

Introduction

Only a lover could have written "Love Lyrics." All poets are lovers, but few of them write love's language in the expressive way in which Mr. Putnam does. Perhaps the chief beauty of the little volume lies in the individuality of the poems, each one being entirely different from the others.

I do not think I have ever read any poems that struck me with their clear ring of sincerity and grace as these do. His songs appeal to the heart; they touch a responsive chord in us. They are human, vital, full of life and warmth of expression. In these days of poseurs and affected poets it is refreshing to pick up a little volume that vibrates with its genuineness; that reflects the true character of the man who wrote it. Frank Putnam's is no studied art. Every poem is a song that lingers in the ear like Japanese music. One wants to hear more.

There is a sermon found in the lines:

"Having youth with its promise of gladness,
Facing age with its menace of grief,
It were folly supreamer than madness
Did we dully cohabit with sadness
In the green of our leaf."

And one envies him his "felicity" with his "morsel of frivolity."

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