

BEGINNINGS IN SONG



G. A. S. S.

Hathaway

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by

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Silcox.

The Milne Printery
Newport, R. I.

To
C. E. S.



SONG

Out of the sky, the storm,
 And out of the storm, the rain:
And out of the joy and the thrill of life
 And out of its peace, comes pain!

Out of the dusk, the night,
 And out of the night, the dew:
And out of the glare and the heat of life
 And out of its grief, come you!

Out of the sea, the dawn,
 And out of the dawn, the sun:
And out of the depths of life, comes love
 And I love you, dear one!

SEA-DRIFT.

Life like the sea, Life like the sea,
Has carried my love away from me!
Swift grey bird, wing low your flight
And bring to my lover's heart to-night
Dreams of me! Dreams of me!

*Life like the sea, Life like the sea,
Has carried my love away from me!*

Love like the sea, Love like the sea,
Has brought my lover home to me!
Broken grey wings, come home and rest,
Rest here with me on my dear love's breast,
Rest with me! Rest with me!

*Love like the sea, Love like the sea,
Has brought my lover home to me!*

TO ONE WHO PASSED

He saw the green beneath November's rust,
He dreamed of roses, when snow-petals fell,
And now June, verdure-clad, lives forth his trust,
While over him his hope the roses tell.

He knew the Spring's first violet and the thrill
Of Spring's first lyric born of sylvan love,
Think you he knows not now, divinelier still,
The immortal blooms, the songs of Arcady's grove?

LONGING

My heart cried, Give me the sea,
When I dwelt 'mid the cloistering hills,
Give me the vastness which thrills
Finite heart with Infinity.
Give me great spaces and stars
O'er the brooding soul of the sea,
Let me chant in its harmony
As it silvers in sound o'er its bars:
I would spell out its mystery
I would learn why its heart makes moan,
Match its moods, mate its soul with my own,—
Oh, my heart cried, Give me the sea!

Now my heart cries, Give me the hills,
That are far from this restless sea,
With its changing monotony
And its hunger which nothing stills.
Give me green uplands where peace
Drifts like a dream o'er the soul,
Enfolding me till I am whole,
And the hurt of the world doth cease;
For God walks at dusk o'er the hills
(All the faint little paths know His feet,
The dim aisles with His presence are sweet)
—Oh, the peace of the cloistering hills!

MEMORIES

When the day draws in and the wind awakes
 And the shadows begin to creep,
When the spirit of things of a former time
 Moves over the heart's still deep,
I pause at the place where I always pause
 When I walk where the memories keep,—
Once you lay close in my arms asleep,
 When the shadows began to creep.

When Life draws in and the dark comes close,
 And the silence is very near,
I shall tell my heart as we stand and wait
 The approach of the final fear,
How Love once lay in my arms asleep,—
 Was it only in yesteryear?—
Then I shall look up with a quiet soul,
 When the silence comes very near.

LOVE AND WORK

Breath of the dawn, the fresh, new dawn,
Of faring forth you sing,
To the untilled glebe or the unfought field,
To the haunts of men, or the lonely weald,—
Work, is the word you bring!

Sigh of the dusk, the close, warm dusk,
Of fireside dreams you croon:
Unheedful of harvest, unheedful of sword,
Forgetful of market or deep forest ford,
My love will come to me soon!



RESIGNATION

I am a stranger and a sojourner on earth
As all my fathers were:
Helpless, I stumbled through the gates of birth,—
I know no homeland here.

My wine of life in bitterness is pressed,
Trode out with many a sigh:
Oh, for the cup of joy, full-brimming, blest,
To quaff before I die!

* * * *

Out of the greyness of the sullen skies,
The deeper night foregathers:
With the day's dying, my passion dies,
—I turn unto my fathers.



LITTLE WHITE DOVE

Are you longing for me in the Sometime Land
Little white soul, little white dove?
Are you longing for me as I'm longing for you,
Awaiting the time for dreams to come true?
Little white dove!

Here o'er the heart which is yearning for you,
Dear little head, do you long to rest?
Sweet eyes are drooping, afrighted with dreams
Of drifting to me down the drowsy streams,—
Safe to my breast.

Come to me, sweet, when the years are told,
Little white dove, little white soul!
God make me wise and strong and true
When you come to me that I may keep you,—
Little white soul!