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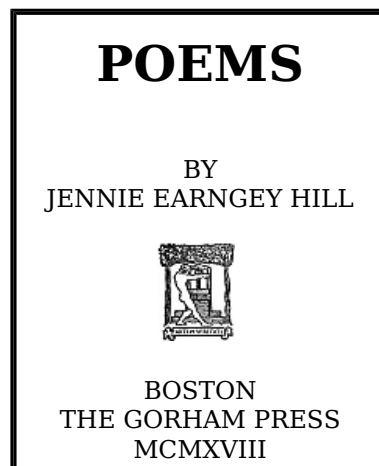
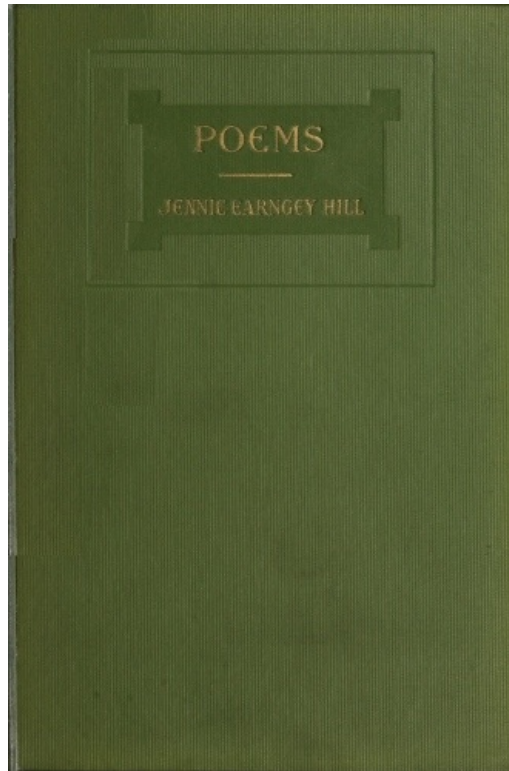
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TO  
MY BELOVED AUNT  
MRS. JENNIE HEWES CALDWELL, PH.D.

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## POEMS

### SONG OF THE BROOK

Whispering brooklet running nigh,  
Do tell why love must die,  
Brooklet onward toward yon sea,  
Speak to me! speak to me!  
Do tell why love must die,  
Tiny brooklet flowing by.  
For aye! Oh, tell why!

Brooklet gently gurgling by  
Must love die e'en for aye,  
Tell why shouldst love die;  
Oh, why must love die,  
Tell why! For aye! For aye!

The above was set to the music "The Brook" by Theodore Lack.

## A SLEIGHING SONG

Slipping, sliding, high then low,  
O'er the ice and fleecy snow,  
Hearts attune with all around,  
Merrily away we bound;  
While jubilant our spirits fling  
Echoes of their reigning king,  
Till circling air seems drunken quite,  
Breathing revelry tonight.  
Boist'rously we raise good cheer,  
One in voice and accent clear;  
As bracing wine such atmosphere,  
With love like thine,  
Maiden of the dell,  
Loud thy praises swell,  
Life's rhapsody  
For me but thee,  
Thru the livelong day  
If at work or play.

'Tis living dew thy lips impart,  
Nectar to a fainting heart;  
Thine eyes—gems of beauteous hues,  
Amber mid the blues,  
Gleam Paradise—'gainst yon sparkling snow,  
Twinkling as they go;  
Thy cheeks transmit roseate light,  
Tint the dancing white,  
Heart-throb bespeaks  
Earthly paragon,  
Binding two in one,  
In this—our sleighing time, our playing time,  
Our sleighing, playing, sleighing time.

Moonbeams falling, gently trace  
Lovers' secrets on each face,  
As to and fro they skip—perchance,  
Lending joy with each fond glance,  
While slipping, sliding, high then low,  
O'er the ice and drifting snow,  
Till circling air seems drunken quite  
Breathing revelry tonight;  
Boist'rously we raise good cheer,  
One in voice and accent clear;  
As bracing wine such atmosphere  
With love like thine,  
Maiden of the dell,  
Loud thy praises swell,  
Life's rhapsody for me but thee,  
Thru the livelong day  
If at work or play.

I love you in the sleighing time,  
I love you with a love sublime,  
Oh, give to me that heart of thine,  
In this, our sleighing time, our playing time,  
Our sleighing, playing, sleighing time.

Set to music "Arabesque," by Eric Meyer Helmund.

## THE DRESDEN MAID

Thou pretty, dainty Dresden maid,  
Tripping thru the grass,  
Dandelion lifts shining head,  
Gleaming as you pass.

(CHORUS)

Thou Dresden maid  
My heart rings true,  
Speak but the word,  
I'd give my life for you.

Simply clad with flowered kirtle,  
Ever bloom more fair!  
Azure petals like yon myrtle  
Touch thy nutbrown hair.

(CHORUS)

Wistful eyes of violet shade,  
Tinting morn's own dew,  
Love pure as thine could never fade,  
Grown in heart so true.

(CHORUS)

Blossoms adored by thee, sweetheart,  
Flourish but a day,  
One smile thou canst to me impart,  
Lendeth hope alway.

(CHORUS)

## **SONG OF THE BEE**

Buzz! buzz!  
You're just a honey-bee,  
Yet a simple song you say,  
Turneth work into play.

Buzz! buzz!  
As flitting here and there,  
Among the flowers by the way,  
Work turneth to play.

Buzz! buzz!  
While seeking clover sweet  
For its nectar thru the day,  
Work turneth to play.

Buzz! buzz!  
A lesson true you'd teach,  
A song in the heart alway,  
Turneth work into play.

## **THE GOLDFINCH**

Oh, tiny goldfinch richly clad,  
Your joyousness bespeaks the morn,  
Whose beauty tends to make you glad,  
And eager just that you were born.

You dart about o'er crag and moor,  
To us bequeath your choicest boon,  
Your silvery note so soft and pure,  
A simple, mellow twitter-tune.

You ride away on rippling crest,  
Over hill and stony shallow,  
You seek the thorny thistle-pest,  
As it thrives on field and fallow.

Your sheaves of down you garner in,  
And store them in your covert-mow,  
Away from human noise and din,  
To fluff your nest in bush or bough.

The Hoary Alder catkin-hung,  
Where tinkling waters wander round,  
And Marigold is Music's tongue,  
Here holds your cup in fork fast-bound;

A leafy canopy of green,  
Above eggs touched by sea and sky,  
Which ling'ringly, you laid unseen,  
Save by the pale Day-moon on high.

## **BONNY BUNNY**

Bonny bunny!  
Tracks so funny!  
Playing round our cottage door,  
Fruits and food are here a-plenty,  
Laid away for winter's store.

Bonny bunny!  
Tracks so funny!  
Whiter even than the snow,  
As it dances all about you,  
Have a pear before you go.

Bonny bunny!  
Tracks so funny!  
Why are you so timid, pray!  
Cold will soon be fast upon us,  
Let's be friends, don't run away.

## **WHEN SNOWFLAKES FALL**

I love you in the springtime,  
Still I love you in the fall,  
And I love you in the winter,  
With the snowflakes merry call.

Yes, I love you best of all  
With the snowflakes as they fall,  
While the winters biting cold,  
Makes me sense a warmth untold.

Then I love you in glad summer,  
When birds and flowers breathe cheer,  
To me this seems the gladdest time  
Of all the season's year.

But I love you best of all,  
With the snowflakes as they fall,  
While the winter's biting cold  
Makes me sense a warmth untold.

## **OUR COW**

Our Jersey cow is just as kind  
And friendly as can be,  
A wisp of hay I hand to her,  
She gives her milk to me.

All day she tramps the meadow grass,  
And browses on the hill,  
She seems to like the clover best,  
While wand'ring at her will.

Moo! moo! she always seems to say,  
She never minds the showers,  
We children love to hear her low,  
Thru all the pleasant hours.

## ODE TO A BROOK

I wish I were a stream, O brook!  
If but for a single day,  
Then would we wander on and on,  
While rippling a roundelay.

I wish I were a stream, O brook!  
Just to sense all you would say,  
Then could we wander on and on,  
Still babbling along our way.

I wish I were a stream, O brook!  
Each forest-flower I'd know,  
Like wild birds we'd sail on and on,  
Joyfully prattling we'd go.

I wish I were a stream, O brook!  
We'd wind thru lane and lea,  
Playfully gurgling on and on,  
Till at last we'd reach the sea.

## CONSECRATION

"Give God the glory," 'tis thus speaks my soul,  
"Take thou my life, Lord, in sweetest control;  
When blinding storms of sorrow assail me,  
Oh, thou! who didst walk on blue Galilee,  
Beneath thy rich mantle sheltered I'd be.

Dub thou me knight, Lord, our most holy King,  
While rend'ring thee service, trophies I'd bring,  
If mid life's fray thou wouldst call me today,  
Oh, Christ! who canst raise the fallen, lift me,  
To bask in thy presence eternally.

Truth as the emblem, 'tis right royally,  
Under her flag, firm, united we'd be,  
Dark powers of might at thy Word prostrate lie,  
While blazoned with love our banner waves high,  
In homage to him who reigneth—the King.

## ENCHANTMENT

Ethereal bursts yon morn, bluebirds awake,  
Joy-notes break forth, Heav'n born, for love's sweet sake,  
Thy face, in waking dreams, reveals the day,  
Sunlight in beauty streams, pointing the way.

'Tis but a dainty flower I bring to you,  
Bathed in celestial light, mingled with dew,  
Still deeply rooted in this heart so true,  
Is wealth the world holds not, treasured in you.

Fairest of all the bloom I proffer thee,  
Plucked from yon garden rare, Sincerity;  
Pure bud of enduring love, shield thou me,  
And bear my soul to God in chastity.

## LIFE'S DAY

Thou Sun! whose smile wreathes early Morn,  
A cheerful light to those forlorn,  
And dries the dripping eyes of dawn,  
Bless Life's fleet day ere she be gone.

Teach her to shine as unto thee,  
A lesser light as needs must be,  
A ray bent toward lonely places,  
Sun! whose beams reflect glad faces.

I ask when Life's young day is done,  
E'en as thy afterglow, O Sun!  
I might bequeath one worthy song,  
A candle in a world of wrong.

## FOR YOU

The golden sun sinks  
On a bosom of blue,  
A-smiling for you;  
While each bird in the nest  
Lulls her tired brood to rest,  
A-crooning for you.

The weed-blossoms blow  
Full as wild flowers do,  
A-blooming for you;  
'T is my heart casts a spell,  
Sets the plants in the dell  
A-springing for you.

A moth of the night  
Is my love—ever true,  
A-winging for you;  
Like yon firefly it glows,  
As it kindleth anew  
A-longing for you.

## DISTANCE

Sometimes when western lamps burn low,  
I feel thee near, tho thou art far,  
Doth parting heal I long to know,  
Or distance deeper brand the scar.

Sometimes when chill the winds that blow,  
Thy spirit calms the atmosphere,  
A zephyr heartstrings' lyric bow,  
Warm strains of melody I hear.

Sometimes when in the evening glow,  
My soul seems interlocked with thine,  
While artful shadows come and go,  
I pause to quaff a drink divine.

## ALONE

'Tis midnight!  
One lone star stands a fiery sentinel,  
Whose eagle eye portrayeth silence well,  
Keeping watch!

'Tis midnight!  
The screechowl's plaintive scream pierces the gloom,  
Alone goes she forth from her cavern tomb,  
Making moan!

'Tis midnight!  
Wrapt in the mourning garment of despair,  
One thot "Alone" enshrouds the mystic air,  
Unsought!

'Tis midnight!  
A doleful bell peals forth its dismal dirge,  
Alone—dim spectres tread that haunted verge  
Death's own.

## WINTER

Bleak and chill!  
Bleak and chill!  
Winter winds are bound to blow,  
Thru the valley, o'er the hill  
At their will.

Winter wind!  
Do be kind!  
I know little children four  
The wolf stands ever howling  
At their door.

Winter wind!  
Oh, be kind!  
Just to those who lack for food,  
You devour their scanty fuel  
In such mood.

Bleak and chill!  
Bleak and chill!  
Tho your winds must ever blow,  
Teach the heart of him who hath  
All the woe.

## LOVE'S MESSAGE

Apple blossoms everywhere!  
White wings sailing scented air,  
To fairyland—on vernal breeze;  
Art thou wafting love's message—  
From the trees?

## MY TRIBUTE

Thou master! deftly as Nature herself,  
Awakes yon sleeping bud in early spring,  
E'en neath thy gentler, guileless touch, methinks  
A soul opes wide, 'tis Music's wakening.

Thou, shapen in clay, art by Heav'n moulded,  
Thru thee I sense both human and divine,  
This, God's gift, within thyself enfolded,  
Pervades the air my spirit breathes of thine.

Bear me afar, beyond majestic portal,  
Down loyal Art's lost corridor of Time,  
Human-hearted soul, echo immortal,  
Lead thou me inspired by living notes sublime.



## HEARTBLOOM

When love is there, one asks not whence he came,  
Enough to know the wealth he doth bestow;  
A budding heart blossoms, then bursts the same,  
Whether in realm of high estate or low.

Crimson the flow'r, touched by the life it gives,  
Rooted in works of faith, love ever lives,  
Aglow with thrilling warmth of sentiment,  
Each soul becomes a fount of sweet content.

The bloom, crushed, turns to Mother Earth once more,  
Anew seeketh strength in rising as before;  
Tho years of healing help to right the wrong,  
A bleeding heart can never beat as strong.

## DEATH'S SPECTRE

Buoyant like the waves our spirits,  
Borne eastward by the foaming brine,  
Till the band in lazy ripples,  
Set drifting shoreward "Auld Lang Syne."

Smile for smile, amid tear for tear,  
Lavished in love that fateful day,  
While frothing billows furtively,  
Tossed high their caps in mirthful play.

A frown soon crost the gleaming sky,  
Darker and graver it became,  
Glow'ring wrath then fell from on high,  
Her anger struck our ship aflame.

A host of patient suppliants,  
With penitence each heart did burn,  
Crash! one seething surge broke o'er us,  
Rending asunder bow from stern.

Does God still live where torment dwells,  
Thou branded spectre of the night,  
I challenge Peace, if Peace be God,  
To throttle Hell, who seemeth might.

## DREAMING

Mid each glimmer of sunlight,  
On the early morning dew,  
Refreshing thots came trooping,  
Old-time memories and you.

I could hear thy footsteps falling,  
Doubt in sleep all cast asunder,  
Dreaming of thee, ever dreaming,  
Lost in love I ceased to wonder.

'Twas the bluebird's lyric note,  
Welcomed me to light of day,  
With thy kiss upon my lips,  
Wrapt in ecstasy I lay.

## SAILING

Only last night,  
My life! my light!  
Sailing the sea 'neath silent moon,  
This heart sent thee its sovereign boon;  
Thy spirit seemed one glorious gem,  
Set in a royal diadem.  
Come thou to me,  
Over the sea!

Growl and grumble!  
Fume and mumble!  
Madcaps! let Fury lead the way,  
Our loyal ship will reach the bay,  
Peace caroleth her song of cheer,  
Where love abides there is no fear,  
Toss and tumble!  
Rage and rumble!

Sing foaming sea,  
Sing thou to me!  
Praise love in modest litany,  
Swell forth one mighty symphony,  
Till God's exultant hosts reply,  
Swing low! then high!  
Rest draweth nigh!  
Breathe yawning Deep,  
The breath of Sleep.

**FISHIN'**

Would you blame a feller any,  
If the sun was all aglow,  
If his pa had gone to meetin',  
An' his ma was soon to go.

Then if his ma had rigged him out  
In togs for Sunday-school,  
If his chum came by and argued  
'Twas no need to go by rule.

Is there really any harm,  
If a feller does no wrong,  
But jus' takes his fishin' tackle  
An' goes marchin' straight along;

Jus' to where the fish are bitin'  
At a mos' outlandish rate,  
Could you blame a feller any  
'Cause he went to diggin' bait.

Could you blame a feller's daddy,  
Should he make a solemn vow,  
That his sonny'd get a trouncin',  
Tho 'twould start a family row;

When to class the kids came troopin',  
Every feller, all save one,  
When he found the fishin' tackle  
To be missin'—like his son.

"To think," says he, "a son of mine  
Would break the Sabbath day,  
He'll cause this head to bow in shame  
While trudgin' earth's highway."

Then a righteous rage o'ertook him,  
Like a ship that's lashed at sea,  
While his long strides brought him nearer  
The spot where his son might be.

Alas! when he saw his son there,  
Jus' atuggin' at the line,  
With a monster fish adanglin';  
('Twas a sport he too thought fine!)

His old eyes jus' fell a-dancin',  
Like the waves borne by a breeze,  
An' his soul was set a-singin'  
With the birds in nearby trees.

Would you blame a feller's daddy,  
Should he break a solemn vow,  
An' help a lad to lug away  
All the fish the law'd allow?

Who'd begrudge dad any pleasure,  
(When his sun was bendin' low,)  
Which might set his old heart beatin'  
With lost chords of long ago.

## **LIFE'S SUNSET**

Thy day is far spent,  
And thy night draweth nigh,  
Life's sunset at even,  
Shines forth from on high.

Eternity's dawn,  
As the closing of day,  
'Tis shadow or sunbeam  
Precedeth thy way.

A life such as thine,  
Is inspired from above,  
Reborn of God's spirit,  
Immersed in his love.

Sweet strains from afar,  
Thy rich entrance doth raise,  
While yon Heavenly choir  
Sings anthems of praise.

## THE MEADOWLARK

The meadowlark wingeth his grassy way,  
His plaintive note rings clear,  
He seeketh shelter 'neath the new-mown hay  
His flute-like voice we hear  
"Spring o' the year!  
Spring o' the year!"

His coat, brown-mottled, with silver's soft streak,  
While nesting, serves him well,  
When summer's sun sears the grass, dries the creek,  
'Tis then he rests a spell.  
In meadow-dell!  
In meadow-dell!

This jaunty fellow in vest of yellow  
And crescent-collar black,  
A cap to match; his music how mellow,  
Chap with the whistling knock.  
"Tseer"—alack!  
"Tseer"—alack!

A ground nest by him of grasses is made,  
Distant his dream of fear,  
Till the spotted white eggs his mate has laid,  
Begin to disappear.  
"Tsev—tseer!"  
"Tsev—tseer!"

The thieves of sad fate are mice of the mead,  
Or else some reptile rare,  
Again he builds stronger, with greater heed,  
Then guards his home with care.  
"Tseer" dire deed!  
"Tseer" dire deed!

'Tis golden sheaf-time and each spotted shell,  
Appears to be pipping,  
Alas! the tale of the binder to tell,  
She come clipping, clipping.  
Thru meadow-dell!  
Thru meadow-dell!

The doom of the sputtering mates is sealed,  
The reaper spurns his guest,  
As he cuts a swath of the ripened field,  
Brings havoc to the nest.  
"Tseer" oprest!  
"Tseer" oprest!

Still sputtering, the mates fly far a-field,  
Such grief was theirs that day,  
And here is to hoping their fate may be sealed,  
Next year a diff'rent way.  
"Tseer" sad lay!  
"Tseer" sad lay!

## NATURE'S GAME

The gusts of wind that frisk about,  
With the winter sprites at play,  
And pile them high like football fiends,  
In a most fantastic way,  
Are stragglers from the woodland dell,  
Just assuming to be fay.

The birds cheer with chirps, squirrels with chats,  
A clouded lining of sun-beam slats,  
Curtains Sol of cunning eye;  
Crows "Caw! caw!" as tho at play,  
A golden bomb bursts the glow'ring sky,  
And frightens the elfins away.

## A BIT O' CHEER

Such scurrying of blow and bluster out,  
Instilled a longing just to look about  
For one stray emblem of returning spring,  
Some form of life aquiver on the wing.

A massive mound of snow towered mountain high.  
The nude trees, all ashiver stood opprest;  
One brave bough saluted the whistling wind,  
That had cruelly bared her aching breast.

The tiny twigs twisted and twined for warmth,  
Still striving in vain for reviving breath,  
While the icy palm with a ruthless calm,  
Soon smote many a sickly one with death.

Ah, me! Is that a vision which I see!  
Are those real, rosy apples on that tree?  
Or is it God's own gleaming sun streams thru—  
A crimson hue, on them for me and you?

Or must I deem it destiny of war—  
Bloody war, never known on earth before  
Stains them gore; or reflected words of cheer  
From afar, to home friends who writhe in fear.

'Tis Nature's pretty prank our hearts have blest,  
Yet simple truth should always be confest;  
The flaunting fruit which flings high in that tree,  
Are merry, dancing, dangling apples three.

## THOT

Thot is the skiff that bears the soul,  
To Heaven's celestial shore,  
With our God as the stanch pilot,  
To guide the light craft o'er.

'Tis thot which makes the poor man rich,  
That makes the rich man poor,  
Lord! may each treasury of thot,  
Be thy Word firm and sure.

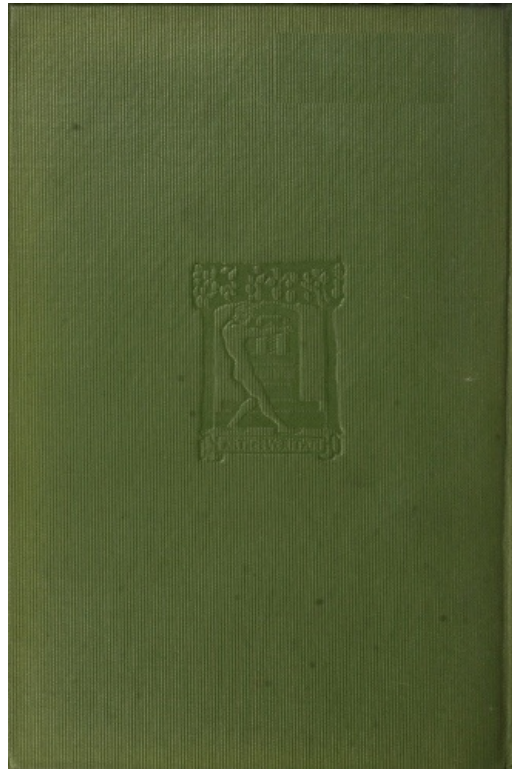
No Scylla lifts six hungry heads,  
No Sirens' song is heard,  
No Charybdis engulfs the soul,  
With thot driven by God's Word.

Let Triton blow his shameful blast,  
Unfurl your sails—nor care!  
With Christ to man your vessel frail,  
Foul weather will prove fair.

Tho Neptune seethe, Christ soothes the waves,  
While low-hung cloudlets pout,  
Some peevish, purse their beating brows,  
Soon all are put to rout.

Thot speeds along the bounding brine,  
While mingled mists of care,  
Take their flight on the rifting clouds,  
When Soul breathes freer air.

The skiff of thot, a soul its crew,  
Now welcomes her haven fair;  
She anchors in God's Elysium,  
Our Heaven, of laurels rare.



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