

1  
My youth and love, with life at its flood,  
Were yours to take had you looked my way -  
How could you guess that my heart wept blood  
While eyes and voice were so gay!

The gift I gave you has thrown aside.  
No longer I weep and agonize;  
I pine no more for the kiss denied,  
Nor am stabbed by your careless eyes.

Love, who was never lover of mine,  
Was I not fair in those days gone by?  
Were you so rich in love's precious wine  
That your cress could ne'er run dry?

My wine of life was spilled at your feet -  
Heart and soul of me both were yours!  
Well! Even to love in vain is sweet.  
Pain passes, but love endures.

### Love and Death.

I thought that in the deep grave you were lying  
O little love of mine!  
Yet, through a lonely dawn when stars were dying,  
I saw your dark eyes shine!

I thought, O little Love, that you lay sleeping  
Beneath the vaulted stone -  
Yet even now I felt, with pulses leaping  
Your heart against my own!



O Flower of earth and Heaven, celestial Queen,  
Mother and hope of troubled hearts that fear  
And mourn, walking in ways most dear;  
Chosen of God, whose meek and humble mien  
And wounded heart the ransomed earth hath seen  
With awe and strange surprise, that one so dear  
To the Lord God so lowly should appear,  
And one so pure endure a grief so keen!  
Mother most gentle, hear thy children's prayer,  
And plead our cause before the Most High God;  
To thy most Holy Son our sorrows bear,  
That He, whose feet the path to Calvary trod,  
May look with pity on our grief and care,  
And comfort us who smart beneath His rod!

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### Silence.

If all this gracious speech of ours was still  
And on the world a sudden silence fell;  
If hushed forever was the vacuous yell  
Of all the harsh discordant sounds that fill  
The world with clamour; if the dancing rill  
Made melody no more in woodland dell;  
Nor song of birds, nor any music, fell  
Upon the listening ear on plain or hill.

I think our loss would not outweigh our gain,  
Silence might cleanse the world from hurtful lies  
And bring soft ease to many a fevered brain  
Until mankind, grown simple, kind, and wise,  
Should find new gospels in the sun and rain  
And win the secrets of the starry skies.



Kitty.

When Kitty speaks, the air seems filled  
 With music and the rush of wings;  
 The sweetest singing birds grow mute  
 To hear her, when my Kitty sings.

When Kitty smiles, the world grows glad,  
 Forgetting all its old time grief;  
 Her merry laugh puts gloom to flight,  
 And gives the saddest hearts relief.

When Kitty walks, the dingy street  
 Becomes the pleasure of a queen,  
 Such graces in my dearest blend  
 With stateliness and royal mien.

When Kitty prays - ah, gentle saint,  
 Entreating God through flame-hight days!  
 I shall not dread the after-world  
 If I am ramed when Kitty prays.

---



## The Little Dark Rose.

She lies broken and bruised on the highway,  
The little dark rose of the west,  
The rose that is ~~sweetest~~ rarest and sweetest,  
The flower of our passionate quest.  
But her beauty and fragrance have kindled  
A flame in the hearts of the Gael;  
We have sworn to upraise and sustain her,  
And our spirit and strength shall prevail.

The dark rose lies low in dishonour,  
The rose that was fairest of all,  
But her beauty shall shine like the morning,  
When true hearts have freed her from thrall.  
If her petals are fading or blighted,  
In our life-blood the rich crimson flows -  
Thrice welcome be death if our dying  
Give life to the little dark rose!

O little dark rose, may we perish  
 Ere we fail in the vows we have sworn!  
You are ours, we are yours, now and ever,  
 To our shame and our grief if you mourn.  
You are ours to defend and to cherish,  
 O little dark rose of the world,  
 And your folds shall be scattered and broken,  
 When the flag of the Gael is unfurled!

---



3  
The Old And the New.

Over peaceful fields by the moonbeams blessed,  
Where the white-winged Silence dwells,  
And through the hush of the city streets  
Rings the music of New Year bells.  
There is borne to our souls on the silver chimes  
A message of peace and pain,  
A smile for the new and a tear for the old  
That can never be ours again.

Good-bye, Old Year, you have done your part,  
We needed no longer row,  
Yuin Time will bury deep out of sight  
Your furrowed and pain-drawn brow.  
We used you hardly, perhaps, and yet  
God knows we meant you well,  
When we rang to greet you a year ago  
The Chimes that are now your knell.

For the grace you brought we give you praise,  
We pardon the hours of woe;  
For our wrongs to you we ask in turn  
Forgiveness, as you go.

May the moonbeams lighten your lonely path  
To the Land of Night and Fear,  
On your desolate way to the ghostly past  
God comfort you, have Old Year!

Good-bye, Old Year, that will come no more,

Sleep with your buried flowers,  
Whose bloom, enshrined in memory,  
Shall gladden future hours.  
Sleep long and well in the tomb of Time,  
In the Land of Night and Fear.  
Until, at the judgment seat of God,  
We meet you again, Old Year!



## Wreckage.

The wind has dropped, the mad, fierce, rushing tempest  
Has sunk into a tearful sighing now,  
The drenching rain that pierced my leafy shelter  
Descends dew-soft upon the trembling bough.

The storm has gone, but here within my garden  
I find but ruin where my footsteps pass.  
Sweet, shattered blossoms, scent of dying roses,  
Soft petals dashed upon the sodden grass.

Fair, fragile things that have been loved and tended  
Lie bruised and broken on dishonouring clay,  
Their bright, brief lives cut short by heedless fury,  
Blighted and ended by the winds' rough play.

Strong, cruel wind, so tender now and harmless,  
Soothing the stricken boughs with softest tone,  
What purpose raised and swelled that rushing madness,  
Then hushed its passion to the whispered moan?

Strange, cruel wind, and gentle shattered roses,  
Our troubled spirits question you in vain -  
Yet still in storm and cloud and tempest-ruin  
We find a reflex of our human pain.

---



Now come days of fulfilment  
Crowning the kind year!  
The fruits of toil are garnered,  
Resting time is near;  
Memory brings fair visions -  
Blessings to count and tell -  
While the mild Autumn lingers in reluctant sweet farewell.

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### Night Wind.

Through the gray silence of the deepening night  
A lonely, ghostly wind went wailing by;  
The dead leaves moaned and trembled at its touch  
I heard their shivering cry.

Across the darkening earth that sad wind stole,  
From dreary spaces set beyond our fears,  
From far lone spaces, hidden haunts of grief,  
The graces of hope, the fancies of bitter tears.

All earth's regret was in that ghostly sound,  
The sadness of all lonely things that die,  
The pain of life, the loneliness of death,  
I shivered as that moaning wind went by.

---



4/  
Faring alone upon the mountain path  
The long dark pathway that was mine to tread,  
My heart cried out for kindly human love  
My soul grew faint with loneliness and dread.

I opened wide the doorway of my heart,  
And prayed that love and joy might enter in,  
Now cold-eyed strangers have their dwelling there,  
And peace and freedom I shall never win.

My heart's deep holy places are profaned,  
They eat and drink upon its altar stone;  
I have no refuge from the raving winds  
My soul goes onward ~~forso~~ friendless and alone.

### October.

Now come the misty mornings;  
The sun, softly bright,  
Changes the white mist wreaths  
To veils of silver light;  
The leaves are gold and crimson  
All lit with fairy fire,  
A flare of mystic beauty - the woodlands' funeral pyre!

Now come the darksome evenings:  
Shadows gather deep;  
The dark dreaming hedgerows  
Whisper and sigh in sleep;  
Mists creep from the mountains  
To valleys hushed and dim  
And a pale moon climbs slowly above the dark  
world's rim.

(over)



5/  
Erin to Bragh!

They say the Celtic tongue is dead,  
That Erin's hopes are vain,  
That never in our dear old land  
Will freedom dawn again;  
That the Saxon chains will bind us  
Through the futures endless years,  
That in Erin's night of sadness  
No star of hope appears.

But we spurn their craven counsels,  
We scorn their mocking fears,  
"Neath our faith in God and Justice  
We trample coward fears.  
For the East is red with glory  
Of the dawning near at hand,  
And radiant flowers of promise  
Spring forth to bless our land.

Let alien tongues deride our cause,  
Let alien force assail,  
But though the tyrant triumph long,  
Right shall at length prevail;  
And above the hills of Erin  
Shall float the green and gold,  
The proud and glorious Standard.  
Its heroes bore of old.

What though the day be distant still  
When Erin's hopes shall bloom -  
What though her children still must tread  
A path of pain and gloom -

(over)



That path leads on to golden heights  
Of freedom nobly won,  
That distant day shall break in flowers  
Beneath a cloudless sun!

Then let the craven's voice be hushed,  
The traitor blush for shame,  
No slave or coward in our ranks  
Disgrace the Irish name.  
But onward let us boldly press,  
A loyal, fearless band,  
To scale the heights of liberty,  
Or die for Motherland!

---

### An Deoraidhe.

It's a strange thing to be lonely with so many  
folks around,  
And to hear old voices all the time through every  
other sound;  
I try my hardest to forget, but still I can't get free  
From thoughts of what I left behind, away across the sea.

It's foolish to be pining for one poor wee bit of land,  
With the whole world full of countries so great and  
rich and grand;  
Yet for all I know it's foolish, the pain won't leave my heart,  
And the least wee word of Ireland makes the hot tears start.

It was homesome there at home in the long black winter nights,  
And I'd be often wishing for the sheets and crowds and lights;  
But the kind of loneliness that's here is harder far to bear,  
If I were back in Ireland now I'd never know a care.

(over)



6/  
I tell myself I'm lucky, and its proud I ought to be,  
To live in such a fine big town, with splendid sights  
to see;  
But the dear old land I'll never see is always in  
my mind,  
And I'm lonely for them night and day. the friends  
I left behind.

---

### The Knight's Song.

My love is a Queen, and a High-Kings' daughter,  
In a thousand worlds there is not her peer.  
My life is hers, and my soul's devotion,  
In heaven or earth there is none so dear.

My love is held in a cruel bondage,  
Bound and tortured by ruthless foes,  
But her true Knight spurs to her aid unceasing,  
With vengeance swift for her bitter woes.

Swiftly I ride to my lady's succour -  
At thought of her wrongs my blood runs flame.  
Woe to the cowards who dare malign her!  
I ride to rescue my Queen from shame.

I will pledge my love in a burning goblet -  
No pale wine this, but the crimson fire  
That glows in my veins since her beauty stung me,  
The deep red flame of my heart's desire.

I swear by the swords of the stainless heroes,  
By my father's graves, by the wrath of God,  
To crown my love in her ancient splendour,  
Or rot in darkness beneath the sod!

(over)



My love is a Queen, and a High-King's daughter,  
Her throne shall shine by the western wave  
Till the world bow down to her grace and glory,  
When I win again what the Lord God gave.

---

### Autumn Wind.

O wind of autumn, melancholy wind,

What pain has pierced you, that you mourn it so?  
What loss or yearning taught you that wild moan,  
That sob of infinite woe?

Drear wind of shadows and of failing days,

What do you vainly seek, straining far to find?  
What hope eludes you, lures you through the worlds,  
You passionate, restless wind?

Is it some phantom of imagined good,

A dim, elusive beauty, touched in dream,  
A glory hovering just beyond your reach  
With shifting, maddening gleam?

O sobbing wind, your sorrow is our own,

An echo of the grief you pass by -  
The strange heart-hunger of a thousand worlds,  
Sounds in that desolate cry.

---



# Christmastide.

O fevered earth, dear mother earth, turn away from thy  
 toil and sorrow,  
 God sends thee his greeting and grace;  
 Leave the strife and the sin and the sadness that  
 veil thee with shadow,  
 Look up to the light in God's face.

Wearied and toilsome have been thy days, weary and  
 fruitless and bitter,  
 Mist-wound with the vapours of death;  
 But now the wide heavens are opened, an angel of  
 God is upon thee,  
 With healing and life in his breath.

An angel is come with glad tidings, look up to God's  
 face and rejoice;  
 Sin and sorrow are vanquished by love;  
 From the high throne of heaven the mighty looks  
 down on thy sadness -  
 Look up, what dost thou see above?

Lo! afar on the white hills of heaven what vision appeareth?  
 Look up, happy earth, and be blest;  
 Raise thy death-darkened eyes, foolish earth, and behold in the Highest  
 A Babe that has lain on thy breast!

Time, thy servant, has made thee his slave; He has whipped  
 thee with scorpions,  
 Has quenched thee with blood and with tears,  
 While eternity calls thee, unheeded, to grandeur and freedom -  
 Arise, break the chain of the years!

(over)



Break the fetters of time, sad earth, arise in thy greatness and beauty;  
In thy Saviour and Son thou art blest.  
Time feeds thee on ashes and sorrow, his guerdons are madness  
and fever,  
But Christ giveth gladness and rest.

---

### West Wind.

The years go by, but the days are long to a hungry heart.  
I was feeling content last night before the wind arose,  
A wind from the rainy west, tossing the wet, green boughs,  
It called me and mocked me, it filled my soul with a  
thousand woes.

O wind from over the sea, voice from a dear land lost,  
Why need you seek me here, waking the old-time pain?  
Sure my life is hard enough, there is not much joy to spare,  
My heart must break or follow if you call me like  
that again!

O wind from across the wave, wet with the wild sea spray,  
Were I but free, like you, I never would ask to roam  
From the darling land you left, and the rent of the  
heath-clad hills!

Did you come to break my heart, dear wind from the  
hills of home?

---



## Prophecy.

My queen is throneless, and wears no crown save the spear-sharp  
thorns of sorrow,

Yet her dark eyes shine with a starry light not the proudest  
gems can borrow;

No sceptre is hers, who once had hosts to bend the knee before her,  
Her kingdom lies in the faithful hearts of the few who still  
adore her.

Heroes have battled and bled for her, chieftains renowned in story  
Have given their lives to redeem her fame and win her a  
deathless glory,

Kings have died for a smile from her and counted the  
queston royal -

There are lovers awaiting her call to-day as tender and brave  
and loyal.

Who of them all is the peerless chief to whom the triumph  
is fated?

When shall the mighty one arise whom Bamba has long awaited?  
The hour is near and the path prepared for the champion  
who soon must tread it -

When his voice rings out in the battle cry the foes of his love  
shall tread it.

In the splendour of youth he will come to her when the East is  
red with morning,

He will fling on the winds his hero-shout, danger and battle  
morning,

He will smite her foes in his tempest wrath as the lightning  
smites the forest,

And like blasted trees they will strew the ground  
to show where the fight was sorest.

(over)



Then a royal robe and a queenly crown he will bring for his  
      love's adorning,  
He will lead her out of the night of death and into the  
      radiant morning,  
Scepter and throne will again be hers and homage of hosts  
      that love her -  
A kingdom wide as her heart's desire, and free as the skies above her.

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### Childhood.

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,  
Where the sun, moon, and stars have their birth, and the river of  
      life has its source,  
God planted the Kingdom of Childhood, and gave it in charge of  
      his angels  
To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ills  
      that perplex.  
There the exiled descendants of Adam may dwell in the confines  
      of Heaven,  
And read in the clear eyes of Childhood the glory of  
      wonderful things,  
For bright spirits hover around, unseen by all but the children,  
And a light on the infantine faces reveals that they  
      whisper with God!  
That land is a region of wonders, for God, who loveth the children,  
Calling them near to Him with accents of loving command,  
Willed that beauty and joy might be theirs, and that peace  
      might encompass them ever,  
And no evil deple their bright Kingdom, defended by angels  
      and men.  
There the day with rich splendour is glowing, and the night is a  
      world of enchantment,  
When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark, jeweled sky;  
There the moon and the stars have breath, and the throbs of their  
      musical whispers



9  
Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the listening world;  
There the near and the far are one, and the blessed and exiled  
may mingle.

For the children are white links of blossom that join the heaven  
and earth.

Every mortal for some brief time may reign in the kingdom  
of Childhood.

Then, alas, must lay down its sceptre, and pass to the world beyond.

### Derry Columbkille.

There's a well-beloved city in the storm-swept northern land,  
Where Columba's thoughts came winging from Ina's alien strand,  
For his heart abode forever by the oak grove on the hill,  
The angel peopled oak grove of fair Derry Columbkille.

These days are but tradition now, a memory blurred and grey,  
Within the home of Columbkille the stranger rules today.

His exiled people far away their bitter doom fulfil  
Or dwell as serps within the walls of Derry Columbkille.

O there's many a hill in Erin, Praised in story and in song,  
There's many a sacred grove and glen where deathless legends throng,  
But none amongst her holy hills, turn wheresoe'er you will,  
Can claim such glorious memories as Derry Columbkille.

Fair city of our love and dreams, dear home of our desire,  
No evil fate can crush your soul or quench its sacred fire;  
You have borne the crown of sorrow, suffered every shame and ill,  
But through it all still brightly burns the faith of Columbkille.

O the world is wild and cruel, and afar you exiles toil,  
They have dwelt with care and sorrow since they left the silver foyle,  
But their hearts are with you ever, and their fondest prayer is still  
May the good God bless and keep you, dear old Derry Columbkille.



## The Powers.

The Powers of Europe and the Powers of Hell  
Join hands once more, let foolish men who dare  
To stand for right in days like these beware!  
Diplomacy has done its duty well;  
A nation's soul is now a thing to sell,  
With clever arts the strong the weak ~~trick~~ ensnare,  
While Public Honour grows a thing so rare  
That where it may be found no man can tell.

Yet, as we watch the flaming war-clouds break  
In war and ruin on a far-off land,  
Our troubled hearts some little joy may take  
That not by hate alone those fires are fanned,  
That somewhere men can fight for Justice' sake,  
And welcome Death at Duty's stern command!

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## Erin's Jubilee.

Loyal hearts from shore to shore of Albion  
Hail their gracious Queen with glad acclaim,  
Voices o'er the hills of Scotia ringing  
Honour to Victoria proclaim.

While the Empire thrills with joyous plaudits  
Why alone is Erin dumb and sad?  
Why from her dark eyes fall drops so bitter  
When around her every heart is glad?

"Gentle Erin, listen to our pleading,  
Lift thy troubled eyes, so dim with tears,  
Cease thy mourning by the lonely waters,  
Weep no more the sorrows of dead years!"

(Over)



10  
In thine emerald robes of queenly beauty  
There is none like thee in all the world. -  
Raise thine eyes and smile, O beautiful Erin,  
While Victoria's emblem is unfurled.

Join the sister lands in their rejoicing,  
Grasp their hands in friendship o'er the sea,  
Let not Erin pine in lonely sadness  
While her happy sisters shout in glee!"

Erin raised her dark eyes, dim with weeping,  
Swept aside her veil of midnight hair,  
Then, with queenly gesture, answered proudly  
"In their gladness Erin craves no share!"

Long and stormy years have seen her sorrow,  
Heard her weeping by the lone, gray sea,  
Seen her children tortured, robbed, and exiled  
By the land men hail the great and free.

What! shall Erin share in joyous anthems  
While the tyrant's fetters gall her hands!  
Can she join in Jubilee rejoicing  
While her exiles groan in distant lands.

England's hands are red with Erin's life-blood,  
English cells unjustly hold her sons,  
Erin's wealth, wrung from her starving people,  
Into England's humming coffers runs.

England glories in successful plunder,  
Sees her children prosperous and glad, -  
Erin looks around in ruined homesteads,  
Glad homes once, now voiceless, lone, and sad.

(over)



England boasts of progress and expansion,  
Wealth and increase shown on every side, -  
Fettered Erin, famine-faint, and helpless,  
Mourns the blood-stained fields where martyrs died.

All the lovely, lonely hills of Erin  
Witness unto God her tale of wrong -  
Thou God still with deathless, silent pleading  
For the happiness denied her long.

Mock not Erin then with vain rejoicing,  
Not for her the anthem and the glee,  
England may rejoice, - she has good reason  
A successful crime a proud thing be.

Sonow's tones are bitter, but if England  
Wishes Erin's bitterness to cease,  
Let her send across the troubled waters  
Freedom's message, with its dawn of peace.

Erin's day of joy is in the future -  
Though not yet its dawn of splendour gleams,  
Sad eyes, gazing o'er the lonely waters  
Bateh its glory in prophetic dreams.

In the future's golden light of promise  
Smiles an Erin prosperous and free,  
Sonow's fetters changed for links of friendship,  
Then shall Erin hold her Jubilee!

---



## Regret.

Darling, lying there so pale and still,  
 With the death-dew on thy quiet brow,  
 Shall I turn my loving arms around thee?  
 Kiss the lips that cannot answer now?

Through the rigid silence that enfolds thee  
 In the shadow-land of speches dear,  
 Could my warm caresses stir thy heart-beats,  
 Would my loving whispers reach thine ear?

Dearest, for the tender words unspoken  
 While thine eyes of azure met the day,  
 Now with aching heart I sue for pardon,  
 Weep repentance o'er thy lifeless clay.

Seldom can we guard from loss love's sweetness  
 In the cruel strain of mortal life,  
 With the tumult of the world around us,  
 And our souls distracted by its strife.

Only when the grave has sealed forever  
 From our gaze the faces that we loved,  
 Do we realize, with bitter heart-pain,  
 What a fable stuff our love has proved.

Then we vainly cry across the silence,  
 Strain our feeble eyes into the night,  
 Listening, longing, praying for an answer  
 From the dear ones hidden from our sight.

(over)



Dearest, in the far-off world of spirits  
Thou art safe forever from earth's pain,  
Farther than my race of grief can follow,  
Thou art dwelling till we meet again.

Darling, on thy calm, cold brow I kiss thee,  
Kiss thine icy lips a last 'God-bye,' -  
This I sorrow o'er is but the casket,  
In God's crown the jewel gleams on high!

---

### Roses.

Deep in my heart I have made a shrine,  
White and holy with incense of prayer,  
Balm with silence and sweet with song, -  
My life's delight I have hidden there.

Dear, I loved you when first we met,  
You glanced on me, and you went your way;  
I felt the power of a gifted soul,  
No grace of mine won your eyes to stay.

I have made my heart a shrine for you,  
On its altar blooms one pale, sweet rose.  
All things are fairer because you live,  
My days are blessed until life shall close.

Dear, had you loved me, nor passed me by,  
Kindled my soul with your earnest gaze,  
How it had flamed into splendid flower,  
Light and glory through endless days!

I bless my life for its one delight,  
My rose of love, sweet, pale and cold,  
So cold and pale in the sun's hot ray, -  
Death may discover its fadefull gold!



## A Christmas Song.

The King of Heaven has left His throne  
 In starry skies;  
 Within a manger, poor and lone,  
 A Babe He lies!

No courtiers decked with raiment fair,  
 Around Him press,  
 Mary and Joseph worship there  
 In lowliness.

His glory and His majesty  
 He hid away,  
 He bears in all humility  
 Our mortal day.

We could not love the God unknown  
 We could but fear;  
 He pitied us, afraid and lone,  
 And He is here!

Our errant hearts were hard and wild  
 And dark with sin;  
 God has become a little child  
 Our love to win!

Keep us to live from sin apart  
 O little child!

Keep us serene and glad of heart  
 And undefiled.

Give us the grace to do Thy will,  
 To love Thy Word,  
 And in Thy plan our part fulfil  
 O gentle Lord!



## Love and Death.

Are you lonely, O my love, in the dark grave sleeping?  
Do you feel my presence near you, have my vigil keeping  
All the long night through?  
Lonely is your grave, Mavourneen, sad the moaning sea,  
Strange the voices in the wind sobbing through the dark to me  
Sobbing, whispering of you.

Are you lonely, O my love, in the strange new lands,  
Where, beyond the tides of death, stretch the shining sands  
You dear feet have pressed?  
There, where God and angels praise you, do you think of me  
Wandering lonely in my sorrow by the cheerless sea,  
You amidst the Blessed?

O my love, when life reviled you, when men stood apart,  
There was one who knew and crowned you, throned  
You in her heart,  
Loved your stainless soul.

O my King, whom angels honour, Heaven had work to do,  
God-like work that waited long for a spirit proved  
and true, -

You shall reach the goal!

## Love's Beggary.

What would I give you, love? My life were little -  
Besides, it is your own!  
My heart and every thought are yours already,  
I live for you alone!

I, who would give you all, can give you nothing,  
I wait with empty hands -  
Would that I held the treasures of Heaven  
Where God the Giver stands!



## Roses.

Roses blooming in dark December  
 Right in the heart of London Town -  
 Never before do I remember  
 Such a stealing of summer's crown.  
 Do you wonder I found them fair,  
 Meeting such ones then and there?

Roses rich with the summer's sweetness  
 Must expect to be culled and kissed,  
 Must be gathered in all completeness  
 Else the sweet of the year is missed,  
 So I gathered them then and there  
 Blooming in Peggy's Check so fair.

## Miss Two Years.

Think of the sweetest things you will  
 Miss Two Years old is sweeter still  
 A little darling dimpled thing  
 That sure should wear a cherub's wing  
 A tiny angel sent to bless  
 The world with love and happiness,  
 A fairy flower that somehow grew  
 A little lovely dream come true.

Old earth to greet her nursing things  
 A myriad tender blooming things;  
 She gives her meadows grasses sweet  
 To kiss the little wandering feet  
 She calls her bluest brightest skies  
 To smile into the childish eyes  
 And teaches little winds a song  
 To sing to Baby all day long.

Continued at bottom of next page.



Mma.

I hear the little Pattering feet  
Is racing down the hall -  
Alas! an obstacle they meet  
And Baby gets a fall!  
But soon the pain is kissed away  
And Mma's tears are ended -  
May all her days be just as gay!  
Her hurts as quickly mended!

---

She comes to me from morning tub,  
When tears are scarcely dry,  
And says - "While eyes get furtive rub -  
"No! Baby wouldn't cry!  
That nasty noise is all up dere  
Is 'way, you naughty noise!"  
Then, good again, with tender care  
She fathers up her tears.

Pon - Neddy Boy has shed a wheel,  
One Dolly's got no eyes,  
While Laddy Pussys lost her squeal  
And Quack! Quack! headless lies.  
But still the maimed and broken toys  
To Baby's heart are dear,  
The house is filled with tears and noise  
If any disappear.

---

(Ctd)

Miss Two Years rules by right divine  
And all men worship at her shrine;  
She knows that heaven and earth were made  
To give her joy or lend her aid;  
She makes sad hearts forget their pain,  
And heavy age feel young again.  
He dreamed of longed for Age of Gold  
Is just the age Two Years Old.

---



14.  
"Won't" is a very naughty word  
Which babies may not use,  
So now a certain little bird  
"lent" let me tie her shoes!

It - "Baby can't go up to bed!"

When time has come for sleep;  
She sits and nods her drowsy head  
With - "Baby can't go keep!"

When someone's been a tiresome girl,

After the naughty mood  
She offers me her nicest curl

With - "Mamma! Baby's good!"

With yet more fascinating guile

- If still I look severe -

She says, with most engaging smile,  
"Good-morning! Mamma dear!"

---

### The Lover.

My heart's best life-blood I would sell  
For one draught of your lover's red wine,  
I would wait through a thousand years of hell  
For the touch of your lips on mine.

If the glories of earth and the Heavens above  
God gave unto me for dower,  
I would forfeit them all to win your love  
For one brief ecstatic hour!

---

I woke and smiled in my joy "O Sun, you shine for me,  
For me are the birds in song, and the blossoms on the tree  
For me flowers gem the meadows, and earth is young  
And glad.

Who, in a world so lovely, could be lonely or sad?

(over)



I met my only love, and he looked and passed me by,  
The singing birds fell silent, the light went from the sky,  
Each tender blossom shrivelled beneath that look so cold;  
I walked reath the skies of winter in a world sad & cold.

---

### The Adventuring Soul.

Everywhere men are bent over sordid toil,  
Selling themselves for naught, like the slaves they are,  
I will go where the clean, keen winds shall my soul assail,  
I will ride with the winds to the gates of the farthest star.

No slave am I, to fling reath the frowns of men,  
No worm, to crawl and rest on the noisome clay;  
The infinite space were mine - shall be mine again,  
The masterless winds, my hothers and winds are they.

I will leave the biling world, so sordid and blind,  
I will follow the trackless paths that the great winds know,  
All the raptures and tenors of God are mine to find,  
I will measure the heights of bliss and the utmost woe.

---

### The Winds.

Over the hills the winds come proudly sweeping,  
Tireless and strong they rush over land and sea,  
On wild swift wing from mighty spaces leaping  
Glad as gods are they, beautiful, fierce and free.

To passionate hearts the rushing winds bring rapture,  
To saddened earth-bound spirits a glad new birth;  
No longer the lords of death men's souls shall capture,  
The winds have lent their wings to the sons of earth.

(Over)



15.  
To the god-like winds let men lift hopeful faces  
No longer dulled with anguish or drenched with tears,  
And the winds will bear them far from the darksome  
places

Where desolate dead things hide in a mist of fears.

Fiercely singing, the wild winds leap from the dawning,  
Fretless and strong they sweep over land and sea,  
Whoso loves them shall ride on the wings of morning.  
Glad as the winds are, passionate, proud, and free.

---

### Sonnets.

#### To my Dead Love.

The sunbeams fall upon the gleaming river,  
And all the dew-wet blossoms faintly quiver,  
Raising their starry eyes to greet the morn;  
Each pulse of nature throbs with life new-born.  
Yet out of all for me the joy has fled,  
Since in thy grave all happiness lies dead.  
Long, weary days have passed since last I saw thee,  
Since ere sad Death, victorious, came to woo thee,  
And bore thee far away to realms of air.  
Love, bend thee down, if my voice reach thee there  
In that far Heaven, and whisper in my ear  
The tender words that I was wont to hear.  
In all the lonely days that yet must be,  
Ah, lean thee down, dear love, and comfort me.

---



## Nature.

O mother Nature, see I come to thee,  
Troubled and weary, mind and soul distressed  
By cruel thoughts from which I cannot flee,  
Harassed by doubts and fears and wild unrest.  
Life's problems press upon my tortured brain, -  
To thee for rest and soothing I appeal;  
In thy sweet evening stillness, ah, how vain  
Appear the glooms and fears we mortals feel!  
How vain our human eyes that peer and pry,  
Our restless hearts that will not be content,  
Our puny minds that fret and fume and cry,  
Because they cannot grasp the Infinite.  
Now, while all beauty lights the peaceful west,  
Hush thou my troubled thoughts, and give me rest!

My love is dead, and I am left alone  
Here in this weary world of pain and fret,  
This stricken world, where misery's ceaseless moan  
Pays cruel usury for Adam's debt.  
Where souls that would aspire are penned in clay,  
And hearts that dare to love are seared with loss,  
Where sorrow reigns from dawn till close of day,  
And weakest shinedoes hear the sorest cross.  
There is no light or joy in all the earth,  
No gladness anywhere to cheer mine eyes.  
Until I turn from Nature's sombre death,  
And unto Thee, my God, by Faith arise.  
The earth is thine. O Father, hear my prayer,  
Send comfort to Thy suffering children there!

---



Miltonic Sonnet.

Of life and death, and that mysterious Land  
 That stretches vast and dread, life's farthest goal,  
 O! woe that human knowledge might unroll  
 The mighty secrets hidden in Fate's roll!  
 Still in our ears the funeral bell doth toll,  
 Still in the mists of pain and fear we stand.  
 Oft in the shadows looms God's guiding hand,  
 While icy waves of terror overwhelm the soul.  
 No comfort can our hearts from science find  
 When, pierced with grief, they moan in helpless pain,  
 From all the vaunted victories of mind  
 No clearer vision can the spirit gain.  
 O mighty God, who hast our lot assigned,  
 Aid us, that all our anguish be not vain!

The Land of the Beautiful Dead.

O! listen, my curly-haired darling, I pray, -  
 Bend hither your golden head,  
 While I tell of the country of far away,  
 The land of the Beautiful Dead.

'Tis the loveliest country that ever ~~was~~ was seen,  
 All gleaming with beauties rare,  
 The skies are so blue and the grass is so green  
 That nothing on earth can compare.

The flowers are like jewels of splendid gleam,  
 Or as bright as the stars on high,  
 And the days pass by like a golden dream  
 In that country beyond the sky.

(over)



The birds sing carols and songs so sweet,  
And the streamlets ripple and sing,  
And the children dance with their twinkling feet  
In many a gleeful ring.

The sun, moon, and stars forever shine,  
The sky is ever serene,  
The weather is always delightful and fine -  
I know, though I've never been.

It is there that the beautiful angels dwell,  
And the shining saints we laud,  
And their glory and joy no tongue can tell,  
For they dwell with the dear Lord God!

And every good little child ~~that dies~~, who dies,  
And the rich big people as well,  
Are carried by angels beyond the skies  
In that beautiful land to dwell.

So therefore, my sweet, when a dream or at play,  
You will think with delight, and not dread  
Of the glorious country of Far Away,  
The Land of the Beautiful Dead.

---



## Rosebud.

What thoughts are thine, O my folded rose? —  
 My wee, frail flower,  
 A-dreaming still in the peace of dawn,  
 Ere life's shades lower.

What fancies dwell in thy glowing heart?  
 What dreams are thine  
 When the dawn-light gladdens thy folded leaves  
 With rays divine?

Thy dawn of promise is wondrous fair,  
 O my lovely rose, —  
 Is the blossom budding for earth or sky? —  
 Thy sweet, God knows!

---

## Longing.

Come to me out of the moonlight,  
 O! ye spirits that pass  
 In the silver hush of the dream-world  
 Over the shimmering grass!

The moonbeams whiten the meadow,  
 The stars are diamond clear,  
 I am all alone in the silence, —  
 Alone with the waning year.

Far in the misty distance  
 Dim castle towers arise,  
 The lake in the lonely hollow  
 In a splendour of moonlight lies

(over)



frost  
The ~~frost~~ gleams white on the branches,  
On the grass, and the last dead leaves,  
And over the glass of my window  
Its fairy lacework weaves.

Ah, come to me out of the silence,  
O! ye spirits so fair,  
That glide in the hush of the moonlight  
Down through the worlds of air!

I feel your shadowy presence,  
In the stillness all around,  
In the calm of the solemn midnight  
Ye whisper without a sound.

What is your errand earthward?  
Do ye come from afar to bless  
The earth and its slumbering peoples  
With whisper and soft caress?

Do ye wander from out the starlight,  
From the heart of the deep profound,  
To float in a silver twilight  
That mortals have never found?

Do ye come from the starry heavens  
To brighten with golden gleams  
The pathways of little children  
Through the wonder-world of dreams?

The chill of the frosty moonbeams  
Is creeping through every vein,  
Yet still I listen and linger,  
Linger and listen in vain.

For only the pale, cold moonlight  
And the far-off stars I see;  
From the mystic Kingdom of spirits  
No answer cometh to me.

---



18  
My Star of Dreams.

My path was joyless, and dark, and long,  
And unto the skies I made weary moan -  
"Blinded by sorrow, oppressed by care,  
How long must I wander here alone?"

In passionate pleading and anguish wild  
I raised my eyes to the Heaven afar -  
Lo! gliding swiftly, silently down,  
At my feet alighted one golden star!

I knelt me down on the thorny ground  
Where glowed my beautiful star of dreams, -  
My star, my treasure, that God had sent  
To light my path with its radiant beams!

No more my journey was lone and drear -  
The darkness shone with resplendent gleams,  
And I mounted Heavenward, sheltered safe  
In the golden heart of my star of dreams!

Villanelle.

If life be dear,  
O man, no more lament, but do,  
Death may be near.

Be of good cheer, -  
Look to the Heaven's eternal blue  
If life be dear.

Dry thy sad tear,  
Of mortal grief the days are few;  
Death may be near.

Why dost thou fear?  
Do not the bitter lesson true  
If life be dear.

Look up and hear  
The voice of God, who holds the clue;  
Death may be near.

The skies are dear,  
Beyond them shines thy dwelling true;  
If life be dear,  
Death may be near.



## Sestina.

I gazed upon the radiant, ~~et~~ cloud-flecked sky;  
Mine eyes paid homage to the shining sea;  
Fair at my feet grew many a lovely flower;  
Giddy with joy I turned into the wood.

Where straight my ears were ravished by a bird  
Perched, singing sweetly, near a dumbering child.

With tender awe I drew anear the child,  
He seemed a cherub straying from the sky;  
His spirit-guardian seemed the singing bird,  
As here they lingered by the lonely sea;  
Hidden by screening branches of the wood,  
And beathed upon by many a perfumed flower.

Within one baby hand was clasped a flower,  
A fragrant lily, that the cherub child  
Perchance had gathered in the little wood,  
Perchance had found in fields beyond the sky,  
Or won from golden regions o'er the sea.  
Borne as love's fit tribute by the sweet-voiced bird.

With still more thrilling sweetness sang the bird,  
While close against him leaned a listening flower,  
And almost hushed its sound the uppling sea.  
All nature seemed attendant on the child,  
And on his guardian ~~angel~~ seraph of the sky,  
Whose blissful music floated through the wood.

Then suddenly there ran into the wood  
A second child, whose coming scared the bird,  
That straightway soared aloft into the sky.  
A pretty boy he was, in life's first flower;  
With shouting glee he woke the cherub child,  
And bore him forth to play beside the sea.

I also wandered forth beside the sea,  
Though with a sigh I left the quiet wood,  
Where I had found the lovely, dreaming child,  
And heard the rapture of the singing bird.  
Lone on the grass now lay the lily flower;  
The wondrous bird had vanished in the sky.

(over)



17.  
Bright glowed the sky, and rippling shone the sea;  
Bloomed many a flower; sweet seemed the shady wood;  
Yet still I missed the bird; yearned for the sleeping  
child.

---

### November.

The silver sun is hid behind a cloud;  
Deep wells of crystal glory, liquid light,  
Gleam through the spaces of the purple clouds  
Behind the dark tree-branches, rising bare  
In sombre grandeur, from whose leafless tops  
A thousand birds are singing cheerily,  
Flooding with joyous sound the wintry scene.  
The flowers are dead and buried, that erewhile  
Upraised their blossoming gladness to the sun;  
The silent fields are brown and desolate,  
Their harvest glory a remembered dream.  
On nature's face a veil of sorrow rests,  
Her eyes are dark and sad beneath its shade;  
Yet in her desolation may be read  
A patient waiting, and a steadfast hope  
Of glad spring days beyond the wintry gloom.

---

### Truets.

Sad are thy dark eyes,  
E'en aroon;  
Ever a shadow lies,  
Ever the tears arise,  
Never to silence dies  
Thy mournful croon.  
Sad are thy dark eyes,  
E'en aroon!

When will thy sunrise gleam?  
E'en, my own;  
When will the glad day-beam  
Make all thy sorrow seem  
Only a troubled dream  
Long ago known?  
When will thy sunrise gleam?  
E'en, my own!

---



## Evening.

The wandering clouds are at rest, asleep in the moonlight,  
Only the stars are awake, the golden guardians of Heaven,  
The twinkling eyes of the night, that arise in the darkness;  
Unwearied they shine in the depths of the infinite spaces,  
Brightly they gleam afar off in the bottomless azure, -  
The fathomless region of wonders and glories undreamt of,  
Where blossom the beautiful worlds untrudged by mortals.  
On earth the flowers are a-dreaming, the lustre of daylight  
is ended,

The tumult of life is stilled and Nature, the bountiful  
mother,

Callets her children to rest, lulls them to rest on her bosom,  
The birds are asleep in the branches, but the trees, in  
reverent stillness,  
Harken with leaning boughs while Nature prays in the  
silence;

Prays for her thoughtless children, her loved ones who  
wander in error,

Prays and gives thanks to God for the truthful and  
upright and tender;

Prays with a mother's impartial love for all of her  
children,

For the mortals who walk in pride, and the blossoms  
that wither unheeded.

A holy serenity rests upon valley and mountain and  
woodland,

While Nature communes with God, and the earth is  
a beautiful temple.

---

## Morning.

A silver cloud, so peaceful, pure, and fair,  
Floats with soft motion through the balmy air,  
Above the tumult of the little world.

The banner of the dawn has been unfurled

In the bright East, beyond the hill-tops far;

Half hidden in its heavy folds the star

Of moon appears, its beauty dimmed and pale.

The matins of the birds ascend to hail

The new-born glory of the risen sun,

His daily triumph over darkness won.

The quiet earth is bathed in light and love

The blessings shed upon her from above.

(over)



20.  
Clothe all her vales and hills with beauty rare,  
And smooth from Nature's face all gloom and care.  
O! beautiful cloud, so tranquil and so bright,  
Moving so gently in the morning light,  
Would I might rest upon thy bosom fair,  
Float softly with thee through the realms of air,  
With thee through azure fields of Heaven glide,  
And, when the sunset gates are opened wide,  
Enter, through glorious portals of the West  
Into the kingdom of eternal rest!

### World's Pain.

With joy-lit eyes I gladly raised  
My soul to God in prayer -  
"O God! make bright my darling's life!  
Make smooth her path and fair!"

Then speeding swift with outspread wings,  
God sent an angel down,  
Who on my dear love's forehead pressed  
A cruel, thorny crown.

"O God! my God!" I wildly cried, -  
"Give me that sorrow's crown!"

But the circlet pierced my darling's brow, -  
Her life-blood trickled down!

In anguish dumb at last I ceased  
My unavailing prayer, -  
God would not give to me the crown  
My darling's head must wear!

I could only rest the tortured head  
So gently on my breast,  
While I tried to crush rebellious grief,  
In faith that God knows best.

I could only cling in powerless woe  
Close to my darling's side,  
Till sorrow and pain and tears were past -  
Till my martyred love had died!



## Ballad on Faith.

My path seemed lost in gloom and night,  
No star of hope illumed my way,  
I mused upon my wretched plight  
As heavy day succeeded day.  
At last I even ceased to pray, -  
The voice of God I could not hear;  
My soul cried out for lost delight,  
For vanished joys and comrades dear.

I looked on high when stars were bright,  
When all the earth with flowers was gay, -  
My soul grew bitter at the sight,  
My heart felt cold as lifeless clay.  
Then stricken on the ground I lay -  
I hoped the sword would be my bier,  
My shroud the ghostly moonbeams white,  
My speedy bourne the churchyard near.

Then round me grew and glowed a light,  
A beautiful, piercing, heavenly ray;  
Softly it streamed from heaven's height,  
Woke in my soul the joys of May.  
I prayed the wondrous light would stay,  
Would make my path forever clear,  
That naught might e'er again affright  
My soul, or chill my heart with fear.

That glory never took its flight,  
It gilds the gray, it gems the tear,  
With Faith my light, I walk aright,  
And sweet the thorns of life appear.

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