

That flames upon your forehead with a glow
 That blinds you to the way that you must go. 20
 Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,—
 Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
 Out of a grave I come to tell you this—
 To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal, 25
 There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
 Go,—for the winds are tearing them away,—
 Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
 Nor any more to feel them as they fall;
 But go! and if you trust her she will call. 30
 There is the western gate, Luke Havergal—
 Luke Havergal.

1896

Richard Cory

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
 We people on the pavement looked at him:
 He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
 Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed, 5
 And he was always human when he talked;
 But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
 "Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,—
 And admirably schooled in every grace: 10
 In fine, we thought that he was everything
 To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
 And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
 And Richard Cory, one calm summer night, 15
 Went home and put a bullet through his head.

1896

Miniver Cheevy

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
 Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
 He wept that he was ever born,
 And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
 When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
 The vision of a warrior bold
 Would set him dancing. 5

Miniver sighed for what was not,
 And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
 He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,¹
 And Priam's neighbors.² 10

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
 That made so many a name so fragrant;
 He mourned Romance, now on the town,
 And Art, a vagrant. 15

Miniver loved the Medici,³
 Albeit he had never seen one;
 He would have sinned incessantly
 Could he have been one. 20

Miniver cursed the commonplace
 And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
 He missed the mediæval grace
 Of iron clothing. 25

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
 But sore annoyed was he without it;
 Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
 And thought about it. 30

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
 Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
 Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
 And kept on drinking. 35

1910

Eros Turannos¹

She fears him, and will always ask
 What fated her to choose him;
 She meets in his engaging mask
 All reasons to refuse him;
 But what she meets and what she fears 5

1. Thebes was an ancient city in Boeotia, rival of Athens and Sparta for supremacy in Greece and the setting of Sophocles's tragedies about Oedipus. Camelot is the legendary court of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table.
 2. The neighbors of King Priam in Homer's *Iliad*

are his heroic compatriots in the doomed city of Troy.

3. Family of wealthy merchants, politicians, churchmen, and art patrons in 16th-century Florence.

1. Love, the tyrant (Latin).