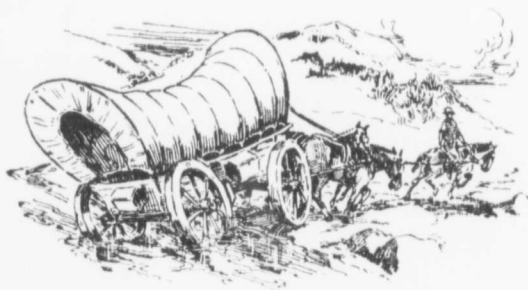


P o e m s

By

Thelma Richter

Canastota, Ont.





Alvms
H. u. Helma Richter

819.1
P.



THE LAND OF DREAMS COME TRUE

WOULDNT IT be great to live
In the land of dreams come true,
Where idle tales weren't carried
And gossip didn't brew.
Where each and every fellow
Had h's own affairs to tend,
Where trouble ne'er existed
And friendship didn't end.

Where each and every person
Felt himself alone to blame
Where no man pushed an obstacle
Down someone else's lane.
Where life was built of love and trust
And no one thought to doubt,
We'd sojourn in, and never think
Of ever coming out.

But life just isn't like that,
'Tis the road without an end,
A rough and bumpy highway
With detours 'round every bend.
Where the bigger things of life are those
Of gold and rosey hue.
While too small hidden deeds is where
Honour should be due.

Materialize your life into,
The land of dreams come true.
Remember, there's a lining bright
For every cloud of blue,
So help the fellow next you
With a cheerful heart that sings,
And you'll find with great delight, my friend,
The pleasure that it brings.

THOUGHTS

AT TWILIGHT, when the sun fadeth,
And skies change from silver to grey,
Open your heart to the heavens
And send out your thoughts for the day.

To those who are ill and suffering
A message of love, hope and cheer,
May the merciful Father above us
Comfort and hover near.

For those who are poor and neglected
In all this lonely land,
A friend true and loving
To lend a helping hand.

To those who have strayed from the pathway
And wandered afar in the cold,
May He who is ever our guidance
Restore them once more to the fold.

And out of the dusk at twilight
Comes happiness homeward bent,
And love and joy and kindness
A million times more than you sent.



THE JAZZ AGE

LET US go back to the old-fashioned days
With hoop skirts and side burns in style.
Where the old "Jinny Reel" and "Old-fashioned Jigg"
Could beat the new "Flea Hop" a mile.

The dear little maid of long ago days,
With her old fashioned hoop skirts and little sun shade
Was happy, and merry, and filled with bliss.
And could truthfully say, "Sweet sixteen, and never
been kissed.

But the age of to-day is a new one for sure,
And has taken a few steps in life.
The old fashioned days are indeed in a haze
For to-day is the modern jazz age.

Where grandma's white hair has been bobbed and
And mother is sixteen again, (marcelled)
Where the flapper has copied the gent's boyish bob
Oh! What do the men say then?

Dad's ties, it is true, disappear just as fast
As ever he brings them home.
And brothers are losing their shirts in pairs
And all other duds that they own.

Frat' dances to-day, are objects of fun
With youth and pleasure combined
Where once the "Square-dance" would have gone into
The "Flea Hop" now sets the pace. (place,

And what is it Science has brought into
Making radio fans galore.
Causing grandpa to sit up late o' nights
To hear the old-timers once more?

Oh—it's fun in the jazz age; just fun that we want.
So pitch in and do your best.
Help us along with a smile and a song
And make our jazz age a success.

A RAINBOW 'ROUND THE BEND

THOU' ALL the world is pleasant
With never a ragged end
There's an indescribable something
That's just around the bend.

It may be a part of a rainbow
Or the pot of gold at its end
That indescribable something
That's just around the bend.

Apart from the world, do worries
And cares of the long days end
One can always look forward to something
That's just around the bend.

There must be an end to the highway
When Providence will send
That little bit of something
That's just around the bend.



TO FREEZE OR NOT TO FREEZE

CANADA is good enough for
Most folks when it's hot,
But there's more than one it doesn't suit
In winter when it's not.

They dash right off to Florida
For a warm and balmy breeze
And leave behind our Canada
Where there's every chance to freeze.

Icicles are O.K. when they're
In a movie show,
But not so good when round about
To freeze a hand or toe.

Oh, a cutter ride is nothing
To a surf ride on a wave,
Yet, it isn't just the surf ride
But the weather that they crave.

They prefer the golden sun's warm kiss
To greet them in the morn,
And shiver at the slightest thought
Of Canada's snow storm.

While the Rolls Royce conveys them
To gather date or fig,
With a flivver in old Canada
You're apt to get out and dig.

But, give me the good old snow storm
With a sharp, cold wind that stings.
A snow-shoe clear 'cross country
Or a wild, old skii on wings.

Give me a skate on a glossy rink,
There, you've every chance to fall.
To a stroll among the ferns and palms
With an alligator's call.

TALKING BACK TO FATHER

TALKING BACK to father,
What an awful thing,
He doesn't give me hardly time
To say a single thing.

And if I keep on talking,
He doesn't say, "Now quit,"
But before I know what he's about
I feel myself being hit.

Sometimes, I get quite angry
And pout around and cry,
And sometimes, I'm real silent,
As though I was goin' to die.

Then I get real silent
And things get terribly drear,
My mother comes along and says
"Don't act that way, my dear."

But I've a love for arguing
That's taken bit by bit,
And father ends the bargain
By getting out his whip.



HIS HOUSE

HOW JOYFUL on a Sabbath morning to go forward
to His house,
Walking briskly along on a morning in cold, old Winter,
Sauntering slowly onward in the warmth of a Summer
day,
Or strolling brightly toward it in the coolness of Spring
or Autumn
To the clear peal and chime of the bells in the tower,
And, hastening in through the door's wide arches,
Choose a seat within the radiance of a stained gothic
window.

Stealing upon us is the anthem,
Pealed forth in thunderous tones by the organ,
Changing into a light melody remindful of birds and
flowers
Of brotherly love, and an inward beauty of the soul.
Portrayed only within the walls of God's house,
Impressing us, and storing within us, an abundance of
love and cheer,
Hearing the message delivered by a man of God
Who, sending forth his message to establish the Word
among his people,
Fulfils our hearts with peace and glory.

Silently, we file from the wonders of His House
With the peace of the benediction in our hearts,
Filling them with faith and hope for the oncoming days.



MOTHER

HOW LONG I have to live,
Before I truly know
How much I really owe
My Mother.

How much God has to give
Before I clearly see
His greatest gift to me
My Mother.

And when I daily kneel
Before His throne above
I seem to see His love
In Mother.

And when I often feel
Discouraged and downcast,
I know who'll hold me fast
'Tis Mother.



*LOVE CAME, and in the astral plane,
I entered into heaven, there to taste
The joys that were before unknown to me.*

*The world became a place of a new birth
Wherein the smallest thing held joy and youth,
The magic spell of love had sent its glow
And even . . . of humblest hue
Sent forth a gleam.*

(Not completed)

*'TIS THE SOUL that takes the body from the
world,*

*And holds it close in laughter or in tears
Restoring there a peace of mind and being
Or hurling it out of sorrows yet unfilled.
O! that I could live within a soul.*

*'Tis He who lives within a soul that I would be
To save me from a heartache and a tear,
From all unhappiness of love and joy*

(Not completed)

