THE MOUNTAIN MAID AND OTHER POEMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649427352

The Mountain Maid and Other Poems of New Hampshire by Edna Dean Proctor

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

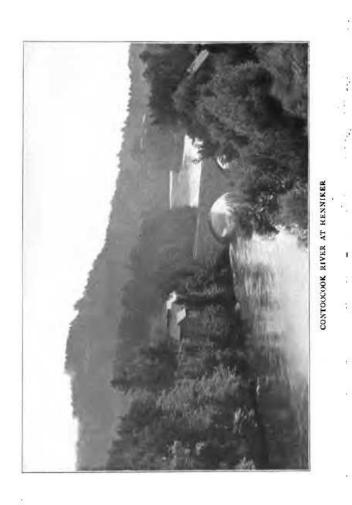
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THE MOUNTAIN MAID AND OTHER POEMS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Trieste



THE MOUNTAIN MAID

AND OTHER POEMS OF 99664 NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

"Ols pome Week " Stition



83

E

BOSTON AND NEW YORK HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY The Riverside Press, Cambridge 1900

.

COPTRIGHT, 1990, BY SDRA DRAN PROCTOR ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

•)

TO THE CREATOR OF "OLD HOME WEEK" AND TO ALL WHO LOVE NEW HAMPSHIRE (E)

1

11. mm-++--

35

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

O THE Mountain Maid, New Hampshire ! Her steps are light and free, Whether she treads the lofty heights

Or follows the brooks to the sea ! Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang

Over her hills of snow,

4

ł

And her hair is dark as the densest shade That falls where the fir-trees grow —

The fir-trees slender and sombre That climb from the vales below.

Sweet is her voice as the robin's In a lull of the wind of March

Wooing the shy arbutus

At the roots of the budding larch; And rich as the ravishing echoes

On still Franconia's lake

When the boatman winds his magic horn And the tongues of the wood awake,

t

While the huge Stone-Face forgets to frown And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of stormy December But brighten the bloom on her cheek, And the snows build her statelier temples Than to goddess were reared by the Greek. She welcomes the fervid summer, And flies to the sounding shore Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward, Set in the billows' roar, And dreams of her sailors and fishers Till cool days come once more,

Then how fair is the maiden, Crowned with the scarlet leaves, And wrapped in the tender, misty veil Her Indian Summer weaves !---While the aster blue, and the goldenrod, And immortelles, clustering sweet, From Canada down to the sea have spread A carpet for her feet; And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold, Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reaper; The ring of the woodman's steel;

2

The whir of the glancing shuttle; The rush of the tireless wheel. But, if war befalls, her sons she calls From mill and forge and lea, And bids them uphold her banner Till the land from strife is free; And she hews her oaks into mighty ships That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire! For beauty and wit and will

I'll pledge her, in draughts from her crystal springs, Rarest on plain or hill !

New York is a princess in purple

By the gems of her cities crowned; Illinois with the garland of Ceres

Her tresses of gold has bound, Queen of the limitless prairies

Whose great sheaves heap the ground;

And out by the vast Pacific, Their gay young sisters say : "Ours are the mines of the Indies, And the treasures of far Cathay ;" And the dames of the South walk proudly

Where the fig and the orange fall

3