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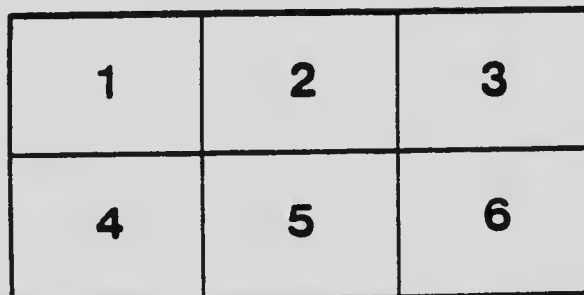
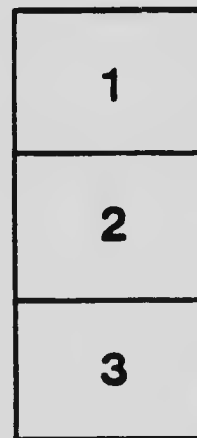
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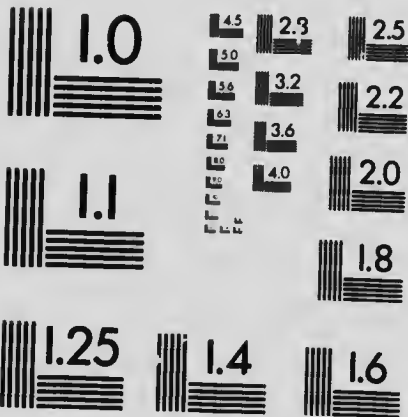
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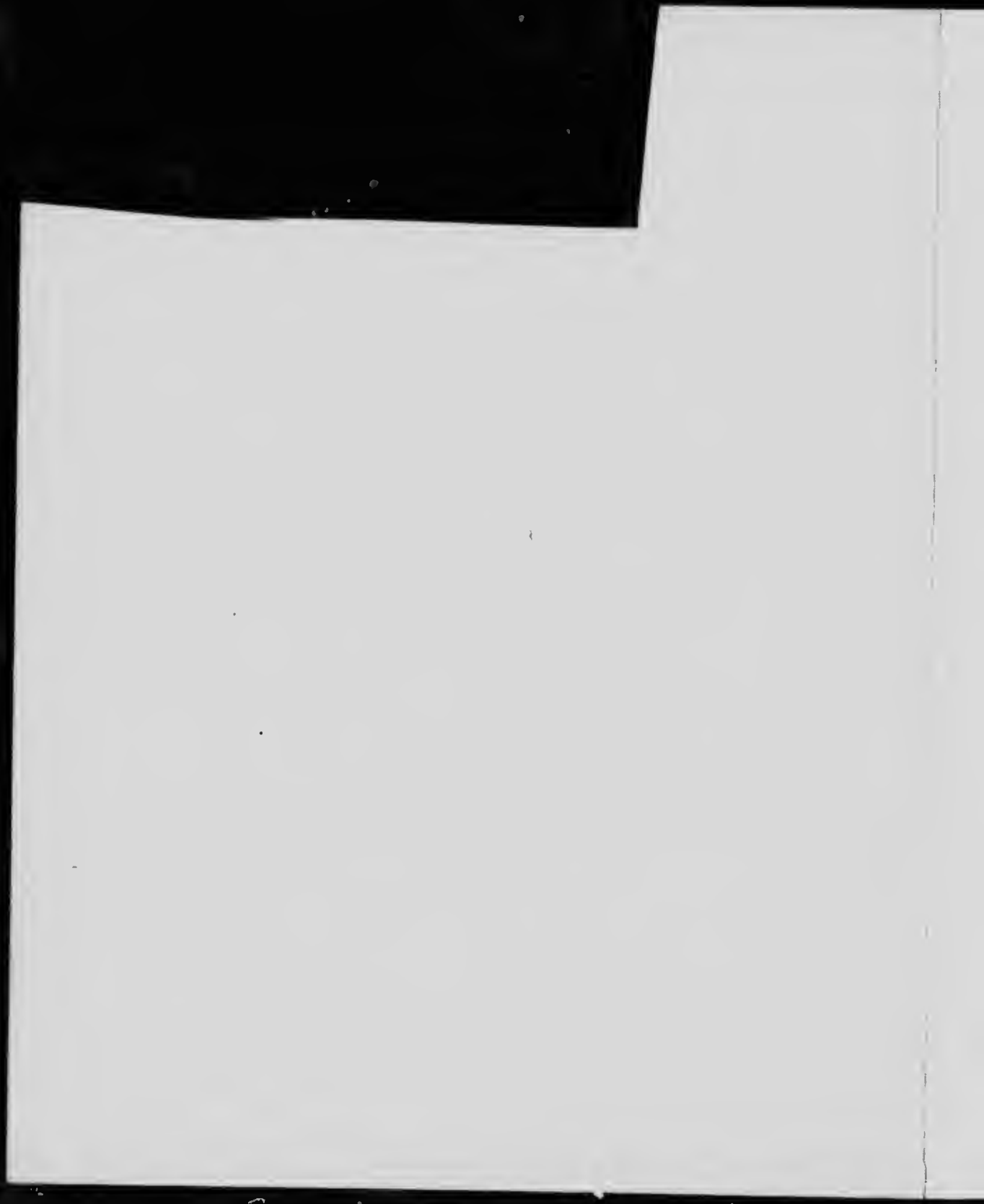
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Angus McLaughlin's

Selected Poems



1931

**ANGUS McLAUGHLIN,
CANADIAN POET, DIES**

OTTAWA, March 7.—(Star Special.)
— Well known in Ottawa and Montreal literary circles as a poet of merit, Angus McLaughlin, author of "Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems," died at a Brockville hospital recently. He had been ill for some time. He was born at Gallingertown, Ont., 57 years ago, and had resided in Ottawa for the past six years. Most of his life had been spent in Montreal. He was a son of the late John McLaughlin, one time inspector of schools for Dundas county, and the late Bridget Gormley. The funeral service was held at Morrisburg. The late Mr. McLaughlin is survived by his wife, formerly Mary Earle, one sister, Mrs. James Britton, New York City; three brothers, Thomas, Ottawa; Alex, Detroit; and Patrick, Chicago.

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Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

SUMMER.

The summer is coming, the butterflies know it,
The rivers are galloping on to the sea,
And thousands of birds from the far sunny south,
Are now on their way to the land of the free.

They are coming to sing on the graves of the soldiers,
And sing in the land where our forefathers rest,
And some robin will sing on the grave of my mother,
And sing when the sun glides down in the west.

The summer is coming to sink the white blossoms,
That the Lord flung out of the ships in the storm,
And now all the birds from the sweet sunny south,
Give God all the praise for they are kept warm.

The summer is coming with its rustling of grain,
When the reapers and binders move on to their prey,
When Ringling's great circus will crowd for the cities,
But the crashing of London has nothing to pay.

The summer is coming to pull the white curtain,
And show us the orchards all hanging in red,
When we can roam over fields and through meadows,
And read in the graveyards the friends that are dead.

The summer is coming the butterflies know it,
The bees and the bobolinks know it too,
And cattle in thousands from the green shady bowers,
Will come tossing their heads and drink there with
you.

The summer is coming when the warm nights in June,
Will listen with patience to the owl once so free,
As he sat on a limb in the dead of the night,
And called to the crow in the old elm tree.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

SELFISHNESS.

How we love this sinful world,
Although we all fade like a flower,
And how we are all so deceived,
And all our lives fade like an hour,

You would think when time is so very short,
We would all know what to do,
But all the world like drowning men,
Are ready to grab for you.

If they can see a dollar in you,
They have lots of time to talk,
But if they cannot see a cent,
They will put you on the walk.

What a selfish lot we are,
From the peasant to the king,
All ready to talk of noble deeds,
But slow to do the noble thing.

I had a noble mother,
She loved to help the poor,
No matter when the beggar's rap
Came thumping at the door.

How we love to grasp for things,
The trashy things our eyes behold,
How few we find in all the world,
That fail to care for trashy gold.

I wish that I could see some one,
That knew the value of time,
While travelling here below,
I think that I would follow him,
Through summer, spring and fall and snow.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

What a selfish lot we are,
All the world around,
Kings bending for a cent,
And they a bit of clay,
While millions move all around,
But not a bit of moving clay,
Would dare to throw a cent away.

Are we life, are we death?
Who can solve the task?
Speak to him who passed away,
Can we hold him fast?
Hold him for a little while,
Hold him for a day,
Hold him till the clay comes in
To take the clay away.

THE FIREMEN.

I love the bells, I love to hear them toll,
They tell you of the city fires, they warn you of
your soul,
They drive the trucks all off the street, and make it
level as the ground,
Then comes a band of the bravest men to run the
fire down.

They are so brave sometimes they face,
The very flames of hell,
They are called out to that dangerous work,
By the sound of ringing bells.

And when they get the signal,
They all spring to their feet,
And away they go at an awful speed,
Along the busy street.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

They are the bravest men,
That you can find to-day,
They face the hellish flames,
That turn them into clay.

And when they die out comes the crowd,
In thousands on the street,
The noble horses keeping time,
To the music with their feet.

I stood beside the coffins,
They all looked Oh, so grand,
All covered o'er with wreaths of flowers,
That came from loving hands.

And when the funeral came along,
The horses in sad array,
The flowers bowing to the crowds,
No more to pass this way,

THE BUTTERFLY.

While walking down St. Catherine Street,
I met a butterfly,
The heavy crowds went pushing on
With trouble in their eye.

The little fly said here I am,
And no trouble here have I,
There's not a man in all the world,
Can see my tiny eye.

I am just as happy as I can be,
For I have no bills to pay,
I stop here in this noble city,
And sport here every day.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

I get my board and laundry free,
And from the city hall,
I never get a bill to pay,
And never get a fall.

I am pretty hard to catch as well,
No car will crush my limbs,
Although I play with all the cars,
And get there on my wings.

The laws are very hard to beat,
Yet they cannot find my home,
While I go sporting through the streets,
Like the king upon his throne.

I am a mighty funny fly,
I fly up with the wind,
And down the chimney I can go,
And out again as well you know,
To view the sunny scenes.

You try sometime to find my home,
Go down to the City Hall,
Put all the policemen on my track,
And see if one will call!

Just see if one policeman,
Will find my little door,
And give me any trouble,
As you have had before.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Come my little tender leaves,
You had better say good-bye,
I feel the blast of winter here,
I can see it in the sky.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

You have had a lovely time all summer
Flirting with the birds and whispering to the wind,
But now the winter storms will come,
And cover up your wings.

When you were young and tender,
You dressed up in your best,
You beckoned to the Oriole,
Come here and build your nest.

You had a happy time all summer,
Among the birds and bees,
But now the blast of winter comes,
And covers up your leaves.

And so they say, farewell old trees,
We are all called in the race,
And ordered back to the silent earth,
With the snows upon our face.

And so we say farewell old home.
We can no longer stay,
We are called back to the silent earth,
To sleep the days away.

And so we all keep falling,
Like the soldiers in the war,
Until we all are dead,
And dead, and all what for?

SPRING.

The spring is coming and so are the birds,
The rivers will sanction these cheery words,
For they will be loosed from their cold prison home,
And away to the ocean they will merrily roam.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The spring is coming to lift the cold curtain,
And show us the forest all hanging in green,
When we can hear the song of the robin,
And see the lost crow looking down on the scene.

Yes for a day with my brothers through the wild
woods,
Let it be summer, spring or fall,
Just let me hear the drum of the partridge,
Hammering his wings against the old rotten log.

Oh, for a day with my brothers through the wild
woods,
When the butternuts in clusters hang all around,
Me with my arrow and they with their rifles,
And the watch-dog tearing the roots from the
ground.

And mother at home preparing the supper,
And the cattle roaming across the green fields,
The crab apple tree close by the window,
Where we all used to sit and take our meals.

But, oh! the great reaper passed quietly by
And mowed the great forest and took from my home.
The flower of all—my dear, darling mother,
And left me the cold, friendless city to roam.

Yes, for a day around the old naked barn,
Where the swallows would glue the mud to the
boards,
Where they would tenderly bring out their young,
Then away on the wild winds praising the Lord.

I can hear the old waggon going up on the bridge,
The bridge that my brothers built on the farm,
Where the horses got a fresh cut from the driver,
To make sure the load would land safe in the barn.

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But now they are gone, the old home is forsaken,
And the wild winds come scampering and roaming
around,
Like the dove that comes on and puts up for the night,
And cooes out his troubles in that old naked barn.

THE FIRST SPRINKLE OF SNOW.

Our little friends from Iceland's fairest hills,
Have come again in white,
Although they fell from cloudy skies,
No one could hear them light.

They come the same old way they came,
A thousand years ago,
Just tumbling down in little flakes,
The people call them snow.

I call them little angels white,
That come from worlds on high,
To spend a little time with us,
Before they fade and die.

And when the birds return in spring, the birds that
are so free,
The snow will start and run away,
Through forest's great, among the trees, ten thou-
sand ways they will race along,
To reach the rolling seas.

And when they reach that world of water,
The ocean there so wide,
They help to shove the ships along,
And swell the ocean tide.

Some days they are far up in the sky,
Clinging to the mast,
And waiting for the winds to blow,
And for the thunder crash.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Then down they come all filled with glee,
Just like the water tide,
And gladly hide there in the earth,
To keep the roots alive.

And so they keep on travelling,
And journeying to and fro,
They are known too by all the world,
No matter where they go.

CHANGES OF TIME.

How the seasons roll away,
Tell me when you were born,
Was it in the month of May,
When all the flowers were young and gay,
And you had nothing then to say,
But to cry and sleep and mourn.

Or was it when the winds of winter swept,
Across the stubbled rye
When the Indians robed in furs were bent,
To lay their offspring down content,
Against a northern sky.

Or was it in the gloomy fall,
When the ships were half unfurled,
When the nights were dark and bleak and damp,
And the owl called to the lonely tramp,
As he wandered in a dreary world.

Or was it around old Christmas night,
When thousands were yet unborn,
When many were young and gay and bright,
And watching for Santa to come at night,
With his reindeers through the storm.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The Christmas nights of long ago,
When the moon had her eye on us all,
And the world seemed cold and still,
When we kept looking for our dear brothers,
To come driving over the hill.

Then we would sit and talk and tell,
Of the happenings of long ago,
How some had died in the dead of summer,
While others had breathed their last in winter,
When the world was white with snow.

Was it around old Christmas time,
When the sleighs and bells went noisily by,
And the curl of smoke from our neighbor's clay pipe,
Put the twinkle in their eye.

LOST AT SEA.

Oh! what an awful thing it is,
To be wrecked and lost at sea,
No land or tree top to be seen,
No village, church or ringing bells,
No crashing cars go roaring nigh,
Only the waves and the surging sea,
And the wind that hurries by.

Oh! to be lost in a lonely forest,
Where the lions roam at night,
Is not as sad as wrecked at sea,
A thousand miles from light,
Only the light of the silvery moon,
Only the light of the stars,
Only the light of the northern lights,
Playing on the bars.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Oh! to be lost in a dismal forest,
And wrecked and lost through fright,
Is not as sad as lost at sea,
And wrecked and lost at night,
Nothing to see but the silvery moon,
Nothing to hear but the wind and waves,
Nothing to see but the starry sky,
Playing on their graves.

Oh! to be wrecked and lost at sea,
Is an awful thing and an awful sight,
And, Barney Tansey, of Montreal,
Is one of the men that was lost at night,
With ten good men just like himself,
(The Priests) they all embarked for noble Rome,
They thought they would make their pilgrimage,
Before they would reach their heavenly home.

But oh, what road can mortal take?
Where no danger can be found?
Would someone point that road to me?
Before I sink into the ground?
And when the news went all around,
That they were lost at sea,
How the prayers and bells went forth,
In pitiful cries for thee.

And they, like Paul, were wrecked at sea,
And shipwrecked with a cost,
But all returned to Montreal,
And not a life was lost.

Oh! to be wrecked and lost at sea,
No pen or tongue can tell the fright,
Only the ones that suffered there,
The ones that were there at night,
And when you are caught up in a storm,
A thousand miles from land and tree,
It's then you will think of Barney Tansey,
The man that was lost at sea.

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A STRANGE WORLD.

You know this is a funny world,
We would rather see them fall,
Than to see our neighbors go up the hill,
Or down the City Hall.

They say if he gets up too high,
It will make me all the smaller,
So I will try what I can do,
To grow a little taller.

I like the men with noble minds,
What will bow to help the others,
It's then you have the greatest men,
The men with noble mothers.

Don't feel yourself too mighty small,
If you have any brains,
It's then the world will knock down,
And take from you the reins.

They will not let you drive at all,
They say you are too slow,
They want the man that has the brains,
To look the others through.

Don't go around to feel the public,
And learn what they think of you,
It's then they will crush you half to death,
And no work left for you.

Just stand right out and let them know,
That you are on the pile,
It's then you stand a noble chance,
To get from them a smile.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

We cannot grow too wise down here,
Don't slight your struggling brothers,
The hand of time will look you up,
And leave you with the others.

Don't hold your head too high my friends,
There is lots of air to breathe,
And don't forget to pray for others,
And pray upon your knees.

THE VAULT OF HEAVEN.

How broad God made the doors,
That open to the naked skies,
Where stars are beckoning to the moon,
And other worlds to rise.

What could fill the gap,
That leads right up to Heaven,
Where we expect soon after death,
That we'll be there forgiven.

What could fill the gap,
Or interfere with space,
To bring the worlds all to a stand,
Or stop them in the chase.

Who could count the sands,
That lie along the sea,
Is there a star for every grain of sand?
Is there no world for me?

And what about the drops of rain,
That swell the ocean wide,
Is there a world for every drop of rain,
Or a world without a tide.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And what about the flakes,
That fall on trees and heather,
And all the leaves from forests vast,
That wait for wintry weather.

THE GRAVEYARD.

Up yonder on the little hill,
I see the marbles all in white,
The fingers pointing heavenward,
The ones that left at night.

And some left in the morning,
When the grey clouds crossed the eastern world,
And some left in the evening,
When battle ships were half unfurled.

And some left at twelve,
When the sun was at his best,
And some shook hands with all at home,
When the sun was sinking in the west.

And some left in the dead of night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
When forest birds were cradled,
By the winds that rocked the deep.

What a lonesome place it is,
Where the rocks in white and grey,
Are always pointing to the worlds,
The stars so far away.

Up yonder on that lonely hill,
I hear the robins sing,
I see the falling of the snow,
I hear the church bells ring.

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I see some mothers bending low,
All robed in crape and black,
They are praying for the darling ones,
That will never more come back.

I hear the watch dogs howl at night,
I hear the bleak winds blow,
I see my mother buried there,
Her blankets made of snow.

I hear the booming of the bells,
I hear the city bands all play,
I love to sit and think of home,
My home so far away.

LOVE.

How I love the rocking ocean,
Yes I love the rolling sea,
But I love my Saviour better,
For the Saviour died for me.

How I love the rocking forest,
Where the leaves all clap their hands,
While the birds like little angels,
Sing to God their native land.

How I love the bending forest,
When the leaves all clap their wing,
How they love to cheer the robin,
Back again to dear old spring.

And I love my dear old neighbors,
When we huddled around the stove,
Talked of things that happened in summer,
And of years of long ago.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

How I loved the golden autumn,
And the gardens filled with fruit,
But I loved my neighbors better,
With the music of their flute.

HOME.

When I am here I am no where else,
Yet things are not the same,
As they were in long years ago,
When the storms and winds and heavy snows,
Beat against the window pane.

When I could see the flying snow,
And hear the romping winds roll on,
The winds that carried dear mother's voice,
From the home we heard the song.

Yes, these were happy days for me,
I knew no pain, no sorrow,
The watch-dog would fill my soul with glee,
In the hollow log to-morrow.

But when I grew to be a man,
The troubles came thick and fast,
My parents faded like a flower,
And my sisters breathed their last.

And now you go to that dear old home,
And what will you find there,
The vacant rooms and the fallen trees,
Where the birds sing in the morning breeze,
To the One that they adore.

And when the winters come and go,
And the springs come driving in,
Some little flowers will start to grow,
Regardless of a friend or foe,
Until the fall comes in.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Some little place around the home,
Its little leaves will start to grow,
And the roaming bee will find it out,
And steal from it a little honey,
As the winters steal the snow.

And there the butterfly will come,
And dart around the fields,
Regardless of the wind and showers,
That beat on London's noble towers,
As the days are going by.

THE STARS.

The little lights that shine at night,
They all look small to me,
But they are eyes looking through the skies,
Upon a raging sea.

They are far away and they look small,
But Oh! could they draw near,
This busy world would soon decide to fall,
And soon would disappear.

What a busy world it is,
All things on the go,
Mountains, rocks and cities,
Rushing through the stormy snow.

Busy, rolling here in space,
Romping with the wind,
Turning cities upside down,
To let the sunshine in.

Oceans rolling, heaving high,
While ragged clouds look from the sky,
On little birds with broken wings,
All struggling here poor tiny things.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

But everything is bound to live,
And everything must surely die,
So where is the logic in fighting here?
When all can see the starry sky.

'They are commanders looking down,
Brave soldiers that will never flinch,
'They know their place and mind it to,
'That's all great soldiers have to do.

So come my little tender fly,
You are just as great as any eye,
You do some things no one would try,
So you keep on and so will I.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

What is your name? My name is death! What
is your name? My name is life! How is it that
your name is life and death so near, because you went
astray when God and death was here!

I asked a pilgrim on the road of time pause gently
by the wayside and ask those prairie lands so far
away, those mountains bleak and cold and yet sublime,
who made me so feeble, yet so noisy? While all
the great hills and vast prairie lands lie so still, while
I go journeying down the path of time?

Will I be here some other day? And will that oak
seed flourish in some distant land carried there by
the strength of some unknown bird panting and
struggling on its way sailing on the wings of time?
And will those stars be shining and sparkling like the
diamonds on the hand of some dead man trying to
discern objects, millions of miles from their orbits.

I asked a forlorn pilgrim as he sat by the road-
side, destitute of friends and home: Would you not
like to visit those Roman Courts, and look upon the
statues of those great soldiers, who have long

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

since passed away into the unknown regions of Eternity? Whose flashing eyes and excited blood followed the fugitives far into the night to make sure their country was safe from the blood-thirsty enemies who had long been a scourge to the passing generations? While they hurried down the sloping hill of time and were carried away by the tide that ebbs and flows at its own good will.

He replied, yes, I would love to see those great soldiers, could I but lift mine eyes, but to gather myself up and start from here while I am enshrouded with death, the struggle would be greater than this mouldering bit of clay could encounter, for I am twice dead in sin and three times beaten in years. For the hands on the clocks have gone their rounds and left me far behind in the race.

But the stars are still bright and sparkling as in long years passed away, and tells me to be patient and press on a little longer, and as you leave me so you may find me in some other world. For the future is unknown to man and time as fleet as the war horse, and soon we will disappear from this unhappy struggle.

I went on my way as the sun was fast disappearing behind those bleak mountains that had broken the storm from the little town for so many years. The great ocean was rolling and tumbling like something in great distress, while the night-watchman passed gently among the bleak clouds and went her round for the night.

The next morning the grey clouds floated lazily across the eastern world, while the bleak mountains were somewhat whitened by a blustry fall of snow that had broken in on us during the night and left us the next morning on the verge of a northern winter.

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TIME.

When a thousand years are gone,
The pines will moan and sigh,
The streams will run down naked hills,
And the hawks will mount the sunny sky.

Supremely will they glide along,
Where hearts longed throbbled to go,
But disappointment comes to all,
The pale horse, white as snow.

No one can stop that monster death,
He has no pride in him,
He plays with all that has a breath,
And then he takes them in.

And time he is so very strong,
But like the weather gauge,
Is always changing in his course,
He knows when he was made.

The sun, moon and stars and time,
Go journeying hand in hand,
To crush to death those rocky walls,
Put up by foolish hands.

But all things have a part to play,
While time goes rolling by,
The spider forms his tiny web,
The priest with his uncovered head,
Moves on to worlds on high.

The little bee among the flowers
The ants among the hills,
All play an active part in life,
Like the streams that run the mills.

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The little fly upon the wall,
The war-ships in the rolling deep,
All play a mysterious game of chance,
Like the little one's all fast asleep.

You fall asleep and feel all safe,
And dream there is no danger,
While death and danger stand without,
All robed there in his splendor.

And will time let the sun come in,
And shine upon the bee,
That works so hard among the flowers,
Regardless of the days and hours,
That comes along for thee.

And will time help the poor to sleep,
And let the rich all die,
And have the people walk the same,
Some fast, some slow, some in the rain,
When we have left for worlds on high.

And there is the insect in the ground,
It's just as 'fraid of pain and death,
Does God regard its helpless state,
While rolling worlds from east to west.

THE PINES.

How I loved to hear the pines,
Yet they seemed to moan for me,
Softly grumbling with the wind,
And the breezes from the sea.

I was young and tender then,
Yet the pines they made me sad,
I felt when I would reach my grave,
They would moan for other lads.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

How I loved the month of May,
And the merry days in June,
And the happy hours at school,
With the bell so clear at noon.

And the softly bending pines,
With the calls of many crows,
How they nodded to the winds,
In the days of long ago.

Yes I loved my boyhood days,
And the dark warm nights in May,
And I loved the songs of birds,
Birds that came but not to stay.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

A tiny carriage goes slowly by,
Two little eyes are fast asleep,
Two little hands shove on the carriage,
While crashing cars roll on the street.

It is the hand of little brother,
That shoves the carriage to and fro,
The day will come and wake him up,
To grapple with the foe.

But now he is dead to all the world,
Just like I was when I was young,
But he will grow to learn the trade,
And help to push the world along.

And when a hundred years are gone,
His troubles will be o'er,
The sickle of death will come this way,
And cut us from the shore.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

DISMAL DAYS.

Dismal fall why have you come?
Why have you come so slow?
To warn the birds that love the Spring,
But cannot stand the snow.

And will you come when I am gone?
To take my chances in the wild on high?
And will the birds all sing their songs?
And black birds come from southern skies?

I love the Fall with its dry, dead leaves,
When the birds are hurrying far away,
And the hungry school-boys running home,
And the bobolinks down in the hay.

The Summer, Spring and Fall,
Brings pleasure, pain and death,
Brings joy and sorrow to every clime,
And some without a breath.

But Oh! the Fall brings pain to me,
It makes me think of home,
The first impressions of my boyhood days,
When I the fields did roam.

My childhood days when I would
Watch the swallows and chase the butterflies,
And roam the meadows for birds and flowers,
And watch the night hawks in the sky.

I love the Fall when the butternuts
Were tumbling from the trees,
And the birds had sung their farewell songs,
And disappeared for southern seas.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

No more to come this way for help,
No more to drink from busy rills,
No more to sing for the morning sun,
As he pulled away from eastern hills.

Yes, dismal Fall you warn the birds,
You warn the flowers too.
The innocent flowers that love the showers,
But cannot stand the snow.

MAN.

Crushing world or rolling planets,
Will you not listen to my cry?
I am a poor forlorn creature,
All things tell me that I must die.

So let me breathe without distress,
I would like to live a little longer,
The road I take leads on to death,
And death leads away from fear and wonder.

I know I am poor and weak and blind,
And tender as a summer flower,
Some think they have long years to live,
When they have just a little hour.

Man is a weak, poor simple thing,
He works for self while life it lasts,
This world to him should be a heaven,
But it proves to him a dreadful task.

The struggle starts when he is born,
He looks for ease and wealth and gain,
Until the reaper calls for him,
Then back to earth with a drop of rain

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

FOOLISH MAN.

The work I do does no one good,
It leads the foolish farther down,
You read my work without a gain,
Then turn your face toward the ground.

Don't make a foolish step my friends,
Keep looking where you find some light,
The world is dark enough to-day,
And darker when it brings the fright.

I wish I was as wise as some,
Who learn to hold their temper fast,
I wish St. Paul was back again,
To call me with the poor outcast.

For when we think we know it all,
It is then we are sure to blunder,
We must learn to mind the hand that rules,
The roar and crash of thunder.

FALLING SNOW.

The snowflakes from the starry world,
Are tumbling down to-day,
This is the time, they will let us know,
They have something now to say.

They fall in the same old place,
They fell in long ago,
When mother was a little child,
Her face as pale as snow.

They come scampering down through space and cold,
All falling in their place,
On rocks, and hills so far away,
We will never see their face.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

They will come and fall upon the graves,
And there a whole half year,
Will sleep, and wait, till the birds and bees,
Will sing the spring is here.

Then away they will glide down the hills,
And through the woods will go,
And sing as they journey to the sea,
We will come again in snow.

THE AUTUMN DAYS.

Yes, dreary fall I know you are here,
I hear the butternuts thumping on the ground,
The farmers are hauling in their corn,
And the crows are calling all around.

They are calling up among the pines,
And the rain is falling on the cold, wet leaves,
The farmers are drawing in their corn,
And the rain is dribbling on the sheaves.

Yes, dreary fall I know you are here,
The frogs are calling to the tramps no more,
As they wandered through some silent swamp,
Only to be driven from some friendless door.

Lonely fall I know you are here,
I hear the owl on the old dry pines,
The woods are as naked as the fields,
And the winds are whispering through the tomato
vines.

The vines are hanging on the fence,
Some green ones are clinging to them still,
The boys are coming home from school,
We hear their songs by the old windmill.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

SEE YOUR MOTHER LYING THERE.

See your mother lying there,
With her long gray locks of hair
Gently flowing o'er her breast,
Where the babies used to rest.

Where are they the winds all sigh?
She has fled to the starry sky,
And the babies now are men,
Struggling in a world of sin.

Sit and watch her for a while;
See the flowers on her breast,
She and flowers both are dead,
Hear the thunder in the West.

Lift her hands you will find them cold,
Place you face against her brow,
Put a question to her straight,
You will get no answer now.

Lift her hands and speak again,
Speak with reverence by her side,
Shake her up and speak again,
Perhaps she has crossed the swelling tide.

Where is all her little flock?
That she covered up in bed,
Placed the blankets around their feet,
Covered up their little heads.

Rocked the tiny one to sleep,
Rocked it on her breast,
Soothed its little tender head,
While the storm raged in the west.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Where is all her little flock?
That she kissed from day to day,
All grew up strong, noble men,
Now waiting to be laid away.

Come my loved ones sit around,
Watch me for a little while,
Bend low and kiss your mother's cheek,
And then I'll leave and stand my trial.

I know it is sad to leave you all,
But you will all lie just like me,
And some unknown hand will come,
And stroke your brow and speak of thee.

Sit and watch her for a while,
Put your face against her breast,
Listen if you hear her breathe,
While the sun glides down the west.

Lift her fingers will they bend,
Place your hand upon her brow,
Call the boys and girls all in,
Will she know the babies now?

In they come one by one,
With their faces flushed and red,
Tears streaming from their eyes,
So the babies soothed her head.

Now the hearse is on the hill,
Hearse and horses moving slow,
Coming for the bit of clay,
Lying here as white as snow.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

THE ROBINS.

If you want to hear the robin,
You must go where robins sing,
They won't come here in the city,
For the streets are full of sin.

Dust and noise like distant thunder,
Keep the robins far away,
When they sing they want it quiet.
Like the preachers when they pray.

Would you care to sing 'n foundries?
Where no one could hear your voice?
Why should robins sing in cities?
Would it make their hearts rejoice?

Why should robins sing in cities?
When no one could hear their song,
Would you care to sing in forests?
And would you sing there very long?

If you want to hear the robins,
Move slowly with a silent tread,
There you will hear them singing,
Where we lay the silent dead.

When they sing they want it quiet,
So they seek the silent trees,
They are happy little Christians,
So they sing among the leaves.

If you want to hear the robin,
You must go where robins stay.
They have no use for a city,
You can see this every day.

You may sometimes see a robin,
In the city near the street,
But some robins are much bolder,
Like some people that we meet.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

WHEN I DIE.

When I die just throw a flower,
On my little quiet bed,
Then you leave me with the angels,
They will guard the silent dead.

Leave me and the stars will find me,
Where the clouds will throw the rain,
It will not matter where you leave me,
I will never come again.

Let the flowers bloom and blossom,
All things move on as before,
Only let me hear the angels,
Calling from the golden shore.

THE TRAVELLER.

Some thirty years ago,
When I was but a child,
A stranger rapped at my father's door,
And he looked old and wild.

He had a bundle on his back,
And a parcel in his hand,
And he said to me, I never more,
Shall see my native land.

The night was somewhat cold and clear,
And the moon looked far away,
The fleecy clouds moved slowly on,
Like the traveler old and grey.

The stranger sat and freely talked,
And the night was cold and clear,
I think it was the coldest night,
Of any passing year.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

He told his miseries to us all,
His home a forsaken shack,
Oh! who could find that stranger now,
Or who would call him back.

The next morning, he bade us all farewell,
And said, now I must go,
And out the traveler went again,
To wander through the snow.

THE WAR.

The dragging years move slowly on
With all the nations steeped in pain and care,
The soldiers rushing into war,
To die but not to know just where.

Germany why did you start the war,
To plunge the whole world into mourning
While England's ships float into order,
It's men they give the deadly warning.

And our Canadians young and brave,
Bowed gracefully to their flag's command,
And we as Christians hope and pray,
That they return to their native land.

But we know that some will feel the lead,
When it pierces brain or breast,
Canada give up your boys,
The boys we love the best.

And now the ships loaf in the harbor,
Just waiting for the word to go,
When they will plough through storm and tempest,
And land the heroes against the foe.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

We know the ships will leave the harbor,
And take the boys far out of sight,
And land them on a bloody field,
Where the stars shine bright at night.

And when they reach that foreign field,
Where the balls in millions pierce the air,
And when they die and go to God,
Oh! will they find their mothers there.

And now the men come rushing in
And horses with their heavy flanks,
They fall against the gleaming steel,
And then they feel the keenest lance.

The belching smoke from polished guns,
And the horses eyes like balls of fire,
The crashing thunder in the clouds,
And the strongest horses in the mire.

The wind comes tearing across the plain,
And blows against the deadly steel,
But only comes to fan the men,
And put the horses on the kneel.

The rainbow at its best some day,
Will bend across the battle ground,
And children in some foreign land will sing,
Tell us what nations lost their crown.

This war you know will pass away,
And vanish like a dream,
And other times will bring on wars,
Wars that are now unseen.

The blood that Germany will lose,
Along with all the other tips,
If put in one great reservoir,
Would float the largest British ships.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The insects come in all their glory
To drink the soldiers' blood,
While the night-hawk takes up his happy cry
Oh simple men here am I
To praise the name of God.

The glittering stars with sparkling eyes,
Will look upon the batile fields,
And all the bells the world around,
Will toll the enemy is on their heels.

Yes, the insects come in all their glory,
To drink the soldiers' blood,
Then away they fly in sun and showers,
Among the leaves, among the bowers,
And sip the honey from the flowers,
And drink the soldiers' blood.

Then away they go to fields of clover,
And back again to look them over,
Germany you are mighty strong,
You have caused some great reflections,
You hav'nt fought there very long,
Yet you have made some close connections.

And now the whole world is on the move,
To watch the morning papers,
The bulletins are read by all,
To learn the German capers.

What a crazy thing the war must be,
One would think we had no space,
No air to breathe, no God to serve,
The whole thing a disgrace.

No hope for rest beyond the grave,
No pain or death, or sorrow,
No God to serve, no stars to shine,
No night or day to-morrow.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

You would think they had one day to live,
And then ten thousand years of peace,
And those that killed the most that day,
Would have the greatest feast.

And when the spring comes rolling in,
With all the different flocks and herds,
It's then we feel like praising God,
Along with all the flocks of birds.

THE ROSE.

What is sweeter than a rose,
With its tiny little leaves,
Calling for the sunny June,
And looking for the busy bees.

Plucked and loved by all mankind,
Is the race of tender flowers,
And when the blast of winter comes,
They have lived their little hours.

Only once the flowers live,
Only once they come to stay,
They are kind to all they see,
Then the flowers die away.

What is sweeter than the rose,
Wicked men would pause to crush,
Kings and Queens will bow to the n,
Pick the flowers from the dust.

What is sweeter than a rose,
Growing by the lonely sea,
Watching for the rolling tide,
Looking for the busy bee.

Anous McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

What is sweeter than a flower,
What is colder than the ice,
What is blacker than a crow,
Can you paint a darkie nice?

What is sweeter than a flower,
What is deeper than the sea,
Have you one true friend at all,
Will you pray a word for me.

What is sweeter than a flower,
What more lonely than a bee,
Humming around some crumbling wall,
Looking for something there to see.

What is sweeter than a rose,
Growing by the garden gate,
Watching for some cruel hand,
To mete to it its cruel fate.

Many living things are here,
In this sinful world of ours,
When we die and go to God, oh
Will we find there any flowers?

Anqus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

THE TITANIC.

Oh! What an awful night they had,
The night the ship went down.
The millionaires were there,
And the poor! they stood around,
The rich they felt so proud,
And the poor they felt so free,
They would not speak on land,
Nor they wouldn't speak at sea.

But the ship she glided on,
Without a word to say,
Until she struck the berg
Then they began to pray,
And so the ship she kept right on
And was not a bit afraid,
She cares not for rocks nor bergs
Nor for the lonely grave.

How little did they think
When they left old England's shore
That they would never see the land
That they were sailing for!

Oh! how deceitful time is,
It made them feel so free
While sailing in the largest ship,
To the bottom of the sea.

How we are warned to value time,
While travelling here below,
For the world is so deceitful,
Wherever you may go.

They thought themselves all safe and sound,
And not a bit afraid,
While sailing in the largest ship
The world has ever made.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The ships are alright in their place,
Just like the tiny flowers,
Until the enemy comes along
And then they are devoured.

Oh! simple man don't feel too safe,
And don't you feel too strong,
If you are on an iron ship
And that ship five miles long,
For the rocks don't care for iron ships!
And the bergs care less you see!
For you can't sink the icebergs
While rolling on the sea.

You can sink old England's ships,
You can sink them with your hand,
But the icebergs will not sink
Unless they are on land.
And when the iceberg passed along
And gave that deadly blow
It made the boat shake from stem to stern,
Like the hand of an angry foe.

How they cried and moaned for help!
But no help came that way,
While the iceberg she kept rolling on
As happy as a bird of song
That sings the days away.

And when she grew too heavy,
And the water got in so sly,
She tipped her stem a little bit,
And said, old world, "Good-bye!"
She was the largest ship
That swung out in the deep,
It was there she met her fate
While some were fast asleep.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems

She got an awful blow
And she got one on the ground
And that's what made her famous
All the world around.

And when I think of wars and caves,
Of naked hills and lonely graves,
And dungeons dark, where prisoners groan,
And mothers, orphans, far from home,

And scaffolds cold, and bloody men,
And lovely flowers that grow unseen,
And all the things that come and go
To fill our hearts with joy or woe.
The hearts that bleed with pain,
The hearts that sometimes flutter,
Are not as sad as sinking ships,
Sinking in miles of water.

Little birds and busy bees
And spiders, how you flutter!
You have your day to work away
Like the ships upon the water.
And little flowers, I must speak of you;
You are so good, you are so true,
You never try to hurt or sting,
Or try to harm a living thing.

I love your little pale, sweet face.
I know you are filled with a Saviour's grace,
And that's why you allow the busy bees
That roam among the lonely trees,
To feed upon your tender leaves—
I know you want to help the bees
Before you fade away.

And there is the little tender fly
That runs across the shutters,
And when the ships are lost at sea,
Not a word it mutters.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And if you move, it flies away,
As happy as they were,
The day before the ship went down,
Without a heavenly care.

And why should flies, and birds and bees,
Sing their songs among the trees,
When heavy ships are lost at night,
And men in war are filled with fright?
Who knows the most, or what knows the least,
Everything that has life comes for a feast,
So what can we do or what will we fear,
But struggle along till we all disappear.

THE BLACK BIRDS.

A band of black birds pulled in to-day,
All from the sunny south;
They rode in state upon the winds,
Each had a private car.
They came from southern lands so fair,
From far off sunny south;
We knew it by the coats they wear
And by their proud turnout.

A happier band you cannot find
In all the world around;
Than a band of black birds from the south,
That light upon the ground.

And when the spring time comes,
How well the birds all know,
Its not the time to sleep; its not the time to rest!
But early in the morning they start to build their nest.
And when they find a place that they decide upon
And think it is the best,
Away they fly to look for threads
To tie around their nest.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

But first they build the wall;
And make it very round.
Sometimes that wall is made of clay,
That they have carried far away,
And mixed it with the ground.
And when four weeks have passed away
Of rain and sun and showers,
Out come four little tiny birds
To pass away the hours.

And when they're four or five weeks old
And that's not very long,
Their parents quickly pass that way,
And not a word they seem to say.

Then they quickly turn about
And with a chirp, they fly away,
And that means, birds turn out.

And if God spares their little lives,
They will soon commence to sing,
And praise the One that gives them strength
To glide upon the wing.

THE DEATH OF FATHER-IN-LAW.

Little birds how can you sing?
How can you sing this bleak cold day?
When death is right here at the door
To take our friend away!

There is a train that comes at four,
Another one at seven;
But he is waiting for the starry train
That will take him home to heaven.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems

Dear father is going to leave us,
He is going to cross the sea
The river of death I mean,
And that means liberty.
I know we all shall miss him,
The neighbors will miss him too.
But the Lord will not forget us all,
The Lord will see us through.

Dear father raised a family,
As kind as they could be,
And naturally they would be that,
For many times we heard him say,
"The boys are just like me!"
He spent his life upon a farm,
Where noble men have lived,
He loved his children dearly
And he loved to speak of them.

But now he is a prisoner,
He was captured in the war,
For this life is a battlefield,
And no one knows what for.
He is lying now upon his bed,
All earthly cares are gone,
His mind is on that heavenly place,
Where soon he'll come up face to face
And meet the celestial throng.

The barns all look so lonesome,
In their silence they seem to cry,
"Oh let me hear that voice again,
That echoed to the sky."

His aspirations they were high,
His thoughts were noble too.
He loved to speak of noble men,
And what they all came through,
And now he is on his dying bed,
But his faith is good and strong,

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And nature warns him every day,
His life is ebbing fast away,
And his day will not be long.

The spring has come! The maple trees
Are looking now for him,
But trees must meet with disappointments,
As well as other things.

All around the dear old place,
It looks deserted now,
Yet everything so neat!
The vacant chair stands by the stove,
Where he used to warm his feet.

And when the summer time comes on
And the harvest fields are filled with grain,
It will make us think of him who sleeps,
Out in the cold, the rain, the sleet,
The friend we'll see no more.

Oh, heavenly city! That glorious place!
Where death can never roam.
It is not like this cruel world of ours,
Where life is like a bunch of flowers,
We stagger on in sun and showers,
Until we reach the tomb.

And when we reach that silent grave,
That place of tears and pain,
We turn around and walk away,
And seldom there we ever stray,
We leave him in the rain.

And when we all return again to
The dear old home,
We will not find them there,
Not lying on the lounge
Or singing in the chair.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Those broad old fields will never
Find him roaming o'er their plains.
But other men from distant lands
Will come along as hand in hand
And sing their songs again.

And when July and August comes,
These burning days in summer,
The night hawk from the starry sky,
Will sing her glorious lullaby,
And sing them without number.

How he loved to watch the moon!
Through all those happy years,
He loved her in the dead of night,
When all the world was starry bright,
While travelling over land and sea,
Over forest, lake and lonely hills,
He watched her say, good night!

And down she fell no more to rise,
The next night, to his great surprise,
He looked right up into the skies,
But no moon could he see,
And yet he knew the moon was there,
She always keeps her place,
But sometimes God will pull the veil,
And then she'll hide her face.

Sometimes she looks ashamed to shine,
On such a wicked world below,
A race of wicked, simple men,
That stagger through the snow.

But on she goes, no storm can stop,
Or even check her flight.
For she is governed by the Hand,
That pulls her out of sight!

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The moon is like a great big fire,
That shines among the heavenly choir.
She rolls along, she never rests,
Of course, she rolls from east to west,
I think he loved the moon the best,
Because she keeps up with the rest,
And always seems so near.

Sometimes she glides along the fields,
She peeps in every den and cave,
But never stops to rest.
Although she shines there just the same,
While rolling to the West,
Sometimes the moon will waste away,
Until she is like a thread;
I've seen her in the dead of night,
Hanging her little silver light,
Among the naked pines.

But thread-like as she may appear,
She is not afraid to fall,
She is not afraid of prairie fire or wild tornado strong,
She knows the one that placed her there
Will pull her safe along.
And now he is lying in his grave,
Where winter winds will roam,
And summer gales will softly blow,
A place where bears and Indians roamed
A thousand years ago.

SCOTCH LAD AND LASSIE.

A little boy and little girl
Came out across the raging sea
They came from bonnie Scotland!
The land that they call free.

They wandered through the city here—
They wandered many days alone,
Until they met each other
And then they felt at home.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And now they walk the streets together,
They care not for the rich or poor,
They're going back to bonnie Scotland
To greet some friends they'll see no more.

And when they step on Scotland's shore,
The land where funerals moved along—
The place where tears were shed;
I hope they will not forget their grave
The city of the dead.

And when they wander up and down,
And view all things that can be seen,
I hope they will not forget the room,
The place where they have never been.

Next Friday they'll be joined together,
The cab will stop right at the door
And take them to the noble church
Where they have been before.

And there the minister will read the law,
And see that things are right
And then they will be glad to say,
That they are man and wife.

How good it is to keep the law!
And never mind the dungeons dark,
But walk up straight and push ahead.
And then you'll make a mark.

And when they step on that iron ship,
The war horse out for Scotland,
I hope they will pray they may land alright,
In case they reach the bottom.

For this life, it is a mystery.
Some are filled with childish glee,
Then the next day you can't find them
In the bottom of the sea.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

THE BELLS.

How I love to hear the bells,
Give out their deadly warning,
It should make the thousands in the streets
Think of the judgment morning.

How I love to hear that bell
You can hear it in the spring or fall,
It's down on old Alexander street,
And it swings above the heavy wall.

It has been hanging there for many years,
In the days of long ago,
When the birds were busy with their nests
And the bands they played their very best,
When the streets were full of snow.

God help the men who are robed in black
To hate the little petty dollar
They must have realized when young,
That life was just a fading flower.

And "Mount Royal," I must speak of you,
You are so kind, you are so true,
You hang up there both night and day,
To break the storms that pass away.

And business men I hope you will pray,
That you may increase in wealth and power,
But not in the wealth of a world like this,
For this is only a fading flower.

Everything I see tells me this,
That life is nothing but a show,
And you all know that this is true,
No matter where you go.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

To-day there are men all robed in wealth,
As careless as a foreign knave,
To-morrow they'll be robed in black,
All ready for the grave!

And so things moved along the same
One thousand years ago,
For men were up at the break of day,
To see a passing show.

How I love to hear the bells,
I love to hear them toll,
They tell you of the city fires,
They warn you of your soul!

They drive the trucks all off the streets,
And make it level as the ground
Then comes a band of the bravest men
To run the fire down.

How I love to hear that bell,
It hangs up in the tower,
It was carried there by dying men
To warn them every hour.

God bless the bells; the glorious bells,
Their cry goes out through all the land;
They call the people in millions up,
To take their children by the hand.

God bless the men all robed in black,
They love to celebrate the mass,
It represents the precious blood,
That Jesus shed upon the cross.

And when some cities are old and gone,
And forests are changed to fields of grain,
The bells will cry there in the towers,
They will toll there just the same.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And when the ravishings of time,
Has forked through mountains, rocks and hills
And torn cities down
And built them up more grand;
Millions of people at the break of day
Will take their children by the hand.

And lead them up to that good old church,
That has fought so many battles brave;
A church that has stood for two thousand years,
And failed to find her grave.

MOTHER AND THE SILVER MOON.

Oh! What an awful night I had,
The night that mother died:
The wind kept whistling in the eaves;
The ships were gliding through the seas;
The leaves kept flying from the trees
And nothing seemed to give me ease,
But filled me full of grief.
My mind was filled with pain and woe
I couldn't see a friend or foe,
I turned around but not to go—
And then I fell asleep!

I slept a little while,
And then I heard a rap,
I walked up gently to the door,
And there I met a begger man,
A man I never saw before,
He touched his hat, I said, "Come in,
And I will give you bread."
He said, "Is that your mother?
And is your mother dead?"

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

"Oh! yes," said I, "that is my mother,
The best that you can find;
She helped the poor for sixty years,
And always fed the blind."
And then the tears came in his eyes,
And mine were filled up too,
And then we both sat down and cried,
It was all that we could do.

And then we sat and talked a while,
Then he walked up to the bed,
He kissed the darling on the cheek
And turned around and said,
"God's blessing on you both."
And then he closed the door.
And gently walked away,
The walk he never took before.

And when the news went all around,
The news about my mother;
The neighbors they came rushing in,
Just like the wintry weather;

Then we carried her to her little grave,
The churchyard near the station,
Where she will wait, wait patiently,
Wait for her generation.

And when the burning summers come,
And the heavy winters follow too,
And all the bells swing in the towers,
To tell the sinners what they should do;
And when I hear these heavy bells,
And hear them in the towers,
And when I think of mother's beads
How well she knew what the sinner needs,
And what they need this hour.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And when I think of my dear old home;
It was there I found myself alive,
Clinging to my mother's dress,
And hanging to her side.
And when the sun was going down,
I heard the night-hawk in the west,
I was then a little boy of four;
And mother she had gone to rest.

I sat there by the garden gate,
I sat there all alone,
My dress was short, my legs were bare,
But I was safe at home.
The night-hawk he kept crying there
Away up in the sky alone
It made me think what a fearless bird,
And all the other birds at home.
They love the sky; there is so much space,
No one can harm or mar that place;
And they are filled with a Saviour's grace,
That keeps them from all harm.

They are a very pretty bird,
And just as happy as they can be
Although they never sing a song,
And never light upon a tree,
They never sing or build a nest,
They lay their eggs upon the ground.
Where they can take a solid rest
And know they are hard to find.

How I loved to hear that bird,
When I was but a child,
Wandering over the naked fields,
And through the meadows wild,
And when I think of my boyhood days,
And think of all my brothers,

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Oh! What a world of wealth I'd give,
To be there again with mother.
I loved my dear old home,
When I was just a little lad,
Everything that I could see
Seemed to make me glad.

But oh the ravishing of time,
Has taken everything away;
And not a little place is left.
A place where I could stay!
And all the little things are gone,
The night-hawk with his tiny song,
And all the birds that were so free,
Will sing their songs no more for me.

And now I see the hills and trees,
The fences and the farm!
And mother with her heavenly face,
Coming from the barn!
I think I see the heavy woods
And hear the axes in the trees,
And dear old mother by the stove
Praying on her knees.

And now I think it is winter there;
I hear the wind around the eaves,
And now I see the naked trees,
Once well supplied with leaves!
And now I see it is changed to spring,
The trees, they are dressed up again,
And cattle roaming o'er the fields,
The place where they have never been.

And now I think it has changed to fall,
I see the leaves; some painted red,
Old Father Time, he dressed them up,
Because he knew the leaves were dead.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Why should we fear the cold silent grave!
When we shall never go down.
It's the house we are in,
That is burdened with sin,
That is left alone in the ground.

I gaze on the snow, where the cold winds blow,
Where the icicles hung by the window,
And I think in my sleep where the little ones peeped,
As they gazed through the window in wonder.

It was then summer time and the storm raged without,
While the birds were all huddled together
To wait for a day till the storm passed away
To give them a chance to turn out.

Simple man who roams this world,
Of sorrow, pain and song,
All nature warns you every day
Your life is ebbing fast away
And your day will not be long.

And when the night comes rolling on,
And you to bed must go,
I think I see in distant lands,
Some homeless ones without a hand
To lead them through the snow.

The birds that glide along the sea
They don't forget to sing
And praise the One who gives them strength,
To glide upon the wing.

And why not I, poor, simple I,
Whose life is but a day,
Whose moldering bones will force
My neighbors from their homes,
To lay me in the clay.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

How badly I feel at times when I gaze upon the snow,
And think of all the ragged feet
That rambled through these dismal streets,
Where friendless faces in thousands meet;
And the wind drives to and fro.

And your poor darling she is there,
With gentle voice she moves along,
I know she is there, and very fair
For you to gaze upon.
You love her much, she loves you great,
You may go home together,
She may go in summer time,
And you in wintry weather.

You may go in the summer,
You may go in the fall,
For God has not a certain time,
Yet he comes for one and all.
He may come in the morning,
When the sun is rising high,
And He may come in the evening,
When the lark is in the sky.

But it matters not, what time He comes,
If He only comes right well,
And leave us where we'll never hear
The groans of those in hell.

And when I think of my boyhood days,
And wander by those sacred walls,
The cool, damp cellar by brothers made,
And finished in the fleeting fall.

When the autumn leaves were falling down,
From all the trees on that dear old farm,
It was then we loved the good old place,
And loved to cling to mother's arm.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

What a charm it had for me,
I loved the fence, the trees and woods,
Although it fills my now with pain,
And makes me feel like one no good.

And when I think of the dear old place,
And mother there since she true
Sometimes I brush the tears
The tears that fall from my eyes like dew.

And now the neighbors' houses are gone,
No more to turn the target lands,
While their children they keep struggling on,
Struggling to improve the rocky fields.

I passed along that way one night,
The night was dark and wild,
And here and there a glimmering light,
And here and there a child.

I saw them near the lights,
The lamps that burn at night,
To show the children where to go,
And drive away their fright.

I heard the watch dogs bark,
But their bark was not the same,
Old father time, had left his mark,
That one could see so plain.

That was a sad old night for me,
My heart was crushed with fear,
I could not see a living soul,
And nobody was near.

And when I drew near the dear old house,
I thought of my little room,
And then I glanced up to the sky,
And there I saw the scattered clouds,
Hurrying by the moon.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The dear, old moon, the silver moon,
That smiles upon the marble tombs,
That towers above the cities vast,
And then sinks out of sight at last.

The stars, they all dress up in white,
And powder like the moon,
Sometimes she glides up in the sky,
And stands there all in red,
The road that she will travel on,
When all the world is dead.

I wonder if she's lonesome there,
I guess she is happy in her place.
The Lord, He told her what course to take,
And how to paint her face.

And when I came to the little crossing,
Where the waters used to splash and foam
The place it felt to me so sacred,
I knew the place was once my home.

I could hear the crashing of the waggons,
Away up in the woods among the dead trees there so
dry,
I thought I heard them singing songs,
"Coming through the Rye."

But all these things had echoed back,
And told me death had been lurking there,
The old land-marks they were all gone,
And all the rest filled up with care.

And speaking of the silver moon,
I love her precious face,
And when ten thousand years are gone,
She will smile upon the fleeting race.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And say here I am, and here I will stay,
For I am a traveller on the King's highway,
Your laws they are too small for me,
For I journey over land and sea.

You have your prisons bleak and dark,
And all your armies to strike the mark,
But none of them can bother me,
For I tower far above land and sea.

The earth may heave and nations fall,
And cities crumble to their grave,
But I will strike out for the West,
And trust in God to save.

Ten thousand years have passed away,
And yet I work for the same old firm,
It is called the Place of Paradise,
Yet not a dollar can I earn.

I work along both day and night,
I never try to rest,
The compass that I have on board,
Is always pointing to the West.

I have been taking stock for ten thousand years,
And working for the same old firm.
But no vacation will I get,
And not a dollar can I earn.

I was hired by the blessed Lord,
My business is to look around,
To peep in every den and cave,
And see that all sink in the ground.

Sometimes I feel so lonesome here,
I feel like sinking into space,
And get away, so far away,
No one could ever see my face.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

But the Lord will order me around,
And say you had better glide up there,
For all the worlds I have on board,
Are burdened half to death with care.

So up I go, the way is smooth,
Some wonder why I fall,
But I am just as easy for the Lord to manage
As the little fly on the naked wall.

I have a great many brothers and sisters up here,
But oh! they are so far away.
We glance at each other by day and by night,
But not a word are we willing to say.

We all mind the Saviour and keep in a line,
Like the cars that run on the street,
And when the bells ring, for the worlds all to sing,
We will all worship then at his feet.

For the "Saviour" is Ruler and Maker of all,
The oceans he holds in his hand,
He could turn all the world in a moment of time,
To wee little grains of sand.

The "Lord" is the dynamo, and all the worlds roll,
They all keep rolling through space,
And yet not a word can we get from them,
While all are showing their face.

They sparkle and flutter and flirt with me,
Wherever I go by land or by sea,
And it's nobody's business if they keep flirting with
me,
For I am a lover of worlds.

And now I can say farewell my dear neighbors,
Farewell to all the lonely fields,
Good-bye to the dear old St. Lawrence River
Where we used to visit, and take our meals.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Farewell to all the pines and hemlocks,
And the heavy elms with their spreading limbs,
That sheltered me from the heat of summer,
As I watched the swallows on their darting wings.

Good-bye to all the little trees,
The humming birds and the busy bees,
And the lovely flowers, the most heavenly race,
Filled with odors that charmed the place.

Farewell to the garden gate, that stood under the trees,
Farewell to the hammock that swung us with ease,
Good-bye to the fences, the fields and the farm,
Farewell to dear mother, who clung to my arm.

Good-bye to the fields and the meadows so green,
And all the bobolinks that were dressed up so clean,
Good-bye to the watch-dog so keen in the race,
To drive the wild deer far away from the place.

I can hear his wild cry away down in the glen,
One would think he would never be seen home again,
But the next morning he was home rolled up in a
heap,
And quietly taking his nice little sleep.

I can hear his wild cry among the tamarack trees,
Where the whippoorwill sang and sang with such ease,
While the night hawk kept crying and darting through
space,
Not caring to join other birds in the race.

And there were the martins that loved the wild chase,
And there were the pigeons that loved the wild race,
Good-bye to them all the woods and the farm,
Farewell to poor mother that clung to my arm.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And when I struck out for myself in the world,
The cities to me were all in a whirl,
The cabs and the waggons, cars, trucks on the street,
And thousands of people with nothing to eat.

And there I could hear in the dead of the night,
The roar of the cars as they pushed out of sight,
Filled with men that were burdened with care,
And carrying the women all wearing false hair.

Then I would fall, fall in a dead sleep,
And dream of my brothers and sisters so neat,
As they ran over valley, through meadow and plain,
Out in the sun, and away in the rain.

But now I am surrounded with walls broad and high,
And millions of faces as pale as the sky,
We rub up against them both night and day,
But not one word are we willing to say.

They are as friendless as the sea weeds,
That wait for the birds to come there and feed,
That waits like the moon away far in space,
To let other worlds pass and get back in their place.

We are all struggling and anxious for fame,
But finally disappear like the dew and the rain,
We would all like to live long after we're dead,
And have people read all the things that we said.

Dear mother was wise and worked for her soul,
She cared not for riches nor silver nor gold,
She could give more away without any fear,
Than thousands of people would give in a year.

And now she is resting and taking her ease,
Like the pines that bow and bend in the breeze,
Or like the flowers that grew so serene,
Faded away and faded unseen.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

Why does the ocean roll?
And why do the rivers run?
And why do the birds sing in the trees?
The bumblebees among the leaves?
And the chipmunk in the sun?

And why do the little trees stand the storm,
While the great ones are ready to break?
And why does the wicked man die in his bed,
While the innocent die in the lake?

And why do the people pray so loud,
While others curse and blow?
And why does the grass bird sit in the rain,
While others sit in the snow?

And why does the ocean roll?
And why do the rivers run?
And why does the squirrel run out on the limb,
And sit there alone in the sun?

And why does this world roll?
And why so many suns set?
And why are we left here so many long years,
To moan, to groan and to fret.

Why do the lions roar
In the forests so far away?
And why does the little grass bird sing his song,
While sitting alone on the hay.

Why do the people laugh?
And why do the little ones cry?
And why does the robin not sing his song,
Like the lark alone in the sky?

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And why are some boys raised
To die on the scaffold alone,
While others are turned out to do for themselves,
And finally sit on a throne?

And why does the storm rage and howl,
As though it would never stop?
And the poor old man from his bed of rags,
Into the street, and there he flags,
Another old fellow covered with rags,
And in they go for a drop.

And why do they drink that foaming thing,
That has taken so many down deep in sin?
And are they on their road to heaven or hell?
Is a question we all think right well,
After taking their friendly drop.

What a world we inhabit
A world of mystery and song!
But we know the One who brought us here,
Will not leave us here very long.

Why are the people in trouble,
In trouble from morning tili night?
And why don't the people grow wiser,
Grow wiser before it is too late?

Why do we ask such strange questions?
And why do all children meddle?
We think we are bright, and we think we are great,
But the whole thing to us is a riddle.

I had a dear old mother,
But she did not live by the sea,
But the reaper quietly passed one day,
And stole her away from me.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

THE RINGLING CIRCUS.

The Ringling Circus pulled in to-day,
And was certainly the grandest show,
That the Montrealers ever saw,
With twenty-three elephants in a row!

The bears and tigers they were there,
All lounging in the sun,
While the hyena climbed the iron bars,
And put the boys all on the run.

The "Ringling Circus" is a wonderful show,
And known all the world around;
It came directly from New York,
To perform here on the circus ground.

Twenty-nine elephants stood in a row,
While the bears and lions howled and growled,
It made me think of long ago,
When all the world was a ringling show.

When the heavy pines they tossed their heads,
While the wild animals fought below,
And the Indian quietly pushed ahead,
Not caring for that kind of a show.

But the best of all was the long-legged giraffe,
Staggering about in his wooden cage,
Cropping the leaves off a tiny tree,
A tree much older than he in age.

What independence one can see
Under a tent of a travelling show!
If you would notice the wild hyena
That's watched by humanity wherever he goes.

The hyena is always on the go;
His home it is in foreign lands.
He was captured there by the sin cursed race;
And brought here by their cruel hands.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

The Whippoorwill has funny laws,
And yet I think his laws are right,
He never shows up in the day,
But always pulls out in the night.

And when you are a little funny,
And feel a little somewhat glad,
The Whippoorwill will come along
And make you feel a little sad.

The Whippoorwill has a lovely voice,
And sings out on the road so bold,
It makes me think of long ago,
When I was five or six years old.

But now you sit all robed in white,
You're bent and old and nearly gone,
You struggled for the things of life,
While the Whippoorwill he sang his song.

And when the rain is falling down
Upon the dead leaves by the wall,
It makes me think of the Whippoorwill,
That sings at night in the dreary fall.

And when the forests have shed their leaves
And harvests garnered in the barns,
The Whippoorwill in the dead of night,
Will sing his song on the lonesome farms.

The good old farm with its narrow lane,
Where the cattle used to come and go,
And the country girl in her pink sun-bonnet,
Would hurry the cows to and fro.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

HAVE MERCY ON US.

Lord have mercy on us, now
Before we pass away,
For life it is so very short
No matter where we stray.

There are new things coming on,
And inventions every day;
But not a new thing coming on
That will invent a thing to stay.

And when a new thing comes along
One would think it came to stay,
But just as soon as it comes on
It starts to run away.

For everything it disappears,
Like the bubbles on the water;
Or like the days of long ago,
When we loved to meet each other.

Or like the walls of the Cæsars Great,
That scorned the pendulum of the clock.
The clocks that swung the walls all down,
And run the cities out of sight.

Yes, the clocks they ticked the walls all down,
And drove the Cæsars into dust,
And will tick the cities out of sight
And will turn the nations into rust.

And when ten thousand years are gone
The seconds they will come and go,
Just like the little drops of rain;
Or like the tiny flakes of snow.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

WHY DOES THE SNOW FALL.

Why does the snow fall from the clouds?
And why does it come on the slide,
For it wants to leave the very same way,
It wants to go out on the glide.

Why can't it stay until June or July?
And never mind running away for a slide,
But the Lord has warned it to run for its life
And be sure and go out with the tide.

For the laws of God are very great,
And must be kept with fear,
Or the earth will open her prison doors,
And then it will disappear.

And if the snows and rains were never allowed
To run, to bound or to glide,
In a very short time England's ships
Would never go out with the tide.

For the sun keeps working day and night
And pulls away with ease,
But it all tumbles back again from the clouds
And seems to come with a breeze.

And if the snows and rains were never allowed
To get back with the breeze.
In a very short time England's ships
Would all stick fast in the seas.

THE DREARY FALL.

Oh cold and dismal days and heavy drops of rain,
You come all filled with mirth,
You beat against my window pane
And then hide in the earth.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Sporting winds that around me play,
Your tireless wings will always roam
And when ten thousand years are gone,
You will sigh around my lonely home.

And gloomy day and heavy clouds
That mope along the western main,
You carry nothing in your ships,
But thunder, lightning, snow and rain.

And lonely fall I know you are here,
I hear the beechnuts falling on the leaves
The blackbirds they have disappeared
And not a bird is in the trees.

And now I hear the winds at rest,
But they will soon get up again,
For the flowers they need their fragrant breath,
To cheer them in the way of death,
For they will never live again.

And little flowers that start to grow,
In some unknown place,
You never try to run away
But simply stay from day to day.
And paint your lovely face.

I said that you would die where you were born,
If you had your own way,
While other flowers go journeying on
As happy as the winds of song,
That sings o'er mother's clay.

And humble wind I love your way,
Although, by times you are filled with sin,
It's then we turn our back on you,
And yet we love to drink you in.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And business men with noble minds.
You have your work to do,
You have a work with greater power
Than kings who rule this very hour
To crush their fellow men.

Here comes the ambulance and prancing horses,
All ready for the flight,
To run the dying down the street,
Yet keep them out of sight.

IMAGINATION.

Sometimes I think I am at rest,
Beneath the cold and silent earth
And the storms sweeping o'er the West.
The storms that disturb all human mirth.

God speaks to men in various ways,
We hear his voice in the midnight storm,
And the shriek of the cars in the dead of night.
Tell us that others are journeying on.

He speaks through iron, steam and storm,
And drives the ships far out of sight,
And brings the lonesome trains all back,
The cars that left in the dead of night.

Winter winds that round me roar,
And summer gales that round me steal,
Will you not find me some little place,
From sorrow, pain and woe.

And now I hear the winds around my grave,
I see my hands across my breast,
The birds have sung their morning songs
And the sun is sinking in the west.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

I see my eyes far back and gone,
My face so pale and cold,
And all the millions in the world,
Keep struggling on for gold.

I see some strangers near my grave,
They want to read the letters there,
Their minds are filled with earthly things,
Their minds are full of earthly care.

And now they are gone and the summer too,
I hear the winds of winter blow,
I see my grave all painted white,
All covered o'er with snow.

Winter winds that round me creep,
And summer gales that round me steal,
Is there no place in all the world,
A place where I could kneel.

Lonesome pines that bow and bend
That murmur all the year around.
Will you not warn me what to do?
Before I sink into the ground.

I know there are many all wrapped in white,
All robed in earthly clay,
And calmly resting patiently,
Waiting for the judgment day.

The kings are there, the beggars too
They all went down against their will,
Like children that are driven to school,
To learn to do their master's skill.

I think I am dead a hundred years,
And hear the winds that around graves roam,
And the crashing thunders in summer time,
The thunders that shake the dead men's bones.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Prairie vast and slippery sky,
And little fly what will we do,
You fly away before I die,
But I may die before you do.

Naked trees and lonely rivers,
That gently move in the lonely woods,
When I am dead a thousand years,
I would gladly visit you if I only could.

But when poor mortal turns to clay,
And the fearless winds sweep o'er his grave,
And the noisy world keeps rolling on,
Poor mortal man has nothing more to say.

Oh! how we are kept in darkness here,
Although the sun it shines all day,
And when the night comes rolling on,
The sun has nothing more to say.

But he always leaves a light behind,
To guide the pilgrims on their way,
Until he makes his daily round,
And then he will take the light away.

But is that light, or is it death?
That shows poor mortal where to go,
While staggering through a world like this,
A world of sorrow, pain and woe.

The heavenly lights are like the ships,
You can never tell when they'll strike the docks,
For they are subject to the storms,
But never subject to the rocks.

Silvery moon are you not tired?
And sick of travelling there so long?
And when I have slept a thousand years,
I think you will smile on the mighty throng.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And when I reach my silent cell,
I know it will be dark and gloomy there,
Oh! What a place that will be for me,
All wrapped in dark despair.

No one will care to trouble me,
Or try to unlock my prison door,
I will have the vault all to myself,
For then I will be on the other shore.

GENERAL BOOTH.

General Booth is gone, he is gone at last,
To join the angels in that country so fair,
He struggled hard while here below,
And struggled along with many a care.

And now he is in the celestial city,
Where all the martyrs and saints have gone,
To wear the crown the Lord has given,
For those who fought his battles strong.

General Booth was a man of noble birth,
And struggled hard to save precious souls,
And when the Reaper called for him,
He stepped boldly out, in another world.

And now he is gone and the Army miss him,
And I believe the whole world miss him too,
For he was a man, a man among millions,
For he was a man, a man that went through.

And when you undertake to get there as he did,
You will find yourself up against a nation of arms,
Of briars and thistles, of drunkards and devils,
All out on the war-path to do you all harm.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The General was kind, he was good, he was noble,
He had God all around him and God in him too,
He could fight all the devils, he could find in old Eng-
land,
And fight them all down to a small little few.

But now he is safe where there is no contention,
No jealousy, hatred or struggling for power,
Where he can sit by the side of King David,
Where he can worship the Saviour this hour.

He was a man that was all over Europe,
He pounded his drum on many a street,
He preached like a saint and fought like a lion,
And made many a sinner fall down at his feet.

He was a man that was brave from his childhood,
And fought like a hero while the war it went on,
He struggled to bring men to repentance,
And worked for others all the day long.

They asked him to be buried in "Westminster Abbey,"
Where all the great men are laid to rest.
But he would rather sleep by the side of his wife,
The one he claimed he always loved best.

He preached in Chicago, New York and in Europe,
And pounded and hammered all the way through,
And now he is praising the Lord up in glory
Surrounded by angels that honor him too.

What a man he was for the Army,
And oh what an army out for the man,
Oh what a man and an army together,
Out praising God in all kinds of weather.

God bless him in heaven, the angels will find him,
And praise him for the battles he fought here so well,
He fought like a hero through summer and winter,
To rescue the sinners and save them from hell.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

He led his armies all over Europe,
In England, Scotland and Spain as well,
Now he is leading his armies in glory,
And many in the procession he rescued from hell.

And when the news fled across the blue waters,
That General Booth would preach on the streets of
their city to-day,
Oh what excitement, what shouting and crowding
To see the great General pass on his way.

He had a great voice and he used it for heaven,
He worked and he preached, he wanted to save,
To rescue men from their downward course,
To pull them away from the drunkard's grave.

General Booth knew his power of working right well,
He fought like a lion to pull them from hell,
But the more he tried to rescue and save,
The more decided they were to go down to their grave.

And so it was the same thing in days of old,
The Apostles worked hard to bring men to the fold,
But to save some men is a hard thing you see,
For they would rather go down like the ships in the
sea.

Now he is gone, he has crossed the dark sea,
Now the wild winds are looking for me,
They have given him up the winds and the waves,
Because he has fled to his home in the grave.

The sun will not shine on his brow any more,
The moon will not follow him far from the shore
The stars will never shine from their caverns through
space,
No never again on his heavenly face.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

He came from the earth he knew it right well
And that's why he struggled to save men from hell,
He knew the day was hurrying along,
When he would be carried away from the throng.

Now the crashing of London goes on,
Everything moves along the very same way,
His sickness and death, was just like a flower
And all other deaths like the blossoms in May.

General Booth is gone, the good, the noble,
He left a great record for others to read,
He fought like Napoleon in the front of the battle,
From his childhood the boy was bound to succeed,

DEATH OF SISTER KATE.

Catherine "dear," my sister "dear,"
You left when I was born,
The wicked he called you forth,
And called you forth to mourn.

You left your home when but a child,
When the blush was on the roses red,
When the "bobolinks" were in the meadow,
And flowers blooming o'er the dead.

You left—yes in the bloom of summer,
To struggle, for yourself alone,
The hand of time, of course so cruel,
He took you from your weeping mother,
And left her there to mourn.

You kissed her withered cheek and kissed her many
times,
Before you closed the door,
And then you sadly walked away,
The walk you never took before.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

The glorious sun was towering high,
While the birds sang in the trees,
You left your darling mother there,
Weeping on her knees.

The moon had disappeared from view,
But the sun he rolled out from the east,
To warm the world, to bless the girls,
And help all in the race.

You stole away from your tender home,
You left in the month of May,
When the soft winds kissed the tender flowers,
When the birds and bees were gay.

The air was pure, the clouds were high,
And calmly floated o'er the sky,
You left your mother sick and old,
And wandered far, far in the cold.

And when you were gone a month or more,
A letter found its way up to the door,
Your writing was not the very best,
Dear mother said as the sun sank in the west.

You told how you felt when the train pulled in
And you wandered off through a city of sin,
How you thought of your home, the birds and bees,
And the innocent flowers among the trees.

You thought of your home and the lonely clouds,
That came out of the west and roared so loud,
You were then safe in your little bed,
Your arm around mother without any dread.

Dear Kate was kind and true and good,
She struggled for others to help them through,
But death quietly passed her way,
And took her without very much to say.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

So they buried her safe and left her alone,
Preserved well in death, but far from her home,
They laid her to rest by the roots in the ground,
Where the pines murmur the whole year around.

Now she sleeps in her little cell,
Far away from the home she loved so well,
Far from the flowers and the bees,
Where she wandered among the shady trees.

Yes, they left her where the pines all moan,
And they covered her grave with the roses red,
And they wrote her name on a marble stone,
To show the strangers that she is dead.

And there she sleeps in her little grave,
And the earth with his arms around her bones,
And will care not a word what others say,
But hold her fast till the judgment day.

And when that awful day comes on,
And the voice of God the world will hear,
And when we bound from our graves,
I hope we'll come without a fear.

And Lord, I pray, and I pray to-day,
That you may take our sins all away,
And leave us as free as the innocent birds,
That sing their songs among the herds.

Oh! Lord your ways are past finding out,
For everything is a mystery clear,
There is not a living thing that moves,
That moves along without a fear.

Everything that moves seems to have a dread,
They seem to know the enemy is near,
They move along in such a way,
They show that they are filled with fear.

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

When did this spirit start to grow,
And was it brought on for a public show,
And why was it brought on and allowed to grow,
Is a mystery that nobody knows.

But all we can do is to pray and trust,
That God will remember us in the dust,
And when a million of years have passed away,
Will they be roaming the streets as they are to-day?

Naked and hungry and some unclad,
Some filled with mirth while others are sad,
But things will not go on the very same way,
As we find things going along to-day.

Will there be flies and birds and bees,
To sing their songs among the trees?
And millions of horses out on the prance?
And thousands of people out for the dance?

And will there be thousands of stars to be seen?
And millions of acres all robed in green?
When millions of years have passed away,
Will the sun shine as it shines to-day?

Will the clocks in millions be ticking away,
To tell the time as they tell it to-day?
Will there be millions of children to cry?
And millions of snowflakes to fall from the sky?

And when a million of years are gone,
Will the ships be sinking and calling for help?
Or will there be any ships at all?
No one can tell, only God himself!

When a million of years are gone,
Will the ocean be here and men riding through space?
Will the birds be singing their songs?
And will the stars be up in their place?

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

And will the "Italians" be out on the street,
With their sleeves rolled up and working away?
Some watching their boss, to steal a short rest,
Knowing the rest will fill out the day.

And when ten thousand years are gone,
Will the night-hawk be heard in the blue sky?
Will the country girl in her calico dress,
Be wandering about with her pale blue eyes?

And will there be prisons and dungeons and devils,
And millions of children, and men making riddles?
Will there be barbers and tinsmiths and gamblers,
And innocent children to grow up and ramble.
We know not the future, we know not the mark,
But we know very well we are kept in the dark.

Will there be daisies, and flowers and bees?
And innocent birds to sing among the dark trees?
Will there be oceans and ships out of sight?
And men all ready to murder at night?

Will there be churches and steeples the same,
Standing out in the sun, the cold and the rain?
And telephone poles standing right up so true?
And thousands of people with nothing to do?

Will there be plenty of space in the sky?
And wild animals roaming through the deep sea?
Will there be school boys singing their songs,
And running and jumping and bounding with glee?

Will there be flies, spiders and webs?
And priests passing along with uncovered heads?
And stragglers half drunk yet looking for more,
While their wives lie half drunk on the old kitchen
floor?

Angus McLaughlin's Selected Poems.

Will there be children all dressed up in rags,
That will grow to be men and rule the whole nation?
That will bring millions out on their poor dying legs,
For wherever they go they cause a commotion.

Will there be flies and insects all around?
And anchors ploughing along on the ground?
Trying to hold some poor broken ship,
That met with disaster on her first wedding trip

Will they dread pain and death as we do,
When a million of years has gone up the flue?
And will the sun shine as it shines to-day,
When a million of years has passed away?

Will there be thunder and lightning the same,
As we hear it just now in a downpour of rain?
Will the lightning be darting through space?
Will there be people all stained with disgrace?

And will sister Kate be still lying there,
Where they left her to rest after saying a prayer?
And will we be in heaven or hell?
No prophet, preacher or poet can tell.



