

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke George  
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
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Chamberlain Schiller Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schilling Kralik Bellamy Raabe Gibbon Tschechow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
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Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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# **The Path of Dreams Poems**

Leigh Gordon Giltner

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Lough Gordon Pittman



**The Path of Dreams**

*POEMS*

*BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER*



**Fleming H. Revell Company**

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## To One Who Sleeps

(Obit, June 8th, 1894.)

*Tho' storm and summer shine for long have shed  
Or blight or bloom above thy quiet bed,  
Tho' loneliness and longing cry thee dead –  
Thou art not dead, beloved. Still with me  
Are whilom hopings that encompass thee  
And dreams of dear delights that may not be.  
Asleep – adream perchance, dost thou forget  
The sometime sorrow and the fevered fret,  
Sting of salt tears and long unbreathed regret?  
Liest thou here thro' long sunshiny hours,  
Holding sweet converse with the springing flowers,  
Harking the singing of the warm sweet showers  
That fall like happy tears ... dost hear  
The birds that unafraid assail thine ear –  
And yet art silent when I whisper? Dear,  
Dost thou not hear?*

[Pg 8]

*Lying so low beneath the bending grass  
In long, still smiling tranced for aye – alas!  
Thou dost not harken when my footsteps pass.  
If haply I some tender thing should tell  
Thee of the springtime flowers thou once loved well –  
Anemone and shining asphodel;  
Should steal from Nature some enchanted lay,  
Some bird-song lilted where green branches sway –  
Heart-music that could stir thy heart away;  
Should call thee by the old fond name again,  
Should tell thee all a heart's enduring pain  
And long rememb'ring, would'st thou mute remain?  
Alas! nor sigh nor song can thrill the ear  
Tuned to Israfel's music in the sphere  
Where things to thee erst dear no more are dear.  
Thou dost not hear!*

[Pg 9]

## THE PATH OF DREAMS

### In Woodland Ways

Out of the poignant glare, the shadeless heat  
Of summer noon, beseech thee follow me  
Into the dim, dream-haunted secrecy  
The cool, green glooms, the grottoed deep retreat,  
Of yon old wood; down aisles of lichened trees –  
Grey Merlins clasped by lissom Vivians  
Of clinging vine – to cloistered sylvan glens,  
Where Nature weaves her fairest mysteries.

Here let us rest a little – find surcease  
For feet grown weary of the thridded street  
That echoes ever to the ceaseless beat  
Of human tread; – a brief while know the ease  
Of dreamful rest, to slumb'rous languors stilled  
On Orient rugs of dappled mosses spread  
In nooks where blossom, purple, white and red,  
The flowers Summer's lavish hands have spilled.  
[Pg 10]

Wild woodland creatures near us unafraid,  
Some strange enchantment doth the forest hold –  
Was that a sunbeam, or a wand of gold  
By tricky Puck or wanton Ariel swayed?  
Old oaks and beeches open wide their doors  
And hamadryads veiled in golden sheen  
Floating diaphanous o'er robes of green  
Walk with still feet the forest's russet floors.

Lo, here are fairies hid in flower-bells,  
There wood-nymphs fleeing from pursuing fauns,  
And naiads fleshed with hues of rosy dawns  
Lie dreaming by white streams in dusky dells;  
We tread dim paths untrod by foot of man  
And hark the horn of Dian ringing clear;

While faint, elusive, thin—now far, now near,  
Meseems I hear the oaten pipe of Pan.

And while o'erhead the plaining wood-dove grieves,  
The cardinal—a wingèd, scarlet flower—  
Sprays all the air with song, a golden shower  
Of flutes-notes sifting downward thro' the leaves.  
[Pg 11] Ah, sweet enchantment doth the forest hold,  
For Nature's self doth haunt these woodland ways,  
My fevered brow on her cool breast she lays  
And care slips from me as a garment old.

## Ashes of Roses

Skies glooming overhead,  
Autumn winds sighing;  
Bare yonder garden bed,  
Flowers low lying.  
All their rich radiance fled,  
All their pale petals shed,  
Wan wraiths of Summer sped,  
In Autumn's closes;  
Crimson and cream and gold  
Strewn on earth's bosom cold,  
Mingling with umber mold –  
Ashes of roses.

See, in yon waning West  
Rich roses blowing  
[Pg 12] On Heaven's palimpsest  
God's message glowing;  
Rose hues and amethyst  
Drenched in purpureate mist,  
Darkness with Day keeps tryst,  
Night's curtain closes;  
Quenched is the burning gold,  
Shadowed the upland wold,  
Day's fires grow dull and cold  
Ashes of roses.

So on this heart of mine  
Shadows are lying;  
Lotus and rue entwine,  
Dim dreams are dying;  
Stilled is the thrill divine,  
Spilled is the amber wine,  
Dimly the cold stars shine;  
Wan age discloses  
All youth's bright blossoms dead,  
All love's rare radiance sped,

All hope's pure petals shed –  
Ashes of roses.

[Pg 13]

## A Challenge

To have lived, to have loved, to have triumphed! – what more can the world bestow?

I stand at the close of the conflict, my foot on the neck of my foe.

Prone in the dust lies the demon Despair, still shouting his shibboleth

To the treacherous Amazon dark-browed Fate, and her grisly comrade, Death.

To have lived! To have felt in my veins the surge of the rich, red tide of life,

The quickening stir of the strong man's heart that thrills to the sound of strife;

To have wrested success from defeat, to have striven, and struggled, and won –

Shall this seem a small thing, think you, when the Battle of Ages is done?

To have loved! To have known of all raptures, the rapture supernal, divine,

To have felt the throb of your heart on my heart and the bloom of your lips pressed to mine;

[Pg 14] To have ranked with the gods on Olympus – myths tell us immortal Jove

Cleft with his swan-wings the blue of the sky for boon of a mortal's love....

I have lived, I have loved, I have triumphed! Let Death come, or early or late!

I hurl my challenging gauntlet full in the face of Fate!

Fate may make wreck of a future – how can she alter the past?

I have tasted the sweets of life's chalice – why shrink from the lees at the last?

How should I cavil at aught that shall come – I stand with your head on my breast –

I have fought as I might – I have gained *you*, beloved ... to God's mercy the rest!

Tho' the heavens darken above me and the sky be shrunk as

a scroll,  
In the wreck and ruin of riven worlds, should I falter, O Soul  
of my soul?  
Tho' the demon Despair, where he vanquished lies, still utter  
his shibboleth—  
I fling my glove in the face of Fate and smile in the eyes of  
Death!

[Pg 15]