

Lloyd Mifflin Quote: "I have never anywhere seen a more beautiful country than that which we live, and it had been my delight to try to record, here and there, though in an imperfect way, some of those beauties." Lloyd wrote in a letter to the Columbia Women's Club.

Under the Ban

by Lloyd Mifflin

No cares are mine, on others come
The burdens of my world, While I
Am free to roam-
A mateless bird-
Where'er I will, again to cross
The ocean's foam, or rest, at home.
"Your life in like some still stream's flow;
Yours is the goal without the strife,
Thrice happy so!"
Men say. "Atlas!"
I sigh, "Content alone is wealth;
Do ye not know that woe is woe?"
Sad as sad Solomon thou art,
O yearning soul of mine, I said;
One little part
Of leaven, leavens
The whole. Behold! Not a gold barb
Wounds less the heart than a flint dart.

The Evening Comes

by Lloyd Mifflin

The evening comes: the boatman lifts the net,
Poles his canoe and leaves it on the shore;
So low the stream he does not use the oar;
The umber rocks rise like a parapet
Up through the purple and the violet,
And the faint-heard and never-ending roar
Of moving waters lessens more and more,
While each vague object looms a silhouette.
The light is going; but low overhead
Poises the glory of the evening star;
The fisher, silent on the rocky bar,
Drops a still line in pools of fading red;
And in the sky, where all the day lies dead,
Slowly the golden crescent sinks afar.

Oh, The Wide River

by Lloyd Mifflin

*Oh, the wide river and her water-ways
Whose currents draw us through their rocky gates,
Winding between a thousand grassy aits
To glorious greeneries in unlooked-for bays!*

*The clustered islands swim in amber haze;
And the rich sun, reluctant, slow awaits
His destined setting, while he still creates
Upon the golden tide one dazzling blaze.*

*Silence around, save where the waters blue,
Among the sedgy inlets in a dream,
Gurgle unceasing their liquid note;*

*Then, leaning listless in our long canoe,
With paddle trailing idly in the stream,
We, mirrored on the rippling surface, float.*

Conestoga River Near Lancaster in June

by Lloyd Mifflin

*Within the shadow which the foliage throws
The browsing cattle by the waters dream;
The white arms of the trees about thee gleam;
And on tiny slopes the ripening harvest glows.*

*From the meadows of the hay the fragrance blows
Sweeter than Arabia!... What a theme
For revery thou art, O pastoral stream,
Idyllic in thy beauty and repose.*

*Now arches hath thy Bridge of classic mould
One for each Muse clear mirrored on thy breast;
Amid this quiet of the evening hours
Tranquil; thou flowest toward yon waste of gold,
Where, shadowed 'gainst the fulgence of the West,
The stately College lifts her clustered towers.*