

**A RED-LETTER DAY:  
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649513345

A Red-Letter Day: And Other Poems by Lucius Harwood Foote

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)

**LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE**

**A RED-LETTER DAY:  
AND OTHER POEMS**



A

# RED-LETTER DAY

AND OTHER POEMS

Univ. of  
California

BY

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE



BOSTON  
A. WILLIAMS AND COMPANY  
283 WASHINGTON STREET  
1882

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A RED-LETTER DAY . . . . .	5
ON THE HEIGHTS . . . . .	25
MARIE . . . . .	28
THEN AND NOW . . . . .	30
A MONOGRAPH . . . . .	31
WHO KNOWS? . . . . .	33
DRIFTING . . . . .	35
MY ORIENT . . . . .	37
EL RIO SACRAMENTO . . . . .	39
MA PAUVRE PETITE . . . . .	42
"TINS TO MEND" . . . . .	48
VIGNETTES . . . . .	51
NEITHER DO I CONDEMN . . . . .	53
AN OPT TOLD TALE . . . . .	56
AT LAST AT REST . . . . .	60
PADRE KINO . . . . .	62
SUTTER'S FORT . . . . .	65
IN THE SIERRAS . . . . .	68
STIRLING, THE OUTLAW . . . . .	71
EL VAQUERO . . . . .	75

736933

	PAGE
LONG TOM . . . . .	76
THE BUTTERFLY . . . . .	79
THE HUMMING-BIRD . . . . .	80
ENIGMA. <i>After the German</i> . . . . .	81
THE HEART WILL WINE . . . . .	82
ALLEGORY . . . . .	83
HULDA . . . . .	85
LET THEM DREAM. <i>From the German</i> . . . . .	87
A REVERIE . . . . .	91
THE DEATH OF AL HÂRITH . . . . .	97
DOM PERIGNON. <i>The Discoverer of Champagne</i> . . . . .	105

A RED-LETTER DAY.



AN hour of toil and strife, and we are dead.  
Life is a lie, a bitter lie, I said,  
And death itself is only dust to dust.  
All men are mad indeed with venal lust,  
The toiling galley slaves of cent per cent  
There is no cure, alas! for all these ills.  
In such a mood I folded up my tent  
In sooth, and sought the freedom of the hills.  
And from the couch of pine boughs where I  
lie, —  
As one by one the dark-winged shadows fly, —  
I watch the birth of this auspicious day.  
There is a quickening in the womb of night,  
A fringe of dawn, and then a flush of light;  
Slowly the sable curtain rolls away:  
Let there be light, as God himself ordains,  
A beacon lit by his divine decree,



Significant that law and order reigns,  
No tinge of foam to fleck the sapphire sea,  
Full-orbed the prince of light and life is  
born;

His royal banners flush the eastern skies,  
I shake the spell of slumber from my eyes,  
And hie me forth elate to meet the morn,  
And lo! from peak to peak, on either hand,  
The new-born daylight ripples o'er the land.  
All hail, Aurora, herald of the sun!  
As o'er the peaks thy coursers dash apace,  
Behold, the pale-faced stars die one by one,  
And earth, awaking from the cool embrace  
Of night, reveals to us her rosy face.

Although the impress of repose remains,  
The seal of sleep is broken; to the ear  
Come palpitating waves of sound; I hear  
The life-tide ebb and flow in nature's veins,  
Tones inarticulate, the stir of wings,  
The mellow murmur of earth's viewless springs.  
An amber halo glorifies the hills,  
And as the owl on muffled wing retires,

One half-awakened minstrel lightly trills  
An overture for all the sleeping choirs.  
The countless choristers will join, ere long,  
In one exultant avalanche of song.

Come forth, O weary denizen of town,  
Bathe in the sunshine, breathe the balmy air,  
Shake off the toils of traffic, and lay down  
The life-long burden which you seem to bear.  
Wait not for death to break thy prison bars,  
And send thy ransomed soul to paradise ;  
But seek betimes the free, glad life beneath the  
stars.

For thee the gods have spread a rich repast ;  
Ambrosia falls like manna from the skies,  
And nectar flows in every wayside rill.  
Come forth, and break, for once, thy lite-long  
fast,  
And from this gracious bounty take thy fill.

With eager step I climb the ridge to seek  
A highland glade beneath the purple peak.

There all the shining day, from dawn till  
dark,  
The wary birds beneath the covert hide.  
Meanwhile my dogs exult, with bound and  
bark,  
And beat the tangled brake from side to side.  
Borne onward by the day's advancing light.  
The waves of warmth roll down the rocky  
height.  
And long before the ardent sun has kissed  
The humid lowlands with his earliest beam,  
I catch the gleam and sparkle of the stream,  
Between the fading folds of silver mist.  
From nook and nest, when full-fledged day is  
born,  
What swarms of life come forth to greet the  
morn!

The drowsy hum of the bee is heard,  
And the locust's clanging cry,  
And a flashing gem, in the form of a bird,  
On its jeweled wings darts by.