

COLLECTED POEMS

..BY..

ARTHUR ORISON DILLON

**PUBLISHERS
THE FOSTER COMPANY, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

COLLECTED POEMS

..BY..

ARTHUR ORISON DILLON

**PUBLISHERS
THE FOSTER COMPANY, Inc.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.**

U.C.A.

Copyright
1928, 1929 and 1931
By ARTHUR ORISON DILLON



THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED TO MY
FRIENDS, THE KNOWN
AND THE UNKNOWN.



Books by
ARTHUR ORISON DILLON
Ontario, California

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND OTHER POEMS
THE MASTER NATION AND OTHER POEMS
THE RIVER OF MUSIC AND OTHER POEMS
THE DILLON ANCESTRY
COLLECTED POEMS . . . \$2.50



This volume contains many new poems.
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FOREWORD

Arthur Orison Dillon is a proven poet and internationally known. His books have gone out into many foreign nations. The critics and book reviewers have acknowledged his ability. He is a man who seeks to grasp the problems of life and to charge his thought with spiritual and purposeful emotion. His work makes a distinct impression and holds steadily to an ideal. Some of his poems are finished products of workmanship, while others are better in conception than in execution. He loves his country, home, family and friends. He is one of the most nationalistic of our poets. He thinks nationally and is an exponent of the spirit of his nation.

His viewpoint is spiritual. He is sincere and intense. The spirit of religion and passionate love for truth run through his verse. His deductions indicate he is an advanced thinker. His political, legal and business experiences have fitted him to interpret character from many angles. He has the power to combine homely and humorous incidents with the pathetic and sublime. Whether real or imaginary, his characters are true to life.

Most of his sonnets are good. Some of them possess both spiritual and patriotic fervor. Few can read "For Love of Country", "You and I", and "In Solitude" without feeling an uplift in patriotic devotion and mind betterment. His love of country is also shown in such poems as "The Master Nation", "The Song of Triumph", "The National Bard", "The Fourth of July", "Liberty Bell", "Patriotism", "I Live to Serve", "Be Proud", and "American Idyls". The poem "Three Destinies" tells the story of three college men. "The Heavenly Guest" is an interpretation of the spirit-world.

His California poems depict the charm and beauty of the golden state. He has written creditably of New England, Virginia and some of the other states.

His appreciation and understanding of nature are seen in "The Soul's Pathway", "The Thunder Storm", and "The Rural Scene". "The Messenger" is a poem of purpose. Such poems as "In Youthful Days" and "The Heart's Cry" express his love of youth and youthful experiences. "The Politicians" is a good piece of satire. "Bunk" ridicules sham. "The Pioneer" describes the early influences that helped to mold the character of the writer. "Helen Waters", "She Sang the Sweetness of Her Heart", and "Evaline" are among his best poems of affection.

"The Action Mystic" suggests the philosopher. "The New Era's Chief" and "Abraham Lincoln" embody the spirit of democracy. The struggle of the soul is described in "The Soul's Conquest", and "Life's Turning Point". "In Death" and "The Crutch" one learns that the poet has lived as well as dreamed. Sketches of the nation's great men are set out in "American Torchbearers". "The River of Music" is a dignified poem, splendid in setting and diction, with spiritual significance.

Some of his lyrics and ballads, if set to appropriate music, might become a valuable part of the American treasury of song.

Dillon's style is simple, precise, clear, terse, vigorous and elevated. His lines are usually brilliant and picturesque. He is a practical thinker as well as an idealist. He seldom soars into the abyss of unlimited space, but when he does as in "Two" his poetry becomes singing sweetness, beauty and color. His mind is flexible. He deals with the eternities and with the common things of life. There is originality in his best efforts. He has written poems that will not be forgotten.

Whatever may be said in criticism of Dillon, he is always an entertaining writer. He may be read with interest again and again. He will grow in popularity and esteem.

—R. E. Ames.

EXCERPTS FROM CRITICAL OPINIONS

This California poet, signally proves his right to be included among the poets of America. He writes on all subjects, emotional, philosophical, patriotic and humorous, with equal skill and ability.

—*Boston Globe*.

Mr. Dillon's poems will doubtless have a wide, popular appeal, since they deal with many subjects of timely national interest.

—*The Granite, Newport, N. H.*

Dillon's poems come honestly, straight from the soul of a man in earnest, bravely striving to express thoughts which he feels his people and country ought to hear.

—*Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

Love, humor, pathos, patriotism, philosophy and mysticism find expression in Dillon's poems in numerous and varied subjects.

—*The Boston Herald*.

I have enjoyed your poems very much for their simplicity, occasional humor, their dignity and their lyrical strength and careful versification.—*John P. Odell, Asst. Librarian, Occidental College, California.*

Mr. Dillon has written a collection of poems which are most delightful in their philosophical way. Centering his attention on the modern train of thoughts, he writes with ease and grace of one capable of doing far bigger things than a collection of short poems.

—*The Evening Express, Portland, Maine.*

Dillon is at his best in simple, though lofty themes.

—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

Mr. Dillon has the gift of making music from words, and weaving about the commonplace a glamorous tinge that colors even drab things. There is literary merit to many of his poems and interest in all of them. His is good middle class poetry of a homey nature.

—*State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.*

In Dillon's poems lovers of worthwhile poetry will find much to please them.—*The Daily Argus-Leader, Sioux Falls, S. D.*

The poetical writings of Arthur Orison Dillon are honest sentiments, honestly expressed in formal lines.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Dillon would have done well at any business, but when he determined on poetry, there could be no question about his pushing his verse through, for he would break into any market. It is highly satisfactory to find that the author is patriotic, sound in morals, not led astray by modern sophistry, or the nil admirari attitude so much affected by modern poets. Canadians may welcome him as a sound thinking man.

—*The Vancouver, British Columbia, Daily Province.*

Dillon's poems have gone into many American and foreign universities as well as public libraries. They have received commendable and worthy mention from a number of the nation's literary leaders and intelligentsia.—*The Daily Report, Ontario, California.*

There is a distinct originality and force in many of Dillon's poems and some of his lyrics are charming with a good deal of humanity in them.—*Charles Wakefield Cadman.*

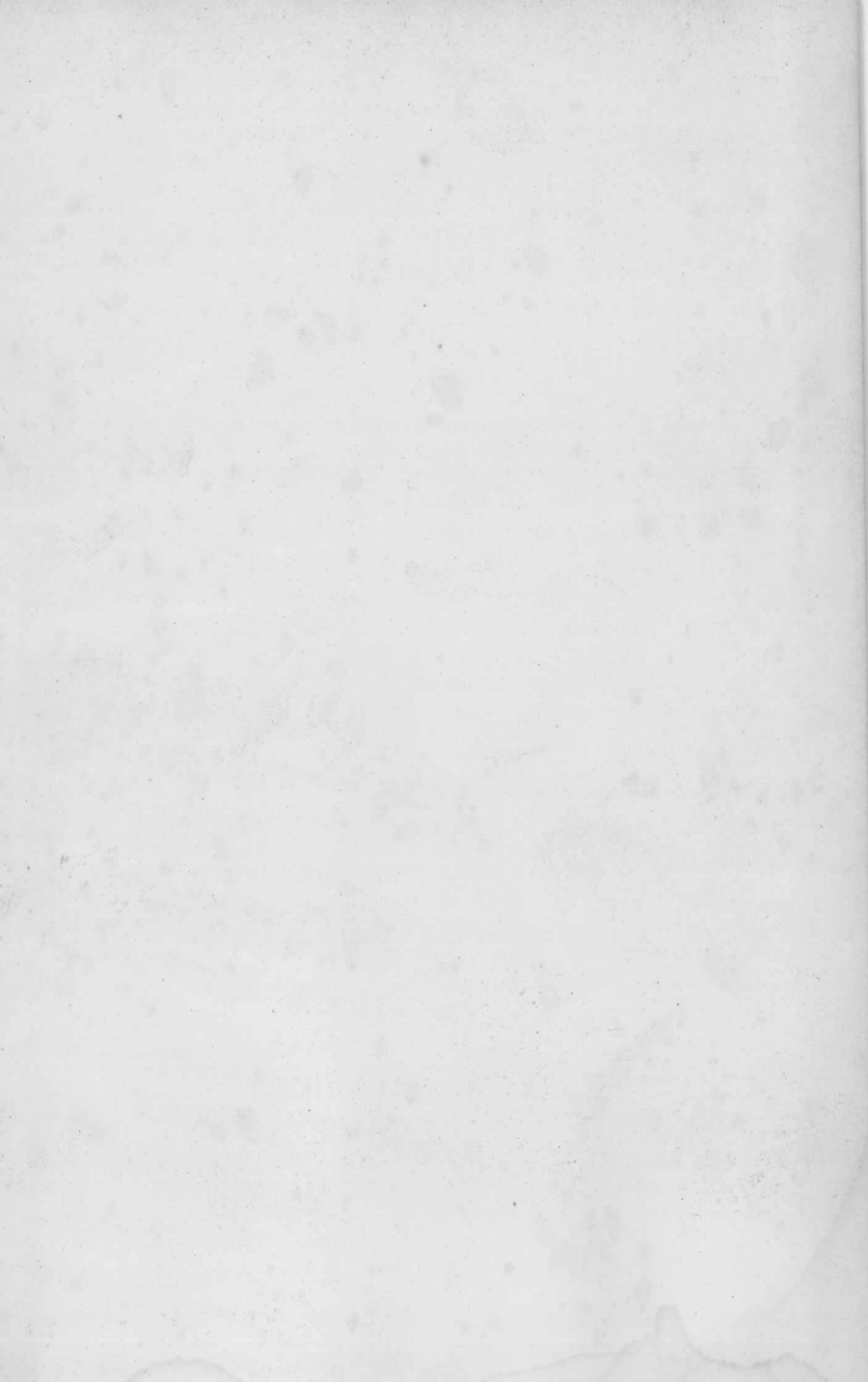
Your books are valuable additions to our collection of Californiana. Your photograph has been placed among our California authors.

—*Milton J. Ferguson, State Librarian, Sacramento, California.*

Your poems for style and subject matter will surely have an appeal to all classes of people.—*R. Alderson Fowler, Librarian, College of Industrial Arts, Denton, Texas.*

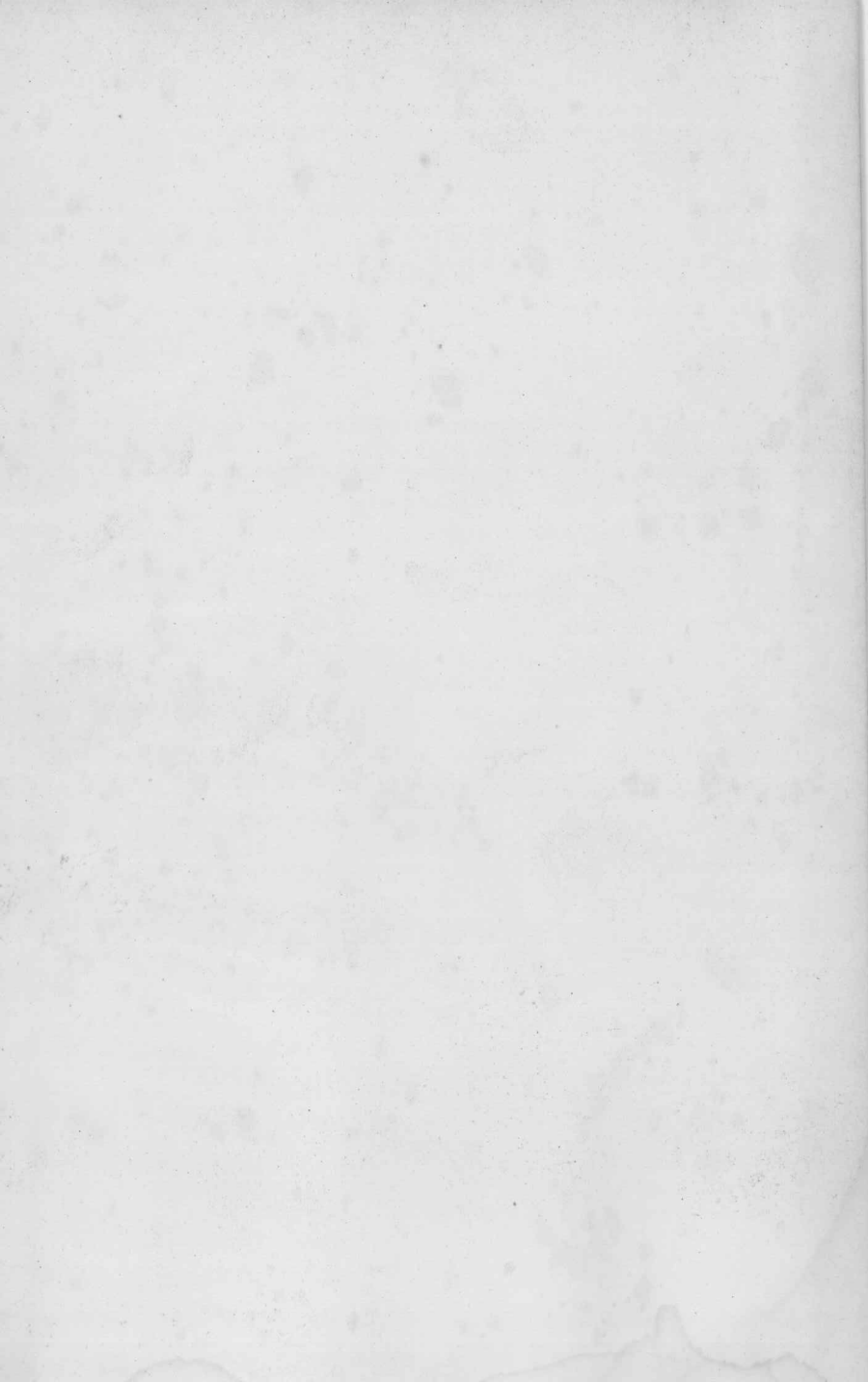
I have read with pleasure your poem on "Abraham Lincoln."

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Arthur Orison Dillon, lawyer, poet and writer, was born in LaSueur County, Minnesota; son of Peter Orison and Belle Ann (Cottingham) Dillon; his forefathers settled in America in early colonial days; seven of his ancestors were soldiers in the American army in the Revolutionary War. He was educated in the public schools, State Teachers' College, St. Cloud, Minnesota, and Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Unmarried. Practiced law at Seattle, Washington, 1906-1913, and in California since 1914. He has held the following offices, to-wit.: Deputy United States Marshal, City Judge and City Councilman. Delegate to the Progressive-Republican State Convention held at Seattle, 1912. Delegate to the Republican Congressional Conference, Eleventh District, held in San Diego, California, 1916. Secretary-Director of the Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of the Liberty and Victory Loan Campaigns for Chino, California, during the world war. Candidate for the Assembly 1926. Acting editor of the Chino Champion during the winter of 1918-1919. Author of five books besides many newspaper articles. His books have gone out into all civilized nations. General character of writing, poetical, historical, genealogical and political. Poems from his books have been republished in the following anthologies of verse: "One for Posterity," Harrison, New York; "The Principal Poets of the World" by The Mitre Press, London, England. Biographical sketches of the author have appeared in Who's Who Among North American Authors, The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy, and Biographies of Authors by The Mitre Press. Mr. Dillon holds membership in the following lodges and societies: Masons, Oddfellows, Rebekahs, Sons of the Revolution, Society of the War of 1812, California State Bar Association, and El Camino Real Club. Office and Residence, Ontario, California.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

My mother told me of this man
In early childhood at her knee;
I took him for my hero then,
And still his deeds are dear to me.
His humble birth,
His sterling worth,
And spotless life my breast doth thrill;
His tragic lot
By traitor shot
Doth make me sad and ever will.

He was born in a small log hut
In the woods of a Southern land,
Where mountains rear their lofty heads,
Where rivers gurgles o'er the sand.
This lowly son
Was Nature's chosen one;
She had a work for him to do;
Sublime and great
By the decree of fate;
To God and man his heart beat true.

This homely toiler, tall and gaunt,
Split fence rails in the forest wild,
For he could use the maul and axe,
The things he play'd with when a child.
His hands were tough,
His mien was rude and rough,
But his great soul was clean and just,
And full of love
That came from heaven above—
Love never marred by greed or lust.

There came a change to this rude man
Of giant frame and rugged face;
The nation asked for a true man,

A lover of the human race,
To guide the state
Through storm and war and hate;
To save his country, strong and brave,
Rose Lincoln, then,
The godliest of men,
To do his work and gain a grave.

He saved the nation, freed the slaves,
And spoke kind words to everyone;
He wiped away the tears of grief,
And thus all hearts by him were won.
This man uncouth
Embodiment of truth,
Ranks with the foremost of the ages.
His deeds divine
Will ever shine
The fairest on our country's pages.

This man whose heart and mind were pure,
This product of the common poor,
Touches our hearts and him we love,
His rugged face, sad and demure,
Tells us a story
Of tragedy and glory.
He died but left a glorious name,
The symbol of the right,
And mounted Honor's height
To live immortal in our country's fame.

He fell a martyr to the cause
Of freedom and exalting man;
He was the glory of the war,
A brave and true American.
Prophetic sight,
And judgment bright
Of all made him the master soul.
A patriot grand,

The calmest in the land,
He led the way and reach'd the goal.

O, rulers of this mighty land!
O, selfish leaders, great and small!
Let Lincoln teach you how to rule;
He is the model for us all.
Our faith in him
Shall ne'er grow dim;
Within our hearts he is enshrined.
He lived and died
The nation's pride;
In both he lifted up mankind.

THE MASTER NATION

God dream'd the dream, before His vision pass'd
The world and suns and stars and space, all things;
The Universe, child of His thought, took shape.
He mov'd upon earth's western, watery waste,
And spoke the mystic word: out of the Gulf
Arose the mountain, vale and plain, a world
Magnificent, in land exceeding rich,
In Nature's wealth immense—a continent
Whereon a great race might be born and bred,
Whereon might rise a nation fit to rule.

Thereon a race is born; the nation lives,
Which was creat'd without a doubt for some
High purpose by the skilful hand of Him,
The Lord and Master of eternity.
America, the last best work of God,
Should rise in splendor like the morning sun,
And mould all nations, every race and tribe,
To truth, to liberty and to the scheme
That all men equal are before the law.
O land, keep faith with Him, but ever watch

The trend of coming things, the warning sign
And prophecy, which augurs peace or war.
The time not yet is ripe for peace; too much
Old error sways the rulers, lords and kings;
Too little they regard what's just and right.
Before sweet peace can be assur'd some race,
Some nation, why not thee, shall hold in awe
The armed host, the world's usurping force?

Perhaps thou shalt change man's long destiny,
And strike the fetters from a servile world,
Although thou hast to meet in war on land
And sea, the rival nations, old and young,
Who watch thy growth with envious eye and hate,
And vanquish them upon the world's great fields
Of battle and in naval fights upon
The oceans and in winged ships that rush
Through clouds. Perchance the clash of arms and roar
Of cannons may resound throughout the world;
Thy starry flag, man's, hope, should onward go;
And Freedom's song, and Freedom's music should
Triumphant swell above the battle's storm
Proclaiming justice, truth and liberty.

The throne shall not much longer rule the world;
The reign of monarch, prince and king shall end;
Old empires shall decay and fall; and on
Their tombs republics will rise. Ere that time
And then, wilt thou insure, if strength permits,
Eternal peace and bliss to every realm?
O wilt thou onward bear His cross of love?
O wilt thou prove thyself the master land?

THE RIVER OF MUSIC

The burst of dawn, the golden skies,
The vernal season and all it yields,
The trees and flowers, vines and cultur'd fields,
The murmuring river and the singing birds,

The echoing music without sweet words
Suggest some vale of Paradise,
Where grief might find surcease
In beauty, love and peace;
Where life might feel the touch and thrill
Of God's magnetic mind and will.

The morning dawn bids night adieu,
Upon the grass sit gems of dew,
Upon the river I calmly float
Like some new leaf in placid moat.
My white canoe glides down the stream,
And I indulge the poet's dream.

All beauty has a giver,
And God gave man this murmuring river.
I have a notion
That it sings every emotion
Which is known to the soul
As its clear waters roll,
And fret and dance to the ocean.
O, musical river, fit theme of my lay,
Enchant'd I listen to all the deep wrongs,
And blessings voiced in thy mystic songs,
Perchance by spirits of a former day,
Departed souls of ancient tribes that dwelt
By thee and chant'd the wordless songs they felt.

Beside this river the greenest meadows are
And on its lovely shore
Blossom the fairest of flowers,
Among the glossy vines that quiver;
Most brilliant color'd flowers
Bloom near these foaming waters that shiver;
Most gorgeous of all flowers
Grow on the banks of this singing river.
Surpassing beauty which I saw afar
The like, perhaps, I'll see no more.

Bright river that runs through the evergreen vale,
Thy banks are jewel'd with the blossoming trees,
The sweet magnolias in flowers pure and pale,
And droning 'mong them are the honey bees,
And one may hear the whiz of the flying quail.
The green wood rings with true, sweet notes
Which burst in beauty from the wild birds 'throats.

All tell of splendor of departed worth,
All speak of glory of a newer birth.
This crystal river shall sing on forevermore
To those who listen from canoe or shore,
And it shall tell in the most tuneful breath
The joys of life and the pathos of death.

LIBERTY BELL

Let no man dare to scoff
At that old cracked bell;
Let every freeman doff,
His hat to that old shell.
Its music once did spell
A nation's happy birth;
That old bell rang the knell
Of tyranny on earth.

Men responded to its toll,
Sincere in every thought;
'Twas the paeon of the soul
That liberty bell wrought.
Now tuneless is its throat,
And silent is its voice;
No sweet note now can float
From it to make us rejoice.

Like those who lived that day,
'Tis numbered with the dead;

Its shell is here to stay
Although its soul has fled.
Old relic it is still
Sacred in our sight;
And it will ever thrill
The patriot with delight.
How proud we are of thee,
Bell of a former time,
Sweet symbol of the free,
Heroic thing sublime.
To the grand, old bell, now
Worn and silent in its frame,
Our love we vow, and bow
In reverence to its fame.

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY

No mother loves her child, nor wife her mate,
More than I love America; I try
To learn the truth, have tried these years that I
May live the life which makes a nation great.
The ideal is not yet my life; I wait
For strength and hope the character to gain;
Though I may fail I have not lived in vain;
The purpose shall forever shape my fate;
I'll serve my country, be her loyal friend,
In war and peace, and I shall never shirk
My duty. When I've reached life's fitful end
And weary grown with care and quit my work
I want to feel that I have done my best,
That I shall pass the patriot's rigid test.

YOU AND I

It matters not when you or I may die;
At most our toiling, struggling life is brief,
A little happiness mixed with tears and grief,

And then the hand of death shall choke our cry,
And blind our eyes to land and sea and sky,
And still our dauntless heart which beats for love,
And dark our brain like ebon clouds above;
Death's mighty angel will not pass us by.
'Tis better to die a noble youth like Hale,
Or like heroic Warren in our prime,
And slumber in a battle-scarred vale
Than reach life's highest peak of hoary time
With little done for country, self or peers;
God measures us by deeds and not by years.

IN SOLITUDE

I wandered in a virgin wood, one day,
Alone; the haunt of man I fain forsook;
I traveled onward reading Nature's book,
Far from a beaten path or blazed way;
And here and there the flowers wild and gay
Were dancing in the zephyr, keeping time
To the music of the birds; the sun sublime
Spread glory on the flowers at play.
There in the forest I read His command,
In Nature, to obey the law of right,
To live the thought like blossoms of the vale;
And then I felt my inner life expand
Perchance like Paul's when he beheld the light,
Long years ago, from the lonely Syrian trail.

THE NEW ERA'S CHIEF

The morals of the ages are in his soul;
The strength of hardy farmers and pioneers
Is in his body, sinew, bone and blood;
The light which comes through generations who did
Clear, vigorous thinking, illuminates his brain;