

**SALT OF THE
EARTH AND SEA**

K
811.52
5625
C. 3
Archive
Collection

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

BY
JOHN P. SJOLANDER



P. L. TURNER COMPANY
- Publishers -
DALLAS - TEXAS

Copyright 1928
By P. L. TURNER COMPANY

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

In this volume are included many poems which have appeared in the *New York Independent*, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Texas Review, Farm and Ranch*; the *Galveston News*; the *Galveston Tribune*; the *Houston Post*, and the *Houston Chronicle*. To these publications the author is grateful for permission to reprint the poems.

DEDICATED TO
HILTON ROSS GREER

CONTENTS

SECTION ONE

SONGS AFIELD

	PAGE
THE FIELD SPIRIT'S SONG	3
THE MORNING GLOW	4
THE WISE HUSBANDMAN	5
WOODS DAWN	6
SONG OF THE CORN	7
THE PLOWMAN TO HIS BRETHREN	9
THE NIGHT HYMN OF THE EARTH	10
SPRING OF THE WOODS	11
THE PLOWBOY	15
THE OLD RAIL FENCE	16
THE RAIN FROG	18
A SCARECROW	20
THE BLUE BONNET OF TEXAS	21
HOPE AND THE HUSBANDMAN	23
TO A CLOUD	24
THE LITTLE ROAD	25
THE PINE OF WHITING WOOD	29
AT NIGHT AMID THE FARMS	31
IN SHELTERING WOODS	33
SKIES	34
CEDAR BAYOU	35
THE DUSK	36
ROSE	37
VIOLETS	38

CONTENTS

	PAGE
IN AUGUST WOODS	39
THE MARSH PEOPLE	40
THE LAST LONGHORN'S FAREWELL	42
THE TOILER'S SONG	44
THE SONG OF THE OWL	45
AFTER CARE IN AUTUMN	46
THE MOCKINGBIRD'S SONG IN AUTUMN	47

SECTION TWO

INTERLUDES

IN SANCTUARY	51
THE MASTER	52
THE SONNET	53
THE SILENCE	54
SPEECH	55
THE SONG OF MOLOCH	56
THE CRY OF TANTALUS	58
BURNS	60
O STEERSMAN	62
LIGHT OF STARS	64
SONGS IN UNISON	65
EILEEN AND I	66
SAN JACINTO	68
THE RACERS	69
THE VOICE OF THE WIND	70
THE GOLDEN CUP	72
A BALLAD OF SPEECH	74
A SONG IN PASSING	75
MY STAR	76
—MAKERS OF PEARLS	77
THE BLINDING LIGHT	79
THROUGH MOTHER EYES	80

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE MOTHER HEART	81
OUT OF BABEL	82
THE PROOF	83

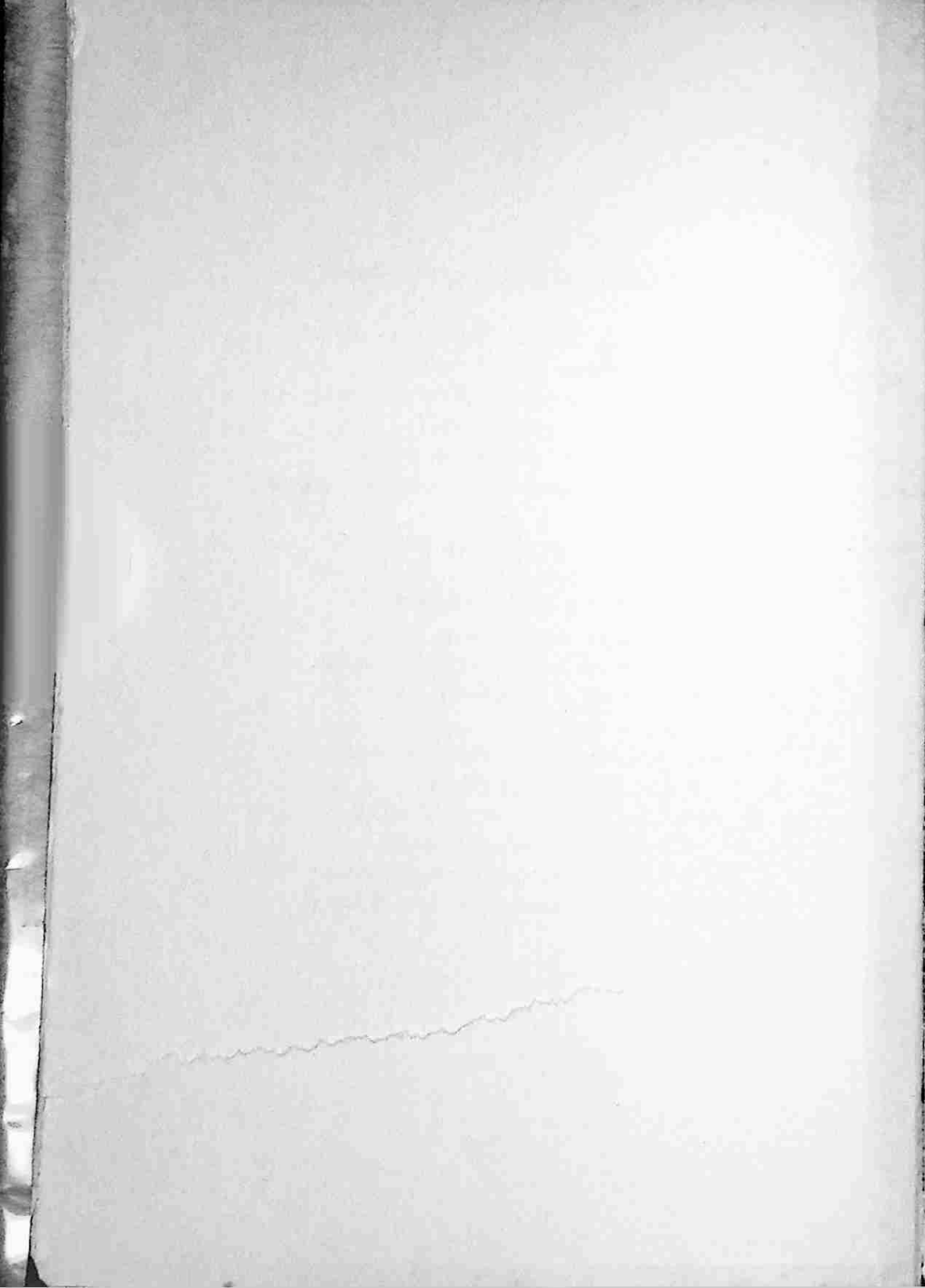
SECTION THREE

RHYMES OF GALVESTON BAY

PINTO AND THE <i>Stingaree</i>	87
POINT SESENTA	94
THE BOAT THAT NEVER SAILED	96
DONNA MIA	98
GUMMAN GRO	99
THE CRUISE OF THE DIVING DOLPHIN	102
JOEY'S JO	105
ROSA TINA	108
THE BALLAD OF BURNABUS	111
NOTES ON RHYMES OF GALVESTON BAY	113



SECTION ONE
SONGS AFIELD



THE FIELD SPIRIT'S SONG

I DWELL deep in the furrowed field,
A gladsome song I voice;
A more than princely power I wield—
I sing and hearts rejoice.
A little song I sing whose sound
Ascends just heart-high from the ground.

I sing not yellow gold or red
That any field may bring.
Ah, no! I sing not to the head,
'Tis to the heart I sing,
The tenderest song that earth knows of,
A little song of world-wide love.

And they that walk the fields with me,
Unto my song give heed,
And smile because the yield will be
All that the earth will need.
Oh! that like mine, the song of Gain
Had more of heart, and less of brain.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE MORNING GLOW

OUT where the dewdrops glisten
Like jewels in the sun,
There is a glad song, listen!
Nay, there is more than one:—
The oriole's so mellow,
The redbird's clear-cut call,
The bluebird's shrilling "Hello,"
The fieldlark's, "Bless us all";
The calls of wrens and sparrows,
And wood-doves, soft and low—
Songs bright as speeding arrows
Dipped in the morning glow.

Out where the fields are waking,
Beyond the woodland way;
The wind comes softly shaking
The leaves with sun-gold gay;
And then the woods-song hushes,
And low the west wind clings,
For from the trees there rushes
A host of flashing wings;
They dip down in the shadow,
They skim the long straight row,
And light in field and meadow,
Bright in the morning glow.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE WISE HUSBANDMAN

THAT husbandman is wise who knows his field,
And with the tenderest care supplies its need;
With confidence he plows, and plants his seed,
Saying: This, thus; and that, so much shall yield.
For unto him the hidden is revealed;
Loving the earth, earth loving him, he reads
Her sweetest secrets, understands, and heeds
Even her weariness by smiles concealed.

Yes, he is wise, and being wise he knows
That as he is so, too, his field must be;
And as his field and he is, so the State.
Wise husbandman, how bright the future glows!
The Fathers taught us how we might be free,
And being free, you teach us to be great.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

WOODS DAWN

I STAND and watch the twinkling morning star
Fade from anear into gray depths afar.

Like music floating down some dim wide stair,
I hear sweet songs to be, float in the air.

I see the baby winds, their wings yet gray,
Make playful flights from swaying spray to spray;

While with a happy sigh the mother breeze
Tiptoes the brightening tops of shadowy trees.

Then skies turn rose, and fields and woods turn brown,
And everything that lives seems kneeling down,

As if some holy One, invisible,
Were near to work some wondrous miracle.

Silence expectant stands, but nothing stirs
The deep gray hush around the worshippers;

Only a butterfly, all gold and white,
Flutters along, now in, now out of sight.

Then bursts a glory—radiant ray on ray—
Upon the world, and ushers in the day

Amid sweet songs of birds in bush and tree,
Singing the joys Today brings you and me.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SONG OF THE CORN

I WAS dry and dusty,
I was weak and weary;
Now I'm glad and lusty,
And the earth looks cheery.
O the soaking,
Mirth-provoking,
Laughter-making rain;
Soft and silky,
Mild and milky,
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly shaking.
O health-giving,
Breathing, living,
Heaven-pouring rain;
Come, caress me,
Kiss me, bless me,
Once, and once again.

Let your hearts be singing;
Peal your pæans, peoples;
Set the joy-bells ringing
In the lofty steeples.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Praises render
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Of the living,
The life-giving—
Of the precious rain.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE PLOWMAN TO HIS BRETHREN

WE own no masters, we that walk with God
In workday garments smelling of the sod;
We bear no yoke that others must not bear,
Except of greater love and tenderer care;
We bow not down with burdens on us laid,
But lift them up for whom the load was made;
For upright must we be, and stand erect,
The almoners of God to His elect.

It is not ours to judge who makes demands,
Ours but to see the piteous, outstretched hands;
For unto us the cotters be as kings—
And all in need of what the harvest brings;
So be that what it will, we must be just,
For it is only given us in trust;
We will not question whose the cry or call,
But be God's almoners to one and all.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE NIGHT HYMN OF THE EARTH

IN spirit organ tones, deep in the silence throbbing,
Deeper than silence is, half pæan and half sobbing,
The night hymn of the earth goes up to where they
listen—

The kneeling worlds of night, the leaning stars that
glisten.

The night hymn of the earth—the ever-loving mother,
Through whom we all are kin, one life to every other—
Is vibrant with new hopes, is sibilant with sorrows,
With scent of rue and rose, dark days and bright
tomorrows.

In it are sleep and peace after the day's endeavor,
In it are dreams come true, and empty dreams forever;
In it the poppy's sigh, the bluebell's silent tingle,
The breath of garden bloom, and harvest carols, mingle.

The night hymn of the earth—in it is love receiving,
In it are mothers hoping, in it are mothers grieving,
The bursting of bright buds, the blight of fruit and
flowers,
The joyous speed of time, the moan of endless hours.

The night hymn of the earth, half pæan and half
sobbing,
In spirit organ tones floats through the silence throbbing;
And time seems standing still around them where they
glisten—
The kneeling worlds of night, the leaning stars that
listen.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SPRING OF THE WOODS

BENIGN and gentle in her many moods,
Spring is most gracious in her native woods.
Where the first violet grows,
Kneeling among dead leaves in thickets close,
Upon it she bestows,
Soft as the sunny south wind's own caress,
The first warm breath of her great gentleness.

O upward staring woods! not in far skies,
But in near nooks, spring smiles into your eyes.
Shy and brown-garmented
She moves among the briars with slow tread,
Touching the thorns with red.
And though her hood be deep, her cloak be wide,
The gladness of her peeps from every side.

Ah! she moved dreamily through yesterday;
But look! since then her feet have tripped this way.
Here, where the ground was bare,
Now shining spears of grass dart through the air;
And there, and there, and there,
She must have leaped and danced, and rested not,
To find through all the wood each sunny spot.

This way she went, and that, from pine to pine;
See here she touched a twig, and there a vine.
And left a blush on them;

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And yon wild onion with its star-tipped stem,
Swept by her garment's hem,
How white it gleams, and with what sweet content
It nods and bends, and peers the way she went.

Say, let us follow her, and find her out,
And learn her ways, and how she goes about
Working her miracles,
Filling the morning woods with charms and spells
Of changing tints and smells;
And how she makes her magic hood and cloak
At once in color match the pine and oak.

She passed this way, and touched this scuppernong;
See how the red-buds shine its length along.
And there within the mist
That veils the gully-side, she shyly kissed
The dogwood, all atwist,
Till on its scrawny twigs there is not room
For one more fragrant and white-gleaming bloom.

And down there by the pool she must have flung
Her white arms up and wide, when high she hung
Upon the elm so slim,
The pale-gold plumes that swing from every limb,
And to the woodland hymn
In odors penetrant swift waves that bring
To all wild things the wakening touch of spring.

But who shall catch her in the winding way,
Now a swift shadow, now a radiant ray?
What eye has ever seen

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Her give the old gray moss that wondrous sheen
Of soft floss, golden-green?
Or who has caught her fixing the sunshine
To every little tip of every pine?

Elusive spring! How vain is the pursuit.
But hear the wood-wren's pipe, the blackbird's flute,
And the low carolling
Of orioles, that like bright blossoms swing;
And that clear whistle's fling,
Clean as a note out of a clarionet,
From where the redbird sits, a bright rosette.

And here a lizard brown—no, green—no, gray,
Pink-throated bows, and leaps from spray to spray;
And there, above the trees,
Is marked as straight as ship-wakes mark blue seas,
A highway of brown bees;
The while a blue-jay mocks the shrilling cry
Of the gray hawk that flutters 'gainst the sky.

Oh! sights and sounds that changing come and go,
Glad every hour, and every hour aglow.

But hush! a softer strain,
Too murmurous for joy, too sweet for pain—
Thus comes the sun-kissed rain.
O tree and bush, and vine, and flowering spray,
Spring washed her finger-marks from you today.

Spring of the woods, how long have we pursued,
And called upon you in the solitude!
To brier, weed and vine,

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

To homely dogwood, and to stately pine,
 You poured your joyous wine;
And songs of love you taught the little birds—
But mine is but the rhapsody of words.

O trees, sing unto her, bending above;
O birds, sing unto her your songs of love;
 Sing unto her, O flowers,
In sunny nooks, in dusk and vine-clad bowers;
 Bring unto her, O showers,
Your opal waters in a precious flow,
To make her woods, at sunset, gleam and glow.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE PLOWBOY

HE stands upright, his hands upon the plow;
And past his resting team, from fearless eyes,
Like some swift falcon loosed, his clear glance flies.
It is a master's glance that asks not—how?
A monarch's glance that makes the millions bow,
A conqueror's glance that all the earth defies;
A glance unpuzzled even by the skies
That seem to bend to kiss his sweat-gemmed brow.

Ah, he seems rough and uncouth where he stands,
His garments fitted loosely onto him;
The soil is clinging to his big brown hands,
And awkwardness is shown in pose and limb;
But when he looks into the gleaming share,
He smiles serenely at the picture there.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE OLD RAIL FENCE

THE RIDERS

THEY carried the Master away today,
And never again shall we feel his sway;
No more will he bring from the cedar brake
The fragrant rail and the sturdy stake;
And never again will his eyes survey
The ridered fence that was once his pride.
But who would ride
With the Master away, with the Master away?

THE CHEROKEE ROSE

I looked wide-eyed from the top of the fence,
When today they carried the Master hence;
And thought, as I looked, of that other day
When they sorrowing bore the Mistress away.
It was she—the Master had placed me there—
Who took me out of her golden hair,
And planted me here,
The time it was summer all the year.

THE INDIAN PEACHTREE

Yes, the Master is gone where the Mistress went,
And my fruit will die on the boughs, low-bent;
For no one will pick it now, with care,
And send it to her, away somewhere;

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

To her that a bonnie lover came after
In the year of song, and of joy and laughter,
And won her away
From my place by the fence where she loved to play.

THE OLD HABITANT

How short is life, and how swift it fades!
What reckons Time of a few decades?
This whole wide prairie was named for him
Who built this fence in a past, now dim,
And we buried him only yesterday.
Tomorrow his work will have faded away,
And the fence be gone,
And the name of the place be a name alone.

THE OLD RAILS

The Master was brave, and his life was kingly,
He fought the wild and conquered it, singly;
And it paid him, from prairie, woodland and brake,
Tribute beyond what his kind would take.
And he builded a kingdom with castle and yard,
And to keep him within it he placed us on guard.
Oh, if worth were odds
How small and mean were the fabled gods!

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE RAIN FROG

ALL day long a little frog
Sat and blinked with bead-like eyes,
On an old and moss-grown log.

All day long within the deep,
Brazen, and unruffled sea,
Lay the wind in death-like sleep.

All day long the sun looked down,
And his thirsty glance searched deep
Into the earth all dry and brown.

All day long upon the brink
Of the dying little stream
Sighed the flowers for a drink.

All day long the birds sang not,
But sat silent in the trees,
For their throats were dry and hot.

But at eve, with voice that shrilled,
Cried the frog to God for rain,
And his voice would not be stilled.

To his cry the answer came,
God spoke from the moving cloud
Thunder-voiced, with tongue of flame.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And the rain fell full and free,
And the flowers drank their fill,
And the birds sang in the tree.

And the sun sank out of sight,
And the wind came in from sea,
'Neath God's bow with glory bright.

And that night a little frog,
Sat—and mused the love of God—
On an old and moss-grown log.

A SCARECROW

SOME sticks, some strings, a hat, some rags and straw;
Yes, laugh, old crow, you know now how 'twas made.
But in your heart own up you were afraid,
And fearing, kept yourself within the law.
But say, old crow, forget what you just saw,
There is a live thing keeping in the shade,
For which that scarecrow stood in masquerade—
It nearly caught you when you shouted—"Caw."

Fly, fly! old crow. That ever-living thing
Has heard your mocking laugh, and flung its dart;
Fly swifter, swifter, to your sheltering wood,
And there all humbly, fold your swarthy wing,
And say unto your wildly beating heart:—
"Lord, send us scarecrows—fool us to be good."

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE BLUE BONNET OF TEXAS

IT blooms upon our prairies wide
And smiles within our valleys,
A Texas flower and Texas' pride,—
Around it honor rallies;
And every heart beneath the blue
Transparent sky above it,
In Texan-wise, forever true,
Shall fold and hold and love it.

The winds that softly round it blow
Breathe out in song and story
The fame of bloody Alamo
And San Jacinto's glory;
And everywhere beneath the sky
That lovingly bends o'er it,
With glowing heart and kindling eye,
All Texans true adore it.

It blossoms free in homes and fields
Made by love's labor royal;
To Fleur-de-lys or Rose none yields
Allegiance more loyal!
And to the world its fame shall go
And tell the Lone Star's splendor—
Of hearths and homes that gleam and glow,
Of loving hearts and tender.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

'Tis Texan in its beauty rare,
To honest hearts appealing;
And can there be a fame more fair,
Or deeper depth of feeling?
For Texas hearts, in Texan-wise,
Are true to the Blue Bonnet,
And love it as the bright blue skies
That pour their blessings on it.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

HOPE AND THE HUSBANDMAN

AFTER the drought the blessed rain comes ever,
After the toilsome day come restful hours;
After the failure there is fresh endeavor,
Winter there is, but after winter, flowers.

After the rain soft winds set green fields singing,
After the rest comes strength for new pursuit;
After endeavor echoing strokes keep ringing—
Fairer than flowers gleams the golden fruit.

Ever and ever blessing follows blessing;
After the winter, failure, drought and toil,
God's gift, Love's gift, the all of life expressing—
The curse turns blessing—Hope springs from the soil.

Fallen we rise, a race of high estate;
There was no hope inside the Eden gate.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

TO A CLOD

AH! brother mine, we are uncouth, we two,
Crude accidents, perhaps, 'neath winter skies,
In bare brown fields wherein the kildee cries
Unto the east wind that bites through and through.
And, brother mine, there is the cold rain, too,
And long dark nights when heaven hides its eyes,
And days to which the sun its face denies—
Perhaps 'tis best for me, as 'tis for you.

O brother mine, teach me your patience rare
Through dreary nights and days, and rain, and cold;
Show me the way to trust the will divine,
That I, like you, some day may upward bear,
To gladden earth, a flower with heart of gold—
A little flower from some small grace of mine.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE LITTLE ROAD

I

THERE is a little road that winds about,
Now to a neighbor's gate, now to a piece
Of vagrant prairie, guarded close by trees;
Then to the edge of woods whence stretches out
In shimmering distances the level plain,
To where it seems that earth and heaven meet;
And then it makes a circle all complete
Around the church, and then winds back again.

It is no highway where the mighty fare,
But it is friendly to its humble friends;
Where it begins no one can tell just where,
And no one knows exactly where it ends.
For kindly deeds and tender thoughts were sowed,
And from them sprang and grew the little road.

II

A road is but a road, a tree a tree,
A neighbor someone in a house close by;
But when a loving heart looks through the eye,
How wonderfully changed all these things be!
The road then beckons with a tender guile,
The tree a wind-harp is with many strings;
And what is sweeter than the joy that springs
From heart to heart, when neighbors meet and smile?

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

A golden road with pave of asphodel
May cause the traveler many sighs and groans,
The while a road built out of cobblestones
May prove a journey 'neath a magic spell.
'Tis not the road. It is the attitude
Of him that goes that makes it bad or good.

III

The road has ruts, and is not very wide,
But see how straight a trail runs in between
The ruts—a shining trail smooth and serene;
And there are grassy paths on either side.
Nor has it all sunshine, (Thank God 'tis so)
Nor always rain, but just enough to cool
The heated dust, and sweeten up the pool
Where creatures drink, and waterlilies grow.

Some find but dust, or mud, or ruts, and sigh,
While others smiling move along at ease,
Or seek sweet shade and shelter 'neath the trees
From burning sun, or till the clouds pass by.
O little road with ease and hardship rife,
A mirror subtly held, reflecting life!

IV

And walking on this road where tender skies
Bend low above a shimmering gold-green earth,
What rare old dreams find being in rebirth,
And light with hope again care-blinded eyes!
Here if a frost bites down the flowers and grass,
And from the trees the wind strips off the leaves,
'Tis but the season in the air that grieves
That its short reign for one more mild must pass.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And then the grasses shoot again, and flowers
Make glad the eye, more perfect than before;
The trees grow taller, branch out more and more,
For shade and shelter against sun and showers,
So dream, dear heart, of beauty on the way,
And more than you dare dream shall be some day.

V

O little houses, homes with flowers around,
And open windows hung with curtains white,
Waving sweet welcome morning, noon and night,
To every comer in—or outward bound.
O smiling faces at the gate and door,
And loving words that draw the wanderer in
To hospitalities no gold could win,
And measured out alike to rich and poor.

O simple manners blushing as the rose,
Proud as the lily, shy as violet!
O viands bought with purest pearls of sweat
From fields well tended, and from garden-close!
Here pales the graciousness that is an art
Before an innate grace fresh from the heart.

VI

Beside the road there is a post oak tree,
Where mockingbirds for years have had their nest,
And laid their eggs, and hatched them, and felt blest,
And made of care a golden melody.
For in their hearts was love that laughed at fear,
And love is healing for all wounds of woe,
And love courageous is to fight the foe
That would destroy what love makes doubly dear.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And here were battles fought, and brave deeds done,
And vigils kept through long, long days and nights.
But ever in between, in glimmering flights,
They made of care a tender song, and won.
For these birds knew that he can master things
Who, conscious, strives while he, unconscious, sings.

VII

The road has all the elements of life—
Plenty and peace for many, and content;
The few find years on it in vain are spent,
And fewer still call it a way of strife.
For some find riches anywhere they are,
And beauty smiles at them from every nook,
While others stumble on sad-eyed, and look
As through a haze, for happiness afar.

But give to me the little road to roam—
The friendly road, that ever seems to stray,
But always in some sweet mysterious way,
Soft as the after-sunset's purple gloam,
Finds him that travels it, at close of day,
Content and smiling, turning in at home.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE PINE OF WHITING WOOD

NOT to the fury of the storm, though loud
Above the thunder's boom,
Nor to the slanting rain, nor lowering cloud,
Would you succumb.

But when the storm was past, the earth sun-flashed,
You laid you down in pride;
And loud your death-song roared, and rolled, and crashed,
Through field and woodland wide.

Above your fellows, watching night and day,
A landmark fair you stood;
A guide to wanderers on the miles-wide way
To Whiting Cove and Wood.

You seemed to beckon to the outer strife,
Bidding all striving cease,
And come and share with you the boon of life,
And have the strength of peace.

As you were first to frown, and feel the blast,
And face the driving rain,
So you were first, when they had hurried past,
To sing and smile again.

[29]

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And as you stood in adoration rapt,
Swaying your sun-bright crown,
There came a tremor, and then something snapped,
And you went thundering down.

O grand old pine, how great your joy must be!
And, oh, your fate how blest!
After the storm to sing of victory,
And then lie down and rest.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

AT NIGHT AMID THE FARMS

OH, with what ease departing day shuts in
Beyond the sunset all his noise and din!
How care is silenced—care that all day calls—
The moment that we doff our overalls!
And how completely peace spreads over things
The blessed shelter of her starry wings.

Across the fields and pastures, half a-dream,
The neighbors' lighted lamps unblinking gleam,
And send a nearer and a brighter light
All through the many-chambered house of night,
Whose soft and silken curtains, fold on fold,
A thousand fireflies bind with bands of gold.

The night to tree and bush new posture lends,
Like pilgrims at some shrine each seeming bends,
While Ranidus close by the pasture pond,
With bell-like voice calls to the fields beyond,
Where drowsily ascends the insects' hum
Like starlit music from a haze-hid room.

The many gardens, all day fair to view,
Have had their beauty-bath of fragrant dew;
And he that loves them, dreams that they caressed,
Like little children lean 'gainst nature's breast,
Sighing content, pouring upon the air
Their pure hearts out, a flood of praise and prayer.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

At night amid the farms! Ah! who can tell
All that we see and hear, and taste and smell?
More visions beautiful, more songs of cheer,
More love, more joy, more heaven far and near,
In one short hour like this we see revealed,
Than days of care would show us, bowed a-field.

But words are vain, and vain all skill employed.
None can describe it; it must be enjoyed;
For none has learned where life is half as sweet,
Where castles rise in beauty all complete,
And where peace reigns so free from all alarms
As 'neath the stars at night amid the farms.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

IN SHELTERING WOODS

IT is not that my arm is strong
That to the woods I cling,
Nor that my stroke can fell the oak
The lightning failed to fling,
But that my heart and hand grow one,
And I can work and sing.

For all about, it seems to me,
I hear an unseen throng,
With ringing rhyme keep perfect time
To axe-strokes swift and strong,
But truer than old prophecies,
Sweeter than any song.

Perhaps it's just a bird that sings,
A bud that bursts apart,
A butterfly zig-zagging by
With many a fitful start;
Or, is it a thought of brighter things
That wakes in Nature's heart?

There may be fields of wider view,
And more expansive sky;
But hearts that go like winds that blow
More seldom sing than sigh;
For who has found the far as true
As he has found the nigh?

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SKIES

TONIGHT the light from the big town
Shines on the far-off sky;
While here the twinkling stars look down,
And meet me eye to eye,
As they pass by.

Yes, here the stars keep twinkling down,
As they go marching by;
But, oh! there seems to be a frown
Around the townlit sky.
I wonder why?

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

CEDAR BAYOU

ON Cedar Bayou's flowery banks
Where summer always stays,
And where the reeds in solid ranks
Move when the Southwind plays,
And all the birds with glad hearts sing
To them that they love best,
Oh, there we do our sweethearting,
And there our lives are blest.

On Cedar Bayou's gentle slopes
Where days wear sunny smiles,
And where the prairie, sown with hopes,
Shines golden-green for miles;
And where the fleecy Gulf-cloud roams
A dreamship far above,
Oh, there we build the happiest homes,
And work, and pray, and love.

Dear Cedar Bayou, loveliest
Of all the lands we know,
Where earth gives us the most and best
For cares that we bestow;
And where no earthly joy we miss
From love's abundant store.
Oh, there we live our lives in bliss—
And heaven is just next door.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE DUSK

THE dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand;
It comes between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render—
To gather the cares of the land.

Above it the wide sky blushes
And pales like an April rose;
Within it the south wind hushes,
And the jessamine's heart outgushes,
And the earth like an emerald glows.

The dusk of the South comes fleetly,
And fleetly it takes to flight;
But its song is a song sung sweetly,
And it gathers earth's cares completely,
For God to keep in the night.

ROSE

BEAUTY'S passionate bloom,
Famed for your heart of gold,
Prized for your rare perfume,
Proud for the place you hold.
Never a sorrow close
Holdeth your golden heart,
Wondrous, thorn-shielded heart,
Never a sorrow, Rose.

Pressed unto summer's breast,
Prized all his gems above,
Yours is no sad unrest,
Passionate queen of love.
Never a sorrow close
Enters your wondrous heart,
Golden, thorn-shielded heart,
Never a sorrow, Rose.

Oh! for the shielding thorn
Proud of your beauty's flush,
Oh! for the summer morn
Kissing your leaves to blush.
How they would shrink and start
Could they but see the form,
Could they but see the worm
Gnawing your golden heart.

VIOLETS

A LEGEND tells how near to Paradise
From the first tears that fell from woman's eyes
Upon a virgin earth that she found new,
The first sweet violets grew.

And when they lifted up their eyes to hers
She read in them that they were messengers,
Bringing from Eden lost, to life's bare slopes,
New beauties and new hopes.

And be it Eve or Chloe, since that day
Sweet violets have grown along her way,
And ever children, full of life and laughter,
To pluck them, have come after.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

IN AUGUST WOODS

TH**ERE** is a peace no sounding words can tell,
And there is rest beyond the gift of sleep;
And silence, Nature's music-miracle,
With song expectant fills the shadows deep,
In August woods.

There is fulfillment of the spring-time's dream,
And hope's fruition, rich beyond compute,
For hands may touch, and eyes behold the gleam,
Of buds turned into leaves, and bloom to fruit,
In August woods.

What though the song of nesting-time is hushed?
There is a time when love lays down its cares.
The heart of things as with sweet wine is flushed—
A full completeness takes it unawares,
In August woods.

And then the gold the mother sunshine sifts!
Its glint and glory smooths out every frown;
And by some magic all the earth it lifts—
Or does it make the sky bend lower down,
In August woods?

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE MARSH PEOPLE

AT dusk the vibrant reeds are stirred and shaken,
A hissing sound runs through the marsh afar,
And from their day-long sleep the people waken —
The strange marsh people—where their cities are.

Yes, they are there—the cities walled and steeped—
Cities invisible by light of day,
And they are many, and by millions peopled,
Who sing at what they do, sing what they say.

And in the steeples silver bells are ringing,—
Sweet bells innumerable—far and wide;
And airy beings through the night are swinging
Their mystic signal lights from side to side.

But if you float close to the shore and listen,
And watch beneath the light of star and moon,
Bright eyes will meet you that unblinking glisten
In the deep hush that sweeps the dark lagoon.

Oh! they are wary. Hear the warders calling,
As you approach, their warning fierce and harsh!
And all the myriads flying, running, crawling,
Hurl a swift silence far into the marsh.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

They have vast legions armed to fight the stranger,
Soft-singing hosts with stings of many pangs;
And silent sentinels at posts of danger,
With subtle poisons in their hidden fangs.

A people strange, foresighted and far-seeing;
A weird, weird world, that teems with life at night;
But each one seems to pay the cost of being—
The price that Nature claims is just and right.

For hear their wheels of commerce roll and rumble,
And hear the hum of life at full employ;
And how all over and above the jumble
Of noises rise the clarion notes of joy.

.

Again the vibrant reeds are softly shaken;
A sound floats upward like a sigh long-drawn,
And there, the marsh, wind-swept and God-forsaken,
Lies veiled in silence and gray mists of dawn.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE LAST LONGHORN'S FAREWELL

I HEAR a sound, like music through the gale,
Of kindred calling down the old-time trail.

The morning winds, for many, many morns,
Have pulsed with tramping feet, and clashing horns.

And in the burning noons of summer days,
Above the dust I've seen the heat's blue blaze.

And centaur spirits flash before my eyes,
Swifter than meteors through starry skies.

And voices far and faint ring in my ears,
Now soft to soothe, now shrill to waken fears.

I see, I hear, I feel, for through me runs
Tempests of fires and floods, and stars and suns.

For there, beyond the hemming fence and hedge,
I see where earth and sky meet edge to edge.

And all the world between that bound and me,
My kindred once possessed, and roamed in, free.

There bone and sinew, and pure hardihood,
They strove with Nature in her every mood.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Hunger and thirst, these did they understand,
And flood and fire that swept the sun-scorched land.

In summer noons they sought shade-giving trees,
For winter nights they found the friendly leas.

And these were guarded by the earth and sky
Locked edge to edge, letting no foe come by.

And Nature's gifts they took, and understood,
But Man's they scorned—shelter, and care and food.

They knew the wild. There freedom was at flood,
Its spirit flowing high-tide in their blood.

But they are gone. There must be plains somewhere
Without Man's proffered shelter, food and care.

For I can hear the lowings of my kind,
Soft and content, come flowing down the wind.

And in the night a loving voice and low,
Inquiring wakes me—just like long ago.

True to the past, our common fate I face—
Death—unsubdued—the last one of my race.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE TOILER'S SONG

TH**ERE** is a strength in song akin to rest;
A magic spell that brings a wondrous calm.
Beneath its sway is any calling blest;
And unto labor's bruise it is a balm.
So sing, O soul! O humble heart, rejoice!
For even unto you God gave a voice.

Where there is song is hope, and hope is all—
Laughter, and love, and life, and sweet content;
And where these are what is it can appall?
Tomorrow doubles what today is spent.
Rejoice, O heart! The treasure-house of kings
Is bare compared with his who toils and sings.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE SONG OF THE OWL

O H-HO! oh, ho-ho! He is lost in the wood,
Where the wind and the dark are asleep;
And he can not get out, though he shout and he shout,
For the sound of my voice it will turn him about,
Where the thickets are huddled and deep.

Oh-ho! oh, ho-ho! On the edge of the wood,
By the tarn that looks up at the moon,
I saw him at eve cause a maiden to grieve,
And now he will know how a voice can deceive,
Until death is the tenderest boon.

Oh-ho! oh, ho-ho! He will list for my voice,
And follow wherever it leads;
And through bramble and thorn, that are biting like
scorn,
I will take him until of his beauty he's shorn,
And for mercy in anguish he pleads.

Oh-ho! oh, ho-ho! Oh, there is a morass
At the end of the winding lagoon,
Where the ooze darkly creeps out of treacherous deeps;
There my voice will be hushed as the maiden's that sleeps
By the tarn that looks up at the moon.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

AFTER CARE IN AUTUMN

AWAKE! for care is over,
The year leans to the west,
And every bird's a rover
Far from the mother nest.

The south wind softly hushes
His voice that was so strong;
And no more come swift rushes
Of bird pipes and of song.

The dust that came in broadsides
With every vagrant breeze,
Lies gray on weed-grown roadsides,
On bushes, and on trees.

Amid the vine and brier,
Silent the redbird clings,
Fluffing his breast of fire,
Preening his blazing wings.

And in far fields and meadows,
And through deep woods and old,
The white clouds build of shadows
Cool isles in seas of gold.

And fancy, like a rover,
Fares through vast regions, blest;
For now earth's care is over,
And after care comes rest.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE MOCKINGBIRD'S SONG IN AUTUMN

GRAY autumn days have dimmed his coat,
And ruffled it around his throat;
But there's a twinkle in his eye,
As whistling autumn winds run by.
For even when the days grow chill,
A singer is a singer still;
It is the time, not he, that's wrong;
The sad days need the gladdest song.

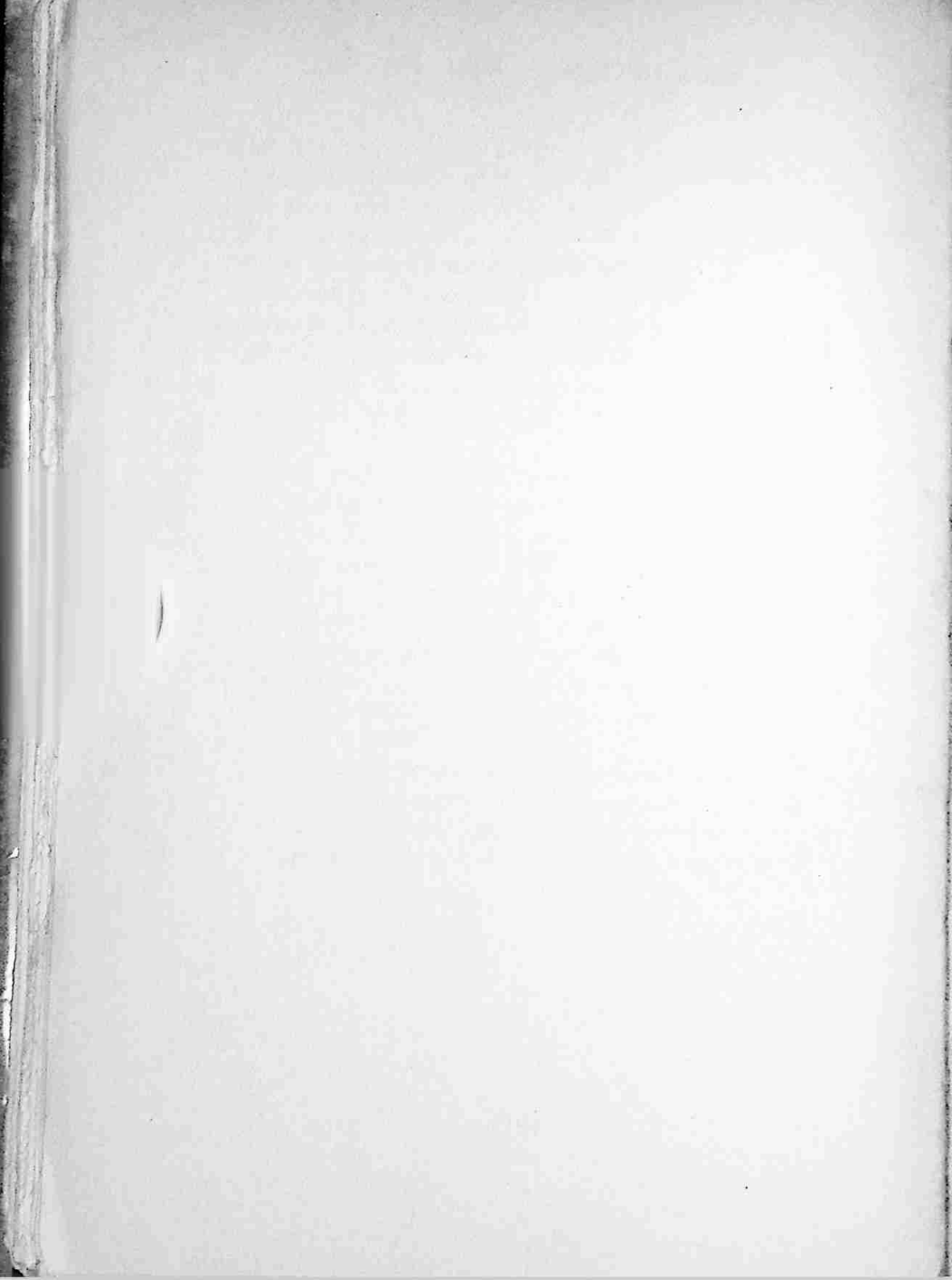
And so with closely folded wings,
Facing the autumn wind, he sings.
The memory of little cares
Is woven in his tender airs,
And joys remembered still impart
Sweet trills that come straight from the heart.
For what to him is autumn's hue,
Who lived and loved a summer through?

The singing heart knows no regrets;
For one lost joy two more it gets.
The yester joy seemed most complete,
Tomorrow holds two twice as sweet.
Ah, that is what the singer sings
The while he shapes the wondrous things
Whereof he builds strange dreams and new,
For all our joys are dreams come true.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Oh! there's a shaping power in song
That makes hearts glad, and glad hearts strong.
For unto him does autumn bring
Not winter thoughts, but dreams of spring,
When he shall flash his wings in flight,
And pour out songs of pure delight
Upon the little world that seems
The fairest world of all his dreams.

SECTION TWO
INTERLUDES



SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

IN SANCTUARY

DOUBTER of dreams, you shall not know my dream,
Nor thumb it idly, though most high you be.
In sanctuary, pure as love's own beam,
It shall grow up, a heavenly gift, with me.

With hands made consecrate by loving care,
There I shall tend to it and make it grow;
With eyes brimful of hope and smiling prayer,
There I shall daily watch its brightening glow.

You shall not look at it and pity me,
You shall not touch it, being what you are;
It must emerge pure as the lilies be,
As blithe as love, and radiant as a star.

And when it stands revealed in purest white,
And in its beauty and eternal youth,
All shall perceive, with eyes that dare the light,
How tawdry Falsehood is, how plain is Truth.

THE MASTER

THE mind is master. At its snapping whip,
From heart and hand the fastening fetters slip;
Which way it nods there goes the searching glance,
And where it beckons eager feet advance;
It shoots an arrow o'er the sea deep-ridged,
And where it flies there is the wide gulf bridged;
It speeds a thought across a continent,
Behold! a highway gleams the way it went.

The mind is master. In its alchemy
The earth turns gold, a prize of pearls the sea;
The frowning mountains are removed and lo!
The fragments, piled, to smiling cities grow;
And where the mills are, and the busy looms,
The gathered harvest fruits again and blooms;
And labor's pay, though gold, were mean and scant
If that were all employment had to grant.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE SONNET

IT is a picture by an artist painted,
A garden fair with golden apples hung,
Where one can almost hear the bird song flung
Upon the air a south wind keeps untainted;
It is a pæan to the dead and sainted,
Pure strains of music on soft concord hung,
The tenderest song that lover ever sung—
A melody with every mood acquainted.

But, O pale painter on the ivory white!
So much of Art as you deliver there,
So much of worth the world will place upon it.
So much of heart-fire as gives warmth and light
To your soul's building, so shall be your share
Of praise, rapt builder of the wondrous sonnet.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE SILENCE

THE silence comes from God,
As song goes out from man.
It is the benediction after praise and prayer;
It fills the soul with peace sweeter than loving words;
And rests the weary heart
Beyond the power of sleep.
'Tis softer than the hush that flows from mother-eyes
When on the trembling lips love's tender crooning dies.

Silence is not afar,
Except to those afar
From Nature, Song, and God. Silence is Nature's God,
Deep and mysterious. The God-part of the song
Is its sweet silences;
The words between are ours.
Nature, and Song, and God. Thrice blest is he who
dwells
Where God in these works out His miracles.

The silence is not mute,
It speaks the love divine.
The silence is not still. Wide worlds are wrought in it;
It is the strength that folds and holds them in deep space;
It is the power that swings
Them up, and down, and up;
It is the God in us that comes, when murmurings cease;
And blesses heart and soul, with trust, and rest, and peace.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SPEECH

HE spoke to you, and heaven came,
And yet he told but part
Of what he knew was true.
You spoke to him, and hell aflame
Raged in a trusting heart,
For you told all you knew.

And then I saw a Solomon,
As beggar garbed and dressed,
Who pointed with his thumb
A placard that was writ upon
And pinned onto his breast:—
“Wisdom is deaf and dumb.”

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE SONG OF MOLOCH

THE man-made god of God-made man I sit and sing,
elate;
A million feet the pedals press—the organ sings their fate;
For men that come to where I dwell, drawn by the power
I sway,
Must press the pedals as they pass—must tread them
every day.

My temples top the vernal hills, and weight the fruitful
plain,
And where their towering spires are reared, supreme I
rule and reign;
For men may own the living God with lips that idly part,
But in my keeping is the soul, my law is in the heart.

My fame is gone through all the earth, my temples loom
afar;
My praise is sung in harvest fields where peace and
plenty are;
For eyes have seen my altar fires across the heavens flare,
And followed where their smoke rose up like pillars in
the air.

By fires at night, by clouds at day, my worshipers are
led,
And louder does the organ roar as they the pedals tread;

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

For silence is the attribute of God and Love divine,
But the unholy sound of strife—the song of death—is
mine.

Lo, how I glory in my sway, from which none dares to
swerve!

'Tis death to them that turn away, and death to them
that serve.

For I am the ungratitude of man personified,
And as his Maker he denies, so too, is he denied.

There is no love behind my law, no mercy in my creed;
The tender thought that blossoms here bears bitter fruit
and seed,

For man-made gods more cruel are than ever man
dared be,

And Moloch never yet revoked what once he did decree.

And yet it seems beyond my song, beyond the organ's
blare,

There is a place, a paradise, a land of dreams, some-
where,

Whence comes a song a mother sings, a gleam of one
who smiles,

Stealing its way into the heart o'er unremembered miles.

But ho! press on ye million feet, and make the organ
roar;

Heap up the sacrificial fires, and bring more victims—
more!

For Moloch hungers for the feast, his high priest swings
the knife,

Come, fee the god that ye have made. More life, more
life, more life!

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE CRY OF TANTALUS

THE Phrygian marble in the palace wall
Grows lusterless, and shows each morning dimmer;
The Sheban gold, that lines the spacious hall,
Has lost the rosy light and merry glimmer;
The ringing laughters turn to mocking jeers,
Smiles change to grimaces, and joy to tears.

Fit for fastidious gods the feast is spread,
And though desire is keen it lies untasted;
Brimful the golden bowl glows warm and red,
And, though athirst, it stales untouched and wasted;
The mildest jest leaves blisters on the tongue,
The sweetest song turns to discord when sung.

The cymbals sound, inviting to the dance,
The maidens smile, their eyes for favors pleading;
And though most warily the feet advance,
Pleasure, as wary, ever keeps receding;
The glad hand lifted meets no outstretched hand;
The good it holds slips out of it like sand.

The splendid gardens are a lure and snare,
The silver fountains flow, but flow denying;
For once, ahunger, Pelops pleaded there
And was denied, and hungered until dying;
The crystal cup from longing lips is thrust,
The rose decays, the apple turns to dust.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

The gnomes from field and forest, mart and mine,
Have piled the red gold up from vault to steeple,
To keep is human, and to give divine—
The overflow shall go to bless the people;
The red gold gleams like fire in baleful eyes,
Its mellow tinkling turns to human cries.

The gods may not forgive, as mortals may,
The scoff of even him they long befriended;
A thousand deaths can not their wrath allay—
They must be just, and most when most offended;
So Tantalus, whom heaven and earth deny,
Is cursed with life, and doomed to never die.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

BURNS

BLOOD binds us close in kinship, man to man,
Through prejudice and pride a narrow clan;
But there's a kinship runs through all mankind
That knows nor time nor place—that of the mind;
There chance of birth, and ancestries severe,
Can not keep one afar and one more near;
And so the world of mind as one mind turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

For he that sang of love beside the Ayr,
Still sings of love as it is everywhere;
He knew its meaning, and he told the spell
In magic numbers, as none else can tell;
He felt its pleasure, and he felt its pain,
And sang the songs that sing themselves again;
And so the world of love a lover turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

He sang of toil, and through his gift of song
Has made it high and holy, pure and strong;
He sang the riches that the poor are lent,
And turned them into jewels of content;
And showed the world that there is more of worth
In sturdy manhood than in blood or birth;
And so a world of workers, heartened, turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

He had his frailties, and so have we;
We know what is resisted, so did he;
Perhaps he erred because of his keen wit,
But who that have it muchly care who's hit?
He sinned maybe, but One will take his part,
As He will ours, when He ransacks the heart;
And so a world of hearts as one heart turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

O STEERSMAN

O STEERSMAN, keep my bark midstream
Where still the waters flow,
So I may sit an hour and dream
Where Life would make me row,
For, oh! my oar has grown a beam
That fain would lay me low.

The promises that once I made
Have laid their hands on me,
And hold me till I grow afraid,
Instead of bold and free;
For self-made fetters lightly laid
The heaviest are that be.

So let me dream an hour in peace
That I float down a stream
Whose source shall never, never cease,
Nor Time subdue its gleam;
That here is love, and joy, and ease,
And evils only seem.

And that, O Steersman, like a book
I read the tempter's wile,
And shame him with a scornful look,
Then heal him with sweet guile,
Till like two rills changed to a brook,
As one we run and smile.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And I would dream no difference grim
Shall make me disagree
With one who views life's eastern rim,
While I the western see;
But that I look his way with him,
And he my way with me.

And let me dream that all is well,
And feel, with heart aglow,
That tales of woe are few to tell,
And shall still fewer grow;
And that by some mysterious spell
You helped me make them so.

So, Steersman, keep my bark midstream,
Far from the jungled shore,
That I may sit an hour and dream,
While resting on my oar,
And feel that dangers only seem,
Though rushing waters roar.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

LIGHT OF STARS

O H! to walk in peace in your light, O stars,
On a shadowy earth, and see
How the portals that ever the daylight bars
Open wide on eternity.

No beginning in view, and no ending in sight,
No horizon, no low bending sky;
Only distances everywhere—length, width and height—
And no measure to measure them by.

By some power, self-forgetting, you move in your spheres,
By some will not your own you respond,
And you go and return through uncountable years,
Ever lighted by light from beyond.

From the earth up to you mortal vision extends,
But the soul's vision, free from all doubt,
Finds new glories begin where immensity ends,
And a light that shall never die out.

Oh! to walk with you stars, and behold like a dream,
Far apart from the earth wrapped in gloom,
A city, eternal, with mansions that gleam
In a world like a garden in bloom.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SONGS IN UNISON

TWO are singing in the dawn,
Two together closely drawn;
(Time is tangled in the rhyme)
In that hour is all of time.

Two, apart, sing in the noon,
Two are singing the same tune.
(Time at dawn lies tangled yet)
They are singing to forget.

Two, apart, sing in the night,
(Time lies where the morn is bright)
Keeping May in cold December:
They are singing to remember.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

EILEEN AND I

EILEEN and I (ah, we had just been wed)
Sat hand in hand beside the summer sea.
Eileen's Leon had two long years been dead,
And Marjory was more than dead to me.
But we, Eileen and I, had just been wed,
And had no thought of dead or more than dead.

Had we not planned that day a pleasant way
Wherein our feet should tread—a way of bliss?
Each waiting what the other's lips would say,
To whisper, "yes," and seal it with a kiss?
Yes, we had planned that day a pleasant way,
Where death, and more than death, should never stray.

We sat, Eileen and I, beside the sea,
'Yond which the horned moon was slipping down,
It seemed the waters shivered—or did we?
But well I know the wide sea wore a frown.
And there we clung, beside the frowning sea,
I to Eileen, and she more close to me.

And so, close-clasped, we sat, Eileen and I,
And watched the evening star sink low the while;
Until, at last, we saw it fade and die
Beyond a little silvery cloudland isle.
And we were lovers there, Eileen and I,
But oh! so timorous, and knew not why.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Beside the stars to watch us there was none,
And they were peeping in the rippled sea;
And so by stealth (as in a dream 'twas done)
I kissed Eileen and thought her Marjory.
And she sweet-blushing, dreaming, sighed, "Leon"—
Beside the stars to watch us there was none.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

SAN JACINTO

(Lines written on the Battleground, April 21, 1891.)

HERE, in a space scarce larger in its round
Than that a voice can span it with its sound,
Lies, closely strewn, a world of hallowed ground.

For here was empire lost and empire won;
Here one star set, here rose a brighter one,
In glory rivaling the morning sun.

Here, on the prairie's marge of marsh and slope,
Where far sea-vistas o'er the headlands ope,
From hopes laid low there sprang a larger hope.

And here, where blue skies smile a sweet presage,
Man laid with Might a life-for-life as gage,
And won an everlasting heritage.

And 'neath these gray-beard oaks of sturdy growth,
Unswerving Fate made good his old-time oath,
And gave eternal justice unto both.

And foes of Freedom, open and concealed,
Shall come no more, except they come to yield
Their lives again on San Jacinto's Field.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE RACERS

BRIGHT gleaming is one face, the shades of night
Rest on the other's brow; and lithe and light
The feet of one, who trips where flowers bloom;
The other's steps sound dully in the gloom.

The goal is far away, and one gains strength
Leaping all things that bar the course's length;
The other razes bars, and gates, and walls,
And makes a breach through which he nimbly crawls.

The eyes of one look up, and glad and strong,
His final fate he makes his theme for song;
The other's eyes look down in silence grim,
The shadows of the night drawn close to him.

On, on they run. All bars but one are passed,
And whitely gleams the goal beyond this last—
A chasm dark and deep that none can leap,
For crumbling are its sides, the brink is steep.

O dark-browed racer, rushing to your doom!
Yours is the fate to bridge that chasm of gloom
For him who runs with you. Peace to your strife!
Down, down, O Death! To your reward, O Life!

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE VOICE OF THE WIND

WHERE strife is not there is not any song,
But little lullabies from lotus-land.
The foughten battle makes the brave heart strong,
And there is kinship close of heart and hand;
Nor is the victor more than he that felt
The keenness of the foeman's swifter dart;
In that one moment should all rancor melt,
And nobler feelings come to either heart.

So what to me that I am ever spurned,
And stung by every spear of vibrant grass?
The scorn and wounds to tender thoughts are turned,
The grasses change to lute-strings as I pass.
And where the reeds stand stiff, for battle ripe,
If left unstirred were they not ever mutes?
But when their ranks I sweep the pipers pipe
The waking song on many shrilling flutes.

But, oh, my harp hangs high in greening woods!
Its thousand strings are strung among the pines;
And to my touch they sound a thousand moods
That nature knows within her wide confines.
There pierced and wounded from the outer strife,
The inner eye perceives the battle's bent,
And reads the puzzling riddle man calls Life,
Its tuneful measure telling what is meant.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

It is not what is seen, but the Unseen—

The Soul of Things—that makes the deathless song;

It is the God within it, making keen

The finer feeling, builds it pure and strong;

For not an eye is mine wherewith to see

The things that bar, or shun the blow ere dealt;

What deathless part of song may be in me

Is what, in coming through, my soul has felt.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE GOLDEN CUP

I SORROWED when the iron bowl was broken,
And thirsted when the brew it held was spilled;
And then my years to me, of love a token,
Handed a golden cup with new wine filled.

I touched my lips unto the brim so golden,
And sipped the wine as one athirst would do;
The while I wished mine were again the olden
Good iron bowl, filled with strong battle-brew.

But as I sipped the years came crowding nearer—
The dear old years, scarce noticed in the strife;
And there I saw them with a vision clearer—
The Scribes of God that write the Book of Life.

'Tis good to be here and to be beholden
For life's great joy to them, the loving years;
To sit among them, and from goblet golden
Sip rosy wine, and know no future fears.

For, oh! that wine is keen as springtime's breezes
That bring the morning hills mistless to view;
It lets the gladness in, and doubting ceases,
And day by day some cherished dream comes true.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And oftentimes it seems, when day is ended,
That choirs twain with music fill the air;
One song comes downward where a prayer ascended,
And one floats upward from the place of prayer.

Oh! it is good to live—just to be living—
And smile old failures down, and cheer us up
With rosy wine, that Father Time keeps giving
The years to pour into our golden cup.

O loving years! I thank you for your presence,
And for your gift, a thousand victories worth;
And for the rosy wine that is the essence
Of all the gladnesses of all the earth.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

A BALLAD OF SPEECH

WE are just in a cruel fashion,
And good as the law prescribes;
But, Oh! for a heart's compassion,
And its smiles, and wiles, and bribes.

We are proud of our Alexanders,
Our Caesars, and walled-in Romes;
But, Oh! to be love's commanders,
And cherished in hearts and homes.

On thoughts that have wings of fire
We soar to the clouds above;
But heaven, the heart's desire,
Comes down at the beck of love.

As wine sets the heart rejoicing,
So the world would gladdened start,
If all, though alisp, were voicing
The wonderful speech of the heart.

For art has a silver splendor,
Skillfully made and hung,
But the speech of the heart is tender—
Like a song by a mother sung.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

A SONG IN PASSING

THERE is no life so bare it has no beauty,
No life so fair but there is something mars;
And laurels won upon the field of duty
May give a keener pain than many scars.

But pain to one may be another's pleasure,
And poverty may dwell in halls impearled;
While those we pity hold a precious treasure—
Great joys like jewels rare—in memory's world.

Some laugh their tears until their eyes see dimly,
While others weep, and get a clearer view;
And he that walks beside us, stepping primly,
May have a thorn that stings him in his shoe.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

MY STAR

THERE is a star without a name
Seen dimly where a thousand shine—
A little star always the same—
That star is mine.

I know not whence its friendly light,
Nor whitherward its movement leads,
But even with the earth all night
Through space it speeds.

It moves upon the outer rim
Of things, serene, through time and space;
No storm its lighted form can dim,
Nor change its pace.

It floats not high, nor sinks it low,
But follows some sweet law divine
That lights the way that it must go—
That star is mine.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

MAKERS OF PEARLS

11-17-65
THERE is peace in pearls, for pearls come after pain,
And where no pain has been there is no pearl to keep.
Who would not rather give
A pearl and die, than live
With nothing to bestow, and less to treasure up?

How good it is to live! How beautiful is life!
What treasures rare it holds that none can take away!
Silver and gold will rust,
And purples turn to dust,
But they that make life's pearls, to them no loss can come.

Beauty is in their hearts—unfading as God's Love;
And light is in their souls—undimmed as heaven is;
And out of these they take
Unstintedly, and make
The cloth-of-pearl that shields Pain's shrinking nakedness.

In patience they are wrought, and hidden fathoms deep
Within the sea of life. None knows the cost but God.
And down beside the sea
Full many hearts there be
That moan not for the old, but smiling sing the new.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Makers of precious pearls, bringers of beauty rare,
Givers of peace to pain, they breathe on life and smile.

And from their finger tips,
And from their eyes and lips,

They pour out, love-distilled, rose pearls, and pearls pure
white.

Treasures of life are these. They never can be lost.
Joy like a bubble bursts, and every pleasure palls.

But every ill empearled
Enriches all the world,

A blessing and a heritage till life shall be no more.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE BLINDING LIGHT

WITHOUT is cold and dark, but warmth and light,
Beams from the palace, beckoning her to enter,
And wear a scarlet robe; to left and right
Seem greater ills in darker deeps to center.
Within the music swells above the hum
Of mellow voices and melodious laughter,
While all the night winds, as they biting come
From elsewhere, but cries and curses waft her.

The shadow of a dream takes flight, and fleeing,
Its wings show purpling from some break o' day;
A tear gleams on the cheek—the power of being
That dream fulfilled with it is brushed away.
There is no blindness like to blindness, seeing,
No night so dark as lights that lead astray.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THROUGH MOTHER EYES

O H! tuneful is the song of birds,
And true as any sung;
But there's a song too pure for words
That never yet found tongue;
And oh! it is the tenderest song,
The fondest song, the truest song,
Beneath the bended skies—
The song that leaps from love-lit deeps,
And flows from mother eyes.

Oh! rich are royal diadems,
And grand as any wear;
But there are richer, rarer gems,
More worth, beyond compare;
And oh! they are the brightest gems,
The purest gems, the only gems
Brought out of paradise—
The sparkling tears, the joyous tears,
That brighten mother eyes.

And there are hopes that find their bound
Within swift passing years;
But there's a hope springs round by round
Beyond the utmost spheres;
And oh! it is a heaven-high hope,
A world-wide hope, a prayerful hope,
Wherein earth's safety lies—
The hope that beams, and shines and gleams,
In lifted mother eyes.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE MOTHER HEART

HIS brimming glass, it made his lips to smart,
His laughter mocked him in its every note;
His flippant speech as fire burned his throat,
And beauty's touch gave him a guilty start.
Deep in the crowd he felt he stood apart,
"Why is your joy," he cried, "from me remote?
Is there a price to pay? If so, please quote."
As one they answered: "Bring your mother's heart."

He tore her heart-strings where she sat alone,
And felt the warm heart pulsing in his hand;
But as he bore it through the night-black land
He stumbled—fell—and bruised him on a stone.
Then cried the mother-heart in anguish wild:—
"My child! my child! Oh! are you hurt, my child?"

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

OUT OF BABEL

OH! the heart is sad in the Babel song,
And sighs for the solitudes,
Where the silences dwell, and the vistas are long,
Through glimmering bayous and woods;
And where, when the day and its duties are done,
Its sigh, and the song of the stars, are one.

Oh! the heart is sad within Babel bowers,
That Art made to blossom and bloom;
And it longs for the home of the God-made flowers,
For their fragrant and wild perfume,
That ever ascends through the pure, sweet air,
A pæan of praise, and a breath of prayer.

Oh! the heart is sad in the Babel pride,
And sad at its temple door,
And cries to be where the fields are wide,
And the big blue sky bends o'er;
To walk near God, and to say its prayers,
And not be denied for the garb it wears.

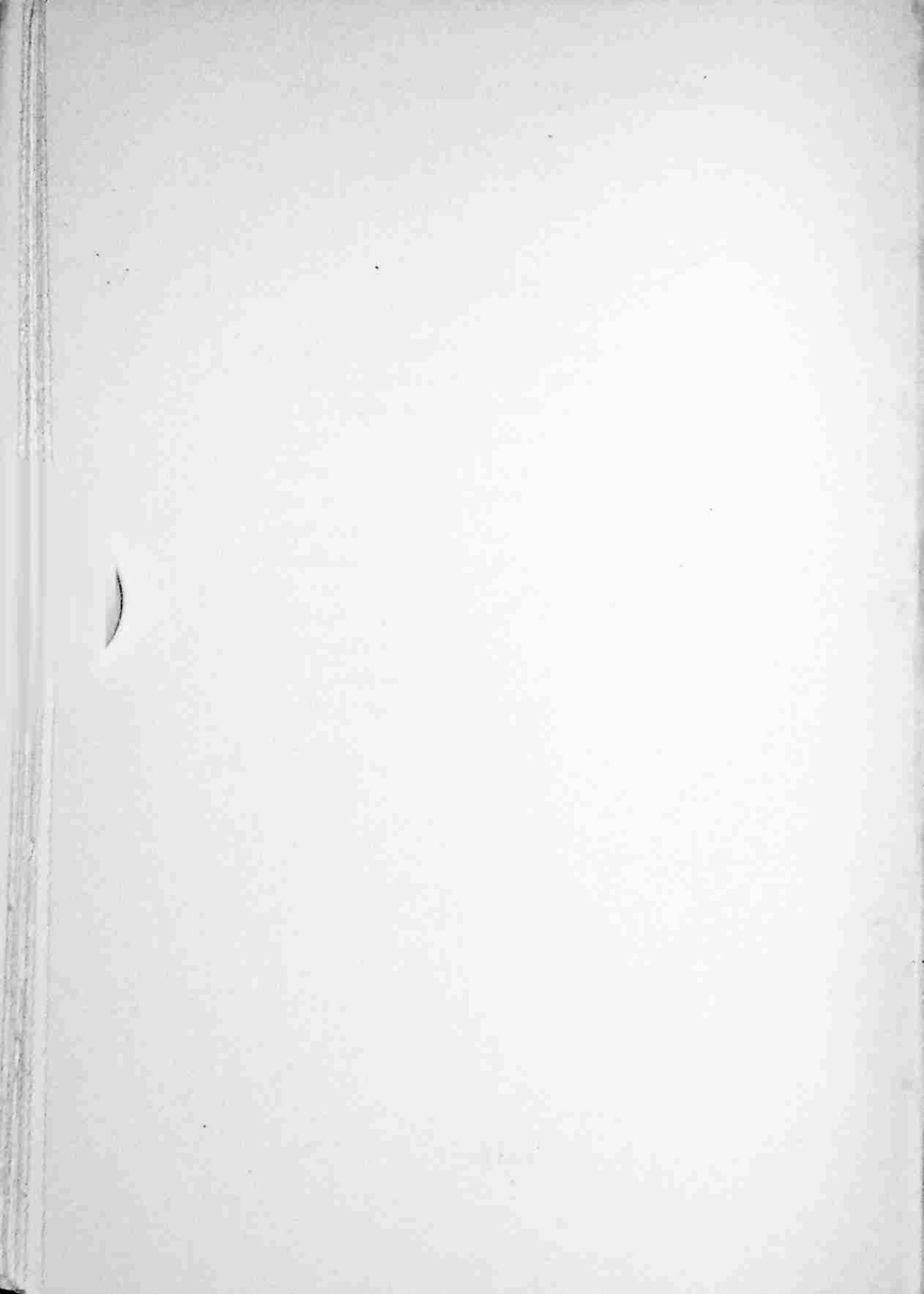
SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE PROOF

AN old man, smiling, watched the strife;
And seeing how serene he stood,
I asked: "What is the sum of life?"
He answered "Good."

Musing he stood a little while,
And thought back on the toilsome way,
Then turned and told me with a smile
As bright as May:

"Yes, you will find life's test is this:
The sum is good if at the end
You find your oldest neighbor is
Your oldest friend."



SECTION THREE
RHYMES OF GALVESTON BAY



SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

PINTO AND THE *STINGAREE*

I

THUS said the Lightshipman: "His shining sail
I saw rise up out of the stormy sea;
And like a bird he flew—outflew the gale,
Not driven by it, but by it set free.

"It was the whitest sail, so shining white
That in its wake there gleamed across the bay
A silvery path, like that which shines at night
When out of cloudland moonbeams find a way.

"That sail was set to never more come down,
At throat and peak held fast by bolt and chain;
And hoist as high when skies would darkly frown,
As it was hoist when they would smile again.

"The hull, a seamless whole from stem to stern,
Moved like some happy, carefree, sun-browned boy—
A boy whose course no obstacle can turn—
Merry with laughter, and alive with joy.

"It was a hull six fathoms scant in length,
Built like the Northmen built their ships of old,
With bow of beauty and with stern of strength,
Adorned with silver and inlaid with gold.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

“And where the bulwarks rose full shoulder high,
The helmsman leaned at ease against the wheel,
As if the boat were guided by his eye,
Not by the rudder trailing at its heel.

“His face was brown as that of Bedouin,
But yellow flowed his hair as fine as gold;
And the loose garments that he loitered in
Fell softly round him, milk-white fold on fold.

“And as he leaned, from fear and worry free,
Unconscious of the breakers' roaring throng,
And of the storm that lashed the broken sea,
He poured his heart out in a stream of song.

“And as he sang it seemed a little world
Of perfect peace lay all around him, hushed;
Across his path the storm no fierce gust hurled,
And at his side no wave storm-maddened rushed.

“The boat swept by just as the setting sun
Burst through the storm-clouds at the close of day;
Across its stern bright silver letters shone
In deep-blue field, and spelled: “St. Inga Rei.”

“A huge ship foundered on the outer bar,
A wreck forever, on that stormy day,
When Pinto, singing, came from seas afar,
And sailed, serene, into Galveston Bay.”

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

II

Then spoke Grand Pierre: "O Lightshipman, to me
Your tale is true, indeed, in every way,
For I knew Pinto and the *Stingaree*,
And how they baffled all that sailed the bay.

"The storm or calm they never seemed to heed,
Or brightest sunshine, or the darkest night;
For through it all they sailed with equal speed,
Leaving behind a pathway strewn with light.

"They never hugged a windward, sheltering shore,
But as if guided by some friendly star,
Sailed straight through channels none had known before,
O'er unmarked shoal, or reef, or shifting bar.

"Where boatmen waited for the rising tide,
Or for the temper of the wind to pale,
There Pinto never once was known to bide,
But singing some strange song sailed down the gale.

"On many nights, windbound, behind some bar,
Or floating on the sleeping summer sea,
The song of Pinto, passing near or far,
Has come across the waters unto me.

"Now it would be a song all rollicking,
Now one of heart-throbs filled with joy or pain;
Now songs like those that only mothers sing—
The mothers of fair France, or sunny Spain.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

“But once when darkness lay upon the sea
So deep and high that it shut out all light,
His soul poured out the sweetest, saddest plea
That ever thrilled the silence of the night.

“A long sweet note,—a pause—and then a note—
A song that searched the deeps below, above,
A call from one forsaken—lost—afloat—
For home—peace—light—life—love.

“Then came the night when just abreast Vingt Une,
While half asleep, I fell into the sea,
And woke up staring at the white full moon,
And Pinto’s dark face beaming down on me.

“And never had I seen so sweet a smile,
Or looked into such sad and searching eyes.
‘Be still,’ he whispered, and his hand the while—
A soft white hand—restrained me, ‘Do not rise!’

“And then he sang the song Maman Ami
Had sung when weary to her breast I crept;
And I was glad, so glad! again to be
A little child grown weary, and I slept.

“I woke on my own boat, close under land,
And saw afar a white sail brightly gleam;
And but for this small cross, left in my hand,
That night with Pinto might have been a dream.”

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

III

Then up spoke Patta Larga with fine scorn:

“Most fanciful your stories sound to me.

My tale with cruel facts I must adorn—

My tale of Pinto and the *Stingaree*.

“It was October, year of seventy-one—

The time Chicago went up in a blaze—

That like a shot out of a monster gun

A gale swept down upon our Texas bays.

“My little boat went down with the first whiff.

For hours I clung onto the wave-washed mast.

But in the night I caught a vagrant skiff,

And with it and the storm my fate I cast.

“Loud were the winds, and mad the waves, that night;

I cursed, I know, and may have prayed some, too.

Then all at once the sea blazed out with light,

And Pinto and his boat shot into view.

“I heard the wind shriek madly overhead,

But not a ripple shook the shining sail;

The waves fell flat, and shivered as with dread,

Of some new monster brought forth by the gale.

“The boat lay head to wind, and Pinto, dressed

In snowy white, peered o'er the bulwarks, aft;

And when my eyes followed his eager quest

I saw a man lashed to a flimsy raft.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

“And there we were, we three, harbored within
A lighted circle, where we heard no shout
Of those that perished rise above the din
That ruled the darkness of the sea, without.

“And Pinto moved not. And his yellow hair
His brown face touched, as he close vigil kept.
The man upon the raft forgot his care,
In soothing slumber. I, too, weary, slept.

“And when I woke 'twas on a wreck-strewn shore,
And somewhere close a faint voice called to me
Out of the darkness, and above the roar,
That filled the air, and blotted out the sea.

“I looked and saw that Pinto and his craft,
Who came in silence, had in silence gone;
And that we two, the man upon the raft,
And I, upon the seashore were alone.

“And there they found us in the morning light,
The people who came down the wrecks to view;
For Death, they said, had swept the sea that night,
But by some miracle had missed us two.

“But when they saw the man who was with me,
Compassion into passion changed straightway;
For lo! they hanged him on a lone oak tree,
And I have not asked why until this day.”

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

IV

The Lightshipman with bright and eager eyes,
Seemed to be looking o'er a level sea:
"I saw them pass out just before sunrise—
And Pinto sang on board the *Stingaree*.

"And like some curtain that is slowly drawn,
The storm-clouds moved unbroken down the sky;
And where they sank below the sea, the dawn,
Purple and gold, shone deep, and wide, and high.

The North wind piped no more across the bay,
The breakers roared no more upon the bar;
Each dewdrop held a little sparkling ray,
And voices came from the unseen afar.

"'Twas then they came. The *Stingaree* ablaze
With flaming light that streamed from hull and sail;
The swells fell down, shot through with level rays,
And left behind a smooth and shining trail.

"And as they passed I saw a longing glance
In Pinto's eyes, and heard him singing low
A song half prayer, asking deliverance
From what I felt he knew that God must know.

"And thus they crossed the bar at break of day.
With song and light they sailed into the dawn,
And there they blended with the sun's first ray—
The sun rose from the sea, and they were gone."

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

POINT SESENTA

THE mockingbird sang in the sixty trees,
And Inez she walked in their shadow;
And the winds came laughing from southern seas,
And the sea seemed a green-waved meadow;
But the wealth of song, and the wind and water,
Requite not the love of an Indio's daughter.

Don Miguel's pastures lay far and wide,
His herds by peons were tended,
But all he possessed was as naught beside
His Inez so young and splendid.
Still his heart was sore, for the winds kept saying:
"The trees sesenta keep graying, graying."

So Inez she walked 'neath the moss-grown trees,
By the side of her gray-grown lover;
But ofttimes she dreamed that from many seas
He had come like a brave young rover,
But when she looked up, and her dark eyes twinkled,
Two dim eyes looked down from a face deep-wrinkled.

Then out of the North came a viking ship,
And a viking young and brawny;
A snare for love was his tender grip,
And a net were his locks so tawny.
And where man dares go, over hill and hollow,
There a woman loving him dares to follow.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Ah! that is the tale told in every zone,
A story told over and over.
For one morning Don Miguel found Inez flown,
And the ship and the bold young rover.
And the winds were hushed, and the trees unshaken,
And the birds had fled, and their nests forsaken.

And boatmen passing beheld the trees,
And saw how they all were dying;
And the winds grew fierce, and the angered seas,
And the flurrying sand went flying;
Until Point Sesenta was quite departed,
And left but a name and a place uncharted.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE BOAT THAT NEVER SAILED

LIKE the moan of a ghost that is doomed to rove
Is the voice of the wind in Hungry Cove.

And the brier bites with a sharper thorn
Than the fang of hate, or the tooth of scorn.

And the twining vines are as cunningly set
As ever a poacher placed snare or net.

And the waves are hushed, and they move as slow
As fugitives making headway, tiptoe.

For Nature remembers, as well as Man,
The time, and the place, and the *Mary Ann*.

The time, man-measured, was long ago,
Some sixty or seventy years, or so.

The place, where the sea was with light a gleam,
And the shore shone white as a maiden's dream.

And the *Mary Ann* (how a prayer prevailed!)
Was the name of the boat that never sailed.

For the men who built it, a blackguard twain,
Had taken a maiden's pure name in vain.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And she prayed that for taunts, and for many mocks,
The boat would not move from its building blocks.

But the builders laughed at the maiden's prayer,
And spat on her name they had painted there,

And swore in defiance of God and man
They would launch the boat named the *Mary Ann*.

But when they stood ready at stern and stem,
The boat fell down on the heads of them;

And no one came to where crushed they lay,
And no one will come until judgment day;

For their guards are briers with thorns that bite
With a pain as keen as the sting of spite.

And their only dirge is the song of the loon,
When the sea is black in the dark of the moon.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

DONNA MIA

DONNA MIA of the angels,
When I looked into your eyes,
All my sadness turned to gladness,
And the earth to paradise;
And I knew you, Donna mia,
For an angel in disguise.

Donna mia of the angels,
When I saw you sweetly smile,
All the sorrows of the morrows
Faced me smiling, free from guile—
Angels waiting, Donna mia,
Angels waiting all the while.

Donna mia of the angels,
We have kept the sacred tryst;
Love is purer, heaven surer,
For the little things we missed—
Arms that clung not, Donna mia,
And the kiss we never kissed.

Donna mia of the angels,
Sweet your smile in twilight's hush,
Close beside me, safe to guide me,
When the storms upon me rush.
Heaven keep us, Donna mia,
From the love that brings a blush.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

GUMMAN GRO

THEY said that Gumman Gro had a great store
Of private treasure hid in Lone Tree Cove;
That she with cunning eyes watched sea and shore,
And that a curse was upon all who strove,
Always in vain, to cross the line afar
That she had marked outside of shoal and bar.

And it was said that many who had rushed
Upon the Cove with favoring wind and tide,
Had come away with heart and spirit crushed,
Bereft of courage and of manly pride,
To live their lives perpetual exiles
Beyond the reach of cheering songs and smiles.

And so the boatmen, sailing up and down,
From Lone Tree Cove would sheer their boats away;
For on the shore a small hut loomed up brown,
And in the doorway stood a woman gray;
Whence she had come, or when, none seemed to know,
But Skell, the boatman, named her Gumman Gro.

And Skell would laugh the hearty laugh that springs
Straight from the heart of men when young and strong;
And with a merry jest at men and things
He sailed his course, and hummed a happy song;
And passing Lone Tree Cove he oft would sheer
His boat more close and shout a word of cheer.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

But one dark night a storm swept o'er the bay,
And the mosquito fleet was scattered wide;
And many men and boats until this day
Have not returned to watch for wind and tide;
And of the missing ones that all loved well
Was *Sweet Cecilia*, and her master, Skell.

And there are nights when winds and tides are fair,
And nights of calm when God's stars search the deep;
When sounds afar, like multitudes in prayer,
Across the waters to lone boatmen creep.
'Tis then they see the dead sail to and fro,
And none knows whence they come, or where they go.

And on such nights, when winds came from the west,
Skell set his sail to sail from Lone Tree Cove.
He shunned the shoals as on and on he pressed,
Then straight for the deep sea his boat he drove,
But just so far he came, and then he stopped,
As if an anchor sternward had been dropped.

And from the shore a cry, half laugh, half pain,
Mocking and pleading rose, and dipped, and fell,
And stirred the waters like a shower of rain;
And *Sweet Cecilia* and her master, Skell,
A moment wavered like a light wind blown,
Then flashed across the darkness and were gone.

Thus every night when out of sunset land
The warm winds came and drowsed upon the bay,
Skell and his *Sweet Cecilia* left the strand,
And sailed and sailed as if to sail away,
And every night that cry, half laugh, half pain,
Would, pleading, come and call them back again.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

This is the tale that old time boatmen told,
One to the other long, long years ago;
But not the greediest for shining gold
Would risk the fearful curse of Gumman Gro;
For none when dead, whatever else befell,
Would have Death land him where it landed Skell.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE CRUISE OF THE *DIVING DOLPHIN*

NOW while talking about parsons," (which we were not,) said old Jack,
"I was shipmate with one of 'em—say some fifty-odd years back—
In the old ship *Diving Dolphin* of the bloody Black Ball line,
With a crew o' thirty for'ard, and a cabin gang o' nine.
Had been shanghaied out o' Front street, and been brought down to the dock,
In a blind drunk, as was common, all our duds stowed in a sack;
But we didn't give a bawbee, and we didn't touch a clout
Till next morning when the bos'un and the third mate cussed us out.

"Then we took some thwartship bearings till we saw where we were at;
Found we chased a brisk nor'wester, and a wintry one at that.
But we got her into shipshape 'fore we done much looking round,
Or took time to do the growling, or to ask where we was bound.
But as soon as the two watches had been set, and we were free,
We began, in sailor fashion, 'mong ourselves to disagree.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

But whatever our shortcomings, if we fought, or swore,
or laughed,
As one man we stood together 'gainst the gang that
boarded aft.

“And we wasn't long in finding that a Jonah was on-
board,
Though he claimed to be appointed to defend and serve
the Lord.
And he wore a tall bell-topper, and a coat black as a pot,
And in shape he was the picture o' an old Dutch gally-
yacht.
But the boys took to him kindly, 'cepting Jones, who took
the grumps,
'Cause the parson beat him singing when the watch would
man the pumps.
But the parson kept a-singing, and the crew would sing
as well,
Only Jones he wouldn't chanty with a Jonah—not for Ell!

“But the wind kept blowing harder till it blowed a living
gale,
And there wasn't but one jackstay on the whole ship held
a sail;
And at last that too went ripping with a sound o' thunder
clouds,
And was hurled against the backstays and the foremast's
larboard shrouds,
And the lanyards went a-snapping like so many fiddle
strings,
And the stays and shrouds went upward like to serpents
having wings,

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And there was no man-jack 'mong us but what aftward
made a dash,
And we all were saved that minute, for the masts went
over—crash.

“Well we cut away the wreckage. Watch and watch we
manned the pumps;
Parson and all hands a-singing, all but Jones, still in the
grumps.
Then the gale died down a little, and the sun came peeping
through,
And the waves took on a glimmer, and the gray sky it
turned blue.
Then they made the longboat ready, and the yawlboat, for
a trip
To the nor'ard fondly hoping to be picked up by some
ship.

“Only Jones he swore he wouldn't go with them, but would
remain
On the wreck. And so they left him, and were never seen
again.
But I guess they're singing chanties on some craft on
seas serene,
Where the waters ripple softly on the shores of Fiddlers
Green.
What of Jones? Why, bless you, hearties, he was picked
off in a day
By a passing ship and carried to his home-port far away.
And he told this tale I tell you, without any sort o' pang,
For you couldn't drown a fellow that was surely born to
hang.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

JOEY'S JO

SOMEWHERE, sometime, in some long, long ago
There may have been a pair, free and afloat,
Happy as Joey and as Joey's Jo
 Within some tent or in some little boat.
For they had youth, and all of life before,
 Gleaming with love—love pure and primitive—
Deep as the sea, wide as the circling shore,
 That bound the world in which they loved to live.

They were but fisher folk, these happy two,
 Comely of face, clean-limbed and strong in form;
For in their world only the daring few
 Remain to be play-fellows with the storm;
And they had met him in the open place,
 And played him fair till he could play no more;
And they had raced him oft, and won the race,
 To some safe shelter on a friendly shore.

Through long, long days they searched the waters wide,
 Of bay and bayou, and of shallow lake;
At night on bayou bank, or river side,
 Their tent shone white against the wood and brake;
Or if the wind too early went to sleep,
 And left them far from bayou banks and bars,
They slept as sweetly on the night-veiled deep,
 Above whose heaving bosom shone the stars.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Then little Joey came to live with them,
And in a week he had a bay-wide fame;
And as of old wise men sought Bethlehem,
So unto him on Spillman's Island came
From bay and bayou, and from riverside,
The fisher folk to share, at least in part,
The glory of the father's manly pride,
And the great joy that filled the mother's heart.

And little Joey grew a three-year-old,
And was as glad as he was brave and strong;
The sunshine loved his locks of finest gold,
The South wind to his laughter danced along;
And he could bait a hook, and swing a pole,
And throw a line from either boat or shore,
And he could stand up when the boat did roll,
And with a boatman's skill could dip an oar.

And then the freshet came. Above its roar
A child-voice cried for Joey and for Jo;
And where the water like a mad thing tore
At riven trees they saw a yellow glow
Of golden locks, and then the gleaming ray
Of a red dress, and San Jacinto, swift
And treacherous, forever hid away
Wee Joey in her quicksands and her drift.

And Jo and Joey, young and lovers yet,
Sailed out and out, and far and far away;
But even youth, sometimes, cannot forget
When sorrow comes clad all in fadeless gray.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

So, when once more the autumn gayly flaunts
Her glories, playthings of the wind and rain,
The fisher folk, in their familiar haunts,
Were glad to meet and greet them back again.

Again they fished the bay from shore to shore,
And searched the lakes within the low marsh lands,
Until they pitched their quiet camp once more
On San Jacinto's ever-shifting sands.
And Jo and Joey, one in joy and grief,
Sat in the dusk and watched the water swift
Rush by, and on it danced an autumn leaf,
Yellow and red, caught in the whirling drift.

"Oh, Joey, Joey!" and with one mad leap
The father plunged into the raging stream,
And rose again out of the whirling deep,
Clutching the red leaf with the golden gleam,
And held it up between him and the sky—
Up to the stars that scanned the darkened shore.
At last despair found voice in one faint cry—
The dark drift danced—and Joey was no more.

Now when the bay is bright, and blue skies smile,
Against some shore a sail may show up white;
Or on some bayou bank, or marshy isle,
A little tent may spring up in the night;
And at the tiller sits a woman gray,
And o'er the campfire bends a woman, low.
And ask the fisher folk that pass that way,
And they will whisper: "That is Joey's Jo."

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

ROSA TINA

A PRETTY name? Ah, yes, I love my boat,
For Rosa Tina named it long ago.
It was the happiest day for us afloat,
And little Rosa Tina made it so.
She named my boat, and I called her my wife,
The two events that fill a boatman's life.

And life it seemed a blessed thing with wings,
As we went sailing o'er the sweet-voiced sea,
The sea that always speaks to me and sings
Like Rosa Tina spoke and sang to me,
The sea that ebbs and flows o'er shoals and bars,
Golden with sunshine, silvery with stars.

The cruel sea? No, no, it loves its own!
We were its children, both of us, from birth,
And loving, trusting it we both had grown
Away from every dread except the earth.
And so we sailed, I and my little bride,
Lovers for life, laughing at wind and tide.

For we could shape our course by sun and star,
Across the widest bay without a chart;
We knew the depth of every bayou bar,
The smoothest route to every port and mart.
And every channel, pass, and point of land,
From blue Sabine to golden Rio Grande.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

Darkness and storm? Ah, he must win who copes
With them and laughs, endowed with love and life;
For Rosa Tina at the tiller ropes
Sent songs of cheer clear through the dark and strife;
The while I stood, a halyard in each hand,
Ready to lower or hoist at her command.

Or when the stars went down into the deep,
To light the heaven underneath the sea,
Then she, white-robed, close to my side would creep,
And clasp my arm, and look, and look at me,
Her brown eyes gleaming with that wondrous light
Wherewith the bright stars search the deep at night.

The world ashore? Oh, yes, we made our trips,
To where the mountains overtop the trees,
Just like bold landsmen come and board our ships,
To view with awe the wonders of the seas.
For life's content can never fill our cups
Until we taste on what the other sups.

And Rosa Tina, now? This east wind stings—
This winter east wind does—and blurs my eyes.
Yes—Rosa Tina—yes, her soul's white wings
Took flight to where no storm-clouds sweep the skies.
'Twas on that bitter night to all alive—
The last one of the year—year 'eighty-five.

On New Year's morn they found her sitting there,
Grasping the tiller, looking straight ahead
Across the frozen sea—straight into where
The sun was rising looked she—frozen dead.
But, Oh! a prayer that night she prayed for me,
A prayer the stars have taught unto the sea.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And where was I that night? Wrapped up with care—
Love's care of which a woman's life is full.
Sheltered and warm they found me lying there,
Unconscious, helpless, with a broken skull.
To save my life at any, every cost,
She played with Death that night and won—and lost.

Yes, little Rosa Tina's grave is here,
The only sacred spot on earth to me;
And over it I place at each New Year
Sea shells that sing to her of sun and sea.
But, Oh! the sea, with not a shore in sight,
Shall sing to me of her again tonight.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

THE BALLAD OF BURNABUS

SHIPMATES, it is sad to tell
Of the fate that once befell
Burnabus of Durnacus,
Chief mate of the ship, "La Belle."

As they ran before the gale,
It grew stiffer on their trail,
Till the skipper, shrilly chipper,
Sang out: "All hands shorten sail!"

Oh! it was a manful crew
At the halyard and the clew,
And like catlins in the ratlin's,
Up aloft they nimbly flew.

And the skipper at the wheel,
With a grip as strong as steel,
Watched the combing billows, foaming,
Break beneath the good ship's heel.

Then he saw old Pym, the cook,
Stuttering Pym, the good old cook,
Wild of eye come prancing by,
Jabbering like some storied spook.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

And he pointed far astern,
Where he saw the mad waves churn,
 And he moaned, and cried and groaned,
As he stuttered: "Bu—bu—burn."

Through the tempest straight ahead
On her course the good ship sped,
 And to Pym, to quiet him,
Turned the skipper, "Sing," he said.

Then sang Pym of Durnacus:
"Overboard went Burnabus—"
 "Where-away?" the skipper cried.
"Half a mile astern of us."

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SEA

NOTES ON RHYMES OF GALVESTON BAY

PINTO AND THE *STINGAREE*:

On a cold and stormy night in January, 1873, three men—the Lightshipman, Grand Pierre and Patta Larga,—and a fourth—found themselves in the cabin of the lighter-sloop *Albert Paul*, lying at Kuhn's Wharf, Galveston. After partaking of a hearty supper, and in the glow of a red-hot stove, the subject of phantom ships and sea-mysteries was broached. Grand Pierre mentioned Pinto and the *Stingaree*, when each man, in turn, told what he had seen of, and what experience he had had with this mysterious man and boat. After many years, the fourth man has attempted to stick the stories together with some sort of literary glue.

POINT SESENTA:

All that is left of Point Sesenta today is a reef known as Fisher's Reef, on the north shore of Trinity Bay. The story of the Point was told me by Captain James Armstrong, just as it was previously told to him by an old Indian chief whose tribe used to visit the bayshore many, many years before the Texas Republic. Capt. Armstrong was a close friend to General Sam Houston, and was caretaker of the latter's estate at Cedar Point for many years.

DONNA MIA:

In the early "seventies," a boatman sailed the waters of Galveston Bay whom his mates had nicknamed "Angel Tony." He was then an old man, small in stature, brown-skinned, with laughing black eyes, and the softest, tenderest voice of any man I had ever heard speak. Some said he was mad, others called him a daring sailor, but all admitted that he could get into more dangerous places, and come out again unhurt, than any other boatman on the bay. When asked how he managed it, he would smile and say: "An angel guides me." One night in a heavy norther, he piloted me, unknowingly, between sunken reefs and shoals into a safe anchorage. It was then that I boarded his boat, and learned to revere "Angel Tony," almost as a son does his father. All that I could learn of his life is embodied in the verses "Donna Mia." "Angel Tony" and his boat were lost in a gale that swept the Texas gulf coast in September, 1875.

J. P. S.