# BY-GONES: A BOOK OF VERSE

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By-Gones: A Book of Verse by M. St. C. Wright

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## M. ST. C. WRIGHT

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## **BY-GONES**

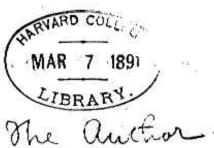
### A BOOK OF VERSE

—ву—

Merle St. broix M. ST. C. WRIGHT.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."—PROVERBS 25, 11.

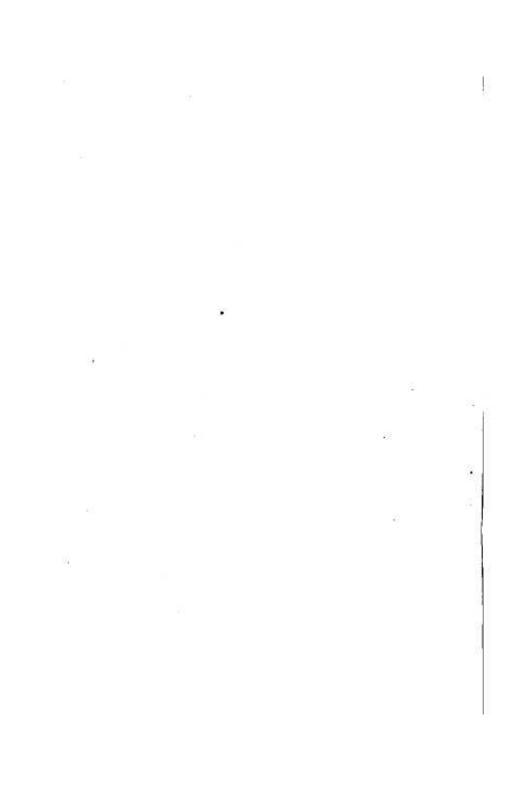
PRIVATELY PRINTED, NEW YORK: 1890. A1-4193.1.12-



PRESS OF, LIVINGSTON MIDDLEDITCH & CO. 26 CORTLANDS ST., N. Y. TO MY FIRST AUDIENCE,

MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
THEN

TO THAT LARGER, NOT LESS KINDLY, AUDIENCE
WHICH, WITH THE FAMILY, CONSTITUTES
MY CHURCH,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



### INTROIT.

Shall I sow my song by the wayside, A prey to the birds of air? If even a dove should peck my pride, Think you I would not care?

Shall I sow my song in a barren heart,
To wither and fade forlorn?

If I thought such fate would be it's part,
I would rather it were not born.

Shall I sow my song in a fertile nook, To open and root and grow? Shall I garner in one grateful look? God speed it, let it go.

1879.

To friend.

With the respects of



#### PREFACE.

I always read prefaces now that I am "become a man," as I read sign-posts on a new road. But, like all directions, they should serve a purpose, be brief and to the point, not negative themselves by indirectness. The title of this book, the "devil" insisted, was "By Jones." But a better spirit prevailed. "BYGONES" it is; and bygones which I cannot let be bygones on this occasion, for these verses are my sole memorials of happy days and sad, the bridge to many a past experience which I would have live on in me, if not in others

There is also a practical as well as sentimental purpose to this praeludium. I call attention to the fact that these poems are mostly the vintage of two years-1882 and 1883, when I decanted my spirit most freely, being driven in upon myself, by solitary teaching, to what may thus appear a fairly fundamental tendency of my nature toward (must I say it?) poetasting. I desire further to explain a sonnet form of my invention, of which I once was proud. The octette of the sonnet is thrown into the centre in the new arrangement, the sestette divided into two triads of one rhyme each, of which one precedes the octette to introduce the subject, the other follows to sum up, or point a moral. I must apologize also for certain topics-I think not for the treatment of them--which to-day I might not choose to introduce. They are "studies" from life, as free as might be from objectionable features, consistently with the keeping of reality. My effort has ever been to be true and pure, strike either life's objective fact, as in descriptive parration, or hit the truth of its interior experience.

The songs have come spontaneously, often composed during walks, and have been written quickly, "on occasion," as Goethe recommends. To fix the fresh impression, secure the first touch, has been my aim. Dialect has thrust itself upon me through reading in those lines; and I have been possessed to "speak with tongues,"—I trust intelligibly, needing no interpreter. Many