

# A CANADIAN CALENDAR: XII LYRICS

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the [Project Gutenberg License](https://www.gutenberg.org/license) included with this ebook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

Title: A Canadian Calendar: XII Lyrics

Author: Francis Sherman

Release Date: June 02, 2013 [eBook #39796]

Language: English

\*\*\* START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A CANADIAN CALENDAR: XII LYRICS \*\*\*

Produced by Al Haines.

# A CANADIAN CALENDAR: XII LYRICS

Francis Sherman

HABANA:MCM

To  
F. H. D.

## *XII. LYRICS: A LIST.*

- I. *IN THE NORTH.*
- II. *A ROAD SONG IN MAY.*
- III. *THE LANDSMAN.*
- IV. *THE GHOST.*
- V. *A SONG IN AUGUST.*
- VI. *TO AUTUMN.*
- VII. *THREE GREY DAYS.*
- VIII. *THE WATCH.*
- IX. *THE SEEKERS.*
- X. *FELLOWSHIP.*
- XI. *THE LODGER.*
- XII. *MARCH WIND.*

### *I. IN THE NORTH.*

Come, let us go and be glad again together  
Where of old our eyes were opened and we knew that we were free!  
Come, for it is April, and her hands have loosed the tether

That has bound for long her children.—who her children more than  
we?

Hark! hear you not how the strong waters thunder  
Down through the alders with the word they have to bring?  
Even now they win the meadow and the withered turf is under,  
And, above, the willows quiver with foreknowledge of the spring.

Yea, they come, and joy in coming: for the giant hills have sent  
them.—

The hills that guard the portal where the South has built her throne:  
Unloitering their course is,—can wayside pools content them,  
Who were born where old pine forests for the sea forever moan?

And they, behind the hills, where forever bloom the flowers,  
So they ever know the worship of the re-arisen Earth?  
Do their hands ever clasp such a happiness as ours,  
Now the waters foam about us and the grasses have their birth?

Fair is their land,—yea fair beyond all dreaming,—  
With its sun upon the roses and its long summer day;  
Yet surely they must envy us our vision of the gleaming  
Of our lady's white throat as she comes her ancient way.

For their year is never April—Oh what were Time without her!  
Yea, the drifted snows may cover us, yet shall we not complain:  
Knowing well our Lady April—all her raiment blown about her—  
Will return with many kisses for our unremembered pain!

## II. *A ROAD SONG IN MAY.*

O come! Is it not surely May?  
The year is at its poise today.  
Northward, I hear the distant beat  
Of Spring's irrevocable feet:  
Tomorrow June will have her way.

O tawny waters, flecked with sun,  
 Come: for your labours all are done.  
 The grey snow fadeth from the hills;  
 And toward the sound of waking mills  
 Swing the brown rafts in, one by one.

O bees among the willow-blooms,  
 Forget your empty waxen rooms  
 Awhile, and share our golden hours!  
 Will they not come, the later flowers,  
 With their old colours and perfumes?

O wind that bloweth from the west,  
 Is not this morning road the best?  
 —Let us go hand in hand, as free  
 And glad as little children be  
 That follow some long-dreamed-of quest!

### III. *THE LANDSMAN.*

"It well may be just as you say,  
 Will Carver, that your tales are true;  
 Yet think what I must put away,  
 Will Carver, if sail with you."

"If you should sail with me (the wind  
 Is west, the tide's at full, my men!)  
 The things that you have left behind  
 Will be as nothing to you then."

"Inland, it's June! And birds sing  
 Among the wooded hills, I know;  
 Between green fields, unhastening,  
 The Nashwaak's shadowed waters flow.

"What know you of such things as these

Who have the grey sea at your door,—  
Whose path is as the strong winds please  
Beyond this narrow strip of shore?”

”*Your* fields and woods! Now, answer me:  
Up what green path have your feet run  
So wide as mine, when the deep sea  
Lies all-uncovered to the sun?

And down the hollows of what hills  
Have you gone—half so glad of heart  
As you shall be when our sail fills  
And the great waves ride far apart?”

”O! half your life is good to live,  
Will Carver; yet, if I should go,  
What are the things that you can give  
Lest I regret the things I know!

”Lest I desire the old life’s way?  
The noises of the crowded town?  
The busy streets, where, night and day,  
The traffickers go up and down?”

”What can I give for these? Alas,  
That all unchanged your path must be!  
Strange lights shall open as we pass  
And alien wakes traverse the sea;

”Your ears shall hear (across your sleep)  
New hails, remote, disquieted,  
For not a hand-breadth of the deep  
But has to soothe some restless dead.

”These things shall be. And other things,  
I think, not quite so sad as these!  
—Know you the song the rigging sings  
When up the opal-tinted seas

”The slow south-wind comes amorously?

The sudden gleam of some far sail  
 Going the same glad way as we,  
 Hastily, lest the good wind fail?

”The dreams that come (so strange, so fair!)  
 When all your world lies well within  
 The moving magic circle where  
 The sea ends and the skies begin?” .....

.....”What port is that, so far astern,  
 Will Carver? And how many miles  
 Shall we have run ere the tide turn?  
 —And is it far to the farthest isles?”

#### IV. *THE GHOST.*

Just where the field becomes the wood  
 I thought I saw again  
 Her old remembered face—made grey  
 As it had known the rain.

The trees grow thickly there; no place  
 Has half so many trees;  
 And hunted things elude one there  
 Like ancient memories.

The path itself is hard to find,  
 And slopes up suddenly;  
 —In the old days it was a path  
 None knew so well as we.

The path slopes upward, till it leaves  
 The great trees far behind;  
 —I met her once where the slender birch  
 Grow up to meet the wind.

Where the poplars quiver endlessly  
And the falling leaves are grey,  
I saw her come, and I was glad  
That she had learned the way.

She paused a moment where the path  
Grew sunlighted and broad;  
Within her hair slept all the gold  
Of all the golden-rod.

And then the wood closed in on her.  
And my hand found her hand;  
She had no words to say, yet I  
Was quick to understand.

I dared to look in her two eyes;  
They too, I thought, were grey:  
But no sun shone, and all around  
Great, quiet shadows lay.

Yet, as I looked, I surely knew  
That they knew nought of tears,—  
But this was very long ago,  
—A year, perhaps ten years.

All this was long ago. Today,  
Her hand met not with mine;  
And where the pathway widened out  
I saw no gold hair shine.

I had a weary, fruitless search,  
—I think that her wan face  
Was but the face of one asleep  
Who dreams she knew this place.

## V. A SONG IN AUGUST.



O gold is the West and gold the river-waters  
 Washing past the sides of my yellow birch canoe,  
 Gold are the great drops that fall from my paddle,  
 The far-off hills cry a golden word of you.

I can almost see you! Where its own shadow  
 Creeps down the hill's side, gradual and slow.  
 There you stand waiting; the goldenrod and thistle  
 Glad of you beside them—the fairest thing they know.

Down the worn foot-path, the tufted pines behind you,  
 Grey sheep between,—unfrightened as you pass;  
 Swift through the sun-glow, I to my loved one  
 Come, striving hard against the long trailing grass.

Soon shall I ground on the shining gravel-reaches:  
 Through the thick alders you will break your way:  
 Then your hand in mine, and our path is on the waters,—  
 For us the long shadows and the end of day.

Whither shall we go? See, over to the westward,  
 An hour of precious gold standeth still for you and me;  
 Still gleams the grain, all yellow on the uplands;  
 West is it, or East, O Love that you would be?

West now, or East? For, underneath the moonrise,  
 Also it is fair; and where the reeds are tall,  
 And the only little noise is the sound of quiet waters,  
 Heavy, like the rain, we shall hear the duck-oats fall.

And perhaps we shall see, rising slowly from the driftwood,  
 A lone crane go over to its inland nest:  
 Or a dark line of ducks will come in across the islands  
 And sail overhead to the marshes of the west.

Now a little wind rises up for our returning;  
 Silver grows the East as the West grows grey;  
 Shadows on the waters, shaded are the meadows,  
 The firs on the hillside—naught so dark as they.

Yet we have known the light!—Was ever such an August?  
 Your hand leave mine; and the new stars gleam  
 As we separately go to our dreams of opened heaven,—  
 The golden dawn shall tell you that you did not dream.

## VI. TO AUTUMN.

How shall I greet thee, Autumn? with loud praise  
 And joyous song and wild, tumultuous laughter?  
 Or unrestrained tears?  
 Shall I behold only the scarlet haze  
 Of these thy days  
 That come to crown this best of all the years?  
 Or shall I hear, even now, those sad hours chime—  
 Those unborn hours that surely follow after  
 The shedding of thy last-relinquished leaf—  
 Till I, too, learn the strength and change of time  
 Who am made one with grief?

For now thou comest not as thou of old  
 Wast wont to come; and now mine old desire  
 Is sated not at all  
 With sunset-visions of thy splendid gold  
 Or fold on fold  
 Of the stained clouds thou hast for coronal.  
 Still all these ways and things are thine, and still  
 Before thine altar burneth the ancient fire;  
 The blackness of the pines is still the same,  
 And the same peace broodeth behind the hill  
 Where the old maples flame.

I, counting these, behold no change; and yet,  
 To-day, I deem, they know not me for lover,  
 Nor live because of me.  
 And yesterday, was it not thou I met,  
 Thy warm lips wet

And purpled with wild grapes crushed wantonly,  
 And yellow wind-swept wheat bound round thy hair,  
 Thy brawn breast half set free and half draped over  
 With long green leaves of corn? Was it not thou,  
 Thy feet unsandaled, and thy shoulders bare  
 As the gleaned fields are now?

Yea, Autumn, it was thou, and glad was I  
 To meet thee and caress thee for an hour  
 And fancy I was thine;  
 For then I had not learned all things must die  
 Under the sky,—  
 That everywhere (a flaw in the design!)  
 Decay crept in, unquickenning the mass,—  
 Creed, empire, man-at-arms, or stone, or flower.  
 In my unwisdom then, I had not read  
 The message writ across Earth's face, alas,  
 But scanned the sun instead.

For all men sow; and then it happeneth—  
 When harvest time is come, and thou are season—  
 Each goeth forth to reap.  
 "This cometh unto him" (perchance one saith)  
 "Who laboreth:  
 This is my wage: I will lie down and sleep."—  
 He maketh no oblation unto Earth.  
 Another, in his heart divine unreason,  
 Seeing his fields lie barren in the sun,  
 Crieth, "O fool! Behold the little worth  
 Of that thy toil hath won!"

And so one sleepeth, dreaming of no prayer;  
 And so one lieth sleepless, till thou comest  
 To bid his cursing cease;  
 Then, in his dreams, envieth the other's share.  
 Whilst, elsewhere,  
 Thou showest still thy perfect face of peace,  
 O Autumn, unto men of alien lands!  
 Along their paths a little while thou roamest.  
 A little while they deem thee queenliest,

And good the laying-on of thy warm hands,—  
And then, they, too, would rest.

They, too, would only rest, forgetting thee!  
But I, who am grown the wiser for thy loving,  
Never may thee deny!  
And when the last child hath forsaken me,  
And quietly  
Men go about the house wherein I lie,  
I shall lie glad, feeling across my face  
Thy damp and clinging hair, and thy hands moving  
To find my wasted hands that wait for thine  
Beneath white cloths; and, for one whisper's space,  
Autumn, thy lips on mine!

## VII. *THREE GREY DAYS.*

If she would come, now, and say, *What will you Lover?*—  
She who has the fairest gifts of all the earth to give—  
Think you I should ask some tremendous thing to prove her,  
Her life, say, and all her love, so long as she might live?  
Should I touch her hair? her hands? her garments, even?  
Nay! for such rewards the gods their own good time have set!  
Once, these were *all* mine: the least, poor one was heaven:  
Now, lest she remember, I pray that she forget.

Merely should I ask—ah! she would not refuse them  
Who still seems very kind when I meet with her in dreams—  
Only three of our old days, and—should she help to choose them  
Would the first not be in April, beside the sudden streams?.....  
Once, upon a morning, up the path that we had taken,  
We saw Spring come where the willow-buds are grey;  
Heard the high hills, as with tread of armies, shaken;  
Felt the strong sun—O, the glory of that day!

And then—what? one afternoon of quiet summer weather

O, woodlands and meadow-lands along the blue St. John,  
 My birch finds a path—though your rafts lie close together—  
 Then O! what starry miles before the grey o' the dawn!.....  
 I have met the new day, among the misty islands,  
 Come with whine of saw-mills and whirr of hidden wings,  
 Gleam of dewy cobwebs, smell of grassy highlands.—  
 Ah! the blood grows young again thinking of these things.

Then, last and best of all! Though all else were found hollow  
 Would Time not send a little space, before the Autumn's close,  
 And lead us up the road—the old road we used to follow  
 Among the sunset hills till the Hunter's Moon arise?.....  
 Then, Home through the poplar-wood! damp across our faces  
 The grey leaves that fall, the moths that flutter by:  
 Yea! this for me, now, of all old hours and places,  
 To keep when I am dead, Time, until she come to die.

### VIII. *THE WATCH.*

Are those her feet at last upon the stair?  
 Her trailing garments echoing there?  
 The falling of her hair?

About a year ago I heard her come,  
 Thus; as a child recalling some  
 Vague memories of home.

O how the firelight blinded her dear eyes!  
 I saw them open, and grow wise:  
 No questions, no replies.

And now, tonight, comes the same sound of rain.  
 The wet boughs reach against the pane  
 In the same way, again.

In the old way I hear the moaning wind

Hunt the dead leaves it cannot find,—  
Blind as the stars are blind.

—She may come in at midnight, tired and wan,  
Yet,—what if once again at dawn  
I wake to find her gone?

## IX. *THE SEEKERS.*

Is it very long ago things were as they are  
Now? or was it ever? or is it to be?  
Was it up this road we came, glad the end was far?  
Taking comfort each of each, singing cheerily?

O, the way was good to tread! Up hill and down;  
Past the quiet forestlands, by the grassy plains;  
Here a stony wilderness, there an ancient town,  
Now the high sun over us, now the driving rains.

Strange and evil things we met—but what cared we,  
Strong men and unafraid, ripe for any chance?  
Battles by the countless score, red blood running free—  
Soon we learned that all of these were our inheritance.

Some of us there were that fell: what was that to us?  
They were weak—we were strong—health we held to yet:  
Pleasant graves we digged them, we the valorous,—  
Then to the road again, striving to forget.

Once again upon the road! The seasons passed us by—  
Blood-root and mayflowers, grasses straight and tall,  
Scarlet banners on the hills, snowdrifts white and high,—  
One by one we lived them through, giving thanks for all.

O, the countries that we found in our wandering!  
Wide seas without a sail, islands fringed with foam,

Undiscovered till we came, waiting for their king,—  
We might tarry but a while, far away from home.

Far away the home we sought,—soon we must be gone;  
The old road, the old days, still we clung to those;  
The dawn came, the noon came, the dusk came, the dawn—  
Still we kept upon this path long ago we chose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Was it up this road we came, glad the end was far,  
Yesterday,—last year—a million years ago?  
Surely it was morning then: now, the twilight star  
Hangs above the hidden hills—white and very low.

Quietly the Earth takes on the hush of things asleep;  
All the silence of the birds stills the moveless air;  
—Yet we must not falter now, though the way be steep;  
Just beyond the turn o' the road,—surely Peace is thee!

## X. *FELLOWSHIP.*

### 1.

At last we reached the pointed firs  
And rested for a little while;  
The light of home was in her smile  
And my cold hand grew warm as her's.

Behind, across the level snow,  
We saw the half-moon touch the hill  
Where we had felt the sunset; still  
Our feet had many miles to go.

And now, new little stars were born  
In the dark hollows of the sky:—

Perhaps (she said) lest we should die  
Of weariness before the morn.

## 2.

Once, when the year stood still at June,  
At even we had tarried there  
Till Dusk came in—her noiseless hair  
Trailing along a pathway strewn

With broken cones and year-old things,  
But now, tonight, it seemed that She  
Therein abode continually,  
With weighted feet and folded wings,

And so we lingered not for dawn  
To mark the edges of our path;  
But with such home a blind man hath  
At midnight, we went groping on.

—I do not know how many firs  
We stumbled past in that still wood:  
Only I know that once we stood  
Together there—my lips on her's.

## 3.

Between the midnight and the dawn  
We came out on the farther side;  
—What if the wood *was* dark and wide?  
Its shadows now here far withdrawn,

And O the white stars in the sky!  
And O the glitter of the snow!—  
Henceforth we know our feet should know  
Fair ways to travel—she and I—

For One—Whose shadow is the Night—



Unwound them where the Great Bear swung  
 And wide across the darkness flung  
 The ribbons of the Northern Light.

## XI. *THE LODGER.*

What! and do you find it good,  
 Sitting here alone with me?  
 Hark! the wind goes through the wood  
 And the snow drifts heavily,

When the morning brings the light  
 How know I you will not say,  
 "What a storm there fell last night,  
 Is the next inn far away?"

How know I you do not dream  
 Of some country where the grass  
 Grows up tall around the gleam  
 Of the milestones you must pass?

Even now perhaps you tell  
 (While your hands play through my hair)  
 Every hill, each hidden well,  
 All the pleasant valleys there,

That before a clear moon shines  
 You will be with them again!  
 —Hear the booming of the pines  
 And the sleet against the pane.

2.

Wake, and look upon the sun,  
 I awoke an hour ago,

When the night was hardly done  
And still fell a little snow,

Since the hill-tops touched the light  
Many things have my hands made,  
Just that you should think them right  
And be glad that you have stayed.

—How I worked the while you slept!  
Scarcely did I dare to sing!  
All my soul a silence kept—  
Fearing your awakening.

Now, indeed, I do not care  
If you wake; for now the sun  
Makes the least of all things fair  
That my poor two hands have done.

## 3.

No, it is not hard to find.  
You will know it by the hills—  
Seven—sloping up behind;  
By the soft perfume that fills

(O, the red, red roses there!)  
Full the narrow path thereto:  
By the dark pine-forest where  
Such a little wind breathes through;

By the way the bend o' the stream  
Takes the peace that twilight brings:  
By the sunset, and the gleam  
Of uncounted swallows' wings.

—No, indeed, I have not been  
There: but such dreams I have had!  
And, when I grow old, the green  
Leaves will hide me, too, made glad.

Yes, you must go now, I know.  
 You are sure you understand?  
 —How I wish that I could go  
 Now, and lead you by the hand.

## XII. *MARCH WIND.*

High above the trees, swinging in across the hills,  
 There's a wide cloud, ominous and slow;  
 And the wind that rushes over sends the little stars to cover  
 And the wavering shadows fade along the snow.  
 Surely on my window (Hark the tumult of the night!)  
 That's a first, fitful drop of scanty rain;  
 And the hillside wakes and quivers with the strength of newborn  
                   rivers  
 Come to make our Northland glad and free again.

O remember how the snow fell the long winter through!  
 Was it yesterday I tied your snowshoes on?  
 All my soul grew wild with yearning for the sight of you returning  
 But I waited all those hours that you were gone,  
 For I watched you from our window through the blurring flakes that  
                   fell  
 Till you gained the quiet wood, and then I knew  
 (When our pathways lay together how we revelled in such weather!)  
 That the ancient things I loved would comfort you.

Now I knew that you would tarry in the shadow of the firs  
 And remember many winters overpast:  
 All the hidden signs I found you of the hiding life around you,  
 Sleeping patient till the year should wake at last.  
 Here a tuft of fern underneath the rounded drift:  
 A rock, there, behind a covered spring;  
 And here, nowhither tending, tracks beginning not nor ending,—  
 Was it bird or shy four-footed furry thing?

And remember how we followed down the woodman's winding trail!  
 By the axe-strokes ringing louder, one by one,  
 Well we knew that we were nearing now the edges of the clearing,—  
 O the gleam of chips all yellow in the sun!  
 But the twilight fell about us as we watched him at his work;  
 And in the south a sudden moon, hung low,  
 Beckoned us beyond the shadows—down the hill—across the mead-  
     ows  
 Where our little house loomed dark against the snow.

And that night, too—remember?—outside our quiet house,  
 Just before the dawn we heard the moaning wind:  
 Only then its wings were weighted with the storm itself created  
 And it hid the very things it came to find.  
 In the morn, when we arose, and looked out across the fields,  
 (Hark the branches! how they shatter overhead!)  
 Seemed it not that Time was sleeping, and the whole wide world was  
     keeping  
 All the silence of the Houses of the dead?

Ah, but that was long ago! And tonight the wind foretells  
 (Hark, above the wind, the little laughing rills!)  
 Earth's forgetfulness of sorrow when the dawn shall break tomorrow  
 And lead me to the bases of the hills:  
 To the low southern hills where of old we used to go—  
 (Hark the rumour of ten thousand ancient Springs!)  
 O my love, to thy dark quiet—far beyond our North's mad riot—  
 Do thy new Gods bring remembrance of such things?

A Canadian Calendar: XII Lyrics  
 written by Francis Sherman and  
 privately printed in Havana is  
 issued at Christmastide M.C.M.

\*\*\* END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A CANADIAN CALENDAR:  
XII LYRICS \*\*\*



# A Word from Project Gutenberg

We will update this book if we find any errors.

This book can be found under: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/39796>

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the Project Gutenberg™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away – you may do practically *anything* in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

## The Full Project Gutenberg License

*Please read this before you distribute or use this work.*

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>.

### Section 1. General Terms of Use & Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work,

you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate ac-



cess to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org>. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this ebook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Guten-

berg™ web site (<https://www.gutenberg.org>), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and The Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner of the

Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3. below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES – Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND – If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS,’ WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PUR-

POSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY – You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <https://www.pgla.org> .

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project

Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email [business@pglaf.org](mailto:business@pglaf.org). Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby  
Chief Executive and Director  
[gbnewby@pglaf.org](mailto:gbnewby@pglaf.org)

#### **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <https://www.gutenberg.org/donate>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation meth-

ods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <https://www.gutenberg.org/donate>

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works.**

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<https://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.