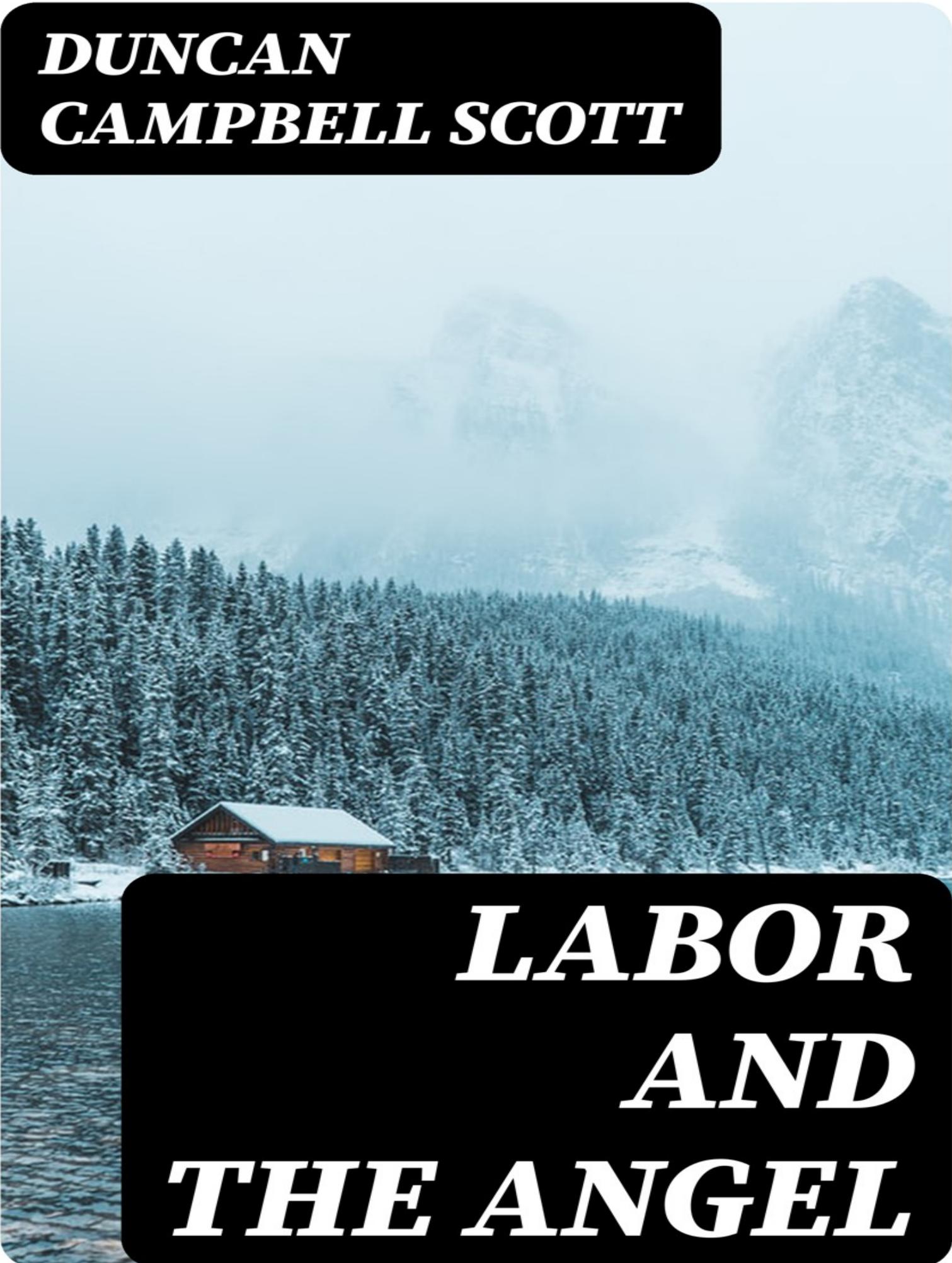


***DUNCAN
CAMPBELL SCOTT***



***LABOR
AND
THE ANGEL***

Duncan Campbell Scott

Labor and the Angel

EAN 8596547218593

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info



TABLE OF CONTENTS

LABOR AND THE ANGEL.

THE HARVEST.

WHEN SPRING GOES BY.

MARCH.

IN MAY.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

I.

II.

THE ONONDAGA MADONNA.

WATKVENIES.

AVIS.

THE VIOLET PRESSED IN A COPY OF SHAKESPEARE.

ANGELUS.

ADAGIO.

DIRGE FOR A VIOLET.

EQUATION.

AFTERWARDS.

STONE BREAKING.

THE LESSON.

FROM SHADOW.

THE PIPER OF ARLL.

AT LES ÉBOULEMENTS.

THE WOLF.

RAIN AND THE ROBIN.

THE DAME REGNANT.

THE CUP.

THE HAPPY FATALIST.

SONG.

A SONG.

SONG.

A SONG.

SONG. October 3rd, 1893.

A SONG.

SPRING SONG.

SUMMER SONG.

AUTUMN SONG.

WINTER SONG.

THE CANADIAN'S HOME-SONG.

MADRIGAL.

WORDS AFTER MUSIC.

LABOR AND THE ANGEL.

Table of Contents

The wind plunges—then stops;
And a column of leaves in a whirl,
Like a dervish that spins—drops,
With a delicate rustle,
Falls into a circle that thins;
The leaves creep away one by one,
Hiding in hollows and ruts;
Silence comes down on the lane:
The light wheels slow from the sun,
And glints where the corn stood,
And strays over the plain,
Touching with patches of gold,
The knolls and the hollows,
Crosses the lane,
And slips into the wood;
Then flashes a mile away on the farm,
A moment of brightness fine;
Then the gold glimmers and wanes,
And is swept by a clouding of gray,
For cheek by jowl, arm in arm,
The shadow's afoot with the shine.
The wind roars out from the elm,
Then leaps tiger-sudden;—the leaves
Shudder up into heaps and are caught
High as the branch where they hung
Over the oriole's nest.
Down in the sodden field,
A blind man is gathering his roots,
Guided and led by a girl;
Her gold hair blows in the wind,

Her garments with flutter and furl
Leap like a flag in the sun;
And whenever he stoops, she stoops,
And they heap the dark colored beets
In the barrow, row upon row.
When it is full to the brim,
He wheels it patiently, slow,
Something oppressive and grim
Clothing his figure, but she
Beautifully light at his side,
Touches his arm with her hand,
Ready to help or to guide:
Power and comfort at need
In the flex of her figure lurk,
The fire at the heart of the deed
The angel that watches o'er work.
This is her visible form,
Heartening the labor she loves,
Keeping the breath of it warm,
Warm as a nestling of doves.
Humble or high or sublime,
Hers no reward of degrees,
Ditching as precious as rhyme,
If only the spirit be true.
"Effort and effort," she cries,
"This is the heart-beat of life,
Up with the lark and the dew,
Still with the dew and the stars,
Feel it athrob in the earth."
When labor is counselled by love,
You may see her splendid, serene,
Bending and brooding above,
With the justice and power of her mien
Where thought has its passionate birth,
Her smile is the sweetest renown,
For the stroke and the derring-do,

Her crown is the starriest crown.
When tears at the fountain are dry,
Bares she the round of her breast,
Soft to the cicatrized cheek,
Lulls this avatar of rest;
Strength is her arm for the weak;
Courage the wells of her eyes;
What is the power of their deeps,
Only the baffled can guess;
Nothing can daunt the emprise
When she sets hand to the hilt;
Victory is she—not less.
And oh! in the cages and dens
Where women work down to the bone,
Where men never laugh but they curse,
Think you she leaves them alone?
She the twin-sister of Love!
There, where the pressure is worst,
Of this hell-palace built to the skies
Upon hearts too crushed down to burst,
There, she is wiser than wise,
Giving no vistas sublime
Of towers in the murmurous air,
With gardens of pleasaunce and pride
Lulling the fleetness of time,
With doves alight by the side
Of a fountain that veils and drips;
She offers no tantalus-cup
To the shrunken, the desperate lips;
But she calms them with lethe and love,
And deadens the throb and the pain,
And evens the heart-beat wild,
Whispering again and again,
“Work on, work on, work on,
My broken, my agonized child,”
With her tremulous, dew-cool lips,