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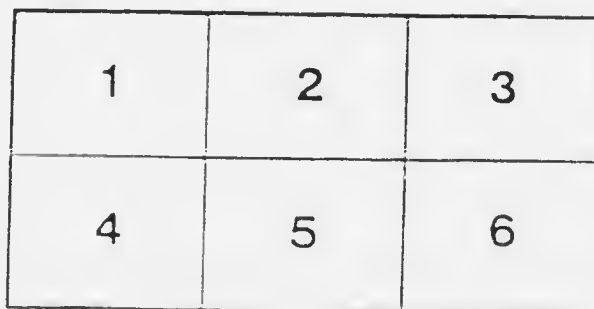
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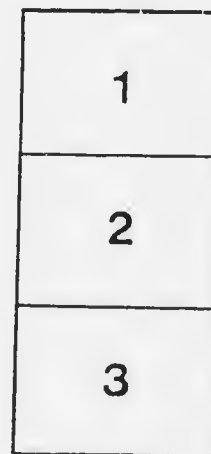
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Canadian Mary  
and  
Other Poems



1185

Canadian Mary  
and  
Other Poems

BY  
HENRY DEANS CHAPMAN

PUBLISHED BY  
THE OTTAWA PRINTING COMPANY, LIMITED  
OTTAWA



1878  
1879  
1880  
1881

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OTTAWA

Published in Canada



## To Canadian Mary

Dear, old mother England's calling

Across the bright rolling sea.

Dear, old mother England's calling;

Yes my darling calling me.

I must be going sweet Canadian Mary,

I must be going far from thee,

I must be going sweet Canadian Mary,

For old England's calling me.



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## Canadian Mary

Dear, old mother England's calling  
Across the bright rolling sea.  
Dear, old mother England's calling;  
Yes my darling calling me.  
I must be going sweet Canadian Mary,  
I must be going far from thee,  
I must be going sweet Canadian Mary,  
For old England's calling me.

I'll not forget the garden way,  
And where we parted on the lawn;  
But old England is calling to-day;  
Canadian Mary, I must be gone.  
Farewell, farewell, sweet Canadian Mary,  
Old England's calling o'er the sea.  
Farewell! Farewell Canadian Mary,  
For old England's calling to me.

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*Canadian Mary and Other Poems*

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England's calling, plainly calling,  
And darling I must leave thee.  
While out side the leaves are falling,  
Sweetheart Mary, I must leave,  
I'm going far dear sweet Canadian Mary,  
But I will not forget you then,  
My thoughts will all come back Canadian Mary,  
My heart will travel home again.

— — — — —  
CANADIAN MARY, dedicated to the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of our brave Canadian Soldiers, was first set to music, published, and sold as a song in 1915.

## The Church Bell at Evening

I can hear the old church bell ring,  
It seems sometimes like a dream,  
As of sweeter thoughts it doth bring  
That flow like an endless stream.

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*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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I listen to its sad murmur  
    Surrounded by the still air;  
My footsteps wander no further,  
    But seem to be rooted there.

It brings back that sweet sad picture  
    Of a church and churchyard near,  
And mossy slab that speaks of her  
    Whose memory is so dear.

'Tis years, but it seems like a day,  
    As I stand to-night in tears,  
Since I gently laid her away  
    To rest under coming years.

But to-night to me no one sings  
    And no one strokes my hair;  
But the kind old church bell still rings  
    To remind me she is there.

## Voices in the Lamplight

Silently close the portals of day,  
Shine no more daylight's hour,  
Leave me in whispering twilight gray  
In evening's lamplit bower.

The chords of life are slowly beating  
Like music soft and low;  
And the hours are swiftly fleeting  
Leaving the fireside glow.

Open each dear familiar page,  
Turn them o'er, one by one,  
Till muffled by long forgotten age  
The passing day is done.

Oh, let me now hear the master's voice  
Fall from the rustling leaves,  
And so shall this heart of mine rejoice  
Tho' winds sigh in the eaves.

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*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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The straying, red leaves without reply  
    To the words as they pass  
"O masters, we, too, must surely die,  
    For Autumn comes at last."

Yet, yonder, alas, an old arm chair  
    Stands empty in the room!  
The form of mother, no longer there,  
    Lies resting in the tomb.

Now a sweet and a child-trust feeling  
    Comes creeping in my heart,  
As a dear mother-presence stealing  
    To soothe life's sting and smart.

Oh, for the voice, the face and the hand!  
    Oh, for those words of thine,  
Saying, "Some day you will understand  
    The truth of life divine!"



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*Canadian Mary and Other Poems*

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The hand of time has touched my brow  
With cares of many a day,  
I long for your words so tender now  
While on Life's weary way.  
And from the mist a dream voice saith,  
"Oh, close thy weary eyes!"  
And in sleep I cross the ford of Death  
To the keep of Paradise!

### A Page of Life

To-day is but a page of life,  
But another leaf turned o'er,  
A little more of joy or strife  
A new stroke of life's oar.  
Just a short walk in Nature's realms,  
'Neath shadows and the sun,  
Beside the tall and solemn elms  
That to the river run.

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*Henry Deans Chapman*

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Just another act in life's play.  
Just a new part spoken:  
That act, the good or ill to sway;  
Those words, the soul-life token.

Just a dear fond hope won or lost;  
Just sound of distant cries.  
As some lonely one has crossed  
Life's bridge of common sighs—

For that one will be no morrow,  
But a bright, guiding light,  
Shining through the night of sorrow  
To bring Heaven's morn in sight.

And it is just this little thought  
Should make us do our best,  
For whatever hardship day has brought  
The morn may bring us rest.

## We've Wandered All the Way

Yes, Tom, our eyes are growing dim,  
Our hair is growing white and gray,  
We've heard the world's passing din,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

Past the old school house we've gone,  
You and I in Life's young day,  
But now our cheeks are thin and wan,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way

Way down by the old meadow stream,  
We used to run about and play,  
But now we sit and think and dream,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

Though the long years may come and go,  
We wander still each summer's day,  
And age our love will never know,  
For Tom, we've wandered all the way.

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*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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We've lived in the dear, old cottage,  
The cottage by the inland bay,  
And there together we grew old,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

Each day brought its joy and sorrow,  
Sometimes a cloud, sometimes a ray,  
Still we labored through each morrow,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

Our brave young hearts have grown weak,  
And soon we shall lie by the way,  
For on the hills we've weary grown,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

Now falls the still gray evening light,  
At close of this another day,  
And we pass out into the night,  
For, Tom, we've wandered all the way.

## The Dying Summer

Darling, asleep are the flowers,  
That once grew 'neath our wandering feet,  
That filled the summer's leafy bowers  
With passing fragrance soft and sweet.

Darling, the pretty flowers are gone,  
That decked the winding woodland way,  
That kissed the lips of smiling dawn,  
And brought the changing light of day.

Darling, where are those flowers fair,  
That are no longer on the lea?  
I miss them as I wander there,  
My darling, side by side with thee.

Darling, where are the gentle birds,  
That sweetly sang around the door,  
Mingling song with our loving words,  
My darling, will they come no more?

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*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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Darling, the night is cold and dreary,  
The winds of Autumn are sighing,  
And my heart is ever sad and weary,  
For days of summer are dying.

Darling, the dewdrops are weeping  
For the summer's pale, young flowers,  
That in our footsteps lie sleeping  
In the hush of the Twilight hours.

## The Soldier's Parting

I wander by the garden way,  
'Mid flowers bright and fair,  
And long, long is the summer's day  
As I stand gazing there;  
The skies are ringing with the birds,  
The brooklet's running by  
I hear the soldier's parting words  
As he bids his love good bye.

.....  
*Canadian Mary and Other Poems*  
.....

Oh, beautiful is his golden hair,  
    Blown by winds of summer's day;  
I see them stand and linger there,  
    By the garden's winding way;  
And there among the pretty flowers  
    That ever gaze into the sky,  
Among the summer's leafy bowers,  
    A soldier's saying good bye.

Scarce can I hear his parting words  
    For the brooklet's running flow,  
While, mingling with the song of birds,  
    They are whispered soft and low;  
And just one parting word I hear  
    Way down where the lilies lie,  
A soldier's saying to his love:  
    "O, my love, good bye, good bye."

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*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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## Echoes of Childhood

Far from over the hills of time  
    Come the echoes of childhood,  
As some old forgotten rhyme  
    Speaks of days in the wildwood.

Speaks in a tongue the years forget,  
    Speaks of life in its dawning,  
Of happy days we ne'er regret  
    Spent in the life of morning.

Speaks, oh, yes, of childhood's sweet hours  
    Spent in the cool, pure air,  
Of the sunlight's restful bowers,  
    And the thoughts that lingered there.



## The City's Ebb and Flow

I crept into the darkened shadows one night  
And watched the people pass to and fro,  
And to me it was a splendid sight,  
To see the city's ebb and flow.

There were bright young lovers who passed me by,  
Whose thoughts were murmured in voices low,  
And there were those who heaved a sigh,  
And the soft winds answered and seemed to know.

There passed me seas of human faces,  
Like waters rolling down the street;  
My eye follows and here and there traces  
The lonely face you seldom meet.

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.....  
*Henry Deans Chapman*  
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## Just for You and I

Someone made that old path  
Where the lilies lie  
Someone made a world  
Just for you and I.

Someone made the flowers  
And the summer sky  
And everlasting love  
Just for you and I.

Someone made a cottage  
By the field of rye  
Someone made those happy days  
Just for you and I.

Then someone laid us down  
Laid us down to die  
And made a heaven  
Just for you and I.

