To Michael
With memories of happy associations
from
The Author
To my daughter, who has given much of her joyous self in the twilight of my life.

A PORTRAIT

She brings a buoyant air into the room;
Her laughter-loving eyes are all alight
With joy of living. Lightness is her step;
And in her face there's verve and piquancy.
We sense her spirit even before she comes--
Is it because an aura haloes her?
Light falls aslant upon her golden head
That bees mistake for sunny golden glow.
And like a humming-bird's her motions are;
E'en when she's still she seems about to go.
The quiet that prevailed with her away
Breaks into music like the lift of wings,
For she is here, and joy wakes and sings!
THIS BOOK CONTAINS:

Title Page
Dedication
Contents
Contents Continued
Illustration
Sunset...Rain-Drenched Woods, six
Infinity, seven
Retrospection, eight
Moonrise On the Sea...Music Across the Water, nine
Love...Anniversary Reminiscences, ten
Hidden Values, eleven
Radiance, twelve
Life's Soliloquy, thirteen
To April, fourteen
A May Morning...Morning Song, fifteen
Morning Dew, sixteen
Birth Of Spring...Lilies Of the Valley, seventeen
Query, eighteen
Aeolian Harps--Nature's Symphony, nineteen
Consolation--Compensation, twenty
Awakening Of the Trees...Miracles, twenty-one
Wood Mysteries, twenty-two
Wood Fires, twenty-three
Falling Leaves, twenty-four
Buttercups, twenty-five
SUNSET

The waning sunset falls aslant the woods
As a silent tribute to all its many moods,
And having poured its hoarded pot of gold,
Dips its colors, as vesper bells are tolled.

RAIN-DRENCHED WOODS

It has rained in the woods,
And the trunks of the trees show black
Against the fresh-washed green.
Rain-drops that sparkle like faceted diamonds
Gem the clusters of pine needles.
There's an earthy fragrance - - a potpourri
Of all the woodsy, growing things.
The sweet brake-ferns, having drunk their fill
Of the nectar of summer rain,
Proudly spread their freshened plumes
As though in gratitude and praise.
We are never alone; in the quiet of solitude, God’s Spirit speaks to us of the deeper things of life— if we but listen.

INFINITY

I stand on a hilltop, earth slanting from my feet,
Beholding the canopy of stars that so distant are
To dwellers in city streets, but now draw nearer—
Suspended in space.
My sight reaches out beyond them into vastness—
I know not where.
I become less conscious of the receding earth
And feel a kinship to the stars in translucent air,
While a thought intrudes, that even now
New stars may be given birth.
Can there be a greater proof of Deity
Than that revealed in such a night
Of depth and immensity?
A breath of ecstasy— and once more earth’s reality!
Then clouds bedim the vision;
Yet never again can Time efface
That open book of God, and immortality.
RETROSPECTION

I love the hour we spend before the fire
Between daylight and dusk ere night descends.
In dreaming of earlier days our thought transcends
All elemental storms that once seemed dire.
As we relive our lives of yesteryear,
Unspoken thoughts are understood by each
With no attempt to clothe the same in speech;
Seren companion-ship attends us here.

Dear friends of other days seem gathered near,
Their gracious presence blended with our own
From an abiding friendliness earlier sown.
The fire-light flickers; memories disappear.
Our musings drift like snow's slow-falling flake
And from our dreams we leisurely awake.
MOONRISE ON THE SEA

A red-orange moon rose out of the sea
Reflecting a golden path to me
'Cross dancing waves; a quivering light
Burgeoning the enchantment of the night.
I drank my fill
From the top of the hill,
Then traveled valley-ward down to the lea
With only the memory to live with me;
But a turn in the road brought a thrilling surprise
Of another summit caressing the skies,
And the moon resting calmly -- majestically still --
Was crowning gorgeously the brow of the hill.

MUSIC ACROSS THE WATER

Ethereal is the melody that comes to me at night
Across the limpid water with the full moon at its height;
In it I hear a cosmic strain -- the music of the spheres --
Combining mystic loveliness of past and present years.
I feel no magnetism, then, of earth beneath my feet
But am uplifted toward the stars in unison with its beat.
Music across the water seems to draw from every shore
That echoes and re-echoes faint of all that's gone before.
LOVE

Its very name must be spoken softly. It is the alchemy of the universe; it softens, heals, and binds our wounds; it lifts the fallen, and points a new way full of hope; it turns away wrath, and malice and hatred stand ashamed before it. Gather into your being love and understanding, and give it forth to a hungry world.

ANNIVERSARY REMINISCENCES

This life of ours has had its moods,
Its joys and sorrows, and interludes,
But we have shared it all together,
The sunshine and the rainy weather.
Could we bar sorrow from the list
Then some accompanying joy'd be missed;
There's not a memory that is ours,
But is mixed with sad and happy hours.
So let it be until the end,
My husband and companion -- friend!
Still standing together firm and fast,
Together, till the very last.
HIDDEN VALUES

Some fine souls are alchemists
Transmuting into gold the dross;
Disclosing to unseeing eyes,
That even in dust some beauty lies.
Imprisoned, awaiting the human touch,
Are many unused forces yet.

Get all the good of life as it flows along;
The bad will fall like sediment
if you do not grasp it.
RADIANCE

Beauty lies not in features' cast,
Nor yet in comeliness of form,
But rather in the thoughts we stress.
All real beauty we possess
Comes from the chambers of the soul --
May we keep them sweet and pure and whole.

Beauty of form and feature will pass,
Yet inward radiance never dies.
To keep our loveliness secure
We should guard our thoughts and keep them pure.
God gave us the beauty of the flowers;
If we keep it not, the fault is ours.
I wonder, when life nears its close,
And bids me leave the old familiar scenes
And those I love——
A life's sweet gatherings——
If I shall feel myself a stranger
As I pass to new surroundings?
It must be, the first fond greetings over,
That there will be a turning back
To old scenes——to dear, familiar things;
To dwell again in the home
And in the hearts of those I love.
At the fireplace,
Where we gathered on Winter nights
When the cold wind howled outside;
At the piano,
A shrine where each one knew
His highest and best expression;
At close of day,
About the table,
With a strong bond of love——
Together, a word so full of meaning!
A loving God can never mean
To sever these bonds when He calls us home.
TO APRIL

Enter, April, capricious one
In league with silver rain and sun;
You come to us on flying feet
And make your bow, demure and sweet.
Garbed in the azure blue of sky
And fleecy clouds a-flying high;
Endowed with fickleness of youth
And very wanton whims, forsooth,
Today you lure the sun to shine,
Tomorrow -- no one dares divine.
Daffodil and crocus flower
Are quick to feel your winsome power;
They raise their heads through moistened earth,
Sensing the joy of Spring's new birth,
Only to find the north wind there
To mock their gesture debonair.
The sun's kept busy all the while
Transmuting tears to rainbow's smile;
You give the lowly grub its wings
And lo, a butterfly upsprings.
Ah, April, who wakes the sleeping earth
And bids it join in sportive mirth,
Inviting birds to soar and sing,
You are a debutante of Spring!
A MAY MORNING

Oh, give me the morning, a morning in May
With flashes of sunlight on dew-covered lawn;
The blue of the sky,
White clouds racing by,
The lilt of the song birds awakened at dawn --
Oh, give me the morning, the bright joyous morning,
Untouched by the discords that come with the day.
The dear placid noontide, the peace that it brings,
The beauty of sunset, the day's last farewell.
All this gives pleasure
In unstinted measure
The joy, work, and pleasure that day doth foretell.
But give me the morning, the joy-filled morning
Bereft of night's sorrows and yesterday's stings.

MORNING SONG

Open thy lattice, the world is alight!
Night is long past; the morning is bright;
The grass and the trees are sparkling with dew;
The sun is shining; the world is for you.
The song of birds greets the rosy morn,
Earth's fairest flowers the fields adorn,
The pine woods call with fragrance rare;
The world is yours, and oh, it is fair.
MORNING DEW

A sparkling drop of morning dew
With glinting sunshine sifting thru
Can rival the rarest Tiffany gem
As it rests on the grass at the feet of you.

At the slightest touch it disappears,
But the memory lingers for many years
Of the sparkling diamond-studded lawn
Of Nature, weeping her happy tears.

For beauty, beauty is ever fleeting,
And dewdrops are a friendly meeting
Of the early sun on moistened grasses
When sky and earth exchange a greeting.
BIRTH OF SPRING

I know the place where Spring was born:
It's white with blossoming hawthorn,
And violets peep from a sheltered nook;
It is down in a meadow, beside a swift brook.
It's a place where bunnies and squirrels abound,
And crickets and grasshoppers gather around.
Here emerald mosses glow with new life,
And burgeoning beauty and bird-song are rise.
Can you vision this place where Spring came to birth
With a robin announcing it to joyous earth?

LILIES OF THE VALLEY

Dear valley-lily, modestly and lowly
You dwell beneath your sheltering bed of leaves
Like some devoted nun—sequestered, holy—
Who to her cloister forever cleaves.
So those who seek your fragrant spirit-flower,
Which blooms always in sylvan shaded spaces,
Must search in all humility her bower
On bended knees, in quiet secret places.
Your fairy bells ring out Spring's earlier sway
To usher in the June bride's lovely graces
And tell the coming of a summer day
To banish cruel Winter's lingering traces.
As long as verdure lives, earth to adorn,
Will the valley lily's sweetness be reborn.
QUERY

Have you beheld on a clear cool night,
The millions of stars in ethereal height?
Have you lain in the pines and heard the swish
Of the wind blow through, and felt the wish
To pitch your tent forever there
Where fragrant pine incense fills the air?
Have you seen the graceful willows preen
As they above pool-mirrors lean?
Or the stirring of summer's flowered grasses
In an open field as the east wind passes?
Have you seen, and lived among, these things
And dreamed, and given your dreams gay wings?
Then you have sensed the true worth of living
And the bounteousness of Nature's giving.
AEOLIAN HARPS

I love the soughing of the wind --
It's music to my soul
As from harps hung in every tree;
Their sounding strings in harmony,
Evoking sweet aeolian strains
Whose theme is mystery.

I dream of esoteric things:
Of stars - the moon - and space.
The soughing of the wind to me
Brings thoughts of all eternity --
Of how this cosmic world began
And what the end will be.

NATURE'S SYMPHONY

Surpassing all other symphonies,
Sound Nature's elemental songs;
The pines,
As the zephyrs play upon them;
The rustling of the poplars;
The playful lapping of the water
Of a wind-blown lake;
The diapason of the gales
And the thunder's rolling majesty.
The vibrant music of the sea
In all its phases:
Nature raises her baton,
And symphonies play on.
CONSOLATION

God never takes from us that or those we love,
without compensation from some unexpected source. Always, there is some purpose
which will be revealed to us at the proper time.

COMPENSATION

When day is done, then comes the kindly night -
A little time to rest and dream and pray.
And thoughts take shape, kindled and brought to light
When we review our blessings, day by day,
Lightly received, as are our roadside flowers:
Vision, that we may Nature's beauty capture;
The priceless gift of hearing which empowers
The listening to woodland song-birds' rapture.

Yet there are those who never even see
The beauty of the stars; the rising moon;
Seas' ebb and flow - or hear a symphony,
Or thrill at the song-sparrow's tune.
God must have given their souls some inner light
To compensate for their earth-blinded plight.
AWAKENING OF THE TREES

I saw today
A little play
Of color on the barren trees;
A gentle breeze
Unfolding their leaves,
They flauntingly cried
In their glory and pride—
Behold the loveliness
Of my new green dress.

MIRACLES

We're told the days of miracles are gone—
Ah, no! does not each day a dawn unfold,
And we still ignorant of how 'twas born?
After seeming death of trees, shrubs, and flowers
Spring comes—Nature's magician;
A wave of his wand, and the world awakes.
The forest sends forth ferns and brakes.
Trees bud, leaf out, are born again,
And, lo! a miracle is shown.
WOOD MYSTERIES

What is the mighty force
That pushes through the earth
The delicate frond of fern
That from a lowly, rotting log
Unfurls its verdant banners?
Who moves the woodland creatures
To garner their Winter stores--
Or whispers to them that Spring has come?
Who calls the song-birds home
And guides through pathless skies
Their certain flight?
Who bids the budding rose
Unfold her loveliness,
And hides within a tulip bulb
Beauty to herald another Spring?
Who lulls the forest trees to sleep
And blankets them with snow
Until the time for their awakening?
Ah, walk within the wood's cathedral calm
And you will know.
WOOD FIRES

Who would not gather around a wood fire
And watch the flames leap higher and higher?
The colors displayed in flaming wood,
Beneath the fireplace's blackened hood
Were caught from a sunset and imprisoned there;
And later, touched by a fiery flare,
Gave birth to colors of rainbow hue
Before seeking escape in the chimney flue.
Our dream-thoughts kindle a creative mood
That finds a delight in burning wood.
And watching its ever-changing views
We idly yield to a pensive muse.
FALLING LEAVES

How gently fall the leaves,
One by one;
Their mission filled,
Their duty done.

Yet they warmly cover still
The sleeping flowers,
And guard and keep them safe
Through wintry hours.

Leaves shield from Winter’s blasts
The tender things,
As a mother bird her brood
Beneath her wings.

Mourn not the falling leaf—
No death it brings,
But rest and shelter brief—
Then sweeter Springs.
BUTTERCUPS

The buttercups bedeck the field
As golden showers from the Sun,
They raise their bright cups thru the grass
And boldly say to those who pass--
Do you love butter? Do you? Do you?

They're bold and jolly, these buttercups;
Closely they gather beside the road.
Everyone passing them, standing there
Must answer their jovial questionnaire
Do you love butter? Do you? Do you?
THE PINES

Hast heard the pines a-whispering
To every little woodsy thing,
"Run to shelter, my children dear,
The storm's approaching; Winter's near.
Through Autumn I've prepared a bed
Of fragrant pine needles, canopied
By sentinels so great and strong,
That guard you through a Winter long.
But if, on some bright, sunny day,
You venture out and look this way
You'll see me in my winter dress
Of snowy, crystal loveliness;
But now the storm approaches you,
The wind is sighing, oo-oo-oo,
Run to shelter, my children dear,
Sleep through the Winter, for I am near--
And when Spring comes, and sunlight gleams,
I'll whisper and tell you in your dreams."?
SALUTE

The leaves have gone from every tree
That I can see, save one:
Outside the window where I sit
One bird-like group remains.
All day it lifts and stirs like wings,
And waves to me.
Although it be a dreary day outside,
And dark and cheerless in my room,
My sturdy, bird-like leaves
Salute me cheerily.

SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

If I could possess the dearest thing—
The greatest happiness life might bring,
I’d choose the love of a little child
And be by his artless ways beguiled.
The trust portrayed in childish eyes
Would rival a vista of Paradise;
The joy and sunshine reflected there
Would surely enmesh me in their snare.
HER RESTING PLACE

All the beauty that once was yours,
Lies in Mother Nature's breast.
Brightest flowers are blooming, where
Your dear body lies at rest.
The soul of you is faring forth,
It lingers not about the place;
But oft times, by the fireside hearth,
We see in dreams your lovely face.
EASTER THOUGHTS

Unlock the floodgates of our souls,
Dear Lord, this Easter day,
And let the surety given us
Surge through humanity.
If blooms, green grass and butterflies
Can come again each Spring,
Why do we doubt our souls live on
Through all eternity?

THE CHRIST SPIRIT

I stand outside and look within
And strive so earnestly to win
The heart of the weary, sorrowing throng,
To which I feel that I belong.
'Tis self-sufficiency and greed,
That all-absorbing selfish creed,
That bids me stand without the door,
So sad, heart-hungry and foot-sore.
I still am knocking at the hearts
Of people in the busy marts;
Oh, must I stand without the gate
Of blind humanity -- and wait?
TRANSITION

When all the vernal beauty of the trees
Has known its transient hour, and sear leaves fall
Returning once again to formless dust,
The quenchless spirit lives in sap and seed --
Quiescent for a time thru Winter's blasts,
To leaf again when comes the quickening Spring.

So with ourselves as ripening age creeps on,
And ailments of the body sear the flesh:
We cast our cumbrous earthly body off
And seek new spheres as yet to us unknown.
Resurgent nature endlessly reveals
That spirit lives although the body dies.

Through life we weave bright raiment for our souls
As trees renew their green robes in the Spring.
SNOWFLAKES

Softly, softly falls the snow,
Spinning, tumbling from above
Lightly resting where it falls,
Covering gently limbs so bare
Hiding them with tender care.

Taking each a different shape,
Still merge they so cosily
Into a whole protectorate,
Blanketing Earth’s nakedness
Deep with feathery hoariness.

As a child at night uncovers,
Oft this blanket’s swept aside—
Leaving limbs exposed to view,
But Mother Nature, hovering near,
Covers again her children dear.
HAPPINESS

Happiness -- we see it in the flight of birds,
Expressed in song and kindly words,
In butterflies and honey bees,
In leaves a-twinkle on the trees.
The songs of crickets in the field
A measure of happiness to us yield;
The velvet caterpillar, curled in the sun,
Displays his comfort to everyone.
Oh, happiness all about us lies,
From earth's rich green to blue of the skies;
E'en the little blades of grass
Call forth in us, as on we pass,
O'er the green carpet they weave for us,
A feeling richly harmonious.
OUR WINDOW BOX

Dainty sweet petunia, with your ruffled ballet skirt,
Swaying in the summer breeze, you bend and bow and flirt,
Beguiling us with graceful art
You become a wondrous part
Of our summer window box.

Ivy vines are planted there, and trail upon the ground,
And red geraniums add their glow
to beauty all around;
But, petunia, child of fairies,
While with us your fragrance tarries
You are Queen of our window box.
RHAPSODY

Oh, to go adventuring
Among the unknown things!
To drink, upon some mountain height,
Of clear eternal springs.

To quest for life’s intangibles
Beyond our ken. To see
A dryad in a woodsy lane,
Or fairies on the lea.

The dreamer is forever young;
Age is naught -- it only seems.
Youth spins its web of lambent life
While age reserves its dreams.
RAIN PHANTOMS

Our street is garish, if seen by day;
Busses and trucks claim the right of way.
Hucksters call, and radios blare;
Constant back-firing pollutes the air.
Everything -- everyone -- is tense by day;
Children's voices are strident in their play.
But at night when the wind-driven rain descends
And washes away the dust, it lends
Eerie enchantment to the commonplace.
As the showers come down from darkening space,
Buildings once angular and grim,
Are softly veiled, shadowy and dim.
Waves of color advance and recede;
Lights flash and motors lower their speed,
And the colors of stop-lights come and go
In red-and-yellow-and-green-and-amber glow.
Mushroomed figures dart through the street,
Seeking a shelter in the doorway's retreat.
And I, a shut-in, through dripping glass
See beauty in the hazy forms that pass.
A GLIMPSE OF THE BERKSHIRES

Beauty is revealed to us everywhere
As on the open road we fare.
A beautiful meadow, sweeping wide
Makes low obeisance to mountain side.
Across the road and from out the sod
Grow milkweed and gorgeous golden rod
And twining wildly over all this
Clambers the rich wild clematis.
A farm house, nestled in the hills
Our heart with joy of living fills.
Beyond, a field of waving corn,
Glistening in the dewy morn,
And all along this open road --
Flowers and chipmunks' rude abode --
Rushes the bounding, gurgling brook
Where fishers ply their rod and hook.
At last we gaze with lifted eyes
Where mountain tops caress the skies.
We can but feel in Browning's mood
"God's in His Heaven ... " all is good.
THE CROCUS AND THE DEBUTANTE

Out of the darkness of Winter's night
Comes the crocus for our delight;
Its satin petals bright unfold
And show to us a heart of gold.
'Tis thus when a debutante appears,
Out of girlhood to larger spheres.
She gives herself to a waiting world
That life and its mysteries be unfurled.

EDEN

Our pathway led to a garden fair
Where lilacs' perfume filled the air;
The starry Heavens canopied
The place wherein our souls were hid.
"How brilliant are the stars," she said.
I gazed upon her lifted head;
To me, the stars were her dear eyes -
There lay my hope of Paradise.
DEATH

Death -- an open door
To a land of beauty!
The body is no longer the temple of the soul.
Like a butterfly leaving its chrysalis,
The winged soul seeks its freedom
From its earthly limitation
And goes forth into the light
To redeem the promise
Of eternal life.

DELAYED ENCOMIUMS

There are many to speak of the faults that are ours --
Forgetting the virtues in which we've excelled,
But words of encouragement -- life's sweetest flowers --
Are often withheld.

But the time surely comes when the good things are said;
Our faults all forgotten in charity great,
But it passes unnoticed, then, over our head --
Alas, it's too late.
THE MORNING LIGHT

The rosy light of morn is breaking
O'er mountain, dale, and restless sea.
The holy light of God is shedding
Its lambent radiance on you and me.

It brings to us fullness of joy --
It is the springtide of the day,
And saddened thoughts are cast aside
When night gives o'er to sun's bright ray.

The morning light o'ertops the world,
And floods the earth with sunbeams bright.
What seemed last night a dark despair,
Is now dispelled by morning light.
INTIMATES

Oh, blessed stillness of the woods,
Devold of cities' cries,
Where one may dwell in as many moods
As Nature may devise!

A squirrel chattered by my side;
I was quiet as could be,
For I knew if I startled him he'd hide
In his home beneath the tree.

A thrush saluted warily,
Turning a bright eye on me;
But did I answer him? Verily,
I pretended to be a tree.
CONTINUITY

The air is filled with butterflies
And falling leaves.
The trees have strewn their pageantry;
Cool, clear Autumn crisps the air,
And denuded trees woo Winter's sleep,
Until the budding April whispers
It is Spring!
Warm breezes and soothing rains,
And then - - the life sap flowing through;
Then come new leaves - - a life renewed - -
Are we not more than trees?
AUTUMN

I sing of the Autumn--its painted leaves,
Of the fragrant breath that the pine wood breathes,
The morning fog--the sun shining through
The velvet grass, bespangled with dew.
And the midday sun, its rays bestow
Where patches of purple aster grow.
The crisp, clear sunset at close of day
And the disappearing sun's last ray.
The cool of the nights, the starlit sky
With the Moon Queen proudly sailing by.
THE SOUL OF ME

I'd drive my bark to the open sea
Where all seems bright and the wind blows free,
But the wind and storm drive back again
The soul of me.

I would fly high to the open sky
And breathe God's freedom as on I fly,
But my wings are clipped, and holding back
The soul of me.

I would travel far o'er all the land
And let my innermost soul expand;
My feet are tied and fate holds back
The soul of me.

Still unbaffled I would be
Despite the wind, the storm, the sea...
Unquenchable—victory at last shall guide
The soul of me.
TO W. D. R.

I think of you oft in your eerie nest,
Divested of your coat and vest,
Your flute held lovingly in your hand,
Before you, your sturdy music-stand—
Music scattered in wild confusion,
Because, perhaps, you feared intrusion.
Then the flute trills loud and free,
As a bird sings his heart out in a tree.
I happily listen, two stories down,
Turning the roast lest it get too brown
Ere I can lure you from your retreat—
You who love music more than meat.
Oh, how I long to hear once again
The tones of your flute up there in your den!
THE SOUL OF ME

I'd drive my bark to the open sea
Where all seems bright and the wind blows free,
But the wind and storm drive back again
The soul of me.

I would fly high to the open sky
And breathe God's freedom as on I fly,
But my wings are clipped, and holding back
The soul of me.

I would travel far o'er all the land
And let my innermost soul expand;
My feet are tied and fate holds back
The soul of me.

Still unbaffled I would be
Despite the wind, the storm, the sea --
Unquenchable -- victory at last shall guide
The soul of me.
TO W. D. R.

I think of you oft in your eerie nest,
Divested of your coat and vest,
Your flute held lovingly in your hand,
Before you, your sturdy music-stand-
Music scattered in wild confusion,
Because, perhaps, you feared intrusion.
Then the flute trills loud and free,
As a bird sings his heart out in a tree.
I happily listen, two stories down,
Turning the roast lest it get too brown
Ere I can lure you from your retreat --
You who love music more than meat.
Oh, how I long to hear once again
The tones of your flute up there in your den!
SILENCE

Silence covers many a hurtful thing;
It robs the bitter tongue of power to sting.
At times the deepest sympathy
Is thus conveyed.
Silence and Peace twin sisters are
Of Charity.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM

Rare beauty springs from lowliest inception;
From mud and slime the fairest lily flowers.
Ugly husks embrace the sweet Narcissi
And the earth deeply covers our richest gems;
Embedded in ancient, unpretentious rocks
Are silver, gold, and precious stones and ore.
The grain yields no increase except it die;
Sublimity is reached through poignant sorrow.
BY THE SEA
To Christine

I strolled by the sea—my thoughts were grey,
As I watched the waves break into spray.
Musing— I dreamed of the time that we
Roamed the same shore, gay and free.

Many seasons have passed, dear one,
Much grief been borne—new joys begun—
But fresh in my memory, as of yore,
Are the days when together we walked by the shore.

THE CRY OF THE SOUL

"Give room! Give room!" was the soul's great cry
"Room to expand," said the soul with a sigh.
"I am overgrown with tangled weeds—
I have no place for the dearer needs.
Thoughts of evil and of lust
Are filling all the place with dust.
Purify and cleanse this place,
Clear out the dust and give more space,
That fairer guests may enter in
And growth of loveliness begin."
Oh, Age, when thou comest to dwell with me,
May I open my heart and welcome thee!
Patiently thou hast deferred the hour--
Knowing full well thine absolute power.
I've dreamed of how we'll spend the days
When Life's sunset has spread its haze
Above my hills at eventide
When myriad tasks are laid aside.
Youth and Maturity, mine till now,
Have kept the wrinkles from my brow--
Departing now, they've given me,
Kind and patient friend, to thee.

Oh, Age, the softener, be kind to me;
Facing the west, friends let us be,
Faring forth with quiet zest
Together on this latest quest,
And may sweet memories of the past
Linger with me until the last.