

POEMS

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Poems by Harry Randolph Blythe

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HARRY RANDOLPH BLYTHE

POEMS

POEMS OF
HARRY RANDOLPH BLYTHE



Amy Randolph Blythe

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P O E M S

OF

HARRY RANDOLPH BLYTHE

CAMBRIDGE

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1914

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TO THE MEMORY
OF
HARRY RANDOLPH BLYTHE
WITH LOVE AND DEVOTION
BY
HIS WIFE
LUCILE BODWELL BLYTHE

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"If I should meet a man whose face was more arresting than Napoleon's, sterner than Bismarck's, serener than Ruskin's, milder than Emerson's, more spiritual than Drummond's, and sadder than Lincoln's; a man whose face showed that he possessed at once the chained rage of Vesuvius, the indefinable reserve of mountains, the vast peace of oceans, and the fathomless resource of all nature; a man whose lineaments of expression made one know that he understood the titanic struggle of the poor, the fierce remorse of the sinner, the despair of the lonely, the intense longings of the helpless, the great joy of the virtuous, and the liberating enthusiasm of the repented; — if I should meet such a man on the streets of a great city in this generation, I would pause before him in reverent silence, believing that I stood in the presence of Him whom prophecy tells us is to come again — the beloved Son of Man."

H. R. BLYTHE.