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(Monographs)**

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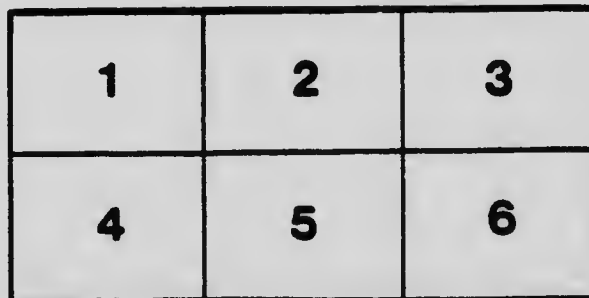
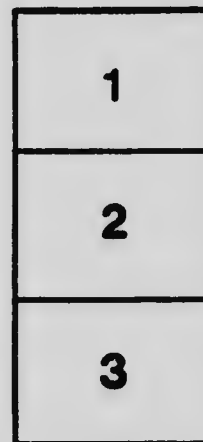
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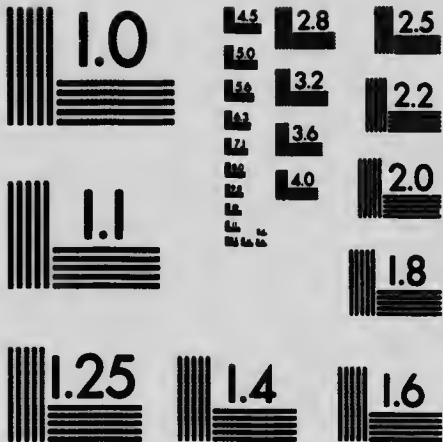
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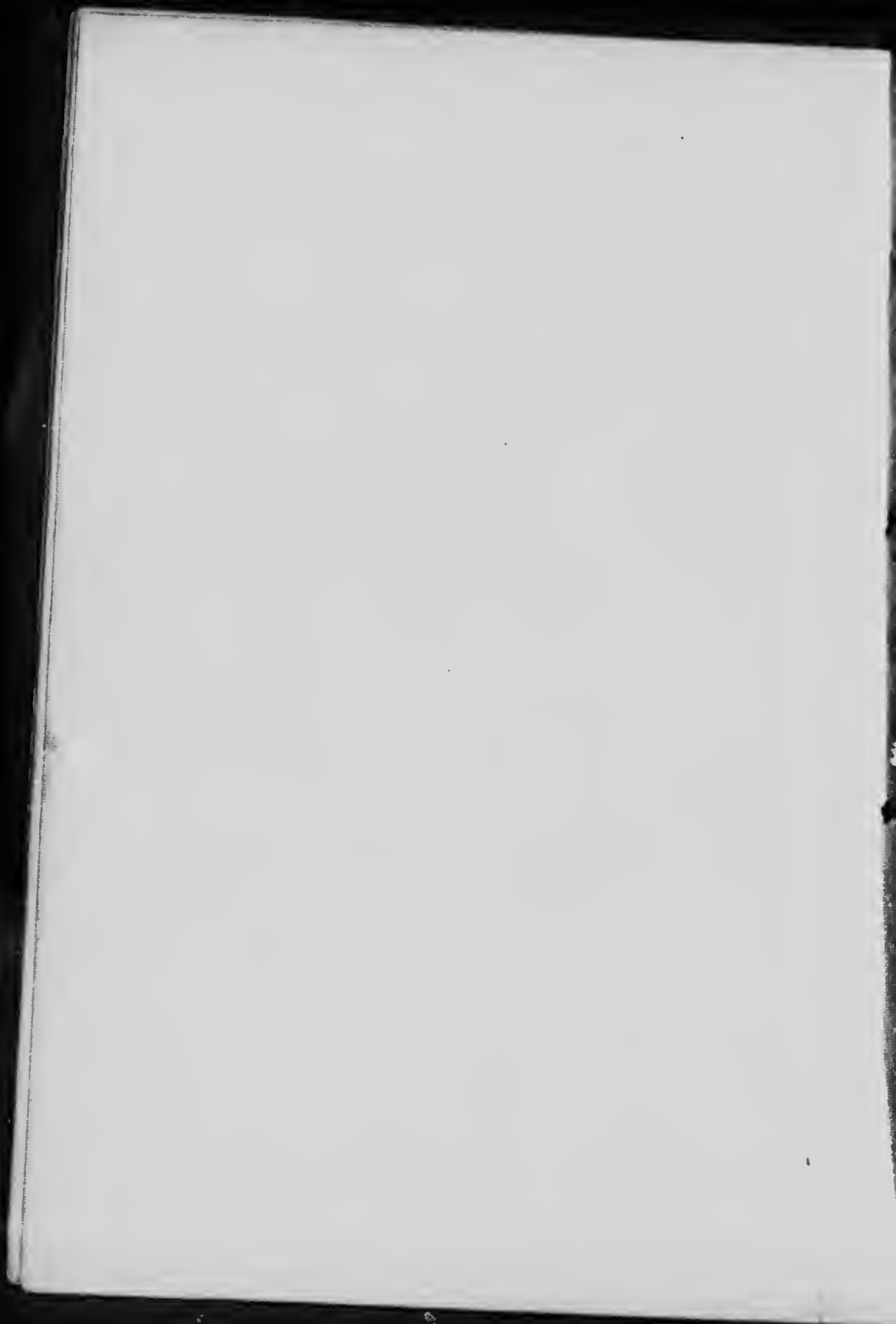
MAGIC
OF THE
OLD
WAY



by AMY CAMPBELL



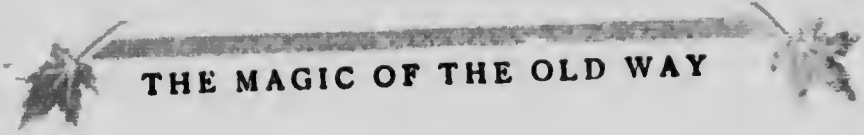
MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY



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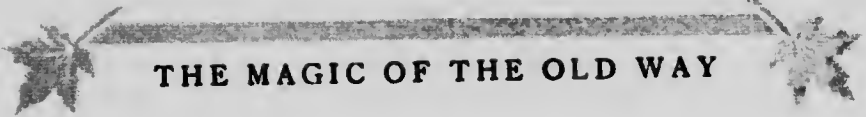
THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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!

DREAMS

I cannot watch the rose of setting sun
Pale to faint amethyst, or morning star
Wander in violet seas, e'er day's begun;
Nor purple hills stand out in mists 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!



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 never stills.

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,

And 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!

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 MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 fills the soul—
Give ourselves one perfect day
Where God's mysteries unroll.



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

INVITATION

O'er the hills of waiting
In a purple land,
Souls are ever mating,
Hand in hand!
Dear, the way is love,
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 wood-
lands—

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 the hearts beat with measure slow,
I remember an old path,
All gold and crimson—I used to know.

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!

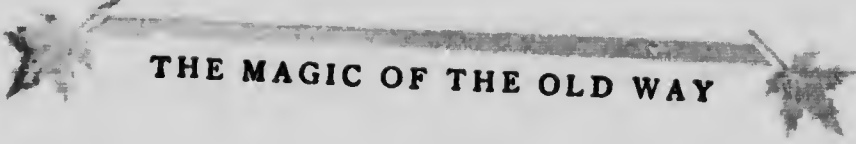
And lo! in striving for the best,
I love it, too, and grow so strong,
To meet the battle, face the test,
I greet my days with smile and song!



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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!



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

MELODY

I am so glad for all the lovely things
That find their way to me in busy hours—
For sunset glories 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 MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 'til she remembered me,
I needs must tearless, prayerful, wait!

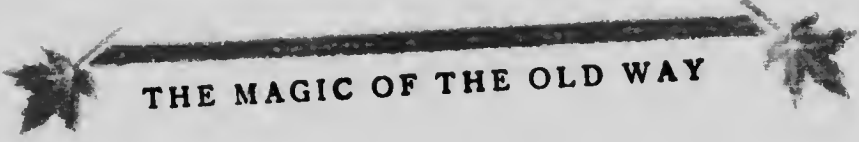
THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 fidel-
ity.
And lo, I found at every untried gate,
A sweet security surrounding me,
A warmth for coldness and a shield from
haste,—
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!

REVELATION

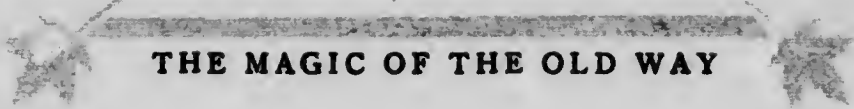
Oh, mad and merry the lilting song
Packed so full of the sweet spring time
That flowed from the throat of olden days—
Quaintest notes and daintiest rhyme!
Fragrant and frail the gown you wore—
Careless your shadow-keeping hair;
Deep your eyes in their drinking love
Of the drifting blossoms everywhere!
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 MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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.



THE MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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 MAGIC OF THE OLD WAY

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!

