

POEMS



James C. Singer

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J. D. Logan

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TO OUR FRIENDS:

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF
THE SHORTER POEMS WRITTEN
BY OUR SON JAMES, BETWEEN
THE YEARS THIRTEEN AND SEV-
ENTEEN, AND ARE FOR FRIEND-
LY CIRCULATION.

MR. AND MRS. ALBERT SINGER

TORONTO, DEC. 1912.

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WOODS IN MAY

O H woods of spring where I have often strayed,
And seen the flowers blooming in the glade,
So beautiful are they the life of May,
So fragrant, yet so short, a time to stay
Amid this wondrous wood in Spring, but now
They blossom forth, would I that He allow
This sweetened phase of Spring time to sojourn
Amid the brimming woods so late forlorn.

I see the tinted violets by the stream,
Which now to me sweet fragrance seem to teem,
And can be found no flowers in the woods,
E'en not that fair sweet flower of May which buds
And blossoms round us that can hope to lead
So pure, so short a life, and then to seed,
Is sent this mite of purity by Him,
And soon its color like the sky grows dim.

The budding limbs upon the trees now seen
So grateful for the sap, in time will green,
And shadow deep the forest with their show;
But now the leaflets seen upon the bough,
Making covers for the flowers far beneath,
They also serve to weave the flower's wreath
And as a cover through the colder year,
Until a time when they again appear.

In harmony the flooded stream does run,
In open glades it gleams beneath the sun.
Its melody is such, not made by man,
It sang its song before earth's life began,
It still runs on, perhaps, forever will,
In Spring the water to its brink does fill
With song and dance, it babbles on its way,
To mingle and be lost in ocean spray.



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AUTUMN SUNSET

RAYED by the touch of Heaven, the setting sphere
Sank, amid the glowing landscape, far and near,
Crowning the mountain crest, shadowing the vale,
Tinting the sky with gold, o'er its deathly pale.
Painting with its colors rare the rippling stream,
And sending, amid the grain, its richest gleam,
Now fringing the restless roaming clouds at play,
Throwing its purple hue o'er the waning day.

HOPE

Wearied spirit, hast thou no tongue to speech thy woes,
No friend with eye to see thee in unhappy throes
Of hateful strife which triumph o'er thy drooping soul,
And doth prevent salvation and thy promised goal?
Affliction hath no guiding hand from Him above,
What power then doth read thee, useless with His love?
Wandering on, transgressions in thy wake doth lie,
Think thou thy task be easier if thou shouldst die,
And bid begone all thy earthly cares and sorrow?
Or hast thou anticipation of the morrow?

AUTUMN

CALL in thy drooping, the summer is spent,
Lay them to rest on thy bosom, content,
Darken thy brow, for winter is coming,
O'er thee so soon the north winds are humming.
Meadows grow dreary, the cattle are home,
And never till spring thy pastures will roam,
The breath thou drawest grows bitter and cold,
Colourless leaves are bestrewing the wold,
Fields are in stubble, harvesting over,
Yellow and brown the grain and the clover.

SEA BREEZE

AT twilight, come sweet zephyr of the seas,
Waft thy gentlest breath and welcome breeze
From Heaven to the heated brow of day,
Cool not alone the ocean, which at play
Throws up its spray and cooled upon thy breast
Drops to the sea and flows with steady zest,
Onward to the shore and the heated turf
Grateful for the cool waters of the surf.

Sweep o'er the scorched land in all thy might,
Cooling the breathless prairie in thy flight,
Filling the pasture and the seething grain
With nectar wrought from off the watery plain;
Stirring the sultry air and parched sand
Of the desert, refreshing the woodland
Where flowers give their fragrance to the breeze,
Where thy might sways the monarch of the trees.

FALLING LEAVES

FALL from thy glory, thy fluttering stilled,
Heralds of winter thy blood has bechilled.
Strew with thy beauty, the path and the glade.
For gently and surely thy wondrous shade
Doth gladden my heart when, weary I steal
To sanctuous rest, my soul to reveal,
At greatest of thrones and greatest of love,
For truly this rest was sent from above.

THE RESCUE

'T WAS evening in the hamlet by the sea,
The toilers of the deep had sought repose,
For peaceful slumbers their reward would be,
Would moment happiness their dreams disclose,
The shadows of the night were drawing o'er,
The hamlet by the sea in darkness slept,
Save for the lighthouse on the rocky shore,
While all along the sands the waters crept.

'Twas growing darker on the deep, and drear
The wind by night was blowing nigh a gale,
The sea was breaking o'er the fisher's pier,
While midst the racing clouds the moon shone pale.
Higher and higher rolled the waves, and fast,
Whiter the white-caps on the surging surf,
Nothing heard save the breakers and the blast,
Nothing seen save the beacon on the turf.

Were peacefully sleeping, the toilers now,
All but the keeper of the warning light.
The sea was a' tossing the anchored scow,
And roaring onward through the windy night,
The fierce Nor-wester blew harder, and cold,
And the breakers amid the rocks did roar,
And the surf was tossed, and the waves they rolled,
For bad was the night on that rocky shore.

'Twas nigh unto midnight when midst the roar,
The boom of a gun in the distance heard,
Another, another, some ship ashore,
Each fisherman now in his slumbers stirred.
No thought of his own, each coast guard confessed,
Down to the rescue to fight and to save,
Each in tarpaulin and Nor-wester drest,
Each ready to run the race with the wave.

The lifeboat was manned and ready to launch,
And then through the surf the rescuers ran,
Each oar-arm was strong, each heart was staunch,
For those in distress the fight had began,
Tossed in the billows, the boat rose and fell,
Nearer the wounded ship ever they went,
Dearly their lives would the fishermen sell,
Those of the deep only knew what it meant.

Frenzied the thoughts of the souls in distress,
What had they known of the woes of the deep?
Angry the waves that leapt in their wildness,
Grim the black rocks for the toll they might reap,
Quivered the ship as the waves rolled around,
Shuddered the mast as it veered in the blast,
In the teeth of a gale the ship they found,
Still there, on a reef, the wreck was held fast.

On a crest, for a moment, were they held,
Time only enough to throw out the rope,
Were then rushed to their death, their voices quelled,
Engulfed in the deep, for them was no hope.
Soon was the breeches buoy strung to the strand,
Then were the ones from the ship ran ashore,
All saved from the deep by the life-boat, manned
By men who had died as in the days of yore.

Now happy with God the heroes who won,
Thankful the prayer that was uttered, and low,
Grateful the manners he who had done,
Deeds of his own in his time long ago.
Such daring before had he never seen,
'Twas a heart of oak that ventured to ride,
On the billowed surf, on the turpid green,
God reward those who succeeded and died.

Shadowed by death, the hamlet is stilled,
By the death of those whom they loved so well,
And here in a grave by a winding rill,
Were buried the dead to its solemn knell,
For mourning is the hamlet, for that night,
And proud of the men who dared to go,
Flowered do they keep the grave on the height,
Away from the sound of the ocean's flow.

TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

O H woe to man,
Who thinks he can
Divide God's glory, with
Some evil god,
With tempting rod,
Who came, but is a myth.

O knowledge deep,
We seek to keep
In contact with unknown,
'Tis not wisdom
Sent here from Him,
But folly we have sown.

'Twas knowledge first,
With which was curst,
The love of God on earth,
It grew and grew,
With speed it flew,
Twixt man and man as worth.

Though we be dust,
Serve Him we must,
His love we must reflect,
Our spirits go,
The way we sow,
Till we have no defect.

Our God we'll meet,
When at His feet,
Obeisance do we show,
He loves us yet,
We sin have met,
The hell is hard and slow.

God owns not hell,
And when we fell,
Retracing sin is ours.
And till we rise
With opened eyes,
Cannot live as flowers.

Beneath a cloud,
Which is our shroud,
Are we now staggering on,
With knowledge gone,
Which is man's bond,
God's wisdom will we don.

Knowledge therein,
Is naught but sin,
For God our source of love,
Will teach us all,
Nor let us fall,
When knowledge dies within.

THE TIDE

RING softly rising waters now,
Speak gently of thy sacred vow,
Voice thy sweet melody to us,
Twixt sighing swell and breathless hush,
Cease not to make thy breakers roar,
Or surge amid the rocks ashore,
Or roll along the silvery sand
Which sparkles bright along the strand.
Thou stop'st not at the voice of man,
Nor fall'st at some poor mortal's ban,
But ruled by His immortal love,
Thou ring'st with blessings from above,
And send'st thy prayer afar to Him
Across the deep in thankful hymn.

TRUE KINDNESS

DARKNESS upon the brightest day besets my soul,
At night my rest is but a visionary goal,
Why haunt me those unfinished works of yesterday?
Would I some kindness in a word, would show the way.

Unhappy, friendless, in this cruel world alone,
Treading and reaping ever where wild seeds were sown,
But deep down in my soul a spark divinely lies,
It is a hidden light which flickers, never dies.

A kindness would this ember kindle and uprear,
If but a word of pity reached my hardened ear,
Would then my wearied spirit seek and call aloud,
That I might see the Christ and cast afar my shroud.



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