



Winifred Mary Patton.

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!

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 shoulders bear the sorest cross.
There is no light or joy in all the ~~world~~^{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!

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 fear 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, & give me rest!

Miltonic Sonnet.

Of 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 in 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 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 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.

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, & 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 land,
And their glory and joy no tongue can tell,
For they dwell with the dear Lord God!

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

So therefore, my sweet, when adream or at play,
You will think with delight, & 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} ~~folded~~ heart?

What dreams are thine

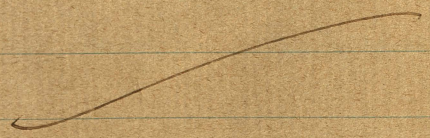
When the dawn-light gladdens thy folded leaves
With rays divine?

Thy dawn of promise is wondrous fair,

O my dainty rose, —

Is the blossom budding for earth or sky? —

My sweet, God knows!



Childhood.

Far in the mystical confines of regions celestial,
Where the sun, moon, & 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 & 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 ever to Him with accents of loving
command,

Willed that beauty and joy might be theirs, & that peace
might encompass them ever,
And no evil defile their bright Kingdom, defended by
angels and men.

There the day with rich splendour is glowing, & the night
is a world of enchantment,
When earth rests in magical quietude under the dark,
jewelled sky;

There the moon and the stars have breath, & the throbb
of their musical whispers

Descends in the stillness of eve to the hush of the
listening world.

There the near and the far are one, & 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, & pass to the
world beyond.

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.

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?

To 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 moon^{light}~~beams~~
And the far-off stars I see,
From the mystic kingdom of spirits
No answer cometh to me.

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 drear,
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 drear.

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

Why dost thou fear?
Do not the bitter lesson rue
If life be drear.

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

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

Sestina.

I gazed upon the radiant, cloud-flecked sky;
Mine eyes paid homage to the shining sea;
Fair at my feet grew many a lovely flower,
Biddy 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,
Stridden 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}
~~Perhaps~~ had gathered in the little wood,
^{Perchance}
~~Perhaps~~ had found in fields beyond the sky,
Or won from golden regions over the sea,

Borne as love's 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 rippling sea.
All nature seemed attendant on the child,
And on his guardian 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.

Bright glowed the sky, and rippling shore 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 chirping 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.

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 azure,—
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,

Calldeth 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 ~~and~~ 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 ~~are~~ 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 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
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 Kingdoms 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 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, 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 flight
As weary day succeeded ~~my~~ 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 bourn the churchyard 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 songs of May.
I prayed the wondrous light would stay,
Would make my path forever clear,
That naught might ever again affright
My soul, or chill my heart with fear.

Envoi.

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.



Triolets.

Sad are thy dark eyes,
Erin aroon;

Ever a shadow lies,
Ever the tears arise,
Never to silence dies

Thy mournful croon.

Sad are thy dark eyes,
Erin aroon!

When will thy 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!

Rue.

What aileth my love?

What sorrows oppress her heart?

O! angels that dwell above,

Your gladness to her impart —
Whisper low to my love,

Till songs from her sweet lips start
Cheerily, cheerily.

She droopeth her heavy head
Like a lily weighted with rain,

The rose from her cheek has fled,

Ah, when will it bloom again!

She museth upon the dead,

Dreaming and sighing in vain,

Drearly, drearily.

Her eyes of tender blue

Are misty with unshed tears;

Has she tasted life's bitter rue.

That her heart is shadowed with fears?

That her smiles are sad and few,

That she gazeth adown the years
wearily, wearily?

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?

Through the rigid silence that enfolds thee
In the shadow-land of spectres drear,
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 feeble staff 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.

Dearest, in the far off world of spirits
Thou art safe forever from earth's pain,
Farther than my voice 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 good-bye —
This I sorrow over is but the casket
In God's crown the jewel gleams on high!

G. H. Eirinn.

Proudly we rally around thy banner,
O motherland of old! —
Thy pleading voice like a silver trumpet
Across the seas has rolled.

Thine exiled children from every nation
Respond to thy call to-day,
Hail thee across the dividing waters,
Over the wild sea spray.

O flower of nations! O gem of ocean!
Set mid the stormy waves —
At last God's mandate of hope and saving
Rings through the dark sea caves!

Dreary and long was thy night of sorrow,
Weighty thy cross and sore,
But the hour is nigh when thy tears and anguish
Shall cease for evermore.

The skies rejoice where the sunrise glory
Dawns for thee, motherland, —
Gleaming o'er ocean the golden sunburst
Flashes along thy strand.

Where thy tears have fallen grow shining blossoms
That angels smile to see,
Each hour of darkness brings wealth of blessing
Fair Motherland, to thee.

Thou mother Erin, we gladly hail thee
Across the seas to-day,
In thy dear hands that have toiled so nobly
Our love and service lay.

By our faith in God, by our trust in Freedom,
We take unwavering stand,
Our hearts still loyal, our watchword ever
For God and Motherland!

Y
Taring 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 hearts' 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 friendless and alone.

I woke and said 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 & glad
Why, in a world so lovely, could lonely be or sad?"

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 neath the skies of winter in a world
grown sad & cold.

✓
The Lover.

My heart's 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 the Heaven above
God gave unto me for dower,
I would forfeit them all to win your love,
For one brief ecstatic hour!

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 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.

The Adventuring Soul.

Everywhere men are bent over sordid toil,
Selling themselves for nought, like the slaves they are;
I will go where the clear, keen winds of shall my
soul assail,

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 spaces 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 terrors 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.

To the god-like winds let men lift hopeful faces
No longer dulled with anguish or dimmed 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,
Tireless and strong they sweep over land and sea;
Whose loves then shall ride on the wings of morning,
Glad as the winds are, passionate, proud and free.

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!

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's Beggary.

What would I give you, lover. 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!

✓
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!

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 culled and kissed,
Must be gathered in all completeness
Else the sweet o' the year is missed;
So I gathered them then and there
Blooming on Peggys cheek so fair.

Baby.

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 with tears and noise
If any disappear.

"Won't" is a very naughty word
Which babies may not use,
So now a certain little bird
"ban't" let me tie her shoes!
It's - "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 peep!"

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!"

I hear the little pattering feet
Go racing down the hall -

Alas! an obstacle they 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!

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 brings
A myriad tender blossoming 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.

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.

