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# Maine, The Union's Aurora: A Maine Centennial Poem, 1820-1920

Beulah Sylvester Oxton

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### Recommended Citation

Oxton, Beulah Sylvester, "Maine, The Union's Aurora: A Maine Centennial Poem, 1820-1920" (1920). *Maine Bicentennial*. 13.  
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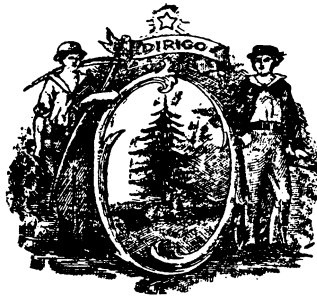
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# Maine, The Union's Aurora

A Maine Centennial Poem



1820 -- 1920

BEULAH SYLVESTER OXTON



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# Maine, The Union's Aurora.

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## PART I

Opal mists are rising, the breath of the sleeping sea,  
The morning star now melts now glows in tremulous mystery.  
The dawn light pale and tender turns saffron, coral and rose,  
Glams thru the purple shadows and the darkness overflows.  
Then, gloriously, superbly, the great gold disk of the sun  
Wheels o'er the verge of the dimpling waves and a new day  
has begun!

Far to the north a majestic peak salutes the new-born day,  
Signals a joyous welcome to the sun's first shining ray—  
'Tis Katahdin lifting its forehead into the rosy sky,  
The nation's silent watchtower, whence the banners of morn-  
ing fly.  
Then up from her thousand valleys where still the night wind  
dreams,  
From her dew-bespangled meadows, her silver lakes and  
streams,  
From forests cool and fragrant, from sparkling creek and bay  
Maine, the Union's Aurora, herald's the birth of day.

## REVEILE

Awake, awake, O, Sisters!  
Wake quickly every one,  
Dreaming time is over-past,  
The drama of night is done.

(4)

The cries of babes,  
The idiot's scream,  
    The maniac's awful moans,  
The voices of children pleading for bread,  
    The drunkard's oaths and groans.

A night of shame and cruel wrong,  
    Of selfishness and greed;  
Of discord, squalor and misery,  
    Of liquor's foulest deed.

A night so black  
    That only God by infinite wisdom knew  
If light could vanquish its darkness,  
    Or ever a star shine thru;  
That beyond the verge  
Of its dreadful pall  
    Lay the yet unrisen morn  
Of a day that should bring the glory  
    Of Prohibition's dawn.

But when the dropping of the sand  
    In Time's great hour-glass was spent,  
There rose a radiant planet,  
    The sable clouds were rent;  
And with the voices of the night  
    A mighty shout of joy was blent—  
A light! A light! A light!

“ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “ “

Day, God's day!  
    The brightest day in History's myriad  
    years,  
Made brighter still by a golden hope

(5)

That like a mountain rears  
Its towering peak  
Into the blue  
    Above the low-hung clouds,  
And glows with the splendor of sunrise  
    While shadow the plain enshrouds.

Out of the darkness of sorrow and tears  
    Into the beauty of Love's glad years!  
Out of the midnight of failure and crime  
    Into the glory of service sublime!

Down on the dreaming valleys  
    And pine-crowned heights of Maine,  
That lovely luminous planet  
    The fire of Heaven rained  
And the mists of night up-rolling  
    Rose from her granite hills,  
Opal and pearl and sapphire,  
    And the voice of the laughing rills  
Mingled with music of thrushes  
    In the woodlands damp and dim  
And song of the ocean breakers,—  
    As a sweetly chanted hymn.

But clearer, brighter, fairer,  
    The light of Heaven stole  
Into the heart of her people,  
    Into their longing soul;  
And kindled a holy fire  
    That never more shall fail  
Till the sun is cold in heaven  
    And the mighty stars are pale.

(6)

For the spirit of saints and martyrs  
Is the source of its living coals,  
The breath that quickens that fire  
Is the prayer of her hero-souls.

With her face to that beauteous morning  
Her calm eyes steady and bright,  
Her heart aflame and undaunted  
By terrors of bygone night;  
With courage as strong as her mountains,  
With patience as deep as her sea,  
With soul overflowed with pity  
For suffering humanity,  
She lifted her love-keyed bugle  
And with lips touched by angel power  
Sounded a world-heard clarion,  
Heralded the ~~New-Dawn~~ hour.

### REVEILE

Awake O, woe-weary Sisters!  
Passion's black night is passed!  
The sorrow and tears  
Of the yester years  
And Love's vigil is over at last!

The sound of men's sobs in the darkness,  
The drunkard's terrible cries,  
The broken life  
Of a drunkard's wife,  
The profaning of sacred ties!

(7)

No longer the snare of the fowler  
Is set for the children's feet!  
Nor loathsome nest  
Of saloons infest  
Either city or village street!

Nevermore the strength of our manhood  
Be bartered for tainted gold!  
Nevermore Youth's joy  
Shall Liquor destroy,  
Nor its honor by Greed be sold!

Arise O, Sisters beloved!  
Thy garments of righteousness don!  
Come forth to the light,  
For the victory unite  
And hail Prohibition's white morn!

.. .. .

As one who standing on some mountain top  
That shoulders high above its fellow peaks,  
Sees the white billows of the rolling mist  
Lift and dissolve, while o'er the ranges' cheeks  
The blush of dawn glows warm and beautiful;  
Peak after peak looms thru the mellow mist  
And burns with sunrise incense. The ravines  
And valleys showing blue and amethyst  
Give up their shadows and with light o'erflow.  
On every side the new horizons grow  
'Till all the clouds are gone. Then broad and fair,  
A perfect arc encircles earth and air.



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Oxton, Beulah Sylvester  
Maine..

(8)

So Maine has stood and watched the growing day  
Of Prohibition light state after state.  
The clouds of ignorance and mists of sin  
Have risen and dissolved. Inviolable  
Truth like heaven's sun shines bright and clear,  
Before its light old errors disappear.  
Maine saw her sister states like peaks emerge  
From out the folds of License's mantling cloud  
And gleam and glow with Prohibition's ray  
Echoing back her bugle's challenge loud.

Intrenched in valleys where they had held sway  
The Powers of Darkness long withstood the day;  
But Science, Education, Woman's vote  
Religion, Medicine, Philanthropy,  
Like shafts of sunlight bent their forceful rays  
And turned the blackest depths to shining ways.  
So grander, brighter, fairer grew the view,  
Larger and broader the horizon new,  
Until the circle of its ambient mark  
Was National Prohibition's perfect arc.

As Maine has stood so Maine shall stand  
In the years that are to be;  
True to her trust as the faithful stars  
Or the tides of her wind-tossed sea:  
Keeping her watch thru the long, long nights  
Of the Nation's doubts and fears,  
Knowing the morn will break at last  
She scans the sky and peers  
Ever with eyes to the quickening East;  
And with ear alert and keen  
She hears the prow of the coming day  
Wreathed with rainbowed mist and spray  
Breaking the waves of the surging sea,  
While the earth rolls on its celestial way  
Bringing new dawns to Humanity.

