

IF I HAD RIDDEN HORSES

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

If I had ridden horses in the lists,
Fought wars, gone pilgrimage to
fabled lands,
Seen Pharaoh's drinking cups of ame-
thysts,
Held dead queens' secret jewels in
my hands,—
I would have laid my triumphs at your
feet,
And worn with no ignoble pride my
scars. . . .
But I can only offer you, my sweet,
The songs I made on many a night
of stars.
Yet have I worshiped honor, loving
you;
Your graciousness and gentle cour-
tesy,
With ringing and romantic trumpets
blew
A mighty music through the heart
of me,—
A joy as cleansing as the wind that
fills
The open spaces on the sunny hills.
The New Witness

REMEMBRANCE

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

Let not the world remember you,
By any greater thing or less,
Than that upon a reed I blew
A song to praise your loveliness!
Let not the world remember me
(If immortality should crown
A line of verse, when empery
In the vast waves of time goes
down)
By any greater thing or less,
Than one good song I made and
sung
To praise your love and loveliness,
One evening when the world was
young!

The New Witness

NIGHT AND NIGHT

BY JOHN FREEMAN

The earth is purple in the evening light,
The grass is graver green.
The gold among the meadows darker
glows,
In the quieted air the blackbird sings
more loud.
The sky has lost its rose —
Nothing more than this candle now
shines bright.

Were there but natural night how easy
were
The putting-by of sense
At the day's end, and if no heavier air
Came o'er the mind in a thick-falling
cloud.
But now there is no light
Within; and to this innocent night
how dark my night!

The New Statesman

WINTER MORNING

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

The stars faded out of the paling sky,
Dropped through the waters; still
the Morning Star
Grew brighter and brighter, and as
day was nigh
A pure wind troubled the rushes
near and far.

No bird was yet awake, only the duck
Homed to the little lake fed full with
streams.
Strange and unreal how the morning
broke
On a still world, such as God saw in
dreams.

The austere, still-life world was beauti-
ful,
Lit by one burning torch of purest
flame.
Home from what hidden haunts, what
secret pool?
Green-crested, emerald-winged, the
wild duck came.

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