

**HOLIDAY IDLESSE,
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Holiday Idlesse, and Other Poems by James H. West

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JAMES H. WEST

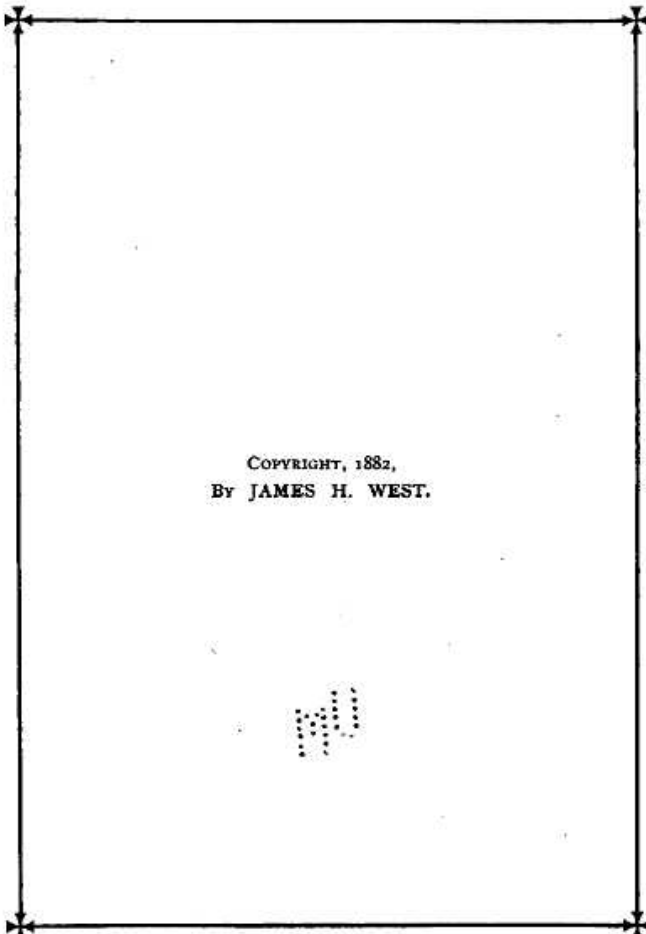
**HOLIDAY IDLESSE,
AND OTHER POEMS**




"O'er the wave, through long watery alleys of trees,
Under thick-hanging mosses soft-swung by the breeze."

—Frontispiece.

—Page 140.



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DEDICATION.

TO HER whose sympathetic heart
Hath been my stay ;

Whose gentle hand hath guided me
In all my way ;

Whose teachings in my childhood's hour,
Were love alone ;

Whose arms of counsel, now in youth,
Are round me thrown ;

To her whose bright example is
My guiding star ;

Whose love and faith are firmer than
The hills afar ;

Whose presence hovers o'er me like
Some holy dove ;

To HER these little songs are given,
In grateful love.

NOTE TO THE EDITION OF 1880.

[ALL of the verses here printed, with one or two exceptions, have before been in type. Some of them have been copied extensively,—at times coming back to me from far wanderings. They have oftentimes made me warm friends, and this at least I have, as a reward for the hours devoted to them. They all have been written at random moments, in the intervals of busy youthful years. I ask not, however, on this account, favor for them: they are printed for what they are worth. Their reception in the past leads me to believe them not unworthy their present form.]

Gift
John R. Effinger
and
Margaret E. Huggard
9-16-38

© 9-16-38 A.H.S.

NOTE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE very cordial reception extended to the first edition of these poems, published nearly two years ago, has led to this second issue, the present edition being much enlarged.

The current volume contains almost all of the shorter poems for which the author desires to be held responsible. Such others of his verses as are fugitives in the land, wandering about in the columns of local newspapers, nameless and un-accredited, he hardly regrets to disown: although it is true that whenever he meets them, altered in dress very often, and changed in feature still as his children he would fain take them in his arms.

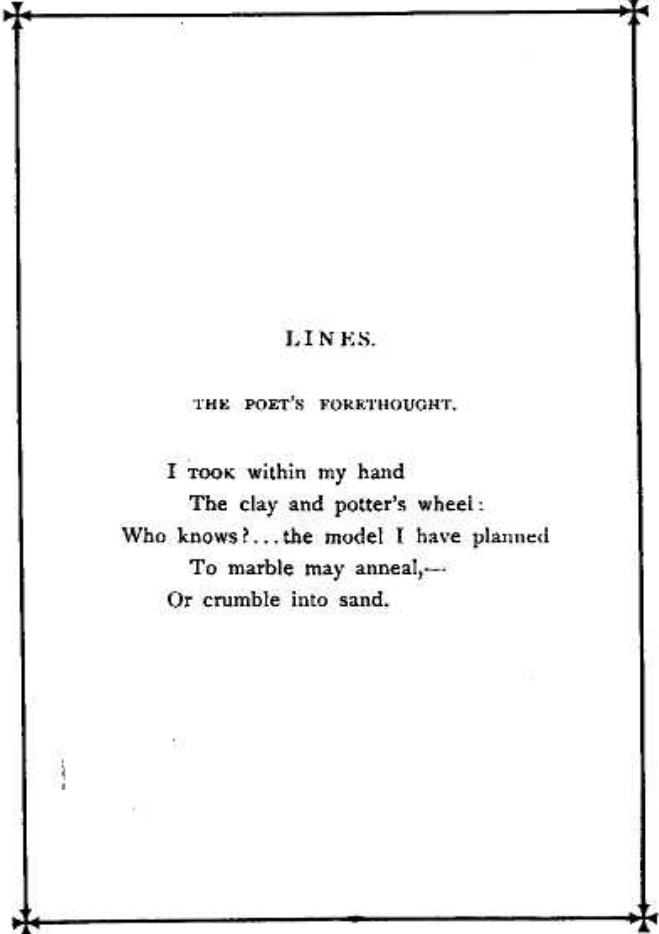
It may be only just to himself to say that many of the pieces here printed were written when the author was not twenty years old, the remainder having appeared during the four or five years since intervening.

Next preceding the Table of Contents are printed five lines,—“The Poet's Forethought,”—which were prefixed to the volume of 1880. Following the Epilogue, “Finished,” at the close of the present edition, will be found ten companion lines,—“The Poet's Afterthought,”—inspired by the warmth of the reception accorded to the first volume, and first printed with “Kalligo,” on the original publication of that poem in 1881.

To his friends, near and far, the author would extend his cordial greeting, and his thanks for their continued kindly encouragements. And for himself, in publishing this little volume anew, he desires no happier return than the fuller fruition of his aspiration as contained in the closing lines of his Proem and of his Epilogue.

J. H. W.

COLLEGE HILL, Mass., 1882.



LINES.

THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

I TOOK within my hand
The clay and potter's wheel:
Who knows?...the model I have planned
To marble may anneal,—
Or crumble into sand.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Dedication,	iii
Note to the Edition of 1880,	iv
Note to the Present Edition,	v
Lines,—“The Poet’s Forethought,”	vi
Prelude. <i>Sonnet</i> ,	x
Proem,	xi
HOLIDAY IDLESSE,	13
Man: A Phantasy?	16
Sunset—from College Hill,	19
“Whither, ye Stately Ships!”	23
“A Breath from the Fields,”	26
Sweetest Songs are never Sung,	28
Beacon-Lights. <i>Sonnet</i> ,	31
The Yachtsman’s Pennant,	32
Pentecost,	33
Concord River,	37
The murmuring City and the answering Ocean,	41
“A Dear little Bird,”	43
My Dragon-Fly,	44
A Face, and a Race,	48
College Hill—after long Absence,	49
Old Timothy John,—“Potatoes,”	52
“I feel that I Know Her,”	57