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1910















**EMBERS**

BY  
**MAURINE HATHAWAY**







Maurine Hathaway.









# EMBERS

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BY  
*MAURINE HATHAWAY*  
THE LYRIST OF THE PINES



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## TO YOU.



THE mother loving her child is not blind to its waywardness, loves it no less for its faults and knowing its shortcomings still nestles it to her bosom; flesh of her flesh, life of her life, she cannot but love. A part of herself, she knows that perfection cannot be, but as the twig bears buds that blemish, she nurtures her child, giving to it her life, forgetting all but "it is mine." My poems are my children, and I have not breathed them "to please." They are born of my fancy, guided each by its own pre-natal impulse. Of the reader I ask only the indulgence granted the mother loving her own. It may be that here and there a thought may find welcome lodgment in some kindred heart, that a line may breathe a smile to saddened lips; if this may be, I shall be glad, for I have given these lines from my deepest soul. Where pathos is found, you may believe my heart was burdened; if written in merry vein the sunlight guided my pen. Each poem tells its story of life as life was then. I give you my children; if censure comes, pray let it come to me, not them.

*Maurine Athaway*

## The Title.

*TO* those who wonder why the title "Embers" is given to this volume the publishers desire to give assurance that the word was used with a full knowledge that one definition in Webster is "ashes," but let us also know that "living coals" is another. We believe that in the lyrics of this volume there will be found that which will remove the impression that the word was used with the former interpretation in mind.

The Publishers.



# EMBERS



## CAN LOVE BE SIN?

IS there sin in the love that the wild bee knows,  
As he flies from his brown retreat  
And sinks in the heart of a crimson rose  
To sip of her nectar sweet?

Is there sin in the love of the sweet south breeze  
That wanders with murmur and moan,  
Till he finds his own mate 'mong the whispering trees  
And weds her and makes her his own?

Is there sin in the love that the rain-drop feels,  
When, impelled by a mystic power,  
He drops from his home in the sky, and steals  
To the lips of a thirsty flower?

Is there sin in the love of the bold sun bright,  
As he smiles on his mistress, Earth,  
And thrills her and woos her with amorous light,  
Till she yields him her harvest birth?

Oh, if there is sin in the love of these,  
The flower, the sun, or the bee,  
The rain-drop, the earth, or the sweet south breeze,  
There is sin in my love for thee.

THE MOON AND I.

SOMETIMES at night when the blue bells are  
 keeping  
 Their tryst with the fairy folk, dancing and gay,  
 When I, in my bed should be silently sleeping,  
 I steal from my window ledge out and away,—

Down where the trees lean so lovingly over  
 The clear sparkling flood of a murmuring rill,  
 Which gurgles and laughs with the sweet fragrant  
 clover  
 That dots the green sward at the foot of the hill.

And there I await for my moon lover, stealing  
 Over the hill top and flooding the lea  
 With silvery light, by his brightness revealing  
 My blushes and smiles, as he beckons to me.

Then for an hour he tells of his wand'rings  
 To far distant hills where his light softly shines,  
 How he listens and laughs at the whispers and  
 pond'rings  
 Of sweet scented breezes and murmuring pines.

He tells me of lovers who wait for his coming  
 To breathe the sweet tale that is old as the world,  
 Of the thunder of arms, cannonading and drumming,  
 In countries where banners of war are unfurled.

Of a woman who sits by her low window, weary,  
 With arms that are empty and lips anguish-dumb,  
 Still keeping her vigil through long shadows dreary,  
 Waiting for footsteps that never will come.

He tells of a poor mother, watching and sighing  
 O'er some little sufferer bending above,  
 Of a fair, tender maiden, heart broken and crying,  
 Alone and bereft, at the grave of her love.

Of a dishevelled creature, with gay tinselled garments  
 And desperate heart, near the deep river's edge,  
 Who, weary of life, with its passions and torments,  
 Is seeking her death in the shade of the bridge.

Of golden haired cherubs, asleep in their sweetness,  
 With smiles all aglow as his light scans them o'er,  
 Of a drunken man staggering home through the silence  
 To curse the frail woman he meets at the door.

Then I arise, for the hour is growing  
 So late, it will soon be the breaking of dawn.  
 So swiftly time passes, my love must be going;  
 Though longing to linger, he must journey on.

The way that I kiss him, you'd never be thinking,  
 But listen, he peeps in the mirror-like rill,  
 And then as I stoop just as though I were drinking,  
 His lips meet my own with a rapturous thrill.

Oh, gay is my heart as I hie swiftly homeward,  
 Down through the glittering flower-starred glades.  
 Wondering if he, as he sails grandly onward,  
 In some fairer country will meet other maids.

This is the way, when the great world is sleeping,  
 On dew sparkling midnights of glorious June,  
 Down in the meadow our tryst we are keeping,  
 I, and my bold, handsome lover,—the moon.

SUPERSTITION.

SHE stood on the bridge in the evening air  
Near a quaint little vine-wreathed cot,  
And she pulled a sweet daisy to pieces there,  
With,—“He loves me, he loves me not.”

As the petals fall in the brook below  
In her eyes the tear drops start;  
It has come out wrong—though signs aren't true  
There's a queer little pain at her heart.

She picks another,—“He loves me not.”  
In her breast hope is almost dead,  
But a happy thought,—she would try one more,  
“For the third one is charm,” she said.

Then she laughed, “I knew that would be right,”  
As she merrily tripped away.  
She believes in the tale the last daisy told.  
'Tis the way of the world, I say.

For who is there living who doubts a sign  
When 'tis one that they wish to come true?  
And where is the one who believes in signs  
When 'tis an unlucky one,—do you?



## ABSENT.

**O**FT, shrouded in the mystery  
 Of dreams, my lips touch thine  
 Again, as in the olden time,  
 Thy warm flesh thrills to mine.  
 Again I see thy love lit eyes;  
 Once more I hear thee speak,  
 I feel the touch of thy sweet breath  
 Fan warm against my cheek.

I feel the wooing of thine arms,  
 The old, sweet, fond caress.  
 And floating back, come words of love,  
 In pleading tenderness.  
 I wake,—Oh would I might dream on!  
 But thou art gone,—I hark  
 To hear thy voice,—I seek thy lips  
 There in the yawning dark.

I rise in anguish and I call.  
 My voice dies on the air,  
 While every cruel, heartless wall  
 But mocks at my despair.  
 Oh love of mine, I wake at night  
 When all else is at rest,  
 And sob, that I no more may lie,  
 My cheek against thy breast.

I reach for thee in longing, dear,  
 When worlds are wrapped in sleep.  
 Then lay my weary head upon  
 My empty arms, and weep.

MINA MOORE.

OH, Muse, inspire wi' canty pains  
 Words never used before,  
 That I may sing in beauteous strains,  
 The praise of Mina Moore.

Dame Fortune, she the partial jade,  
 The virtues held in store,  
 And heaped them a' upon the head  
 Of pure, sweet Mina Moore.

Oh, you who tread in social halls,  
 Weel learned in college lore,  
 Ye are no rival to the grace  
 Of gentle Mina Moore.

Oh, you who loll in mansions braid  
 An' drive a coach an' four,  
 Far happier she, in her wee home,  
 My tender Mina Moore.

Oh, city belles, frail hot house flowers,  
 Wad wither in an hour,  
 But healthy, happy wayside bloom  
 Is bonnie Mina Moore.

Oh, Time, deal kindly in your power,  
 Oh, years pass lightly o'er  
 The petals o' this dainty flower,  
 My sweet friend, Mina Moore.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Mina Moore, she is nae more,  
 That name I am endearing.  
 Now, though she's sweet as e'er before,  
 She's changed her name to Spearing.

## MAVOURNEEN.

**M**AVOURNEEN, Mavourneen, I'm lonely with-  
out ye,

I'm sittin' alone by the murmurin' sea,  
I'm longin' an' wishin' an' thinkin' about ye.  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, oh, come back to me

I ask of the birds that above me are soarin'  
Oh, why did they carry Mavourneen away?  
I ask of the waves that before me are roarin',  
Oh, will ye not bring back Mavourneen some day?

An' often at night, darlin', when I am lonely  
An' sleep from my tired eyes has taken her flight,  
I lie an' I listen an' think of you only,  
An' wonder, where are ye, Mavourneen, tonight?

When I drift off to sleep, then of thee I am dreamin'.  
I hear your sweet voice an' the love that ye told.  
I kiss your dear eyes, an' I see their bright beamin',  
An' seem to be strokin' your hair as of old.

Mavourneen, Mavourneen, I'm lonely, I'm lonely!  
My heart calls ye, darlin', by night an' by day,  
My life holds no brightness save you and you only,  
Oh, why do you linger forever away?

## THE VICTORS.

THERE'S a strange, bitter feud holding forth in  
                   my blood

And 'tis raging in fury tonight.

'Tis a war of the corpuscles there in the flood,  
 A quarrel 'tween the red and the white.

The white ones have said, were it not for the red  
 All the thoughts of my soul would be fair,  
 And that the vast throng of impulses wrong  
 Would never again enter there.

They go on to say they have entered the fray  
 For honor and truth and the right,  
 And if they can win, they will conquer the sin  
 Which is prompting the red ones to fight.

The red warriors hold that the white are too cold,  
 Too frigidly pure, chaste and true.  
 They are waging the strife, for they clamor for life,  
 For love's dreamy rapture,—and you.

I can hear their cries ring, that love is their king,  
 No better they wish or could find.  
 While the prince of the white is a tyrant in might,  
 King Duty, both harsh and unkind.

I have known all along that the red ones are wrong,  
 Though they battle for love and you, dear,  
 But I know that the white would be vanquished  
                   tonight,  
 Were you near me now, Love! were you near.



## IF I WERE A LEAF.

**I**F I were a leaf in the sweet spring time,  
 (A leaf on a maple tree),  
 I would hide away 'neath a tiny spray  
 Till I caught a glimpse of thee.  
 Then, thrilled by the beam of thy merry face  
 And warmed by thy smile so bright,  
 I would burst the bud in a joyous maze  
 Out into the world of light.

If I were a leaf in the summer time  
 And thou wert beneath the tree,  
 I would sing so low to the winds that blow,  
 I would sing of my love for thee.  
 But when the sweet summer faded  
 And the Autumn hours drew nigh  
 I would cling to the bough, the firmer now,  
 And a fond farewell I would sigh.

If I were a leaf in the winter time,  
 And thou hadst gone away,  
 I would loose my cling with the winter's sting,  
 For I would not care to stay.  
 If I were a leaf and thou hadst died  
 I would ask of the winds that blow  
 To bear me away to thy lonely grave  
 And cover me over with snow.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHEN dew sparkles over the summer starred  
meadow,

When gold turns to gray, and the cool breezes fall,  
When eve is proclaimed by the lengthening shadow,  
And soft on the air comes the whip-poor-will's call,

Oh, then is the time when my stray fancies wander  
To where we fared forth, in the old days to dream,  
My loved one and I, a bright future to ponder  
To musical purls of the murmuring stream.

Above in the tree-tops the zephyrs were sighing.  
The sun in a burst of its own golden glow  
Was sinking away, for the dear day was dying,  
And deep in the meadow the bells tinkled low.

The sleepy birds all in the boughs had sought shelter  
From chance summer showers, or night breezes chill.  
A bat from the gloom droned about, helter-skelter,  
And down in the glen sang a lone whip-poor-will.

Oh, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, why does your  
sorrow

Remind me so much of my own heart's refrain?  
And why with the happiness promised tomorrow  
May I not forget all the past and its pain?

You 'mind me of warm lips, whose fond, tender  
pressure

Was sweet as the story of love that they told,  
And every dear tone of that loved voice I treasure  
And hoard in my heart like a miser his gold.

Too happy were we for this earth, and we parted,  
Still wild with the sadness and pain of it all,  
I live o'er the time even now, broken hearted,  
When e'er in the evening I hear your lone call.

At times I'm content, and a sweet peace comes creep-  
ing,

The sorrowing wail of my sad heart is still,  
But sweet hopes, and dreams that have only been  
sleeping

Awaken to pain at your cry, whip-poor-will.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

**I**N the gay little heart  
Of a butterfly smart,  
Grew a passionate love for a bee,  
And his slow buzzing drone  
Was a musical tone  
To her ears, for she loved him, you see.

She would follow him 'round  
As he flew o'er the ground,  
Or wandered from flower to flower,  
And watch him the while  
With her shy, pretty smile,  
And dream of him hour by hour.

She asked no more bliss  
Than a flower to kiss,  
From whose heart he had gathered his store,  
And not one would do,  
Whatever its hue,  
Unless he had been there before.

But 'twas lavished for naught,  
For the honey-bee thought  
She was only a sweet, pretty thing,  
Who never could thrive  
In his busy old hive,  
And was better by far on the wing.

He saw with a smile  
Her coquettish guile  
And poor little traps to ensnare,  
But at length he grew tired  
Of thus being admired  
And followed around everywhere.

Said he, "I shall sting  
That bold, brazen thing  
Just a little, so she'll understand  
It is not a wise plan  
To go chasing a man,  
And so openly seeking his hand."

So one sunny day,  
In a cruel, wicked way  
He hid in the curl of a leaf  
And watched her alight  
In a flower bell white  
To sip honey, the sly little thief.

Then out with a dart,  
He flew to the heart  
Of the flower, and ere she could hide  
Or scream out in fear  
At his manner severe,  
He stung her bright wings 'till she died.

SIGNS—BY UNCLE IKE

**I**F yo walkin' long de groun'  
 An' yo kin' o' look aroun'  
 At yo lef' an' yo see de moon,  
 Try yo bes' to be cheerful,  
 But be mighty awful keerful,  
 Fer dere's somepin gwina happen soon.

If a ole black cat  
 Comes a-humpin' like dat,  
 An' crosses yo paf at night,  
 Yo bettah look out,  
 Fo dere's trouble about,  
 An' yo's in a sadful plight.

If yo strollin' along,  
 Mebbe singin' a song,  
 An' yo happens to spy a pin,  
 If it heads yo way,  
 Yo leave it lay,  
 Else yo trouble will sho begin.

If a spidah yo kill,  
 Or de salt yo spill,  
 Yo all take keer, I say,  
 Dere's a witch about  
 An' she'll fin' yo out  
 Es shuah as night ain' day.

If a ole dog growl,  
 An' snarl an' howl,  
 An' seems ter kin' o' cry,  
 Ma'hk what I say,  
 It's as true as day,  
 Somebody's gwina die.



Or mebbe yo mout  
 Be a-sweepin out,  
 An' yo see a little old cross,  
 Upon my breaf  
 Dat means a deaf,  
 An' a sad an' tur'ble loss.

If a little ole stray  
 Cat comes yo way,  
 Don' fro it out in de col',  
 Fo a cat means money  
 An' it's comin', Honey,  
 Befo' you's anothah yeah ole.

### THE PERFECT DAY.

**I** HOLD that day of life to be well spent,  
 In which no word of mine has given pain,  
 And in whose toilsome hours, one tiny grain  
 Of cheer, to help a wanderer to content,  
 By my weak, puny effort, I have lent.  
 In which I have found time to read a verse,  
 One to sustain my weary soul, nor curse  
 The lowly path wherein my steps are bent.

That day I've forced my hands to do some deed  
 To aid me ever on and onward, where  
 The glad sun shines on God's supernal heights,  
 And to lift up some swaying, broken reed,  
 Low bending toward sin's dark and endless nights,  
 This is the perfect day of deed and prayer.

DANGER SIGNALS.

I WAS sad and you knew how to cheer me  
 And make me forget half my pain,  
 How to make me be glad you were near me,  
 Because,—well, I cannot explain.

I was grieving—you heard all my story,  
 You pointed my hope to the skies,  
 And sympathy gleamed in the glory  
 Of goodness that shone from your eyes.

I was lonely, you talked and amused me,  
 And brought to my sad lips a smile,  
 All the harrowing doubts that confused me  
 You lifted and banished the while.

I was tired and your gentleness rested  
 And soothed me somehow with its grace.  
 Since you're gone all my dreams are infested  
 With thoughts of your voice and your face.

For the thirst of a lone heart now fills me  
 With anguish and loneliness drear,  
 The thought of your sweet kisses thrills me  
 With exquisite rapture and *fear*.

These are all signals—dreadful and dire,  
 If we would be faithful and true  
 We must crush in our hearts this mad fire,  
 And kill it at once with—adieu.

## LEAVES.

O H! I would that my life could be as the leaves  
 That gladden the world in the spring;  
 That slowly unfold their treasures untold,  
 Like a joyful animate thing.  
 I would sip the joy from the sweet old earth,  
 As they sap the mother tree;  
 I would welcome the song and laughter and mirth  
 As they welcome the kiss of the bee.

I would shelter the weak and the fallen,  
 As they shelter the song birds all;  
 I would weep with the sorrowing wanderer,  
 As they weep when the raindrops fall.  
 I would brighten the lives of my loved ones,  
 As they brighten the valley and glade;  
 I would soothe with my song a sad, weary throng,  
 As they soothe tired souls with their shade.

I would stir the blood of a nation—  
 As they stir when the breezes sigh;  
 I would cause the world's heart to flutter,  
 As they, when the wind is high.  
 And then in my life's purple autumn,  
 Though my dress be silver—their's gold,  
 I would wear it as bravely and proudly as they,  
 When the sad year is growing old.

And when the cold winds of winter  
 Chilled my heart with pain and grief,  
 I would sink away to my rest some day,  
 Like the drift of a falling leaf.

## HOME.

A LITTLE picture comes to me  
 This chill November night:  
 I see a cozy cottage  
 With a cheerful crimson light,  
 And through the filmy hangings  
 Of the curtains, as I peep,  
 I see a baby lying  
 In its tiny crib,—asleep.

Close by, a girlish mother  
 Who, lest it wake and cry,  
 Must rock the sleeping babe, and sing  
 Some tender lullaby,  
 And as she sings away, she tries  
 So patiently to wait  
 For him who'll soon come striding  
 Through the open wicket gate.

I see a wee tea table  
 Laid with loving, dainty care,  
 And hear the kettle humming  
 On the cheerful hearthstone there;  
 Some slippers, too, are warming  
 By the fireside, on the mat,  
 And stretched beside them cozily,  
 A lazy Malteze cat.

Beyond,—the little parlor,  
 The piano and guitar,  
 I almost catch the odor  
 Of a fragrant, mild cigar.  
 Though far out in the dreary world  
 Tonight, I'm forced to roam,  
 I see this pleasing picture,  
 And I fondly name it,—“Home.”

## DREAMS.

'TIS strange how our souls nightly travel,  
 And fanciful, no doubt, it seems  
 But in many a sweet, tender revel,  
 My soul has met thy soul,—in dreams.  
 Oh, our two souls have rambled and wandered,  
 Though we were so far, far apart.  
 They have whispered, caressed and have pondered  
 As we, in the old days, sweetheart.

And such a dream comforts and cheers me  
 And stills all the pain in my breast.  
 And it soothes the wild throb in my brain, dear;  
 It quiets and lulls me to rest.  
 I know that thy spirit loves mine, dear.  
 Else why would it steal out to meet  
 My poor, little, suffering soul, dear,  
 And hold a communion so sweet?

Oh, the silence is cold and so cruel, dear,  
 'Tis so hard to bear, yet it seems  
 That our spirits must still be united  
 Since they find one another in dreams.

THE CUP.

I HAVE just wakened, sweet, from dreaming of  
you.

Oh, I thought you were near, so near,  
And our love was not sinful, but blessed and true,  
With nothing to harass or fear.  
For life was all gladness and sweetness and truth,  
All gayety, laughter, and beauty and youth.  
So we drank to the lees of it, dear.

I have wakened to pain, for the sky is so gray,  
So desolate, gloomy and drear,  
And you, love, are hundreds of long miles away,  
And I'm lonely and miserable here.  
Oh, out of this cup that the Gods have called "life"  
I would drain e'en the dregs of its madness and strife,  
If you, whom I love so, were here.

IN A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

SLEEP on, and rest, thou tired hearts.  
Why shouldst thou wake again  
To throb with anguish in a world  
So full of doubt and pain.

Although thy bed so humble is,  
Still hushed is all thy grief,  
And from all earthly suffering  
Thou'rt blessed with sweet relief.

'Tis left for sad souls still on earth,  
To steal in wild despair,  
Out to thy lowly resting place,  
And pray for comfort there.



## ON A CHANCE MEETING

YE hae met me at an unco' sorry time, my friend,  
 For a snarl o' witherin' troubles they are mine,  
 my friend.

Still I trust ye'll na regret  
 That the twa o' us hae met,  
 I assure ye that a pleasure great is mine, my friend.

Ye said ye thought me very pert an' wise, my friend.  
 I resembled some one in a' but size, my friend,  
 But I ken ye will admit,  
 She is nae to blame for it.

Does she ever talk to strangers wi' her eyes, my  
 friend?

That I do na flirt, I really maun insist, my friend,  
 Nor wi' grimaces, my face I do na twist, my friend,  
 But when they look sae gude as you,  
 Weel, what can a poor lass do?

'Tis temptation that I canna weel resist, my friend.

How oft we form warm friendships in the strife, my  
 friend,

An' hurly burly struggles o' this life, my friend.

An' we neither o' us know,  
 (I've nae doubt 'tis better so),

But ane might hae a gude man, ane a wife, my friend.

We parted there, perhaps nae mair to meet, my friend,  
 An' ye went up, while I went down the street, my  
 friend,

But this much I ken is true,  
 I will oft times think o' you,

An' the memory o' that meeting will be sweet, my  
 friend.

THE SONG OF THE ENGINE WHEELS.

THE engineer's humming a tender old song,  
     Rumbelty rum, rumbelty rum,  
 Merry of heart as we rumble along,  
     Rumbelty rum, rumbelty rum,  
 Counting the moments for fear we'll be late,  
 For two curly heads so anxiously wait  
 And peep furtive glances outside of the gate  
     For him at the end of the run.

The fireman is smiling, so happy is he,  
     Humbelty hum, humbelty hum,  
 As he heaps up the firebox of old number three,  
     Humbelty hum, humbelty hum,  
 In the sputtering coals is a picture so fair,  
 A sweet oval face framed in wavy brown hair,  
 She'll be waiting for him all impatiently there,  
     Tonight at the end of the run.

The head "brakey" whistles, he's riding outside,  
     Clackety clack, clackety clack,  
 Fearless, though danger and death may betide,  
     Clackety clack, clackety clack.  
 There's lots of good "chuck," a bath and clean clothes,  
 There's one of the whirliest, girliest shows,  
 Then eight peaceful hours of honest repose,  
     For him at the end of the run.

## SEPTEMBER.

**A**H SEPTEMBER, I'm wondering if you sup-  
 pose  
 That no one the reason has guessed,  
 Why you who were wont to wear modest green  
 clothes,  
 All at once are so gaudily dressed.  
 Did ever a maid don a garment as gay,  
 And wear in such splendor and pride,  
 As you have put on and are wearing today,  
 Unless she'd a secret to hide?  
 Jack Frost was abroad all last night—the gay rover,  
 That's what you are blushing about,  
 He held you, he kissed you, and he is your lover,  
 So you sly minx, your secret is out. —

## CHANGE.

**S**YLVAN glade,  
 Dreamy shade,  
 Brooklet laughing through—  
     Joyous hours,  
     Birds and flowers—  
         You.  
 Barren year,  
 Absence drear,  
     Fretting brooklets flow—  
     Wind that grieves,  
     Withered leaves—  
         Snow.

HANS HANSEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

SOMETIMES ay vish ay vas a tog,  
 Ay yust could lay roun' like a log,  
 An' ven it rain or snow or fog  
     Ay vas alright.

Ven ay vould eat ay find a bone,  
 Ay leave das grief and care alone,  
 Ay lay mine het down on a stone  
     An' sleep all night.

An' ven ay die—den ay vas det,  
 Ay leef no von to cry an' fret,  
 An' ay vas goot an' det you bet,  
     An' ay not vake;  
 An' yist de birds know vere I lay;  
 Dey cum an' see me, any vay,  
 An' den my bones get dry an' gray—  
     Das no mistake

But ay vas man—ay vork my best  
 To get mine grub an' keep mine nest;  
 Ay must not stop—ay must not rest.  
     Now ain't dat so?  
 An' ven ay die—vas sad to tell—  
 Dey put me in das little cell,  
 And den ay go, maybe, to—vell!  
     Ay don't know.

## UNCLE EPHRAIM'S ADVICE.

COME heah, Liza chile, I done want to 'spress,  
 A few photogravures, ah do,  
 An' tell 'bout de santancamagoriousness,  
 Ob mah sadful opinion ob yo.

In de meetin we had at de church cross de way,  
 When Mose Brown was tried fo de crime  
 Ob stealin a hen, wif de moon bright as day,  
 Yo talked in his favoh, dat time.

If yo knew dat Mose stole dat pullet, ah say,  
 'Twas yo place to do what yo could,  
 To bring him to jestic, and tell Pahson Gray  
 Who am most sacreligeous an' good.

An de juxtaposition yo took in dat case,  
 Necessitates dis painful chat;  
 Yo's enamored ob Mose' ah can see by yo face,  
 Dah's no use denyin' ob dat.

But heah is de pint—would yo be his wife?  
 (Now tell Uncle Ephraim de fac's,)  
 An marry a man dat would disgrace yo life  
 By his plenipotentiary acts?

Honey Chile, why dat man is so lazy dat he  
 Wy—he hates to draw in his own breff,  
 Let alone to take cah ob a wife—lessen she,  
 Wants to wohk huh po fool sef to deff.

He's a tief an a scondrel, what's mo he's a fraud,  
 An, Liza, yo know ah is right;  
 A stealin ob chickens when—merciful Gawd!  
 Dat big moon was shinin' so bright.

Yo listen to you uncle Ephraim an' den,  
 Befo long, yo'll fin some young spahk,  
 What has sense enough, when he goes fo a hen,  
 To wait till de night's *good and dahk*.

A SMILE AND A FROWN.

WHEN Sue she frowns, sometimes I feel  
Like bein' all alone,  
It seems es though my heart aches so,  
My nerves jes' seem ter groan.

En seems like ever'body thinks,  
"Wy wot's er ailin' you,  
Ezekiel, hev you hed a quar'l  
'Ith Simms'es darter Sue?"

I git so mad I go an' find  
My fishin' tackle quick;  
Say ter myself, "I'll be alone,  
I'll sneak daown ter the crick."

An' then I think that Natur's got  
The impudentest set,  
Fer when I'm there all by myself  
I'm bothered even yet.

Fer the crick flows long a singin'  
'Ith its sassy little bubble.  
It seems ter say, "Ezekiel,  
I believe you air in trouble."

'N the wind jes' moans so lonesome  
Es it goes long 'ith a sigh,  
En it whispers ter the branches,  
"He is sad, I wonder why."



Then a hoot owl 'way off yonder,  
 He jibes in 'ith his "Too-Who"?  
 An' his mate from 'cross the woods'll yell,  
 "It's Sue,—o-course, it's Sue."

Ter cap it all, a bull frog  
 Wonders what it's all about.  
 He hears the rest an' ses ter me,  
 "Zeke, better cut-er-out."

'N then I bout fergit it,  
 Fer ther's somepin on my line.  
 But when I jerk the rod up,  
 It's a turtle every time.

Now ther's wher I git bilin' mad,  
 I don't think nothin's fair.  
 Ter have sich luck's enough ter make  
 A very preacher swear.

I grab the rod an' fix the line,  
 An' snatch the minnie pail;  
 I pull my ole straw hat clear daown  
 An' then fer home I sail.

En jes es like es not I meet  
 Sue comin' up the lane.  
 Yep, Sue herself a-saunterin' long  
 'Ith little Mary Jane.

She says ter little Mary Jane,  
"Run on now, dear, an' fetch  
The caows," then turns and smiles at me,  
"Haow many fish 'd you ketch?"

En Lord, how happy I am then,  
I'm jes' er feelin' fine  
En little shivers chase each other  
Up an' down my spine.

Then I jes' take her little hand,  
We kinder stroll along,  
Sue, she begins ter sing a snatch  
O' some new ketchy song.

I jine in on the tenor  
En d' you know after that,  
Why I jes git so joyful  
'At I don't know wher' I'm at.

En Nature sings a different tune;  
The moon comes after while,  
En seein' us a walkin' there,  
The ole gal hes ter smile.

It's funny, ain't it, how a frown  
From jes one little girl  
'll make things dark, en jes one smile  
'll brighten the hull world?

## WAIT.

**W**AIT for me, oh beloved! in the dawn.  
 It is God's will that I must journey on,  
 Although the sun has set and autumn grieves,  
 And golden hopes are dry and withered leaves,  
 For all that made life beautiful is gone,  
                     Since you are gone.

Wait for me in the glare of noonday gleams,  
 By shady cove or murmuring sylvan streams,  
 Though long and lonely be the dreary way,  
 I will be coming, coming, day by day,  
 And I will meet you in the land o' dreams,  
                     Our land o' dreams.

Wait for me, darling, in the twilight dew,  
 I will be faithful, faithful, and so true,  
 Though burdened years may weary be and long,  
 I will be noble, womanly and strong,  
 And in life's evening I will come to you,  
                     Oh love, to you.

WHERE HAE YE GANE?

AH, wee sma' bonnie lispin' bairn,  
 Wherever hae ye gane?  
 Why did ye wander off ane day  
 An leave me a' my lane?  
 Why did ye come into my life  
 But to go out again?  
 Why did ye twine around my heart,  
 If but to cause me pain?

I wake frae happy dreams o' nights,  
 Frae happy dreams an' fair,  
 I reach to press thee close, but ah,  
 I canna find thee there.  
 The house is cauld an' silent,  
 An' e'en its hamely wa's  
 Send back a mockin' echo  
 In answer to my ca's.

I wander i' the orchard,  
 The trees are a' in bloom,  
 But save for drowsy hummin' bees  
 A's silent as the tomb.  
 An' ilka wind among the leaves  
 An' branches seems to weep,  
 Oh! why can I na find ye  
 'Mang the petal'd snaw, asleep?

I seek thee i' the kirkyard,  
 Each tiny heaping mound,  
 Fearfu' lest stragglers see my tears  
 Fast fa'ing to the ground.  
 I search an' find a marble lamb  
 Upon a cauld gray stane.  
 But ah, I dinna see carved there  
 My bonnie bairnie's name.

Ah, weel, ye canna see the tears  
 Wi' in ye're mither's heart,  
 Ye dinna ken how hard it is,  
 Frae her wee bairn to part.  
 Mayhap some time in Heaven  
 Where a' is bright an' fair,  
 We'll meet an' luv thegither then  
 We'll nae be parted there.

### TWILIGHT.

**A** ROSY glow in the western sky,  
 A lonely star a-hanging high,  
 A breeze that stirs the dead grass by  
 And through the leaves goes sighing.

The song of frogs, and a drowsy peep  
 From a little bird that cannot sleep,  
 The wail of an owl, that needs must weep,  
 For oh, the day is dying.

THE WIND AND THE FLOWERS.

O H the wind was a most trifling fellow,  
 As he swept through the garden today,  
 He stopped by a Marigold yellow,  
 And I heard his low voice sweetly say,  
 "You're the fairest, the loveliest ever,  
 And I love you, proud beauty of gold;"  
 Then I saw her grow haughty and quiver,  
 With a thrill at the story he told.

I never once thought he was jesting,  
 So think of my wondering surprise,  
 When he blew to a sunflower—resting,  
 To gaze at her lord in the skies.  
 And lo, he told her the same story,  
 That her hair was a glorious hue,  
 And I saw her face light with new glory,  
 For of course she believed it was true.

Then he wafted away where the daisies  
 Grew down on a sun kissed slope,  
 And he whispered to their ears such praises,  
 That they trembled with strange, sweet hope.  
 Then down on the pond to the lilies  
 He went with his flattering ways,  
 And I think that the flowers are sillies,  
 To credit a thing that he says.



## AFTERWARDS.

**A**FTER the heat of the summer is over,  
 After the bees and the wild birds have fled,  
 After the blossoms have drooped on the clover,  
 After the violets and roses are dead;  
 When the year's beauty has gone with its flowers,  
 When the world lies in its winter of gloom,  
 Then who can tell of the grief of the bowers,  
 Shorn of their foliage, barren of bloom?

After love's June time has blossomed and vanished,  
 After his harvest is swept from the plain,  
 After his bright, shimmering dreams are all banished,  
 After his hopes and ambitions are slain;  
 When all the glory has fled from his pleasures,  
 When glow and glimmer and gladness depart,  
 When naught is left but the dross of his treasures,  
 Ah, who can tell of the grief of the heart ?

## EPITAPH ON A SCOLD.

**H**ERE lies a famous N—— scold.  
 Oh ye, wha chance to read,  
 Pray dinna curse this carlin auld,  
 For now she gets remead.

Wi'in her hame she wore nae smile,  
 'Twas ever snarl an' wrangle,  
 Though meet her any place awa  
 Ye'd think she was an angel.

But now she's dead an' gane to Hades  
 An' peacefu' is the hearth.  
 Our only fear they'll thraw her out  
 An' she'll come back to earth.

LOVE.

LOVE, love, thou art intangible as light  
Of silver moonbeams, on a summer night.

As gorgeous as the sun in skies of blue,  
As tender as the fall of twilight dew.

As savage as a simoon, and as fierce  
As lightning shafts that through the Heavens pierce.

Sweet as a raindrop in a flower bell  
As soft as fleecy snow flakes from above,

Cruel as a flame that emanates from hell  
All, all these things thou art, love, wondrous love,

WEDDING-DAY WISH.

WHAT shall I wish for you,  
Friend of my heart,  
This wonderful day  
Of your life set apart.  
Did I wish you the jewels  
Of oceans below,  
You would have no more wealth  
Than you already know.  
Did I wish you the treasures  
Of Heaven above  
You would find far more joy  
In the arms of your love.  
So, since I may wish you  
No happier bliss,  
May each future day  
Be as joyful as this.

## THE TEMPTATION.

**I**HOLD within my hands a cup  
 And yet I dare not drink.  
 With love and life 'tis brimming up,  
 My lips are near the brink.

The bubbles dance and sparkle  
 On the surface, cool and clear,  
 And my fevered blood cries, "Drink it,  
 There is naught in it to fear."

And my burning lips cry, "Sip it,  
 'Tis as sweet as morning dew.  
 Where can be the harm of quaffing  
 What has been prepared for you?"

Though my eyes gloat on the beauty  
 Of the liquid, limpid, fair,  
 As I gaze beneath the surface  
 I see dregs of sorrow there.

So I crush the maddening impulse,  
 And I bid my heart be still,  
 And to cool my brain I call on  
 Every power in my will.

But my course lies plain before me,  
 I must put away this bright,  
 Luring, luscious, tempting nectar  
 And must hide it from my sight.

For bitterness lies in those dregs  
 To make my life a waste,  
 And lest I madly quaff the whole,  
 I must not, dare not—taste.

LINDIE'S LETTER.

DEAH Rastus:  
                     In de wintah time  
 When flowahs cainnot grow,  
 It makes me sad to watch de sky  
 Fro down small gobs ob snow.

Fo, Rastus, when de white snow fall  
 From out de Heabens down  
 I fink ob yo, indeed ah do,  
 Ob yo, mah Rastus Brown.

An, honey, fo yo went away  
 An' left me heah to mo'hn,  
 I membah dat I heahed yo say  
 A minute fo yo'd gone

Dat yo'd be true to Lindie Jones  
 Whahebah yo would roam,  
 An nebah kiss no gal but me  
 Till yo had comed back home.

Now, yo is gone mos' nigh a yeah  
 I wondah if yo's true,  
 An thought ob me as often  
 As I hab thought ob yo.

Wisht ah knew whah yo is today.  
 Is yo alibe or daid,  
 Or if some othah maiden cu'hls  
 De kinklets on yo haid,

Or if yo grave is in some place  
 Whah summah roses grow,  
 Or if yo's layin' in de cole  
 All covahed up wif snow.

If yo is daid, please Rastus,  
 I wish yo'd let me know,  
 Fo I is powahful sadful  
 When evah it do snow.

De birds and bees am gone away,  
 De wind jes sighs an moans,  
 But ah is waitin fo you heah,  
 Yo lovin'

Lindie Jones.

### QUERIES.

WHAT is the color of your dear eyes,  
 Are they gray or brown or blue?  
 I only know they are dear, dear eyes,  
 And to me they are sweet and true.

Are your dear lips thin or curved or full,  
 The lips that I love to kiss?  
 I only know they are sweet, sweet lips,  
 And to me they are realms of bliss.

Are your dear hands hardened by daily toil,  
 Or yet, are they soft and white?  
 I only know they are tender hands,  
 And I long for their touch, tonight.

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

ONCE in a beautiful garden,  
The garden of my heart,  
A lily and rose formed a friendship  
And they could not live apart.

The lily was purity, honor, and truth,  
And thoughts that would guide me higher.  
The rose was love, and 'twas colored deep  
With the crimson of passion's fire.

The lily alone was a waxen flower,  
Pale and death-like and cold,  
But reflecting the flush of the rose's blush  
'Twas a thing of beauty untold.

And alone, the rose was so brilliant  
'Twould dazzle the eye with its glare,  
But relieved by the light of the lily's white,  
'Twas subdued and calm and fair.

And, oh how I cherished my flowers,  
Abloom with their fragrance sweet.  
And just those two, with no other hue  
Had made my garden complete.

But a stranger came, one bright summer day,  
And why, only Heaven knows,  
He craved a flower from out my bower,  
So I plucked and gave him the rose.

Ah, he did not cherish and make my rose  
Of his life, as of mine, a part.  
He laughingly kissed it and tossed it away,  
And the thorn was left deep in my heart.

And when I turned back to my garden  
The lily had drooped her head,  
And I wept in despair, for my last flower fair  
From the loss of her friend, was dead.

Now, my beautiful garden a wilderness is,  
For its choicest treasures are shorn.  
Of my lily I have but the sweet fragrance left;  
Of my rose I have naught but the thorn.



SUNSET.

**H**OW loathes the sun to leave the earth's  
Seductive, siren charms.  
How fondly he enfolds her  
In his strong, enraptured arms.

With what wild, savage tenderness,  
He draws her to his breast,  
And warms with throbbing kisses  
Ere he leaves her to her rest.

So soft are his caresses,  
So sweet the love he speaks,  
He brings the fiery glow  
Of burning blushes to her cheeks.

He strokes and soothes and fondles,  
Till the last pulsating thrill  
Is quiet, then he sinks to sleep,  
Down, down behind the hill.

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

**A** LONG, low line of hills that meet the sky;  
A lonely star that scintillates on high;  
An old sheep wending fold-ward  
O'er the trail.

A sudden gust of wind, a whirl of snow,  
The tinkle of a bell, a mellow low,  
And from afar a coyote's  
Lonely wail.

## THE STAR AND THE FLOWER.

A STAR once felt within his breast  
 A wild impassioned thrill,  
 Roused by a flower that grew hard by  
 The dimple of a hill.

So madly did he love her,  
 When the world was dark at night  
 He would steal out from among the clouds  
 To warm her with his light.

But ah, 'twas all so hopeless,  
 So far were they apart,—  
 Till, lo, he spied a drop of dew  
 That nestled in her heart.

Then quickly down to Mother Earth  
 The amorous starling fled  
 And made that tiny drop of dew,  
 A pillow for his head.

And there, wrapped in the arms of Night,  
 Immersed in love so deep,  
 It was not long until the Star  
 And flower were fast asleep.

The Sun peeped up above the wave,  
 Fresh from his morning bath,  
 The frightened mists of Night all fled,  
 A'shivring from his path.

He spied the sinful lovers  
 Asleep, at break of day;  
 He drank the guilty Flower's dew  
 And chased the Star away.

TO A COUNTRY MAID.

OH, dainty little rural queen,  
 When e'er I see thee pass  
 I would that I too might have been  
 A simple country lass,

Whose very height of pleasure  
 Is to take a trip to town  
 To make some trifling purchase,  
 A new hat or a gown;

With no ambition, save to be  
 A quiet country mouse,  
 To furnish up, and tend with care,  
 A cozy, modest house

For him you'll one day wed, perhaps  
 Some brawny farmer youth,  
 Whose every awkward act betrays  
 His honesty and truth.

Oh, cheerful little dreamer,  
 You can a lesson give  
 On joy of living, though you know  
 Not what it means "to live."

For you have never drank of life,  
 And drained its brimming cup.  
 Your simple thoughts and fancies,  
 Quite content you with a sup.

Oh, would that all my days, like yours  
 Sweet little maid, had been,  
 Nor knew, nor longed for any more.  
 I had been happy then.

## THE FATE OF THE VIOLET.

ONE time within a wood there grew,  
 A timid violet, pure and sweet,  
 With shyly lifted face of blue,  
 And happy smiles the sun to greet.

A little woodland violet,  
 By tender rain and sunlight fed,  
 Of every wanton breeze the pet,  
 Who chanced to wander near its bed.

The dew-drop nestled in its heart,  
 The birds sang for it every day,  
 It dreamed not from its home to part,  
 Or from that paradise to stray.

But lo, a child was playing near,  
 Beside the bonnie, blooming gem.  
 He saw and craved the violet fair,  
 And cruelly plucked it from its stem.

He kissed the pretty, drooping flower,  
 And for a time he deemed it sweet,  
 But when it withered, (ere an hour),  
 He cast it coldly at his feet.

How can a violet lift its head,  
 When once its sweets are cast away,  
 Its fragrance gone, its petals shed,  
 How can it bloom another day?

'Tis ever thus with maid or flower;  
 Each one in life her fate must bear,  
 Must be content to bloom her hour,  
 Then yield her place to one more fair.

A PRAYER.

WHY steal thou in between me  
And my printed pages there,  
Thou merry smiling face, framed 'round  
With wavy raven hair?

Thy laughing lips and merry eyes,  
Are prone to haunt me yet.  
Oh, knowst thou not I'm trying so,  
Thine image to forget?

Go back! Nor follow me always,  
My grim despair to mock.  
When all my life is striving, thee  
From out my heart to lock.

Some other form than mine, no doubt,  
Thou'rt clasping to thy heart.  
Some other hands than mine now brush  
Those clustering curls apart.

And oh, the tender clinging,  
Of that fond, sweet kiss of thine  
Now falls, with fervent passion,  
Upon other lips than mine.

Couldst thou but know the pictures  
That thine image calleth up!  
Thou wouldst be kind, nor bid me quaff  
This bitter, bitter cup.

For I can see thee hastening home,  
All free from business care,  
And mine is not the happy face,  
That smiles, to greet thee there.

Nor was it I, that made so snug,  
And neat, that little nest.  
And 'tis not mine, the babe  
That thou art pressing to thy breast.

And I may have no place within  
That love protected home.  
No, no, I must remember,  
I am far away, alone!

Come not from out thy happiness,  
To taunt my wild regret.  
Go, go, and leave me with my prayer.  
Oh, God, let me forget!

WHO KNOWS.

WHO knows but the rose we are watching today  
As its petals in beauty unfold,  
Is the same that was here  
With us only last year,  
But drooped when the winds blew cold?

Who knows that the bird who is building her nest  
While her song makes the world rejoice,  
Is not the same bird  
Whose sweet notes we heard  
Ere a stray bullet hushed her voice?

The brown honey bee, and the butterfly sweet  
That are floating before us now  
Are the same ones, no doubt,  
That floated about  
Till they perished in winter's snow.

The leaf and the grass blade that creep toward the sun  
May be souls of the ones of yore,  
And all things of light  
That make the world bright  
May have bloomed for us oft before.















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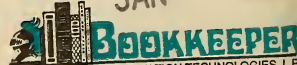








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