

**UNGUARDED
GATES AND OTHER
POEMS; PP. 1-117**

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Unguarded Gates and Other Poems; pp. 1-117 by Thomas Bailey Aldrich

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THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

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UNGUARDED GATES

AND OTHER POEMS

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BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1895

PRELUDE

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In youth, beside the lonely sea,
Voices and visions came to me.

Titania and her furtive broods
Were my familiars in the woods.

From every flower that broke in flame,
Some half-articulate whisper came.

In every wind I felt the stir
Of some celestial messenger.

Later, amid the city's din
And toil and wealth and want and sin,

They followed me from street to street,
The dreams that made my boyhood sweet.

As in the silence-haunted glen,
So, mid the crowded ways of men,

Strange lights my errant fancy led,
Strange watchers watched beside my bed.

Ill fortune had no shafts for me
In this aerial company.

Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.

PRELUDE

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More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.

Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!

