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POEMS

ARTHUR F. FULLER



POEMS

BY
ARTHUR F. FULLER

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An Odd Soldiery
A Man and His Neighbors

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IN CONFIDENCE

COME, take me to your den, just now—
That snug retreat from formal life—
Where each thing seen doth self endow;
Unhampered, free from sordid strife;
Confusion there may reign supreme,
But still the soul is not distrought—
Is true and frank and self-sincere—
Where time and space 'til day are
nought.

Come take me to your private nook,
And their unveil the thoughts herein;
Between the covers of this book
Perchance some note to yours is kin,
And you'll forget the steady grind
Of daily toil and mental groove—
Some solace for your heartaches find,
And honest fellowship approve.

Come, take me to your hallowed place,
Where fervid prayers outspoken be
Expressed with every pulsing thought—
Unvarnished, simple—grandly free !
O now receive your humble guest,
And find yourself as sweet received—
And thus your spirit will be blest—
These Heart-Life rhymes be soon retrieved.

Come, take me to your quiet nook,
Make welcome there your humble guest—
Mayhap within this modest book
Awaits some germ of peace and rest;
Some hint of grit may stir your blood—
Your soul with fire and hope renew,
And thus Tomorrow's sunny flood
Bring confidence in life—and You.

MEMORY'S SOLACE

I BLESS Thee, Father Time,
Despite thy varied pace,
Thou'st let me know
The sunshine of her face,
And hence my woe-tried soul
Can brave Tomorrow—
Her sweetness Mem'ry stored—
From thence I'll borrow.

I bless thee, Mother Earth—
Despite the changing years
Thou'st held thine own
And lost no grace by tears;
And though, both Birth and Death
Attend Tomorrow,
A solace Mem'ry gives
To quell man's sorrow.

HELP ME TO WIN HER!

SHINE, glorious sun—smile, cloudless sky,
Babbling brook cry, tender breeze sigh,
Plead, mighty ocean—you may stir
Her heart, till I win her.

Beam, hopeful face; look, sanguine eye;
Bound, aspiring heart, at joyous pace.
Exalted mind, her praise prefer—
Lend thine aid to win her.

For her all Nature sings a song;
For her this glad world moves along—
What raptures in her presence are!
Help me, Heav'n, to win her.

Bedeck thyself with colors rare,
Dame Nature; make the world more fair!
Her soul expand—and she her hand
Shall yield, and I win her!

WAITIN'

WHEN I see my darlin' comin'
Thru the rustlin' summer leaves,
On the laden boughs a swingin'
To the music of the breeze,
Seems to me that folks must
know it,
An' I blush from top to toe,
But I ain't ashamed to show it—
That I luv my darlin' so.

He's my Bonnie—he's my Laddie,
He's my own soft-hearted John,
An' he's strong, an' kind, an' honest,
He's a true, good mother's son;
I kin see his face a-beamin'
An' my soul is filled with glee,
'Cause I see my darlin' comin',
Comin' glad, an' straight for me.

YEARNING

DEAR little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you:
'Tis sweet to remember, and
hard to forget,
And say, little girl, regard'st me yet?

Dear little maid with velvet hand,
Show me the way to Fulfillment Strand;
Give me the keynote, and teach me to sing,
That over your soul a charm I may bring.

Craving to know the things you'd prize—
Longing to see as through your eyes,
I'm ready to love whate'er you esteem,
Meet you half way, and travel up-stream.

Coziest maid that ever man knew,
Hungry is this heart for you;
O, how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne'er find me so lonely
again?

Bonnie of person, dainty of mouth—
Sweet as roses from the South,
This homeless heart can know no rest,
‘Til anchor’d, welcome, on your breast.

Dear little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you !
O how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne’er find me so lonely
again ?



IMPATIENCE

MY heart is full of yearning,
Mine eyes are filled with tears;
Wild thoughts my brain are
thronging,
No rest my spirit cheers.

I hear thee, see thee, feel thee,
At morn, at noon, at night;
Thy winsome grace and lovely face
My soul fills with delight.

The day is long and dreary,
Though faithful smiles the sun;
With grief my heart is weary—
Would God the task were done!

Ah, do not think I doubt Thee—
'Tis simply hard to feel
That bliss as great as having you
Shall not be dreamed, but real.

FRIENDSHIP

THOU wert ever good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
Thou hadst me often in thy mind—
No wound thy gentle tongue did send;
No selfish purpose taught thy ways—
No subtle greed e'er bribed thy heart.
In looking back I bless those days
And sore regret that friends must part.

Kinship is no guarantee.

Those whom birth hath placed close by
Will hold their interest pure and free
And seek thy good with single eye,
But thou wert faithful, noble soul,
And kindly just from year to year;
Thou heldst thine aims to higher goal
Than victories over Friendship's bier.

Sorrow came—thy comfort too;
Shame accused—yet thou didst trust;
My early efforts, crude, you knew,
Yet strengthened me with upward thrust;
No matter hid I from thy gaze—
A guide wert thou of firmest mien;
In every way thou'st earned fair praise—
A truer friend hath man ne'er seen.

Father mine, and mother dear—
Brother, sister, neighbor, wife—
In whomsoe'er these traits appear,
I see the sprite that sweetens life;
What though this trusting heart may break
From faithlessness of one loved friend,
Yet I will know and solace take
That time another sure will send.

Thou hast e'er been good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
No fears or doubts assail my mind—
No loss or change I apprehend;
But though one friend should fickle be,
Or flail the heart with coldness new—
Thanks be to God I plainly see,
The spirit of Friendship aye is true



A HEART'S REQUEST

OTURN me not away,
The quest has been so long—
Life's way has been so hard,
The tempest strong.

Receive my aching heart,
And let my spirit rest;
Of all earth's roses fair
Thou art the dearest, best.

Take thou my loving hand,
Hear my despairing cry;
Life's bitter turn to sweet,
And be thou ever nigh.

O do thou understand,
My humble, ardent call;
Open thy heart, thine arms,
And love me "Best of all."

DEPENDENCE

O WHAT is life but labor'd breath,
And ceaseless strife from birth till
death?

And what am I, that I should dare
Expect to find a welcome there?
Yet dark indeed would be the way,
Did Hope not whisper every day:
"Strive on—and you shall surely find
Your Counterpart among mankind!"

O what is life? A tear, a sigh,
A swift caress, and then—"Good-bye"
Deny me not—our time is short—
Earth's joys are of a sorry sort;
And only love is worth the while
Of care-worn mortals, pure or vile;
All know their pain in every day,
And need Love's sun to bright the way.

MOTHER'S SONG

I

SOFT the silver stars
Nestle in Heaven's breast,
Soft the mating birds
Chirp to their cosy nest;
Soft the fresh'ning dew
Shines on each flower-head,
Soft the Angel Hosts
Watch o'er my baby's bed.

II

Kind the evening breeze
Tenderly fans my dear,
Kind, *"Tige's" mighty sighs
Tell baby friends are near;
Kind the father's kiss—
Strong man so quick subdued,
Kind the shrine of home
With perfect love embued.

NOTE—"Tige" referred to in the second verse is a St. Bernard dog, the constant companion of the baby-subject of the piece.

III

Dream the dreams that bless—

Life is a passing dream,

Temp'ral things must end—

So keep thy face a-beam;

Time will make thee old—

Keep thou thy trusting smile,

God will love thee still,

And keep thee all the while.

REFRAIN

“Goodnight” glows the sun,

“Goodnight” laps the sea,

O mother's lamb

Sleep peacefully;

Smile, ever smile,

And never cry—

Be brave and be true—

Lullaby, lullaby.

FATHER'S SONG

SLEEP, little atom of life,
Shadows are lengthening fast—
Twilight has come,
The world is at home,
The long day has finally passed;
Now close your innocent eyes—
Dear little form, be at rest—
When need shall appear,
Your mother is near,
We'll love you and tend you the best.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Faithful watch we'll keep;
Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
O precious off-spring, sleep.

Sleep, little motherless babe—
Time brings its sorrows and strife;
Death soon has come,
And called mother Home,
Your best friend—and my darling wife;
O growing image of her—
Now must I cherish you more—
Your mother's sweet soul
Held Heaven its goal,
Her spirit will unction outpour.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Mem'ry faith will keep;
Mother's soul hovers near,
To sing our grief to sleep.

SUNSET

MY sunset love is passing fair,
The golden west illumines her hair;
Sunbeams reluctant, sink to rest
And make rare tints on the sea's broad breast.
Her crown of glory is more grand
Than regal crown of any land;
Can this poor tongue her worth recite?
Describe her charm, my heart's delight!

My sunset love is wondrous sweet,
My heart enslaved lies at her feet.
'Tis joy to live, conceive and know
God's boundless good for Man below.
May this perverted world perceive,
Though dull and dense it aye hath
been,
And yield the homage due her light,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath eyes that shine
With mildness, mercy—gifts divine;
No evil things engage her thought—
Of plot or plunder she knows naught;
With her no games for bloody gold—
Of selling souls and being sold,
So, godly fair, and simply bright,
Heav'n keep my sunset love this night!

My sunset love hath sunny hair
That charms away my weary care;
In her companionship I find
Repair for body, soul and mind;
Ah, all is well when love is near,
To soothe and comfort, rest and
cheer—
Life and the West with gold are bright,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath pearly teeth,
As sweet as new-mown hay her breath—
Rose petals form her dainty lips,
My soul in fancy boldly sips
The nectar of her kisses sweet;
For her alone this heart doth beat—
Her angel hands are soft and white,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love's dear voice to me
Is sweeter than a song-bird's glee—
Ignoble impulse flees in shame
At the mere mention of her name!
Her flesh is soft and firm; and grace
Of movement, outline, give her place
As queen of queens—O vision bright!
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

And thus may you my love behold
Templed Life, in Beauty's mold;
Of all God's creatures, you'll agree,
The fairest of the fair is she !
I cannot, would not think nor dream
Of anything in Earth or Heav'n
Save God and her, my life, my light,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.



MONEY

MONEY—Money—Money—
Once I sought the jingling hoard-
stuff,
Heard its siren tinkle sounding,
Felt the lust that makes men battle,
Disregard all save achievement;
Every muscle, nerve and talent,
Bent to winning sordid treasures,
Scorning peace and homelier pleasures,
Blinding eyes to Nature's doings,
Deafening ears to song-bird's wooings,
Longing, feverish, for that great hour,
When should sound at their dictation
Siren tones that conquer most men—
Make them slaves as I have been.

Money—Money—Money—
Well I knew its magic jingle,
Sweet, elusive as its mother;
Tameless, lawless, who may hold her?
Wings she taketh, swift and silent,
Leaving subtly, without warning—

Cruel as a woman's scorning.

Money! how the sound did lure me—
Made me bow to my task-master,

Fiercely guard each hard won vantage—
Long it baffled my endeavors;

But in time I gained the summit—
Formed a gold-tide, watched the scramble—
Made a test of what 'twould buy me.

Money—Money—Money—

Disapproving frowns now vanished;
Doors that had been closed, now opened—

Haughty ways were changed to fawning;
Strangers boasted long acquaintance,

Pledged their everlasting friendship;
Balls, receptions, in my honor,

Signs of favor without number,
Sped the time, fulfilled my longings,

Turned such appetite to loathing;
Satan laughing, scoffing, sneering,

Watched the fall my hopes were taking;
All this lacked the ring of true steel—
Echoed only siren tinkle.

Money—Money—Money—

When the silly, vapid laughter
Died away and left me stranded,

When the dance had turned to fool-play,
And the dinners changed to hell-feasts,

When I saw the drifting favor,
Pierced the shallowness and pretense,

Soft I heard a voice of music,
Sounding like a voice from Heaven;

Knew a hand-clasp, heard the joy-tone
Of a heart's sincere devotion.

Then I knew that gold and silver
Bring no joy to feed the hunger

Of a heart that yearns for trueness.

Money—Money—Money—

Blessed be the day you left me—
Now I laugh at Satan's luring;

I have learned the truer values—
Count my treasures in the tresses

Gold as sunset—crowning glory
Of a vision fair as wholesome—

Mark the rubies of her rose lips,

Love the turquois 'neath her lashes,
Love the smile that shows her pearl teeth;
Love the privilege of love-clasp,
Love her graceful form, and yielding;
Love her sweet ways, loving service,
Love the blessing of her nearness.

Money—Money—Money—
What a silly, teasing earth-god—
Bringing discontent to thousands—
Bribing, tempting, cursing many;
Tinkle, tinkle, clinking silver—
Chime your sweetest, yellow gold-stuffs,
I have treasures far above you,
Far more precious than you all—
I've a queen that knows my ardor,
Loves my love and care and labor;
Treasures, treasures, boundless, worthy,
Here my whole heart glad, enslaved is—
Here my jewels, gold and silver,
Life flows peaceful as a river.

DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME ?

O MAID of velvet lashes,
And eyes of winsome brown,
Your charms my heart have captured
And torn its armor down.

Do you ever think of me ?
Will you deign my plight to see ?
Hazy dawn 'til purple twilight—
Do you ever think of me ?

Gentle maid, with voice of music,
And soul both sweet and true,
Days and nights o'erflow with goodness
When blessed by dreams of you.
You are all the world to me !
Can captive Captor be ?
Gloomy night 'til rosy morning—
Do you ever think of me ?

HER IRRETRIEVABLE MISTAKE

I KNOW that thine was a vehement love,
I knew my beauty woke it into life,
And could have bought a life of heaven
with you,
My noble hearted lover, steadfast true;
Ease, luxury, all the world deems superfine,
Enticed me, darling, from your love away.
The praise of many, rather than of one,
Intoxicated, lured me till I chose.

I know I took the sunlight from your life,
The darkness made thy nature grope and
droop,
Till crushed and bleeding thy patient spirit
Returned again to the God who gave it.
I chose the husks—forsook the grain so rare;
Exchanged for a yoke of love a cross of care.
My heart, my life is empty; and I cry,
“To gain the world and lose love is to die.”

I know thy soul is in Paradise,
Where I trust is comfort for thy mourning—
I am not worthy, having spurn'd your love—
That you should even pity me, my king;
I have drained the cup I preferred to take—
Its phantom sweets were bitter without
love—
If you were only here—but you are gone!
O God of Heaven, why has this come to
pass?

The world still says that I am beautiful,
With lustrous wistful, liquid eyes so deep—
With dimpling cheek and figure fair to see—
Would God these charms could bring you
back to me!
O cruel fate! O tender memories!
O gentle hands! O voice of yearning,
Which called me and I would not hear,
Dear Love,
My peace, my rest, my soul are gone with
you.

AN UNDYING GRIEF

ONE day you let me take your hand so
white,
Your lustrous eyes assured me tha
I might;

I kissed it and my story told,
Of love-starved life, and heart-ache old;
Felt honored and favored that I should be
Blessed with your sweet sympathy;
By your mercy only, worthy to be near
A woman wholesome, sweet and so sincere.

One day you let my arm slip 'round your
waist,
As through the fragrant woods old paths
we traced;

I humbly questioned if 'twere true
That I was walking there with you;
And thrilled in happy awe to hear
Your soft assurance we were near.
Ah, how fond recollections make one sigh,
For departed pleasures and days gone by.

One day you let me lay my weary head
Upon your breast—a place so sacred,
A pillow sweet. I recall how
Your dear hands smoothed the hair from
my brow;
Your rose breath above me, the rise and fall
Of your bosom banished all
Heartache and fear; O what cheer,
Lullaby haven, resting place dear.

One day you let me take you in my arms—
One day when I succumbed to your charms
Your graceful form so yielding, soft—
Rapturous moments! blissful contact!
I felt that having you life's labors, strife,
Were blest means of wearying
That I might know the sweetness of your rest
And everything worth while, my dearest,
best!

One day the sun grew dark, the light went
out;

Earth echoed my heart's desolation;
Shrieking winds, through winter-stripped
trees—

The wolf-howl, the owl-scream, yea these
Blood-chilling sounds, but hint of the anguish
That freezes my heart! My God—
Why can't I die? My joy, my rest are gone,
And I must face Life desolate, alone!



RETALIATION

HE that knocks and runs away
May live to knock some more nex
day—

But he who slanders in the open
May live to wish he had not spoken.
Some take vengeance through the law,
While others use a mighty maw—
But the meanest bully takes a crack
At helpless folk who can't fight back.

He that gluts his soul with "fun"
Can squander money by the ton.
None mourn nor worry where it went to,
What use the seller's funds are bent to—
Neither feels accountable
To his neighbor, fricnd or foe—
But the street-man's ways must keep in line
With saints' and sinners' judgment fine.

Sweet Spirit of love and tenderness—

Gentle ministrant of Mercy's dower—

To the selfish thou must e'er remain un-
known—

The ruthless crush thee down as flowers
full blown;

O hapless hour when on this earth

Some foul animus gave mean birth

To thy disgraceful counterfeit

Which all mankind should scorn and hate.

Ne'er let the day dawn on my sight

That sees me shorn of sense of right—

Nor let me hold by chance, or strength, or
stress,

A thing I would not have all men possess;

For envy, thoughtlessness and scorn

Make full many a life forlorn—

Distrust and selfishness remove

All thought of Charity and Love.

LOST

THOU didst not please to choose me
thy companion,
And make our lives one endless
summer day;
Pledged life of care-free ease was our un-
doing—
All paths are rough if love smooths not
the way;
As long as life shall last I will remember
The happy fleeting hours I've spent with
you;
There is nowhere for me to flee for comfort—
In lonely grief I'll tread life's journey
through.

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,
And a prayer for grace through grief to
smile;
A tear for the bliss we ne'er may know—
O say, little girl, what is worth while?

What mad delights were mine had I but won
you,

And Oh, how kind and thoughtful I'd have
been!

I'd ne'er have changed with time, but always
cherished,

Till reaper Death my sheaves should
gather in.

The beauteous flowers bedeck the summer
meadows,

And birds to heav'n their songs of love
outpour,

But what is beauty, perfume, song or riches,
If Love hath taken flight forevermore?

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,

And a prayer for grace through pain to
smile;

A sob for the bliss we ne'er shall know—

O say, little Love, what is worth while?

A SUMMER MORNING

FIRST along the eastern sky
A golden glow is seen—
Clouds and shadows speed away,
Grass and trees show green;
Flowers and other vegetation,
Yester-eve forlorn,
Stand erect—a glad oration
To the dew of morn.

Roosters make exultant call—
Heralds of the day—
Birds full throated glad with all
Sing as song birds may;
Nature gives revivication—
Heaviness is gone—
Earth is glad with expectation,
With the approach of dawn.

Beautiful is this mundane sphere—
Best at early morn—
Lovelier in her virgin state,
Than aught which man can form;
Night-time hints of dissolution—
Day and hope are done—
Life and noble aspiration
Dawn with Morning's sun.



TWILIGHT

AT last the tedious day is at an end—
The long cool shadows hush the
world to calm;
The grateful quietude of twilight hours,
Distills o'er tired earth its restful balm.

From out the clovered meadows' misty
depths,
The lowing kine come slowly into sight;
The circling swallows chirp their vesper
hymn,
And hoof and feather seem to welcome
night.

Anon the frogs in lusty chorus make
Response to creekly solos from the trees;
The risen moon his calm approval smiles
To star-lamps all in place, and earth at ease.

"BUD"

I KNOW a little nigger boy
By the name of "Bud"—
He chaws the worst tobacco
And keeps close friends with mud;
His face is always dirty,
His clothes are far from clean,
And such a rakish fellow
Your eyes have never seen.

And more about this nigger boy
I'm really bound to tell,
For he's a sort of crittur
That folks like none too well;
Perhaps you'll thus see clearly
Just what his failings are,
And hitch your better notions
To a higher moving star.

This fellow 's mighty lazy
An' sleeps most all the time—
Except when grub or mischief
Invites his senses fine.
The hair is black and kinky
That caps his bullet head—
His loose mouth shows his "ivories"—
A beauty-mark, 'tis said!

This sorry little nigger boy
Is never seen at school,
But you can often find him
Watchin' men play pool;
To skip off, an' go fishin',
He'd even miss a meal—
His tongue is glib at lyin',
And his fingers quick to steal.

This sorry little nigger boy
Is sowing brambles now,
And as the path gets rougher,
He'll wonder why, and how!
'Twere foolishness to tell him
That ease is **Nothingness**—
And Manhood comes from **Effort**—
Plus joys he'd never guess.

This sorry little nigger boy
Had ne'er a chance like you,
And shiftlessness can never bring
Results both good and true;
So hitch your wagon boldly
To a higher moving star,
And let your best ambitions
Sail proudly out afar.

THY FACE

O'ER hill and vale the rising sun,
The gloom of night doth chase—
So care and grief now flee before
Thy sweet and holy face.



"I WILL"

BROTHER, life's day is short—
Eternity has no end;
You should claim salvation now,
Judgment day you'll need a Friend;
Jesus gave his blood for you,
Jesus is a friend who's true;
Brother, how can you stay?
Renounce the world and say:

REFRAIN

I **will** heed the Savior's knock,
And become one of his flock;
Since he now forgives the past,
With the Cross my lot I'll cast;
I **will** take the manly stand.
Turn from sin, do God's command,
I **will** answer while I may—
I **will** yield my soul today.

Jesus is at the door—

O fail not to let him in;
You should take him for your guide,
It is death to live in sin;
You cannot be saved by tears,
Give no mind to mortal fears;
Trust Him and strive and pray,
Come up, dear soul, and say:

“I WILL,” etc.

Satan will strive to hold—

His triumph is now at stake;
Every day his fetters grow,
Break them while you've power to break;
Say not, you are free from sin—
Mortal man has never been:
Vaunt not your pride today,
Take sides with Christ, and say:

“I WILL,” etc.

HOW MANY VOICES CALL

I

HOW many voices call—
How long 'til you will heed?
Your loving mother wrings her
hands—

In anguish prays to prove your need;
She knows, as you will one day know,
The baubles you so madly chase,
Are empty, vapid, dying things,
That rob of Hope, and spoil life's race.

Chorus:

From Calvary's cruel Tree,
The gentle Savior calls you;
"Your soul is sinking, sick and sore—
Accept, and live forevermore!"

II

How many voices call—

O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er plain,
Christ's Living Ministry who preach
Good news of peace, and joy **again:**
Awake and claim your heritage,

For shame! that you have scorned so long
His love—'twill give you all that's good
And fill your life with light and song.

Chorus.

III

How many voices call—

The patient, Heav'nly Dove,
The Holy Spirit ceaseless strives
To make men know God's wondrous love;
Ah, not forever will he plead
And strain to storm your hard'ning heart,
The **next time** may be time **TOO LATE,**
And of Salvation, **GONE**—your part!

Chorus.

THE GOSPEL TRAIN

I

WHERE are you going, trav'ler?
The night is wild and dark—
The road has many pitfalls,
And woe each step will mark;
O Stranger, go no farther
Without a trusty Guide,
Calamities await you,
Without Him by your side.

Chorus:

“All aboard—all aboard!”
The warning words sound clear,
“All aboard—all aboard!”
The leaving time is here;
No more trains—this the last!
Get your ticket, quick decide—
Arguing time now is past,
In heav'n or hell abide!

II

There is one name under heaven
Whereby you can be saved,
'Tis certain Transportation
To where streets with gold are paved;
Its owner gives you solace
For every earthly woe,
With trust and peace surrounds you,
Wherever you may go.

III

Then come and know the Savior
Before it is too late,
Come now and claim Salvation
While there's an open gate;
Come quick! the bell is ringing,
The Gospel train may go,
O do not wait, my brother,
Eternal death to know.

O WHAT IS MAN

I SAT me down by the wayside
To watch the passing throng
And guess at the varied int'rests
That moved each one along.
I saw the young and simple
That flirt in wanton glee—
The hurrying man of business
As serious as could be.

I sat me down by the wayside
To note the crowd and din,
Where haste keeps ever silent
The still, small voice within;
For minds that brim with conquest
Forget what's right and wrong—
And hearts that seethe with lustings,
Unreasoning, drift along.

Behold th' approaching master !
With pompous ways supreme—
Perhaps he's just created
A Universe, I ween !
Now, what is God beside **him**
Who struts so proud and chill—
Omnipotence is nothing
When one has Power to Will !

O vaunting, crumbling castle,
O sod that stalks so fine—
Where didst thou get thy power,
Thy intellect sublime ?
Well friend, just let me tell thee
A Truth that thou shouldst know—
Thou mayst be wise and mighty,
But **such** had e'en to grow.

Now listen, self-fooled debtor,
And learn this lesson well—
There's nothing so important
As keeping out of hell;
Too late thou mayst discover
Some laws must honored be—
No man has e'er escaped them—
To this thou must agree.

No thing was e'er created
By man, and man alone—
The very thought thou thinkest,
God gives thee now to own;
Conception is **receiving**
And **fostering**, law on law,
The thought which God created
And full fruition saw.

All Power that was, or is, sir,
Or may seem given birth,
Comes straight from God Almighty,
Be it in heav'n or earth;
Then be not quite so haughty,
But choose a lowly place—
Humility becomes us
Who live but by His grace.



PRAYER

I

ONCE more, our heav'nly Father,
We come to worship Thee—
Confess our sins and failures,
And ask Thy pardon free;
Thy love hath gently led us
Thus far upon our way,
O draw us ever closer
To yon eternal Day.

II

O holy, patient Father,
O loving, pitying Son,
Rejoice we now and ever
For all that Thou hast done;
The Peace which Thou hast given
Is our by day, by night,
And death is but a tunnel
That ends in joy and light.

A PICTURE

YOUR limpid eyes with kindness glow,
Your voice is soft and sweet;
Your gentle ways refinement show,
And make your charms complete.

Your rose-lips, damp with honey-dew,
My heart with yearnings fill,
While precious dreams of home and you
My soul with rapture thrill.

Your tap'ring arms so round and white,
So soft and warm your breasts—
My hungry heart swells with delight,
And now contented rests.

'Tis sweet to hold your dainty hands
In quietude's retreat,
While coming thence at joyous pace,
I praise thy flying feet.

Your many gifts and faults so few,
Your cultivated powers
Assure appreciation true,
And coming pleasant hours.

Holy that temple, top to toe,
In palace or lowly cot—
Though miles divide, I humbly pray,
That thou forget me not.



MY LITTLE COMFORTER

THE gusty wind moaned sad and chill,
The autumn sky was gray;
But love can warm a longing heart,
To hasten all the way.

Her dear eyes with fulfillment shone—
I clasped her to my breast—
And on her soft, responsive lips
A lover's kiss I pressed.

How fast our happiest hours flash by;
How deep is human bliss;
In hours of woe, let's not forget
The joys we did not miss.

We talked, we laughed, we sung, we
dreamed,
Our inner selves communed;
The future full of promise, seemed
To music sweet attuned.

I know not if her throbbing heart
Shall beat again on mine,
Or if her glowing face on me
Will beam with love divine.

I know not if these hungry arms
Her form again shall hold—
Nor if her clinging clasp shall me
Within its circle fold.

Though disappointments strew the way,
And adverse things occur,
Life's **crazy patch-work's** worth the while,
Through comfort wrought by her.



AT PARTING

O WARDEN fair, of treasures rare,
For thee my heart is bleeding—
O maiden sweet, at thy dear feet
I still am humbly pleading;
But cruel is the circumstance
That lets aught come between us.
I let thee go—thou will'st it so—
And strife shall not demean us.

Good-bye to thee—good-bye to hope—
To all that heart could long for;
Life's rosy day hath flown away
And left me much to mourn for;
The music of the birds and streams,
The perfume of the roses;
Are fraught for me, with thoughts of thee—
Eve's dream of morn now closes.

The night creeps on—its subtle chill
 Within my heart is stealing—
For light was dear, and love was sweet,
 And heav'n of bliss revealing.
But thou wert far, so far from me—
 Love could not bridge the distance;
So I go on—Woe's prisoner—
 For useless is resistance !



DISAPPOINTMENT

THEY said that years would bring me
joy—
And years indeed have quickly flown;
But where's the bliss without alloy?
The treasures I should call mine own?
And where's the silver to the clouds,
The harvest for the labor wrought?
And where's the comfort that I dreamed
Would sure be mine if bravely sought?

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My grief-worn heart its sigh exhales,
And yearneth for you day and night.

The ocean in majestic turn
Sends foam-capp'd waves from shore to
shore—
As ceaseless in my lonely heart
Arise Hope's ghosts forevermore.
Ah, sad the smile that hides the wrecks—
The clinging clasp would fain retain—
For God in heaven only knows
If even dreams may come again!

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My trembling soul in anguish waits,
And craves response through day
and night.

SINCE THOU ART GONE

SINCE thou art gone, the restful sky
Hath lost its lovely blue,
No more have bells a thrilling sound,
Nor flowers a charming hue.

Since thou art gone—this body seems
A worthless mass of clay—
Life's endless round, but horrid dreams,
That keep Friend Death away.

Since thou art gone I wait and wait,
And listen all the while,
Yearning again thy step to hear
And see thy loving smile.

Since thou art gone—if God there be,
That heedeth human grief—
He'll soon call thence my mangled soul
And send the grave's relief.

Since thou art gone I grope, I fall,
I wonder who I am,
And what existence here is for,
And what the end of man ?

Since thou art gone—O Faith, stand by!
Oh, leave me not alone—
There is a God—He'll hear my cry—
And some day call me home.

Home—where moth and rust eat not,
Nor thieves break in and steal—
Where mortal woes are all forgot,
And Christ all wounds doth heal.

"AUNT SUSIE'S" BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE world's eternal course brings year
on year—

Summers of buoyant life, winters so
bleak and sere;

The thirty-eighth mile-post I'll pass today,
But my blood is warm and my heart is gay;
My five years' teaching of dear "Class Ten"
Has made me happy and young again—
Its twenty-six members—I'll carve each name
In mem'ry's sacred Hall of Fame.

With joy I gaze into each beaming face,
And love this source of courage for life's
race,

And hope each heart has found some pow'r,
Some faith, new-born each searching
hour—

The influence here spread forth, a stay
To cheer to noble acts the strenuous day—
The mighty truths sincerely taught
The Good Book's news—**salvation** bought.

Thus your "Aunt Susie's" heart is full today,
It brims with love and joy, and now would
pay
A tribute to God, who gives all good—
Our friends, our raiment and our food;
So girls and boys, we've gathered here
To take this feast and quaff this cheer—
For innocent pleasure is ne'er amiss,
And saints need have no shame for this.



THE VACATION PROBLEM

THE summer days again are here,
And make one glad vacation's near;
Where best to spend it who can know?
The list of places seems to grow;
Attractions varied, promise charms,
At seashore points, and inland farms;
Now better not in haste decide—
Regrets might then the spirit chide.

Resorts along the sea's cool shore
Claim sports peculiar by the score;
The white-brimmed waves' majestic roll
Makes music for a pleasant stroll;
The salt-breeze proves a tonic fine,
And fish respond to hook and line;
Again returns the appetite,
And life seems bursting with delight.

At night the band makes music sweet,
And those who dance find joy complete;
The drift-wood bonfire's ruddy glow
Makes ghostly shadows come and go;
The "clam-bake" parties laugh and sing
'Til sea and earth and welkin ring—
No grinding cares their minds infest,
And mirth swells every heaving breast.

Convention's rules are set aside,
Flirtations there, but few deride;
Voluptuous sights oft meet the gaze—
Restraint seems scarce a voice to raise—
Extravagance seems quite the thing;
And hard-earned savings soon take wing;
Yet lack of means is ne'er confessed—
The home-trail's shown to such distressed.

E'en dream of this may fascinate—
Such times are good to contemplate—
But pause a moment—thus be fair.
Let inland life its charms declare;
The curse of this, our modern way,
Is rushing through life's passing day—
For stimulation calls for more,
And beggars Nature's bounteous store.

Here flowers bloom in mossy dell,
And song-birds unmolested dwell,
While fruited bush and leafy tree
Make overtures so restfully;
The city's din is now forgot—
All seem contented with their lot—
The war for gain seems useless strife,
For all Man's needs, earth's harvest's rife.

One ponders on an early day;
When man lived in an easier way—
When there was much less to be done
‘Twixt early morn and setting sun;
These hardy men—their hearts were true,
But books and luxuries were few—
That out-door life full vigor lent—
In simple rounds their days they spent.

Their guns unwritten laws enforced,
For honor in their blood-veins coursed—
Their wives were loyal helpmates, too,
And kept the vows their whole lives
through;
The landlord knows some thrilling tales,
And thus his guest he oft regales—
And twilight hours too soon are past,
And sleep must claim its own at last.

'Tis hard to make a choice,
 Since both their claims have given voice
 The inland mountains, rivers, farms,
 Are quite as great as seashore charms
 Just toss up a coin, and then abide
 By its chance fall—and thus decide!
 But it's very expensive far to roam,
 So better be wise and stay at home.



DEC

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