

# DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

## Chapter 1 : Arabella Eugenia Smith Poems

*Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them [Burton Egbert Stevenson] on [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com) \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. This work has been selected by scholars as being culturally important, and is part of the knowledge base of civilization as we know it.*

Posted on December 24, by BoothieBarn There is none on the ground in Maryland and only patches of it in the grass here in Illinois, but, to so many, snow is the harbinger of Christmas. For this reason, instead of sharing another of my tacky Boothie carols, I am posting here a Civil War era poem. Beautiful Snow O the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below! Over the house-tops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet, Dancing, Flirting, Skimming along. O the snow, the beautiful snow! How the flakes gather and laugh as they go! Whirling about in its maddening fun, It plays in its glee with every one. Chasing, Laughing, Hurrying by, It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye; And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound, Snap at the crystals that eddy around. The town is alive, and its heart in a glow, To welcome the coming of beautiful snow. How the wild crowd go swaying along, Hailing each other with humor and song! How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye! Ringing, Swinging, Dashing they go. Over the crest of the beautiful snow: Snow so pure when it falls from the sky, To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by; To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street. Once I was pure as the snows, but I fell: Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven to hell: Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street: Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat. Pleading, Cursing, Dreading to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread, Hating the living and fearing the dead. And yet I was once like this beautiful snow! Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow; Once I was loved for my innocent grace, Flattered and sought for the charm of my face. Father, Mother, Sisters all, God, and myself, I have lost by my fall. How strange it should be that this beautiful snow Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go! How strange it would be, when the night comes again, If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain! The poem contrasts the purity of new fallen snow with a fallen woman who has lost hers. The Scarlet Woman was a phenomenon to which polite society at that time not only shut its eyes, but of which it pretended to be unaware. If she was pictured at all, it was as despairing and hopeless, ceaselessly bemoaning her fall from virtue, drinking the dregs of misery and want, with remorse ever gnawing at her heart, and finally dying of starvation amid wretched surroundings. The idea that a woman who had taken the wrong turning could ever come back was anathema. In fact, society was banded together to prevent her coming back. To contend that such a woman had any claim to consideration, that she might be a good sort at bottom, and that she might eventually make a success of her life and be happy and contented in her last days was to incur grave suspicion. French fiction was held to be vicious and degraded because it occasionally developed such a theme. The fact that she died of consumption was the one thing that palliated the sins of Camille. Nobody knew exactly what to make of Trilby, though her death, too, was to her credit; but everybody agreed that for Little Billee to have married her would have been a crime against good morals. For sin must be punished. Sensationally romantic stories of the poem being found on the body of a dead woman on the street abounded. Many individuals would perform public recitations of this poem to adoring audiences. While visiting the city of Washington in the spring months of , a young lady named Miss Porterfield heard the poem expertly recited by a young man: With a fine head, a figure handsomely proportioned from the waist upward, and graceful and easy manners, he soon fascinated me and my girl friend. On several occasions I heard him recite in the parlor, and his recitations never failed to attract and impress those who happened to hear him. Although we were mere misses, he treated us with the utmost deference and respect, and we finally became so well acquainted with him that he gave each of us his photograph, signed by himself. Even during this period of his life when he was away from the stage, Booth still played a part. He enjoyed the close knit performance of giving impromptu readings at his

**DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.**

hotel, The National. Nevertheless, I felt it was an appropriate one to share on this day. And may all your Christmases be white.

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

### Chapter 2 : Project MUSE - Critics and Criticism in the Poetry of Anne Finch

*Famous single poems and the controversies which have raged around them Item Preview remove-circle Share or Embed This Item.*

To hail thy natal day, fair maid, Once more I wake the lyre; Once more invoke each favoring muse My accents to inspire. But frown not if my humble strain No soothing homage pay To all the charms that grace thy mind, Or round thy features play. Nor shall the Muse thy foibles mark With keen relentless eye, That seem like clouds of lightest wing That speck the vernal sky. May every cloud of darker hue, Ere evening shades advance, Dissolve away, or just be seen To skirt the blue expanse. And may soft tints of rosy light, With gold of purest ray, Their mild effulgence widely throw Around thy closing day. From which it is evident that Mr. Holley was one of those rare personages who know a masterpiece when they see it! He was not mistaken in thinking the poem would have a wide appeal. It standardized Santa Claus. It visualized the appearance of the old saint so clearly that no artist since has dared to depart from the specifications there set down. Clarence Cook well called it "a true piece of Dutch painting in verse. Nicholas is painted for all time as a jolly, fun-loving, rotund old elf, whose ruddy skin and bright eyes belie his snow-white beard, who dimples with merriment and makes one laugh just to look at him. The initials of these if you place with precision Will show you a damsel whose smile is Elysian. Her breath aromatic surpasses the gales When fraught with the sweets of ten thousand sweet vales. Clad in furs, his sack of toys slung across his back, he skims over the housetops in his little sleigh, whistling and shouting to his reindeer. That sleigh drawn by reindeer was pure inspiration! For two or three years following, the Sentinel used the poem in its Christmas number, and then issued it as a broadside to be distributed by its carriers on their Christmas round. In this form, it was embellished by a clever woodcut engraved by Myron King, of Troy, showing the old saint flying in his sleigh above the housetops on his merry errand. During all this time, there had been no disclosure of its authorship, but on January 1, , the New York Courier published the poem with an inquiry as to who wrote it, and on January 20, Mr. Holley, who was still editor of the Sentinel, gave the following hint: A few days since, the editors of the New York Courier at the request of a lady, inserted some lines descriptive of one of the visits of that good old Dutch Saint, St. Nicholas, and at the same time applied to our Albany neighbors for information as to the author. That information, we apprehend, the Albany editors cannot give. The lines were first published in this paper. They came to us from a manuscript in possession of a lady of this city. We have been given to understand that the author of them belongs, by birth and residence, to the city of New York, and that he is a gentleman of more merit as a scholar and a writer than many more of more noisy pretensions. No doubt, during the years which had intervened since the first appearance of the poem, Mr. Holley had been investigating the question of its authorship for himself; he had discovered the person who had originally sent the poem to him, had learned from her who the author was, and by this play upon words was endeavoring to indicate a name which he did not feel wholly at liberty to reveal. The poem continued to be widely quoted during the next few years, always unsigned, but in a collection of verse called The New York Book of Poetry was published by George Dearborn. Nicholas" was one of the poems included, and the name of Clement C. Moore appears beneath its title as its author. Griswold in his Poets and Poetry of America, published in , is said to have so credited it though the poem has been replaced by another one by Dr. Indeed such a question would have seemed preposterous. Accompanying the verses in Duyckinck is a very complimentary note about Dr. Moore, from which the following is taken: Professor Moore has lightened his learned labors in the seminary by the composition of numerous poems from time to time, chiefly expressions of home thoughts and affections, with a turn for humor as well as sentiment, the reflections of a genial, amiable nature. They were collected by the author in a volume in , which he dedicated to his children. Though occasional compositions, they are polished in style, the author declaring in his preface that he does not pay his readers "so ill a compliment as to offer the contents of this volume to their view as the mere amusements of my idle hours; effusions thrown off without

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

care or meditation, as though the refuse of my thoughts were good enough for them. On the contrary, some of the pieces have cost me much time and thought; and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could. Others are very agreeable vers de societe commonly associated with some amusing theme. One, a sketch of an old Dutch legend greatly cherished in all genuine New York families, has become a general favorite wherever it is known. It is "A Visit from St. Nicholas." He was the only child of the Right Reverend Benjamin Moore, president of Columbia College and Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, one of the most prominent men of his time, who had, among other things, assisted at the inauguration of George Washington as first president of the United States and administered the last communion to Alexander Hamilton as he lay dying after his duel with Aaron Burr. His wife had inherited from her father a tract of land extending from the present Nineteenth street to Twenty-fourth street, and from what is now Eighth avenue to the Hudson River. Here the family mansion, known as "Chelsea Farm," stood on a knoll, looking down upon the Hudson, and here on July 15, 1795, Clement Clarke Moore was born. He graduated from Columbia in 1815 and prepared for the ministry, but never took orders. The first fruit of his studies was a Hebrew and English lexicon, in two volumes, published in 1818. It was a decidedly important work for those days, the first of its kind published in America. Though long since superseded, it was undoubtedly, as its compiler hoped it would be, "of some service to his young countrymen in breaking down the impediments which present themselves at the entrance of the study of Hebrew. In 1820, he accepted the appointment of "Professor of Biblical Learning" in the seminary, a designation which was afterwards altered to that of "Oriental and Greek Literature. He was buried in the Trinity Church cemetery at One hundred and fifty-third street and Amsterdam avenue, and around his grave on every Christmas eve the children from the Chapel of the Intercession near by gather to sing hymns and to recite the poem which has made St. Nicholas a real person for so many generations of young folks. It is important because it is self-revealing, and is in part as follows: In compliance with your wishes, I here present you with a volume of verses, written by me at different periods of my life. I have not made a selection from among my verses of such as are of any particular cast; but have given you the melancholy and the lively; the serious, the sportive, and even the trifling; such as relate solely to our own domestic circle, and those of which the subjects take a wider range. If, on the other hand, nothing but what is serious or sad had been presented to your view, an equally imperfect character of his mind would have been exhibited. For you are all aware that he is far from following the school of Chesterfield with regard to harmless mirth and merriment; and that, in spite of all the cares and sorrows of this life, he thinks we are so constituted that a good honest hearty laugh, which conceals no malice, and is excited by nothing corrupt, however ungentle it may be, is healthful to both body and mind. Another reason why the mere trifles in this volume have not been withheld is that such things have been often found by me to afford greater pleasure than what was by myself esteemed of more worth. Which would indicate that Dr. Moore was very far from being the dry, humorless pedant he is sometimes pictured. And you, my child, while yet your life is strong, While in the calm of peace your thoughts repose, Prepare for ills that to our state belong, And arm you to contend with numerous foes. For many ills unseen beset us round, And many foes within ourselves we raise. What sudden checks in smoothest paths are found! How few and fleeting are our golden days! And let this fleeting vision teach A truth you soon must know -- That all the joys we here can reach Are transient as the snow. Good children I always give good things in plenty; How sad to have left your stocking quite empty: He seems never to have suspected that his authorship of any of these poems would be questioned, and so made no effort to authenticate it. Don Foster considers this "the coast is clear" letter. The only record of any direct statement by him as to the circumstances of the composition of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" is contained in a letter written in 1822, the year before his death. Moore has been so kind as to comply with my request made at your suggestion to furnish for the Archives of our Society an autograph copy of his justly celebrated "Visit from St. Nicholas." I hardly need call your attention to the distinctness and beauty of his handwriting - very remarkable considering his advanced age he completed his 82d year in July last, 1878, and his much impaired eyesight. These lines were composed for his two daughters as a Christmas present, about forty years ago. They were copied by a relative of Dr. Harriet Butler who was a relative of the Moores as well as a

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

relative of the Livingstons. In an interview which I had yesterday with Dr. Moore, he told me that a portly, rubicund Dutchman, living in the neighborhood of his country seat, Chelsea, suggested to him the idea of making St. Nicholas the hero of this Christmas piece for his children. This is the nearest approach, so far as known, to a statement as to the authorship of the poem made directly by Dr. Moore, March 13th. Originally written many years ago. Moore had three daughters, Margaret, born in , Charity, born in , and Mary, born in , and that consequently if it was written for two daughters, it must have been written before September, But this is mere trifling. It was not until that any story appeared in print which explained fully how the poem came to be published in the Troy Sentinel. In that year, Mr. Nicholas , by Clement C. Facsimile of the original manuscript, with life of the author. The poem was written by Dr. Moore in as a Christmas present for his children, and with no thought that it would ever be published. Up to the end of his life, indeed, he seems to have regarded it as merely a nursery jingle without any serious merit. Among the many friends of Dr. David Butler, then rector of St. Moore read the verses. When the following Christmas season rolled around, she bethought her of the verses which she had found so delightful, and could not resist the inclination to make them public. Accordingly she made a copy of them and sent it to Mr. Holley, the editor of the Troy Sentinel, without other communication of any sort or any indication of the authorship, and Mr. Holley used the poem, as has been stated, in his issue of December 23, Daniel Sackett, not Harriet Butler.

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

### Chapter 3 : "Famous Single Poems" by Burton E. Stevenson,

*Get this from a library! Famous single poems: and the controversies which have raged around them. [Burton Egbert Stevenson].*

Famous single poems and the controversies which have raged around them. Books for Libraries Press, []. Sing, and the hills will answer; Sigh, it is lost on the air, The echoes bound to a joyful sound, But shrink from voicing care. Rejoice, and men will seek you; Grieve, and they turn and go. They want full measure of all your pleasure, But they do not need your woe. Feast, and your halls are crowded; Fast, and the world goes by. Succeed and give, and it helps you live, But no man can help you die. There is room in the halls of pleasure For a large and lordly train, But one by one we must all file on Through the narrow aisles of pain. Ella Wheeler Wilcox SOLITUDE In May, , there was published at Chicago a thin little volume containing about fifty poems of a very second-rate quality which, in the ordinary course of events, would have quickly dropped from sight and been forgotten. But some adroit advertising, combined with an astounding absence of humor on the part of certain editors and reviewers, changed all that, and this little book not only made a great splash in the literary mill-pond, but convinced many Americans for all time that its author was an abandoned creature, a slave to passions quite oriental in their character, and the heroine of various torrid love adventures. Southworth--with a later smattering of Gautier, Shakespeare, Swinburne and Byron. All this is evident enough in the book itself, for the verses it contained were exactly the sort of sentimental rot that a Mary J. Holmes heroine would write; but most readers jumped to the conclusion that Miss Wheeler must herself have undergone the emotional experiences which she described, and her image as a Woman with a Past was then and there fixed permanently in the public mind. The volume had started off with the immense advantage of a lot of advertising such as is now supplied by the Vice Society to certain fortunate books. He sent review copies, no doubt with cleverly worded blurbs, to various guardians of public morals, and then sat back and waited with results. They were not long in coming. Her friends turned away from her in disapproval, and many of them expressed the opinion that she should have waited until she was dead, or at least married, before permitting the poems to appear, since they dealt with matters with which no decent girl could possibly be familiar. Dana devoted two sizzling columns to a sweeping condemnation of the book which, he announced, threatened to undermine all morality and should be suppressed. The most embarrassing feature of the situation was that she had just become engaged to be married to a man who, as it turned out, was to be her lifelong lover and husband; but she dared not announce the engagement for fear of the storm of Rabelaisian laughter which would sweep the press--what, the author of Poems of Passion posing as a shy maiden approaching her first experience of love? And the man--what sort of fool was he? Wilcox in her autobiography, "with the wisdom of years and knowledge of the world to start with, I surely would not publish Poems of Passion. It seems strange now, looking through the book, to remember what forbidden fruit it was thirty years ago, how it was excluded from the shelves of public libraries, and read surreptitiously by young Lydia Languishes, who thrust it hastily under a cushion when any one entered; how daring it was considered to mention it at all, and what a zest it gave to any entertainment if somebody recited something from it. The sensation was precisely the same as it is to-day when the cocktails are passed around. How times do change! Here are four stanzas--the worst ones: But thou canst not forget me, Although no more I haunt thy dreams at night, Thy hungering heart for ever must regret me, And starve for those lost moments of delight. Naught shall avail thy priestly rites and duties-- Nor fears of Hell, nor hopes of Heaven beyond: I knew all arts of love: Satiety itself I set on fire. Wert thou not blest? No one to-day would consider this especially shocking; but it shows that, whatever the deficiencies educational and otherwise of this rustic Wisconsin girl, lack of imagination of a certain sort was not one of them. Not all the poems in the book were concerned with the tender passion. That special source of inspiration failed at page ninety-five, and the concluding sixty pages are devoted to "Miscellaneous Poems. Wilcox has herself told in detail the circumstances of its composition. She had in her bag a pretty white dress,

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

made especially for the occasion, and she was very happy; but as she took her seat in the coach, she saw a young woman clad in black and shaking with sobs, sitting across the aisle. Wilcox characteristically puts it, "the bride of a year, the widow of a week, a lovely girl I had last seen radiant with happiness. She left the train at Madison feeling very blue, and certain that all the pleasure had been taken out of her visit. But she soon forgot the incident in the excitement of getting ready for the ball, she had underestimated the resilience of her own young spirits, and it was not until she was standing in her room before her mirror putting the last touches to the white toilet of which she was so proud, that a vision of that young widow clad all in black flashed before her. With something like remorse, she compared her own radiant figure with that other one bowed under its sorrow, and the first four lines of the poem which was to be called "Solitude" sprang into her mind: Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep, and you weep alone, For sad old earth must borrow its mirth, But has trouble enough of its own. She knew at once that they were the nucleus of a longer poem, tucked them away in a pigeon-hole of her brain and went on to the ball, where she thoroughly enjoyed herself. But the next morning the quatrain recurred to her at the breakfast-table, and she recited it to her host and hostess, telling them at the same time the story of the young widow. Both of her hearers were enthusiastic, and the host remarked that if she could keep the remainder of the poem up to the epigrammatic standard of these first four lines she would produce something really worth while. Two nights later, on coming home from a theater-party, she told her friends that she was going to sit up and finish the poem, and did so in a very short time after getting to her room. When, next morning, she took the poem down to breakfast with her and read it aloud, she warned her hearers that she felt she had not kept up to the standard of the first lines, but, she adds, "I can still see the look on the very handsome face of the Judge as he listened with increasing interest, and I can still hear his deep voice lifted in quick spontaneous praise, in which his fair young wife joined. The Sun published it February 21, , and it was then added to the "Miscellaneous Poems" needed to fill out Poems of Passion. Almost at the same time with Poems of Passion, a man by the name of John A. Joyce had published a volume of reminiscences entitled A Checkered Life, written, so Mrs. Wilcox afterwards asserted, while Joyce was serving a term in prison for complicity in certain whiskey frauds. The records of this asylum show No. Joyce, 18 years of age; occupation, farmer; habit, temperate; original disposition and intellect good; cause, heredity; form of mania, perpetual motion. Admitted June 20, ; discharged September Medical Superintendent This memorandum was supposed to prove that Joyce had entirely recovered from the mental trouble which had clouded his youth. At the back of the book were twenty-three extremely mediocre poems, supposedly all that he had ever written. In another edition of the book was published with some additions and revisions, and one of the additions was the poem, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You. In January, , when he was twenty-one years old and adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Kentucky regiment, at that time camped at the "Oaklands," near Louisville, Ky. Prentice, the editor of the Louisville Journal, whose poem, "The Closing Year," Joyce says he considered the finest in American literature. Joyce had had some correspondence with Prentice, who had published a few of his poems, so he proceeded to the Journal office, introduced himself and indulged in some cheap wit which he faithfully records. I then turned around to a side table, pulled my memories together, thought of Horace, the Falernian wine poet, and one of his odes, where he speaks of people joining you when you laugh, but declining to cling to you when you weep. Then, too, the suggestions of Prentice and the surrounding scene anchored in my mind and inspired my lines. He here quotes Mrs. He read them to the revelers and then exclaimed: Mankind can make the most of it. More than a dozen other of my verses have gone the rounds of the press under the colors of some plagiarist. There might then have been some confirmation of it. As it is, there is none; nor does memory recall any ode of Horace, "the Falernian wine poet," to whom Joyce refers in such off-hand fashion, dealing with the subject of Mrs. In he published another book which purported to be a biography of Edgar Allan Poe, but which is really a strange farrago of nonsense, and he took occasion to include "Solitude" under the title "Love and Laughter. Prentice, and is accompanied by the comment: My own poem, "Love and Laughter," written for George D. Prentice, Journalist and Poet, in Louisville, Kentucky, January, , might well be inserted here for the information and education of the rushing

## DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

world. The reader can do no better than memorize it and act upon its precepts. The idea of the poem can be found in Homer, Horace, Shakespeare, and the Bible, but not in such rhythmic, epigrammatic and synthetical form. It is a philosophic sermon and will be repeated on the lips of mankind as long as Truth is triumphant! The portrait which serves as a frontispiece to *Jewels of Memory* confirms this impression. The face is unquestionably that of a man of unstable mentality. It is not without a certain cheap attractiveness, but it is stamped with weakness and dissipation, and the angle at which the broad-brimmed hat is worn betrays the inordinate vanity of the man who wears it. Joyce proved himself seriously annoying up to the day of his death. He never allowed more than two years to pass without finding some obscure paper in which he could again set forth his claims to my poem. I finally offered to present to any charitable institution he might select, in his name, that amount of money, when Mr. Joyce produced his proof. Of course it was never forthcoming; and yet he claimed the poem had been in circulation for twenty years before I wrote it. He is only an insect, and yet his persistent buzz and sting can produce great discomfort. Wilcox had a somewhat similar experience with another poem. In December, , she was shopping in New York and was shown a very beautiful opal, the first she had ever seen, by a Mr. Marcus, a dealer in precious stones, who remarked that he wished she would write a poem about it to be used in a book on gems which he was preparing. He added that the opal had always seemed to him the child of the sunbeam and the moonbeam, but though he had mentioned this idea to several New York poets, none of them had been able to make anything of it. The Sunbeam wooed with passion; Ah, he was a lover bold! And his heart was afire with mad desire For the Moonbeam pale and cold. She fled like a dream before him, Her hair was a shining sheen, And oh, that Fate would annihilate The space that lay between! Just as the day lay panting In the arms of the twilight dim, The Sunbeam caught the one he sought And drew her close to him. She sent these verses to Mr. Marcus, saying she wished to publish them in the *Century Magazine*, after which he could use them, if he wished, in his book on gems. Marcus was so impressed with them that he sent her a check for twenty-five dollars, and asked to be permitted to publish them first. Wilcox agreed, but much to her chagrin, when the book appeared, the verses had no name attached. A few months later, she included them in her *Poems of Pleasure*, and was astonished to have her authorship sharply challenged by people who claimed to have seen them published elsewhere over other names. She had no difficulty, of course, in proving her right to them, but occasionally for many years she would see them attributed to some one else. Wilcox ever wrote, and it is one of the best; but it served to give a fresh fillip to the reputation for daring which *Poems of Passion* had started. Many of her friends thought it too frank, and one woman, the wife of a successful author, went so far as to cut her acquaintance on the ground that in "The Birth of the Opal" she had laid bare all the secrets of married life!

### Chapter 4 : Revisiting 'A Visit from St. Nicholas': Seventh Floor Exhibits: New York State Library

*Full text of "Famous single poems and the controversies which have raged around them" See other formats.*

### Chapter 5 : Catalog Record: The home book of verse, American and English, | Hathi Trust Digital Library

*Excerpt from Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them From the citation of such examples, which might be prolonged indefinitely, one is tempted to proceed to a consideration of how infrequently even the greatest poets write great poetry, or to an enumeration of the poets who wrote none at all - this last to.*

### Chapter 6 : Burton Egbert Stevenson - Wikipedia

*Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them Burton E. Stevenson, pp, First Published in A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.*

# DOWNLOAD PDF FAMOUS SINGLE POEMS AND THE CONTROVERSIES WHICH HAVE RAGED AROUND THEM.

## Chapter 7 : Ella Wheeler Wilcox

*Famous Single Poems and the Controversies which Have Raged Around Them* Burton Egbert Stevenson Snippet view - *Famous Single Poems: And the Controversies which Have Raged Around Them.*

## Chapter 8 : Catalog Record: Poems of American history | Hathi Trust Digital Library

*Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them* by Burton Egbert Stevenson starting at \$ *Famous Single Poems and the Controversies Which Have Raged Around Them* has 4 available editions to buy at Alibris.

## Chapter 9 : "Beautiful Snow" | BoothieBarn

Stevenson, Burton Egbert, *Famous single poems and the controversies which have raged around them.* Freeport, NY: Books for Libraries Press, []. p.