

POEMS

IN PEACE
AND WAR



BY

LOUIE DAVOREN BURKE.

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POEMS

IN PEACE
AND WAR



BY
LOUIE DAVOREN BURKE.

Engl.



*THIS little book is dedicated to the brave fellows
on land and sea who are daily sacrificing life
and limb that we at home might dwell in safety and
freedom.*

Halifax,

THE AUTHORESS.

December, 1915.



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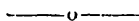
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Local Poems.



SHIBDEN VALLEY—PAST AND PRESENT.

Ah, lovely spot, along thy paths
In tranquil mood I've wandered;
And 'mid thy sylvan beauty oft
In quiet hours I've pondered

How, in the "Merrie England" days
The sportsmen, they would rally
Around the stately homesteads that
Are dotted o'er thy valley.

A jovial crowd, they'd gather there
With hounds and horses waiting
Then off they'd bound at sound of horn --
A wondrous stir creating.

I've looked on Beacon's rugged mass
Which grimly towers o'er thee,
And hides within its rough brown breast
Many a dark sad story.

For men have fought and fallen there --
Their blood in conflict shedding--
And we who walk its paths to-day
On heroes' graves are treading.

Those days are gone: No hunter's horn
We hear on frosty morning;
The soldier's bugle--loud and shrill--
No longer sounds its warning.

Peaceful, calm, the valley rests;
Nor feud nor battle wages,
For deeds of valour wrought therein
Men turn to History's pages!

SUNSET AT OGDEN.

Quiet, pensive, I watch the sunset rays
 Cast themselves o'er Ogden, with its heath and gorse-
 filled braes.

Each colour of the rainbow has Dame Nature painted
 there,
 And with master touch transforms them into scenes of
 beauty rare.

Now slowly, softly, the quiet shadows fall ;
 Folding in the moorland while yet the moor-birds call,
 And the glowing hues of sunset seem loth to pass away
 As the twilight hour approaches telling of the dying day.

Calmly, serenely, the mist of night doth creep,
 And spreads itself so gently, its lonely watch to keep.
 Guarding so tenderly as to and fro it sways,
 The lake-like stretch of water, and Ogden's heath-clad
 braes.

SUNRISE ON BEACON HILL.

There is gold on the brow of Beacon,
 She is bathed in the sunrise glow,
 And a thousand rays are shooting
 O'er the peaceful vale below.

The mists that gathered round her
 In the mystic spell of night
 Like waves of the sea roll backward,
 Discloaing Fair Phœbus' light.

Dark she may seem and gloomy
 When threatening clouds hang o'er,
 But when morning's orb shines on her
 She reapeth from Beauty's store.

And a queenly guardian she seemeth
 To our cherished ancient town,
 As at early morn she beameth
 From beneath her golden crown.

THE WINDING ROAD TO MOUNTAIN.

Oh the winding road to Mountain,
I've tramped it many a year,
Through the Spring and through the Summer
And in the Autumn here.
'Tis a long way and a lone way
To those who little know
The joy of crag and moorland
In the sunset's golden glow.

But the homely folk of Mountain
Care little for the throng
Of town or busy city
Or the cares they bring along.
No, they love the open moorland—
Wild though it may be—
'Tis the home they've known from childhood,
The dwelling of the free.

I love the road to Mountain
When the City's lights shine out,
And countless lamps of Heaven
Shed their haloes all about.
The valley there below it
Spreads like a lonely lake ;
And the little lights that guard it
A fairy picture make.

OGDEN KIRK.

I climb the braes of Ogden on waning summer day,
 And watch the hills of Yorkshire loom out across the way;
 The moorland breezes whisper a gentle, crooning song
 To this quiet haunt of nature—far from noisy throng.

The shelt'ring hills are radiant with glint of setting sun,
 Whose golden rays are lighting the crannies one by one:
 The yellow gorse around them a flaming mass doth seem,
 While modest purple heather basks in sunset gleam.

Ah wild, bewitching moorland, where healthful breezes
 blow,
 I love to wander o'er thee, in twilight's quiet glow;
 Dear art thou for ever, whether skies may frown or smile;
 Though winter snows lie o'er thee, I'll love thee all the
 while.

THE BOYS OF SHIBDEN SCHOOL.

Some may be on ocean wide
 And some on Canada's land
 Aye, scattered far in every clime
 United still they stand.

Though North or South, though East or West—
 Where'er our boys may roam
 A kindly thought will still remain
 Of cherished school and home.

It sheltered them in childhood's days
 From every worldly harm.
 Safe refuge from temptation's snares;
 Abode of peace and calm!

They'll ne'er forget, when far afield,
 And battling day by day
 In this hard world for work and bread,
 Dear Shibden far away.

No matter what their place in life
 Their Alma Mater calls.
 And oft they'll crave once more to dwell
 Within those kindly walls.

IN BRONTE LAND.

In gold and purple raiment
In early Autumn days,
Stretch in line unbroken
The heath-clad moorland braes.

Beneath their cumbersome shadow
Were reared the sisters three
Who early gained Fame's tribute
Of Immortality.

Dear hills of ling and heather,
Playground of their youth,
And in later years the birthplace
Of their genius, forsooth.

How many hours they squandered
In roaming moor and fell,
How they watched with childlike longing
The heights they loved so well.

Ah lonely, lonely moorland,
Though years are speeding fast,
Each but shows more clearly
Sweet memories of the past.

And as old Time goes fleeting
Dear hills, you still will be
Kept in fond remembrance
By those who loved the three.

THE HALIFAX BOROUGH POLICE.

(Apropos of the Carters' Strike Scenes,
May 1st and 2nd, 1913).

Folks may talk of London "Bobbies,"
But I guess they cannot beat
Our men in blue who daily
Patrol from street to street.

They may not oft be needed
To quell a rabble throng,
But when they are you'll find them
Come boldly marching on.

Anxious in the skirmish
Their traditions to maintain,
Though they've heavy odds against them,
The victory they gain.

They're a credit to our people,
These upright, stalwart men,
Who staunchly do their duty
Ten times out of ten.

Then cheer our Borough "Bobbies,"
Aye, cheer them three times three,
As guardians ever faithful
Of peace and liberty.

CHILDREN'S SONG OF WELCOME

TO

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL LOGUE,

on the occasion of his visit to

St. Joseph's School, Halifax, July 22nd 1913.

Hail, Ireland's Primate ! Our joy is unbounding,
Our voices thy praises are joyfully sounding,
The echoes again and again are redounding
Our welcome, great Prelate, our welcome to thee !
Hail to thee ! Hail to thee ! joy never ending !
In chorus our voices are gleef d'y blending
For all God's best graces our prayers are ascending,
All that is best e'er be showered upon thee !

— CHORUS —

An Irish welcome we give thee—
A greeting, though old, ever new :—
"Cead mile failte," great Soggarth,
From loyal children and true !

Quickly, too quickly, the moments are fleeting,
Holding within them this long looked for meeting.
We pray you will think of the little ones' greeting
When back o'er the ocean in old Innisfail.
We're poor Irish children with little to render—
Others will offer with much greater splendour
Their tokens of loyalty, loving and tender :
But in loving devotion we never will fail !

OPENING OF THE
"SPEAK" INSTITUTE, MOUNTAIN.

(January 25th, 1913).

Here in our wind-swept hamlet,
High on the rugged height,
Where the old-time custom changes
But little in time's flight,
Is raised a lordly building—
Majestic in its form—
A strong and mighty bulwark
To brave the winter storm.

A link 'twixt Past and Present
In the annals of the place.
A monument most fitting
To a worthy race.
'Twill make the old look backward
When on the pile they gaze,
And in quiet moments ponder
Upon the bygone days.

Often you'll hear them chatting
Of fifty years ago,
When 'the master ol'—God bless him'
Would 'mongst them come and go,
And they'll e'er have happy mem'ries
Of his kindly wife,
Their friend and helper ever
In sickness or in strife.

Those of their kin now with us
Maintain the old-time creed,
And to the poor and aged
Are ever friends in need,
Well may the building flourish
And keep the old days green,
A bond that joins for ever
What is with what has been.

LINES TO A ROBIN.

(On discovering a nest in the Potting Shed, Akroyd
Park, Halifax).

Little warbler of the wildwood sure you tried to do your
best
To hide away thus slyly your warm and cosy nest.
Ah, cunning little creature, you the mossy glade forsook
For an unpretentious corner where no prying eyes would
look.

But I stole a march upon you, little charmer of the ear.
I have found your place of hiding and within its precincts
peer
Just to find a baby songster, so tiny and so sweet,
Calling for its mother with a plaintive little "Tweet."

I wonder what you're thinking as your bright eyes fix on
me?
I rather guess you're wishing your nest high in a tree.
Plans you're no doubt weaving for future nesting days
And your next year's home will flourish where no chance
marauder strays.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Reverend Jerome Quinlan, died October 5th, 1906).

Regretted by all his faithful flock,
He lies in the silent grave—
Our Pastor who on earth had spent
His short life but to save
The erring child, the sinful man
From the Devil's wicked snare ;
Ever leading heavenward
The Souls to him so dear.

He left us all in spirits high
For a voyage o'er the sea ;
He little knew that this was but
The verge of vast eternity,
For there, away from home and friends,
He breathed his last on alien soil ;
And 'spite the stranger's kindly care
Shook off this mortal Coil.

Too well his people loved him though
To let his lifeless form remain.
They meant to have him here with them
So brought him o'er the main ;
And thus, in the calm and cold embrace
Of the graveyard on the hill
His body lies in sight of where
His spirit hovers still.

EVENING IN RYBURN VALLEY.

Shadows of April night folding in on the valley fair ;
Nature in tenderest mood resting so tranquilly there.
Purple and red and yellow, the tints of the western sky,
Where the golden sun of the April day on the lowering
clouds doth lie.

Evening in Ryburn valley when spring is approaching
there,
Is a time when the lover of Nature may ponder on scenes
thrice fair.
The lonely fells in the background seem imbued with the
breath of life,
And play their part in this dream-vale away from warring
and strife.

The tips of the woodland branches fain would cling to the
hills above,
While they in their turn are watching the glens with a
tender love
Trickling of rills down the mountains, meeting of streams
below,
With a rush and a splash and a tumble, then mingling
together they flow.

One can hear the piping of blackbird, the call of the
sweet brown thrush,
And the chirping of other songsters maybe from branch
and bush.
Winning their wee mates homeward ere the sun dies
away in the west,
Calling in quaint bird language the wanderers back to
the nest.

Under the rugged hill-crests, like sentinels guarding the
vale,
Lie dotted the old-world homesteads of the sturdy folk
of the dale.
Grey and nigh tumbling are many, telling better than
history's page
Of their one-time glory and splendour and their link with
a bygone age,

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

Morning breaks o'er the grim old rocks
Wet with the lashing spray ;
And the sporting waves have a merry game
With the boulders that come their way.

In and out of caverns deep
One by one they bound,
Leaving a seething mass of foam
In eddies that lie around.

And the hoary, time-worn cliffs of white
Are proud with the pride of age ;
Long have they stood the storm-fiend's test
And weathered the tempest's rage.

Yet little they know of the inner world—
Little they see of life—
Save when the wild-birds seek a home
In their nooks from the ocean's strife.

And still, in the good old days of yore,
When pirates sailed the main,
Oft have they sheltered in caverns dark
The smuggler and his gain.

But the day of the smuggler is past and gone,
And the pirates sail no more ;
So the rugged mass from day to day
Hears nought but the ocean's roar.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS.

(Lines penned whilst on a visit).

'Tis a haven of rest where I wander,
Where wavelets but quietly play ;
A pretty nook riny and sheltered
On Morecambe's sweet sunshiny Bay.

There is beauty within and around it—
Where the mountains smile down on the sea,
Or e'en where their faces turn landwards
How fair is the vision they see.

Ah, Grange, with thy beautiful woodlands
And crags mantled over with green,
No picture so sweet and so lovely
Could in all this fair England be seen !

When day slowly fades and the hill-tops
Are veiled in the evening's soft mist,
Ah then what a heavenly stillness
O'er thy beautiful shore-line exists.

In sadness I leave thy fair footpaths
Which nature so richly endowers,
And oft shall I ponder in rapture
On the spot where I spent happy hours.

MORECAMBE.

I have trod thy shores swcet Morecanbe
Since childhood's days were mine,
And I've watched thy golden beauty—
The beauty only thine!

For sunset gilds the waters
And makes thee fair to see,
And the mountains in the background
Keep tender watch o'er thee.

They see the gold-tipped wavelets
Play upon thy strand,
As they leap and dance and frolic
In their race towards the land.

And when night steals around thee,
And gen'e stars peep out,
Then thy waters change to silver
As the moonbeams spread about.

The ruddy lights of Barrow
Shine out across the Bay ;
While harbour lights at Heysham
Throw out a cheery ray.

When morning breaks in beauty
Upon thy waters blue
Behold fair Grange a-nestling
Midst groves of varied hue.

In the distance towers Helvellyn
Which seems to meet the sky.
While mists of early morning
Shroud-like round him lie.

From east to west and northward
Thy glories multiply,
Varied and so many
They can but charm the eye.

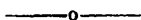
DAWN IN YORKSHIRE.

'Tis dawn on the hills of Yorkshire,
 The wonderful break of day,
 And the lark afar in the heavens
 Is chanting his merry lay ;
 And softly, dreamily crooning
 Comes the gentle breeze of the moor,
 Like a far-off whisper of voices,
 And breath so sweet and pure.

Look to the eastern sky-line
 Where gold replaces the grey,
 For Phœbus, the sun-god, smiling
 Chases the night-clouds away.
 His message is speeding earthwards
 In myriads of gilded rays,
 And a tinge of his dazzling brightness
 Into coppice and cranny strays.

E'en the dewdrop that rests on the greensward
 Has a share of his radiant light ;
 And the diamond itself when flashing
 Could not promise a fairer sight.
 Yes, 'tis dawn, 'tis dawn in Yorkshire,
 And moorland and hill and glade
 Are reaping the mystic beauty
 The smile of the sun-god made.

Topical Poems.



THE BOY SCOUTS.

They are the boys of the Empire who proudly march past
us to-day,
The men who will guard our country in the years not far
away.
Young bloods of a land that may need them, they are
strong and willing to fight
For the cause of the land of their fathers, when that
cause stands for freedom and right.

CHORUS.

Strougholds of Britain's future,
Heroes in coming strife,
When if need be each strong-armed patriot
Shall answer the call with his life.
Proud, aye glad of the honour
Of dying for freedom's cause.
As true to the call of his country
As he's true to his country's laws.

Then boys of the Empire we hail you, imbued with the
spirit of youth,
And keenly alive to the watchwords of liberty, honour,
and truth !
May Heaven's best blessings be with you in the work
that is yours to do ;
Full measure to you be accorded of the praise that shall
yet be your due !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
KING EDWARD VII.

Oh England ! Cruel is the blow
That strikes thy people low with grief !
For Death—dire leveller of men—
Hath robbed them of their chief.

Chief of Empire—Britain's pride—
Beloved by all mankind ;
Where, oh tell us, where shall e'er
His like on earth be found ?

A king of kings, and yet a man
Whom all could term a friend ;
Whate'er their class, whate'er their creed,
Their rights he would defend.

But short the span of kingly rule
Stern Fate apportioned him,
For e'en before a decade passed
Loomed forth Death's shadow grim.

And now our Empire stands bereft
Of Edward's guiding hand,
No more his tactful rule shall smooth
The troubles of our land.

But England, though thy loss is great,
One for comfort turns to thee ;
Hear the pleading Mother-Queen
In her sorrow call on thee.

Asking for thy people's prayers
In this her trouble sore,
Oh, be not selfish in thy grief,
Grant her these, if nothing more.

WRECK OF THE TITANIC.

Heave a sigh for Britain's heroes
Who gave their lives to save
The helpless women and children
From the clasp of the cruel wave.

Brave hearts of a brave old nation,
Well have you proved your worth !
Well have you done your duty
For the land that gave you birth !

To the cause of honour and courage
You were ready and willing to fly.
You have taught the world a lesson,
You have shown men how to die !

And Britain will not forget it,
Though afar from her shores you sleep,
And penniless widows and orphans
In loneliness sit and weep.

Ah, wives and mothers, and daughters,
Your country is calling you.
In sympathy list to its pleading,
And show what women can do.

It may not be yours to suffer,
Let it be yours to give ;
You cannot succour the dead ones,
You can help their dear ones who live ;

Who are left, maybe, unbefriended,
In a world of hardship and strife.
Oh, women of Britain, then help them
To fight the grim battle of life !

HEROES OF THE EMPIRE.

(In memory of the South Polar disaster—1912).

Throughout this world-wide Empire
The signs of grief are spread.
And England the great mother,
Mourns her valiant dead.
Those brave, staunch hearts of Britain,
Who feared no earthly foe,
Have dared their last and conquered,
But death has laid them low.

Not they to heed the tempest,
Or shrink from cruel blast :
Or tremble at the danger
When the storm-fiend held them fast.
Collected, calm, unflinching,
When Death's shadow round them stole.
Alone to wait his coming —
No passing bell to toll.

Thus, true to king and country
Their patriot lives were spent,
And patriot-like these heroes
To the last great summons bent.
But was it not for Empire
They trod that ice-girt shore ?
And did the Empire ask them
Would they not venture more ?

Ah, brave, great hearts of England,
The fame your courage gained
Shall travel down the ages
Unsullied and unstained !
On history's great white pages
Shall your mighty deeds be told ;
And on Time's scroll of honour
Your deathless names enrolled !

THE EMPIRE'S CALL.

(A Recruiting Song).

England, the Mother, is calling, aye e'en to the ends of
the earth ;
Calling to those who respect her, and who boast of their
English birth.
What is the cry to her children ? What is she asking
to-day ?
"Sons of the Empire, come help me to keep the dread
tyrant away !"

And what do you say, sons of England ? How will you
answer the call ?
Will you coolly stand by while your brothers by the hand
of the foeman shall fall ?
Will you play while the heroes are facing the cannon, the
sword and the lance ?
While those brave hearts are shedding their life's-blood
can you think e'en of football or dance ?

Will you laugh while mothers are weeping for the lads
who once were their pride—
Who gave of their best to the Empire, and like brave
British heroes have died ?
Guarding your sisters and mothers, saving your children
and wives.
'Tis your duty to nobly protect them ; 'tis for them you
are risking your lives !

Come up here young bloods of the country, so strong and
sturdy in frame,
Come up, buckle to, show the Kaiser that two can play
the same game.
'Tis an honour to put on the khaki, and a pleasure to
follow the drum.
So lads, now your Motherland, needs you—down tools,
and tell her you'll come !

OUR GALLANT FIGHTING MEN.

They heard the order given
And answered to the call,
For the sake of King and Country—
Brave men one and all !

And the sterling stuff they're made of
Was shown 'ere many days,
When the foemen planned invasion
And the war cry dared to raise.

They left their homes in Britain
For the country's need came first ;
May God speed them in their mission
To avenge this war accursed.

The flag that down the ages
Has in glory proudly waved,
Will they let it now be trampled ?
Shall the Empire be enslaved ?

While they have breath within them
To resist the stubborn foe
Shall the freedom that she boasts of
From her sacred keeping go ?

For your near ones and your dear ones
Who in the conflict fall
Weep not you wives and mothers,
They but answered Duty's call.

Remember they are heroes
Of whom the world is proud,
Though their graves are hidden, nameless,
And they wear no funeral shroud.

But when the great Reveille
Shall echo o'er each vale,
And the last roll-call is sounded
We shall hear the thrilling tale.

Of how those great hearts grappled
With the cruel chains of Might.
How they gave their very life's blood
In the noble cause of Right !

OUR ABSENT ONES.

They are spending their days in the trenches,
Our boys who have gone o'er the sea
And left their workshops and benches
That the land of their birth might be free.

They are facing the turmoil of battle,
Striving to drive back the foe ;
While somewhere in France are some thousands
Of brave British fellows laid low.

Boys whom old England has honoured—
Men who have fought the good fight.
'Tis they who have fallen in conflict
In the cause of Freedom and Right.

Brave ones who are out to avenge them
May God bless you and further your cause,
And bring you safe back to your homesteads
The heroes of England's applause !

For our England will surely be proudest
Of those who gave up their all
To nobly defend and protect her,
Lest 'neath tyranny's rule she should fall.

TO THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN.

Women of Britain, arise to-day
 And play your part in the dreadful strife.
 Take your stand whether you be
 Daughter or sweetheart, mother or wife.

Work there is ample for you to do
 Be you old or young or strong or weak.
 Clear the way that our valiant men
 In the fighting line a place may seek.

Do the work they have done before,
 And take their place till they may come back.
 Brave and strong for each man's sake
 Women of Britain, you will not lack.

Think of the day when Peace shall spread
 It's outstretched wings o'er earth's broad breast,
 And dear brave sons of our land shall sail
 Home to Britain at her behest.

Then shall the tale of your deeds be told
 Side by side with the soldiers brave,
 Proud to know that you did your bit
 And honour of Empire helped to save.

AN IRISH HERO.

Take your hats off, men of Ireland,
 To the hero of your Isle—
 The lad from Inchigeela who thought it worth his while
 To teach the wily Huns that he could stop their game
 Of plundering and killing—both a nation's shame!

Aye, greet young Mike O'Leary—he's a credit you'll
 allow,

Though modest of the honour conferred upon him now,
 Just another Irish hero unmindful of the praise,
 Like the valiant sons of Erin were in bygone days.

He'd be prouder far I'll warrant if he saw his comrades
 come

And fall in line to-morrow to sound of fife and drum.
 So roll up ye men of Ireland and think of gallant Mike,
 When King and Country need you fear not the foe to
 strike!

THE BRAVE BOYS OF THE WEST.

(A tribute to the Canadians).

There's the cowboy from Alberta
And the clerk from Montreal—
Types of British manhood
Who have answered England's call.

The Motherland is pleading
With her children overseas,
Tho' there's little cause for pleading
With children such as these.

Brave, stalwart sons of Britain,
They are eager for the fray,
And at the signal given
See them haste away.

The cowboy leaves the Prairie
For war's grim fields of blood.
And the deskman leaves the City
For tracks of gore and mud.

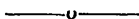
They are thirsting for the battle,
And gladly will they die
Ere the pride of Mother England
In the dust shall lie.

For though by sea they're parted
By English ties they're bound.
And love for home and sireland
Deep in their hearts is found.

IN PENSIVE MOOD.

In God's good time all things shall see fruition—
All things respond to His Divine command.
And though our eyes are now too dim to follow
Someday, sometime, we'll surely understand.
Why, in this world that He Himself created
So full of joy throughout its wide, wide span,
Man should set His Maker at defiance,
And seek to change the great Eternal plan.

Poems of Sentiment.



LINES TO A FRIEND.

Fair be the skies above you
As you traverse the Valley of Life.
None of the shadows of sorrow,
None of the troubles and strife
That mortals of earth are born to
Be yours through the long, long years,
But a life of laughter and sunshine
With none of Life's sadness and tears.
This my wish for you, dearest—
God grant that it may come true !
That Heaven may smile on your future,
Is the prayer of a friend for you.

TO A FRIEND ON LEAVING FOR AMERICA.

That God may guard and bless thee, dear girl for thee I
pray,
In the strange land over yonder across the great sea-way.
May the light of Heaven guide thee, God's angels
watching e'er :
Ever shielding thee from danger, making light of every
care.

Fond mother's lips will utter many a fervent prayer
That God in all His mercy her cherished one may spare.
While I, a friend will whisper a decade, dear, for thee
That the new life o'er the ocean one roseate path may be.

NIGHT THOUGHTS FROM THE PRAIRIE.

(Lines inspired by reading a letter from a Cowboy in
Alberta, Western Canada).

The red-gold moon is rising
O'er the Prairie's broad expanse,
But I upon its beauty
Can cast but wistful glance.

An exile here I wander,
Unheeded and alone,
Yet daily seeking further
Into the Great Unknown.

'The world at large a stranger
And I a stranger too.
Through all my lonely jauntings
The old home-call rings true.

My thoughts to-night are carried
A thousand leagues away
To the homeland where I tarried
Ere I trod the lonely way.

My friends of old—where are they?
And fare they well or ill?
Our old-time happy meetings
Do they remember still?

Their memory is my comfort
As o'er the plains I ride;
But maybe they forget me,
Since years and miles divide.

Still I cling to vanished moments,
And my exile heart to-night
To my country o'er the ocean
Would gladly take its flight---

Just to live again my boyhood:
Meet kith and kin once more.
Shake hands with those who knew me
When I left my native shore.

Yet all my hours of thinking
They will but leave me here,
And all my days of wishing
Will not bring my wishes near.

IN MEMORIAM.

(A. D. W.)

Oh Death, how sore a Reaper thou —
How heedless of thy prey !
When she fair bride a year ago —
Lies here so still to-day.

No pity for the tender bud,
So fragile and so fair ;
The sunshine of her girlhood's home,
The loved of loved ones there.

Grim Death ! How little dost thou know
What mischief thou hast wrought,
What weight of sorrow and of care
To those she loved hast brought.

But He knows best Who knoweth all —
The good kind God above,
Though hard to see, it may be but
A token of His love.

And so in meek submission, we
Must recognise His Will,
Though none within our aching hearts
Our darling's place can fill.

Not length of days nor changing scenes
Will blot our grief from mind ;
But rather every passing hour
Fresh memories will find.

To bind us to her closer still
In sympathy and love,
Until we too are called away
From earth to realms above.

ANGELS OF LIFE.

Angels of Brightness—Who are they ?
The little children that round us play :
Making the world a happier place
For all who run Life's earthly race.

Angels of Love—Then who are they ?
The hearts that cheer us day by day,
By loving words and kindly smiles
Helping us bear our worldly trials.

Angels of Mercy—Who are they ?
The souls that help us on our way
Through the rugged paths of toil and strife
To reach our haven—Eternal Life.

Angels of Darkness—Who are they ?
The confronting enemies in the fray ;
From the path of goodness ever leading
Our feeble, wavering wills away.

The Angel of Rest—Ah ! who is he ?
King Death who comes to set us free
From our mortal coils, and then to be
At rest in Heaven, oh God, with Thee.

CONTENTMENT.

Weary not of the daytime,
Night comes all to soon
There's not too long 'twixt the rising
Of the radiant sun and the moon.

Weary not of thy young days,
Age will hasten on,
Sooner than thou thinkest
Will thy youth be gone.

For life is like a flower
Whose bud ayes in the morn,
But which, before the nightfall,
Lies withered and forlorn.

FUTURITY.

I sit in the stillness of twilight,
When the world is hushed at my feet,
And nothing disturbs the silence
Save the sound of my own heart's beat.

I journey in thought through other years
And ponder on things to be,
I pull the veil of the future aside
And what is revealed to me ?

Is a life of glory before me,
Or a life of sorrow and care ?
Ah ! beyond the shroud futurity
None know what is hidden there.

We paint our pictures of days to be
And rejoice in the gorgeous display,
But whether they are true to life or not
No one but God can say.

For, beyond the veil that is pulled aside,
Yet another obscures the view ;
And leaves us wandering ever
Betwixt the False and the True.

THOUGHTS.

When the shadows of night are lifted
From mountain and valley and glen,
And day dawns in all its splendour,
Oh darling ! I think of you then.

I think of you when the noonday
Spreads before us its beauties bright ;
When the sun is high in the heavens
Bathing earth in its wond'rous light.

I think of you when the evening
Comes stealthily creeping along,
And the dear little birds of the woodland
Cease their sweet and harmonious song.

Yes, morn, noon, and night you are with me,
Though only in thoughts it is true ;
But each moment of time that is passing
Is bringing me nearer to you.

For the wand'rer of years is returning
To the loved ones at home once more,
And then, my sweet vision in exile,
We'll meet, and we'll part no more.

A RETROSPECT.

To-night I sit tired and lonely in the firelight's ruddy glow,
And my thoughts wander back serenely to twenty years ago.
Twenty years is a long time, yet to me it seems but a dream,
Or just a little journey along Life's rushing stream.
Do my thoughts bring back to me sadness, or pangs of remorse and regret?
Or do all the bygone pleasures form a part of my being yet?
Do I long to go back to the old days—to live the old life o'er again?
Would I care to gain all I wished for twenty years ago but in vain?
Ah no! for my vision has shown me how foolish young blood can be;
How much I lacked worldly wisdom I now very plainly see.
So let me sail with Life's flowing tide, sagely steering my barque as I go;
Though oft-times in Memory I'll wander back to sweet twenty years ago.

THE MISTS WILL ROLL AWAY.

Why stumble, though the path be rough
And cloudy be the day?
Take courage, though thy lot be hard,
The mists will roll away!
Although the sun may cease to shine
Upon thy dreary way
Yet keep this thought before thy mind,
The mists will roll away!
Why fret, though thickly o'er thy head
The mists of sorrow lay?
For surely as there comes the night
So too will come the day:
The day, through which in merry mood
The sunbeams bask and play.
So never mind the gloom that hides;
The mists will roll away!

THE VOICE FROM THE FAR BEYOND.

Out from the gloomy darkness,
Out from the whispering wind,
Comes a voice that to me is calling
Old memories back to mind.
'Tis the voice of a dear and loved one
That I hear on the sighing breeze,
And I know that while Life is within me
Its calling will never cease.

I shall hear it in every echo,
In the rushing of river or sea ;
In lonely glen, or in city,
Wherever I go it will be.
It will follow me all through the ages ;
My hearing and pity 'twill crave.
Ever haunting me till I join it,
In the region beyond the grave !

CONSTANCY.

The roses of June may fade and die,
And sunny skies grow grey ;
But memory of those we loved in youth
Will never fade away.

The butterfly may flit about,
And change from flower to flower ;
But constant hearts seek not new loves
With every changing hour.

The fresh green leaf may turn to brown
And wither fast away ;
Yet Love heeds not the season's change
But fairer blooms each day.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

Life has its many seasons just as has the year ;
A time when all is brightness, and a time when all is
drear.
A time for nought but pleasure, and a time for grief and
pain ;
And a time perchance when one would wish to start Life
o'er again.

Life's Springtime is the gayest perhaps of all the year,
For 'tis then that in our innocence we hold the world
most dear.
We heed not March winds blowing, nor shrink from
April's showers,
So long as Maytime's coming with her sweetly scented
flowers.

Then Life's Summer looms before us, and is bringing in
its train
The scent of Junetide roses mingling with the summer
rain.
And Cupid with his arrow is busy all the day
Mating all his love-birds, ere the season fades away.

Next Life's Autumn lays before us our share of golden
grain,
And we gather in the harvest ere 'tis cankered by the
rain ;
For 'tis what we've watched and tended as a mother
tends her child,
And 'twill serve us for the Winter when without 'tis
dark and wild.

And now the last dull season—The Winter of our years—
Hastens fast upon us 'midst Sorrows' burning tears.
But yet though days seem darker, and the nights so very
long,
We may still have Love to guide us and cheer us with
her song.

PINK CARNATIONS.

(In Memory of A.D.W.)

Just a bunch of pink carnations
Culled from a garden fair ;
Breathing forth their fragrance
To the sweet, soft summer air.

Their beautiful blooms seem smiling,
As I hold them within my hand ;
Gently swerving and swaying,
By the playful breezes fanned.

And yet they bring but sadness
As I gaze on their petals frail.
For even the tiniest blossom
Seem to whisper a mournful tale.

Of one who had cherished and loved them
From childhood's opening years,
And who now lies cold and silent,
Away from earth's smiles and tears !

To her lonely grave I consign them,
To rest till they wither and die.
Guarding the dear one who loved them,
As a token of love may they lie.

TWO SHADOWS.

Two shadows are ever before me
 And haunt me by night and day ;
 Do what I will, they confront me,
 And I cannot drive them away.

In my happiest moods they seem faintest
 But nevertheless they are there.
 Perhaps they appear to be deepest
 When my thoughts lie akin to despair.

For one is the shadow of what is gone—
 The dead but unburied Past,
 With its countless and cruel sorrows
 And its joys too pleasant to last.

While ahead looms the distant Future—
 A shadow too dim to define—
 And all that my straining eyes can see
 Is the path that I know is mine.—

Mine to tread and to traverse
 Either weary, unheeded, alone ;
 Or with friends who will help and guide me
 Unto my final home.

I know not how long is the journey,
 Whether 'tis days or years.
 Whether 'tis covered 'neath sunshine,
 Or spoiled by the rain of tears.

I know not how many mountains
 Of sorrow I'll cross on the way :
 Into how many valleys of pleasure
 'Twill be my good fortune to stray.

I wander each day in oblivion
 Of what the morrow will show,
 And thus on Life's narrow pathway
 Bewildered, yet trusting, I go.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF
A NUN'S PROFESSION.

Before Thine Altar, Lord, I come
From worldly cares and passions free
Henceforth my heart, my life is Thine ;
Do then what Thou wilt with me.

Sweet Spouse, I give Thee every hour
That comes and goes in this short life.
My greatest joy to serve Thee, Lord,
And labour in the midst of strife.

The sweetest grace I beg is this :
To follow on the paths Thou trod :
To bring the heathen souls to Thee—
Those precious souls that know not God.

To lead the sinner back again
Within the precincts of Thy Grace.
Ah grant but this and then to see
The sacred beauty of Thy Face.

I promise Thee to-day, dear Lord,
The world no more my heart shall claim.
For Thee alone I work, I live
And honour but Thy Holy Name.

THE NEW YEAR.

Again the old bells herald
The birth of another year.
Another barque on the Sea of Time
Its way has now to steer.

'Tis veiled in deepest mystery,
None know the course 'twill take ;
What storms of trouble and distress
Will follow in its wake !

How many souls that now set forth
With brightest hopes to-day,
Will, e'er the year has reached its close,
From Earth have passed away !

How many hearts that now are light
Will sink 'neath weight of sorrow !
Ah, bright though prospects be to-day,
None know how fares the morrow !

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Oh ! for the sound of a soft voice
That in childish tones would try
To lisp out words of endearment,
Or in childish pain would cry.

Oh ! for the touch of a wee hand,
White as the lily fair,
That oft within my own has laid,
And nestled for hours there.

Oh ! how I miss a small head,
All covered with golden curls,
Each one of which was dearer to me
Than an ocean of priceless pearls !

But the angels wanted my darling,
And bore her from earth away ;
Too fair and too pure they deemed her
Within this cold world to stay.

My grief it was great at the parting—
Almost greater than I could bear,
And but one thought will ever console me,
To think she is happier there,

In the realms of the saints and angels,
Away from this land of care ;
Giving childlike praise to her Saviour
With her angel companions there.

THE OLD AND THE NEW : 1911—1912

The old year is gone with its pleasures and pains,
Its sorrows and joys, its losses and gains.
Say, shall we miss it, and fain call it back,
Or speed it away on its time-beaten track ?

Ah, Time ! You are cruel, relentless, and cold.
You change not your plans, nor your purpose unfold ;
On, on years must go to keep up with your flight,
Though many a heart and a hearthstone you blight.

The old year is gone, and in comes the new,
Bringing of sorrows and crosses a few ;
But may all its good things—outweighing the bad—
Keep happy hearts happy, bring joy to the sad.

BYGONES AND TO-DAY.

Why should we cling to the old days ?
They are things of the past.
Why should we sing of the old joys
When we know that they could not last ?

Why do we call up memories
And speak of the Might—have —beens,
When now we have other duties
And labour 'mid other scenes ?

Why are we always grieving
For the things that never could be ?
Why are we always weeping
For those we can never see ?

To-day is the time for action—
Yesterday cannot come back.
Of to-morrow we yet know nothing—
It speeds on an unknown track.

It may bring us joy or sorrow,
How much we never can tell ;
But to-day is ours for the having—
Let us see that we live it well.

It soon will have joined the Bygones,
Its path ne'er again be trod.
And as for the day that is coming,
That we must leave to God.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Into the Harbour of Bygones sails the care-worn old year,
With none to miss or regret it—no one to shed a tear.
Heavy the burden it carried of disaster and trouble sore ;
Many a heart it saddened for loved ones who come no
more.

And now on the sea of To-morrow sets forth the good
ship To-Be.
Peaceful and fair its beginning, whatever the end may be.
May the voyage be pleasant as it sails o'er an unknown
sea,
Manned by Goodwill and Good Fortune—its ballast
Prosperity.

TO DOROTHY.

Dorothy of the bright eyes,
Pride of your mother's heart.
In all her joys and sorrows
You play your baby part.

Dear little fair-haired maiden
Sweet are your childish ways,
As your Angel Guardian leads you
Through childhood's happy days.

May never a shadow linger
Over your sunny brow
And in all the years to follow
Bright be your life as now.

A SUNSET REVERIE.

I stand in the glow of the sunset
At the close of the summer day,
And away in the realms of the future
My thoughts ever feebly stray.

Red and gold are the shadows
As the sun dips behind the hill,
Flooding the land around me
With a beauty so calm, so still.

My heart is filled with the longing
To burst its fetters in twain ;
To free itself from its bondage,
Its aching and its pain.

To break away from its prison
And roam into pastures new,
Where it mayhap in its travels
Might meet with the noble and true

May meet with the gold untainted,
Unblemished by worldly dross ;
And reach its hill of ambition,
Striving its heights to cross.

Then perhaps in the crossing
Its happiness may be achieved,
And my soul become in the struggle
No longer a thing aggrieved.

But a shrine of love and devotion
Where contentment might reign supreme,
And all of its restless yearnings
Be to it nought but a dream.

TO A STRANGER IN THE WEST.

Stranger, though you greet me
From the Great Lone Land,
And a message send me
Though you cannot clasp my hand.

I take your greeting kindly
As from a heart sincere ;
For proud am I, and justly,
To know my songs can cheer.

To feel sometime and somewhere
My gift divine bears fruit ;
To know that 'midst Life's tumult
My simple words take root.

Perchance 'twill be my mission—
God grant it may be mine—
To bring some ray of comfort
To souls that lone repine.

If so, then I am happy
To pen my simple lays
To help my weary brethren
Through Life's uncertain ways.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

When Fate smiles upon you
The gay world smiles too.
Of friends you've abundance,
Of enemies few.

But should Fate start frowning
The world turns aside ;
Alone with your grief
You are left to abide.

Your shares in Fortune
Are not to be found.
'Tis only your enemies
Now gather round.

The "friends" that you treasured
They heed not your call ;
Though they drank of your wine,
They offer you gall !

LINES TO A CHILD.

Little brown head with its masses of curls,
Come close to me darling to-day.
For to know you are near, and love me my dear,
Seems to banish all sadness away.

Sweet laughing eyes come gaze into mine,
And tell me what lips fail to say.
My own wee darling, your heart is the shrine
Where a tender devotion I lay.

Little white hands that I hold in my own,
And two ruby lips that meet mine,
May the roses of life all thornless and fair
In garlands around you entwine.

My sunshine in shadow, my hope in despair
Your love is my one guiding star,
Shining out in the darkness to show me the path
That will lead me to Heaven afar.

REMORSE.

Love came to me at morn,
As a bird flies to its nest ;
I turned from his embraces,
For I thought them only jest.

I had no thought of sorrow
As I boldly bade him go ;
Ah, foolish heart of mine,
Did I but only know

How I pierced a loyal heart
That beat for me alone,
I would not thus have taunted
Nor the cruel shaft have thrown :

ADOWN THE YEARS.

Adown the years I wandered
In recollection sweet,
And all my childhood's pleasures
Came bounding at my feet.

Again I trod the pathways
So oft in youth traversed
With all the friends of girlhood—
That happy band dispersed :

I sought again the bramble,
And felt again its thorn,
As when, in fun and frolic,
I scampered off each morn.

Without a care or sorrow,
Afire with childish glee :
No bird or lambkin ever
Had any peace near me !

But now my birds have vanished ;
My lambkins—where are they ?
And all my youthful pastimes ?
Ah well ! They've had their day.

And, oh, the years pass quickly,
Each bringing in its train
Its load of care and worry,
Its share of grief and pain.

Still, there's joy in looking backward
On childhood's golden days.
And oh, the help they give us
To tread life's duller ways !

INSPIRATION.

The day will come—be it soon or late—
When for my coming you will no longer wait,
When down the rustic pathway, where branches inter-
twine,
Your feet and mine no longer shall incline.

A time will be when our small world seems lost,
When Love's frail craft seems drifting, tempest-tossed,
Upon the Sea of Trouble, far from harbour bar,
And all that now looms near will seem so far, so far.

And yet there may be—unlooked for and unknown,
A helping, guiding hand, stretched forth to us alone.
Some star of hope may shine upon the angry wave ;
Some spirit eyes may see, and seeing, save.

THE PASSING OF 1913.

Farewell to the year that is drifting,
With its record of laughter and tears,
To the Port of Things Accomplished—
To the home of the worn-out years.
As we stand on the Quay of Ages
And bid the old ship adieu,
Nearer and nearer come bounding
The trim bright bows of the new.

What is its cargo we know not,
But the anchor will soon be cast ;
And Father Time will unloaden
As he always has done in the Past.
May its freight of joy be heavy,
And its burden of sorrow light.
All that it brings be of service
In setting the world aright !

THOUGHTS AT EVEN.

In the fading hours of twilight, when the shades of earth
grow dim,
And the last faint rays of sunset skirt the golden valley's
rim ;
When the song-birds stay their voices and hie them to the
nest,
And the daisies in the meadows close their eyes for night's
long rest,
'Tis then I seek the woodland when the world is hushed to
sleep,
And one by one come stealing the stars their watch to
keep.
I seek the verdant woodland with my thoughts alone to
dwell,
I travel in the future how far, ah who can tell ?

'Tis 'mid this scene enchanting I plan for coming years
Though well I know it all 'tis Providence that steers.
And though the way be rugged, and dangers lurk all
through,
I pray that God may bless me with kindly friends and true.
Yet happy thoughts I'm reaping from my store of plans
well set ;
Though fulfilment be far distant they may see fruition
yet.
One cannot pluck to-morrow the fruit of this day's seed ;
The nurtured plant thrives slowly ; quick growth is to
the weed !

REUNION.

Oh come with me to the woodland free,
And gather the flowers fair,
And the bracken fern beside the burn
Growing in beauty there.

'Neath the cooling shade of the verdant glade
We will while the hours away ;
Recalling old times, the dear old times,
Glad times of a bygone day.

The hours we wandered and oft-times squandered
In youth's heyday, we two,
Will return to mind for Memory kind
Such thoughts doth oft renew.

And once again 'ere the golden grain
Be ripe for the harvesting,
Our hearts will beat with rapture sweet
That requited love will bring.

For the love of old that you never told
Now speaks from your eyes to mine.
And your yearning soul through the years that roll
Need never more repine.

THE LOVER'S RETURN.

Ah Sheila, they were glad days—glad for me and you—
 'Ere I sailed across the ocean to make a home for you ;
 The hours we spent, alannah, just in talking of our
 love,
 The silent hills around us and a moonlit sky above.

Darling, they were poor days—there was little of the
 gold,
 And little chance o' saving 'gen the time we both grow
 old ;
 So you begged of me to wander to the great land lying
 west,
 To make a bid for fortune, praying God to do the rest.

Oh God, how hard to do it ! To leave my Irish home,
 To seek a stranger's hearthstone across the swelling foam !
 But, Sheila dear, I did it just because you asked me to,
 And now I'm coming home dear to Ireland and to you !

While I'm speeding o'er the ocean all the time I'll spend
 in prayer
 That when I reach old Ireland I'll find you waiting there.
 Then we shall meet, a stoirin, in our trysting place of
 yore,
 And the story of my wand'rings into your ears I'll pour.

For God has blessed my efforts every hour that I've been
 here ;
 Now there's only one thing wanting, and it is to have you
 near.
 But the days seem long in passing, and the miles so far
 apart,
 When I'm longing Sheila darling to press you to my
 heart.

A POEM.

Eyes like the morning dew, sparkling and bright,
 Windows of thy radiant soul, spotless and white.
 Eyes like the summer skies, look into mine.
 Prove by thy glances what a love is thine

Eyes like the evening star, guide thou my way ;
 Shine on the darkness of my life to-day.
 Light thou my loneliness with love's soft gleam.
 If thou but look on me fair shall earth seem.

ROSE OF MINE.

I wait thy coming as eve draws nigh,
 When day is fading in western sky ;
 And, oh my darling, each night I see
 Earth's sweetest blossom in dreams of thee.

The pure rose I gather is not as fair ;
 Thou art my one rose beyond compare,
 Beauteous for ever my flower will be,
 Ne'er shall it wither in memory.

THE DAWNING.

Ah silent tears that from your eyes are falling,
 Fond days, fond years of happiness recalling,
 Each one to me a token, not of grief,
 But rather, say, of joy to come not brief.
 Your skies I know seem dark and drear to-day.
 The sun for you casts not a single ray ;
 Hope's star, your guide, lies hidden from your view,
 And leaves all dark for you to stumble through.

The world is round and ever ever turning,
 The night, then day, and each the other spurning.
 Shadow and sun, but never all the one,
 And so, dear heart, we daily wander on.
 All through this life sweet laughter follows tears
 As day after night, adown the livelong years.
 Forget the Past : A Future dawns for you
 That, in its joy, shall wake Love's chords anew.

BEFORE YOU CAME.

Before you came my skies were always grey ;
 Love's happy sunshine never passed my way.
 Life it was December, ah never, never June !
 E'en the birds around me sang a mournful tune,
 Where'er I trod my day seemed darkest night,
 For, dearest heart, I missed your guiding light,
 Stars illumed the heavens, but not for me they shone ;
 Sadly and lonely I daily wandered on.

Now Summer reigns, and June skies smile on me,
 Hours seem but moments, so quickly do they flee,
 Life is full of rapture, one gladsome merry round,
 For you my darling, my rose-strewn path hath found.
 God keep thee near—through life my loving guide—
 Hope in my sadness, ever at my side !
 When shadows lengthen and our day is turned to night,
 Be then my star—my shining beacon light.

MY KINGDOM.

Ah richer than a king am I, although no crown is mine to
 wear,
 Or mighty dukes or vassal lords to my rule allegiance
 swear.
 And yet I count myself a king—my realm it lies within
 your heart,
 That heart so loyal and so true though we be near or far
 apart.

Yes, king of your fond heart am I ! I do not ask or crave
 for more
 Though fates be kind or harsh to me, though winds be
 chill and tempests roar.
 My happiness will be supreme ; no earthly danger will I
 fear
 So long as you keep faith with me, my loyal Queen, my
 dearest dear !

TELL ME THE OLD LOVE LIVES.

Out of the misty shadows that hide those bygone years
I see your eyes, beloved, bedimmed by bitter tears.

Come to me in the gloaming; let us meet as we met
before,

And dream our love dreams over from earth's still
golden store.

Dry up those tears my darling, and say that your heart
forgives.

Within its sacred shrine dear, tell me the old love lives.
That never another shadow shall darken our path of love
Till you and I together shall reach the heights above.

TILL I RETURN.

In the gleam of the firelight I'm sitting,
Just thinking and thinking the while,
Of the times of our meeting, Mavourneen,
Away there beyant the ould stile.

How the hours fled like minutes, alannah,
When you were there by my side.
Now each seems a year in itself, dear,
Since wide stretching waters divide.

As the clock ticks for each passing moment,
So my heart beats, my dearest, for you.
For ever and ever I'm thinking
Of my colleen so loving and true.

But, darling, old Time never falters,
And slowly, yet surely, I pray,
The hour is coming which takes me
To my girleen across the sea-way.

Till then, dearest heart, I must linger
In thought, as each twilight draws nigh,
Of the moments we wandered together
In the dreamland of Love, you and I.

THE QUARREL.

A lily and rose grew side by side, in all the glory of summertime.
The one was white and stately and tall ; the other was crimson and modest and small.
A quarrel arose between the twain as to which had most suitors in her train.
The lily boasted of lovers three—the bird, the butterfly, and the bee.
“The bird from his perch in the tree above carols to me his song of love ;
The butterfly flits around my throne ; the bee has chosen me for his own.”
Thus spoke the lily, her head held high, with a haughty look in her golden eye.
The rose lifted up her pretty head, and to the pompous lily she said :
“That these are lovers I dont deny, but they are lovers who'll pass you by
When a prettier flower they chance to see—your bird, your butterfly, and your bee !
My lover is not like these, you see, for mine will carry me from my tree,
And find for me a place of rest, for I shall recline on his lady's breast.
And when I fade and wither and die, do you think she will roughly throw me by ?
No, no ! Though dead I shall cherished be as the token of love and constancy !
While you, poor lily, when you are dead, and humbled at last is your proud head,
Will your one-time lovers come grieve o'er you, o'er you who have thought them oh, so true ?
Will they cherish you as you think they will, and though you be dead flit round you still ?
Ah, lily ! I fear you will lie alone, reaping the fruits of what you have sown !”

A POEM.

In a beautiful garden a rosebud grew,
Watered each morn by the sparkling dew ;
Yielding around a perfume grand,
As the gentle breezes its petals fanned.

Day by day more lovely it seemed
As the sun on its green leaves in radiance gleamed.
Admirers in plenty surrounded the flower,
Both bee and butterfly sought its bower.

But soon my blossom bloomed all forlorn,
Of its sweetness robbed—of its beauty shorn,
Its petals lay withered, and limp, and dead,
Its perfume, its radiance,—all were fled.

The butterfly hastened away elsewhere,
The bee had no time to squander there ;
And my poor little rosebud just bowed its head
And fell from the tree—heartbroken, dead !

MY HEART'S DESIRE.

In Junctide's golden hours,
'Neath a bower of summer flowers,
Is where I'd love to be the whole day long.
Or where fields of golden corn
Have only just been shorn,
I'd like to sit and listen to the throstle's happy song.

'Neath the starlit summer sky,
With the pale moon soaring high,
Then along the leafy lanes I'd love to wander :
And in quietude supreme
To dream my sweetest dream,
And upon my fondest wish perchance to ponder.

Where the tall and noble trees
Bend their branches to the breeze,
And the sunshine seems to linger day by day :
Ah, 'mid scenes like these to roam,
And near them to make my home,
This heart of mine would happy be alway !

LOVE IN A GARDEN.

She was just a little rosebud growing shyly on a tree,
With a wealth of flowers round her but she sighed "They
heed not me :

I am far too frail and sickly for such dainty blooms as
they ;

And the handsome bee and butterfly never come my
way ;

While there are others blooming so graceful and so fair
'Twould be folly to expect them—they look for love
elsewhere."

But just amid her musings came a gentle humming
sound,

And in breathless agitation the rosebud looked around,
There quite close beside her she beheld a creature bold,
'Twas a bee in coat of velvet and vest of black and gold !
Her dainty petals trembled, and she hung her head in fear.
Said the bee in joy ecstatic, " Ah, I knew I'd find you
here.

All the summer I've been seeking a lonely flower like
you,

But till now I've never seen one, though I sought the
woodland through."

The pallid flow'ret whispered, " You surely can't mean
me

When there are others round you fairer far to see ? "

" Yes, yes, 'tis you my rosebud, till now I've sought in
vain,

But now that I've espied you I'll ease my heart's all
pain.

The stately blossoms near you have fawned upon me oft,
Hoping I might linger upon their petals soft ;

But I of many others was only one I fear,

And though they fain would lure me, I'd rather have you,
dear,

With your modesty and innocence, than all their pomp
and show,

For the constant heart needs seeking, as all true lovers
know."

EILY OF KILKEE.

'Twas in lovely Junetide weather that we raked the hay
together—
Myself and pretty Eily of Kilkee.
I was singing just for gladness, for who could think of
sadness,
When besides a charming creature such as she.

Oh but when I chaffed her you should have heard her
laughter
Like the ripple of the merry mountain rill,
And to see those two eyes glancing, with mischief fairly
dancing,
The sight would make your heart with pleasure fill.

Up and down the field we wandered ; sure the hours were
being squandered
For our rakes we left them lying in the hay.
The work we both were shirking, for Cupid there was
lurking,
And the little god had thrown his shaft our way.

Soon the bright June sun was setting and 'twas time that
we were getting
To a finish with our long-neglected task,
But I could not work for thinking (I must confess with
shrinking)
Of a question I was dying just to ask.

There was no one near to hearken as the skies began to
darken,
So I whispered "Eily, will you marry me";
The darling girl consented and be sure she's ne'er relented
The bargain that she made that day with me.

AN IRISH GLEN.

I'm thinking of a morning in the dear and far off days
 When the April sun was shedding o'er Earth its golden
 rays ;
 And the birdeens in the bushes their songs were singing
 when
 I roamed, a happy maiden, within an Irish glen.

Oh the world seemed good to live in, that morning long
 ago,
 As Nature in its beauty with pride seemed all aglow.
 For every flower seemed smiling, and every tree was
 green,
 And you'd search the wide world over to find a fairer
 scene !

And I was just as happy, and just as free from care
 As was the tiny flow'ret that grew so coyly there ;
 For Sorrow ne'er had touched me, nor Trouble passed
 my way,
 And Earth to me seemed Heaven, and Life one sunny
 day.

But now the world seems sadder, and I am sadder too,
 For I've had to meet the troubles that then I never knew.
 And I oft-times feel a longing for those days to come
 again
 When I wandered, free and happy, within that Irish glen.

AN IRISH MOTHER.

Only an Irish mother, simple and pure of heart,
In whom the world's ambitions and pleasure played no
part.

No wealth or learning had she, no grand or lofty airs,
But oh you should have heard her teach her little ones
their prayers !

The loving looks they gave her, when each night around
her knee
Their infant prayers they murmured, 'twould do you good
to see ;
Their fervent "God bless Mammy" as their cosy beds
they sought
Must have cost that Irish Mother many a tearful thought.

Of when her cherished offspring to man's estate have
grown,
And she in distant future might sit and weep alone,
Dwelling on the by-gones, yet praying night and day
That God might bless her children who wandered far away.

Ah may that dear good mother, when her hair turns
white with years,
Hear her loved ones "God bless Mammy" ringing still
within her ears ;
May the words they lisped as children be as fervent as of
old ;
Then that Irish mother's portion is far richer than gold!

RETURNING.

So you're coming back, Mavourneen, to your own isle in
the West
When the springtime is returning and the birds begin to
nest.
When the Daffodils are blooming and the trees are
clothed in green.
And the sun upon each hill-crest casts a shimmering
golden sheen.

Ah, we thought the ocean cruel that could bear you on
its breast
To a far-off land of strangers from all who loved you best ;
But we look on it more kindly, now we know the hour is
near
When it bears you back, alannah, to those who wait you
here.

How our land will give you welcome as you're speeding
o'er the foam,
When dimly in the distance you see the hills of home :
Their smiling tips will greet you at breaking of the day,
And the gentle winds of Erin will softly round you play.

Soon you'll hear the sweet birds singing, as you used to
long ago
In the green glen where the fairies at twilight come and
go ;
Soon you'll listen to the murmur of the streamlet in the
glade,
And roam again the valleys where in childhood oft you
strayed.

The old folks, how they're waiting to greet their absent
one,
And to give their darling welcome there'll be nothing left
undone !
Ah, there are glad times coming, and well you know it too,
For there's no place like your own land, though you seek
the whole world through.

THE LOVER'S PLAINT.

Now Kitty, colleen oge,
Don't you know 'tis you, you rogue,
That's tearing out my heart this long, long while ?
Though I'm well nigh off my head,
Almost wishing I were dead,
You never do a single thing but smile.

When half the boys around
Are just worshipping the ground
The girl I love so dearly treads upon,
I'm nearly in despair
For 'tis more than I can bear
When I want to count myself the lucky one.

Oh won't you tell me true
There's no one else for you
But the boy who'd face the world and all beside
Just to have you for his own—
Just you, and you alone—
And have the right of calling you his bride ?

Now stop your teasing, do,
For I've waited years for you—
Waited till one little word you'd say.
And if but your eyes say "Yes"
Then all the rest I'll guess,
(But don't forget to name the happy day).

REMEMBRANCE.

There's never a star in God's wonderful sky
 But minds me always of you.
 Like the shining lights in the heavens above
 Were your sweet true eyes of blue.

There's never a bird in its woodland home
 But its song through the leafy trees
 Is carried along to my listening ear
 On the wings of the Maytime breeze.

The sweet pure notes bring me back again
 To the days when our love was young,
 And I listened often at twilight hour
 To the old home songs you sung.

There's never a flower in glen or glade
 That lifts to the sun its head,
 But breathes a message of love somehow
 From the rose of my heart now dead.

LATER ON.

I know as years roll onward
 And my day turns into night,
 I shall find somewhere to guide me
 A shining beacon light.

I know that life is never
 A bed of roses fair,
 For sometime in its passing
 Its cruel thorns lie bare.

The cloud that overhangs me,
 Dark though it may seem,
 Will show 'ere long its lining—
 I shall see the silver gleam.

Though happy morn is saddened
 'Ere noonday doth appear,
 Mayhap when evening stealth
 Hopes lodestar bright may peer.

Somewhere a hand shall beckon
 And lead me safely on
 To a realm of joy and sunshine
 With care and trouble gone.

Nature Poems.

SUNSET AT SEA.

From afar in the west comes the radiant gleam
Of the sun on the rippling sea,
Tinging its crests with a shimmering gold
That gladdens the heart o' me ;
There's the plash of waves 'gainst the pebbly shore
And the sea-birds haunting cry,
As, weary of flight, with drooping wings,
To their rocky nests they hie.

While landward the giant hills arise,
Like sentinels guarding the deep.
In winter's storm or summer's calm
Their silent watch they keep.
The fishermen with their tiny craft
Are wending their homeward way ;
Tired, yet thankful and pleased withal,
With the fruits of their toilsome day.

Out on the deep stands a lonely isle,
Surmounted by lighthouse tall,
Where the varied hues of the setting sun
In transient beauty fall.
Yet as I watch the scene so fair
It slowly fades away,
And the waters but now by the sun-glow kissed
Are turned to a sullen grey.

A hush comes over the noisy foam
As night gently spreads its pall,
And nought can I hear save the crooning song
Of the waves as they rise and fall.
And I think of the wond'rous power of God—
Of the helplessness of man—
And feel what a tiny part I fill
Of the Great Creator's plan.

MY WOODLAND LOVER.

Oh ! I have a little lover,
A lover fond and true ;
And my love is always singing
Whether skies be grey or blue.

He's a gay light-hearted lover
Is this little mate of mine,
And should he cease to woo me,
My heart would e'er repine.

He calls me in the morning
As the sun mounts in the sky ;
And Nature's winged songsters
From their cosy nests do fly.

And he calls me too at noonday,
With his sweet melodious voice ;
And my heart flies from its bondage
To the lover of its choice.

And we sing our songs together
To the green woods and the hills,
As we listen to the chatter
Of the merry mountain rills.

Oh ! I'm sure you know this lover,
And have heard him o'er and o'er--
'Tis that singer of the woodland,
Little throstle, I adore.

THE WANING YEAR.

How still, how quiet, the woodland,
With the shadows of night stealing o'er ;
The song-birds of summer have vanished,
We hear their gay chorus no more.

Lonely and sad have they left us,
We sigh for the summer again ;
For the joy and the music and laughter
That e'er follows on in its train.

The music of nature is changing ;
No longer gay revels she holds.
And the moan of the wind through the branches
A lament of sadness unfolds.

In the stillness and quiet of Autumn,
Dropping down as the chill winds sweep by,
Are the leaves that once were her glory—
Now withered and shapeless they lie.

Teaching poor mortals a lesson
That they, like the leaf, must decay.
That the fairest, the best, and the strongest
Must fall, like the petal, some day.

PROMISE OF THE SPRING.

There's a bird up in the tree-top, and 'tis singing loud to
me

Of the Spring that is a-coming—of the Spring that is to be.
His little voice is cheery, with happiness replete,
As February's sunshine his carol sweet doth greet.

His welcome song of promise it travels far and wide,
O'er the hill-top, through the valley, and half the world
beside.

Every heart he fills with gladness at the thought of coming
Spring ;
New life, and love, and laughter to the lonely will he bring.

The snowdrops they are speeding from their cosy beds of
earth,

Glad to be awakened by the woodland ringster's mirth.
Soon the daffodils will follow with their graceful waving
forms,

And all Nature join in bidding farewell to winter storms.

SUNRISE.

Faintly at first rose the mountains
To greet the beautiful dawn,
The various tints of sunrise
Kissing each daisied lawn.

Then in ocean of golden glory
Was dipped each hillside steep,
While the homesteads sheltered 'neath them
Nestled a golden heap.

The trees as they waved in the breezes
Were bathed in a yellow sheen,
The golden-shafted sunbeams
Gilding their cloak of green.

The spray of the rushing streamlet
Glistened like jewels rare ;
The roseate hues of the morning
Shone in profusion there.

And Nature arose from its slumber
To welcome the break of day
With mirthful song and with chatter,
Merry as children at play

THE GOLDEN DAYS.

Look out across the moorland
In September's golden days,
When the yellow gorse is blooming
And there's heather on the braes,
Away down in the cornfield
The cornerake hides no more,
For the sickle robbed its homestead,
And the gleaners' work is o'er.

Quiet is the woodland
And peaceful are the vales ;
While the patient sheep and cattle
Lie browsing in the dales.
In the early morning
Soft mists enfold the hill,
And like the waves of ocean
All the valleys fill.

At eve, when twilight shadows
Come stealing softly round,
Every haunt of nature
Lies in solitude profound.
Sweet bride of glorious Autumn,
Thou rest-month of the year,
A charm hast thou within thee
That holds thee ever dear.

APRIL.

April, April, dancing o'er the hills,
Springtime's happy maiden the earth with rapture thrills.
Happy nodding branches the welcome stranger greet,
While primroses and daisies lay smiling at her feet.

April, April, wilful child of Spring,
With mirth and song and chatter you make our valleys
ring ;
Then suddenly you venture their happiness to drown,
And on the verdant landscape so callously to frown.

Dripping, dropping, on the sodden ground,
Fall your tears, oh April, in solitude profound,
Hushed the birdland voices, stilled the swaying breeze,
Nought to hear save raindrops falling through the trees.

Then shyly, slyly, through branches here and there
You catch the golden sunbeams speeding everywhere,
Brushing all the teardrops from each daisy's eye,
And making each dull cloudlet from the hilltop fly.

April, April, pouting, wayward maid,
See the flowers greet you in loveliness arrayed.
So hide your shameful weeping, instead let laughter ring,
While happy woodland chorus to your praise will sing.

AUTUMN.

Silent the woods in Autumn's closing days,
No longer the birds melodious music raise ;
Gone are the flowers that graced our gardens fair,
No more the blackbird and thrush will warble there.

Yellow and brown the leaves that once were green,
In their dying beauty now are they seen,
For nature hath woven them no sombre shroud,
As, in submission, to mother-earth they bowed.

Bare are the hedges—brown the mountain-side,
Where but late the heather blossomed in pride,
Dull are the skies, and dark the quiet hills,
And lonely, so lonely, seem the vales and rills.

COMING OF THE SPRING.

Twitter, twitter, twitter, from yet leafless trees ;
Whisper, whisper, whisper, of the murmuring breeze,
Tell of Spring's awakening from her lingering sleep ;
Tell us of her coming her promised tryst to keep.

White, white snowdrops peeping from their lonely bed,
Each in maiden shyness bending low its head,
As if a message telling to its friends below,
And coaxing them to venture forth their charms to show.

Crooning of the streamlet in the quiet glade ;
Released from grip of Winter that long its course has
 stayed.
Countless golden sunbeams darting in and out,
Flitting through the branches, dancing all about.

Yes Spring, fair Spring is coming, and these her heralds
 bring
The tidings of her advent, dulling Winter's sting,
For while he yet may linger as though he loathed to leave,
Springtime's gentle fingers soon his funeral shroud will
 weave.

WOODLAND ECHOES.

'Tis love-time in the woodland,
Don't you hear the chorus sweet,
And see the leafing branches
Weighed down by tiny feet ?
There's the blackbird, perky creature,
With his blue-black shining coat
Carolling his love-song,
Nigh bursting his wee throat.

While his mate in yonder bushes
In more modest garb of brown
Coily listens to his calling
Which his rivals try to drown.
For the thrush is there a-tuning
His own melodious theme,
To his lover near him perching,
Euwrapped in blissful dream.

And the sparrow, though no songster,
Has his little tale to tell ;
And his ceaseless chatter, chatter,
Seems to work its purpose well.
Ah, how these little love-songs
Of our happy feathered friends,
Make a dismal world seem brighter,
For its sorrows make amends !

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

A blackbird sang this morning
Within my garden fair.
His song was one of gladness,
And joy beyond compare.

His little throat seemed bursting
As he piped his cheery lay :
I felt my sad heart gladden,
And my sorrow melt away.

'Twas summer all around me,
And the blackbird knew it too.
The world was wrapped in sunshine,
The skies of Heaven were blue.

But sorrow's dark, dull winter
So long had held my heart,
So long had kept me tearful.
That he seemed full loth to part

But when you sing, my blackbird,
Within my breast again
The sunshine of the summer
Takes the place of winter's rain.

MORNING.

Out from the East comes the first faint streak
Of the day that is drawing near.
The soft breeze throws a kiss to the trees
Telling them Dawn is here.

Up from their downy, cosy nests,
The birds of the woodland wake ;
And from their tiny ruffled heads
The dew of the night-time shake.

Then burst they forth in a gleeful song
To welcome the infant morn,
While far and wide on the zephyrs low
Their melodies sweet are borne.

The dewdrops resting on leaf and blade
Are flashing in myriads there ;
Their bright eyes greeting the sunbeams warm
That are speeding everywhere.

The great Light-giver smiles on the scene—
The valleys, the woods, the hills—
And the mighty flood of his bountiful store
Into crevice and cranny spills.

Ah, morning, pride of the day to come,
A welcome I sing to thee.
Thou makest me feel it is good to live
And a sharer of earth to be.

A MORNING IN JUNE.

As the sun peeps o'er the hill-crests
At early morn in June,
The whole of wond'rous Nature-land
With gladness seems a-tune.

The woodland choirs their melodies
Pipe forth from bush and tree,
The blackbird, thrush, and linnet,
Unite in harmony,

And swell their chorus to the breeze
That wafts o'er hill and dale,
Whisp'ring to each leaf and flower
It's own melodious tale.

The flowers of the woodland too
In grandeur seem to vie,
Nodding each its pretty head
To the soft winds passing by.

And opening each its dewy eye
To gaze upon the morn,
Welcoming with pure delight
The beauty of the dawn.

SUMMER GLORIES.

List to the sweet birds singing,
Away in the greenwood trees,
How sweetly carry their voices
On the wings of the sighing breeze.

Hark to the murmuring streamlet
Gliding o'er moss and stone,
Through quiet dell and through dingle,
Wending its way alone.

See how the sun sheds its glory
Over each heath-clad hill,
And tints each, glittering wavelet
Of the silvery rippling rill.

Look at the wandering cloudlets,
All fleecy and soft and white,
As they roam o'er a sky of azure,
Kissed by the sun's bright light.

Ah, these make the music of summer,
Bringing gladness to young and old,
And thrilling each poet and artist
With rapture and pleasure untold.

MUSINGS AT EVE.

As I roam o'er the mystical moorland
And survey all its wonderful store
I think of its King and Creator,
And acknowledge His power more and more.

What beauty lies hidden to many
Who think not of earth's many joys ;
Who seek but the wonders of mankind
Where the great hives of industry rise.

They know not that calm, silent Nature
Envelopes far, far stranger things
Than a world of commotion and bustle
In a lifetime of energy brings.

There is more to be learnt from Dame Nature
In one short hour spent with her kin,
Than years upon years of toiling
'Mid the city's dread turmoil and din.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

Flutter of wings on branches bare,
Chirping of sparrows here and there.
Dead leaves swirling round and round
'Ere they come to rest on the desolate ground.
Cold winds blowing o'er vale and lea,
Whistling through each leafless tree.
Grey clouds guarding a dreary scene,
Leaving us longing for what has been.

Longing for Summer, with azure skies,
When echoes of songsters from woodland rise
When breezes glide over moor and glade,
Like soft, sweet music by fairies played.
When trails of rosehuds peep between
The hedgerows swathed in emerald green,
And woodbine clusters tempt the bee,
While children gather the blooms in glee.

Longing for Spring, and the song-birds' trill,
And sunbeams dancing on every hill ;
For the baby birds that shyly peep
As out from their cradles of brown they creep.
We wait, and wait for their coming again,
Through the dreary days of mist and rain ;
And treasure them now they have passed away,
Though little we heeded them in their day.

SUNSET AND DAWN.

Murmuring river and quiet stream,
Golden the meadow in sunset gleam,
Voices from birdland heard on the breeze,
Rustling of leaves on willowy trees.

Breathing of kine and patient sheep
In verdant pastures where cattle sleep;
Stars twinkling faintly when night doth fall
Casting its veil of rest o'er all.

Night-birds calling from ivied tower,
Waking the insects in rose-filled bower,
Bats on the wing flitting to and fro;
Then the dawn with the world aglow.

Shimmering light on the distant hills,
And the lilting bird the valley thrills.
Diamonds flashing from daisies' eyes
Where morning dew on the greensward lies.

Earth re-echoes the song bird's call
From its pinnacle there on the tree-tops tall,
All nature-land is awake, alive,
From the wayside flower to the bee in its hive.

AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN.

In an old fashioned garden I wander,
All sweet with the fragrance of June,
Where the woodbine and roses are nestling
And earth's songsters are liltng a tune.

There's a little brown thrush there above me
And a blackbird pipes forth from a bush.
A breeze murmurs softly in passing—
Just a stir in the trees then a hush.

The lily in brightest of colours
Is nodding across to the rose,
While the peony stately and blushing
A kiss to the wee pausy throws.

The mignonette shy and retiring
Has eye sfor none but the bee.
The forget-me-not, modest and simple,
Is wooed by the slender rose-tree.

There is joy in that old-fashioned garden ;
It breathes of a world free from care
Where the dreamer may linger in silence
Weaving day-dreams enough and to spare.

THE SEA.

Oh great, wide, heaving ocean, with the sea birds flying
o'er,
Your moods are ever changing as you kiss each rock bound
shore,
Like a playful child you sometimes seem to frolic o'er the
strand,
Your gentle wavelets glistening 'gainst the dark and
rugged land.

But oh, when roused to anger, how your frothing, lashing
spray
Comes bounding, rushing, tumbling, from o'er the great sea
way,
Like demons stung to fury your wondrous breakers roar,
Of your tyranny and mischief there seems an endless store !

Then when the storm is over how tender is your mien !
One feels one can forgive you for the tyrant you have been,
For you turn the gentle mother, softly crooning o'er the bed
Of the peaceful ones that slumber, the wicked storm-fiend's
dead.

Ah, you nurse them oh, so gently, you who took life's
breath away,
And fondly will you keep them—aye till the Judgment
Day.
Oh sea so sad, so solemn, yet playful and so free,
In whatever mood I find you you're still the same to me.

To your voice I love to listen, be it gentle or unkind.
Music full of rapture in every sound I find,
And beauty lies around you when the sun-glow casts its
sheen
On each rippling wave that glistens, making fairer still
the scene.

REJOICE WITH THE SPRING.

Come where the Springtime breezes
Blow wild and free as the bird.
Come where the call of Nature
On a Maytime morn is heard.

There is life in the daisied meadow
And joy in each sylvan stream
There is peace in the shadowy woodland
Where lovers may idly dream.

Primrose banks make a cushion
And violets a carpet for you.
While above you the sweet birds carol
Their love-songs tender and true.

God's wonderful sky in its beauty
Smiles down on you and on me.
The children of earth make merry
And fill our hearts with glee.

Come and be happy then, sad one !
Rejoice, and bid welcome to May.
Be glad with the world in its gladness
Drive sorrow and care far away.

DAWN.

Dew on the verdant meadow,
Mists on the green hillside ;
Perfume of flowers from each garden
Chirping of songsters beside.

Breath of the heathery moorland
Filled with the freshness of morn ;
Sunburst on Eastern horizon,
Resplendent hour of the dawn !

This the birth of the morning—
Babe of the day to be.
The glory of God's own heaven
Mirrored on land and sea !

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