

**THE POET'S PRAISE, WITH  
THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE AUTHOR, PP. 4-157**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649522620

The Poet's Praise, with the Compliments of the Author, pp. 4-157 by John Lancaster Spalding  
(Henry Hamilton)

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING (HENRY HAMILTON)**

**THE POET'S PRAISE, WITH  
THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE AUTHOR, PP. 4-157**



## III.

Only immortal minds immortal make  
The deeds and names they touch with heavenly  
    light,  
Fairer than may be seen from mountain height  
By watcher who beholds the darkness wake,

What time the rising sun through the opaque  
Heaves forth his head and looks with glad delight,  
While the whole earth upglows from out the night,  
And mid the leaves sweet song-birds silence break.

The dawn will wear to day and darkness come,  
But the pure sun of genius will not sink,  
And when the poet's lips in death are dumb,  
The music of his song glad hearts will drink,  
And 'mid his fragrant flowers like bees will hum,  
Sipping the wine of those who love and think.

IV.

Fairer than waters where soft moonlight lies,  
Than flowers dreaming on the breast of spring,  
Than leafy trees in June when glad birds sing,  
Than a cool summer dawn, than sunset skies,

Than love, gleaming through beauty's deep blue  
    eyes,  
Than laughing child, than orchards blossoming,  
Than girls whose voices make the woodland ring,  
Than ruby lips which utter sweet replies :

Fairer than these, than all that may be seen,  
Is the poetic mind, which sheds the light  
Of heaven on earthly things, as night's fair Queen  
Forth looking from some jagged mountain height,  
Clothes the whole earth in her soft silvery sheen,  
And makes the beauty whereof eyes have sight.

## V.

The blessings which drop from the poet's tongue  
Are like God's word, not spoken to the few,  
But to all men, that they may know the true,  
And love the beauty which is ever young.

What he in Greece or anywhere has sung,  
Is music everywhere the whole world through:  
Whatever name he on his trumpet blew,  
Far down the ages echoing is rung.

Think it not strange if he be left alone  
To nurse his thought and die in misery ;  
The highest in their day must live unknown,  
To live in freedom and in purity :  
Neglected they build in their hearts a throne,  
And breathe the wholesome air of poverty.

## VI.

Clearer than other men the poet sees,  
That virtue lies above the power of speech,  
And love is more than sweetest songs can teach ;  
That largest hope with highest faith agrees,

As sweetly blended tones make harmonies,  
While both rise far beyond mere reason's reach,  
Like two white swans above the wintry beach,  
Borne toward far summer isles on favoring breeze.

O poet, then still fix on heaven thy gaze,  
E'en while thou hummest some sweet earthly tune ;  
Nor let the highest ever lack thy praise,  
More than the fragrant breath of flowery June,  
Or pensive lover who in reverie strays  
Through silent woods beneath the tender moon.



## VII.

The soul creates the beauty which it sees,  
Transforming matter where it naked lies;  
With foolish atoms weaving sunset skies,  
And all the glory which forever flees.

With gentle kiss like flower-loving bees  
It makes the sweetness ere the blossom dies,  
And self-delighted singing onward flies,  
Itself the thing it fondly hopes to seize.

If then for beauty thou seekest in vain,  
Finding in the whole earth nought that is fair,  
And canst not hear the high and heavenly strain  
Whose spherical harmonies breathe everywhere,  
The fault lies in thyself—the warm spring rain  
Clothes fertile soil, but rocks no flowers bear.

VIII.

Poet who dwellest on the sunlit height,  
Amid cerulean skies and in pure air  
Which men may hardly breathe, it is so rare ;  
Who turnest still thine eye to the sweet light,

And like an eagle in thy heavenly flight  
Gazest upon the sun : who everywhere  
Beholdest what is beautiful and fair,  
Living in worlds which thrill will all delight,

How canst thou still be wretched and be weak  
In presence of the glories thou dost see ?  
Why is thy deepest heartfelt cry a shriek  
Of anguish, wild with pain and misery ?  
Why standing on life's high illumined peak  
Must thou like other men all helpless be ?

## IX.

Who feels knows deeper truth than he who sees,  
And lives with God in sweeter harmony ;  
With Nature rests in closer sympathy,  
And draws her honey like the tireless bees.

He holds the beauty which forever flees  
Near to his soul ; he hears the melody  
Which rings through time and through eternity ;  
He knows the hopes and loves which always please.

Therefore, O poet, will I speak thy praise  
And listen to the music of thy song,  
Or reverent twine about thy brow the bays,  
And to thy faithful worshippers belong ;  
For purest truth finds voice in thy sweet lays,  
And perfect love which makes hearts glad and  
strong.