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“Buds”

By Mattie Louise Parks





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1905

Lovingly Dedicated

To

My Mother

Spring



Through the meadows, o'er the hills,
By the sparkling streams,
Peep the dainty buttercups
From their beds of green.

All the bright Spring sunshine
In their cups they hold,
Thus appear these little flowers
Like chalices of gold.

Where the birds are singing,
Where the brooklets gleam,
Wake the "baby blue eyes"
From their winter's dream.

And as up to Heaven
They look through morning's dew
Each petal catches something
Of the sky's clear azure blue.

Thus is Nature smiling
Amidst the merry din
Of birds that chant sweet praises
Of her draperies for Spring.

1901.

Pictures in the Embers



An old man sat in his easy chair
By the side of a blazing grate,
'Twas cold, for the night was stormy,
But the hour was far from late.

He leaned his head on the head-rest soft
And gazed at the embers red,
Feelings of sadness and joy coming o'er him
As he thought of the years that had fled.

Silently watching the bright coals glow
He seemed to see once more,
With almost life-like vividness,
The scenes and friends of yore.

Grand were the pictures those embers made,
Incased in their frames of sorrow and pleasure,
Now growing clear, now fading away
Like music of soft and sweet measure.

Once again the flowers bloomed and blossomed,
Once again he was care free and young,
Once again he listened with boyish delight
To the songs the dear home folks sung.

At the door of a cottage thatched and old
 Stood his mother with mournful eyes,
As she gave him advice for his coming years,
 And bade him that last good-bye.

In a room that is dim in the twilight
 He sees with her sweet, happy smile,
His sister, so fragile yet loving,
 Who had brightened their home but a while.

Back came the merry old school days,
 Those days always most free from care,
How many kind faces smiled at him,
 How many old joys lingered there.

Then in the calm pride of manhood
 He, through the shady lane,
Walked with fair Ellen, his sweetheart,
 And tells her Love's story again.

He sees at his knee a cherub,
 A petite, winsome baby aged four,
How tenderly sweet is her chatter,
 Heard, alas, in the household no more.

The old man moved in his easy chair
 By the side of a flameless grate,
And sighed, for the night was stormy,
 And the hour was very late.

A Bunch of Violets



Dear little purple blossoms,
Filling with fragrance the room,
Emblems of love and of beauty,
Dispelling the evening gloom.

As you lie on my study table
You call to my mind pleasant scenes
Of days now long gone that were merry
That will ever in memory gleam.

Your presence recalls an Easter,
Bright with dazzling sunshine and shade,
A day that was very joyous,
And the friends who its happiness made.

Oh, fair, fading blossoms of Springtime,
Sweet reminders of days that are past,
You prove to me ever so clearly
That nothing we value can last.

All, all must thus pass from vision,
God's flowers and His children, too;
Oh, teach me, dear blossoms, so lovely,
To be sweet, unassuming, like you.



Meditation



'Tis afternoon of June, the eighteenth day;
I sit within the study hall alone
And think as I have not for many years.
The window at my side is open wide;
Without I see the Summer clouds at play,
The trees are tossing in the gentle breeze,
The birds are singing in wild ecstasy.

Why sit I thus and think so pensively?
Ah! you do not know the thoughts that throng
Within my busy brain as Time wears on
And leaves a memory like an old, sweet song.
List, and I'll whisper in your ear a word,
Or can it be, the reason you have heard?

Only four days and eves must pass away
Ere from this school I go with thoughts of pain;
For though 'tis joy to know from work I'm free,
Perhaps we all may never meet again—
For Life's uncertain, and its billowy sea
May drift us to some unknown distant lea.

These present friends whose smiles have cheered
me on
As patiently I trod my way along
I'll not forget till Life's last hymn is sung;

And though my future path a desert be,
The memory of their glad and friendly ways
Shall be indeed an oasis to me,
Where I may rest to dream of past bright days.

All through my Course each day a milestone seemed,
Engraved with pleasant thought of joys now o'er;
Yet, brighter than all these shall ever gleam
The last few days I've spent within these walls,
Where merriment and goodwill forward came,
Where each hour as it passed some trinket held,
And each glance a more tender one became.

1900.

To My Friend



Thy birthday came on Tuesday last,
A stranger in a new, fair land,
Without the friends you knew of yore
To wish thee well or clasp thy hand.

Yet there is one who but of late
Has joined a link in your friendship chain,
Who wishes thee all that life can give,
And birthdays o'er and o'er again.

Thy life, the future, I can't tell;
May it in coming years
Be filled with Life's glad sunshine
And know naught of sighs or tears.

May each year as it comes and goes
Bring wisdom and contentment, too;
May friends be ever near to aid,
Who'll ever prove kind, staunch and true,

May Joy her pinions ever wave
In triumph o'er thy home, thy land;
May all the blessings Angels know
Make thee in fine—A Noble Man.

In Memoriam



At night when the sky is bespangled,
I have noticed a new splendor there;
At evening, when home from my labor,
I noticed a lone, vacant chair.
Once more has God in His wisdom
Unfastened the family chain,
And a link to His bright home has taken,
Where enter no trouble or pain.

Grandma sleeps, all her life work completed;
Her pleasures and tasks are all o'er,
With her loved and her lost ones she's dwelling
On a far away distant shore.
Her journey through life was quite varied,
She sailed seas of joy and of pain;
But her barque now is anchored at Heaven,
Where she rests ne'er to journey again.

We miss her at morn and at evening,
Her place can by no one be filled;
We long for her and her kindness,
But the heart that once loved us is still.
She sleeps, and the birds from the thicket,
And the murmuring, gentle breeze,
Sing soft, soothing hymns of requiem
O'er her home 'neath the Autumn leaves.

In memory of Mrs. Catherine Totman.

1901.

In California



In the Spring, in California
 'Tis a pleasure just to live;
Everything with life is stirring,
 And the flowers sweet perfume give,
Grasses make the hillsides verdant,
 All the trees bright foliage wear—
How delightful, just to live here
 In California, land so fair!

In our State when golden Summer
 Comes with luscious fruit in store,
It is then the birds sing loudest
 As from nest to nest they soar.
Leafy trees make lanes inviting,
 Nature's grandeur blinds all care—
Oh, how glad we are to live here
 In California, land so fair!

In our glorious "Indian Summer,"
 During our rich "Harvest Home,"
Nature casts o'er all her mantle
 Bright with russet, gold and brown
From the vineyards, purple clustered,
 Come the grapes so fine and rare—
Yes, 'tis pleasure just to live
 Here in California, land so fair!

In the winter when the storm clouds
 Float o'er land and sea,
Even then our Western Country
 Quite enchanting seems to be;
'Then it is the orange ripens,
 And sweet violets scent the air—
Ah! 'tis Eden just to live here
 In California, land so fair!

1901.

Spring Is Here



Spring is approaching—how do I know?
The rippling brooklet told me so
As I paused to rest on its shady bank
And some of its sparkling nectar drank,
For I heard it say, very low, but clear:
“Spring is coming, bright Spring is here.”

Spring is approaching—how do I know?
The green meadow yonder told me so
As I loitered there when the sun had set
And the whistling quail had sought their nest;
The tender blades of the green grass there
Said plainly: “Rejoice, the Spring is here.”

Spring is approaching—how do I know?
The evening zephyrs told me so.
As they cooled my brow and caressed my cheek,
They seemed in their gentle way to speak,
Woosingly, softly, afar, then near:
“Winter has vanished and Spring is here.”

Spring is approaching—how do I know?
The fragrant wild flowers told me so
As they sought to reveal their colors rare,
Gorgeous enough for a queen to wear;
Lovely children of Nature dear,
They told me plainly that Spring was here.

Spring is approaching—how do I know?
Linnet, bluebird and meadow lark told me so
As I listened one day to their wild, glad song
And wandered away from the busy throng;
I heard them say in a way sweetly clear:
“Oh, be happy, for Spring is here.”

1902.

To My Friend Nellie



You have asked me to write you a poem—

Alas, for the favor you ask
Of a friend who is willing, ready,
To do for you any task.

Could I gain from the murmuring brooklet
The secrets it tries to tell,
Could I gain from the billowing ocean
Stories of nymphs that there dwell,

Could I learn from the snowwhite lily
That grows in lone mountain dells,
A lesson of purity, patience,
A story of morals I'd tell.

Could I gain from the fragrant flowers
That grow in the garden fair,
The tales that the sweet birds whisper
As they fly through the summer air,

Or fathom the mysteries olden
Of the budding and death of the leaves
That sway in dismay at the Winter's storm,
Or are soothed by the wooing breeze;

Could I know when the twilight gathers,
If the stars are tokens of love,
Or etchings in night's blue curtain,
That the Angels may look from above;

Had I but the mind of a Milton,
The brains of a Tennyson,
Or the pen of some fairy enchantress—
I'd write you a marvelous one.

Had you loaned me your eyes with their brightness,
Had you loaned me your heart with its love,
Had you loaned me your hands with their friendship,
That I'll value wherever I rove;

Had you loaned me your voice with its sweetness,
Had you loaned me your face with its smile—
Ah, then I could write you a poem,
That by critics would stand a fair trial!

As it is, I cannot write a poem;
Indeed, it is useless to try—
But I may in the distant future,
In the time that is called "Bye and Bye."

1899.

To The Blind



May He who knows the sparrows fall
And all the inmost thoughts of man,
Look down with pity and with love
On him, who knows not Nature grand.

God help the blind and fill their minds
With scenes and dreams as fair as May,
For 'tis a cross most hard to bear
To be a child of night, not day.

To sit through all the summer hours
And hear the birds sweet trills of cheer,
To smell the flowers and feel the breeze
With soft caresses murmur near.

To sit besides the bright home fire
And hear the voices, dear and low,
And know not size or form or face
Nor visions in the fire that glow.

Yes, surely as the patient blind
Live on in their dim sightless world,
God gives them more than he who sees
And has vast fields of light and gold.

To them perchance the warbling birds
Tell of far lands in glorious note,
Grander to him who cannot see
That words some famous poet wrote.

Yes, may the Father of us all
Be kind and patient to the blind,
For they perhaps in His own land
Will see, and know and understand.

1899.

My Day Time Dream



How strange it seemed and yet how sweet
That day time dream I had
When the flowers bloomed and the sun shone bright
And even the birds were glad.
I dreamed I was old and my hair as white
As the snow of a winter's day
But my memory was strong and my pulses throbbed
As they did that evening in May.

I dreamed I was looking o'er souvenirs
And keepsakes of days gone by
And as I glanced on each token fair
I could not but heave a sigh,
Last but not least was a withered rose
Which though very faded and dead
Brought visions bright of a summer night
When it was pretty and red.

Of a laddie good and lassies two
Who seeking for knowledge had gone
To instructions given by the pastor reverend
On the good the church had done
Of the pleasant stroll after Vesper hours
For the night was too tempting for home
Of the "bouquets" received and the "bouquets"
 given
As contentedly we roamed.

Of the locust tall that lent its leaves
To shade a small rose tree
Of a party of three and one of which
Kindly plucked the rose for me,
Ah, rosebud red may their friendship be
Not like your leaves to wither!
But rather like your perfume sweet
That I know will last forever.

Yes dainty, odorous, red rose
As a memoir hid away
Though only to some a trifling toy
Your fragrance will last always,
Anon to remind me of pleasures
That like you have faded and gone,
Of that summer day with its starlight eve
As I day dream alone.

1899.

Winter's Message



The herald of Storms, bold Thunder, passed here
Today, with this message from Winter old,
“I am coming along at a rapid pace
With days that are dreary and cold.

Soon the birds will be gone to the sunny Southland
Yet a few shall remain, just for cheer,
And the flowers of summer fragrant and fair
Shall sleep through the time I am near.

The leaves, gold and russet, will fall to the ground
To keep dear old mother Earth warm,
And the hillsides and valleys will look bleak and
bare
When from all their beauty they're shorn.

The rain 'gainst the casement will spatter and
splash,
The wind through the tree tops will sigh,
And the mountains I'll cover with beautiful snow
From their base to their peaks towering high.

I am quite rough and gruff as you already know
Yet not as unkind as I seem
For often I'll vanish the rainclouds so dull
And the sun in its glory shall gleam.

Winter flowers shall peep from their beds in the sod
And their fragrance shall perfume the air,
The winter birds songs will be gladsome and clear
As their welcome notes sound far and near.

The earth in delight at the brightness around
Shall put on a robe richly green,
Bespangled and fair with Jack Frost's gifts so rare
That he's gathered from brooklet and stream.

But ever anon, there'll be wind, rain and storm
And the land will look gloomy awhile,
I promise retreat. Ere I go watch the East
And you'll see there, the Rainbow, my smile.

June Tide



The dew had wept the day's decline
The night had lit her countless lamps
When Tess, Irene and Will and I
Strolled out that Sunday eve so bright
Strolled where the moonbeams as they shone
Through the tall green walnut trees
Made a chequered path on which to walk
And enjoy the cool, evening breeze.

Out of that merry group of four
Two there were as the time flew by
Who didn't recite and who wouldn't sing
But they could if they'd only try.

For one little girl there was who sang
She with the tresses of brownish hue
And the crickets chirped by the dusty way
In dismay as she sang songs old and new.

Another there was with coal black hair
And eyes that coquettishly looked at the moon
She was asked to sing but politely refused
For "her sweet bells were out of tune."

Many days will have come and gone
Many eves with their star gemmed sky
Will fade fore'er from the sight of man
Ere we wander again as the swift hours fly
But as the time passes quietly on
Let these few verses recall to your mind
The pleasant hours of that Junetide sweet †
And the little girl who wrote these lines. 1899.

To Baby Eugene



Sweet Eugene, with hair so curly
So soft, so silky and bright,
Sweet Eugene, with cheeks so dimpled
And blue eyes that sparkle with light.

Today, July ninth, is your birthday
Today you are two years old,
Two years of infinite pleasure
Has over your baby soul rolled.

Enjoy your baby pleasures
Dear little Gene while you may,
Boyhood and manhood are harder
Than these your babyhood days.

Play on baby Gene, with your playthings
Your dollies and books and ball
And may no gloom howe'er tiny
O'er your fair brow e'er fall.

Dear Gene, may your life be ever
Like the violets modest and sweet,
May your cheeks e'er be rosy and dimpled
Though fast away the years fleet.

May your life when you've grown to manhood
Be such as it is today,
Simple and pure and peaceful
Lighted by Love's holy ray.

I Can Only Be a Friend to You



At a homestead clustered o'er with sweetest roses
Lived a girl with dreamy eyes and golden hair,
The village belle she was with many suitors
For she was just as good as she was fair.
When evening breezes whistled round the cottage
And night birds warbled forth their simple lay
Oft some village lad would tell her that he loved her
But she would only softly gently say:

CHORUS.

“Friends through Life's journey we can only be
I know you'd ever prove true
Another claims my heart 'tis fates decree
I can only be a friend to you.”

In a city far away bravely toiling day by day
Was the lad this maid had loved for many years
On one happy summer day in the merry month of
 May
He came to wed the girl his heart held dear
Now when vesper bells are sounding o'er the
 meadow

And round their home the twilight shadows fall
He loves her only more as she tells of days of yore
And how these words she said to suitors all

CHORUS.

“Friends through Life's journey we only can be
I know you'd ever prove true,
Another claims my heart 'tis fates decree
I can only be a friend to you.”



E. N. S. Class Song



*Composed for June Class of 1900 of the Chico
State Normal School.*

Tune "On Venice Waters."

Nature lies sweetly dreaming
'Neath a flood of golden light,
As we with hearts of gladness
While away the moments bright,
As we with hearts of gladness
So free from all care now,
Let our voices ring with a merry din
As the summer air bathes our brow.

Bright were the hours we spent here
Within these dear old walls
In Memory's picture gallery
These hours will be first of all
And though we go with pleasure
To teach and gently rule
Within our hearts we will treasure
A love for this Normal school.

Yes, though we go with gladness
We fain would say "Good Bye"
To all whose loving kindness
Has caused the time to fly,
And as we go we leave here
This tree of peace, goodwill
That you may sometimes think of us
As we bound o'er Life's rocks and rills.

CHORUS.

Happy, lighthearted we
Launch into Life's deep sea
Over its unknown waters wide
Seeking for truth where e'er it abides
Shunning all evil ways
Thus will we spend our days
Voyaging along, steadfast and strong
We will forever stay. 1900.

Twilight



Night has pinned back her curtain of azure
With the dainty twinkling stars,
And day with its heated radiance
Has faded in the West afar.

Sweet hours of quietude, of rest and peace
The time when lovers whisper soft and low,
How sadly sweet thou see'st with moments fleet
To me, who loves, the dreamy twilight so!

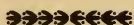
The toilsome labors of the day are done
The drowsy bee has long since gone to rest,
The pretty birds have sung their vesper hymns
And gone unto the trees that shelter best.

The flowers droop their dainty perfumed heads
And in a pensive attitude they lie
Until the Twilight deepens into Night
And Morning opens clear with golden dyes.

When all is quiet, calm and still
A deep, deep pleasure fills my very soul,
For could I pen the thoughts that fill my mind
A glorious, wond'rous story might be told.

1897.

Summer Girl



Now you are a happy Summer Girl
Care free and full of fun,
And royally must you rule dear
For your reign has just begun.

Lounging at will in the hammock soft
Reading some pleasant book,
Or hid away on the ocean shore
In some romantic nook.

Dipping your feet in the water cool
Laughing aloud in your glee,
Oh there's nothing like being a summer girl
Happy light hearted and free.

Enjoy yourself while the summer sun
In its splendor shines on the sea,
And makes a mirror wherein can be seen
The sky as blue as can be.

For the winter clouds and winter storms
Alas! too soon will they come,
And my Summer Girl will sigh "Adieu"
And return to "Home Sweet Home."

Remember Me



Our sweet, youthful days are passing
Quickly and happily by,
Very soon dearest friend we'll be parting
And the thought of it, makes me sigh.

Soon our merry school days will be over
And the lessons of school life done,
But pray, let one thought round you hover
Remember me and our fun.

Remember me, dear old schoolmat
As you sail life's voyage through,
And though its at times dark and stormy
I'll be always a true friend to you.

Remember me when 'midst the happy
And when you light hearted and free,
Are surrounded by pleasures and loved ones
Spare just one, wee thought for me.

Our lives may glide on together
Like the pleasures of a dream,
God grant that it may be thus, dear,
For the voyage, will then shorter seem.

Perhaps one of us may wander
Far away across blue foreign seas
If this be our fate, dear schoolmate

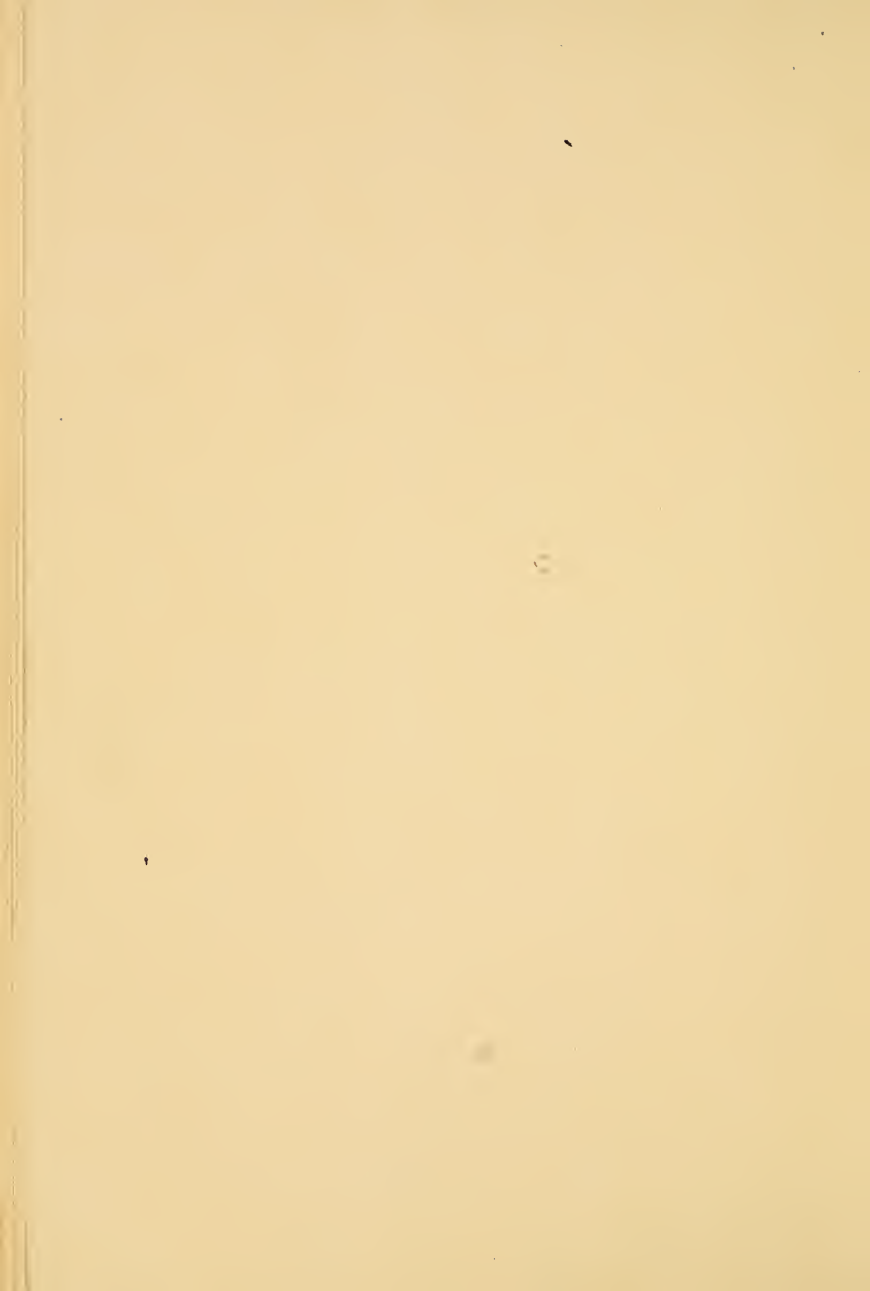
Remember me.













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