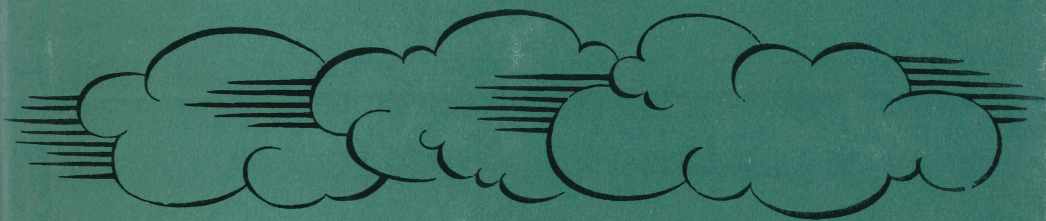
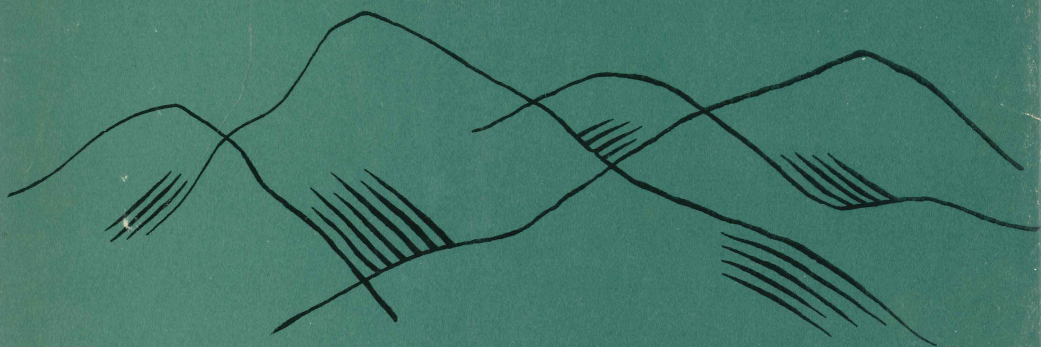


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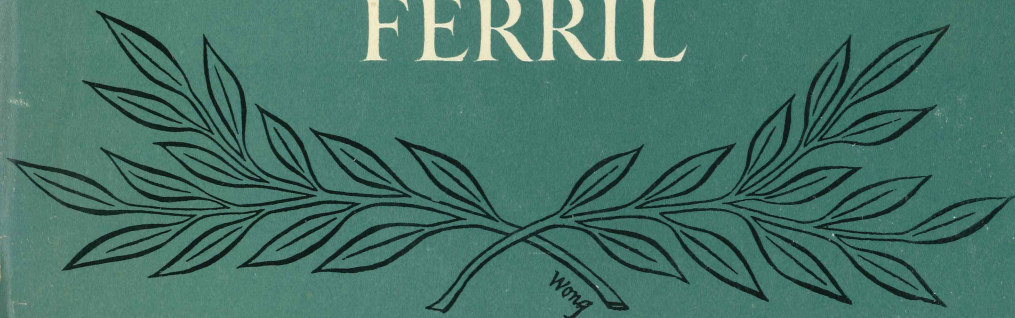


# POEMS



THOMAS HORNSBY

FERRIL



\$4.00

# New and Selected POEMS

by

THOMAS HORNSBY  
FERRIL

*With a Foreword by H. L. Davis*

*This volume brings together Mr. Ferril's outstanding work from the 1920's into 1952, including poems from three books now out of print.*

## **CARL SANDBURG—**

“Reading Thomas Hornsby Ferril you will find him often pure crystal. Or again he may haunt you with horizon blurs in yellow dust and green mist. On the edge of losing him you find yourself walking hand in hand with him.

“If I had to put Tom Ferril in a single classification, I would say, ‘He belongs among the Great Companions.’ He has much to tell us and sing us because he is young as any sorrel or amber colt in his poems—and he is old as the scraggiest antediluvian of the Rocky Mountains.

“He is a Yes-sayer to life because so much of what he has seen and heard said Yes to him. Hills and canyons, yucca and cottonwoods, the old ox-wagons and the new plane propeller, barns and pack-rats, blue-stemmed grass and peaks with snowy beards, strong bad men and clean bold

*(Continued on back flap)*

JACKET DESIGN BY JEANYEE WONG

No. 9215



New and Selected Poems

To Thomas Merton

Sincerely

Thomas Hornsby Ferris

December 28, 1967



# New and Selected Poems

*by*

Thomas Hornsby Ferril



HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

*New York*

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

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by Thomas Hornsby Ferril

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\* Awarded Oscar Blumenthal prize by *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*, 1936.

† "This Foreman" won *The Nation's* poetry prize, 1927. •



*(Continued from front flap)*

dreamers, these and three or four civilizations past and present—they have all said Yes to Ferril. And his psalms and gnomics chant it.

“He titles one section ‘American Testament.’ And why not? Enough men have toiled and died for the American Dream to be sacred and testamentary. This new book of Ferril’s belongs on any shelf of modern poetry pretending to be complete. His book will have its ‘trial by time’ and stand as one of our classics. He is a poet, wit, historian, man of books and human affairs, and so definitely one of the Great Companions.”

#### **H. L. DAVIS—**

“Ferril knows the Rocky Mountain country better than anybody; so instinctively and intuitively that his increasing control of its symbols, past and present, has been less a search for directness in expression than what Mazzini called the march toward self-realization to which mankind, willingly or not, consciously or not, is in the long run committed. His knowledge of Western history, surer and more realistic because basically direct and first-hand (his family had reached the Missouri River as early as 1809, and soon branched out on the Santa Fe and California trails), gives his use of it the feeling not of some remote event with period costumes, but of something come from the past to happen over again, with none of its original meaning lost and a new and deeper one added. In his poetry, the past, as a great Uruguayan poet once noted, does not lie behind us but ahead; living does not carry us away from it, but into a deeper understanding of what it was and what it is.”



"A man is as tall as his height  
Plus the height of his home town.  
I know a Denverite  
Who, measured from sea to  
crown,  
Is one mile five-foot-ten,  
And he swings a commensurate  
pen."

—ROBERT FROST

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL was born in Denver, graduated from Colorado College, was an officer in the Air Service and, since 1926, has held a full-time industrial position. As "Childe Herald," he writes a column for Denver's 93-year-old weekly, *The Rocky Mountain Herald*, published by his wife, Helen R. Ferril. Mr. Ferril has honorary degrees from three Colorado universities, holds membership in technological societies and has won various poetry awards including the Yale Competition for Younger Poets, *The Nation's* prize, the Oscar Blumenthal prize of *Poetry* magazine, and the Robert Frost prize sponsored by the Poetry Society of America (1960). He has written three books of poetry, one volume of prose essays, and a play in verse (*And Perhaps Happiness*) which won the *Denver Post's* national contest (1957) and was performed in Central City, Colorado.

That Ferril has achieved a respected position among poets is established. His attitudes are complex. English critics seem inclined to hark back to Wordsworth and Coleridge to account for some of them. But any literary influence appears to be secondary to his own drives—growing up as a child in Denver, fifth generation of his family in the West, and coming to use the Rocky Mountains as lens through which to behold, poetically, the meanings of life amid the expanding energies of America. He ranges from intimate lyrics to poems of broad American implication. Fundamental are his philosophies of time and the continuity of the human spirit through hardship, folly and betrayal. To quote the *New Mexico Quarterly*: "It is a view that puts the moment into a pattern of ages."