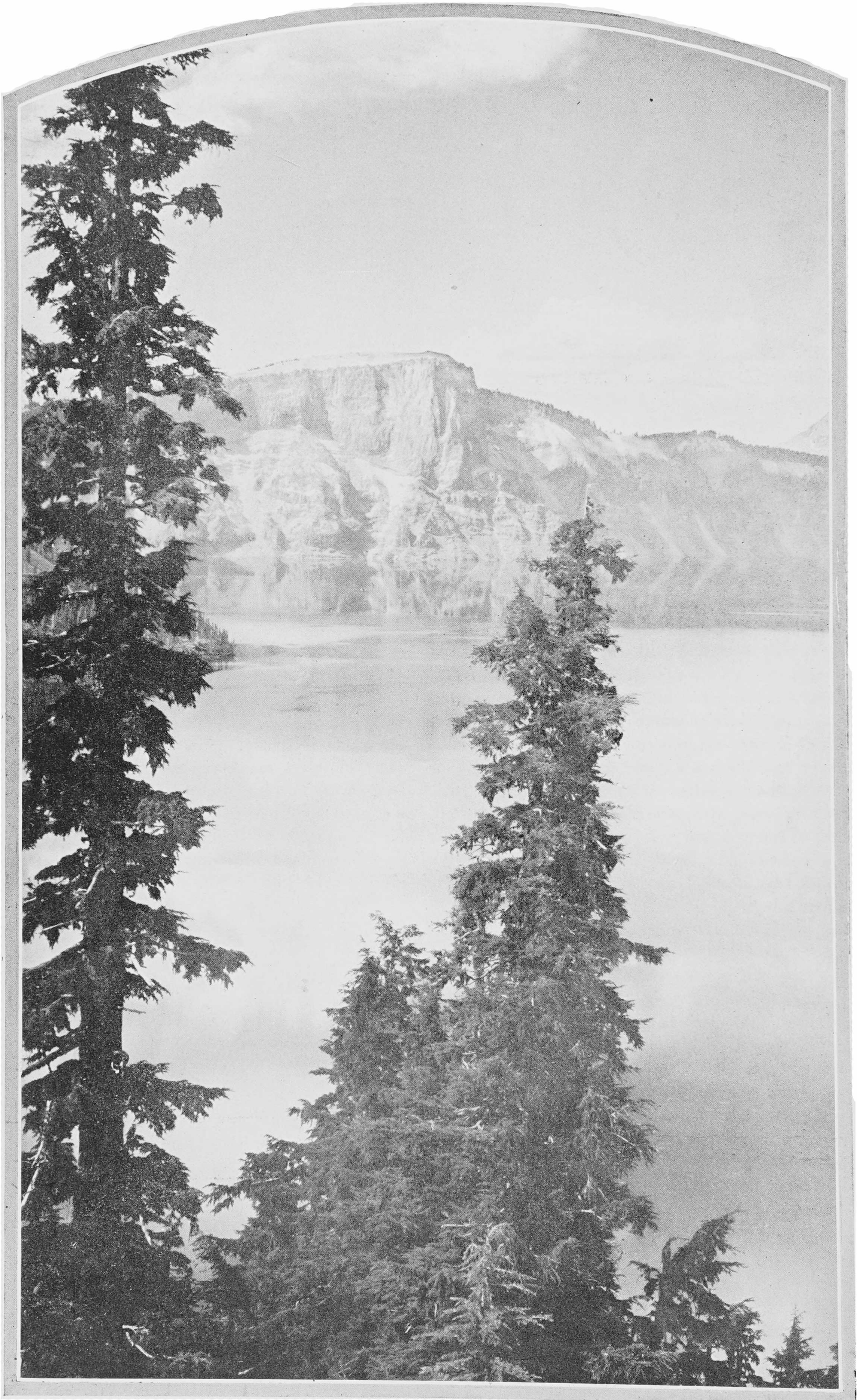




Crater Lake

By Edwin T. Reed

*They tell me that the wildest thirst,
The most consuming fire,
With which the human heart is curst
Is unfulfilled desire;
'Tis true, I dare confess, for I
Have feared my heart would break
If ever I should come to die
And not see Crater Lake.*

*My son reminds me I am old
And bids me be at ease,
For I have seen the rush for gold,
Like storms upon the seas;
I've seen the mountain's snowy crest
Slow falling, flake by flake,
But still, ah still, I cannot rest:
I've not seen Crater Lake.*

*My man, on foot to Klamath Falls,
Tells how—it must be true—
He trembled on those craggy walls
Above that pit of blue,
And held my son—the one who died
In France, for freedom's sake;
At peace, they said, and satisfied:
He had seen Crater Lake!*

*A road, 'tis said, sublimely steep,
Winds round its rim of snow,
Wherefrom you see the white waves creep
O'er blue depths far below.
Had I one last, lone wish—no more—
Ever to breathe or take,
O let me see thy lonely shore,
Astounding Crater Lake!*

*Assembled peaks, they say, lift up
This chalice to the skies,
A consecrate and mystic cup
For lips of paradise—
O Thou who hung upon the cross
For my unworthy sake,
Forgive, my simple-hearted loss:
I would see Crater Lake!*

* * *

*So spake an aged dame beside
The dune lands of the sea;
"Why pine for Crater Lake," I cried,
"Next summer come with me."—
God's mercy save us here below!—
She wept for pity's sake,
But died before the fall of snow
And ne'er saw Crater Lake.*