

A BOOK OF
PRINCETON VERSE II
1919

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UNIVERSITY PRESS
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QUATRAIN: VACATION

A FEW cool moons among the green things grow-
ing,

A few hot moons among the ripened grain,
Fair evenings, with the cattle homeward lowing,
And I am back in Princeton town again.

Tom English '13.

MARCHING STREETS

DEATH slays the moon and the long dark droop-
ing,

Hits us to the city, to the drear stone-bridges,
Films all eyes and whispers on the corners,
Whispers to the corners that the last soul slays.

Gay grow the streets now touched by yellow lamp-
light,

March all directions with a long sure tread,
East, west they wander through the blinded city,
Rattle on the windows like the war-horn dead.

Ears full of throbbing, a huge unknown startled,
Sends a tiny whisper to the still game swan.

Arms of the mother tightens round it gently,
Dead to the putter in the far-flung room.

Old streets hoary with dear, dead footsteps
Loud with the tumbrils of a gold old age.
Young streets sand-white still unheeled and soulless,
Virgin with the pallor of the fresh-cut page.

Black streets and alleys, evil girls and tearless,
Creeping leaden footed each in thin torn coat,
Wine-stained and miry, mire choked and winding,
Wind like choking fingers on a white, full throat.

White lanes and pink lanes, strung with purple roses,
Dance along the distance weaving o'er the hills,
Beckoning the dull streets with stray smiles wanton,
Strung with purpled roses that the stray dawn
chills.

Here now they meet tiptoe on the corner,
Kiss behind the silence of the curtained dark;
Then half unwilling run between the houses,
Tracing through the pattern that the dim lamps
mark.

Steps break steps and murmur into running,
Death upon the corner spills the edge of dawn.
Dull the torches waver and the streets stand breath-
less,
Silent fades the marching and the night-noon's
gone.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

THE POPE AT CONFESSION

THE gorgeous Vatican was steeped in night,
The organs trembled to my heart no more,
But with the blend of colors on my sight
I loitered through a sombre corridor
And suddenly I heard behind a screen
The faintest whisper, as from one in prayer;
I glanced around, then paused, for I had seen
A hushed and lonely room . . . and two were
there—

A ragged friar, half in a dream's embrace
Leaned sidewise, soul intent, as if to sieze
The last grey ice of sin that ached to melt
And faltered from the lips of him who knelt—
A little bent old man upon his knees
With pain and sorrow in his holy face.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

MY FIRST LOVE

ALL my ways she wove of light,
Wove them half alive,
Made them warm and beauty bright . . .
So the shining, ambient air
Clothes the golden waters where
The pearl fishers dive.

When she wept and begged a kiss
Very close I'd hold her,
Oh I know so well in this
Fine, fierce joy of memory
She was very young like me
Tho half an aeon older.

Once she kissed me very long,
Tip-toed out the door,
Left me, took her light along,
Faded as a music fades . . .
Then I saw the changing shades,
Color-blind no more.

T. Scott Fitzgerald '18.

IXION

A WHILE my ever-turning wheel did rest;
My dizziness was gone. I looked about
And saw with living eyes my home of death.
Sisyphus was resting from his toil
Unfruitful, and, it seemed, was listening.
Then above the rumbling that beset
My aching ears I heard from far away
A strain of song, a voice: "Eurydice!"
The while we waited, wondering, the song
Grew in proportions, filled our murky world