SWORD AND CROSS: AND OTHER POEMS

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Sword and Cross: And Other Poems by Charles Eugene Banks

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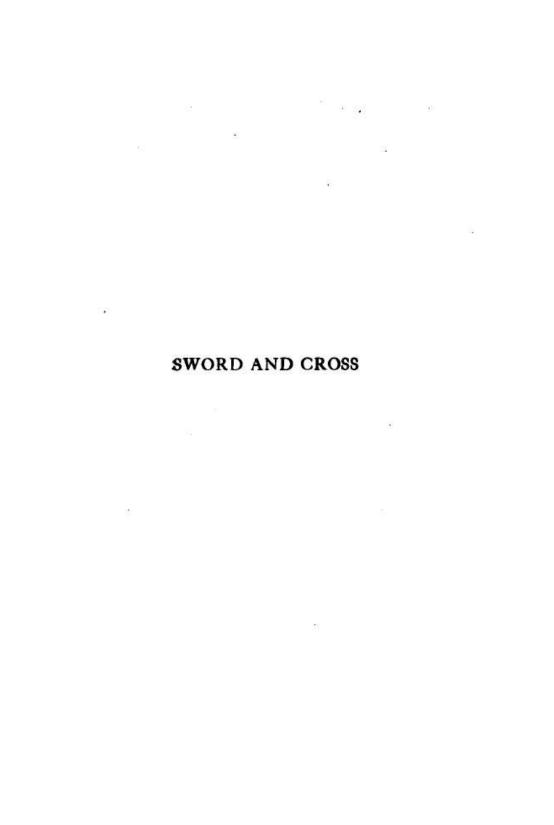
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CHARLES EUGENE BANKS

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Sword and Cross

and Other Poems

BY

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS,

co-author of
"In Hampton Roads."



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TO

MY WIFE

"The wee cot and the cricket's chirr, Love, and the glad, sweet face of her." —James Whitcomb Riley.



PREFACE

COLUMBIA

While mortal monarchs one and all, Are blindly groping to their fall, America, behold thy queen Survey her broad domain serene, Move all unguarded where she will A subtle essence none may kill. Though balked ambition, mounting high, Slay openly, or secretly Drop poison to the loving cup Of trusting rival come to sup; Though every crown of every clime Come tumbling down (O happy time!) Though death claim all the heirs that purr About the courts-what is't to her? She smiles at steel and drug intense, Immortal-nature's recompense For banished throne and lordly train-A goddess born of soul and brain, A child of meditative thought, A floating vision fancy-caught, A rapture blown into a reed, Columbia, a queen indeed!

