

Unguarded gates and other poems / by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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UNIV OF
CALIFORNIA

UNGUARDED GATES

AND OTHER POEMS

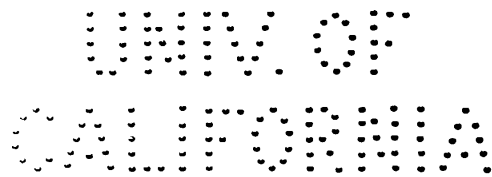
BY

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
"



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1895

UNGUARDED GATES



UNGUARDED GATES

WIDE open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and
West ;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's
pine —
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,
Airs of all climes, for lo ! throughout the year
The red rose blossoms somewhere — a rich land,

TO THE
AIRBORNE

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UNGUARDED GATES

A later Eden planted in the wilds,
With not an inch of earth within its bound
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free.
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
And through them presses a wild motley throng —
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn ;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,

Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
 In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
 Accents of menace alien to our air,
 Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew !
 O Liberty, white Goddess ! is it well
 To leave the gates unguarded ? On thy breast
 Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
 Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
 Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
 To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care
 Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
 And trampled in the dust. For so of old
 The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,
 And where the temples of the Cæsars stood
 The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.