

POEMS

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Poems by Bret Harte

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BRET HARTE

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P O E M S.

BY

BRET HARTE.

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BY
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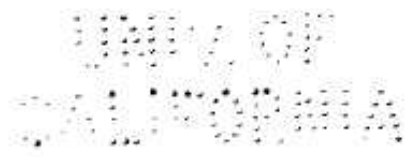
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SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM THE SEA.

SERENE, indifferent of Fate,
Thou sittest at the Western Gate ;

Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun ;

Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents !

And scornful of the peace that flies
Thy angry winds and sullen skies,

TO YOU
A
: Thou drawest all things, small or great,
: To thee, beside the Western Gate.

* * * * *

O lion's whelp, that hidest fast
In jungle growth of spire and mast,

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,

And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her sceptic sneer, and all her pride!

Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan Brotherhood.

Hide me her faults, her sin and blame ;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame !

So shall she, cowléd, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days ;

Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoky argosies.

When forms familiar shall give place
To stranger-speech and newer face ;

When all her throes and anxious fears
Lie hushed in the repose of years ;