

Home Keeping Hearts

NELLE WOMACK HINES

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1929

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HOME-KEEPING HEARTS

By

NELLE WOMACK HINES

ILLUSTRATIONS

By

THE AUTHOR



THE J. W. BURKE COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
MACON, GEORGIA

PS 3515
. I 753 H6
1929

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NELLE WOMACK HINES



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TO
MY GRANDSON
AND
MY GARDEN

“Stay—stay at home my heart and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.
For those that wander, they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care.
To stay at home is best.”

—*Longfellow.*

An Interpretative Foreword

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS by Nelle Womack Hines is just what its titles signifies—a singing book about that “Heaven far on this side of the stars by men called Home.” Mrs. Hines is one of those wise authors who, in the words of Stevenson, have stood up to live before she has sat down to write. She has made the poem of home-keeping first; made it in the comeliness and serenity of her home, in its fragrant variegated wealth of flowers; made it in the happiness that she has girded about her home and those in it; made it in the generous hospitality she dispenses. After making such a living poem, it does not matter much whether one writes book poems—the Great Poem of Life has been triumphantly consummated.

But then some are natural weavers of lyric words and after they have made the poem of their life, they must needs sing about home-joys, sing as naturally as they made the idyl of their life. Such a two-fold poet is Mrs. Hines. I feel that the busy and useful life which has imperatively called her out of her home has made it possible for her to savor the delights of home as she might not have done had she confined her life to Greenacre and its beautiful garden-plots and paths. And so savoring the quality of her home life, she has written of it, not in formal verse, but, what is more important, in verse that sets itself to melody as one reads it.

Not only is *Home-Keeping Hearts* thus doubly the work of the author, but we may go a step further and say it is trebly hers, for she has illustrated it. Upon these illustrations the New York artist, Frank Herring, set the seal of his approval and approbation. These illustrations are in

poetic and artistic keeping with the poems or divisions of the book they illumine.

This "Little Book of homey things" first of all sings forth the praises of home. The author makes clear that no luxury of surroundings makes a home:

"It isn't brass door knockers,
It isn't rugs of plush,
Or dainty egg-shell china
A finger-tip could crush."

What a gracious wish does she make for the peace of those who are her guests:

"We hope this little room holds
The dreams that you like best,
And while you linger in it
'Twill bring you peace and rest."

Happiness is not found in the long-sought chaste beauty and majesty of Taj Mahals nor in the purple-misted romance of distant shores nor in the glamor of august old world cities "The Land of Every Heart's Desire is the Home:

"A little flagstone walk
A-curving to a step—
A little door that opens to your touch;
A little room all cosy,
Made bright by tender care—
A welcome smile from one who loves you much."

And what more sincere joy can a woman have than to know that her heart

"Has a home to keep."

And if memory was given us that we may have roses in December, what is a home without the laughter and

voices of children growing up there! Though the mother's life may be full of worry and flurry as her children are taught the ways that lead to victory, hers shall later be the joy. Such a mother Mrs. Hines addresses:

“Little Mother in your hurry,
In your worry, scurry, flurry,
Little heartaches as you cheer them,
‘Now-I-lay-mes’ as you hear them,
Your heart dreaming;
Seeing your sons winning races,
Carving names in templed places;
Prideful of the song and story
That you hope must be their glory;
Little Mother—you’re the mystery—
Little Mother—making history.”

A home without a garden would be like having a beautiful painting without a frame. What would a home be without

“Sunshine, daffodil,
Blue sky, larkspur,
Hum of bee;
Shadows shifting—
Wee wings flitting—”

and all other floral loveliness that blossoms from a garden. That Mrs. Hines believes with the old garden—inscription that

“One is nearer God’s heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth”

may be seen in the final verse of *In My Garden*:

“So—with the peace of twilight hour
My heart and I at dusk—

The day's work done—and both a-smile—
 I'm sure God sits with us a while
 In my garden sweet at dusk."

That the poet loves her garden best when Lady April comes down the world may be seen in

"Fer April's skies is bluest
 An' April's eyes is truest,
 Oh! April is a lady that's wuth any songster's lay."

It is only one step from love of home to love of country. Whoever is devoted to one will be loyal to the highest interests of the other. Mrs. Hines' love for country and her native state is a passionate singing love. I especially like her Georgia Greeting:

"Take a bit of Georgia sunshine
 Add a drop of sparkling dew,
 Just a pinch of crimson sunset
 And a rose of tender hue;
 Just a slice of fondest wishes
 And a violet or two,
 Mix them well—a Georgia Greeting
 And I'm sending it to you."

There is a sane, thoughtful philosophy of life brightening the pages of this little book of verse, a serene garden-philosophy. There are many fine touches of poetic art as in *My Lady's Fan*. So full of melody and the spirit of song are these poems that many of them have been set to music. There is imagery of highly poetic suggestion as when potent longings are compared to

"Waves of muffled memory
 From some far off shore."

There is, too, a bright vein of humor irradiating some of these poems, a humor that is the sense of proportion and of the poetry of men and things.

JOSEPH ROBINSON,
 Mercer University.

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Introduction



THE poetry of Nelle Womack Hines is a natural outgrowth of her personality; and because that is true, one must know something of her life to “catch the spirit of her songs.”

To begin with—she lives at Greenacre, a lovely spot in a beautiful woodland setting near Milledgeville, and 'tis here is the garden in which she often entertains. 'Tis here that her friends come all summer long to linger where the fragrance of sweet scented blossoms herald the gold-splashed dawn and the grey silver dusk. In this garden romps her grandson—Emmett Womack Hines, Jr.—when he comes for a visit from his home in Baltimore. To these two great inspirations of her life, her grandson, that “precious bit of heaven sent to earth” and her garden, which she calls “the nearest place to heaven on this earth,” she has dedicated this volume of her poems.

Perhaps, a very proper sketch should go back of the now, to the used-to-be of the poet's life—and the yesterdays have been interesting for Nelle Womack Hines. Hers has been a rich, full, life every minute from that time of which she has written the little poem

“Dear little me
At the age of three”

to the present. This busy woman budgets her day to include housekeeping tasks, a teaching schedule, for she has long

been a member of the music faculty at the Georgia State College for Women, and as Director of the Summer school music and entertainment at the College she is known to thousands of Georgia Teachers. There must be squeezed out of the crowded days time for her club duties. She is President of the Milledgeville Garden Club, has served as President of the local Woman's Club six years; as President of the Tenth District Federation of Woman's Clubs five years; is in the third year as president of the Baldwin County Federation of Clubs; is a non-resident member of the Macon and Atlanta Writer's clubs; and a member of the American Pen Women's League.

As for her life story—nothing tells it so well as a little clipping from a newspaper of 1923. This was an interview with Mrs. Hines reported by a journalist at the time when she was attending the State Convention of the Woman's Club as Tenth District President of that organization. Her beautiful song "Georgia Land" (subsequently adopted as the official song of the Georgia Congress of the P. T. A.) had just been published—asked about her life, Mrs. Hines "Became almost taciturn. So one had to depend for further side-lights on the delightful personality of Nelle Womack Hines, on a letter in characteristic vein, which Mrs. Hines sent in reply to a Georgia Club which had requested a history of her life for a program on "Georgia Club Women and their Accomplishments."

"Dear Club Co-workers: (Mrs. Hines wrote)

I still feel dazed that you should want to know something about my life—but a "memorial" taking place while I am still on the "right side of the daisies—" appeals to me.

I was born—"somewhere in Oxford, Ga.—(old home of Emory University—)—"sometime" in the nineteenth century. Father—Emmett Womack, a graduate of Emory—a lawyer—and the grandest man that ever lived. Mother—Eleanor Wright—noted for her beauty (pause here to insert that I took from her only the color of her eyes). Moved to Covington at age of six—and lived there until my marriage in 1898.

Began to teach music at age of twelve—neighbor's children. We had recitals and almost ran the next door folks crazy. Couldn't decide whether to be a noted actress or a great pianist—finally compromised on a writer. First attempt entitled—"What became of the Beautiful Bride—" or "The Robber's Cave." Later—decided that painting was my talent and gradually filled the walls of our home with likenesses of "Lone ships on sullen seas," baskets of apples turned over—kittens playing with balls of thread—and yards and yards of roses and chrysanthemums. Maybe some of you remember the craze. Poor mother! It engulfed her and left her speechless. Her only child painted everything on the place but the cook and the cow.

Then decided to write poems, also to illustrate them. Woe is me—some of them still exist in the Emory Zodiac. I went so far as to have a book of them published, most of them written when I was too young to know any better. It might be of interest to know that the title for this first volume was given it by our own loved Frank L. Stanton—"Waifs from Wild Meadows."

Of course, on visits home from college, I met a number of Emory students, but I might have become a "college widow" if a handsome young man by the name of Edward

Roberts Hines from the city of Milledgeville had not taken pity on my forlorn state and decided to end my suspense.

The first eight years of married life were spent in finding out that the wife of a young lawyer has a job cut out for her—woman size. Also that two “little boys” could undo in one day more than mother could put together in a month. The years of lullabies put away—my old longing for my piano came back so insistently that I took up my study again, and finally I landed as a teacher at the Georgia State College for Women, where I still hold forth, having been there since 1906.

Became interested in club work, and between clubbing and teaching managed to keep the twenty-four hours comfortably full. I still have my husband, sometimes a cook, and generally—about seven cats. Of course, I still have my two boys, Emmett and Madison, but they’ll soon be out in the world.

I once took a terrible fancy to write plays, and much white paper was spoiled. However, before this fancy was over my home town Dramatic Club presented two plays, “The Widow’s Ruse”—and “Hallucinations,” two musical comedies—“The Only Pebble on the Beach” and “Their Family Name,” and various other skits given from time to time for local benefits.

After referring to several autobiographies, I find you have to tell what your hobby is—your recreation—and the number of your shoe. My hobby is constructive club work, my chief recreation is working in my old fashioned flower garden, and as for the number of my shoe—I don’t have any—I just take the pair that fits.

I also learned you had to have a few reminiscences—and I must be true to form.

One vivid picture—riding on my father's shoulder as he paced the long hall (mostly at night when he was studying) while he "spouted" Shakespeare by the yard. My first speeches were "Sit Jessica, see how the floor of heaven"—etc., etc.; Hamlet's soliloquy, and a bit of the canto of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—"The stag at eve had drunk his fill." The first real book my father ever gave me was "Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia—or the Happy Valley."

Last, "they say" you must describe yourself—rather personal—but here goes. About five feet seven; weight, around one-fifty; never sick (business of knocking on wood), have a splendid disposition except when my temper is ruffled, and might lay claims to beauty if my nose was not slightly Roman, if my eyes were a little larger with curling lashes, if I had a rose-leaf complexion, and my other features were modified somewhat."

Mrs. Hines songs—fifteen in all, four having been published—have sung their way into many hearts. Some think her most beautiful song is her well known and widely loved "Georgia Land."

The tenderest of her songs—the one that creeps up in the heart and nestles there—is "I Only Know," written when she was eighteen, and set to music for the wedding of her son, Emmett, to beautiful Frederica Boatwright, of Cordele.

Her most recently published songs are "My Cabin in the Pines," inspired by the little log cabin in the recreation park at the Georgia State College for Women, and her "Summertime Song," dedicated to the students at the sum-

mer session. Many hundreds of requests came to the author for their publication. Mrs. Hines being a musical artist as well as a literary artist, writes the music to her songs as well as the words.

She is an artist of the brush as well—and like Hendrick Van Loon illustrates her own writings with her own sketches. Only time—that fair, impartial judge of all creation, can pass final estimate on the poems of Nelle Womack Hines. It is enough for us that this sweet singer of Georgia—this feminine Edgar Guest, as she has been called—has lived and walked among us, that she has given voice to our heart throbs and our yearnings and our happiness in words of sweetness and beauty, that she has sung our state to glory with such poems as, “It’s Great to be a Georgian,” and other Georgia State Greetings, sent out as cards.

Mrs. Hines has made life richer and happier with her songs; she has placed around the dull tasks of everyday the golden aura of tuneful song and rhyme.

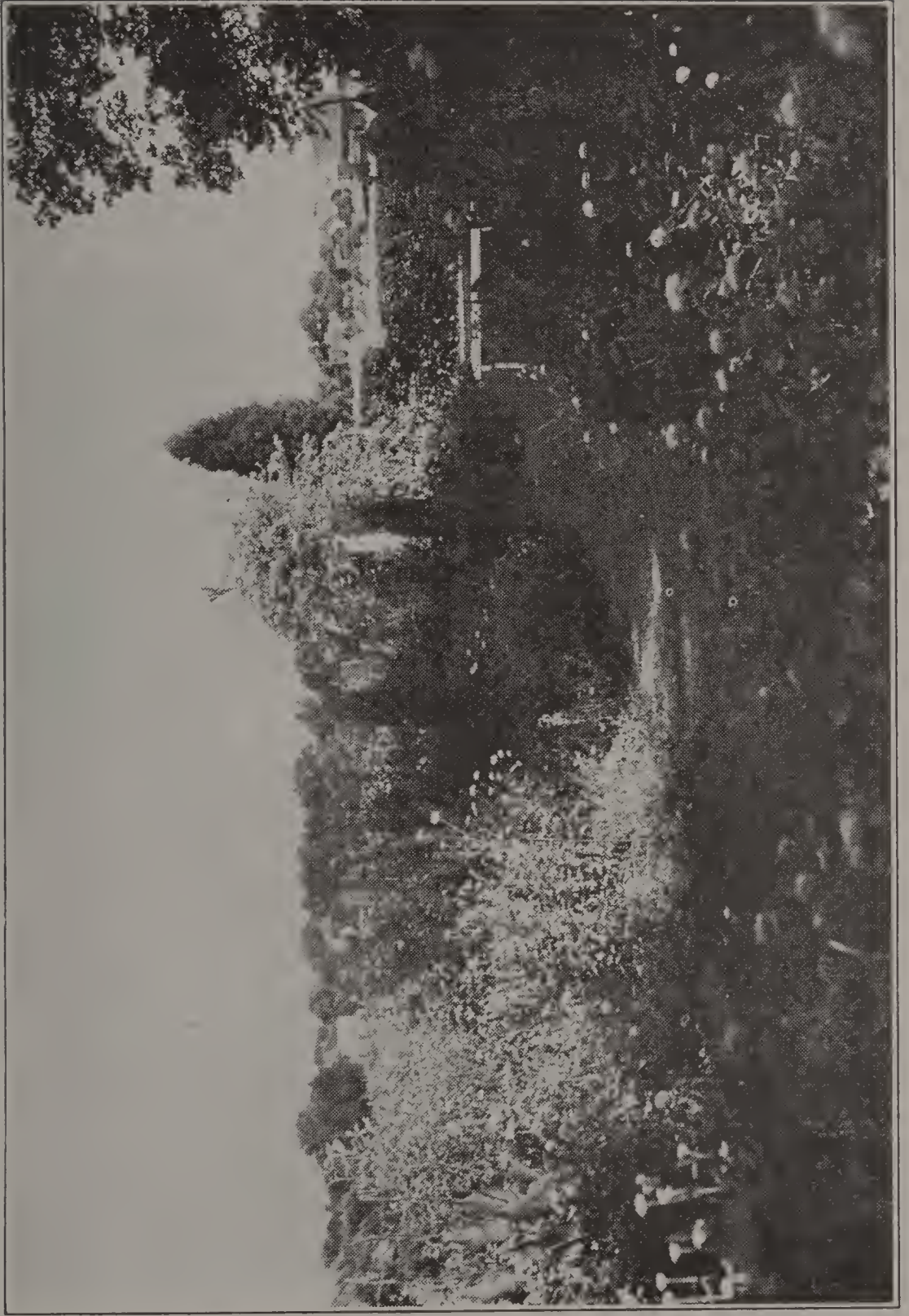
May her versatile pen give to us many more volumes, but if we only had this one, then Nelle Womack Hines would, because of it, qualify as a member of

“————— the choir invisible
Of those immortal souls
Who live again in minds
Made better by their presence
————— the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness
of the world.”

BERNICE BROWN McCULLAR.



MY GRANDSON
Emmett Womack Hines, Jr.
Age—three and a half.



Sunrise Garden at Greenacre



“My Grandson in my Garden—There With Me.”

A MIRACLE

My Garden?
The nearest place to heaven
On this earth,
It is to me.
Sunshine, daffodil,
Blue sky, larkspur,
Hum of bee;
Shadows shifting—
Wee wings flitting—
Bird song and little nest
In a tree.

My Grandson?
A precious bit of heaven
Sent to earth;
When I see
Laughter bubbling—
Sparkling eyes—
Eager questions as he leans
On my knee;
A miracle—two bits of heaven
Here on earth;
My Grandson in my Garden—
There with me.

A Little Book of homey things,
A little bit of rhyme,
Mayhap all of the little feet
Do not keep perfect time.
Each little thought would like to be
A lovely song—a part
Of which might sing itself along
To linger in your heart.

—THE AUTHOR.



Home-Keeping Hearts

HOME-KEEPING HEARTS

A sleepy ray of light
Creeps through my window pane.
A shy bird's twittered welcome
To the dawn
Steals through the grey-eyed silence.
And strange insistant longings
Surge like waves of muffled memory
From some far off shore.

They flood my breast,
Where linked' fingers strive to calm
The throb that urges quest;
But comes the thought of that wee bird—
Upon her nest.

I lean into the velvet dusk
Where voices, dim as fairy shadows
Call to me,
And as they swoon into the night,
Vague scenes arise,
Faint as the tints of sunset
On a summer cloud.

Veiled scents,
Like mists of half remembered dreams,
Float by and lure me on.
I pause—
And lean upon my little gate;
My hand upon its latch—I turn—
With heart a-flutter in my breast,
For out of somewhere comes a voice—
“Home-keeping hearts are happiest.”

Then—as my feet along the bordered walk,
Pass by the larkspur
And the four o'clock,
My thankful eyes rest on a door ajar—
My pulses leap!
And silent praise wells up in joy
To know that my heart—
Has a home to keep,

THE WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

Think I'll write a poem,
'Tis such a lovely day—
To spend an hour in rhyming
Would be a lovely way.

(Yes, my dear, in just a minute—
(Mother'll put some sugar in it.)

Shall I choose the sunset?
It's glorious to see!
Hope an inspiration
Will quickly come to me.

(Daddy wants me? All right baby,
(When Daddy calls—he don't mean maybe.)

How about the springtime?
Now that's a dandy theme—
Flowers—grass—and sunshine—
Mayhap a dewdrop's gleam!

(Scratched you? Pulled her tail? A pity!
(Yes—turpentine—don't bother kitty!)

Then—there is the moonlight—
A nightingale—a lark—
Maybe something deeper,
Like midnight—in the park!

(Um-m—but this smells good! Oh my—
(I do hope John will like this pie!)

Everything's so lovely,
It's very hard you see
To fix upon a subject—
(Oh, my goodness me!

(YOU JIMMY! climb down off that gate!
(I guess this poem will have to wait!)

HOME

Home!

My very heart's desire is safe

Within thy walls;

The voices of my loved ones; friends who come,

My treasured books that rest in niche serene,

All make more dear to me thy haven sweet.

Nor do my feet

Desire to wander out except that they

May have the glad return at eventide—

Dear Home.

Home!

My very heart's contentment lies

Within thy walls.

No worldly calls hath power to turn my eyes

In longing from thy quietness. Each morn

When I go forth upon the duties of the day

I wend my way

Content to know that eve will bring me

Safely to thy walls again.

Dear Home!

LITTLE MOTHER

Little Mother, in your hurry,
Though the days are full of worry,
Full of duties every minute
No room for one other in it—
 Pause a second;
And each step, just as you make it,
Try to sing it as you take it;
Do you think that life's a mystery—
 Little Mother?

Little Mother in your hurry,
'Bout the house as fast you scurry,
Washing precious little faces,
Darning dainty little laces
 For the maidens;
Always cutting bread and butter,
Freeing corners of a clutter;
Do you think that life's a mystery—
 Little Mother?

Little Mother in your hurry,
Every moment one of flurry,
List'ning for wee feet that patter,
Little tongues that chatter, chatter,
 Every second;
Every little thought so prayerful
That each act be just and careful;
Do you think that life's a mystery—
 Little Mother?

Little Mother in your hurry,
In your worry, scurry, flurry,
Little heartaches as you cheer them,
“Now-I-lay-mes” as you hear them,
 Your heart dreaming;
Seeing your sons winning races,
Carving names in templed places;
Prideful of the song and story
That you hope must be their glory;
For your maidens, eager yearning
That they truly value learning;
Trusting that you not neglect them,
Praying God that He protect them;
Little Mother—you're the mystery—
Little Mother—making history!

MY LITTLE HOUSE

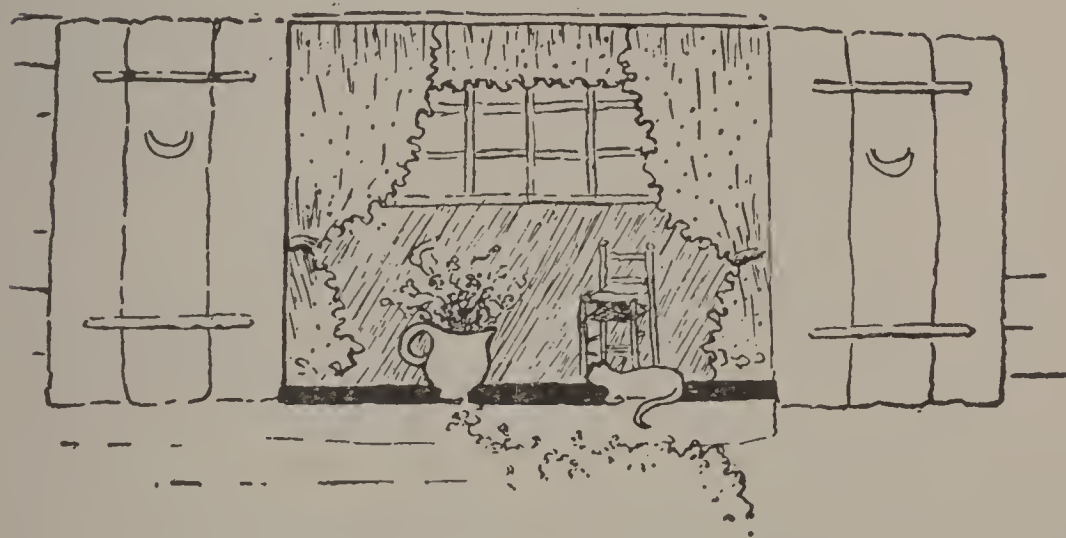
My little house is a dear little house,
 (Though I have seen much better;)
My little house is a queer little house,
 Has stood all sorts of weather.
Its blinds are faded—and worn each sill,
(But I wouldn't swap it for yours on the hill.)

Sometimes I go away from home,
 Out in the world to see,
All the grand things and great folks,
 That live in the big city.
And oh I have the finest time!
(And get back home with about one dime.)

My house winks—and 'neath my feet
 Its boards just chuckle with glee—
“Here you are—there's a new bird nest
 Out in the old plum tree;
Petunia's about to lose her breath—
She's mighty near bloomed herself to death!”

So out I go to see about
The wonderful things I've heard,
I warn Petunia to have a care
And speak to the mother-bird.
And pride and love in my heart glows—
(But how can it be that my little house knows?)

Oh, you smart little house of mine!
I wouldn't swap you for a mansion fine!



MY PRECIOUS

A Woman to her unborn child

Will your eyes be lights of blue,
Bits of heaven shining through
Twin violets?

Will they be a soft sweet brown
Like the cat-tails on the down?
Which, precious?

Will your little head be bright,
Sunbeam tendrils, soft and light,
A-curling?

Will there be a dusky down
Frame your little face so round?
Which, precious?

Will it be a doll I'll buy
That can laugh and talk and cry—
So thrilling?

Will it be a lively toy
That would please a little boy?
Which, precious?

Never mind the blue or brown,
Light or dark the little down;
Never mind about the toy
For a little girl or boy;
 I'm longing—
To feel your head against me prest!
To fold you warm against my breast!
 My precious!

To see the dawning in your eyes
Of love for me. Your sweet surprise
 At kisses.
To place your curling finger-tips
Against my loving, hungry lips—
 My precious!

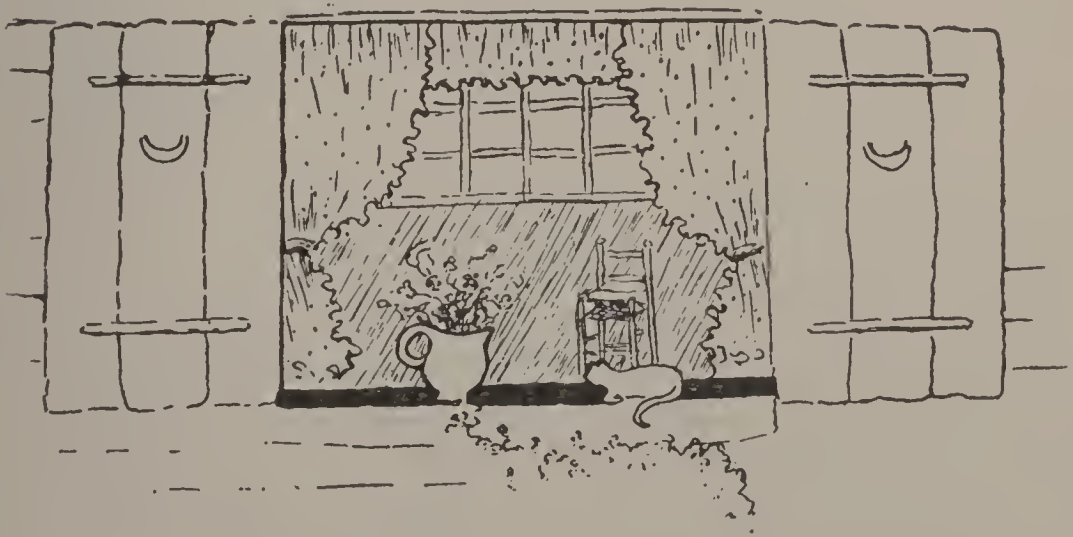
TO YOU—IN OUR HOME

It isn't brass door knockers,
It isn't rugs of plush,
Or dainty egg-shell china
A finger-tip could crush,
That makes a body happy
To know some threshold's near—
But thought of that warm welcome
To every heart so dear.

We hope this little room holds
The dreams that you like best,
And while you linger in it
'Twill bring you peace and rest.
And when, in after years, friend,
If far from us you roam,
Just know, it keeps a welcome,
For you—in this—our Home.

HEART'S DESIRE

A little flagstone walk
A-curving to a step—
A little door that opens to your touch;
A little room all cosy
Made bright by tender care—
A welcome smile from one who loves you much.
A little dog a-wagging
Himself about your feet—
A kitten curled with comfort by the fire—
A sound of childish laughter
A-thrilling to your ear—
That is Home—the Land of Every Heart's De-
sire!



“JANE—SHUT THE KITCHEN DOOR”

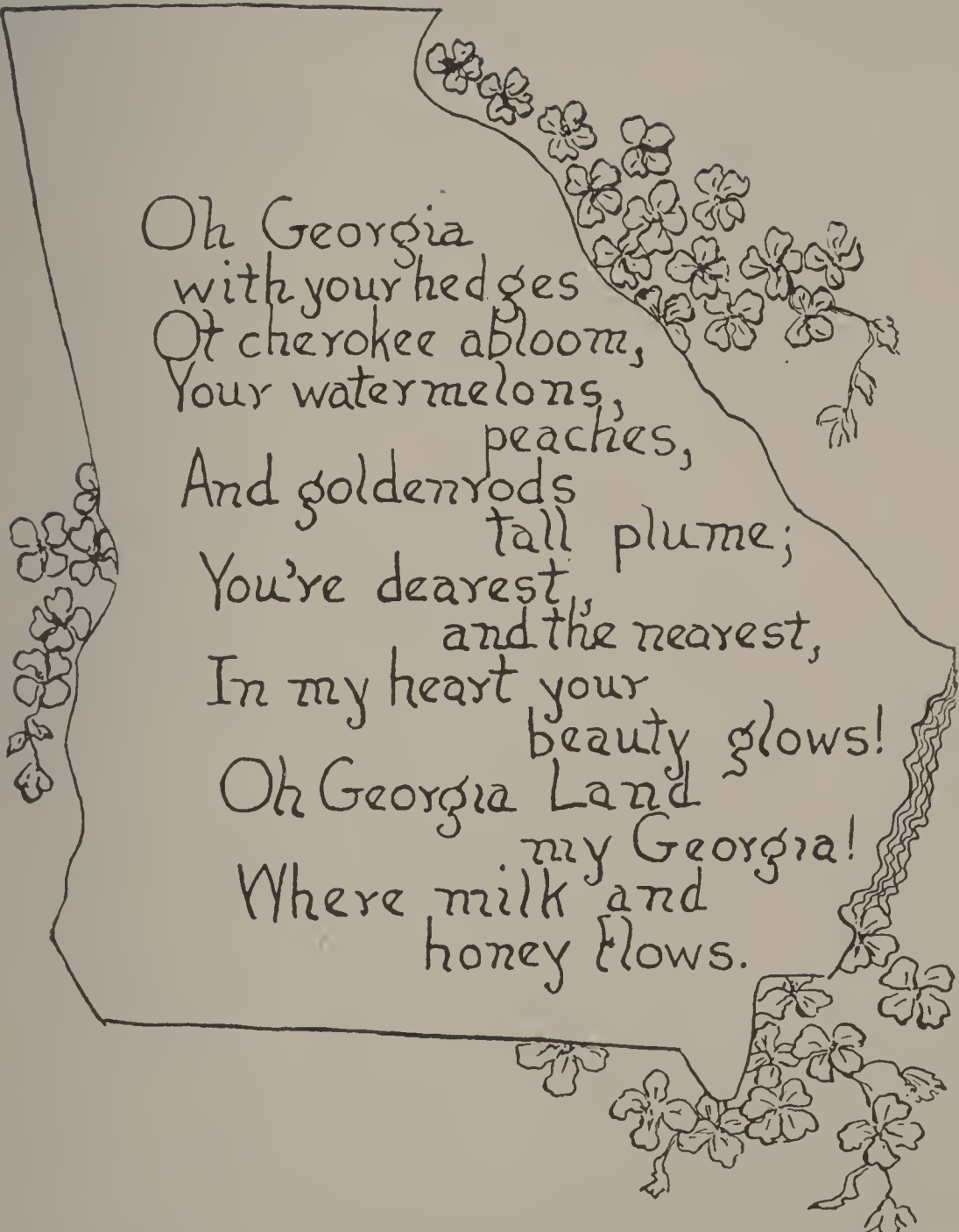
That we need beauty for our souls
God knows without a doubt,
Or why should He with lavish hand
Keep scattering it about?
And I'm so thankful I don't live
In that benighted time
When just to use a colored paint
Was something of a crime.

I shut my eyes—I see them now—
Those kitchens—stark and drear;
And if a-visiting you might go
And chanced to pass the rear
Of any home—you'd likely catch,
Just as you'd caught before—
A whisper floating on the air—
“Jane—shut the kitchen door!”

Gone, that day of soot and smut—
Gone, blackened pots and pans—
That took all pleasure from the work,
And ruined your poor, poor, hands.
Hail to the time of pretty floors,
Of curtains bright and gay,
And things that cheer the many tasks
That fill a woman's day.

My kitchen is in tints of cream
And precious shades of grey,
And breezes blow through curtains blue—
And all hours of the day
I need but just to cast my eyes
Through windows, and I see
A bed of saucy flowers blowing
Kisses in to me.

A woman's queer—and she must have
Beauty her soul to feed,
'Twill help to fit her for the tasks
That fill her family's need.
And many, many times when I
Do count my blessings o'er,
I'm thankful not to have to say—
“Jane—shut the kitchen door!”



Oh Georgia
with your hedges
Of cherokee abloom,
Your watermelons,
peaches,
And goldenrods
tall plume;
You're dearest
and the nearest,
In my heart your
beauty glows!
Oh Georgia Land
my Georgia!
Where milk and
honey flows.

“Where Milk and Honey Flows.”

IT'S GREAT TO BE A GEORGIAN

It's great to be a Georgian!
And that is why I sing
Of all the lovely wonders
She brings us with her spring.
She spreads a velvet carpet
Of living, glowing, green—,
And in each fairy footstep
A violet is seen.
There's honeysuckle bowers
On hillside; in her dells
A million bird-notes floating;
She weaves her magic spells
And lo! the red-bud flaunting—
The yellow jasmine swings
And sways in tuneful rhythm;
And my heart sings and sings
Her praise for all this beauty
From mountain to her sea.
Oh Georgia! glorious mother!
You're wonderful to me!

GEORGIA LAND

Words and music composed 1923.

Song Adopted by Georgia Congress of
Parent-Teachers in 1925.

When you wake up in the morning to the mocking
bird's sweet song,

Then you know you're down in Georgia Land,
When you hear the bees a humming 'round the
roses as they throng,

Then you know you're down in Georgia Land,
When you smell the honey suckles which clothe the
banks with green,

Where the butterfly on wing that glows
Doth dip and sip their sweetness, then you know
you've reached the Land,

Georgia Land where milk and honey flows.

Chorus

Oh, Georgia with your hedges, of Cherokee a
bloom,

Your water melons, peaches, and golden rod's tall
plume,

You're dearest and the nearest, in my heart your
beauty glows,

Oh Georgia Land my Georgia,
Where milk and honey flows,

When you see the cotton blooming and the fields
of waving grain,
Then you know you're down in Georgia Land,
When the wind sighs through the pine trees as you
stroll down lover's lane,
Then you know you're down in Georgia Land,
When you hear the banjos tumming and the picka-
ninnies dance,
In the moonlight near the cabin doors,
And you feel so free and happy then you know
you've reached the Land,
Georgia Land where milk and honey flows.

God grant your sons and daughters may faithfulⁱ
to you be,
May our hearts with love of you e'er thrill,
May we stand for truth and service from the
mountain to the sea,
And our children trust in you instill.
May we be united always thus helping you be true,
To our Land where freedom's flower blows
We will ever love you Georgia ever loyal be to
you,
Georgia Land where milk and honey flows.

JUNE TIME IN GEORGIA

I've never traveled much around,
Or been to far off lands,
 Where people roam with guide books to and
 fro;
I've never been to visit where
They say there's golden strands,
 And fragrance-laden breezes come and go.

I've read in blue- and gold-bound books
Which told of many states
 That boasted varied treasures rich and rare;
But oh, the blue of Georgia's skies,
And her sun's golden smile!
 You must agree that she has drawn her share.

It's June-time and it's tune-time—
Oh don't you feel the thrill?
 For 'tis the time when friends and loved ones
 meet;
It's your time and it's my time
And we will sing a song
 That tells the world Old Georgia can't be beat.

A GEORGIA GREETING

Take a bit of Georgia sunshine
Add a drop of sparkling dew,
Just a pinch of crimson sunset
And a rose of tender hue;
Just a slice of fondest wishes
And a violet or two,
Mix them well—a Georgia Greeting
And I'm sending it to you.



OL' GEORGY'S SUNRISE

I luv'ter git up mornin's when the chickens 'gin ter
crow,
An' go out into the air so fresh and still;
An' wander ter a meadow an' set down on a log,
An' watch ol' Georgy's sun clim' o'er the hill.

At fust, things seem so solemn, with a grey mist
creepin' 'round,
An' the meadow sweet with clover at yer feet—
Jes' talk o' rose and lillies, but I'll tell yer—ter my
min'
That clover beats creation smellin' sweet!

The stars are winkin', blinkin', lookin' down with
curious eyes
As if they'd never seed me thar before;
An' I've bin ter that same place fer at least a hun-
dred times—
An' I'm not so sho' but what it might be more.

A blush cums ter the eastern sky, as if it wus
ashamed,
An' then sum faintish streaks o' yaller-red
Cum peepin' o'er the rim thar, jes' like sum naugh-
ty boys,
Skeered so bad that they wus nearly dead.

An' when they're mighty sho' the stars won't bite
or holler "boo"—
They grow a little bigger an' more bold;
They look so all important—like they'us warmin'
uv the way
Ter keep that big ol' sun frum ketchin' cold.

Now they're gittin' bigger, fer they're swellin'
with their pride,
The sun's a-follerin' uv 'em close behin';
An' the fust thing yer know—it's broad day-
light—
An' a-gittin' purty close ter breakfast time.

GEORGIA'S BIRTHDAY

Old Georgia's had a birthday
And she's feeling mighty proud
Of every little candle on her cake;
And folks all over Georgia
Are singing strong and loud
Her praises—'til the very forests wake.
With sweet potato pudding,
Roasted possum, pumpkin pie,
A thousand other things that she can raise,
Now honest—what's the logic
Of her taking second place?
Here's to Georgia! Long and happy be her days.

So hurry up there, Susie,
Get the turnips and the beets;
And Johnny, you cut off the turkey's head.
And Mary, fix the lettuce,
The tomatoes and the nuts,
And bring a dozen apples that are red.
The celery is crisping
And the rice is in the mould,
Jennie, put the pie crust in the pan;
We'll fix our products dinner
And we'll make old Georgia proud,
By using things she grows just all we can.

A GEORGIA GREETING

Old Georgia is a grand old state
On that we all agree,
We're partial to her red old hills,
Proud of her history.
With Georgia Day a-coming soon—
Her violets sweet and blue—
I send this Georgia Greeting, Friend,
Straight from my heart to you.



GEORGIA SMILES

To the National Educational Association.
Meeting in Atlanta—June, 1929.

Oh Georgia! smile your sweetest
For guests have come to call,
Don't you hear them knocking at your door?
From Maine to California
Our friends are trooping in,
Just think of all the happiness in store!
Wave your wand of magic
To coax the rose's bloom,
So fragrant, and with beauty sweet and rare;
Call a million song birds
And have them all to sing
A chorus made of welcomes on the air.
Have your sun-kist peaches
Blush with a deeper red
And whisper to your melons on the vines
To store a special sweetness
Within their crimson hearts,
And waft your coolest breezes through our pines.
Oh Georgia! do them honor—
They come from North and South,
They come to us from homes both East and West;
Oh Georgia! smile your sweetest,
Extend a gracious hand,
And show them that your welcome's of the best.

WELCOME

To the National Educational Association.
Atlanta—June—1929

Old Georgia's justly proud to have
Such splendid folks with her,
From Rabun Gap to Tybee Light
There's been a mighty stir;
Her teachers and her children say
They all must have a part—
They'll help you find the warm place down
In good old Georgia's heart.
We hope you like Atlanta
And we hope you like our smile,
We wish that each of you might stay
And bide with us a while.
The old South's best we offer—so
Take anything in view,
For what was ours—is now yours, friends—
Georgia belongs to you.



Along Comes Spring

SPRING IS HERE

Yes, Spring is here. How do I know?
Because, I want to get my hoe
 And spade;
And then I want to roam about
'Til every plan is figured out
 And made;
Then I'll begin to dig and hoe
And plant wee seed all in a row—
 Such joy!
There's nothing like the thrill it brings
To watch for little growing things—
 So coy.
Yes, Spring is here. How do I know?
Because I feel the urge to go
 And see
If I a little hat can find
That would be suited to my mind
 And me;
I covet shades that tulips wear—
Those gorgeous colors in their hair—
 And though
I am no tulip—still you see
A jaunty hat would improve me
 I know.
Yes, Spring is here. How do I know?
A robin red breast told me so,

Besides—just now—she beckoned me
From right behind that dogwood tree—
She needs my help—so I must run—
For painting jonquills must be fun.

A SPRING GREETING

They say, my friend, that Springtime
Is a subject that's taboo;
My! what a joke! As if the thrill
That old Spring brings to you
And me compares to anything;
She thrills us with a joy
As great as does the swimming-hole
Fill any healthy boy.
You planted all your seedlets?
Have your birds begun to nest?
(So many lovely things to do
There's scarcely time for rest—)
Glad Greetings, Friend, I'm sure that you
And I will just make haste
To let no single wonder
Of our Springtime go to waste.

AT G. S. C. W.
A VALENTINE

Been dreaming lots about you—
I'll say!
Been thinking lots about you—
Each day!
Been wanting to write a poem—
To you!
And saying lots of nice things—
All true!
Thought I might use Latin—
Or French!
But then I couldn't read it—
A cinch!
I'd put in 'bout the roses—
Oh my!
And violets—and—what else?
My eye!
For here the poem's finished—
No place!
To say how much I like you—
No space!
A Valentine this should be—
Gee whiz!
And maybe you don't know it—
But 'tis!

A SPRING SONG

Sing a song of Springtime
A basket full of seed,
All the family hurry out,
And pull up every weed.
When the ground was dug up
The seed began to sing
“Plant us quickly, oh dear us—
For we must bloom this Spring!”
Johnny and his Sister Sue
They helped with rake and hoe
And everybody held their breath
While seed fell in a row.

After days of sun and rain
The seed began to sprout,
Invitations sent abroad—
“The Garden’s coming out.”
Canterbury Bells began
To play a lovely chime,
Trumpet Flower blew a blast
To let us know ’twas time
There to gather at the spot
Where all the guests were due—
Oh, ’twas fun, for I received
An invitation too.

Zinnia danced the minuet
For he was very bold,
Courtesied both right and left
To lovely Marigold,
Petunia, so sweet and shy,
Just gave us quite a shock—
As she slyly flirted with
The stately Hollyhock.
Read the daily papers so
You'll learn what 'twas about—
And next year you must surely go
To the Garden's "coming out."



LADY APRIL

That April is a lady with a fickle min' they say,
But I'd ruther tak' my chances 'long with 'er any
day

Then any o' the other months that happen 'round
this way;

Fer April's skies is bluest,

An' April's eyes is truest,

Oh, April is a lady that's wurth any songster's lay!

We all forgit the winter winds when April's face
appears,

The bird's all hunt their tune books—the flowers
forgit their fears;

An' we all welcome April though we know she'll
box our ears;

Fer April's skies is brightest,

An' April's heart is lightest,

Then let her box—she'll kiss the hurt—I'd like
ter know who keres.

Sumtimes she'll be a-smilin' like thar warn't no
ache or pain—
Look out! her tears 'ill drench yer! fer she'll be
raisin' cain!
But we will soon forgit—an' keep lovin' jes' the
same;
Fer April's eyes is truest,
An' April's skies is bluest,
An' somehow — without April — livin' would be
pretty tame.

The birds begin a-callin' ter each other from the
hills,
The flowers 'gin ter primp in lookin'-glasses o' the
rills;
An' my heart's nigh ter bustin'—but joy never
kills;
My feet is allus lightest,
My eyes is allus brightest,
When Lady April curls her hair an' fixes up her
frills.

AT G. S. C. W.

HELLO!

Hello there, Friend, this is for you,
A word to say—"Why howdy-do!"
And at the sending of this line
I hope that you are feeling fine.
Most every day I think, by heck,
I'm likely to become a wreck,
For studying as I have to do
For 'zams and tests to put them through,
With just eight hours to sleep, I'll say,
(And only three square meals a day)
No wonder I am feeling blue
And had to send this line to you.
So write me now a word of cheer
And send it quickly—that's a dear!
A thing that makes one feel like new
Is just to hear from friends like you.

AT G. S. C. W.
FEELING BETTER

Oh yes, I'm feeling better
I hope that so are you—
And that we all have heard the last
About that awful flu.
The violets are blooming—
The birds about to sing—
And I so want a little frock
With colors of the spring.
But since I know I cannot—
I surely will not cry
But go down to the tea room there
To eat a slice of pie.
I'm going to have that spring frock,
Though it will not be soon—
But I know just the minutes now
Until the first of June.
So this is just to tell you
I'm busy as a bee—
But thinking lots about you as
By this you surely see.
So sit down now and write me
And tell me all the news
'Bout who is dead—and who is wed—
I'm sure you'll not refuse.

SPRING TONIC

Been mighty busy at my house,
I hope it's nice and clean—
I scrubbed behind its little ears
And painted its blinds green.
I may have left a grain of dust
When I went out to see
If 'twas a red bird in the yard
Kept calling out to me.
I put a precious rambling rose
Where it would show the most;
I twined a morning glory vine
Around a back porch post.
My little house just blinks its eyes,
And then peeks out to see—
As if to whisper as it smiles,
“Can this be really me?”
And oh, the tonic that there is
In one good painting spree,
Spring fever needs just such a dose—
It works quite well with me.
Now—I'll put on my pinkest dress
Out on the porch to rock—
And as I watch the flowers grow
I'll darn a little sock.

No longer should spring cleaning bring
That fear—'twas once an awful thing!

AT G. S. C. W.

SPRING EXAMS

Haven't written much to you—
Hope I'm living when I'm through.
Studying morning, noon and night—
Sometimes thinking I'm not bright.
Here a 'zam—there a test—
For poor me there's no rest.
Pretty well—'spect no letter
'Til this child's feeling better.



A SONG OF THE RAIN

Hush!

Don't yer hear the patter

On the roofin' uv yer house,

Like the fairies wus a havin' uv a dance?

You recognize that sound?

Law! I'll interjuice yer, then;

Ho, Rain-drop! this is Mister Igno-rance!

Look!

See that rose a flirtin'

With the elfin uv the rain,

An' hidin' 'hin the trellis, jes' ter tease?

While she shakes the dewy kisses

Frum her crimson velvet lips,

An' sets that elfin beggin' on his knees.

List!

Don't yer hear the rustle

Uv the green fern's dainty dress,

As she's singin' uv a song so sweet an' low?

"Oh once I primped my tresses

In the brooklet's lookin' glass—

Mister Rain-drop, I think we've met before!"

Hush!

Hear that bird a-singin'
Like he'd split his little self—

A'bendin' an' a-swayin' in the tree?
Sassy thing! hear him mockin'
An' a twittin' uv the rain—

“Mister Rain-drop, yer can't hurt me.”

Look!

Don't yer see that 'brella
A-walkin' down the street?

I wonder who's a hidin' 'neath its brim?
Thar! he kissed her—an' she's blushin'—
An' the look that's in her eyes,

Shows she thinks thar's nothin' livin' 'ceptin' him.

Law!

See the earth a-swellin'
An' a puck'rin' up her lips

Ter meet the rain-drop's kisses comin' sweet?
Whole creation's glad it's livin'

Jes' ter see the daisies' eyes

Twinklin' up like drowned starlets at yer feet!



You may walk the narrow way



You may sing a little song



You may try to help the town


But they'll all be dead

“A Little Nonsense Now and Then—”

JUST THE SAME

You may walk the narrow way
And be careful what you say,
But the folks will talk about you
 Just the same.

You may own a rosy cheek
Caused by walking 'til you're weak,
But they'll say you put it on there
 Just the same.

You may sing a little song
Be it short or be it long,
There'll be some to criticise you
 Just the same.

You may try to help the town
Make it beautiful around,
But the folks will say you're meddling
 Just the same.

So what's the difference
Some were born but to complain,
But they'll all be dead a hundred
Years from now.

 Just the same

 Just the same—

So go on and do your duty
 Just the same.

CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN SONG

(Tune—Pack Up Your Troubles)

Pack away your papers in your own trash can
And we'll all smile!

Don't let them blow about your neighbor's yard
You see—it's not the style.

Do not start her worrying—

She has troubles all the while—so—

Pack away your papers in your own trash can
And watch her smile.

Plant running roses on your old back fence

They'll grow, grow, grow.

You'll soon think that they are—"immense"—

You'll learn to love them so;

And what's the use of worrying?

Go out and plant some more—oh—

Plant running roses on your old back fence—

And watch—them—grow!

Please keep your chickens in a nice little coop
They DO—scratch—so—
Maybe your neighbor has a few little plants
That she is trying to grow ;
So why should you be willing
To let them worry her—SO—
Please keep your chickens in a nice little coop,
She'll smile—we know.

Get you a swatter and begin to swat,
And swat—swat—swat!
Swat 'til you kill every fly that roosts
Anywhere about your lot ;
Chase 'em—bat 'em—beat 'em—
Just be right on the dot—oh—
Get you a swatter and begin to swat—
And swat—swat—swat!

WORDS OF ADVICE

To Frederica in 1924

To take advice from a mother-in-law
May not be the wisest thing,
And still—she might be able
Some good advice to bring.
And this is what she'll try to do
On the eve of your wedded bliss—
And every line of this advice
Is sealed up with a kiss.
If, some morning, out of sorts
Your hubby may chance to wake—
Just dip into the flour bin
And make him a batter-cake.
For did you ever see a man
No matter how hard a case—
Who could resist a batter-cake
In front of a smiling face?
We all know too much sugar
Isn't good for any man,
But try to sprinkle some about
With discretion if you can;
But, really, you shouldn't need so much
For if you'll think a minute,
You mighty-near could sweeten things
By dipping your finger in it.

I'm very, very, very sure
That you know how to make
A dandy cup of coffee—
If not—for goodness sake—
Go to your "ma" and beg of her
To show you when and how—
For a good hot cup of coffee
Has prevented many a row.
And now, my dear, if any day
A cloud may chance to loom,
And the sun grow dim and hazy—
And the world seems full of gloom,
'Cause Hubby wasn't very sweet,
Just send him straight to me—
I'll spank him good—then dry your eyes
And make you a cup o' tea.
Now, this last word—I love you—
And tell you from the start,
That I'm the kind of mother-in-law
That's going to take your part.
I'm going to see you—sometimes—
But I will not stay long,
For I wish, dear, your life to be
One grand, sweet, song.



I LOVE ONIONS

I love onions!
They make me sigh—
But then—most women
Love to cry.

I love onions!
'Tis hard to know
Just when to eat
The things—but oh!

I love onions!
The first to shout
When others eat—
“Do put him out”—
I'd be—but oh!
I do love onions.

CHRISTMAS DAY

(Grandma Spends Christmas With Junior)

'Twas late Christmas Day and in all of the house
Just one creature stirred. The proverbial mouse
Had hidden away just scared out of its wits—
The dog was a-rest from a series of fits.
The cat, hanging on to the high back yard fence
Was ready to jump should the war re-commence.
For early that day—at the first crack of dawn,
The neighbors were waked by the blast of a horn—
The loud creak and rumble of engine and train—
The roar of a drum beat with might and with main.
The floor space was covered with blocks and with
toys
Like Santa Claus always brings good little boys;
For daddy had written a letter or two
And mother had told junior all that she knew
About the good Saint and his reindeers and sleigh
And what a grand time would be had Christmas
Day.

While grandma just counted the moments that
 sped
Until the time came to tuck Junior in bed.
'Twas just a short lull while the young three year
 old
Re-donned the costume of an Indian bold—
With gun held aloft, and with war whoop and
 shout
He danced 'round the chair where—with tongue
 hanging out,
His daddy had flopped, just a wee breath to catch
That he might be able this young son to match.
With eyes all sunk in and with ice to her head
His mother had wearily crawled into bed;
Poor grandma was sitting, her mouth all aghast,
'Twas like nothing she'd ever known in the past.
The people who lived in apartments below
Were wild-eyed and haggard—and sent up to
 know
If there was a chance that hostilities cease
Or they'd be compelled to abandon the lease.
The messenger who came and opened the door
Was met with the loudest of all the uproar,
A tommyhawk flung by this young Indian brave—
And ran back down stairs quick his own scalp to
 save.

And still the young hopeful—as all thru the day—
Kept calling for someone to come help him play.
He called for his dad—but his dad couldn't stir—
He called for his ma—but he couldn't move her—
He looked at grandma but she shook a weak
head—

And joined his poor mother who lay on the bed.
He passed the mouse-hole, it swooned of sheer
fright,

And lay in a huddle far into the night;
He went for the dog—but the dog had passed
out—

He made for the cat with a war-whoop and shout—
'Twas the last ever seen of that poor pussy-cat,
For nobody knew where she ever stopped at,
“A pretty come off—” says this youngster of
three—

“There's no one who's able to come play with me—
I'll go it alone—” so with might and with main,
He started the Day out all over again.

IF

To a Friend Sailing
With apologies to Kipling

If you can keep your step when all about you
The other folks are tottering as they sail—
If you can stand up straight when all around you
The others, limp, are hanging o'er the rail—
If you can calmly keep your lips from twitching
While others madly dive across the deck—
If you can really keep your cheeks from paling
While others wish that they were dead—by
heck;

If you can stand the smell of cooking dinners
While others curse the day that they were
born—

If you can calmly dine from soup to coffee
While others in their bunks do lie forlorn—
If you can brave the rise and fall of vessel
While others wave about like blinded bats—
If you can stay above and love the swaying
While others creep below like wounded rats;
If you can watch the foam upon the waters
While others mourn the coming of the gale—
If you can keep your grit while blowing tempest
Doth make the cheek of others blanch and pale—
If you can stand the waves and never mind it
While others whine about the way they soak—
Then you deserve the greatest trip of any,
I hope that you will have it—that's no joke!

TO THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

We all remember how we've heard
That in the great Stone Age,
Woman was classed with things that now
Are kept within a cage.
Her royal spouse would hie him home—
And each day after dinner,
With his royal club he'd lay her low—
This grand old Stone Age sinner.
Blest be the time—blest be the place—
Blest be the land and age—
Blest be the woman, who by love,
Has opened up her cage.
Forever blest—the fact that she,
Without being deemed a sinner,
May be in attendance on her club
When hubby comes home to dinner.
So here's to the women's clubs, I say,
Long may they ever live!
Their motto now and always be—
"To Love—to Serve—to Give!"
And thankful be each time we think
Of that old Stone Age sinner—
Who beat his wife up with his club
Each day when he went to dinner!



JOSIAH DIGGS

Josiah Diggs felt bad one day
He really was quite sick,
And so he told his folks to send
For the doctor pretty quick.
The doctor came and said—"You'll die—
I'm mighty sorry for you,
For coffins are so awful high
Takes a fortune to see you thru.
The hearse, the flowers, and carriages,
And men to dig the grave—
By time your widow's paid them all,
There won't be nothing to save."

Josiah sat up straight in bed
And drew a terrible sigh,
And said—"Please hand me my old shoes,
I can't afford to die.
The undertaker—he shan't have
What I've worked for so hard—
Just wait a while before you plan
To lay me 'neath the sod.
I'm terrible sick—and you can see
That I ain't tellin' no lie—
But git my shoes, and do it quick!
I can't afford to die."

Josiah went into the swamp
And cut him down a tree,
He split it—sawed it—planed it—
As pretty as could be.
He got some nails and he rigged up
A coffin from that wood,
And tried to make it fire-proof
As nearly as he could.
He planted all the flower seed
He got his fingers on,
He dug a hole, six—six by four—
And said, “High Cost, begone!
I’m ready now to shuffle off
This mortal coil of mine,
Wife—don’t you cry, nor weep, nor mourn—
I surely don’t mind dyin’—

“The undertaker—he won’t get
What I worked for so hard,
I’m ready now, so get to work,
And lay me ’neath the sod.
I’m terrible sick, as you can see—
For I ain’t tellin’ no lie,
So hurry up and make your plans—
Now I can afford to die!”

“LEST YOU FORGET”

(On going to the hospital)

I'm going to take a holiday;
This is to say adieu,
And let you know where I will be
So I may hear from you,
I'm leaving home on this fine jaunt
'Bout July twenty-five—
Away for sixty days to be
Then home—if I'm alive.
Don't get alarmed for I am sure
That I'll be getting well
And hope to stay on this old earth
For quite a little spell.
So—don't forget to remember—
I'm giving you a cue—
'Twould bring a lot o' cheer to me
To hear from folks like you.

You'll probably guess
These “cheeky” lines
Are from—yours truly
—Nelle Womack Hines.

SHE WORRIES ME

I never did think much of Sue,
 She worries me;
She's never ready for her cue,
 She worries me;
For if with her you have a date,
She's just about a half hour late.
 She worries me.

I never did care much for Lou
 She worries me;
She never does wait for her cue,
 She worries me;
She'll call you up fifteen before,
"Just come on quick—pep up—let's go!"
 She worries me.

I like a good old steady gait--
Just not too soon—and not too late.

TOAST

To a Merry Heart

“A merry heart goes all the way,”
That’s what they say, my dearie;
If weather be not fair and gay—
Why should we not be merry?
If we do write so many times
To folks who will not heed us,
And plan and work and work and plan,
For causes we think need us.

And if we do lose beauty sleep
And grow quite grey and haggard,
At least we may console ourselves
That we be not a laggard.
Most any bird can sing a tune
When skies are bright, my dearie,
But when the day is drear and long—
Needs must the heart be merry.

Most all of us can count our friends
By thousands—when 'tis sunny;
They “glad hand in and glad hand out”—
Their mouths—they won't melt honey.
But let old Sol decide to frown
And skies be getting cloudy—
Sometimes 'tis quite a little spell
Before we hear their “howdy.”

So give to me the friend so fine
Who ever greets me cheery,
Tho gloomy days may come and go—
Still can her heart be merry.
And leave with me the friend so fine
Who gives the “glad hand” ever—
And may my guardian angel see
That parted we be—never!

So here's a toast to your “glad hand”—
And to your heart so merry;
And may you live a hundred years!
That is my wish—my dearie.



“When Mary Sings”

WHEN MARY SINGS

(Set to Music)

When Mary sings!
The mockin' bird jes' gives his wings a shake,
So mournful like—and seys it ain't no use
Ter try to make no other music,
When Mary sings.

When Mary sings!
Jes' all the little critters hush their notes;
'Pears like they can't start trilling
In their throats—poor things!
When Mary sings.

When Mary sings!
My heart jes' stops—
Then beats its tiny wings against my breast—
'Lows ain't no use ter try to stop a-lovin' her—
The little imp!
When Mary sings.

(All verses in this divison set to music by the author.)

AN ALUMNAE HYMN

Georgia State College for Women

Dedicated to the Memory of Marvin M. Parks
(Set to Music)

Years may come and years may vanish,
Measured tread of Time go on;
Love for Thee, our Alma Mater,
Keeps our hearts radiant as morn.
May thy truths dwell ever in us,
Faith in Thee keep mountain high;
May the ideals oft imparted
Cherished be, and never die.

Hallowed is Thy name, dear College,
In Thy children's hearts enshrined;
Mem'ry brings to us a vision—
Mother-arms around us twined.
May Thy years be rich and many,
And from sorrow ever free;
Oh, we pray, dear Alma Mater
God's rich blessings rest on Thee.

THE CALL OF THE WOODS

(Set to Music)

Oh, away, away I long to roam
To the woods beyond some distant hill;
There where all the wild birds find a home,
There to stroll beside a murmuring rill;
Where the scent of hawthorne fills the air,
Where the wild rose in the wind doth sway,
There to free my soul from every care,
Come, my heart, oh, let's away!

There I want to find a wood-thrush nest,
Hear the mother calling low and sweet;
There to sit upon some bank to rest
Smiling on the violets at my feet.
There to watch the checkered sunlight gleam,
Catch the fragrance on the scented air;
There to fill my soul with peace—and dream
That my life holds not a care.

Then away my heart, we'll go, we'll go!
You and I and leave the world behind;
Rare delight we'll find and that I know,
For the woods are always good and kind.
There, my heart, we'll sing a little song,
With no care for just a little day;
Come, my heart, I hear a joy-bell ring—
To the woods we will away!

TO KNOW

(Set to Music)

A flower bloomed on a mountain side
In the night wind bending slow,
But never a dream of loneliness came
Because it did not know.

To rest a while on its fragrant bloom
A wee bird chanced one day;
A low sweet note—a flutter of wing,
And it passed its songful way.

That the sun went down in a cloud that night
It may or may not be true;
But a tremor shook the dew from the flower—
For loneliness it knew.

Oh, love! be kind—only your eyes
Can keep my heart aglow;
Wasted are the years behind
Because I did not know!

WHITE DOVE

Indian Love Song
(Set to Music)

Ah, the silver moon
Shines upon thy hair,
Making my heart swoon
To see thy beauty,
My white dove.
Ah, the swaying willow
Never thy grace can show;
Ah, the stars that shine above me,
Pale before thine eyes, oh, love!
My white dove.

When thy footstep's lightness
Falls not upon mine ear,
Then, the snows of winter
Fall upon my heart.
Ah, all joy will die—
And so will I,
My white dove.

OH, MIS' LINDY

(Set to Music)

Oh, Mis' Lindy! you oughter bin erlong,
All dem niggers wus tryin' ter sing er song;
A big black man wid er butcher knife
Moughty-near tuk erway my life,
Right den, Mis' Lindy—you almos' lost yer man.
When he sed he sho' loved you,
I looked at him and sed—"You do!
Nigger, you jes' well ter start
Sayin' yer prayers—we's gwain ter part!"
So den, Mis' Lindy, I karved him ter de bone.

Oh, Mis' Lindy! I loves you, honey chile!
Clar ter goodness! you moughty-near sets me
wild!
I'll tak' you 'bout in a big red car,
Sumpin' ter eat when we gits thar!
Hi-yi, Mis' Lindy—jes' hurry right erlong.
I ain't got no time ter waste,
Baby-gal you better mak' haste;
Dinah, Jane and Sarah, chile,
Is waitin' eround fer me ter smile,
So den—Mis' Lindy—you better mak' up your
min'.

Oh, Mis' Lindy! I got er little home.
Honey suckles s-climbin' 'round de comb;
Chickens chirpin' 'round de do'—
Er dog ter bark—er cow ter low—
Hi-yi-Mis' Lindy! don't dat sound good ter you?
What! you seys you don't love me?
You acts jes' lik' er bumble-bee!
Goodby gal, I sho' is fru—
Knowed all erlong you wouldn't do!
So long Mis' Lindy—you won't see me no more!



DEAR LITTLE BABE

A Lullaby to Emmett Womack Hines, Jr.
Born Jan. 6th, 1926.

(Set to Music)

O, little babe with cuddly form
Against your mother's heart,
Drowsy eyes and cheeks o' pink
And rosebud lips apart;
Close thine eyes and go to sleep
For mother-love is near—
Nothing can disturb thy rest
While mother-care is near.

So go to sleep and rest,
Safe on mother's breast;
Sweetly sleep, dear little babe,
For naught can harm thee now.

Softly purple shadows fall
As day fades in the west;
Rosy dreams will come as mother's
Song lulls thee to rest;
Angels guard thy life as mother's
Prayers arise for thee—
While thy little boat's a-sail
Upon the slumber sea.

WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

(Set to Music)

Why do I love you?

I cannot tell you sweet.

I love you for everything!

For the clover that's leaning

To kiss your twinkling feet,

For the birdlings that

In joyous springtime sing!

For the sunny light in your gold-brown hair—

For the curl that doth kiss your ear—

For the coral red of your lips so rare—

For your soul that is crystal clear.

Oh! the rose, she hides blushing,

For she knows you are near,

While her sweetness the honey-bee doth sip;

But all he could gather

In a thousand years

Could be found in one kiss from your lips!

Why do I love you?

For your eyes that bring me rest;

God grant we may never part!

But dearest, I love you,

The deepest and the best—

Because you are mine, sweetheart!



I ONLY KNOW

I only know, somewhere, somewhere,
Beneath God's glorious skies,
 A maiden sweet
 Awaits to greet
Me with tender, lovelit eyes.

I only know sometime, sometime,
In the happy is-to-be,
 This maiden fair
 With wind-blown hair
Will wander home to me.

I only know, my love, my love,
Thru sunshine and cloudy weather,
 Thou, maiden sweet,
 And my willing feet,
Will wander thru life together.

Note—Above poem written at age of eighteen
—set to music in 1924 as a wedding song for son
Emmett Womack Hines, and his bride, Frederica
Boatright.

WITHIN

(Set to Music)

The sobbing wind, so mournfully,
Sweeps by my window pane;
And on it, gently tapping,
Comes the silver-fingered rain.
But neither rain nor sobbing wind
Keeps from my hearth its light—
For there I sit beside
My little fire—
Sweet, warm, and bright.

Life's piercing wind may strike me down
Tossing my soul about;
Life's rain may beat upon me
Bringing with it pain and doubt;
But neither rain nor piercing wind
Keeps from my heart its light—
For deep within there dwells
A little joy—
Sweet, warm and bright.

DEAR OLD BALDWIN

(Set to Music)

Dedicated to the School Children of Baldwin Co.

There's a spot beyond compare
And I call it my dear home,
And I hope in all the years to come
That far I may not roam.
This spot lies in Georgia's heart
Nature gave it gifts so rare,
They were showered on this blessed place
And made it very fair.

Chorus

How we love you, dear old Baldwin,
We're proud of all your history;
How we love your red old hills,
Forests green and rippling rills,
And the beauty of your hillsides in the springtime.
We're glad to be your children, Baldwin,
A heritage of pride is ours,
A noble pioneer band
And the fairest of the land
Made their homes within your borders, dear old
Baldwin.

THE MAIDEN AND THE NIGHTINGALE

(Set to Music)

Not alone for its sweet music

Does my heart long for your song;

But, because I know at nightfall

My love's coming won't be long.

Soft his eyes as dusky star-beams,

Sweet and tender is his voice,

List! oh bird, is that his footstep?

Oh, my heart, he comes! Rejoice!

Soon his hand will reach for my hand,

Soon his eyes will find my own.

Oh, my heart doth leap with gladness!

Nightingale—sing on! Sing on!



MY CABIN IN THE PINES

(Set to Music)

There is a little cabin and it sits among the pines
And there I love to be at close of day,
I love to watch the swaying of the honeysuckle
vines

And it's there I lay my troubles all away,
And there I catch the music of the song birds in the
trees,

The peace it brings is worth your golden mines.
I love to go a-roaming, a-roaming in the gloaming
'Round this little old log cabin in the pines.

Chorus

I love to sit a-dreaming
Beside the cabin door
And see the firelight gleaming
As shadows come and go;
An old owl, whispers "Who-oo-oo-?"
The West Wind answers, "You-oo-oo-"
I love you little cabin in the pines.

I often wonder what the future days may have in
store

And if 'twill be my lot the world to roam;
And if I'll miss the fragrance of the rose above the
door

Of that little old log cabin that's my home.

But oh I know I'd dream each night of this dear
 little place,
 That nestles in the honeysuckle vines,
And long to be a-roaming, a-roaming in the gloam-
 ing
 'Round this little old log cabin in the pines.

A SUMMERTIME SONG

Dedicated to the Summer School, Georgia State
 College for Women
 (Set to Music)

Tra la la la la la la la la
 We'll sing a summer-time song;
Tra la la la la la la la la
 So here's to the days that are long;
To the rose so fair in your garden rare,
 That is wooed by the passing breeze;
To the larkspur blue as heav'ns own hue,
 To the grace of the swaying trees;
To the lark's sweet song as she wings along,
 Her notes of cheer rising high;
For the sun's warm rays old earth sings praise
 On her breast as they softly lie.
For the gentle rain which comes again
 To make the green things spring;
For all these blessings from our heart
 This summer song we sing;

Chorus

Tra la la la la la la la la—etc., etc., etc.

Tra la la la la la la la

We'll sing a summer time song

Tra la la la la la la la

So here's to the days that are long;
To a shady nook and a welcome book

To while away an hour;

To the rest it brings while our glad heart sings
With joy of its soothing power;

To the friends who care our hours to share
And make them doubly blest;

For the playtime that we all must have
To add the needed zest.

For the spirit fine like sparkling wine

That strengthens everything,

For all these blessings from our heart
This summer song we sing.



Hollyhocks and Butterflies

HOLLYHOCKS AND BUTTERFLIES

Said the hollyhock to the butterfly,
 "Oh, you beautiful thing!
Oh, your wonderful colors!
 Oh, your lovely wing!
You brighten with your coming
 E'en the most glowing day—
While I but grow from year to year
 In a lowly humdrum way."

Said the butterfly to the hollyhock,
 "You dear old modest thing!
You furnish sweets for all my need,
 And rest for tired wing;
Though far I go I still can know
 That you are waiting here—
How splendid that your gorgeous bloom
 Should come from year to year!"

E'en hollyhocks and butterflies
 Have some of mortal's ways—
They need a little comforting,
 They need a little praise.

IN MY GARDEN

I

I'm sure from God a blessing falls
On my garden fresh at dawn.

There comes a call—one soft bird-note—
Then anthem clear from feathered throat
Is mounting high at dawn.

Oh, hour of wonder! Tints of gold—
Of azure—pink—at dawn.

My heart and I with rapture gaze
And lend our song to nature's praise
Ascending high at dawn.

Oh, joyous hour! I'm gladly sure
God blesses me at dawn.

My heart says so. Hail coming day!
Once more to laugh! To work! To play!
Thus sings my heart at dawn.

II

I'm sure from God a blessing falls
As my garden glows at noon.

 In sun's life-giving ray there grows
 Fair lily, violet and rose—
Oh, sweet to live at noon!

Wee winged things float to and fro
In my garden glad at noon.

 From distant chimes faint steals a sound,
 And from His throne as God looks down—
He smiles—I'm sure—at noon.

III

So—with the peace of twilight hour
My heart and I at dusk—

 The day's work done—and both a-smile—
 I'm sure God sits with us a while
In my garden sweet at dusk.

MY DAY

Bless you—
 Little babe on my breast;
Bless you—
 Little bird in your nest;
Bless you—
 Little cloud in the sky;
Bless you—
 Little breeze floating by.

Bless you—
 Little flowers in the sun;
Bless you—
 Butterflies, everyone;
Bless you—
 My friend with a smile,
Cheering
 My heart all the while.

God bless—
 In His splendid way,
These things
 That make up my day.

RECOMPENSE

'Tis a good old world!
So many things we have
To make us glad;
Misfortune comes our way, mayhap,
Sometimes, our days are sad.

But then—in love—to make amends,
God sends us friends.



WHISTLING

I guess my dad's the finest man
That really ever was.
He goes up town just every day—
And he makes money—and oh gee!
He buys so many pretty things
For my dear mother.
And as for me—
He gives me marbles, baseballs, bats,
Most everything you see.
Of course I want to show him how
I love him; so at night
I run and set his slippers down
Beside our fire bright.
Then wait to hear him say—“Why son—
That's fine—”—but Dad—he—
Just forgets.
And I run out and whistle loud—
Big boys don't cry—but oh!
There is the queerest little pain—
Right here—above my tummy.
I know my precious mother is
The prettiest woman ever!
She makes me things and always sees
That 'hind my ears is clean.
She helps me with my lessons too
And fixes pies for me.
I love my mother! She's awful nice—
And sometimes—gee!

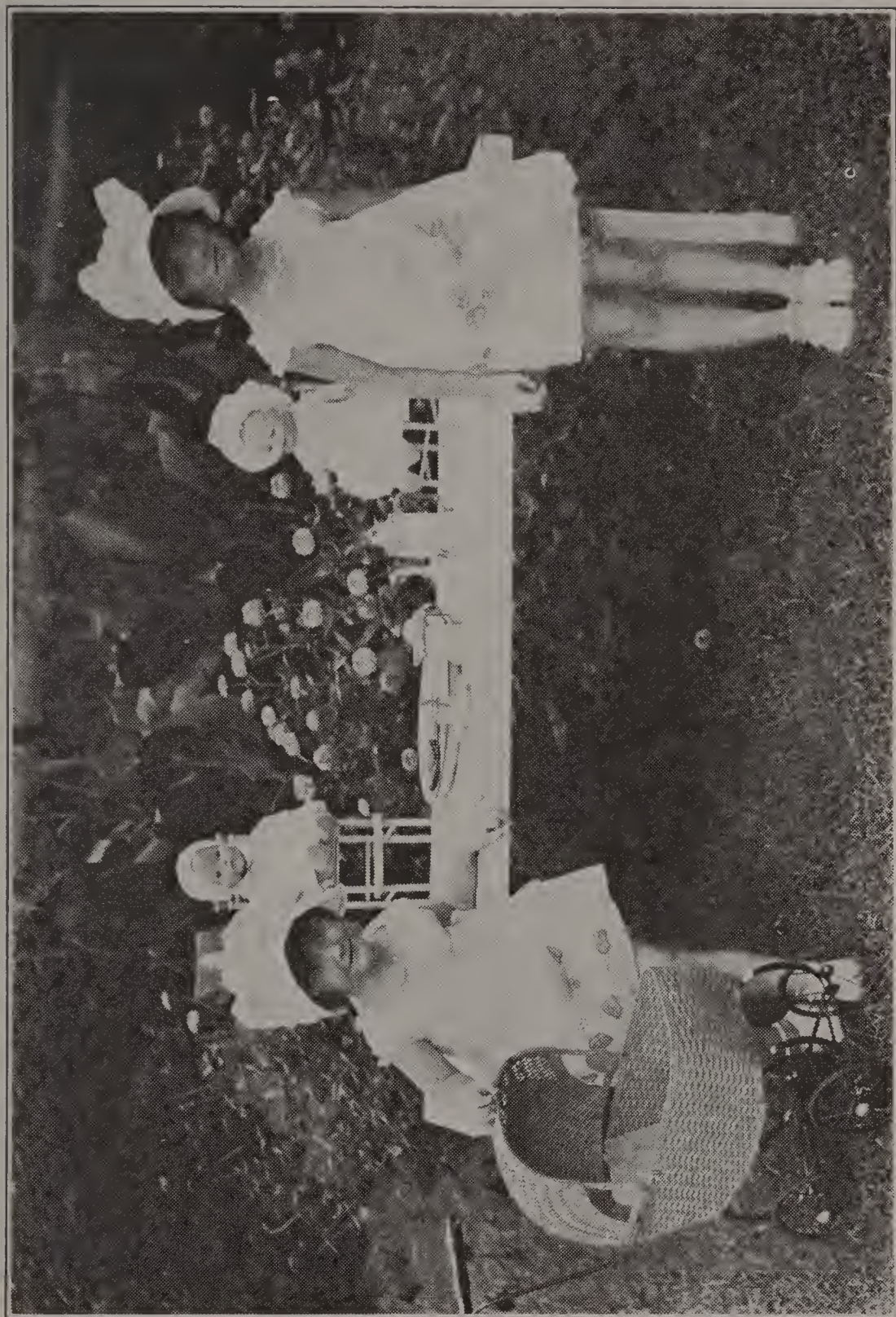
I hang around and do my best
To try to help her but she says—
“No—no—just run along—
I’m busy now—you worry me—”
And oh!
A great big lump sticks in my throat
And hurts me so—
As I run out behind the barn—
I just can’t whistle.
You know my dog? Ain’t he a beaut?
He seems to think I’m fine.
He waits just out the kitchen door
While I go in to dinner.
And if I bring him back a bone
He nearly twists his back in two—
And his eyes say—
“Just look at you!”
But if I don’t bring anything
He wags his tail off just the same—
And runs and gets a little stick
And brings it back to me.
I grab him up and hug him quick
And then oh gee! the fun we have!
He runs in circles all around
Just like he wants to please me—see?
And when he creeps back to my feet
I pat him on the head—oh gee!
How I do love him!
And the queerest little happiness
Just flutters all around my heart—
And my—how I can whistle!

LITTLE NEIGHBORS
To Katherine and Martha

Little footsteps pit-a-pat
Sounding on the floor,
Who is that a tip-a-tap
On my big back door?
Must be little fairies there—
Think I hear a wing—
As I hasten to the door
My heart 'gins to sing.

Little faces smile at me,
There they are—the two—
“These are our new dresses we
Come to show to you.”
Then with me the little maids
To the garden go—
There with marigold and phlox
Stage a fashion show.

I forgot to mention that
Dollies were there, too—
And, of course, a tea party
Was best—that I knew.
So with zinnias flaming red
Blue birds flying low—
Cake and conversation wound
Up the fashion show.



LITTLE NEIGHBORS
Martha and Katherine Carpenter

JUNE-HEARTED

I'm jes' so tarnal happy,
 Don't kere if the birds don't tune—
Don't kere if the flowers ain't bloomin'
 My heart's a perfect June.
Don't kere if the sky is weepin',
 Don't kere if her eyes do smart—
Don't kere 'bout the mists a-risin'—
 It's lovely in my heart.

Ol' fellow, what's the matter?
 You're pale. Don't tremble, start—
I'm happy—and not crazy—
 There's summer in my heart.
Yer say—"what is the matter?"
 Jes' listen—here it be—
Las' night—with the stars a-list'ning—
 Molly sed she wus lovin' me!

MY LADY'S FAN

My lady's fan is a wonderful thing!
Rare seiges it has stood—
'Tis part of her—and thus betrays
My lady's every mood.

It has pressed my lady's tear-dimned eye—
It has kissed her cheek a-glow—
O feathery fan of my lady fair,
You have broken hearts galore!

You've sheltered my lady's blushing face
From my eye's tender light—
You've wafted me up to the realms of day
And cast me back to night.

But my lady's fan I'll ne'er forget—
Though all else from my memory slips;
'Twas first behind my lady's fan—
I kissed my lady's lips!

THE WAY PAP READ IT

Pap was readin' o' Riley's poems
And this was the way he read:
"When the frost is on your punkin—"
Then he stopped and scratched his head.

"Didn't think he'd be a-makin'
Fun o' gray hairs," he softly said;
"Yas—the frost IS on my punkin,
But I'd ruther he'd call it head."

BECAUSE

With wondering eyes he gazes up—
“And will he down the chimney come
And leave a rocky-horse for me?
Oh mother!”
And then I nod and smile, you see,
Because?
I still believe in Santa Clause.

With fingers on her parted lips
She tip-toes toward me—eyes so bright,
“Oh, mother, just behind that tree
Are fairies dancing—
Hear their feet—
And see them swaying—”
And then, I nod and smile, oh yes—
Because?
I still believe in fairies.

Years Later

'Tis late. He sits beside my bed,
All others are asleep.
“I wonder—mother—do you think
That maybe, in the years to come,
There will be someone—”
Trails a pause—
I press his hand, and nod and smile;
Because?
I still believe in love's young dream.

She shyly looks into my face,
Sweet cheeks a-flush
And girlish eyes brim-full of hope;
“You really think he’ll come—
Some day? Oh, mother!”
I nod and smile, she strolls away
To dream her dreams. And why do I?
Because—
I still believe Prince Charming comes.



TOO BAD!

Miss Petunia had a party
On a summer's day—
Four O'clocks were not invited—
So the Zinnias say.
Red Verbena blushed and stammered—
“Now—what shall we do?
For they are our swellest family—
We all know 'tis true.”

That day came—and as the party
Was at five—you see
All the guests were just a-waiting
For that time to be.
What you think? The Four O'clocks
Just
Stopped
Their
Clocks!
Too bad!
So—no one went to the party,
Which was very sad.

I DO NOT KNOW

I do not know why liquid, fluted notes
Piped gently from the depths of quiet tree,
Should drip like tears of golden joy and sink
Into and stir the very heart of me.

I do not know why lingering organ notes
Should quiver back along the trail of years
And touch a chord of pain, the harmony
Quick flooding down upon my soul like tears.

I do not know just why the Lord should make
This longing in my heart so fierce a thing;
But I do know that if I reach His Court
He's going to let me sing—and sing—and sing!



The Hills of Yesteryear

THE HILLS OF YESTERYEAR

Down from the hill
There comes a faint trill,
But it isn't the bird that I hear;
But the notes of a song
As it echoes along
From the hills of yesteryear.
The voice of my boy as he runs to tell me
Of a dear little nest that he found in a tree.

In the sun's glow
The marigolds grow,
But it isn't the flowers I see;
But a dear little face
That's trying to trace
The flight of a honey-bee.
And narrowed to nothing the world's vague alarms
As I feel the deep ache of my empty arms.

Faint as a dream
The fireflies gleam
Among the magnolia's blooms;
But I do not see
The snow covered tree
Or heed the dusk's trailing plumes;
For out of the night's dim yesteryear
Comes laughter a-ringing—sweet and clear.

Shouting with glee
And waving to me,
And leaping up into the air;
Eyes all a-gleam
As the fireflies beam
He's chasing—now here and now there;
Oh dear little boy in your rollicking play,
How you bring back the joys of a far off day!

He leans to my kiss—
Oh wonderful bliss
Of childish eyes raised to my own;
We both come to rest,
His head on my breast
As we swing in the twilight alone.
Oh yesteryear boy! you're smiling I see—
You're back—in your boy—to play here with me.

SONG AND STAR

Song in the heavens,
Star in the sky,
Shadows of three men
On the sand lie.
Fragrance of frankincense
Faintly sweet,
Pad, pad, pad,
Of camels feet.

Song in the heavens,
Star in the sky,
A mother's croon,
A babe's low cry;
Three men kneeling
In prayer and awe,
Before a throne
Of hay and straw.

Song in the heavens,
Star in the sky,
Joy in hearts—
Triumphant cry;
Praise from angels
And earthly throng
The star! the Babe!
And then the song!

E'RE I DIE

When I die,
I would some hands could cross mine on my breast,
O'er my poor, pulseless heart—cold and at rest,
And say: "These hands did what they thought was
best."

When I die.

When I die,
I would some quivering voice to me might say;
"The faults were here, beloved, but now—to-day,
We'll bury them beneath a voiceless clay,"

When I die.

But e'er I die,
I pray some loving words to me be said,
Some benedictions placed upon my head,
For living hearts are warmer than the dead,
E'er I die.

APPRECIATION

Oh, isn't it fine for this old world
To give to you a Friend
Who doesn't wait for Eternity's gate
To clang—and mark "The End"—
But sends a beautiful big bouquet
Of posies sweet and rare—
And one is Appreciation—
And all are plucked with care.

'Tis going to be a dark old place—
Down in that "six by two,"
With just the room for a wooden box,
A metal plate, and you;
And you can't hear—and you can't see—
And you can't smell, you know,
Those perfumed flowers above your head
That kind friends placed—and so—

Just isn't it fine to have a Friend
To hand you a sweet bouquet—
While you can see—and you can smell—
Oh, isn't it fine—I say?

HEAVEN

I cannot think that heaven will be
A city on a jasper sea;
For it would be so queer a sight
That one might almost pray for night.
The good Lord will, it seems to me,
Just use His own vast, deep blue sea.

I cannot think that heaven's way
Will be of gold as some do say;
For little feet would find it cold
And hard, to always walk on gold.
In meadows green, I'm sure they'll play,
And pick His flowers all the day.

I cannot think there'll be no night
In heaven—for a day so bright
Should followed be by dusk—such rest
E'en for immortals might be best.
How wonderful, through heaven's bars
To gaze upon His lovely stars.

I cannot think that we will rest
Forever—as some do think best;
For 'tis a burden to sit still
When to be up one has a will.
I think He'll let both me and you
Do that thing we most long to do.

FRIENDS

1929

To the Students of the Summer School
Georgia State College for Women
Milledgeville, Georgia

You're my Friend, and I'm your Friend;
What would this old life be
Without the touch of hand on hand?
A lonesome, restless sea.
I'm your Friend and you're my Friend;
How splendid are the days
That bring us gladsome comradeship—
E're we go separate ways.
Though soon, upon the Hill of Life,
The trail you tread may bend
And take you far away from me—
But still—you are my Friend.



MY MOTHER DEAR

(A small boy, wearing a red flower on
Mother's Day, speaks)

My Mother Dear,
Somehow, I don't get near so scared
When you are near.
When it grows dark
And awful bugger-boos out there
Waiting near the cedar tree
To hop right out and grab at me—
You take my hand,
And smile at me—and understand.
And oh, how brave it makes me feel!
I ain't so scared when you are near,
My Mother Dear.

(A Man, wearing a white flower
on Mother's Day, speaks)

My Mother Dear,
Somehow, life does not frighten me—
I feel you near,
Though from a place called Heaven
You smile on me.
And when my pathway grows so dark
That groping, I can scarcely see,
I sense the touch of your dear hand,
And know, and feel you understand.
And strong again, straight in the face
I look my fear.
To that fair place called Heaven
Ascends my love to you.
I pray
That I may always feel you near,
My Mother Dear.

HOME AGAIN

Written Nov. 11, 1918

(Sequel to "Young Fellow, My Lad.")

By Robert Service)

"Where have you been, Young Fellow, My Lad?
Faith! and we've missed you sore!"

"It's over the seas, I've been,—My Dad—
In the battle's din and roar."

"What did you there, Young Fellow, My Lad?
What did your young eyes see?"

"Enough of sorrow and strife, my Dad—
To make a man of me."

"Did you think of us, Young Fellow, My Lad—
When the shells were glaring bright?"

"Yes—well I knew you'd be praying—Dad—
For your boy—in the night!"

"They said you were dead. Young Fellow, My
Lad—

Say! did they wound you boy?"

"Now—now—what does it matter, Dad?
To be wounded for Right—is Joy!"

“Come closer to me—Young Fellow, My Lad—
I want to know you are real.
Come to the arms of your poor old Dad
He may know you are living still!”
“Yes—sure I am—your Boy—your Lad—
I’m glad I went to fight!
Why—these are victory scars, my Dad—
Won in the fight for right!”

“Ah—me! Ah me! Young Fellow, My Lad!
Your heart will never know
How Mother and your poor old Dad
Are proud that this is so!”
“Then—here’s a hug for my dear Dad—
A hug that is strong with joy!
Here—Mother!—Here! I’m home again!
Come greet your soldier boy!”

TO MY LITTLE ROOM

214-F Piedmont Hospital

214—I hate to leave you—'clare to goodness if I don't—

Some day I'll come back to see you—'clare to goodness if I won't.

With your window facing northward where a big magnolia tree

Every day for ten long weeks did bloom a snowy bloom for me.

With your little bed so "comfy" where I lay when after "gassed"

Just so thankful that another operation day had passed.

And your little bed-side table where the water pitcher sat—

And the big waste paper basket where we caught a little rat.

With your press-the-button service that quick brought a face that smiled—

Cherry nurse that answered "lights" all day without once getting "riled"—

And the maid who was so polite as she brought a well filled tray—

While attended by your silence I ate three square meals a day.

Sun has shone and rain has pattered—we'll confess a tear or two—

When there was nobody looking—no one there to see but you.

But your pillows were so soft-like—and so peaceful was your calm,
That the shadows of the evening stole away my every qualm.

Three long months we have been pals now, will you miss me when I go?

Will you miss my voice in greeting to the friends I learned to know?

214—I hate to leave you—'clare to goodness if I don't—

And I'm coming back to see you—'clare to goodness if I won't!



IN THE STATION

They come and go ;
Some rushing on with eagerness to grasp
The hand of love so many years denied ;
While some pass on with step devoid of life
As stalks the ghost of tragedy beside.

The whistles blow ;
A group of chattering school girl's lilting laughs
Mix strangely with the stifled sobs of pain,
As, black garbed and with dragging steps of grief,
Some widow joins a casket on the train.

They come and go ;
The red capped porter, grinning, lifts a case
Its satin bow telling at once the tale,
While rice and kisses quick, engulf the pair
Who start their journey on the singing rail.

The whistles blow ;
They sound of joy to some—to others bring
A world of grief—and my eyes mist and dim,
While watching joy and sorrow come and go,
For my own blessings lifts my heart to Him.

THE PARABLE OF THE TALENT

The Master came one day
And laid within His servant's hand
A talent small—and went His way.
The talent grew, a healing force—
A virtue flowing from the servant's hand
That made men whole.
Untiring in his search for good to do,
For years and years the talent of this servant
Grew and grew.
And lo! the time had come when He returned.
“Where is my talent? and the interest?”
For He was wroth that other servants had
Their talents hid for fear of thieves—
Or in a napkin wrapped
Had buried in the ground.
Behold! there comes a countless throng—
With faces radiant and with joyous sound
They pass along.
“I walk again—see, Master, see!
I leap—I run—oh, Master, look—
For this is what he did for me!”
The Master smiled—and still the throng passed
by.

Babes prest clost to mothers' hearts,
Young men and maidens at the spring
Of life's beginning.
And older folk, with peaceful brow—
And children—bits of heaven's radiance shining
From their faces!
Mis-shapen forms made whole—
Poor stumbling feet made straight and set
Upon the path of life to go—to do—to be!
"See Master, see!"
And then the Master turned to speak—
But lo! the servant whom He sought
Had hid away.
But the Master knew—and the Master smiled;
"For inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me—"
And went His way.

LIFE'S WORK

One day I prayed (though God knew best)
For Him to send that Day of Rest,
I longed with a heart all burden-sore,
To dwell with Him forevermore.
Oh sense of freedom from earthly care—
As my soul sprang out into God's pure air!
But, looking back to my body dead—
I beheld a map before me spread.

And there I saw, with eyes anew,
The work each mortal had to do
And suffer, e'er Heaven's gates were won—
And lo! I saw mine was left undone!
I turned to the angel in dumb surprise,
And read the sad look in his sorrowing eyes;
"Oh, Angel of Death, return I pray—
Let me finish my work e'er I go my way!"

A look of joy lit up his face,
As back to my body's resting place
Our spirits flew; and I came back to life
With heart anew for the worldly strife.
Now I'm content to work and to pray,
And live in my Master's mapped-out way—
For I know some day with the setting sun,
He'll call me home when my work is done.

DEAR LITTLE ME

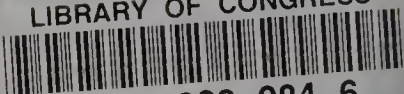
Dear little me
At the age of three,
What were you thinking about?
I fear it was not pleasant—
Methinks I see a pout.
Did they say, “Be still, dear,
And smile a little bit?”
While you longed to play
The live long day—
No wonder you wanted to quit!

Dear little me
At the age of three,
What were you thinking about?
With your two little curls so very prim
And your fat little hand spread out.
I'd like to draw you to me,
As sturdily you sit—
Poor little me
At the age of three—
And cuddle you a bit!



“Dear Little Me at the Age of Three.”

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