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WINNIPESAUKEE

AND

OTHER POEMS

EVA BEEDE ODELL.

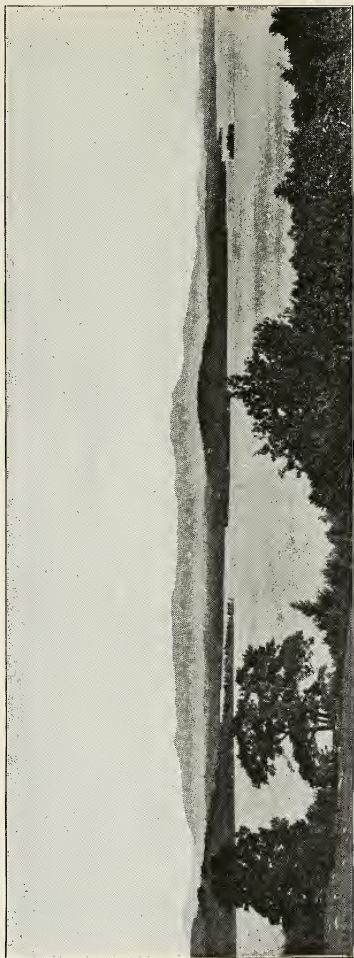


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LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

WINNIPESAUKEE

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

EVA BEEDE ODELL

AUTHOR OF "ROXY'S GOOD ANGEL"



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No 1

TO
MY HUSBAND,
WILLIS P. ODELL

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WINNIPESAUKEE

A WORLD of beauty everywhere we go!

The mountains gleaming through the hazy veil,

The deep blue sky where fleecy cloudlets sail,
Are imaged in the placid lake below,

Where white in little coves the lilies blow.

The giant pine trees and the flowerets frail

Their fragrance on the summer air exhale,
And beautiful the drifts of daisy snow!

The dreamy twilight softly on us steals,

The fire-fly stars come twinkling in the green.

In distance dim, a plaintive voice appeals

To "Whip-poor-Will," who ever keeps unseen.

The moon comes up, across the lake's expanse

The fairy beams in golden sandals dance.

A DECEMBER PICTURE

In silence snow-sprites all the night
Dropped deep their feathery flakes of white,
Till dawn revealed a world transformed,
Bestrewn with gems, in sunlight warmed.
In beauty of December tide,
To see the woodland then we hied.
In fluffy down, a dainty trace
Our snowshoes made, and snowflake lace
Festooned each bush that fringed the way
To where the rustic cottage lay,
Asleep for its long winter night,
'Neath marble roof with stars bedight.
Deep blue against a cloudless sky
Stood out the far-off mountains high,
And in its shining frame of white
The lake, sky tinted, dimpled bright.
Down at our feet, a treasure heap,
O'erhead, bare branches pearl-edged deep,
And hemlocks, firs and pine trees tall,
Low drooping, diamond dusted all.
Oak leaves, like small brown palms held up,
Formed each a tiny jewel cup;
On rocks were ermine cushions thrown;
The brooklet's border crystal sown.
Tints gray and brown, with white and green,
Reflected in the limpid sheen,
The lake shore gave a double edge,
In fringe of trees, with rocks and ledge.

THE TWO VILLAGES

CLOSELY nestled by the lakeside,
There the little hamlet lies,
With its white spires pointing upward
To the realms beyond the skies.

To and fro the people hasten,
And the little town is rife
With the cheerful sounds of labor,
And the busy hum of life.

Just beyond this town lies sleeping
Yet another, still and low,
Inmates of whose narrow houses
No more out forever go.

No device is there; they work not;
Only Nature's voice is heard
In the winds that wave the tree-tops,
Insects' hum, and song of bird.

SPRINGTIDE

AGAIN our raptured eyes behold,
As something new, the marvel old,
How from the winter's cold and gloom
Bursts forth the springtide warmth and bloom.

The long imprisoned brooklets sing,
As melting drifts their tributes bring.
While in the gardens brown and bare
Peeps forth the tiny snow-drop fair.

And soon the crocuses are seen,
All dancing out in slippers green,
And each one strives to look her best,
In purple, white, or yellow dressed.

The downy pussies, waked from sleep,
Along the willow branches creep;
From birch and alder catkins sway;
The maples are with tassels gay.

And trailing low upon the ground,
'Neath rusty leaves in beauty found,
The blushing arbutus peeps out,
And sheds its fragrance all about.

The violets now are blooming, too,
Sweet white, gay yellow, modest blue;
While adder's tongue fills all the dells
With mottled leaves and yellow bells.

The bluets cluster in a mass;
The dandelions fleck the grass;
And dotting white the mossy sod,
All daintily the wind-flowers nod.

The columbines ring out their bells,
And Jack in glossy pulpit tells
To all around, " 'Tis spring again!"
And rippling brooks sing sweet refrain.

For chosen mate, his heart aflame,
The robin-redbreast early came,
And, singing, wove his cozy nest;
Then came the bluebird and the rest

Who make the woods with songs of spring
In early morning concerts ring;
For brooks and birds must be in tune,
And flowers bestrew the way for June.

IN THE SWEET MAY-TIME

TREES in softest verdure dressed,
Blue eggs in the robin's nest,
Cloudless skies and balmy air,
All the earth an Eden fair,
 In the sweet May-time.

Through the woodland fairy sheen,
Network wove of tender green,
Sparkling brooks o'er mossy stones
Love songs purl in liquid tones,
 In the sweet May-time.

Wild flowers dotting bright the moss,
Where birch leaves their shadows toss.
Saxifrages fringe the ledge,
Ferns unroll a scalloped edge,
 In the sweet May-time.

In the river's mirror bright,
Soft green leaves and blossoms white
With the red-hued maples blend,
Where tall pines their shadows send,
 In the sweet May-time.

Blooming 'neath the roadside trees
Violets and anemones.
In the winding brooklet's bed
Cowslip lifts its golden head,
 In the sweet May-time.

Lilacs nodding to the breeze,
Drowsy hum of honey bees,
Apple trees like huge bouquets,
Bluebirds singing roundelays,
In the sweet May-time.

MIDSUMMER

SOFT the song the leaves are singing,
 Tufted is the waving grass;
Butterflies, like air flowers, winging,
 Where the earth flowers may not pass.
Golden cups, the crowfoot swaying,
 Catch the sunshine and the dew;
Balmy zephyrs, gently playing,
 Coy and blushing roses woo.
Cool the tents, the elm trees spreading
 Forth their grateful leaf shade make;
Witching beams, the bright moon shedding,
 All the sleeping fairies wake.

GOLDENROD

How beautiful the goldenrod
The dusty roadside fringing!
'Midst grasses tall its gay crests nod,
The fields with glory tingeing;
And fluffy blossoms manifold,
The swampy meadows flecking,
A carpet weave of green and gold,
The earth with splendor decking.

Along the shady forest's edge
Are yellow pennants streaming,
And through the deep and tangled hedge
The golden wands are gleaming.
The river's bank is all aglow
Where goldenrod is drooping,
Bright mirrored in the depths below
In many a graceful grouping.

THE AUTUMN WOODS

WHAT beauty in the Autumn woods!
Where, in the calm, deep solitudes,
The amber sunshine finds its way,
And checkered light and shadows play.
Such beauty everywhere we turn!
The moss-grown rock and drooping fern,
The woodland flowers and trailing vines,
The singing brooks and sighing pines,
The murmur of the gentle breeze
That stirs the yellow chestnut leaves,
Till softly in the grasses brown
The round and prickly burs drop down.
The maples are in bright array
Of mottled gold and crimson gay;
The oaks in bronze and russet dressed;
In cloth of gold are all the rest,
Except that now and then between
There stands a tall, dark evergreen
That sheds its spicy fragrance round
And drops its cones upon the ground.
With asters white and purple tinged,
And goldenrod, the woods are fringed,
With scarlet berries peeping through
Where wild grapes hang, of purple hue,
And fiery-fingered ivy clings,
While milkweed floats on downy wings.
The crickets chirp and insects hum,
For glorious Autumn now has come.

OCTOBER

HAIL! all hail to thee, October!

Gayest month in all the year!

Welcome harvest, fruit and vintage,

Painted leaf and sky so clear!

Green with red and yellow blending

Make the earth a pageant fair.

O, the joy just to be living

In the crisp autumnal air!

Goldenrod and purple aster

Bright in roadside borders grow.

'Midst the dark leaves of black alder

Coral-red the berries glow.

All along the moss-grown fences

How the nimble squirrels jump!

They are hoarding stores for winter;

Filled with nuts their cheeks are plump.

Grapes in rich and purple clusters

Peep from out the frost-nipped leaves.

Golden pumpkins in the cornfields

Lie among the ripened sheaves.

Apples from the laden branches

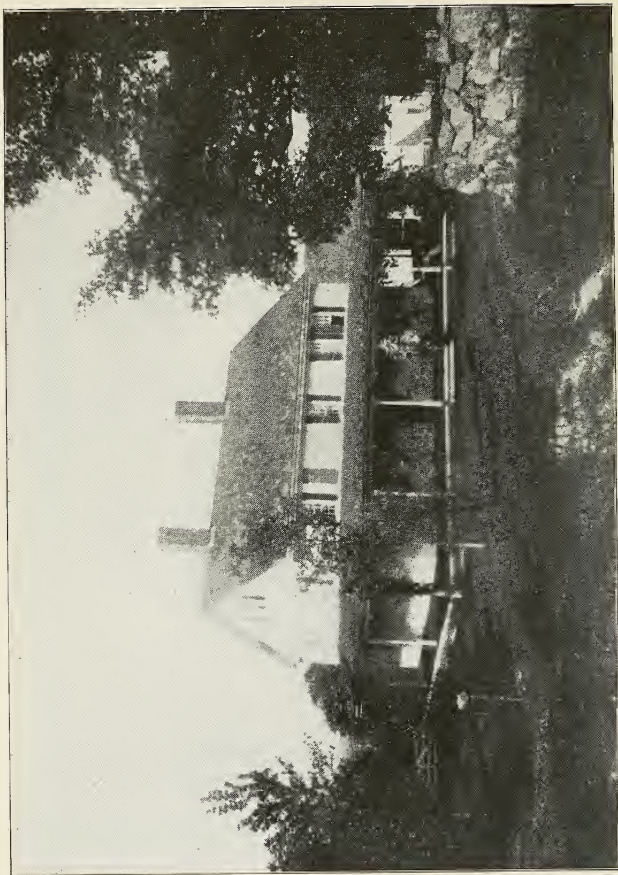
Bending o'er the garden wall,

Rosy-cheeked and russet-coated,

In the faded grasses fall.

AUTUMN LEAVES

O AUTUMN leaves with varied colors gay!
Like crimson banners waving 'gainst the sky,
Or golden pennants streaming far on high,
Seem all the trees in autumn's, bright array.
Would that this carnival might longer stay!
But sere and brown, too soon, the leaves will lie
Along the roadside strewn, for passers-by
With hurried steps to crush, and then decay.
The red and yellow leaves are falling fast,
All in a merry dance they whirl around,
Till swept into some sheltered nook at last,
They cuddle close upon the frozen ground,
There soon to fade and die, all beauty past,
Bright tinted leaves that once the autumn
crowned.



A COUNTRY PIAZZA

A COUNTRY PIAZZA

TOWARD sunrise, southward, and the far sunset,
Our broad piazza spreads a shelter kind,
Where, storm or shine, we solid comfort find.
For wind-screen we've an old-time coverlet,
As shield from sun the trailing grape-vine net.
We have a bookstand, quaint in form designed,
Where daily papers of the world remind,
When crimson ramblers tempt us to forget.
There is the red settee, the big arm-chair,
The dear old-fashioned table where we dine,
The gaily-colored hammocks here and there,
The clematis that clings with tendrils fine;
And there's no artist's canvas can compare
With twilight glow in frame the woodbines
twine.

NEW HAMPTON

ADOWN the hill from Shingle Camp we drove,
On past the mansion old, tall trees around,
And church, white sentinel on holy ground,
Where towers dark behind the great pine grove;
Near by, the bridge, 'neath tree tops interwove—
'Tis here one crosses over Jordan's bound.
Along the leaf-arched street we went and found
A land for story books—rare treasure trove.
Historic lore the library revealed,
Traditions of the Institute we heard.
From legends old and fresh romance we
gleaned
The stories weird of cellar, half concealed,
Where home in flames, the witch foretold true
word,
And tales of lover's fond retreat, tree-screened.

YORK BEACH

FROM inland homes to this resort, far-famed,
We came, where rocks rise high, and grand
the view

That looks far out upon the waters blue.
The distant sails we scanned, the headlands
named,
The breakers watched, and in delight exclaimed
To see, with surge and foam and splash, each
new

Wave dash and toss its spray of rainbow hue,
As rush and roar incoming tides proclaimed.

Upon the lonely deep when darkness fell,
What joy to note how lights along the beach
Flashed forth their golden gleams, which
outward streamed

The billows o'er, as surges, swell on swell,
Swept in and curled along the sandy reach,
While all the air with ocean music teemed!

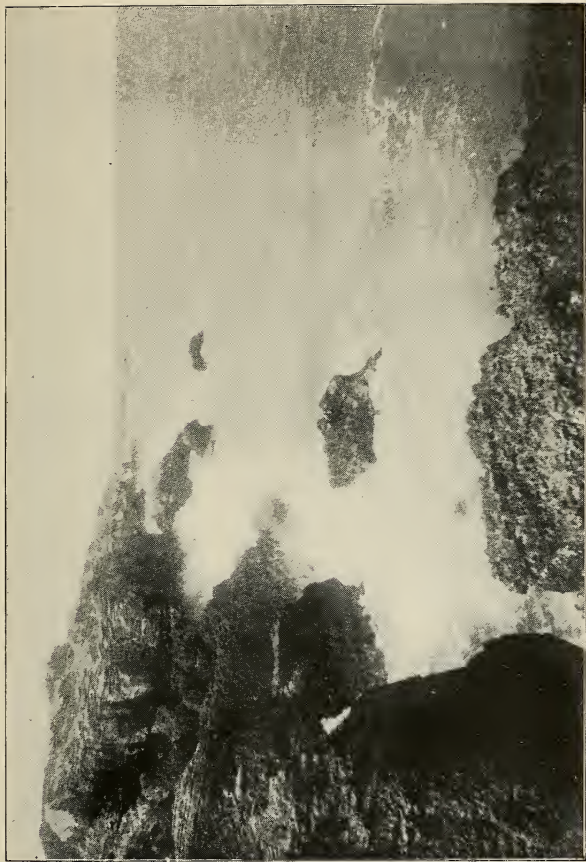
THE ISLES OF SHOALS

FROM Portsmouth harbor out to sea we sailed;
The lighthouse passed, the tolling bell buoy hailed;
Then onward to the Shoals we sped away,
Till at Star Island pier our steamer lay.
'Twas there three hundred years ago or more,
John Smith, the captain, took his men ashore.
The Oceanic, that was where we stayed,
And daily circuit of the isle we made.
The bowl where Neptune drinks his punch we
found,
Then, after climbing and much searching round,
The cave where from the Indians, it is said,
One Betty Moody with her children fled.
We traced the outlines of the face of stone,
For ages watching by the sea alone,
The while the waves dashed on the rocky shore
To burst in clouds of splendor evermore.
With awe we gazed upon the rocky seat,
That was the island teacher's loved retreat,
Until a great, relentless wave, one day,
Washed both the reader and her book away.
The quaint, old church we have in memory kept,
Within whose shade the ancient fishers slept.
Once in the little yacht, the *Pinafore*,
We took a sail across to Appledore.
And there with face all wreathed in sunny smiles,
We saw the fair, sweet singer of the isles.

When on the waters wide night's curtain fell,
The lights in distance dim we loved to tell,
Or gazed entranced while, gleaming through the
 mist,
White Island's beacon rays the dark sea kissed.

THE BERMUDAS

FAR out at sea the fair Bermudas lie,
A chain of emeralds on ocean floor,
In diamond setting of spray-dashed shore,
All guarded safe by reefs of coral high,
Where purple sea-fans wave the surface nigh.
There turquoise waters glint the white sands
o'er,
While sunbeams all the shades of opal pour,
Then tint with amethyst the twilight sky.
The garden of the rose, the lily's home,
With white-roofed houses gleaming midst
the green
Of oleander, palm and cedar trees,
Delight of those who from the snow-lands roam
Are these blest isles, bedight in summer sheen,
By breezes ever fanned from sapphire seas.



BERMUDA'S SPRAY-DASHED SHORE

THE PASSING OF THE MOTHER

WE pitied her, alone to go away;
To us it seemed so far, and dark, and cold.
Threescore and ten and five we called not old.
For eye scarce dimmed and ear undulled glad stay
Gave hope, and long the messenger's delay.
We brooded over things not done to hold
Her back from sight of opening gates of gold,
And in our grief forgot friends there, that day.
The leaves of autumn fall, but in the tree
The life goes on. The veil of flesh is rent,
Escaped are pains and feebleness of years,
Unfettered flits the soul, forever free,
And leaves sweet memories of life well spent.
Translation though it seemed, still selfish
tears.

WHAT MATTERS IT

A RARE and lovely flower, one day,
 Bloomed in a garden by the street,
And people, passing by that way,
 Its beauty praised, and fragrance sweet.

Far up the lonely mountain side,
 Where never foot of man had trod,
A flower, in beauty, bloomed and died,
 Seen only by the eye of God.

Out in the world, an active life
 A ruling power was with men,
And, after all its toil and strife,
 Came tributes grand of tongue and pen.

A woman in obscurity,
 Through years of poverty and pain,
Lived out, in blameless purity,
 A life the world would call in vain.

What matters it, down here, to us
 If fame and honors we have none,
If we're a mere anonymous,
 But gain, at last, our Lord's "Well done?"

REPENTANCE

THE way we know, but oft our feet
Will wander far astray.
The Holy Spirit from our hearts
We rudely grieve away.

To Satan's wiles we oft give ear,
And to temptation yield.—
Now blessed Christ we come to Thee,
To be forever healed.

WHY CATS WASH AFTER EATING

You may have noticed, little friends,
That cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing,

“All genteel folks their faces wash
Before they think of eating!”
And, wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.

But when she raised her paw to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young rogue said his good-by,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed, in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till *after* eating.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

WITH recollections fond we meet
True friends and kindred here to greet,
Where we have often met before,
And our congratulations pour
Upon this goodman and his wife,
For fifty years of wedded life.

The memory bells how sweet they ring,
As praises of this pair we sing!
Such wondrous hospitality!
In all the past half century,
Who in this region round about
E'er failed to find their latch string out?
Not only friends and kinsfolk dear,
But oft the stranger feasted here.
Both young and old, for miles around,
A hearty welcome always found.

Those old-time visits we recall;
What rarer treat could one befall!
How tongues and busy fingers flew!
Tonight we live it all anew;
We hear the knitting needles click,
And taste the cakes with frosting thick.

Now May-day visions bright appear,
With all the children gathered here.

O, how we roamed the pastures through,
Where sweetest, pinkest May-flowers grew!
The fairest maid we crowned our Queen,
Decked her with flowers and evergreen,
And then our hostess kindly led
To where the royal feast was spread.

Though merry youth, free from Life's cares,
Find here light hearts, as young as theirs,
In times of grief we understand
The clasp of Uncle Simeon's hand,
And sorrowing ones, for sympathy,
Come always to Aunt Emily.—
Your many friends Love's tribute pay,
On this your golden wedding day.

Far famed your punctuality,
And graces of morality!
Before the rising of the sun,
Your daily duties were begun,
And Sabbath bells could seldom sound,
Ere you were in your places found.
Thanks for the lessons of these years!
The gospel that the world best hears
Is preached by upright lives like thine,
Where human love reflects divine.

A host of friends greet you tonight,
And more there are, though held from sight.

You feel their loving presence near.
Dear Emma writes her heart is here;
Sure Ida is not far away;
Though seen no more by light of day,
The spirit vision still can trace
George King and gentle Mary Grace.

Your greatest joy has ever been
In mingling with your friends and kin;
Though many now there are who wait
The other side the golden gate;
They beckon on, we hold you here,
Bound fast by cords of love sincere;
And in our selfishness we pray,
Thy summons, Angel, long delay!

All joys and sorrows fifty years
Can light with smiles or wet with tears.
In cloud and shine the day has passed,
Long may your golden sunset last!
Heaven's choicest blessings on you fall,
Life's latest gifts be best of all!

COMPANIONSHIP

WITH hammock in some cozy nook,
A dear companion is a book;
 We hold it like a friendly hand
And turn from page to page to trace
The author's thought. So in the face
 Of friends, the heart we understand.

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