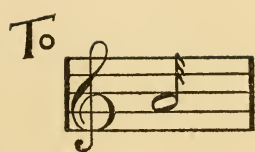


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The Bride  
of  
The Viola  
and Other  
Essays

By G. Watson Jones, Jr.







THE  
BRIDE OF THE VIOLIN  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
GEORGE WATSON JAMES, JR.  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE REVERIES OF A FIDDLER"



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## The Bride of the Violin, or the Song of the Strings.

Oh, Bride of the Violin, thou princess of Song,  
I am ever a slave to your magical wand—  
At a touch from your fingers, I tell of your joy—  
The heart-aches you suffer, and those moments  
of sorrow

That Death always brings by the close of the  
morrow—

All this wealth of emotion of which thy heart  
sings

Can be heard if you'll but listen to the Song  
of the Strings.

### E STRING.

I Sing of the Springtime, and love of the Soul,  
Of the beauty God's goodness can only unfold—  
And around young hearts I'll ever entwine  
The dreams you cherish of that Sweetheart of  
thine.

### A STRING.

To sing of the summer of life is my part—  
When a flower blooms to cheer every fast-break-  
ing heart—  
And of those loving friendships, so golden and  
bright—  
That every one makes in the summer of life.

## D STRING.

I speak to the world of the autumn of life,  
 When we rest from our conflict of toil and  
 strife—

I'll recall once again Love's golden hours  
 I spent by your side, my choicest of flowers—  
 When the fast-falling twilight has lulled me to  
 rest—

Then you'll know, gentle Lady, who loved you  
 the best.

## G STRING.

I moan for the hearts Death's reaper has stilled,  
 And the sweet flower of hope Grief only can  
 kill—

For love's rosy chaplet, forever so bright,  
 Which can never be worn in our winter of life—  
 My music shall comfort the souls that are  
 left,

Though I've won for my name the grim String  
 of Death.

## The Broken String.

Once I sang of the beautiful love  
 That dwelt in a maiden's heart,  
 Under the spell of her gentle caress  
 I soared in the realms of art.

Now forever discarded,  
 No more in her bower shall I sing—  
 Ah! what memories still linger  
 In the heart of a broken string.



## Slumber Deeply, Gentle Rose.

Slumber deeply, gentle rose,  
Angels guard thy last repose,  
Thou who through the summer days  
Cast on us a lingering gaze,  
    Fold thy fragrant petals sweet,  
    Sleep, beloved, ever sleep.

Slumber deeply, gentle rose,  
Where the sighing night wind blows  
Thou, who didst with matchless art  
Soothe the pangs of every heart.  
    Love possess thy petals sweet,  
    Sleep, beloved, ever sleep.

Slumber deeply, gentle rose,  
Where the sobbing brooklet flows,  
So through winter's dreary days,  
Soft, 'twill sing thee requiem lays.  
    Droop thy fragrant petals sweet,  
    Sleep, beloved, ever sleep.

Slumber deeply, gentle rose,  
God thy beauty only knows—  
Thou, whose very presence bright  
Lights the gloom of sorrow's night,  
    Cherished is thy memory sweet,  
    Sleep, beloved, ever sleep.

## The Master's Old Violin.

Bruised by the ruthless flight of time,  
Scarred by a wanton hand—  
Sleeping within its battered box,  
Is the Master's old violin—  
Some may gently caress it,  
Now that his spirit has flown,  
But no other hands can awaken  
The soul of the old violin.

Oh, if stern death would permit him  
To touch those strings again,  
What streams of pent-up emotion  
Would flow from his old violin—  
Singing of lovers' devotion,  
Sobbing of sorrow and pain—  
All these forever are slumbering  
In the soul of the old violin.

Laden with the dust of many a year,  
Strung with an old G string,  
Resting within its battered box  
Is the Master's old violin—  
Haunted with fragrant memories,  
Watched by the lone Death String—  
Ah, what pathos is sleeping  
In the soul of the old violin.

## The Heart's Like the Bloom of a Delicate Flower

The heart's like the bloom of a delicate flower,  
Whose beauty we ever adore,  
But once it is bruised  
By a word or a deed,  
Its blossom is dead evermore.

So think not, gentle friend,  
That thou canst make amends  
For the wounds that thy anger hast made,  
And when tempted thou art  
To pierce a lone heart,  
Remember those that forever are dead.

The heart's like the bloom of a delicate flower,  
Whose beauty we ever adore,  
If with love always sweet,  
Its youth thou wilt keep,  
'Twill blossom to die nevermore.

## The Beautiful Valley of Dreams

Nestled in the hills of Peace and Content  
Lies the beautiful Valley of Dreams;  
There as the happy hours fly by,  
With never a heartache, never a sigh,  
We gather the rosemary blooming nigh  
In the beautiful Valley of Dreams.

Ah! those are lovely castles there  
In the beautiful Valley of Dreams,  
The world has reared its mansions fair,  
But naught with splendor can compare  
To the misty structures we've built of air  
In the beautiful Valley of Dreams.

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## To Autumn.

In Autumn Nature has a canvas,  
Which she tints with gorgeous hue;  
Blends the gold and cardinal colors  
With the vaulted heavens' blue.

In Autumn Nature's like a pilgrim,  
Sad and weary, seeking rest;  
Reflecting all the summer's glories,  
As it sinks in Slumber's nest.

## Consolation.

I stood one day upon Life's shore,  
A bark put out to sea,  
Upon its deck was maiden's love  
Forever lost to me.

I watched that bark until it seemed  
A phantom of the sea,  
I turned and hovering near my side  
Was Angel Memory.

She said, "Gaze not, Oh, sorrowing soul,  
On this desert sea,  
You shall clasp that vanished love  
In Eternity."

So with aid of visions bright,  
Memory brings to me,  
Still I walk beside my love  
Far across the sea.

## The River.

Ah, the river, how 'tis singing,  
Sweet its verdant banks are ringing,  
Singing, always singing  
To light hearts upon its shore,  
Telling of the golden morrow,  
Whose dawn is free of sorrow,  
Singing, ever singing  
To light hearts upon its shore.

Ah, the river, now 'tis moaning,  
As seaward it is flowing,  
Moaning, always moaning,  
For the souls that are no more,  
Telling of death's horror,  
Which may fill that golden morrow,  
Moaning, ever moaning  
For those sleeping on its shore.

Once my heart was like that river,  
Sweetly singing, happy ever,  
Singing, always singing  
Of the one that I adored,  
Till she thought I lightly loved her,  
Scoffed at all my soul could offer,  
Now I'm moaning, ever moaning,  
That she scorned me evermore.

## The Thistle.

When midst the flowers of memory, thou wanderest,  
    ereest,

    Pause near the plot where the Thistle once  
    grew;

Remember, that tho' through life it was thorny,  
    Still, like the rest, it worshipped thee too.

So, when those hearts you thought true forever,  
    Fade like the clouds o'er a bright summer's  
    sea;

Turn to the Thistle, for in its rude bosom  
    There love is changeless, is burning for thee.

Or if with sweetest and rarest of pleasures  
    Heaven for all time thy pathway shall strew,  
Remember the Thistle, tho' rudest of blossoms,  
    Was fairest of all in devotion to you.

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## Dreams.

Dreams are but the brush of Memory  
    Painting on Life's canvas bare  
Scenes of youth, which Love once tinted  
    With his colors, matchless, fair.

It is to this Master Painter  
    That we owe the gems of Art,  
For he doth with beauty radiant  
    Blend us visions of the heart.



## The Death of a Rose.

The red rose is sighing,  
As summer is dying—  
And soft on her petals  
Each dew drops a tear—  
Not all Nature's fond suing,  
Or moonbeam's sweet wooing,  
Can bring to her cheek  
The bloom as of yore.

The autumn wind's sighing,  
For the red rose lies dying,  
And sadly forever she's drooping to rest—  
Like a heart that is breaking  
By love all forsaken—  
Her beauty is sleeping,  
To bloom nevermore.

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## Ah, to Stay the Tear.

Ah, could I but stay one tear drop,  
Coursing down thy pearly cheek,  
I would give my life as ransom,  
Counting such a pleasure sweet.

Ah, could I but hush the heart sigh,  
Trembling on those pallid lips,  
I would tread the paths of Sorrow,  
Counting such a heavenly bliss.



## Song of the Brook.

If thou wilt list unto the brook,  
A song 'twill sing to thee  
Of youth and love, which by its side  
Are blooming wild and free—  
And how its murmuring music soft  
Bids Nature slumber sweet,  
As through the length of mossy banks,  
It rolls toward the deep.

If thou wilt list unto the brook  
That sings within the dell  
'Twill to thy ever yearning heart  
A wondrous secret tell;  
'Twill sing thee as it ripples on,  
Forever to the sea,  
That thou must fill some life with love,  
If happy thou wouldst be.

## To a Lily.

Droop thy weary head to rest,  
Lily fair,  
God will bring eternal balm  
For each care.

Fear not Death's appalling gloom  
For to heavenly mansions soon  
He will bear thy withered bloom,  
Lily fair.

Lay thy head upon His breast,  
Lily fair,  
Thou shalt have unwithered bloom  
Ever there.

Weep not if thy life be o'er  
For upon that radiant shore  
Thou shalt dwell forever more,  
Lily fair.

Sigh no more for earthly love,  
Lily fair,  
Heaven hath an eternal peace  
For despair.  
Dread not Death's impending night,  
For in God's celestial light,  
Thou shalt bloom forever bright,  
Lily fair.

Hark! it is the angels' song,  
Lily fair,  
Calling thee to ever bloom  
Over there.  
Weep not, for upon Death's wing,  
Swift to where his angels sing,  
God thy weary heart will bring,  
Lily fair.

## Twilight's Hour.

Bright are those dreams  
Which come in twilight's hour,  
Winging my thoughts to the  
Vale of Heart's Desire ;  
Where once with love  
She did my life entwine ;  
Sweet are those dreams in twilight  
Hours of mine.

White were those hands  
As if of ivory carved,  
Fair were her cheeks  
Whose bloom no sorrows marred ;  
Pure was that soul as breath  
From heavenly flower ;  
Sweet are my dreams of her,  
In twilight's hour.

## To Memory.

As the leaves of sad Autumn  
Blend Summer's past glory  
In one gorgeous color  
To cheer Mother-earth—  
So Memory mirrors  
The heart's true emotion,  
Which came when our  
Souls first gave Love gentle birth.

Oh, the heart may be bare as  
The trees of November—  
As black with despair as  
Seems their rude bark—  
Till like Spring's song-bird  
That woos them to blossom,  
It hears Memory's song  
Of Love's birth in the heart.

As every sweet flower  
Must have cruel Winter,  
And leaves to gently  
Cover a once lovely bloom—  
So the heart will have  
Sorrow, no tears can alter,  
And bright leaves of Memory  
To cover its tomb.

## Du Bist Wie Eine Blume.

Thou art to me as the  
Bloom of lily fair,  
Whose fragrance pure  
Like incense sweet  
Pervades my hour of prayer.

Thine eyes to me are as  
The violet,  
In whose azure depths  
One might gaze forever,  
And find his heart at rest.

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## Lullaby.

Sleep, angel, sleep, my love divine,  
May peace guard all thy slumber blest,  
And bring thee brightest, happiest dreams,  
From those sweet isles of joy and rest.

Sleep, angel, sleep, oh, matchless flower,  
May Morpheus weave his mystic loom,  
To keep thy soul with love secure  
From every pang of earthly gloom.

## To Life's Travelers.

When the narrow road of Life  
You are treading,  
Sad hearts will you meet  
At each turn in the way.  
Give them the sunshine  
A kind deed doth proffer  
'Twill lighten thy burden  
With each passing day.

Give them a smile,  
'Twill brighten the sorrow  
Which 'round them forever  
Doth hang like a pall,  
Such seeds of love sown  
In Life's dreary season  
Will bring you God's richest harvest of all.

So when the narrow road  
Of life you are treading,  
Sad hearts will you meet  
Before the close of each day—  
Give them the balm a  
Kind word doth offer—  
For you never again shall journey this way.

## Drift No More.

Drift no more, O broken heart,  
On Grief's troubled sea—  
To a land of joys unknown,  
Love is beckoning thee,  
Dream no more of visions bright,  
Cherished tho' they be;  
Steer thy craft unto the strand,  
Where Love's awaiting thee.

Bear no more the crushing load,  
Sorrow's thrust on thee;  
Steer thy craft unto that land,  
Far across the sea.  
Weep no more for vanished hopes,  
Hallowed tho' they be;  
Love shall fold thee in its arms  
Through Eternity.











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