

**THE WOOING OF  
THE ROSE, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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The wooing of the rose, and other poems by Lucius Harwood Foote

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# THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

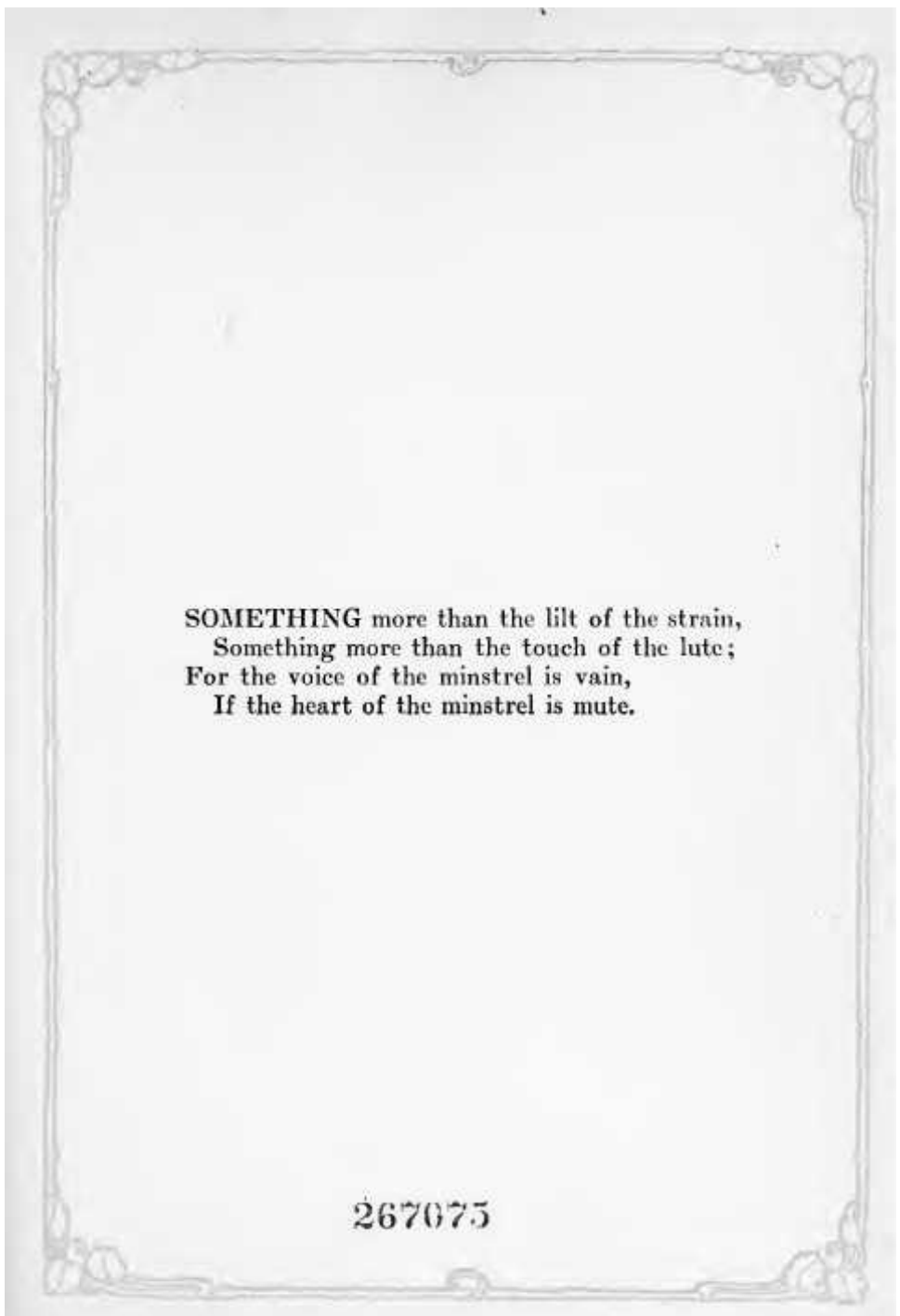
*AND OTHER POEMS*

BY  
LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

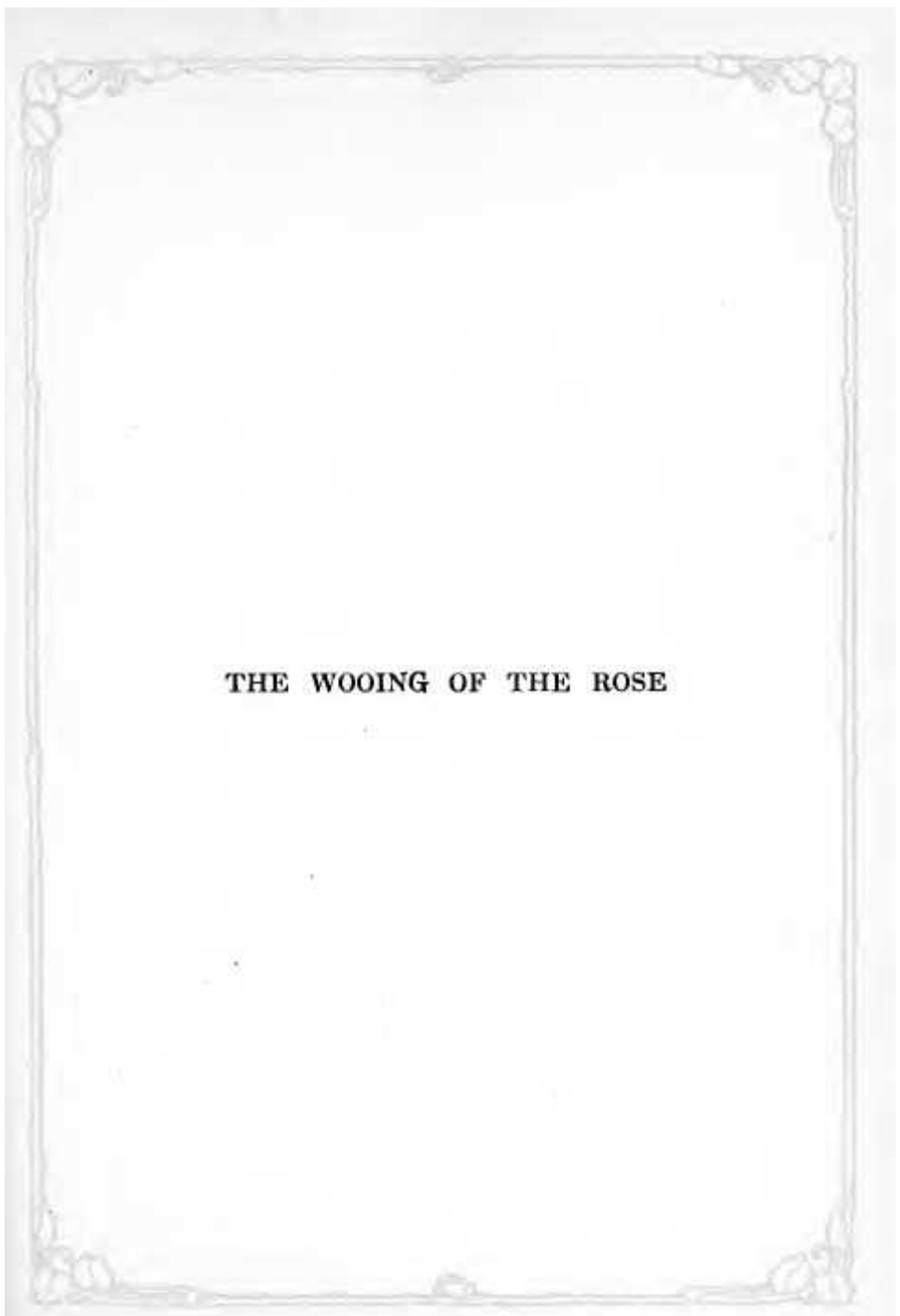
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**SOMETHING** more than the lilt of the strain,  
Something more than the touch of the lute;  
For the voice of the minstrel is vain,  
If the heart of the minstrel is mute.

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THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

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THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

A WHITE rose bloomed in a garden close,  
On a tristful autumn day;  
Sad was the heart of the fair white rose  
As the summer slipped away.

She had been wooed by the singing bird,  
The bee and the butterfly;  
But never a cord of her heart was stirred,  
Till she heard the west wind sigh.

She leaned on the trellis, fair and sweet,  
With the laughing leaves above,  
As he glided in with his noiseless feet  
And whispered his tales of love.

A rollicking, restless rover, he,  
The waif of the salt-sea brine,  
And only a white, white rose was she,  
The last of her royal line.

He kissed the lips of the rose in bloom,  
And alas, a-lack a-day!  
She was despoiled of her rare perfume,  
For the wind will have its way.



THE WOING OF THE ROSE

FOUR SCORE YEARS AND TEN

FROM that far distant goal he seems to cast  
His patient eyes across the vanished years;  
Life's turmoil, with its triumphs and its  
tears,  
Is now a part of that relentless past.  
The eager feet which erstwhile sped so fast,  
Urged ever onward by his hopes and fears,  
Have reached the utmost verge of life at last,  
Where that grim warder of the grave ap-  
pears.  
Firm in the faith that all is for the best,  
Like some spent toiler he would take his rest.  
For good or ill his little work is done;  
Far from the silver radiance of the dawn,  
The fervid heat and flame of noon are gone;  
He only waits the setting of the sun.

AND OTHER POEMS

CALIFORNIA

IN all methinks I see the counterpart  
Of Italy, without her dower of art.  
We have the lordly Alps, the fir-fringed hills,  
The green and golden valleys veined with rills,  
A dead Vesuvius with its smoldering fire,  
A tawny Tiber sweeping to the sea.  
Our seasons have the same superb attire,  
The same redundant wealth of flower and  
tree,  
Upon our peaks the same imperial dyes,  
And day by day, serenely over all,  
The same successive months of smiling skies.  
Conceive a cross, a tower, a convent wall,  
A broken column and a fallen fane,  
A chain of crumbling arches down the plain  
A group of brown-faced children by a  
stream,  
A scarlet-skirted maiden standing near,  
A monk, a beggar, and a muleteer,  
And lo! it is no longer now a dream.  
These are the Alps, and there the Apennines;  
The fertile plains of Lombardy between;  
Beyond Val d'Arno with its flocks and vines,  
These granite crags are gray monastic shrines



THE WOOING OF THE ROSE

Perched on the cliffs like old dismantled forts;  
And far to seaward can be dimly seen  
The marble splendor of Venetian courts;  
While one can all but hear the mournful  
rhythmic beat  
Of white-lipped waves along the sea-paved  
street.

O childless mother of dead empires, we,  
The latest born of all the western lands,  
In fancied kinship stretch our infant hands  
Across the intervening seas to thee.  
Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,  
Yet we shall have our names to canonize,  
Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,  
Our ruins, when this restless age is gone.