

DANTE: A DRAMATIC POEM

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Dante: a dramatic poem by Héloïse Durant Rose

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HÉLOÏSE DURANT ROSE

**DANTE: A
DRAMATIC POEM**



D A N T E

A DRAMATIC POEM BY

HÉLOISE (DURANT) ROSESM

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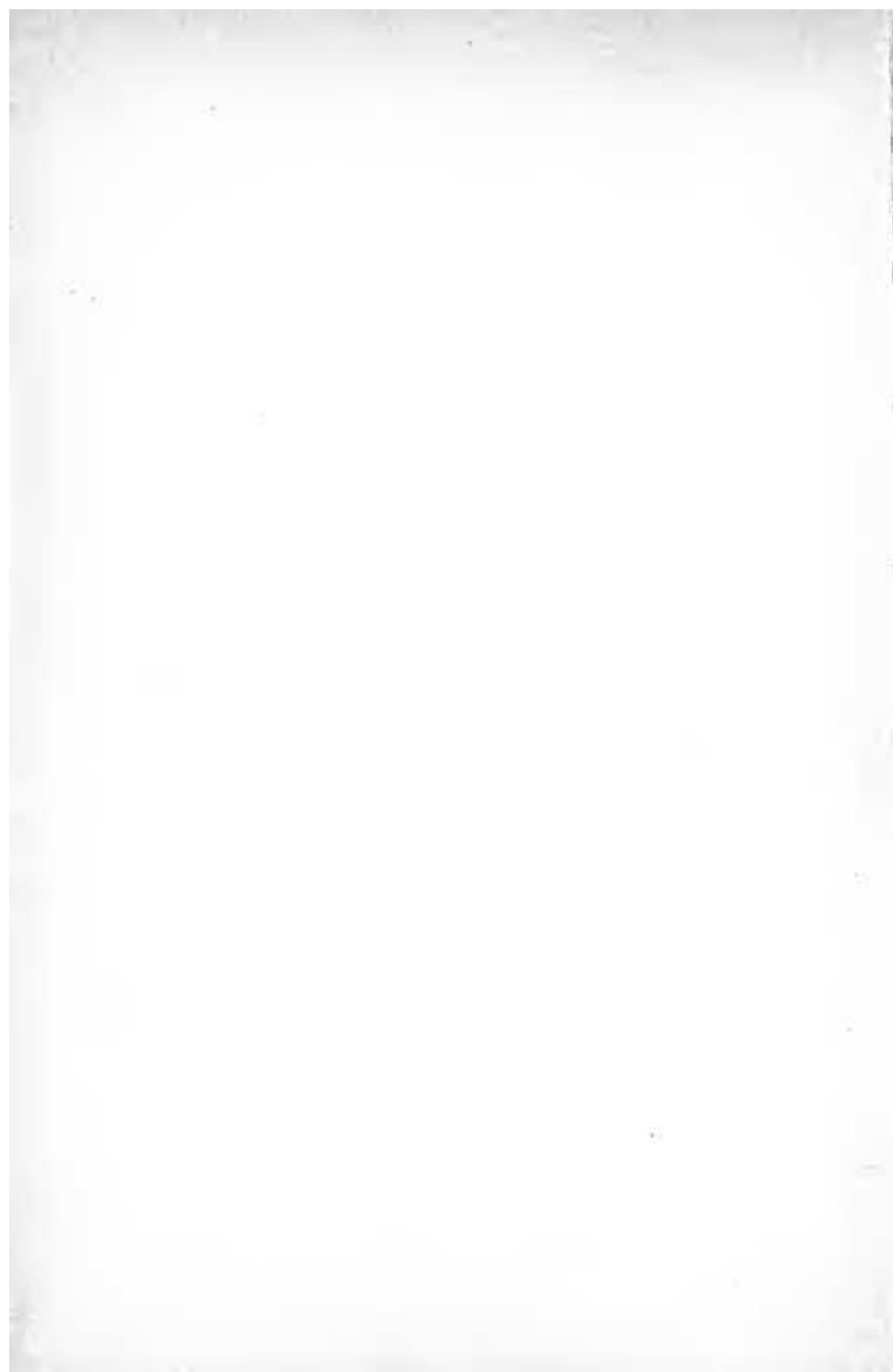
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TO HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

As smallest urchin in the village school,
To say some trying task, finds he must rise,
Haunted by hope of a far distant prize,
Fearing to fail, and so remain the fool,
Knowing how rarely he has felt the rule,
How oft the Master's smile, with looks defies
The pupils' taunts, and seeks his teacher's eye
To gain new confidence should courage cool,
So I, the least on learning's noble list
In life's rough school face bravely gaze of
crowds,
Nor mark when carping critics rudely twist
My sense to naught, but stand erect and proud,
If from thine eyes and lips encouragement
And smile I glean. Master! I rest content.



IN MEMORIAM

When faint my soul with task yet incomplete,
Who nursed kind hope save thee, and urged to
dare

When I dared not? In thine now vacant chair
Thou satst, mild critic, dropping counsel sweet
On her who loved and listened at thy feet.
To-day I tread rhyme's way alone, nor care
For praise nor blame, since thou'lt no longer
share

With me my poem's triumph or defeat.
O, let thy guidance still my safeguard prove!
As giant oak, wind-stricken to the ground,
To all the thronging tuneful choir around
Yields royal shelter, so of thy generous love
That blossoms freshly o'er thy hallowed grave
One tiny spray to nest my song I crave.

