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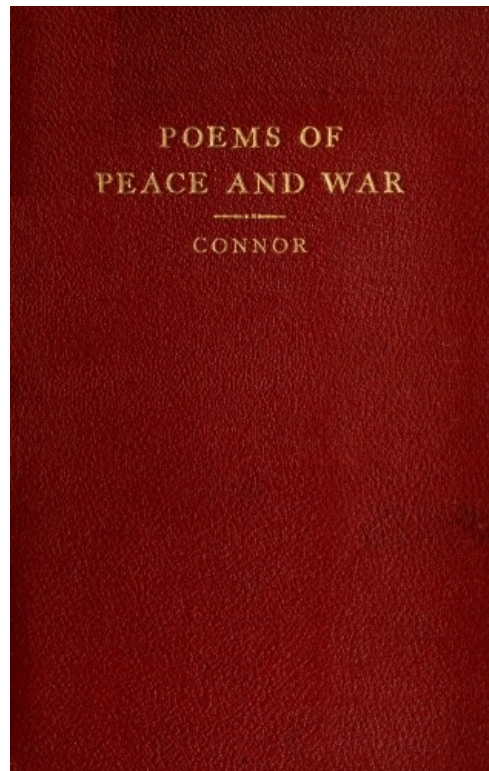
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR ***



POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR



ELIZABETH H. CONNOR



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POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity is the essence,
In all God's wondrous work,
This glowing truth divinely blest
Within our hearts should lurk;
So God will come as we perceive,
This kingdom to possess,
And all that's base will fade away,
All evil He'll suppress.

A WORLD REPUBLIC IS ARISING.

A torn sunset of purple and crimson
Floats o'er the warring breeze,
While a powerful new light is forming
Far o'er the briny seas,
For the day of dynasties is fading
Into the darkest night,
As a world republic is arising
Clear as the morning light.

Faith in God will enlighten our vision
Shining through grim despair,
For a wonderful light is approaching,
Glowing with love and care,
Completely trusting in God above us,
Though sad our hearts may be,
Will reveal the dawn of a brighter day
In fair democracy.

THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS.

(A Reverie On Creation.)

The sun's bright rays through breaking clouds,
On tiny beads of crystal fell,
While o'er the earth in mantle green
A rainbow circled hill and dell;
Brilliant, majestic it appeared,
In many colors to be seen,
Neath misty heav'ns and setting sun
O'er man's first paradise serene.

The angels winged their flight from heav'n,
Towards the many colored bow,
Like seagulls sweeping o'er the sea,
Then lighting on the waves below;
Down through the clouds they beat their wings,
From the depths of heavenly blue
So perched on this celestial arch,
They gazed in wonderment anew.

Far below on a field of green,
Stood Eve so beautiful and fair,
Adam her spouse gallant and true,
With fiery glance and flowing hair;
Angels and seraphims above
With golden heads and wings so white,
From this frail arch of varied hues,
Dropped to the earth in sudden plight.

Lo! o'er the earth mid verdure clad,
Flow'rs grew in colors sweet and true,
Just like the rainbow over head,
Softly nurtured with heavenly dew.
Then back they flew through mist and clouds,
From flow'ry meads far, far away
To the depths of eternal love
Chanting to earth their sweetest lay.

THE GUARD AND GLORY OF THE WORLD.

(Fair Columbia.)

The guard and glory of the world,
Columbia is thee,
To your fair shores the pilgrims came,
From o'er the briny sea;
Like beacon lights from shore to shore,
The stars of freedom shine,
Brilliant, majestic they appear,
As viewed from ev'ry clime.

Of fair Columbia we will sing,
Her forests mounting high,
Her lakes and rills with music thrills
Our hearts as we draw nigh;
We hear the glad notes of the birds,
Winging their merry flight,
O'er shrub and tree, o'er hill and dale,
Through sunshine warm and bright.

Here the oppressed have found a home,
Here equal rights for all,
Emblazoned forth on ev'ry page
In justice loudly call,
That despotism has had its day,
Democracy must rule
This universe from zone to zone
In fair Columbia's school.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

No light save the flick'ring fire flames,
As they dance and purr in the gloom,
Leaping and casting weird shadows
That illumine the quaint old room,
Outside the wind whistles and moans
Through the shutters and leafless trees,
But signals of comfort and warmth
Flash a greeting o'er storm and breeze.

So the wayfarer homeward bound,
As he nears the old home once more,
Sees a picture he'll ne'er forget,
As he stands by the open door,
For there circled 'round as they sit
In the glow of the flick'ring flames,
How their faces light up with joy
As he speaks the familiar names.

THE BUGLE CALL.

Oh hark! we hear the bugle call,
Resounding o'er the land,
To arms, to arms, yes one and all,
Now by our country stand;
The flag our fathers died to save,
Unfurled for ever more
In ev'ry clime, long may it wave,
The wide world o'er and o'er.

Of justice, freedom, honor sing,
Of peace for all mankind,
With love let glad hozannas ring,
From ev'ry heart and mind;
Our country's flag, our emblem fair,
Inspires us with zeal
To love and cherish, do and dare,
All for our country's weal.

Her famous banner raised on high,
Sweet liberty proclaim,
For all beneath God's arching sky,
All o'er earth's vast domain,
Now we see her arm extending,
Far o'er the briny deep,
Hopes of freedom she is bringing,
To hearts that ache and weep.

LIFE'S FLOWERS.

A little flow'r is born to earth,
It blooms then fades, yes fades away,
But its influence and beauty,
Within our hearts remain for aye;
We can hear a sweet voice calling,
We see the sunshine of a smile,
We feel a joy sublimely sweet
Just radiating all the while.

For dear mem'ries cluster round us,
Sweet messages of love are they,
And they tell us, plainly tell us
All earthly life is but decay,
But the spirit liveth ever,
And all the good and ill we do
Reflect sunshine or cast shadows
O'er life's flowers so good and true.

OH POWERFUL BUT PEACEFUL WEAPON.

PRAYER.

The sword that conquered Greece and Rome,
And brought to Christ's most sacred feet,
The pagan of the ancient world,
Was pray'r, yes pray'r with wings so fleet.

So raise your hearts, heav'n storm with prayer,
In supplication bend the knee,
Be not afraid, do not despair,
For pray'r is heaven's golden key.

While war is waged relentlessly,
For honor, justice, love to all,
Prayer's influence for world wide peace,
Through divine justice cannot fall.

AMERICA'S STANDARDS.

(To the Flag and Cross We Cling.)

Long may our flag float on the breeze,
A story it doth tell,
Of freedom, loyalty and love,
Of hearts that bled and fell
Mid the thickening smoke of battle,
'Though tattered it may be,
It speaks of struggles, triumphs won,
All, hallowed memory.

So unfurl that silken banner,
On high a cross we see,
Symbol of faith, and hope, and love,
The cross of Calvary;
Rich mines of truth and of feeling,
Our glorious standards bear,
The cross of Christ our redemption,
The stars and stripes our emblem fair.

MORNING OF LIFE.

Sweet morning of life, like the dawning day,
Like the sparkling waves on a sunkissed shore,
That ripple and dance in the sun's warm ray,
Breathing love, joy and gladness ever more;
Now dreaming of castles so grand and high,
On bays o'er looking a wonderful sea,
Where bright groves of orange and myrtle lie,
On wooded heights filled with sweet melody.

For there the full voiced songsters as they fly,
Sing and warble their love from tree to tree,
While sparkling fountains splash, glisten, then sigh,
In huge basins of stone carved daintily;
The cool murm'ring wind and the bird's soft trill,
The babbling brook on its way to the sea,
Oh, sweet morning of life stay with us still,
Through the sterner hours keep us good and free.

THOUGHTS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS OR EVIL: WHICH SHALL IT BE?

O, solemn thought, who could but choose,
The righteous way divinely blest
Where kindness, smiles, and gentle deeds,
Live on forever, never rest;
For no man's work dies with his life,
But in the long forgotten years,
Down through the ages still live on,
Perpetuating joy or tears.

An evil thought is born of man,
Conceived within a sordid mind,
The seed thus sown grows on and on,
We see despair, all crimes we find
Are lurking in the hearts of men,
Where justice, love and truth should be,
Thoughts influence for good or ill,
Immortal is, as you and me.

THE SUPPLICATION.

Out of the depths of warring strife,
Of selfish greed, ignoble life,
Of lust for gain and pow'r to hold,
The lives of men, their very souls;
Out of the depths we cry to Thee,
Oh loving God make all men free;
O'er flash of cannon, musket roar,
Oh angel of peace ever soar.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

From crimson to a sombre gray,
Now softly shades of night draw nigh,
The birds are twit'ring on the boughs,
As flowers droop their heads and sigh;
We hear low murm'rings of the sea
In grand harmony rise and fall,
Ev'ry ripple a cadence sweet,
And ev'ry wave a distant call.

Oh music so wistful, sublime,
Entangled in joy and in tears,
Sweet mem'ries of old you recall,
Yes dim visions of by-gone years;
Oh ling'ring breath of darkness dense
Seeming lost in cavernous hill,
Little murmuring, hidden streams,
Low chanting the spirits' sweet will.

Beautiful is thy mute appeal;
Majestic the grandeur of night,
As dawn is stealing from afar
'Mid shimmering darkness and light;
So on shadowy wings of love,
Waft us thy song across the foam,
Over the bounding billows free,
Singing softly of home sweet home.

THOUGHTS FOR ALL CONTEMPLATING MATRIMONY.

(The Building of a Home.)

The strongest joy of all instinctive human joys
Is embodied in the building of a home
Where every thought of the inner soul employs,
Animates the intellects beneath its dome;
Where the child life gardens are sheltered from the winds,
And storms of life by loving unselfish care,
Blooming forth in beauty, bright symbols of the minds,
United devoted to their treasures there.

Like the crimson sunset or burning rubies red,
Blending together into one perfect light,
When the sun of past strength, and cherished youth are dead
And the silv'ry moon of beauty shines far less bright,
Like the valiant stars our treasures will remain
Sparkling and bright with love's most radiant hue,
Guiding us on and on o'er the watery main,
Through the twilight shadows tender and true.

OUR FLAG AND OUR CHIEF.

(The Spirit of America.)

Our country's flag for honor stands,
We see our chief with outstretched hands,
Raising that flag unfurled on high,
Now waving 'neath a cloudy sky;
O'er the sea from this rock-bound shore
We hear the din of battle roar,
Brother 'gainst brother, worldly strife
Ruin and turmoil, life for life.

God of justice and love and might,
Preserve our nation in this fight
For selfish greed, not honor true,
Where pure unselfish love we view;
We pray thee fill our hearts with care
For all earth's people, will and dare
In righteous love peace to proclaim,
For all mankind in joy, not pain.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD.

Yes, an international brotherhood,
Of peace, justice, freedom for all,
Where love reigns supreme in ev'ry man's heart,
Then the dogs of warfare must fall,
When men of all nations, races and creeds,
Remember the old golden rule,
Then friendships will strengthen, hate will decay,
God speed the good doctrine and school.

AT DAWN.

Behold a rose of crimson hue,
Just opening to the light of day,
Velvet petals, all wet with dew,
Bearing a message on its way;
A message of love pure and bright,
God's holy tribute to the dawn
Ere we greet the gathering light,
Ere we meet the day new born.

A joyful chorus fills the air,
Before the mists have rolled away,
From mountain side, and valley fair,
In wooded glen they seem to say,
Awake, awake 'tis early dawn,
The night has passed, and day is here,
Behold the glories of the morn,
For lo! the rising sun appear.

Just o'er the summit of the hill,
In all its splendor to be seen,
Our hearts and fancies it doth thrill
With homage to the morning's queen,
For colors like the purest gold,
And royal purple circle round
On crimson waves of light, and fold
The shades of night beneath a mound.

THE NEW STAR OF MANKIND.

Behold the new star of mankind,
On the flag of the western world,
Pow'rful in spirit and purpose we find
It resplendent where e'er unfurled,
A people united and free,
With love in our hearts for all men
Gaze heav'nward on that star and see
Sweet liberty shining therein.

Such strength and devotion we gain,
These days of confusion and strife,
For freedom and peace we maintain
Will bloom with new vigor and life;
Where dynasties long have held sway,
And to the weak justice denied,
The new star of freedom alway
Will brighten the path they defied.

LEAD THOU ME ON.

Lead thou me on, oh guiding light,
Yes over life's tempestuous sea,
My bark is frail as I set sail,
Over the bounding billows free;
The white caps glisten in the sun,
The angry waves dash on the shore,
But thy beacon light is shining,
Brightly shining to guide me o'er.

When night's shadows close around me,
And I'm nearing the other shore,
Keep the beacon light a'burning
To safely, safely guide me o'er
To that land of joy and beauty,
To that land of love, truth and song,
Ever beckoning, beckoning onward;
Lead thou me on, lead thou me on.

WOMANHOOD.

To the pagan mind, years ago,
O woman, what were you?
A slave, subject to brutal strength,
Not mental prowess true;
As woman was by nature raised,
To motherhood of race,
Should she below man's level stand?
Nay, rather face to face.

But through Christ's cross and legacy,
E'en higher she is raised,
And on a pedestal enthroned,
Sweet reverence is paid;
Yes, behold Christ's blessed mother,
Ideal of womanhood,
Inspiring theme for poets' dreams,
All graciousness and good.

So woman in thy sphere as queen,
And mother of the race,
God gave to you of all on earth,
The highly honored place
Of teacher, sculptor of mankind,
For with your hands you mould
The plastic mind of youth and child,
More precious far than gold.

CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

(Mystery of Love.)

Myst'ry of love, most holy love,
We worship thee our new born king,
Sweet angels' voices from above,
Heavenly strains of joy doth bring;
Lo! in Bethlehem's holy shrine,
We see within a manger laid,
The infant Christ, the babe divine
Of heav'n and earth, come to our aid.

A CHAPLET OF FLOWERS.

A chaplet of flow'rs for our lady's shrine,
Nature's sweetest gift in the halls of time,
The years roll by, the seasons come and go,
And deep in our hearts doth the flowers grow.

We love the sunshine, the air, the showers
That nurture the earth bringing forth sweet flow'rs;
How much more our lady the virgin mild,
Who gave to us Bethlehem's holy child.

Dear lady we pray our guide you will be,
Our clear shining star over land and sea,
Like the breath of the flow'rs so pure and sweet,
Mary our mother and our queen we greet.

THIS WORLD WAR.

Why this tragedy and blood shed,
For pow'r to hold full sway
O'er the lives of men and nations?
Lives, nations, what care they?
Sown broadcast over this fair earth
Pride and greed caused it all,
But right, not might, will conquer yet,
For pride and greed must fall.

What blasphemy to say that God
Is with such sinful deeds,
No, God is love, and all that's just,
From him all good proceeds;
Peace he proclaimed, good will to men,
Is that what we see now?
Nay, rather hatred and ill will,
To gold and pow'r they bow.

Stop, despot in your carnage bold,
Pause, think, ere 'tis too late;
For what are you but dust and clay,
Stop, think, of your sad fate;
Where is the soul God gave to you?
With avarice consumed,
Just for today; but tomorrow
What awaits thee, when doomed?

PERILS OF THE SEA.

Cold and cheerless dawned the morning,
Dark frowning clouds swept o'er the deep,
Tinging the rough foaming waters
While anxious hearts sad vigils keep.

All night long the storm was raging,
The angry waves dashed on the shore,
As the tempest with fury howled
And moaned around each cabin door.

All night long a light shone brightly,
A beacon light flashed through the storm,
From the light house rays of guidance
Pierced the darkness to hearts forlorn.

Far, far out where sky and ocean
Seemed to meet on the crested wave,
Lo! a boat with sails all shattered,
Bearing the fishermen so brave.

Nearer, nearer o'er the billows,
Seemingly clutched in their embrace,
They have weathered storm and tempest,
Now meet their loved ones face to face.

SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

God bless you and keep you, brave soldier boys,
With hearts undaunted, hearts so true,
Ever faithful to God and your country,
As you sail o'er the ocean blue.

In the din of battle, 'mid smoke and shell,
Oh fear not, you cannot falter,
While gazing on the flag that waves
In glory before God's altar.

For the day of triumph is drawing nigh,—
Lift up your hearts; men will be free
Through your endeavors, and your country's flag
Will proclaim world democracy.

WHISPERING SHADOWS.

The shadows are whispering through the leaves,
In the beautiful twilight hour,
O'er the sparkling fountains murmuring seas,
In the wake of each lovely flow'r,
So serenely still, and unearthly fair,
Just like the moonbeams gentle ray,
Now they glide away through the forest deep
To the mansion house old and grey.

Yes, on to the mansion house far above,
The shadows, fleeting souls of light,
On love's bright golden wings go whispering,
Of vice and greed, of right and might
Of the battles fought, the victories won.
The good and the ill that men do,
Then back through the twilight they softly steal
Whispering hope to me and you.

THE THISTLE AND THE SHAMROCK.

The thistle soft and downy
Gently swaying to and fro,
Bends low its head to Scotland
With every breeze that blow.

The little shamrock nestles
Within its emerald bed,
And breathes a pray'r to heaven
To renew old glories fled.

THE WORLD'S CATHEDRAL.

In the world's Cathedral with the vast throng,
See the lined and masked faces floating by,
Could we know what emotions stirred their souls,
Unconquerable passions therein lie,
Smitten by swords of flame by unkind deeds,
Or may be fate's unerring obloquy.

We might wonder at the myst'ry of all,
The august grandeur or heart rending woe,
Could we but gaze down deep into the hearts
Of the multitude passing to and fro,
Passing along like a dream or vision
From whence do they come? Oh where do they go?

FAIR COLUMBIA OR PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

Fair Columbia, freedom's land,
Rising 'mid oceans vast and grand,
Signal tower of flashing light,
Beckoning all in freedom's might,
O'er mountain peaks and woodland dells,
Where Nature in all beauty dwells.

'Round mossy banks in shady nooks,
In ripples flow thy babbling brooks,
Sweet music there in echo dwells,
As the bird-voiced chorus swells
Through leafy bow'rs and forest glade
'Neath spreading oak and maple shade.

Thy winding bays, thy lakes and rills,
Chant gladsome psalms, like sweetest trills
Of music singing through the trees,
Then dying as the wavering breeze,
Sighs where the monarchs of our land
In forests primeval stand.

'Mid verdure green the wild flow'rs grow,
In brightest colors, all aglow,
Sweet violets, roses, daisies meek,
Fair lilies floating in the creek
That curves the woodland path below,
The mountainside where laurels grow.

Fair Columbia, poets sing,
While laurel for thy brow we bring,
And place thereon a wreath so fair,
That nothing with it can compare,
Studded with virtues pure and bright,
Most precious gems in freedom's light.

A WORLD STATESMAN.

With our President as leader,
Lies the world's destiny,
Where in righteousness and freedom
Will prevail equally.

Holding forth the very brightest
Aspirations for all,
A universal peace and trust,
In freedom's bugle call.

Highest ideals personified,
The noblest of mankind,
Where honor and democracy
Together are combined.

When might will be replaced by right,
And peace shall dawn again,
Our nation's annals will reveal
The glory of his reign.

SPRING IS HERE.

Oh Spring is here, awake, awake,
Flowers are blooming in the vales,
In forests deep, by brook and lake,
Where soft voiced winds blow gentle gales.

There lucid waters as they flow,
And ripple in the ebbing tide,
In the bright sunshine come and go,
Sighing, then merging far and wide.

Oh Spring, sweet Spring, youth of the year,
Love opens her casement to peep
At the lilac bloom nestling near,
The garden gate where trysts they keep.

Sweet voiced songsters warble and coo,
Building their nests in trees o'erhead,
For the first breath of Summer's dew,
And the lilac bloom will soon wed.

MEMORIES.

The aged sire in thoughtful mood,
Sits by the hearth stone bright,
And seems to see with pensive glance,
In soaring flames of light
The old camp ground with tents outspread,
Where comrades good and true,
Are waiting for the bugle call,
The call they all well knew.

Ere the notes die o'er the valley,
And smould'ring fires grow dim,
To arms, to arms, attention all,
He hears with strength and vim,
Then forward march, away they go,
The enemy to meet,
Through fire and smoke he sees them fall,
Aye, dying at his feet.

The old man wakes as from a dream,
His eyes are wet with tears,
Then his dauntless spirit rises
As in the by gone years,
And a smile lights up his visage,
Old and wan though it be,
For visions of the old camp ground,
In the firelight he sees.

A LULLABY.

(Go to Sleep.)

Go to sleep, await the day,
Fair in dreamland far away,
Through the shadows of the night
'Till the early morning light.

Slumber sweetly, do not fear,
Angels voices hover near,
Lullabies so soft they sing,
Messages of love doth bring.

Sleep, O sleep, 'till dawning light,
Wakes thee on thy pillow white,
Then arise with glad heart sing
Praises to our heav'nly King.

THE SEASONS.

We greet Spring's warm rain and sunshine,
The budding trees and flow'rs;
Summer's blue skies so radiant,
Above the rose leaf bow'rs;
We greet Autumn as we harvest,
All efforts we have made;
Then Winter like the close of life,
Comes creeping in the shade.

LOVED MINSTREL OF ERIN.

Oh loved minstrel of Erin chant forth thy sweet lay,
All down through the ages you've sang,
From the first breath of dawn ere the mists rolled away,
Through Erin thy melodies rang;
For thy soul stirring themes of joy and of sorrow,
Inspire us with love and with zeal,
With hope in our hearts that the dawning tomorrow,
The sunburst of freedom reveal.

Of her glories, her triumphs, and her vict'ries sing,
Her art, learning, culture and songs,
Of brave hearts ever loyal to country and king,
On battle fields fighting her wrongs,
Yes, the wrongs of a nation down trodden forlorn,
For centuries long they have bled,
For the faith of their fathers, the cross they have borne,
And planted where ever they fled.

THE AVE'S, OR LIGHTS OF HOME.

In that land of haunting beauty,
Our Mary's own sweet month of May,
In a thatched cottage years ago,
While the birds chirped in the hedgerows,
And the flowers were veiled in sleep,
Sweet Ave's from fond hearts did flow.

In the shadows of the turf fire,
Several figures knelt in pray'r,
The soft breeze lingered by the door,
While the oft repeated Ave's,
The sweet Hail Mary full of grace
Their beads they counted o'er and o'er.

Oh for this the May breeze waited,
And then at last went on its way,
The hawthorn's perfume filled the air,
For the incense of those Ave's
It bore away to Mary's throne,
A tribute of love and prayer.

THE TRUTHS OF OLD, OH HEART OF MAN.

The truths of old, oh heart of man,
Speak forth with free impressive tongue,
For righteousness thy thoughts express,
The seeming mysteries of God's plan;
Let thoughts emerge from heart and brain,
In spoken accents sweet and low,
Give to the world your very best,
For in His plan God willed it so.

All nature moves in harmony,
No discord mars the glad refrain
Of sun, and moon, and stars above,
Of trees and flow'rs on hill and plain;
Oh! heart of man with truths of old,
In love and justice rule the earth,
Resplendent shine like purest gold,
Without alloy, oh heart of man.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

See a beautiful rose just unfolding
Breathing its fragrance on the summer air,
While on the emerald green at its feet
A modest blue violet bloomed so fair;
And thought oh how happy the rose must be
Queen of the garden, nodding gracefully.

But there is ne'er a rose without its thorns
While on its beauty we may always gaze
If we go near why we must have a care
Or those thorns will pierce while still we may praise.

Then the rose bending low her stately head
Kissed the sweet violet tender and true
As a pearly tear from her petals fell,
On the violet's lips bedecked with dew,
And said, "Little flower contented be.
No thorns probe your side, nodding gracefully."

THE TIES THAT BIND.

How dear the ties that bind us to the past,
Fond thoughts of them around our hearts doth twine;
We seem to feel the essence of their love,
Like fragrance of the rose in summer time.

Though passd from earth, their influence remain,
Their earnestness, their work, their loving care:
The rift within the clouds cast forth sunshine,
Sweet rays of hope, The Beautiful Somewhere.

Somewhere beyond in that haven of rest,
Where bright light divine shines forth from its dome,
Where heavenly choirs are chanting His praise,
We place forget-me-nots around their home.

WHERE SHALL I HIDE?

Where shall I hide? a sad voice cried,
Where shall I hide I pray,
Why is it so, where e'er I go,
Along my weary way,
The path seems all beset with thorns
No roses can I see?
Where shall I hide? where shall I hide?
Lo! Christ says hide in me.

Oh child of sorrow, ne'er despair,
Full well I loveth thee,
For thee I died, so do not hide
So far away from me,
But look beyond this vale of tears,
With faith's unerring light,
Roses you'll see mid garlands free
Along your path so bright.

EASTER MORN.

From the garden fair of heaven,
Like dewdrops from the skies
Falls the perfume of a flower
That is now in paradise.
May the essence of his virtues
Steal softly o'er the dawn,
Dispelling all the shadows grey
As on that Easter morn.

As captives here we may languish
All peace will soar away,
'Till refreshing dews from heaven
Guide us on day by day.
God's love and light will sustain us
Like the lily so fair
We will drink of His sweet fragrance
And banish ev'ry care.

LOVE'S SECRET.

I breathe it to the rose at dawn,
To the violets blue,
The secret of my soul new born,
And love 'tis all of you.
I tell them of a vision fair,
A dream of bliss divine,
And as their perfume fills the air,
My heart seeks only thine.

I plucked the buds all blushing red,
The violets so blue,
They seem to say with drooping heads
Fond thoughts we'll take for you,
To her heart we'll bring sweet tidings
While nestling on her breast,
We'll breathe of love the poet sings,
Of love supremely blest.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CLOISTER.

Without the earth was robed in white,
Stars glittered in the wintry sky,
The altar lights shone fair and bright,
Sweet heav'nly music rose on high,
Breathing in the language of the soul,
All that the soul so longs to hear,
While from the sanctu'ry lamp there stole
Soft rays that flickered far and near.

And lo! the scene, the Cloister choir,
The nuns in silent pray'r with God,
The crib of Bethlehem, all inspire,
Uplift our hearts from earth's cold clod;
All hallowed by God's holy priest,
Raising the host of sacrifice,
While rays from the star of the east
Seem to guide us away from vice.

Non omnis moriar, they say,
Not dead the flow'rs beneath the snow,
They'll come forth from the earth so gray,
Live and bloom in the sun's warm glow;
Above the snow beyond the stars
They who have gone in soft tones sing,
Non omnis moriar, afar,
We dwell in peace with Christ our King.

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE-SONG.

A thousand harps are breaking music in my heart,
In wild picturesque corners where the nymphs might prance,
Strains, half sweet, half sad, in my daily life apart,
Gush forth as from a fountain where the sun's light dance.

The dusk of night is hov'ring o'er the twilight hour,
Its hidden existence through ever changing years,
The sun's last rays shed a halo o'er our bower,
The flowers in their beauty seem diffused with tears.

All nature blends in song, in harmony so grand,
Oh why not my soul in sweet melody divine,
Soar ever onward, upward over sea and land,
Through space and eternity to the heav'nly shrine.

A VISION.

I gazed at the sky half dreaming,
Through the whispering trees,
I lay enrapt in its beauty,
While hope sighed through the leaves,
A sense of sublime awakening
Stole o'er my slumb'ring soul,
I awoke in this universe,
Where, oh where was the goal?

Then the world seemed slowly fading
The godlike seemed to shine
My heart throbb'd under the vision
The infinite divine.
I awoke to face life's battles
Those mem'ries floating o'er
As a safeguard in temptation
A safeguard evermore.

FOOTPRINTS OF GOD.

Ev'ry flower by the wayside,
Ev'ry shrub, ev'ry tree,
The little brooks 'neath mossy banks,
Sing joyfully of Thee.

As we gaze upon the heavens,
The solar system, where
We see order all about us
Thy footprints, God, are there.

Oh the glory and the grandeur
Of Thy Godhead we see
In all Harmony and beauty
Revealed to us by Thee.

All creation speaks Thy presence,
All hallowed be Thy name,
From zone to zone, from east to west
Thy footprints will remain.

IN MEMORIAM, A BEAUTIFUL ROSE FROM ASHES BORN.

Oh, sacred spot where ashes rest,
Where thy dear form is laid away,
'Way from our sight so calm, serene,
Only waiting the judgment day;
Lo! from thy heart a rose is born,
Like thy soul with beauty and grace,
Opening its petals o'er thy grave,
Yes, shedding its perfume through space.

Like bird on the wing a message
As sweet as the nightingale's song,
Pure as the rose leaves o'er thy breast,
Proclaiming to the world's great throng,
There is no death, sin, gloom or strife
After we reach the other shore,
From the ashes a rose is born,
To bloom in God's love ever more.

EVENTIDE BY THE SEA.

Far, far out as the foaming waves,
Dance and glisten in caps of white,
See the setting sun's crimson rays,
Reflected in the waters bright.

The crested billows rise and fall,
The mermaids chant their evening song,
In murmurs low the sea doth call,
The evening bell its tones prolong.

Echoing softly o'er the sea,
Then resounding along the shore,
As ebbing tides flow glad and free,
Forever sighing evermore.

The waters in green, blue and gold,
As the mist arises from the sea
In weird fantastic shadows bold,
Seem gently calling you and me.

Behold, oh great Creator blest,
Oh! Sovereign King of earth and heav'n,
Thy myst'ries sooth our souls to rest,
Faith and hope to us are given.

BEAUTY.

Now, "Beauty is what beauty does"
We hear the poets say,
As, "Beauty is what beauty does,"
We all may hope and pray
Our minds to high ideals will rise,
Our bodies hold in sway;
The thoughts within will shine without
Emit the brightest ray,
Of love, and sunshine, faith and truth
Self sacrifice each day.

The souls that speak from out such eyes,
With wondrous beauties shine,
The smiles that hover o'er such lips,
A wealth of love define,
The graceful poise, sweet manners born
Of deeds and truths sublime;
All animation, charm, repose,
Produced from such a mine
Of wealth untold, of gifts so grand,
We see at beauty's shrine.

FAREWELL, SWEET SONGSTER.

Farewell, farewell sweet songster,
We are sad from thee to part,
Thy soul inspiring music,
Cheered many a weary heart,
The lark soars tow'rd the heavens,
Yes, far upward in its flight,
The nightingale's sweet music
Often thrills us with delight.

Sweet thoughts of thee we'll cherish,
Our bright shining star of love,
Thy melodies would waken
The celestial choirs above;
For strains of sweetest music,
Now seem wafted o'er the sea,
List'ning to the grand old songs
That so charmed us sung by thee.

THE LIGHT OF PRAYER.

Oh light of pray'r divinely blest,
Within our hearts there find sweet rest;
Oh vision bright of faith supreme
More beautiful than poet's theme,
On all the beauty earth can give
But to decay, with thee we live.

We'll live with thee in heav'n above,
Where all is happiness and love,
When from this sphere we're called away
To live in the eternal day.
The light of pray'r our guide will be,
Faith's vision of eternity.

VISIONS OF ETERNITY.

Far, far away o'er the meadow,
Watching the sunset's glow,
List'ning to the songbirds chirping
To the night, sweet and low,
Oh there as the twilight shadows
Bid goodbye to the day,
How our souls go out in rapture
From tenements of clay.

For there in the dim seclusion
Of nature's magic hour,
A glorious beauty is revealed
Of God's most sacred pow'r.
A sublime myster'ous vision,
A halo from above,
Casting sunshine o'er the shadows
By virtue of His love.

LOVE IS THE FULFILLMENT.

Love is the fulfillment for God is love,
From Him all blessings flow,
Peace, truth and righteousness comes from above,
Deep in our hearts they grow;
The world is progressing, aye, slow but sure,
Time's ever on the wing;
A new day is dawning, born to endure,
Love, truth and peace will bring.

Love ruleth ever and all men will be,
Of one vast brotherhood,
Kingdoms are tot'ring far over the sea,
Yes, crumbling as they should,
God will be apparent the God of love,
All will know He is King,
The rule of right like the carrier dove
A message sweet will bring.



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