

**THE GOLDEN  
CITIES: POEMS**

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The Golden Cities: Poems by Solon Doggett

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**SOLON DOGGETT**

**THE GOLDEN  
CITIES: POEMS**



THE

**Golden Rules**



**POEMS**

—BY—

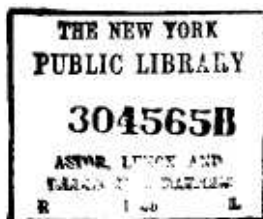
*SOLON DOGGETT.*



1  
L.C.

[1881]

M.S.W.



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S. DOGGETT.

## PREFACE.



HERE is a story told of an old bard who wrote thousands of verses, but finding no one would read them, discouraged, hung them in a tree and went away; but the Wind passing one day became enamored of only one verse, which he bore to the four-quarters of the earth. If in this book of mine one single verse finds its way into my reader's heart, I shall feel fully rewarded. The winds and the critics mean the same thing—everything must waste before them.

The poems were written through past years, and are the history of my own heart, as I dwelt in the forest, by the sea, with friends, or alone with night and my conscience.

In these times, when there is so much published, while it is most difficult to produce anything original, I know that I have only conversed with nature, writing down fearlessly what she has revealed to me; and though I see the vistas before us, and feel I may have no great reward, still I shall write true to my dream.

THE AUTHOR.

Quincy, Mass., 1881.

*Musby - 17 January, 1925*

**DEDICATION:**



*To Benjamin C. Champney.*

**U**NTO him, who has communed with Nature in her tenderest beauty; whose every picture unique, is a poem in itself, and in whose studio, I first caught glimpses of the glory of the heart and hills—I write, I dedicate, these Idyls.

With the affectionate regards of

THE AUTHOR.

J 9 V N



## TO MY FRIENDS.

**O** MY Friend ! where'er I find thee,  
Look with me into the heart !  
Howe'er that days rebellious vex thee,  
We know each other — Ah, to part !

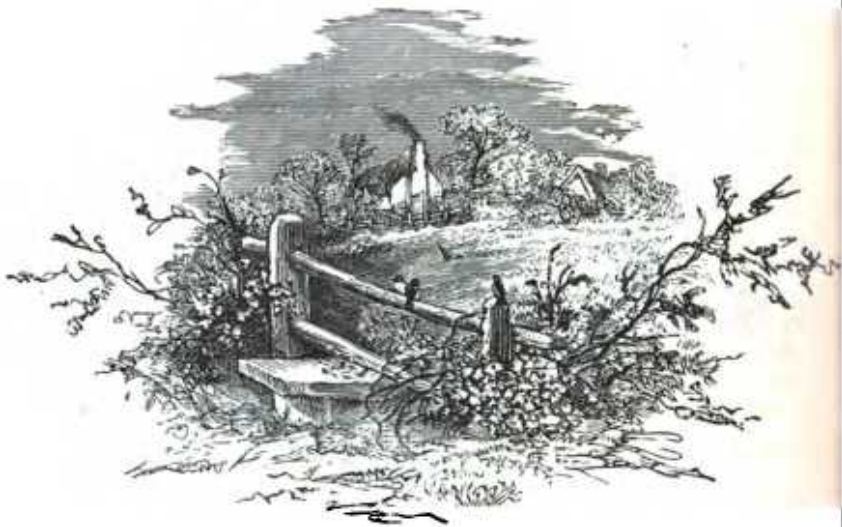
And though my name may be forgotten,  
I shall find thee once again :  
Take my lay, with love unbroken,  
Though dying suns may wane !

And when we dream, and speak not,  
But touch upon the golden strand,  
These little words shall waste not,  
Dearest, when I clasp thy hand.

Here no more — O then forever,  
Sweet landscapes, love, shall bloom !  
Elysian's valley lights shall waver,  
Across these nights of gloom.

O smile ! while our suns are shining ;  
Be calm, and patient till we go !  
When in the happy home long dreaming,  
Together, we shall look below.





## HOMEWARD.



**M**OVING Toward the swift ap-  
proaching dawn,  
And to the silent golden fields of Thought,  
Amid the worry of the weary millions  
Each clothed in his own mysterious robe,  
Tranquil will I wander on the dear old  
path,  
Across the lonely bars, and o'er the stile ;  
To what deep, ambrosial wood lands,

Flowing with the sound of everlasting  
song,  
And the rest, of dreamy pleasant waters !  
To sweet beds of happy flowers enchanted,  
And the smile of most immortal friend-  
ship ;  
Through what life's palpitations — in-  
decisions,  
The flickering of what lights, and golden  
visions of the heart.

—BY—

# The Outer Gate.

## GLEAMS.

**T**HERE Is a City of Song and Love,  
In my Poet Home of dream,  
Wherein the marvellous shadows move,  
And bright the paths between.

Minaret and high and endless dome,  
That twinkle to the subtle height,  
Rise silent from our sands of gloom,  
To fields of rapture, and delight.

Those gilded turrets touch the air,  
Unblemished morn and eve;  
Lift up their domes through night and  
care,  
And by their glow my songs I weave.

O look you to the sweet cloud land,  
To the home of Joy and Love! —  
A semblance of the truth, and bland  
Float down these visions from above.

There is a heart of tears and woe,  
That throbs, the rapture to foretell!  
Those turrets guide where'er I go,  
And long their glories teach me well.

All have their Golden Cities fair;  
Ah! scarcely pause to dream of them!  
Forget in pride, and wealth, and there  
They quench the light that might have  
been.

Ten thousand valley mists arise,  
Hide not yet, the golden streets.  
Though tears may wet these weary eyes,  
Still the happy music beats.

Whoe'er shall hear, or read these lays of  
mine,  
The memories of my dream,  
Remember, they are but the wisps of time,  
That from the Golden Cities gleam.

OFTEN, often to those Cities,  
In the silence of the night,  
I take a long and weary journey,  
Across the lakes of light.

And then such throbs of music,  
Swell to some distant orb!  
I catch them in my slumber,  
My heart, beats to record;