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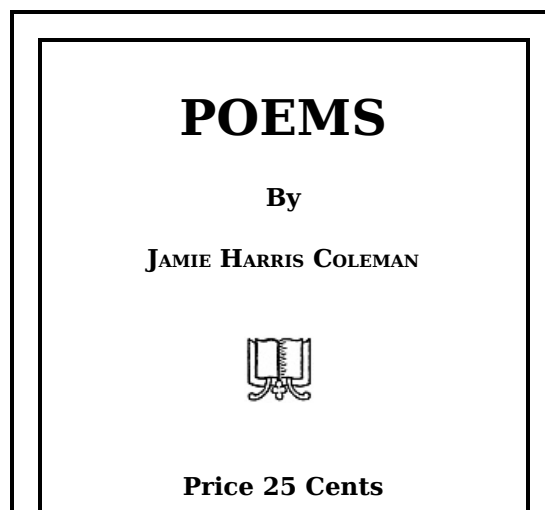
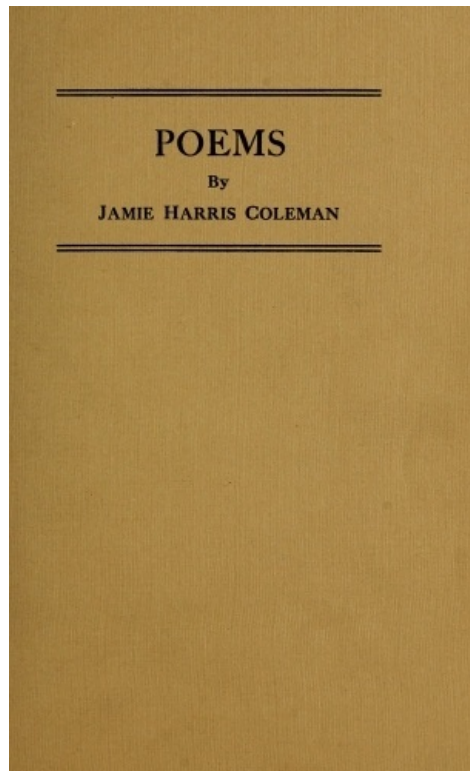
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS ***



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INTRODUCTORY

WHAT IS POETRY?

A group of poetry lovers asked the question, offering a prize of \$50.00 for the best answer, and received five thousand responses. The definition was restricted to thirty-five words, and must be in poetry. The judges were Florence Wilkinson, Edith Wynne Matthison, Ridgley Torrence, Robert Frost, Edwin Markham and George E. Woodberry.

Definitions of poetry came from every State in the Union, and also from London, Canada, Hawaii and Bermuda. The prize went to Miss Laney, a Pawtucket (R. I.) school girl, who sent the following:

The magic light that springs
From the deep soul of things
When, called by their true names,
Their essence is set free;
The word, illuminate,
Showing the soul's estate,
Baring the hearts of men,
Poetry!

Poetry is the setting free of "the deep soul of things" and the calling things by their "true names" so that men may know them. It is the imaginative expression of spiritual truth. It is thought, passion, life expressed in images.

With this forecast I subjoin a brief history of the writer of these lines in this little booklet and ask your

considerate perusal.

Jamie Harris was born September 20, 1893, in Mayfield, Ky. In 1907 she completed the course of study prescribed for the City Public School of that place. After the death of her mother in January, 1908, and subsequently the illness of her father, she was removed to Louisville, Ky., by two older sisters in March, 1908. After reaching Louisville urgent demands made it necessary for her to abandon the idea of going to school and to seek employment, that her younger brother and sister might be kept in school and cared for. She reluctantly gave up day school but a few years later the deep seated thirst for education prompted her to enter night school where she remained until she finished in 1914. From a child of nine years she showed that she was poetically inclined but she did not attempt to cultivate this taste until 1912. Since that time she has written a large number of poems and one play, dramatized from the book of "Ruth" and known as "Ruth the Gleaner," which was played in sixteen Louisville churches. Her first recital of her poems was in Calvary Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., October, 1913. Since that time she has occasionally traveled, giving recitals of her own poems and it is to be hoped that in the future a larger number may be given to the public.

REV. C. H. PARRISH, D. D., F. R. G. S.

POEMS

TO THE MEMORY OF BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Tuskegee is finished, thy work is done,
And God hath called thee home to rest;
Thy name shall live thru ages to come,
Thy soul in peace among the blessed.

Thy perpetuated monument shall stand,
For millions to gaze thereon;
To praise thee for thy noble work,
And forget thee not tho thou art gone.

Hard was thy task, thou gavest not up,
Until it was complete;
Tuskegee is a noble trophy,
To lay at thy Savior's feet.

Some hissed at thee, some honored thee,
While laboring for thy fellow-man;
But nevertheless thou finished thy course,
And thy footprints are left in the sand.

We honor thee for thy noble work,
That helped a trodden race;
We doubt that there will ever be,
Another to take thy place.

We shall behold thee no more, for thou art gone,
Thy body back to dust, from whence it came;
Thy soul hath returned to the God that gaveth,
Yet we love and honor thy name.

The artist shall paint thy picture,
For coming generations to behold;
And write the name Booker T. Washington,
In letters of pure gold.

DAYS OF YOUTH

Childhood years are passing o'er us,
Days of youth will soon be gone;
Many a sorrow lies before us,
Many a dangerous snare unknown.

Oh, may He who is meek and lowly,
Abide with us thru sin and woe;
Make us His and keep us holy,
Guide and guard us as we go.

May our lives be as a sunbeam,
Each day beaming fair and bright;
Leading someone's wearied soul,
From the darkness to the light.

When our work on earth is finished,
And life's race has been run;
May we hear a voice from heaven,
Saying, it was faithfully done.

Then on the other side of Jordan,
Where all things are bright and fair;
Where the angels are sweetly singing,
There a crown and robe we'll wear.

No more sickness, no more sorrow,
No more death we'll feel or see;
But with Jesus and His angels,
We shall dwell eternally.

WAR—ITS HORRORS

Unnumbered tears the nations now are shedding,
Unnumbered drops of blood are yet to flow;
Unnumbered souls the call to arms are dreading,
But silently and humbly they go.

Unnumbered mothers' hearts are aching,
Unnumbered homes have lost a noble son;
Unnumbered orphans this war is making,
And still, sorrows have just begun.

The wickedness of men has caused this war,
And God can only tell who is to win.
From God's ways they have strayed so far,
Until they are lost in darkness and sin.

Who knows what God has planned for coming ages?
Who knows what the morrow will bring?
Yet, over honor and wealth each nation rages,
While nature of its Creator sings.

Oh, nations of the earth, the day is nearing
When the Son of God is coming to judge the world.
Instead of strife, His name all should be fearing,
For the flag of His wrath shall be unfurled.

Confess that He is over every nation;
Confess that He is true and just;
Confess that He's the author of creation—
Then serve Him only and in Him put your trust.

Will God answer the prayer of any nation
Whose hearts are full of prejudice and strife?
No. He answers the prayers of the righteous,
And the righteous shall inherit "Eternal Life."

DOVE OF PEACE

O dove of peace, where art thou now?
Come soothe man's wearied soul;
Bring him a message of peace,
Far better than honor or gold.

Thy hiding place to man is unknown,
For his path is dark with sin;
Bring him a message from on high,
From Christ his dearest friend.

He is trusting in his own weak power,
Instead of God's holy word;
Come stop the sounds of cannons and guns,
That thy message may be heard.

Come quickly we pray, O dove of peace,
For men are tramping God's mercies under their feet;
Women and children are without food,
O come we earnestly entreat.

O come dove of peace in these days of turmoil,
Teach men that the message was sent;
From God our Creator and King of all men,
Who is pleading with them to repent.

His spirit will not always strive with man,
When gone it will return no more;
Ye ungodly men who are ignoring his word,
He is knocking at your heart's door.

O dove of peace, O come, O come,
Sound thy message of peace and love;
Until every nation shall lay down arms,
And look to God who reigns above.

LIFE

Life is like a rose,
Looking fair to-day;
Gradually it grows,
Then fades away.

Character is the perfume,
Flying in the air;
Useful works the solemn tune,
Playing everywhere.

Like the trees when clothed in green,
Give us shade and beauty;
We can let our works be seen,
If we do our duty.

Sometimes the path of life is sunshine,
And our hearts are filled with gladness;
But when the path of life is cloudy,
Our hearts are filled with sadness.

When life is spent in usefulness,
It's more than what it seems;
But when it's spent in idleness,
It passes like a dream.

Life depends on what we make it,
We should strive to do our best;
Helping self and helping others,
Sowing seeds of usefulness.

Life is measured not by color,
But is measured by our deeds;
Length of years count us nothing,
If we sow not useful seed.

Life is adorned with many roses,
Many fashions and many forms;
So be careful in your plucking,
For among the roses are many thorns.

THE OCEAN

O waves of the ocean since the world was created,
You have been beating against the land;
You come and go, to and fro,
And cleanse the grains of sand.

O ocean blue, your waves roll high,
What a wonderful sight to behold;
The billows foam o'er the depths unknown,
And the lives lost on you are untold.

The joy of the sailor thou art, O waves,
Your roaring is heard far away;
You dash so high you seem to touch the sky,
Resting not night or day.

Sailing, sailing, away goes the ship,
Plunging thru the waves she goes;
Trying her best to stand the test,
Whether she'll reach the harbor, who knows.

THE PERFECT DAY

When the chills of death creep upon this temple,
And silently life shall steal away;
Preserve the soul, O God, my Saviour,
In rest until the Perfect Day.

Undisturbed rest, and peaceful slumber,
Prepared for those who will obey;
Sleep, O soul, in peaceful slumber,
Sleep until the Perfect Day.

Nothing can ever fret or wake thee,
Tho' rocks and mountains fade away;
Sleep, O soul, in peaceful slumber,
Sleep until the Perfect Day.

Life doth come just for a season,
Then the body returns to clay;
But the soul in sweetest slumber
Shall rest until the Perfect Day.

What a joy, what a blessing,
When we shall hear the Master say,
"Come, ye blessed of My Father,"
Rest until the Perfect Day.

Rest from cares, from frets and labor;
Thou has walked the narrow way;
Rest till the time on earth is finished—
Rest until the Perfect Day.

When all the saints are gathered together,
And all in spotless robes' array,
Then around the throne praise God forever,
Will this not be the Perfect Day?

THE CROSS OF CALVARY

On yonder mountain upon the cross,
A Man died to save the lost.
O, there He hung in agony,
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

When man was lost in wickedness
And this world a sin-cursed wilderness,
He gave His life for you and me,
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

O how the blood ran from His side,
O how He suffered before he died.
The nail prints in His hands I see,
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

The earth did shake while He hung there;
The sins of the world He had to bear.
Oh! draw me nearer and nearer to Thee,
O blessed Lamb of Calvary.

A crown of thorns they made Him wear,
The heavy cross they made Him bear.
That smiling face I long to see,
O Thou who died on Calvary.

An angel came on Easter day
And rolled the heavy stone away.
Once more the sinful world did see
The Christ who died on Calvary.

He is risen! the tidings spread;
They killed Him, but He rose from the dead.
He reigns again, and ever shall be
The King, who died on Calvary.

Redemption's debt, He has paid it all;
O sinner, listen, and heed His call.
That debt was paid for you and me,
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

I love to feel the cleansing stream
Roll o'er my heart and make me clean;
That precious blood that was shed for me
Upon the Cross of Calvary.

I'll trust Him while I tread life's path;
He'll shield me from His coming wrath.
With Him in glory I long to be,
The blessed Lamb of Calvary.

He is ready and willing now to receive
All who will trust Him and believe.
Still He is calling "Come unto me,"
The debt was paid on Calvary.

There is peace and joy with Him above;
There is happiness and perfect love.
My soul shall rest when there I'll be
With Him, who died on Calvary.

Sinner, He is knocking at your heart's door,
Believe, trust Him, reject no more.
He paid the debt for you and me,
Remember the Cross of Calvary.

EMANCIPATION

Peace had come and the bond was free,
Lincoln was as happy as he could be;
He was enjoying amusement with his wife,
When a demon robbed him of his life.

Sadly and quickly the message fled,
Lincoln the emancipator is dead;
The shocking news ran mad and wild,
From the oldest to the youngest child.

The North and the South together moaned,
The grief-stricken blacks together groaned;
For the nation had lost its greatest man,
Who in deeds of wrong took no hand.

The poor ex-slaves with tear-dimmed eyes,
Were broken-hearted and full of sighs;
Fearing that back to slavery they would have to go,
In the field with the mule, the plow and the hoe.

To toil daily in the cold and heat,
To be kicked around, cursed and beat;
They felt they had lost their dearest friend,
Who believed in the freedom of all men.

The Emancipation was written to place,
A stamp upon the Negro race;
And as long as the United States shall stand,
No slaves shall breathe upon her land.

The trodden race continued in prayer,
To God for His love and His care;
Until the cloud was moved away,
And turned their darkness into day.

They praised the Lord in words and song,
And freely forgave their masters' wrongs;
They felt that God would do the rest,
For He alone knows what is best.

The years that they spent were sad and long,
Tho' in their heart they sang the song;
Of future years when they would be free,
And the path of knowledge they longed to see.

God raised the curtain for them to view,
The path of knowledge and to tread it too;
And to-day we find them in all walks of life,
Amid the hardships and the strife.

They have come thru the forest,
Been pierced by the brier;
They are going onward and upward,
By brain and by plow.

ABSENCE

When I am absent, sweetheart,
And you are left alone;
Will you spend your time in sighing
For me to come back home?

How well I know you'll miss me,
For I know that I'll miss you;
Tho' we may be far apart, dear,
Yet my love for you will be true.

I often sit and wonder,
And life's love song repeat;
Ah! because I love you only,
Is what makes life so sweet.

With you alone I'm happy,
And when we are apart I sigh;
I wish each moment and hour,
That you were ever nigh.

O tell me, sweetheart, when I'm absent,
Do you love me as when I'm near;
Do you yearn for my returning,
Do you sigh or shed one tear?

The roses bring sweet fragrance,
And twilight brings the dew;
The birds sing songs of gladness,
Ah! true love will bring me to you.

NO PREJUDICE IN HEAVEN

There'll be no prejudice shown in heaven,
All will have robes as white as snow;
Some may have, a crown more starry,
For the service rendered here below.

Together around the heavenly throne,
Praising the Father and the Son;
Every race shall be represented,
Singing sweetly, "Thy will be done."

There'll be no back seat for the Negro,
Prejudice cannot reach that shore;
Love, peace and tranquility,
Will be the joys forevermore.

Jim-crowism shall be forgotten,
Justice be given to everyone;
All alike will be Saints of Glory,
Praising the Father and the Son.

No race shall be called superior,
For we all were made alike;
God has no respect to person,
Be he black or be he white.

The streets are gold and the gates are pearl,
Yet Segregation is not there;
No one ever scorns another,
But in loving communion the joys they share.

The rich, the poor, the black, the white,
He died for every one;
The lowest can be cleansed and saved,
By believing on the Son.

DIFFICULTIES IN LIFE

Sometime success, sometimes failures,
In life's battle we often meet;
But its our duty to keep on climbing,
Whether a victory or defeat.

Let us then keep moving onward,
Never get discouraged and stop;
If we keep on climbing upward,
We will some day reach the top.

When we reach the long-struggled-for summit,
With memory gazing o'er the past;
Clothed in pleasant smiles we'll whisper,
Thanks be to God we are here at last.

Here we find the summit roomy,
Here we see a faithful few;
Who have stood life's stormy billows,
And its obstacles did subdue.

Now we'll not sit here in comfort,
Just because we've reached our goal;
For love and sympathy we'll be up and doing,
Helping some other struggling soul.

When we reach life's golden summit,
A new work awaits to be begun;
So we must keep moving onward,
Till all the work of this life is done.

A RISEN RACE

Before eighteen hundred and sixty-five,
Slavery was in its glory;
Till Lincoln struck it a powerful blow,
Which remains to tell the story.

This story is a wonderful truth,
The story of our race;
How it has risen in fifty years,
Amid the difficulties it had to face.

We started upward fifty years ago,
With the foundation already laid;
It was laid for all by Jesus Christ,
Who gives us strength and aid.

What other race upon the globe,
That has had such trials and fears;
And has risen like the Negro race,
In these fifty years.

LINCOLN

O thou who set the bondsman free,
'Twas Jehovah's hand that was leading thee;
Thou wast a man who loved the right,
A jewel thou wast in the Master's sight.

All men to-day adore thy name,
For justly breaking slavery's chain;
Bright are the memories of thy life,
Thou stood for the bondsman amid the strife.

Thy life was taken for an honorable deed,
The slave from his master's whip is freed;
Thy name is written on earth's honor roll,
And forever the story shall be told.

Of thee and what thou did for man,
Thus making this a greater land;
No more for slaves to sadly pine,
But a land of freedom and sunshine.

Upon the heart of the Negro race,
Thy name can never be effaced;
We'll teach our children to love thy name,
And upon our freedom bring no shame.

A THOUGHT OF NATURE

I sat on the bank of a river,
Watching the setting sun;
Listening to the songs of merry birds,
Thinking of a day's work done.

Slowly the sun was hiding,
Far in the golden West;
The birds will soon cease their singing,
And go to their little nests.

Ah, nature so lovely at twilight,
The flowers receiving the dew;
The katydids among the leaves are calling,
The songs of the birds ever new.

A few little stars are now peeping,
Soon they will be twinkling so bright;
And shooting across the sky of blue,
Giving a little light.

In a while the moon will be rising,
In its beauty it will brightly beam;
Then lovers will start their spooning,
And time will pass like a dream.

O God the Father of nature,
The Creator of beast and man;
Help us to love each other,
And lend a helping hand.

O help us to be more thankful,
For the blessings we receive each day;
To love and serve Thee with patience,
And not to forget to pray.

ASSURANCE

Battle for the right instead of the wrong,
Listen to the message in sermon and song;
All sinful things bravely set them awirl,
Then live only for Christ in this present world.

Humble thyself with a Christian's cross,
Consider worldly things as things to be lost;
Then Christ will exalt you and call you His own,
And at last will receive you in the heavenly home.

Stand steadfastly on the rock each day,
Temptations will assail you in many a way;
But Jesus the Savior is able to keep,
Your feet on the mountain no matter how steep.

If we stand on His promise there is no way to fall,
He stands near His children and hears every call;
At last when death finds you obeying His will,
The same Jesus that led you will lead you still.

THE ARTIST ABOVE

As I gaze at the scenes of nature,
I think of that Artist above;
Who painted them by creation,
And keeps them by His love.

The trees, the grass, the flowers,
The songs of the merry birds;
Should make us love and praise His name,
And rejoice in His holy word.

The sky, the clouds, the sunshine,
The valleys, the mountains and hills;
The springs, the oceans and rivers,
The lakes and the tiny rills.

O Holy Artist, our most High God,
Who painted each beautiful scene;
Most beautiful for earthly eyes to behold,
Thy choicest color was Green.

SLAVERY

Of all the stories can be told,
Of wars and men of bravery;
There is none as true and interesting,
As the story told of slavery.

In sixteen-hundred and nineteen,
When Negroes were first sold;
As slaves upon the American soil,
Their hardships are untold.

Contrary to his thoughtless will,
Bound hand to hand;
Brought across an unknown sea,
In an unknown fate, to an unknown land.

It will never be read in history,
It will never be heard in voice;
Of the horrible deeds of slavery,
But for freedom we rejoice.

John Brown was the first to undertake,
To set the poor slaves free;
Douglass, Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe,
Went before Congress to plead.

Next comes Lincoln, the Emancipator,
His name let us praise;
For writing the emancipation,
In the bloom of slavery days.

Their names are honored in history,
Their names are sung in song;
Their names shall ever be honored,
For honor to them belong.

Oh what weeping, oh what shouting,
Oh what shaking hands;
When a voice cried out it's finished,
Ye are free men in this land.

The 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments,
Are ones we all should note;
Declared us free, made us citizens,
And gave us the right to vote.

Let's look back to slavery days,
Before freedom's victory was won;
Then from '65 to the present time,
You can see what we have done.

We can be a greater race,
By taking life's staff and rod;
Helping self and our fellowman,
Putting our trust in God.

O let us not be selfish,
O let us not deceive;
But "be thoughtful and earnest,"
And give as we receive.

TO THE MEMORY OF MOTHER

God has taken from us,
A voice so soft and sweet;
And in our dear old home,
Remains a vacant seat.

Our home, sweet home now is broken,
Our mother has gone to rest;
With Jesus forever to remain,
Beyond, in the home of the blest.

No more we'll hear her footsteps,
No more we'll hear her voice;
For her soul has taken its final flight,
To a land where all rejoice.

Her body lies beneath the soil,
Her spirit is at rest;
With loved ones who have gone before,
In that beautiful home of the blest.

She was such a faithful mother,
She was kind in every way;
And never will I forget the night,
When she taught me how to pray.

ETHIOPIA'S PRAYER

O Lord they held us in bondage,
Until Thou set us free,
And tho' they oppress and scorn us,
We'll leave all vengeance with Thee.

Vengeance is Thine, O Father,
We believe that Thou wilt repay;
The race that oppresses another,
And a people who will not obey.

They deprive us, O Lord, of justice,
They burn us alive in the day;
The law of the land won't protect us,
But we believe that Thou wilt repay.

They even mob our women,
Which is a shame and a disgrace to the land;
A shame it would be for a heathen,
Much more for a civilized man.

We know there are members of our race,
That are worse than a savage man;
And there are members of the superior race,
Who belong to the same savage band.

Humanity needs pure religion,
Then the world would be more civilized;
And man to man would be better,
The nations be more harmonized.

O God, we earnestly implore Thee,
Look down with a pitiful eye;
Help us to love and obey Thee,
And to feel that Thy judgment is nigh.

O if we but loved one another,
As Thou hast given the command;
What joy, what peace, what happiness,
Would be felt thruout the land.

Instead of love there is hatred,
Instead of peace there is war;
O help us, the weak, to grow stronger,
O help us we humbly implore.

Forgive those, O Lord, who oppress us,
O help them to see the right;
Convert them unto Thy salvation,
O guide them Thou eternal light.

O Lord pour out Thy spirit,
Into the hearts of men;
Then the so-called Negro problem,
Will find its solution—its end.

O send us another Lincoln,
Who will help us our foes to face;
Who fears not the tongue nor the press of men,
Who stands for justice to a trodden race.

Help us as a race to be better,
To drop hatred and substitute love;
To envy not one another,
But lay up our treasures above.

O help man to man to be loyal,
Help the strong to raise the weak;
And the weak stand by each other,
This, Father, we humbly entreat.

O help us to live true Christians,
Grant Thy grace to lead us to the end;
Then own us and crown us, O Saviour,
Is the prayer of Ethiopia—Amen.

THE WOUNDED HEART

Take this wounded heart of mine,
Bind it in Thy mercy and love;
No remedy can heal it but Thine,
Thou holy Physician above.

I cannot pluck it out to see,
The wound of guilt that causes the pain;
Just as it is, Lord I give it to Thee,
Now cure and cleanse from every stain.

My heart seems heavy and sad,
But Thou art merciful I know;
Thou alone can make it light and glad,
O cleanse and make it white as snow.

Speak peace just now unto my soul,
And help me ever to be Thine;
I confess I've strayed far from Thy fold,
O take this wounded heart of mine.

THE WORLD'S EMANCIPATOR

Lincoln is called the Emancipator,
But there is one that is greater still;
Jesus Christ, the Emancipator of sin,
Who rules by His Father's will.

He left a shining home on high,
And came to save the lost;
The Emancipation of sin He signed,
By dying upon the cross.

Christ, the world's Emancipator,
The Emancipator of sin;
Suffered and died upon Calvary,
For the wickedness of men.

Christ is the world's Emancipator,
He died for every one;
Now He reigns in heaven above,
And His will must be done.

DAYS OF MELANCHOLY

O days of melancholy,
Thou art so sad and drear;
The cricket's singing, summer has gone,
And winter days are near.

O days of melancholy,
When the leaves begin to die;
All nature looks so lonely,
We cannot help but sigh.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

O a solemn voice is pleading,
We are citizens in this land;
All we ask is to give us justice,
And recognize man as man.

For over two centuries the chain of bondage,
Stretched around the southern soil;
Kept us back from the path of knowledge,
The most we knew was the worst of toil.

But God the Father and Almighty,
The Maker of earth and Creator of man;
By His will and His justice,
Made us free men in this land.

O a solemn voice is calling,
Ringing out from shore to shore;
Pleading for the cause of justice,
Patiently knocking at justice's door.

If this is a land where peace abides,
And all men are said to be free;
Why not give a race its justice,
In a land of liberty.

O a voice from heaven is whispering,
Do to all men that that's right;
Lend a hand to those that are weaker,
In their battles help them fight.

Hear the voice of Ethiopia,
Calling for her rights to-day;
Who will aid in giving her justice,
Who will start without delay.

We are your brothers by creation,
We are citizens by the Constitution of this land;
Then why not give our race its justice,
And extend to us a welcome hand.

But shall we submit to be deprived of justice,
Just because our skins are black?
And we are called the least of mankind,
No, we'll stay on justice's track.

In the name of God the Father,
We'll plead for justice till we die;
And if we are defeated in earth's battles,
We are sure to get justice with God on high.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving should be every day
Instead of once a year.
Give thanks each day, give thanks each night,
To Christ who is so dear.

Give thanks each day, give thanks each night,
For all the Lord has done.
He'll help us fight our battles
Until the victory's won.

Give thanks unto the Savior,
His joyous praises sing;
In the ears of every Christian
Let the name of Jesus ring.

Give thanks to Him each morning,
Give thanks at noon and night.
Ask Him for daily blessings,
And stand up for the right.

Let each day be Thanksgiving,
For the blessings from above,
For guidance and protection
And His eternal love.

While passing through life's youthful days
We should think of its evening tide,
Be gentle and true in all our ways
And in Jesus Christ abide.

Each youthful day could be usefulness
In something done or said,
Then history could give more examples
For others when we are dead.

We live in life's evening tide when we are old,
Our remembrance is as fresh as the dew
Of things that we did in our youthful days,
Whether good or bad, many or few.

The evening tide of a useful life
Is spent without regret,
The thoughts that dawn upon useful days
Bring not a single fret.

CHRIST THE TRUTH, THE LIFE, THE WAY

Christ the truth, the life, the way,
Loves and cares for us each day,
Left His Father's home on high,
Came to earth, for sin to die.

Christ the truth, the life, the way,
Saves us if we will obey;
He is willing and ready to aid,
For our heavy debt He paid.

Christ the truth, the life, the way,
He will teach us how to pray;
Our many sins He will forgive,
Bow down to Him that ye may live.

Christ the truth, the life, the way,
Come unto Him and earnestly say:
Here I bring my sins to Thee
From all sin now set me free.

Christ the truth, the life, the way,
Hear His voice without delay;
All our grief He'll help us share,
All our burdens He'll help us bear.

ETERNAL HOME

Eternal home, eternal home,
Thy beauty to earthly eyes unknown;
Where every tear is wiped away,
Where dwells no night but perfect day.
O blessed home for you and me,
Eternal home I long to see.

Eternal home, eternal home,
The King of Kings sits on His throne;
'Twas long prepared for the blest,
Eternal home of perfect rest.
Eternal home I long to see,
Among thy host I long to be.

Eternal home, eternal home,
No more we'll weep, no more we'll moan;
But peace and joy, love and light,
Where all is well, yea all is right.
Eternal home I long to see,
Among thy host I long to be.

THE VALUE OF A WELL SPENT LIFE

A well spent life is worth living,
It's far better when it reaches its end;
Than a life that is spent in idleness,
And has tried no victories to win.

Each man for his own life is responsible,
It's his duty to do all he can;
For the upbuilding of fallen humanity,
Of himself and his fellowman.

There are two paths laid out before us,
An evil one and a good;
They were laid when man was created,
By all men they are understood.

O we who have chosen the good path,
There is much work for us to do;
"Behold the harvest is plenteous,
But the laborers indeed are few."

If idleness would be less practiced,
More business would circle around;
Then gossipers, thieves and criminals,
Would not so often be found.

What earthly thing can equal,
A life that has been spent well;
Is there any valuation?
If so, no one can tell.

A well spent life is a jewel,
That shines like diamonds and gold;
At its close when life is over,
A reward the eyes will behold.

When life's short dream is over,
After coming thru trouble and strife;
A robe and a crown are the final reward,
And the value of a well spent life.

SIGNS OF SPRING

I hear the singing of the merry birds,
That's a sign that spring is near;
Their songs are sweeter than any I've heard,
I'll rejoice when spring is here.

I see the grass is creeping up,
That's another sign of spring;
The leaflets of the violets and buttercups,
And lilies are here again.

I see the trees are budding fast,
They are anxious to show their beauty;
Ah! merry spring is here at last,
All nature is doing its duty.

I see the children so full of glee,
Welcome they are singing to spring;
The sound of their voices so merrily,
Summer is coming again.

I hear them playing in the streets at night,
Ah! winter you are surely gone;
You gave us scenes bedecked in white,
We'll sing you a farewell song.

I hear them talk of Easter day,
That memorial day of Spring;
The Savior arose from the dead they say,
And liveth evermore again.

Bright jewels of earth shine on for Him,
And walk the narrow way;
Continue to be a righteous gem,
He'll take you home some day.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? a question asked,
A mere dream, a mere task;
Longfellow says it's an "empty dream,"
But by that, what did he mean?

Life doth come and life doth go,
Sometimes it's joy, sometimes it's woe;
Aching hearts and many tears,
Many obstacles and many fears.

Fret not of things that have passed and gone,
But sing for the future some happy song;
He who thinks all his luck is bad,
Makes his own life miserable and those around him sad.

Life cannot always be bright,
Clouds must come as well as light;
Sweetest of roses have many thorns,
So has life many a form.

We are told by the Scriptures not to think,
Of to-morrow what we shall eat or drink;
For to-morrow will care for itself as to-day,
So let's drive to-morrow's sighs away.

We must not sit, and sigh, and pine,
Because we think life's sun don't shine;
To share some trouble we all were born,
There is no night but has its morn.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL

Leaves are turning and fastly falling,
Autumn days are drawing near;
Birds have ceased their summer singing,
All the world seems sad and drear.

No more blossoms of the flowers,
No more fragrance smelling so sweet;
Long sunny days are growing shorter,
Crickets their autumn's call repeat.

Days of sighing and meditation,
Saddest days of all the year;
Nature even looks sad and lonely,
All the world seems sad and drear.

Autumn winds are gently blowing,
Thru the branches of the trees;
Whistling a farewell song to summer,
Playing a tune among the leaves.

Katydid's are cheerfully singing,
Bidding summer days good-bye;
O it makes us feel so lonely,
Till we sit alone and sigh.

Farewell! farewell! dear old summer,
Once more we have seen you go;
But before your next returning,
What will befall us, no one knows.

Tho' we trust again to see you,
And remembrance of you will be with us still;
With our hearts we shall gladly greet you,
If it is the Master's will.

Farewell! farewell! long days of summer,
A song of sadness we'll sing so true;
Summer days shall never be forgotten,
Farewell! farewell! O summer to you.

SPRING

O spring, O spring, O welcome spring,
What gladness and joy to all you bring;
The birds are singing among the trees,
Each flower is clothed in blossoms and leaves.

The grass is slowly creeping up,
The daisy, the violet and buttercup;
O lilies white, O lilies fair,
Telling of Easter everywhere.

The farmers are all breaking the ground,
Trees that are dead they are cutting down;
The days are growing long and fair,
The fragrance of the flowers perfume the air.

The bees are humming their summer's song,
Constantly working the whole day long;
Children the songs of Easter repeat,
All nature is waking from its winter's sleep.

The little violets so modest and mild,
Some are tame, some are wild;
Without cultivation they grow and yield,
Beautiful blossoms in gardens and fields.

O spring, O spring, O welcome spring,
A song of gladness to you we'll bring;
Merry birds chirping, flowers in bloom,
Good old summer is coming soon.

FORGIVENESS

O Lord Thou art the only one,
To pardon all I have ever done;
O cleanse me now from every sin,
And a new life I shall begin.

My sins have been many I must confess,
But wilt Thou forgive that I may rest?
O Savior I ask Thee to forgive,
That my soul may not perish but forever live.

Now, Lord, all my sins I lay at Thy feet,
My prayer for forgiveness I humbly repeat;
O do dear Savior from sin set me free,
And from now till life ends I'll live for Thee.

I want to be a light brightly shining for men,
That I may be a worker, many souls for Thee win;
Then when life is over a crown I shall wear,
Be with Thee in heaven and safe in Thy care.



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