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The Halo

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Halo

And other Selections

Illustrated by

Elizabeth B. Gilman

Boston, U.S.A.
L. Prang & Company.

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a. M. P. Aug 22, 1915

THE · HALO

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'er-swung,–
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and mothers, too,
Bright-Eyes in hat!
Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,–birdling's despair,
Somewhere for that?

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

"Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds
that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight,
Through the drift of the floating mists
that infold you;"

Caught 'mid some nether-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,—
Women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street,
Death; and for that!

W. C. Gannett.

To my Dog

"I look into your great brown eyes.
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or humankind,
Hath royalty informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mine.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound
And find the prize in you."

To my Horse

"Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on: and for the world (familiar to us and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him."

Shakespere.

"Do you hear the cattle lowing
On the hill?
There's a bitter north-wind blowing;
It is freezing; it is snowing;
And the cattle they are lowing
On the hill."

E. C. Brown.

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