

ECHOES

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Echoes by Howard J. Truman

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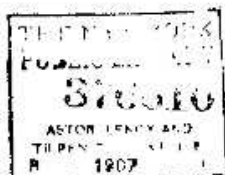
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BY
HOWARD J. TRUMAN



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1896
A. L.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ECHOES	7
THE LAW OF LIFE	9
HYMN TO BALDER	13
WITH MYSELF	17
UNITY	21
IMMORTALITY	26
CIRCUMSTANCE	30
ENDURANCE	33
A THOUGHT	35
OCEAN VOICES	36
EVENING ON PENOBSCOT	44
A SPRING FRAGMENT	46
A CORDIAL	48
MIST	52
MOONLIGHT	54

Kennedy Feb 8/07. - #50

	PAGE
DREAMLAND	57
ART	59
CLOUDS	60
JOHN G. WHITTIER	61
ASPIRATION	62
TO R. B. N.	63
VIOLETS	64
THE SINGING-BIRD AND THE SPARROW	65
AN OLD STORY	68
THE DEUTSCHRIITER'S AVE.	70
THE DOVES OF SAN MARCO	75
SONG BEFORE BATTLE	80
WERNER'S SONG	84
INTERPRETATION	86
FROM HORACE	89
ALCAICS	90
THE NEW SONG	92

ECHOES.

ECHOES are but feeble, bearing
One or two clear words at best ;
Then vague sounds, and he who listens
For himself must think the rest.

Echoes tell of many voices ;
Some are weak, and some are strong,—
Faintheart cries, and echo answers ;
Greatheart makes a nobler song.

Go, my songs, then I bear your failings
Bravely forth and wander free,
Echoes all of something better
Than your verse can hope to be.

Faint in you that higher music,
All unheard, perhaps, of men ;
But I heard it, and I sang you
Just to hear it once again.

If in all your wayward discords
Here and there a note be clear,
'Tis enough ; no true heart music
Ever lacked a heart to hear.

If it be not so, then better
That ye fade, as echoes do.
Heart and soul shall find their utterance,
Though it may not be in you.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

(Written for the Tenth Anniversary of the "Emerson," February 10,
1893.)

LOOKING backward to the fountains,
Whence our present strength we draw ;
Looking forward to the pillar—
Cloud or flame—that Israel saw ;
Looking outward, looking soulward,
We would learn life's perfect law.

Like the youth of old, who questioned
Thus Jehovah's law and plan,
We may learn again, as he learned,
How the Master's answer ran :
That the law is, and the prophets,
Simply love for God and man.