

**THE BOOK OF THE  
EAST, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649084142

The Book of the East, and Other Poems by Richard Henry Stoddard

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**RICHARD HENRY STODDARD**

**THE BOOK OF THE  
EAST, AND  
OTHER POEMS**



THE  
BOOK OF THE EAST,  
AND  
OTHER POEMS.

BY  
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.



BOSTON:  
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,  
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.  
1871.

# ALGEBRA

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,  
BY JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.,  
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,  
CAMBRIDGE.

# CONTENTS.



|                                      | Page |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| A WOMAN'S POEM . . . . .             | 1    |
| WITHOUT AND WITHIN . . . . .         | 6    |
| AFTER THE FUNERAL . . . . .          | 13   |
| ON THE TOWN . . . . .                | 16   |
| THE BALLAD OF VALLEY FORGE . . . . . | 23   |
| THE LITTLE DRUMMER. . . . .          | 42   |
| WHEN THIS OLD FLAG WAS NEW . . . . . | 48   |
| A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL . . . . .      | 60   |
| THE WINE-CUP. . . . .                | 68   |
| THE KING'S SENTINEL. . . . .         | 72   |
| THE BALLAD OF CRECY . . . . .        | 81   |
| ROME . . . . .                       | 86   |
| CÆSAR . . . . .                      | 90   |
| MARE VICTUM . . . . .                | 95   |
| ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .            | 103  |
| THE CHILDREN OF ISIS . . . . .       | 113  |
| "WHY STAND YE GAZING?" . . . . .     | 122  |
| WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE . . . . .        | 125  |
| ADSUM . . . . .                      | 131  |
| VATES PATRIÆ . . . . .               | 133  |
| AT GADSHILL . . . . .                | 138  |

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| TWILIGHT ON SUMMER . . . . .                | 142 |
| A CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR AMERICA . . . . .      | 144 |
| THE COUNTRY LIFE . . . . .                  | 146 |
| AN INVOCATION . . . . .                     | 148 |
| A CATCH . . . . .                           | 150 |
| THE KING IS COLD . . . . .                  | 152 |
| THE MESSENGER AT NIGHT . . . . .            | 154 |
| OUT TO SEA . . . . .                        | 155 |
| A GREEK SONG . . . . .                      | 157 |
| "WANDERING ALONG A WASTE" . . . . .         | 158 |
| LOVE THY NEIGHBOR . . . . .                 | 160 |
| WHAT'S MY LOVE LIKE? . . . . .              | 161 |
| HEAD OR HEART? . . . . .                    | 162 |
| DRIFTING . . . . .                          | 164 |
| THE PROUD LOVER . . . . .                   | 167 |
| "I KNOW A LITTLE ROSE" . . . . .            | 167 |
| THE DIVING LOVER . . . . .                  | 168 |
| UNDER THE ROSE . . . . .                    | 169 |
| EVEN-SONG . . . . .                         | 170 |
| UNDER THE TREES . . . . .                   | 171 |
| A BEGGAR SONG . . . . .                     | 172 |
| BIRDS . . . . .                             | 173 |
| "I AM DREARY AND GRAY" . . . . .            | 173 |
| "IT IS A WINTER NIGHT" . . . . .            | 174 |
| LEAVES . . . . .                            | 174 |
| COURAGE AND PATIENCE . . . . .              | 175 |
| "WHAT SHALL I DO TO LIVE ARIGHT?" . . . . . | 176 |
| TO BAYARD TAYLOR . . . . .                  | 177 |



## CONTENTS.

v

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN . . . . .                       | 178 |
| TO JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR. . . . .                       | 179 |
| COLONEL FREDERICK TAYLOR . . . . .                         | 180 |
| TO JERVIS MCÉNTÉE, ARTIST . . . . .                        | 181 |
| FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE . . . . .                             | 182 |
| TO A FRIEND . . . . .                                      | 183 |
| IN MEMORIAM . . . . .                                      | 184 |
| " I am followed by a spirit " . . . . .                    | 184 |
| " What shall I sing, and how " . . . . .                   | 184 |
| " The Christmas-time drew slowly near " . . . . .          | 186 |
| " Come unto these yellow sands " . . . . .                 | 187 |
| " I sit in my lonesome chamber " . . . . .                 | 188 |
| " You think — I see it by your looks " . . . . .           | 189 |
| " What shall we do when those we love " . . . . .          | 190 |
| " We sat by the cheerless fireside " . . . . .             | 192 |
| " It looks in at the window " . . . . .                    | 193 |
| " What shall I do next summer ? " . . . . .                | 194 |
| " This book of dirges, if it be " . . . . .                | 196 |
| " When first he died there was no day " . . . . .          | 196 |
| <sup>2</sup> " The dreary winter days are past " . . . . . | 197 |
| " Out of the deeps of heaven " . . . . .                   | 199 |
| THE BOOK OF THE EAST . . . . .                             | 201 |
| PERSIAN SONGS . . . . .                                    | 201 |
| TARTAR SONGS . . . . .                                     | 216 |
| ARAB SONGS . . . . .                                       | 223 |
| CHINESE SONGS . . . . .                                    | 231 |



## A WOMAN'S POEM.

YOU say you love me, and you lay  
Your hand and fortune at my feet :  
I thank you, sir, with all my heart,  
For love is sweet.

It is but little to you men,  
To whom the doors of Life stand wide ;  
But much, how much to woman ! She  
Has naught beside.

You make the worlds wherein you move,  
You rule your tastes, or coarse, or fine ;  
Dine, hunt, or fish, or waste your gold  
At dice and wine.

Our world (alas, you make that too !)  
Is narrower, — shut in four blank walls :  
Know you, or care, what light is there ?  
What shadow falls ?