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 was thrown aside

No longer I weep and agonise

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 the days gone by?

Where you so [vile] in loves precious wine

That your curse 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, though 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 flowers of earth and heaven, celestial Queen

Mother and hope of troubled hearts that fear

And mourn, walking in ways most drear;

Chosen of god, whose meek and hobble 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 they 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!

Silence

If all this gracious speech of ours was still

And on the world a sudden silence fell;

If hushed forever was the raucous yell

Of all the harsh discordant sounds that fill

The world with clamour; if the dancing will

Make melody no more in woodland dell;

Nor song of birds, nor any music, fell

Upon listening ear on plain + 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

Unite mankind, grow simple, kind, and wise

Should find new gospels in the sun and rain

And win the secrets of the starry skies.

2.

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.

Hen kitty walks, the dingy street

Becomes the pleasaunce of a queen,

Such graces in my dearest blend

With stateliness and royal mien

When kitty prays – ah gentle saint,

Entreating God through flame – light days!

I shall not head dread the after-world

If I am named when kitty prays.

The Little Dark Rose

She lies broken and buried 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 Gael;

We have sworn to upraise and sustain her,

And our spirit and strength shall prevail.

The dark rose lies low in dishonor,

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 paling or blighted,

In our life-blood the rich crimson glows –

Thrice welcome he 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.

Tis 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 foes shall be scattered and broken,

When they 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 simile for the new and a tear for the old

That can never be ours again.

Good-bye, Old Year, you have done your part,

Are needed no longer now,

Grim Tune will bury deep out of sight

Our 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, ere you go.

May the moonbeams lighten you lonely path

To the land of night and fear.

On you desolate way to the ghostly past

God comfort you, brave old year!

Good-by 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 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 the dishonoring clay,

Their bright, brief lives cut short by heedless fury,

Blighted and ended by the winds rough play.

Strong; cruel wind, as 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.

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 alter stone;

I have no reply from the raving winds

My soul goes onward ~~forwo~~ 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 worlds rim.

(over)

Now come the days of fulfilment

Crowning the king year!

The fruits of toil are garnered,

Resting time is near;

Memory bring fair visions –

Blessing to count and tell –

While the mild Autumn lingers in reluctant sweet farewell.

Night Wind.

Through the gray silence of the deepening night

A lonely, ghostly wind went walking by

The dead leaves moaned and trembled at its touch

I heard their shivering cry.

Across the darkening earth that sad wind stole

From cherry spaces set beyond our fears

From far lone spaces hidden haunts of grief

The graves of hope the fonts of bitter tears.

All earths 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.

5.

Erin Go Bragh I.

They say the leeltie tongue is dead,

That Erin’s hopes are vain,

That never in our dear old land

Wil freedom dawn again;

That the Saxon chains will bind us

Through the futures endless years,

That in Erin’s nights of sadness

No star of hope appears.

But we shall spurn their craven counsels,

We scorn their mocking jeers,

Neath our faith in God and Justice

We trample coward fears.

For the East is lead with glory

Of the dawning near at hand,

And radiant flowers of promise

Spring forth to bless our land.

Let alien tongues divide or cause

Let alien force assail.

But through 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

[]on heroes born of old.

What though the day be distant still

When Erin’s hope 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 one,

That distant day shall break in flower

Beneath a cloudless sun!

Then let the cravens 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.

Its 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 world of Ireland make the hot tears start.

It was lonesome there at home in the long back winter nights,

And I’d be often wishing for the streets 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 Knights’ Song

My love is a Queen, and a High-King’s daughter.

In a thousand worlds there is not her peer.

My life is hers, and my soul’s devotion.

In heaven on 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 unresting,

With vengeance 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 brimming 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 ancient splendor,

Or rot in darkness beneath the sod!

(over)

My love is a Queen, and a High-Kings daughter,

Her throne shall shine by the western wave

Till the world bow down to her grace and gory

When I win again what the Lord God gave.

Autumn Wind

O wind of autumn, melancholy wind.

What pain has pierced you, that you morn 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 afar to find?

What hole 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.

7.

Christmastide

O fevered earth, dear mother earth, turn away from thy toil and sorrow,

God send 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 gods face.

Weary 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 might looks down on thy sadness –

Look up, what dust thou see above?

Lo! Afar on the white hills of heaven what vision appeareth?

Look up, happy earth, and be blest;

Raise they 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 drenched thee with blood and with tears,

While eternity calls thee, unheeded, to grandeur and freedom –

Arise, break the chains of the years!

(over)

Break the fetters of time, sad earth, arise in thy greatness and beauty;

In thy Savior and Son thow art blest.

Time feed 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 las 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 scent of the heath-clad hills!

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

8.

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 scepter 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 guerdon royal –

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

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

When shall the mighty one arise whom Banba has long awaited?

The hour is near and the path prepared for the champion who soon must tread it –

When his voice sing out in the battle cry the foes of his love shall dread it.

In the splenour of youth he will come to her when the East is red with morning.

He will fling ton the winds his hero-shout, danger and battle scorning,

He will smite her foes in his tempest wrath as the lighting 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 loves 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 lover her –

A kingdom wide as her hearts’ desire, and free as the skies above her.

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 angles

To fill it with shining and beauty, and shield it from ill that perplex

There the exiled descendants of Adam my dwell in the confines of heaven.

And read in the clear eyes of child hood the glory of wonderful things.

For bright spirits hover around, unseen by al 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 over to Him with accents of loving command,

Wiled the beauty and joy might be theirs, and that peace might encompass them ever,

And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by angels and men

There the day with rich splendor 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 throb of their musical whispers

(over)

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 scepter, and pass to the world beyond.

Derry Columbkille

There’s a well-beloved ~~cl~~ city in the storm-swept northern land,

Where Columba’s thoughts came winging from Iona’s alien strand,

For his heart abode forever by the oak grove in the hill,

The angel peopled oak grove of fair Derry Columbkille.

Those 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 serfs 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 urns the faith of Columbkille.

O the world is wide 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 light 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 ~~enea~~ 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 woe 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’s sake,

And welcome Death at Duty’s stern Command!

Erin’s Jubilee

Loyal hearts from shore to shore of Albion

Hail their gracious Queen with glad acclaim,

Voices o’er the hill of Scotia singing

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 from around her when 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 beauteous 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 storm years have been 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 cell unjustly hold her sons,

Erin’s wealth, wrung from her starving people,

Into England’s brimming coffers run

England glories in successful plunder,

Sees her children prosperous and glad, -

Erin looks around on 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 –

Front God 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

If successful crime a proud thing be.

Sorrow’s tones are bitter, but if England

Wishes Erin’s bitterness to cease.

Let her send across the troubled waters

Freedoms message, with its dawn of peace.

Erin’s day of joy is in the future –

Through not yet its dawn of splendor gleams,

Sad eyes, gazing o’er the lonely waters

Catch its glory in prophetic dreams.

In the future’s golden light of promise

Smiles ~~an~~ an Erin prosperous and free.

Sorrows fetters changed for links of friendship,

Then shall Erin hold her Jubilee!

11

Regret

Darling, lying there so pale and still

With the death-dew on thy quiet brow,

Shall I twine my loving arms around thee?

Kiss the lips that cannot answer now?

Though the rigid silence that enfolds thee

In the shadow-land of specters drear,

Could my warm caress stir thy heart-heats,

Would my loving 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 stain 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 realise, with bitter heart-pain,

What a feeble staff our love has proved.

Then we vainly cry across the silence,

Strain our feeble wyes 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

Thow art safe forever from earth’s pain,

Farther than my voice cry grief can follow,

Thow art dwelling till we meet again.

Darling, on thy calm, cold how I kiss thee,

Kiss thine icy lips a last ‘Good-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 [chresin] of prayer,

Calm with silence and sweet with song, -

My life’s delight I have hidden there.

Dear, I love 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 alter blooms one pail, 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 suns hot ray, -

Death may discover its fadeless gold!

12.

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

Are hid away.

He wears in all humility

Our mortal clay.

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!

Help us to live from sin apart

O little Child!

Keep us serene and glad of heart

And undefiled

Give us the grace to do they will,

To love Thy Word.

And in Thy plan our par 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, here my vigil keeping

All the long night through?

Lonely is you 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

Your 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 amid the blessed?

O my love, when life reviled you, when men stood apart,

There was one who know 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!

13

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 roses then and there?

Roses rich with the summer’s sweetness

Must expect to be cuddled an kissed,

Must be gathered in all completeness

Else the sweet o’ the year is missed,

So I gathered them then and there

Blooming on Peggy’s cloak 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 nursling wings

A myriad tender blooming things;

She gives her meadows grasses sweet

O 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 the bottom of next page.

Una

I hear the little pattering feet

Go racing down the hall –

Alas! An obstacle the meet

And Baby gets a fall!

But soon the pain is kissed away

And Una’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

Go ‘way, you naughty noise!”

Then, good again, with tender care

She gathers up her toys.

Poor Neddy Boy has shed a wheel,

One dolly’s got no eyes,

While Teddy Pussy’s 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 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 weary age feel young again.

The dreamed of longed for age of Gold

Is just the age of Two Years Old.

14

“Won’t” is a very naughty word

Which babies may not use,

So now a certain little bird

“Cant” let me tie her shoes!

Its – “baby can’t go up to bead!”

When time has come for sleep;

She sits and nods her drowsy head

With – “Baby can’t go peep!”

When someone’s been a tiresome girl,

After the naughty mood

She offers me her nicest curl

With – “Mama! 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 hearts last life-blood I would sell

For one draught of your love’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 heaven above

God gave unto me for dower,

I would forfeit the all to win your love

For one brief ecstatic hour!

I woke and said in my joy “O sun, you shine for me.

For one are the birds in song, and the blossoms on the tree

For one flowers gem the meadows, and the 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 shriveled beneath that look so cold;

I walked neath the skies of winter in a world sad of 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 assoil,

I will ride with the winds to the gates of the farthest star.

No slave am I, to cringe neath 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 brothers and winds are they.

I will leave the toiling 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 utmost woe.

The Winds.

Over the hills the winds come proudly seeping,

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 ~~helh~~ 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 hopeless faces

No longer dulled with anguish or dimmed with tears,

And the winds will hear 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,

Tireless 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

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 gloom and gear we mortals feel!

How vain our human eyes that peer and pry,

Our restless heats 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 world aspire are penned in clay,

And heats that dare to love are seared with loss,

Where sorrow reigns from dawn till close of day,

And weakest shoulders bear 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 somber 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!

16.

Miltonic Sonnet

Of the Life and Death, and that mysterious Land

That stretches vast and dread, Life’s farthest goal,

O’ would that human knowledge might unroll

The mighty secrets hidden the Truth’s scroll!

Still In our ears the funeral bell doth toll,

Still in the mists of pain and fear we stand.

Oft in the shadows lose God’s guiding hand,

While [riy] waves of terror whelm 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 in 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.

T’is the loveliest country that ever ~~wast~~ 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 dream,

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 beauteous 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 ever good little child ~~that dies~~ who dies,

And the nice big people as well,

Are carried by angles beyond the skies

In that beautiful land to dwell.

So therefore, my sweet, when adream or at play,

You will think with delight, and not dread

Of the glorious country of Far Away

The land of the Beautiful Dead.

17

Rosebud

What thoughts are thine, O my folded rose? –

My wee, frail flower,

A-dreaming still in the peace of dawn,

Yore 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 dainty rose, -

Is the blossom budding for earth or sky? –

My 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 years

Far in the misty distance

Dim castle towers arise,

The lake in the lonely hollow

In a splendour of moonlight lies

(over)

The ~~fost~~ [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 calmn 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 heighten 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 dear –

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 they sad tear,

Of mortal grief the days are few;

Death may be near.

Why dost thow fear?

Do not the bitter lessons rue

If life be drear.

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 time,

If Life be drear

Death may be near.

Sestina

I gazed upon the radiant, ~~cl~~ 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 slumbering 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 breathed 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 ~~trb~~ tribute by the sweet-voiced bird.

Will still more thrilling sweetness sang the bird,

While close against him leaned a listening flower,

And almost hushed it’s sound the rippling 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 sored 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, charming child,

And heard the rapture of the singing bird.

Lone on the grass now lay the lily flower;

The wondrous bird had vanished into the sky.

(over)

19

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, rushing brave

In somber 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 natures 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.

Triolets

Sad are thy dark eyes,

Erin aroon;

Ever a shadow lies,

Ever the tears arise,

Never to silence dies

They mournful croon

Sad are thy dark eyes,

Erin aroon!

When will they sunrise gleam?

Erin, 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?

Erin, 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 depth of the infinite spaces,

Brightly they gleam afar off in the bottomless agare, -

The fathomless region of wonders and glories undreamt of,

Where blossom the beautiful worlds untrodden by mortals.

On earth the flowers are a-dreaming, the bustle of daylight is ended,

The tumult of life is stilled, and nature, the bountiful mother.

Calleth her children to rest, lulls them to rest on her bosom,

The birds are asleep in the branches, but the trees, in reverent stillness.

Hearken 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 the 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, prize, and fair.

Floats with soft motion through the balmy air,

Above the tumult of the little world.

The banner of the down has been unfurled

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

Half hidden in its pearly folds the star

Of morn 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! beauteous 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-bright eyes I gladly raised

My soul to God in prayer –

“O God! Make bright my darling’s life!

Make smooth he path and fair!”

Then speeding swift without spread 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 tricked down!

In anguish dumb at last I ceased

My unavailing prayer, -

God would not give to me the crown

My darlings 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, close to my darlings side,

Till sorrow and pain and tears were past –

Fill my martyred lover 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 weary 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 gray, -

My soul grew bitter at the sight,

My heart felt cold as lifeless clay.

Then stricken on the ground I lay –

I hoped the sward would be my bier,

My shroud the ghostly moonbeams white,

My [sheedy bourne} the church near.

Then round me grew and glowed a light,

A beauteous 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.