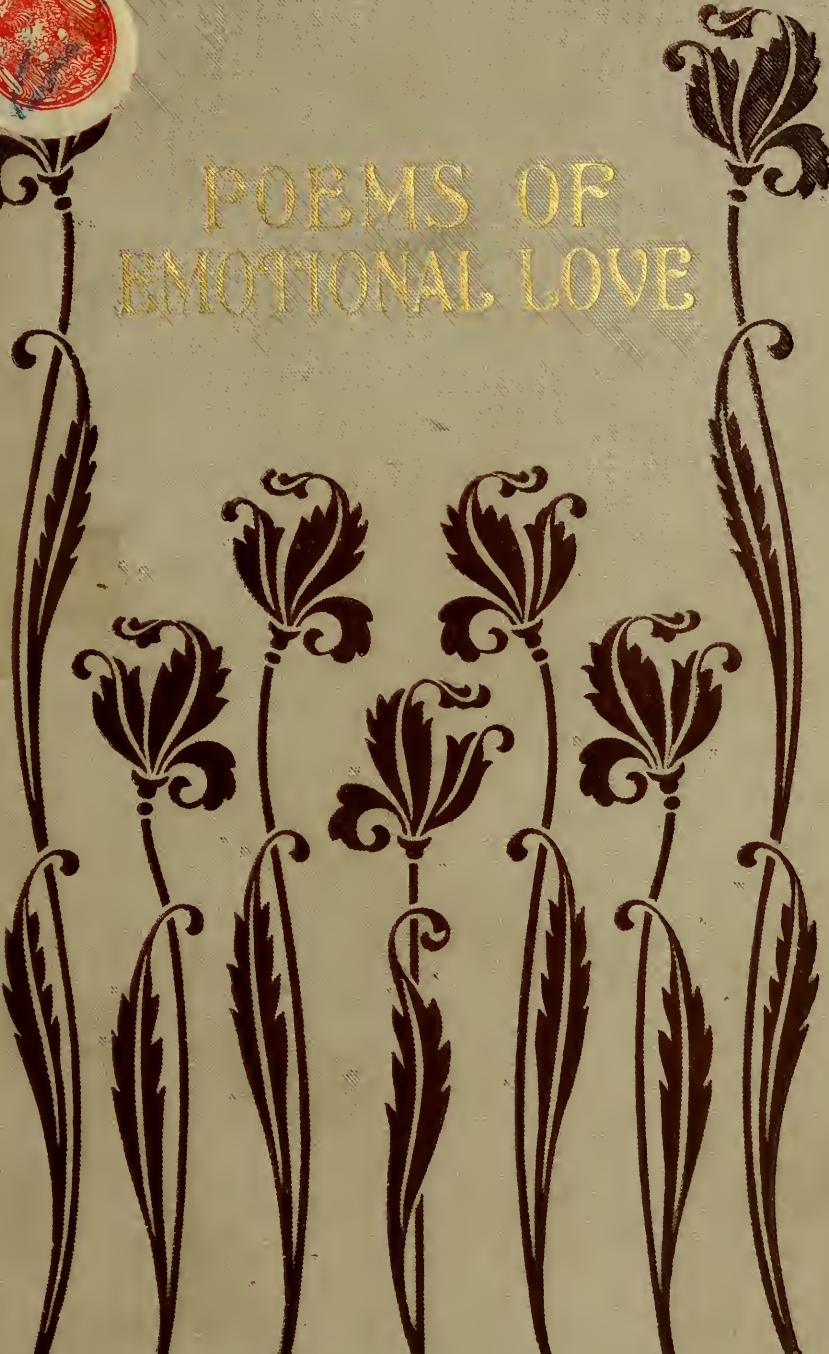


POEMS OF  
EMOTIONAL LOVE





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POEMS OF EMOTIONAL LOVE









POEMS OF  
EMOTIONAL LOVE  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

BY  
RUTH CROSBY DIMMICK



CHICAGO  
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY  
1907

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THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED

*To one whose hand, outstretched, has helped me o'er  
The hills and valleys when the way was dark;  
Whose voice has called: "Go, plume thy wings and soar;  
Gaze on the stars; strive to outwing the lark."*

*To one who, when I've faltered by the way,  
Has come and said: "Now rest thee from thy task;  
Remember, 'Rome was not built in a day.'"  
To one whose kindly smile is all I ask.*

—THE AUTHOR.



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"The Day Has Been so Dreary"



## POEMS OF EMOTIONAL LOVE.

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### SUNLIGHT AND DARKNESS

The day has been so dreary  
And long and dark and weary  
Because the sunlight, dearie,  
    Of your face,  
Has not come with its gladness  
And witchery and madness  
To lift the gloom of sadness  
    From the place.

Ah, love, when we're together  
It matters little whether  
The fog of dismal weather  
    Dims the skies,  
But heaven would be dreary  
And cold and dark and weary  
Without the lovelight, dearie,  
    Of your eyes.

## MY GUIDING STAR

Through the dark ways of life thou art to be  
My guiding star and point the way for me;  
And through the vale where wearily I tread,  
I may look up and see thee overhead  
    Shine radiantly.

And if, at last, when I have reached the light  
Out of the dark and dreariness of night,  
Thy voice should say: "Well done," tho' near or far  
I'd be content to see thee, oh, my star,  
    Smile radiantly.

## A DREAM

I closed my tired eyes until  
My head upon my pillow  
Fell heavily: the world grew still  
And presently a mingled trill  
Of nightingale and whippoorwill  
Came from some far-off hollow.

'Twas soothing, at the close of day,  
After my work was over,  
To hear the evening birds at play.  
In fancy I was far away  
'Midst scented fields of new-mown hay  
And meadow beds of clover.

The tinkle of a nearby stream  
And croak of frogs came to me,  
Soft blended in a golden dream  
Beneath the moonlight's mellow gleam,  
While in my heart love reigned supreme  
And joy thrilled through and through me.

With lithesome step I strayed into  
An old enchanted wildwood  
Where violets of azure blue  
And buttercups and daisies, too,  
Smiled up through crystled drops of dew  
As in the days of childhood.

And once more in a distant land,  
    In days now gone forever,  
I felt a mother's gentle hand  
As lightly fell a reprimand  
On ears that could not understand  
    And ears that heeded—never.

Again I roamed through life's glad spring  
    Without a sigh or sorrow,  
Not knowing that a vip'rous sting  
Close follows where sweet kisses cling,  
Just knowing that the birds could sing,  
    Not caring for the morrow.

On, on I went 'neath summer skies,  
    Through long dream days of gladness,  
Looked once more into laughing eyes,  
Found once again the paradise  
That later life somehow denies.  
    Ah, me! the days of madness.

And then, alas! the first sunbeam  
    Danced to the housemaid's ditty  
Across my face: there was no gleam  
Of silv'ry moon, no tinkling stream,  
And I had only had a dream  
    Amidst a noisy city.

## THE TIME OF TIMES

There are times when I think that my heart has grown  
Indifferent, blasé.

There are times when it seems that I do not care  
How goes the hour of day  
Just so long as the weary old world wags on  
And lets me go my way.

There are times, now and then, when I would give all  
If I could only be  
Far away from the haunts of the world of men  
Where I might never see  
Human face; that I might never know the sound  
Of human voice near me.

At such times not the smile of a kindly friend  
Is welcome—even you  
On my soul seem to pall—with your gentle ways—  
No matter what you do.  
At such times is my life a nonentity,  
A great void through and through.

But again there are times when I know my heart  
Is like a furnace fire,  
When I long for the world and my spirits bound  
To heights from out the mire;  
When my whole being thrills and I seethe and surge  
With passion and desire.

Then I want but you, dear, with those lips of yours,  
And feel I could abide  
For eternity held in your tender arms.  
No matter what betide,  
For a love like the love that consumes my soul  
Must needs be satisfied.

And tonight is the time when my heart beats high—  
I want to feel you near.  
Come to me in the dark, in the dark alone,  
Your voice I want to hear—  
Come to me, ah, make haste, for of all the times  
Tonight I want you, dear.



MY VOWS

I have said I would nevermore see you,  
And I swore it with firmest intent.  
I have said I would no longer love you  
And both of these vows I have meant.

I have sworn by the gods to forget you  
Whose memory only brings pain.  
I have sworn it at midnight and noonday  
And over and over again.

But, ah! when this spell is upon me  
Not the fear of my God nor the threat  
Of hell and eternal perdition  
Could make me one moment forget

That the heaven for me is your bosom;  
That the only perdition I fear  
Is this, that you'll one day forget me  
While I shall remember you, dear.

## USELESS

I know there is nothing in it,  
I know it can never be,  
But I like to close my eyelids  
And fancy your arms 'round me;  
And all through my dreams you follow  
And watch with your loving eyes  
Until the dawn of the morrow  
Breaks through the eastern skies.

I know it is very foolish  
And much like a child at play,  
But I like to fancy you with me  
All through the dreary day.  
You sit in a chair beside me  
And watch as I work the while  
And the day is ever the brighter  
Because of your fancied smile.

I know you are farther from me  
Than are the stars and the moon,  
That our paths are as wide asunder  
As days of December from June.  
And while I know it is useless  
And know it can never be,  
Still I like to close my eyelids  
And fancy your arms 'round me.

COMPARISONS

Oh! the smile of your mouth!  
The smile of your mouth!  
It is as a rose from the sweet-scented South  
Where bright sunlight plays  
Through all the long days,  
Yet never so bright as the smile of your mouth.

Oh! the touch of your lips!  
The touch of your lips!  
It is as the honey the bumblebee sips  
From sweet, clinging vine  
And white columbine,  
Yet never so sweet as the touch of your lips.

Oh! the dream of your eyes!  
The dream of your eyes!  
It is as a light in the far-away skies  
That comes gleaming through  
The violet blue,  
Yet never such light as the dream in your eyes.

Oh! the sound of your voice!  
The sound of your voice!  
It is as the notes when the song birds rejoice  
Where clear waters flow  
And soft breezes blow,  
Yet never such notes as the sound of your voice.

## MYSTICISM

Why did you come to me at dark of night  
And bring me that for which I dared not pray—  
Why did you come, but only, when 'twas light,  
To go away?

That which you freely gave I did not try  
To gain, and though I thirsted hungrily  
And drained the cup, I knew, not knowing why,  
It could not be.

What was the profit of that night; the cost?  
O that the Sphinx inscrutable would speak  
And tell me whether I have gained or lost  
And how to seek.

I know but this: you came without my call;  
I know that which you gave was most complete,  
I know—though since the world has seemed to pall—  
That night was sweet.

## A PARTING

'Twas down by the sea on a summer's day,  
The waves dashed high on the cool, white sand;  
He was going away and had come to say  
Good-by, and he held my hand.

The moan of the waves and the pines close by  
Let the sob from my heart slip out unheard.  
My glance met his as he sought my eye,  
But we neither spoke a word.

There were things that we might have said, perchance,  
And things that we might have done, and yet—  
We understood in that silent glance  
And there's nothing to regret.

Yet I never see the waves dash high  
Nor the tall pine trees as they bend and sway  
But what I think of that last good-by  
And the day he went away.

## INCOMPREHENSIBLE

I never could explain it  
And never understand  
Why the touch of gentle fingers  
Or clasp of a soft hand  
Can set my veins a-tingle  
With wildest ecstasy  
And open wide the portals  
Of paradise for me.

I cannot comprehend it  
And never will know why  
A voice that is but tender,  
A glance from loving eye  
Can lift the gloom of sorrow,  
Unweave the tangled skein  
And bring the joy of living  
Back into life again.

AFTERMATH

If I had never seen your wond'rous eyes,  
Wherein the joy of all my being lies,  
If I had never seen them lovingly,  
Full of a mellow light, look down on me,  
I would not care.

If I had never known the tenderness  
Of your dear lips, nor felt their warm caress  
Over my own drag sweetness lingeringly,  
This weary aftermath then would not be  
So hard to bear.

## FICKLENESS

When the summer turns to autumn and the moonlight  
nights grow long;  
When the sad, gray boughs are sighing and the birds have  
ceased their song;  
When the day is still and dreamy and the leaves come  
softly down,  
And the green hues of the summer turn to crimson, gold  
and brown;

Then, as fall the dead leaves downward, fall my dead  
hopes of the spring  
That were brightened into beauty by the summer's  
whispering.  
Hopes, so few of which were full blown, that grew beauti-  
ful and true,  
Most of them were half buds stunted and worm-eaten  
through and through.

And as the leaves lie buried 'neath the dead grass and  
the rain,  
I have covered o'er the memory of the things that give  
me pain—  
All except one hope that lingers like the last leaf clinging  
on  
In among the barren branches after all the rest are gone.



'Twas the fairest hope that blossomed under sunny summer skies;

'Twas a hope that lived and flourished in a pair of wond'rous eyes.

Eyes of brown, with love light glowing, oft come back to look at me

As I sit among the shadows in the autumn silently.

Wend their way into my chamber when the troubled world is still,

And through weary hours haunt me, haunt me sore against my will.

And I strive to put them from me, but soft lips come to caress

'Til I quite forget my anger in their loving tenderness.

Then the old-time hungry longing and the aching, hurting pain

If the hope I buried deepest, for a time, comes back again.

Yet 'tis but a fading mem'ry, a mere phantom, that is all,

For the hope itself was buried when the leaves began to fall.

But when autumn turns to winter and the spring again comes on,

When the leaf that to the old tree clung so tenderly is gone,

Those dark eyes will then have left me, buried hopes will be no part

Of my life, unless to strengthen slender cords that bind my heart,

As the leaves that lay all winter covered o'er with sleet  
and snow  
Will enrich the ground and make it so that buttercups  
may grow.  
And when moonlight turns to sunlight and the birds  
come back to sing  
'Mid the blossoms in the treetops, at the dawn of glowing  
spring;

When the day is clear and balmy and the sky an azure  
blue,  
Save the golden glowing circle where the sun comes  
burning through,  
Then my heart will, like the sapling, fill with hopes  
whose tendrils sprout  
As the old tree dons his verdure and the tiny leaves  
come out.

And where sparkled once the brown eyes, laughing blue  
will look at me  
And the world will ring with gladness and my heart sing  
joyfully  
Until comes again the autumn when the moonlight  
nights grow long,  
When the dead leaves fast are falling and the birds have  
ceased their song.



Marie



## OLD ST. AUGUSTINE

Down in old St. Augustine, where the moonlight's  
silv'ry sheen  
Falls in beauty o'er the Plaza, lighting up the verdant  
green;  
I have watched its mellow rays coming slantwise  
through the maze  
Of branches, making diamonds where the public foun-  
tain plays.

Old St. Augustine by night is to me the fairest sight  
Mine eyes have ever yet beheld and once 'twas my  
delight  
To seek out petite Marie, who was all the world to me,  
And 'neath the stars go strolling on the wall that guards  
the sea.

Ah! it seemed like heaven then and my heart was happy  
when  
I held her little hand in mine, forgetting world and men;  
And as bending pines would sigh and the waters mur-  
mur by  
I'd whisper that I loved her as her voice made low reply.

But in old St. Augustine things are not as they have  
been,  
Though the moon shines just as brightly and the Plaza  
lies as green

As in days of long ago, but I miss the thrilling glow  
Of eyes that smiled up into mine and voice that whis-  
pered low.

Yet my mem'ry somehow clings and my fancy often  
brings  
Those bygone evenings back to me, and as the old bell  
rings  
I walk down the narrow street, listening to hear her  
feet,  
Then out upon the old sea wall where we were wont to  
meet.

But no tiny step is heard, though perchance a mocking-  
bird  
Sings out to me from some palm tree and tells me I'm  
absurd,  
As I sit down silently gazing out toward the sea  
And hear the sobbing of my heart come bounding back  
to me.

DEAR DAYS

Dear days, dead days, past and gone forever,  
    Only in my faint heart lives the mem'ry still.  
Moonlight, starlight, you and I together  
    Gathering apple blossoms on a far-off hill.

Pale-faced half-moon, mocking me in sorrow,  
    How your sick light haunts my empty, aching dreams,  
My poor, worn heart, oh, why do you harrow,  
    Calling up the dead past with your cold, white gleams?

Long since forgotten are the old vows plighted,  
    Apple blossoms withered, ripened fruits are dead,  
Parted our ways are, ne'er to be united,  
    Summer-time is over and the birds have fled.

Dear days, dead days, how your mem'ry haunts me,  
    Kisses sweet as heaven linger with me yet.  
Pale-faced half-moon, hide your sick light from me  
    So I cannot see you, that I may forget.

## WHAT WOULD IT MEAN?

I have heard of a city all made of gold  
On a scale indescribably grand;  
Of a wonderful sea I have oft been told  
And a beautiful promised land;  
And all this were mine if I willed it, dear,  
Yet what would it mean to me  
If I could not feel that you were near,  
If your face I could not see?

I have heard of the angels around the throne,  
Of the flowers that bloom alway;  
How that sorrow, dear heart, were never known  
In the light of an endless day.  
Yet how could I dwell in this promised land—  
Oh, what would it mean to me  
If you were not there to hold my hand,  
If your face I could not see?



## A REQUEST

I ask but one thing of thee, dearest,  
    'Tis this, that thou settest apart  
A wee little space that is nearest  
    The tenderest cord of thy heart,  
And keep there, secluded forever,  
    Away where the world may not see,  
The memory of one who will never,  
    While life remains, cease loving thee.

---

## LONGING

If, on this night of darkness, I could see,  
Through the dim light, your face look out on me,  
Or if your voice but faintly I could hear,  
Low, as of old, upon my famished ear,  
    Longing would cease.

If I could hold you for a little while  
Close in my arms, sweetheart, and see your smile,  
Or if your lips but softly I might touch,  
Whose sweetness, dear, I, knowing, miss so much—  
    'Twould bring me peace.

## BETWEEN THE SUNLIGHT AND THE DEW

In the evening when the shadows flit above among the  
trees  
And the sun sinks slowly down toward his home beyond  
the seas,  
Oft I sit in idle fancy and I half-way close my eyes  
While the god of necromancy weaves strange visions in  
the skies.

I see faces that are fairer than the flowers Eden grew,  
I see jewels that are rarer than King Solomon e'er knew,  
And the faintest, sweetest music fills the quiet, balmy air,  
While innumerable fairies lightly dance about my chair.

Many friends come back to visit and converse in voices  
low  
And recall the things that happened in the days of long  
ago.  
Some are full of life and joyful, there are some morose  
and sad;  
Some would rank among the angels, others class among  
the bad.

'Tis a sort of retrospective or kaleidoscopic view  
Which I get among the branches 'twixt the sunlight and  
the dew,



"In the Evening when the Shadows Flit About Among the Trees"



And from out the long procession that glides by me and  
away,  
There is only one who has the bold temerity to stay.

She, with all her old assurance and her ever-winning  
grace,  
Stands persistently before me with a smile upon her face,  
And that smile would lure the godlike out of heaven  
into hell,  
'Tis no wonder I, a weakling, to its charms a victim fell.

And I reach into the gloaming and I touch her slender  
hand  
And we talk of things that no one else could ever under-  
stand;  
Things the ignoramus classes in the catalogue of sin,  
And we bask in reminiscence 'til the dampness drives  
me in.

Ah! if only I could see her in reality, not dreams,  
Although in the evening shadows very near her presence  
seems  
As I watch the hazy phantoms of the past glide slowly  
by  
While the god of necromancy weaves strange visions in  
the sky.

## THE FIRST SWEETHEART

One afternoon, at the old Bijou,  
I sat in the pit; my vacant stare  
Was fixed on the stage, but saw far through  
The scene and the play enacted there,  
And backward over the hazy past  
My truant fancy traveled fast  
And left the noise and glare.

For when I had turned to glance upon  
The audience, my fleeting gaze  
In that swift moment sought out one  
Who, in innumerable ways,  
Reminded me of one whom I  
Had known well in the years gone by  
And loved in olden days.

My face flushed hot at the memory  
As, turning back, I saw the glow  
Of footlights burst forth radiantly  
And heard the music faintly grow  
Into a wail and softly die,  
And from my heart there came a sigh  
For the things of long ago.

Then into a retrospective mood  
I sank so deep the time and place  
Were quite forgot; I never could  
Recall what happened in that space,

But onward in my reverie  
I wandered reminiscently,  
    Following one dream face.

And then the old first love divine,  
    And scores of others I have known  
Arranged themselves in memory's line,  
    But this first love came forth alone.  
And then I knew, although each face  
Had held my fancy for a space,  
    I never loved but one.

Ah! we all recall that first sweetheart;  
    It matters not who comes between,  
We look back o'er the days that part  
    The now from then, and through the sheen  
Of faded days and vanished years,  
Of sunny smiles and stormy tears  
    The first sweetheart is seen.

---

### UNEQUALLED

There never were eyes like yours,  
    Nor hair with such wavy flow;  
There never were lips like yours,  
    Nor kisses like yours, I know.

## A DOUBTER

Often you have smiled and doubted  
    When I said I thought of you;  
Eyes have told me, if you spoke not,  
    That you scarce believed it true,  
And I tried not to convince you  
    For you never would believe—  
Words are useless with a doubter  
    And 'tis easy to deceive.

But I wish sometimes you knew it,  
    That your heart could realize  
How I some days sit in silence  
    Looking out upon the skies,  
Longing just to have you with me,  
    Longing but your face to see,  
And would give the world to know that  
    You were thinking then of me.

Thoughts of you are with me always—  
    When awake, and in my dreams  
I can even feel your kisses  
    On my lips, and strange it seems  
That when friends are gathered 'round me,  
    Friends I number by the host,  
With so much to make me happy  
    It is then I miss you most.



And above the sweetest music  
And the murmur of the throng  
I can hear you say, "I love you,"  
And it thrills me like a song.  
And I turn to seek seclusion  
From the staring, noisy crowd,  
Lest they see and read my secret,  
Lest my heart should speak aloud.

Then I try to think of others;  
Of the things I have to do;  
But my mind can never wander  
Very far away from you.  
And as like the flash of lightning  
Flashes back the wayward thought  
That dwells only for an instant  
On the days when you were not.

---

## LIFE

A little touch of joy and love,  
A little touch of gladness,  
A little glimpse of heaven above  
And then a world of sadness.

A little smile, a little kiss,  
A frown to keep us guessing;  
Ah! life is half of bitterness  
That we may know a blessing.

## A DREAM OF YOU

I dreamed of you at the break of day,  
At the close of a weary, sleepless night,  
You had come to me with the moon's last ray  
And I kissed your red lips white.

I held you close in exquisite bliss  
While near to my cheek your soft hair fell;  
My soul caught fire upon your kiss  
And surged like a flame from hell.

And you, with your proud and haughty way,  
My love, with the insolent, beautiful face,  
Forgot the role that you had to play  
And melted in love's embrace.

Ah, God! it was only a dream I had  
On my lonely cot at the break of day.  
It was only a dream, but it drove me mad  
To wake and find you away.

And I knelt by my cot and prayed, I swear—  
A thing that I never was known to do—  
And I asked God to grant, if he heard my prayer,  
But one more dream of you.

TO A GHOST

Why do your eyes come to me yet?  
Eyes that I buried long ago—  
Why can you not let me forget,  
You, who have hurt me so,

Are you not satisfied at last—  
Ghost of a dead that will not lie  
Low in your grave, but with the past  
Come back my soul to try?

Surely you've had it all your way  
(Surely you ought to be content)  
From that first hour of that first day  
When our first kisses blent.

Am I no more of peace to know?  
Will your eyes always look at me?  
Mercy, I pray you, dear, now go  
Back to your grave and let me be.

## A MEMORY

I remember a night when the air was filled  
    With a fragrant, sweet perfume;  
I remember a night when a song bird trilled  
    On the casement of your room;  
I remember the stars in the far-off skies  
    And the distant silv'ry moon;  
I remember the light in your tender eyes  
    On a bygone night in June.

In the stillness of night I cannot forget,  
    And at noon your face I see.  
Like the odor that clings to the mignonette,  
    'Round my heart clings a memory.  
I remember it all, dear, and that is all  
    Now left of that night in June—  
Just a memory of the song bird's call,  
    Of your face, the stars and the moon.

## THE ROSE THAT DECKED HER BONNET

Oft the faint, sweet odor of a flower  
Or a strain of music, soft and low,  
Will bring to our mind a faded picture  
Of the days we cherished long ago;  
But today I saw an Easter bonnet  
With ribbons bright and flowers covered o'er,  
And a rosebud nestled down upon it  
Took me back to dear old days of yore.

'Twas but a rose that decked an Easter bonnet  
That perched above a pair of laughing eyes;  
'Twas but a rose, but it recalled a summer  
And made me live again 'neath sunny skies.

One day, 'way back in my dingy attic  
Where for years I'd had no heart to go,  
I chanced upon a box of faded flowers,  
One there was that I had cause to know  
And I held the faded rose before me,  
Weaved it in the meshes of her hair,  
Basked beneath the sunlight of her glances  
Saw the little hat she used to wear.

'Twas but a rose that decked an Easter bonnet  
That perched above a pair of laughing eyes;  
'Twas but a rose, but it recalled a summer  
And made me live again 'neath sunny skies.

## YOUR ANSWER

Do I miss you, you ask, dear; well, "missing"  
Is scarcely the word to express  
The closeness that smothers my being,  
My feeling of heart hungriness.

Am I lonely without you, you question;  
Well, "lonely" could never impart  
To you so you'd half understand it,  
The longing that gnaws at my heart.

Do I want you? Ah, love, can you doubt it?  
Does the sand on the plain want the rain  
After a long, arid season?  
If it does, then I want you again.

MISS NANCY

Miss Nancy, on a summer's day,  
Went gaily forth a-walking.  
She met young Jonathan and they  
Continued walking—talking.

Said he: "Miss Nancy, marry me,  
You need a partner stronger."  
"No, thank you, not just now," said she,  
"I'll wait a little longer."

And then Miss Nancy straggled back  
Unto her lonely cottage;  
She hung her bonnet on a rack  
And cooked a mess of pottage.

Her kitten scratched its scrawny side  
Against the three-legged table.  
Said Nancy: "Here alone I'll bide  
As long as I am able."

Again, upon a day in spring,  
Young Jonathan met Nancy  
And forth they went a-marketing  
To purchase Fashion's fancy.

Said Jonathan "Come, marry me,  
Or tell me what's the reason."  
"No reason, I just can't," said she,  
"I'll wait another season."

Then back at eve she trudged alone  
Unto her lonely cottage;  
She threw her cat a marrow bone  
And cooked a mess of pottage.

. . . . .

The years have flown, and now she sits  
Beside her hearthstone knittin',  
While 'round her ball of yarn there flits  
That kitten's kitten's kitten.



THE DAYS THAT CAN NEVER BE

Oh! for the days that can never be,  
The days of old, the days of gold,  
For the face of my lost sweetheart to see  
And her warm, soft hand to hold.

Oh! for the old serenity  
When skies were blue and hearts were true,  
For the trust and faith in humanity  
And the happiness I once knew.

And if our blind eyes could but read  
Beyond the fears, beyond the years,  
Could see in time how hearts may bleed,  
There would be fewer tears.

But, oh, for the days that can never be,  
The days of old, the days of gold,  
For the face of my long-lost love to see  
And her warm, soft hand to hold.

## THE END

So you call this the end of it, do you?

Well, it would be best if 'twere so.

Perhaps now if I thought as you do

I, too, could as well let it go.

And our love has been only amusement

To while 'way the hours for you?

And the pleasure was such an inducement

That you toyed with a heart that was true?

Well, go, and I'll try to forget you.

Ah! yes, I will try to forget,

But I wish, dear, I never had met you

For the end has not come to *me* yet.

## AN ACCOMMODATING MOON

One night a big, round, shining moon  
Went sailing out over the sea  
And softly and tenderly gazed down upon  
A loving young couple whose fond hearts were one  
As at twilight they crossed o'er the lea.

'Twas a beautiful evening and fair,  
The sea breeze was balmy and warm  
And toyed with the strands of the maid's golden hair  
And tenderly blew out a curl here and there  
As she clung to the youth's manly arm.

And he sung her an old, time-worn song,  
And he said: "Many moons I have tried  
To make you my own, can it be I am wrong—  
Can it be I have waited in vain all along  
In the hope I might claim you my bride?"

Lo! the look that came over her face  
Was a wonderful sight for the moon,  
Who then dipt quickly under a cloudlet of lace  
Just to leave them in gloom for a wee little space  
That they might have a fair chance to spoon.

And he stayed 'neath the cloudlet of lace  
Long enough, yet I know that a smile,  
When he heard the first kiss, dimpled over his face,  
As it shot like a bomb through the echoing space  
And sent the joy many a mile.

And the great whitecaps joyously sprang  
    And bounded in glee on the sea,  
And the deep, rolling waves of the dark ocean rang  
With the old, time-worn song that these new lovers  
    sang  
    As at midnight they crossed o'er the lea.

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## AT TWILIGHT

I sit alone, from all the world apart,  
    And dream of olden days—a foolish dream—  
I fancy once again my old sweetheart  
    Has come to me and in the dark I seem  
To feel his touch and hear his bated breath  
    And whispers that could lure me through the stream  
    Of life to death.

Ah, me! I would 'twere not a twilight dream;  
    I would that bygone days could once return,  
That I might see again the lovelight gleam  
    In eyes that made the flame of passion burn  
Within me, ah! to hold again his hand—  
    To have him now, I think, perhaps, we'd learn  
    To understand.



“We Used to Gather Flowers in the Spring”



## CHANGED

I wonder if the flowers bloom as fair  
As in the days of old, sweetheart, when we  
Walked hand in hand together everywhere  
And you were all in all this world to me.

I wonder if the birds still sing in tune  
And if as brightly in the evening skies,  
Through clouds of tinted azure, burns the moon,  
As when its rays reflected in your eyes.

We used to gather flowers in the spring  
And oft together watched the bright sunset,  
And I took keen delight in everything  
A little while ago, dear one, and yet—

Today I wandered by the old seaside  
Where we once walked, and there a while alone  
I watched the sun set o'er an ebbing tide,  
But all the beauty of the scene had gone.

Last evening as I sat among a throng  
A singer struck the notes of a refrain,  
And sang throughout an old-time, well-loved song,  
But I detected discord in each strain.

God pity me! I've no abiding place.  
I lost the world, sweetheart, in losing you,  
And earth is but an empty, dreary space  
That my sad, aimless spirit wanders through.

## DAN MALONE

Dan Malone, do you remember?  
Can it be that you've forgotten,  
Have forgot the vow you plighted  
    On that day you went away?  
On that day, one white December  
When the log's last dying ember  
Room and hearthstone dimly lighted  
    At the close of twilight gray?

I've been waiting, waiting, waiting,  
Dan Malone, are you ne'er coming?  
Ah! it's just to hear your blarney  
    That I dream my life away—  
All the little birds are mating  
While I'm waiting, waiting, waiting  
For your coming to Killarney  
    As you promised me that day.

O my heart has grown so weary  
Of its empty, gnawing hunger,  
But I'll wait me just to greet you  
    'Til the end of life draws near;  
For I know so well, my dearie,  
You'll return some sad day dreary  
And you'll need me then to meet you  
    Dan Malone, so hurry, dear.





"I've Been Waiting, Waiting, Waiting"



## DEAD LOVE

Love, once 'tis dead, can nevermore  
Return to its full bloom again,  
And all the soul's deep enterprise  
To bring it back is vainly wrought,  
For never can it spring afresh  
From out the heart's clear depths as when  
At first it bounded into light  
With all the bliss of hope new-found.  
And strange it is this thing called love  
Can set the whole wide world agog;  
Strange that on little Cupid's wing  
A soul may soar to Paradise.  
Strange that when once 'tis found and dies,  
The heart it leaves seeks evermore  
And seeks in vain for its return,  
Or searches for a newer love,  
Which, in the finding, though 'tis well,  
Can never fully satisfy.



MYTHOLOGICAL LOVE TALES



## MYTHOLOGICAL LOVE TALES

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### ENDYMION

Diana, by some, was said to be cold  
Where affairs of the heart were concerned,  
But those who were in a position to know,  
By watching her, very soon learned  
That she was quite fond of a beautiful youth,  
Endymion, who on the steep,  
Rocky side of a mountain pastured his flocks  
And spent many hours in sleep.

One night, in the pale, golden glint of the moon,  
Diana looked down from above  
And saw him asleep with his head on his breast  
And soon she was madly in love.  
Then softly she slipped off from heaven and came  
And kissed his warm lips as he slept  
And stayed by his side and over his flocks—  
A close, loving vigil she kept.

And many an evening thereafter she came,  
But absence so much from the skies  
Soon caused in the minds of the deities there  
Suspicious to form and arise

As to whether she really was off on the chase  
Or spending her time with the youth,  
And as she was more and more frequently gone  
'Twas difficult hiding the truth.

So soon it was known and it made Venus glad,  
For many a time had she been  
Reproached for her fondness for beautiful youths  
By this very chaste Huntress Queen.  
But now when old Jupiter heard of the case,  
He, thinking the honor too great  
That had been extended to this simple youth,  
Decided to settle his fate.

And so he submitted a choice between death  
And youth with eternal repose.  
Endymion's choice was the latter, of course,  
And he now sleeps in deep comatose  
In his Carian cave, and each night, from the moon,  
Diana guards him and his sheep,  
Increasing his flocks that he may not have loss  
Incurred by his long, endless sleep.



## APOLLO AND DAPHNE

Apollo loved so many, 'twas rather hard to tell  
Which one he loved the dearest, for each he loved full  
well.

His ways were very winning and great success he had  
In most of his adventures, though one of them was sad.  
In his romance with Daphne he was unfortunate  
And Cupid here played havoc—in manner up to date.  
It seems the god Apollo would sometimes laughing poke  
Great fun at this small fellow, who watched *his* chance  
to joke.

The time soon came and Cupid, with a mischievous look,  
High up on Mount Parnassus, his lookout station took,  
And drew from out his quiver two arrows; one with lead  
Was tipped—a love repellent; the other arrow had  
A tip of gold; this latter would draw love to the heart,  
And steadily the rascal now aimed this little dart  
At young Apollo's bosom, while with the leaden one  
He shot the heart of Daphne—and then began the fun.  
At once the god was stricken and love his bosom fired,  
While Daphne in an instant was with great fear inspired.  
Apollo saw her beauty, her eyes so clear and bright;  
He saw her lips of sweetness and longed with all his  
might

For her, and went a-wooing, but she flew through the air  
And ran away in terror, her heart filled with despair.  
On, on o'er hill and valley it seemed she almost flew,  
And poor Apollo followed—'twas all he now could do.

He cried: "Ah! stay, my Daphne, I am no foe, no clown,  
I am the son of Zeus, of great fame and renown;  
I am the god of sunshine and versed in music's art,  
My arrows all fly swiftly, but one has pierced my heart  
More deadly than mine own are and leaves a malady  
No balm I fear can e'er heal, oh, Daphne, I love Thee."  
The chase continued madly, but finally Daphne knew  
That he was slowly gaining, for soon his hot breath blew  
Upon her hair; then fainting, she sank upon the sod  
And Peneus, her father, a famous river god,  
She called: "Oh, father, open the earth and close o'er me  
Or quickly change my being which brings me misery."  
Now scarcely had she spoken when lo! a trunk of wood  
With waving boughs and branches—a laurel tree she  
stood.

Ah! but the god of sunshine was most amazed at this,  
Yet clung he to the laurel and gave it many a kiss  
Which caused the leaves to wither, yet not abashed,  
said he:

"If thou wilt not my wife be, thou then shalt be my tree,  
And for a crown I'll wear thee and with thy graceful  
boughs,  
When come the Roman Conquerors, I'll decorate their  
brows.

And as all youth eternal is mine, thou shan't decay."  
The laurel waved its branches, but had no word to say.

## ECHO AND NARCISSUS

Echo was a maiden fond of hills and woodland,  
Favored by Diana whom she followed in the chase;  
Beautiful and witching, charming in her manner,  
But the noisy tongue she had brought her sore disgrace.

Juno so disliked her for her constant chatter  
That she took her tongue away, left the little maid  
With no means of talking, save as she replied to  
Questions that were asked her or mimicked what  
was said.

Echo loved Narcissus, who was very handsome,  
But she could not tell him as she wished to do,  
Though she often sought him, and when once he shouted,  
"Let's join one another," off she fairly flew.

Crossed the river to him and, with arms extended,  
Started to embrace him in her joyous glee.  
"Hands off!" said he rudely, and his manner altered,  
"I would rather perish than thou shouldst have me."

"Have me," answered Echo, but he would not listen,  
Went away and left her lone and sore and sad.  
Then she turned and wandered over hill and mountain,  
Pined away 'til nought was left save what voice  
she had.

Now this young Narcissus was so self-conceited  
That he shunned all maidens, as in Echo's case;  
But the foolish fellow, stooping o'er a river,  
One day saw the image of his own sweet face.

He became enamored, struggled to embrace it,  
Laughed to it and talked to it and languishingly  
sighed,  
And when he grew weary of his vain endeavor,  
Knowing nought would come of it, in his grief he  
died.

And it is related as his shade was passing  
Down the Stygian river, dark and deep and wide,  
Death had not diminished in the least his passion,  
For his phantom leaned and looked o'er the vessel's  
side

Just to catch a fleeting glimpse of its fair image  
As it softly glided down the water's crest.  
And when he had left them, all the pretty maidens  
Who had loved him mourned for him—Echo with  
the rest.

And they, being anxious to cremate his body,  
Learned on looking everywhere it could not be found,  
That instead a flower of a beauteous color,  
Where his form had vanished, sprang from out the  
ground.

And thus the Narcissus, full of grace and beauty,  
Waving in the sunshine, into being came,  
And throughout the ages has this little flower  
Flourished to his mem'ry, honoring his name.

## ADMETUS AND ALCESTIS

Admetus, King of Thessaly,  
Went suing for the hand  
Of Alcestis, the maid he deemed  
The fairest in the land.

Her father oft had made the boast  
His daughter should but wed  
The man who in a chariot came,  
By boars and lions led.

This feat the King accomplished  
Through Apollo's timely aid,  
And thus became most happily  
Possessor of the maid.

But soon the King grew pale and ill,  
Death seemed to hover near,  
And now the god came forth again  
And prayed the Fates to hear.

He wrung from them, at length, consent  
That, if another died  
In place of this belovèd King,  
They would be satisfied.

Now 'twas a task to seek out one,  
For though man risked his head  
In battle-fields, he scarce would care  
To choose a feverish bed.

Brave warriors and servants old,  
In turn they one and all  
Refused to die, his parents, too,  
Declined to heed the call.

Then Alcestis, devoted wife,  
Came quickly forth to give  
Her life to save the King that he  
Might gain his health and live.

Admetus, though he loved his life  
(With credit be it said),  
Desired not to keep it then  
At cost of her fair head.

But the condition had been met;  
The Fates were satisfied,  
And as Admetus gained in health  
Alcestis failed and died.

Now scarcely had the funeral  
Gone forward when there came  
A man unto the palace gates—  
One Hercules by name.

Of mighty strength he was possessed,  
And as he loved the King,  
He swore that he would conquer Death  
And back the loved one bring.

Then after he had made the vow  
He turned and went away  
And now the Thessalians mourned  
And waited many a day.

But, lo! at last did he return,  
And to the King he went—  
Who sat in grief and solitude,  
His head in sorrow bent.

The form and brow of Hercules,  
This man of power and might,  
Bore many a battle mark and scar,  
But he had won the fight.

And through the damp upon his face,  
A smile as if of pride  
Came flitting through as close he pressed  
An object at his side.

‘Admetus,’ said he, ‘take and keep  
This woman ’til I come;’  
But King Admetus liked no thought  
Of woman in his home.

Then finally, said Hercules:  
‘Take hold of her, mine host,  
And see if she resembles not  
The wife whom thou hast lost.’

The King looked up: his speech was dumb,  
As on the form he gazed;  
He could not quite believe his eyes  
And sat as one amazed.

Alcestis yet had scarcely moved  
And not a word she spoke,  
And for a time the King believed  
Some god had played a joke.

Some cruel god, who thought, perhaps,  
The shock might end his life,  
But Hercules came to his aid  
And told him of his strife.

Told him how he had fought with Death  
And how he won the day,  
Then, seeing that his work was done,  
He went upon his way.



MISCELLANEOUS



## MISCELLANEOUS

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### NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows until night's gloomy cover  
Drops like a pall, what the day may disclose;  
And until after a cloud passes over,  
What it will bring to us, nobody knows.

Nobody knows—and the soothsayers fail us—  
What will appear ere the coming year goes;  
Whether with sorrow and woe 'twill assail us,  
Or lightened with pleasure, nobody knows.

Nobody knows what lies over the river,  
That dark, mystic river which endlessly flows,  
Bearing away our beloved ones forever  
To an eternity—nobody knows.

Nobody knows, and 'tis well, for the knowing  
Never would lighten our burden of woes;  
But that good fruit springeth out of good sowing  
Ere the bright season wanes, every one knows.

## ARRABELL LEIGH

'Way down in the old apple orchard,  
Under the shade of a tree,  
Deep in the tall, waving grasses,  
They've buried my Arrabell Leigh.

The wind wails a dirge through the branches,  
A cloud hides the sun overhead  
And the boughs bend to earth with their weeping  
Because my poor dolly is dead.

Most every one loved her who knew her,  
For she was so gentle and sweet  
From the very tip-top of her forehead  
Right down to the soles of her feet.

But then she was old, and my mother  
Said: "Arrabell better be dead  
Than live the sad life she is living  
With all of those holes in her head."

One eye she had lost, for my brother  
When shooting his little toy gun  
Aimed right at her head, "accidentally,"  
Then laughed when he saw what he'd done.

Last summer she fell from her hammock  
And, striking her beautiful arm,  
She broke it in three different places,  
Which caused me the greatest alarm.

Not long after that she was sitting  
Alone in her own rocking-chair  
When Towser got hold of the darling  
And tore off her beautiful hair.

I slipped with her once on a wood-pile  
And let her fall square on an axe,  
Which left a great hole in her forehead,  
Though I tried to remove it with wax.

But now all her troubles are over,  
She lies 'neath the old apple tree,  
And there at her head stands a tombstone  
Reciting that Arrabell Leigh

Died of old age; that while living  
She had always been gentle and good  
And lived all her life like a lady,  
As every real good dolly should.

I know now, at last, she is happy,  
And if so, that I ought to be,  
But somehow or other the knowledge  
Is poor consolation to me.

While the wind wails a dirge through the branches,  
And a cloud hides the sun overhead  
And the boughs bend to earth with their weeping  
Because my poor dolly is dead.

## AN AUTUMN SUNSET

Set in a sea of crocus blue,  
Like a ball of gold, the sun  
Far in the west sinks out of view,  
Warmth dies, and the day is done.

Tawny above the hill supine  
In silhouette bow the trees;  
Poplar and ash their branches twine  
And sigh and sob in the breeze.

And sweeping over the silent plain,  
Softly the leaves come down,  
Making the earth a counterpane  
Of molten yellow and brown.



“Poplar and Ash Their Branches Twined”





## ONLY A SAWDUST DOLL

Little Kathleen, scarcely five years old,  
With a kissable mouth and golden hair,  
Who is worth twice over her weight in gold,  
Came up to my rocking-chair.

Held in her arms was a dear little mite  
Of a pale-faced doll, with its broken wrist  
Hung in a sling and bound 'round tight  
In a handkerchief I had missed.

The little girl's heart was well-nigh broke  
And the pretty blue eyes were filled with tears,  
While the face that peeped from the faded poke  
Bore a careworn look of years.

"What is the matter, dear?" said I.  
"Come, sit on my lap and tell me all.  
It is foolish indeed for you to cry  
This way o'er a broken doll.

"For soon we can get you another one  
That will close her eyes and nod her head  
And say 'Mamma,' and, oh! what fun  
We'll have with her," I said.

But her sobs increased, and she cried, "Ah, me!  
To think she is only a sawdust doll,  
And I have tried so carefully  
To keep her from a fall.

"And that is the reason why I feel  
So bad; it is breaking my heart, you see,  
Because my dolly isn't real  
And flesh and bones like me."

Poor little dear! In her sore distress  
She had come to me with a broken heart  
To be comforted, but I must confess  
That I badly played my part.

For I only rumbled the curls of hair  
And suddenly turned my face away  
And said: "Well, sweetheart, don't you care,  
But run on out and play."

And I thought how often we older ones  
Waste the best of life on a sawdust doll  
Only to find no flesh and bones  
When we chance to let it fall.



"The Little Girl's Heart Was Well Nigh Broke"



## EVERY BACK ITS BURDEN

Every life has its own secret sorrow,  
Every back its burden has to bear,  
Every heart is hopeful that the morrow  
May end doubt or vanquish pain and care.

Every man, no matter what his station,  
Yearns for something just beyond his clasp  
And would yearn, no doubt, though all creation  
Were but held within his conquering grasp.

Step by step we climb life's rugged mountain,  
Thirstily we grope across the plain,  
Yet when reached, the summit or the fountain  
Is not all that we had hoped to gain.

Life is past our power of conceiving,  
And 'tis useless for us to contend,  
But there is a comfort in believing  
That a vict'ry waits us in the end.

If we smile through tears that nearly blind us,  
And bend low to pass beneath the bars,  
If we falter not to look behind us,  
But with faith climb on toward the stars.

## GOD'S MASTERPIECE

Of all the things God ever made,  
Inanimate or human,  
His fairest piece of handiwork  
Has been a perfect woman

Lo! in a world all beautiful,  
To her a place is given,  
Highest upon love's pinnacle,  
Pointing the way to heaven.

Fairer than is the Kohinoor,  
Priceless beyond all measure,  
She reigns, God's greatest Masterpiece  
And earth's supremest treasure.

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## TOO LATE

"All things come to those who wait,"  
I have heard wise heads declare;  
Well, it may be so, but they come so late,  
Sometimes, that we do not care.

CHILDHOOD ON THE FARM

I am lonesome today; the folks are gone,  
And I feel from all the world alone.  
The clock on the shelf ticks on and on,  
It ticks and tells me the folks are gone  
And I feel awfully all alone.

The day has been chilly, clear and cold  
And the north wind whistles fierce and bold;  
It sounds so angry and seems to scold  
The sun who has often the clouds unrolled  
And tried the earth in its warmth to fold.

But the wind throws shadows across the sun  
And taunts me to madness here alone,  
While the clock on the shelf ticks on and on  
And ticks and tells me the folks are gone  
And I feel awfully all alone.

What a terrible thing it is to be  
Lonesome and in such company  
As the north wind howling in fiendish glee,  
The cricket chirping mournfully  
And the old clock ticking down on me.

## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

What does it matter when the lights are out  
If rooms are bare?

What does it matter if the walls are torn?

Why, don't you care.

Don't settle back in deep despair and weep,  
Don't let it worry you at night and keep  
Dreams from your tired eyes, but go to sleep  
And don't you care.

What does it matter when the end has come  
If friends are rare?

What does it matter if your gods prove false?

Why, don't you care.

Drown out the moanings with a cheery tune,  
After the sun has set riseth the moon.

Laugh just a little, for the end comes soon,  
And don't you care.



THE BUILDER

A little boy builded a house one day  
    Upon the sand;  
He carried the stones and worked away  
    And shaped and planned  
And moulded the turret and rounded dome  
After the style of his own grand home,  
    With his small hand.

Then calling his playmates one by one  
    He bade them see  
This marvelous thing which he had done  
    So cleverly.  
And coming, with awe in their childish eyes,  
They gazed on his work in great surprise  
    All wonderingly.

And then as they watched beside the door,  
    The sun's last ray  
Went sloping across the white sand floor  
    At close of day.  
And the heart of the builder thrilled with pride,  
With his day's work he was satisfied  
    And went away.

That night in his sleep he tossed about  
    And restless lay  
'Til rose the sun as the tide went out  
    At break of day.

Then eagerly to the beach alone  
He hurried, but lo! his house of stone  
    Had washed away.

And all of his dreams were shattered there—  
    The joys he'd planned.  
Why, he could not know in his despair,  
    Nor understand;  
But he learned full well as the years went past  
That a house, though of stone, could never last  
    Built on the sand.

---

### WE MAY NOT KNOW

We may not know and cannot see  
    That rough roads prove the best.  
And often 'tis impossible  
    To feel that we are blest  
When things turn out so different  
    From what we wish them to  
And bring us disappointments  
    When we long for joys but few.



“Four Years Old and Naughty”



## LITTLE BESS

Face all dirt and dimples, matted curls of hair,  
Eyes—one scarce can see them for the mischief there.  
Mouth made just for kisses and my happiness,  
Four years old and naughty is my little Bess.

Mud pies spill their juices on the pure white gown,  
Chubby cheeks show traces where the tears run down,  
Fearful lest I'll chide her for her carelessness,  
Yet I only clasp and kiss my little Bess.

Ah! I spoil my darling as each day goes by  
And the wee one knows it just as well as I;  
Yet she's such a baby, and I must confess  
There was ne'er another quite so sweet as Bess.

And I look beyond her into future years,  
See a woman's sorrow and a woman's tears,  
When there'll be no mother's soft hand to caress  
And to wipe the tear-stained cheeks of little Bess.

So I like to watch her when she's "havin' fun"  
Playing in the garden in the shining sun.  
And if in the mud pies she finds happiness,  
I have not the heart to scold my wayward Bess.

## THE VILLAGE STORE

November's sun dropt o'er the crest  
Of distant hills and left the west  
A crimson hue, and everywhere  
Sweet autumn odors filled the air.  
The far-off trees, grown thick and high,  
Stood dark and bold against the sky,  
And 'way down in the valley all  
The evening birds began to call.

The village maidens, after tea,  
Strolled forth the village sights to see,  
The while the youth who lived about  
Lit corncob pipes and ventured out.  
The mothers tidied up indoors  
And did a dozen little chores,  
And when their earnest prayers were said,  
Before 'twas dark had gone to bed.

The village store, this autumn night,  
Presented quite a pleasing sight;  
The old stove, standing half-way back,  
Spit fire from out each time-worn crack,  
Spreading a warmth about the room,  
Doing to death the monster gloom.  
The ceiling overhead was seared  
And seamed where it had been repaired,  
And here and there where plaster fell  
A hole was left the tale to tell.



"The Village Store that Autumn Night"





A large oil lantern, from a beam  
Suspended, shed a ruddy gleam  
On shelves and boxes in a row  
Which brightly shone beneath its glow.

There, as the eve grew on, were found  
The village masters gathered 'round  
To hear the news and take a smoke  
And turn by turn the fire poke.  
The keeper of the store was there  
And stood erect, with haughty air,  
As though he were a King whose court  
Had gathered for an evening's sport.

There sat the Blacksmith, big and stout,  
Who shod the horses 'round about;  
The Doctor, with his chest of pills,  
Who tended to the village ills.  
There was the burly City Clerk  
Who drew a salary without work;  
The Teacher of the public schools,  
Who wielded birch and taught the rules,  
The County Judge, with squeaky shoes,  
Who fairly reeked with latest news.  
The Parson, too, had happened in  
And though he recognized the sin  
Of gossiping, would seldom fail,  
When called upon, to tell a tale.

The lantern seemed to shine more bright  
Than usual, somehow, tonight.  
A feeling of good-fellowship  
And right congenial comradeship

Seemed, on this eve, to permeate  
The atmosphere and penetrate  
The hearts of all; each smiling face  
Lent brighter radiance to the place.

A circle had been formed about  
The cracking stove; the wind without  
Had risen to a dismal wail,  
'Twas time some one should start a tale;  
But hold! the door swings open wide;  
In walks a man with measured stride—  
One who though last to come was not  
The least important of the lot.  
For he was one of runs and rhymes—  
The village Poet who, at times,  
Presided o'er the meeting there.  
At once was placed another chair.  
He sat him down and smiling bright  
Said: "Well, my friends, what's up tonight?"  
"Why, nothing yet," the Doctor cried;  
"We needed you," the Host replied.  
"Ah, not tonight," the Poet said,  
With mournful toss of tawny head,  
"I would not have you think me rude,  
But really, I'm in fearful mood."  
"Where have you been?" asked Parson Brown,  
"We have not seen you in the town  
These many days—is aught awry?"  
The Poet's answer was a sigh.  
"Come," said the Parson then, "cheer up!  
We'll pass about the loving cup."

The cup was filled; the honored Host  
Was called upon to give a toast.

The gourd he took complacently  
 And bowed an old-time courtesy.  
 "My friends," said he, "I take delight  
 In seeing you again tonight.  
 The summer days have come and gone  
 And winter now is drawing on,  
 And as the seasons come and go  
 As ocean has its ebb and flow,  
 So do our lives unfalt'ringly  
 Flow onward to eternity.  
 So here's a Toast to Death, the friend  
 Who claims us when our seasons end:

---

#### TOAST TO DEATH

Here's to the cup in the mystic clutch  
 Of the unseen hand of Death,  
 Whose nectar no man's lips may touch  
 Except with his last faint breath,  
 And here's to the hope that when at last  
 I drink to my soul's release  
 And the dregs from the cup my lips have past—  
 I may find eternal peace.

---

"Good!" cried the list'ners, with accord,  
 And then the Poet grasped the gourd  
 And sadly said: "As for my part,  
 I'll drink to that with all my heart."  
 The Parson plucked the Doctor's sleeve,  
 "Unless appearances deceive,

He whispered low, "our Poet there  
Has had a touch of heart affair."

Now 'round the circle went the cup,  
And after each had taken sup  
The Blacksmith rose upon request  
And bowing low to host and guest,  
Began: "This season of the year,  
When holidays are drawing near,  
Brings to my mind an episode  
Which happened near the Old Bend Road—  
Not many miles away from here—  
About this very time last year.  
Then told he, in a sing-song way,  
A story of Thanksgiving Day.

---

#### THANKSGIVING

'Twas the day before Thanksgiving, and the greatest  
wild alarm  
Prevailed amongst the feathered fowl that dwelt upon  
our farm.  
Acceptances had been received, which numbered near a  
score,  
From invitations we had sent a day or two before,  
Informing all the neighbors that the best that could be  
had  
Would be set out before them in a grand and glorious  
spread.

I was walking through the barnyard, when I chanced to  
hear a row

Raging very fast and furious beside the brindle cow,  
Between an old game rooster and a gobbler, big and fat,  
And witnessed by the chicks, the turks, the pig, the dog,  
and cat.

The feathers flew about me 'til the air was fairly blue,  
As I stopped a while to listen and to see the rumpus  
through.

Now it seems the argue started all about the hens at  
first,

As to which one had the finest harem or which had the  
worst.

"Now, I'll tell you," said the rooster, and he cock-a-  
doodle-dood,

"Of all the females in this world I have the finest  
brood."

"'Tis not so," replied the gobbler, "they're the worst I  
ever saw,"

And he tried to stick his long spurs into Mr. Rooster's  
craw.

Then the game cock's wrath grew awful, and he felt in  
duty bound

To get even with the gobbler, with his hens all standing  
'round;

So he bristled up his feathers and he grazed the gob-  
bler's cheek

In a manner quite astounding, with his razor pointed  
beak.

Then the harems were forgotten as the fury grew apace,  
And all the little audience went flying from the place.

Said the gobbler: "You old rooster with your cock-a-doodle-do,  
You are not so very much, sir, I'm three times as big as you."  
"That's all right," returned the rooster, "you may think you're very fine,  
But just wait until tomorrow and we'll see which one will dine  
On the giblets of the other scattered all the yard about;  
That you'll be the victim, gobbler, I have not the slightest doubt."

Now the cow, who had been standing with her head down in a pail,  
Began to get excited and to switch her brindle tail,  
And she turned all of a sudden, with a kick—I do declare—  
That sent the cock and gobbler both high flying through the air  
With intense expostulations, in a treble minor key,  
Which bespoke the greatest discord and all things but harmony.

Well, the sequel is: I happened to be strolling out that way,  
After heavily partaking of the feast Thanksgiving Day,  
And I spied the wily rooster, with his hens all gathered 'round  
Where the remnants of the gobbler had been scattered on the ground,  
And a turkey hen was pecking at, methinks, the very claw  
Which the day before the gobbler aimed at Mr. Rooster's craw.

When he was done, the Parson smiled,  
The poet even seemed beguiled  
From care, and listened with intent.  
From first to last the Doctor lent  
Attention to this barnyard lore  
And called with husky voice for more.  
The old Judge muttered: "Ah! how true  
To human nature through and through,  
For is it not the case with men?  
They fight and die for women, then—  
When from the scene they're called away  
They are forgotten in a day."  
"Here! here!" the Clerk called, " 'tis no place  
To hold post-mortem in the case:  
Let's fill the cup and wet our throats  
And have a few more anecdotes."  
"Well, then the next from you must be,"  
Returned the Host, who tried to see  
That every one was treated fair  
And that in part each man took share.  
He tried to keep and had thus far,  
The spirit of the place at par.  
The gourd was filled and passed around  
And sipped in silence most profound,  
And when each one had quenched his thirst  
And ebbing fun was reimbursed,  
They called upon the Clerk to see  
What he could do, and lazily,  
He stroked his smooth cheek, pale and wan,  
Glanced o'er the group and then began:  
"You know, boys, I, in solitude,  
Now live; in manner rather crude;  
You know—each man who's had a wife—  
'Tis not the proper sort of life,

And last eve, 'midst the forest's moan,  
I sat at home and mused alone,  
And now I'll tell, for your delight,  
The hearthstone dream I had last night.

---

#### A BACHELOR'S REVERIE

In the pale glow of my hearth sat I, rocking,  
The coals turned to ashes, the wind to a moan;  
Half-way a-dreaming, my weary head nodding,  
As in retrospection my mind wandered on.

Alone! all alone in the prime of my manhood,  
With no one to love me and no one to care,  
And I mused on the cause of my lonely condition  
As comfort I sought in the dying coals there.

“Now there ought to be some one,” thought I, “here be-  
side me,  
Some one to smooth the deep lines from my brow,  
Some one to love me and some one to chide me,  
And I miss her tonight—God only knows how.

“Am I to blame?” thought I, “well, I believe it,  
Though I'd never own to the question before.  
I have looked for a girl more than humanly perfect  
And have thought 'I will find her some day to adore.' ”



I have cared for some maids who have been worth the  
loving,  
But then I would think ere I got to the point,  
"I'm at peace with the world—she has faults, I am  
foolish,  
This last final act might put things out of joint."

And so I'm alone, and it dawned on me clearly  
That I had been selfish e'en to the extreme,  
For in thinking of self I'd forgotten the woman,  
Forgotten she, too, might have her ideal dream.

Then there in the grate I saw one coal left burning,  
Said I: "I will turn it and give it a chance;  
How it makes the room bright with a little deft turning  
And the pretty flames light up the wall in their  
dance."

How cheerful it was! To return to my dreaming—  
There flashed then across me the image of Nell.  
"She was dear," I mused on, "and I loved her, she  
seeming  
To reciprocate fondly my kisses, ah, well!

"It can now scarcely matter; years have passed since I  
saw her,  
I hear she is single, but I'm not to blame,  
For though I remember her sweet, clinging kisses,  
'Tis probable she has forgotten my name."

Then I had a bright thought; said I, "I will write her,  
Write her a note in a half-joking way,  
Tell her by chance I might pass through her village  
And drop in and see her a moment some day.

“Ask if she recalls how I once came a-wooing,  
And ask if she thinks she could—yes, I will write  
While the one little coal in the grate is left burning  
For soon 'twill be dead on this raw, dismal night.

“And when her answer comes (for my coarse intuition  
Tells me 'twill be as I wish it to be),  
I will hasten to tell her of my desolation  
And how I have longed for her sweet face to see.

“And I'll liken my life to the smouldering ashes  
With one spark of love for her throwing its rays,  
Bid her come into my life while it flashes  
And fan the pale glow deftly into a blaze.

“I will own to the truth, for there's no use denying,  
Man never was made to live wholly alone.  
I hate the old grate and I hate the wind's sighing,  
It echoes the wail of my heart with its moan.”

---

The Clerk lolled backward in his chair  
And ran his fingers through his hair,  
And breathed a long and deep-drawn sigh;  
Then, glancing up, caught every eye  
Upon his face attentively  
And saw extended sympathy.  
“But,” asked the Parson, “did you write  
The letter? You've not finished—quite.”  
“Oh, yes, I wrote, although 'twas late,  
And mailed the letter at the gate.”  
The Host stepped forward to extend  
Congratulations to his friend

And said: "I wish you joy and wealth;"  
Then from the gourd all drank his health.

'Twas noticed now the Judge had sat  
Most of the evening with his hat  
Drawn o'er his face: once in a while  
He would look up and gravely smile.  
But then his mind seemed far away,  
He scarcely had a word to say,  
Which was not normal; usually  
The old man talked incessantly.

The Poet saw his vacant stare  
And for some time had been aware  
That he, the general fount of fun,  
This evening was the quiet one.  
And so he nudged the Judge and said:  
"Why art thou pensive—some one dead?"  
The Judge looked up surprisedly,  
"Why, no," he answered falt'ringly,  
"None dead except a part of me,  
My youth is dead, as you can see."  
"What was your dream just now about?"  
Some one among the group called out.  
"Come, tell us, Judge," the Host chimed in  
And waited for him to begin.

---

## AN OLD MAN'S FANCY

And so—you would know where my thoughts have been?

Well, I have been thinking of long gone-bys,  
Of golden days that were all serene—

When never a sorrow dimmed Hope's skies.

I was thinking of times when I used to play

In an old oak grove beside a stream,  
Where the fishes swam with my hooks away  
While I sat on the bank in a hopeful dream.

I saw once again the dear old home,

The grove of oaks, the little hill,  
The favored nooks I used to roam,  
And thought I was a youngster still.

I heard my playmates' welcome call

To come and join them o'er the way;  
I'd not miss this sport least of all,  
So off I ran for a holiday.

I forgot for a time my snow-white beard,

Forgot I had long since passed my prime,  
Forgot that my face, once fair, is seared  
And deeply lined by the rule of time.

And I cannot go to my playmates now,

But must sit in my easy chair and dream—  
Dream of the dear old days and how  
I once could play beside the stream.

The Parson spoke when he was through:  
"Well, Judge, I never thought that you  
Would fall into such pensiveness;  
I am surprised, I must confess.  
Of course you're getting old, but he  
Who lives must necessarily  
Grow old; and now just call to mind  
The few (and consolation find)  
Who've traveled on life's dusty road  
As far as you and borne their load  
As lightly as you have and show  
So little trace of care and woe."  
"Here!" cried the Clerk, "is this to be  
A sermon or a lecture free?  
Suppose we fill the gourd again  
And then perhaps a lighter vein  
Of humor may appearance make  
Before our homeward ways we take.  
The Teacher here, I know full well,  
Has many stories he can tell."

The Teacher seemed to hesitate.  
"There's but one tale I can relate  
Which, just this moment, seems to me  
About as light as one might be.  
'Twould please a child much more than you,  
But 'tis the best that I can do."  
"Proceed," the Host called urgently,  
"And when you've done your part we'll see  
How much it may amuse a man."  
The Teacher smiled and now began:

---

## THE SAUCIEST LITTLE FELLOW

I knew a little chap, one time,  
The sauciest little fellow,  
His eyes were blue, his hair was just  
The yellowest kind of yellow.

He played about from morn 'til night  
And often got in trouble.  
Which never seemed to worry him,  
But vanished like a bubble.

He ran away one day, but soon  
His mother followed after  
And found him in a neighbor's barn  
Suspended on a rafter.

She called to him: "Come down from there.  
Ah! wait until I catch you:  
Come down this instant, do you hear?  
You awful little wretch you."

He answered: "Well, I won't come down  
An' you can't reach the rafter,  
Now you jes' get me if you can."  
And then he roared with laughter

And to the friendly beam he clung  
And clinched and held the tighter.  
His mother thought a while, then said,  
"Well, you can stay all night, sir."



“And Often Got into Trouble”





Then straightway she began to pull  
    Away the crumbling ladder.  
She had him in a dreadful fix  
    Just when he thought he had her.

His smile began to fade away,  
    His mouth began a-twitching,  
He knew not which he most preferred  
    A dark night or a switching.

Well, out the door his mother went  
    And left her hopeful thinking,  
And as he thought, try as he might,  
    He could not keep from blinking.

The minutes dragged them into ten,  
    His little breast was swelling,  
He gave a smothered sob and then  
    The most unearthly yelling

That ever came from mortal boy  
    That youngster's lungs emitted,  
And those around who heard him thought  
    He really should be pitied.

Old Misses Jones and Katie Brown  
    And Sis and Maggie Winters  
Rushed madly out and surely thought  
    To find the boy in splinters.

But when they found that he was whole  
    And saw his queer location,  
And saw his mother hid—they knew  
    At once the situation.

They saw, however, he was scared  
And for his sins repented,  
And helped his mother get him down—  
And even she relented.

Although when he had reached the ground,  
She made him promise truly,  
Before them all, he never would  
Again be so unruly.

He gravely told her he'd be good  
Forever ever after,  
Then hugged his mother tight and said:  
"Well, 'is jes' beats that rafter."

---

His story done, the Teacher bowed  
Amidst applause that sounded loud.  
"Oh, that was not so very bad,"  
Remarked the Parson, "and it had  
The merit, I am glad to state,  
Of novelty, at any rate."  
"Ah!" said the Judge, "it called to mind  
One of my capers of like kind."  
"Here!" cried the Clerk, "whate'er it is,  
We've heard your reminiscences."  
"Then, too," the Host said, "it grows late  
And shortly we must separate;  
But I would like to hear before  
The bolt is turned upon the door  
What great calamity befell  
Our Poet, and if he will tell

We'll treat the confidence in trust.  
Of course, there's none of us but must  
Have noticed he has seemed depressed—  
And evidently much distressed."

The Poet, with a startled stare,  
Arose and stood beside his chair.  
"My friends," said he, "I would delight  
In entertaining you tonight  
With something which might added cheer  
Lend the congenial atmosphere.  
But I'm constrained again to say  
I've been in beastly mood today.  
I have no story at command,  
That is—that you might understand.  
For mine, should I tell in detail,  
Would simply prove an endless wail—  
A sort of dismal caterwaul  
For which you would not care at all.  
But, since I'm asked to do my part,  
I'll strive to please with all my heart.  
My effort will, as you shall see  
When I am finished presently,  
Be short and metaphorical—  
I doubt if even musical."  
He paused a moment, while his gaze  
Seemed wandering in far-off ways.  
Into his pockets then he thrust  
His hands and blew a speck of dust  
From off the lapel of his coat,  
And with slight effort cleared his throat.

---

## SUMMER AND AUTUMN

It was summer; the birds were singing  
    And the whole world seemed in tune.  
It was summer; the woods were ringing  
    Deep with the flush of June,  
And the days were mild and balmy,  
    Still bearing the breath of spring,  
And my heart was filled with a something  
    Consuming and maddening.

For some one had come without warning,  
    As cometh the flowers in May,  
Or cometh the sun in the morning,  
    Clearing the darkness away,  
And the gods from their thrones unbending  
    Seemed showering gifts o'er me,  
And I, in my joy, unending  
    Fancied their grace might be.

O the days when we roamed together,  
    The days by the hills and streams;  
O the mornings of sunlit weather  
    And the evenings of moonlit dreams;  
And my ship of hope had entered  
    The port while I held the prow,  
And my cup of life was brimming,  
    But the dregs were there—and now -

It is autumn; the leaves are dying  
    And the birds no longer sing.  
It is autumn; the trees are sighing  
    And the winds come blustering;

And my ship of hope has vanished  
Over the crest of the sea,  
My cup is drained, and the bitter  
Is all that is left for me.

---

The Poet sank into his chair  
And looked the picture of despair.  
A silence filled the crowded room  
Which seemed to drape itself in gloom.  
The fire for some cause burned low,  
The lantern lost its ruddy glow;  
In short, quite suddenly a cloud  
Seemed to have fallen o'er the crowd.  
And plainly, there was not a one  
Within the group who had not gone,  
At some remembered time of life,  
Through just this very kind of strife.  
Their hearts went out in sympathy  
To him who sat dejectedly.

The Parson, in a manner sly,  
Winked when he caught the Doctor's eye,  
Which spoke as plain as words could do:  
"Remember what I said to you?"

The Blacksmith was the first to speak;  
Said he: "Young man, you've had a streak  
Of luck that comes to every one  
Before his course in life is done.  
'Tis something like the whooping-cough—  
Severe at first, but soon wears off."  
"Yes," said the Poet mournfully,  
"I realize my malady

Is not the kind that kills outright,  
Though oft its victims wish it might.  
I have attacks most every year  
And each attack seems more severe."

The Doctor, with an effort, tried  
A quickly deep'ning smile to hide;  
Howe'er, the Poet saw his face  
And caught the humor of his case,  
And laughed a rather sickly grin  
Which broadened as the rest joined in

The Host now took from off its peg  
The gourd and filled it from a keg.  
"Let's drink," he said "to better cheer  
And better luck this time next year."  
Then as the gourd went 'round, the gloom  
Seemed, like a mist, to leave the room.  
The hour, though, was growing late,  
'Twas nearly time to separate,  
So presently they rose and sang  
A parting song; the echoes rang  
About the cranics of the store  
From rafter-beam to well-worn floor.

The autumn moon just showed his face  
Through drifting clouds of silver lace  
As through the sign-bespattered door  
A noisy group came from the store  
And stood a moment in the street  
Deciding when again to meet.  
Then, through the town, the village heads  
Went home to seek their waiting beds.

## THE WANDERER

O the path I came lay through rough ways,  
    With craigs and rocks o'erlying,  
And it took many, many days  
To find the light through mystic maze  
    Where black-winged bats were flying.

Sometimes I slipped and fell and lay  
    Amid the darkness, haunted  
By ghosts that followed on my way  
And laughed and mocked me day by day  
    And sneered and gibed and taunted.

But I arose and with my load  
    Came onward, doubting never  
That through the vastness stretched a road  
Leading unto a calm abode  
    Where I might rest forever.

O the path I came lay through rough ways  
    Of horror, grief and sadness,  
But knew I not the dark of days  
I would not know how bright the rays  
    Of sunlight, nor its gladness.

## HOME

When troubles come to worry and perplex me  
    And loom, like phantoms, in the dark'ning gloam,  
When every little trifle seems to vex me,  
    I long for home.

The little home, 'way back in days of childhood,  
    Set like a tiny gem, complacently,  
Amidst the blooming jasmine and wildwood,  
    Calls out to me.

No matter what the magnet or attraction  
    That leads me on and onward for a space,  
I see, amidst the glamour and distraction,  
    The old home place.

I close my eyes and see my mother sitting,  
    Rocking, in the old familiar chair  
Beside the hearth, the fitful lamplight flitting  
    About her hair.

Ah, me! the world is full of kindly faces  
    And doors are ever open where I roam,  
And yet to me, the place of all dear places  
    Is one called home.





"The Little Home Way Back in Days of Childhood"



## NEW YEAR'S EVE

O the minute hand on my little clock  
To twelve is wending its way,  
And ticks out the year with its wee tick, tock  
And closes the last dear day.

And this wee tick-tock, in its tiny case,  
Seems faster around to fly  
As though it were trying to win a race  
In bidding the year good-by.

But I'm in no hurry to see it go,  
And wish it were back again,  
But 'tis almost gone, and alas! I know  
My wishing is only vain.

For I could not have, should I make request,  
Or call e'er so pleadingly,  
A day or an hour I have loved the best—  
Forever they've fled from me.

And into the vortex of the dead past,  
Like a raindrop in the sea,  
How many a precious day I have cast  
That will bring no return to me.

And the wee tick-tock, it is doing well,  
And the moment of death draws nigh,  
Soon the midnight bells will ring out the knell  
And then I must say good-by.

And now the old year is dead and gone,  
But I'll grieve o'er the past no more,  
For I'm ushered into another one  
Through a new and open door.

Farewell Father Time, as you pass me by;  
I hope this year to improve  
So much that when next you come this way  
I'll be worthy of your love.

But the chances are I'll be mourning the dead  
The same as tonight I do,  
For resolves, you know, are easier said  
Than kept for a whole year through.

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### EVENING STAR

O! star in yon sky above, thou art the star  
That looked down upon me away in the far  
Distant days of my childhood; thou shinest as bright  
From thy little corner in heaven tonight  
As in the days of the long, long ago.  
Thou hast not altered, yet look! wouldst thou know  
That I am the maiden who once, happily,  
With dreams in her trusting eyes, smiled up at thee?

## HOPE

Hope! thou hast led me on for years,  
Promising fortune—ever—  
Hope! thou hast caused me naught but tears,  
Promises fulfilled—never.

Yet, though thou leadest through dark ways,  
Though thou hast made me doubt thee,  
Through the long stretch of endless days  
I could not do without thee.

Thou art the only friend I know  
Who, when the night is dreary,  
Comes to my aid with smiles a-glow,  
And lulls me when I am weary.

So, while I know thy ways to be  
Fickle and all elusive,  
Still art thou all in all to me  
With thy vague dreams seductive.





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