

**BLUE AND GOLD**

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Blue and Gold by William S. Lord

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**WILLIAM S. LORD**

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BY  
WILLIAM S. LORD



CHICAGO  
A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY  
1896

UNIVERSITY OF  
COLUMBIA

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TO ALL  
LIBRARIES

*BLUE AND GOLD.*

*LITTLE Two Years Old, my son,  
Life for you has just begun;  
Dew is fresh upon the grass  
All along the way you pass;  
Every blade your dear feet press  
Gives a gentle, cool caress.  
Violets and buttercups  
Chronicle your downs and ups.  
Blue and gold, and gold and blue,  
Seemeth all the world to you.*

*Little Two Years Old, too soon  
You will know the heat of noon.  
Dust along your path will lie,  
And the grass be sere and dry.  
Every blade will give a thrust,  
Cry and urge, 'You must! You must!'  
Rose of flame with cruel thorn  
Best will tell the sweet pain borne.  
Red and brown, and brown and red,  
Seems the world the sun o'erhead.*

*Little Two Years Old, the light  
Softens when you say 'good-night.'  
Sweet the journey will be when  
You are almost home again.  
Every footstep brings you near  
Faces, voices, long held dear.  
Gentian blue and golden-rod  
Lead you onward up to God.  
Blue and gold, and gold and blue  
So the world will be to you.*



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BLUE AND GOLD.

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*THE SONNET.*

THE room encircling Milton's mighty woe  
Will ne'er give echo to my feeble cry ;  
The Grasmere Cottage, with the brook near by,  
Where Wordsworth chanted, I shall never know ;  
The home where Shakespeare lived so long ago  
May prison glories caught from his bright eye  
More gorgeous than the glow of sunset sky—  
For me in vain such matchless wonders show.

But mark ! there is a little splendid space  
Shut in by walls the same to-day as when  
It knew the presence of these marvellous men,  
And I may pause in that enchanted place :  
What trumpet tones, what whisperings of delight,  
The Sonnet holds to gladden day and night !