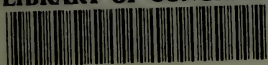


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THE GLAD SWEET FACE OF HER

THE GLAD SWEET FACE OF HER

By
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



Decorated by
Emily Hall Chamberlain



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PUBLISHERS

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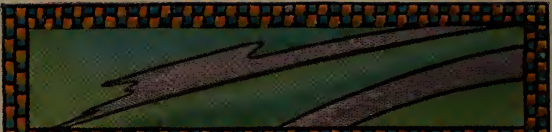
THE GLAD SWEET
FACE OF HER



crave,
dear Lord,

No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,






Nor treasure-heaps
of anything.—

Let but a little
hut be mine

Where at the
hearthstone
I may hear

The cricket sing,
And have the shine





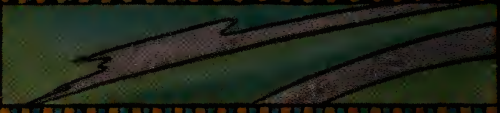
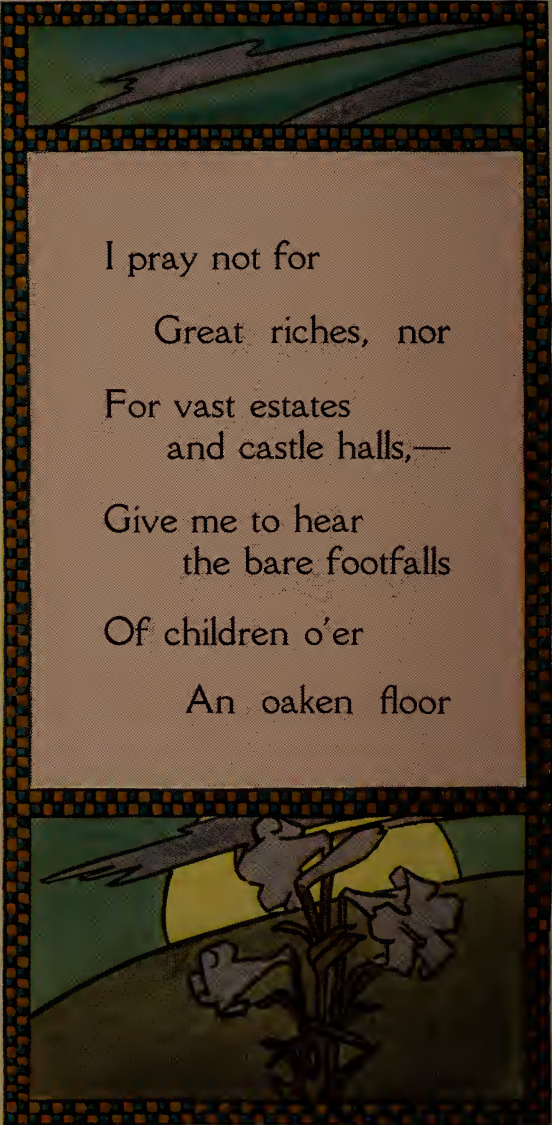
Of one glad woman's
eyes to make,

For my poor sake,
Our simple home
a place divine;—


Just the wee cot—
the cricket's chirr—

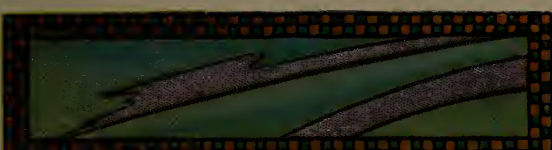
Love, and the
smiling face of her.





I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates
and castle halls,—
Give me to hear
the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor






New-rinsed with
sunshine, or bespread

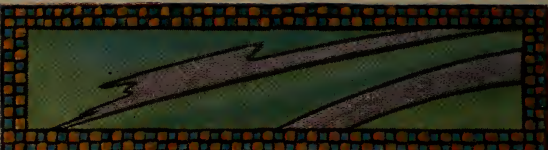
With but the
tiny coverlet

And pillow for
the baby's head;

And, pray Thou, may

The door stand
open and the day





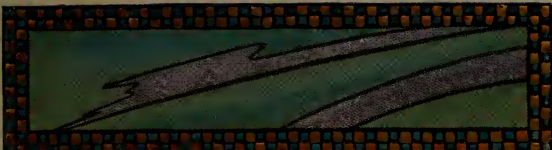
Send ever in a
gentle breeze,

With fragrance from
the locust trees,

And drowsy moan
of doves, and blur

Of robin-chirps,
and drone of bees,





With after-hushes
of the stir

Of intermingling
sounds, and then

The goodwife and
the smile of her

Filling the silences
again—






The cricket's call


And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,

Deny me not!

I pray not that

Men tremble at





My power of place

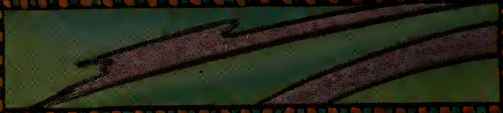
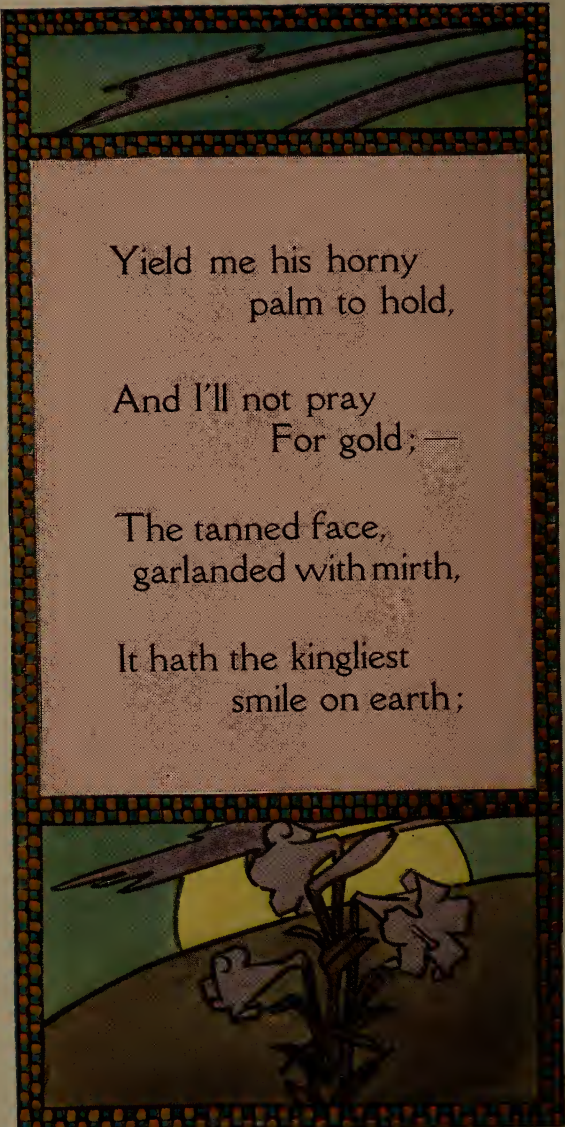
And lordly sway, —

I only pray for
simple grace

To look my
neighbor in the face

Full honestly from
day to day—






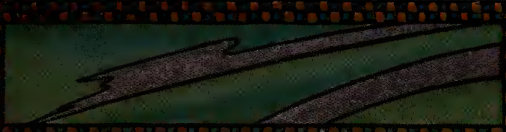
Yield me his horny
palm to hold,

And I'll not pray
For gold; —

The tanned face,
garlanded with mirth,

It hath the kingliest
smile on earth;





The swart brow,
diamonded with
sweat,

Hath never need
of coronet.

And so I reach,

Dear Lord, to Thee,





And do beseech

Thou givest me

The wee cot, and
the cricket's chirr,

Love, and the glad

sweet face of her!







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