

THEY WHO

COME BACK

And Other Verses



AMY E. CAMPBELL



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VERSES

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THEY WHO COME BACK

They who come back, how wonderful they seem,
With brave young faces grown kind and wise;
Along the hard strange path of glory come,
With war's remembrance in their thoughtful eyes.

Come from such sacrifices none can tell,
Back to a world that scarcely knows of war—
Back to the hurrying, idly-curious throng,
Finding that life cannot be as before.

They who come back with broken lives and marred,
Carrying the proudest wounds men ever knew—
Honor? There is no honor great enough!
Loyalty? None could ever be too true!

Given their best, and nobly played the game,
Shall they come back to charity, or strife,
To claim the paltry little that is theirs?
They who have earned the greatest gifts of life?

They who come back—how proudly should they come,
Back to the highest love men give to men,
Back to the proudest pride Canadians give—
They who come back, back to our love again!

OUR HEROES

Although the strings are muted now,
And low and minor the refrain,
And all the lilting notes submerged
In wistful parting tones of pain.

Full glad and strong a symphony
Of hope and courage steals its way,
Until in true interpreting
The purest music holds the sway.

The brave young hearts so strangely stilled
Gave forth their all in war's wild pain
Yet o'er the world the truth shall live—
Our heroes did not die in vain!

THE TEST

Our Lady of the Snows with tear-stained eyes,
Lifts up her brave young head in tender pride,
To give again her sons from out her heart
To take the honored place of those who died.

Hers is a sorrow strange and cruel and deep,
The wisdom of the world has found her soul,
And proved her strong and resolute and pure,
To pay with rich young blood war's awful toll.

She who can face unflinchingly a nation's test,
Can meet with old true valor, chivalry's claim,
Will find her proud reward on history's page,
Will hold the keeping of an honored name!

THE MOTHER

How did she watch the troops go by?
Breaking heart and tear-dimmed eye;
Proud, with a beautiful saddened pride,
Stepped for a little by his side.

Then with a gloom she could not know
Would be given her, long ago—
Wept in his empty room alone,
Calling and longing for her own.

How did she write him day by day?
Courage and cheer along the way,
Reading her letters through and through,
To see that the glad-note rang full true.

How did she wait for his return?
With a firm belief that she could not spurn;
With prayer she had breathed in his baby days,
That he might be kept in all his ways!

THE DIFFERENCE

All the old madness and gladness of springtime,
Petals of blossoms adrift on the breeze—
Blue gleam of bluebird and wonder of violets,
All the shy trembling of leaves in the trees.

All the old restfulness far in the blue haze,
Blurring the hills and the woods and the sky—
But the new fear and the prayers of the waiting ones,
Brave hearts unanswered still questioning why.

All the old glamor and dreams of the springtime,
And you who shared them—somewhere at war!
Then to remember is sadness and mockery—
Springtime without you—ah, what is it for?

REVELATION

She was an indolent, pleasant dream,
Filling between the moments of love;
I was an interested dreamer, 'twould seem,
And a frail little web we idly wove.

Scarcely her eyes grew thoughtful for me—
Always I played the game with a smife—
Summer and happiness lingeringly
Traveled the brief little fleeting mile.

Then in a sweetly persistent way
I kept remembering—somewhere at war,
As in a horrible dream I lay,
Longing for days that had gone before.

Then cool deft hands, and a voice I knew
Came with their wonderful ministry;
And a woman's soul in the eyes of blue
Shone in her smile so tenderly.

She was the sister serving at war—
I the soldier that fought and fell—
We who had squandered our days before
In this poor little hour had much to tell.

THE CALL

This did we ask—a sunny window's view,
Of winter sky and network of the trees
Bereft of leaves—a quiet country way,
Where dreams go drifting in pure ecstasies.

Just little lovely joys as dawn of day
All tender rose, and set of amber sun;
And clear young moon adrift with night's first star,
Just these to muse about when day is done.

A shaded lamp, our places by the fire;
Your book and mine, and quiet brooding night;
Your eyes to hold mine own in tenderest love;
Your soul to look on mine with tremulous light.

You asked it with me—such a little prayer—
And yet dear heart, how glad I am to know
God touched your soul, and Duty lit your eyes—
And ah! how proud I am to have you go!

Where men go out to death so fearlessly,
I know the courage that will keep you there,
I know Whose Hand will guide us when apart—
I know Whose Heart will keep our little prayer.

WET LILACS

When once again you idle down a way,
All sweet with lilacs, heavy from the rain,
And brush their jewels lightly o'er your lips,
And then turn back to love them once again.

It seems that you must know that down the years,
I steal my way with the old eagerness,
To catch that look that you have given the flowers,
To witness silently your light caress.

It seems that you must turn and look for me,
Half with reluctance, half with welcoming hand,
Dear, it is then life seems too hard for me,
The time when rain-wet lilacs scent the land.

THE TREASURE

I mock not that which you hold dear,
The precious faith you keep in me,
The tenderness that keeps you near,
Your beautiful fidelity.

Because my heart that loves to dream
Seems loath to waken to your call—
How wonderful to have you seem
To hold that friendship covers all.

How much I yearn to give to you
The blessings all of life can hold
Would you be happy if you knew
I love the love you leave untold?

EUNICE

I watched an April fire die
With Eunice, of the leaf-brown eyes,
And from her lips sweet laughter stole
To mock the dreams that would arise.

The firelight tangled in her hair,
And gleamed and played in golden mirth;
And as we dreamed together there,
She seemed the sweetest maid on earth.

My heart got lost in Springtime ways,
And sought for hers where flowers sleep,
And sought where languorous south winds sway,
Where pussy willows play and peep.

I dreamed she strayed 'mong leaves and fern,
And needed my kind guiding hand,
And understood that I should yearn
To love her in a summer land.

LILACS

I cannot watch the rose of setting sun
Pale to faint amethyst,—or morning's star,
Wander in violet seas ere day's begun—
Or purple haze upon the hills afar.

For all too soon I'm lost in olden dreams,
Of lilac-scented dimness—this and this
Sweet-swaying flower 'round your hair agleam—
Your upturned, closing eyes—and then—your kiss!

MELODY

I am so glad for all the lovely things
That find their way to me in busy hours,
For sunset's glory, and for birds that sing,
For revelations from the sun-kissed flowers.

For written thoughts that linger in my heart,
For tender words said unexpectedly,
These make me glad and strong to do my part,
And fill my days with haunting melody.

THE RETURN

Again the phlox is gleaming,
All white beside your door,
Sun-steeped, wind-swayed, the woodlands
Are crimson-tipped once more.

Again with old heart hauntings,
My eyes look to the hills—
I hear an old sweet welcome
The Autumn mist fulfills.

THE WHITE ROAD

There's a white road between the pine trees—
A white road I used to know.
'Twas a dream road, between the pine trees,
To a wee lad of long ago!

There were whisp'rings among the pine trees,
Such music, so sweet and low—
And the wee lad loved the lone road,
The white road, so long ago!

When I'm tired, I fall a-dreaming
Of soft lazy flakes of snow
Falling gently among the pine trees
On the white road of long ago!

THE OLD WAY

The whispering wind is swaying,
The oak leaves on the hill,
The deep gold of sunset
Sheens the sky at will.

The old way of a lover,
Crowds my heart with you;
And the gold of an olden rapture
Sheens a life anew!

UNDER THE STARS

Under the stars with you, oh girl,
Here where the brown leaves drift;
The night is alive with a million thoughts,
And my heart, with a world-old gift!

Here where the moonlight sheens your hair,
And lights the gold in your eyes,
I hold your life in a trust full true,
And ah, 'tis a heaven-won prize!

THE CALL

Gipsy-heart, the way is white—
Fluttering white, upon the trees.
And your eyes are all alight
With old wayward memories.

Come, we'll go where great boughs bend.
Was there ever sky so blue?
Where black pines and brooklets blend
Songs they ever made for you.

Gipsy-heart, we know the way,
Where white silence stills the soul—
Give ourselves one perfect day
Where God's mysteries unroll.

INVITATION

O'er the hills of waiting
In a purple land,
Souls are ever mating,
Hand in hand!

Dear, the way is lonely,
But the path is true—
Seekers go there, only
Two by two!

TIRED

Say, were you ever heart-tired?
Ah! Then you know.
Here, in the half-light, let's rest us—
Hand in hand—so.

You love the silence of twilight?
I am so glad!
We two have lived in the clamor—
We two have had!

Rich? Yes, I know that we are, now,
At such a cost!
Let's dream our way softly over
Years we have lost.

Ah, we've been far in old dreamings;
Night has come on—
But in your eyes is the softness
Of Spring's young dawn.

THE OLD PATH

There's an old path through the woodlands—
An old path, I used to know—
Where the leaves fall all gold and crimson,
As in Autumns of long ago!

There was nutting along the old path,
And winter berries all aglow;
And the magic of the old way
Charmed a wee lad of long ago!

When frost tints sweep o'er the woodlands
And hearts beat with measure slow,
I remember an old path,
All gold and crimson—I used to know.

THE WEB

A web you wove of little tender ways,
All thoughtfulness and silent sympathy,
Bright-colored with sweet-spoken words of praise,
Strengthened with handclasps and fidelity.

And lo, I found at every untried gate,
A sweet security surrounding me,
A warmth for coldness and a shield from hate,
A calm indifference for fate's trickery.

How fine and fair a thing—the web you wove!
How lightsome, yet enduring to the end;
Forever in my heart, to truly prove
How very rich the life that knows a friend!

HAPPINESS

Because I know what you hold pure,
Because I know the prayer you make,
I needs must hold my life full sure
'Twere well worth while for your dear sake!

And lo! in striving for the best,
I love it too, and grow so strong,
To meet the battle, face the test,
I greet my days with smile and song!

STRENGTH

A snatch of song from your open door,
On the morning air, as I go my way,
And my heart forgets its troubles sore,
And I hum your song the live-long day!

My tired feet on the homeward way,
Grow light and swift as I see you there,
Beneath the porch where the wild vines stray,
With the rose of sunset on your hair!

MUSIC

The little things you do for me,
And would not have me know,
These keep such music in my heart,
And make me love you so!

And you, who scorn my eager thanks,
Go singing on your way,
Just joyful for two hearts a-tune
Throughout the busy day.

THE LOVED ONE

A sweet forgetting way she went,
And all the gold of sunsets rare,
And mystic shadows from the hills,
In following loneliness, sought her hair!

And all the blues of hyacinths,
Dew-drenched and kissed by morning sun,
In wistful dreams of searching love,
Went seeking where her eyes had gone!

And all the whisperings of the wind,
Were hushed in hunger for her call,
All golden sweetness, woodland-tuned,
To understand and know them all!

And all my soul was dark and still,
And memory-swept at Heaven's gate,
To know 'till she remembered me,
I needs must tearless, prayerful, wait!

REVELATION

Oh, mad and merry the lilting song
Packed so full of the sweet springtime,
That flowed from the throat of olden days—
Quaintest notes and daintiest rhyme!

Fragrant and frail the gown you wore—
Careless your shadow-keeping hair;
Deep your eyes in their drinking love
Of the drifting blossoms everywhere!

The song stole into the quiet hour,
That our hearts might keep the dear refrain—
For lo! it was given us then to know
All other springs had been in vain.

THE DIFFERENCE

I cannot be the same again,
Since I have known you.
There must be something in my life
More tender, pure and true!

Some lovely thing about your life,
By nature kindly given,
Must surely find its way to mine,
So has my friendship striven.

So I go richer on my way,
And yet no poorer you!
How tender guiding was the Hand
That let us meet, we two!

THE HARBOR

There's a quiet harbor-bar where ships come in,
And a sunset's afterglow upon the sea;
And a girl in wind-blown gown is waiting there,
In her deep grey eyes a sweet intensity.

All the rose of sun-kissed clouds is on her hair,
And her strong white hands are folded patiently.
Oh, she knows not that the picture is so fair,
Nor the wealth that's mine because she waits for me!

RECOMPENSE

If I have put a dream into your eyes
For one brief hour, or given your lips a smile,
I can go happy on my way and count
My empty hopes forgotten for a while.

And when my world is grey beyond compare,
I'll light it with the sunshine that I knew
When once you smiled, and oh, I shall be glad
For that one dream deep in the eyes of you!

MY DAY

Oh, the day was strangely dark,
Dark and drear,
For a care was on your brow,
And a fear;
And my heart to minor music wept so low,
While my footsteps at my tasks were very slow.

Oh, the day was all agleam,
For your eyes
Shone untroubled and as calm
As summer skies,
And my heart was all alit with gay old song,
And my feet were swift and eager all day long.

WHEN I COME HOME

When I come home at twilight to a little friendly
cottage,
Where the vines in clinging tenderness creep shyly
everywhere,
It will be all sheened with moonlight where are white
petunias dreaming,
And its mystic light will tremble o'er the glory of
your hair.

You will hush me with your finger to the magic of the
beauty,
And I'll thrill to stand and worship in the still and
fragrant night;
But the day's anticipation, all the glory of its waiting,
Will be mine, when with a sigh, you come with tender
eyes alight.

HER COMING

Like sunshine in the early spring,
Like daffodils all laughing gay,
She came with tender eyes and hands.
My comrade for a day.

We found where pussy-willows sleep;
We touched the fern's all-frosted spray;
We played with little drifts of snow,
We went a gipsy way.

But ah, my golden girl was she
When night came down and we two dreamed,
Beside an open fire's glow.
How wonderful it seemed

To touch her hair of gleaming gold,
The blue of heaven in her eyes
To marvel o'er! And ah, her heart—
To claim it—lover-wise!

THE TRUANT

Where was my heart when they planned for me
All that seemed wonderful best and grand?
It was adrift with you o' my dreams.
Trysting in Sunset Land.

Where were my eyes when the tale was told
All of another whose love might be won?
They were answering your eyes in a wonderful way
As we followed the path of the Sun.

Where was my love when they talked of love,
They who knew just how love passes away?
It was cherishing you, dear Gift of God,
In the light of Eternal Day.

ELEANOR HAZZARD PEOCOCK

You looked upon the gift God gave to you
With reverent eyes and soul all bathed in prayer,
And gave to Him the wistful perfecting
Of that which His own touch had made so rare.

And in the giving, lo, you gave yourself,
To be the soul of music and of words,
To laugh with brooks, to breathe the breath of flowers,
To echo forth the lilting song of birds.

To picture desolation, terror, death—
To Love with all a lover's yearning care—
To bow with Publican in penitence—
To mock the Pharisee in righteous prayer.

But, ah, supremest gift of God alone—
To take the Master's hand and walk with Him,
Into the woods with all its minist'rings,
And think His thoughts there in the sacred dim.

"The eternal fitness" of your woman's soul
To meet the soul of poet and of song;
Must give the world God's true interpreting
To touch a need that it has known long.

WE LAUGHED TOGETHER

We laughed together long ago,
At something no one else thought funny;
And lo, I saw such beauty glow
Upon your face so sunny!

We've laughed together all thro' life,
When no one else would dream of smiling;
My happy-hearted, winsome wife,
All dreary hours beguiling!

THE TREASURY

You keep such pent-up music in your soul
Your eyes have taken on a beauty new,
As spring, young dawn—a learning, listening look,
Of those who hear far harmonies full true.

There is no sad or quiet way of life
But holds a loveliness just those can know
Whose souls are kept in holy quietude,
Whose feet tread reverently the paths they go.

You keep the beauteous strains in your glad soul,
And though you know much pain and hurt and care
No darkness can bedim your tender dreams,
No bitterness of life can enter there.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

A little house all wet and grey,
Stands out in soft Spring rain;
Across its doorway budding vines
Are learning life again.

Within its fires have long been dead,
Its dreams all lost and stilled,
And all their tenderness and love
Have perished unfulfilled.

And yet, if two went hand in hand,
Across those steps again,
Methinks the little house would hear
Old music in the rain!

HER WAY

A little tender way she had
Of soothing weary cares,
By putting all the ways of life
In silent, wistful prayers.

She folded all the kindly words
Of anyone she knew
In little packages of love,
And straight with them she flew.

No tale of hate was told to her
Because she gave poor heed,
No other life was hurt by her,
In thought or word or deed.

It was by what she left unsaid,
By love and help she gave,
This golden-hearted woman strove
Her little world to save!

AUTUMN WAYS

When you and I go Autumn ways,
With misted sunshine everywhere,
I'll take a scarf of violet haze,
And bind it o'er your hair.

I'll gather wine from crimson trees,
To pledge my wayward heart to you,
I'll prove the breath of dying leaves,
A drift of dreams come true.

And all the Autumn of your eyes,
Shall darken to my yearning call,
And we shall find our paradise,
Out where the gold leaves fall!

KISH-KA-DENA

Kish-Ka-Dena 'mong the trees,
With the sleeping lake below,
Dreams in waiting loveliness,
By a wild rose trail I know.

Wild geranium stars the path,
Honeysuckle bows her head;
Orchids keep their waiting lips,
Ferns, all woodland shadows spread.

Down and down a tangled way,
Clustering cedars, trailing pine,
Silver birches, leafy oaks,
And the wild grape's swinging vine.

There's a little hidden spring,
Coolly searching in the grass,
Finding music in cascades
To surprise you as you pass.

Oh, the sweet wild things to love
In the wistful quiet there;
To this wilderness of green
God has brought His tenderest care!

THE MEMORY

A shower of apple-blossoms blew
Across my path one day,
And I can ne'er forget it seems,
That springtime way!

And once, like fleeting flowers, I kept
One golden hour with you.
A fragrance lives within my heart
Of love I knew!

WE SIPPED OUR TEA

We sipped our tea in the pleasant gloom,
Of your cosy, restful, fire-lit room,
And sometimes we didn't say a word,
But kept our dreams that the silence stirred.

And I was so tired when I came.
(Perhaps you were feeling just the same?)
But oh, how dear my little stay,
And I went rested on my way.

It's a dream to keep—your tender eyes,
Your white hand drooping maidenwise,
Our cups poised idly, and the gloom
Of your beautiful, quiet, fire-lit room.

THE HOUR

Oh, it is wonderful the way we keep
Our hearts' own time for loving while the busy hours
sweep,
With a tide of endless duties that crowd our living so,
Our little hour for loving, that helps our toiling so—
Our little hour to keep!

Oh, it is wonderful the light I see,
In your dear eyes, in keeping for the hour you give
to me,
Our wonder-time of silence or of joyous liting speech,
That seems to hold all happiness that mortals ever
reach—
Your eyes that light for me!

OPTIMISTS

We, who have dreamed so cosily
Beside the dying firelight there,
Were really off Spring's olden way,
With hints of blossoms everywhere.

I gathered frail hepaticas
Down on a little woodland knoll,
And you, in lazy loveliness
Took rare communion with your soul.

You pointed out the dogwood bloom,
The beech's trembling, lace-like leaves,
And I went searching buttercups
With foolish faith that just believes.

And neither of us smiled at all,
That while the firelight burned so low,
We two had dreamed down Springtime ways,
While March winds flurried flakes of snow!

HIS HAND

You looked upon a flower with such love
'Twould seem you found a friend deep in its heart;
And marvelling and worshipping, I grew
To love each fragile part.

You gazed upon a sunset, wrapt and long,
And speaking softly mentioned every hue;
And, lo, I learned new beauty in that hour
That long was known to you!

You took a crushing sorrow in your life
And sweeter grew beneath its awful load,
'Twas then I knew that all things meant to you,
The skilful, wonder-working hand of God.

STRENGTH

Gay was your smile, though you little guessed,
How much I needed some joy—just then;
Cheery your greeting, unassumed,
And I found the faith I had lost in men!

Pure was your gaze as it swept the crowd,—
Alert and interested, unafraid,
And I braver grew to take my part,
And marvelled that I had been dismayed.

We seldom meet, yet I keep with me
A memory warm of your words and smile,
And strive to pass them along the way
To others who've lost their grip the while.

A NAME

I hear a name as I pass along,
And sudden my heart is like to break;
A name I knew in the olden days,
A mem'ry I vowed to never wake!

The day goes by like a misted thing,
And all unseeing I ply my task,
And tell my heart its hour will come—
The still night hour for which it asks.

DAWN

Night, and a driving mist;
Dim, fitful lights that gleam;
An unknown path before,
But in my heart—a dream!

Dawn, and the lifting mists,
The sunshine of your face;
A rose-strewn, reaching way,
And Love's long dear embrace!

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!

THRO' SUNSET WAYS

I named the evening star for you,
And dreamed you wore it in your hair,
Your face a lifted dewy flower,
Your lips an answered prayer.

I walked with you thro' sunset ways,
And found them fairer than our dreams,
Thro' mists of rose and amethyst,
By golden-watered streams.

Then by the little house of love,
You pledged your wayward heart to me—
There in that wondrous sunset land,
For all eternity.

THE DREAM

Little you gave, yet asked so much,
Took it smiling and went your way;
Left me nothing that I might touch,
Only a dream of a sunlit day.

I, who had nothing more to give,
Love the little you gave to me.
Glad that you taught me how to live,
In that wonderful hour that left you free.

MY LITTLE GIRL

She comes toddling down the pathway,
Glistening ringlets all aglow,
Little reaching baby fingers,
Wanting Daddy so!

She comes tripping down the garden,
With her skipping rope in hand,
Asking eyes, and lips held pleading
Such a sweet demand!

She comes wand'ring 'mong the roses,
Smiles in love's cruel absent way,
Takes my arm in dreamy silence,
Knows not my dismay.

Then one last dear golden evening,
She comes sadly out to me,
For tomorrow steals her pledges
For eternity.

Seems but yesterday I saw her,
Glistening ringlets all aglow,
Toddling down the garden pathway,
Wanting Daddy so!

THE PRODIGAL

Wise in the lovely way she went,
She left my hand that loved hers so,
Nor dreamed as song and laughter blent,
My heart and steps were very slow.

And oft her song stole back to me,
And oft her laughter hurt my heart;
Though she forgot so happily,
Our ways lay never far apart.

Then oh, I knew a cry of pain,
How glad I was to be so near,
And all her care was mine again,
And oh, how dear she was, how dear!

THE MYSTERY

When she turned from her way to come with me,
It seemed a tenderness too great to know;
Too strange a mystery that unquestioningly
Her woman's soul had come to trust me so.

When she unfaltering loved me day by day,
Answered my moods with watchful care and true,
Taught me so timidly all wiser ways,
Blindly I thought that all her love I knew.

But when she suffered silently with me,
When we together walked with grief and pain,
All of life's tenderness, love and mystery
Too great to understand, swept over me again.

IN THE WINTER NIGHT

The little house, so low and grey,
Stands silent in the clinging snow;
About its roof the willows sway,
In lonely wonder, to and fro.

The rose-vines, shorn of leaf and flower,
Creep up the windows, small and old,
And quite in keeping with the hour,
The pine trees' sorrows are unrolled.

The little house you chose with me,
All silent in the winter's night!
It calls and will not let me be,
While friendly mists bedim my sight.

God keep you, little house of grey.
She called you, "dear, and quaint and old."
Perchance she'll miss you some glad day,
Ah, then, your sleeping heart unfold!

THE TOUCH

When I go a way to return no more,
And a quiet friend or two,
In gentle musing, say a word
Of an old-time friend they knew.

It shall be to say that the song they heard
Was only pure and true,
To keep a melody through the years,
As it was touched by you!

TO MINISTER

You cannot find your way from me,
I ever follow where you lead,
Tracing your path so heedlessly
Of thorns you strew—for hearts must bleed.

Your fleeing eyes may turn aside,
To gaze on others wondrous dear,
But I shall know whate'er betide,
And half-believe you wish me near.

And should you faint upon the way.
For life is cruel to such as you.
Lo, I shall seek you in that day,
To find what little I may do!

A GREY DAY

A silken swish of wind-swept rain,
A music low in the trees;
Brown leaves glistening along a path,
That leads o'er the singing leas!

There, where an old pine ever mourns,
You, with your blowing hair;
A glad caressing in your eyes.
Ah! The heaven that waits me there!

AWAKENING

I couldn't go on in the old dear way,
With never a thought for you;
It was easy to bid me just forget,
With never a moment's rue.

But just as your eyes became so brave
With a tender care for me,
I saw the sorrow you strove to hide,
Then I knew, for eternity!

How sweet to walk the dear old way,
With the love I never knew,
Until I hid from the selflessness,
In the lonely eyes of you!

REQUITAL

She played with me in her skilful way,
And I—I played the lover—
At least, we laughed and called it play,
And lightly passed it over!

Now I sit and dream by my lonely fire,
And sadly I discover
My wiser heart has but one desire—
To dream the old dream over!

THE SMILE IN YOUR HEART

In the Bank of Happiness hoard your smiles,
Continually setting apart,
And days of trouble will find you brave
With a smile that is in your heart.

A word or a smile from a friend you loved,
A flower that bloomed a day,
A sunset rare and a moon-swayed night,
All gathered along the way.

A glad surprise from a written page,
A picture you looked at long,
A dream you had by a dying fire,
A strain of an olden song.

The implicit trust of a little child,
The hopes that were held for you,
The simple joy in the common task,
The dreams that you saw come true.

Days may be coming dark and long,
When sorrow will not depart;
But at least you will braver be, and strong
For the smiles that are in your heart!

PROCRASTINATION

I had a little thought for you,
So pleasant and so gay,
But idly kept it in my heart,
And then it slipped away.

So many tender thoughts for you,
I've lost along the way,
I would I had to write or tell,
When wondering what to say!

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!

AND HERS

Last night he came in, laughing at the snow,
 Laden with pretty bundles, casting all
 Into my arms, then with his head bent low,
 Whispered: "'Tis Christmas, dear, do you recall."
 With one swift kiss, I, laughing in his eyes,
 Tenderly told the story, ancient quite
 In others' ears—but to his, wondrous wise—
 Then woke, and wept, and wondered, in the night!

THE DREAM

The world shall know our little name
 To speak of comfort, hope and cheer;
 Then leave us to our fireside
 To live and love, my dear.

We'll hail and pass all gypsy folk,
 That roam the hills with grey mists hung,
 And hoard the gold of sunset skies
 In lavish glory flung.

There'll be no clamor at our door
 When night comes on and you are there,
 Beside my fire for me to watch
 Its light upon your hair.

It's such a little dream to keep
 Of when there shall be no more war—
 But just dear happiness renewed
 We've dreamed in days before.

A WOMAN

She stands superb in her glad rights—
 A woman, with a woman's soul,
 She holds no tenderness too rare—
 No sacrifice too whole.

No loving she would name too great;
 No giving, her rare heart witholds;
 No doing but she undertakes,
 No keeping but she folds.

No strength, but she would fain be strong;
 No comforting but swift she gives;
 No purity so heaven-kept,
 No sin, but she forgives.

No prayer, but God doth know her heart,
 And loves to hearken to her call;
 She stands superb in her glad rights—
 A woman, that is all!

