

CHANTS COMMUNAL

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649377459

Chants communal by Horace Traubel

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

HORACE TRAUBEL

**CHANTS
COMMUNAL**

CHANTS COMMUNAL

CHANTS COMMUNAL

HORACE TRAUBEL



SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
BOSTON: 1904

*Copyright, 1904, by
Horace Traubel*

Published November, 1904



*Plates by Rose Valley Press
Presswork by Geo. H. Ellis Co., Boston, U.S.A*

DEDICATING THESE PAGES

*Worn with the burdens of rebellious years,
Across the sea's scan matching birth with death,
Like ships skysailed that earthward come no more,
Love's dreams must vanish down the edge of sight,
All spent ahead where life will follow on:
Celestial children, soon beyond my reach,
Entering the unseen port to wait for me.*

OPTIMOS

In some faces I meet I see vice rampant and virtue veiled,
In some faces I meet I see virtue smiling and vice curtailed,
In vice I know vice, in virtue I know virtue, I stretch the boundaries of
neither,
I stand apart not to judge but to witness:
I hold no discourse with fragments, supposing them complete men and
women,
To each I accord my whole faith and from each I receive in full stream
the returning tide.
Is it my call to set men apart, good, bad, indifferent?
Is it my part to sentence man for one sin or pardon him for one virtue?
Is it my part to distrust the tree at its roots because its leaves in the fall are
dead?
Is it on my palette to color the sun? Can I pour from my garden-pot
rain-falls and sea-drifts?
Back of me are a thousand friendly arms holding me to modest judgment,
Before me are as many thousand assurances demanding that I give men,
women, myself, time for fulfilment.
I have toiled on stony roads, the hot sun overhead, in my heart the northern
ice,
In the winter's night the snow beat across my face, the north winds ac-
cused my faith, in my heart the tropic heat.

The word you hear from my lips is but an emissary,
The word is not me, it but announces me—
The song I hear from the illustrious woman is not the song of her
heart:
Underneath the song which the audience applauds I hear the real song
framed in her immortal desires.
The artist paints his picture, it is honorably hung, it receives the prize of
the salon,
Is the artist here in this paint and canvas? Lo! as I look these vanish,
a dim beckoning figure appears, I follow.
I would say, do not let this mystery worry you—
At its heart this mystery is revelation, in its final solution it offers a cup
benign,
If these things I see are all that is to be seen I too would seek the
roadside and dissolve myself in grief,
But these things I see are only forerunners, signals, flags, standards raised
whose significance is yet to be known,
I use them, see them used, as I eat my dinner at noonday, joyously, not
too much dwelling upon it,
They are ships to sail me forth, wings for flight, feet for marches,
They are lingerings this side, arrested deeds, hesitated heroisms, shamed
fears,
They have no apologies to offer, they are as truly a part of the perfect
whole as the whole is consistent with itself.
As I look out of these windows—as I pass where men crowd, where this
silent man is alone,
As I take solace of degradation and bring to lives condemned eloquent
passwords to the future,
As I decline to sit on this bench as judge over any man or any object,
As I stand not indifferent to any thing nor as a spectator looking at some-
thing outside myself,
As cloud-barriers do not distress me—the cloud, my sun its creator,
As I am re-born in every person I meet, every event, every starburst,
As I can be severely arraigned by myself, never by any other,
So do I melt all coined gold into earth-veins again, render all bricks back
into clay-beds, return all stones to their quarries, that men may meet
men everywhere without interferences—
So, in all the faces I see, maimed, passion-bruted, hounded, whatever the
cursory veils they bear,
All bringing to me my own self again and again, only in other dress,
I am recognized, welcomed.

THE CHANTS

FOREVER FIRST OF ALL, 2

There is no early or late, 6

The boy comes along, 12

Because we love, 17

The builder sings, 21

The world as it is, 23

Of many voices one voice, 27

God up there somewhere cries, 31

Said the master of men, 36

When the enjoiner is enjoined, 40

The men who cry and keep on, 44

The blood of the martyrs, 49

What is the use? 53

You, civilization, who are so very big, 59

There is no escape, 64

If justice is impossible, 69

I look defeat full in the face, 73

Of one profit and loss, 78

Swear that you will call out loud, 81

What is all the noise about? 86

AND THE HEART OF THE MATTER IS HEART, 94

For all the world, 98

When I see how slow you are, 103

The air is close, 109

The storm breaks, 115

Clear weather again, 121

When you decide to have it done, 127

Way off somewhere, 131
What is your own, 137
What men might be, 142
For the sake of life, 146
Do you not see, dear brother? 151
After everything else is paid, 155
I have a word to say to you, 161
I am going to laugh, 165
What can I do? 170
Will you be ready? 175
I want to be counted, 179
You will say it to yourself, 183
AND IT ALL AMOUNTS TO THIS, 190