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# WILD GARDEN

*By*

**BLISS CARMAN**

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1929**

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**TO**

**ERNEST FEWSTER**

**MASTER OF ANCIENT WISDOM**

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# WILD GARDEN

## JUNE CALL

When June is come and the cool deep woods  
Ring with the thrush and the oven-bird,  
A madness springs in the heart of earth  
Hearing the music creation heard.

So clear the magical wild notes fall,  
Who could bide with a book indoor,  
And not away through the wide sweet world,  
On the sway of that old Pandean lore!

I know in my heart 'tis time to go  
On the Twilight Trail with its tawny kills,  
Where thrushes call to the frail new moon  
In far blue passes among the hills.

## THE PINE

TO W. F. G.

Tall as a mast in morning light  
Stands our old pine against the sky,  
A sentinel upon the height  
To watch the wheeling days go by.

His dark boughs etched against the blue  
Are like a print of old Japan,—  
Some war-god marking the review  
Of the mysterious march of man.

Eastward above the sleeping land  
He sees the growing dawn unfold,  
Until the Holyoke ranges stand  
Purpled against the silent gold.

He sees the city far below  
Wake to its toil with smoke and steam,  
And miles of meadow in the glow  
Of Indian summer, touched with dream.

He sees the silver moon appear  
Above the river's curving line,  
And when the chill of dusk draws near,  
The homing lights flash out and shine.

Unwearying through snow and rain  
He signals courage from the steep,  
And when night settles on the plain  
He has his starry watch to keep.

Then when the winter storms arise,  
And the gay leaves are fled in fear,—  
In a great grieving voice he cries  
His reassurance, "I am here!"

## NATURE LORE

Would you learn of Nature  
And all her wisdom prove,  
Understand her secrets,  
Comprehend her love?  
Would you know the service  
Of rhythm and refrain?  
Walk with the diurnal sun  
And the tramping rain.

To reach her sanctuary  
Where inspiration dwells,  
Her morning revelations,  
Her twilight oracles,  
Your eyes must wear her sea-hues,  
Your cheek her seasons' tan,  
Your bearing the calm leisure  
Of her starry caravan.

Learn the swing of snowshoes,  
Time as time you must—  
The ax-stroke in the wood-lot,  
The hoof-beat in the dust,  
Dip and swing of paddle,  
Thrust of setting-pole.  
These will give you poise and flight,  
These will make you whole.

The waving grass shall show you  
The highway to her door.  
Every singing river  
Chants her enticing lore.  
Her twelve great winds come seeking  
To teach you line by line  
The harmonies of sense and soul  
In music of the pine.

They share great Nature's rapture  
Who tread her wilding trails,  
Her desert stars will guide them

When every false flare fails.  
Her wondrous heart is never  
From wondering hearts estranged,  
And you shall find at journey's end  
Her smiling grace unchanged.

## THE LORD OF RHYTHM

As the wind's breath in the evening stirs among the summer trees,  
Moves the soul of all things sentient to creative mysteries.

As the voice of falling water fills the deep of noon with sound,  
In the waiting heart a whisper wakes to trouble the profound.

When the great pines lift the plain-song of their deep-toned symphonies,  
And the fluttering aspens follow with their treble on the breeze;

When the sea-tides set their chorus surging on the granite shore,  
And the rain's torrential silver makes street music at the door;

Who but feels the mighty Maestro trying every reed and string,  
As we vibrate to his rhythms, swept by their eternal swing!

When the colors change before us in the paling afterglow,  
When the shifting northern streamers march across the midnight snow,

When the green and mauve of April flush the re-awakening world,  
When the gold and scarlet trappings of October are unfurled,

When the new moon in the hemlock hangs, for an immortal sign  
Light shall cease not in her season from revealing the divine,

We behold how the supernal Glory-maker still outpours  
Stains of Paradisal splendor on the pageant at our doors.

Soul, hast thou not marks of kinship,—gladness, dignity, and grace,—  
Signets from the Lord of Rhythm which attest the heavenly trace!

Light of eye and lift of spirit, magic of the living word,  
These are man's unfailing witness of his heritage—of his Lord.

## MOMENT MUSICALE

The round moon hangs above the rim  
Of silent and soft-shadowed trees,  
And all the earth is fey and dim  
In a blue veil of mysteries.

On such a night one must believe  
The Golden Age returns again  
With lyric beauty, to retrieve  
The joyance we have lost in vain.

And down the wooded aisles, behold,  
What dancers through the dusk appear!  
Piping their ardor as of old,  
They bring immortal rapture near.

A moment on the brink of night  
They tread their transport in the dew,  
And to the rhythm of their delight  
Old sorceries are made anew.

## NYMPH AND FAUN

Have you not seen a nymph in June  
Go dancing through the misty woods,  
Her mad young beauty hid beneath  
A tattered gown of opening buds?

She flitted through the alder swamp,  
And loitered by the willow stream,  
Then started down the wood-road dim,  
With bare young throat and eyes a-dream.

Her playmate is a shy young faun  
Who follows her through dappled shade,  
Craving a blossom from her hand,  
His wandering by wonder stayed.

The soft winds fan their hearts to flame,  
Like violets that nod and swoon,  
They spread the fragrance of the Spring  
Across the ardor of the noon.

The singing of the twilight brook  
Is music for their pastorage,  
Echoing through the aisles of dusk,  
Where mysteries of Eden fall.

They catch the sorcery of light  
That trembles from the evening star;  
And fearlessly they tread a world  
Where beauty and enchantment are.

When the great round and yellow moon  
Comes flooding all the marshes wide,  
She will have crossed the scented dune  
To dance upon the silver tide.

And when I hear along the coast  
The wind that pipes through larch and fir,  
She beckons me to join her host,  
And I must go and dance with her!

## LITTLE SMOKING FLAX

TO L. E.

Dance, Little Smoking Flax!  
Dance and proclaim  
All thy still loveliness  
Lyric as flame.

Unmute thy life-music,  
Set free thy young joys  
In magical phrases  
Of rhythm and poise.

The passion of life  
And the pageant of art  
Must time to the drum-beat  
That sounds in thy heart,—

With eloquent telling  
Of gesture and bearing,  
Each impulse revealing,  
Each story declaring.

Of shimmering beryl  
Thy garments shall be,  
To dance with the tumult  
And shine of the sea.

Under tints of the dawn,  
In azure and jade,  
The floor of the world  
For thy dancing was laid.

Release thy enchantments,  
Thine ardor unveil,  
With the rapture that ran  
Through the feet of Izevl.

Bare-foot and tender,  
Each step like a note  
Of jubilant song  
From a bobolink's throat!

Light as an Oread  
Treading the dew

In glamorous twilight  
When summer is new,

Dance to the silver moon  
Slim in the west,  
Glad with the answering  
Thrill in thy breast.

Dance with the running brook,  
Run with the rain,  
The wind o'er the wheat field,  
The snow o'er the plain.

Dance with the sunlight  
That falls through the trees  
In quick golden patterns  
That shift with the breeze.

Swirl with the trailing mist  
Through the blue canyon,  
Pan's pipe thy music  
And mirth thy companion.

Flit with the fireflies  
Weaving their spell,—  
Fairy lights moving  
To signal all's well.

Swing with the planets  
Their sarabands slow,  
In mounting *Te Deums*  
The Seraphim know.

Through thrice-happy measures  
No hesitance mars,  
Ungirdle thy beauty  
And dance to the stars.

Spring, Little Smoking Flax,  
With thy heart's flame,  
Vibrant with Spirit  
That earth cannot tame!

Thou shalt be called  
Beloved of Shamballah,  
And dance like the joy  
In the Garden of Allah.

**DEVOTEE**

**TO M. G.**

A lovesome thing is Madeleine,  
With night-dark eyes and hair,  
Traces of a Celtic strain  
And a woodland flair  
Caught in a half-whimsical,  
Nun-like, faun-like air.

Glowing as Indian summer,—  
When all the Earth is still,  
With gold and scarlet through the veil  
Of blue haze on the hill,  
As if some enigmatic trance  
Were laid on her door-sill.

A Gipsy creature, city-bound,  
She curbs her wilding mien  
In each sophisticated role,  
And lends to every scene  
A beauty that would more befit  
Tatters and tambourine.

Intriguing, exquisite and gay,  
Playing her gracious part  
With a distinguished ecstasy,  
A Temple-Girl of Art,—  
Only a fleeing glance betrays  
The wood-nymph in her heart.

## **MAVERICKS**

### **TO F. AND J. C.**

There's a highroad in the Catskills, a pleasant road that winds  
Among the dreaming mountains by any pass it finds.

By Stony Clove and Beaverkill and Ashokan it runs  
Through goldenrod and aster in the idling August suns.

There's a byroad in the Catskills, a road that turns aside,  
A winding road, a wood-road, that is neither long nor wide.

Through shade of spruce and hemlock its grassy way it wends,  
And happy are the farers who follow till it ends.

What's back here in the mountains, what's up here in the woods,  
That anyone should seek in these outlying solitudes?

Look there—at the road's turn, groups in gay attire!  
See that gaudy kerchief like a fleck of fire!

Costumes like October, when all the hills are clad

In russet gold and scarlet announcing they are glad.

Hark, is that a flute note? Surely! Classic Shades,  
Can Pan be in the Catskills piping for men and maids?

A caravan of gipsies camped among the trees?  
Players in a pageant? What happy folk are these?

Out of their great slab building, as open as a barn,  
Where all the airs of heaven may enter and return,

There comes that silver music down the wind again!  
No Pan-pipe ever uttered a more beguiling strain.

No wood-thrush in the twilight, pouring his rapture fine  
Out of the heart of nature, is nearer the divine.

The wonder of the forests is rapt and brooding there,  
With people standing reverently, as if in happy prayer,

Transported by the magic of haunting harmonies  
Born in their rustic temple to wander down the breeze.

Their eyes are full of joyance, their mien is poised and free,—  
Artists, by the grace of God! And who else could they be?

Music-makers, poets, masters of paint and clay,  
They "make the pomp of emperors ridiculous" today.

Devotees of vision for high adventure freed,  
With beauty for their gospel, and gladness for their creed,

Children of enchantment well content with truth,  
Hearts that never bid good-bye to immortal youth.

Initiates in Wisdom who dream and understand,—  
God Almighty's mavericks who range without a brand.

## **A DREAM GARDEN**

### **TO S. H.**

Our friend had a vision, aloof in a haven of hills  
Where the sun and the wind carry balm for the healing of ills.

Far fleeing the tumult of cities, the fever of fame,  
To commune with the earth and the sky an exile he came.

By the stir of creation, the drama of seasons beguiled,  
Sanctuary and solace he found in the heart of the wild.

There like a woodsman he camped, bade ambition good-bye,

With blanket and fire befriended and stars brave and high.

Did he harden his heart and despair of the future? Not he.  
Having trust in the goodness of life still to make beauty be,

He dreamed how a garden might rise in the wilderness there  
With the ranges undaunted around it uplifting his prayer.

And he who had poured aspiration through rhythms of sound  
Would call living harmonies forth from the seeds of the ground.

What matters the mould or the means, whether music or flowers,  
When soul in the urge of creating assembles her powers?

Where his clearing looked out on the slopes of the dark wooded range  
At peace in the blue haze of summer and fearless of change,

With old magic renewed, a fresh masterpiece he would build,  
Walled in with rough field-stone, with loving care planted and tilled,—

A place of enchantment, surprising, made perfect, apart,  
Dispensing delight with its spells, to the eager of heart.

Each day by a rough winding foot-path folk come to its gate  
Where the welcoming rest and revival of paradise wait.

A hidden rose-garden whose odors with heliotrope blend,  
And aisles of tall lilies where scent-enthralled humming-birds wend;

A dim lotus pool soft-colored with blossom and frond;  
And a pergola framing a vista to mountains beyond.

All summer this benefice high in the wild gives its dole  
Of beauty for strengthening heart and replenishing soul.

What chorale more golden, what symphony richer in praise  
Than this anthem of flowers arising from wilderness ways?

All winter its sleep is companioned by whispering snows  
And choring stars that inspire the dreams of the rose.

The Lord of all Music rejoices when spirit finds wings  
In words or in tone or in color whose ecstasy sings.

## **SLEEPING BEAUTY**

When Beauty slept in the forest old  
With gleaming breast and her hair of gold,

And the days went by with never a stir  
That could reach her heart and waken her,

I was the Fortunate Prince who came  
To touch her lips with the sacred flame,

And kindle her pulse's ebb and flow  
With the warmth of life it used to know

Before some evil enchantment stole  
Like a blight of frost on her flowering soul.

I was the envoy of Love's desire  
To quicken her life with holy fire.

Her eyelids fluttered, her bosom heaved  
Like virginal woods of spring new-leaved,

When shimmering heats across them run  
At the first warm touch of wakening sun.

She opened her eyes, and over me  
Flooded a glory of sunlit sea.

A shudder of joy through her being ran  
Like the stir of dawn when the first day began.

The passion of earth so long unlearned  
Through her slim white body swept and burned,

For love in her was as if a star  
Were lighted within a porcelain jar.

All of love I had dreamed of old  
She gave me again a hundredfold—

The wine of ardor, the bread of truth,  
And the golden robe of triumphant youth.

There in the dusk of the haunted wood  
Under the spell of life we stood,

While the great moon, wondrous white and still,  
The Lantern of Lovers, rose over the hill.

## **WOOD LILY**

Wood Lily, Wood Lily in the sweet fern,  
Bright as a flame in the forest you burn.

Gleam in the solitude, flash from afar,  
Signal of joy for the traveller you are.

Delicate Wood Lily in the deep shade,  
In Orient scarlet for joyance arrayed,

Staying our hearts at the turn of the year,  
Straying from Paradise, how came you here?

Wood Lily, Wood Lily, what must he bring  
Who would love you forever without book or ring?

A heart that is tender, a mind that is free,  
A hand that is gentle? Oh, say I am he!

## RIVER WATER

*The Dance of River Water  
Sets all the leaves astir,  
And all the woods of Arcady  
Are glad because of her.*

*They whisper, "Listen, listen,  
While River Water sings  
That bubble song of bobolinks  
And wild June things."*

*And when the silver birches  
Are golden in the fall,  
And in the quiet sunlight  
The plaintive phoebes call,*

*I lie and listen, listen,  
While River Water sings  
The murmur song of meadow-bloom  
And white moth wings.*

Among the silver birches  
Young River Water grew,  
A happy sprite who loved to dance  
Her joy the whole year through.

When first the wind of April  
Arose and called her clear,  
"Come forth from the cold stars and hills,  
O River Water, dear!"

Out from the stilly alders  
That keep the meadow side,  
A murmur through the melting snows  
Awakened and replied,

"From dream thou dost arouse me  
Under the wintry dome,  
But thy warm voice is sweet to hear.  
O Mother Wind, I come."

Shake out the buds of April,  
Sing of the growing year,  
Drum up glad morning on the heights,  
Thy dancing child is here.

Here is gay River Water,  
Thy fairy forest child,  
To dance with shadow and with shine,  
And learn their secrets wild.

Here in the wild-rose weather  
Laughs River Water brown,  
Dancing the gorgeous noons away,  
Dancing the twilights down;

Dancing the stars from slumber,  
Dancing the hills to sleep,  
Dancing the barley-colored moon  
Up from the beryl deep;

Dancing the dawn to ashes,  
Dancing the white day through,  
Until soft night comes round again  
With whippoorwills and dew.

And when the moon in winter  
Shall make the night like day,  
When all the creatures are asleep  
And all the birds away,

Though merry River Water  
A frosty robe must don,  
The crooning hill-born heart of her  
Will still go dancing on.

Enchanted by the echo  
Of an immortal chime,  
She knows what God intends to do  
With music and with rhyme.

## **THE FIELD-LARK**

**TO A. E. D.**

Ah, though doubtless you aver  
Other songs are lovelier,—

None casts such a spell o'er me  
As the field-lark's sorcery.

It recaptures one swift year

When the Golden Age drew near,—

Summer by the Sconset shore  
With the ocean at the door.

The warm smell of bayberry  
And sweet fern comes back to me,

And the floor of blue and gold  
From the cliff's foot is unrolled.

I can feel the soft wind blow,  
Breath of grasses whispering low,

Where in peace the lone moors lie  
And the field-larks nest and cry.

Like a boatswain piping clear  
Silver magic to the ear,

Down the wind comes eerily  
That wild music by the sea.

Well I know that sliding call  
With its haunting slur and fall,

When the air is filled with sound  
From a nest upon the ground...

Many a morning in the hills  
My enchanted spirit thrills

At a whistle from the grass  
Of a sudden as I pass.

Then am I borne far away....  
It is morning on a day

Where the Path to Sankoty  
Climbs the moors above the sea,

And the breakers boom and sigh  
To the moor-lark's shrilling cry.

## **THE WEATHER VANE**

I saw a painted weather-vane  
That stood above the sands,—  
A little shining mermaid  
That turned and waved her hands.

She turned and turned and waved and waved,

Then faced toward the hill,  
Then faced about and back again,  
Then suddenly stood still.

And every time the wind came up  
Out of the great cool sea,  
She'd spin and spin and whirl her arms  
As if in dancing glee.

And when the wind came down the road  
With scent of new-mown hay,  
She whirled about and danced again  
In ecstasy of play.

It seemed as if her madcap heart  
Could never quite decide  
Whether her heaven was on the hill  
Or on the drifting tide.

And would she rather be a sprite  
To guard some singing stream,  
And sparkle in the summer field  
And through the forest gleam?

Or would she be an ocean child,  
A spirit of the deep,  
To run upon the billows wild  
And in their cradle sleep?

And still she turned and veered between  
The river and the sea,  
And many a time I thought her hands  
Were praying to be free.

And then there came a night of storm,  
Of wind and dark and snow,  
And in the morn my weather-vane  
Had vanished in the blow.

## **THE LARGESS OF LIFE**

Because I have given my heart  
To the joyance of living,  
Its lords have given me life  
Past their measure of giving.

Because I have given my soul  
To the rapture of gladness,  
They have taught me the simples of earth  
For the healing of sadness.

Because I have given my days  
To the seeking of knowledge,  
They have opened the doors for me  
Of the wilderness college.

They have opened my eyes to behold  
And my senses to love  
More than the careless perceive  
Or the learned can prove.

Because I have given my years  
To the service of beauty,  
They have given me wonder and light  
Without limit or duty.

Because I have followed their trail,  
Often faint yet unswerving,  
They have given me guides in the way  
Beyond all deserving.

## IMMORTELLE

My glorious enchantress,  
She went in silken hose,  
With swaying hip and curving lip  
And little tilted nose,  
As full of fragrant fire  
As any English rose.

Her voice across the morning,  
Like olden balladry  
Or magic notes from woodland throats,  
It laid a spell on me  
As wondrous as the west wind  
And haunting as the sea.

She might have walked with Chaucer  
A-jesting all the way,  
Her figure trim a joy to him,  
Her beauty like the day,  
With that unfailing spirit  
Which nothing can dismay.

Her heart was full of caring,  
Her eyes were touched with dream.  
In happy birth, in noble worth,  
I thought that she did seem  
As fair as Kentish roses  
And rich as Devon cream.

I loved her airy carriage,

Her bearing clean and proud,  
When glad and fond she looked beyond  
The plaudits of the crowd,  
Or when in prayer or sorrow  
Her comely head was bowed.

I loved her eerie piping  
Of measures without name.  
Wild as a faun at rosy dawn,  
Out of the crowd she came  
To breathe upon old altars  
A fresh untroubled flame.

I loved her lyric ardor  
Her chosen words and dress,  
Her dryad's face, her yielding grace,  
Her glowing waywardness,  
Her deep adoring passion  
No careless eye would guess.

And all the while as lovely  
As early daffodils,  
When woodland Spring comes blossoming  
Among the Western hills,  
And from her trailing garments  
A mystic glory spills.

O sorceress of raptures  
Beyond the dream of art,  
Be still our guide to walk beside  
And choose the better part,—  
Thou lyric of enchantment,  
Thou flower of Nature's heart!

## FIRST FROST

Down from the hills with their glory around him  
In scarlet and gold of a herald he comes,  
Quiet as hill mist that steals through the passes,  
The Indian Spirit ahead of his drums.

With heaven-blue asters and goldenrod leaning  
From lone sun-warm ledges high overhead,  
To the thunder of falls and the chorus of rivers  
He conies to the lowlands with pride in his tread.

The magic the Masters of Silence have taught him,  
The power by Council of Summits conferred,  
The spell of elation, with beauty's bewitchment,  
He brings to illumine the infinite word.

From Hills of the Sky he has summoned his cohorts  
To march with the colors of Autumn unfurled  
Where plains in the haze of the Indian Summer  
Lie waiting his touch to emblazon their world.

The settlements waken with morning to wonder  
At shining encampments o'er hillside and dale.  
Arrived over night to enhearten the dreary—  
The Legions of Glory have taken the trail.

## IN THE OFFING

FOR R. H.

I walked upon the headland  
With my friend one summer day,  
When an unknown foreign schooner  
Came stealing up the bay.

Her sails were light as moonshine  
Her hull was dark as night,  
And silence fell between us  
For wonder at the sight.

No name upon her quarter,  
No flag at peak nor fore,  
To tell her port or errand,—  
No friendly look she wore.

All day she tacked before us  
Or lay to on the tide,  
As if awaiting orders  
From one who should decide.

Never a ship's bell sounded,  
Never a voice rang out,  
As she heeled before the wind-flaws  
Or stood up to come about.

"Why, it is passing strange," I said,  
"Aye, passing strange," said he;  
And I could see that in his face  
I did not like to see.

She did not come to anchor  
Nor cross the restless bar,  
But when the harbor twilight  
Flashed out its evening star,

Without a hail at parting  
Or any colors shown,

My friend had gone aboard her—  
For the Isles of the Unknown.

## AFTER A PARTING

TO J. W. R.

What ails the air in Denmark,  
And darkens all the day?  
There is a gloom upon the place,  
Since Hamlet went away.

The morning and the noonday  
Are no more magical,  
And no more comes the witchery  
That fell with evenfall.

There is no heart in laughter,  
There is no cheer in wine,  
Even the women's shining eyes  
Have somehow veiled their shine.

There is no royal presence,  
No smile to bless the day,  
No word to make us gladder, now  
The prince is gone away.

The fair and wide-spread city,  
That used to bask in gold  
Under the mellow autumn sun,  
Is dull and gray and cold.

The street-cries that were music  
To herald in the morn,  
Under a wintry twilight now  
Fall minor and forlorn.

The lamps that flashed at sunset  
Across the purple square  
To make a twinkling fairyland,  
Are dimmer than they were.

No lights are in the palace,  
No crowd about the door,  
The chain is rusting on the gate,  
And dark is Elsinore.

There's something drear in Denmark  
That saddens every day,  
For lonely-hearted is the place  
Since Hamlet went away.

## THE TWILIGHT STORY

The woods are dyed with purple,  
The west is washed with gold,  
And in the waiting twilight  
There is a story told.

The crooning river sings it,  
The tree-top robins call,  
The bloodroot stirs to hear it  
Beside the pasture wall.

It rings along the meadows  
With piping clear and wild,  
The burden of the moment  
By loveliness beguiled.

'Tis sadder than the south wind  
Or the deep sobbing rain,  
With memories of by-gones  
That will not be again.

It runs through all the music  
From haunted woodlands blown,  
When April comes with gladness  
To make the world her own.

It has the spell of magic  
That brings the mountains near,—  
The note of breathless wonder  
The hearts of seashells hear;

The story of the twilight  
Is countless ages old,  
And every one has heard it,  
And none has ever told.

## IN APRIL

Spring-beauty is a gipsy  
Who travels by my road,  
And makes my April pasture  
The place of her abode.

Dark Trillium in purple,  
Hepatica in gray,  
Spread mystery of their coming

Through woodlands where they stray.

The Windflowers that gather  
Along the orchard wall  
In welcome flutter toward me,  
Yet never speak at all.

But after all the wilding,  
I only love the more  
The golden-hearted Daffies  
That crowd about my door.

## A SPRING MEMORY

O my dear, the world once more  
Now is lovely as of yore!  
Every laden apple bough  
Blossoms in the orchard now,  
And the hang-birds build and sing  
In the paradise of spring.

Sweetly falls the whispering rain  
On earth's loveliness again,  
And the wood-thrush as of old  
Sounds upon his flute of gold  
His serene immortal psalm  
Through the twilight's pulsing calm.

All the passion of old years,  
All their sorrows, joys and fears,  
Meet and blend in that fine strain,—  
Like a mystical refrain  
Of sheer rapture beyond thought,  
Which no poet ever caught.

As I listen, dearest dear,  
Your transcending voice I hear,  
And your joy comes back to me  
In the fragrant lilac tree  
Flowering at the open door  
Of the House of Life once more.

Once again I see you stand  
In the field, and spread your hand  
Over the wild rose to bless  
Its beauty in your tenderness,—  
And no poet ever told  
Half the treasure heart can hold.

## GREEN FIRE

You will never know the glory of the coming of the spring  
Till you look upon its magic in the North,  
When the wilderness is waking in a mist of Magian green  
To the everlasting wonder of new birth.

Here in a starry silence when the Manitou sent forth  
His summons to the Keepers of the Word,  
The pine-tops caught his whisper, and from the swampy lands  
The shrilling frogs made answer as they heard.

Now the birches break in yellow against the morning blue,  
The aspens are a wash of palest gold,  
And tamaracks in young green are soft as drifted smoke  
In the freshness of enchantment never told.

The open lakes are sparkling, the rivers running white  
With rapids calling all along the trail,  
And Wise-heart and Fond-heart, they know 'tis time to go  
Where lonely valleys answer to their hail.

Old heart, dear heart, hold the glory dream!  
There's a cabin in a clearing round the bend,  
With pointed firs about it, a river at the door,  
And hermit thrushes singing at day's end.

For the Master of the Open, the Spirit of the Wild,  
Our guide in wisdom, beauty and desire,  
Is making the old Medicine whose conjure name is love,  
And all the hills are smoky with Green Fire.

## A STRANGER IN HEAVEN

TO W. S. R,

Listen, angels! Just a moment, ere your praise begins anew!  
As you harped, I had a vision and I know that it is true.

What is music but the rhythm to set free the prisoned soul,  
And transport the quickened senses home to harmony's control?

As you harped, even so I hearing, touched in fancy, dreamed a dream,—  
Caught the meaning of your music, saw the substance of your theme,—

Knew from many a haunting measure, turn and interlude the same,  
That the world you would interpret was the earth from which I came.

As you plucked the perfect phrases, suddenly one silver call

Sliding from dissolving discords rang—and I remembered all.

I could see the first faint wash of color tinting swamp and grove,  
As the spring comes sweeping northward in a tide of green and mauve.

And the orchards are in blossom over all New England now,  
With the blue flag by the brookside and the flame-bird on the bough.

Roadside gardens with old-fashioned bleeding-heart and peonies,  
And the honeysuckle's bounty spread for velvet-coated bees.

Grassy lanes and stone-walled pastures, meadows where bright rivers wind  
Singing through the scented evening airs of the enchanted mind.

Hush your lonely harps and listen! Don't you hear a wondrous note  
Ringing through the soft green twilight from a sure unanxious throat?

That's the music used to lure me through the woods where I would roam,  
When I was in love with beauty and New England was my home.

All the burden of the ages, all the rapture, all the calm,  
Uttered by that twilight singer in a single earth-born psalm.

Open your dark-shadowed portal, Shining Ones, and let me go!  
I am homesick for the glory and the good I used to know.

No mere Heaven can detain me when I hear a wood-thrush sing...  
It is May, and God is walking through Connecticut with Spring.

## WILD GARDEN

This is a garden wild and sweet,  
Where gray-mossed ledges lie out in the sun  
Amid scented fern in the August heat,  
On the mountain side where lone trails run  
Through splashes of aster and goldenrod  
In clearings sown by the hand of God.

Here we pass with moccasined tread  
In the friendship of earth, through the glory of morn,  
With the lore of the learned little read,  
To the gladness and wisdom of love free-born,  
Wild hearts beating and hushed before  
The lowered bars and the Open Door.

The sunlight sleeps on the purple hill,  
The world is a-dream in dim blue haze,  
Even the poplar leaves are still,  
As if aware of a day of days  
Vouchsafed the creatures of earth to employ  
In the wonder of life, in the fulness of joy.

The maple leaves are beginning to turn  
To scarlet and gold, the victorious hues.  
The topmost summits in splendor burn  
To signal the world their mystic news,  
The gospel of beauty that will survive  
The clamorous doubts of all alive.

For what is the sacrament sense receives,  
When the new moon hangs in the purple pine  
And silence speaks and the heart believes,  
But a portal that leads to the inner shrine?  
And our hermit thrush at his evening psalm  
Is celebrant of that holy calm.

Here radiant pilgrims have smiled and passed,  
The seed of Shamballah, the angels of Earth,  
Swayed by the breath of a heavenly vast,  
In lovely ardor and fadeless worth,  
For Love is Lord of the Seraphim  
And heaven and earth are one to him.

[End of *Wild Garden* by Bliss Carman]