

**THE CITY OF
SUCCESS AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The City of Success and Other Poems by Henry Abbey

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HENRY ABBEY

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AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
HENRY ABBEY.

NEW YORK:
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Poems.

THE CITY OF SUCCESS.

WHERE a river hastens down,
Stands an often-wished-for town,
In the azure of the mountains, on a broad and level
vale.

Peaks of peace above it rise
To the ever-smiling skies,
And its air is not invaded by the armies of the gale.

Round the city stands a wall,
Where the watchmen clearly call
The flying hours, that speed away, with winged, in-
constant feet,
And, throughout the gilded place,
The palatial dwellings face
On cool-fountained park and garden, and on pleasure-
seeking street.

Sparsely-populated stands
 This, the pride of all the lands,
 In temple-crowned magnificence, the City of Success;
 For, tho all men strive full well,
 In its worldly halls to dwell,
 Few even reach the roads to it, through bitter strain
 and stress.

This fair city has great gates,
 And at each a dragon waits,
 With huge, unsated, open jaws, with sharp misfortune
 fanged.
 High upon the barbican
 Floats hope's banner, dear to man;
 But vainly are the throng without from those proud
 walls harangued.

Witless men the gates avoid,
 And, in wily fraud employed,
 Mine under the cemented might which glitters, seen
 afar.
 Having basely stolen through,
 They the secret passage rue,
 And strive to fill and cover it, and other folk
 debar.

Such men scoff and are ashamed,
 When, around the wide world famed,
 Some brave outsider scales the wall, and boldly takes
 his place,
 An exemplar, sweet to men,
 And most proper citizen,
 Who has no fear to turn and meet his clean past, face
 to face.

They, throughout the toilless year,
 Stand arraigned by vivid fear,
 Who, using methods sinister, have snared the swift-
 winged gold;
 For, if it be lost, they know
 That they forth must straightway go,
 And never more, but far away, the day-dream town
 behold.

Once, from here remote—in truth,
 Years ago—a handsome youth,
 Who plodded, on his father's land, behind the toilsome
 plow,
 Saw, tho dimly, and afar,
 This proud city, like a star
 Across the mist which islanded the mountain's peace-
 ful brow.

Well he loved a maiden true,
 That of his glad passion knew;
 For as he went one smiling day home from the fur-
 rowed field,
 With her milking-pail she came,
 And, with heart and lips aflame,
 He met her, told her all his joy, and to her heart ap-
 pealed.

With up-turned, delighted eyes,
 And low, tender-toned replies,
 She answered him, and plighted troth to make her his
 alone.
 Sweet the voices of the birds
 Mingled with the happy words,
 And to the pair the waiting fields abroad with love
 were sown.

"I must hasten forth," he said.
 "I shall win me more than bread,
 Till up a gracious path I reach the City of Success;
 Then, my dearest one, with you,
 In that city old and new,
 I shall abide, and naught but death shall make our
 joy the less."