


PS

3519

0467N5

1916

NINA JONES  
*Her Book* 



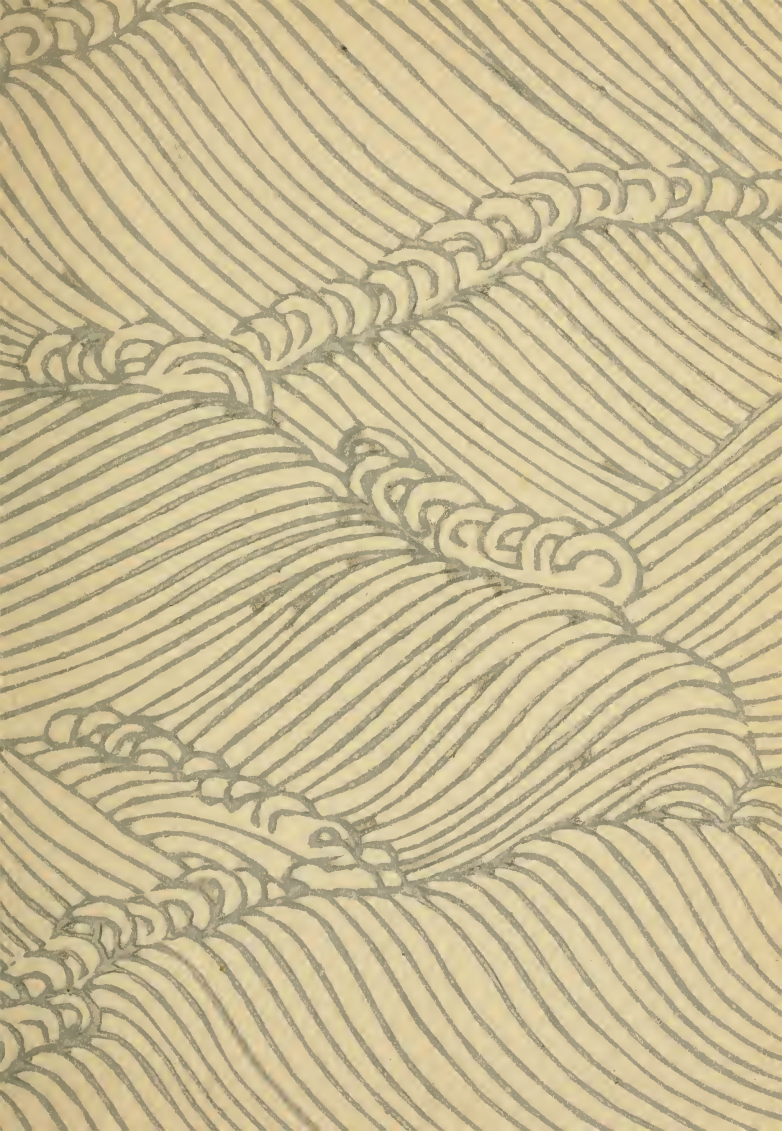


Class PS3519

Book 0467N5

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 1916

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**
















NINA JONES  
HER BOOK



NINA JONES  
*Her Book* 



PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO

*Copyright, 1916*  
By PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY  
SAN FRANCISCO

PS 3519  
O467 N:5  
1916

✓  
NOV -9 1916

© Cl. A 445559

no. 1

TO  
MY FATHER

Take this—my book  
A poor offering  
For so much kindness,  
But my all. I bring  
And lay it in your hand  
Today.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
A SONG OF LITTLE THINGS . . . . .	3
"MISSIE" . . . . .	5
TO MRS. CARRINGTON . . . . .	7
WINDS THAT BLOW . . . . .	9
LONELINESS . . . . .	11
THE SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT . . . . .	13
<i>After</i> "OH! THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING!" . . . . .	15
MY MOTHER'S EYES . . . . .	17
THE WAR . . . . .	19
THE DAYS WE PLAYED . . . . .	21
SILENCE . . . . .	23
THE DREAMER . . . . .	25
CONSOLATION . . . . .	27
HEART OF THE WINDS THAT CROSS THE HILL . . . . .	29
DEATH . . . . .	31
INCONSTANCY . . . . .	33
A PRAYER . . . . .	35
FLEUR DE LIS . . . . .	37
KATHERINE—FEBRUARY 23, 1916 . . . . .	39
A LULLABY . . . . .	41
WE CHASED THE BUTTERFLIES OF DREAMS . . . . .	43
DISTANCE . . . . .	45
AWAKENING . . . . .	47
SOMEWHERE OUT OF THE DARKNESS SWEET . . . . .	49
SOMETHING OF CHILDHOOD . . . . .	51
THE WAVES THAT WASHED AWAY THE SAND . . . . .	53





NINA JONES  
HER BOOK



## A SONG OF LITTLE THINGS


**L**ITTLE birds upon the wing  
Flying off together,  
Bursting little hearts to sing  
Of the golden weather.  
Little birds upon the wing!

Little sails out on the sea,  
Gulls and sails a-flying,  
In the winds of Destiny  
Each the other vieing.  
Little sails out on the sea!

Little stars up in the sky,  
Heaven's lamps ashining.  
Do you ever wonder why,  
Are you never pining  
For the birds and sails that fly?  
Little stars up in the sky!



## “MISSIE”

 HE NAME you had for me,  
(You called it yesterday)  
As blossoms of rosemary,

The little name “Missie.”  
It fell so light and gay,  
The name you had for me.

Did it guide you happily  
Back, or will you say?  
As blossoms of rosemary!

Little name that was the key  
To the springtimes early May,  
The name you had for me.

Sweet and dear eternally,  
Smiling at the sun loved day,  
As blossoms of rosemary.

Who shall take this name from me?  
When my hair is turning grey!  
No.—It shall be April’s fee  
As blossoms of rosemary.



## TO MRS. CARRINGTON

O, SONNET, tell her that I miss  
The little touch upon the waiting hand;  
The ever ready words, "I understand;"  
Her kindly thought; the imprint of her kiss.  
And whisper how her words did much impress,  
As a seer's finger writing on the desert sand,  
This life of mine; how she ambition fanned  
Until it was a flame of loveliness.

She may, within her dear heart's warmer clime,  
Send me a word, as the swift passing ship  
Takes brief a second from its glass of time,  
To signal the small shallop's toss and dip.  
I pause o'er—I remember we are friends  
Even to the world's eternal sunset ends.





## WINDS THAT BLOW

**W**INDS that blow the roses sweet  
Over the walls of the garden,  
Out into the dusty street  
And never ask a pardon,  
Do you never wonder where  
The ashes of those roses go,  
Or is it you do not care?  
Winds that blow!



## LONELINESS

**T**HINK of you the whole day through.  
My thoughts, they voyage swift and  
speed  
Upon the winds across the mead.  
The winds that sing the song of you!

I watch alone, the stars that gleam  
Their vagrant way across the sky.  
I know a little bird will fly  
One day to you as in a dream.

And you will come, hearing my call,  
So silently upon the sand.  
I will reach out and clasp your hand,  
Remembering and forgiving all.

*By permission  
The International Magazine*



## THE SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

**T**HE SHIPS that pass in the night,  
Through the silvering grey of the sea,  
Are ever a welcome delight.

The ships that pass in the night  
May hold a dream's swift flight;  
Some fair dream for you or me.  
The ships that pass in the night  
Through the silvering grey of the sea!



*After* "OH! THAT WE TWO WERE  
MAYING"

**O**H! THAT we two were sailing  
Down the breast of the distant stream.  
Like little white drifts playing  
In the shade of the river's dream.  
Oh! that we two sat, dear one,  
On the banks of the golden rod,  
Watching the twilight beckon  
O'er the clouds that reach to God.  
Oh! that we two lay sleeping  
In our haven beneath the sea,  
With our hearts in Love's safe keeping  
And our souls in Eternity.





## MY MOTHER'S EYES

**S**HE HAS blue eyes, that smile  
And hold the depth of angels' tears;  
That shine through stars, the while  
Gazing backward at the years.  
They are so true, these lovely eyes,  
And ever gaze a new sweet thought — — —  
But who would not surmise  
She has *blue* eyes!



## THE WAR

**I**T CRASHED upon the world its mighty woe,  
And tore its bloody path through many  
                  hearts—

A thing malign that is all nations' foe,  
War! the destroying hand of all the arts.  
It turns Time back to dreaded savage parts.  
The wreaking knife of murder's gory force,  
It hurls the best in man into its carts  
Of carnage, ravage; heedless of remorse  
That comes too late with Death's unflinching  
          course.



## THE DAYS WE PLAYED

**T**HE DAYS we played in the shimmering sea  
And your song was light on the quiet air,—  
Happy the hours and happier we,  
Without a sorrow and with a laugh for care!  
Now was there ever so merry a pair  
Dancing in sunshine beneath the lea?  
The days we played in the shimmering sea  
And your song was light on the quiet air!  
The salt shone diadem-like in your hair,  
We can not say love was not there,  
But in the Autumn he set himself free.  
The days we played in the shimmering sea  
And your song was light on the quiet air.



## SILENCE

**S**ILENCE is the lull that follows gales at sea,  
The pause before the voice of lovers'  
speech,  
The stillness of the grey dawn's mystery,  
The aftermath of twilight on the beach.  
It is God given within human reach.

It is found in emotion's greatest hour,  
A thing too subtle for expression's form.  
It dwells in the heart of a forest flower  
And sails like a light cloud before the storm,  
Unseen, unheard, but with insistent power.





## THE DREAMER

**D**REAM that my dwelling is within your  
heart,  
Imagine that my visioning is your  
own,  
Look up and see me laughing down the path  
Of memories,—together we have sown.

Suppose that life were a meadow green,  
The years the field flowers that blow,  
And through the tall grasses hand in hand  
Singing, like happy children we go.

Oh say that, “The sad road is covered,”  
That, “The dogwood’s abloom in the Spring.”  
And once more we shall sit in the twilight  
With silence— —remembering!



## CONSOLATION

**L**IE still!  
No ill  
Can come to you.

Asleep  
So deep  
And fathomless  
Is death.  
No breath,  
An end of pain.  
I call,  
'Tis all  
My sad heart knows.  
Silent,  
Intent,  
Upon your slumber.  
But near  
I hear  
Your spirit speak,  
In dreams,  
It seems.



HEART OF THE WINDS THAT CROSS  
THE HILL

**H**EART of the winds that cross the hill  
And come with the sweet of the hay,—  
Through my curtained window sill;  
Heart of the winds that cross the hill,  
Bringing a breath of the ocean's chill,  
And cooling the summer's day;  
Heart of the winds that cross the hill  
And come with the sweet of the hay!



## DEATH

THE TEARS rained from the sky  
Oh stormy weeping.  
The sun hung sadly behind a cloud  
For you were sleeping  
In that last unwakeful rest.  
The world was grey.  
Even the green almond swayed in sorrow,  
The old priest came to pray  
And I beside your still form stood  
Turned fast to stone;  
Then through the rainbow that swiftly  
    swayed above  
I saw your face—alone!

*By permission  
The International Magazine*





## INCONSTANCY

I LOVE the world!  
I love you.—  
I could not be true  
To just you,  
So I love the world  
Including you.



## A PRAYER

OH LET our prayers come unto Thee  
And listen in Thy greater heart.  
To the torn world eternally  
Oh let our prayers come unto Thee!  
Until from sin our souls are free  
And we have done our given part,  
Oh let our prayers come unto Thee  
And listen in Thy greater heart.



## FLEUR DE LIS

**G** E SPRING to color o'er the hills of France,  
In glory purpling the martial fields,  
And waving pinions of fair romance,  
In winds that sing of battle and of chance.  
And ye art blazoned even on their shields!


Ye grow in the damp of the trenches' mire,  
In the hot passion of war's wretched cause,  
And give thy fresh bloom to the cannon's fire,  
(Too frail to burn on a funeral pyre—).  
Oh what care ye for this world's mock applause!

Ye die on stems made green by April's tears,  
On youthful graves ye thrive to bloom anew.  
Thou art the ghosts of a hundred buried years,  
Of other lily flowers that here grew,  
Returned to face the horror and the fears!



# KATHERINE

FEBRUARY 23, 1916

 ON'T YOU say she's sleeping, sleeping,  
Resting peacefully today?  
Won't you see the angels keeping  
Watch above her lovely clay?

Does your heart stop still and listen  
For her footfall on the stair?  
Do you close wet eyes that glisten  
With the sad tears always there?

Won't you think her sleeping, sleeping,  
In that home below the hill,  
With the cool green ivy creeping  
Over door and window sill?

Oh, poor lonely heart a'aching,  
Give her tears and violets white,  
Only know that she is waking  
Out of darkness into Light.





## A LULLABY

**S**LEEP in these happy arms—my pet,  
Dream that the fluted notes of Pan  
Are dancing o'er your coverlet,  
And baby stars are looking down  
Upon you, child, and even yet  
Are dancing o'er your coverlet.

Rest through the quiet night,—my sweet,  
Know that God is looking down,  
Guiding to Dreamland your little feet.  
And sweet thoughts linger o'er your bed,  
While mother's prayers with them meet  
Guiding to Dreamland your little feet.



WE CHASED THE BUTTERFLIES OF  
DREAMS

**W**E CHASED the butterflies of dreams  
Into the fields of yesterday,  
And caught one mid the moonlight  
beams.

We chased the butterflies of dreams,—  
That danced beside the shady streams.  
They lingered,—but to fly away.  
We chased the butterflies of dreams  
Into the fields of yesterday!



## DISTANCE

I LOVED you, dear,—  
I never told you so.  
I pressed your lips,—  
You did not dream or know.  
I called your name,  
You could not hear so far,  
For I'm the ingenue—You—the star!

*By permission  
The Theatre Magazine*



## AWAKENING

I KNEW it not for love  
When first you touched my hand.—  
The trembling of my heart  
I did not understand.

I knew it not for love  
When first you kissed me, dear,—  
And yet it seemed not strange  
That you should be so near.

I knew it not for love  
Until you went away,—  
Then came the wild desire  
For you and yesterday.





# SOMEWHERE OUT OF THE DARKNESS

## SWEET

**S**OMEWHERE out of the darkness sweet,  
The darkness of the narrow grave,  
I hear the soft tread of your feet.  
Somewhere out of the darkness sweet,—  
Or is it but a mere conceit  
Of longing that the spirit gave?—  
Somewhere out of the darkness sweet,  
The darkness of the narrow grave!



## SOMETHING OF CHILDHOOD


**I** HAVE this with me always  
The love of little things,—  
A torn book from my childhood,  
A worn out doll that clings  
Around memory, that lingers  
And in the tree top sings.

I have not yet forgotten  
The toy house on the lawn,  
The wee and shabby furniture  
Quite rickety and torn,  
I close my eyes and wonder———  
Where has my childhood gone?

I think sometime I'll find it  
Beside a shaded brook,  
With johnny-jump-ups on its bank  
Like in a story book———  
The little girl I used to know  
With childhood's wondering look.



THE WAVES THAT WASHED AWAY  
THE SAND

 HE WAVES that washed away the sand  
Swept our two names into the sea———  
They acted as a fairy wand.

The waves that washed away the sand,  
Left nothing that we two had planned,  
But set our hearts and summer free.  
The waves that washed away the sand  
Swept our two names into the sea.



HERE ENDS THE BOOK OF NINA JONES PUBLISHED BY PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY, AND SEEN THROUGH THEIR TOMOYE PRESS UNDER THE TYPOGRAPHICAL DIRECTION OF HERMAN A. FUNKE, IN SAN FRANCISCO, DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN



















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 235 321 4

