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CANADIANA

In Many Moods.

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A Christmas Song.

How hey for the holly and yew!
When the days are short and the world is white,
The door is shut and the fire is bright,
Oh cheerily sing on the coldest night -
 Hey for the holly and yew.

How hey for the holly and yew!
For brown eyes wide with a merry light,
For 'prisoned hands held warm and tight,
The dear old tale on a winter's night,
 And hey for the holly and you.

Child Fancies.

Two wide, blue eyes evaded sleep, tonight,
Two lids that will not fall, disclose the light
Of merry thoughts. A busy little brain
Is troubled, and there comes a rain
Of eager questions.

The light's turned off—I raise the blind. The sky
Is rich with million diamond lights, and high
The harvest moon is hung. The fields are bare,
We laugh and say "Dame Earth has cut her hair."
Wee maid and I.

But clouds are scolding off the moon to bed
In surly haste. There droops a drowsy head
As all the glad sky-glories disappear;
"It's dark," the wee maid cries in sudden fear,
"Has God turned off the stars?"

Tired.

I do not care to look upon the snow,
Too white it glitters in the sun = I know
Such thoughts are wrong, and yet they seem to stay,
I know the world is beautiful today,
 But I am tired.

I wonder if 't were easier in the rain
And storm to still this restless, weary pain,
Since all the cold white glory makes me sad=
And yet the wind's fierce shriek would drive me mad,
 I am so tired.

Oh there, you little child! if I were you
I'd lay my troubles down, as children do
On mother-shoulders, dear. How best of all
I think, if one were only young and small
 When one is tired.

Since then fond arms will lift you up, and fold
You soft from ev'ry wind that blows too cold,
And tender voice will soothe away all fear,
While eyes will look an added blessing, dear,
Because you're tired.

But, being small, you cannot understand
How, one day, you may long too, for a hand
To guide as mother's did, nor dream of how
Hearts drift in doubt, as mine is drifting now
When I'm so tired.

So tired. I do not work, or ever heed
The hours as they go by - where is the need?
I cannot think, or cry, or even pray -
But oh, to sleep - but it must last alway
Since I'm so tired.

An Azure Rbyme.

Her eyes were blue,
= You know the kind =
She smiled on me =
I did not mind.

But day by day
My ardor grew;
I lived for her =
= Her eyes were blue. =

My soul rejoiced
A while or more,
Her smile then grew
An awful bore.

And still she smiles
= I wonder why! =
Her eyes are blue
And so am I.


Daisies.

Seafoam and Sunshine!
See the daisies where they grow
With hearts of sunlight and a row
Of petals white as snow
In stately line.

Where clover breezes blow,
'Midst buttercups of golden sheen,
And tall, amid the yellowing green
Of wheat a nod, serene
The daisies grow.



April's Dole.



I'm sorry for April, for I know
Her's is a wearisome role;
She has little of snow and less of the sun,
And large is the portion of tears in her dole.

Say good-bye to the winter, the frost and the fun,
Here's this glum little go-between,
With a mien so sad and a face so long,
And never a sign of a smile to be seen.

Don't welcome her, no, the little dour thing,
She's a nuisance to frown at and shun,
To rail at and carp at, to banter and ban,
This pale little, prim little, sad little nun.

I'm sorry for April, for I know
She is mourning through all the years,
For the portion that falls to her lonely lot
Begins with all fools and ends with all tears.

An April Song.

Ended the winter, vanished the snow,
Day and a week and the seasons go;
A thaw and a frost and a wind that's drear
Oh! these are April's whims my dear,

Some sun, and a mist, and a gleam of gold
Day and a week and the month grows old,
With a "yea" and a "nay" while April's here,
The birth-month of a tear, my dear.

A wish and a hope and a dream or two,
Day and a dawn when the dream comes true;
With a smile and a song and the flowers near,
For April days are done, my dear.

In July.

Here in the wood, a world of green,
Slyly the sun has coaged the sheen
Of leaf and bud to warmer bloom
Until nowhere is found a room
For wider beauty.

Deep in the shadow of the mossed
Tree-trunks, with million stars embossed,
The stillness soothes and all the gloom
Of softest green becomes the tomb
Of pretty things.

Here in the wood the old earth brings
Close touch with just the heart of things,
While breezes lull to lazy dreams
Life breathes a passion rest that seems
To echo silence.

Discontent.

Across the years, = long hills of time
These tired feet have yet to climb;=
I wonder if the joy will come,
If lips shall sing that now are dumb,
Across the years.

For Life, we seem to stand and wait
A heart's sad breathing space=of late
We've grown too glad each day is done,
Since time may hide some fuller one
Across the years.

A day in Life's long year, but one,
Although at eve there sets Life's Sun,=
When lips dare speak the heart's dear song;
I think the way could not seem long
Across the years.

At Dawn.

I awoke ere the dawn, and the peace was so deep,
With a hush in the world till the stars were asleep.

And I whispered your name in a tender soft way,
With a blessing and prayer in the dawning of day.

Then my heart grew so warm, ere it's sorrow should wake;
That I knew I was glad for the name's sweet sake.

With a soft little trust in a world of doubt=
And the peace of a love with the pain left out.

Now the world lies awake in the sun's golden gleams
While I long in my soul for the dark and it's dreams.

Fellowship.

When all the saintly crew,
Who've never sinned at all
Have drawn their skirts away from you
And stalked by, grand and tall,
Till all have onward marched,
Each with averted face,
Their very blood all nicely starched
Beneath their garb of grace.

Some few will fail in scorn,
But not in sympathy,
And you'll forget you were forlorn
And lived so drearily.
Once in your need they stood,
And well they understand,
So they are not too fiercely good
To grasp a lonely hand.

New Year's Eve.

The moonlight sends across the sea
A golden stretch, and I to thee
Would fain speed on the glimm'ring way—
A foolish dream, since here I stay
And send, instead, a greeting.

The seasons pass and, one by one,
The lonely tasks are daily done;
But what is not is yet to be
So Heaven speed ~~on~~ both thee and me
And bring to pass our meeting.

The moonlight spreads a glitt'ring way,
But scarcely safe, and what I'd say
If I were only near you dear,
Must keep awhile, since I stay here
And send instead a greeting.