

HESPER-PHOSPHOR AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649315710

Hesper-phosphor and Other Poems by John William Scholl

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

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

**HESPER-PHOSPHOR
AND OTHER POEMS**

HESPER-PHOSPHOR

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIGHT-BEARER OF LIBERTY, ETC."

"SOCIAL TRAGEDIES. ETC." "AN

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE."

'Nonnumque prematur in annum'—*Horace*

1910

GEORGE WARR, BOOKSELLER
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

© 277118.5.

This Edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, each numbered and autographed by the author. Two hundred copies are offered for sale, of which this copy is Number 225.

John William Scholl

*University of Michigan
Ann Arbor,*

June 22, 1910

216387

CONTENTS

HESPER-PHOSPHOR	<i>Page</i> 1
A GRAY DAY	" 35
BEN HADAD	" 39
BALLAD OF THE GOOD SHIP, "DAUNTLESS"	" 43
MID CLOVER BLOOMS	" 46
THE VANISHED WOODS	" 48
A SONG OF RENEWAL	" 51
IMPERFECTION	" 55
SONNET	" 56

HESPER-PHOSPHOR.

Creak the icy maples drooping o'er the hedge's
 crystal wall,
And the sheeted pinetrees shudder till their
 ghostly burdens fall.

Shrouded thick in moonlit whiteness lies the
 pavement and the street,
And the lawn, shrub-tufted, glitters with the
 fret-work of the sleet.

Stiffened in his mail of hoar-frost, gone for aye
 his fruited prime,
Lies the old Year, dying, dying, waiting for the
 midnight chime.

Let us keep the wonted vigil! While the dying
 hours go by,
While his frosted breath is on us, let us watch
 the old Year die!

Many a midnight by the firelight have we
 watched the old Year out,
Greeted then the new-born Year, and hailed
 each other with a shout,

And the night grew wild with whistles, and the
merry anvil's sound
Woke the village, woke the sleeping countryside
for miles around.

But tonight be hushed alarm! Peace brood o'er
us far and near,
For a wondrous Age is passing with the passing
of the Year!

And the youngest of us here will pass away
gray-bearded men,
Be forgotten as these verses, when a century
dawns again!

Vale! Vale! Strokes of midnight! Rustle of
the sable pall!
Vale! Vale! Parting splendor! Hush and
pomp funereal!

Grandest Age of all the ages since the march
of mind began
From the dull unconscious atom to the crowning
type of man!

First a million million ages ere the rolling year
was born,
Then a hundred million slumbered ere as yet
'twas early morn!

"Out of Chaos into Cosmos!" was the infinite
decree,
And at dawn the dry land lifted from the uni-
versal sea,

And the vapors hung and brooded o'er the hot
and humid earth
Till the tepid Ocean labored in her myriad
myriad birth!

Life from Death? Aye, Life from Death,—a
wonder grown familiar now,—
Though remains unanswered still the old sphinx-
riddle of the "How?"

Ask no final Whence? nor Whither? 'Tis
enough to watch the sweep
Of the rising tide of life that issued from that
ancient deep.

Build your systems, Metaphysics! Dream your
dreams, Enthusiasm!
You will never find the Alpha, never bridge the
yawning chasm!

Whether countless universes ran their courses
one by one
Ere the present Wondrous Order its ascending
race begun

Leave to childish minds that love to chase the
rain-bow's hidden gold,
Or to starveling logic-hunters that have left the
shepherd's fold

Just to stray in barren pastures, tired of Truth's
green meadow-land,—
Just to thirst mid sage and cactus, blinded with
the drifting sand.

Ask no final Whence? nor Whither? 'Tis enough
for you and me
If we mark the sea-weed drifting in that warm
primæval sea,

For potential in that floating swarm of mute
Eoic life
Lies the soul of man awaiting its development
through strife.

How the green life climbs the sea-shore, mounts
the everlasting hills!
How the blind touch grows to eyesight! How
sensations grow to wills!

And a thousand forms of creeping, running,
leaping, flying things
Battle for the Earth's dominions like hereditary
kings.

Battles royal red with carnage, myriads perished
for the few,
But the little band that conquered peopled all
the earth anew.

Coward blood and weakness perished, strength
and royal blood prevailed,
Till the lion's thews were born, and Jove's cloud-
dwelling eagle sailed.

Rose erect at length among them one more noble
than the rest,
Life superior slowly growing to supreme in
head and breast.