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Songs from
the Wayside

Clara Ann Thompson



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CLARA ANN THOMPSON.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

BY

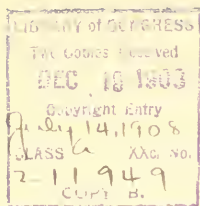
CLARA ANN THOMPSON

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DEDICATED
TO
MY BROTHER AND SISTER
GARLAND AND PRISCILLA.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

TO MY DEAD BROTHER.

How silently the years have sped away,
 Drifting me off from childhood's
 sunny time,
Since angels bore thy pure white soul away,
 On swift bright wings, to realms of
 fairer day,
And purer clime.

And still my heart, dear brother, yearns
 for thee,
 When friends seem cold, and life and
 earth so drear,
Thou wert my hero, ever true to me;
Though other brothers loved I tenderly,
 Thou wert most dear.

Ofttimes when death seems cold and grim
 to me,
I cling to earth, with all its wasting care,
 I think: That Messenger once came to
 thee;
And then I dare to brave eternity,
 For thou art there.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

And when, at last, the toil of life all o'er,
I stand by Jordan's surging, swelling, tide,
Methinks our Lord will send thee to the shore,
To guide thy falt'ring, timid, sister o'er,
To heaven's side.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

UNCLE RUBE'S DEFENSE.

Whut do I keer ef de white-folks do 'buse us!
I'm go'n to stand fuh de cullud race;
Whut do I keer ef de roscals do 'cuse us
All, when dere's only one man in disgrace?

White-folks a-thievin' and rahin' an' kickin',
Uddah white-folks, ez still ez a mouse;
Aftahwhile, somebody steals a few chickens,
Den, dey wan'to search old Deacon Jones'
house.

Habn't proved yet, dat a cullud man took
dem;
'Coons gen'ly steal de chickens,' dey say,
Runnin' 'roun' here a-peepin' and a-lookin',
Givin' de re'l thief a chance to git away.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Ev'ry low trick dat de black man's a-doin',
 'Flects right back on de race, as a whole;
But de low co'se dat de white man's
 pursuin',
Casts not a blot on his good brudder's
 soul.

Let de black man do somepin wuth
 mentionin',
 White-folks ez still and shy ez a fawn;
Let him do somepin dat's mean an'
 belittlin',
 Umph! den de whole race has got it an'
 gone.

I don't deny dat some blacks is a-tryin'
 Hawd, to make de race 'pear like a cuss,
But do ez dey will,—you know I ain't lyin',
 Dere's white-folks a-doin de same er wuss.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Go;— for 'tis Memorial morning—
Go with hearts of peace and love;
Deck the graves of fallen soldiers;
Go, your gratitude to prove.

Gather flow'rs and take them thither,
Emblem of a nation's tears;
Grateful hearts cannot forget them,
In the rush of passing years.

Strew the flow'rs above their couches;
Let thy heart's affection blend,
With the dewy buds and blossoms,
That in fragrant showers descend.

Strew the flow'rs above the heroes,
Slain for loving friends and thee;
Canst thou find a better off'ring,
For those sons of liberty?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

While the buds and blooms are falling,
Earnest hearts are asking,—Why—
In a tone, though low and gentle,
Yet, as ardent as a cry,—

‘Why must precious lives be given,
That our country may be free?
Is there not a nobler pathway
To the throne of liberty?’

‘Can we choose no nobler watch-word,
Than the ringing battle-cry,
Harbinger of strife and bloodshed,
Must we sin, that sin may die?’

‘Long ago, to far Judea,
Came the blessed Prince of Peace;
Shall we ever heed His teaching,
That these wars and feuds may cease?’

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

JOHNNY'S PET SUPERSTITION.

Teacher, Jimmie's toe is bleedin';
Stumped it, comin' down the road;
I jest knowed that he would do it,
'Cause he went an' killed a toad.

Teacher, you jest ought to see it;
Oh, the blood's jest spurtin' out!
You won't ketch me killin' toad-frogs,
When I see them hoppin' 'bout.

"Oh, now, Johnny, that's all nonsense!
I told you sometime ago,
That the killing of a hop-toad
Wouldn't make you hurt your toe;

"Who told you that silly story?"
Grandma said that it is so;
She's much older than you, teacher,
An' I guess she ought to know.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Come, now, Johnny, don’t be saucy;”
Teacher, grandma did say so,
An’ she says: ‘You No’thern cullud,
Don’t b’lieve nothin’ any mo’.

’Cause you say there ain’t no speerits,
’Tain’t bad luck to kill a cat,
Dog a-howlin’ ain’t no death-sign,
An’ you’ve made me b’lieve all that.

But I jest can’t b’lieve this, teacher,
’Cause I’m ’fraid to — Don’t you see?
Bet you wouldn’t b’lieve it either,
Ef you went barefoot, like me.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

HOPE.

The saddest day will have an eve,
The darkest night, a morn;
Think not, when clouds are thick and dark,
Thy way is too forlorn.

For, ev'ry cloud that e'er did rise,
To shade thy life's bright way,
And ev'ry restless night of pain,
And ev'ry weary day,

Will bring thee gifts, thou'lt value more,
Because they cost so dear;
The soul that faints not in the storm,
Emerges bright and clear.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE DYING YEAR.

The snow is weaving a soft, white, shroud,
For the dying year, today;
The wind is chanting a solemn dirge,
The sky is dull and gray.

All earth is mourning for the year,
And, with an echo of pain,
Our hearts beat time to the sad wind's song,
As the Old Year ends his reign.

Ah, dying year! thy reign was brief,
A fitful, fleeting, breath;
Erewhile, rejoiced we at thy birth,
And now, we mourn thy death.

And yet, dear, dying, fleeting, year,
Why should we mourn for thee?
All earth will follow thee, ere long,
Into eternity.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

HIS ANSWER.

He prayed for patience; Care and Sorrow
 came,
 And dwelt with him, grim and unwelcome
 guests;
He felt their galling presence night and day;
And wondered if the Lord had heard him
 pray,
 And why his life was filled with weariness.

He prayed again; and now he prayed for light;
 The darkness parted, and the light shone in;
And lo! he saw the answer to his prayer—
His heart had learned, through weariness
 and care,
 The patience, that he deemed he'd sought
 in vain.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

DOUBT.

A doubt crept into a heart one day;
The brave heart said: 'Twill be gone
tomorrow;'
 Ah, little it knew!
 For it steadily grew,
Till it covered that heart with a pall of sorrow;
 And there came at length, a darksome day,
 When the hope of life seemed gone for aye.

A ray of light, in a darkened heart;
Yes, only a ray, but it grew more bright,
 And it steadily spread,
 Through darkness and dread,
Till it flooded that heart with a glorious light;
 And a soul gave thanks to its God, above;
 The light was a Savior's guiding love.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE AFTER-GLOW OF PAIN.

A youth, with proud heart, pure and strong,
And eye with hope aflame,
Goes forth to join the busy throng,
And win success, and fame.
He presses on, with eager feet,
Adown the sunny way;
As yet, he knows naught of defeat,
And to the struggling ones he meets,
Gives little sympathy.

But soon the dark clouds gather 'round,
The storm breaks overhead,
The wild winds howl, the rain comes down,
The lightning flashes red.
But when, the last cloud swept away,
The sun shines out again,
The youth emerges from the fray,
With softened heart, and sympathy,
The afterglow of pain.

A maiden, full of life and love,
Goes singing on her way;

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

To measured strains her light feet move,
And joyous is her day.
A transient shade comes o'er her face,
When told some tale of pain,
But soon a bright smile fills its place,
The song that slackened, for a space,
Goes lightly on again.

But hark! the song at last is still;
The smiles are changed to tears;
Dark, troubled thoughts, her young heart fill,
And doubts, and gloomy fears.
"Ah me!" we say, "her song is o'er,
And 'twas a joyful strain,"
But list! the maiden sings once more,
A sweeter song than e'er before,
The afterglow of pain.

'Tis thus, 'tis thus, the infant dies,
The parents look above;
False friends deceive us on the way,
We seek the Greater Love.
And so the threads of grief, that run
Through life, may prove our gain;
The noblest deeds that e'er were done,
The sweetest songs that e'er were sung,
Are afterglows of pain.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

IF THOU SHOULDST RETURN.

If thou shouldst return with the sweet words
of love,
So earnestly spoken that day,
Methinks that thy words, this sad heart would
move,
For my pride has melted away ;
And I've learned how true was the heart that
I spurned,
And I've longed for the face that never returned.

If thou shouldst return to claim me thy bride,
How gladly thy fate would I share ;
How gladly I'd spend my whole life at thy
side,
How honored I'd feel to be there ;
Oh, I've learned to revere the heart that I
spurned !
And I long for the face that never returned.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

If thou shouldst return, ah, vain is the dream!
I'll cherish the fancy no more;
Though dark and forsaken my pathway may
 seem,
I'll press bravely on as before;
 And trust in the One who forgives our
 mistakes,
And heals the deep wounds that our wayward-
 ness makes.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

MRS. JOHNSON OBJECTS.

Come right in this house, Will Johnson!
Kin I teach you dignity?
Chasin' aft' them po'white children,
Jest because you wan'to play.

Whut does po' white trash keer fah you?
Want you keep away fum them,
Next, they'll be a-doin' meanness,
An' a-givin' you the blame.

Don't come mumblin' 'bout their playthings,
Yourn is good enough fah you;
'Twas the best that I could git you,
An' you've got to make them do,

Go'n' to break you fum that habit,
Yes, I am! An' mighty soon,
Next, you'll grow up like the white-folks,
All time whinin' fah the moon.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Runnin' with them po' white children—
Go'n' to break it up, I say!—
Pickin' up their triflin' habits,
Soon, you'll be as spilte as they.

Come on here, an' take the baby—
Mind now! Don't you let her fall—
'Fo' I'll have you runnin' with them,
I won't let you play at all,

Jest set there, an' mind the baby
Till I tell you—You may go;
An' jest let me ketch you chasin'
Aft' them white trash any mo'.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

PARTED.

She said she forgave me;
 I looked in her eyes,
And knew that her words were true;
For one blissful moment,
 I felt my hopes rise,
And sought I, my vows to renew.

But, something I missed,
 In her calm, steady, gaze,
Caused the love words to die, e'er they came;
For, though her kind heart,
 So freely forgave,
Still, I knew that it was not the same.

For, once, that pure heart,
 Was all, but my own;
Well I knew, how it quickened its beat,
How those sweet, gentle, eyes,
 With a soft luster, shone,
At the sound of my coming feet.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But little I valued
 The pearl I had found,
And carelessly cast it away,
For one, whose gay laugh
 Proved a meaningless sound,
And whose heart was all vanity.

And when I returned,
 For I'd learned her true worth,
As I sadly gazed in her eyes,
I knew that her love
 Had died at its birth,
I had lost forever, my prize.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

AN OPENING SERVICE.

“Holy, holy, holy!” the choir chants sweet
and low,
And earnest hearts are lifted up in prayer;
The organ’s mellow cadence peals solemn,
soft, and slow,
And God is with His people, gathered there.

“Holy, holy, holy!” they bow before His will;
The pastor’s tones rise solemnly o’er all:—
“The Lord is in His temple, let all the earth
be still;”
A deep calm reigns throughout the sacred hall.

“Holy, holy, holy!” Who would not humbly bow,
Before such holiness, such love divine?
And leaving pride and folly, join with His
people, now,
In faithful worship, at so pure a shrine.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Holy, holy, holy!” their full hearts swell
 within,
 As o’er and o’er they hear the soft refrain;
And when, the service ended, the choir rings
 out ‘Amen’,
 A hundred voices mingle in the strain.

THE CHRISTMAS RUSH.

Well, we went down town a-shopping,
 My brother and sister and I;
’Twas just two days before Christmas,
 With ev’rything yet to buy,

There were gifts for nieces and nephews,
 And trinkets for sister and me,
There were sweets for the Christmas dinner,
 And things for the Christmas tree.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

We felt there was pleasure before us,
When we cheerfully boarded the train,
But we found 'twas only business,
Ere we reached our home again.

The streets were crowded with people,
And at last when we reached the stores,
There was such a mass of shoppers,
We could scarcely pass through the doors.

We forced our way to the counter,
This bitter truth to learn —
That others were there before us,
So we must await our turn.

At last it came, and we purchased,
And then — 'twas enough to derange!
We had the self-same experience,
Awaiting our parcels and change.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

'Twas the same at ev'ry counter;
 'Twas the same at ev'ry store;
Just pushing and crowding and waiting,
 And seemingly, nothing more.

Well, after much taxing of patience,
 Our Christmas shopping was done,
And laden with many parcels,
 We gladly started for home.

But the crowd had almost doubled,
 When we came out on the street,
And, but for the good-will of Christmas,
 We'd have lost our tempers complete.

It seemed that half of the city,
 Had come out a-shopping, that day,
While half stood at the show windows,
 To look, and to block the way.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

We tried to rush — it was useless,
Of course we missed our train,
Then waited an hour for another,
And at last we reached home again.

And now, a few words of counsel,
I would kindly give, by your leave, —
Don't put off your Christmas shopping,
Till the day before Christmas eve.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

I sat in the door of our cottage,
One golden autumn day,
And the breezes stirring the tree-tops,
Were as soft as those of May.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But looking away to the woodland,
Through hazy autumn air,
The red and gold of the forest leaves,
Proclaimed the frost-touch there.

The grass was still green in the pasture,
Where soft-eyed cattle trod,
And down in the deep, sheltered valleys,
Were asters and golden rod.

But I knew the merciless frost-king,
Would come with might, ere long,
And blast all the green things remaining,
And still the sweet bird-song.

So my heart drank in the warm beauty,
Of that soft autumn day,
With a wistful love for ev'rything,
So soon to pass away.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

My Savior, let me hear Thy voice tonight,
I'll follow Thee, I'll follow Thee;
The clouds that overhang my way, obscure
the light,
And all is dark to me.

I'd hear Thy voice above the tempest's shriek;
I'll follow Thee, I'll follow Thee;
And though my sight be dim, my spirit weak,
I'll trust, though naught I see.

I'd feel Thy arm, supporting in the dark;
I'll follow Thee, I'll follow Thee;
For Thou canst fan to flame, faith's sinking
spark,
And seal my loyalty.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

I shall not sink, dear Lord, when Thou'rt my
guide,
I'll follow Thee, I'll follow Thee ;
Though lashed by heavy waves, on ev'ry side,
I'm safe, when Thou'rt with me.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE EASTER LIGHT.

'Tis Lent, the holy time of fast and prayer;
Of meditation and repentant tear;
When saints bow humbly 'neath the cross
they bear,
Treading the path of duty, without fear.

But one remains within her quiet room,
And looks with sadness, out upon the town;
Lent brings her nothing, to dispel the gloom,
That hovers o'er her path, and bears her
down.

What matter, if the bells chime sweetly, now,
Calling the many worshipers to prayer?
No holy light breaks o'er that clouded brow,
She does not care to mingle with them,
there.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Into her life, the hand of Death has come,
 Bearing her truest, best beloved, away;
And now, her heart, all wretched and forlorn,
 Is crying out to Death, incessantly:—

“Oh Death! give back my best beloved again;
 Give back my own, thou heartless, tyrant,
 king!
Seest thou my bleeding heart, all rent in twain,
 And carest thou not, that thou hast done
 this thing?”

'Tis Easter morn; the lenten fast is o'er;
 A risen Savior bids the glad world sing;
The grave is open; Death has pow'r no more,
 For Christ has robbed him of his deadly sting.

The church is crowded with a happy throng;
 O'er banks of flow'rs, the softened sunbeams
 play;
The choir bursts forth, in glad, triumphant,
 song:
“Oh earth, rejoice! The Lord is ris'n today.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

A dark-eyed girl comes slowly down the aisle,
Her face marked deep, with bitterness
and pain;
The choir is singing joyfully, the while,
“ Rejoice, rejoice! for death has ceased to
reign.”

The maiden lists the song, half bitterly, —
“ Well may they sing, they’ve never wept
in vain,
They’ve ne’er had cause to ask, unceasingly,
‘ Where shall I find my lost beloved again.’ ”

But listen! one is singing all alone;
Her rich voice, welling up so full and clear,
Throbs ever, with a sad, sweet, undertone,
Telling, she, too, has met some trial here.

And now her voice sinks soft as falling dew;
Now rising high, it seems to pierce the dome;
The undertone e’er throbbing sweet and true—
She, too, has suffered, but has overcome.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

She sings today, that some o'erburdened
heart,
May find the light that shines within her
own;
The maiden listens — ah! the hot tears start,
And melts the ice, that o'er her heart has
grown.

The thoughtless ones gaze at her, wond'ringly;
'How can she weep, when all the world
is bright?'
While others gaze, with kindly sympathy,
Knowing her heart has found the Easter
light.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

UNCLE RUBE ON THE RACE PROBLEM.

'How'd I solve de Negro Problum?'
Gentlemen, don't like dat wo'd!
'Mind me too much uv ol' slave times,
When de white man wus de lo'd.

Spoutin' roun' about 'My niggahs',
Knockin' us fum lef' to right,
Sellin' us, like we wus cattle,
Drivin' us fum mawn till night,—

Oh, you say I'm off de subjec';
Am a little off, I see,—
Well, de way to solve de problum,
Is, to let de black man be.

Say, 'you fail to ketch my meanin'?'
Now, dat's very plain to me,
Don't you know, you whites is pickin'
On de blacks, continu'ly?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Jes' pick up de mawnin' papah,
Anywhaur you choose to go,
When you read about de black man,
You may bet it's somepin low.

It's all right to tell his meanness,
Dat's, pervided it is true;
But, why, in de name uv blazes,
Don't you tell de good things too!

No, I ain't a-cussin' either!
Ef my blood wus young an' waum,
Guess I'd sometimes, feel like cussin',
How you whites is takin' on.

Still, I don't hol' wid dat business,
Leave dat, fah you whites to do—
Cussin' an' a-suicidin',
When de whole land b'longs to you.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Den, agin, ez I wus sayin',—
Ef a black man makes a mawk,
Seems you white-folks will go crazy,
Try'n' to keep him in de daw.

An', ef he don't watch his cornahs,
An' his head ain't mighty soun',
Fust he knows: some uv you white-folks
Done reached up, an' pulled him down.

Whut you say? I'm too hawd on you?
Whut you 'spected me to do,
When you axed me, my opinion?
Tell you somepin' wusn't true?

Co'se dah's some exceptions 'mong you,
An' I ain't denyin' it;
But dah's mighty few, I tell you,
Dat kin say: 'Dis shoe don't fit.'

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Yes, you say some blacks is 'ou'ry;
So is many uv de whites;
But de black race mus' be perfec',
'Fo' we git ou' 'equal rights.'

Foreign whites, fum ev'ry nation,
Finds a welcome in dis lan',
Yet, dah seems to be no welcome
Fah de native cullud man.

You don't have to 'tote his skillet,'—
Ez de folks in Dixie say,—
Only, when you see him strugglin',
Don't you git into his way.

Co'se, ef you is got a mind to,
You kin lend a helpin' han',
But de best help you kin give him,
Is, to treat him like a man.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Look at all de great improvement,
He has made since he wus free;
Yet, de white-folks keep a-wond'ring,
Whut's his future go'n' to be.

All time talkin' 'bout his meanness,
An' de many things he lack,
Makin' out dey see no progress,
Doe dey're try'n' to hol' him back.

Oh, it ain't no use in talkin',
Ef you whites would jest play faiah,
All de wranglin' 'bout dis problum,
Soon would vanish in de aiah.

Once dey couldn't find no method,
Dat would put down slavery,
Till it like to split de country,
Den, dey set de black man free.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Dat's de way wid dis race problum :
Ef de white-folks had a min',
Dey could fin' a answer to it,
Like dey did de other time.

Co'se, dah's two sides to dis problum,
An' dah's things de blacks should do,
But I'm talkin' 'bout you white-folks,
And de pawt dat b'longs to you.

'Don't know whaur to place de black man?'
He will fin' his place;—You'll see!
Like de foreign whites is doin',
When you learn to let him be.

'Den, you feah amalgamation?'
When de black man takes his stan',
Don't you know he'll squar' his shoulders,
Proud, dat he's a Af'ican?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

In dis lan', to be a black man,
Isn't called a lucky thing;
An' dat's why some fools among us,
Think it smawt to mingle in.

An' you white-folks isn't blameless,
Some uv you is in dat too,—
Takin' ev'ry mean advantage,
Dat is in yo' powah to do.

But, de race will reach a station,
Whaur de blindes' one kin see,
Dat 'tis good to be a black man,
Jest ez sho', ez sho' kin be.

Den, agin, sometimes I'm thinkin',
Dat dis 'malgamation fright's
Jes' got up by you smawt white-folks,
Keep fum givin' us ou' rights.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Fah, ef now, in all her trials,
Mos' uv us stick to de race,
You know well, we won't fahsake her,
When she gits a honored place.

'Be a nation in a nation?'
Now you're talkin' like a fool!
Whut you mean by "'Plur'bus unyun?—"
Many nations 'neath one rule.

Not go'n' back on dat ol' motto,
Dat has made yo' country's name,
Jest because de race you brung here,
Ax you fah a little claim?

Well, I 'spec' I mus' be goin',
Gittin' kinder late, I see;
Guess nex' time 'Ol' Rube' is passin',
Gentlemen, you'll let him be.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Oh, you say, 'you bah no malice,'
Well, I'd ruther have it so,
But I'll hol' up fah my people,
Whethah folks like it or no.

HOPE DEFERRED.

"There's light ahead!" Hope ever cries,
I onward press, in better cheer;
But when I reach the fancied goal,
I find, the wind blows fierce and cold,
The place is dark and drear.
I, falt'ring, sink, with courage gone;
But Hope cries ever, "Onward, on!"

I rise, and onward press again,
Still looking for the promised light;
The wind, the mist, the blinding rain
Come sweeping o'er the barren plain,
And all is dark as night.
I grope — I cannot find the way;
Hope whispers of a brighter day.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

So on, and ever on, I press,
With weary heart, and aching feet ;
Hope strives in vain, to cheer the way,
With promise of a coming day,
When life will be more sweet.
I cannot listen to her song,
The night is dark, the way is long.
A bitterness comes o'er my soul,
I cry, beneath the gloom,
Oh Hope, thou seemest but a myth,
To lure us to our doom!

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

CHURCH BELLS.

I closed my book to listen ;
The story was losing its charms,
As the chime of distant church bells,
Came stealing o'er gardens and farms.
The bells were chiming a story,
A story that ne'er grows old ;
The story of Christ, our Shepherd,
And the sweet peace, found in His fold.
The story of all He suffered,
That we might have a home ;
And now, the bells were calling —
The weary ones, to come ;
The bells were calling, calling, —
Blest, tender, pleading tone !
"Oh weary ones," they sweetly chimed,
"Oh weary ones, come home."

The birds flew past the window,
With twitter and flutter and song,
Their hearts o'erflowing with music,
Glad hearts, that knew no wrong ;

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But the far-off bells were chiming,
Of a price paid long ago,
That we, through faith, may be sinless,
And pure as the falling snow.
"Come thou, oh weary pilgrim,
With burden grown too great,
Thy Savior now is waiting,
Oh, lay them at His feet!"
The bells were calling, calling, —
Blest, gentle, pleading tone!
"Oh weary ones, oh weary ones,
Oh weary ones, come home."

Hath sin thy hands been staining,
Until they're pure no more?
Hath thorns thy feet been piercing,
Until they're bleeding sore?
Come thou to Christ, thy Savior,
His hand is stretched to thee,
Take it; 'twill guide thee safe thro' life,
And through eternity.
Sweetly, the bells are calling;
Oh sinner, heed the tone!
"Oh wicked ones, oh wand'ring ones,
Oh weary ones, come home."

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Thou canst not be too wretched,
To heed the gentle call;
Thou canst not be too wicked,—
His blood was shed for all;
Though, scoffers by the wayside,
Scorn those who heed the tone,
The bells chime clear and sweetly,—
“Thrice blest are they;—come home.”
The bells are calling,—
“Tired sinner, wilt thou come?
Oh wretched ones, oh weeping ones,
Oh weary ones, come home.”

List ye! the tones are changing;
Hark! 'tis thy Savior's voice,
Yes, 'tis thy Savior calling,
And wilt thou make thy choice?
Why dost thou vainly struggle
To bear thy load alone,
When such a Friend is waiting,
When such a Friend says, ‘Come?’
Thy Savior's waiting—pleading:
“Oh weary, wilt thou come?
Oh weary ones, oh burdened ones,
Oh weary ones, come home.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

SHE SENT HIM AWAY.

She sent him away, with no word of love,
Though he'd wooed her many a day,
And she knew that his heart was all her own,
Yet, she coldly sent him away.

She sent him away, with his pleading eyes,
And heeded not look, nor tone,
But chained down her heart, when it strug-
gled to rise
In response, to the love in his own.

But when he had gone far, far from her side,
She found, —ah, lamentable day!—
That her heart had broken the chain of pride,
And followed her lover away.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

A PRAYER.

Out of the deep, I cry to Thee, oh Lord!
Out of the deep of darkness, and distress;
I cannot, will not doubt Thy blessed word,
Oh, God of righteousness!

I cry, and oh, my God, I know Thou'lt heed,
For Thou hast promised Thou wouldst
heed my cry;
I have no words to tell my deepest need,
Thou knowest oh, Most High!

Thou knowest all the pain,—the agony,
The grief I strive so vainly to express;
Oh let Thy shelt'ring wings spread over
me,
Great God of tenderness!

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

I cannot, cannot cease to cry to Thee,
For oh, my God, this heart is not my own,
And as the streams press ever to the sea,
My heart turns to Thy throne.

And when too weak to lift my voice, I lie
In utter silence at Thy blessed feet,
Thou'lt know, that silence is my deepest cry,
Thy throne, my last retreat.

And shouldst Thou hide Thy face for aye,
from me,
My heart, though shattered, evermore
would grope
Out through the darkness, still in search
of Thee,
Oh God, my only hope!

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

UNCLE RUBE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Press ahead, beloved children!
Doe I will be dead an' gone,
Dah is great things waitin' fah you,
Jest as sho' as you is bawn.

Yeahs ago,—'way back in slave times,
'Fo' it seemed sech things could be,
Some ole people use to whispah,
Dat some day, we would be free.

P'r'aps dey heard de white-folks talkin',
Who wus lookin' fah ahead;
P'r'aps dey'd axed de Lo'd about it,
An' wus tellin' whut He'd said.

Anyhow, de way wus dawker
Fah de race, dan 'tis today,
Yet, dey saw de light a-comin',
Doe it wus so fah away.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

So don't b'lieve de Lo'd's fahsook us,
An' will no mo' show His face;
Ef He wus dat stern a Fathah,
He done killed de whole white race.

Take new courage, den, my children,
Don't lose faith, whute'er you do;
Ef He's patient wid de white-folks,
He'll be patient wid us too.

Co'se we mus'n't 'pose upon Him,
But mus' do de bes' we kin;
An' remembah dis, my children,
Dat He wants us to be men.

Don't spend all yo' time a-parl'in'
Whethah things is right er wrong,
Ax de Lo'd to guide yo' footsteps,
Den, git up, an' go right on.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Some folks ax de Lo'd to guide dem,
Den, when He p'int's out de way,
'Stid uv goin' on, a-trustin',
Keep a ling'ring back, to pray;

'Case dey think it safer, kneelin'
In some secret, sheltahed place,
Whaur de enemy can't find dem,
Dan to meet him, face to face.

But I wan' to tell you children,
Dat I know dis, fah a fac':
Ef you do dat kin' uv prayin',
Things is go'n' to go to wrack.

'Case it ain't no use in talkin',
None uv us kin fool de Lo'd,
When we do dat lazy prayin',
He ain't go'n' to hear a wo'd.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Humph! we kin go on a-prayin',
Dat fool way, yeah aftah yeah,
An' we'll fin' de same ole bothah—
Dat de Lo'd ain't go'n' to heah.

'Way back—in de days uv slav'ry,
Folks done nothin' else, but pray;
Den, deir feet an' hands wus fettahed,
An' dey saw no othah way.

But de Lo'd has broke de fettahs,
An' de times has changed since den,
So dis younger generation,
Mus' git up, an' act like men.

Don't spend all yo' time a-frettin',
'Case de white-folks spile yo' chance,
Ef you's got de propah courage,
Min'! dey can't check yo' advance.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Co'se, dey'll give a sight uv trouble,
Since dey's fo'most in de land,
But de re'l fate uv ou' nation,
Isn't in de white-folks hands.

So you needn't feah dem, children,
Don't fahgit whut David said:—
“Lo'd's my strength an' my life giver;
Uv whom shell I be afraid?”

Ef you take dis fah yo' motto,
You will fin',—whute'er you do,
Ef it's fah yo' life's up buildin',
Dat de Lo'd will help you through.

An', another thing, my children,
Don't git dis into yo' head,—
Dat, all dat He wants to give us,
Is a little meat an' bread.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Fah, I've learnt dis, in my life-time:
Dat de Lo'd is bounteous,
An' He'll do great big things fah us,
Ef we only learn to trus'.

Co'se, it's all right to be umble,
Pride will often spile success,
But some people say dey's umble,
When it's only shiftlessness.

Not a-tryin' to be successful;
Puttin' up wid anything;
An' when othah people prospah,
Makin' out dat it's a sin.

Mind de par'ble uv de talents?
How de man dat had but one,
Went an' dug a hole, an' hid it,
Waitin', till de mastah come?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Makin' out he feahed to use it,
Said his mastah wusn't jus',
An' ef he should make a blundah,
When he come, he'd make a fuss.

'Membah, when de mastah did come,
How he took dat man to tes'?
How he took his talent fum him,
Fah his lazy shiftlessness?

Don't you be like dat bad servant,
Even ef yo' chance is small,
Don't git lazy an' discouraged,
An' jest make no show at all.

Fah de Lo'd'll increase yo' chances,
When He sees you've done yo' bes',
But ef you refuse to use dem,
Some day, He'll take you to tes'.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Now I ain't a-quar'lin' children,
Doe my words may kinder goad;
I'm jes' p'intin' out de pitfalls,
Dat you'll find along de road.

Fah dah's many uv dem, children,
An', one uv de wust I know,
Is dis dreadful inclernation,
Jest to set and let things go.

Spite uv all de odds agin us,
Dah's a heap dat we kin do;
Things dat don't concern de white-folks,
Things dat b'long to me an' you.

Learnin' to respect each othah;
Holdin' up fah ou' own race;
And a-keepin' down ou' envy,
When one gains a higher place.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Learnin' how to use ou' jedgement,
'Bout de things dat come along,
'Stid uv waitin' till de white folks
Say ef it is right er wrong.

Keep'in' faith in ou' own people,
Doe dey make us sick at hawt,
Wid deir weakness an' deir folly,
While dey're try'n' to git a stawt.

Fah dese great an' mighty nations,
Dat's now rulin' land and sea,
Stawted out on next to nothin',
Jest de same ez you and me.

An' I'm not a-boastin' children,
Fah I know my people's worth:—
Dah's ez good a s.uff in ou' race,
Ez in any race on earth.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But de race needs cultivation ;
I don't keer how rich de soil,
It ain't go'n' to bring forth produce
Fah its ownah, 'less he toil.

Dat is why I keep a-sayin',
To you, ovah an' agin,
Dat we's bound to quit ou' foolin',
And git up and act like men.

Now, dis sounds like modern doctrine,
Fah a ole-time chap like me,
But I had my own opinions,
Even 'fo' dey set me free.

White-folks called me "Mistah Hawd-
head,"
And dey'd knock and cuff me roun',
But, in spite uv all de beatin',
Dey jes' couldn't keep me down.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

An' soon ez de Good News reached us,
(Jiniwary, sixty three,)
I lit out an' jined de ahmy,
An dey saw no mo' uv me

So I've been a-tryin' children,
Evah since, to help my race,
Doe, sometimes I do so little,
I'm 'mos' 'shamed to show my face.

But, doe we can't all be leaders,
We kin do de best we kin,
An' dis is my pray'r dear children,
May God help us to be men!

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE SKEPTIC.

WRITTEN ON AN INCIDENT, READ IN A PERIODICAL.

The mother's face looked tired and worn,
While speaking of her son;
The good man listened earnestly,
As she went sadly on,

Telling of days of weariness,
And nights of earnest prayer,
All, all for him, whose soul had been
Her heart's most anxious care.

"You'll speak to him?" at last, she said,
"Perhaps, your clearer sight
Will find a way, I have not seen,
To lead him to the Light."

"God helping me." the list'ner said,
And went to seek her son.
He found the young man hard and cold,
With heart, that bowed to none.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

'He knew not if there were a God ;'
He said, with careless pride—
"What know I, positive, of Christ,
Or that He lived and died?"

He doubted all the prophecies,
And ev'ry Bible truth ;
He had no faith in God nor man,
This proud, rebellious youth.

The good man paused,—he knew of naught,
That this man's heart would move ;
At last, he asked, if he had faith,
In his good mother's love.

The dark look left those doubting eyes ;
"That love, so deep and pure,
How could I doubt?" he quickly said,
"Of that, I'm always sure."

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“You say, you will not pray to God,
Because I cannot prove;
Then, will you breathe one earnest prayer,
This night, my boy, to love?”

The young man promised; in his heart,
He sadly craved for light;
His promise filled his mind again,
When all alone that night;

And, kneeling down, within his room,
He whispered low: “Oh, Love!”
There came unto his waiting heart,
The answer: “God is Love.”

And then, his heart cried low: “Oh God!”
The answer came again:—
“Because of God’s all-pitying love,
The blessed Savior came.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Then,—then went up the yearning cry:—
“Oh, Christ, Thou Love Divine,
Shed Thou the light of Thy great Truth,
O'er this dark heart of mine!”

His heart stood still, in ecstasy;
The blessed Light had come;
He rose, with joy, unspeakable,
And sought his mother's room.

A LULLABY.

Hush ye, hush ye! honey, darlin',
Hush ye, now, an' go to sleep;
Mammy's got to wash them dishes,
An' she's got this floor to sweep.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

You must think I'm made uv money,
An's got nothin' else to do,
But to set here, in this rocker,
Like a lady, holdin' you.

Now you's gone to laughin' at me;
Little rascal! Hush! I say,
Mammy's got to wash them dishes,
She ain't got no time to play.

Ef you don't quit lookin' at me,
With that little sassy eye,
I declare, I'll tell your daddy,
An' tonight, he'll make you fly.

Now jest look how you's a-laughin'!
See you's bound to have your way,
I'll jest have to set an' hold you;
Won't git nothin' done today.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE EMPTY TOMB.

Calv'ry's tragedy is ended ;
They have laid Him in the tomb,
And with jealous care, His enemies have
sealed it ;
But they cannot keep Him there,
For an earthquake rends the air,
And an angel rolls away the stone that
closed it.

None are there to greet the Savior,
As He leaves the open tomb,
All forgotten are the promises He gave them ;
And the women wend their way
To the tomb, ere it is day ;
Not in faith, for death's sad emblems bring
they with them.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Oh, the darkness of that morning,
When they stood before His tomb,
With the spices and the ointments to anoint
Him!

And I hear sad Mary say:
"They have taken Him away,
And I know not, and I know not where
they've laid Him."

Oh, ye ones of faithless doubting!
Know ye not what Jesus said,
While in life, His toil to you was freely given?
Now ye stand, with hearts of woe,
While your bitter tears doth flow,
Knowing not your Lord and Savior has arisen.

Then the Savior speaks to Mary,
And at first, she knows Him not,
For her eyes are darkened by her doubts and
sadness;

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Then, He speaks to her again,
Gently calls her by her name,
And she greets her risen Lord with wondrous
gladness.

Often in the Christians' struggle,
When the battle rages sore,
And on ev'ry side the bitter foes assail them,
E'en like her, they sadly say:—
"They have taken Him away,
And I know not, and I know not where
they've laid Him."

And, like her, with bitter weeping,
As they face the empty tomb,
All His promises and wondrous deeds for-
gotten,
If they'd turn, they'd find Him near,
With such loving words of cheer,
That they'd know 'twas doubt, that made
them feel forsaken.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

DRIFT-WOOD.

They brought in the brine-crust'd drift-
wood,
And heaped it high on the hearth,
For the snow, outside, was falling fast,
And the winter wind was wroth.

I watched the bright flames leaping up-
ward,
As the drift-wood flashed and burned,
And I mused on the fate of those who
sailed
In the ship, that ne'er returned.

My fancy then wrought out two stories,
And one was sad and drear:
Of lashing waves and struggling souls,
And piercing cries of fear.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

The other was bright and hopeful :
For the wild waves lost their prey,
When a stately ship came gliding by,
And bore the crew away.

Then, musing on my fancies,
I wondered which one bore
The truer tale of the good ship, cast
As drift-wood, on the shore.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

SUBMISSION.

I'll faint no more beneath the burden
My Lord has given me to bear,
What matter if my heart is laden,
And sadness finds a refuge there?

He promised not unbroken gladness,
If we would trace His bleeding feet,
But strength to bear life's toil and
sadness,
To overcome the foes we meet.

What matter if the way be narrow?
We have His loving sympathy;
Did He not tread earth's path of sor-
row,
From Bethlehem to Calvary?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

And are we better than the Master,
Who bore for us mortality?
Or wiser than the Heavenly Father,
Whose great love suffered this to be?

I'll trust the God, whose great com-
passion
Sent to Gethsemane His Son,
Who shamed forever our rebellion,
When there He prayed:—"Thy will
be done."

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

There's a wonderful story,
That never grows old,
Though centuries have passed,
Since first it was told;
Since the angel of God,
On that far, early morn,
Proclaimed to the shepherds,
That Jesus was born.
Ah, the news was too great
For poor mortal to bring!
An angel must tell
Of the birth of the King.

The people of God
Had long looked for His Son,
The prophets had said:
"He surely will come,

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Jehovah has promised
 His own Son to give,
To suffer and die,
 That His people may live."
And the angels were first
 The glad tidings to bring:
"Glory to God in the highest,
 He has sent thee thy King!"

The wondering shepherds
 Cast out all their fears,
When the angels' glad tidings
 Rang sweet in their ears,
And leaving their flocks,
 Into Bethlehem went,
And beheld the great Gift
 Their Father had sent.
In a Bethlehem stable
 The little One lay;
His cradle, the manger;
 His pillow, the hay.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

The bright star of promise
Was seen in the east,
And then, to the manger
Came prophet and priest,
Came hither the wise men,
Rich presents to bring,
And worship this Infant,
Their Savior and King.
Then returned to their land
By a devious way,
That the king might not know
Where the little One lay.

Now, when they'd departed,
An angel of light
Appeared unto Joseph,
Slumbering at night:
"Arise! take the Child
And His mother, and fly;
King Herod decrees
That the Infant must die."

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

And Joseph and Mary
Fled off in the night,
With Christ, our Redeemer,
From Herod's grim might;
Into Egypt they went
With the pure Holy One;
Oh, the Father knew well
How to guard His dear Son!
The Son He so loved,
But freely did give,
To die, that the whole world
Might look up, and live.

Ah no! that sweet story
Can never grow old,
Though long years have passed,
Since first it was told;
Since first the glad angels
Sang sweet its refrain,
And now we repeat it
Again and again:—

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Glory to God in the highest,
For the dear Savior’s birth!
Glory to God in the highest,
And peace upon earth!”
And down through the ages,
That chorus shall ring,
Till earth’s ev’ry nation
Crowns Jesus its King.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

STORM-BEATEN.

Weary, worn, and sorrow-laden,
Jesus, I have come to Thee;
Shield me from the darts of Satan;
Set my fettered spirit free.

Hearken to my plea for guidance,
As I kneel before Thy throne;
Cheer me with Thy Holy Presence,
When I feel I'm all alone.

Struggling with the cares that press me,
Falling, when I fain would stand,
Thou alone, canst guide and keep me,
Take, oh take my trembling hand!

Pity Thou my many failings;
Strengthen Thou my falt'ring trust;
Keep me, 'mid the wind's loud wailing,
Thou, the Pitiful and Just!

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

“Son, come tell me 'bout the meetin’;
Kinder glad I didn’t go,
Since the night turned out so stormy,
Feels alike it’s go’n’ to snow.

“I’ve been settin’ here, a-noddin’,
An’ a-listenin’ to the win’;
Jest 'bout dropped off in a slumber,
When I heard you comin’ in.

“Wus the sermon good this ev’nin’?
(’Spec’ ’twus jest about the same;)
We ain’t had no rousin’ sermons,
Since that Elder Ma’shall came.”

“Well, you’ll have to change that, mother,
Marshall tried himself tonight;
My! the women got to shouting,
And they knocked things left and right.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Mother, you just ought to’ve been there;”

“Wush I had! I’us ’bout to say:—
Somethin’s always sure to happen,
Ev’ry time I stay away

“Go on, tell me all about it;”

“Can’t begin to tell you all,
But that Smith girl near went crazy,
And she got an awful fall.

“Five or six were trying to hold her,
But that woman pitched and tore,
Till at last, she broke loose from them,
And fell flat, on that hard floor.

“Tell you, ma, it kind of scared me;
When she fell, she struck her head,
And she lay so stiff and quiet,
That it seemed like she was dead.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Wouldn’t ‘a’ happened ef I’d been there,
Guess they didn’t hold her tight;
But it won’t be nothin’ ser’ous,
Ef the gal wus shoutin’ right.”

“I’m not sure about that, mother,”
“Well, I am! and now, go on;
Tell me mo’ about the meetin’,
For I see ’twus p’int’ly wawm.

“Wush to goodness, I had been there!
Serves me right! that’s what I got,
Settin’ by the fire a sleepin’;
Could ‘a’ gone as well as not.

“I jest know Aunt Luce got happy!”
“Ma, you’ve never seen her shout!
Why, she just did take on awful,
And Florinda took her out.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Took her out? Jest like Florinda!
She’s entirely too high-tone’;
Gittin’ ’shamed uv her old grandma;
Think she’d better left her ’lone.”

“Mother, I don’t blame Florinda,
For Aunt Luce is pretty old,
And the church was all confusion,
Seemed they’d got beyond control.”

“I don’t keer! it wouldn’t hurt her,
Ef she’d let her had it out;
That’s some more uv your new notions;
Folks don’t git too old to shout.”

“Now, I didn’t say that mother;”
“Think I don’t know what you mean?
You wus gittin’ down on shoutin’
Long before you left your teens.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Di ln’t say I hated shouting,
Sometimes, it may be all right;
But they often overdo it,
And that’s what they di l tonight.”

“Oh don’t talk ‘bout overdoin’,
You can’t smooth it over none,
Ef you had your way about it,
’I wouldn’t be no shoutin’ done.

“Talkin’ ‘bout them overdoin’!
Ef you had a mite uv sens’,
You would know they couldn’t help it;
They can’t stop, once they commence.”

“Oh that’s what they always tell you!
I know that old song by heart;
If they know they can’t control it,
Then they’d better not to start.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Acting like they'd lost their senses;
Don't care how far they're behind
In their common sense and business,
So they have that “happy time.”

“When it comes to noise and shouting,
Plenty answer to the call;
When it's work, and sober thinking,
Then, a few must do it all ”

“Shame on you! your ma has shouted,
An' you know she'll shout agin;
Shucks! I thought you had religion,
But I see you're still in sin.”

“Why I didn't mean you, mother;
You think I'd say that of you?”
“Boy, ef you don't b'lieve in shoutin',
I don't know whut you would do!”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Oh, I wish I hadn't spoken!
Ma, you don't quite understand—”
“Spec' I don't; I'm so old-fashioned,
An' you're such a modern man.

With your high-flown modern notions
'Bout the way the church should go;
Comin' here a-scornin' shoutin'!
You must think that I am Flo.

“No, indeed! I ain't Florinda;
Since she come back fum that school,
An' you've been a courtin' uv her,
Don't know which's the biggest fool

“Spec' when you an' her git married,
You won't have me 'round you, then;
'Spec' you'll send me to the po' house,
Ef I dare to say 'Amen'.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“Ma, you know you’re talking nonsense,
I’d been married long ago,
If I hadn’t been a waiting
Till you learn to care for Flo.

“And you’re too hard on Florinda;
’Course, she doesn’t shout and scream,
But a truer, sweeter, Christian,
I, for one, have never seen.

“Why, I wouldn’t give Florinda,
With her gentle, Christian way,
For a dozen shouting women,
Can’t help what you old folks say!”

“Nonsense! boy, you’s gone plumb crazy;
I kin git along with Flo,
Go on, mar’y her ef you wan’to,—
Might of told me that befo’.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

“So that’s where the shoe is pinchin’?
Waitin’ see whut I would do;
'Fraid I won't git 'long with Flora;
Boy, don't I git 'long with you?

“You is jest as bad as Flora,
Both is got your high-tone' ways,
Aftah all, 'spec' you can't help it,
Comin' 'long in these new days.

“Well, we won't quar'l 'bout religion,
Folks an' times change like the tide;
But your ma will keep on shoutin',
Till she reach the 'other side'.”

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

OH LIST TO MY SONG!

Oh list to my song, my sweet, dark eyed
dove!

Oh list to thy lover today!
For I've come from afar, to woo thee
again,
Though, erstwhile, you sent me away.

But I heard thy sighs in my troubled
dreams,
And methought they were sighs of pain;
So I've come, I've come on the wings of
of my love,
To offer my true heart again.

Oh say that my heart has not hoped in
vain!
Oh tell me the sweet dream was true!
And lift those dark lashes, oh sweet love
of mine,
And hide not thine eyes from my view.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Oh love, those dear eyes are telling the
tale,
That thy lips refuse to repeat!
Come thou, to my heart; thou art mine,
thou art mine,
Till time and eternity meet!

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

We say he is dead; ah, the word is too
somber;
'Tis the touch of God, on the weary
eyes,

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

That has caused them to close, in peaceful slumber,
To open with joy, in the upper skies.

We say he is gone; we have lost him forever;
His face and his form we will cherish no more;
While happy and safe, just over the river,
He is waiting for us, where partings are o'er.

Ah, sad are our hearts, as we gaze on him sleeping,
And bitter and sad are the tears gushing down;
And yet,—but we cannot see, for the weeping,—
He has only exchanged the cross, for the crown.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

And though the dark mists of grief may
surround us,
Obscuring the face of the Father above,
And blindly we grope, still His arms are
around us,
To guide and sustain with His pitying
love.

And he whom we love, is safe in His
keeping,
Yes, safe and secure, whatever may
come ;
But ne'er will we know how sweetly he's
sleeping,
Till God, in His mercy, shall gather us
home.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

THE EASTER BONNET.

John, look what Mis' Nelson give me,
When I cleaned for her today;
Mean, close-fisted, old white woman!
'Clare, I'll throw the thing away!

You may just say I've gone crazy,
When I wear a thing like that;
Just look at that 'bomination!
Who would call that tning a hat?

What say? 'Beggars can't be choosers?'
Dion't ask her for the thing—
Only said that Easter's coming,
An' I'd need a hat this spring.

Then she went upstairs a-prancing,
And I looked for something grand;
Next I knew, she come down, grinning,
With this fool thing in her hand.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Guess she knew I didn't like it,
For I just made out to say :
Much obliged to you Mis' Nelson,—
Got right up and come away.

John, I saw hats in her closet,
That she only bought last year,
An' says now they're out of fashion,
That I'd be too glad to wear.

But she would'nt give them to me,
'Fraid I'd hold my head too high ;
Giving me this old-time bonnet !
'Clare, I'm mad enough to cry.

“Oh, don't mind old Mrs. Nelson,
Been an old fool all her life ;
I'll buy you your Easter bonnet ;
She don't have to clothe my wife.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But I can't help laughing, Jennie,
When I see that turned-up nose;
Ha! ha! ha! guess you'll quit hinting
For the white-folks cast-off clothes.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, the gorgeous leaves of autumn!
Waking long-forgotten dreams
Of the days of early childhood,
When we gayly gathered them;

Wove them into bright-hued chaplets,
Placed them on a childish brow,
Dreaming dreams of fame and fortune,
That we smile to think of now.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Or, with ever fertile fancy,
Traced we fairy castles fine,
Flowing brooks, and winding rivers,
In each varied tint and line.

Or we gazed in childish wonder,
While the trees in beauty shone,
Red and purple, gold and russet,
Each with beauty all its own.

And the branches gently swaying
In the soft October breeze,
Gave fresh treasures to our keeping—
Golden, bright-hued, autumn leaves.

Now we've left those days behind us,
And we face the sober life,
All our childish dreams and fancies,
Lost beneath its toil and strife.

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

But whene'er comes bright October,
With her wealth of golden trees,
Then again, we're dreaming children,
Playing in the autumn leaves.

THE WATCHER.

A faithful watcher sits alone,
And waits to see the Old Year die;
And sober are the thoughts that come,
As silently the hours slip by:—

The dear Old Year is almost gone;
Full soon I'll say a sad "Farewell;"
I ask myself, what good I've done;
What deeds of love have I to tell?

SONGS FROM THE WAYSIDE.

Have I been patient, kind, and just,
 Forgiving, loving, faithful, true,
During the year that dies tonight,
 And yields his scepter to the New.

Perchance, I have more patient been,
 More faithful, than in years now gone,
But, ah, I've greater heights to win,
 Trusting the Grace that leads me on.

And this, my pray'r tonight shall be,
 While glad bells chime: "The guest is
 here."

Oh, gracious Father, guide Thou me,
 And keep Thy children through this year!

The watcher ends his simple pray'r,
 And lo! a deep peace fills his soul;
He fearless greets the glad New Year,
 For God, the Father, has control.

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