THE OLD HARBOR
By FRANCES R. ANGUS

The tidal river still flows far inland
Edging with silver stream the green-tongued point
Where elms are spaced with dignity, and pines,
That press together up the gentle hills,
Sing of the sea. Behind tall trees colonial
Houses gleam; verandas, porticoes
And gardens breathing space and leisure. The church
Still crowns the village height, the spire by Wren
Still changes with the skies, white-grey, mauve-slate.

And once this picture glowed with life, and people
Lived within these spacious houses, content
With simple joys, and duties they thought sacred.
The church bells rang for all the country-side,
The river teemed with eager craft. But now
The wharves are mossed with green or fallen, the bells
Ring sadly in a vacant world; the idle
Houses mourn their usefulness, the owners
Following new ways by sea and air,
Now seek diversion, thrill, significance
Throughout a world of speed, confusion, doubt.