

**FIRST OFFERING: A  
BOOK OF SONNETS  
AND LYRICS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649278565

First Offering: A Book of Sonnets and Lyrics by Samuel Roth

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**SAMUEL ROTH**

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**FIRST OFFERING**

A BOOK OF  
*SONNETS*  
AND  
*LYRICS*  
BY  
**SAMUEL ROTH**

**LYRIC PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
**NEW YORK CITY**  
1917

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*Apr 4, 1929*

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PRINTED FOR THE LYRIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

TO F. T.

When we first met you said there was so much  
To live for and so much to break away.  
It would be wise that we should, if we may,  
Go hand in hand. And so we did. And such  
Has been the triumph of the years, the clutch  
Of sunlight on the common, strident way  
We chose, and such the kindness of the day,  
All things, it seems, turned golden at our touch.

And now to pick out words with which to show  
That what has come to pass was so much yours,  
The flash of mind, the geniality,  
The breadth of spirit and the human glow  
In which our star of fortune took its source—  
Enough! enough that it is deep in me!





## EVENING

I know not what the other days will bring  
In their slow moving caravan-long train.  
The solemn veil is drawn, it does not deign  
Of rising tides even a shadowing.  
But this I know, unknowing; I shall sing  
Ever and ever this exultant strain:  
Yea, when the sun lights up the earth again,  
I shall be marching onward, wandering.

Draw back the curtain, nothing you may hide  
Can bring a tremor to my singing lips:  
The sun is failing in the sea, the ships  
Hurry to port, the ocean monsters ride  
Out of the regions of the day's eclipse  
With surly laughter and hilarious stride.

## DARKNESS

Lift up the banners, strike the foeman down!  
Bare the mute arm, unsheathe the shining steel.  
See sun and moon and stars glisten and reel  
With flame intoxication like your own.  
Yours is not to regret: the barren frown  
Upon the brooding countenance is real,  
All else is shadow, vengeance is the seal  
Of Him who all in human soul has sown.

And love and song and promise, friendship—these  
Are but like sails of white on a green sea  
That dip and glide and rustle with the breeze  
Of sunny days, but vanish at the crack  
Of clashing clouds when long chained storms break free,  
And sea and sky are terrible and black.

III

DAWN

Lo, I have touched the waters of the tides  
Of many days, who through dim vision spun  
Of sheltered deeds now catch the glow of Sun  
As o'er grey waters ploughed by Morn he rides,  
Waving aflame the reckless flag of dawn,  
Breaking the doors of caves where darkness hides,  
And having freed the world, loftily glides  
The blue resplendent mountain peaks upon.

Now he is gone, I pace the shores of Sea,  
And airs of deeds once sunned across the Isle  
Urge their fair presence on me to beguile  
Once more my spirit. But this romaneery  
Leaves me as limp as seaweed, all the while  
Day rushes wild toward eternity.