

# A PERSONAL FAVORITE

## ROGERS ON PLEASURES OF MEMORY

“The Pleasures of Memory” follows:

*“Lulled (asleep) in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.  
Each, as the various avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art  
Control the latent fibres of the heart. . . .”*

(p 22 –“*Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers*”, Philadelphia, 1854)

# A VERY LONG POEM

Likewise, the closing stanza of this beautiful poem expresses elegantly what gratitude he feels to the faculty of memory. His words follow:

*“Hail, Memory, Hail! In thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, Hope’s summer-visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
Lo, Fancy’s fairy frost-work melts away!  
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power;  
Snatch the rich relicts of a well-spent hour?  
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light;  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!*

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

MY GRANDMOTHER HARDING LOVED

EDGAR A. GUEST

# COMMENTS ON POETRY



# COMMENTS ON POETRY

## On Quitting

Edgar Guest, 1881 - 1959

How much grit do you think you've got?  
Can you quit a thing that you like a lot?  
You may talk of pluck; it's an easy word,  
And where'er you go it is often heard;  
But can you tell to a jot or guess  
Just how much courage you now possess?

You may stand to trouble and keep your grin,  
But have you tackled self-discipline?  
Have you ever issued commands to you  
To quit the things that you like to do,  
And then, when tempted and sorely swayed,  
Those rigid orders have you obeyed?

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

Don't boast of your grit till you've tried it out,  
Nor prate to men of your courage stout,  
For it's easy enough to retain a grin  
In the face of a fight there's a chance to win,  
But the sort of grit that is good to own  
Is the stuff you need when you're all alone.

How much grit do you think you've got?  
Can you turn from joys that you like a lot?  
Have you ever tested yourself to know  
How far with yourself your will can go?  
If you want to know if you have grit,  
Just pick out a joy that you like, and quit.

It's bully sport and it's open fight;

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

## Only a Dad

by Edgar Guest

Only a dad with a tired face,  
Coming home from the daily race,  
Bringing little of gold or fame,  
To show how well he has played the game,  
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice  
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,  
One of ten million men or more.  
Plodding along in the daily strife,  
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,  
With never a whimper of pain or hate,  
For the sake of those who at home await.

# ONLY A DAD

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,  
Merely one of the surging crowd  
Toiling, striving from day to day,  
Facing whatever may come his way,  
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,  
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad but he gives his all  
To smooth the way for his children small,  
Doing, with courage stern and grim,  
The deeds that his father did for him.  
This is the line that for him I pen:  
Only a dad, but the best of men.



# COMMENTS ON POETRY

## About This Poem

Guest has been called "the poet of the people." Most often his poems were fourteen lines long and presented a deeply sentimental view of everyday life. When his father died, Guest was forced to drop out of high school and work full time at the Detroit Free Press, eventually considering himself "a newspaper man who wrote verses." Of his poetry he said, "I take simple everyday things that happen to me and I figure it happens to a lot of other people and I make simple rhymes out of them."

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

WE ALL USED TO LEARN TO RECITE  
POETRY IN SCHOOL

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

Columbus

By Joaquin Miller

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must  
we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I  
say?"  
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and  
on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by  
day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and  
weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a  
spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy  
cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,  
say,  
If we sight naught but seas at  
dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of  
day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

They sailed and sailed, as winds  
might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate  
said:  
"Why, now not even God would  
know

Should I and all my men fall dead. <sup>20</sup>  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is  
gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak  
and say" —  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then <sup>25</sup>  
spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-  
night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good  
word:  
What shall we do when hope is <sup>30</sup>  
gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping  
sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

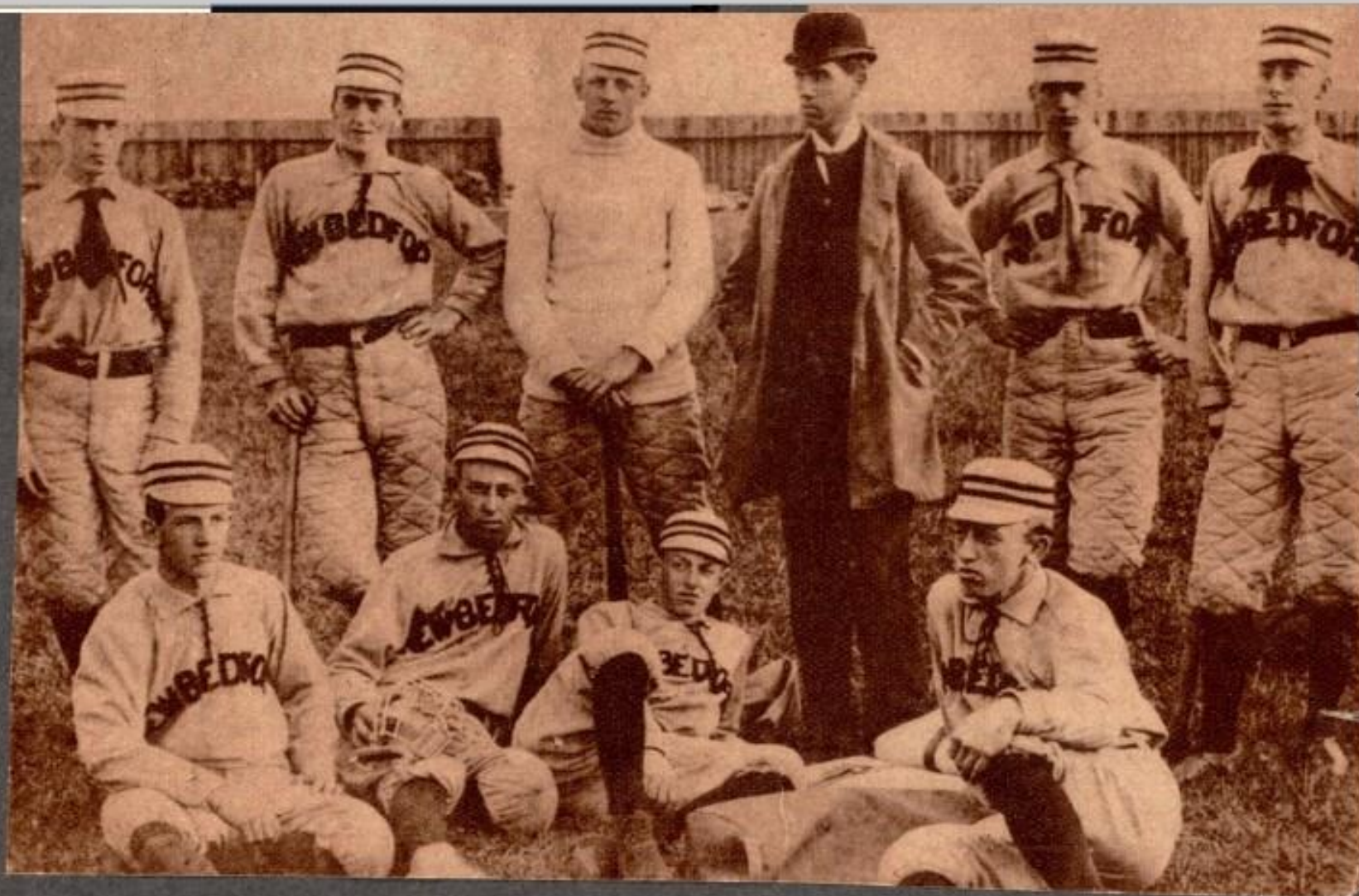
# COMMENTS ON POETRY

Then, pale and worn, he kept his  
deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah,  
that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a  
speck —  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of  
dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that  
world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

A VERY POPULAR POEM  
OF A FAVORITE GAME

Stars of the Gay Nineties baseball team, New Bedford, MA



STARS OF THE GAY NINETIES—Theodore B. Baylies (in civilians) and his baseball team, back in the days when pants were padded. Those in front, left to right, are—George E. Noble, John Murphy, Harry Mosher and the late Laurence H. Barney, and in the rear are—Arthur Wilbur, William C. Phillips, George Hall, Mr. Baylies, Thomas Brady and Dr.

# Casey at the Bat

*by Ernest Lawrence Thayer*

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day;  
The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.  
So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,  
A pallor<sup>1</sup> wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

5 A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,  
With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.  
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"  
They'd put even money now, with Casey at the bat.

10 But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,  
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake.  
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

15 But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all.  
And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball."  
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

20 Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell—  
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell;<sup>2</sup>  
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.





There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face;  
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

25 Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then when the writhing<sup>3</sup> pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
30 And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped;  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, filled with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.  
25 "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand;  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of honest charity great Casey's visage<sup>4</sup> shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult,<sup>5</sup> he made the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;  
40 But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

45 The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,  
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

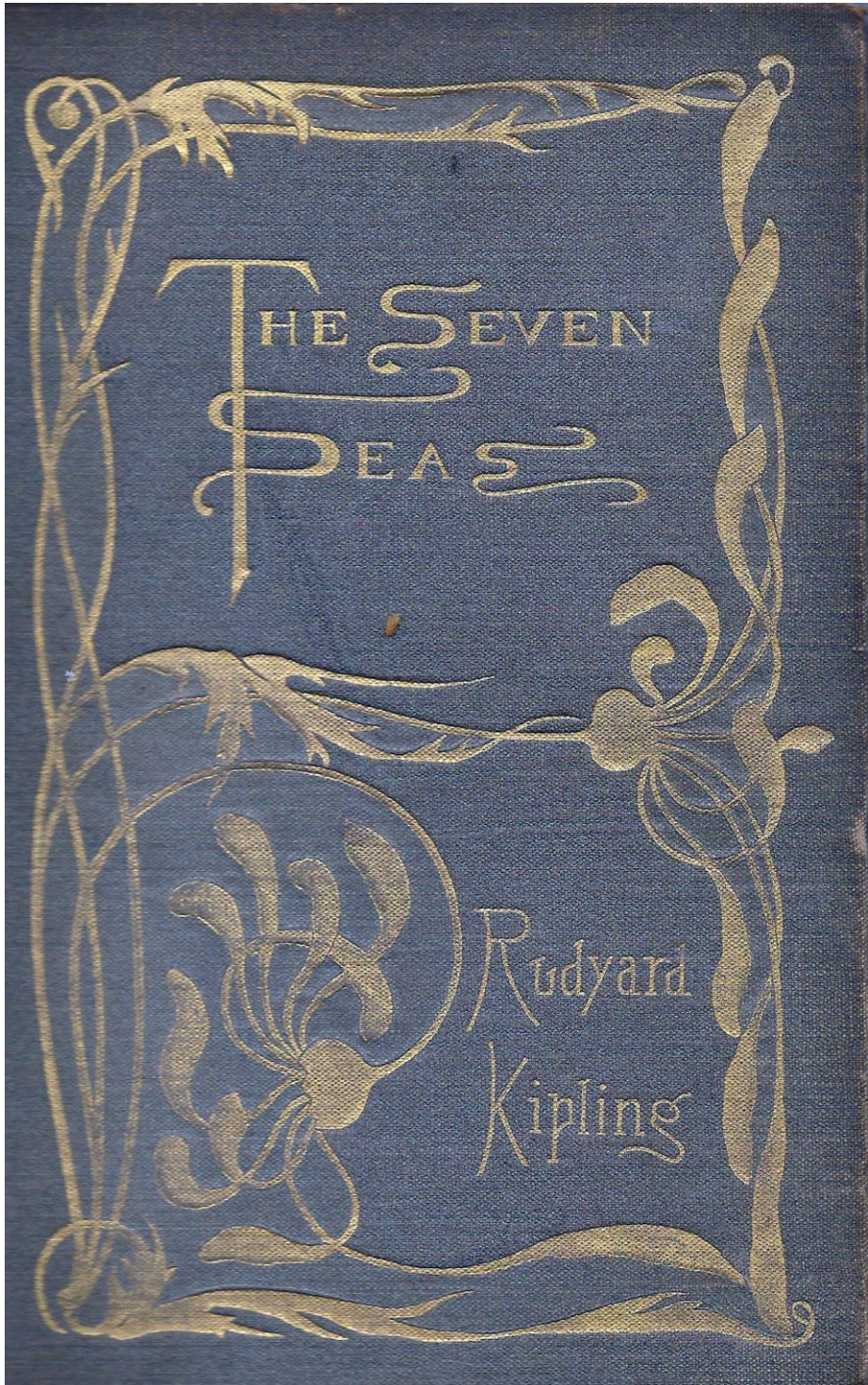
Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
50 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville: Mighty Casey has struck out.

# COMMENTS ON POETRY

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GARDEN OF  
VERSES





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PEAS

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BOSTON:  
HAUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.  
*The Riverside Press, Cambridge.*

I'LL BET MOST OF YOU KNOW THIS BY HEART!!

## How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1806 - 1861

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.