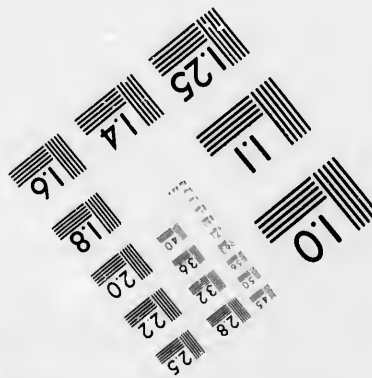
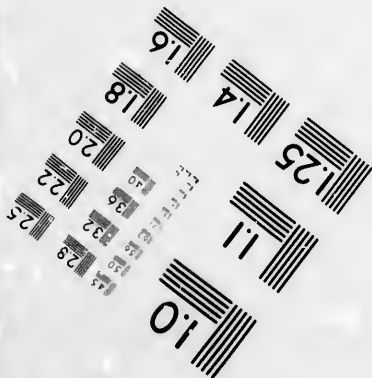
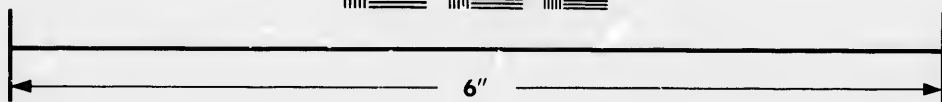
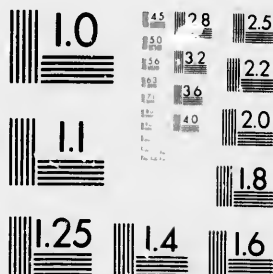


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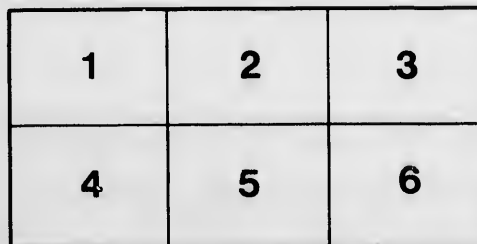
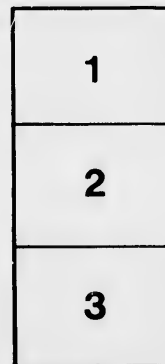
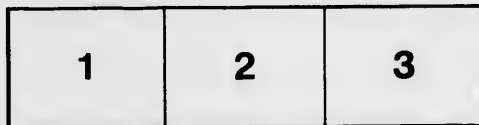
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VERSES

BY

DOROTHY KNIGHT

ELEVEN YEARS OLD.



WITH A PREFACE

BY HER FATHER



BROCKVILLE:

1892

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PREFACE.

THESE little pieces of poetry were written by my youngest daughter, in the year 1892, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the Thousand Islands. In the summer of 1891 we lived in a cottage on the river bank, looking out on the Brock group of islands. We moved away from the river before the cold weather set in, and did not go back to the cottage in the following summer. This will explain how some of the pieces came to be written, and English readers will probably understand that some of the things spoken of are Canadian. The "chipmunk" is a pretty striped squirrel, the "loon" is the Great Northern Diver, the "canary" is the native wild one, and the "hepatica," "spring-beauty," and "star-flower" are common wild flowers of Canada.

The verses here presented are selections from some sixty pieces written during the year 1892, and are printed for relatives and friends. But it is hoped that they may be found sufficiently interesting for other persons to read, both on account of the tender age of the writer, and also because of the fact that she never went to any school. In view of

this latter circumstance, a perusal of these verses may fairly suggest the question whether it is necessary that all children should be shut up for long hours in public schools, in order to gain a little book-knowledge.

R. S. KNIGHT,

*Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature,
London.*

Brockville, Dec. 13th, 1892.

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THE INDIAN SUMMER.

The days are fine and frosty,
The apples red and ripe,
And in the crimsoned woodlands
The chipmunks chirp and pipe.

All scarlet, brown and yellow,
The leaves come fluttering down,
And wreaths of smoke are curling
Up from the little town.

And the leaves already fallen,
Are crisp beneath the feet
Of the farmer's merry youngsters,
As they hunt the cows and sheep.

This lovely Indian Summer
Brings to our country fair,
A wealth of nuts and berries
So mellow, rich and rare.

'Tis a happy, golden season,
For every living thing,
For chipmunks in the branches,
Or birds upon the wing.

Yes, every living creature
In all the mighty host,
Enjoys this Indian Summer,
Of which we well may boast.

WINTER MORNING.

The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
The day is cold and clear,
The snow is flaky, fresh and white,
The night was bleak and drear.

The brook that ran is silent now,
The pines are clothed in white,
Well laden is each graceful bough
And fringed in feathers light.

Each pine and oak and cedar bough
Now wears a royal wreath,

The pond is turned to crystal now,
By the great Frost King's breath.

The sparrows hop around the door,
Where Elsie strewed the crumbs,
They ne'er had such a feast before,
Though Elsie often comes.

THE BUTTERCUP.

From the earth has just come up
A tiny, budding buttercup.

Soon her buds will open wide,
And will blossom side by side.

People call her "nasty weed!"
Little does my lady heed.

For although she may not seem,
She's a very flower queen.

MOONLIGHT.

The moon was shining softly,
And gentle shadows fell,

MOONLIGHT.

While far from o'er the valley,
Came sounds of the midnight bell.
And o'er all there reigned a silence,
The birds were all at rest,
The moon's bright face was mirrored
On the river's rippling breast.

THE BAT.

The little bat which comes at twilight forth,
When birds to rest are gone,
Spreads not her wing until the day is o'er,
And daylight all is done.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

'Tis Autumn, mellow, hazy, soft and fair,
Oh, saw ye ever richer scenes than these?
So peaceful, dreamy, beautiful and rare,
Such glowing light, such tinted redd'ning trees?
The lowing cattle wend along the lane,
Where nuts are ripening in the golden sun,

And Mary follows, neither proud nor vain,
She milks the cattle when the day is done.

FAIRY LAND.

Sung by a fairy dressed in green and silver.

Would you go to the land where violets grow,
Where the lilies bloom and the roses blow ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where snowdrops spring,
Where the robins and larks and thrushes sing ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where primroses sweet,
And hepaticas bloom at the beech-trees' feet ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where star-flowers peep,
And dainty spring-beauties awake from sleep ?

Then follow on with me.

Would you visit the land of August weather,
Where the meadows are hedged with hawthorn and heather?
Then follow on with me.

That land where the North winds cool the hot flower,
And the West wind plays through each leafy bower?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go where the flowers of each country fair
Together are grouped in the cool May air?
Then follow on with me.

Where each warm land's fruits grow side by side,
Where the pure rills flow with crystal tide?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where stars shine bright,
And the moon floods the scene with radiant light?
Then follow on with me.

Would you visit the land where oceans stand,
Set in golden gravel and silver sand?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go where the dawn is rosy bright,
As it chases away the shadows of night?
Then follow on with me.

Would you go to the land where each season's joys
Are waiting together for girls and boys ?

Then follow on with me.

SWEET CLOVER.

There's none so fair and modest,
And none so gay and sweet,
In Summer, as the clover
We tread beneath our feet.

Oh, you may boast of roses,
But clover's sweeter far
A-growing by the roadside,
Than any roses are.

SPRING.

I longed and longed for spring-time,
I longed and longed for flowers,
And now the Spring is coming,
And with it April showers.

The grass is growing greener
And greener every day,

The robins chirp and warble
Their April roundelay.

Hepaticas are sprouting,
The sun is shining warm,
The trees are budding, though afraid
To meet an April storm.

The ice has left the river,
It curls its wavelets blue
Around the sun-thawed islands,
Where once the snowflakes flew.

The pines look just as lovely
And quite as free from snow,
As when I came to Brockville,
Just twelve long months ago.

I love the freshening west wind,
I love the shining sun,
Yes, Winter's gone and over,
And Spring, fair Spring has come.

THE HONEST COTTAGER.

Homeward the weary mower hies
Along the leafy lane,

Before him on the road he spies
The waggons heaped with grain.

He nears his home, his little boy
Comes running out in glee
To hail his father, full of joy
The man his child doth see.

Let kings and princes envy him,
For it is better far
To be an honest cottager,
Than 'tis to lead in war.

TO THE WHITE HEPATICA.

You are fairest of your kind,
Sweeter than the blue,
Purer than your purple friends,
And your pink ones too.

Downy hood enfolds your face,
Sweet and fresh and white,
Pure and modest, full of grace,
Washed by dew each night.

Biting North winds cannot come
Through that hood of down,

Green and set with silver hairs,
'Tis your fairy crown.

Through the branches sunlight gleams,
Dances all the day,
Round your form so delicate,
Where green grasses play.

Robins sing their sweetest songs,
Lulling you to sleep,
Or at other buds you smile
Through the grass so deep.

Sometimes you serenely gaze
At the noonday sky,
Then you bend your modest head
To your leaves so dry.

Mayflower, you are happy here,
Drinking crystal rain,
You like mortals do not moan
In a world of pain.

Would I were a little flower,
Innocent and meek,

Would I were as pure as you
And as small and weak !

MY HOME IN THE PINES.

Once I lived beneath the pine-trees,
With their grand plumes waving high,
And their dark and solemn shadows,
And their whispering moaning sigh:

And the little flowers springing
At their roots so far below,
And the ever rippling river,
With its murmur and its flow.

And the oaks so green and shady,
Where the birds and chipmunks strayed,
And the high and rocky islands,
Where the lapping river played.

And the fair moon at her rising,
She would lay a golden road,
Gleaming all across the river,
To her heavenly abode.

In the early, early morning,
When I used to leave my bed,

And the bright sun just was rising,
And the darkness all had fled.

Then all things were fair and lovely,
All the birds sang sweet and clear,
All the flowers were bathed in dew drops,
Every dew-drop like a tear.

Then my brother used to row me
On the river deep and wide,
And we'd catch the swells of steamers,
As they rolled like ocean tide.

Now I'm longing, always longing,
While the summer sunlight shines,
For the old familiar cottage,
And my home among the pines.

VIOLETS.

Violets ! violets ! sparkling with dew-drops,
Fresh from your green mossy bowers,
Violets, violets, blue-eyed and lovely,
Sweetest and fairest of flowers.

Withering, withering, what! though I've placed you
Snug in my prettiest vase !

Violets, violets, why are you drooping ?
Surely you die without cause !

Withering, withering, drooping and dying,
Fading so sadly away !

Violets, violets, why will you droop so ?
Stay with me, lovely gems, stay.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA SHORE.

Down on the sea shore,
Softly the wavelets
Murm'ring lap the sand.
All in the moonlight,
Silvery moonlight,
Everything looks grand.

Sand is as silver,
Gravel is golden,
Soft the fair moon's light.
Soft are the shadows
Cast by the elm-trees,
Where the moon is bright.

BEECH LEAVES.

Beech leaves, beech leaves, falling everywhere,
Beech leaves, beech leaves, how they fill the air !
Summer's gone and left us and Autumn's here,
Soon will winter meet us, bleak and drear.

THE SEA.

Oh for the sea ! for the sea !
With its blue waves ever in motion,
And the sea gulls wild and free,
That flit o'er the stormy ocean.

Oh for the roaring sea !
'Gainst its rocky prison dashing,
As its billows toss in glee
Their crests with the white spray flashing.

Oh to be near the sea !
When at night the wind is whistling.
A fisherman's hut for me,
With the lamp light softly glistening.

Oh let me watch the sea !
As it tosses about at gloaming,

And its white caps race and flee,
Leaping and hissing and foaming.

Oh let me stay by the sea !
I will leave its steep cliffs never,
And bury me by the sea,
When my soul has fled for ever.

CHILDHOOD.

Oh keep me in my childhood !
And let it never be,
That my happy, happy childhood
Should glide away from me.

Oh keep me in my childhood
So innocent and pure !
'Tis the loveliest of seasons
Within a life, I'm sure.

Oh let me have my childhood !
My childhood glad and free!
And suffer not that happy time
To glide away from me.

MORNING.

No time is as fair as the morning,
No thing is as lovely as dawn,
In all its bright freshness and beauty,
How rosy the light of the morn.

How brightly it gleams on the river,
How softly it tinges it o'er,
As the waves rise up lightly to meet it,
And race to the rock-covered shore.

How gladly it shines through the branches,
And lightens their beautiful bowers,
Or slants on the ground through the long grass,
And kisses the leaves and the flowers.

How fair are the orient colours,
That gladden the clouds and the sky,
How grand are the dark-shadowed pine trees,
As they wave their green plumes up on high.

How sweet are the carolling robins,
How gay is the sparrow's small note,
And the song of the yellow canary,
What melodies ring from his throat !

Oh why, why will people be sluggards,
And rise when the beauty has gone?
Do they never believe us, I wonder,
When we tell them the beauties of dawn?

LONGING FOR THE PINES.

Oh to be near the wild river !
In the midst of all the storm !
With the sheets of lightning gleaming
Through each threatening black cloud-form !

Oh to see the white spray breaking !
And to hear the white caps roar !
Like giants around the boat-house,
And upon the rocky shore !

And to see the pine-trees tossing
Their branches up on high !
And to hear a lonely dog bark !
And to hear the loon's weird cry !

And to be inside the cottage
In my snug and cosy bed !

And watch the dark and lonesome woods,
Whither all things have fled!

How strangely I am longing,
Though no glad sunlight shines,
For the little house on the windy cliff,
And the darksome, dreary pines!

ON A ROBIN'S SONG IN A STORM.

I awoke at dawn this morning,
After a night of storm,
And on the wild wind raging
Was borne a robin's song.

The sweet sounds made me cheerful,
I thought of sunshine bright,
I thought of rosy morning,
And dawn's clear yellow light.

And how in the night of sorrow,
When winds are raging wild,
A word of kind remembrance
May cheer, though from a child.

GENTLE MOONLIGHT.

Gentle moonlight, soft and clear,
Gleaming o'er the peaceful sea,
Shining on the old stone pier,
Light divine, oh shine on me !

Silver moonlight, bright and fair,
Shining on the midnight sea,
Flooding all the summer air,
Light divine, oh shine on me !

MY DEAR FRIEND MAY.

Her hair was so dark and her skin was so white,
Her lips were so red and her eyes were so bright,
Her step was so fleet and her heart was so gay,
Oh who could compare with my dear friend May !

She dodged like a hare and she ran like a deer,
She would row on the river and never know fear,
She loved me and played with me each summer day,
A child of the woods and the country was May.

She left when the sky and the river were blue,
And deep golden-green was the plummy pines' hue,
Birds called in the tops of the trees far away,
But their songs were not sweet as the dear voice of May.

Her hair still was dark, and her skin still was white,
Her lips were still red and her eyes were still bright,
And her footstep was fleet, but her heart was not gay,
Because we were parting—Farewell dear May

THE END OF NIGHT.

Like dying fires the pale stars twinkle,
The bright moon sinks behind the trees,
And up to me the cow-bell's tinkle
Is borne upon the gentle breeze,

The early cock is crowing, crowing,
And save for that all else is still,
The little stream is flowing, flowing,
Past the red farmhouse on the hill.

THE EARLY MORN.

Swift from the bay the shadows,
Like spirits, flee away

To the depths of the silent forest,
Far from the light of day.

And the early light of morning,
Breaking the night's dark blue,
Tinges the bay with amber,
The sky with golden hue.

Through the soft light a schooner
Crosses the tranquil bay,
Swift to the silent forest
The shadows flee away.

COME BACK.

Come back to the open country,
Come back to the waving trees,
Come back to the rippling river,
Come back to the cooling breeze.

Come back to the golden sunlight,
Come back to the crystal rain,
Come back to the friend that loves you,
Come back, come back again.

THE DYING YEAR.

The hawthorns all have paid their toll,
Past us the dead leaves fly,
Above the hazy grey clouds roll,
The year's begun to die.

The last flowers in the garden bed
Lift their pale petals high,
And seem to say "we'll soon be dead,
The year's begun to die."

In merry flocks from tree to tree
The sparrows flutter by,
And they too seem to say to me,
The year's begun to die."

The wind with whispers sad is filled,
The crickets drone and sigh,
All hushed the songsters are that trilled—
The year begins to die.

THE ROSES.

Sweet and pink and dewy,
Modest, small and white,

Strong and brave and yellow,
Or crimson deep and bright.

Large ones pale and creamy,
Small ones white as snow,
In our sunny garden,
They bud and bloom and blow.

A YEAR AGO.

A year has passed, another year,
Again comes Autumn's glow,
As when I last lived in the Pines,
Just a year ago !

The mighty river ripples on
With calm unceasing flow,
The pines are waving, as they waved,
Just a year ago !

The golden-rod begins to fade,
But still the asters blow,
The robins sing as once they did,
Just a year ago !

And all the things look just the same,
Yet I am changed, I know,
I'm better than I used to be,
Just a year ago !

BY THE LAKESIDE.

I sit by the lake's dark edges,
In the sunset's golden glow,
Near the whispering waving sedges,
While the gentle breezes blow.

I love to sit here at dawning,
Or when mid-day's skies are blue,
Or when winds are wildly storming,
And at peaceful sunset too.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Glorious river !
Flow on forever !
Crested with white spray and bordered with foam !

Glorious river !
Ripple forever !
Ripple away to thy billowy home.

Still softly flowing,
When the sun's glowing,
Always reflecting the morning's first light,
While the sun's glowing,
Still softly flowing,
Gleaming again to the moon's silver light.

Past the green islands,
Past rocky highlands,
Foaming and roaring and leaping away,
Past rocky highlands,
Past the green islands,
Dashing along in thy maddening play.

In the bright morning,
In the fair dawning,
Silver mists cover thy face with a veil,
In the dim dawning,
In the dark morning,
Upwards you leap on the wings of the gale.

Past waving pine trees,
Borne by a fine breeze,
Soft gentle wavelets of tenderest blue,

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Borne by a fine breeze,
Past waving pine trees,
Merrily mirror the skies' azure hue.

Glorious river !
Dash on forever !
Swept by the wild winds so mirthful and free ;
Ripple forever !
Glorious river !
Flow to thy home in the billowy sea.

THE SEPTEMBER DAYS.

Oh how warm and fair the September days,
When the world is filled with light,
When the sunbeams lie on the field path ways,
And the skies are blue and bright.

Oh give me a breath of September air,
And one sunbeam's parting ray,
But alas ! no more come those days so rare,
Sweet September's fled away !

A DREAM.

One night when I lay on my pillow asleep,
And my thoughts had gone out in a dream,
I came to the home of my childhood once more,
I ran o'er the grassy hill down to the door,
While redly the sunset did gleam.

Aye, the sunset it gleamed as I've seen it so oft,
All bright at the closing of day,
And I took but one breath of the soft fragrant air,
And looked only once at the sunset so fair,
Then to other dreams wandered away.

NOVEMBER.

November has come, and the wind cold and dreary,
Whistles and blusters about our snug home,
And we're tired of the frost and the rain, and we're weary
Of waiting for winter, stern winter, to come.

Last night came a frost, and it killed the last flowers,
And it clouded and blustered and rained the whole day,

November is storming with all his cold powers,
He is making the best of his time while he may.

Dreary and cold is the world in November,
Icy and harsh are the raw winds that blow ;
I'm longing and longing for wintry December,
And instead of the sleet and the frost, gentle snow.

PARTED FROM MY FRIENDS.

The snow lay white upon the grass,
The river's hue was grey,
The wan, white sun was dim and pale,
That cold November day.

I stopped by the old house again,
My friends were there no more ;
It stood in silence, as it had
For two long months before.

I came when the September sun
Shone on the river blue ;
The trees still wore their summer green,
The skies their summer hue.

And when October's maples flamed,
I came there once again,
And every time my heart was filled
With new awakening pain.

November now ; the cold snow lies
Upon the the grass all white,
And, through the waning sun, bare trees
Loom out into my sight.

I long for gentle Spring to come ;
When buds deck every tree,
And flowers shall in the pinewoods bloom,
My friends will come to me.

THE LITTLE LEAF.

'Twas Spring, the sky was painted
With azure all anew,
And clouds, all white and pearly,
Trailed through the tender blue.

Fresh maple leaves, all pinky,
Decked out the bare old tree,
The robins gaily warbled,
The breeze was blowing free.

And though 'twas only April,
One little leaf was seen,
Upon the topmost branches,
All fresh and fair and green.

The other leaves grew larger,
Grew larger and more fair,
And for that little leaflet
The tree no more did care.

In May it still was cheerful,
While all the rest complain,
Though fed and warmed by sunlight,
And cooled by silver rain.

June and July, all dusty,
The others droop and pine,
The little leaf is happy
To get the warm sunshine.

In August, many others
By storms were blown away,
But still the leaf was wearing
The emerald hues of May.

September, all the others
In crimson hues were dressed,

And yet the little leaflet
Wore still its plain green vest.

And then in sere October,
When all the rest were brown,
Adorned at last in scarlet,
The little leaf hung down.

November came, all dreary,
The other leaves had fled,
And when the tree lamented,
The leaflet raised its head

And said, "I stay till Springtime,
In spite of frost and snow,
But when new leaves are coming
I pray you, let me go."

It kept its word right bravely,
Though withered, brown and sere,
The storms and snows it weathered,
Till gentle Spring drew near.

And then the leaf-buds opened,
And skies were soft and blue,
And in the starry midnight
Away the dead leaf flew.

A RUN ON A COLD AUTUMN DAY.

Oh, what is so fine as an Autumn Day ?

When the wind through the pinewood roars !

Oh, then is the time to be out and away !

Not to shiver and sit indoors.

Oh, your cheeks grow pink and your young heart bounds,

While the skies are so dark and grey,

And your echoing laugh through the pinewood sounds,

On a cold November day.

THE SNOWSTORM.

Downward, ever downward,
Down the snowflakes swarm,
Like a cloud of feathers,
Swiftly blows the storm.

Soon there'll be a carpet,
Fresh and pure and white,
Nestling on the dead grass,
Flaky, soft and light.

When the grass is withered,
When the trees are bare,
Nature sends the snowflakes,
Filling all the air.

Then you're almost blinded,
In the dazzling whirl,
And each shed and houseroof
Wears a robe of pearl.

And the sky is curtained,
All things high and low,
Trees and grass and fences
All are wrapped in snow.

THE SUNSET LIGHT.

A tender gleam of rosy light,
Illumes the western sky,
As towards my home my way I take,
And faint and tired am I.

That beam is like a promise fair,
A hope of better days,

Oh it is sweet indeed to watch
The sunset's parting rays !

UNDER THE SEA.

Under the sea, under the sea,
With its blue waves tossing fresh and free,
And its mournful chaunt and moan,
What should we see if we looked down
Below the snowy foam ?

Lovely seaweeds, waving fair,
Down below the light and air,
Corals red and white,
Growing down in sandy dells,
And fishes strange and bright.

Shells with tints of sunset sky,
On that silver bottom lie,
Pearly, pure and pale,
Violet, pink or amber hued,
Safe from every gale.

Those are the things that we should see,
If we looked below the foamy sea,
With its ceaseless dirge and knell—
Seaweeds, corals, fishes strange,
And many a dainty shell.

OUR HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Tripping down the grassy lane,
All among the flowers,
Playing on the shady lawn,
And in the woodland bowers.
Happy days of childhood sweet,
Happy days and free !
Happy childhood, never more
May it return to me.

