

MOONSHINE

Songs and Ballads

— SOLD AT A —

Labor Day Merrymaking

— OF THE —

TWILIGHT FAKIRS.

DAISIES

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood ;
And all of their singing was, "Earth it is well !"
And all their dancing was, "Life, thou art good !"

MARIGOLDS

THE marigolds are nodding :
I wonder what they know.
Go, listen very gently ;
You may persuade them so.

Go, be their little brother,
As humble as the grass,
And lean upon the hill-wind,
And watch the shadows pass.

Put off the pride of knowledge,
Put by the fear of pain ;
You may be counted worthy
To live with them again.

Be Darwin in your patience,
Be Chaucer in your love ;
They may relent and tell you
What they are thinking of.

Moonshine, Twilight Park, N. Y.,
2, September, 1901.

*Jean Hunter
from
William Bliss*