## ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE, 1916-1919. THE VERSE WRITERS CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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# ANTHOLOGY of VERSE

THE VERSE WRITERS' CLUB



1919 HARR WAGNER PUBLISHING CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN OUR PRESIDENT DUR-ING THE FOUR YEARS OF OUR EXISTENCE AS A CLUB, GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN

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Acknowledgment is hereby made to the following magazines and newspapers for the use of the following poems which have appeared in their pages:

# ON HEABING AN ETUDE BY BORTKIEWICZ Los Angeles Graphic PAULINE BARBINGTON

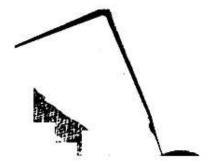
CAPBI, Los Angeles Graphic
AT FOUR O'CLOCK, Los Angeles Graphic
BELLE COOPER

WIND OF DAWN, The Argus
WHEN DAWN COMES, San Diego Sun
LEXINGTON, The Woman's Magazine
THE KNITTING SONG, Youth's Companion
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GIPSY COMPENSATION, The Overland BEN F. FIELD

DAPFODILS AND SPRINGTIME, Los Angeles Times
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#### Fate

A ship sailed through the Golden Gate, Outlined 'twixt sea and sky; The victim of a cruel Fate, Who heard its last, lone cry?

Oh, traitor waves, whose ebb and flow Reflect the sky above, How could you strike so harsh a blow, And drown my sailor-love?

The seagulls revel in your spray,
While sunlight gilds the sea;
The fishers come and go each day—
My love comes not to me!

Still sapphire skies at sunset glow; Sea-drift is tost ashore; Still fisher-boats ply to and fro— My love comes nevermore!

BELLE COOPER

#### SONNET

### The Vintage

In Tuscany the vintage-season reigned;
From trailing vines festooned o'er maple trees,
And lightly swayed by the September breeze,
The purple grapes were cut by peasants trained,
Then piled in baskets, and in vats wine-stained
Were trod by stalwart men bare to the knees,
And laughing maids who swayed with grace and
ease;
Soon naught but blood-red must and pulp remained.

A cruel fate? 'Tis but the plan divine;
Throughout all Nature life and death are fused;
The grapes must needs be crushed before new wine
Gives forth its life; so hearts are often bruised
Before the everlasting wine wells up—
A font of strength to brim Earth's loving-cup.

BELLE COOPER

#### RONDEAU

#### If I Had Wings

If I had wings, I'd fly away
To daisied meads in sunny May;
To Alpine vales where sunset-glow
Crimsons the lofty peaks of snow:
Wherever summer reigns I'd stray.

I'd linger where cool fountains play, Or watch bronzed reapers mow their hay; I'd hover where red poppies blow, If I had wings.

I'd fly afield the livelong day;
But when I'd viewed the earth's array,
Homeward again I'd gladly go,
For home is heaven—as wanderers know!
I'd still return where Love holds sway,
If I had wings!

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