

**THE STRANGER AT
THE GATE, PP. 1-69**

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The Stranger at the Gate, pp. 1-69 by John G. Neihardt

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JOHN G. NEIHARDT

**THE STRANGER AT
THE GATE, PP. 1-69**

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Poetry

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE
A BUNDLE OF MYRRH
MAN-SONG

Fiction

LIFE'S LURE
THE DAWN-BUILDER
THE LONESOME TRAIL

Miscellaneous

THE RIVER AND I

*The Stranger
At The Gate*

*by
John G. Neihardt*



NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
MCMXII

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by John G. Neihardt

HIGGINS

To
Mothers

CONTENTS

	Page
THE WEAVERS	1
THE STORY	4
THE NEWS	8
IN THE NIGHT	10
BREAK OF DAY	13
DAWN SONG	16
END OF SUMMER	18
VISION	20
TRIUMPH	23
HERITAGE	24
LULLABY	26
THE POET'S TOWN	29
PRAIRIE STORM RUNE	41
THE GHOSTLY BROTHER	49
THE POET'S ADVICE	52
MORNING GLORIES	55
THE LYRIC	57
GLAUCUS	58
MONEY	63
THE RED WIND COMES	64
CRY OF THE PEOPLE	67

The Stranger At the Gate

I

THE WEAVERS

SUNS flash, stars drift,
Comes and goes the moon;
Ever through the wide miles
Corn fields croon
Patiently, hopefully,
A low, slow tune.

Lovingly, longingly,
Labors without rest
Every happy cornstalk,
Weaving at its breast
Such a cozy cradle
For the coming guest.

In the flowing pastures,
Where the cattle feed,
Such a hidden love-storm,
Dying into seed—
Blue grass, slough grass,
Wild flower, weed!

The Stranger at the Gate

Mark the downy flower-coats
In the hollyhocks!
Hark, the cooing Wheat-Soul
Weaving for her flocks!
Croon time, June time,
Moon of baby frocks!

Rocking by the window,
Wrapt in visionings,
Lo, the gentle mother
Sews and sings,
Shaping to a low song
Wee, soft things!

Patiently, hopefully,
Early, late,
How the wizard fingers
Weave with Fate
For the naked youngling
Crying at the Gate!

Sound, sight, day, night
Fade, flee thence;
Vanished is the brief, hard
World of sense:
Hark! Is it the plump grape
Crooning from the fence?

Droning of the surf where
Far seas boom?