

*"If you can look upon the seeds of time  
And say which grain will grow and which will not."*

*Rhyme  
Thoughts  
for a  
Canadian  
Year*

*Annie L. Jack*



Complete  
PS  
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A15R4

*With a  
Shakespearean Quotation  
for Each Month*

2.50  
166

RHYME-THOUGHTS  
..... FOR A .....  
CANADIAN YEAR



By  
ANNIE L. JACK  
Author of "The Little Organist of St. Jerome," etc.



Toronto:  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1904

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and four, by ANNE L. JACK at the Department of Agriculture.

Engl.

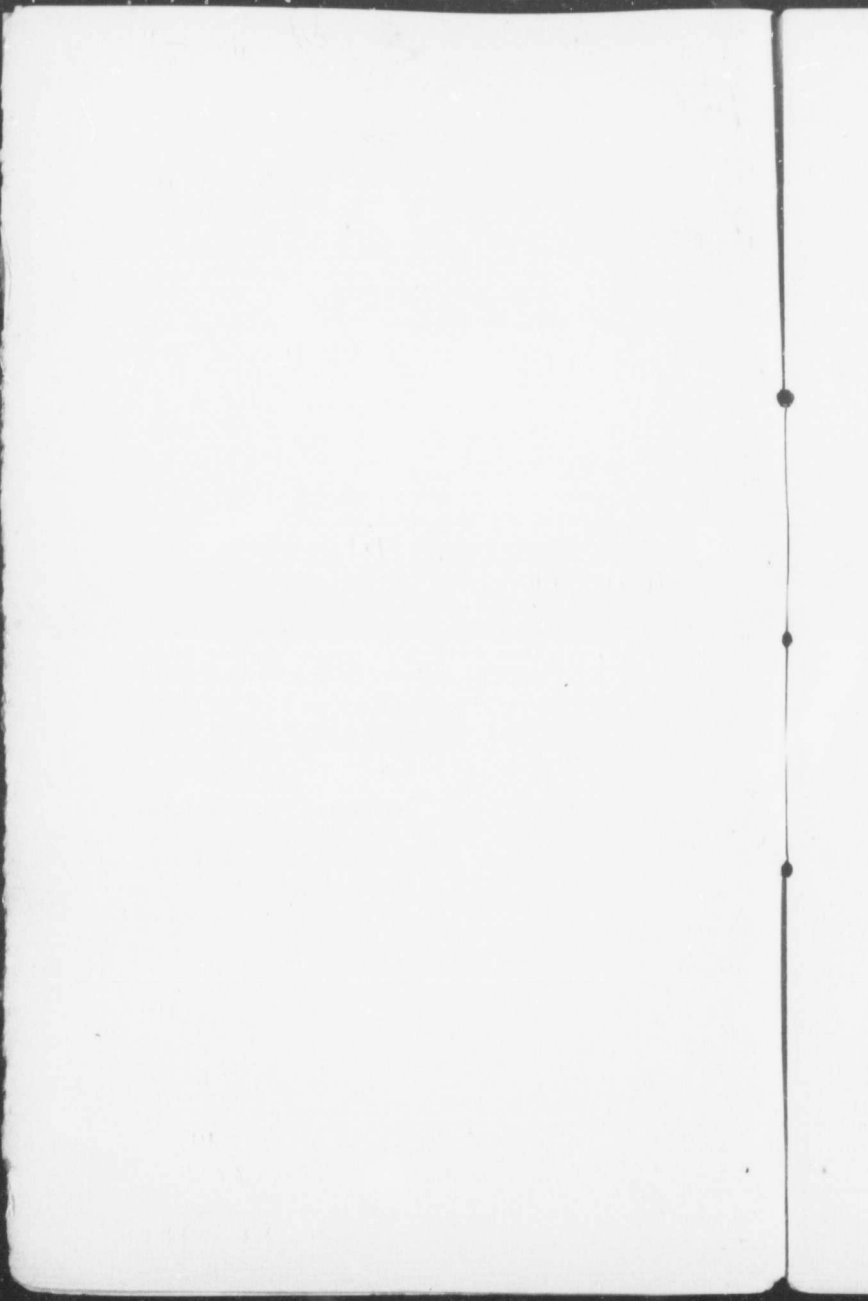
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TO MY OLDEST FRIENDS  
THESE RHYME-THOUGHTS OF OTHER YEARS  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



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"Now is the winter of our discontent."

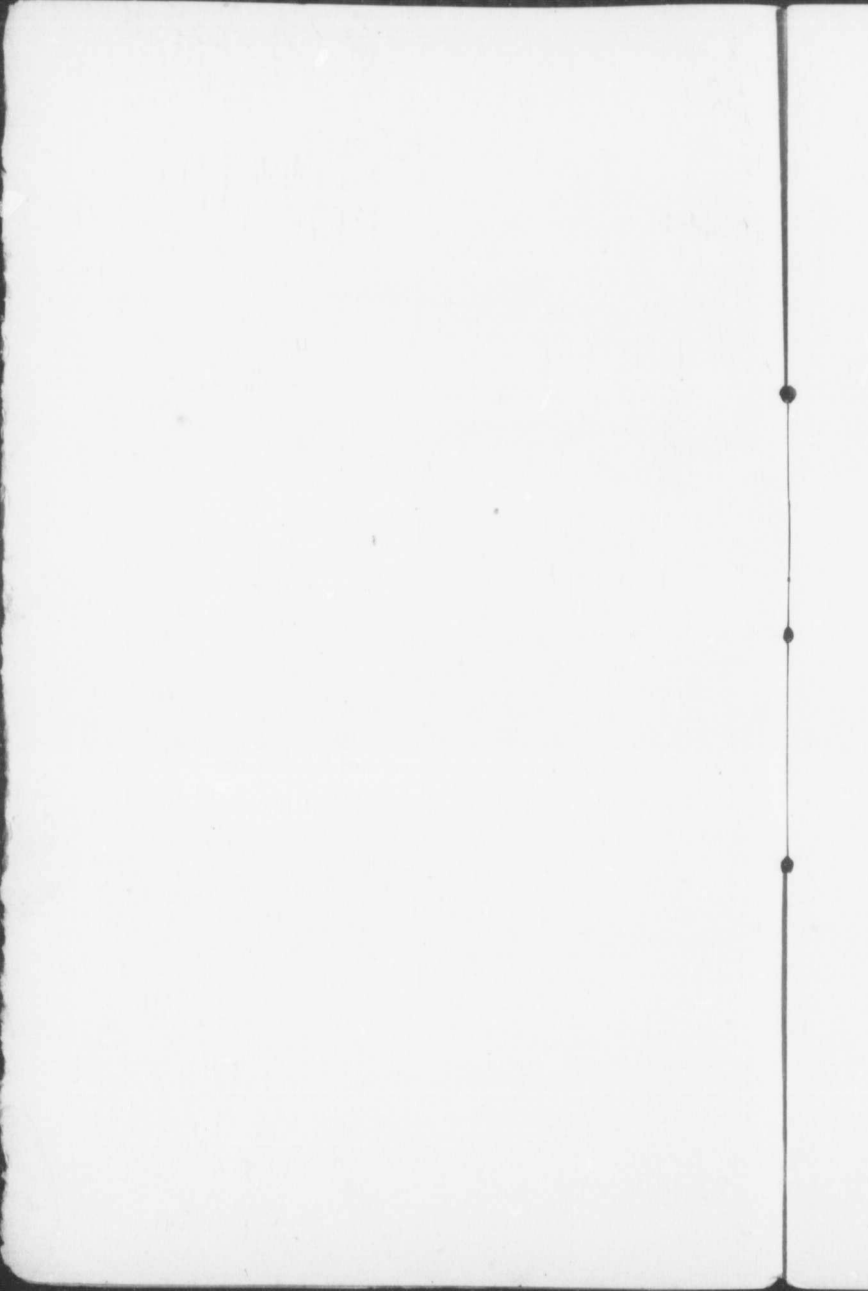


*Canadienne*

**C**ANADIENNE! the buds are sleeping,—  
January skies are cold,—  
New Year's watch the trees are keeping,  
But ere many moons are old  
Maple buds will soft unfold.

Canadienne! the wind is blowing;  
Days will lengthen ere you know,  
For the sap will soon be flowing,  
And as vanishes the snow  
Maple leaves begin to grow.

Canadienne! just patient waiting,  
Bide your time to see full soon  
Leaves unfolded, song birds mating.  
All your world will be in tune  
Between January and June.



"This only is the witchcraft I have used."

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 T-ology

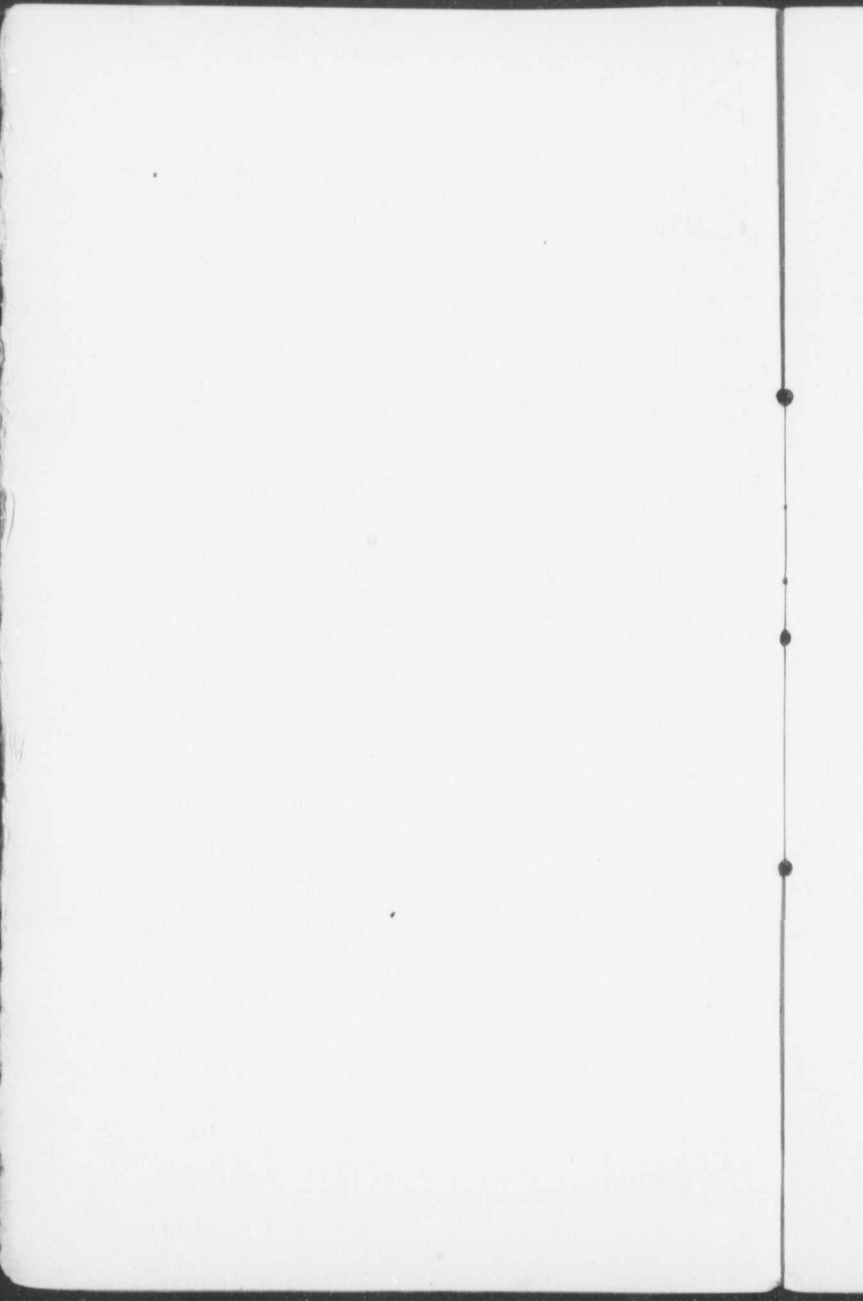
**N**EAR me, one February night,  
Sat sister Amy to pour the tea,  
And she looked for something among the leaves  
When she thought no one would see.

There were "letters," and "journeys," and "money," too,  
Then floating a twig of the tea came up,  
And she took it out in her soft warm hands  
From the beautiful china cup.

Just a brown twig, so lank and long,  
She pressed it hard on her tiny fist,  
To which it held, and then she blushed  
As if she had just been kissed,

For a slight knock came at the outer door;  
She started and opened it, growing bold,  
And there he stood—as she knew he would—  
And Amy's fortune was truly told.





THESE'S a roaring up the river,  
The water rises high,  
The bridges shake and quiver  
As mammoth blocks go by ;  
And giant trees are breaking,  
There are noises all about,  
You'd think the earth was shaking

When  
the  
ice  
goes  
out.

O'er woodland, field and fences  
The foaming waters boil ;  
Earth has no vain pretences  
When ice-blocks plow the soil ;  
And from the schoolhouse fleeting  
The children gaily shout,  
To everyone they're meeting,

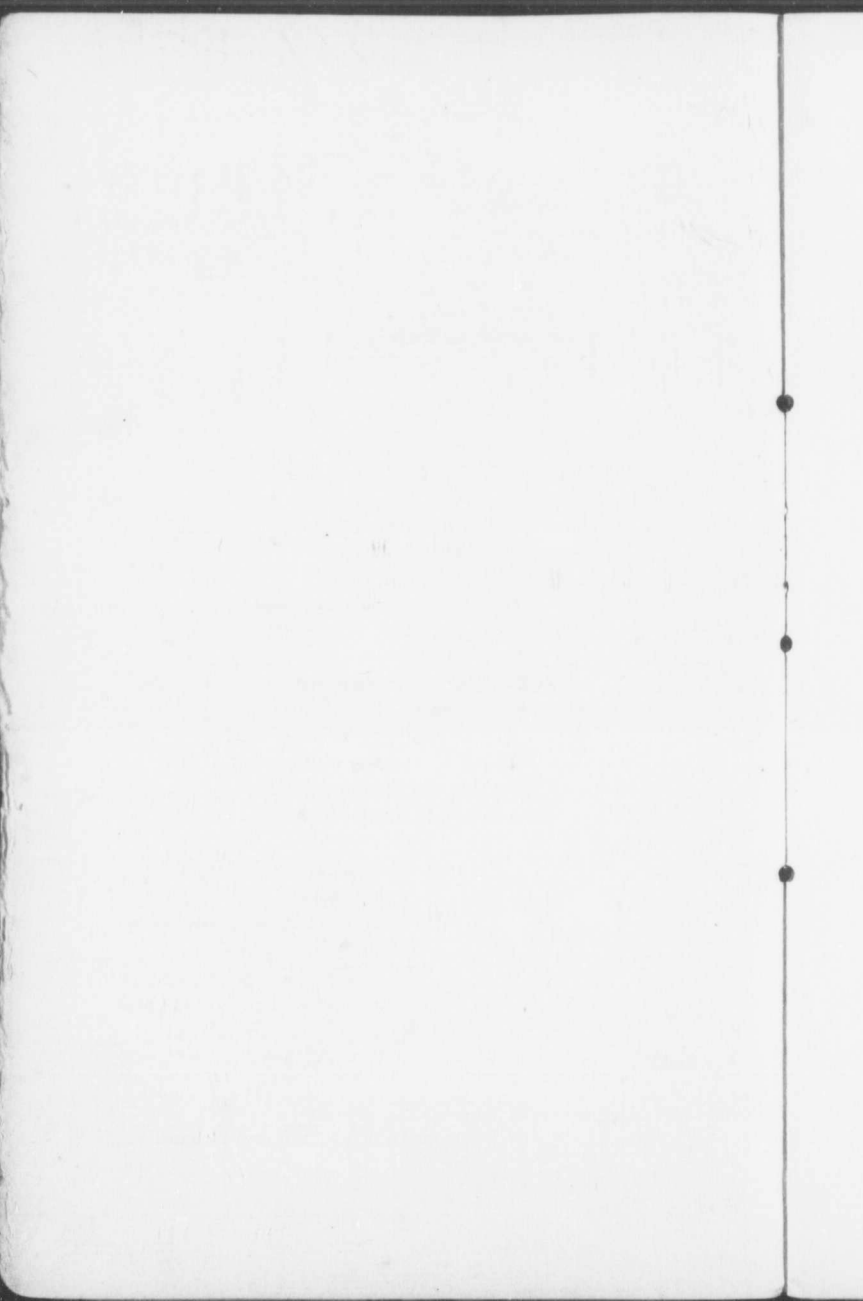
" See,  
the  
ice  
goes  
out ! "

On bank and stream and river,  
Among the forest trees,  
That, bending, shake and quiver  
Before the icy breeze.  
So long we have been wishing  
For spring—and without doubt  
It makes a way for fishing

When  
the  
ice  
goes  
out.

*A March  
Rhapsody*





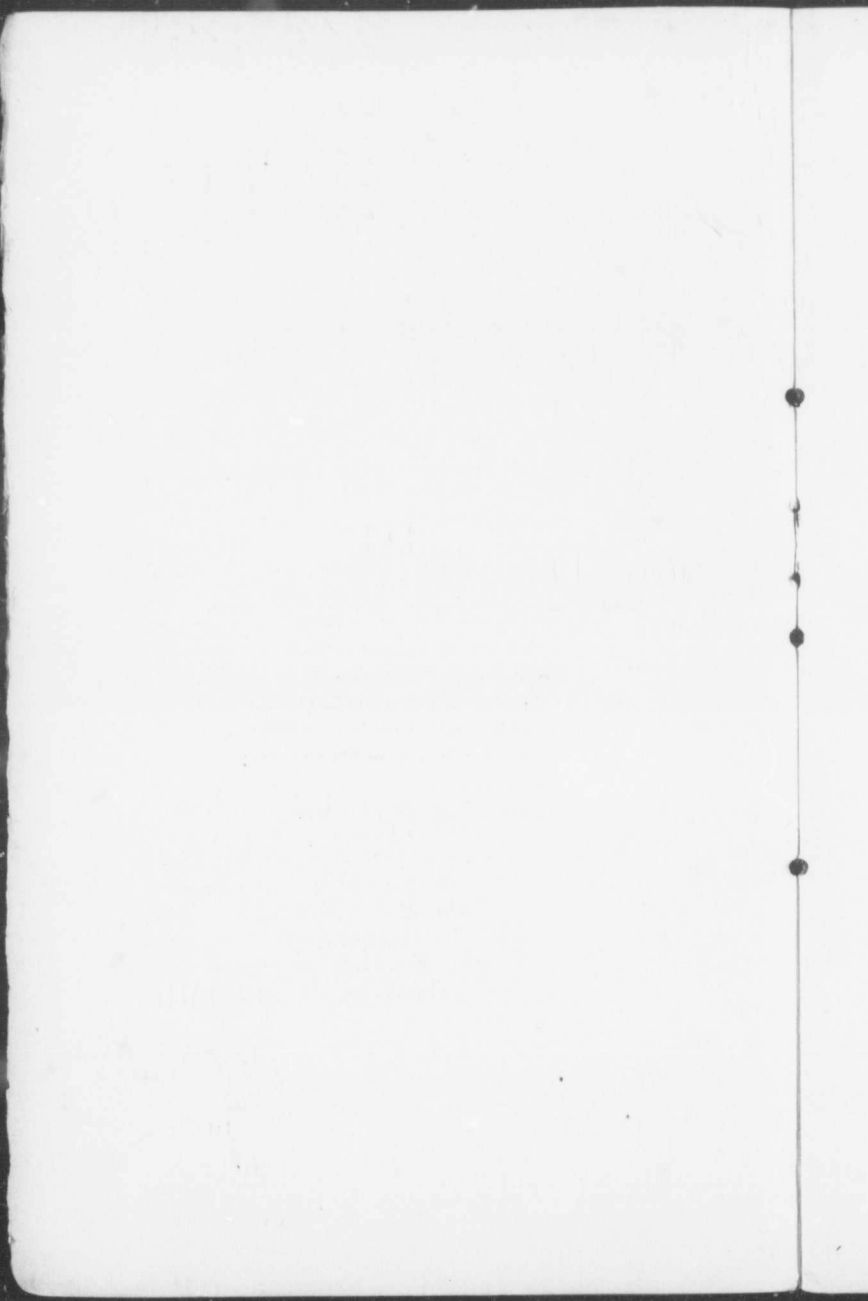
"A day in April never came so sweet."

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 *Hepatica*

**T**HE children have gone to the woods to-day,  
For robins and blue-jays are here,  
And each one looks for the April fay,  
The flower that we all hold dear,  
With her satin hood of silvery blue,  
'Neath the old brown leaves she hides from view.

And one calls, "Hepsie, where are you now?"  
Another, with restless feet,  
Is pushing away both leaf and bough,  
Where the budding maples meet,  
Till comes a happy shout of glee  
Canada's April flower to see.



 *At the Boat*

**S**HE is waiting, little Maysie,  
I can see each shining curl,  
And with joy her eyes are beaming,  
Mother's sweet, old-fashioned girl:  
For she kissed me when we parted,  
With a tremor at her throat,  
But her words were bright and hopeful,  
"I will meet you at the boat."

I have been in halls of learning  
And the mansions of the proud,  
But I wearied of their wisdom  
And was lonely in a crowd.  
Still in fancy I have listened  
For the wildwood robin's note,  
And for Maysie's cheerful promise,  
"I will meet you at the boat."

Now I see the low-browed cottage,  
Nestling 'mong the maple trees,  
And the perfume of the May flowers  
Mingles with the evening breeze.  
Ne'er again my feet shall wander  
To these stranger lands remote,  
But will rest with little Maysie  
Who has met me at the boat.



"Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."



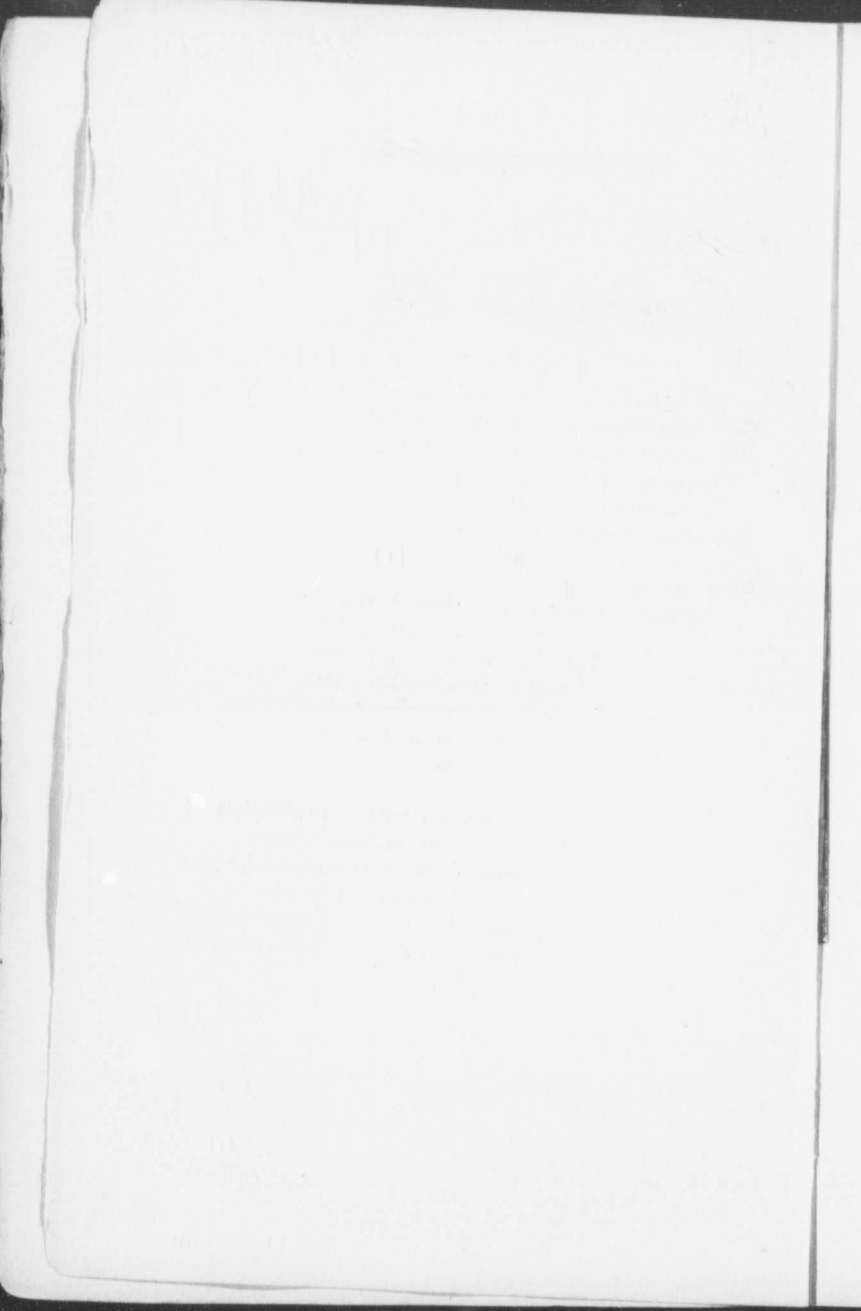
*A Rose Song*

**C**RIMSON roses, queen of the flowers,  
Your fragrance is very near,  
The bonniest breath of the summer hours  
That come in the sweet o' the year.  
Gleam bright, Sun, give color and fire  
To this rose of passion, the "heart's desire."

Pale pink roses, shimmer and shine,  
Smile out on the perfumed air.  
O she is dainty, this rose of mine,  
Yet knows not that she is fair.  
Stay, cool shadows of eventide ;  
Enfold my rose lest it open wide.

Pure sweet roses, so pearly white,  
Love in your heart lies deep ;  
Breathe your fragrance into the night,  
While my darling lies asleep ;  
Shine, bright stars and heavenly moon,  
Peaceful the silence of June, dear June.





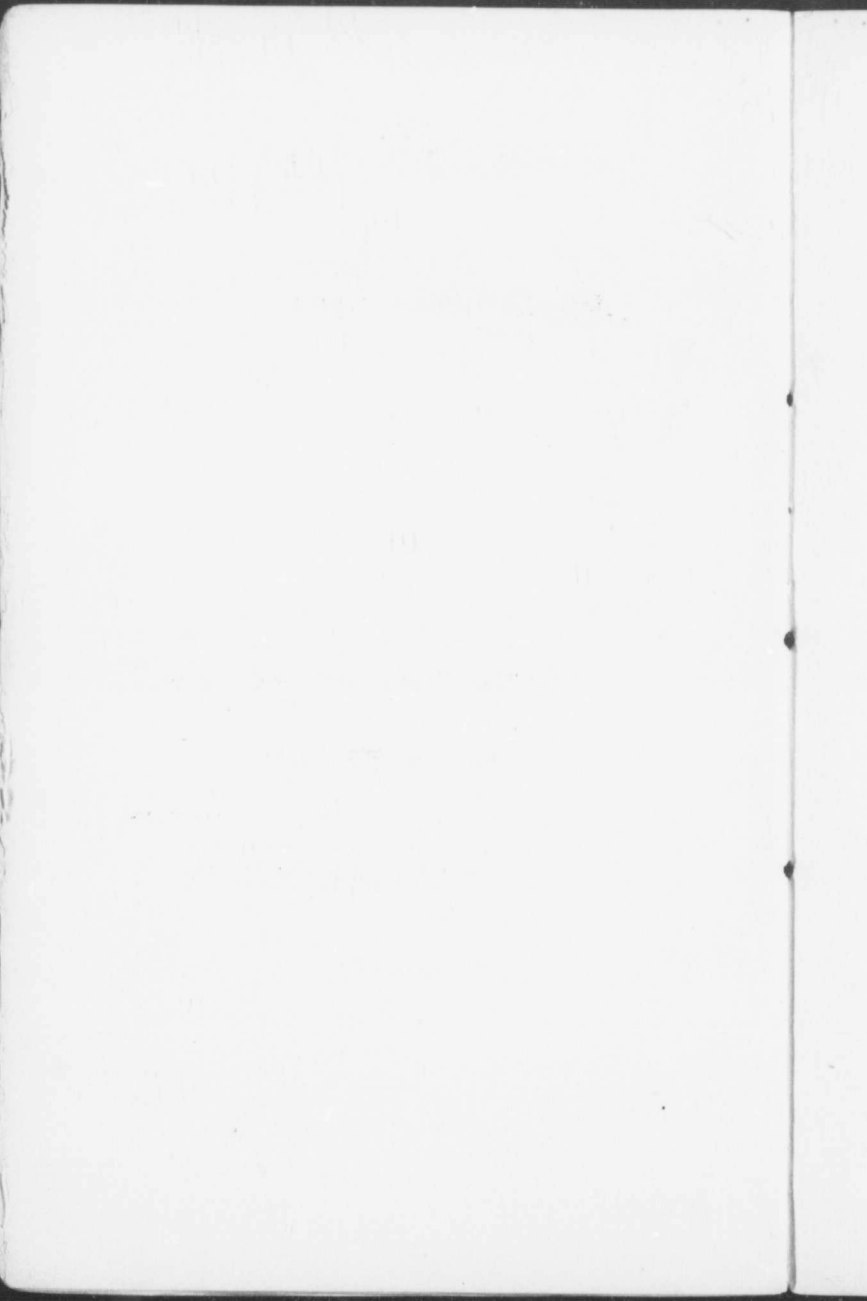
"Makes a July day short as December."

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 *Dominion Hymn*

**L**ORD of the world, we own Thy sway,  
Our eyes are looking up to Thee  
To guide and bless us day by day  
Through time—to all eternity.  
Thy chosen people, by Thee blest,  
Be this to us the promised land,  
From glowing east to ruddy west ;  
Firm in Thy strength, Lord, may we stand.

Teach Thou our rulers wisdom's path ;  
Be this Dominion free from shame ;  
O may we ne'er provoke Thy wrath,  
But all our people own Thy name.  
United in one mighty plan,  
One hope, one heaven, one brotherhood,  
With love to God, and love to man,  
Together all things work for good.



"If music be the food of love—play on,  
Give me excess of it."

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## *A Tone Memory*

**I**T was warm that August Sunday—  
You remember it well, I am sure,—  
My heart was so sad with grieving,  
I could only pray—and endure.

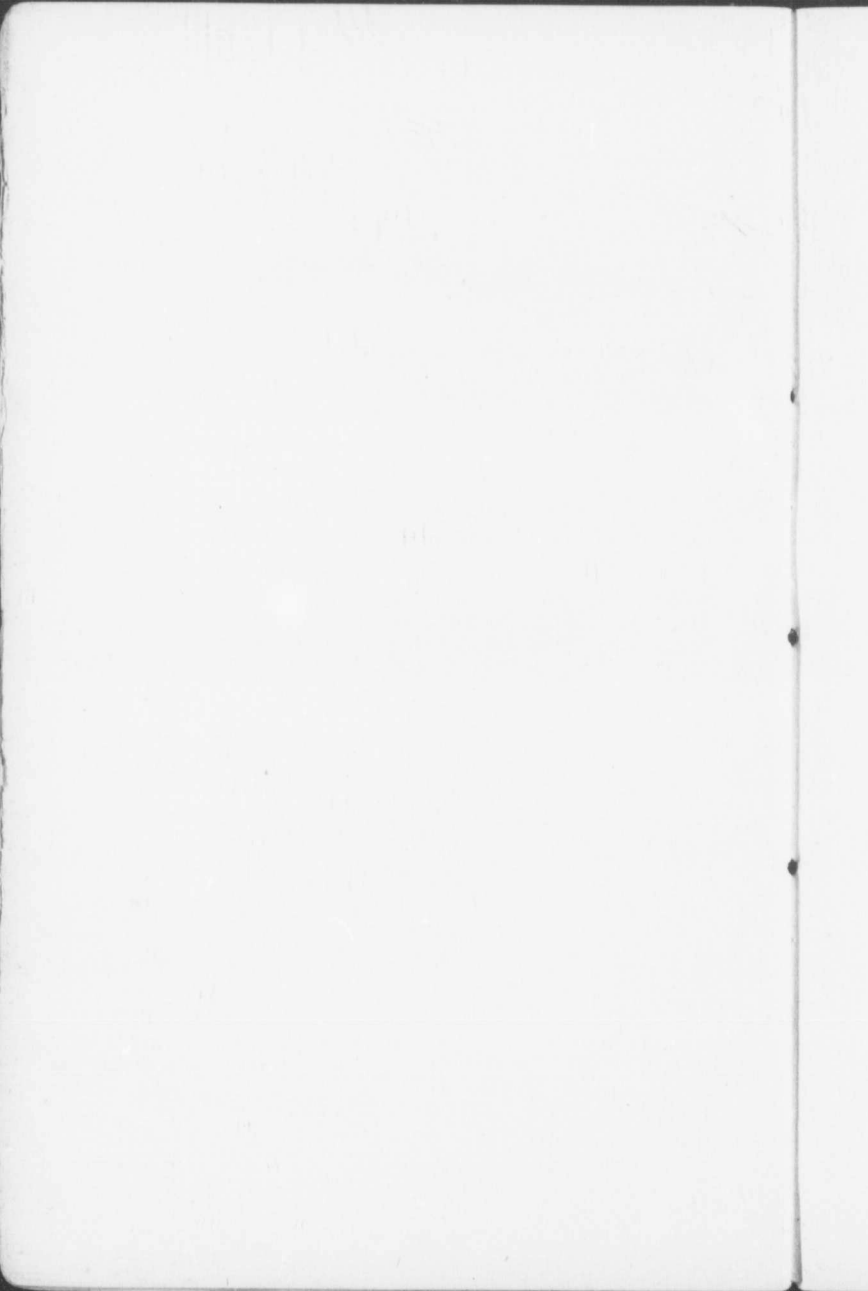
At the steps of the church I waited  
Till a bird hurried by on the wing,  
Alarmed at the rustle of garments  
As the people arose to sing.

Then I slowly passed over the portal  
And walked down the narrow aisle,  
As your voice in its earnest fervour  
My thought did at once beguile.

I read the psalm over your shoulder—  
It said not to "forgetful be  
Of all the gracious benefits  
He hath bestowed on thee."

I had felt so very ungrateful  
It came like a soothing prayer,  
And roused me to fresh endeavour  
And to think of His love and care

Who knows all our hidden sorrows,  
And to you, O friend of mine,  
It was given to help and console me,  
As you sang that psalm divine.



"If all the world were playing holiday  
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

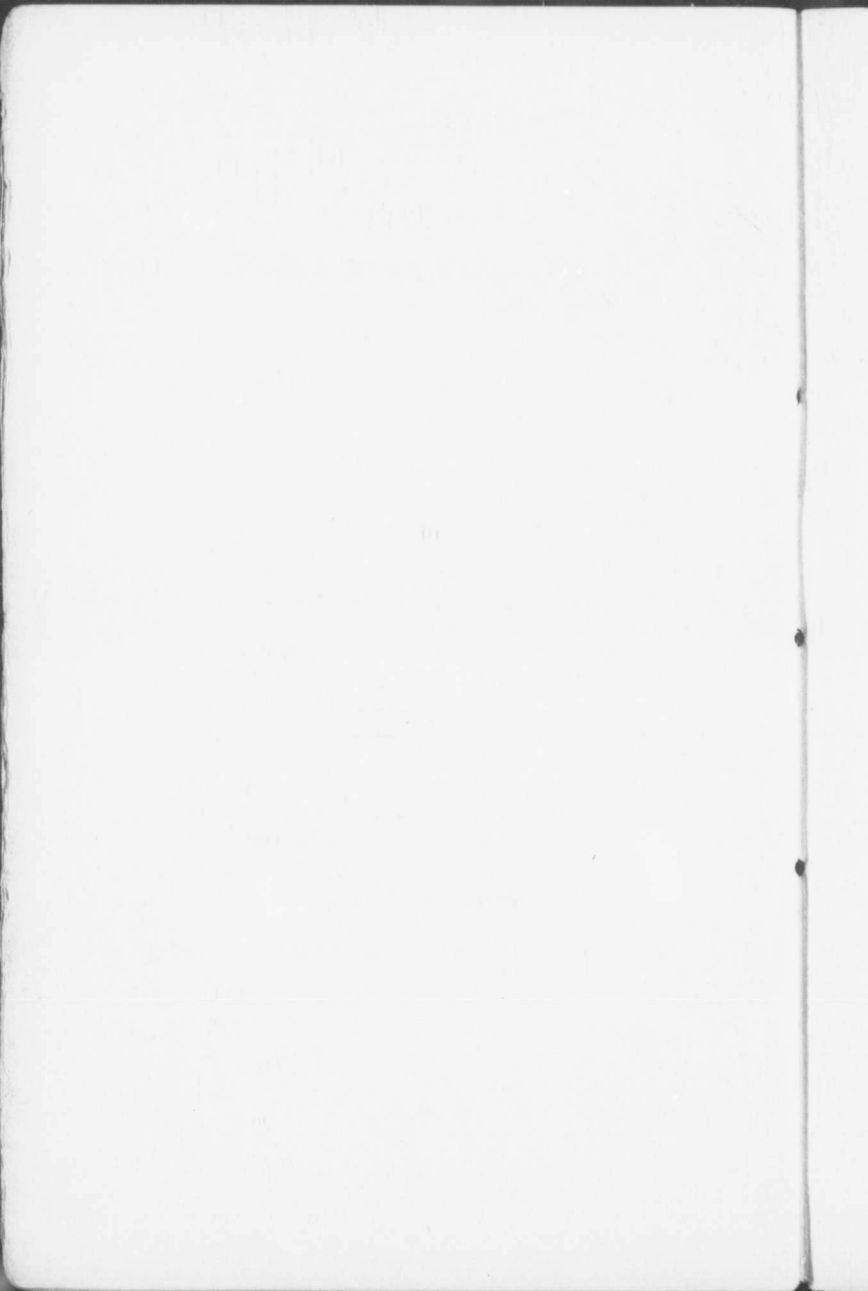
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## *A September Prophecy*

**N**O doubt that bridge will be safe and strong  
When you reach it—so do not fear ;  
Just keep your smiles and the cheery song,  
It will carry you over, my dear ;  
For half life's trouble and grief and loss  
Is in dreading the bridges we never cross.

So keep your eyes on the shining way,—  
Beyond it is fair and clear,—  
And enjoy the trees and the flowers to-day  
That bloom in your path, my dear ;  
For the thought will come with a thrill of pain  
That we " may not pass this way again."

So stop when you meet with a burdened soul,  
And give just a word of cheer ;  
While looking above to the final goal  
Help others to reach it, my dear.  
And—who can tell ?—each bridge may be  
A blessing disguised both for you and me.



"They are given  
To men of middle age."

—

 *Love's Aftermath*

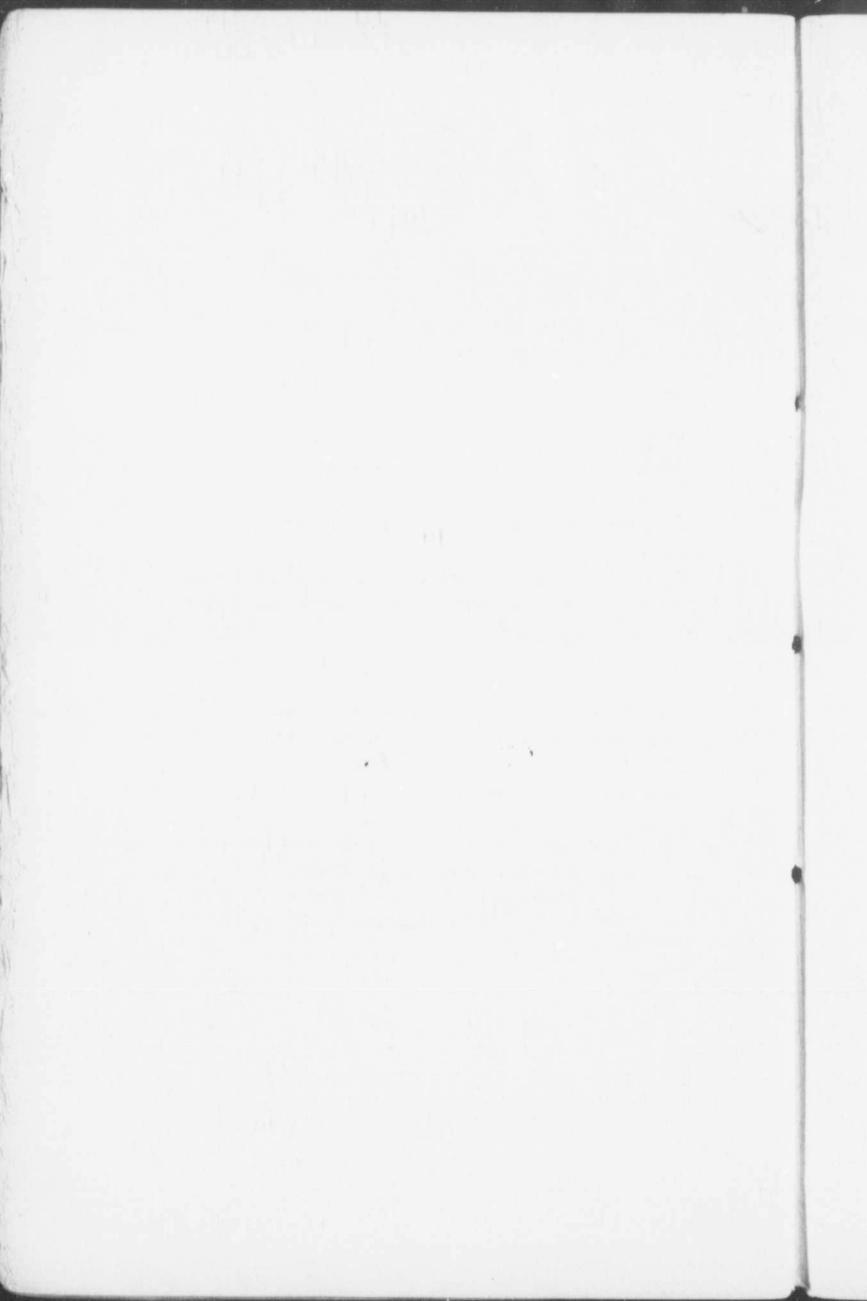
**A** MID October's meadows we walked, my love and me ;  
She was a country lassie, clear-eyed and fair to see,  
While I, her city lover, had reached an untried path,  
And this Acadian wooing to me was aftermath.

The sere and yellow grasses rustled beneath our feet,  
Down by the little pathway where shore and river meet ;  
But in the sheltered hollows some fair white clover lay  
With blossoms fresh and fragrant as in the month of May.

So like my love their seeming, so pure and pale and cold,  
And I, the yellow stubble, world worn and growing old ;  
But when I told my fancies, she said with eyes cast down,  
" The grass protects the clover, though it is sere and brown."

Dear heart, your simple wisdom is more than all my years ;  
Those blessed words of promise dispel my gloomy fears ;  
Love's aftermath is sweeter than springtime blossoms fair,  
The grass protects the clover—your life shall be my care.





"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot."

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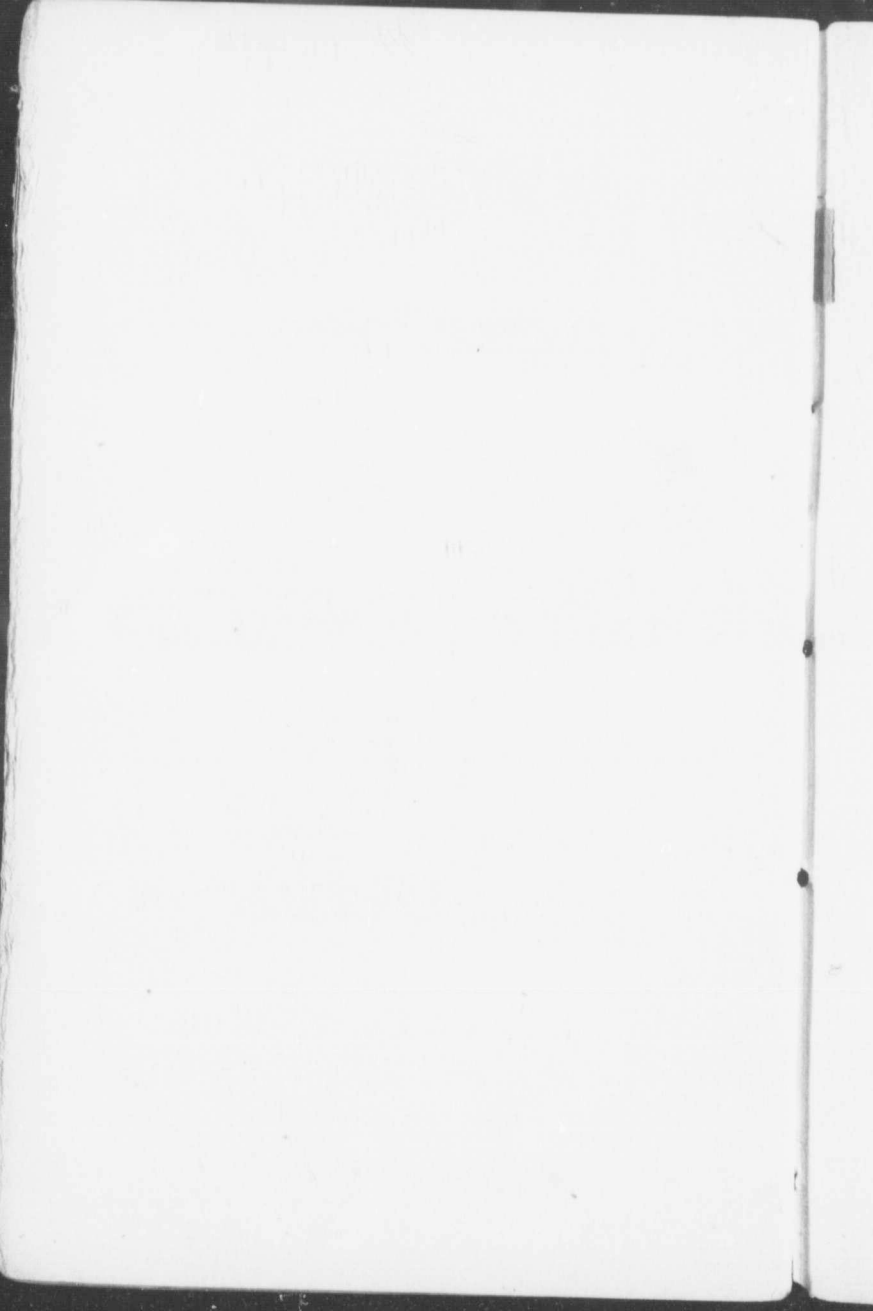
 *Belated Violets*

**W**HY are you here beneath November skies?  
My darling violets, with wide open eyes.  
Did you forget the snow the winters bring,  
And dream that you had slept until the spring?

Your fragrance makes me faint for vanished hours,  
For days o'er which no storm-cloud ever lowers,  
For youth and hope, and all of life that died  
When Autumn's frost first chilled the garden's pride.

My sweetest blossoms, born of springtime rain,  
You give the earth your perfume now in vain,  
And then like love unsought will feel the breath  
Of love's adversity that leads to death.

Then go to sleep, close up your frosted eyes,  
To open them again in glad surprise  
When soft winds blow and violets newly born  
Proclaim the earth's glad resurrection morn.



"At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,  
But like of each thing that in season grows."

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## *A Christmas Question*

**W**HAT can you give for Christmas?  
It is not the gift that is brought,  
But the love that goes with the giving,  
The remembrance, and the thought,  
That fills the life with gladness  
And the eyes with happy tears,  
That warms the coldest winter  
Of the heart along the years.

What can you give for Christmas?  
Just keep your tired hands still,  
For a gift that is wearisome doing  
Its message does not fulfil;  
But a simple memory token  
Of love you can always send,  
That will breathe a silent greeting  
From the heart of friend to friend.

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Jack, Annie L. (Hayt) 183

Rhyme thoughts for a Canadian  
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