises and warnings to declare; —
How can men follow if no leader rise?

"The Christ shall be the victor; O my friend,
Why do we limit His almighty power
Who sees from far beginning to the end?
Whose day may be an æon or an hour?

"The sea is His; He made it; and His word
Can speak its wildest tumult into calm;
As He may will its deepest founts are stirred,
Or surface-ripples breathe a praiseful psalm.

"As well His power the rise and fall doth sway
Of human passion, tho He suffer long;
The puny pride of man shall yet obey
The mandate of the Only Wise and Strong.

"But God would have the children of His grace

In this great reclamation have a share;
And each in his appointed hour and place
Must stand, or other brow his crown will wear."

She paused, and o'er them, as with magic spell,
For a brief space a holy silence fell;
Then while the sunset crimson of the sky
Set ocean all a-blush, he made reply:

"Reason and candor justify your claim;
The Infinite is infinite in all;
The Power that touches into life that flame
Holds earth and heaven subject to His call,
And at His fiat peoples rise and fall.

"Your dauntless zeal doth shame my coward heart;
Your word of faith my courage doth inspire;
I see 'tis only noble to have part
In moral contest; not to fan the fire
Of a false glory, which must ever feed
On souls that perish, and on hearts that bleed.

"And this I gather from your earnest plea; —
That souls which walk in light and see the way
To heights of truth yet unattained, must be
Fore-runners for their Lord, must work and pray
For the incoming of the perfect day.

"Join we in this sweet service; cherish still
The trust that gives you courage for the fight;
Your 'peaceful war' on all that's base and ill,
Your patient battle for the pure, the right.
Let us press on and mount the hills of light."

The ocean murmur fell upon their ears
Sweeter than bird-song or the voice of mirth,
As beamed her answering smile, thro' grateful tears,
While her lips whispered only "Peace on earth."

"Peace! peace!" – the evening zephyrs caught the strain,
The wavelets sent the word across the sea;
Exultant Nature trilled the glad refrain; —
"Peace! peace! The Christ is come, and peace shall be!"

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR

Neighbor, neighbor, prithee stay;
Wherefore hasten on thy way?
Give a moment's heed to me,
I would ask a thing of thee.

Neighbor, days and months have fled,
Seasons one by one have sped,
And to-night I greet thee here
At the passing of the year.

'Tis the time of reckoning now,
Of new resolves and annual vow;
Time of straightening ugly crooks,
And careful balancing of books.

Pardon if I now demand
How accounts of thine may stand;
Hast thou rendered, fair and true,
Unto every man his due?

Hast thou given timely heed
To thy poorer brother's need?
Hath thy strong arm been a stay
To the weaker on the way?

When didst thou a joy impart
To thy sister, sad at heart!
When didst thou her grief beguile
With the sunshine of thy smile?

When the heavy-laden came
Didst thou breathe a Saviour's name?
When temptations fierce did prove
Didst thou whisper of His love?

When hosts of evil have assailed,
And against the right prevailed,
Hast thou still undaunted stood
Pleading for the pure and good?

When – but neighbor, this is strange!
While I question comes a change:
All that I have asked of thee
Comes for answer back to me.

Comes, against my wish and will,
Comes and sets my heart a-thrill;
Comes with terrors of the law,
Filling me with fear and awe.

Strange transition! Can it mean? —
The marvel of this shifting scene —
Yes, I read the mystery now.
Neighbor, mine own soul art thou.

Now, my soul, 'tis thine to say
How the record stands to-day
Give account of loss or gain,
Talent used or spent in vain.

All unwitting how they sped
I my listed queries read;
Raised the duty-standard high,
Challenged measurement thereby.

While I queried came a change,
Silent, solemn, passing strange; —
Neighbor glided into mist,
Soul and self were keeping tryst.

And the queries come anew:
Soul of mine, be brave and true;
Lo! *our* books we balance now;
I have questioned; answer thou.

RISEN

"He is risen; He is risen,
Here His empty tomb you see;
And He goeth as He told you
To the hills of Galilee."
Thus to loving, loyal women,
In the centuries agone,
Angel voices told the story
Of the resurrection morn.

He is risen! He is risen!
Years hand down the glad refrain;
Let the ages on to ages
Waft the tidings yet again.
He who near the Bethlehem manger
Lowly child of earth was born,
King of kings reigns all triumphant
Since the resurrection morn.

Christ is risen! Calvary's anguish
All a lost world's ransom paid;
Then, with tears, "the hope of Israel"
In the new-made tomb was laid.

Deep and dark the desolation
Falling with that night forlorn;
Radiant the dawn awakening
With the resurrection morn.

He has risen! By this token
We with Him shall rise again;
Faith shall vanquish doubt and terror,
Joy shall banish grief and pain.
No more fear of sin's temptation,
No more dread of hatred's scorn,
O the glory purchased for us
On the resurrection morn!

Christ is risen! Bow before Him,
To His courts an offering bring;
Suffering Lord and Lamb victorious,
Crown Him Conquerer, Priest and King.
Robe of light for robe of mocking,
Diadem for crown of thorn,
Wears He now, and in His likeness
Rise we, satisfied, immortal,

In the resurrection morn.

ELIZABETH CROWNED

Elizabeth of Hungary, a widow at the age of twenty, was sought in marriage by Frederick II., Emperor of Germany. She, having taken a vow never to marry again, declined his offer, and devoted her life to deeds of kindness and charity. She died at the age of twenty-four, and was canonized as a saint by Gregory IX. At this ceremony Frederick placed upon her head a golden crown, saying, "Since thou wouldst not be crowned as my Empress, I crown thee to-day as an immortal Queen in the kingdom of God."

When once I saw thee, fair, yet sad and lone, —
Thou wealth and beauty waited at thy hand —
I would have crowned thee, saintly one, mine own;
Glad would have had thee share with me my throne,
Bride of my heart, and Empress of my land!

But thou wert wedded to thy valiant dead,
And to the service of a Christ-like love;
So by thy hand the suffering poor were led,
And from thy bounty were the hungry fed,
Till came thy summons to the Court Above.

Now hast thou passed from tears and pain away,
Thine ear hath caught the heavenly melodies; —
So be it mine, with reverent touch, to-day,
On thy fair head this diadem to lay,
And crown thee Queen immortal for the skies!

WHO IS SUFFICIENT?

Six-and-thirty little mortals
Coming to be taught;
And mine that most "delightful task
To rear the tender thought."
Merry, mischief-loving children,
Thoughtless, glad and gay,
Loving lessons – "just a little,"
Dearly loving play.

Six-and-thirty souls immortal,
Coming to be fed;
Needing "food convenient for them,"
As their daily bread.
Bright and happy little children,
Innocent and free,
Coming here their life-long lessons
Now to learn of me.

Listen to the toilsome routine,
List, and answer them,
For these things who is sufficient
'Mong the sons of men?
Now they, at the well-known summons,
Cease their busy hum;
And, some with pleasure, some reluctant,
To the school-room come.

Comes a cunning little urchin
With defiant eye,
"Making music" with his marbles
As he passes by.
But, alas! the pretty toys are
Taken from him soon,
And the music-loving Willie
Strikes another tune!

Comes a lisping little beauty,
Scarce five summers old;
Baby voice and blue eyes pleading,
"Please, mish, I'm stho cold!"
Little one, the world is chilly,
All too cold for thee;
From its storms "Our Father" shield thee,
And thy refuge be.

While I turn to caution Johnny
Not to make such noise;
Mary parses: "Earth's an adverb,
In the passive voice."
Well, indeed, it must be passive,
Else it is not clear
How such open language-murder,
Goes unpunished here.

"Second Reader Class" reciting —
"Lesson verse or prose?"
None in all the class is certain;
Each one thinks he knows.
"Well," is queried then, "the difference
Who can now define?"
Answers Rob: "In verse they never
Finish out the line!"

Boy, thy thought doth strangely thrill me,
And as hours roll on,
Hears my heart a solemn query:
Is my day's work done?
Do I make of this my life-task
Prose or idle rhyme?
Do I in the sight of Heaven
Finish out the line?

Oh, it is "too fine a knowledge"
For our mortal sight,
All these restless little creatures
How to lead aright.
He who prayeth while he worketh,
Taking lessons still
Of the Friend of little children,
Learning all His will;

He alone can walk before them
Worthily and well;
He alone of life's strange language
Can the meaning tell.
May I then with heart as tender
As a little child
Lead my flock; and Father, keep them
Pure and undefiled.

PEACE

O blessed peace, that floweth like a river,
Unstayed, unwearied, ever on and on;
That hath its fount and spring in Christ the giver,
And finds its ocean round the great white Throne.

O peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Thou art the answer to my soul's long quest;
Doubts, fears and sins, their serried hosts disbanding,
I leave, launch on thy wave, and anchored, rest.

BOYS AND GIRLS

We were "seven in all," as the dear rustic maid
To the poet so sweetly protested;
And together we rambled and studied and played,
Each imbibing a share of the sunshine and shade
Wherewith our young life was invested.

And black eyes and blue eyes and brown eyes and gray
Looked up to the face of our mother,
As she led us in study in labor or play,
Or told of "Our Father," and taught us to pray,
And to cherish and love one another.

O, the rapture of being when life is a-tune
With the song-life and beauty of morning;
When the roseate dawn brightens into the noon,
And the year hastens on to the splendor of June,
In her fragrance and matchless adorning.

So our years flitted by and the youngest of all —
Our dark-eyed and fun-loving brother —
Was grown to be manly and lithesome and tall,
And to courteous titles we answered the call,
But were still "boys" and "girls" to each other.

O, the joy of endeavor, endurance and toil
On thro' summer-time vigor and sweetness,
Of triumph o'er that which would hinder or foil,
Of the patience of hope after tears and turmoil,
In the glory of autumn's completeness.

And the toil and the turmoil and tears have been ours —
From our ranks we have missed a loved brother
We've encountered the thorns, but we've cherished the flowers;
We've passed under the clouds on to sunnier hours,
And we're still "boys" and "girls" to each other.

A SMILE

The gliding of a fairy form
And rosy lips that knew no guile,
With wonder parted, came to ask,
"Papa, what is a smile?"

A smile, whate'er it is, then stole
That gentle parent's features o'er;
For ne'er to him had been proposed
Query so strange before.

But while he pondered in his heart
How he should to his child reply,
A new, triumphant joy lit up
Her loving, lustrous eye; —

And with this gladsome, new-found thought,
She answered in her own behalf:
"Oh, now, I know; a smile must be
The whisper to a laugh!"

"A SPARROW ALONE ON THE HOUSETOP"

Sing, little sparrow, sing thy song.
No peril neareth thee;
Tho night be dark or day be long,
Or clouds hang low, sing on, sing on,
The dear God heareth thee.

Sing, little bird, whate'er befall —
Trill out thine utmost need;
Thou canst not soar, thou canst not fall
But He will note who knoweth all,
And He thy plaint will heed.

O little sparrow, far and high
Thy soft notes God-ward go,
And I with thee send up my cry,
And both shall somewhere find reply,
God careth for us so.

TO MOTHER

O mother, from thy home beyond the stars
Hast thou not known the yearning of thy child
For thy sweet love? Hast thou not heard her wild
And piteous moaning for thy soft caress?
Felt her heart's aching for the tenderness
And the low patience of thy loving voice?
Hast thou not seen her 'mid life's toils and jars,
Pant as a bird behind its prison bars,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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