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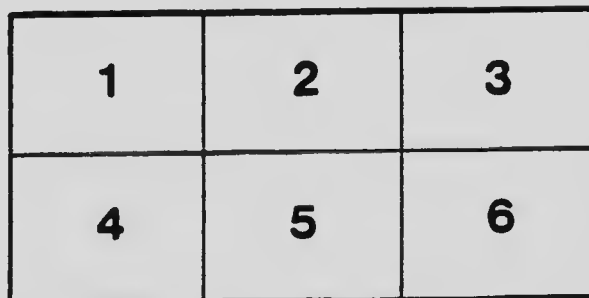
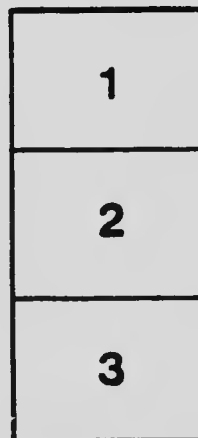
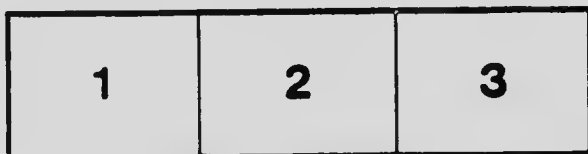
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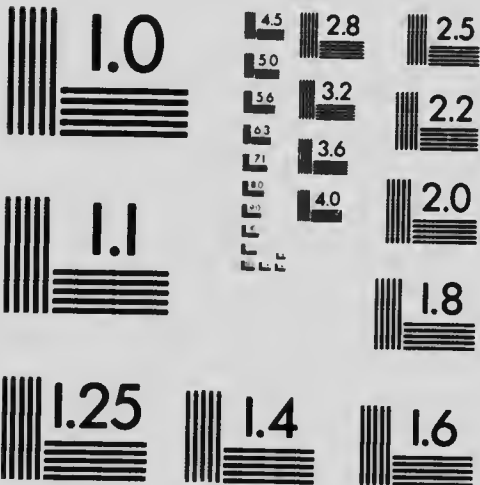
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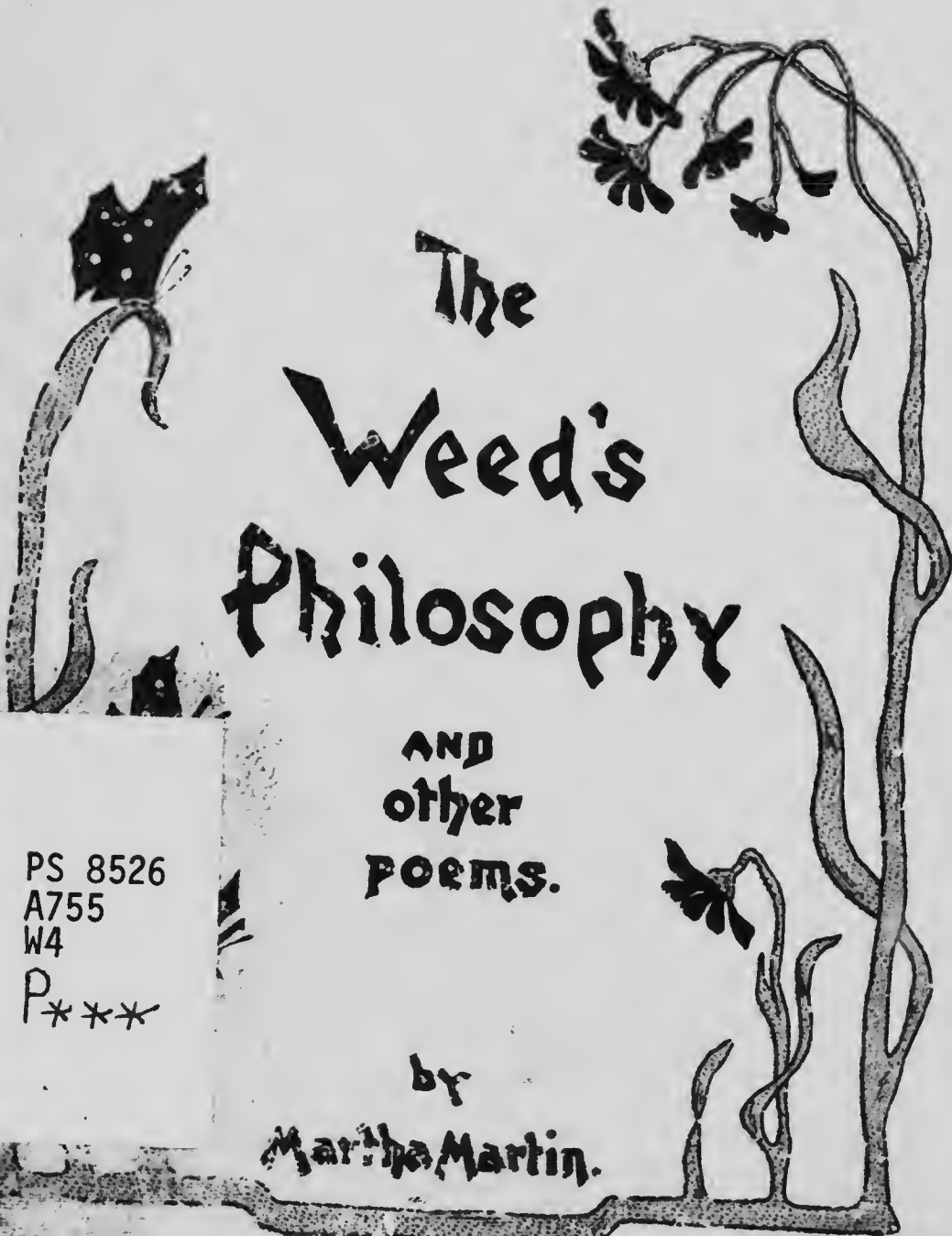
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The  
Weed's  
Philosophy

AND  
other  
POEMS.

by

Martha Martin.

PS 8526

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The Weed's Philosophy  
and Other Poems

*By*

MARTHA MARTIN

"And what is writ is writ—  
Would it were worthier."

—*Byron.*

MONTREAL

1913

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## THE WEED'S PHILOSOPHY

### I

Nay, but tell me, am I not unlucky indeed,  
'To arise from the earth and be only a weed ?

### II

Ever since I came out of my dark little seed,  
I have tried to live rightly, but still am a weed.

### III

To be torn by the roots and destroyed — this my meed.  
And despised by the gardener for being a weed.

### IV

Ah ! but why was I born when man longs to be freed  
Of a thing so obnoxious and bad as a weed ?

### V

Now the cause of myself and my brothers I plead,  
Say — can any good come of my being a weed ?

VI

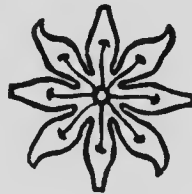
If a purpose divine is in all things decreed,  
Then there must be some benefit from me — a weed.

VII

If of evil and suffering the world still has need  
In its path of development, then I a weed

VIII

Must form part of that plan which in Nature I read,  
Though I live but to die just for being — a weed.



ON ———

**M**y soul is quickened as I gaze on thee,  
**O**h! thou of whom it may in truth be said  
**T**hat man was after God's own image made.  
**H**ow full of love and sweet benignity  
**E**ach act, and word, and glance of thine so true,  
**R**eacting all the grace of Heaven through.





# THE TRIUMPH OF NIGHT

## I

The chase is o'er, Night's victory won,  
Her silver bow I see  
Suspended 'gainst the sky's dark wall.  
Now Day, her enemy,  
Has been by countless arrows slain  
And forced at length to flee.

## II

Or is yon shining crescent hung  
Across Heaven's cloudy bar,  
Perhaps Diana's silver horn  
With which she calls each star  
To wake — and keep close sentinel  
From distant heights afar?

## III

Night reigns supreme, the Earth is dipped  
In cool and fragrant dews,  
A breathless stillness undisturbed  
Doth Nature's world suffuse,  
And all about invites — invokes  
The presence of the Muse.

# THE FROZEN SENTINEL

(FROM THE GERMAN)

## I

Once on a Christmas Eve when there occurred a heavy  
frost,  
A sentinel was stationed at the powder-tower post.

## II

He paces up and down with shouldered arms thro'  
snow and sleet,  
"In six weeks' time, beloved one, we two again shall  
meet.

## III

"When six weeks pass away, sweetheart, when six  
weeks pass away,  
I'll swing you in the dance, sweetheart, and marry  
you in May.

## IV

"There's feasting and rejoicing in my father's house  
to-night,—  
How bitter cold it is, and my moustache is frozen  
quite."

V

He leans against the sentry-box, his gun still clasped,  
tho' numb,  
His head is sunk upon his breast as if by sleep  
o'ercome.

VI

Hark ! distant bells are ringing, yet he does not hear  
or see,  
He leans against the sentry-box,—a frozen form is he.

VII

A sentry froze to death last night..... so rumor ran  
next morn,  
And to the beat of muffled drums he to his grave  
was borne.

VIII

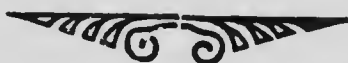
Above his head the cannons roared with loud and  
crashing sound.  
The general issued the command then laid him  
underground.

IX

And in the self-same hour down the village, blithe  
and gay,  
A maid sits at her spinning-wheel and sings this  
roundelay :

X

“ When six weeks pass away, sweetheart, when six  
weeks pass away,  
I'll swing you in the dance, sweetheart, and marry  
you in May, ”



## AT PARTING

A four-leafed clover nosegay, dear,  
I give you ere we part,  
From out my garden I have plucked  
For you a bleeding-heart;  
A spring of blue forget-me-not—  
A rose with these I blend,  
And an immortelle which shall speak  
Of Love that knows no end.



## A BROKEN WING

### I

One late November afternoon,  
When trees were standing bleak and bare,  
And birds in numerous flocks had flown  
To southern climates, warm and fair.

### II

A robin fluttering on the lawn  
Was making vain attempts to fly,  
And on the cold and hard ground,  
Seemed left deserted there to die.

### III

His mate had kept his company  
For many a cold and chilly day ;  
But losing heart, and feeling numb,  
At length was forced to fly away.

IV

And thus this bird was left alone :  
What could his flight be hindering ?  
I hastened out to see, and found  
The robin had a broken wing.

V

A broken wing—migration now  
Alas ! must be debarred to him,  
A bright, warm land—the bird's fair Heaven  
Remain a vision, distant, dim.

VI

Ah ! crippled robin, man like thee  
Too often cannot reach his goal,  
Ambitions thwarted—efforts crushed,  
Pin down to earth his longing soul.

VII

The song is ever in his heart,  
Although he have no voice to sing,  
He strives towards Duty, God and Heaven ;  
Ah, me ! he has a broken wing.

# BEETHOVEN

## I

Oh thou immortal Beethoven,  
To pay thee tribute with my pen  
    Forsooth, I scarcely dare ;  
Sublime within the realm of tone,  
Thou standest on a height alone,  
    None may with thee compare.

## II

Thy matchless music ever gives  
Each human soul that strives and lives  
    New strength, and zeal and hope.  
And in thy wondrous melody  
We find at length a ready key  
    The gates of heaven to ope.

## III

'Tis thou hast searched the human heart  
And harmonized into thine art  
    Its secrets hidden there.  
Life's passions, sorrows, loves and fears,  
Its radiant joys — its bitter tears  
    Thy music layeth bare.



# SLUMBER-SONG

(FROM THE GERMAN)

## I

The night wind through the trees is streaming,  
And all the world in slumber lies,—  
So now in sleep and sweetest dreaming,  
My darling, close your pretty eyes.

## II

The silv'ry moon its light revealing,  
Will to your chamber soon repair,—  
And from your rosy lips be stealing  
The whispers of your evening prayer.



## A SPRING IDYL

### I

Spring has arisen from darkness to light,  
Winter has lifted her pinions white,  
Shaken her plumage of ice and of snow.  
Bearing off dreariness, cold, want and woe.

### II

Filled with an ecstasy none may surmise,  
Violets peep from the sod to the skies,  
Snowdrops their delicate mantles unfold,  
Crocuses blossom in purple and gold.

### III

Trees are athrobbing with quick flowing sap,  
Leafbuds awake from their long winter nap,  
Waken — and little by little reveal  
Secrets that they can no longer conceal.

IV

Close by my window, the robin and thrush  
Burst into song on the tall lilac bush,  
Make the air vibrate with melodies sweet,  
In their delirium of joy now complete.

V

Spring, blessèd springtime when Nature's a child,  
Rapturous, thrilling, exuberant, wild,—  
Tingling with life, and with love all aglow,  
Summer is calling — alas ! you must go.



ON ———

I

**J**ust to behold once those sweet, soulful eyes,  
Hear the low tones of that voice soft and clear,  
And be aware that there dwells 'neath the skies  
One who belongs to a loftier sphere.

II

**W**hen I consider her pure, noble life,  
Given in true self-surrender away,  
Then I believe that, despite sin and strife,  
Mankind hath yet its redeemers to-day.

III

**F**riend of the friendless, the sick and the poor,  
Bringing each happiness, solace, and rest,  
Bidding them hope and in patience endure,—  
Who that hath known her can fail to feel blest?



# THE WATER LILY

## I

Remote from reach, upon a shore  
All mud and slime and weed,  
Where dragon flies their sun-bath take  
And haste away with speed.

## II

Where human footsteps seldom tread  
Along the dismal shore,  
Hemmed in by trees that widely spread  
Their branches to and fore.

## III

Here by her pipe-stemmed leaves entwined  
That on the waters lie,  
The lily rears her head to find  
But solitude and sky.

IV

She holds aloft her snow-white cup  
All filled with nectar wine,  
For insect and for bird to sup  
From out this chalice fine.

V

The lily grows — a splendid flower,  
None know her grief and pain ;  
But does she in her lonely bower  
Bloom for the world in vain ?

VI

Ah no ! a lesson deep and wise  
This flower to man has taught, —  
That often in unseemly guise  
Are grace and beauty wrought.

VII

As darkness brings at length the morn,  
As rainstorms clear the air,  
So from the black mud lake is born  
The virgin lily fair.

# WHEN THE ROSE'S BLOOM IS GONE

(FROM THE GERMAN)

## I

When the rose's bloom is gone  
Spring comes to an end,  
When at its meridian  
Must the sun descend.

## II

All that can no longer climb  
Falls into decay,  
Therefore, loved one, it is time  
Death bore me away.

## III

What is left me to attain  
Having found Love's bliss?  
Let me — clasped by thee again —  
Die sealed with thy kiss.

## AUTUMN AT LAKE JOSEPH

### I

I look out on the tall, proud oak,  
    Out on the elm-tree blown,—  
The hemlock, fir, and waving pine  
    Shedding its crisp, brown cone.

### II

These loyal trees the autumn breeze  
    Has decked with pennons gay,—  
And crimson, yellow, purple, green,  
    Are leaf-flags holding sway.

### III

The birds in flocks have southward fled,  
    Deserted is each nest—  
Which in the Summer-time made homes,  
    For shelter and for rest.



IV

No longer pipes the whip-poor-will,  
I miss the jay and thrush—  
And trees alive with joyous songs—  
Are silenced to a hush.

V

Alas ! too soon November bold,  
Will use his powerful trust,—  
And all Earth's pride and glory shall  
Be mingled with the dust.

VI

The flags on every bush and branch,  
Will soon be sered and furled,—  
And tossed by an indifferent wind,  
Out on the lonely world.

VI

I look out on the shaded woods,—  
The distant hills I scan—  
And know that Nature follows, too  
The allotted Fate of Man.

## ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

### I

Seventy years March hails her old,  
Yet it seems to me in truth,  
That this period marks her youth  
When I her dear face behold.

### II

On her brow no wrinkles lie,  
Scarcely silvered is her hair,  
While her eyes are bright and fair,  
Like a clear and cloudless sky.

### III

Care and grief have been her share,  
Loss and disappointment too,  
But through all she nobly knew  
These with fortitude to bear.

IV

In a being so whole-souled  
With a heart all free from stain,  
Time must wield his power in vain, —  
Mother *never can* grow old.



## WIEDERFINDEN

(FROM THE GERMAN)

“ Rolling waves that dance and gleam,”

Spake the flowers to the stream,

“ Haste not with such speed extreme.”

But the brooklet made reply,—

“ Through the country I must hie,

Mingle with the rivers free

Till at length I reach the sea.

Then will I come back to you,

From high Heaven, in drops of dew.”



## THE SPANGLED TREES

### I

Drearily all thro' a dull winter's day,  
Down came the drizzling rain,—  
Down on the mountain in ermine of snow,  
Dripping and sprinkling the Earth too below,  
Led by the wind's wild strain.

### II

Cheery and happy their mission to fill  
Out from the clouds they fell,—  
Thousands of raindrops beginning to freeze,  
Clung to the motherly arms of the trees,  
Where worked a wondrous spell.

### III

When the next morning these raindrops awoke,  
Soon as they opened their eyes,  
Found themselves changed into gems the most rare—  
Diamonds and pearls—sparkling jewels they were,  
Strung into rosaries. . . . .

IV

For the good Sun sent her fairy beams out,  
Each with a wand of gold,  
Bidding them touch every raindrop — when lo!  
Bright precious stones they became, all aglow  
Dazzlingly fair to behold.

V

If life's hard duties and trials we meet  
Willingly, without repine.  
They like the raindrops transfigured will be,  
And we shall in them Beatitudes see  
Making our lives divine.



## LITTLE METIS

### I

'Tis a joy beyond measure,  
A happy release,  
To come to the freedom  
Of Little Metis.

### II

To drink of its air,  
Strongly seasoned with brine,  
And oftentimes mingled  
With cedar and pine.

### III

Like a prisoner loosed  
From his fetters and chain,  
We flee from the heat  
Of the city to gain

IV

Renewal of vigor,  
And spirits refreshed,  
Our cares and our weariness  
All lulled to rest.

V

The sheltering rocks  
Bid us beachward to dream,  
Or watch sailing vessels  
Glide down the Gulf stream.

VI

And often allured  
By the moon's shimmering light  
We steer our canoe  
O'er the waters by night.

VII

Ah! this is the haven  
Of joy, health and peace—  
All hail! and a blessing  
On Little Metis.



## ELEGY

V ictoria, queen all other queens above,  
I mmortalized on Earth as great and good,  
C ombining in thy reign of peace and love  
T he graces of ideal womanhood.  
O ur hearts are steeped in grief that thou are gone,  
R everèd sovereign all the world held dear.  
I n radiant splendour shon'st thou like the sun ;  
A nd now we mourn the setting of thy sphere.



## EVENING SONG

(FROM THE GERMAN)

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
Songs light up the poet's heart,  
Brightly, brightly gleaming.

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
Tears unbidden rise and start,  
From the eyelids streaming.

At eventide,  
When the moon shines out on high,  
'Tis of thee, my all who art,  
I am dreaming, dreaming.



## MOUNT SHASTA

### I

Like some gigantic wave congealed,  
Thy white crest towering high  
Against the heavens, thou risest there  
In regal majesty.

### II

We gaze far up thy snowy heights  
Mount Shasta, strong and free,  
From pointed spruce and cedars green  
To thy pure radiancy.

### III

Down in the valley, at thy feet  
The peasant folk abide,  
And in their simple, rural homes  
Feel sheltered by thy side.

### IV

Protecting Power, thou art, oh Mount,  
That every fear disarms,  
Surrounding us, embracingly  
Like everlasting arms.

## SUNSET AT OGUNQUIT

What mystic glory gilded earth and sea,  
When fair Ogunquit we took leave of thee !  
The setting sun transfigured seemed to be  
As down the western slope so silently  
I watched him gently, slowly sink and die.  
A flaming battlefield appeared the sky,—  
The sun, a hero left upon the plain  
By countless deadly, golden arrows slain.  
And Nature glowed with pride that he should make  
This sacrifice alone for Night's sweet sake.



## A SUMMER IDYL

### I

Insects murmur softly o'er me,  
Rippling waves trip up the shore,  
Gentle breezes in the pine-trees  
Tell of peace forevermore.

### II

Humming birds on wings a-whirring  
Sip choice nectar from the flowers,  
Marigold and sweet geraniums  
Yield their honey thro' the hours.

### III

In the deep blue vault of Heaven  
Clouds are drifting on and on,  
Slowly, silently are drifting  
To some port to me unknown

IV

And weary I am seeking  
Rest in this sequestered place, ---  
Folded in the arms of Nature,  
Find repose in her embrace.

LAKE JOSEPH



## "LONG SINCE AND NOW"

(FROM THE GERMAN)

With joy I welcomed each new morn in youth,  
At eve I wept — but since old age arose,  
I start each day in doubt, and find, forsooth,  
A sacred happiness attends its close.



## A MAY MORNING

### I

The gates of Heaven are flung apart  
That Spring may step without  
To bring her treasures down to earth  
And scatter them about.

### II

With what sweet joy and silent hope  
The very air is rife,  
Each blade of grass, each tiny bud,  
Is throbbing with new life.

### III

The birds are nesting in the trees  
As cheerily they sing,  
The happiness they once more feel  
At the return of Spring.



IV

Oh ! might this season exquisite,  
But linger on and on,  
These innocent, young budding days  
That Nature smiles upon.

V

But summer has her place to fill,  
And thus, alas ! so soon,  
The radiant mornings of the May,  
Slip into pensive June.



## IN SOLITUDE

### I

Here to the beech woods I have come,  
The morn is fresh and fair,  
And in the solitude I breathe  
A hallowed, peaceful air.

### II

The sunbeams play at hide and seek  
Among the sheltering trees,  
A sportive chipmunk brushes by,  
A song-bird woos the breeze.

### III

My soul is steeped in soothing balm,  
Within this still retreat,  
Where folded in kind Nature's arms  
Is solace that is sweet.

IV

The mossy bank on which I lie  
Seems like a sacred shrine,  
Here in these woods so eloquent  
With harmonies divine.

V

I look out towards the Infinite  
Whose ways I cannot grasp,  
And 'tis as if a hand was stretched  
To hold me in its clasp.

VI

Oh Law supreme, oh Power unknown,  
I solitude I come,  
And filled with awe and reverence  
I bow before thee — dumb.

# "I WEPT WHILE I WAS DREAMING"

(FROM THE GERMAN)

## I

I wept while I was dreaming,  
I dreamed that thou was dead, —  
I woke — my cheeks all moistened  
With tears that I had shed.

## II

I wept while I was dreaming  
Dreamed thou didst me forsake, —  
I woke — and still was sobbing  
As if my heart would break.

## III

I wept while I was dreaming,  
I dreamed thee good and true, —  
I woke — the tears still flooding  
My happy eyes anew

