

Tercentenary Verse

THE ANCIENT LOOKING-GLASS (SAINT MARY'S—1634-1934)

By

Lizette Andrews Reese

"Here," said the looking-glass—
As in a dream it said—
"She stooped to take the candle up,
To light her to her bed.

The candle made a proper flame,
Little and soft to see;
Hair, arms, and her straight yellow frock,
In a flame walked she.

Like a flower she trod the stair,
Like a flower of gold,
Like a flaming golden flower,
That never will grow old.

"Many a light has guttered down,
In its stalk of brass,
Since she took her up to bed,"
Said the looking-glass.

"Like a flower she trod the stair,
Like a flower of gold,
Like a flaming golden flower
That never will grow old.

But she has not come again";
From its frame of black,
Said the ancient looking-glass:
"She has not come back."

TERCENTENARY SONNET

By ELIZABETH BROWN

There is a truth beyond time which we know,
Inaccurately yet surely, in the thrust
Of those blue hills—this golden scented dust
A dream bestowed upon us to bestow;
This is a kingdom given long ago
And, moving among legends as we must,
We bear the burden of a ghostly trust
Beyond the common hope we reap and sow.
From fog-swept shores to misted mountain range,
From silence to the vulnerable word,
Through years that close upon themselves and change,
Our heritage is sharper than a sword
Cast on a tide invincible and strange;
Our life is bound by songs that dead men heard.

MARYLAND PILGRIMS

By GRACE H. SHERWOOD

What were their thoughts that day? Behind
Lay all they knew of life, before,
Only this strange and wooded shore!
And did there blow that haunting wind
Of spring that always seems to find
The heart's deep-hid, nostalgic core?
Longed they for scenes that evermore,
Like English springs were left behind?

Nay! They had come to do a mighty thing
To found a refuge for oppressed faith.
The past was past and this was now and here!
O long-dead winds of that momentous spring
What found Ye, wandering with your scented breath?
"We found a cross! A cross and men at prayer!"

NOSTALGIA

By HELEN BAYLEY DAVIS
(St. Mary's County)

Some will write of the *Ark* and *Dove*,
The colonists—a valiant band—
Of Leonard Calvert, Yeocomico,
And the purchase of thirty acres of land.

But I shall sing of an old wharf
Where I can hear the waves swishing,
Where I can sit with dangling legs,
Lazy and hot—just fishing.

I shall sing of a creaking cart,
Its oxen sweating in the heat—
With a negro, nodding in the sun,
Sprawled upon the seat.

And of a haunting moon, full-blown,
Treading a path on the Chesapeake,
Silvering the countryside—
So beautiful, I dare not speak!

Some will write of the *Ark* and *Dove*
And history in the making;
But I shall sing of lesser things
That set my heart aching.

IN OLD SAINT MARY'S

By MARIA BRISCOE CROKER

Old memories cling around all ancient things—
Quaint houses, with their lovely furnishings
That speak of those who lived and passed away,
These I have revered from an earlier day
When this mad world moved on with gentler pace,
Through days of romance and of courtly grace.

In dreams I see them, smiling as they go,
Through rooms illumined with soft candle glow,
Its rays, reflected, shine with lingering light,
On glittering glass and carved silver bright.
The revelry runs high! each man and maid
Clad in costume of satin or brocade;
Tonight they meet in stately manor hall,
Captive to dreams that sway in beauty's thrall.
Through gay quadrille or minuet they glide,
Each gallant with fair lady by his side,
With wit and laughter and gay jocular jest
They form a brilliant galaxy of zest.

In dreams I see them, smiling as they go,
Their faces lighted by soft candle glow.

ON MARYLAND'S BIRTHDAY

By JUDITH F. MAR
(14 years old, 2318 St. Paul Street)

I lift up feeble hands
Toward a smoke grimed sky
Where noisome steel birds fly,
Against whose fearful din I cry.

A weight of steel supplants
Tall trees and sun warmed grass
Through which the wind might pass
Quite free from strangling gas.

But we with stone and steel
Deface the land and say:
"How fair our city is
On Maryland's birthday."