

PICTURES
FROM
NATURE
AND
LIFE



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

~~PS 1949~~
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf ... H76 P5

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Pictures
From



Nature
and
Life



Pictures

from

Nature

and

Life

Poems by

Kate Raworth Holmes

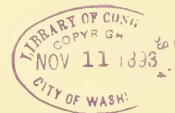
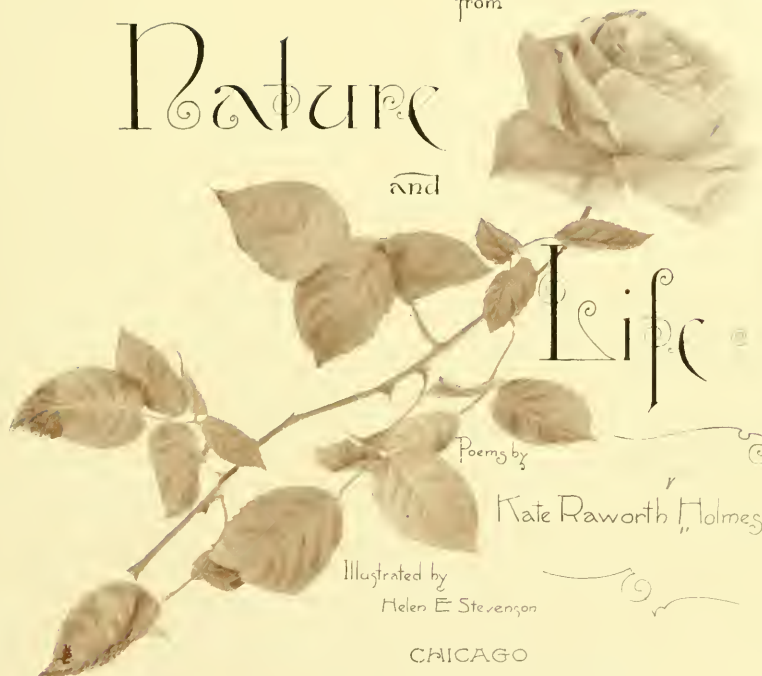
Illustrated by

Helen E. Stevenson

CHICAGO

A. C. McCLURG AND COMPANY

1893



PS 1949
.H76P5

COPYRIGHT
By A. C. McCLURG and Co.
A. D. 1893

In all mishaps of childish years,
In all the hopes, in all the fears
That later came, one ever stood,
With tender loving heart, to make
Some fair excuse for faults, and take
Misfortune e'en, for hidden good.

Mother, to thee we dedicate
These leaves, and know, whatever their fate,
A kinder critic doth not live,
To find the good, and faults forgive.



Contents.

One Fair Day

Birthday Greeting

My Lady

The Waif

The Bride

The Photograph

Morning Glories

Christmas Greeting

The Aspen

When My Ship
Comes In

One Fair Day.

- I -

In a gallery of pictures,
That memory holdeth dear,
One fair day stands forever,
In colors bright and clear.



- III -

'Twas a day in "Merrie England,"
That 'indy little isle
Where Sol is somewhat moody,
And chary of his smile.

— III —
But on young and happy lovers,
Who could have the heart to frown,
He smiled on us; and nature
Put on her fairest gown.



— IV —

How green were the lanes and the hedges
With ivy and hawthorne bound!
How trembled the ferns as we plucked
How blushed the wild roses we found!

— V —

The leaves on the birch and the maple,
Were a sweet and tender green;
The gold of the drooping laburnum,
And pink of the chestnuts were seen.





—VI—
How purple and rich were
the beeches!
How somber the grand
old oak,
As he stood guard over
the ages,
And frowned on us transient
folk!

—VII—
There were deep dark pools,
and marshy fens,
Where willows and rushes
grew,
Where the water lilies
found a home,
And the reedbird hid, I knew!



— VIII —

Its fairy-like and feathery growth,
Lightest breath of zephyr swayed,
Its rosy-grey, and silvery-green,
Artist's brush has never made.



— IX —

The buttercups, and daisies,
Were laughing in the grass;
The gentle wind-flower nodded,
As you and I did pass.

— X —

The golden cornopsis,
With a stare did greet us;
The modest little violets,
Were too shy to meet us.

—XIII—
So they went and hid themselves
In a cosy nook;
But we found them you and I
Close beside the brook.



—XIV—
I plucked them and you wore them,
Sweet captives, all the day;
They heard your heart's soft whisper —
Happy violets they!

The little brook was happy too,
As we sat down beside her;
She played us many a merry prank,
And there was none to chide her

She leaped, and danced, and threw her
Upon the ferns and mosses, ^{spray}
And then she laughed and skipped away,
Over the stones and bosses.



Down to the meadows swift she ran,
But there she lingered long.



And to the gentle cows, she sang
A lazy murmuring song.

— XVI. —

We left her there, and wandered
To a castle, old and grey,



Where many mighty warriors
Had feasted in their day.

But now a little maiden,
A maiden neat and trim,
Doth show the lonely castle
And recite traditions dim.

The splendor of the tournament —
The old-time mirth and cheer —
Of the seven score
You have but one,
 retainer,
 my dear



—XXX—

How to the chase the noble lords,
And ladies fair, would ride --
I only knew the
lady fair
I loved, was by my side.



—XXX—

I cared not for the old romance --
A sweeter one I knew
But let the little maiden talk,
And tell her story through.



In olden time this arched gate
Was opened wide and grand,
To the broad steps,
and noble court,
Where you and I now stand.

—XXXIII—

That tower and winding stair
you see,
Is the most ancient part,
Built in the time of Edward Third --
She knew it well by heart.

—XXXIII.—
The chapel, and the northwest tower,
Were later built, she said;
It was in the reign of Henry Sixth—
How wise that little head!

—XXXIV.—
And the long gallery beyond,
Built last, as may be seen—
About the sixteenth century—
Elizabeth was queen!



—XXXV.—
We also send the little maid
For all her eloquence—
If we were wiser, she I know
Was richer by our perce.

—XXXVI.—
Of the Arveils, and Verons,
And Rattands, she did speak;
And we paid our humble reverence
To the "Monarch of the Peak."

—XXXVII—

Then through the leafy woods, and lanes,
We drove that perfect day,
Until we saw where Tewkesbury,
In her fair ruin lay.



—XXXVIII—

As one too happy goes to see
A tragedy in play,
We perversely recalled the times,
And actors, of her day.

—XXXX—
And in that bright and peaceful hour,
Such happiness did know,
T'was sweet to sigh for other's griefs,
Who died so long ago.

—XXXX—
Where once the revelry of courts
Echoed within her halls,
Only the ivy clambered o'er,

—XXXX—
And hid her ruined walls—
The tapestry that nature weaves,
More beautiful by far,
Than all their silken draperies,
O' braided scenes of war.



— XXXIII —



Poor loving Amy Robsart, gone
These many many years;
And Leicester too, for whom she shed
So many grievous tears.

— XXXIV —

Gone the false pride, that made his slight
A true heart - all his own,

To fawn at court, and seek in vain
To share a sovereign's throne.



— XXXV —

A priceless jewel at his feet -
A pearl beyond compare -
His eyes upon a bubble fixed,
That floated in the air.

—XXXV—
Better at Amy's feet to learn
The lessons of the heart,
Than kneel before Elizabeth,
And play the coward's part.

—XXXVI—
And haughty Queen Elizabeth
Could not avert the blow,
E'en with the force of English arms,
That laid her proud head low.

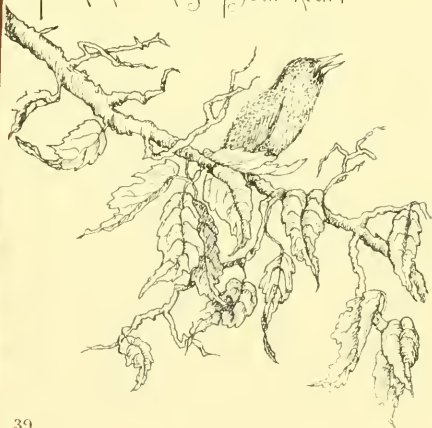


—XXXVII—
Gone all the pomp and pageantry
Gone all that crime could do;
Gone gallant knights, and ladies fine—
Dearest, let us go too.

—XXXXXXXXXX—
Sweet was the song of the starting,
But sweeter far was the lay
You sang in the twilight, darling,
At the close of that fair day.

—XXXXXXXXXX—
For the birds song, and the sunshine,
And the flowers, were but a part
Of the melody you sang, dear,

From the riches of your heart



--XII--

As in this little vial,
So sweet, from Orient lands,
I see a field of roses,
Plucked by a hundred hands,

--XIII--

So all things sweet, and all things bright,
And all things fair I see,
On land, or sea, or in the clouds,
Are but a part of thee

--XIV--

Thy form takes on the beautiful;
Thy soul absorbs the true;
So all of beauty and of truth,
Dear heart, I see in you.



A Birthday Greeting.

Old Father Time discriminate—
In dealing with the race,
To some he gives the silver grave,
Above a wrinkled face.

I know a face he touches soft
With hand so gentle kind,
He smooths the lines that care would make,
And brings sweet peace of mind.

They say Time's a pillerer,
And steals away each charm—
I know he has a favorite,
To whom he does no harm;

But each year brings an added grace,
Each richer than the other,

And says, as I do from my heart,
God bless "The little Mother."



My Lady ~

In my lady's oval cheek,
Was the wild rose hue.

In my lady's lovely eyes,
Were the violets blue.

In her brow so purely
Was the lily fair white,
Pearls between her ruby lips,
Gold was in her hair.

In the little dainty chin, dimples played together
(And her smile bright sunshine made,

In the darkest weather

Pink within the sea-shell,
Were her finger-tips.

When she spoke, sweet melody
Lingered on her lips.





Straight and delicate the nose,
With a hint of pride
In her form, the willow
With the poplar vies.

Like an apple bloom, the tint
On her perfect ears,
Surely it was only formed,
Sweetest sounds to hear

Round her, balmy breezes blew,
In her path, the flowerets grew,
Glad to yield their fragrance sweet,
Pressed by my Lady's dainty feet.
Glad to give their perfumed breath,
And in giving, welcome death.

In so fair a casket,
Precious gems you'll find
Virtues rare, a loving heart,
And treasures of the mind.

In what stately home, you ask,
Dwells my Lady fair?
Twas a palace suitable -
My "Castle in the air."

The Waif

Merry little shiny little rags on his
Out at the elbow, and ragged at the knee
A hole in his hat where the crown ought to be
Singing like a lark in the cottonwood tree



So slender and brown and
The bare, little feet
That wander restlessly through
The overcrossed street;
So cheerfully taking whatever
He may meet
Of good, or of evil—oh friends,
Could we greet
Misfortune so gaily,—

—And hope for the best,
When the clouds gather darkly—happy and blest
If one day be bright—trusting God for the rest
The sun will return though he sinks in the west

This little one knows not if he will be fed
With mango from heaven, with meat or with bread
Which the Lord from above doth as truly send
By the hand of a loving and earthly friend

The birdling awaits, with its wide open bill,
The Mother to come, and its hungry mouth fill
With a trust that is boundless the boy waits still—
The Mother may leave him—but God never will.

Merry little cheery little vagrant he,
Out at the elbow and ragged at the knee,
A hole in his hat, where the crown ought to be,
Singing like a lark in the cottonwood tree

The Bride

He cometh soon to claim his bride

She sitteth still, apart:

A pensive smile upon her lips,

A sweet thrill in her heart.

One moment ere she takes the vow

To honor and to love,

One moment ere she places him

All other friends above.





One moment ere she takes the vow.

The mother dear, who burn her when
A baby, on her breast;
Whose loving care through twenty years,
Her happy life has blest.



The Father, stern to all beside,
Her willing slave would bow;
The little sister, so beloved,
Ah! can she leave them now?

The dear old home,—her little room
Where child and maiden slept:



And dreamed such sweet and happy dreams;
On or her pillow wept,
Tears like a summer shower, that leaves
The earth all fresh and fair;
The rain drops glistening in the sun,
And fragrance everywhere.

Her girlish friends, whose laughter soon
 An echo in her heart will be;
Near ties, new cares, and griefs, mayhap
 Will come Alas! sweet maid to thee.



 A step she knows—his tender eyes
 The deepening rose tints bring;
Her heart goes out to meet him,
 Her lover and her king.

The Photograph.

Sweet friend how often thou hast begged
a photograph of me.
To please thee dear, I sat for this,
and send it now to thee

I had not thought how many years
had come, and passed away.
Until I looked upon the face
I send to thee today.

I'm thinking of another face -
one that I used to know -
It was not pale and sad like this -
but that was long ago





When the lips were ruby
When the eyes were bright,
When the pulse was bounding,
And the step was light.
When the voice was ringing
With its matin strain,
And the heart re-echoed
All the glad refrain.
When the laugh was clearest,
When the friends were nearest,
When the flowers were sweetest,
When the days were fleetest,

When the night so softly
Sings her
lullabies,



Sleeps
with fairy
fingers,

Gently closed young eyes

When the morn in glory,
O'er the hill tops broke.
When the heart in rapture,
From its slumber woke.

When love came — for one brief hour,
And went — like dew
From off the flower
As drooped the rose
in mid-day sun,
So broke the heart —
Life scarce begun.
Do I dream,
or was it so,
In that far off
long ago?



Where do sweet sounds bide,
When the singer's lips are dumb?
Where do sunbeams bide,
When deepening shadows come?

Where is fragrance—who can tell,
When it leaves the lily's bell?

Where is beauty, when it goes
From the cheek, or
from the rose?



The rose will fade in autumn,
That bloomed so fair in June,
The sunbeams all be scattered,
That were so bright at noon.



The song-bird will be silent
In the darkness of the night;
And youth will vanish quickly,
And silently as light,
When sinks the sun at eventide;
But love forever will abide.



Morning Glories.

There was a dear old-fashioned vine,
Whose tendrils lovingly would twine
Around a tree, or simple string;
Whose wealth of bloom and leaf would
Cling
To even an unlovely thing,
And beautify its common parts—
As we have known some tender hearts
To lavish love, where one might say,
'Twas throwing precious pearls away;
Not wise perhaps, but they might boast
Love given, where 'twas needed most.

And so my morning-glories grew,
And covered an unsightly view.

With folded arms they slept
at night

Aurora



with her

luscious
white

Touches
them —

and

in the

morning
light;

They wakened, and gave such praise and prayer,
As beauty breathes upon the air.

Oh morning-glories! glorious, morn-
Ere day's dull care, the heart had worn,
Each dewy morn, a sweet surprise
Had bloomed for my happy eyes.

One morning were they quite the same.

The red had caught a rub, flame—

The purple was a richer hue—

The azure is more heavenly blue—

The pink had stolen the rosy light,

From cloudlets fringed that morning light;

And one I knew, that met my sight,

Was sunset brought from yester-night—

With crimson stripes and lines of blue

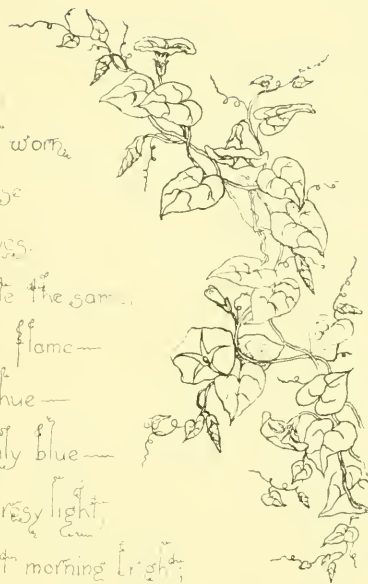
And hint of purple running through.

Some robed in willow cowries of white

With satin streaks—like stars at night—

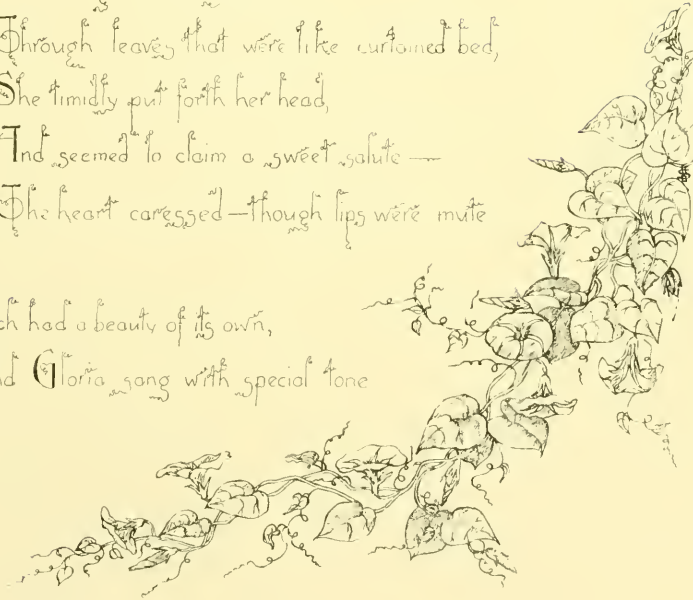
They shone mid dew and clustering leaves—

Oh wondrous fabrics nature weaves!



Some were like amethysts in hue—
When the pink light is shining through,
And some—the largest ones I think—
Were royal purple, trimmed with pink,
Ah! one had nearly missed my view;
A darling little baby blue!
Through leaves that were like curtained bed,
She timidly put forth her head,
And seemed to claim a sweet salute—
The heart caressed—though lips were mute

Each had a beauty of its own,
And Gloria sang with special tone





Oh! morning-glories
glorious mark,
Ere
day's dull care
the heart
had worn

Through changes of the passing years,
Through chilling winds, and April tears,
Through summer bloom, and falling leaf,
Through joys that were as sweet, as brief,
Through richest blessings, and through ear,
Through rapture that was kint to pain,
The heart has kept a loving thought—
A memory with thy story fraught.

A Christmas Greeting.

One sunny day in Mexico,
(All days are sunny there)
I met a little dark-eyed maid,
With dusky tangled hair.

Flashed in unconscious modesty—
And jewels rare she wore—
Her lustrous eyes her teeth of pearls,
What need had she of more?

A smile of wondrous sweetness
Lighted her olive face;
Her voice was full of music,
Her air was full of grace.



As lifting high with dainty hand
This little dish I send,
She bade me see the colors through,
And buy it for my friend.

Ah! could you see, dear Alice,
What winning grace was hers,
As on her bare brown shoulder,
The little head she bears!



Cocquettishly; and then she said,
"God bless you lady fair,
(The Spanish words were sweeter far.)
"Please will you buy my ware?"

I bought it, but she gave me free
A picture in my heart
That I must keep, although I try
To give to you a part.

The babe God bless me, and I send
The blessing now to you,
And with it take my warmest love
And "Merry Christmas" too.



The Aspen

Aspen, at the mountain base,
Wherefore in this lonely place,
With that pale affrighted
face?



With thy limbs a shivering,
With thy lips a quivering,
Whispering ever to the breeze,
Fell traditions of the trees—
Thy haughty sires of old.

How the holy one who gave
His life, a sinful world to save,
Was borne in secret to the grave.

And when the earth was moaning,
And when the rocks were groaning,
When every tree and every flower,
Felt the gloom of that dark hour,
Only thy sire was bold.

When the sun withdrew in pain;
When the veil was rent in twain;
And the faithful wept in vain,
When the willow bowed its head,
Mourning for the mighty dead;
Nature's dirge was chanted low;
Trembled all her sons in woe—
Thy sire alone uprose.

Why should we bow our heads in shame
And tremble? — we are not to blame,
Pure are we in deed and name
Then went forth a stern decree —
Ezer should live, Asper live
Tremble for that blasphemy!

And his limbs began a quivering,
And his lips began a quivering,
To the breeze he whispers ever;
To his bosom cometh never,
Sweet peace, and kind repose.

Is it true what has been told —
Does the sin forever hold —
Left to us, by one of old?
Heart, that trembleth so within,
Full of vanity and sin,
Full of fear, and full of grief,
Full of care without relief

Is it for another's woe?
I cannot tell if it be so,
But 'tis orthodox, I know!

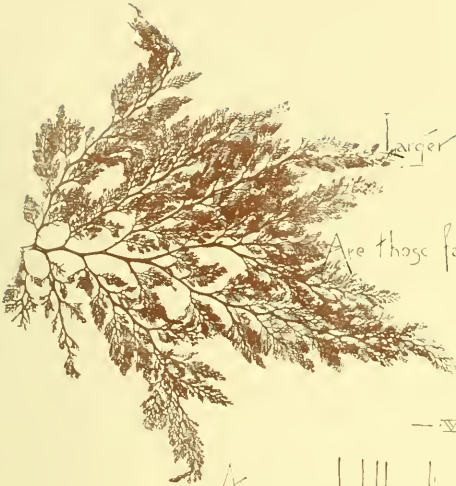
"When My Ship Comes In."

— II —
Haste, haste the day, when my ship comes in,
laden so fine,
Blow fresh, ye winds, and bring from afar,
treasures of mine!

— III —
Long, long on the lonely shore, I wait
my ship from seas,
Up with the sail! Oh favoring gale,
bring her to me!

— IIII —
Far, far out, where the sky, and the sea,
meet and embrace,
O'er billowy waves, my longing eyes a faint speck trace.





— iii —

Larger and larger it grows, O heart,
that beats so fast,
Are those fair white sails, that stately ship,
my ship at last!

— iv —

Are my childhood's dreams, my youth's fond hopes—
so long at sea—
And fairer visions of later years,
coming to me!



—VII—

Oh hasten, while hope, still brave and strong,
her vigil keeps;
Ere the heart has weary grown at last,
and dreamless, sleeps

—VIII—

Flutter the sails of my gallant ship,
and silver white
The path she makes in the foaming waves,
coming to-night!

—IX—

Oh the joyful days, the peaceful nights,
my life shall win!
No care shall vex me, no sorrow grieve,
when my ship comes in—
My ship comes in.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 112 814 4