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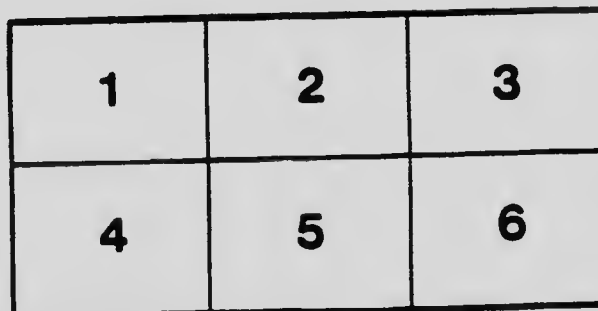
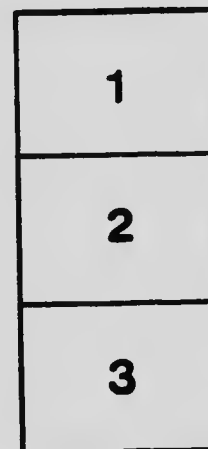
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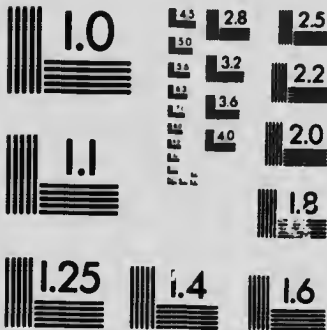
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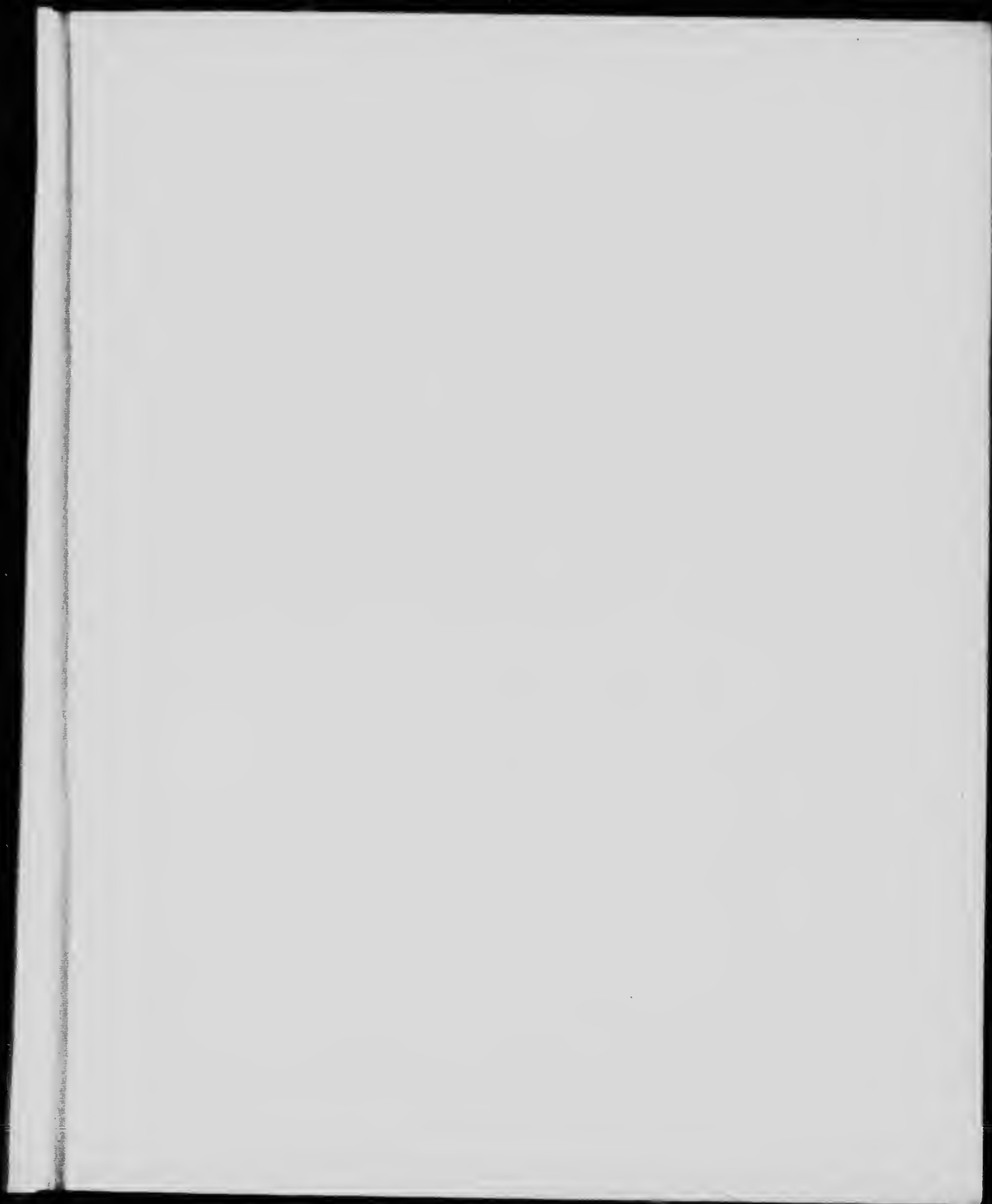
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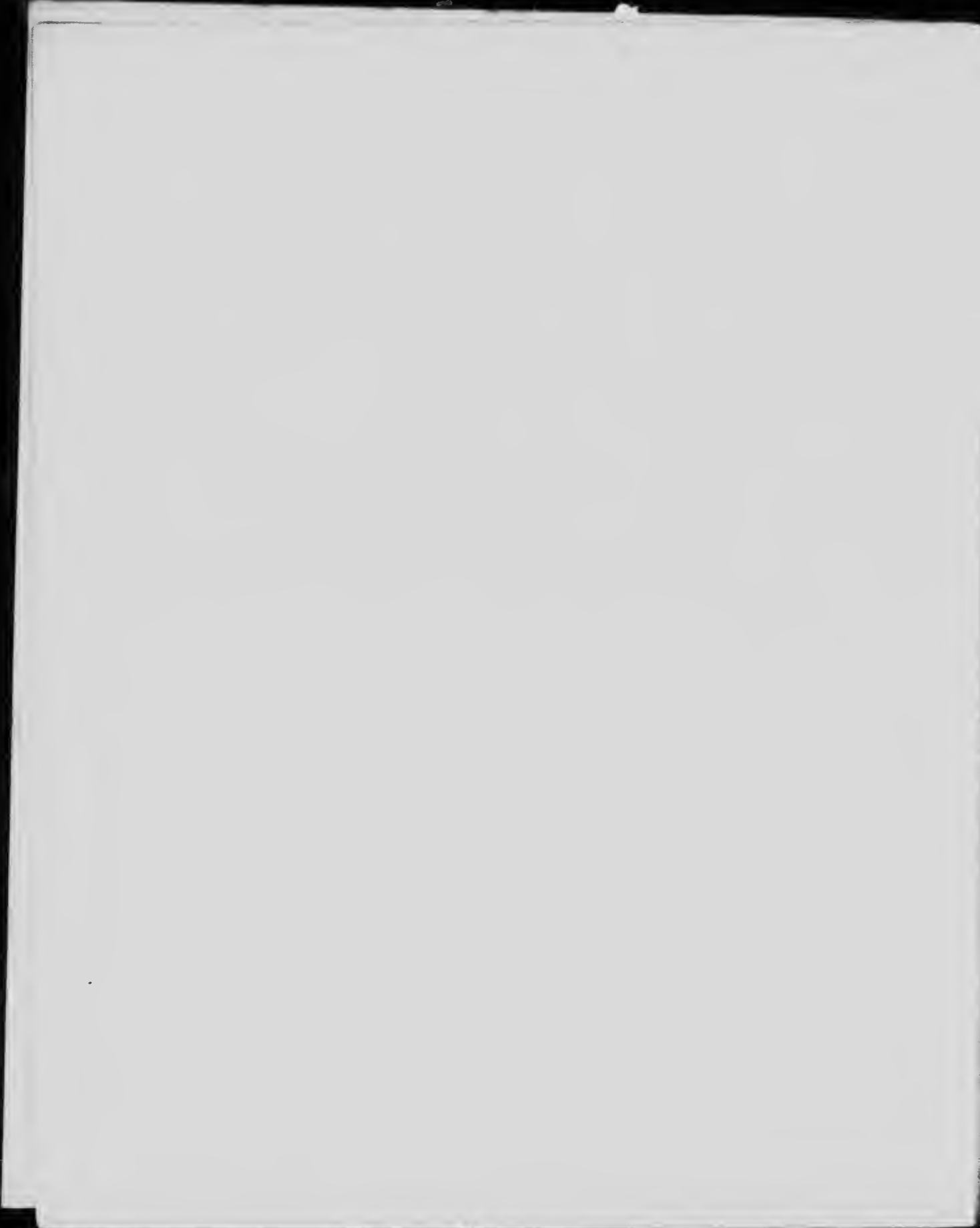
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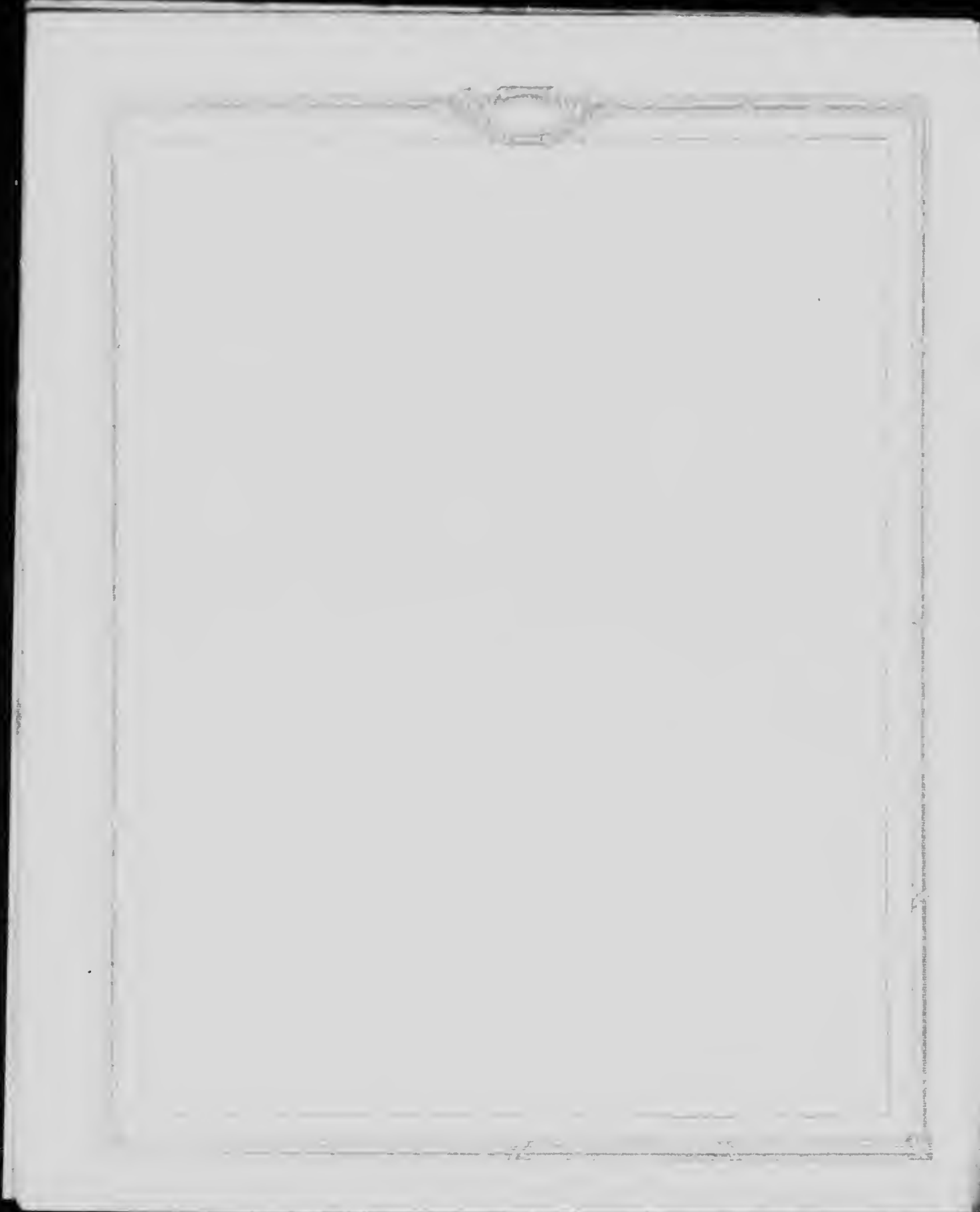








Songs for You



Songs for You

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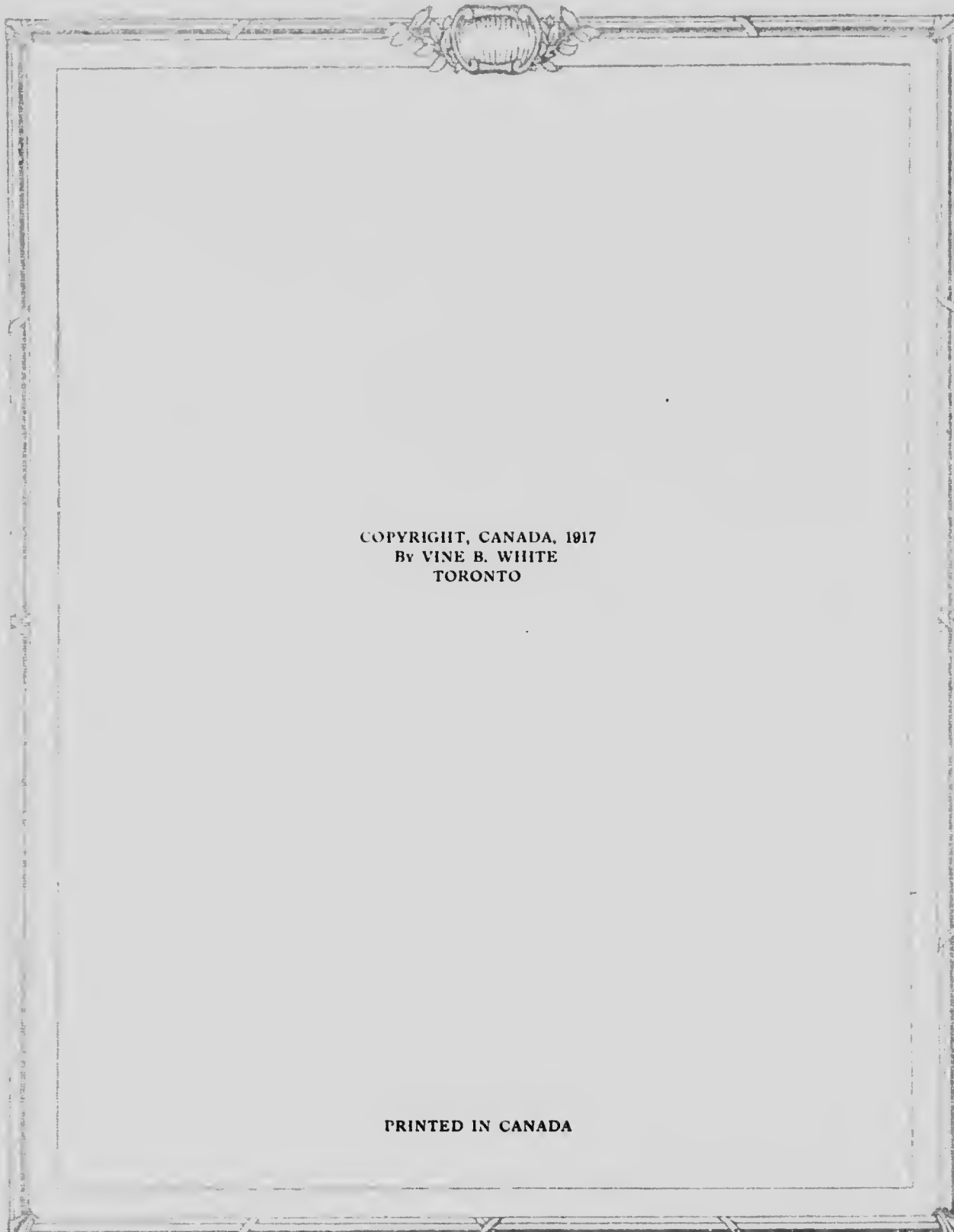
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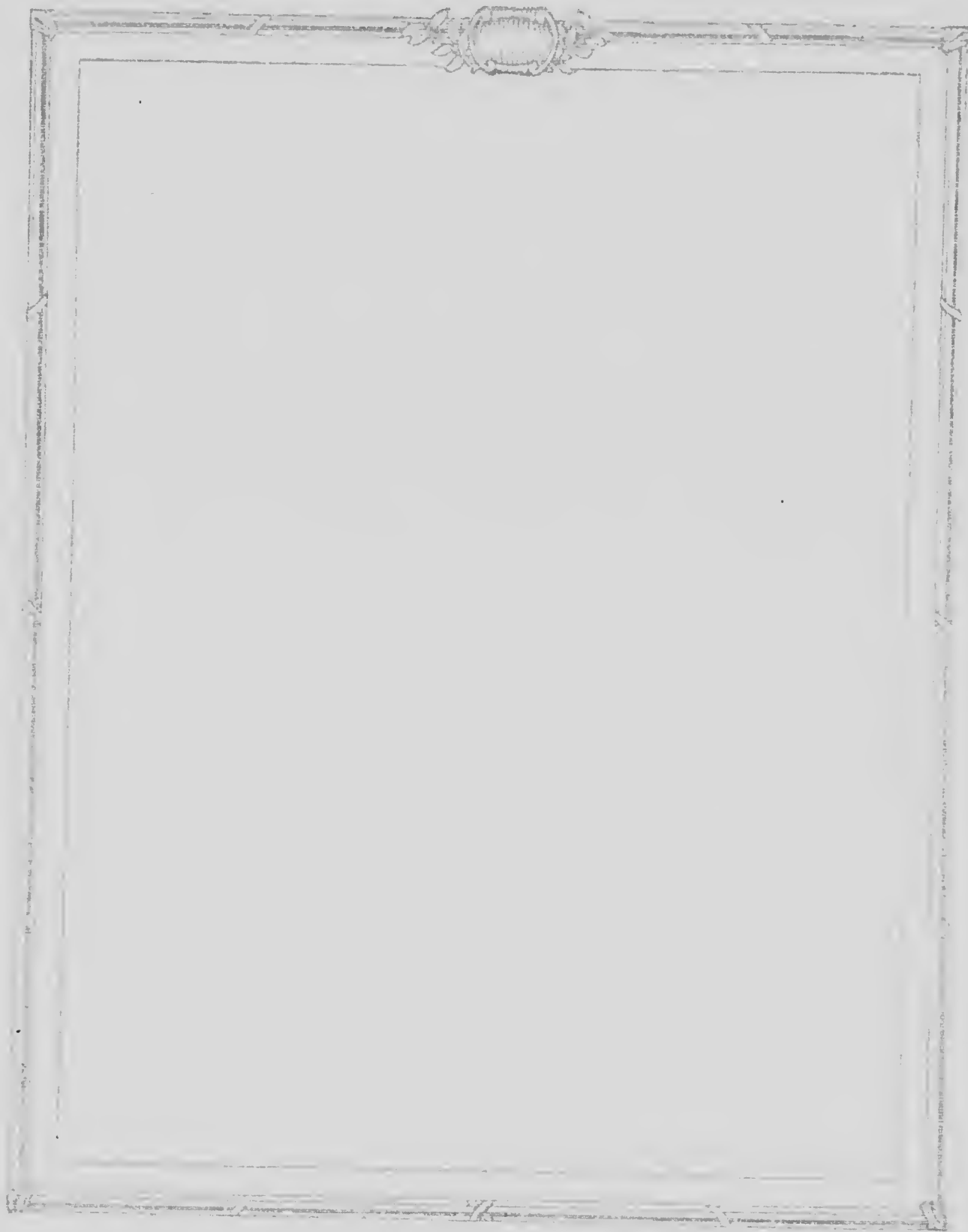
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8



To You

*With merit small,
In number few;
With Love I send
These songs to you.*



Contents

(Illustrations from Photographs by Ernest Hoch, of the Toronto Camera Club.)

	PAGE
Christmas	11
Dreams	15
Marriage	19
Wealth, Love and Truth	23
The Great Ambassador	29
Song of the Sock	33
After Labor, Rest	39
Heaven's Battle Ground	43
Reunion at the Old Homestead	47
Martha's Invitation ..	53
Prayer	61



	PAGE
The Women to Pity	65
Thou Art Gone, O My Belovéd.....	68
Pussy Willow	70
Birth	72
My Mother	74
O Some One I Love is Coming To-day.....	76
Dawn	78
Vengeance	80
My Sweetheart	82
Death of Summer.....	84
The Three Spirits.....	86
Deeds not Creeds	88
Death	90
An Idyl	92



Christmas



THE SAME OLD SONG OF PEACE.

Christmas

I CANNOT go, dear Lord, this year, there is so much strife on earth,"

(Thus Christmas spoke to the God above who gave the day its birth)

"Women are moaning and weeping, for men who are cold and dead,

"Famine is rudely stalking and children are crying for bread.

"Lust and greed and hatred with love of riches, power and fame,

"Have torn the image of Christ from the Cross,—blotted out His name."

Then high up in Heaven, a great angelic meeting was called,

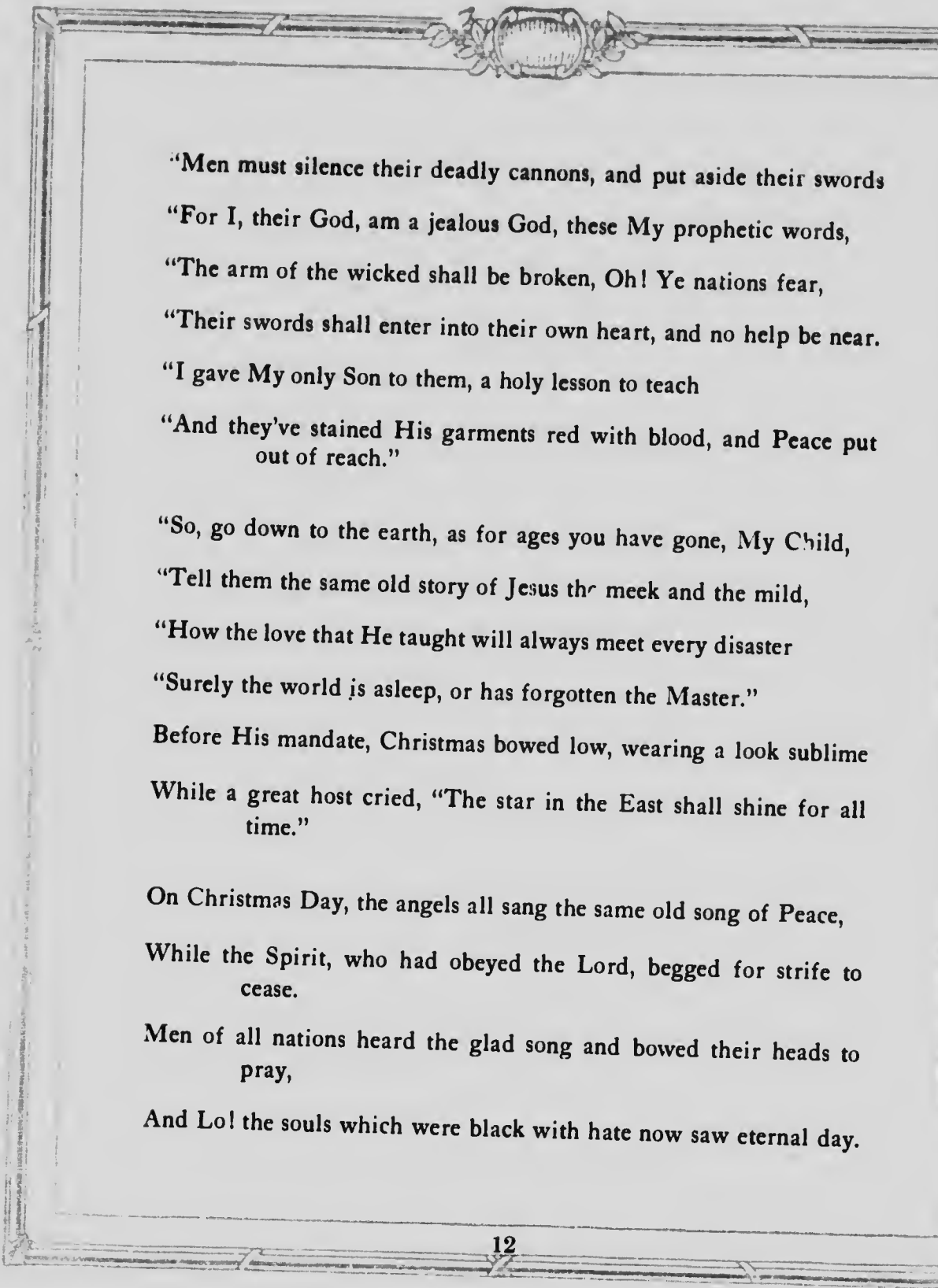
When even the oldest and wisest of the Saints were appalled

By the simple yet wonderful language in which our God spoke.

The words were old as Time, but are words He will never revoke.

"Christmas belongs to Me," he said, "'Twas I who gave it to man,"

"And whoever desecrates that day shall bow beneath my ban."



“Men must silence their deadly cannons, and put aside their swords
“For I, their God, am a jealous God, these My prophetic words,
“The arm of the wicked shall be broken, Oh! Ye nations fear,
“Their swords shall enter into their own heart, and no help be near.
“I gave My only Son to them, a holy lesson to teach
“And they’ve stained His garments red with blood, and Peace put
out of reach.”

“So, go down to the earth, as for ages you have gone, My Child,
“Tell them the same old story of Jesus th’ meek and the mild,
“How the love that He taught will always meet every disaster
“Surely the world is asleep, or has forgotten the Master.”

Before His mandate, Christmas bowed low, wearing a look sublime
While a great host cried, “The star in the East shall shine for all
time.”

On Christmas Day, the angels all sang the same old song of Peace,
While the Spirit, who had obeyed the Lord, begged for strife to
cease.

Men of all nations heard the glad song and bowed their heads to
pray,

And Lo! the souls which were black with hate now saw eternal day.



Dreams



BUT YESTERDAY I SAW GREEN FIELDS,
WILD BIRDS, CHERRY BLOSSOMS WHITE.

Dreams

MY room is close and it's stuffy,
Amidst the grime and the smoke,
And again there rests on my shoulders,
The workman's heavy yoke.

But yesterday I saw green fields,
Wild birds,—cherry blossoms white,
And sight, scent and sound ne'er left me,
Through the watches of the night.

Blossoms tumbled upon my pillow,
Exhaling perfume rare,
While flutter of wings and zephyrs mild,
Fanned my cheek and my hair.

And at night, when the day is done,

I know as I plod along,

On my pallet of straw, there's waiting for me,

A wild bird's song.

So all day long I work and slave,

Where strife and greed ever teems

But 'tis just a make believe life,—

I only live in my dreams.

Marriage



A CABIN ON THE HILLSIDE.

Marriage

YESTERDAY

A CABIN on the hillside,
A woman bowed with woe,
A hand held to her forehead,
Hides the mark of a blow.
"Katrina, come home to your mother,
"The law will set you free.
"We will roam the forests together,
"You and I, I and thee."

The sodden eyes looked up, and she smiled,
As she faintly sighed,
"What God hath joined together,
"No earthly law can divide."
"But he is cruel to you," the mother cried,
And her voice was full of hate,
"Cruel? Of course, he has a right to be,
"But I love him, for he's my mate."

TO-DAY

DO tell me, my dear, I'm dying to know
"Why did you divorce Harold Grey?"

"Let's see—why he never went out after dinner

"Was always in the way

"Then he strongly approved of women voting

"I am an anti you know

"Oh, it was quite impossible to endure it

"I had to let him go.

"Oh! yes, I shall get alimony,

"Ten (maybe twelve) thousand a year,

"Marry again, after all I've gone through?"

"Never, no never, my dear.

"Of course, if Gus should propose

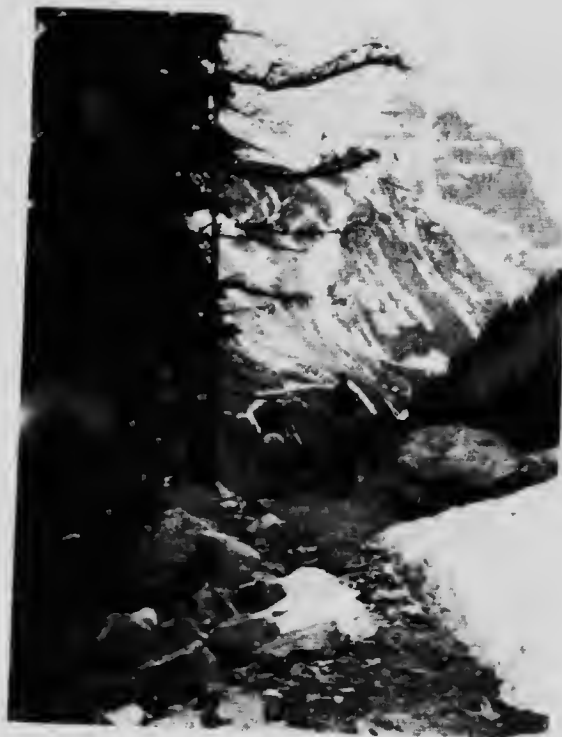
"He expects next month to be free,

"He's very rich, I might accept

"This is just 'twixt you and me."



Wealth, Love and Truth



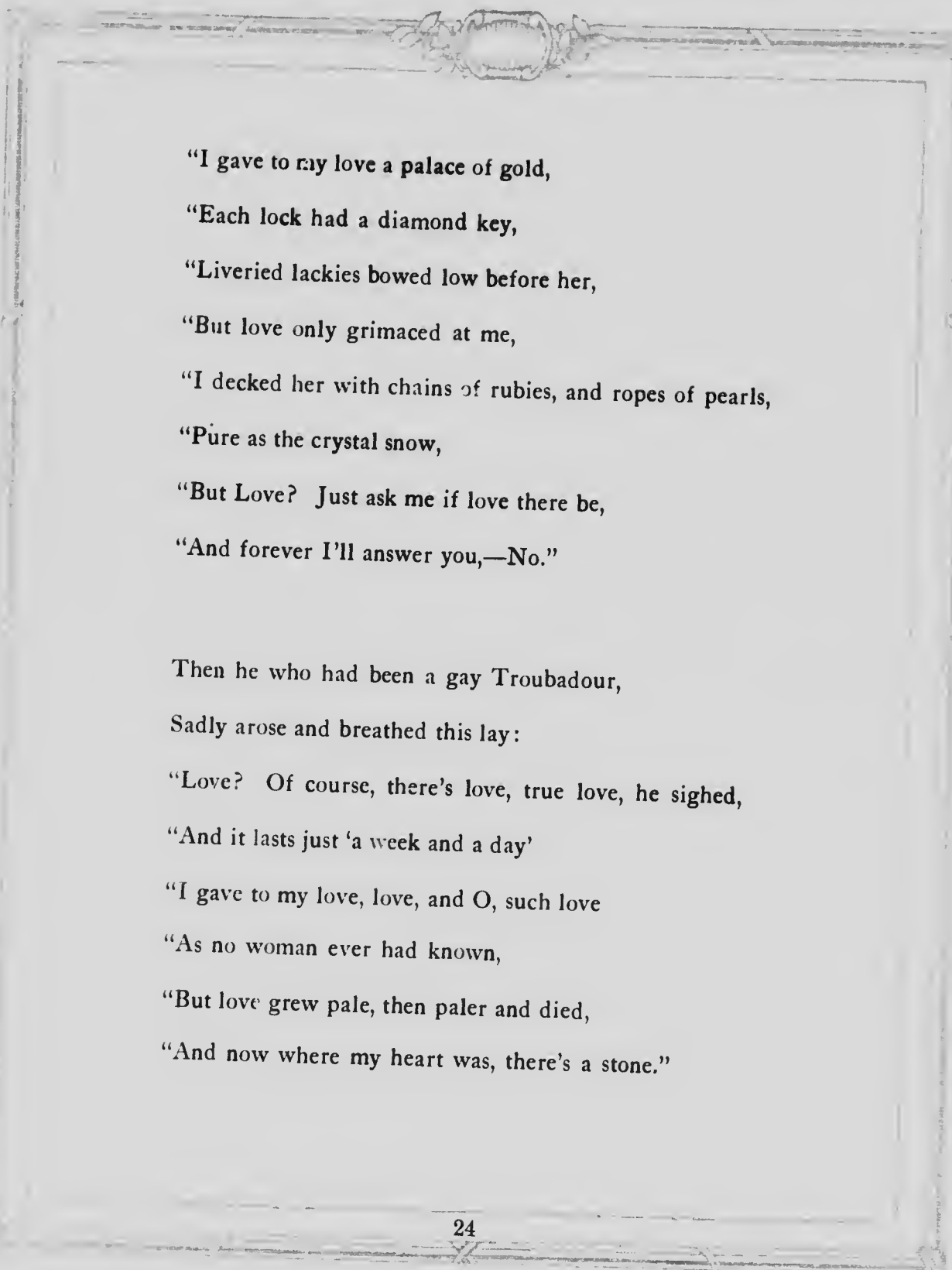
IT WAS MANY YEARS AFTER,
WHEN ON THE EDGE OF A FOREST THESE THREE MEN MET.

Wealth, Love and Truth

THREE rich men, (one with gold, one with laughter and song,
And one who lived in truth)

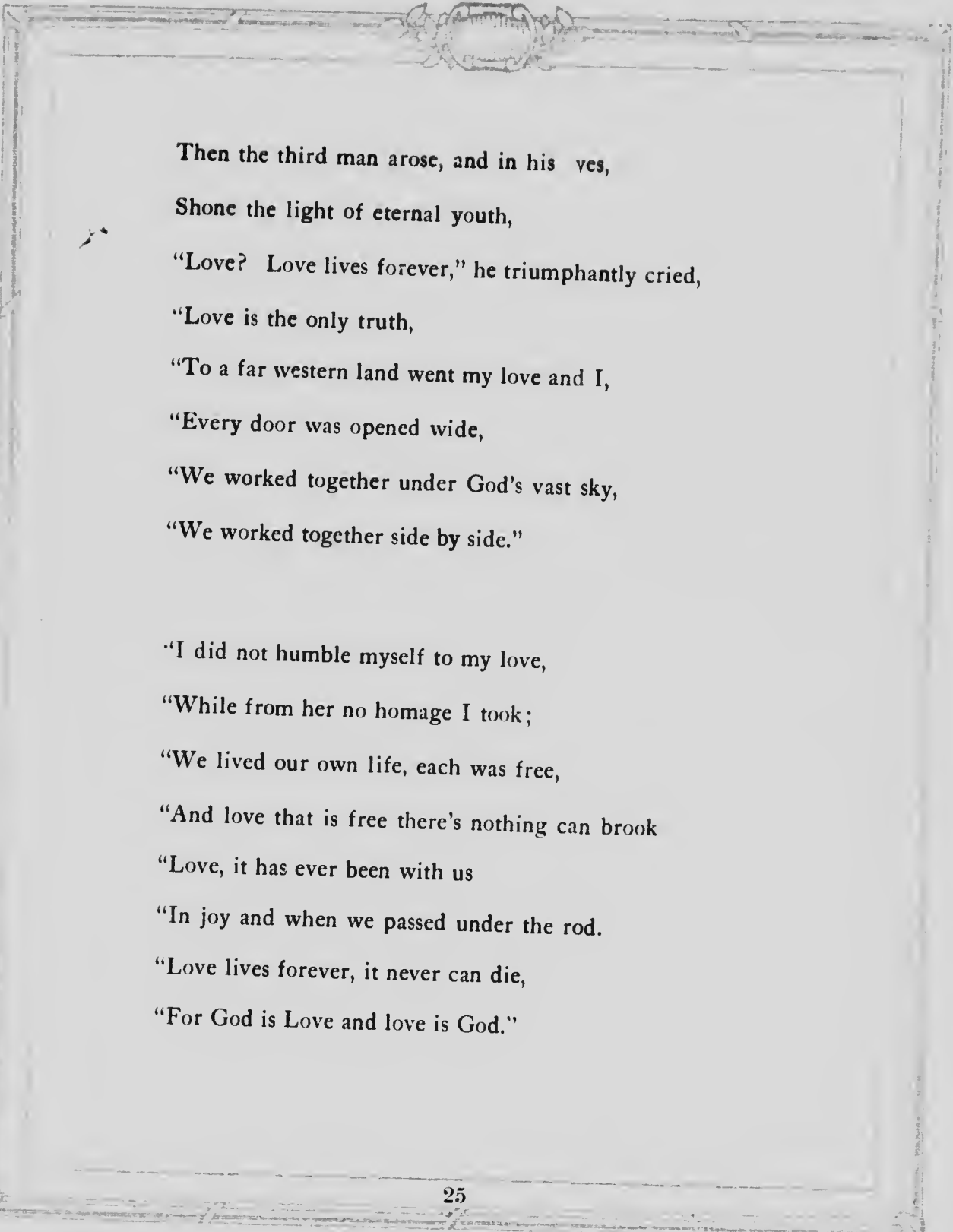
Once studied the problem of love,
And to its mystery devoted their youth,
They dissected the word, lay naked it's soul,
To gloat over, night and day,
Then pondered long, the way to keep it.
Through December as well as through May.

'Twas many years after,
When, on the edge of a forest, these three men met,
The day, it was June, the time, early morn,
The leaves, with the dew, were so wet,
The rostrum,—a huge stone boulder,—was mounted
And a voice bitterly cried:
“There's no such thing as love, fools, fools are they,
“Who for it have sickened and died.



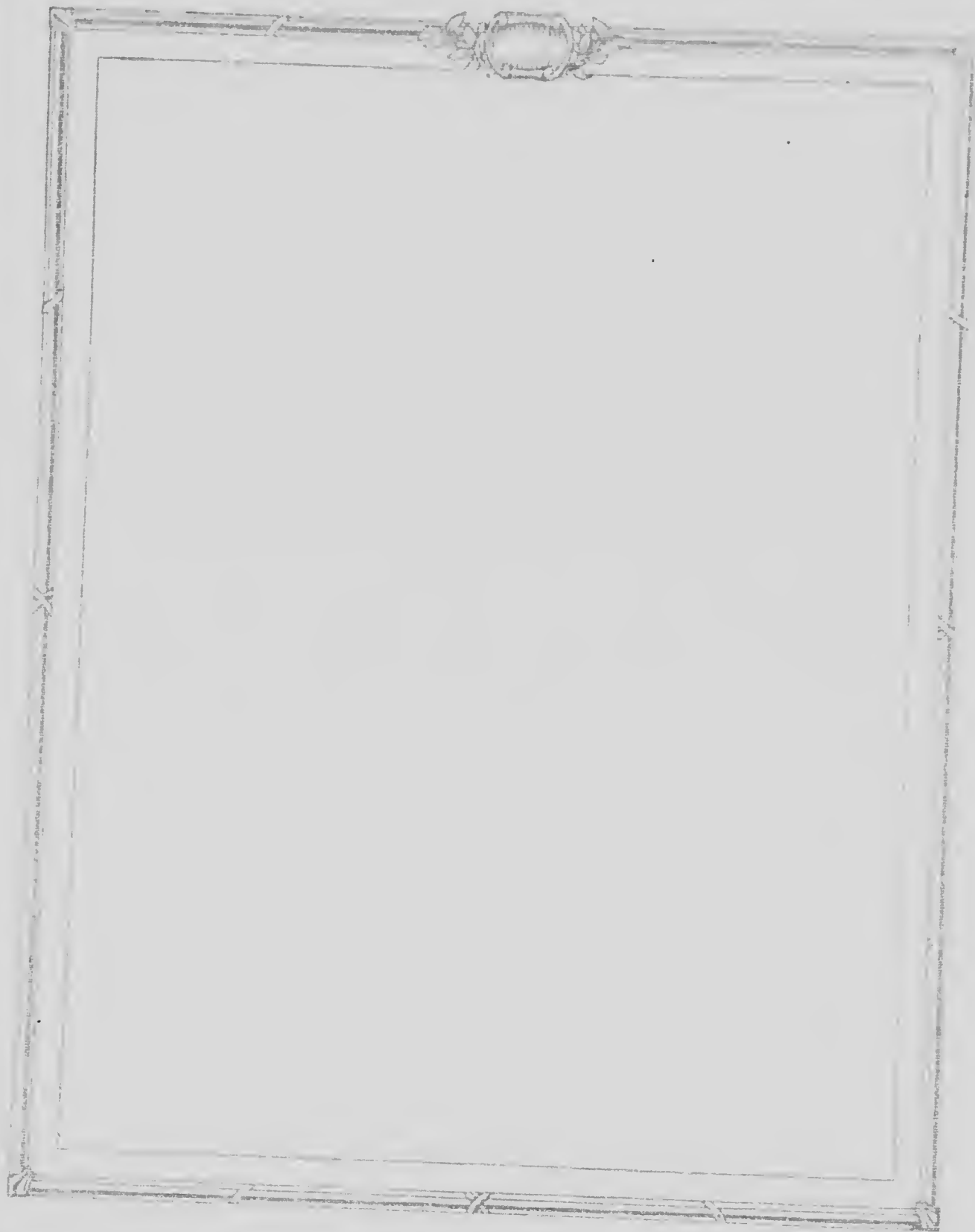
"I gave to my love a palace of gold,
"Each lock had a diamond key,
"Liveried lackies bowed low before her,
"But love only grimaced at me,
"I decked her with chains of rubies, and ropes of pearls,
"Pure as the crystal snow,
"But Love? Just ask me if love there be,
"And forever I'll answer you,—No."

Then he who had been a gay Troubadour,
Sadly arose and breathed this lay:
"Love? Of course, there's love, true love, he sighed,
"And it lasts just 'a week and a day'
"I gave to my love, love, and O, such love
"As no woman ever had known,
"But love grew pale, then paler and died,
"And now where my heart was, there's a stone."



Then the third man arose, and in his eyes,
Shone the light of eternal youth,
"Love? Love lives forever," he triumphantly cried,
"Love is the only truth,
"To a far western land went my love and I,
"Every door was opened wide,
"We worked together under God's vast sky,
"We worked together side by side."

"I did not humble myself to my love,
"While from her no homage I took;
"We lived our own life, each was free,
"And love that is free there's nothing can brook
"Love, it has ever been with us
"In joy and when we passed under the rod.
"Love lives forever, it never can die,
"For God is Love and love is God."





The Great Ambassador



LET US WATCH HIS WAKE CLEAR TO HEAVEN.

The Great Ambassador

MY friend I loved so well is gone—softly, slyly, stealthily, in
Death crept,

Found him defenceless and alone, took him unawares, grabbed
him, while he slept,

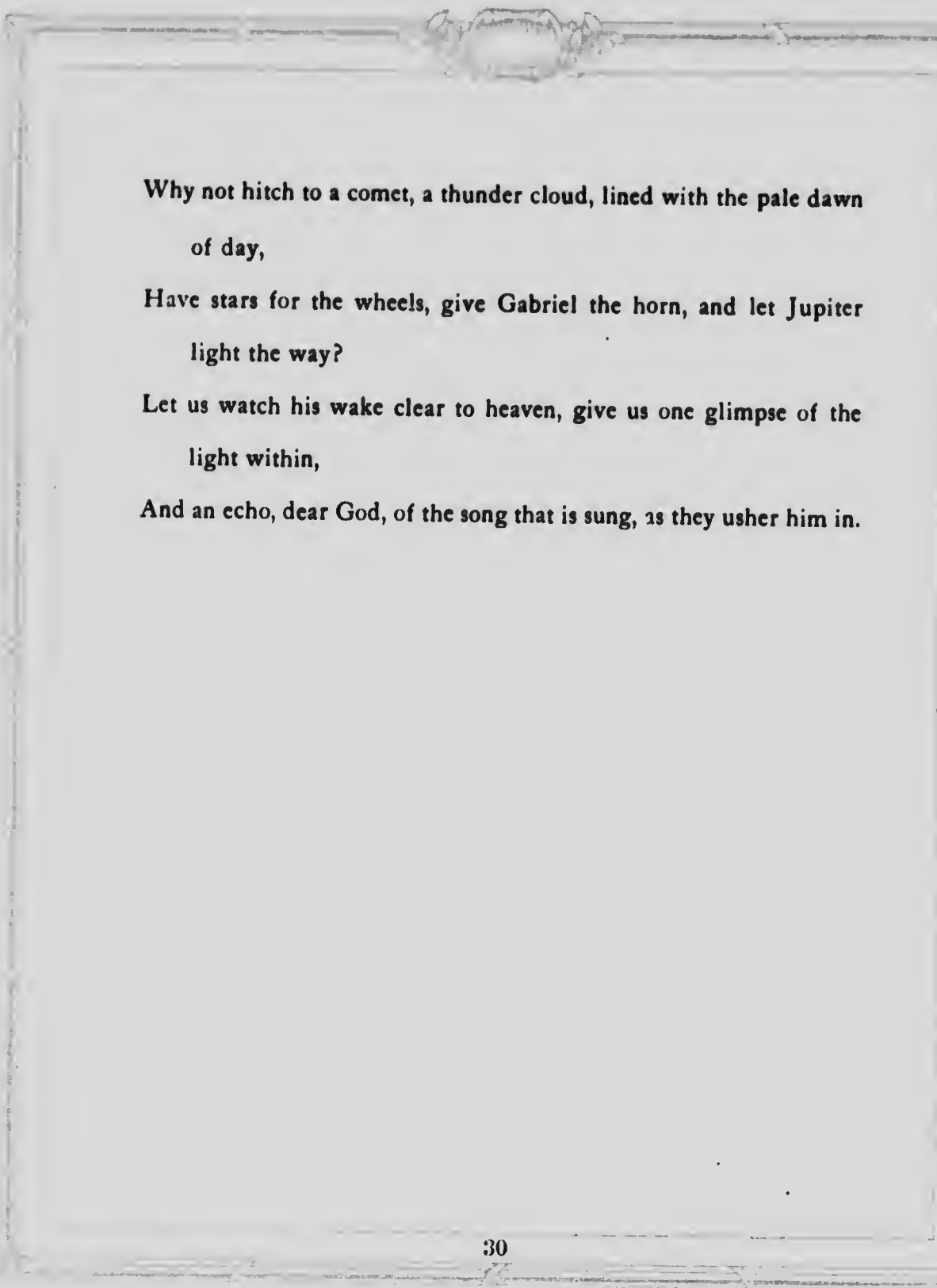
Came like a thief in the night,—like a tyrant of old, with scourge
and with rod,

He who was bearing him away to glory, to lay at the feet of God.

O, why did death come to my friend so rudely, and why such unseem-
ly haste?

He sunk his beautiful eyes, twisted his mouth, and turned his firm lips
to paste,

The Ambassador of the Most Holy should travel in august splendor,
Present his summons with awesome grandeur, and still be gentle
and tender.



Why not hitch to a comet, a thunder cloud, lined with the pale dawn
of day,
Have stars for the wheels, give Gabriel the horn, and let Jupiter
light the way?
Let us watch his wake clear to heaven, give us one glimpse of the
light within,
And an echo, dear God, of the song that is sung, as they usher him in.

Song of the Sock



KNIT, KNIT, KNIT IN THE DULL DECEMBER LIGHT.

Song of the Sock

*From Thomas Hood's famous poem
"The Song of the Shirt."*

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red
The women busily knit
While men to slaughter are led.
Knit, knit, knit,
Through the rounds of the slow ticking clock,
And knit, knit, knit,
While they sing the song of the sock.

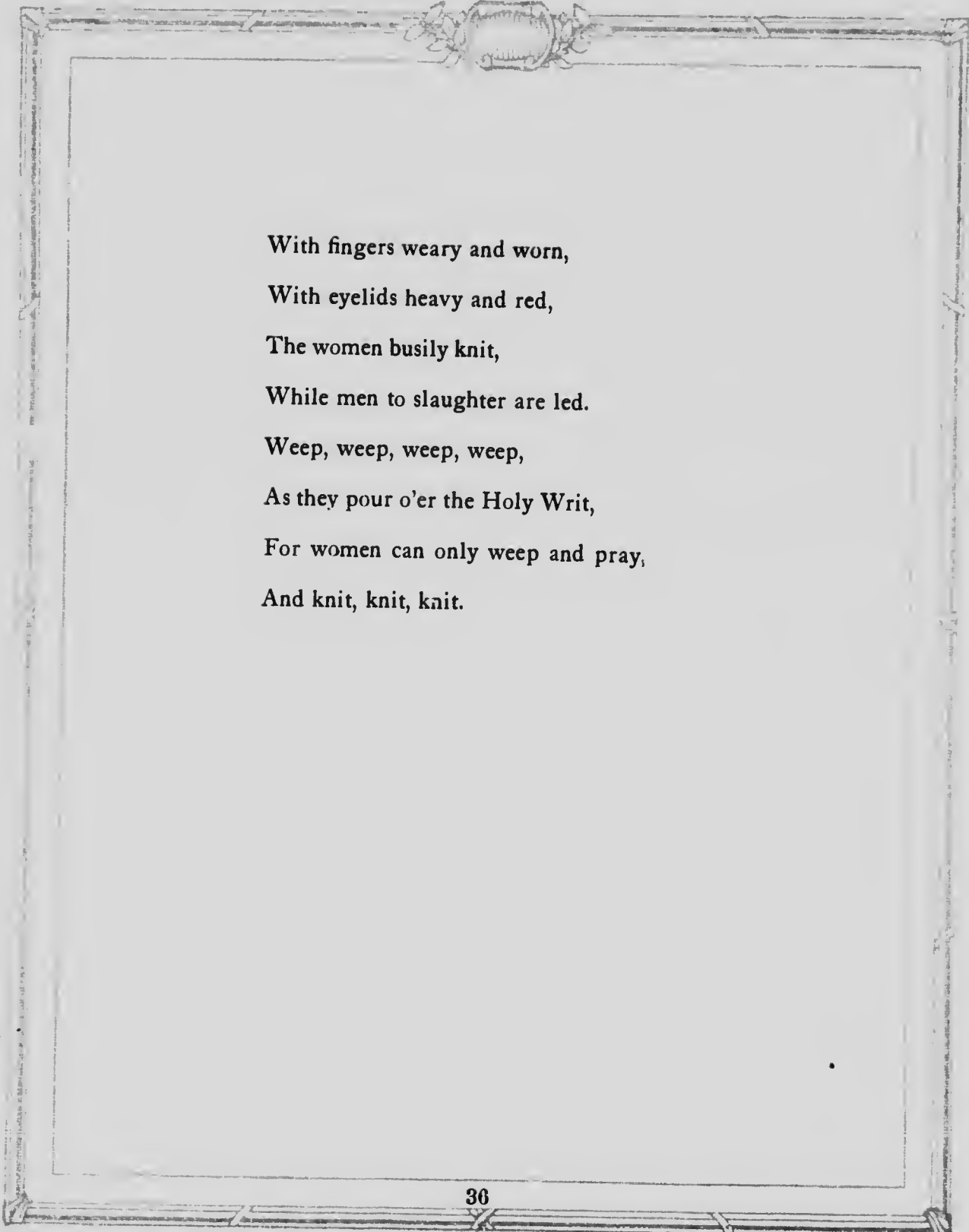
Knit, knit, knit, knit,
Till the brain begins to swim
And knit, knit, knit,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam and plain, narrow, widen and gore,
Then narrow, widen and seam,
Till over their work they fall asleep,
But still knit on in their dream.

O, men with sisters dear,
O, men with mothers and wives
Not alone are men destroyed,
But women and children's lives.
Sometimes it is very hard,
The wolf from the door to keep,
O, God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Knit, knit, knit, knit,
In the dull December light,
Then weep, weep, weep,
Through the watches of the night.
Women's hearts would surely break,
If it were not for weeping,
And not to hinder their work,
They weep instead of sleeping.

O, but to breathe the breath of peace,
Over the sea and the land,
O, but to hear his voice once more,
And feel the touch of his hand.
O, for the power to reach the hearts
Which now are hard as rock,
To give us hope that peace is near,
While we sing the Song of the Sock.

O, but for one short hour,
Despite however brief,
An hour for play and laughter,
An hour unstained by grief,
An hour to feel as we used to feel,
Before this Juggernaut car,
Had crushed us with its monstrous wheel,
And made of us what we are.



With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
The women busily knit,
While men to slaughter are led.
Weep, weep, weep, weep,
As they pour o'er the Holy Writ,
For women can only weep and pray,
And knit, knit, knit.



After Labor, Rest



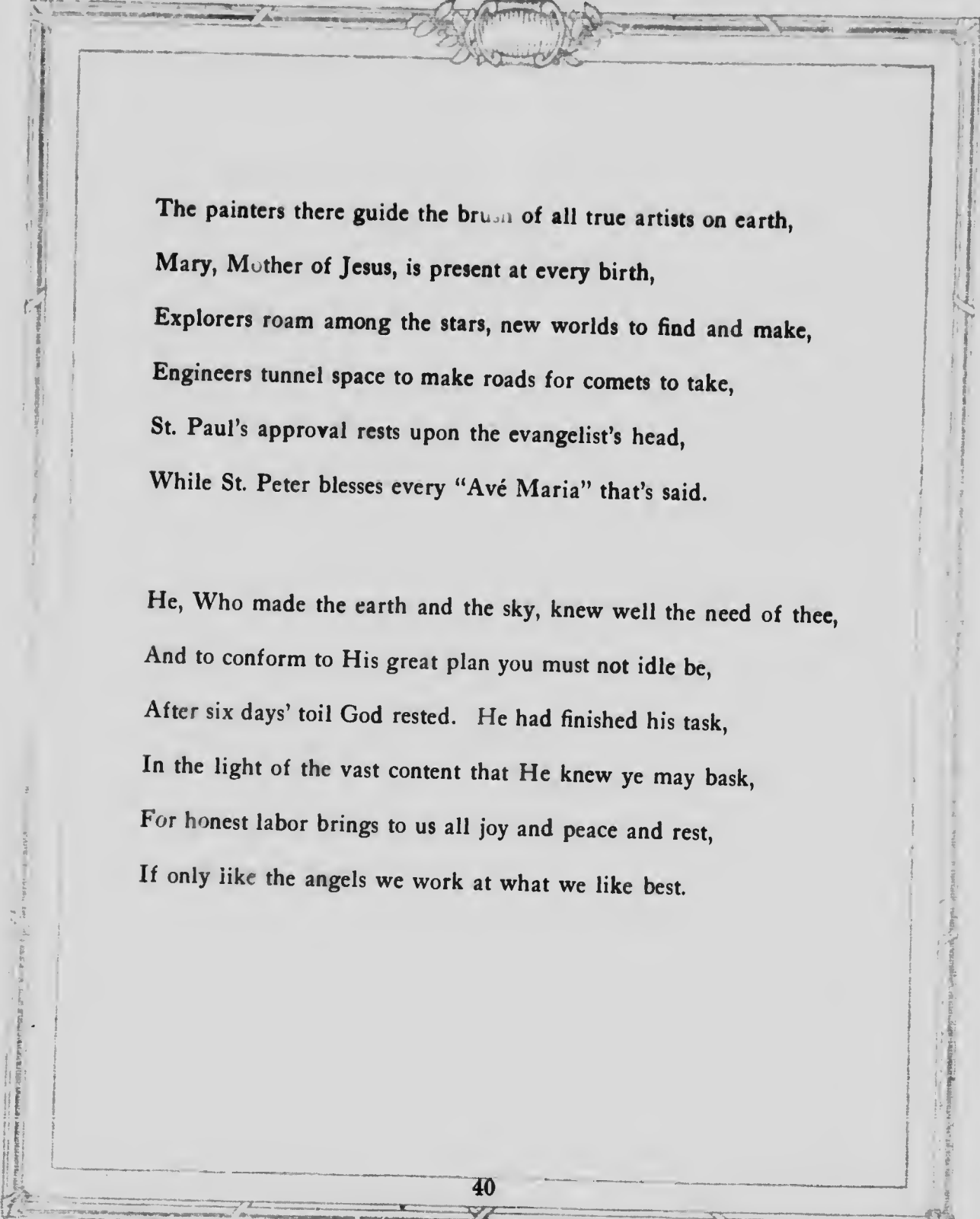
HONEST LABOR BRINGS TO US ALL JOY AND PEACE AND REST.

After Labor, Rest

THE peace and the rest that comes after labor God first knew,
When he made the world and then gave it to me and to you,
Of all the blessings we have received labor is the best,
And even angels must work to enjoy a perfect rest.

After we "cross the bar," new duties, hopes and joys we find,
But all are now enveloped with love of the Master Mind.

The housewives are polishing the moon and stars all day long,
While all heaven echoes the music of their glad new song,
The young folk 'tend the birds and flowers, and pet the gentle fawn,
Farmers at night are sowing light which does not sprout 'till dawn,
The sages whisper wisdom to all ears attuned to hear,
And Magdalens, with robes washed white, now dry the mourner's
tear.



The painters there guide the brush of all true artists on earth,
Mary, Mother of Jesus, is present at every birth,
Explorers roam among the stars, new worlds to find and make,
Engineers tunnel space to make roads for comets to take,
St. Paul's approval rests upon the evangelist's head,
While St. Peter blesses every "Ave Maria" that's said.

He, Who made the earth and the sky, knew well the need of thee,
And to conform to His great plan you must not idle be,
After six days' toil God rested. He had finished his task,
In the light of the vast content that He knew ye may bask,
For honest labor brings to us all joy and peace and rest,
If only like the angels we work at what we like best.



Heaven's Battle Ground

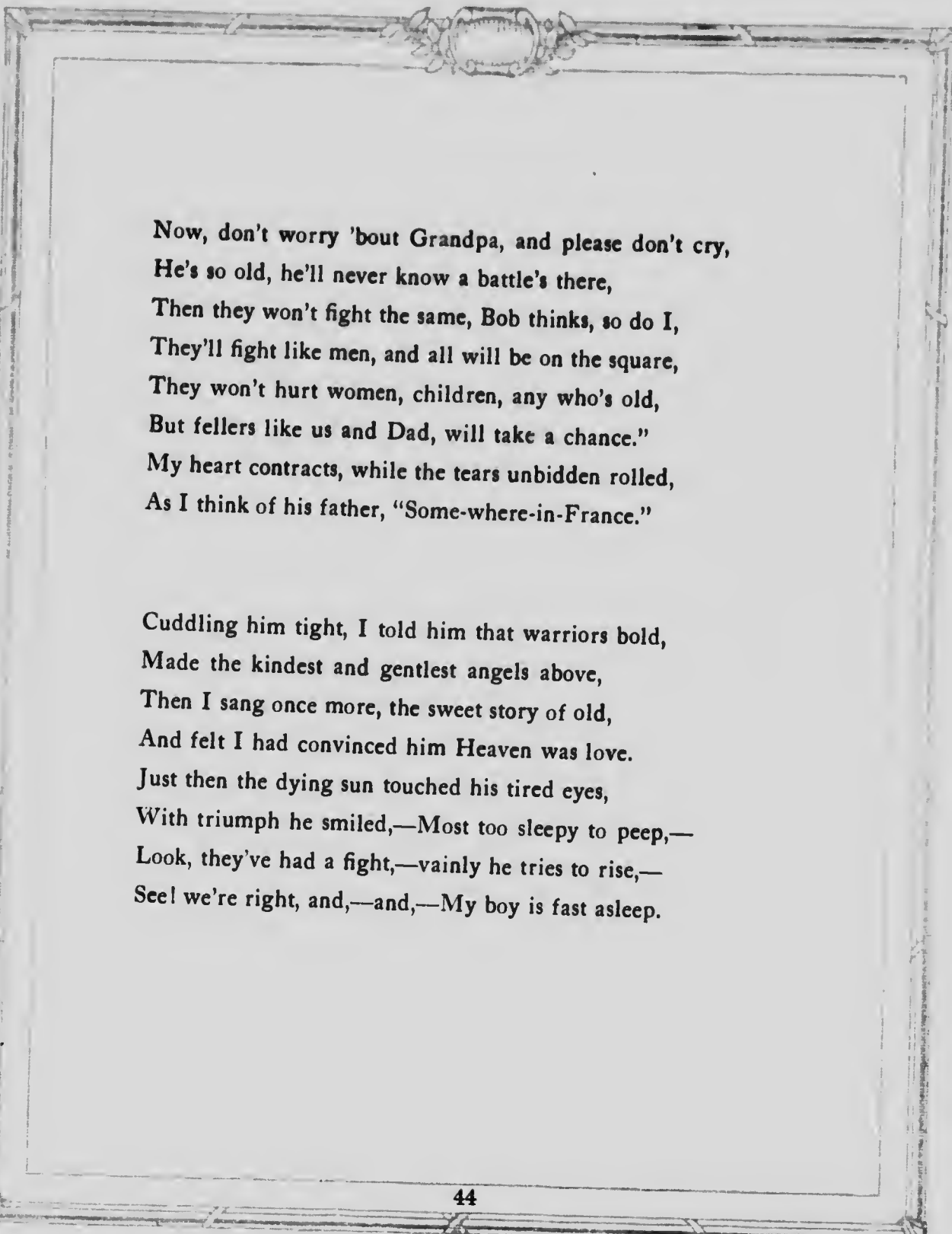


MY BOY IS FAST ASLEEP.

Heaven's Battle Ground

OH! mother, I've had the most beautiful fight,
Me and my men and Bobbie and his'n, Oh!
We fit almost as long as ever 'twas light,
Now, please take me,—slowly we rocked to and fro,—
We fit with guns,—they was only sticks you know,
But we punched hard, and I'll bet Bob's man most bled.
Now, please, 'scuse me, for you have told me t'aint so,
But they fight in Heaven, that's what Bobbie said.

And *we* believe it, Bob does and so do I,
For there's nothing men love like a good hard fight,
And you told me, my dear, ' 'cross your heart to die'
That all are happy there, so, of course, we're right.
There'll be changes, we think, and privates like Dad,
In heaven will be Majors, Colonels and things,
No one will be sad like you,—all will be glad,
And while we fight, women and children just sings.



Now, don't worry 'bout Grandpa, and please don't cry,
He's so old, he'll never know a battle's there,
Then they won't fight the same, Bob thinks, so do I,
They'll fight like men, and all will be on the square,
They won't hurt women, children, any who's old,
But fellers like us and Dad, will take a chance."
My heart contracts, while the tears unbidden rolled,
As I think of his father, "Some-where-in-France."

Cuddling him tight, I told him that warriors bold,
Made the kindest and gentlest angels above,
Then I sang once more, the sweet story of old,
And felt I had convinced him Heaven was love.
Just then the dying sun touched his tired eyes,
With triumph he smiled,—Most too sleepy to peep,—
Look, they've had a fight,—vainly he tries to rise,—
See! we're right, and,—and,—My boy is fast asleep.



Reunion at the Old Homestead



AT LAST, WORN WITH TRAVEL, WEARY AND SAD I STOOD IN THE OLD
DOORWAY.
THE WINDOWS WERE BROKEN AND HINGES AND LATCHES WERE COVERED
WITH RUST.

Reunion at the Old Homestead

A LONGING tore at my very soul to see my childhood's home
once more,

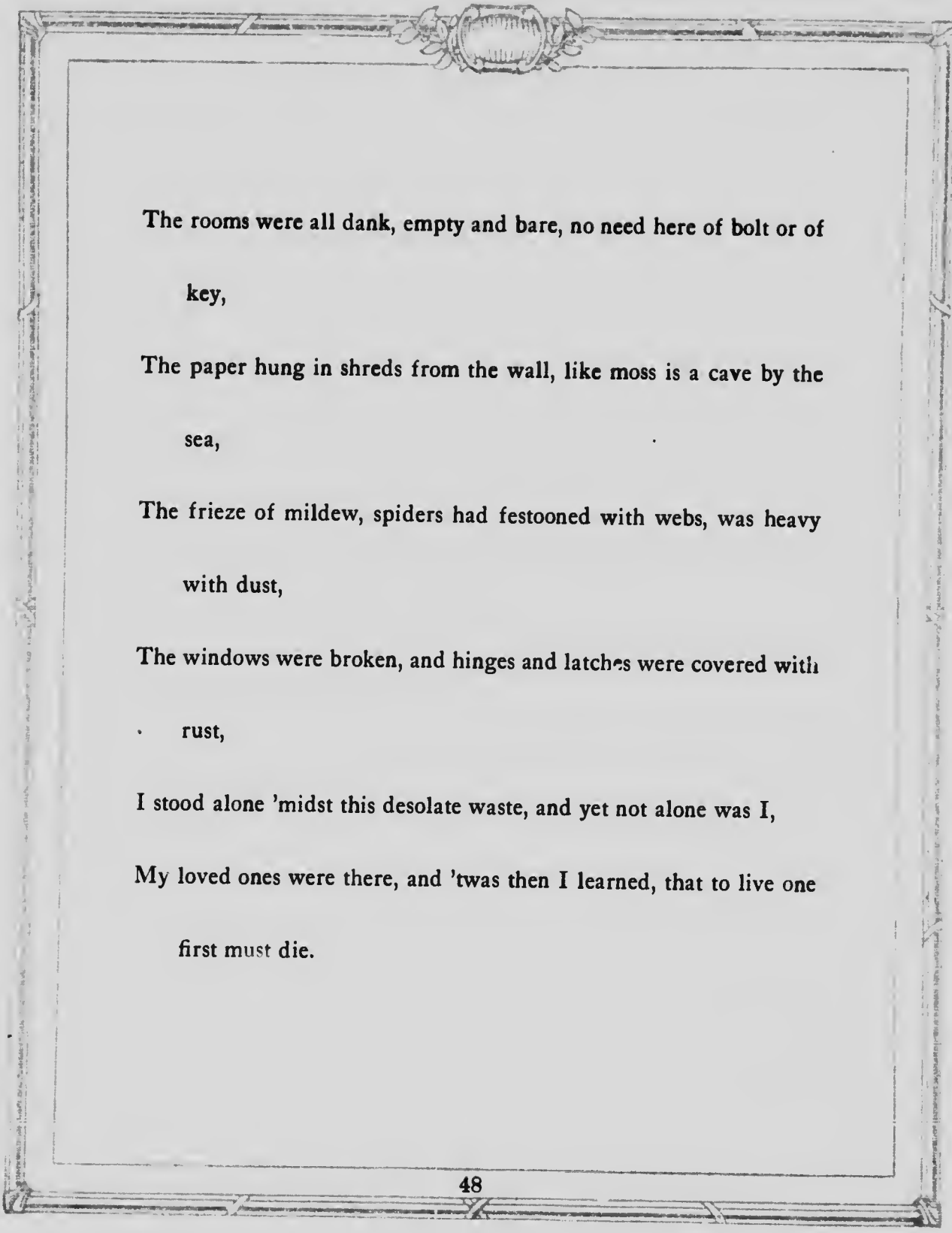
A longing for father, mother, kindred and friends, gripped
my being's core,

Of course, they no longer lived on this earth,—had been gone many
long years,

But I yearned for a sight of the home, which had seen their smiles
and their tears.

So I crossed the ocean, I crossed the plain, ne'er paused by night or
by day,

At last, worn with travel, weary and sad, I stood in the old doorway.



The rooms were all dank, empty and bare, no need here of bolt or of

key,

The paper hung in shreds from the wall, like moss in a cave by the

sea,

The frieze of mildew, spiders had festooned with webs, was heavy

with dust,

The windows were broken, and hinges and latches were covered with

rust,

I stood alone 'midst this desolate waste, and yet not alone was I,

My loved ones were there, and 'twas then I learned, that to live one

first must die.

My father stood close beside me, and tenderly kissed my wrinkled
brow,

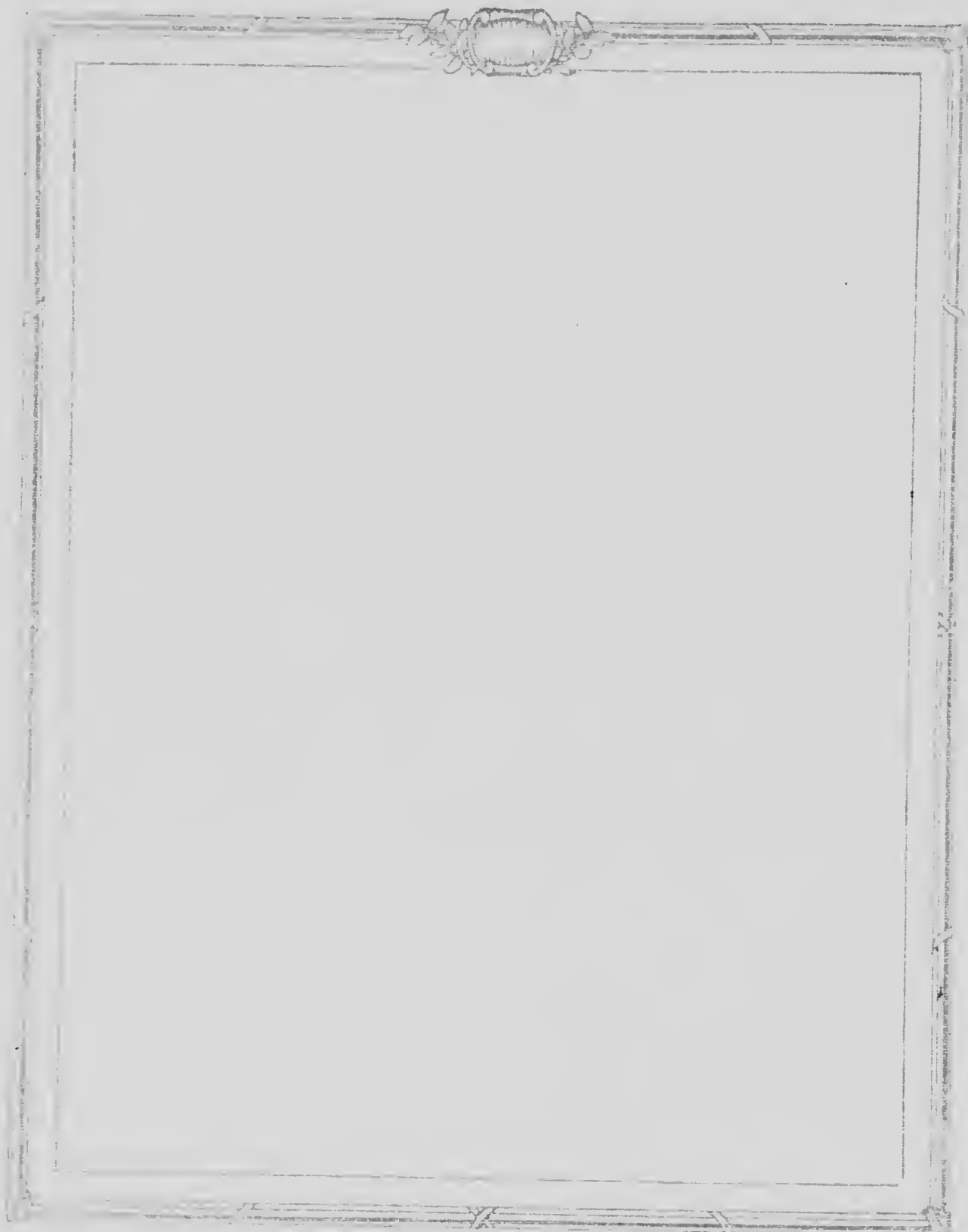
While a soft hand stroked my thin white hair, as only one's Mother
knows how.

Then came my sisters, brothers, friends, and neighbors, each with
a loving smile,

Which seemed to say, "You did not know dear, but we were with you
all the while."

O, this blessed reunion of loved ones, this great invisible host,

It was they who were alive, were living, while *I, myself, was the*
ghost.





Martha's Invitation



BRAIDS OF GOLD HUNG DOWN HER BACK
AND HER DRESS DID NOTHING LACK.



Martha's Invitation

WHO sent the invitation, Martha did not know,
'Twas written like a sonnet

And perfume was upon it,

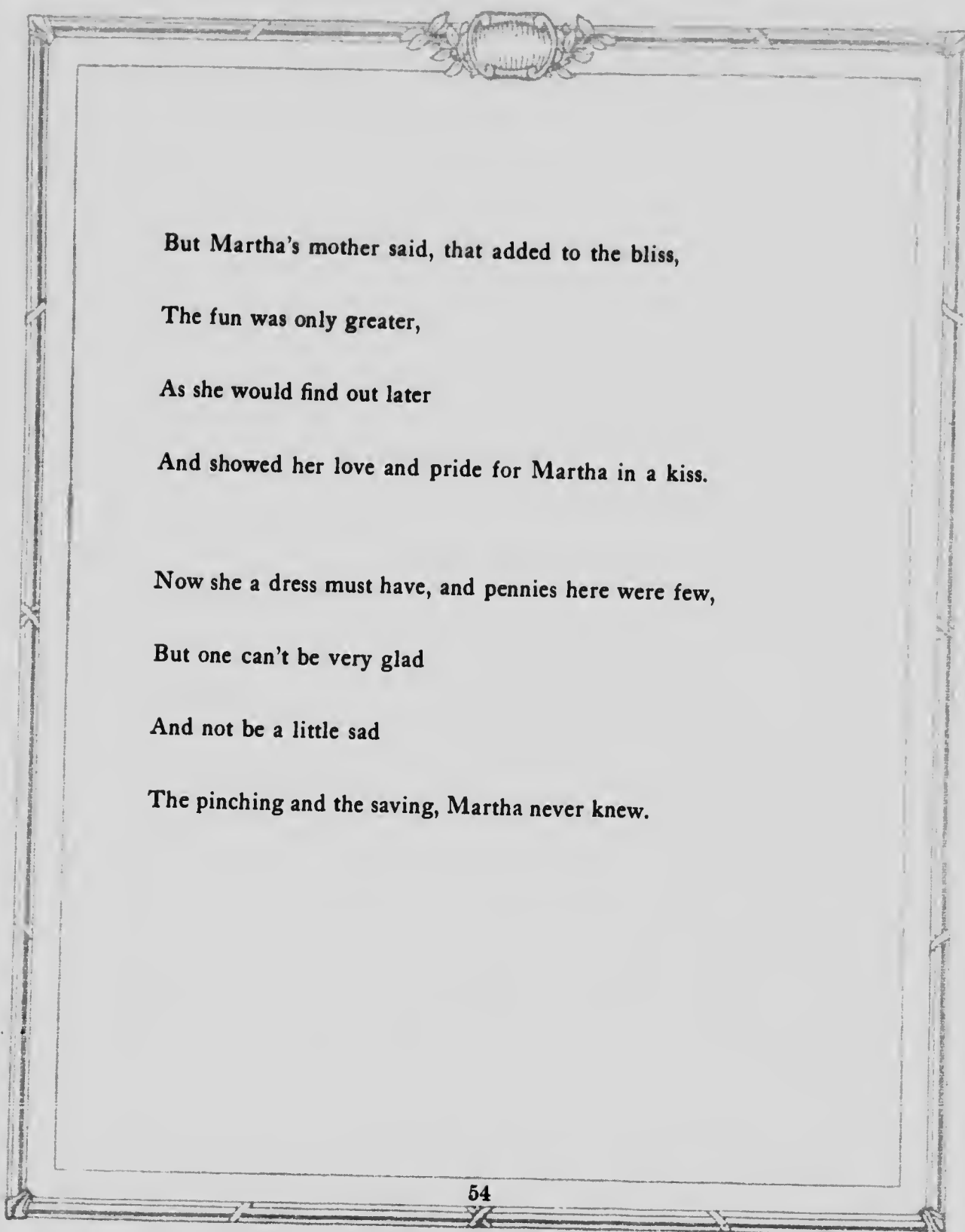
The postman, he did bring it, to Miss Martha Snow.

The street was very stylish, the name, Gladys Hall,

Such joy the note created,


How Martha was elated,

But who the girl was, Martha did not know at all.



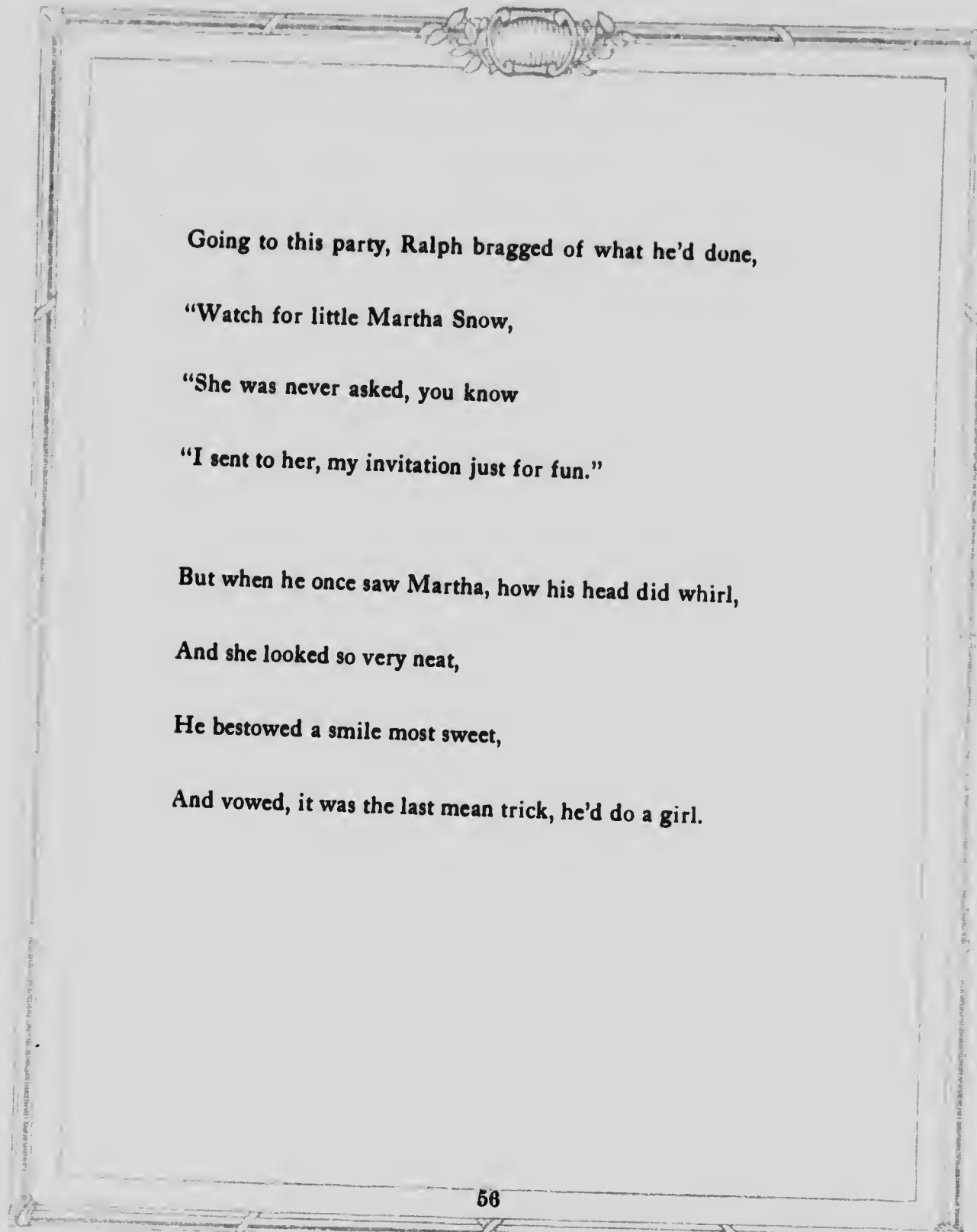
But Martha's mother said, that added to the bliss,
The fun was only greater,
As she would find out later
And showed her love and pride for Martha in a kiss.

Now she a dress must have, and pennies here were few,
But one can't be very glad
And not be a little sad
The pinching and the saving, Martha never knew.



At last the day arrived,—she went right after noon,
Braids of gold hung down her back
And her dress did nothing lack,
Although she really got there very much too soon.

The house was big and grand, and Martha sure was frightened,
But Gladys and her mother,
One just as nice as tother,
Were so kind her load of joy was never lightened.



Going to this party, Ralph bragged of what he'd done,

"Watch for little Martha Snow,

"She was never asked, you know

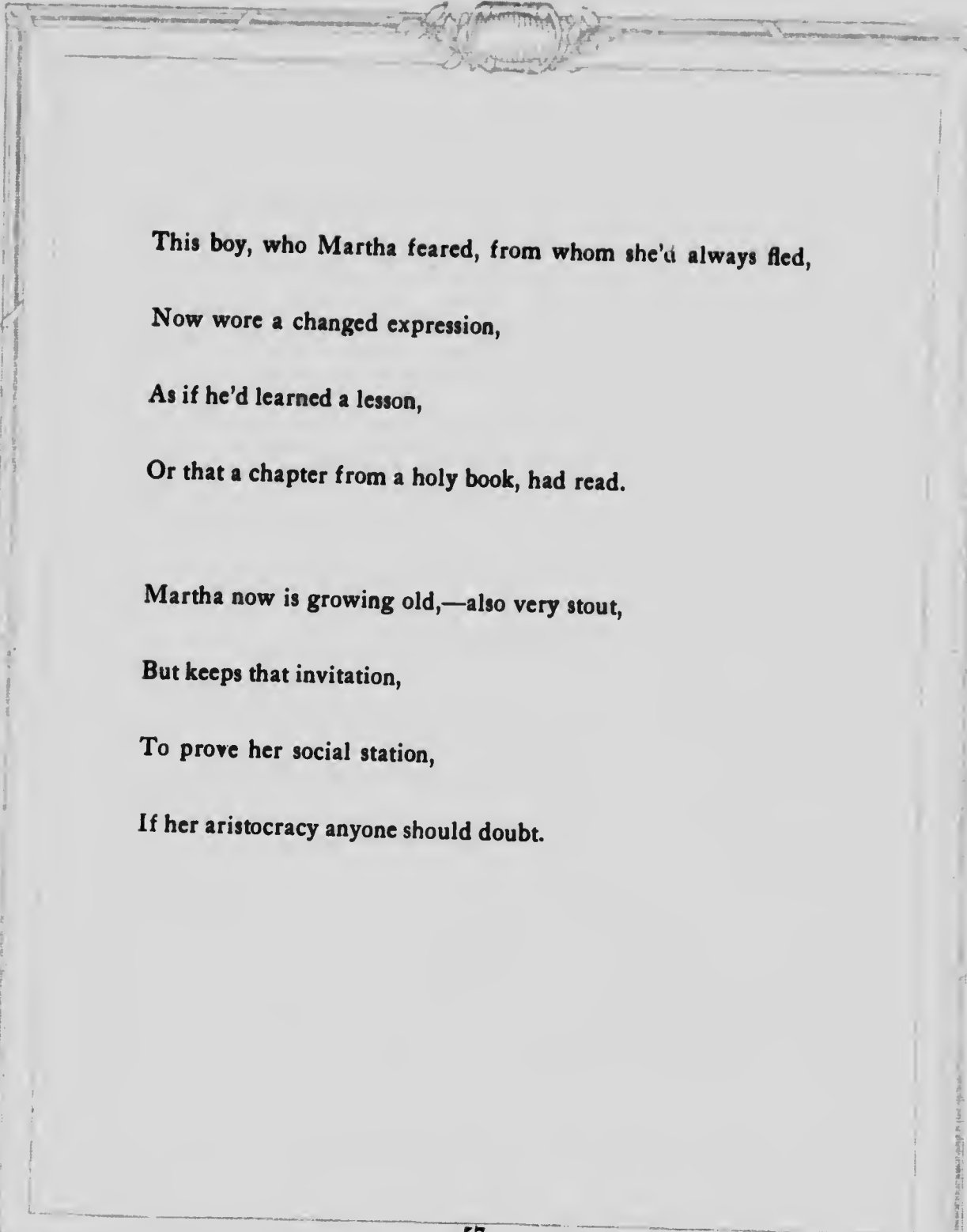
"I sent to her, my invitation just for fun."

But when he once saw Martha, how his head did whirl,

And she looked so very neat,

He bestowed a smile most sweet,

And vowed, it was the last mean trick, he'd do a girl.



This boy, who Martha feared, from whom she'd always fled,
Now wore a changed expression,
As if he'd learned a lesson,
Or that a chapter from a holy book, had read.

Martha now is growing old,—also very stout,
But keeps that invitation,
To prove her social station,
If her aristocracy anyone should doubt.





Prayer



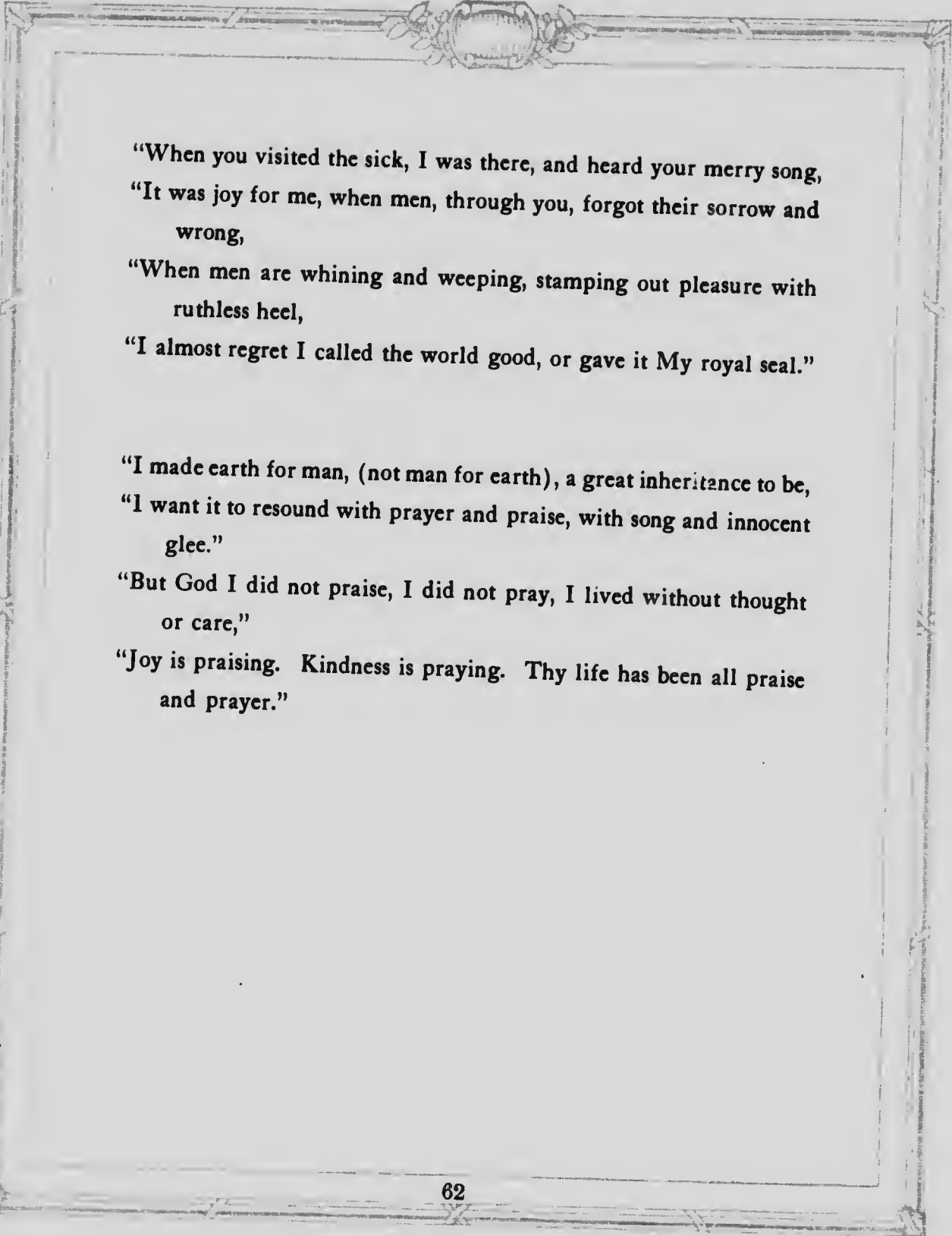
"WHEN YOU VISITED THE SICK I WAS THERE."

Prayer

I'LL pray no more, the heavens are brass, God will not let me in,"
Thus cried a soul bowed prostrate with sickness, woe and sin.
"From now, I'll sing, I'll shout and dance, and no defeat I'll own,
"I'll supplicate and weep no more, will laugh, though my heart be
stone."

So this despondent soul, grew joyful, through joy came health,
Through joy and health, there came success, then honor and wealth.
Smiles and gold, this glad soul gave, just for the pleasure of giving,
And in obeying the Golden Rule, found the joy of living.

But after a long and merry life, each hour with good deeds filled,
This soul grew fearsome, and asked itself, "Have I lived as God
willed?"
Bowed low with remorse it humbly cried, "O God forgive Thou me."
The Lord, He smiled, and gently said, "All the way, I've been with
thee."



"When you visited the sick, I was there, and heard your merry song,
"It was joy for me, when men, through you, forgot their sorrow and
wrong,
"When men are whining and weeping, stamping out pleasure with
ruthless heel,
"I almost regret I called the world good, or gave it My royal seal."

"I made earth for man, (not man for earth), a great inheritance to be,
"I want it to resound with prayer and praise, with song and innocent
glee."
"But God I did not praise, I did not pray, I lived without thought
or care,"
"Joy is praising. Kindness is praying. Thy life has been all praise
and prayer."

The Women to Pity



YOU LOOKED IN THE EYES OF GLORY
WHEN YOU SAW YOUR INFANT SMILE.

The Women to Pity

WHAT right have you to weep and to mourn, because your child
is dead,

When your breast is still bearing the impress of a dear small
head,

Your arms are shaped like a cradle, as you rock them to and fro,
While every word you utter is a lullaby, soft and low.

You looked in the eyes of glory when you saw your infant smile
While the choicest gifts God had to give, marched by, in rank and
file.

And still your child is yours calling from the Celestial City,
You're not the women to weep for, not the women to pity.

But where arms are shrivelled with waiting, for forms that do not
come,

Eyes, which are blind from weeping, and where longing has stricken
dumb,

Women, who count this life as nothing, if children be denied

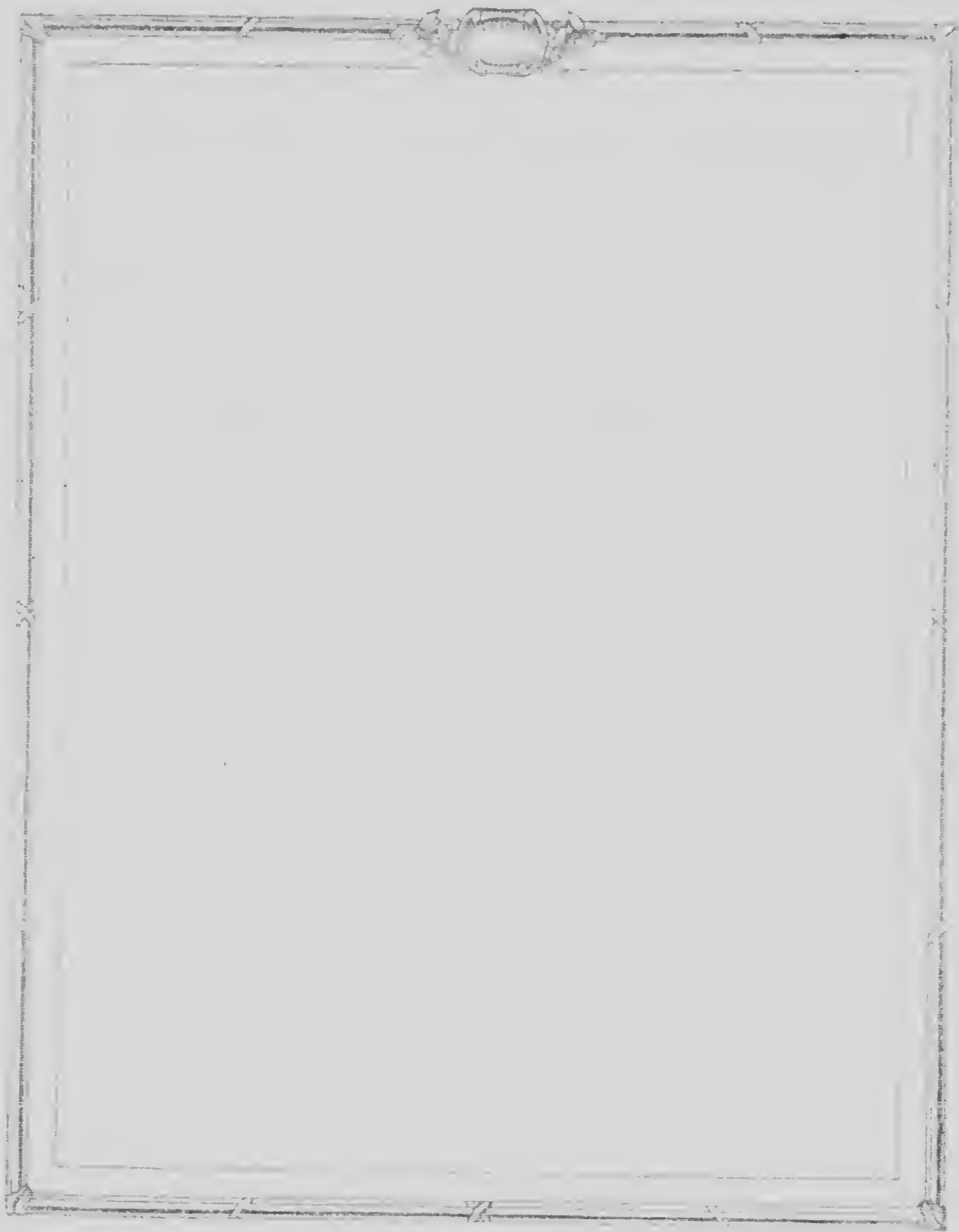
Who for the feel of baby hands, through hell itself would ride,

Whose breasts grow flatter and leaner, as the long years slowly roll,

Whose hearts are dwarfed and weazened and despair has charge of
the soul.

You'll find them in country lanes, also in every city,

These are the women to mourn for,—these the women to pity.



Thou Art Gone, O My Beloved

I

THOU art gone, O my Belovéd, Thou art gone and hast left no
token,

Of the love which filled our heart and soul although it was rarely
spoken,

Thou'rt gone, Belovéd, I know *not* where, I am left all bent and
broken,

I'll not submit, I'll follow thee, the door between is always open.

II

I knew not where the compass of your chart pointed when you crossed
the bar,

But I shall surely find thee, for a soul untrammelled can travel far,

I will search the wide heavens all over and call from the farthest star

Belovéd! Belovéd! You'll hear me and answer wherever you are.



THOU'RT GONE, BELOVÉD, I KNOW NOT WHERE,
I AM LEFT ALL BENT AND BROKEN.

Pussy Willow

THE snow still lies in patches, like a moth-eaten ermine cape
Truant boys are fishing in creeks with lines they have made
from tape.

The girls are vainly looking for flowers, searching far and near,
A small voice cries, "There are no posies but pussy-willow's here."



**TRUANT BOYS ARE FISHING IN CREEKS,
WITH LINES THEY HAVE MADE FROM TAPE.**

Birth

IN sorrow shalt thou bring forth" Ah, she knows the mandate
well,

Yet does not shrink to drink the cup whose anguish none can
tell,

She walks Gethsemane's garden but in the rose grey morn

Pain is turned to gladness for unto her a child is born.

Earth, sea, man and sky are of the same material made,

There's only been one spirit since earth's foundation was laid.

This awful carnage and slaughter of men without a leash,

Is only Europe in travail she's giving birth to peace.



"UNTO HER A CHILD IS BORN."

My Mother

I DID not weep when my mother died
Though they all called me heartless and cold,
Said I the customs of earth defied
That it was most unseemly and bold.

But when I saw her sweetly lying
With her tired hands crossed on her breast
More fitting than tears would be smiling
I thought, when she was at peace and rest.

A peace and a rest that never dies
She had kept the faith—finished the race
And no tears of mine should dim her eyes,
When at last she saw Him face to face.

So my eyes were dry—I could not weep
As I softly prayed with hands clasped tight
And gently whispered, "Rest, mother—sleep"
I did not say Good-bye, just "Good night."



I DID NOT SAY GOOD-BYE—JUST "GOOD-NIGHT"

O! Some One I Love Is Coming To-day

O SOME one I love is coming to-day!
You call it December? To me it's May!

Earth it is Heaven with beauty unmarred,
The snow covered trees are Angels on guard,
The sky's dim with flakes,—white butterfly's wings,
The howling north wind, a melody sings,
The world's born anew, there's nothing the same,
The sorrow I knew is naught but a name.
For some one I love is coming to-day!
You call it December? To me it's May!



THE SNOW COVERED TREES ARE ANGELS ON GUARD.

Dawn

THE stars fade, the sky grows grey,

Just at the coming of dawn,

A faint light in the east, then a blaze,

And a day is born.

Hope recedes, friends grow few,

It's the darkness before the dawn,

A light appears,—a burst of glory,

An angel is born.



**THE STARS FADE, THE SKY GROWS GREY,
JUST AT THE COMING OF DAWN.**

Vengeance

YOU'VE been cruelly wronged by some one you love, you say,
And you want me to plan dire redress without delay

Something that would make for him December out of May
And have remorse your friend's grim guest, the rest of life's way.
You shall have it.

Now I would not for mere vengeance have you do this thing
But you can inflict no wound which will so burn and sting
As just to keep on loving. Let every thought ring
With loving and forgiving—the echo angels sing.
Please do try it.



REMORSE YOUR FRIEND'S GRIM GUEST, THE REST OF LIFE'S WAY.

My Sweetheart

BEAUTIFUL the rose may be, to senses dulled to beauty and
grace,

But never to those, when once they have seen my sweetheart's
flower face.

While the odors of all Springtime held in your hand,—imprisoned
there,

Can illy compare in sweetness, to my love's soft breath on my hair.

I turn from the world's great singers, with contempt, and solitude
seek,

It's only called music to those who've never heard my dear love
speak.

The wild bird's song and the brooklets gurgle, as tuneless are as chaff,
To those favored ones who know the sound of my darling's low sweet
laugh.

The great splash of red that sunset flings, across the far, distant skies,
Is a blush of shame because it's less blue than the blue of her eyes.

Don't talk to me of heaven to come, of a future full of bliss,
For my heaven is here—it came to me, with my sweetheart's first

kiss.



BEAUTIFUL THE ROSE MAY BE, TO SENSES DULLED TO BEAUTY AND GRACE.
BUT NEVER TO THOSE, WHEN ONCE THEY HAVE SEEN MY SWEETHEART'S
FLOWER FACE.

Death of Summer

THE sky's dim with fluttering wings southward flying,
Pigments from God, Nature is lavishly buying.

Tinting vines then into fanciful knots tying,

And wreathing grey fields, which are soberly lying

Where the chill desolate wind is sadly sighing,

And sobs in its sleep like a child that is crying

For summer, our beautiful summer, is dying.

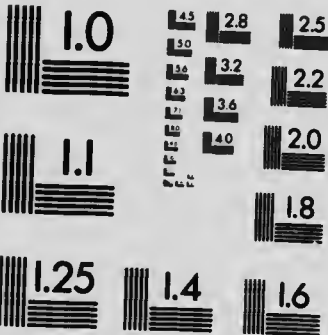


WREATHING GREY FIELDS WHICH ARE SOBERLY LYING.



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The Three Spirits

I AM a god—the god of war and I always am cruel and bold,
I kill in the scorch of the mid-day sun; I kill when the night
is cold,

The dead fall fast, and the dead lie deep, and for them not a bell is
tollèd.

I am the essence of greed; and I bow to no idol save gold;
But gold I must have, and get it I will, even if honor be sold.
So peace, content—all blessings of life are into my crucible rolled.

I am the spirit of prayer, and love out of hate I can mould,
I can soften the lust of war and dim the glitter of gold.
Have patience O Earth; I am supreme—Peace in my hands I hold.



"I AM THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER—LOVE OUT OF HATE I CAN MOULD."

Needs not Creeds

LET'S talk less of our beliefs and our creeds,
Let's plant more flowers and uproot more weeds,
Think less of desires and more of real needs.

Say fewer prayers but pray a great deal more,
Forget life's worries, the rush and the roar,
Live in deep waters far away from shore.

Play life's game bravely, there's nothing to fear,
Don't seek God afar off, He's ever near,
And if we but look, we'll find heaven here.



FORGET LIFE'S WORRIES, THE RUSH AND THE ROAR.

Death

SOME one I love is dead

The vivid tints of springtime now are all a mourning shade

The shadow's light no longer dance, but walk like ghosts unlaid

The crystal drops I once called dew I find are angel's tears

The birds sing only funeral airs, the days stretch into years.

Some one I love is dead.



SOME ONE I LOVE IS DEAD.

An Idyl

THE big high hills are fast asleep,
The trees nod to and fro,
Under their shade drowse lazy sheep,
The dying sun sinks low.

Weeping willows obeisance make,
While bending o'er the stream,
This is life, if I am awake,
If not, Oh! let me dream.



**UNDER THEIR SHADE DROWSE LAZY SHEEP.
THE TREES NOD TO AND FRO.**



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