

**WILT THOU NOT  
SING? A  
BOOK OF VERSES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649443222

Wilt Thou Not Sing? A Book of Verses by Alice Harriman

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Cover @ 2017

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*A BOOK OF VERSES*

BY  
ALICE HARRIMAN



NEW YORK  
THE ALICE HARRIMAN COMPANY

✓ AL 1723.7.100

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May 20, 1930

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TO THE MEN  
WHO HAVE TAUGHT ME





## A WORD

The poetry of Alice Harriman reflects the heart of things in our great West. She writes verses that have all the largeness, the simplicity, the strength of the Nature whose moods she reflects. Her themes are never subtle, complex. They lack what is called in the jargon of this subject "universality." One must be unjaded and a youth in spirit to appreciate such lines.

It is not easy for any poet in this sardonic and sophisticated age to feel emotions sincerely, with no histrionic self-consciousness. It is because she has retained the childlikeness of inspiration that Alice Harriman can give us verses like a draught from the cup of the Nature she knows so intimately. Hers is a voice from the heart of that tremendous West of which we have all heard, for which we all long. We are a breed that flocks to cities, knowing little or nothing of the high mountains, the far horizons. Mrs. Harriman brings us the soul of these things. She diffuses it.

One is tempted to compare her with the poets of the Lake school. They drew from the sweet and tender Nature of which they were lovers. They had more art, more polish. But they had not and they knew not—I am speaking of the school, and not of any one poet—the vastness of Nature in our West, the largeness of vision which was our Whitman's. They were not easily appreciated; but they arrived. And the work of Mrs. Harriman, the Amer-

### *A WORD*

ican, a representative one in the interpretation of Nature here, will make its way.

There are lines here and there in the verses which sound other depths. Yet those too are inspired by the same moods. We see into a soul to which Nature has spoken solemnly and very beautifully. But the "note" is distinctly American always. Possibly some would deem it provincial. But it is that with all the sublime provincialism of Homer.

ALEXANDER HARVEY