

**VERSES FROM
MANY SEAS**

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Verses from many seas by Fred Warner Carpenter

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FRED WARNER CARPENTER

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FROM MANY SEAS

BY FRED WARNER
CARPENTER.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1914
By Paul Elder and Company
San Francisco

Class of 1902

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
CLASS OF 1902

TO MY MOTHER

O'er this little book of verses,
I have tried to throw an air
Of lands I've known, and always loved,
And some pictures gathered there.

But the rarest of all treasures,
That the richest land can give,
Is as nothing to your love, my dear,
And with that I now here live.

So I dedicate this little book,
'For what it's worth to you,
With the hope that, when you take it up,
You will wish to read it through.

San Francisco,
September 9, 1914.

PROEME

IT WAS during the last days of Autumn and the vineyards of the Riviera were like great fields of flaming poppies as the train sped along the Mediterranean, crossing thence into Spain and running among the orange groves of Valencia, and on to Seville with its lacework palaces, its cathedral, and its olive groves. One could almost see the figures of the white-robed Moors sitting about the fountains as they used to do before the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella; and as I have seen them doing today in their palaces in Tetuan, near the summit of the mountains in North Africa. The city glistens like the foam on the seashore as one sees it against the blue African sky. And then I sometimes wrote verses giving pictures of places I've known and what they meant to me. For places and palaces and houses, as one sees them in retrospect, have an atmosphere as distinct and elusive as have people.

But, as I thought of the pictures, there was always one which stood out among the happiest memories of my life, and that was my association with our President, William Howard Taft, and so I wrote these verses:

Here's just a little tribute
To our work and play,
Through the many years of life,
Which now seem but a day.
In the far-off Philippines,
In China, and Japan,
Russia, Rome, and Washington,
The flower of our land.

PROEME · Continued

Then, when you were President,
The days were full of care;
But you firmly held the rudder,
Whether winds blew foul or fair.

And Time, which mellows all things,
Will bring the day again,
When the people all will realize
How much you did for them.

San Francisco,
1924.

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