

OF A BEAUTIFUL POEM

(Three Voices)

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

I

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
(His for the taking)
All a kind world could show
Of gracious living,
And happy stars could give,
Lavishly giving—
Honor and easefulness,
Wealth to buy leisure,
Beauty of man's device,
Nature's high pleasure,
White moons to glorify
Times of far roaming,
Orchards in bloom to make
Sweet the home-coming.

II

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
Went to its making:
Surely the maker found
Naught for free taking.
It was a warring soul
Flamed in such fashion,
Not from a heart at ease
Bled this pure passion.
Honor he served the while
Loud tongues decried him,
Beauty the more because
Much was denied him;

Pain in the darkness laid
Paths for his roaming,
Thorn-branch and rue were cut
For his home-coming.

III

Lifeblood and spirit-fire
Went to its making:
Who knows what planet ruled
At its awaking?
Plenty may starve a soul,
Dearth feed another,
Joy bring to one the gift
Grief gives his brother;
One finds a Calvary
In Eden-places,
One builds all beauty from
Beauty's faint traces. . . .
Weal-star or bale-star may
Pilot the roaming,
Yet will a singer's heart
Sing at home-coming.

THEOCRITUS

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

δ' ου πολέμους, δ' ου δάκρυα

Not of war, nor of tears did he build his song,
For the hills and the fields and the shepherd throng
Are caught in his delicate net of words,
With the dread wood-nymphs and the grey sea birds.
Daphnis, he sang. "Daphnis is dying now.
Ye violets bear thorns, ye cattle bow
Your heads and weep for Daphnis." And he sang
Of Polyphemus till the meadows rang.
Of Aeschines he sang; then bowed his head
And sang of Amaryllis loved, yet dead.
Then in a gladdened tone he told the tales
Of goatherds' loves in still Sicilian vales.
There the cicada with a noisy note
Chirped in the pine tree while the poet wrote.
Within his verse he caught the hum of bees
That haunt the flowers underneath those trees.