

Chapter 1 : A Farewell by Harriet Monroe - Famous poems, famous poets. - All Poetry

"A Farewell" by Harriet Monroe, published in Poetry, Used by permission of Ann Monroe.

Ah, hero of our younger race! Great builder of a temple new! Ruler, who sought no lordly place! Warrior, who sheathed the sword he drew! Lover of men, who saw afar A world unmarred by want or war, Who knew the path, and yet forbore To tread, till all men should implore; Who saw the light, and led the way Where the gray would might greet the day; Father and leader, prophet sure, Whose will in vast works shall endure, How shall we praise him on this day of days, Great son of fame who has no need of praise? How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid. Around him heirs of bliss, whose bright brows wear Palm-leaves amid their laurels ever fair. Gaily they come, as though the drum Beat out the call their glad hearts knew so well: Brothers once more, dear as of yore, Who in a noble conflict nobly fell. Then surging through the vastness rise once more The aureoled heirs of light, who onward bore Through darksome times and trackless realms of ruth The flag of beauty and the torch of truth. The ever-young, the unfallen, wreathing for time Fresh garlands of the seeming-vanished years; Faces long luminous, remote, sublime, And shining brows still dewy with our tears. But Beauty opened wide her starry way, And he passed on. No more he makes his house of clouds and gloom. Lightly the shuttles move within his loom; Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the storm. He bows them down; he bids them go or stay; He tames them for his wars. He scans the burning paces of the sun, And names the invisible orbs whose courses run Through the dim deeps of space. Voices of hope he hears Long dumb to his despair, And dreams of golden years Meet for a world so fair. For now Democracy doth wake and rise From the sweet sloth of youth. By storms made strong, by many dreams made wise, He clasps the hand of Truth. Through the armed nations lies his path of peace, The open book of knowledge in his hand. Food to the starving, to the oppressed release, And love to all he bears from land to land. Before his march the barriers fall, The laws grow gentle at his call. And pain shall sleep, Soothed by brave science with her magic lore; And war no more shall bid the nations weep. Music unutterably pure and strong From earth shall rise to haunt the peopled skies, When the long march of time, Patient in birth and death, in growth and blight, Shall lead man up through happy realms of light Unto his goal sublime.

Chapter 2 : Harriet Monroe - Harriet Monroe Biography - Poem Hunter

A Farewell by Harriet Monroe
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nay do not grieve that it is over
The perfect hour
That the winged joy sweet
honeyloving rover
Flits from the flower.
Grieve not it is the law.

Sometimes even the deepest emotions can be transferred through a short poem. The poem "A farewell" proves this. A poem was written by Harriet Monroe. The poem "A farewell" proves this. Analysis This poem was first published in Century Magazine vol. Instead of focussing what is not there anymore, you should really try to seek for that what has left; the legacy of things that have passed. In the first stanza, Monroe describes the perfect hour. This is a period during the day that the lights change and many painters and photographers have been inspired to capture this moment. Should you be sad about this or not? The perfect hour is also a good metaphor. It represents a period in life when things are or were good. Sometimes things have to go the way they do. This is life, as you can read in the second stanza. Sometimes these events that happen are based on something that people describe as their journey. Another way to describe it: Or, it can be less metaphorically: Or when you realize, that the law that has been there for many years applies even to you. Love, according to Monroe, will be flying. It gives you the sense of flying. Even when these loved ones are no longer with us. Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying. Yea, love and all. Glad was the living; blessed be the dying! Let the leaves fall.

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As founder and editor of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Harriet Monroe became instrumental in the "poetry renaissance" of the early twentieth century by managing a forum that allowed poets and poetry to gain American exposure.

After they have shot me at sunrise, I died a coward. It is not true, little Mother " You will believe me. You know how we marched away " Banners " bright bayonets " the Marseillaise. I shut up the old chansons " Ah, my diplome! We waited, aching for the hour. At last it came " I had my turn in the trenches. A scholar, was I? Youth died in me; And all the old epics, the beautiful songs long silent " Ah, that was another life. At first it sickened me " The torn flesh bleeding, the horrible bodies long dead, The ruined towns sprawling like toothless hags, The mud, the lice, the stench, The stupefying noise " A crashing of damned worlds; And then the command to kill. At first the loathing was a vomit in my heart. Then something rose in me from the abyss. Life, the great cannibal, Killing and feeding on death " I was his workman from ten million years. I ran to the slaughter singing; I killed with a shout. The red rage sucked me up In its whirlwind, Dashed me on dancing feet Against the enemy, And my life, tossed on bayonets, Blown against guns " Staked, like a last piece of gold, on the hundredth chance " Always my life came back to me unscathed. Was it man to man " The haughty beauty of war? I grew numb at last, I felt no more. And so, in that last charge on Thiaumont " Little shattered city, Lost and won, won and lost Day after day In that hot rush I killed three Boches, Stuck them like squeaking pigs. The soft flesh sputtering, The nick of the steel at bones " I felt them no more than the crunch of an insect under my foot In the old days. Then I fell, worn out, Under a wall. My gun dropped from my hand. I could not rise; When life came back a big Boche was standing over me " He had my gun, but his face was kind. The charge had rolled on " I slipped away, Crying, " It is over " over forever " men shall kill no more. It will surely be, little Mother. The sin that was little at first, In the savage forest when men fought with clubs, The sin we have gorged and glutted With gases and bombs, And battle-ships of sea and air " It has grown heavy and monstrous, It will be cast off like the plague. There will be a new nation " No one shall stop us from loving each other. So goodbye, little Mother.

Chapter 4 : A farewell " The Ministry of Poetic Affairs

Harriet Monroe was an American editor, scholar, literary critic, poet and patron of the arts. She is best known as the founding publisher and long-time editor of Poetry magazine, which made its debut in

Chapter 5 : A Farewell Poem by Harriet Monroe - Poem Hunter

Harriet Monroe. Harriet Monroe was an American editor, scholar, literary critic, poet and patron of the arts. more All Harriet Monroe poems | Harriet Monroe Books.

Chapter 6 : Titanic Requiem by Harriet Monroe

A Farewell. by Harriet Monroe. GOOD-BY: nay, do not grieve that it is over-The perfect hour; That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover, Flits from the flower.

Chapter 7 : Poem: A Farewell by Harriet Monroe

MOTHER, little mother: They will tell you, After they have shot me at sunrise, I died a coward. It is not true, little mother" 5: You will believe me. You know how we marched away".

Chapter 8 : Poem: A Letter of Farewell by Harriet Monroe

GOOD-BY: nay, do not grieve that it is overâ€” The perfect hour; That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover, Flits from the racedaydvl.com not,â€”it is the law.

Chapter 9 : A Farewell by Harriet Monroe

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