

A GUIDING SONG

I would that I might tell you, friend of mine,
That happy words you uttered long ago,
Sung in my heart like some soft-measured line,
Clung to my life, and would not let me go,
'Till I had made their music my life's song,
And passed them on to lives that knew them not,
To gather strength as they were swept along
To find fresh joys, new sorrows all unsought.

In nights' dark hours and through sunny days,
I've learned the selflessness your music sings,
I've learned the understanding heart it brings,
The bitter unforgiving it allays.
'Twas "Everybody's Lonesome," that you said.
Through mystic ways this golden song has led!

FROM YOU

A little word of praise from you,
And lo! my world is made anew;
My heart bursts into old gay song,
And "Ah!" I say, "I am so strong!"

A little word of praise from you,
And clouds roll on, and all is blue;
And things that seemed too hard for me
Grow small and smile invitingly!

THE RING

Upon her slender finger gleams
The little pledge she made to me.
The seal of tender words and true,
Her promise of fidelity!

And oft her eyes go straying where
The playing sunbeams seek her hand,
And o'er her face a meaning steals,
I cannot seem to understand.

And oft when others claim her thoughts,
Her idle fingers slyly play
About the little golden pledge
In such a dear, caressing way.

I like to fancy her alone,
With her sweet thoughts for company,
I love to think her lips close-pressed
Upon the pledge she gave to me.

I dream that in her heart the thought
Of one who loves her passing well,
Keeps music in the messages
The golden circlet has to tell!