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# LOVE SONGS

BY

DELIA AUSTRIAN

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CHICAGO

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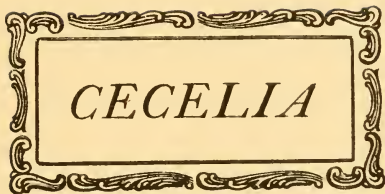
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YEARLY INT  
SERIES TO





CECELIA



# PROEM

*Grave.*

*p*

Life is but a Sha- dow;

*dim.*

*pp*

God is the on ly Sub- stance.

*Celia Austrian.*



# CECELIA

*A LOVE LYRIC*

---

## I

Give me, O Muse, the power to sing!  
Inspire me, thou immortal Love—  
Chaste and unspotted as a dove—  
A full sweet note and clear to ring!

A song of love not born of earth,  
Such love as but one poet dreamed!  
True love has many a song redeemed  
From nothingness to priceless worth.

A soul she was, so good, so kind,  
That joy she brought where'er she went;  
She seemed a heavenly spirit sent  
To earth, that we her heaven might find.

Of her, who dearer was to me  
Than any soul I ever knew,  
So constant she, so loving, true,  
There could not nobler sister be.

Her bright, frank face—how I deplore  
Its absence! That celestial smile!  
What joy did then the time beguile!  
Alas! the hours that are no more!

She made me strong where I was weak;  
To me did wisest counsel give,  
That I a nobler life might live  
And worthier goal aspire to seek.

O Love, on thee I fix my eyes;  
I choose thee as my truest friend,  
The strength of hope I pray thee send  
For thou alone dost make men wise.

## II

O God of Love, Maker of all,  
Hear Thou my silent, yearning prayer,  
While at Thine altar bowed with care  
I kneel and for Thy succor call.

Forgive these hot, these scalding tears, —  
Mute language of a broken heart!  
Grief-stricken when such spirits part  
And full of death-awakened fears!

And yet Thy ways, O God, are wise  
And that which is, is surely best;  
The good in Thee are ever blest,  
Toward them Thy mercy never dies.

Is it a sin to mourn the dead,  
To grieve when friends forsake the earth,  
Souls that men held of peerless worth,  
To whom in love they yet are wed?

To miss the smile, the tender word,  
The joyous utterance of her heart,  
The music which indeed was part  
Of her, and me so often stirred!

Helpless I drift, a wayward bark  
Without a rudder or a sail,  
The sport and prey of every gale;  
Blindly I go, the sky is dark.

Give me the courage that I need;  
Give me the hope, the inner light,  
The faith that serves instead of sight,  
Oh, give me strength, I plead, I plead!

## III

I sing not for myself alone;  
I would all souls who have a sorrow  
Some cheerful gleam of hope might borrow  
From thoughts here sung in minor tone.

How oft when we a grief reveal  
To friend perchance with heavier heart,  
We feel our lesser grief depart  
And peace and calm upon us steal.

That light which brightened once our day  
Has faded, and lo, clouds instead,  
Sullen and black, hang overhead;  
And we go stumbling on our way.

Though well we know we ought to bear  
The sufferings that to life belong,  
We daily fail, too little strong  
Calmly our crown of thorns to wear.

## IV

I will not let these earlier lays  
Take on a mournful, minor strain;  
For God in goodness doth ordain  
That joy should crown our childhood days.



The child beholds the joy it feels  
    In sky and meadow, star and flower;  
    Life is to him one endless bower  
Full of all sweet, all glad appeals.

Let memory call before my eyes  
    Fair visions of melodious days,  
    Wherein her sweet magnetic ways  
Bound me to her with golden ties.

## V

How kind was God to you and me  
    In those first days we spent on earth!  
    So fragile were we from our birth  
Scant chance of life at all had we.

Till cherished by a mother's care,  
    Who hovered o'er us day and night,  
    As if it were her chief delight  
For her twin babes such trials to bear.

Death did not win the victory,  
    He could not claim us as his own;  
    Not yet was I to be alone,  
Bereaved of your blithe company.

## VI

Our infant years had passed away  
And we ourselves to study lent,  
And with it jocund play was blent  
That made our childhood fresh and gay.

We stored our eager little souls  
With legend, myth and fairy tale;  
Such feast of fancy could not fail  
To lure us on to shining goals.

Oh, happy, happy childhood days,  
Replete with manifold delight!  
Its golden dreams that know no blight  
Of sorrow, lead no mournful ways!

## VII

We soon forgot our folklore friends,  
The fairy tales we once held dear,  
The doughty knights who knew no fear;  
Our thoughts now turned toward serious ends.

For Nature called us to her side  
Sharing with us her shade and shine,  
Allured us often to recline  
In nooks where tranquil thoughts abide.

We sought to know of Egypt's life,  
The arts of Greece, the laws of Rome;  
Where other nations made their home,  
To watch them peaceful or at strife.

And listened to the ages' song,  
Ringing with many a varied theme,  
A song of hope, of lofty dream,  
Of victory won, of righted wrong.

But there were mingled with the strain  
Some notes that thrilled the listening air  
With hints of doubt and deep despair,  
Of fairest dreams yet dreamed in vain!

## VIII

Dearly you loved God's holy word  
Whether through child or man 'twas spoke,  
A thrill of joy in you it woke  
Such as Spring wakes in flower and bird.

But best of all you loved to hear  
The music made by Nature's lute;  
Your very heart-beats hushed to mute  
While you drank in that heavenly cheer.

It gave to your young, eager brain  
Rare themes it ne'er had caught alone,  
And to your inner ear such tone  
As ne'er did human voice attain.

Though then it ever whispered love  
Purer than any poet sings,  
Now it around my spirit flings  
A fragrance as from heaven above.

Happy, that music has the power  
The weary human heart to soothe!  
The pillow of distress to smooth,  
To brighten darkest, saddest hour!

## IX

The years flew by and we had grown  
From girlhood gay to womanhood,  
Rich in fond hope we never could  
Be old, for grief was yet unknown.

What sorrow could we ever feel  
If we each other's thought might share?  
When two young hearts divide a care,  
Even pain and suffering are less real.

Perhaps in girlish reverie  
    You peered into the future days,  
    And there foresaw that not always  
My love alone you were to be.

It grieved me not, for well I knew  
    Our holy love could not be less,  
    But every day it would me bless  
And help to make me more like you.

## X

Fancy once helped me build a home  
    With many a graceful battlement;  
    The morning sun its glory lent  
And through its halls I loved to roam.

With wondrous paintings it was filled  
    And statues delicate and fair  
    And all that is both rich and rare  
Could there be placed, whene'er I willed.

And there methought my soul should dwell  
    In everlasting love and peace;  
    In such a home joy ne'er could cease;  
In such a home all would be well.

But not alone was I to be,  
For there you too would make your home,  
And thence we twain would never roam;  
Contented there, in spirit free.

And to our palace you would bring  
The sweetest strains that music owns;  
A joy thrilled through me at the tones,  
As were the muses nine to sing.

And ever should our palace gate  
Open to those who wandered by,  
For never dreamed we to deny  
Entrance to such as there might wait.

But when grim Death did me bereave  
Of the one friend I cherished most,  
My castle seemed an idle boast,  
A place wherein I could but grieve.

But where once stood my castle walls  
I sit beside a moaning sea;  
And let its murmur sadden me,  
Singing a song with dying falls.

XI

Full oft in childhood did I say  
 We twain together must grow old;  
 Perhaps I spoke in tones too bold  
 And now His will I must obey.

Whatever God should take from me,  
 This dearest bond he must not sever!  
 My hope in life you should be ever.  
 Without your life what would mine be?

Death wooed you for his fair young bride,  
 With unknown presence courted you;  
 With wondrous stealth he nearer drew  
 Until at last he reached your side.

Then when you came to know that Fate  
 You to grim Death as bride had sealed,  
 With what sweet patience did you yield  
 And calmly your espousal wait!

With grief, with anger burned my brain;  
 "Death durst not take my love from me,"  
 I cried. "It must not, shall not be!"  
 Alas, alas, I spoke in vain.

## XII

Often I say, "She is not dead!  
Nay, she will soon to us return!"  
To hear her voice my soul doth yearn,  
With hope of this my soul is fed.

I wait, and wait, to hear her call  
As she was wont to call before;  
I watch to see her at the door;  
I look for her in room and hall.

Again I peer into the night  
Feeling that she is somewhere lost,  
And by this fear my soul is tossed  
Until with morn returns the light.

I hasten through the city wide;  
It seems to me that I must find  
Her, for I cannot bring my mind  
To own the gulfs that us divide.

I search through many a lonely street  
And study every countenance,  
Watch every movement, every glance  
Lest I should fail her glance to meet.



What joy comes to me if I find  
    Likeness to her in some one's face!  
    New confidence with me wins place  
And calms my troubled, anxious mind.

At times I hear a sweet, sad cry,  
    Calling as if one needed me.  
    Oh, where can my beloved be?  
That call, it sounded somewhere nigh.

Where she may be I long to know;  
    My heart and brain are full of fear,  
    They surely should not hold me here.  
Oh, why to her can I not go?

## XIII

The last, long, golden level rays  
    Of the great glorious sun are fled;  
    Twilight floats earthward now instead  
And over all her dimness lays.

But here within the solemn room  
    Come waves to me of softened light,  
    The moon amid the peaceful night  
Irradiates all the gentle gloom.

What peace, what rest! How calm, how still!  
A moonlit mantle earth doth wear,  
And lovely fragrance lades the air;  
Would but such peace my spirit fill!

And would that I need here but wait,  
Longing to have you with me sit!  
What joy but to imagine it!  
Haste hither, oh, my spirit's mate.

I hear, I hear her heartsome voice!  
Again we vows of love outpour;  
I conquer, I shall grieve no more,  
But over all things ill, rejoice.

## XIV

Can there be joy without a sorrow?  
Must every pleasure have its pain?  
How many dreams we dream in vain!  
The nights that bring no bright to-morrow!

Is there a rose without a thorn?  
Are there gay hearts that never ache?  
Do we not many a morning wake  
To curse that day when we were born?

Where is the soul that knows no care,  
The soul from trouble ever free,  
Born conqueror of the world to be  
And buoyant like the morning air?

## XV

Is hard, blind chance indeed the law  
That governs human destiny?  
Held helpless in his grasp, are we  
But prey to his relentless maw?

Is struggle then a need of life  
That masters every living thing,  
And will it out of chaos bring  
Cosmos instead of pain and strife?

Were struggle not, the world would die;  
Only through effort has man grown,  
Only through effort has he known  
The whence, the whither, and the why

Of things without him that he sees,  
Of things within him that he feels,  
And so attains to break some seals  
Of the world's myriad mysteries.

## XVI

At first so stunned was I with grief  
I scarce could think, she is no more!  
Your presence I did still implore—  
Such empty mockery of relief!

But soon the sad awakening came;  
I know you are now gone from me,  
Your lovely face I ne'er shall see  
However oft I call your name.

The lifeless hours move slowly on;  
They used to fly but now they drag,  
So does all sense of pleasure flag  
And you, my joy, my sister, gone!

You were to me a guiding star,  
My pilot in the darkest night,  
Your eye could ever see a light,  
For you alone it beamed afar.

## XVII

What ceaseless pain your death has brought  
To all the circle of your kin!  
And every day you still do win  
More love; no change your loss has wrought.

Sisters and brothers for you grieve,  
The power for good that you possessed  
They knew, and, better than the rest,  
What force lay in you to achieve.

But ah, the grief the mother felt  
In losing one whom she had reared  
To womanhood, and who had cheered  
Her life, until that blow was dealt!

## XVIII

What keener sorrow e'er was known  
Than that a noble mother bears,  
When death from her so cruelly tears  
A child from flower to fruitage grown?

A bud of promise, ere it turn  
To fruit or blossom, snatched away  
From mother's bosom where it lay  
And changed to ashes in an urn.

That, to the mother so bereft,  
Is loss and sorrow, sore indeed.  
Can sorer sorrow be decreed?  
Can lonely heart be lonelier left?

Yes, loss is harder surely then  
    When that sweet babe upon her knees,  
    At length the proud, glad mother sees  
A man, a woman, among men.

For from their cradle she has dreamed  
    Of glorious goals to be attained,  
    Of richest prizes to be gained—  
With hope so fair her fancy teemed!

This loss, this sorrow now is yours,  
    My mother; for your child had twined  
    Her tendrils round your heart, to bind  
Such bond as to life's end endures.

## XIX

To-day heart-broken here we bow  
    Beside the grave where she was laid,  
    With heaviest grief our souls are weighed,  
The wound, half healed, reopen now!

And fondly o'er your grave we strew  
    White roses and carnations red;  
    Of pansies pied we plant a bed  
Remembering they were dear to you.

I long to lie down at your side  
And let the same sod cover me,  
That I again with you might be  
There where the union might abide.

To press my lips on your sweet face,  
To smooth the lovely golden hair,  
To see the smile your lips now wear,  
To fold you in a fond embrace.

XX

True consolation it doth give  
To those in sorrow left behind,  
That their beloved one could find  
Her joy in helping friends to live.

This consolation now is ours;  
We tenderly the past recall,  
And think with grateful tears of all  
The gladness you shed round in showers.

And when we laid you in the ground  
And left you to your long, long sleep,  
Where those who loved you most could weep  
And scatter blossoms o'er the mound,

One that had never seen your face  
But shared with you a common friend,  
Solace in words like these could lend,  
Our backward-looking hearts to brace:

“Eternally her life will bless  
Mankind, will ever love outpour,  
Earth harbors now one angel less,  
But heaven may count one angel more.”

## XXI

How foolishly we often give  
Ourselves to grief for those called dead,  
Far wiser were it if instead  
We rather grieved for those who live.

Scanting our faith in human kind  
We fail to grant the help we might,  
And thus we often lack the light  
Wherewith the much-prized goal to find.

Ofttimes we yield to selfishness  
And fail to do the timely deed  
Of kindness, that our fellows need  
To ease them of some sore distress.



But our beloved dead are strong  
    In such obedience to God's laws,  
    As frees them from those earthly flaws,  
Which to our mortal minds belong.

## XXII

Can we on earth conceive the gain  
    Made by the friends we see no more,  
    What unknown realms they now explore,  
To what grand heights their souls attain?

The dead grow fairer every day  
    Not knowing human selfishness;  
    And oh, they find true blessedness  
As they go on their holy way!

God grant that when I cross the sea,  
    Saying to earth my last farewell,  
    Glad in my Father's home to dwell,  
You shall as pilot come to me!

And though before again we meet  
    Your soul will be of color pure,  
    Still I will fear not; I am sure  
Even death cannot our love defeat.

## XXIII

Oft am I troubled by the thought  
How few the hours you knew on earth,  
How thus your life so full of worth  
Could not complete the task it sought.

What glorious triumphs you had gained  
Had but your life fulfilled its course!  
Had the bright river from its source  
Flowed to the ocean unrestrained.

Why was it God did not desire  
You should your work on earth complete?  
Why was it you your doom should meet  
And in the flush of life expire?

Perhaps He knew you did not need  
That struggle which is part of life;  
He wished to save you from all strife  
And so your early death decreed.

## XXIV

I sit within a darkened room,  
More somber in this starless night—  
Nowhere one glimmering ray of light  
Pierces the dense prevailing gloom.

My sad surroundings bring a mood  
    On me of sadness, as I gaze  
    Unseeing round me through the maze  
Of darkness and of solitude.

I now remember how we said:  
    The one who first is called away  
    Shall hasten back to earth some day.  
And tell the other of the dead.

How our dead pass their days and nights,  
    What are their hopes, and what their fears,  
    And are their smiles touched too with tears,  
Or do they share unmixed delights?

Perchance this moment you may be  
    Close at my side or drawing near,  
    My ear so deaf I do not hear,  
My eyes so blind I cannot see.

## XXV

Then moods I have in which I think:  
    She there must nobler interests find  
    That shut her sister from her mind,  
Yet from such thought of you I shrink.

Do souls when they have left the earth  
Forget e'en those they cherished most?  
Then love is not love but a ghost,  
Mere ghost of truth, and nothing worth.

I need your guidance as of yore,  
To lead me through these tangled ways,  
I need your love to light my days,  
I need your wisdom more and more.

Still let your spirit like a star  
Beam on me and illumine my night;  
I will look upward for the light,  
I know it will be fair, though far.

## XXVI

One evening late I sat alone  
Within my chamber dark and still;  
I felt the pensive silence thrill  
My spirit to a somber tone.

As thus I sat I fell to thought  
Of you and of those bygone days.  
Oh, how your kind and tender ways  
Were fondly back to memory brought!

Then all at once I seemed to hear  
    Music descending from on high,  
    Nigher it drew, and still more nigh,  
Oh, with what rapture to mine ear!

No mortal could such strains awake  
    With voice or cunning instrument;  
    The heavenly player seemed intent  
My melancholy mood to break.

The song was one you loved so well;  
    It sang of earth in Spring array,  
    Of flowers in bloom with colors gay,  
Bright as fair fields of asphodel.

Ever more clear the music grew.  
    At length it reached my chamber door,  
    Then ceased, my ear was charmed no more,  
But met my eye a form I knew.

That graceful form was robed in white,  
    The hair flowed down in waves of gold,  
    The large blue eyes beamed as of old,  
Only with yet more lovely light.

Gently you put the harp away,  
    Still strangely not a word you spoke;  
    But, oh, with what a loving stroke  
Did your hand o'er my forehead stray!

So you had kept your human ways,  
    Though heavenly light was on your face;  
    You clasped me in a fond embrace  
As in the happy olden days.

You saw the tears that dimmed my eyes,  
    And bending low you softly said:  
    “Sister, weep not, I am not dead,  
Though deep in earth my body lies.”

Life is eternal and we grow  
    Greater and ever greater souls;  
    The ages show us many goals  
Whereof on earth we did not know.

For death is but a pleasant sleep,  
    You soon awaken in a sphere  
    Where all things far more fair appear,  
For all things there God's ordinance keep.

Soon you were gone, still was the room,  
    Thick darkness filled the heavy air,  
    But freed was I from earthly care;  
An inner light shot through the gloom.

## XXVII

The joyous reign of Spring is o'er  
And Summer has assumed her throne;  
She comes as coming to her own,  
Heir of the season gone before.

How that blithe earlier season brought  
Into fresh life all things of earth!  
They sprang as buoyant into birth  
As if the fear of death were naught.

The buds have opened into flower,  
And with their fragrance lade the air;  
The trees full robes of leafage wear  
Fresh from the loom of sun and shower.

It is a calmer joy holds sway  
Than when the Spring in gladness woke,  
And the long siege of Winter broke  
To deck the earth in bright array.

But why in this sweet symphony  
That floats upon the summer air,  
Should come a strain of deep despair  
And sing a song of death for me?

## XXVIII

When to those rural scenes I turn  
Where once we twain had happy days,  
Observing Nature and her ways,  
How for your fellowship I yearn!

There every place was dear to you  
In Nature's simple, sacred home;  
Thence never did you care to roam,  
So well you loved that life so true.

There Nature daily to you brought  
The song of birds, the scent of flowers,  
The chance of rest in leafy bowers—  
A rest with all fair fancies fraught.

You loved the honest country folk  
Who tilled the field and reaped the grain;  
Ever you found their converse gain,  
As frankly with them oft you spoke.

Still do those humble people tell  
Of pleasant hours they spent with you;  
They well your many virtues knew  
And on those virtues love to dwell.



Thus in their hearts you planted seeds,  
Some day in many distant bowers  
To bloom into those fairest flowers,  
The flowers of gentle, loving deeds.

## XXIX

As here I sit beneath this pine  
And look out on the glorious night,  
With a soft lunar radiance bright,  
I feel an awe of the divine.

Yearning I gaze on yon still moon,  
And solemn thoughts come to my soul;  
I wonder toward what shining goal  
May tend her course begun so soon.

Earth has reclaimed the gift it gave,  
The body turns to dust again;  
It is the common lot of men  
Thus to lie mouldering in the grave.

But what of that more noble part,  
The part that feels, creates and thinks,  
And us to all the ages links  
In one long fellowship of art?

Does also soul with flesh decay,  
And mingle with the common earth  
Nowhere to find a higher birth,  
Nowhere more beautiful array?

We know that this can never be,  
Since naught that lives can ever die,  
And though our bodies mouldered lie,  
Our souls are for Eternity.

## XXX

Alone I stand on this deep shore  
And watch the waves that come and go,  
Pounding the pebbles as they flow,  
And making old earth new once more.

Far out the water and the sky  
Meet in veiled silent mystery.  
I gaze, and this thought comes to me,  
Do fairer lands there hidden lie?

While thus I linger on this beach  
Life shapes itself into a strand;  
The tossing waves that beat the land  
To me a noble lesson teach.

For heaven and earth, like land and sky,  
Somewhere in dim horizon meet;  
Beyond, far fairer lands do greet  
Our lost beloved when they die.

## XXXI

Why calls yon robin to her mate?  
He went at morn in search of food,  
While she should watch their tiny brood—  
For him in vain perhaps to wait!

The widowed mother bows and prays  
For her brave warrior boy's return;  
Ah, with what longing doth she yearn,  
But death meanwhile her hope gainsays.

The sailor's lonely wife, on knee  
Bent low, prays God in heaven to save  
Her husband from an ocean grave—  
He sleeps already in the sea!

Oh, would, like those, I did not know  
The cruel loss I have sustained!  
Would that some hope to me remained!  
The heaviest woe is hopeless woe.

## XXXII

Dear little babe, who on the breast  
Of mother, folded in her arms,  
Nestles safe guarded from all harms;  
Your lot in life is surely blest!

With what a look of love your eyes  
Dwell fondly on your mother's face,  
Unconscious trust in her you place,  
Instinct of nature makes you wise.

Secure in her, you do not fill  
Your little soul with doubts and fears,  
Calmly you face your future years,  
These will be happy for you still.

More of true wisdom you possess  
Than many and many a sage has found;  
They may in knowledge more abound,  
But wisdom you doth better bless!

Let me thus, childlike, lay my heart  
On Mother Nature's fondling breast;  
Nay, let me on His bosom rest—  
My Father's!—now my sister's part!

## XXXIII

Autumnal days are here at last,  
They tell us Summer's reign is o'er  
And Summer pleasures are no more;  
Those golden hours, they fled how fast!

The trees are whispering to the wind:  
"A little while our coats we wear,  
Of many colors rich and rare,  
Gorgeous beyond the dreams of Ind.'

And yet not all the trees say this;  
Yon pine retains his foliage still,  
Unconscious of the coming ill;  
He triumphs in his sober bliss.

Let me my Winter face, like him,  
With joy more constant if less gay  
Than theirs who flourish for a day  
And then at Winter's touch grow dim!

## XXXIV

The setting sun on the great lake  
Strikes, and in sparkles brighter far  
Than brightest jewel lusters are,  
The sheeny crystal waters break.

And now the air grows calm and still  
As Nature were bowed deep in prayer  
And thanking God for his sweet care—  
Such thankful prayer my spirit fill!

List, not a breath of sound is heard,  
Look, the light grasses do not sway;  
The aspen's leaves their fluttering stay;  
To silence awed is every bird.

What solemn priest did ever speak  
A prayer so reverent and so grand,  
As does this stretch of rolling land  
Now daylight's rule begins to break.

## XXXV

That sacred day of all the year,  
Which witnessed once our blended birth  
Into the light and life of earth—  
Already it again draws near.

Memorial day once bright, now dark,  
But it brings memories fresh and fair,  
Of childhood days as free from care  
As summer mornings to the lark.

The joyous girlhood days we spent  
In wholesome work and blithesome play,  
Rejoicing in each coming day,  
Which ever some new pleasure lent.

What is a birthday without you?  
Old birthdays ever emphasized  
That love between us which we prized  
More than aught else on earth we knew.

## XXXVI

To-morrow I shall bid good-bye  
To the old farm where I have spent  
My summer; here kind Nature lent  
Me hope that could all doubt defy.

To-morrow is that natal day,  
Once rich in happy memory,  
But now there only comes to me  
A hopeless hope, a deep dismay.

So sorrowing I my way shall take  
To where you sleep, and there a wreath  
Of laurel lay; that you beneath  
May know what memories in me wake.

Would that I had the faith to feel  
That we to-morrow will commune,  
That you my spirit will attune  
To your own sense of perfect weal.

## XXXVII

How choicely, exquisitely wrought,  
This casket, carved with deft design,  
In each detail so chaste, so fine,  
So beautiful with grace unbought.

Whiter it is than driven snow,  
All set with pearls and diamonds rare,  
Such as not kings of Orient wear  
Who would in utmost splendor glow.

From that pure background soft and white,  
Looks out a face surpassing fair  
With tenderness; but how compare  
The smile that clothes it with love light!

Full many a jewel it contains,  
The like whereof were never made;  
Not ruby, topaz, emerald, jade  
Could match with those celestial gains.



It is such treasure; it doth keep  
Such treasure, that whatever may  
From out my clasp slip quite away,  
The loss of this ne'er let me weep.

## XXXVIII

To-day I stand beside your mound,  
I dew with tears the hallowed stone,  
Which means my sister sleeps alone,  
Sleeps that long sleep beneath the ground!

How without you can I be glad  
And celebrate our natal day?  
Nay, but this season, you away,  
Makes me beyond my sad wont, sad.

Our dear friends in remembrance strew  
Fresh roses here and asters white;  
These seem to breathe of you—all bright  
Fair things and fragrant breathe of you!

For me, a laurel wreath I place  
Upon your tomb, my gift to you,  
Sweet symbol of that love you knew,  
The love that time can ne'er efface.

## XXXIX

A mournful song sad Autumn sings,  
Laden with pensive minor strains;  
A joyous note it ne'er attains,  
But only sense of pathos brings:

The hopes that summer-time had brought  
Are all, like bubbles, burst in air;  
Again I feel the old despair—  
Such change of cheer has Autumn wrought!

The sunshine is no longer warm,  
The winds no longer genial blow,  
And earth no longer feels that glow  
Which clothed her with all beauteous form.

## XL

A crystal mist o'er vale and hill,  
All day came down the fleecy snow  
From sky above to earth below,  
And wafted wide by winds at will.

The snow-clad trees look cold, forlorn;  
This day no word of hope it spoke,  
No joy in human heart awoke,  
Nay, but all gladness laughed to scorn.

A dreary chill pervades the air  
And fitful gusts of tempest blow;  
Not knowing, caring, where they go,  
They seem like wailings of despair.

And me they fill with sorrowing thought  
Of the loved lost one buried deep  
Beneath this snowfall's mounded heap—  
And Oh, with what sad memories fraught!

## XLI

'Tis hard to think of you so bright,  
There lying in the dark, cold ground,  
Snow building up your burial mound,  
Darkness the scene, both day and night!

And now the snow has turned to rain,  
In ceaseless drops I hear it fall,  
But why, O heart, need it appal  
Thee, beating 'gainst the window pane?

Beside this glowing hearth is cheer;  
Without, the chill, the dreamy night;  
O sister, you are bathed in light,  
For you at least I need not fear.

## XLII

While yet I lay asleep one morn,  
I saw a youth with golden hair;  
His radiant face a smile did wear,  
Such as was ne'er by mortal worn.

The smile upon his countenance,  
Effulgent, like the bridegroom sun,  
Fresh one more daily course to run—  
That smile did so his grace enhance!

Not like a stranger did he seem,  
But someone I before had known  
And more and more his features shone.  
Could ever a mortal's face so beam?

And as he gazed into my eye  
Pity in his bright aspect spoke,  
As if some tender thought awoke  
Within him: soon the reason why

I knew; he said: "You know me well,  
Though you have never seen my face;  
Look, and the likeness you shall trace  
Of one whose name I now will tell.

“Sore grieved am I to see your grief  
For that twin sister who has passed;  
Let not your sorrow for her last;  
I come to bring you sweet relief.

“My name is Love; I forged the chain  
That linked your sister dear to you,  
Two souls made one in union true—  
But I can break the bond again.

“Still if the bond you yet would keep  
Your sister’s love shall ne’er grow less,  
And daily it shall soothe and bless  
Till in her arms you fall asleep.”

Cheered was my heart, as thus Love spoke  
I felt my sister’s spirit near  
To banish all my former fear  
And with my soul at peace I woke.

## XLIII

Sometimes I question, Is it right  
Thus to indulge the grief I bear,  
Should I not seek what might repair  
My loss, might lead me to the light?

The skillful sculptor, though he work  
    In far-sought costliest marble rare,  
    Yet will his chisel-blows not spare—  
He knows where forms of beauty lurk.

We all are sculptors, and we are  
    Ourselves the marble to be hewn,  
    No matter how about us strewn  
May lie waste fragments; those would mar

The last result, if they remained;  
    They must relentlessly be cleft  
    Away, till naught of all is left  
Save that whereby more grace is gained.

Our Master Sculptor watches all,  
    And helps us as we hew the stone,  
    Until the ideal shape is shown,  
To free which all our strokes did fall.

Though He may strike a painful blow,  
    He will not His ideal harm;  
    Each stroke that falls from his right arm  
Will liker make His marble grow.

## XLIV

Soon now will Christmas-tide be here,  
    So rich in thoughts that give delight,  
    To make the simplest homes look bright  
And bring the saddest happy cheer.

Households meanwhile await return  
    Of sons and daughters far away,  
    Welcomed with little ones so gay;  
While with fresh pride the parents burn.

The old and young will gather round  
    The Christmas tree hung bright with gifts,  
    While mutual love the soul uplifts  
And joys in every heart abound.

## XLV

To us what joy can Christmas bring,  
    So deeply bowed in silent grief,  
    That can but still refuse relief  
While merry voices round us ring?

She will not come, the one we miss,  
    That tender flower we loved so dear,  
    Whose fragrance was a breath of cheer,  
Whom now to see were crown of bliss!

Last year when Christmas time came round  
Our hours were spent in mirth and joy,  
No care our pleasures to annoy,  
No sense of loss our hearts to wound.

No fear of loss! All unaware  
Of what impended, we were glad;  
Thought of that gladness makes me sad.  
Past gladness adds but weight to bear.

## XLVI

The old year soon will pass away,  
And with it the old century too;  
The time allotted them lived through,  
They will surrender up their sway.

Before they take their last farewell  
They, glancing back, review the years;  
Their smiles of joy are blurred with tears  
As on the chequered past they dwell.

And though they see that much is done  
They feel that all is incomplete,  
That selfishness may still defeat  
The mighty tasks they had begun.



Oh, may the new age realize  
    Knowledge and wealth are not the whole;  
    A true, deep kinship of the soul  
Each must in other recognize.

## XLVII

From night-long dreams this morn I woke;  
    I dreamed that you appeared last night,  
    Beside my bed, a ray of light,  
You paused, and then these words you spoke:

“O my beloved, why not see  
    That you in mourning thus do wrong?  
    To others do those tears belong;  
From touch of sorrow I am free.

“I long, dear child, to have you know  
    The sinful only need your tears;  
    The faltering need the word that cheers  
To buoy them lest they sink of woe.

“To feel the truth of what I say,  
    Come, we with speed o'er earth will go,  
    And your own eyes shall make you know.”  
I did not falter to obey.

## XLVIII

We found ourselves in a dark street  
Reeking of foul air, damp and raw;  
Hunger the hearts of men did gnaw,  
And on them vice had stamped defeat.

The dramshop door stood open wide,  
And noisy music met the ear;  
As step by step we drew more near,  
Coarse laughter could be heard inside.

Clink went the glasses as they drank,  
And fumes of liquor fouled the air;  
There they would drink to drown their care  
Until in drunken sleep they sank.

Some of them danced a dizzy train,  
Faltering and stumbling as they went;  
They seemed on anything intent  
Whereby oblivion they might gain.

Their faces wore a haggard look,  
Flushed on a pallor ashen white;  
Bleared were their eyes that once were bright;  
All thought their features had forsook.

## XLIX

Next in a house we found a room  
    Rotten and damp with frost and rain,  
    Never did sunlight entrance gain  
To that chill chamber thick with gloom.

There in a broken trundle bed  
    A little maiden dying lay;  
    Love could not keep the foe at bay,  
Death would not be discomfited.

A weary mother, thin and pale,  
    Was bowed beside her little one;  
    Already now her utmost done,  
She, anguished, saw that utmost fail.

Submissive, though her heart was sore,  
    She gave to God her only child;  
    Hers was a nature soft and mild  
That sweetly every burden bore.

## L

That scene we left. The moon was fled;  
    I, blindly stumbling as I walked,  
    And meanwhile with my sister talked,  
Saw murky clouds hung overhead.

And as we went there came in sight  
More squalid wretchedness, with crime  
So open that it seemed pastime,  
Though under cover of the night.

We felt the presence there of thought  
Soon to be realized in theft;  
Some were of conscience so bereft,  
The crime of murder they held naught.

How from all this I longed to turn;  
My heart was heavy, sick, and sore;  
I wished to witness nothing more,  
But there was more for me to learn.

## LI

We came upon a chamber bare,  
A weary woman sat and sewed;  
Hot tears between the stitches flowed,  
So weighed was she with grief and care.

From early morn till late at night  
She plied her needle day by day,  
To keep the wolf at least at bay,  
Which she despaired to put to flight.

In contrast to this sad abode,  
    We passed a mansion full of wealth,  
    A home of pleasure and of health—  
The hearth with cheerful firlight glowed.

## LII

Come, spirit, let us fly away;  
    I long to see a purer sight  
    And bathe my soul in God's own light  
Before shall come the dawn of day.

In answer to my selfish thought,  
    She dropped a pearl of crystal dew;  
    Though not a word she spoke, I knew  
In her high sphere self counts for naught.

But soon we left our world behind,  
    Borne upward by a balmy breeze,  
    And wafted over placid seas  
Just dimpled by that wooing wind.

Past myriad lucent spheres we sped,  
    That poured their light into the dark,  
    But there were some so cold and stark  
They surely had been ages dead.

And as we smoothly sailed along  
Ethereal music met mine ear;  
First, snatches I could scarcely hear,  
Then the whole heaven seemed one grand song.

My sister spoke: "That is a band  
Of choristers, who drive the night  
Away, and summon forth the light  
To spread its beams o'er sea and land.

"Behold, the clouds begin to break,  
And the sun paints the eastern skies;  
At his approach the darkness dies,  
And a new day is full awake."

## LIII

While still I listened to that song,  
The voice of God it seemed to be,  
That in the music spoke to me;  
It banished all my sense of wrong.

"Fix not your eyes upon the past;  
To you the present hours belong;  
Within them grow serenely strong,  
But haste to use them while they last.

"No one is placed on earth by chance;  
Life always means development,  
All living things on this are bent  
But man must struggle to advance.

"Advancing he may move along,  
All forms of life toward the goal;  
For this I gave to him a soul  
And in privation made him strong.

"For heaven begins right there on earth  
And brother love must be your guide;  
There is no valid law beside  
To quicken souls to higher birth."

LIV

O sister mine, I understand!  
This journey has revealed to me  
What should the law of living be,  
The everlasting one demand.

On every side we see oppressed,  
Poor wretches pleading for their rights;  
It is for us to fight their fights—  
Their battle won we too are blessed.

Again we see degraded souls  
Go stumbling through the darkest nights;  
We, if we will, can give the light,  
Shall help them on to find their goals.

And if they fail, we also fail;  
Our brothers' keepers are we all,  
Together we must rise or fall,  
Together every task assail.

Mere dogmas, cold and lifeless creeds,  
Will never save our human kind;  
Salvation we can only find  
Through noble and unselfish deeds.

So shalt earth change to paradise,  
And love true queen shall reign alone;  
Nor other law shall then be known,  
Love's holy law shall all suffice.

## LV

I do not know if this I dreamed,  
Or if my soul fled from the earth,  
But I saw now what things were worth,  
And truths the deepest on me gleamed.




When I went forth into the air,  
The joys came back I erst had known,  
And I to something nobler grown,  
For fled from me was blank despair.

Spring zephyrs had unsealed the ground,  
And opened every bud to flower;  
As lightly dripped the genial shower,  
I shared the joy that reigned around.

It was my sister's spirit blent  
With all I saw and all I heard;  
Her influence within me stirred,  
And wrought to me serene content.



A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs on all four sides, framing the central text.

*OTHER POEMS*



## TO BEOWA, HERALD OF SPRING

O gentle youth, divinely fair and tall,  
Thou harbinger of Spring, and earth's delight,  
Who bringest forth all joy, mak'st nature bright,  
Dispellest care, and fear, and grief for all,  
Dryads and fairies hasten at thy call  
To chase away dark demons, imps of night,  
Who erst had ruled the world grown cold with  
fright,  
Till thou those evil spirits didst enthrall.

Hail, youth! who scatter'st wide the blossoms fair,  
Decking the trees with foliage gold and green,  
Inviting birds to fill with song the air,  
And viewless nymphs to haunt that sylvan scene.  
Abide thou ever and our lives shall be  
A perfect strain of earth's great harmony.

## LOVE AND LIFE

It was a cool, a calm, a glorious day,  
The vital sun was bathing earth and air  
In light, until the world rejoicing lay,  
So richly decked with flowers fresh and fair;  
By all-wise Nature's cunning thought and care  
Gay birds and insects made an endless song  
Of love, and with their joy did fill the air  
And at their work and play this blithesome throng  
Far in the starlit night did they their hymns prolong.

And when the sun had kissed the earth good-night,  
A youth appeared and with this youth a maid;  
And as they walked, the earth glowed with their light;  
In haste they went, nor could their steps be  
stayed,  
O'er hills and mountains passed in endless flight,  
Unwearied, singing songs of peace and joy,  
Till they a garden spy in a leafy glade.  
They enter, and the still small hours employ  
In converse, safe in sense of freedom from annoy.

✓  
THE TEMPLE OF THE WINDS

Upon a rugged, cloud-capped mountain peak  
There stands a temple built of marble rare,  
Enriched by statues that great thoughts do speak  
Of mighty deeds once planned with greatest care,  
'Tis tended day and night by maidens fair.  
This shrine was reared when Greece was proud and  
strong,  
And Phidias did his wreath of glory wear  
Oft was it crowded with a pious throng,  
Who listened with delight to hear Apollo's song.

Immortal Phidias now creates no more,  
Apollo's silver-sounding flute is still,  
His god-head now no worshipers adore,  
And yet his music doth the temple fill;  
The happy sounds do ever laugh and trill,  
And as the warbling winds breathe through the hall,  
Those ancient melodies your senses thrill  
As if indeed you heard them rise and fall,  
And with their harmonies earth's discord disentrall.

## THE ERL-KING

(A Translation)

Hark! who rides through the night so wild?  
It is a father with his child;  
He holds the boy fast in his arm,  
Pressing him close to keep him warm.

“My son, my son, why hide your face?”

“The erl-king, father, with us doth race;  
The erl-king with his crown. See! list!”

“Fear not, my child, 'tis a cloudy mist.”

“My dear little boy, come along with me,  
And many games will I play with thee;  
Many gay flowers are on the strand,  
With glistening pebbles and golden sand.”

“But father, my father, do you not hear,  
What the erl-king whispers in my ear?”

“My son, my son, glance not behind!  
'Tis the rustle of leaves in the rushing wind.”

“My gentle lad, if you go with me,  
My daughters so fair will wait on thee;  
My daughters, who watch the mighty Rhine  
Will dance, and sing, and ever be thine.”



“My father, my father, and see you not there  
The erl-king's daughters exceeding fair?”

“My son, my son, 'tis the mist so grey,  
Gleaming through willows with winds at play.”

“I love thee, my lad, thou art so dear;  
Now come along, why should'st thou fear?”

“See, oh, see! he tears me away;  
With thee, my father, I dare not stay.”

The father shudders; to keep him from harm,  
He holds the child fast in his arm;  
When he reaches his home all trembling with fear,  
The child is dead whom he loved so dear!

## TRUTH

(A Parable from the Talmud)

When God at first called forth the heaven and earth,  
He summoned all the angels to His side;  
At once they said, "Create a man of worth  
To sing Thine endless glory far and wide."

A flutelike voice rang out: "Create no more,  
Earth's harmony will be destroyed by man,  
He will forget his Maker, and adore  
Himself, and will dethrone Thee if he can."

Then silence reigned in God's empyreal hall,  
Till Mercy counseled him on bended knee;  
She, sweetest, kindest, fairest of them all,  
Said: "Make him; leave him then to me."

But gentle Peace spoke up and made reply:  
"Oh, give not earth this king to live in strife,  
A creature his Creator to defy,  
And boast that he is master of his life."

Then stern-faced Justice said: "Place man on earth  
To live beneath my unrelenting sway,  
Let's see what he will do, what is his worth,  
Perhaps he will Thy great commands obey."

At last God's holiest angel neared the throne,  
Truth held: "I know the man will sin and die,  
And bring his offspring into woes unknown  
Through his misdeeds, their helpless destiny."

And God replied: "Thy words are wise and true;  
On earth as in heaven henceforward dwell,  
And thou shalt be a link between the two,  
And upright make his sons where Adam fell."

## THE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM

(Tale from the Talmud)

There lived in ancient great Jerusalem  
A maiden of rare beauty, kind and true;  
Gladly she gave her hand and heart to one  
Whom she had loved in days of happy youth.  
So free from care were they that oft she said:  
"I trust our wedded days will never end."  
As sometimes the sun's rays prelude a rain,  
So did this joy of theirs foreshadow grief;  
One day the man she loved more than her life  
Bade her a tearful, sad, though kind, farewell,  
Compelled to visit long in distant lands.  
His weeks of absence grew to weary months,  
And the months multiplied into a year,  
And still no husband and no tidings came,  
She meanwhile longing for his home return.  
Many there were who tried to comfort her  
With gentle thoughts and generous kindly deeds;  
But there were those who taunted her and said:  
"Thy tears will never bring thy husband back.  
He has forsaken thee, he loves thee not."  
Then would she seek her quiet little room,  
And over his old letters pore and muse,

In which he promised ever to be true.  
And with her tears she bathed those early vows;  
Some comfort thus she gleaned midst her deep  
grief.

There was a day of joy reserved for her;  
The man whom still she held so dear returned.  
Then, when with one another they exchanged  
Speech of their many dark and gloomy hours,  
He questioned her how she had kept her faith.  
She showed the letters she had read so oft,  
And said: "Behold thy covenant of love."

## THE MONK

It was an autumn vesper, and the monks  
Were at their prayers. Into the organ loft  
He stole, and in sad reverie there he played;  
Gently his fingers touched the silent keys  
And they replied in soft and tender strains  
That breathed of endless peace and joy and love,  
Strains sweeter now as only dear to memory.  
Before he knew it, he was young again,  
Not now a priest, pale and care-worn his face,  
But happy, his beloved by his side,  
Dreaming once more those blessed, sacred dreams  
Shot through and through with a sweet minor strain  
Which thrilled his soul with many thoughts of love,  
But soon grew faint, in silence passed away;  
Those wandering fingers had grown cold and still,  
The misspent life was dead, the soul had left its cell.

A KINDLY WORD

There is a charm, a simple thing,  
    But highly prized by everyone,  
Since it a sense of joy can bring  
    To him by whom it may be won.

This valued treasure is not bought  
    By piles of silver, heaps of gold;  
It will not be discovered, sought  
    In any precious metal mould.

It is a jewel far more worth  
    Than pearl or diamond—stone most rare;  
There in no mineral of earth  
    That shines with luster half so fair.

All of this jewel rich have heard,  
    And none but hold it very dear;  
'Tis nothing but a kindly word,  
    But what a charm it owns to cheer!

## BREAKING HOME TIES

To-day, my son, we part perhaps for years;  
You are to leave the home grown dear to you,  
That guarded you from hardships and from toil,  
And shared your every sorrow, every joy;  
A brother and two sisters whom you love,  
Companions of your happy childhood days;  
We send you forth this day to see the world.

Your father and myself grant you your wish,  
To seek your fortune far away from home,  
And meet the struggles life may have for you  
To conquer, or perhaps by them be ruled.  
We cannot give you gifts of gold as you  
Start out, instead our blessings we bestow;  
We humbly ask of God that he may keep  
You well, and guard you safe from every harm.

Good-bye, my darling boy, consider well  
The parting words your mother speaks to you;  
Always be manly, brave, and generous;  
Willingly help another when you can.  
If fortune smiles be modest, frowns be strong,  
And when temptations meet you on the way,  
Remember that we pray for you at home.



## ALONE IN THE WORLD

Beside her bed he sits and guards her form  
Late warm with life but now grown stark and  
cold;

All that he loved is gone, his wife is dead,  
Companion of his old and feeble years.  
His back is bent with age, with care and grief;  
He rests his weary head upon his arms;  
His heavy eyes look out in empty space  
As if they said: "Now am I all alone.

"For it was she who cheered my lonely days,  
And made more bright my somber, weary life,  
And through her tenderness and gentle ways  
Helped me to conquer obstacles and strife.  
All purpose is now gone, all hope is fled;  
Whom shall I toil for now with honest zeal?  
Yes, all ambition is turned cold and dead,  
No power is left in me to think or feel!"

## EVENING SONG

The sun goes down, his light is hid,  
The earth is veiled in heavy gloom.  
My soul, my silent soul, I bid  
Escape from out your earthly tomb.

I with you, soul, alone would be.  
How still, no breath of sound is heard!  
To-night at least, I must be free,  
As free as any wildwood bird.

Soul, let us wander far away,  
Bathed in the radiant light of love,  
To come again, if come we may,  
Ere yet the sun is high above.

THE SOUL OF NATURE

When with great Nature I commune,  
A certain peaceful harmony  
Of spirit so possesses me  
That all my being beats in tune.

Her cheerfulness my soul invades  
So sweetly, grief I cannot know;  
My very body is aglow,  
My senses deep with joy she lades.

The mingling song of many birds  
Blended with rustling of the trees,  
Rocked by a gentle fluttering breeze,  
They warbled music without words.

And in it all there sounds a strain  
Of universal love, which wakes  
Love in my breast for all, and makes  
My faith erst weak grow strong again.

## THE ROSE AND THE BREEZE

A rosebud grew in a garden fair  
And proud and cruel at heart was she;  
She wore a supercilious air,  
Could naught of worth in others see.

Full many suitors courted her;  
She treated all with equal scorn,  
Not one of them her heart could stir,  
Not one but she dismissed forlorn.

It fell that one bright summer day,  
A brisk young breeze came forth to woo  
That haughty rose; she naught would say  
But, "Such as I, wed such as you?"

Meantime the rose's days flew by,  
She felt her seasons swiftly pass,  
Her heart she wasted in a sigh  
And said, "I faint, I fail, alas!"

Then to the breeze she made appeal,  
He heeded not her pleading cry.  
She had not felt, he would not feel,  
But calmly left her there to die.

O LOVE, WHERE HAST THOU BEEN  
TO-NIGHT?

The sun has fled, the stars shine bright,  
A lovely fragrance lades the air;  
This breeze that cools the summer night  
Does many a secret with it bear.  
But where, my love, art thou to-night?

Mid garden blooms in bliss I walk,  
But most the roses give me cheer;  
To them I speak, I hear them talk.  
Still her I miss, I hold most dear—  
And where, my love, art thou to-night?

Oh, haste thee, darling, hither haste,  
I with the flowers here wait for thee.  
Without thy presence all is waste.  
Ah, what is that? It must be she!  
O love, where hast thou been to-night?

## TO THE PAST

To you, the great, the glorious past,  
I long to give these words of praise,  
For much you have bestowed on me,  
Great wealth of body, mind, and soul.

Thousands of men have lived and died;  
They fought with hardships of the woods,  
With angry winds, tumultuous seas;  
They gladly suffered, died for me.

While untold numbers spent their years  
Learning of laws that govern life,  
They sought great truths in many books—  
Their wisdom found they left to me.

Or gave their precious, fruitful years  
To rearing buildings, carving marbles,  
Creating wondrous harmonies—  
These glorious gifts my soul enjoys.

Millions have fought with bigotry;  
They gladly wore the crown of thorns,  
And sacrificed their lives for truth—  
Lights they once kindled burn for me.

How fortunate am I,  
For I am heir to all the gifts  
The many ages have bestowed  
On me; but how pay back this debt?

Though heir I am to all the past,  
The present claims me as her child;  
She bids me do my many tasks,  
And I shall heed her wise command.

## THE WOODCUTTER

(A Chicago Scene)

The slimy, sluggish waters scarcely flow,  
    They creep by quay, forge, warehouse, humming  
    mill,  
But swift tugs ply and steamers come and go  
    Screeching into the air their warnings shrill.  
Enormous piles in the dead river stand,  
    About which chains in iron wreaths are wound;  
By a staunch bridge the oozy stream is spanned  
    And the two banks to one another bound.

Under the bridge, close to the sandy shore,  
    There stands a laboring man of massive mould  
Who swings his gleaming axe, and o'er and o'er  
    His blows repeating, scorns the bitter cold;  
The frost of age has streaked his hair with white,  
    And the tanned face deep scores of wrinkles  
    wears.  
They seem to tell how he from morn till night  
    Toils day by day beneath a load of cares.



Not for one moment will he stop to rest,  
As if the strain of labor fain would break;  
He to himself meanwhile with honest zest  
Speaks out his thoughts as they within him wake.  
More than content to do a hard day's work,  
All for his wife and for his children three,  
For naught on earth his duty will he shirk;  
True sons of God surely are such as he!

## THE JUNK-SHOP KEEPER

(A Chicago Scene)

Right here I live over that rickety shop,  
Where streets are thick with mud and air is foul  
And houses reek of dampness and of chill.  
Yes, that is where the junk-shop keeper lives.  
And it is not so awful after all,  
For I can make a halfway decent living  
Selling old papers, tattered clothes, worn shoes.  
See there that heap of dirty cast-off rags  
Which once were white, or at least once were clean,  
It is because they are so filthy now,  
They help me give my wife and little girl  
A home; we call it home, for there we sleep  
At night, and have our three good meals a day.

Sometimes I get so tired of buying rags  
That I forget myself and dream awake.  
My soul then leaves its weary home of clay,  
And I go back in life, am young again.  
Then oft I rouse me with a sudden start,  
And am ashamed and angry at myself.  
It will not do to dream when you should work.

When Friday night comes round, my wife and me  
We give our time to better things than dreams,  
Far nobler than our rags—to thoughts of God,  
And readings in His blessed holy words.  
Our Sabbath oft we spend out in the park;  
My wife and child they like the flowers and trees,  
But I lie down to sleep and then to dream,  
And sometimes in my long and pleasant dreams  
There mingle many things they see and hear—  
The sparrows' call, the leafy, lispng trees,  
The bright, low pansies, roses, four-o'clocks.  
At times I guess I should dream on forever,  
But that my wife and baby wake me up;  
My baby calls: "Now let's go home, 'tis dark."  
I cannot quite remember who I am  
Until I see the dirty street, my shop,  
And the big sign, "Isaac, the junk-shop keeper."

## HUSHED IS OUR STRICKEN LAND TO-DAY

(To Wm. McKinley, September 22, 1901)

Hushed is our stricken land to-day  
And every city great and small is draped in mourn-  
ing,  
And every heart, the young, the old, is mute with  
grief  
For our great chieftain who is dead.

No more for him the trials of life  
Confronting with their many vexing problems  
grave,  
Yet intermixing blessed hours of joy and peace,  
Sweet oases of rest amid life's toil.

No more for him the battle-field  
Where he once fought for freedom's rights so fear-  
lessly,  
To save this gladsome land from ruin and dis-  
grace,  
The mother-land he had so dearly loved.

No more for him the cares of state  
And mighty war to show his sturdy character,  
And prove that though he dreaded human blood-  
shed much,  
He knew what honor did demand.

For him no more that best of earthly joys,  
The joy of feeling he was loved by everyone,  
Most by a tender, frail companion, whom he  
cheered  
And guarded with a manly heart.

Let all mankind now voice a prayer,  
Let every church bell sadly toll the grief we feel,  
For him who dearly loved his country and his  
home,  
And was so honest with his God.

And ere we lay him to his rest,  
As he begins his glorious and immortal life,  
Let us recall the words the dying martyr spoke:  
"Nearer my God to Thee, to Thee."

## ON THE LAKE

How calm the water is to-night,  
So peacefully at rest she seems  
That she awakens many dreams  
In me, as onward steals the twilight.

Bride-like she wears a flowing veil,  
Made by the white and fluffy foam  
Of breaking waves that idly roam,  
As tossed they are by some light gale.

Upon her snowy breast there shines  
Rare rubies sparkling in the light,  
And amethysts and opals white,  
Which ne'er were found in richest mines.

Crowned with such splendor she awaits  
The swift approach of her true love,  
Young Night, fast fleeing from above,  
Until on earth himself instates.

She knows that he will soon draw near;  
The stars already have begun  
Their march through heaven one by one,  
And with the moon through clouds appear.

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At last Night came, wrapped in a cloak  
Which hid his form, part of his face;  
The smiling sun did gladly chase  
Away all somberness and spoke:

“Now hasten, take thy loving bride  
Who knows no other love but thine;  
To her young soul thou art divine,  
Let naught on earth this love divide.”

## VIOLETS

Violets, do you remember  
How my lady fair  
Wore you on her wedding day  
In her golden hair?

Yes, she loved you dearly,  
So she used to say,  
For you brought her tender thoughts  
In the month of May.

Fragrant little flowers,  
Blue as yonder sky,  
How many of man's sacred thoughts  
In your heart do lie?

When we went to the meadows  
To see the flowers gay,  
She always list to hear  
What the violets had to say.

She loved your smiling faces,  
And your liquid eyes of blue;  
To her you were the dearest  
Of all the flowers she knew.



And of all of nature's gifts,  
Some of which are rare,  
She loved most the flowers  
Which she wore in her yellow hair.

And so I prize most dearly  
My flowers that bloomed in May,  
And with mine own dear sweetheart  
Died on a winter's day.

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