

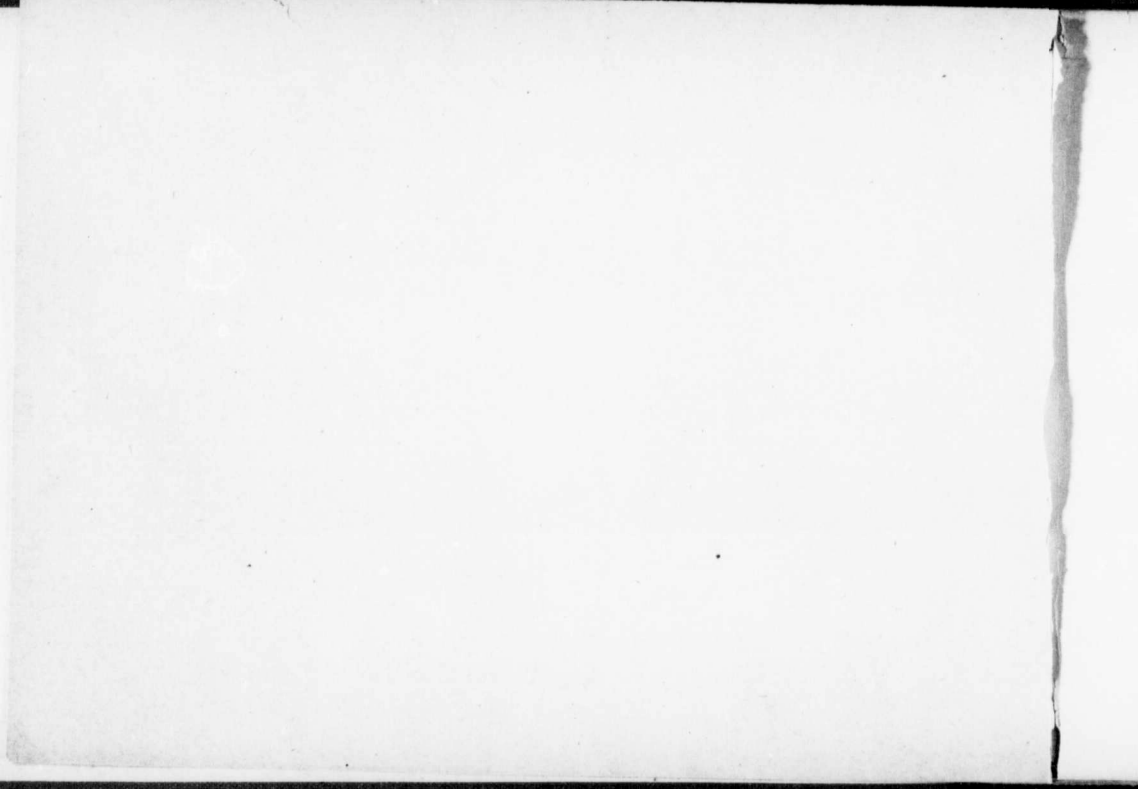


DANSIES

FOR

THOUGHTS...

ISABELLE E. MACKAY





MAY 4 1936

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Cap. 1

...Pansies...



Pansies for thoughts—
At daylight I found them,
Sweet with the freshness of morning upon them,
Tossed in the passage.
Love was their message—
Pansies for thoughts.

Pansies for thoughts—
On a wee grave we left them,
Hovering angels leaned over and blessed them;
Safe from all sorrow,
We'll meet her to-morrow—
Pansies for thoughts.

Pansies for thoughts—
How skies bend above them;
Pansies for thoughts, how the winds seem to love them;
One little flower
Gathered forever—
Pansies for thoughts.

Pansies for thoughts—
In my brown hair he fixed them,
Love in his eyes as he stooped low and kissed them;
With hope without measure,
Life opened together—
Pansies for thoughts.

Pansies for thoughts—
When sunlight is dying
Low in the West and night winds are sighing,
Earth's bitter leaven
Fits us for heaven—
Pansies for thoughts.



...Even-Song...

"At even time it shall be light."—Zech. 14:7



Gladly the sparrow drops down to her nest,
Slowly the weary sun sinks in the West,
Twilight the beautiful brings sweetest rest.

Dews on the long grasses gratefully cling,
Perfume of flowers the soft breezes bring,
Nature her even-song upward doth wing.

Oh, that my soul might find comfort and peace,
Some softly whispered word send me release,
Quiet my restless thought, bid striving cease.

Father! canst hear me cry from far away?
Oh, let Thy message float down tenderly,
Bringing Thy promised light at close of day.

Shed on my longing heart radiance divine,
Lift thou my wandering thoughts nearer to Thine,
Help me "Thy will" to say, Father, not "Mine".

Then fill my rested soul full of Thy might,
Help me by faith to walk, if not by sight,
So at the even time shall it be light.



...Cupid in the Country...

She came up from the country with her
Pretty airs and graces,
Her gloves were made in France and in
Germany her laces,
Her hair was made in heaven, and I don't
Think I'm to blame
If, since she's gone, the old homestead
Has never seemed the same.

I used to care for nothing else but how
The wheat was growing,
And if the sky showed signs of rain, or how
The wind was blowing,
But now it seems that all these things are
Scarcely worth the gain,
For since her footstep's left the fields, they
Don't seem quite the same.

I wish I could explain it—it doesn't
Seem quite fair,
That all the sweetness should die out, just
'Cause one girl ain't there.
The morning sun shines just as bright on
The fields of ripened grain,
But I miss the brightness of her hair, and
The sunlight ain't the same.

It really was a puzzle, the way she
Wore her bonnet!
Tilted right back from off her face, a
Bunch of poppies on it.
The neighbor girls all tossed their heads and
Called it "odd" and "plain,"
But since that bonnet's left its peg the
House don't seem the same.

I've been a long time doubting—I think
I'll try to-day,
"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" I've
Often hear her say.
I ain't much good at writing, but I'll
Try hard to explain
That while she's gone my home and heart
Will never be the same.



...The Passing Bell...



Passing away! Passing away!
Oh, pray for the soul of Elizabeth Gray!
The shadows are falling,
Low voices are calling,
Her sweet soul is passing away.

Passing away! Passing away!
The solemn bell tolls as we silently pray;
The death mists are clearing,
The angels are nearing,
A fair soul is passing away.

Passing away! Passing away!
The daylight is breaking, she cannot delay,
One last kiss we give her,
She's reached the dark river,
We know she is passing away.

Passing away! Passing away!
O Father, in mercy, be near us to-day!
To still our wild weeping,
And take in Thy keeping
The soul that is passing away.

O'er
Thro'

Dow
Tho'

...In May Time...



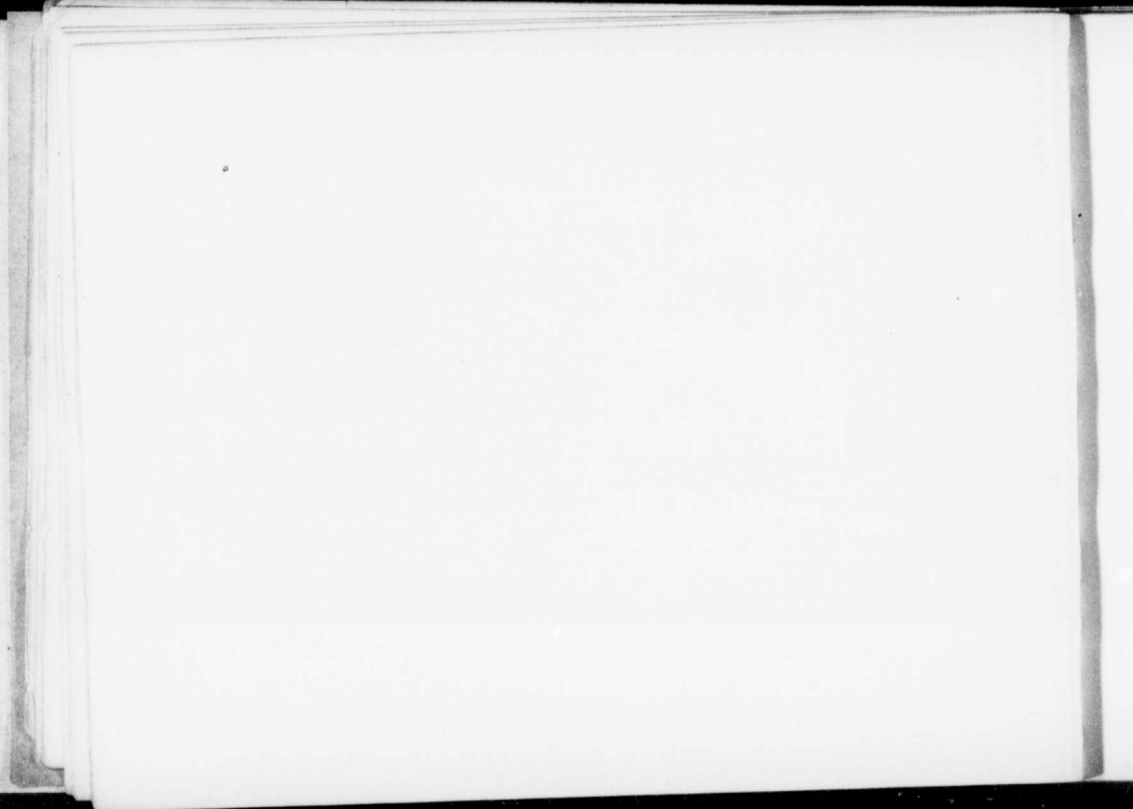
O'er the fresh; sweet meadows where the grass is springing,
Through the budding forests where the birds are singing,
Up the hill and down the glade
Life is just beginning.

Through the crowded city fragrant winds are straying,
By the dusty highway laughing brooks are playing,
Youth is having holiday,
Life has gone a-maying.

See the tender saplings shining rain-drops shaking
Where the wild wood-lillies from their dreams are waking;
See the old world young once more
Winter's sloth forsaking.

Down in windy valleys daisies still lie sleeping,
Tho' in sheltered woodlands violets are peeping;
Spring has gathered all the land
To her kindest keeping.

Welcome lovely Springtime! with thy joyous greeting,
Set the heart of Nature to new music beating,
Bless us with thy smile and sigh—
Springtime fair and fleeting.



...The Wind and the Maple...

"Dear Maple Tree, your daughter is
So fair and so beguiling,
With crimson roses on her cheeks
And face so sweet and smiling,
I could not choose but stop and beg
That I might have the pleasure
Of taking her slim hand in mine
To tread an Autumn measure."

Miss Maple Leaf she tossed her head
And shook her tresses yellow,
She looked upon Sir Gentle Breeze,
Who was a handsome fellow,
"Oh, mother dear," she whispered low,
"I love that gallant rover,
And should he tear my pretty frock
I'll help you make it over."

Away they flew. They twirled and whirled
With gaiety unflagging,
Till, suddenly, Miss Maple Leaf
Perceived her train was dragging.
"Stop, stop, Sir Gentle Breeze," she cried,
But he, the ardent lover,
Whirled on and on until she sobbed
"I wish I'd stayed with mother."

"Sir Gentle Breeze," said Mistress Tree,
"I fear 'twould not be proper,
For when my child begins to dance
I find it hard to stop her.
The Autumn measure that you beg
Would doubtless be delightful
But should her dress be soiled or torn
My grief would be quite frightful."

When, at long last, he laughs "Adieu,"
Her yellow curls were flying,
Her trampled frock is soiled and torn,
She scarce can keep from crying:
For, all alone, she waits the scorn
And anger of her mother,
While he, her gallant cavalier,
Is dancing with another.



...A River Reverie...



O river, river flowing,
 Flowing to the sea.
Now in sunlight, now in shadow,
 Flowing merrily—
Strange to list thy murmured message,
 Rippling low and sweet,
Strange to watch thy ceaseless flowing,
 Flowing fast and fleet.

O river, river flowing,
 Flowing in my heart,
Never shall thy wordless singing,
 From my soul depart;
Echoings of merry laughter,
 Voices light and gay,
Mingle ever with the music,
 Flowing far away.

O river, river flowing,
 Flowing fast and fleet,
Gliding sadly, leaping madly,
 Till the sea you meet—
Teach me all thy wondrous voices,
 All thy soothing art,
Till thy song be ever flowing,
 Flowing in my heart.

O river, river flowing,
 Flowing far away,
Longingly my heart would follow
 Through the distance gray.
Silenced are those echoed voices,
 Laughing lips grown cold,
But the river onward floweth,
 Singing as of old.



...Rest...



Light at the eventide,
Peace at the close of day,
Wond'rous twilight falling soft
Over the rugged way.

Fair are the morning hours,
And fair the noon-day bright;
But we whose hands are tired
Welcome the tender night.

Twilight calm and still,—
Perfumed, quiet, and gray—
Resting time of the weary world
After the busy day.

Holliest peace and rest,
Silence dewy and dim,
Mystic glory filling the soul
Lifting it up to Him.

Rest for the burdened brain,
Solace for those who weep;
Sweetest of gifts to His own beloved—
Twilight and night and sleep.



...The River Pathway...

Away! Away! So runs the river,
The flowers spring and the grasses quiver,
The sweet mists sway with the breath of May—
My love and I walk by the river.

Along the river pathway the tall blue flags are swaying,
Adown the river pathway my love and I go straying,
A question trembles on the air,
An answer lingers somewhere near,
The curious breezes pause to hear
The "yes" for which I'm praying.
It comes at last—a word so sweet
The western sky with crimson blushes,

The world grows fair while at our feet
The river ripples through the rushes.
O, love is true and life is sweet,
And hope is boundless as the sea,
The restless river floweth fleet,
And ever changes silently.

.....

Away! Away! Fast flows the river,
The flowers droop and the grasses shiver,
The west grows red with a day just dead—
My love is sleeping by the river.



...My ladye...



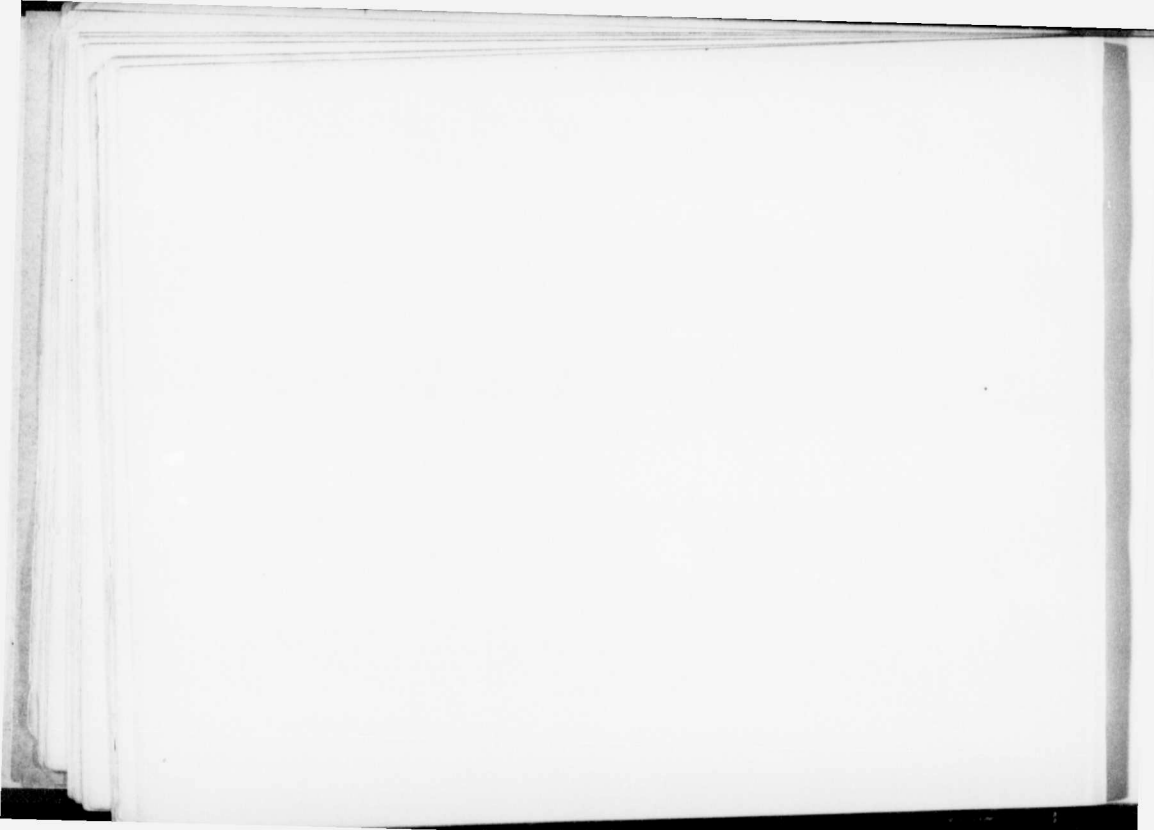
My ladye's name is Madeline,
Her coming clothes the earth with green
And spreads the sky with fairer sheen,
With sun-lit cloud-dreams in between.

The sunset pauses in the West
In brighter evening glory drest,
The wild-bird twitters in her nest,
The twilight falls with deeper rest.

It seems that when my ladye smiles,
The cool, deep shadows of her eyes
Are lit with radiance from the skies,
Like purple clouds where sunlight lies.

No coiled or braided locks hath she,
But auburn tresses rippling free,
Where sunbeams hide right winsomely
And weave a golden net for me.

And when she meets me by the stream,
So pure and childlike doth she seem,
I fear me 'tis a teasing dream—
My ladye's name is Madeline.



...Why...



I love her for her winsome eyes,
And yet—ah, no—if they were blind
And dulled with age or dimmed by care,
No queen to me were half so fair.

I love her for her smiling eyes,
Her dainty head so proudly set,
Yet could she lose them, I confess,
I would not love one whit the less.

I love her for her gentle grace,
For the pure heart that shines through all,
I love her first and last and best
Because of her soul's loveliness.



...November...



O dreary days, and rugged ways,
 And bitter winds so fiercely blowing,
O fallen leaves, and shiv'ring trees
 And bare brown fields with nothing growing!

O early night, and laggard light,
 O glittering frost with fairy fingers,
O glad surprise of sunset skies
 Where Heaven's brightest glory lingers!

O empty plains, and sweeping rains,
 O lonely wood, a requiem sighing
O'er Summer dead and songsters fled
 And flowers in their dark graves lying!

O changeful time of gloom and shine,
 Thy charm my heart will long remember,
In all the year I hold most dear
 The cold and colorless November.



...The Haven Fair...



The skies are bright and the winds blow sweet,
 In the Haven fair;
All hearts are filled with joy complete,
 For the shore is near.
And over the waves, which are lulled to rest,
Comes the "welcome home" from our long sea quest:
 The echo sweet of song.

But what of the ships which the course have lost
 To the Haven fair?
What of the vessels wrecked and tossed
 On the rock Despair?
E'en some which have almost reached the strand
Of the Heavenly Canaan, their promised land,
 Go down to rise no more.

The weary voyage we soon forget,
 In the Haven fair;
All sorrows die as dies regret,
 For the Lord is there.
And ever the music sweeter grows,
As our hearts grow still 'neath the calm repose
 Of an everlasting peace.

O, happy the ships which their anchors cast
 In the Haven fair;
Thrice happy they who all tempest past,
 Find shelter there.
For God's dear Son has their pilot been,
And God's own hand drew them safely in,
 Into the land of love.

So fades the d
Where shadows
And checkered
A life's

Farewell, bright
Hark, how the
All shuddering
Courage

...Evening...

So fades the day! The long, long day,
Where shadows arch the sunlit way,
And checkered cloud and sunshine play—
A life's long day.

A life's long day! The shadows creep
Near and more near. Strange breezes sweep
As from an unknown river deep—
Gone is the day.

Gone is the day—its hopes and fears,
Its happy hours of work-filled years,
Its sorrow, sin and wasted tears—
Farewell, bright day.

Farewell, bright day! The night is here.
Hark, how the river rushes near!
All shuddering I stand and fear—
Courage, O soul!

Courage, O soul! O heart of mine
New dawn on yonder shore doth shine;
One stands and waits with smile divine—
Welcome, sweet day!