

LYRICS *of* LOVE  
*of*  
HEARTH & HOME  
*AND*  
FIELD  
*AND*  
GARDEN  
*III*



MARGARET E. SANGSTER



Class PS 2767

Book .L8  
1901

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>                     

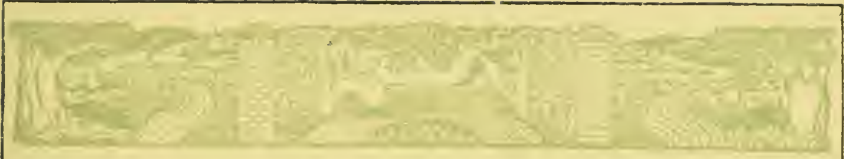
**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**





# LYRICS OF LOVE





LYRICS *of* LOVE

OF HEARTH  
AND HOME



&



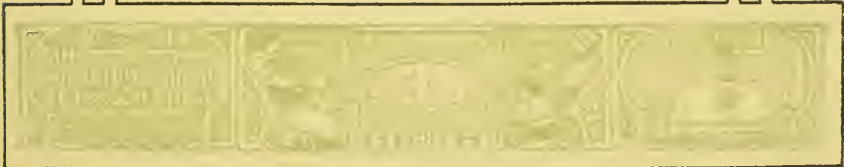
FIELD  
AND GARDEN

*by*

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



NEW YORK      CHICAGO      TORONTO  
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY  
1901



LYRICS - LOVE

HEARTH - HOME

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY  
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY  
(August)

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS.  
TWO COPIES RECEIVED  
OCT. 5 1901  
COPYRIGHT ENTRY  
Oct. 5, 1901  
CLASS a XXc. No.  
18385  
COPY B.

PS 2767  
.L8  
1901

THE CAXTON PRESS  
NEW YORK.



To

LEILA SEWARD GLEASON

*with affectionate regard*



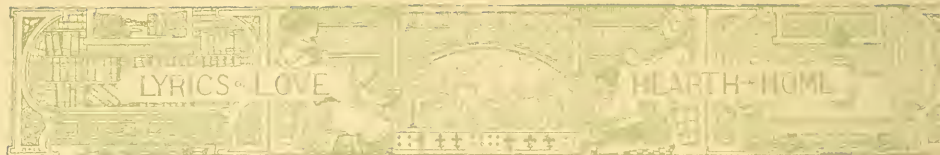
## Foreword



ANY of the verses in this volume appear for the first time. She who writes dares to hope that you, the Gentle Reader, will let them slip into the midst of your busy mornings and quiet evenings with a message of comfort and cheer. They are songs of the nest and the home, songs of the way and the inn, songs of love and fidelity and the eternal peace.

The Gentle Reader is not supposed to be a rigid critic, nor to ask a symphony when one plays only a slender pipe. If these lyrics shall add a thread of melody to the toiling, dusty, monotonous way, which, after all, is the way that leads us home, the author will be content.

It is of the Father's goodness that we have fields and gardens in which to gather flowers,



that brooks murmur and rivers flow, making green the pasture lands of life, and that, when all else is said, our most abiding interests are ever in the home. These home verses are for home folk, God bless them.

Thanks for kind consent to include in this collection poems which originally were published in periodicals are due to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, "The Congregationalist," Will Carleton's "Everywhere," "The Youth's Companion," "Outlook," "Independent," "Woman's Home Companion," "Christian Intelligencer," "Lippincott's Magazine," and "Scribner's Magazine."

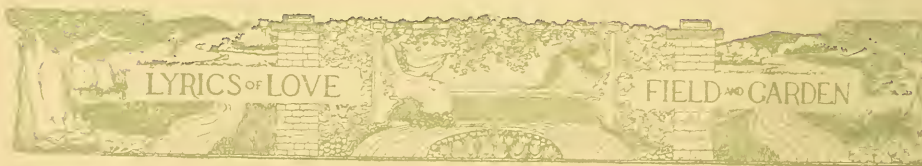


## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Ingle-Nook . . . . .	11
Silent Friends . . . . .	12
A Gey Auld Wife . . . . .	13
The Average Man . . . . .	14
My Little Sweetheart . . . . .	15
The Joy of Coming Home . . . . .	16
My Friend . . . . .	17
Impotent . . . . .	17
When Sorrow Came . . . . .	18
Faith . . . . .	19
Early Sabbath Morning . . . . .	20
Little Sister . . . . .	21
The Absent Boy . . . . .	22
Beloved—A Secret . . . . .	23
The Price We Pay . . . . .	24
To You and Me . . . . .	25
After Long Years . . . . .	26
The Wizard Love . . . . .	27
The Heroine . . . . .	28
An Experience . . . . .	29
A Little Vagabond . . . . .	30
Sunrise . . . . .	31
On Christmas Eve . . . . .	32
In Grandmother's Corner . . . . .	36
Indoors at Night . . . . .	37



	PAGE
Our Flag . . . . .	38
Courage . . . . .	39
A Wedding . . . . .	40
At the Front . . . . .	42
Never More . . . . .	44
Embers . . . . .	45
A Finished Page . . . . .	46
When Daddy Lights the Tree . . . . .	48
In the Rain . . . . .	50
To a Little Maiden . . . . .	51
Immortal . . . . .	52
The Returning . . . . .	52
The Little Waves . . . . .	54
Midnight . . . . .	55
Holy Days and Happy Days . . . . .	56
As Women Know . . . . .	58
In the Attic . . . . .	59
Norah . . . . .	60
Now and Then . . . . .	62
Peace . . . . .	63
If Christ Were Here To-night . . . . .	64
If the Lord Should Come . . . . .	66
A Resurrection Song . . . . .	68
To One Gone Home . . . . .	70
The Star . . . . .	72
A Day's Wage . . . . .	75
I Stand at the Door . . . . .	75





	PAGE
Much Ado . . . . .	76
Te Deum Laudamus . . . . .	77
The Wrong Turning . . . . .	78
A Thought . . . . .	78
When First She Heard . . . . .	79
One of These Days . . . . .	81
At the Fort . . . . .	82
It Was Not Worth While . . . . .	84
Naming the Baby . . . . .	85
A Cradle Croon . . . . .	86
Twice a Day . . . . .	88
At the Coronation . . . . .	89
Hope . . . . .	90
Mother . . . . .	91
Nursery Cares . . . . .	93
Victoria Regina, 1900 . . . . .	95
Evensong . . . . .	98
A Homestead Rally . . . . .	101
A Bit of the Book . . . . .	104
Wild Flowers . . . . .	107
Afterglow . . . . .	109
An Old Garden . . . . .	110
A Retreat . . . . .	112
Mother's Flowers . . . . .	113
Mosses . . . . .	113
The Child Among the Lilies . . . . .	114
Heartsease . . . . .	116



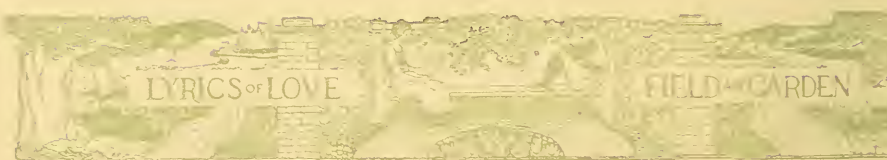
	PAGE
Arbor Day . . . . .	117
The Corn and Wheat . . . . .	118
Forest Blessings . . . . .	120
May Winds . . . . .	121
Flower o' the Apple . . . . .	122
The Little Brown Mate . . . . .	123
A Good-by . . . . .	124
A Matin Song . . . . .	126
September . . . . .	128
Pansies . . . . .	129
The Outer Court . . . . .	130
East and West . . . . .	131
Golden Rod . . . . .	132
A Snow Etching . . . . .	133
Katydid . . . . .	134
A Wish . . . . .	136
Thanksgiving . . . . .	137
October . . . . .	138
A Wind of the South . . . . .	139
Dancing in the Street . . . . .	140
The Resting of the Fields . . . . .	141
Hillside Way . . . . .	142
The White Days of Winter . . . . .	143
The Last Red Leaf . . . . .	144
The Touch of Earth . . . . .	146
One Summer Day . . . . .	147
The Fairy People's Spinning . . . . .	148



	PAGE
The Fresh Spring Flowers . . . . .	149
In Florida . . . . .	152
A Song for the Home-Land . . . . .	153
In Early Spring . . . . .	155
Bouncing Bet . . . . .	157
The Ripple on the Grass . . . . .	159
Vespers . . . . .	160
The Little Green Umbrellas . . . . .	162
Honey Bees . . . . .	163
Jack in the Pulpit . . . . .	165
By the Spring . . . . .	166
Palms . . . . .	166
Frost on the Pane . . . . .	166
The Boy and the Brook . . . . .	167
The Days of a Tree . . . . .	167
Mignonette . . . . .	171
Forget-Me-Nots . . . . .	171
Harvest . . . . .	172
A Haunted House . . . . .	173
Four O'Clocks . . . . .	175
A Wee Bit Maid . . . . .	176
Gentian . . . . .	176
Southernwood . . . . .	177
In the Gloaming . . . . .	177
By the Ocean . . . . .	178
Gennesaret . . . . .	179
The Sermon of the Rock . . . . .	180



	PAGE
Nature's Word . . . . .	181
When the Tide Comes In . . . . .	181
The Buckwheat's Bloom . . . . .	182
In an Old Clearing . . . . .	183
Shelter Island . . . . .	184
A Brier-Rose . . . . .	185
An Exotic . . . . .	186
Appledore . . . . .	187
After All . . . . .	189
The River of Life . . . . .	190
The Endless Procession . . . . .	193
The World of Books . . . . .	195
At Last . . . . .	198



HEARTH AND HOME





HEARTH-HOME

## The Ingle-Nook



TILL grappling us by hooks of steel,  
How wide so e'er we roam,  
The old loves hold us, warm and  
leal,

We're never far from home.

In every year, the earliest years  
Their dearest strains repeat,  
The spring-tide gleam of smiles and tears  
Arcs all our cold and heat.

The prayer we learned in childhood's day  
Is aye our evening prayer;  
To Him Who blessed our morning way  
We take our noonday's care.

The mother's kiss we ever keep,  
The father's steadfast look;  
Our happiest sheaf of love we reap  
Close by the ingle-nook.

Though far we roam, our hearts abide  
Till all their tale is told,  
Hard by the beaten highway side  
Where stands the old home fold.



## Silent Friends

**A**WARE I am in quiet hours  
Of dear ones whom I cannot see;  
They come when weariness is mine,  
And strengthen me.

The low mood presses me with pain;  
I grieve, and am dissatisfied;  
When swift an angel ministrant  
Is by my side.

As if a tender hand were laid  
In soothing on the aching place,  
I feel relief and rise restored,  
Yet see no face.

As if a heavenly strain should smite  
Earth's discords, blending them in tone,  
The harsh notes cease, the music wakes,  
Yet sound is none.

But rifting folds of gathering gloom  
Is radiance of the evening star;  
And some have found the way to me  
Through gates ajar.



## A Gey Auld Wife



LITTLE old woman with soundless  
shoon

And a heart as hard as flint ;  
In the light of the sun and the glint of the moon  
Her locks are white as lint.

She mocketh youth and she flouteth love,  
For a gey auld wife is she,  
And the sands beneath and the stars above  
Were new in her memory.

She touches the rose and it falls apart,  
The stone and it crumbles away,  
But never a tear to her eye shall start,  
This spirit of yesterday.

For this little old woman the Sphinx beheld  
When the dawn of the world was bright,  
This little old woman, who came from eld,  
Ere the Lord made day and night.

She creepeth about in her soundless shoon,  
She singeth a dreary rhyme,  
And the nations drowse to her eerie rune,  
For the gey auld wife is Time.



## LYRICS OF LOVE

### The Average Man

**W**HEN it comes to a question of trust-  
ing  
Yourself to the risks of the road,  
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,  
The lifting the heft of a load,  
In the hour of peril or trial,  
In the hour you meet as you can,  
You may safely depend on the wisdom  
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other  
Who does his plain duty each day,  
The small thing his wage is for doing,  
On the commonplace bit of the way.  
'Tis the average man, may God bless him,  
Who pilots us, still in the van,  
Over land, over sea, as we travel,  
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,  
All mingling in shadow and shine,  
We may count on the every-day hero,  
Whom haply the gods may divine,

But who wears the swart grime of his calling,  
 And labors and earns as he can,  
 And stands at the last with the noblest,  
 The commonplace average man.

## My Little Sweetheart

**I**'VE a loyal little sweetheart; though  
 the world should turn from me,  
 She would only cling the closer, and  
 my happy comrade be.

When I face the world's rough weather, I am  
 sure of a retreat  
 By my own bright chimney-corner with my  
 darling at my feet.

Lifting up her pure white blossom of a child's  
 unclouded face,  
 Lighting with her blue eyes shining every hard  
 and lonely place.

I've a loyal little sweetheart, and her years that  
 count but three  
 Are worth more than gems and gold, for this  
 true heart believes in me.

## The Joy of Coming Home

**T**HERE'S joy in sailing outward,  
 Though we leave upon the pier,  
 With faces grieved and wistful,  
 Our very dearest dear;  
 Though the sea shall roll between us  
 For perhaps a whole round year.

There's joy in climbing mountains,  
 In fording rushing brooks,  
 In peering into places  
 We've read about in books,  
 In meeting stranger people  
 With unfamiliar looks.

But the joy of joys is ours  
 Untouched by any pain,  
 When we take the home-bound steamer  
 And catch the home-bound train;  
 There's nothing half so pleasant  
 As coming home again.

## My Friend

**H**UNGER that ached and famine that  
craved;

Courage the face of the foe that  
braved;

Sorrow that fainted, and shame that blushed;

Silence the bitter complaint that hushed—

What do they matter? The world goes by.

We still have each other, my friend and I.

We yet have each other, on sea or shore.

Can mortal desire a joy the more?

## Impotent

These things, too mighty for man they be:

The unleashed flame, and the unchained sea;

The furious wind that masterless flies,

And the mocking light of rainless skies.

O pale horse, stalking far abroad,

Teach man the little, to call on God.



## When Sorrow Came

**W**HEN Sorrow came, I did not look  
 For any visitor that day,  
 But in beside the ingle nook  
 She slipped in calm, familiar way,  
 As one, a dear and privileged guest,  
 Who pushes wide a door ajar,  
 And, seeking only friendly rest,  
 Sits down where all the kindred are.

And first surprised, I scarcely knew  
 A word to greet the stranger face;  
 There crept a numbing shadow through  
 The brightness of my dwelling place.  
 So dumb her lips, so veiled her eyes,  
 So chill the hand in mine she laid,  
 The sunshine vanished from the skies,  
 And in the cloud I knelt, afraid.

But Sorrow stayed, until I heard  
 In that hushed silence round her drawn,  
 Voices more sweet than song of bird,  
 The tender tones of loved ones gone.



And floating from the silvern shore,  
Whereon the ransomed walk serene,  
Came wafts of fragrance blown before  
The angels as they hither lean.

Then, swift transfigured, Sorrow turned;  
Her look was wonderful to see.  
My very soul within me burned,  
For Love in sorrow died for me.  
And Love appoints my sorrow still,  
And sacramental cups are poured  
Where I and Sorrow, if God will,  
Meet and hold tryst with my dear Lord.

## Faith

God knows, not I, the reason why  
His winds of storm drive through my door;  
I am content to live or die  
Just knowing this, nor knowing more.  
My Father's hand appointing me  
My days and ways, so I am free.




## Early Sabbath Morning

**I**N dear old days up country,  
Before I went from home,  
Oh, very sweet and saintly  
Did the Sabbath morning come,  
With footsteps hushed and quiet,  
Whatever breeze might blow;  
And I'd hear father singing  
As he walked to and fro.

The fragment of a hymn-tune  
In tender lilting air  
Would early as the dawn-light  
Come floating up the stair,  
Now martial and triumphant,  
Now soft and sighing low,  
But I'd know 'twas father singing  
As he walked to and fro.

And in the darkened parlor,  
Where he had knelt to pray,  
And crave for us a blessing  
At the very break of day,





I'd hear his dear voice lifted  
From his pure heart aglow,  
And it hallowed Sabbath morning,  
As he walked to and fro.

Long years have passed since father  
Sang in those quiet hours ;  
He's found the happy country  
And the fields of fadeless flowers,  
But still on Sabbath mornings,  
I wake, and soft and low,  
I yet can hear him singing  
As he walks to and fro.

### Little Sister

Of mother's brood, but one  
May stand before the Throne  
With sweet child looks unworn  
As pure as babe new born ;  
The little one who went to God  
Ere earthly streets her steps had trod.



LYRICS OF LOVE

## The Absent Boy



HEY miss him in the orchard where the  
fruit is sunning over,  
And in the meadow where the air is  
sweet with new-mown hay,  
And all about the old farm which knew him  
for a lover,  
From the early seedtime onward till the  
crops were stored away.

They miss him in the village where nothing  
went without him,  
Where to-day the young folks' parties are  
dull and incomplete.  
They cannot just explain it, there was such  
a charm about him,  
The drop of cheer he always brought made  
common daylight sweet.

And now he's gone to Cuba, he's fighting for  
the nation,  
He's charging with the others, a lad in army  
blue.



His name is little known yet, but there's an  
upland station,  
Where all are sure you'll hear it before the  
war is through.

And when you talk of battles, and scan the  
printed column,  
His regiment's the one they seek, his neigh-  
bors think and care ;  
The more they do not speak of it, their look  
grows grave and solemn,  
For somewhere in the thick of strife, they  
know, their boy is there.

### Beloved—A Secret

You and I, Darling, just you and I!  
Never weary of each other, under any sky ;  
You and I, beloved, only, and we're never dull  
or lonely,  
As we talk, or we are silent, and the day goes  
drifting by.



## The Price We Pay


**F**REEDOM ever was dearly bought  
By gold and silver and lives of men.  
In travail of soul her gifts are sought,  
In perilous marches by moor and fen,  
By desolate reaches of lonely years,  
By the slow, salt droppings of widows' tears.

Ever for freedom the price is great,  
And paid must be to the utmost coin.  
Who serves at her altars serves the state  
With beat of heart and with ache of loin—  
Nay, and at need to make men free  
Are men bond-slaves for liberty!

Yet who would hold his dearest back  
And who would count his loss but gain  
When, conquering, white on her upward track,  
Stern freedom comes to break the chain,  
To fight earth's darkness, to light earth's gloom,  
To make earth's desert places bloom?

In cold and nakedness and thirst,  
In heat and fever and wounds and strife,  
We bid her foemen do their worst,  
For freedom is heaven ; freedom, life ;  
Whatever the price, that price we'll pay,  
And God be thanked for the dawn of day!

## To You and Me

 HIS is to you as any other day?  
Rose dawn, white noon, and evening  
lit with stars,  
And in high heaven a glimpse of golden bars,  
Let down for those who shall go home that way.

To me this is a day so set apart  
By memory and sorrow that I sit  
With eyes that brim at the mere thought of it,  
And all the loneliness it brought my heart.



## After Long Years


**O**EAR, whom I would not know  
 If I passed you on the street,  
 So long and long ago  
 Are the days when we used to meet.

You may be glad to hear  
 That somewhere out of the blue  
 Come vague sweet dreams that bring you near,  
 That I often think of you.

That now and then I thrill  
 At a rustle in the dark;  
 That I start as the wind sweeps over the hill,  
 As I see the fire-fly's spark.

Somebody stepped on my grave?  
 Or somebody slipped out of yours?  
 I cannot tell! There are ghosts that crave  
 A bit of the love that endures.

## The Wizard Love

 LOVE stooped to one who captive lay,  
Fettered and prone, and broke the  
bars,  
And led him to the dawning day,  
The waning stars.

Love found upon the battle's edge  
A coward fleeing from the strife,  
And sent him back, his heart in pledge,  
Valiant through life.

Love touched dumb lips that could not pray,  
And lo! they uttered prayer and song.  
Love hath so subtle, sweet a way,  
Love is so strong.

That come he with an angel's face,  
Or come he with a flaming sword,  
With whom he makes his dwelling-place  
Is heaven poured.



## The Heroine

**H**ER raiment changes with the fleeting  
fashions  
Of years that pass, but she abides in  
sooth

Unchanged, the star and shrine of human pas-  
sions,  
Or wise and old, or sweet in flowerlike youth.

Naomi she, the veiled and bent with sorrows,  
Or clear-eyed Ruth, or Dido famed and fair,  
Helen the beautiful, of dim to-morrows,  
Or sad Elaine, slain by her love's despair.

She trails her soundless garments down the  
ages,  
A vision and a dream, or rustling steals  
Past trembling arras in those haunted pages  
Where man forever strives and woman  
kneels.

Our modern books and pictures often show her  
Serene and college-bred and trimly gowned,  
But able yet to make for all who know her  
This queer old world one vast enchanted  
ground.






HEARTH-HOME

To bind and loose, this still remains her mission,  
To loose and bind—whatever be her name,  
Her date, from Homer down, or her condition,  
The heroine herself abides the same.

## An Experience

NE came and told me suddenly,  
“Your friend is dead! Last year  
she went;”

But many years my friend had spent  
In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,  
And walked as if by soft winds fanned,  
Had felt the touching of her hand,  
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead  
Meant rather being free to live,  
And free to seek me, free to give,  
And so my heart was comforted.

## A Little Vagabond

“**N**OW who may this be?” I questioned,  
 As the door was pushed ajar,  
 And a wee bit laddie entered,  
 With a face as bright as a star.

He doffed his hat till its feather  
 Swept down to the very floor,  
 And he laughed, as I crossly bade him  
 Make haste and shut the door.

“Oh! I always leave it open  
 The least little crack,” he said,  
 With a touch of his hand on my shoulder  
 And a toss of his curly head.

“For though I am swift in coming,  
 I am sometimes swift to go;  
 As light as an airy bubble  
 I am floating to and fro.



“ For I am a vagabond, lady,  
And you surely know my name,  
In golden letters, Cupid  
Is writ on the scroll of Fame.

“ And here I bow, dear lady,  
And prithee, take for mine  
The heart I haste to offer,  
And be my valentine.”

A vagabond lover, surely,  
For the wind blew fast the door;  
And nothing was left of Cupid  
But his shadow on the floor.

## Sunrise

Though the midnight found us weary,  
The morning brings us cheer;  
Thank God for every sunrise  
In the circuit of the year.

## On Christmas Eve

**W**ELL, wife, we are here at Joey's, and  
 I'm bound to admit it's fine,  
 With the cyarpets an' the cyurtains,  
 an' the fol-de-rols about,  
 And Joey's wife is a lady, as I've always said is  
 mine,  
 But, if 'twan't for Christmas comin', why you  
 and I'd lit out.

Fact is, I'm not at home, dear, with such tom-  
 foolish style,  
 Hull shops o' silver-ware displayed on the  
 table every day,  
 And a waiter that creeps behind you soft, an'  
 never cracks a smile,  
 But looks as solemn as Parson Brown, no  
 matter what folks say.

Joey, he's made his pile, dear, and Joey, he's  
 made his mark,  
 He's keen and smart and clever; I'm not  
 ashamed of Joe.



HEARTH HOME

But here, as we sit together, just you and I  
and the dark,  
My thoughts *will* keep a-strayin' to the days  
of long ago.

You've not forgotten it, Nancy, that winter of  
'65,  
And our cabin under the mountain, and the  
long war over at last;  
And you and I so happy, we two, to be safe and  
alive,  
Joy and gladness before us, partin' and suf-  
ferin' past.

And Joey, rosy and dimpled, and climbin' into  
the bed,  
The crib too small to suit him, an' didn't he  
shout and sing!  
All the gold we had, wife, was the gold on our  
baby's head,  
And the slender thread of gold, dear, that  
shone in your wedding ring.

And, came the bitter nights, dear, I wrapped  
him close and warm,





In my old blue army coat, wife, that hugged  
him to its breast;  
Many a time I'd worn it, on picket, out in the  
storm,  
But it made my boy a shelter, cosy and snug  
as a nest.

We never had money to spend, dear, except in  
nickels and dimes,  
Money came slow, and careful; careful we  
watched it go;  
But Christmas for Joey brought us the best of  
all the good times,  
With his stocking hung in the chimney,  
a-bulgin' from top to toe.

You know the truck we skimped for, an' the  
things we did without,  
That the boy should have the playthings,  
what not, and the picture-books;  
He lotted the most on books, dear, and there  
wasn't a lad about  
Could touch our lad on fractions from the  
day he made pot-hooks.



Then the years went by on skates, wife, the  
way our young years do,  
Joey was big and bearded, Joey was out of  
our sight,  
Joey belonged to the world, dear, first thing  
the old folks knew,  
And we were alone in the world, dear, while  
slowly our heads grew white.

He's been a good son to us, there is no denying  
that,  
And he's often wanted us Christmas; but we  
were too shy to stay  
In his big fine Avenue house, dear, and I tell  
you I'd give my hat  
To be out of it now, my Nancy, and at home  
in the plain old way.

If Joey had chick or child, dear, a baby to  
prattle and cry,  
We'd both be more at home here; what's  
Christmas without a child?



And Joey's wife *is* a lady, and I sometimes  
wonder why  
The lonesome look in her face, dear, is never  
quite beguiled

By the splendor and the show, dear, the rich  
fine life she lives  
In this big place, so dreary; not like that  
cabin of ours,  
When hand in hand we worked, dear, and the  
honest joy work gives  
Sprang up in our humble path, wife, in dear  
old-fashioned flowers.

### In Grandmother's Corner

In grandmother's corner the sunshine stays  
Golden and bright in the gloomiest days.  
In grandmother's sweet benignant face  
There's a lightsome look for the loneliest  
place.  
And I think the flowers are glad to bloom  
In one dear little window of grandmother's  
room.





HEARTH-HOME

## Indoors at Night

**K**EEN and cold is the wintry blast  
As the sleet and snow go driving past ;  
There's a strife in the old trees racked  
and bent,

The clouds hang low o'er the firmament,  
But the household gathers safe and warm,  
Folded close from the freezing storm ;  
The lamp is lighted, the hearth is bright,  
And the dear ones are cozy indoors at night.

And when shutters are closed and curtains  
drawn,

And the toiling hours of the day are gone,  
Sweet words are spoken, good-nights are said  
To the wee ones tucked in the little bed,  
(God's grace watch over each curly head!)  
Then with book and talk and on the tongue  
The song we've loved since we were young,  
We fill the hours with love's delight,  
Cozy and happy indoors at night.

## Our Flag

**A** HANDFUL stood beneath the flag  
 When first its colors cleft the air;  
 And sturdily they held it up,  
 And stubbornly they held it where  
 Against the little nation came  
 The children of an older fame.

To-day the thronging millions troop  
 Where floats that standard in their view;  
 And far and wide they roam, who love  
 Its gallant red and white and blue.  
 And if beneath an alien sky  
 They catch its gleam, their hearts reply.

It waves from village spire and roof,  
 It flutters from the school-house peak;  
 The little ones of many lands  
 Beneath its folds, one language speak,  
 And evermore its clustered stars  
 Are pledge of broken prison bars.



Oh, flag beloved, forever dear!  
Oh, flag unstained by sordid deeds!  
Wide spread thy folds and gather safe  
The men of various warring creeds,  
Of diverse race, of separate blood,  
To thee who crowd o'er field and flood.

Thine be the symbol of a love  
As wide as man, as deep as God.  
Thine be the tenderness and strength  
To bless the new world's virgin sod;  
And ours, dear flag, the joy to stand  
Beneath thee, loyal to our land.

## Courage

True courage may not waver  
Though the cheek is blanched and pale.  
Above the faltering heart-beat  
It cries, We shall not fail!  
Around the trembling impulse  
It folds a coat of mail.

## A Wedding

**W**HEN Phyllis weds with Cleon, the  
 village folk are gay,  
 And up the street and down again  
 we all keep holiday.

We leave the shop and leave the house, to  
 church with her we go,

For Phyllis is our dearest dear, beloved of high  
 and low.

From sunbonnet to wedding-veil the prettiest  
 maid in town,

And all the town must praise her, in her fleecy-  
 white wedding-gown.

When Phyllis weds with Cleon, the organ  
 softly blends

Its mellow, muffled music with the thoughts of  
 all her friends.

The children scatter flowers, and the flowers are  
 everywhere—

On chancel-rail, on desk, on font, and on the  
 pulpit-stair;

Her blossom-face will match their bloom, so  
sweet a flower is she,  
Our little village maid who wears her beauty  
royally.

When Phyllis weds with Cleon, my lady to my  
lord  
Comes very grave and modestly and of her own  
accord.  
Her mother walks in queenly state, the bride  
looks meekly down,  
Her violet eyes just scan the hem of her fair  
broidered gown.  
Her father gives the bride away, yet fain would  
keep her, too;  
His idol since her tiny foot first stepped in  
satin shoe.


The sacred vows are pledged, the rite is o'er,  
two lives are one;  
The golden years stretch onward hence, what  
reck they, shade or sun,



These happy hearts—God keep them, and grant  
 that from this hour  
 No evil thing or deadly may on their lives have  
 power.

For youth is youth, and love is love, and like  
 with like must wed;  
 And Cleon wins his Phyllis still, and shall till  
 Time has sped;  
 And heaven bless the leal and true, and grant  
 to love its own,  
 And ever happy keep the bride on whom the  
 sun hath shone.

### At the Front

OT the soldiers only are at the front  
 to-day,  
 Not alone the boys in blue who face  
 the stubborn foe.  
 In the tent and in the charge and on the weary  
 way  
 There are unseen sentinels who watch with  
 eyes aglow.



Mothers who have sent their sons to battle for  
the right,  
Wives and sweethearts, all day long, whose  
throbbing hearts are there,  
A host of loving ones who help the gal-  
lant fight  
By beating at the throne of God with never  
ceasing prayer.

These may not thread the jungle nor storm  
the frowning hill,  
They stand not in the rifle-pit, they man no  
sullen gun,  
But they are with the army and with strength  
their pulses thrill,  
And theirs will be the victor's part when  
once the strife is done.

Standing for the old flag, standing firm for God,  
Standing for humanity, they meet the bat-  
tle's brunt,  
These women who, for heartache, scarce can  
see the path they've trod  
Since they kissed the lads they love so dear  
and sent them to the front.



## Never More

**E**ARTH, knowing not eld, in thy youth  
all divine,  
Though the ages unceasing are ever-  
more thine,  
Once more be birth-thrilled, until forth from  
thy womb  
Throng the myriad forms of the world's wak-  
ing bloom.

For the sweet o' the year, great Earth-mother,  
is here,  
And lo! on the uplands the flowers appear,  
And blithe is the wing, and the song it is glad,  
And our yearning hearts only are heavy and  
sad.

Earth, mother undying, thy tender arms keep  
So safe in thy bosom the dear things asleep,  
So strong is thy pulse-beat to bid them again  
Know battle and conquest, and hunger and  
pain.





## HEARTH-HOME

The insistence of growth, the fair crown of  
the leaf,  
The fruit in its ripeness, the rich bending  
sheaf—  
Earth, this thou canst do, yet our dearer loves  
go,  
And return not again from their beds hollowed  
low.

Our hearts are nigh breaking with bliss and  
with dole;  
In the midst of the rapture, how lonely the  
soul!  
Comes the bird to the green bough, the bud  
to the tree,  
But not from the darkness my darlings to me.

## Embers


One remembers in the embers  
How the red flame's heart would glow,  
In those golden-crowned Decembers  
Of the merry long ago.

## A Finished Page

**W**HEN the last word is written,  
 And the final word is said;  
 When the last pang is over,  
 And you sit beside the dead,  
 With your heart dumb and smitten,  
 As you watch by her bed;

You'd give the whole world, then,  
 For just one chance more  
 To say "Dear, I love you";  
 To tell her o'er and o'er  
 That her look was a blessing  
 When she stood by the door.

That you never meant to hurt her;  
 That deep down in your soul  
 There was truth to her, turning  
 As the needle to the pole;  
 That without her, life was empty,  
 And with her, it was whole.



But you let the days drift onward,  
Till there came the last day;  
And she was called to Heaven,  
And you had here to stay;  
And you're wrapt in numb silence;  
For there's naught left to say.

Since the final word is written,  
And the final word is said,  
And you're sitting, dumb and smitten,  
Close by your darling's bed,  
And your darling lies there sleeping—  
Fast asleep: for she is dead.

Yet, it may be that she's nearer  
Than she ever was before;  
That her white robe trails along the  
Darkness of the shadowy floor;  
That her swift forgiveness waits you,  
Just beyond death's iron door.

## When Daddy Lights the Tree

**W**E have our share of ups and downs,  
 Our cares like other folk;  
 The pocketbook is sometimes full,  
 We're sometimes well nigh broke;  
 But once a year, at Christmas-time,  
 Our hearth is bright to see;  
 The baby's hand just touches heaven  
 When Daddy lights the tree.

For weeks and weeks the little ones  
 Have lotted on this hour;  
 And mother, she has planned for it  
 Since summer's sun and shower.  
 With here a nickel, there a dime,  
 Put by where none should see,  
 A loving hoard against the night  
 When Daddy lights the tree.

The tiny tapers glow like stars;  
 They mind us of the flame  
 That rifted once the steel-blue sky  
 The morn the Christ-child came;



HEARTH-HOME

The blessed angels sang to earth  
Above that far countree—  
We think they sing above our hearth  
When Daddy lights the tree.

The weest kid in mother's arms  
Laughs out and claps her hands,  
The rest of us on tiptoe wait;  
The grown-up brother stands  
Where he can reach the topmost branch,  
Our Santa Claus to be,  
In that sweet hour of breathless joy  
When Daddy lights the tree.

Our grandpa says 'twas just as fine  
In days when he was young;  
For every Christmas ages through  
The happy bells have rung.  
And Daddy's head is growing gray,  
But yet a boy is he,  
As merry as the rest of us  
When Daddy lights the tree.



LYRICS OF LOVE

'Tis Love that makes the world go round,  
'Tis Love that lightens toil,  
'Tis Love that lays up treasure which  
Nor moth nor rust can spoil;  
And Love is in our humble home,  
In largesse full and free,  
We all are very close to heaven  
When Daddy lights the tree.

We pray that little orphaned ones  
May have some share of bliss,  
Nor when the Yule-tide fires burn  
Their bit of gladness miss;  
From our rich store we're fain to send  
Where'er such children be  
A present as from friend to friend  
When Daddy lights the tree.


### In the Rain

Steadily the rain is falling,  
In the sky no blue appears;  
But the sun is just behind the  
Prism of those crystal tears.





## To a Little Maiden

ITTLE maiden Marguerite,  
Very fair from head to feet,

Do you wish the birthdays came  
Twice a year, to crown your name?

Do you think the years are long  
While the many lessons throng?

I have learned to count the days,  
Not by meed of blame or praise;

Not by pleasant gift or grace  
Shining in a birthday's face;

But by little duties done  
Patiently, and one by one.

Patiently, from sun to sun,  
Little bits of task-work done.

So must you, my Marguerite,  
Golden head, and dancing feet.



## Immortal

**O**NCE we have loved we never lose.  
 That is not love which can forget;  
 Through loss and loneliness and  
 grief  
 This gem is as its coronet,  
 That true love never can forget.

That is not faith which drops its hold.  
 Once we have trusted, in our clasp  
 Forever lies life's changeless gold,  
 Nor withers in our loosened grasp;  
 True faith through all time keeps its clasp.

Once we have loved we cannot lose.  
 Who loves must trust and cannot choose.

## The Returning

**T**HEY march behind their tattered  
 flag,  
 Our very heart it charms,  
 But spent and slow their footsteps lag,  
 The weary men-at-arms.



HEARTH-HOME

With gallant haste they stormed the hill,  
And dared the deadly fray;  
They had no lack of nerve or will  
In battle's fearful day.

Though bullets swept their thinning ranks,  
They did not pale with dread.  
To-day they smile and utter thanks  
Above that roll of dead.

A subtler foe, a wilier craft,  
Has mowed them since the fight;  
A bitter cup their lips have quaffed—  
Fever, and cold, and fright,

And famine, ghastly enemies,  
Have had them for their prey.  
Well may they lag behind the flag,  
Our men-at-arms this day.

And home returned, the brilliant skies  
Grow dark to us who see,  
Through tears that blur our pitying eyes,  
How cruel war can be.

## The Little Waves



THE little waves are feathering and rippling from the oar,  
 Our boat is gliding fast away from  
 yonder curving shore;  
 The great waves call the little waves, but far  
 their booming cry,  
 And there is nought to break the peace of tran-  
 quil lake and sky.

Yet kin is every tiny wave, with those vast seas  
 that gird  
 The globe in bonds of loneliness, that know  
 not leaf or bird,  
 And every rainbow drop belongs to that tre-  
 mendous tide  
 Which sends its outmost billows forth upon  
 earth's farthest side.

And every wave that seeks the shore, helps  
 light some household lamp;  
 The ocean and the land are wed; the stars  
 above encamp



HEARTH-HOME

And watch them both, and evermore God sets  
them mete and bound;  
His are the watery wastes and His the firm and  
solid ground.

## Midnight

**G**OD help the homeless ones who lack  
this night

A roof for shelter and a couch for  
sleep;

God help the sailormen who long for light  
As restlessly they toss upon the deep.

God keep the orphaned children who are left  
Unmothered in this world of chill and dole;

God keep the widowed hearts, of joy bereft;

God make all weary broken spirits whole.

Dark broods the midnight over sea and land,

No star illumes the blackness of the sky.

But safe as nested birds within Thy hand,

God of our fathers, we Thy children lie.

## Holy Days and Happy Days

**M**ARKED with a white stone  
 Days of joy and brightness!  
 Hours that went with dancing  
 feet

Like tripping tunes for lightness.  
 Days that wear the bloom of May  
 And waft the sweet of roses;  
 Even when they've lost themselves  
 In mists the past encloses.

One, the day that dawned in grace  
 And set in shining splendor,  
 The day the maiden gave herself  
 In love's benign surrender,  
 To him who won her girlish troth,  
 Fulfilled her fair ideal,  
 And pledged himself to make for her  
 The loveliest dreams come real.

Another, silver sweet with bells  
 That chime for very gladness;  
 No room in this clear wedding peal  
 For trembling note of sadness.





HEARTH HOME

To-day, let wan care hide his brow  
And grief for now be idle,  
Since only white-robed bliss attends the  
Maiden at her bridal.

Oh, holiest, purest day of all  
When from the gulf of anguish,  
When life itself had seemed to ebb,  
The mother-life to languish,  
The pearl of the new life was snatched,  
The baby lay beside her,  
And unseen angels bending near, sang  
Softly, Heaven betide her!

Not these alone, the holiest days!  
Some days we keep in stillness  
And thankfulness for grace that gave  
The thrill of health, for illness;  
Days when we proved that human love  
Is never doled by measure,  
And so to gauge the Love Divine,  
Could wait the Lord's good pleasure.

Then, too, are days that saw us helped  
 To triumph o'er temptation,  
 When through resistance came to us  
 A new and great salvation.  
 Our holy days, our happy days,  
 In God's book they are shining;  
 The very darkest of them all,  
 God gave a silver lining.


### As Women Know



LOVE may be joy unspeakable, and love  
 May be a woe too deep for moans  
 and tears;  
 Love may be chiasm of blessing poured above  
 The quiet days of uneventful years,  
 And love may sometimes be, just patience,  
 spent  
 In trying how to find and keep content.  
 Whate'er it be, true love is crown or cross,  
 Infinite gain, or woe of bitterest loss.



## In the Attic

OW, climb the attic stairs with me;  
In dim mysterious places  
You'll find a heap of things to see:  
Old baubles, yellow laces,  
And faded flowers that memory  
Can match with faded faces.

Old letters, brown and ribbon-tied,  
Which once were thrilled with passion  
That stilted phrases could not hide,  
Though couched in formal fashion.  
One vaguely feels a rock of pride  
For those great waves to dash on.

And here are dainty satin shoes  
That used to tread a measure  
So gaily, ere time made them lose  
The trick of careless pleasure.  
Poor little lonesome satin shoes!  
The attic's saddest treasure.

## Norah

**I**T was from green old Ireland that  
 Norah sailed away;  
 “May all the saints be good to her,”  
 the mother wept and prayed;  
 The kind priest blessed her as she went that  
 weary cauld-rift day,  
 And little Norah on the ship was not a bit  
 afraid.

And far across the rounding waves, that lifted  
 mountains high,  
 The fearless little stranger came, and naught  
 did her betide;  
 For God can guard His trusting ones, since God  
 is in the sky,  
 And God is always in the world, though it be  
 wondrous wide.

The lass that barefoot ran the fields and heaped  
 the fire of peat,  
 Wears shoes upon her now, and steps around  
 a stranger’s hearth;



HEARTH-HOME

Her rosy face is paler, but her look is true and  
sweet,  
And in her laugh there lingers yet green  
Erin's bubbling mirth.

She saves her wages, bless her, and sends them  
o'er the sea;  
Till one by one, she brings them here, the  
brothers strong and tall;  
She'll coax the dear old mother yet to cross the  
same rough sea,  
With darling baby Bridget's head out peep-  
ing from her shawl.

With father here and mother, and the house-  
hold band complete  
Brave Norah will be happy, nor mourn for  
Erin's green.  
She has a soldier's courage though her modest  
face is sweet  
With something of the innocence in little  
children seen.

For the good priest's blessing follows her, and  
 wheresoe'er she treads  
 The saints preserve her, this I know, and  
 when she tells her beads,  
 Though she calls upon the angels, with their  
 bowing flame-like heads,  
 'Tis Mary's Son who hears her prayers, and  
 gives her what she needs.

## Now and Then



HERE were hours when life was  
 bitter  
 With the anguish of defeat,  
 When strange it seemed that anything  
 Had ever tasted sweet.  
 And we scarce knew how to bear it,  
 But One came o'er the wave,  
 And the peace He gave us with a word  
 Then made us strong and brave.



## HEARTH-HOME

There are hours when work is pressing,  
Just little homely work  
That must be done, that we must do,  
That it were shame to shirk,  
And in those hours full often,  
To crown the petty cares,  
Has fallen upon the house a gleam  
Of God's Heaven unawares.

So, for our hallowed hours  
We find them, where our Lord  
Has called us into service meet  
For blessing and reward;  
They are sometimes in the closet,  
They are often in the mart,  
And the Lord can make them anywhere,  
His "desert place apart."

## Peace

"My peace," the peace of the Lord Most High,  
The peace of the Master passing by.  
Be this in our home, by night, by day,  
Be this our joy if we go or stay.



## If Christ Were Here To-night

**I**F Christ were here to-night, and saw me  
 tired,  
 And half afraid another step to take,  
 I think He'd know the thing my heart desired,  
 And ease that heart of all its throbbing ache.

If Christ were here in this dull room of mine,  
 That gathers up so many shadows dim,  
 I am quite sure its narrow space would shine,  
 And kindle into glory around Him.

If Christ were here, I might not pray so long;  
 My prayer would have such little way to go;  
 'Twould break into a burst of happy song,  
 So would my joy and gladness overflow.

If Christ were here to-night, I'd touch the hem  
 Of his fair, seamless robe, and stand complete  
 In wholeness and in whiteness; I, who stem  
 Such waves of pain, to kneel at His dear feet.



If Christ were here to-night, I'd tell Him all  
The load I carry for the ones I love—  
The blinded ones, who grope and faint and fall,  
Following false guides, nor seeking Christ  
above.

If Christ were here! Ah, faithless soul and  
weak,  
Is not the Master ever close to thee?  
Deaf is thine ear, that canst not hear Him  
speak;  
Dim is thine eye, His face that cannot see.

Thy Christ is here, and never far away;  
He entered with thee when thou camest in;  
His strength was thine through all the busy  
day;  
He knew thy need, He kept thee pure from  
sin.

Thy blessèd Christ is in thy little room,  
Nay more, the Christ Himself is in thy heart;  
Fear not, the dawn will scatter darkest gloom,  
And heaven will be of thy rich life a part.

## If the Lord Should Come

**I**F the Lord should come in the morning  
 As I went about my work,  
 The little things and the quiet things  
 That a servant cannot shirk,  
 Though nobody ever sees them,  
 And only the dear Lord cares  
 That they always are done in the light of the  
 sun,  
 Would he take me unawares?

If my Lord should come at noonday,  
 The time of the dust and heat,  
 When the glare is white and the air is still  
 And the hoof-beats sound in the street;  
 If my dear Lord came at noonday,  
 And smiled in my tired eyes,  
 Would it not be sweet his look to meet?  
 Would he take me by surprise?

If my Lord came hither at evening,  
 In the fragrant dew and dusk,  
 When the world drops off its mantle  
 Of daylight like a husk,



HEARTH-HOME

And flowers in wonderful beauty,  
And we fold our hands and rest,  
Would his touch of my hand, his low com-  
mand,  
Bring me unhopèd-for zest?

Why do I ask and question?  
He is ever coming to me,  
Morning and noon and evening,  
If I have but eyes to see.  
And the daily load grows lighter,  
The daily cares grow sweet,  
For the Master is near, the Master is here,  
I have only to sit at His feet.

The common bread grows sacred  
As the Master blesses and breaks;  
And the water I drink is hallowed wine,  
For the hand that was piercèd takes,  
And gives the cup, as I journey  
Near each setting sun,  
To the home where we all are going  
Happily, one by one.

## A Resurrection Song



TILL the day break, and till the shadows  
 flee,  
 We watch and waken, Lord, we wait  
 for Thee.

The tomb is sealed, the stone is at the door,  
 The agony that laid Thee there is o'er.

Never again with linen pure and white  
 Our hands shall swathe Thee in the dead of  
 night.

Never again with sweet of spice and myrrh  
 To wrap Thee round our loving grief shall stir.

The worst is done, the cross is over, now  
 Thou liest kingly, with the thorn-scarred brow.

Closer we draw, we few who yet remain,  
 The dearer for our common weight of pain.

Closer we draw and think of that strange cup  
 Pressed to Thy lips, how Thou didst drink it up.



HEARTH-HOME

Closer we draw; the time drags heavily,  
Lord, Thy disciples are in need of Thee.

Lord, Thy disciples yet Thy presence crave,  
And Thou art bound and sleeping in the grave.

Yet, till the day break and the shadows flee,  
We wait and watch and waken, wanting Thee.

Lo! the dawn quickens in the pregnant East;  
Lo! Thou art here, our Prophet, King, and  
Priest.

The morning springs exultant! Christ is risen!  
No bars for life in death's swift-shattered  
prison.

Lo! the day breaks, the shadows flee away;  
Lo! Christ is with us, even as we pray.

Lord, come, Lord Jesus! He is with us, here,  
Forever present and forever dear.



## To One Gone Home



THE years have come, the years have  
gone,  
The quiet, softly gliding years,  
With midnight melting into dawn,  
With shimmering woof of smiles and tears,  
Since that white day the angels knew  
Was heaven's own birthday, sweet, for you!

The little children whom you left  
Have grown to happy-hearted youth;  
They hardly knew themselves bereft  
So sheltered close by tenderest ruth,  
When, doubly precious for your sake,  
Our hearts for them were like to break.

I often feel that mother-watched  
Have been their footsteps on life's way;  
That doors for them have been unlatched,  
That unseen love has been their stay,  
Though, in our Father's gracious will,  
Some other did your work fulfil.





And often is it clear to me  
That here and there are not apart,  
That somehow God's whole family  
Have scarce the throbbing of one heart  
To separate them; just a breath—  
The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death.

Why should you not draw nigh to those  
Who love you yet, who love you dear,  
For whom your love yet means repose,  
And faith and insight swift and clear?  
You have but crossed the shining sea,  
Where all our sails shall havened be.

To you, dear one, whose very tones  
Still vibrate in your empty room,  
To you, athwart whatever zones  
For you are bright with fadeless bloom,  
I send my whole heart's love to-day,  
The day my darling went away.

## The Star

**O**NCE more it lights the midnight  
 sky,  
 Once more it leads the way,  
 As in that time so long gone by,  
 To where the Saviour lay.

To where He lay, a little child  
 Amid the fragrant hay,  
 The pure, the sweet, the undefiled,  
 That first fair Christmas day.

And, bending lowly at His feet,  
 There, swift to praise and pray,  
 And give Him homage as was meet,  
 The sages came that day.

And lowly shepherds worshipping,  
 Found out the blessed way;  
 The angels told them everything,  
 All in the dawning gray.

Great star that stood above the place  
Where fair the young child lay,  
Still guide me till I see His face,  
Still lead me in the way.

Oh! burning was the wilderness,  
And steep were crag and scaur,  
But for the Wise Men as they went  
The star shone bright before.

They did not loiter in the rush  
Of early breaking dawn;  
They pressed along through day and night,  
The star yet led them on.

Perhaps they missed the angel song  
Which simple shepherds heard—  
The ear that listens for the lambs  
And at their cry is stirred,

May hear what sages do not heed—  
But star or song, they came,  
Where Mary held her Little One,  
Whom God Himself did name.



LYRICS OF LOVE

The Little One, the Christ of God,  
The child who came to save  
Our race from sin and wretchedness,  
To ransom from the grave.

Strong seraphim and cherubim  
Yet sing on Christmas day,  
For lo! the world is glad for him,  
And men, howe'er they stray,

Are seeking ever for the song,  
And for the star's clear ray.  
And evermore their praises throng  
About Him, in the way.

And old and young, and blithe and sad,  
The rich and poor to-day,  
Uplift the anthem and are glad  
Where Christ the Saviour lay.

In this wild whirl of human life  
There are who never know  
How very close the angels come,  
Nor see the heavens glow.



HEARTH-HOME

But ever on the Christmas morn  
The gates are swung ajar,  
And angels cry that Christ is born,  
And out there slips the Star.

### A Day's Wage

**L**OVE wore a suit of hoddens gray,  
And toiled within the fields all day.

Love wielded pick and carried pack  
And bent to heavy loads the back.

Though meagre fed and sorely lashed,  
The only wage Love ever asked,

A child's wan face to kiss at night,  
A woman's smile by candle light.

### I Stand at the Door

Open to me, my beloved,  
I stand at the door and knock;  
It is thou that dost keep me waiting,  
And thy coldness turns the lock.



## Much Ado


**I**N the stern presence of the greater trial,  
Who taketh thought for some small  
self-denial?

When brooding clouds the precious home in-  
vest,  
Who grieveth for some trivial unrest?

We are "too ready with our discontent,"  
Too soon our store of quietness is spent.  
We might win flowers where gathering thorns  
and rue,  
We, who o'er trifles make so much ado.

Stronger are they who wear as coat of mail  
The shield of faith, which vainly fears assail.  
Wiser are they who lift their eyes in prayer,  
And win the help that lightens daily care.





## Te Deum Laudamus

**F**OR strength to meet Apollyon,  
And to turn him back;  
For help in unseen perils  
That thronged about our track;  
For goodness never-ceasing,  
For mercies ever new,  
For the rainfall and the sunshine,  
The starbeam and the dew,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

For friends who stand around us,  
For little children's love;  
For the faith that never falters  
In our best of Friends above;  
For freedom in our borders,  
For Thy word as free as air,  
For many a blessing sent us,  
For many an answered prayer,  
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

## The Wrong Turning

If, where the two roads met,  
 If there, that far-off day  
 Which never can our hearts forget,  
 We'd turned the other way;  
 If—sometimes of all words this seems  
 The saddest word to say!

## A Thought

**H**E Who died on Calvary,  
 Died to ransom you and me.

On the cross He bowed His head,  
 In the grave He made His bed.

Ever since, the lilies bloom  
 Round the portal of the tomb.

Ever since, o'er all our loss  
 Shines the glory of the cross.

## When First She Heard

**W**HEN first she heard one say,  
 Unconscious of the dart,  
 "She's growing old, she's had  
 her day,"

There fell upon her heart  
 A weight as if of molten lead;  
 The tears were quick to start.

For though the thick brown hair  
 Was thin and touched with frost,  
 And though the cheek so fair  
 Had dimpled roundness lost,  
 Yet was the lady unaware  
 Of youth's bright border crost.

Her spirit felt so young,  
 Still dwelt such roseate grace  
 As evermore have poets sung  
 Within her dwelling place;  
 And little children round her clung  
 And loved her gentle face.

"Not old," in swift protest  
 She cried, then laughed to hear



LYRICS OF LOVE

A tender soul anear, that guessed  
Her pain, and soothed her fear:  
“ You may be old, but you are best  
To me, and dearest, dear.

“ By all the happy days,  
By all the sorrows shared;  
By all the steep and stony ways,  
By all the truths declared,  
The years that find us friend to friend  
Not one could we have spared.”

Ah! lads and lasses, slow  
To dream the harm ye do,  
This in your heedless hours, know  
That women ever rue  
The passing of the noon-tide glow,  
The fading of the dew.

And speak it under breath,  
That first keen thrusting word,  
Which falls as chill as coming death,  
Resented, swift as heard;—  
Let folk grow old, not knowing it,  
Their joy of life unstirred.



HEARTH-HOME

## One of These Days

**O**NE of these days they will all be over—  
Sorrow and laughter, loss and gain,  
Meetings and partings of friend and  
lover,  
Joy that was often tinged with pain.

One of these days shall our hands be folded,  
One of these days will the work be done;  
Finished the pattern our lives have molded,  
Ended our labor beneath the sun.

One of these days shall the heartache leave us,  
One of these days will the burden drop;  
Never again shall a hope deceive us,  
Never again shall our progress stop.

Freed from the blight of the vain endeavor,  
Winged with the health of immortal life,  
One of these days shall we quit forever  
All that is vexing in earthly strife.





One of these days we shall know the reason,  
Haply, of much that perplexes now;  
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,  
Light of his peace shall adorn the brow.

Evermore blest out of tribulation,  
Lifted to dwell in his sun-bright smile,  
Happy to share in the great salvation,  
Can we not patiently tarry a while?

### At the Fort

**T**HE soldiers are marching afar  
In the pomp and splendor of war,  
But some must tarry at home;  
Eating their hearts with desire  
For the rough, long road and the fight,  
For the tent near the red camp-fire,  
For the call in the gray dawn-light.  
Tarry at home, when they fain would roam!

There's neither honor nor sport,  
They say, in holding the fort,  
There's neither glory nor fame.  
They are wild for the thrill of the drums,





## HEARTH HOME

And they sit, just biting their thumbs;  
They are here to look after the stuff,  
Such warfare they count not enough,  
    Nor worthy of warfare in name.  
Yet women, from childhood to age,  
    Sit aside as spectators, nor take  
A hand in the game, nor engage  
    Beyond the dull yearning and ache  
    In the passionate life of the world.  
They look from the casement and pray,  
They hold the home fortress all day,  
    Under banners of patience unfurled,  
And perhaps in God's heaven they are  
Mustered in for the length of the war.

At the fort, at the front, so we serve,  
    What boots it? so duty is done,  
So that never from orders we swerve,  
    So that somehow the good cause is won.  
If we strive in the open, or wait  
    Till the enemy storm at our door;  
If we stand, keeping closely the gate,  
    If we charge, with our captain before,  
All is well, at the end of the day,  
    For the one who did heed and obey.

## It Was Not Worth While



HEAP of loosened jewels,  
 A little puff of dust,  
 A sheaf of withered flowers,  
 A tinsel red with rust;

Some bitter brew of malice,  
 Some dregs of scorn and hate,  
 To poison life with venom,  
 Remorse that came too late—

For these you sold your birthright,  
 For these you proved untrue.  
 Poor soul, that bankrupt suffers,  
 Was it worth while to do?

Was it worth while to forfeit  
 Your pride, your stainless name;  
 Leave Ichabod the only  
 Dark legend yours to claim?

Behind his mask, the tempter  
 Surveys you with a smile,  
 And 'neath your faded flowers  
 You hear him hiss—worth while!



## HEARTH-HOME

### Naming the Baby



OW what shall we call her, the lily-white maid,

Now what is her name up in heaven?

The name that the angels are whispering sweet  
As they watch her, with pinions that shadow  
their feet,

What name to our babe have they given?

Shall we choose the sweet title her forbears  
have worn

For ages? a Mary, a Margaret, ours

In the line of the saints, there are dear ones  
who stand,

And here they were blessed of heart and of  
hand,

And their memory our little one dowers.

Or yet shall we christen her Gladys or Bess,

Or Constance, or Eleanor, pray?

As we merely may guess at the name she  
brought here

We must give her another which love shall  
endear,

To last all earth's beautiful day.



LYRICS OF LOVE

And our Lord in His goodness will own her  
sweet name,  
If we give Him our lily-white child,  
And her earliest speech its petitions shall  
frame,  
While our faith for our babe shall the covenant  
claim,  
And Christ keep her, His own, undefiled.

## A Cradle Croon



SLEEP my baby, slumber soon,  
Angels walk in silver shoon.

Sleep, my baby, far and wide  
Moonbeams gild the flowing tide.

Sleep, my baby, in the trees  
Leaves nod in the drowsy breeze.

Sleep, the little lambs and sheep  
Safe in fold the shepherds keep.



Sleep, the birds are in the nest  
Tucked beneath the mother's breast.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, my dear,  
Sleep serene from any fear.

Night is given for you to float  
Off in slumber's fairy boat.

Never need you fret, my dear,  
Mother love is close and near.

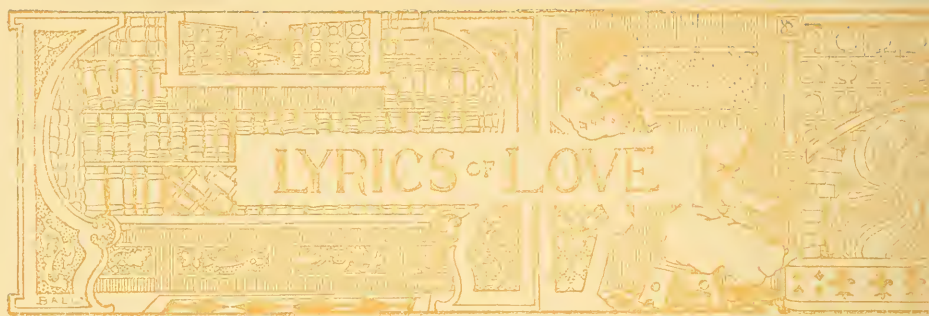
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my love,  
All the stars are out above.

And the clock is striking, slow  
Shut the silken eyelids—so.

Angels walk in silver shoon,  
Mother sings her tender rune.

And the good God watches all  
As the thickening shadows fall.





## Twice a Day

**T**WICE a day I hear the shout  
From the children, school is out;  
Once at noon and once at night,  
Forth they troop in wild delight.


If the darlings only knew  
What perplexing tasks we do,  
If they knew that grown-up land  
Had its briars on every hand,  
Would they with such eager joy  
Rush to playtime—girl and boy?

And if we were just as wise  
As the children, would we prize  
Bits of respite, bits of fun,  
Breathing spells when tasks are done,

As the children do? No doubt,  
Half the time, when school is out  
We go toiling on, nor play  
As we might, in childish way.



## At the Coronation

HE heralds cried, "Long live the King!"

In clamorous shouts the throng  
replied;

The little children came to sing,  
The gladness rippled far and wide.

But underneath the jeweled crown  
The King nor lifted eye nor hand;  
His brow was furrowed with a frown,  
His sadness blurred the smiling land.

For lo! upon the fringing edge  
Of that vast crowd, the King discerned  
One, fast who held his broken pledge,  
One whose hot scorn his sin had earned.

A crime's wan ghost returned once more,  
He faced a shadowy judgment-seat,  
And all the path grew dark before  
The monarch's shamed, victorious feet.

## Hope

**T**HE midnight was black and dreary,  
 With never a star in sight;  
 Oh, but our eyes were weary,  
 Straining for morning light.

The shadows were swift to gather,  
 But the dawn came trembling in;  
 The dawn, that we thank Thee, Father,  
 Ever its battle must win.

Pale on her pillow lying,  
 Our dear one stirred and smiled;  
 We thought she was dying, dying,  
 When the midnight winds were wild.

But swift as the morning lances  
 Pricked over the hills and the sea,  
 Life came with their swift advances;  
 This grief was not to be.

And hope that had fainted, lifted  
 A look that was calm with prayer;  
 The skies were with sunshine rifted,  
 And the angels of God were there.

## Mother

**I** HAVE only to shut my eyes, and I see  
her sitting there,  
In the easy chair in the corner, with  
the sifted snow on her hair.  
And her dear hands folded gently, as she rested  
after the day  
That had been so busy for others, as was always  
the mother's way.

She was not often idle, she had knitting or  
patch-work to do,  
And her fingers moved quite swiftly, as she  
talked and laughed with you.  
But she ever found time to comfort the soul  
that was bowed with grief,  
And you never took her a trouble, but you  
brought away relief.

In the hour of pain and illness, what touch was  
like mother's own?  
Soothing the throb of fever, hushing the pitiful  
moan ;



LYRICS OF LOVE

In the shadow of the valley, her steadfast faith  
was strong,  
And she smiled, as she heard beforehand the  
angels' welcoming song.

Oh, mother, darling mother, your true heart  
never grew old;  
You were never unbelieving, never were cross  
or cold;  
Your eyes were full of heaven, your love was  
hallowed by prayer;  
Sweet mother, calm and queenly, in the throne  
of the old arm-chair!


We are lonelier without you; we miss you as  
we plod,  
Bearing our heavy burdens, on the road that  
once you trod;—  
We are cheerier that you taught us the victory  
to win  
Through the Christ who came to save us from  
the stain and shame of sin.



HEARTH-HOME

It's just to shut my eyes, Dear, and I see you  
sitting there,  
Just between dark and daylight, with the snow  
on your silver hair ;  
I often think you are near me, though you dwell  
in Heaven now,  
My own, my beautiful Mother, with the peace  
of God on your brow !

## Nursery Cares

OTHER, with your brood at night  
Safe within your tender care,  
Every golden head in sight,  
Not a darling missing there—  
Haply you are very tired,  
Sometimes heavy-hearted, too ;  
Just the things you most desired  
Were not yours this day to do.  
Troubles seem to come in troops,  
Wearily your prayers are said ;  
'Neath your load your courage droops  
As you drag yourself to bed.





LYRICS OF LOVE

Mother, count these happy days,  
Fill them not with dole and fret;  
Round them out with ceaseless praise,  
God's great love is on you set.  
When the little lads are still  
Sheltered in your guardian care;  
Yours to mold them as you will,  
Not a darling missing there.  
When the lads are bearded men,  
When the little maids have grown  
And the children leave you, then  
Making homes their very own;

When you cannot tell at night  
Where your best belovèd are,  
East and West and out of sight,  
O'er the wide world scattered far—  
One a sailor on the wave,  
One a soldier in the strife,  
One low lying in the grave,  
Worsted one in woes of life—


Mother, then your heart may ache;  
Happy days you're spending now,



When the little frocks you make,  
 Part the ringlets on each brow,  
 Hear the little daily tasks,  
 Soothe the passing childish grief  
 That of mother ever asks,  
 Sure to find, the sweet relief.  
 Thank the dear Lord when you pray,  
 For the crowding nursery brood  
 Are your own and His to-day!  
 "Praise the Lord for He is good!"

## Victoria Regina

1901


 TOLL for her, bells, toll from tower and  
 steeple;  
 Toll for her, mother and queen of her  
 people;  
 Send the sad tidings far over the sea,  
 Tell them wherever her loyal sons be,  
 She, who was royal, now fallen on sleep,  
 Heedeth nor heareth, though thousands may  
 weep.

She, whose proud scepter swayed millions of  
 men,  
 Outward hath drifted from sight and from  
 ken,  
 Safe with the kings and the great ones of earth,  
 Past all the battles, the mourning, the mirth;  
 Toll a deep knell for her, queen of her own,  
 Vanished forever from palace and throne.

Grieve for her, winds, as ye wail round her  
 coasts;  
 Grieve for her, banners, half mast o'er her hosts.  
 Sailors of England who man the brave ships  
 Mourn as her name trembles last on your lips.  
 Soldiers of England whose camp-fires blaze  
 Round the wide world, ye shall never more  
 raise  
 "God save the Queen!" for your queen shall  
 no more  
 Send you her blessing in peace or in war.

Mists of the moorland and dew on the thorn,  
 Glens that she trod when her days were at  
 morn;



HEARTH-HOME

Children she cradled and friends that she  
knew,  
Homes that she watched through the rose and  
the rue;  
Places and people she cared for, be sad,  
Surely she gave you the best that she had.

Little old lady, so homely and plain;  
Little old mother, so stanch in her reign,  
When the kind angel of life came at last,  
Death with its bitterness every whit past,  
Into the springtime she slipped and away  
Fell the chill snows of her lingering day.

Flowers for her as she lieth asleep!  
Flowers their sweetness forever to keep;  
Widowed no longer, she'll rest by his side,  
Once who was proud of her, maiden and bride,  
All her day's work at the set of the sun,  
Ended and put aside, all, and well done.  
Let the long ages the story repeat;  
Fadeless her fame, though the ages are fleet.  
Toll for her, great bells, from tower and steeple,  
Mother and idol and queen of her people.

## Evensong

**T**O-DAY the fields are reaped and  
 shorn,  
 The fruits are gathered in,  
 And shines the golden light of morn  
 On wealth of barn and bin.

Dun tints lie where the summer's green  
 Waved at the south wind's breath;  
 Bare boughs are lifted, stripped and clean,  
 By besom touch of death.

Along the brown and slumberous tide  
 Float down the withered leaves,  
 The fields are naked far and wide  
 Where late were bound the sheaves.

A touch of frost is in the air,  
 The nights are crisp and cold,  
 The Northern Lights like torches flare  
 O'er wintry wood and wold.



HEARTH-HOME

And now we open wide the door,  
And call the kith and kin  
To throng beneath the roof once more  
Till all are gathered in.

The white-haired sire, the sturdy son,  
The blooming boys and girls,  
Down to the latest little one  
With yellow clustering curls,

About the table meet to-day,  
And feast with joy and mirth;  
And many a tender word they say  
Around the radiant hearth.

And thanks they give to God above,  
Whose hand upon their way  
Has been a hand of constant love  
And led them to this day.

For blessings more than tongue can tell  
The household praises rise;  
The strains of music throb and swell  
And climb to pierce the skies.



“ God save the commonwealth! ” they cry  
In faith that God will hear,  
Since never prayer was sent on high  
To reach a loveless ear.

“ God save and bless the dear home-land!  
God save our flag from shame,  
God keep us ever, strong to stand  
A nation in His name.”


So, from its dawn to sunset's hour,  
We keep Thanksgiving Day,  
For sheaf and seed, for bud and flower,  
For life and death we say?

“ All glory to the Lord of Hosts!  
All glory, honor, praise! ”  
The psalm is heard on all our coasts,  
Our seas and inland bays.

A nation with its thousands brings  
To God its homage meet,  
And here its mighty choral flings  
Low at Jehovah's feet.



## A Homestead Rally

O many a gracious lady, to many a busy man,

There comes in chill November a  
sweet and flute-like call,

“Leave later friends and neighbors, leave  
scheme and task and plan,

And once more cross the threshold of your  
childhood’s happy hall.”

The old home longs to greet you; the roof is  
low and broad,

The apple tree still taps against the nursery  
chamber’s pane;

Before the door the great stone lies, by time and  
weather flawed,

And there the sturdy lilacs stand on guard in  
sun and rain.

Life means for you succession of swiftly hurrying  
days;

More soberly it keeps the pace for those you  
left behind



LYRICS OF LOVE

When first the bugles sounded and you trod  
the crowded ways,  
That feel the thrill and throb of toil, the  
marching of mankind.

Dear Mother grows no older, her hair is silver  
white,  
Her placid look remains the same; her smile  
as full of cheer,  
Her brow is ever radiant as if with angel light,  
She only grows the lovelier with every pass-  
ing year.

And Father, just a little bent, a little deaf, per-  
haps,  
But stir him up on politics, he straightens;  
times like these  
Need patriotic arguments; in him you'll find no  
lapse  
Of stubbornness for principle; he's *Father*, if  
you please.



How happy is the gathering when Ruth and  
Isabel

And Jack and Reuben come along, and all  
their bonny brood;

Here's dainty Madge, here's little Mark, here  
sweet coquettish Nell,

And oh! to meet the kith and kin and sit with  
them is good.

For blood is thicker far, my friends, than water,  
and we find

A subtle tie of clanship when the scattered  
tribe comes home;

And the heart is ever yearning for the love it  
left behind,

How far so e'er the pilgrim feet around the  
great world roam.

And many a winsome woman, and many a  
stately man

Is glad when in the heart it sounds—that old  
Thanksgiving call:



“ Come back again, ye children, and be children  
as ye can  
Alone beside the mother’s knee, in child-  
hood’s olden hall!”

So lift to God the anthem and gather in the  
sheaves  
And bind them to His holy praise, and sing  
with glad acclaim,  
Till everywhere the roof-tree, and the dear  
familiar eaves  
Are ringing with the joyful songs that bless  
the Mighty Name.

## A Bit of the Book

A bit of the book in the morning,  
To order my onward way.  
A bit of the book in the evening,  
To hallow the end of the day.

FIELD AND GARDEN






## Wild Flowers

**I** KNOW their haunts, the lovely things,  
 with shy, uplifted faces;  
 That seek to hide in secrecy of shady  
 wooded places.

I know the tints that wreath the heights, the  
 cups that scent the valleys,  
 And all the troop processional that Nature's  
 tocsin rallies.

Ere yet the lingering snows had gone, the ar-  
 butus was blushing  
 Beneath her screen of withered leaves, a ves-  
 tal faintly flushing;  
 Then, later, came a purer snow, when dog-  
 wood blossoms shining  
 Lit starry tapers in the trees as daylight was  
 declining.

The mountain laurel's pink and white, it filled  
 my heart's desire;  
 My fingers thrilled with gladness when I culled  
 the dear sweet-brier;



LYRICS OF LOVE

For violets and buttercups, for acres bright  
with clover,  
The honey-bee and I alike ranged miles of  
beauty over.

Such fields on fields with daisies pied! such  
ferns in glooming hollows!  
And oh! the rich marshmallow's bloom, where  
who the path that follows  
Shall find the cardinal's regal flag, and through  
the reeds and grasses  
Discover homes of timid birds that build in  
guarded passes.

To-day the aster's purple plumes beside the  
way are gleaming,  
The blue-fringed gentian near the brook in  
easeful grace is dreaming,  
The golden-rod is everywhere, the woodbine's  
scarlet splendor  
Shines softened through the opal haze that  
floats in radiance tender.

Ah me! the frost is coming soon, the wildwood  
 flowers shall vanish;  
 The wintry cold, the cruel winds, the gentle  
 things will banish.  
 But patience, heart! they'll only sleep, and in  
 the glad spring weather  
 Once more the flowers and I will keep a fes-  
 tival together.

## Afterglow

**A**T sunset and after, as shy as a dream,  
 What time all the opulent splendor  
 has faded

Into wan ashen dusk when the amber has  
 shaded,

And twilight has fallen on hilltop and stream,  
 One sees stealing back a faint rosy reflection

That deepens and melts into loveliest blush,  
 As elusive and soft as a sweet recollection

That tugs at your heart with its tremulous  
 hush.

Be silent and gaze at the great sky, for, lo!  
 God's angels are there painting day's afterglow.


## An Old Garden

**R**AST bound in the dusty city,  
 As held in a prison grim,  
 I send my love to a garden  
 That grows by the sea's blue rim,  
 A dear old-fashioned pleasaunce  
 Beautiful, quaint, and prim.

There flourish in their splendor  
 Peonies red and white,  
 And clumps of stately lilies  
 A wonder to the sight,  
 And a perfect riot of roses  
 For the bees' and my delight.

Dusk pansies there, with alway  
 Their sweet appealing look,  
 Forget-me-nots that from the sky  
 Their tender blueness took,  
 And rose geranium to press  
 In some dear poet's book.

Great store of phlox and myrtle,  
 And rows of straight sweet pease,



FIELD-GARDEN

All sorts of lady slippers  
The children's eyes to please,  
And over in the corner  
Two tall mimosa trees.

I can't begin to tell you  
How rich that garden seems,  
How with remembered honey  
Its shadowy cloister teems,  
How oft its low bird-music  
Goes fluting through my dreams.

There used to walk a mother  
Whose gentle form no more  
Keeps tryst with fading flowers;  
Whose earthly work is o'er.  
I'm sure she helps the angels  
On some sweet blooming shore.

And pent in city fastness  
'Mid houses close and high,  
Between whose thronging roofs I catch  
A little bit of sky,  
I think how wide and full and free  
That garden still must lie,

With all outdoors around it,  
 And near, the sea's blue rim,  
 Where evermore the sounding waves  
 Uplift Jehovah's hymn.  
 So here's my love, dear garden:  
 Old-fashioned, quaint, and prim.

## A Retreat



PLACE I know, the haunt of  
 dreams,  
 A quiet space, deep hidden away,  
 Where softened fall the noonday gleams,  
 Where one might go alone to pray.

There little winds are whispering round;  
 One sometimes hears the hermit-thrush;  
 The passing foot awakes no sound  
 In that sweet sanctuary's hush.

I, who to-day must toil and spin,  
 Near the great city's throbbing heart,  
 Unto that white peace enter in,  
 Of that pure silence am a part.



## Mother's Flowers



OTHER had pinks and four o'clocks,  
 Lady-slippers and prince's feather,  
 And peonies, lilacs, and sturdy phlox,  
 Flowers that bloomed in a tangle together.

Her garden was sweet with the honey of June,  
 And it fairly rioted till October,  
 And only when winter its eerie rune  
 Crooned in its ear, was that garden sober,

And grave as a Quaker in garments staid,  
 Till the snow came down with its cover of  
 whiteness;  
 Then prim and silent the garden made  
 Penance a while for its summer's brightness.

## Mosses

They cling with tender fingers  
 To the tall and wind-rocked tree;  
 Where the bitter cold is fiercest,  
 There the shielding mosses be.

## The Child Among the Lilies

**T**HE lilies stood up straight and tall,  
 And white they shone against the  
 sun.

The child was very round and small,  
 A rosy, dimpled little one.

She called the lilies by their names—  
 Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—  
 And thought them proud and stately dames;  
 And yet, she said, they play with me.

So many, many lilies there,  
 And just one baby, only one,  
 With sweet blue eyes and silken hair,  
 That rippled red gold in the sun.

No mother had this little maid;  
 Her mother watched her out of heaven.  
 And, with the lilies, when she played,  
 At dawn, or noon, or dew-wet even,

The mother dropped a tender kiss  
    Into the tallest lily's heart;  
Dear Christ, she prayed, but grant me this:  
    My child to live her life apart

From sin, and sorrow born of sin;  
    Such grace be hers as lilies learn—  
Lilies, which neither toil nor spin,  
    Yet evermore to heaven turn.

Wise virgins they with tapers trimmed,  
    Ready the bridegroom's train to meet,  
Their gleaming cups forever brimmed  
    With perfume for the bridegroom's feet.

In her safe heaven the mother cared,  
    And where they count not time by hours  
She and a guardian angel shared  
    Love-vigil o'er the child and flowers.

So stood the lilies straight and tall,  
    And white by night and white by day;  
I think they knew the low love-call  
    Of that sweet little maid at play,

Who gave them quaint, old-fashioned names—  
 Agnes and Blanche and Dorothy—  
 Oh! very proud and haughty dames,  
 Who yet, she said, are good to me.

### Heartsease

**I** HAVE nothing to send you, Dearest,  
 On the day you make so sweet;  
 But if I could I would gather  
 Roses to strew at your feet;  
 Lilies to light your chamber  
 When the gloaming gathers in,  
 And to sing you a song of their glory  
 Who neither toil nor spin.


The best I can bring you, Dearest,  
 Is the herb they call Heartsease.  
 For you live with the few and the precious  
 Who seek not self to please,  
 But ever who live for others,  
 And ever who make us give  
 Thanks to the Father in Heaven  
 That with us He lets them live.

To take each hour as He sends it,  
 To count no moment lost,  
 To live in the light of the sunbeam,  
 Never to think of the cost—  
 This is to find a blessing  
 As the soul beholds the Christ,  
 And never loses the heartsease  
 She gathers with Him at tryst.

## Arbor Day

**W**E are planting a tree—  
 For to-day and to-morrow,  
 For the blithe years to be,  
 For the comfort of sorrow,  
 For shelter and shade,  
 For the song and the wing,  
 For the sun and the rain  
 And the sweet rains of Spring,  
 For summers and autumns  
 And winters to be,  
 For storms and for calms,  
 We are planting a tree.

## The Corn and Wheat

 H, the fields of ribboned corn, swaying  
 ripened in the morn,  
 Oh, the wondrous waving wheat  
 growing full, through cold and heat—  
 Oh, the sweetness and the wealth yet to feed  
 the great world's health;  
 Here I sit where falls the light darkened  
 through the towering height  
 Of the walls of brick and stone, round the  
 thronging city thrown,  
 And my thoughts go flying far, under sunshine,  
 under star,  
 To those ample spaces, white when the moon  
 rays glisten bright,  
 Yellow when the noon is spread hot and fervid  
 overhead.

Angel-watched those fields have been, though  
 they neither toil nor spin,  
 They have only had to wait for God's breath-  
 ing soon and late;



FIELD-GARDEN

Rain and dew and flake and mist, morns of  
tender amethyst,  
Nights of brooding mother love, all that harvest  
life above,  
God Himself forever near, God who feeds His  
children dear,  
Though they strive in fierce debate, clash of  
arms and furious hate,  
Though they spend their hours in vain, follow-  
ing Mammon's eager train,  
Not forgotten of the Lord, bread they break at  
Heaven's board,  
And the heart of Heaven is sweet, in that har-  
vest corn and wheat.

Lack we faith in Him who stands, holding out  
such gracious hands?  
Are we slow for Him to go, do we loiter at  
the task?  
Yet we know a full supply comes like manna  
from the sky,  
In our utmost need and dole we are whole if we  
but ask.

## Forest Blessings



SUCH beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;

Such love of the birds, in the solitudes

Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;

Spaces of silence, swept with song,

Which nobody hears but the God above;

Spaces where myriad creatures throng,

Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,

Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,

Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.

Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,

Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;

And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn

To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,  
 For the Maker of all things keeps the least,  
 And over the tiny floweret broods,  
 With care that for ages has never ceased.  
 If He care for this, will He not for thee—  
 Thee, wherever thou art to-day?  
 Child of an infinite Father, see;  
 And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

## May Winds



THROUGH the green gloom the  
 dogwood shines,  
 The yellow jasmine lights the  
 pines,  
 Sweet violets nestle in the grass,  
 And all the vagrant winds that pass  
 Stoop down to brush with kisses free  
 The virgin, coy anemone;  
 The lonely woods are blithe to-day  
 With life and love and hope and May.

## Flower o' the Apple



**D**AY days, and robin songs, and flower  
 o' the apple,  
 Wings flashing here and there, nests  
 in the eaves,  
 Vine tendrils pushing up, rose blossoms bud-  
 ding,  
 And by and by, in barn and bin, the fruit-  
 age and the sheaves.

And oh! it is so good to be a child in God's  
 garden;  
 A little child of God, to dwell in God's house  
 in the spring.  
 When, like foam upon the river, is the flower-  
 ing of the apple,  
 And in the greening forests, the happy bird-  
 lings sing.

You cannot tell the number of the pink and  
 blushing blossoms,  
 Nor the star dust in the azure, nor the sands  
 beside the sea,

But the Lord who keeps their tally and who  
 calls them when they rally  
 Has a tender care, dear heart, to-day, for you  
 and me.

### The Little Brown Mate



THE little brown mate has left the nest,  
 And she's half forgotten her song;  
 Her brood are away in the sunny day,  
 Her cares no longer throng;  
 But she misses the soft wings under her breast;  
 She misses the need and the cry;  
 The poor little mother, who has no other  
 Round eggs 'neath her heart to lie.

The little brown mate may flute a note,  
 A low little note and sweet,  
 If her lover comes back on his homeward  
 track,  
 With a call her own to greet;  
 She's only a tiny brown mate, you see,  
 And in naught can she find her rest;  
 The poor wee mother, who has no other  
 Fit niche in the world but her nest.

## A Good-by

**H**ERE they are, back again, sweet and  
the last of them,  
All the dear flowers that come at the  
end,  
Soon the hoar frost will fall, white o'er the  
past of them,  
Withered and faded, each fair flower friend.  
This is the end.

Beautiful asters and blushing marshmallows,  
Gentians that lift their pure faces to-day,  
Long plummy grasses that fringe the brook-  
shallows,  
Splendid chrysanthemums lighting the way.  
Starring the way.

Soon they will go, all these brilliant creations;  
What is their meaning, and why do they  
come,  
Only to flit, as they mark the way-stations  
Passed by the pilgrims who take the road  
home?

Take the road home.





FIELD AND GARDEN

Think how the summers have always been  
brightened  
By the processional march of the flowers,  
Think how the seasons roll, still their joy  
heightened,  
By the sweet blooms that have measured the  
hours.

Fairest of flowers.

We can but wait till another year brings them,  
For they will sleep, to awaken once more,  
When the time comes that the flower-angel  
flings them  
Straight out of heaven through earth's open  
door,  
Giving us largesse of beauty in store.

And I believe that the like of them ever  
Laugh in the sunlight that beams for the  
blest;  
Somewhere we'll find them, our lost flowers,  
never  
Quite out of season, where life's at its best.

Here's a farewell to them, these, the gay last  
of them,

Here's au revoir, we can spare them a while,  
Snow will drift softly and soon o'er the past  
of them;

Bow the bright flowers out, yes, with a smile.

## A Matin Song



EARLY in the morning,  
Just as day was breaking,  
I heard a darling little bird  
His tender mate awaking.  
"Flute—flute—flute—  
O stir thee, love!" it said:  
For here's the day come back again  
With blue sky overhead!

Early in the morning, too,  
One must be up and doing,  
There is no time for laggard will,  
Its daily tasks pursuing;

“ Flute—flute—flute—  
Be swift, dear love,” it said ;  
The little bird, whose song I heard  
In tree-top overhead.

Early in the morning,  
The world is full of singing ;  
And everywhere to cheer us on  
Are notes of music ringing.

“ Flute—flute—flute—  
O love, be brave and true ! ”—  
The little bird whose song I heard,  
Said that with much ado.

Early in the morning,  
The rippling waves were dancing ;  
The lances of the coming day  
In golden light were glancing.  
“ Flute—flute—flute—  
O love, be blithe and strong :  
There’s work to do, there’s nought to rue,”  
The bird said, in his song.

## September




MERRY tramp of little feet,  
 Just hear the sweet vibration!  
 The children over all the land  
 Have had a long vacation,

And back again they haste to take  
 In school the dear old places,  
 To measure out the days by rule  
 With fair, unshadowed faces.

They troop along the city streets,  
 Grave eyes grow young that see them,  
 And wistful hearts from every blight  
 Of sin and pain would free them.

Athwart the dusty ways of 'Change,  
 With wafts of flowers and grasses,  
 As if to music sweet and strange  
 The brilliant army passes.



FIELD AND GARDEN

Along the quiet country roads,  
By purple asters bordered,  
At nine o'clock and half-past three  
The gay reviews are ordered.

And childish voices, clear and shrill,  
Amaze the peeping thrushes,  
The vireos and the orioles,  
Housekeeping in the bushes.

There's not a fence-rail far or near  
But flames in ribboned fire,  
The children find the old stone wall  
Half hid with ruby brier.

## Pansies

"I can never paint the velvet,"  
Said a child, with wistful look;  
He who gave this pansy color,  
Paints each leaf of Nature's book.

## The Outer Court

**I**N God's great temple, built of old,  
 And fashioned not by hands of men,  
 There ripple melodies untold  
 In sighing winds of mount and glen;  
 In cadences that softly stir  
 Through waving meadows lush and green;  
 In sweeping boughs of pine and fir,  
 In tiny nestling flowers unseen.

And grander bursts of music rise  
 From waves that thunder on the shore,  
 From clouds that drift along the skies,  
 When mighty tempests break and roar.

From throng and clamor of the world,  
 'Tis blessedness to creep away;  
 And with the Lord Himself to stay,  
 In His great temple, dew-impearled.

So, often did the Master go  
 And seek, beneath the greenwood's shade,  
 The will of Him He loved, to know;  
 There calmly to His Father prayed.



The long night held Him; folding dim  
Its mantle round the Son of God;  
And all the stars in regions broad,  
And all the great winds sang a hymn.

And soft or loud, one word is said  
In those prolonged triumphant swells,  
And "Glory!" rings where'er we tread,  
By white-capped surf or dimpling dells.

Fair lie the dreaming lands to-day;  
The aftermath invites the bee;  
And every lonesome wilding way  
Is beautiful that God may see,  
And bend from out His rifted heaven,  
And know how like it, earth uplifts  
Her templed heights, where seven times seven,  
Through ages on, the glory drifts.

## East and West

Eastward, Westward,  
Far may be your flight;  
Loveward, homeward,  
Haste ye back at night.

## Golden Rod

**D**O you come earlier now, dear flower,  
Than in the summers sweet and  
long,

When less seemed pressed in every hour,  
And cares were few and joys a throng?

What brings you early in the season,  
While yet the fair wild roses blow?  
What is old Nature's secret reason  
So soon her autumn tints to show?

You answer not, but gaily swaying  
Beside the road in fearless grace,  
You seem to whisper, "Going, staying,  
Or moving on in hurrying pace,

"We flowers hear a voice that utters  
Command, and we can but obey.  
The planet whirls, the petal flutters,  
Because Jehovah says they may."

Sweet Golden Rod! Be mine to listen,  
And yours to preach, while glad days  
move,  
And sunsets glow, and pearl-dawns glisten  
Obedient to the God I love.

### A Snow Etching




ANY silvern songs there be  
Floating, fleeting, cheerily  
When the leaf is on the tree  
And the days are long.  
Sweet, oh, sweet a strain I heard  
From a little lonesome bird;  
Icy boughs by winds unstirred,  
Yet he poured a song!

Crisp and clear the bugle note  
From the blithe undaunted throat,  
Just a tune he knew by rote,  
Singing in the snow!  
And I bade my own heart meet  
Trouble with a mood as sweet,  
Half-way going forth to greet  
All the winds that blow.

## Katydid

**T**HE evening shadows gather and the  
 land is very still,  
 The dew is falling softly on meadow,  
 vale, and hill;  
 The thrushes cease their vespers, the bees are  
 in the hive,  
 And sleep is sifting tenderly on everything  
 alive.

*Katydid! Katy didn't!* I hear the old refrain,  
 Insistent, sharp, staccato, 'tis the well-remem-  
 bered strain;  
 'Tis sounding from the thicket, 'tis singing in  
 the copse,  
 From yonder field of clover in silvern sound it  
 drops,  
 And far and wide the crickets send back their  
 monotone,  
 The crickets and the katydids are in the world  
 alone.  
 And every busy daylight bird unto its nest has  
 flown.



FIELD & GARDEN

From unforgotten summers, the summers of  
my youth,  
Troop back a phantom host of forms, of pleas-  
ure and of ruth;  
I see the lissome figures of maidens fair and  
sweet;  
I hear across the silent years the echoes of  
their feet.  
The tender words of other days my listening  
thoughts repeat.

*Katydid! Katy didn't!*—how sharp and clear  
the strain;  
Again I stop and listen to the tune of that re-  
frain;  
It is blending with the cricket, it is calling  
from the hill;  
It punctuates the silences when all the land is  
still;  
When the thrushes cease their vespers, the  
bees are in the hive,  
And sleep is sifting drowsily on everything  
alive.

But it is not wholly sadness, this tender looking  
back;  
Where flowers have withered, other blooms  
have cheered the beaten track;  
There's nothing richer, fuller, than the wealth  
of autumn's time,  
When we're half way up the hill-top, with other  
hills to climb.

*Katydid! Katy didn't!* and the cricket's steady  
drone,  
The little orchestra keeps on till all the birds  
have flown,  
And dews are heavy in the grass, and bees are  
in the hive,  
And sleep is falling dreamily on everything  
alive.

## A Wish

Thy heart's desire, God give it thee,  
As comes the sap to thrill the tree;  
As comes the seed-life to the clod,  
God give thee, dear, the thoughts of God.



## Thanksgiving



**F**OR all true words that have been  
 spoken,  
 For all brave deeds that have been  
 done,  
 For every loaf in kindness broken,  
 For every race in valor run,  
 For martyr lips which have not failed  
 To give God praise and smile to rest,  
 For knightly souls which have not quailed  
 At stubborn strife or lonesome quest;  
 Lord unto Whom we stand in thrall  
 We give Thee thanks for all, for all.

For each fair field where golden stubble  
 Hath followed wealth of waving grain;  
 For every passing wind of trouble  
 Which bends Thy grass that lifts again;  
 For gold in mine that men must seek,  
 For work which bows the sullen knee;  
 For strength, swift sent to aid the weak,  
 For love by which we climb to Thee;  
 Thy freemen, Lord, yet each Thy thrall,  
 We give Thee praise for all, for all.

## October

**A**TINGLE of spice in the frosty air,  
Shimmer and shine on the grass,  
Gold on the maples everywhere,  
Red where the oak leaves pass.

Brier and vine a scarlet twine  
On the old stone fence, adorning  
Each rock they brush with their vivid blush;  
This is an autumn morning.

And it's up and away past field and lawn,  
Valley and mount and stream,  
Hurry and haste in the early dawn  
While the pearly dew-drops gleam.

And never is life with bliss so rife  
As when, all dalliance scorning,  
We take the road, nor would shirk the load  
In the flush of an autumn morning.

A shimmer of frost on the bending grass,  
 A spice in the tingling air;  
 And light are the footsteps of lad and lass,  
 For pleasure is everywhere.

### A Wind of the South

**W**IND that sings of the dreamy South  
 When the pale first blossoms woo the  
 bee,

Wind that flings from a golden mouth  
 Tender spray of the summer sea,  
 Wind that keeps for us light and bloom,  
 That cradles the bird in the swinging nest,  
 Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume,  
 Of the winds of heaven we love thee best.

Over the springing wheat-fields pass,  
 And over the small home gardens fare,  
 Evermore bringing to grain and grass  
 And flowers thy breath of blessing rare.  
 Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,  
 O wind of the South, so strong and fleet!  
 Never a drop of its joy to waste,  
 In the days of the springtime coy and sweet.

## Dancing in the Street



HE wind was piercing and bitter,  
 And I hurried fast along,  
 When sweet in the street about  
 me  
 Came the lilt of a little song.

And the poor old organ-grinder,  
 With a monkey dressed in red,  
 Laughed at my look of wonder,  
 Nodding his grizzled head,

As out of the narrow alleys,  
 And tumbling down the stairs,  
 Came a quaint little throng of children,  
 Dancing in merry pairs.

Their clothes were rags and tatters,  
 With broken shoes they were shod,  
 But they sang with cheery voices,  
 And danced to the player's nod.

They didn't mind the biting  
 Of the nipping, frosty air,  
 They heard the sound of the music  
 And danced away their care.

## The Resting of the Fields



ING, little brook, that sang so  
gay  
A measure to the winds of May,

That caroled such a merry tune  
To match the fragrant hours of June.

Sing, little brook, this autumn eve  
When flowers and birds have taken leave

And only golden pumpkins shine,  
And frost has touched the trellised vine.

Sing, while my heart its praise renews  
To Him who sends us dusk and dews.

Sing, little dancing brook, of rest  
And harvest wealth in peace possessed.

And as I hear thy tender strain,  
Which hath no undernote of pain,

I'll think of Him whose favor shields  
The homes amid the resting fields.



## Hillside Way

**A**P hillside way a morn of May  
 Wears sheen of white and pomp of  
 green,

And robins tilt on fence and spray,  
 And friendly catbirds flute and preen.

Up hillside way the brooks are brown,  
 And little ripples catch the light;  
 Beneath the uproar of the town  
 I hear the brooks from morn till night.

They chant a tender undersong,  
 Amid the furious strife of trade;  
 My heart goes back where I belong,  
 Where once, a heedless child, I played.

No golden gains up hillside way,  
 No stocks nor margins; Nature there  
 Keeps open house both night and day  
 And spreads her board with ample fare.

I knew the taste of manna when  
 I used to stroll up hillside way;  
 Each summer was like heaven then,  
 From springing grass to new-mown hay.



To-day the city holds me fast  
 A captive dragging ball and chain;  
 But sweet from out a happy past  
 The old home woos my soul again.

## The White Days of Winter

**T**HE white days of winter, darling,  
 When softly the snowflakes fall,  
 Till a royal garment of ermine  
 Folds tenderly over all,  
 Field and hillock and valley,  
 Hushed in the sweetest sleep;  
 For the snow comes down from our Father,  
 His loving charge to keep.

Under the snow-robe, darling,  
 There is wonderful brooding heat,  
 That is taking care of the daisies,  
 And saving the next year's wheat.  
 And we'd have no flowers, dearest,  
 When the spring's green days came back,  
 If the white days did not bring us  
 The feathery flakes in their track.

## The Last Red Leaf

**I**N the topmost bough, the nearest the  
 sky,  
 The last red leaf had its beautiful  
 place;

It knew the winds as they wandered by,  
 It felt the kiss of the sun on its face;  
 When the rest of the leaves had grown tired  
 and gone,  
 This little red leaf held bravely on.

And Mother Nature so wise and old  
 Smiled as she looked at the small red leaf,  
 That had staid when the banners of brown and  
 gold  
 Had finished their triumph bright and brief;  
 The little red leaf that all alone  
 Held the fort when its mates were gone.

“You may stay,” she said, “till the curtain  
 falls,  
 Till the birds have flown to the far sweet  
 South;

(Till the bugle blast of the north-wind calls—  
The blast that has frost and snow in its  
mouth),  
And then, dear leaf, when the play is done,  
You shall go to sleep at the set of the sun.”

So the little red leaf like a ribbon bright  
Waved from its place at the top of the tree;  
It saw the stars as they kindled their light,  
It caught a glimpse of the shining sea;  
And one day feeling a waft of snow,  
The dear little leaf made haste to go.

It fell asleep and it did not dream.  
It was not tired, its course was run.  
The little red leaf in dusk and gleam  
Had been happy and gay, and its tasks were  
done.

With never a moan nor a fretting care,  
“ Good-night,” it said, and it was not there.


’Tis a happy world if day by day  
We stand in our lot, and do our best;  
Content and joyful as long to stay  
As the dear Lord wills, and to leave the rest

In the tender hands that keep us here,  
Bidding us cling with never a fear.

'Tis a happy world, our Father's world,  
And the place He sets us in to do  
Our earthly task till our flag is furled,  
Is bright with sunshine and pearled with  
dew.

Like the little red leaf let us blithely wait,  
Till the angels open the Heaven-gate.

## The Touch of Earth

F old one gained his strength anew  
When faint and like to fail,  
If but on earth's soft breast he  
fell,  
And felt again the mystic spell  
Of turf and flower and gale.

Still, in these hurrying modern hours,  
When faint and nigh to death,  
We rise refreshed and know once more  
The virgin zest of youth, and store  
Of deep and joyous breath,

If for a little while we stay  
In some dear mountain land,  
Where God is very near and prayer  
Is just the casting of our care  
Upon His mighty hand.

Content to let Him have His will  
In us, about us, and to be  
As plastic as the molding clay,  
And thank Him for such destiny:  
So shall we bear the stress of time,  
From weakness safe, serene, and free.

## One Summer Day

It dawned in troubled strife of storm,  
But sunshine came before the close.  
It brought with it the golden gift  
Of summer's first unfolding rose.  
It brought a dear one home to stay;  
That ever gracious summer day.

## The Fairy People's Spinning

**F**OR little men and little maids,  
 When night is just beginning,  
 Oh, then, on quiet hills and glades  
 The fairies start their spinning.

And fast each silver shuttle goes,  
 In summer darkness chilly,  
 To weave the redness of the rose,  
 The whiteness of the lily.

To count the cunning little elves  
 Would surely make you dizzy,  
 They do not know their host themselves,  
 These wee folk quaint and busy.

By brook and creek, by isle and shoal,  
 By velvet field and valley,  
 Dame Nature keeps their muster roll,  
 So often as they rally.



And when the little children wake  
 In sunny mornings early,  
 They see the lace the fairies make,  
 A cobweb tissue pearly.


It lightly folds o'er branch and stem,  
 It shakes with dews a-twinkle,  
 And flings its cloth of gold and gem  
 In many a filmy wrinkle.

So little men and maids may dream  
 While trolls and elves are plying  
 Their looms beneath the starlight's gleam,  
 And silent hours are flying.

## The Fresh Spring Flowers



UCKED under the sedges, and close to  
 the edges  
 Of fields that are kissed by the winds  
 of the South,  
 Are the dear little flowers that Earth richly  
 dowers  
 With showers and sunshine, ere summer  
 and drouth.



LYRICS OF LOVE

Shy pink-tinted blossoms, that keep in their  
bosoms


A sweetness elusive as zephyr that blows ;  
Fair violets of spring-time, who come in the  
wing time,  
And learn all the lore that the first bluebird  
knows.

There's sheen on the rivers, where tenderly  
quivers

On banks greening over, the new-budded  
leaf ;  
And dear Pussy-Willow has stirred from her  
pillow,  
And jonquils are yellow as wheat in the  
sheaf.

Soon wakes the pure lily, though mornings are  
chilly ;

And bourgeons the snow-drop so fearlessly  
bold,  
And through dark aisles glooming, the rare  
dogwood blooming,  
Will lavish its splendor in forest and wold.



FIELD & GARDEN

Sweet flowers that glisten, that wistfully  
listen,

To hear the faint call of the mother of  
love,

The dew and the shimmer, the dusk and the  
glimmer

Of star-beams and moon-ray, are yours from  
above.

Ye dwell like white maidens whom purity  
ladens

With dreams that come true in the light of  
the morn,

And ye pledge us the word of the all-keeping  
Lord,

That the gifts of His hands to our lives shall  
be borne.

That whatever we need from His bounteous  
store

Shall be added in fullness of more unto more.

Not yet have we waited in vain for your hour,

Nor once has the Maker forgotten to send

To its own special place, the wee bit of a flower

That brings to the old world the look of a  
friend,

## In Florida

**A**LL day we drove through woods of  
 pine;  
 The winds sighed through their  
 stately tops,

As marshalled there in serried line,  
 The tall trees stood in grove and copse.  
 And pendent from their branches waved  
 The long gray moss in filmy lace;  
 Its shadowy beauty filled the place,  
 The utmost storm its slightness braved.

And firmest where the Northern gale  
 Struck fierce against that forest line,  
 Flung the soft moss, so thin and frail,  
 A veil upon the slender pine;  
 I mused amid that solitude  
 Of Him who mingleth small and great;  
 With Whom is neither soon nor late,  
 But evermore Whose word is good.

Alone, for swiftly passing years  
 The sentry pines His bidding do.  
 Each upward, skyward, proudly rears  
 Its pillared shaft against the blue,

And, growing slowly, woven fair  
In mist and rain and sunny days,  
The gray moss like a robe of praise,  
Floats in the gently swaying air.  
It moves us like a whispered prayer.

Oh, tenderness of Nature's heart,  
Oh, blessed aisles of silent space,  
Where one may sit and muse apart,  
And lift to Heaven a pleading face.

## A Song for the Home-Land




SONG for the home-land, its valleys  
and hills,  
Its lakes lying blue, and its silvery  
rills,

A song for its fields and their harvests of gold,  
A song for its mines with their wealth all un-  
told;

The home-land, the dear land, the land of the  
free,

O beautiful Mother, our hearts cling to thee!





LYRICS OF LOVE

A song for the church, with its call unto prayer,  
For the comfort and healing and joy we have  
there,

A song for the school, with the flag on its roof,  
For the lessons it teaches from evil aloof,  
A song for true brotherhood, sturdy and free,  
O home-land, dear home-land, a chorus for  
thee!

A song for our Sabbath that dawns with its  
peace,  
From greed and from bondage, a day of release,  
A song for our Bibles, wide open and fair,  
For our Sunday-schools dear, and the bands  
gathered there;  
For the men and the women, whose service is  
free,  
O home-land, fair home-land, a chorus to thee!

A song for the children of lands far away  
Who come to this land of the blithe rising  
day.  
A song for the flag that can shelter them all;  
A song for the hearth-flame in cottage and hall.



## In Early Spring




ET in the hollows lies the snow,  
As white and cold and still  
As when it drifted long ago  
Beneath the windy hill.

Yet bare and brown the fallow slopes  
Of upland pastures wait  
In silent dreams and endless hopes  
The days with bloom elate.

No flower in all the land awake,  
No tender leaf unrolled,  
No greening spray of frond or brake,  
No willow's misty gold.

But still the thrilling maples know  
The haunting sense of spring;  
The zephyrs of the south wind blow,  
We hear the bluebirds sing.

With prescient hint of quickened life  
The forests are astir;  
New fragrance in the air is rife,  
New spice in pine and fir.



LYRICS OF LOVE

Ere long the arbutus shall peep  
Through screens of shielding leaves,  
The vines and briers softly creep,  
The seeds foretell the sheaves.

We wait amid the gray-green waste,  
We list amid the hush;  
We need not cry with eager haste  
For bloom and fruit and thrush.

It is a moment exquisite,  
Faint-colored, almost still;  
Presaging fires of summer lit  
Beside each dancing rill.

Presaging all the gorgeous train  
Of all the flowers to be,  
On vale and mountain slope and plain,  
As lavish as the sea.


In shine and shade, by day and night,  
The looms of Nature ply,  
And bloom forever follows blight,  
And life can never die.

## Bouncing Bet

**A** MERRY, gleeful maiden in a ruffled  
frock of pink,  
She curtsies by the dusty road and by  
the river's brink,  
A laugh and nod for every one, a careless waft  
of sweet,  
And there is bonny, bouncing Bet, a hoyden  
most complete.

Who gave her this enchanting name to match  
her gypsy face  
I do not know, but well it suits her lithe, un-  
fettered grace;  
A little plebeian is she, by cottage doors to  
grow,  
And by the trodden highway side, her witchery  
we know.

The children like her sturdy bloom, her frank  
and fearless eye,  
That never shrinks from sun or rain; that dares  
the darkest sky.



LYRICS OF LOVE

No dainty palace lady she, but damsel of the  
loom,  
Who spends her summer spinning her fair rose-  
tinted bloom.

Oh, bouncing Bet, be good to me; your happy,  
secret spell,  
How is it that your ruffled frock can always fit  
so well?  
How is it that you never fade, but wear your  
blushing pink,  
So freshly and with unconcern, where other  
flowers shrink?

A sweet salvation army lass, you stand and  
preach to me,  
You bid me from the sordid fear, the anxious  
thought, be free.  
A little preacher in the lane, a teacher by the  
road,  
You lead my thoughts to One who lifts the heft  
of every load.

## The Ripple on the Grass



LEAN upon the pasture bars, and  
watch the swaying grasses  
So lightly flit the shadows, as o'er a  
mimic sea;

The sweet wind fans the clover tops, and lin-  
gers ere it passes

To leave a kiss of far salt spray upon this  
inland lea.

The thickly standing spears are bowed, the  
flowers dip and sparkle,

And tender tiny ripples cross the green and  
sunny space;

And here the sun is hidden, and there the cloud-  
lets darkle,

And swift across the lowland field, the sum-  
mer breezes chase.


I mind me as a little child I watched the oat-  
grass changing

From emerald to gold beneath the love-looks  
of the sun.

I mind me, as a maiden, through the yellow  
 wheat-fields ranging,  
 And, as a matron, wandering through mea-  
 dows sere and dun.

And, evermore, the witchery of wind and wave  
 would mingle  
 When merrily the winds were out and o'er  
 the land they swept;  
 And evermore, my pulses throbbed and thrilled,  
 when dell and dingle,  
 Went rippling like a cradle rocked, until they  
 smiled and slept.

## Vespers

 HE eager day of strenuous toil is wan-  
 ing;  
 Take breath and rest beneath the  
 ancient tree,  
 That lived and sheltered love and life's com-  
 plaining  
 Long ere this busy world had room for thee.



In those wide boughs, were nests and birds and  
sweetness

Of mother-hearts that held the fledgelings  
dear,

In those great crypts, amid the summer's fleet-  
ness,

Were songs and wings in many a vanished  
year.

Yet here we sit, while deep the twilight hushes,

And list the silvern vespers of the birds;

The robin flutes; the faint rose, lingering,  
flushes

The silent sky; we set the songs to words.

What speech have we to link with thoughts so  
holy

As those that sphere the music of the thrush?

We may but kneel, and offer, bending lowly,

Our praise to Him Who dwelt within the  
bush.

Oh, Father, for the day of strife and passion

We ask Thy pardon and Thy pitying grace.

We can but give Thee praise in childish fashion,

Thee, before Whom the angels veil the face.

Oh, Father, we Thy children fain would bring  
Thee

Our evening hymn, as wordless as the notes  
The wrens and robins and sweet orioles sing  
Thee,

Their love outpoured from little thoughtless  
throats.

They take and thank Thee. We, oh! gracious  
Father,

We take and do not thank. Forgive us, Thou,  
Who dost at night Thy least and greatest  
gather

Into safe arms of peace; so bless us now.

## The Little Green Umbrellas

**G**NFURL your green umbrellas,  
Ye need not fear the storm  
Dear trees that shelter 'neath  
your shade  
So many a clinging form.

The squirrel and the robin,  
 The cricket and the moth,  
 All sorts of living folk ye shield  
 When Nature waxeth wroth.

The silken green umbrellas,  
 They lap so close and fine  
 They make a refuge from the rain  
 Where'er your boughs entwine.

On oaks and elms and maples  
 Comes pelting down the storm.  
 They spread their green umbrellas wide  
 And keep the tree-folk warm.

## Honey Bees

**W**HEN any trouble came to them at  
 Deacon Spenser's place,  
 They went and told it to the bees;  
 the illness, sorrow, death;  
 I think the queen bee listened, and the workers  
 of her race,  
 Though nothing can they tell to us who have  
 but mortal breath.

All day the bees, the toiling bees, make honey  
 in the cell,  
 What can they care for us, whose toil brings  
 nothing half so sweet?  
 And yet, at Deacon Spenser's place, if there  
 was grief to tell,  
 One went and told it to the bees with heavy  
 dragging feet.  
 And once, when he was nigh to death, his  
 daughter told the hive,  
 They watched beside him through the night,  
 and when the tide came in,  
 It brought him back to strength again; the  
 dying was alive,  
 And some one went and told the bees; they  
 seemed so near akin.  
 The bees made never answer, but when the old  
 man next  
 Sat in his arm-chair on the porch, they  
 swarmed to wish him cheer;  
 They crawled upon his thin white hands, they  
 crept about him, vexed  
 Alone, if any tried to send them from their  
 friend so dear.

## Jack in the Pulpit



FROM your sylvan pulpit,  
 With its sounding board  
 Arching well above your head,  
 You bid us praise the Lord.

The wee folk throng around you,  
 And troops of tiny elves  
 Beneath your solemn shadow  
 Are fain to hide themselves.

And you for church and chapel  
 Have formed a grassy sward,  
 Where store of sunshine golden  
 Through glinting leaves is poured.

From your arching pulpit  
 You give us wisdom's hoard  
 Of silent maxims, blending  
 In one ecstatic chord.

And evermore I hear you  
 Beneath the sounding board  
 In dulcet accents murmur,  
 "Children, praise the Lord!"


## By the Spring

A mountain spring, a tiny thread of coolness,  
And lo! beside it see the living green.  
So, planted by the waters, may they flourish  
Whose inner life is fed by springs unseen.

## Palms

Bare desert and hot sands and drowsy calms,  
Lo! an oasis, rich with feathery palms;  
Somewhere a well must keep a fount of health,  
To give this desert place such gracious wealth.

## Frost on the Pane

HILE the children were dreaming, a  
painter  
Wrought castles and peaks on the  
pane.

Here are bridges and towers and turrets,  
And wonderful knights in a train.  
The name of the painter is funny;  
His face from our memory lost,  
We still keep his name; and no money  
Will buy the white work of Jack Frost.




## The Boy and the Brook

To fish in, chiefly, says the boy  
Who waits beside the rippling brook ;  
A baffling trout, he sees, with joy  
Accept his baited hook.

## The Days of a Tree



O many days, so many months and  
years,  
Since first the little stem pierced  
through the sod,  
Since first on slender branch were tremulous  
tears  
Of crystal dews, since, climbing up to God  
The trunk grew stronger, and the great boughs  
bent  
To storms that swept from out the Northern  
deeps ;  
So many days, the tree hath dwelt content  
Beneath the eye that slumbers not nor sleeps.




LYRICS OF LOVE

The endless generations of the birds  
Have homed among these myriad rustling  
leaves;  
And countless secrets—tenderer than words—  
Told to the robin as her nest she weaves,  
The tree has heard, and kept inviolate;  
The love notes thrilling in that rugged  
breast,  
Inscrutable and answerless as fate,  
A haven, and a harbor, and a rest.

Swift darting like an arrow from the bow  
The squirrel leaps and glances through the  
shade  
Of overlapping green, and to and fro  
Within its arc, have timid creatures strayed;  
Rabbit and hare, and wood-folk shy and small;  
So many a house beside the great tree's door,  
And One who sees if but a sparrow fall,  
Beholds their little span for evermore.

Vast swirls of tempest have engulfed the tree,  
And mighty blasts of stern and gloomy cold;  
White sweeps of anger from the northern sea,  
And banners of the hurricane unrolled,




FIELD AND GARDEN

Have rocked and caught it in their giant grasp.  
The torrent and the flood have drenched its  
limbs ;  
Winter hath bound it in an icy clasp,  
And stars above it sang their ceaseless  
hymns.

A wondrous symphony of wind and sun,  
A wondrous melody of stars and space,  
Forever through the circling groves have run,  
The tree a cloister in a sacred place.  
Hushed days of ecstasy have been its own,  
Long days of summer when the stirless air  
Has bound it drowsy in a golden zone,  
Dreaming sweet dreams amid an ether rare.

But dearest of all days I think have been  
The coy reluctant hours of waking spring,  
Foretelling of the life that soon should bring  
Renewal of the leaf, of song and wing ;  
Of sap quick melting at the old tree's core,  
Of pregnant motions, indistinct and sweet ;  
Dear days of spring, that link on wave and  
shore  
The wedded hands of Nature's frost and heat.



LYRICS OF LOVE

Oh, days most beautiful, days ever bright,  
Oh, days most glorious, sunsets amber  
clear;  
Oh, marvellous mystery of the shrouding  
night,  
The circuit of the never-pausing year;  
We come and go; like shadows pass away;  
The birth, the pilgrimage, the grave are  
ours,  
So swift and brief our evanescent day,  
So soon are poured and spent our waning  
powers.

While centuries behold the ancient tree  
That grows not old, its youth from age to  
age  
Reborn, by some exhaustless alchemy;  
Its new leaves turning on an unworn page.  
Behold! the Lord hath said, that as the days  
Of some great tree, His people's time should  
be;  
So, lift we up our song of ceaseless praise,  
And chord it with the anthems of the tree.

## Mignonette

**T**O one as fair as Ruth who stood  
Among the yellow corn,  
To one, as Esther, brave and  
good,  
I send my love this morn.

And with my love, I choose for her  
A posy as an amulet;  
Dear, take from me, thy worshipper,  
This bunch of mignonette.

## Forget-Me-Nots

They've borrowed their blue from the ether  
above,  
But 'twas earth that endowed them with mean-  
ings of love.  
And few of us know not some beautiful spot  
Where a flower looks up, crying, "Forget-me-  
not."

## Harvest

**B**UT yesterday the standing grain  
 Was yellow in the noontide's  
 ray,

The splendor of the waving plain,  
 Is level with the fields to-day,  
 And shorn away.

Yet, finer is the ripened sheaf  
 And richer is the girdled shock,  
 Than utmost wealth of ribboned leaf,  
 Than golden blades the wind that mock  
 And shine and rock.

Cut down and prone, the bearded wheat  
 Shall be the hungry nations' bread;  
 At Nature's board the world shall eat,  
 Provision by her goodness spread,  
 All shall be fed.

Unharvested, the yellow grain  
 Were but as withering fairy gold,  
 By sharpest stroke and smiting pain,  
 Alone its story hath been told,  
 From ages old.



## A Haunted House

**D**O you remember it, George and Ned,  
Arthur, and Graham, and John,  
The tumble-down house and the  
mouldering shed,  
And the green and mossy stone?  
The rooms where the bats go scurrying  
through,  
And starveling rats abide;  
The haunted house, like a worn-out shoe  
Thrown off by the highway side?

Fearsome and dim when the twilight fell,  
And full of the eeriest sounds;  
Though it stand in the midst of a dimpling  
dell,  
In the heart of fallow grounds.  
And the thing that haunted it most for me  
Was the wraith of a garden fair,  
Once that was homely and quaint and free,  
And ghostlike that lingered there.

The tattered fringe of a faithful vine  
 That clung to the tumbling roof;  
 A wan white rose, that seemed to pine  
 And wane in its place aloof  
 From the train of the roses that came with  
 June;  
 In the June of a long gone year,  
 In the happy hope of a joyous time,  
 One planted this white rose here.

Do you ever see in the twilight gray  
 The little maid who stands  
 Just at the bend in the hillside way  
 With flowers in her dimpled hands?  
 She has hair in a braid to her apron's hem,  
 And her small white feet are bare,  
 A flower herself on a slender stem,  
 In the sweet of the mountain air.

Have you had a glimpse through the open door,  
 The door that is never barred,  
 Of the baby playing about the floor,  
 And the older child on guard?

Of the mother who sits by the window? see  
Her thread as she sits and sews,  
It is all as plain as plain can be,  
And sweet as the heart of the rose.

The haunted house, no fearsome place  
Is this in the mountain land;  
For the home that it was, with its olden grace,  
Hath never by wrath been banned.  
'Twas a home of faith, a home of love,  
A simple and lowly nest,  
And over it yet, there broods above  
The blessing of by-gone rest.

## Four O'Clocks

Out of fashion, yet who cares?  
Once upon a time,  
Four o'clock and prince's feather  
Merrily hobnobbed together,  
Had no fear of wind or weather,  
Once upon a time.

## A Wee Bit Maid

**T**WENTY times a day she calls me  
 From the hammock, from the  
 swing,  
 From the garden where her pansies  
 Fragrant odors fling.

Come and see the new bud blooming,  
 Come and see the big brown bee;  
 Little maiden, always bidding  
 Folk to come and see.

Give her, Lord, the open vision,  
 Give her insight as she looks  
 In this world so full of fancies  
 At Thy heavenly books.

## Gentian

Worth waiting for through summer heat,  
 This princess of the river's brink;  
 We hold her by the gentle hand,  
 And of the autumn vintage drink.

## Southernwood

Still, when I pick these fragrant stalks,  
 A phantom form before me walks;  
 My stately ancestress comes back,  
 To haunt this spicy garden's track.

## In the Gloaming




So long with anxious heart and  
 mind,  
 So long with care and grief I've  
 dwelt,  
 So many a baffling quest I find,  
 So often wearily I've knelt,  
 That in the gloaming of the year,  
 I scarce can pray without a tear.

The light grows dim, and not a star  
 Glows in the heaven that seems so far,  
 Thick veiling clouds are gathering,  
 The tempest broods with baleful wing;  
 Is all life's hue to be as gray  
 And sombre as this wane of day?

Nay, heart, look up, nor lose thy hope,  
 Some day the heavenly gates shall ope;  
 Some day shall meet thee full of cheer;  
 Some dawn foretell the endless year,  
 Where evermore in light they stand  
 Who dwell for aye at God's right hand.

### By the Ocean

 HE strength of the fathomless ocean,  
 The might of the tides and the  
 main,

The forces that only Jehovah  
 With mete and with bound may restrain:  
 So broad, this highway of the nations,  
 That leadeth from land unto land;  
 So many the drops in this ocean,  
 God measures them out of His hand.

The Lord when He hollowed the valleys  
 To make them a bowl for the sea,  
 Set over it man in His image,  
 And sent him its sovereign to be.



By the salt of its spray it gives healing,  
By the joy of its strife, it gives peace;  
From the petty, the vain, and the sordid,  
Its passionate life gives release.

## Gennesaret

**I** MARVEL, Lord, hast Thou forgot  
Those old, old days, anear the lake,  
When Thou to feed the famishing  
The little loaves didst break?

That surging throng who saw Thy face,  
Those crowds who ate that heavenly bread,  
Who sat before Thee on the plain,  
And by Thy own dear hands were fed.

I marvel, Lord, have they forgot,  
In all the ages that have passed,  
How Christ Himself their hunger saw,  
And gave them blessing after fast.

But more, far more, I marvel why  
 I, who am faint of heart this hour,  
 Should doubt thy perfect willingness,  
 Should dare to doubt Thy grace and power.

My little crust shall, touched by Thee,  
 Be loaf of finest of the wheat.  
 My dwindling store, the miracle  
 Of the old manna shall repeat.

### The Sermon of the Rock

**I**N the cool shadow of the rock, within a  
 lonely land,  
 I, who have journeyed far to-day,  
 now rest my burning feet,  
 The rock that centuries ago, Jehovah built to  
 stand  
 Forever as the symbol of His strength, un-  
 worn, complete.

The rock rebukes my little faith; I hear it  
 preach of One  
 As steadfast as the stars He lit, as gentle as  
 the bird



That has its nest in yonder cleft; as radiant as  
the sun,  
And yet, and yet, by human need and human  
weakness stirred.

### Nature's Word

If Nature have a word for thee,  
'Tis this, be brave; 'tis this, be strong,  
Let all thy heart be full of cheer,  
And fill the measure of the year  
With thrill of happy song.

### When the Tide Comes In

Flood of joy and gladness when the tide comes  
in,  
Hurry of the waters to hide the barren waste;  
Blessed stir and onward rush, yet neither  
noise nor din;  
Only love and fullest peace in that kingly  
haste.

## The Buckwheat's Bloom

**W**HITE in the glow of the August morn,  
 it wafts its perfume, where  
 The honey bees are winging slow,  
 looters in search of spoil,  
 Waves of its pure aroma break on the heavy  
 and languid air,  
 The breeze stoops low to kiss it, fair child  
 of love and toil.

To the hem of its dainty broidered robe, a  
 princess here it stands,  
 Snowy and strong and splendid, and far as  
 eye can see,  
 Its beautiful swaying sceptre covers the rolling  
 lands  
 With the wealth of a bloom uncounted, that  
 summer holds in fee.

In the long, late August afternoon when the  
 slopes are asleep with heat,  
 And the shadow moth in the orchard boughs  
 flits like a beam of the moon;

When the thunder-heads loom large and black  
 and the great cold raindrops beat  
 Clear in the face of the drowsy earth to  
 waken it from a swoon,

The buckwheat bends to the sudden storm, that  
 sweeps but cannot rend;  
 It tosses and bows in the wild wind's rage,  
 but of sturdy fibre knit,  
 It lifts when the sun comes forth again, the sun  
 with the face of a friend,  
 And the shine and the shade they both are  
 made for the sweet in the heart of it.

### In an Old Clearing



AGES have slipped away apace  
 Since the settler's axe swung here,  
 And a woman watched with a home-  
 sick face,  
 The alien forests clear.

She saw, not giant growths which hid  
 A prowling, savage horde,  
 But straight, tall timber, flower-thrid,  
 A garden of the Lord.

Rocking the cradle with her foot  
And hushing her babe to sleep,  
She could clench her toil-worn hand, and put  
Aside that anguish deep

Which tore at her breath, and stabbed her  
soul,  
And made the fierce tears start.  
For there never was new land, root or bole,  
Cleared yet, that woman's heart

Break not beneath the lonely strain;  
Behold, in that graveyard's space,  
How deep they sleep, who died of their pain,  
The mothers of the race.

## Shelter Island

Flying before a racing gale,  
That feathers the billows and puffs the sail,  
We round the point and skirt the shore,  
And laugh at the cry of "Home once more!"  
How far it streams, how golden bright  
That steadfast Shelter Island light.



## A Brier-Rose



HE old man sits in the dusty room  
Where the money makers meet,  
His youth was lost in that murk and  
gloom,  
His heart in that heartless street.


You scarce would dream that, a barefoot boy  
In the midst of the long gone by,  
He made friends with joy, nor found her coy  
Under an April sky.

You would never think that hidden away  
Behind his thrice-barred door,  
Was the faded rose of a rose-red day,  
That should dawn for him no more.

But, a little child with a fearless face  
Comes tiptoeing into his den,  
And leaves a wilding rose in the place,  
And, a man like other men,

The grim and silent financier  
 Looks at the brier-rose,  
 And God sees 'tis with a smile and a tear,  
 And why it is so, God knows.


### An Exotic

OME gray seafarer brought the seed,  
 Some random sower dropped it  
 here;

In its old home a vagrant weed,  
 That knew not thought of shame or fear,  
 But held its own in stubborn strife,  
 In temper brave, in vigor rife;

This wayward lady masquerades  
 As if of lineage proud and high;  
 Her moods are flitting as the shades  
 That float across the morning sky.  
 And "poor relation" she would deem  
 The plant whence came her primal stream.

## Appledore


 HEN I remember Appledore,  
 So many sweet thoughts mingle  
 Of rare blue sky and long white  
 shore  
 And waves that cream the shingle.

I swift forget the years that write  
 Their pensive records for me;  
 I stand again in crystal light  
 That pours effulgence o'er me.

And chief in golden memory stands  
 A woman tall and queenly,  
 With flowers that fill her gracious hands,  
 And eyes that smile serenely.

True eyes, strong hands, a gallant form,  
 Bred up anear the water,  
 Unfearing she of gust and storm,  
 No landsman's timid daughter,

But princess of the wave and shore ;  
 A host of flowers around her ;  
 As I remember Appledore,  
 Its radiant flowers crowned her.

Dear poet of the changeful days  
 That coast and bay commingle ;  
 Sweet woman of the loving ways,  
 By many a lonely dingle,

And many an inland farm, they tell  
 Your lovely fancies over,  
 Where tosses June, o'er moor and fell  
 The spindrift of the clover.

A silver arrow in your hair,  
 Your gown of silver, graying  
 To ash of pearls, you're standing there  
 Amid the breakers playing.


In surf upon the patient shore,  
 The salt spray flings about you,  
 I care no more for Appledore,  
 What would it be without you?

## After All

**W**E take our share of fretting,  
 Of grieving and forgetting;  
 The paths are often rough and  
 steep, and heedless feet may fall.  
 But yet the days are cheery,  
 And night brings rest when weary,  
 And somehow this old planet is a good world,  
 after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,  
 The joys are more than double.  
 The brave outrank the cowards, and the leal are  
 like a wall  
 To guard their dearest ever,  
 To fail the feeblest never;  
 And somehow this old earth remains a bright  
 world, after all.

There's always love that's caring,  
 And shielding and forbearing,  
 Dear woman's love to hold us close and keep  
 our hearts in thrall;



LYRICS OF LOVE

There's home to share together  
In calm or stormy weather,  
And while the hearth-flame burns it is a good  
world, after all.

The lisp of children's voices,  
The chance of happy choices,  
The bugle sounds of hope and faith, through  
fogs and mists that call;  
The heaven that stretches o'er us,  
The better days before us,  
They all combine to make this earth a good  
world, after all.

## The River of Life

**W**HEN we sit on the shore of the river  
of life,  
When we walk by the crystal sea,  
When anger and passion, sin and strife  
Are ended eternally,






When pure of the stain we've gathered here,  
And washed and white we stand,  
Where never again shall be pain or fear  
In the peace of the promised land,

Shall we quite forget the river of death  
That gloomed so cold and black,  
That stopped our pulses and caught our  
breath,  
From which we could not turn back?

Shall we quite forget our hours of ruth,  
Shall the scars of our wounds be there,  
When we've put on robes of immortal youth,  
And are past the portals of prayer?

We cannot tell, but this we know,  
That the river of life will glide  
Full-hearted and strong in its ceaseless flow  
With freight of love on its tide.



LYRICS OF LOVE

And love unmarred by the sense of self,  
Love, like the Master's own,  
Love, heavenly pure from dross and pelf,  
Shall be then around us thrown.

And some whom we missed on the earthly way,  
Some lost and mourned will come  
To give us greeting and cheer the day  
Of the ageless, deathless home.

Oh, river of death, since by your waves  
The river of life we'll gain,  
The farther shore your dark tide laves  
Is the home for which we are fain.

Oh, river of life, so clear and strong,  
Whence all our streams are fed;  
By your fadeless bank we shall lift a song,  
When the death we dreaded, is dead.

## The Endless Procession



FOREVER and ever the train goes by,  
The train of the marching years,  
Sunshine and starbeam and cloud in  
the sky,  
And under them smiles and tears.  
Never to pause, but on and on,  
The grave years pass along,  
With their battles lost and their victories won,  
And their mighty motley throng.

Hazy and dim are the yesterdays,  
And ever beyond our grasp.  
Not the skirt of the latest that trod our ways  
Can our utmost effort clasp.  
Hazy and dim to-morrows stretch  
In an endless winding chain,  
But we know not what their hands shall fetch  
Of wealth, or joy, or pain.

We stand on the place To-day has given,  
To make or to mar our lot;  
We may fill it up to the brim with heaven,  
Or blur it with stain and blot.



LYRICS OF LOVE

Bravely may toil for the good and true,  
Earnestly strive and pray,  
But the good or the ill we all may do,  
Must be done in the span of To-day.

The new year dawns and the old year dies,  
It is all in the space of a breath;  
As silent as flake that downward flies,  
For thus our Father saith.  
And babes are born and old men sleep,  
And wars and tumults rage,  
We sow in the spring and in autumn reap,  
And spend our pilgrimage.


And love, it lightens the darkest hour,  
It sweetens the bitterest cup,  
And for want and weakness is God's own dower  
Of strength if they but look up.  
So cheer thee, heart, and bear thy part  
Wherever the need may be.  
Trust thou in God, and where'er thou art,  
His grace shall guerdon thee.

Steadily, endlessly, one by one,  
The years go marching past;  
For each shall come, and one by one,  
The year that shall be the last,  
But over the great time-bridge we'll tread  
To the house of the Lord Most High,  
Where death our foe is forever dead,  
And life abides for aye.

## The World of Books

**W**HEN garden toil is wearisome, and  
weeds their battles wage,  
I sometimes leave the wide outdoors,  
and seek with bard and sage,  
A little sheltered nook within, where waits  
good company,  
And many friends with cordial looks give greet-  
ing unto me.

There are who find their happiness in strolling  
near and far,  
As if perchance their birth had been beneath  
some errant star;



LYRICS OF LOVE

The trackless desert beckons them, they scale  
the mountain peak,

And ever just beyond them see some gladness  
coy to seek.

For me, I sit beside my fire, and with benignant  
looks

From dear familiar shelves they smile, my  
pleasant friends, the books.

A world of good society, these well-beloved  
ones wait

For any mood, for any hour; they keep a cour-  
teous state,

Serene and unperturbed amid the ruffles of my  
day,

They are the bread my spirit craves, they bless  
my toiling way.

A pleasant world is theirs, wherein, as battles  
wax and wane,

There rolls the sound of triumph, and there  
dwells surcease of pain,

On pages sparkling as the dawn forever  
breathes and glows,

Through ages red with patriot blood, white  
freedom's stainless rose.



In this fair world of calmest skies, I meet the  
martyr's palm,

There float to it dear melodies from coasts of  
heavenly balm;

All comfort here, all strength, all faith, all  
bloom of wisdom lives,

And be the day's need what it may, some boon  
this fair world gives.

The freedom of the city where one walks in  
crowds, alone,

The silence of the upland, where one climbs  
anear the throne,

The blitheness of the morning, and the solemn  
hush of night,


Are in this pleasant world of books, for one  
who reads aright.

Here, pure and sharp the pictured spire its  
cleaving point uplifts,

There, swept by stormy winds of fate, time's  
sands are tossed in drifts,

And I who sit beside the fire am heir of time  
and sense,

My book to me, the angel of God's sleepless  
providence.



LYRICS OF LOVE

Who will, may choose to wander far across the  
    sea and land,  
For me the table and the lamp extend a friend-  
    lier hand ;  
And I am blessed beyond compare while with  
    benignant looks  
From home's familiar shelves they smile, my  
    pleasant world of books.

### At Last

**W**E shall meet, when the long day is  
    ended,  
And the sun has gone down in the  
    West,  
In the home where the kindred have gathered,  
    With the One we love best.

We shall know, when the struggle is over,  
    And our eyes are close folded in sleep,  
The reasons, our dear Lord keeps secret,  
    We shall smile, we who weep.




We shall wear, not the garments of travel,  
The robes that were stained at our toil,  
But white shimmering stuff that the angels  
Have winnowed from soil.

We shall hear, not the clangor of battle,  
But hymns of rejoicing and love,  
When we sit at the board with the Master,  
In the mansions above.

We shall fly, we who grope and who stumble,  
Unhindered from star-coast to star;  
Once our wings have been given, with freedom  
Which flesh with its bonds cannot mar.

We shall meet, oh! the bliss after parting,  
We shall sing, oh! the sweet after rue,  
We shall love, oh! the love without ending,  
We shall know, oh! the love that is true.

We shall rally, who here were far scattered,  
And each of the tribe and the clan  
Shall be close to the heart of the Captain,  
Shall have comfort of God and of Man.



LYRICS OF LOVE

We shall find in the heavenly mansions  
Dear friends whom we missed by the way.  
We shall knit up the threads that were broken,  
In our work or our play.

We shall see how the infinite Father  
Discerned what was wisest for each.  
And the praise for His grace shall be fervent,  
In song and in speech.

We shall meet, when the earth day is over,  
And the sun hath gone down in the West.  
We shall stay in the house of the kindred,  
With the One we love best.



Ms 12 - OCT 5- 1901

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

**Preservation Technology**

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranbury, New Jersey, PA 08512





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 055 8

