

THE HARBOR OF MOTHER'S EYES

My dad knows lots of fairy tales,
And some he says are true;
Oh, we have lovely times at night
When all the chores are through.
We build the open fire first,
And sit and watch it burn,
Then Dad'll chuckle knowingly—
"For which one do you yearn?"

We call for those we love so well,
But one we know is true,
It comes the last because it's best,
Dad says it's always new.
It's all about a lonely ship,
All tired and worldly wise,
That after years of wand'ring found
The Harbor of Mother's Eyes.

He says such lovely lights were there
A-shine across the blue—
"And lads," he says, "Some day you'll know
How much they mean to you!"
The first was Purity and Truth,
And Laughter, Love and Prayer—
Sympathy, Wisdom, Intellect,
And many others there.

And Dad was Captain of the Ship,
That found this haven fair,
And when he saw the kindly lights,
He stayed forever there!
He says he knows we'll always keep
In ways both good and wise,
If all the lights shine in our hearts
From the Harbor of Mother's Eyes.

HIS DREAM

She came last night with violets in her hair,
And bent her head in the old listening way.
Her eyes half-dreaming, harbored wishes there,
And whispered: "Dear one, it is Christmas Day."
I lavished gifts upon her, this and this,
I knew she loved, and watched her fingers white,
Busy with ribbons gay, then sought her kiss.
Then woke—within a trench—and it was night!