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# POEMS

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BY  
**ANNA M. PHILLEY**

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Class P. 150

Book 545

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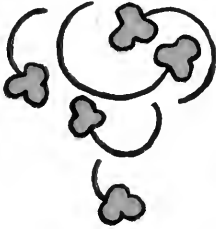
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# POEMS

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By  
ANNA M. PHILLEY

Fort Wayne, Indiana  
Fort Wayne Printing Company  
Publishers  
1916

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Dedicated to  
My Parents, My Teachers, My Pupils  
and a host of loyal friends



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## Author's Note

In sending forth this little book of verse, I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to the many friends who have made this publication possible.

Among those who have given me encouragement, inspiration and advice are my uncle, Mr. U. U. Miller, Mr. Louis Dessauer, Mr. Forbes Morrison, Mr. Blossom, Mr. John Wilding and Miss Lida Harper.

A. M. PHILLEY.





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## Foreword

What is poetry? The glint of the stars, the shimmer of the sunlight, the breath of the flowers, the songs of the birds, the chant of the winds, the whispering of innumerable voices by night and day, these some magician seizes and weaves into a song which stirs the fancy, kindles the imagination, wakens emotion, and with marvellous witchery sets the heart vibrating in harmony with the great world of life and nature. That is poetry, and the true poet is the friend and servant of all who travel in life's dusty ways. He uncovers springs at which way-faring men may drink. Blessed are they who are enabled thus to cheer and refresh their fellows! The messages of this little book will inspire gratitude and affection, because they help us to see a little more clearly the glory and the meaning of our common life.

J. F. VICHERT,  
Dean of Colgate Theological Seminary,  
Hamilton, New York.



---

## Illustrations

I've jes come home from town,  
Where I had my picture took.

—

Old, kindly faces are the best.

—

Methinks I see our kith and kin  
From hall and countryside.

—

And so you want a story?  
Little girl, little girl.

—

I think I'm very pretty  
From bonnet down to shoe.



---

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## Thoughts, Words, Deeds

If all the thoughts I've had today  
Should suddenly take shape, I pray  
How would I feel? What would I say?

If all the words that I have said  
Should wake to life from out the dead,  
Would they to love and truth be wed?

Of all the deeds which I have done  
From morn till eve, would there be one  
That I could feel His smile upon?

My thoughts, my words, my deeds, I trow  
I would not have the world to know,  
And yet He knows them all; and so—

Henceforth I'll strive to think aright,  
And speak the truth from morn till night,  
And do all things as in His sight.—

Amen!



---

## Thanksgivin' Day's A-Comin'

(To J. B. P.)

Thanksgivin' day's a-comin', and, O, my  
goodness me!

All the children an' the folks are tickled  
as can be!

Goin' to Gran'pa's—every one, from Papa  
down to Midget!

We can hardly wait the day, I jus' can't  
help but fidget!

Gran'pa'll hitch up Bob and Bill, an' they  
will come a-prancin'

'Way from Sunny Farm to here, an'  
that's why I'm a dancin'.

There'll be rows an' rows o' pies upon the  
pantry shelf—

An' dough-nuts, Um! an' cookies, too,  
where one can help hisself.

Out in the shed the walnuts are, an'  
apples in the cellar!

Oh, Gran'ma knows the way to treat a  
hungry city feller.

At dinner-time, there's turkey—Oh! an'  
ham, an' hasty-puddin',

An' cake, *fruit-cake*, an' all the rest,  
Oh, Gran'ma, she's a good'n'!



---

We all sit down and bow our heads while  
Gran'pa says the blessin'—  
An' tho' I ought not to, I know, I jus'  
can't keep from guessin'  
Which piece of turkey I will get, the  
drumstick or the gizzard—  
An' wonderin' if 'twill snow by night,  
or if there'll come a blizzard.

When Granpa's thro, he says, "Fall to,  
an' help yourselves"—an' landy!  
How the good things disappear from  
victuals down to candy.  
When dinner's thro', we stand an' sing, an'  
then comes fun an' frolic  
For all the folks that haven't got that  
pain they call "the colic."

Thanksgivin' day's a-comin, an' O, my  
goodness me!  
All the children and the folks are tickled  
as can be!  
Goin' to Gran'pa's—every one, from Papa  
down to Midget;  
We can hardly wait the day, I jus' can't  
help but fidget!



---

## An Accusing Wind Versus An Accusing Conscience

Grandmother's spectacles broken lay,  
And who was the guilty one, pray?—  
pray?

"It was not I," said little May;  
But the accusing wind was heard to say—  
"YOU—YOU—YOU—"  
Alas, alas, for little May.

A broken dish on the pantry shelf,  
And Bridget mutters to herself—  
"I'll say that Ned's the naughty elf,"  
To which the tell-tale wind replied  
"YOU—YOU—YOU—"

(Said Bridget—)  
"Faith, an' how did you know I lied?"

A name is forged; the money gone;  
The villain mutters, in undertone,  
"My heinous crime I'll never own."  
And then the wind made awful moan—  
"YOU—YOU—YOU—"  
And soon the world had known.





---

## A Quizzer

(A Spanish-American war reminiscence)

“Say, Papa, what did Dewey do  
That people called him great?”

“He took Manila folk by storm  
And sealed a nation’s fate.”

“Was Sampson son of Uncle Sam—  
The reason people rave?”

“Oh, no, my boy, he was the man  
Who did our squadron save.”

“Well, there’s the man that they call  
Schley,

How sly, Papa, was he?”

“Just sly enough, my little man,  
To set poor Cuba free.”

“And how about that Hobson, Pa?  
Was he old Hobbe’s boy,

The one we read about, you know,  
In ‘Little Fauntleroy’?”

“Young Hobson, he’s the man who sank  
The good ship Merrimac;

And bottled poor Cervera up  
Without an outward track.”

“Did Shafter build a mighty shaft  
To plunge the Spaniards through?”

“Keep still, my son, I’m reading now  
What next the ‘Powers’ will do.”



---

## Telling Her Fate

“Rich man, poor man,” Oh! dear me!  
Wonder what my fate will be?  
“Beggard-man, thief,” like as not  
Man of that sort will be my lot.

“Doctor, lawyer”—Oh! my eyes!  
Wouldn't I cause a great surprise,  
If a lawyer gay should come some day  
And take me as his bride away?

“Merchant, chief;” why, Charley Brown—  
Who knew you had come to town?  
Why do I blush? And what did I say?  
No matter; but say, Charley, say,

How are the folk at Sunny Farm?  
Poor as ever? That's no harm,  
Riches sometimes wings will take  
And a poor man quickly make

Of him whose heart's a mine of gold!  
What's that you say? The farm is sold?  
Struck it rich in oil? And you,  
Rich as any wandering Jew?

Name the day? Why, Charley Brown,  
Is this why you came to town?  
My heart's been yours a year or more—  
Say, why didn't you ask before?

“Rich man, poor man, beggard-man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief;”  
“Rich man, poor man,” both in one,  
Happiest girl under the sun!



---

## A Coincidence

He said, "I beg your pardon;"  
Said she, "'Tis granted, sir."  
Thus they addressed each other  
A-meeting on the stair.

He waited till she passed him  
And then looked back to smile.  
And she? Well, she did likewise—  
And turned about the while.

Her smile grew into laughter,  
And he, yes, he laughed too;  
Oh, no, they were not flirting,  
That they would never do!

For he—he was a parson,  
And she a spinster old,  
And neither would be guilty  
Of act so rude or bold.

Then why this burst of laughter?  
The cause I'll now unfold;  
Because they each were wearing  
A simple card marked "SOLD"—

Pinned on by some small urchin  
Who shouted "APRIL FOOL!"  
Then dashed around the corner  
And soon was lost in school.



---

## Autumn's Prophet

(To E. A. K. H.)

Do you hear that pesky locust  
A whettin' up 'is wings?  
He's gittin' ready fer to saw  
That raspin' song he sings

About the fall a comin'  
When trees is loaded down,  
An' barns is nigh to bustin'  
Afore the hungry town

Gits their share o' the harvest,  
An' all that sort o' thing,—  
He knows what he's a-sayin',  
Jes' listen to 'im sing.

I like to shet my eyes up tight  
An' hear 'im prophesy  
About the frost that nips the leaves  
An' makes 'em look pret-nigh

As if a painter'd tuk 'is brush  
An' gin 'em all a dash  
O' red and yaller, pink and brown,  
All in one mighty splash!

An' then it 'pears like's if I hear  
The cider gurglin' through  
The press all heaped with apples  
So red and juicy, too.



---

An' then I listen clost an' hear  
The fodder rustlin' like  
When huskin'-bees is ripe, you know;  
Oh, it's a pretty sight

To see the fellers an' their gals  
All settin' in a row,  
A-rippin' off the ragged husks  
The yaller corn to show.

An' as his song clean dies away  
I hold my breath a spell,  
To hear the cows a-comin' home  
An' gather round the well.

An' as the sun slips down the west  
A-turnin' day to night—  
The crickets, one by one, jine in  
An' sing with all their might.

Hark! there's that sassy Katy-did  
A-puttin' in *her* say,—  
It aint exactly *musical*;  
But I dunno, some-way,

I wouldn't change a single note  
O' the lazy, wheezy tune,  
Fer tho' it's sad an' lonesome like  
An' wouldn't do fer *June*,  
It sort o' seems to fit the *fall*,  
An' I'd feel kind o' queer,  
If the locust an' his chorus  
Didn't come 'bout onct a year.



---

# The Story of Kernel Korn

(To M. P. S.)

'Twas at a Korn Konvention  
A Kernel rose and said:  
"Please give me your attention"—  
That moment he dropped dead!

This caused a great commotion,  
As you may well surmise,  
Then some one made a motion—  
And tears were in his eyes—

"Since our beloved Kernel  
Has died, I move that he  
Be laid in gardens vernal  
His epitaph to be:

"Here lies a loving brother,  
His name was Kernel Korn.  
He was so like his mother,  
And we are left forlorn."

Thus Kernel Korn was planted;  
And was he mourned as dead?  
Not so, he grew and *multiplied*,  
And hungry mortals fed.







*My Auntie bought this bonnet,  
She bought my new frock, too!  
I think I'm very pretty,  
From bonnet down to shoe.*



---

Dame Shulze—in whose green garden  
The Kernel had been laid,  
Saw *little* Korns a-coming,  
And to herself she said:

“Our church needs cash so badly—  
A dollar I must give;  
I’ll pop these little Kernels  
And *sell* them, as I live!”

Forthwith the Korn descendants  
Were placed within a popper,  
Then rolled in balls, and sold were they,  
By Madam Shulze’s daughter.

---

## Happy

My auntie bought this bonnet,  
She bought this new frock, too;  
I’m sure I’m very pretty  
From bonnet down to shoe.

I’m going to the city  
With my big brother Jack  
Who’ll buy me *lots* of candy,  
And pop-corn in a sack.



---

## Only a Shut-in

(To M. G. S.)

Only a shut-in! but I can pray  
For the millions of souls that suffer today,  
For the legions of toilers now on their way.  
Only a shut-in! but I can pray.

Only a shut-in! but I can weep  
With the countless thousands who this  
day keep,  
Watch o'er their loved ones forever asleep.  
Only a shut-in! but I can weep.

Only a shut-in! but I can smile  
At the little crosses I bear the while,  
For no sorrows enter that Blessed Isle.  
Only a shut-in! but I can smile.

Only a shut-in! but I can dream  
Of the wondrous beauties as yet un-seen;  
Of the streets so broad in their silver  
sheen.  
Only a shut-in! but I can dream.



---

Only a shut-in! but I can sing  
Of our blessed Lord, of our risen King,  
Of the day when His ransomed *home* He'll  
bring.

Only a shut-in! but I can sing.

Only a shut-in! but I can do  
Numberless things that will help me and  
you,

Beautiful deeds that are noble and true;  
Only a shut-in! but I can do.

Only a shut-in! but still I'm glad  
I may love the children neglected and sad,  
And the men and women the world deems  
bad.

Only a shut-in! but still I'm glad.

---

## My Sweetheart

My sweetheart?  
His eyes are of the brown,  
His heart is of the true,  
His hair is of the gold,  
I love him—yes, I do.  
Such a dear little man;  
But I *won't tell—who!*



---

## A Washington Party

(To Margaret M.)

I'm dressed for a Washington party,  
And I'm going, too, I am,  
With big brother Nate, and good sister  
Kate,  
And jolly old Uncle Sam.

I'm an ancient colonial dame,  
And my gown is ancient, see?  
I can court'sy low,  
And move so slow,  
You would hardly know 'twas *me*.

We shall dance the "Old Minuet"  
That grandma danced long ago;  
My little friend Sue and her brother  
Hugh  
Will lead in the march, just so.

Brother Nate is so *proud* of me,  
He's going to wear *wonderful* clothes;  
A swell velvet coat, made in days remote,  
Buckled shoes, and *real silk hose*.



---

And he's going to dance *first* with *me*,  
For I'm his *Martha* you know;  
And he will be *George*, so handsome and  
large  
I can hardly wait to go.

Uncle Sam, in his red, white and blue,  
Will be sister *Kate's* ancient beau;  
She'll court'sy sweet, he'll bow so neat,  
And off in the dance they'll go.

Hark! that's *Nate* a-calling me, so  
You'll kindly excuse me now;  
Here are kisses for all, for the great and  
the small,  
And a stately minuet bow.

---

## My Physicians Three

To my physicians three.  
Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
To thee I sing.  
Faith helps me do the right,  
Hope leads me to the Light,  
Love guides me by His might,  
Jehovah—King!



---

## Sixty Years

(To my father and mother)

In days when we were younger, dear,  
Than we two are tonight,  
When life was all before us twain,  
And everything seemed bright,  
Ere sorrow knew our dwelling-place,  
And joy was ours alone,  
We stood to take our marriage vows  
In that dear place called home.

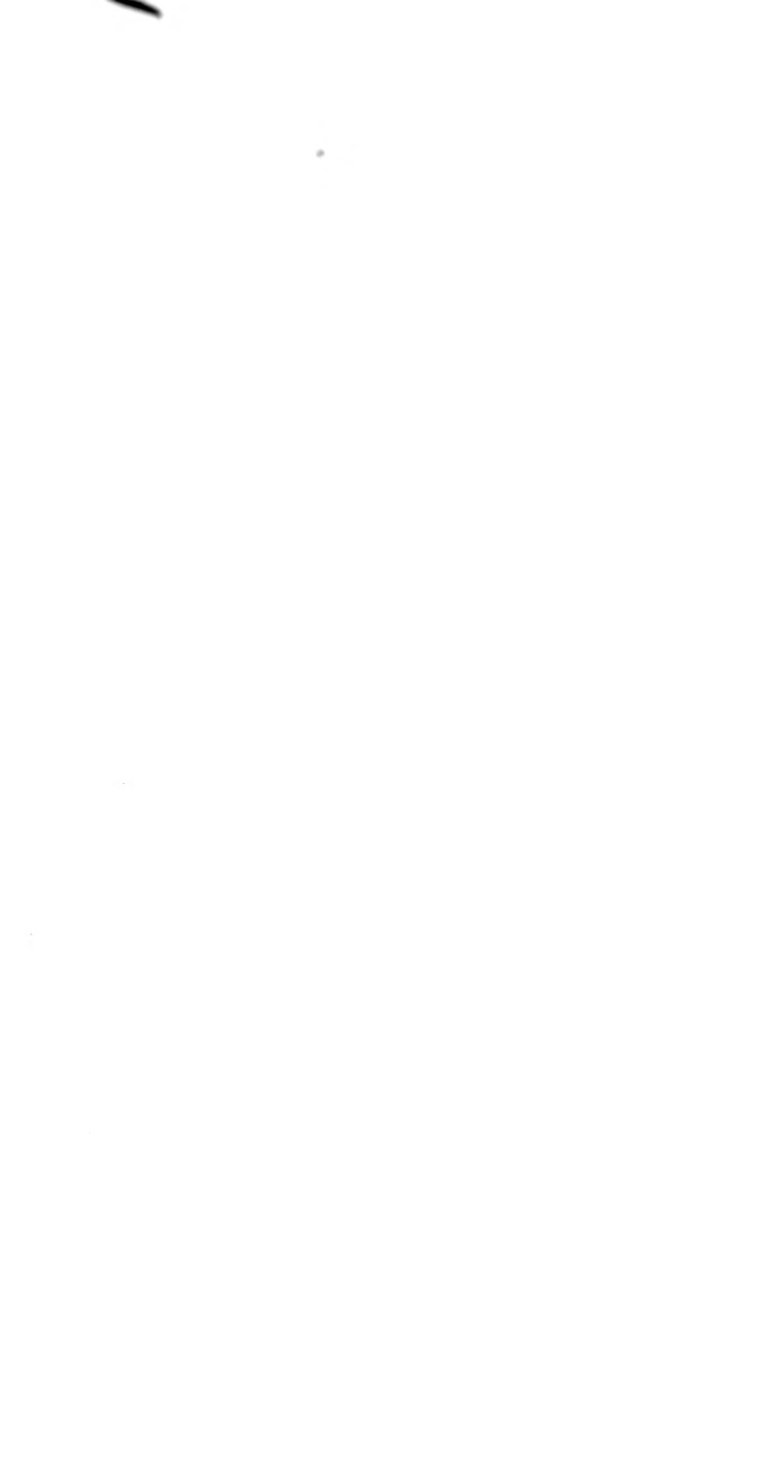
Methinks I see our kith and kin,  
From hall and country-side,  
Assembled in that sacred room  
Where I was made your bride;  
And some were gay and some were sad  
As solemnly and slow  
You led me to the altar—just sixty years  
ago!

And as the pastor said the words  
That made us man and wife,  
And prayed God's benediction  
Might upon us rest thro' life,  
We felt a rare new happiness  
That came like morning dew,  
Or manna in the desert place,  
As strange as it was new.





*Methink I see our kith and kin,  
From hall and country side,  
Assembled in that sacred room  
Where I was made your bride;  
And some were gay, and some were sad,  
As, solemnly and slow,  
You led me to the altar there,  
Just sixty years ago.*





---

Then followed greetings of our friends—

The old folk and the young,  
As with one voice all joy they wished,  
The wedding hymn was sung;  
And thus another bark was launched  
Upon the tide of years,  
And joy and pain were mingled  
And smiles gave way to tears.

Oh, could we see those faces here,  
That graced that festal board,  
And hear familiar voices sweet,  
That now no more are heard,  
We'd gladly bid farewell to time,  
And live that season o'er,  
When life was one long holiday  
And we cared naught for more.

Old, kindly faces are the best,  
And still love the new;  
But could we change things for tonight,  
Just bring before our view  
The homely scenes that once we loved,  
Just be as we were then,  
Would we be happy, do you think?  
Or would we wonder when



---

Our ship with all its promised freight,  
    Would cross life's ocean wide  
And bring to us that longed-for *peace*  
    For which all men have sighed?  
And yet which few have e'er attained,  
    Because we fain would be  
Some other-where than where we are,  
    For that's humanity.

Perhaps we'd better be content  
    With blessings as they come;  
So as the added years creep on  
    Let's pray, "Thy will be done,"  
For well we know His will is best  
    In great things and in small.  
And that His love is infinite,  
    Who ruleth over all.

---

## Victoria

(To N. D. W. V.)

Victoria's hills are bonnie,  
    Victoria's skies are blue—  
'Twas there I met my laddie,  
    My laddie tried and true.  
My laddie tried and true,  
    Who luv'd me then as noo,  
And for my bonnie laddie,  
    I'd live, yes die, for you!





*And when the pastor said the words  
That made us man and wife,  
And prayed God's benediction  
Might upon us rest thro' life,  
We felt a rare new happiness  
That came like morning dew,  
Or manna in the desert place—  
As rare as it was new.*



---

## The Other Day

(In memory of Addie Davis Stone, who died  
March 25, 1898)

The other day in childish glee,  
She prattled at her mother's knee.  
In happy, gladsome, winsome ways,  
She served to brighten all our days,  
The other day.

The other day, young girlhood's dreams  
Shone thro' her eyes in gentle gleams,  
For Love came by with subtle wile  
And took her captive by his smile,  
The other day.

The other day a happy bride,  
We saw her at her lover's side.  
And all the world was then aglow  
And life was joyous here below  
The other day.

The other day, a mother's joy  
'Twas hers to know; a darling boy  
Was sent to brighten her sweet home,  
And help to make "His Kingdom come"  
The other day.

The other day 'twas her delight  
Again to welcome to the light  
A little soul,—her legacy—  
Just left to comfort you and me,  
The other day.



---

The other day God called her home  
To be with Him and ne'er to roam.  
'Twas hard for us to see her die—  
'Twas hard, alas, to say, "Goodbye—"  
The other day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some other day we hope to meet—  
This loved one gone, at Jesus' feet,  
And bring her jewels sweet and fair—  
To deck the crown that she shall wear,  
Some other day.

---

## Ye Thanksgiving Menu

Mashed potatoes and turkey hot,  
Bread and butter and cheese,  
Escalloped oysters and cranberry sauce,  
And more as good as these.  
Chicken salad, and olives, and corn,  
Ham,—and *pumpkin pie!*  
Apples, and grapes, and hickory-nuts,  
And cocoa-nut cake, Oh, my!  
Yes and stomach-cake (ache) too  
Will be sandwiched in between  
With fruit and coffee and "toasts,"  
And then we'll have *ice cream!*



---

## Among the Stuff

(1st Samuel, 10-22)

As a beautiful butterfly folding its wings  
And suspending itself 'mid the branches,  
Appeareth like unto a leaf

As it sways to and fro in the sunlight:  
Thus concealing itself from the eye of him  
Who might seek it.—

Or as the cunning blue heron,  
(Pursued by the vigilant hunter)  
Pointing its beak toward the heavens—  
Its wings and its tail drooping earth-  
ward—

Seemeth to be but a rush—  
Standing 'mong rushes so mutely—  
Even so Saul, son of Kish,  
When sought of the Lord as a ruler,  
Foolishly hid 'mong the stuff.

Oh, brother mine, are you hiding  
Behind your firkins of butter,  
Behind your counter of dry goods,  
Your desk, your chisel, your anvil?  
May not the Lord say of *you*,—  
“Behold, he hath hid 'mong the stuff.”  
Today he calleth for *kings*,  
Who, like Saul, are stalwart and manly;  
To stand even now 'mong the people,  
And teach them the fear of the Lord.



---

And you my sister belovéd,  
Are the manifold cares of the household,  
The worries and flurries of fashion—  
That beset this century's Marthas—  
Now dulling your ears to his call?  
Oh, hear! for *queens* he is calling,  
Mothers, wives, sisters and daughters,  
Who from the duties of home-life,  
Of office or study or schoolroom,  
Find yet a time, as did Mary,  
To sit at the feet of the Lord,  
Learning from him the sweet lessons of  
love,  
Of love and of patient endurance.

---

## Ode to the Tube Rose

Within my hand a flower I hold,  
Whose language is, "Dangerous Pleas-  
ures"—  
But its fragrance is so pure and sweet  
I think I'll keep it 'mong my treasures.  
And though it fade and wilt away,  
Losing its fragrance and its flashes,  
Fond memory'll come and hover o'er  
And cherish still its scentless ashes.

---





---

## 'Mongst the Hills of Syracuse

(To C. C. B.)

'Mongst the hills of Syracuse,  
With my fancies running loose,  
Wish I were a-wand'ring still,  
Whither-will, yes, whither-will.

Wish that I could roam once more,  
Climbing, climbing, o'er and o'er  
'Mongst the sumach all aglow;  
Rocks; and rills that rudely flow.

How 'twould rest a soul like me  
Just to wander aimlessly;  
Just to breathe—with no excuse—  
'Mongst the hills of Syracuse.

Now in mem'ry all the scenes  
Come before me as in dreams.  
Birds in shrubs, and birds in trees,  
Swaying in sweet-scented breeze.

Then the city in the vale,  
In the smoky light grows pale;  
Church-towers pierce the sunset sky  
Growing blacker by and by.

Yes, 'twould rest a soul like me  
Just to wander aimlessly,  
Just to breathe—with no excuse—  
'Mongst the hills of Syracuse.



---

## “We’ve Been to the ‘Sociation”

(Uncle Ephraim Smith’s Testimony)

We’ve been to the ‘sociation—  
    Wife an’ me—  
A hearin’ ‘bout the churches,  
    Don’t you see?  
What they’re doin’, what they ain’t,  
Fer the sinner an’ the saint;  
    It’s a mighty interestin’  
    Place to be.

I allowed, jes’ as we started—  
    Her an’ me—  
That they couldn’t teach us nothin’,  
    No, sir-ee!  
For we’ve lived on this ‘ere sphere  
Well nigh onto seventy year,  
    An’ we hed our sheer o’ learnin’,  
    Her an’ me.

Well, we got there bright and airly  
    On that day,  
‘Cause the folks that lives the furthest—  
    So they say—  
Allus gits to church on time,  
Be it rain, er be it shine,  
    Er a-freezin’ er a-thawin’  
    As it may.



---

Sakes! I wisht I jes' could tell you  
All we heered;  
But you wouldn't quite believe it,  
I'm a-feared,  
'Cause it sounds most like a story,  
Why, you feel like shoutin'—"Glory!"  
Right in meetin'; but you dassent  
'Cause you're skeered.

Now we thought we give to missions—  
Me an' Kate—  
Fer we allus put a dollar  
On the plate  
When they pass it, onc't a year,  
Fer them heathen that aint here—  
I b'lieve they call 'em "furrin,"  
Don't they, Kate?

An' then onc't agin for them folks  
Here to home,  
Who air heathen, but don't know it;  
Yet are prone  
To see the fault of others,  
Their sisters an' their brothers,  
That don't do jes's they'd orter  
Here to home.

But about that school at Franklin,  
That's the best;  
Why, there aint a school quite like it  
East er west!  
Leastwise that's the way they spoke,  
An' we knowed it warn't no joke,  
Fer they never laughed er nothin'—  
That's the test.



---

There's a man that they call Carr—  
Dun know why,  
Les' it's 'cause he makes things go  
Pretty spry.  
He haint go no engine look,  
But he knows things like a book,  
He 'twas told us 'bout this college,  
Her an' I.

No, our boys hev growed to manhood,  
Gals the same—  
That is, they hev swappd their girlhood  
Fer a name.  
One hes changed the Smith to Brown,  
T'other's gone to live in town  
With her man (of some renown),  
Peter Blaine.

So we can't send them to college,  
Can we dear?  
But we're not swamped so easy,  
Fer see here;  
We've grandchildren, a host,  
A round dozen we kin boast,  
An' we'll send them—least an' most—  
Won't we dear?

Now I'll tell you in concludin'  
(Pert-nigh through)  
That we make a good investment,  
Me an' you,  
When we help to ejuicate  
Boys and girls for Jesus' sake,  
An' we'll git our pay in heaven,  
Me an' you.



---

## Greetings to Pastor Henson

One day we say, "Farewell!"  
The next we bid, "Good morrow."  
We come, we go;  
Yet well we know  
That every thrill of joy  
Must meet its throb of sorrow.

To one we say "Goodbye,"  
With trembling voice and tearful,  
And one we greet  
With welcome sweet  
Our faces wreathed in smiles,  
Our voices glad and cheerful.

Here past and present join,  
The shadow changed to shining.  
The future bright,  
Dawns on our sight,  
And clouds no more we see,  
Instead the silver lining.

'Tis no unbidden guest,  
We hail with salutation;  
But pastor, friend,  
Whom God doth lend  
Awhile, to share our joys,  
And offer consolation.



---

Then welcome to our church,  
Our Zion "hill surrounded."  
The young, the old,  
Of this thy fold  
Do now a greeting bring,  
Our love to you unbounded.

Our city welcome brings,  
And says, with hand extended,  
"Your prayers I crave,  
My youth to save;  
From sin's seducing charms,  
Pray thou they be defended."

Our own B. Y. P. U.,  
The child of our affection,  
Would now salute,  
In language mute,  
The one who holds her dear,  
And strives for her protection.

And now the Juniors come,  
With loyal hearts and loving,  
They bring sweet flowers,  
To cheer the hours,  
Their gratitude to show,  
Their love for you thus proving.



---

Unitedly we stand  
To give you Christian greeting.  
The weak, the strong,  
A valiant throng,  
Their willing service pledge,  
At this initial meeting.

Long may you live  
To tell the gospel story.  
May it be ours,  
To see thy powers  
Increase from day to day,  
From glory unto glory.

As weeks advance to months,  
The months to years progressing,  
May we still stand,  
A faithful band,  
Round him whom God hath sent,  
Then we may claim His blessing.

---

## Evangeline

(To C. B. F.)

Evangeline, Evangeline,  
God bless my dear Evangeline,  
God keep her pure as are her flowers,  
God shield her thro' the darksome hours,  
Evangeline, Evangeline.  
God bless my dear Evangeline.



---

## The Seasons

When "Spring, Etherial Maiden," comes,  
Decked in her gown of daintiest green,  
With sprays of pink and lavender,  
Swayed in the sunshine's shimmering  
sheen,

We say—

And honestly we say it—  
Of all the seasons of the year,  
Spring is to us the one most dear.  
She is the fairest of the fair,  
And breathes a fragrance rich and rare.  
Yes, Spring, of seasons, is the queen,  
The sweetest maiden ever seen,

We say—

And honestly we say it.

Then Summer, dignified and calm,  
Steps on the throne, and Spring steps down,  
A richer green and lavender  
In folds and frills of queenly gown.

We say—

And truthfully we say it—  
Of all the seasons of the four  
Sweet Summer pleases more and more.  
She is so stately, but not proud,  
Tho' not all sunshine—yet a cloud  
May lend true beauty—yes, my dear,  
Sweet Summer's fairest of the year,

We say—

And truthfully we say it.





---

Next, somber Autumn mounts the throne,  
All dressed in robe of richest brown,  
A dash of yellow, then of red,  
And on her brow a beauty frown.

We say—

And stoutly, too, we say it—  
Tho' Autumn's sad, she's very dear;  
She comes to us just once a year,  
All laden down with fruitage rare,  
Which she so willingly doth share.  
Yes, Summer's sweet, and Spring is fair,  
But Autumn! None with her compare!

We say—

And stoutly, too, we say it.

Then hoary Winter, all in white,  
Majestically the scepter wields,  
While every subject, graciously,  
To him a subject's homage yields.

We say—

And proudly now we say it—  
Tho Winter's cold, aye, and severe,  
We never doubt that he's sincere.  
Most feelingly he doth persuade  
That Winter old must be obeyed.  
Yes, we love Summer, Spring, and Fall,  
But dear old Winter best of all!

We say—

And proudly now we say it.



---

## “Nineteen Beautiful Years”

(In Memory of Walter)

“Nineteen beautiful years!”

How spent?

Loving, giving; giving, loving.

Just lent

To us for a while

To brighten our home,

And kindle a smile,

Then leaves us alone.

“Nineteen beautiful years!”

So sweet!

Sowing, reaping; reaping, sowing.

Complete

Is the harvest yield;

No tares are found

In this fertile field,

No untilled ground.

“Nineteen beautiful years!”

And then?

Sighing, parting; parting, sighing.

Oh, when

Shall these partings cease,

And we find that rest,

And that longed-for peace

That awaits the blest?



---

“Nineteen beautiful years!”

And now—

Singing, praising; praising, singing.

Oh, how

Dare we wish him here,

Where pain and sin,

And where doubt and fear

May enter in.

“Nineteen beautiful years!”

Now there

Resting, waiting; waiting, resting.

He's where

Partings never come,

Sighing is not known,

Living just begun

In that “Home; sweet home.”



---

## Thirteen Years of Service

(To Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Northrop)

Thirteen years of service!  
How sweet to serve for Him.  
Thirteen years of pleading  
With souls to "enter in."  
And all these years  
Through smiles and tears  
Out trust in God has been.

Thirteen years of hoping!  
It seems but *days* to be,  
Thirteen years of praying  
That men their Lord may see;  
But all the while  
The Savior's smile  
Has said: "Hope thou in Me."

Thirteen years of waiting!  
Yet some have failed to hear.  
Thirteen years of sowing,  
And harvest-time draws near.  
Lord, if we may  
We'll lead today  
These souls Thyself to fear.



---

Thirteen years of weeping  
With those God called to weep.  
Thirteen years rejoicing,  
With those whose joy's complete,  
We laughed, we sighed,  
Nor e'er denied,  
Christ's sympathy so sweet.

Thirteen years of loving  
And being loved as well.  
Thirteen years! Oh, dear ones,  
The old, old story tell,  
Till all the fold,  
The young, the old,  
Shall hear the "Gospel Bell."

Thirteen years of service!  
Now to another field.  
Thirteen years! Oh, Father!  
Help us our all to yield;  
To live for Thee,  
To die, may be  
For Christ, our "Sun and Shield."



---

## God's Best Gifts

We cannot eat a diamond,  
Nor yet an opal drink;  
A silver dollar gives not breath,  
Nor can it make us think.

The *rarest* things are not the *best*  
He gives to you and me;  
But those of which we have the most  
That come so full, so free.

He giveth his beloved *sleep*  
Oh, blessing rich and rare!  
That comes to young and old alike,  
The child, and man of care.

When Hunger comes with visage gaunt,  
And knocks at your dark door,  
Will *jewels* rare suffice your need?  
Do you not ask for more?

And when your lips are parched with  
thirst,  
Naught can that thirst allay  
But water pure; and *free* as pure,  
Just water, day by day.



---

Man does not know the worth of *air*  
Until in some dark cave,  
He prays the Lord for just a breath  
His ebbing life to save.

Have you a place that you call *home*,  
That shields from cold and heat?  
What in exchange would you accept?  
Is there a spot more sweet?

Hence, *God's best gifts* are those that *all*  
May have, and have them *free*.  
Not all the wealth this old world holds  
Can rob us—you and me!

And so, my friend, let *gratitude*  
For these *best gifts* be ours.  
Let's *thank* Him then for all He sends  
Of sun, and shade, and showers.



---

## Uncle Urben's Story

And so you want a story,  
Little girl, little girl!  
What shall it be about,  
Little girl, little girl!  
"About my flock o' sheep?"  
Very well, little girl,  
Very well.

I had a flock o' sheep,  
And they cried,—“Bah! Bah!”  
From morning until eve  
They just cried,—“Bah! Bah!”

I led them into pastures green,  
And near the brook to drink,  
I shielded them from howling wolves,  
All danger—so I think—  
But they cried,—Bah! Bah!  
From morning until eve,  
They just cried,—Bah! Bah!  
From morning until eve.

One day a burly Indian chief  
In all his paint and feathers—  
Surrounded by his loyal aids,  
(And 'twas the *worst* of weathers)  
Demanded that the flock be *his*,  
That I my rights surrender.  
I sat upon my pony's back,—







*And so you want a story,  
Little girl, little girl!  
What shall it be about,  
Little girl, little girl!  
About my flock o' sheep?  
Very well, little girl,  
Very well.*



---

My faithful dog, remember,  
Was showing white, his glist'ning teeth,  
His sleek coat all a-bristle. -  
"What did *I* do?" My little girl,  
I breathed a long, low whistle,  
And soon my faithful dog and I  
With Pony sped away  
Into the canyon gray and cold,  
The canyon cold and gray.  
I never saw my sheep again  
I never heard their bleat,  
And that's the reason I came home  
To see you—Marguerite.

I'll never shepherd sheep again,  
I'll never list their bleating,—  
"Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!"  
Their sad and dreary bleating!  
"Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!"  
Their awful, lonely bleating!

---

## Satisfied

I'm jes' come home from town,  
Where I had my picture took,  
The pho-to-graph-er-man he said:  
"Now this way, sonny, look!"  
I looked, an' Jim-i-nee!  
I saw a *bumble-bee!*  
An' 'fore I knowed it, why—  
"Your picture's *took,*" said he.



---

## Dedicating the Parsonage

(To Dr. and Mrs. L. L. Henson)

An' so you'd like to hear, you say,  
About the parsonage—the way  
'Twas opened up fer show that day?  
    Waal, how shall I begin?  
'Twas New Years,—got that down? An'  
    we  
(My wife, son John, his wife, an' me)  
Concluded that we'd go to see  
    This place so neat an' trim.

Fer we'd invested quite a sum  
So that our preacher'ed hev a hum  
Where he an' his an' all could come  
    An feel they had a right.  
John teched a button on the door,  
An' it flew open fer us four,  
Then some one said "Up stairs," no *more*,  
    An' so we made the flight.

Them carpets that we tramped upon  
Wuz soft an' green as this here lawn  
Is, when warm spring days is come  
    Er lazy days o' June.  
It tuk me back to our old farm,  
Where free from care, an' free from harm,  
We sniffed the breezes sweet an' warm,  
    An' heered the blue-birds sing.





*I've jes' come home from town,  
Where I had my picture took.*



---

Two pretty girls up stairs we met,  
Who helped us off our wraps to get,  
(I shet my eyes an' see 'em yet)

An' then we hurried down.

The parson met us at the stair,  
His wife, too, an' more folks wuz there  
A-askin' of us—"how we air?"

An' "when we come to town?"

An' after we hed talked a bit—  
About the house, an' all in it,  
The weather, an' the books that's writ,

An' some more talk like this—

A lady asked us—would we see  
The dinin' room an' hev some tea  
Er coffee! An' John, says, says he:—

"We've been to dinner, Miss."

But she jes' walked us out perlite,  
An' when we got there sech a sight  
O' prettiness we saw! You might  
Go north 'n south, 'n east 'n west;  
Yes, sir, you might, an' back again,  
'N not see sech a home-like-ness. An'  
when

They give us that ice-cream, why then  
We et it like the rest.



---

Why, them 'ere girls 'at passed the things  
Jes' moved about zif they hed wings!

An' pretty soon one o' them sings—

Will you hev a waifer?

A *way* fer *what*, I says, says I;

An' then John's wife, says she, "Oh, my!",

An' corse I knowed I'd done it. "Why?"

Couldn't a told ye nuther.

But I can't see how I'm to know  
About these things folks eat fer *show*.

Yes, I s'pose they'll call me "slow"—

Well, so is "Uncle Sam."

But I know *now*. It's a thing you *eat*,

An' it snaps like crackers, but is sweet,

An' long, an' slim, an' it takes a heap

To feed a hungry man.

"The parsonage?" I most forgot

Where I wuz at. Well, it is what

I'd call a pretty home; a spot

Where love an' comfort air.

The house is built real strong an' good,

An' finished off with hard, oak wood;

An' made to stand (at least it could)

A heap o' wear an' tear."





---

“L. L. Henson, Attorney at Law,”  
This sign on the study-wall we saw;  
It puzzled me, an’ puzzled maw.

Say, now can *you* explain?

“He used to be a lawyer,”—Oh!  
Well, I am glad this fact to know;  
An’ that’s how he learned to *argy* so,  
An’ t’ gain his p’int.” I want to know!

Well, now I see it *plain*.

Yes, “Deacon Bowser” wuz on hand,  
An’ “Trustee Wort,” I understand.  
An’ “Carter” found the lay o’ land,  
Escorted by his wife.

“John Ferguson” he wuz there too,  
An’ that big man they call “La Rue.”  
If I should name them *all* to you,  
’T would take me all my life.

Well, no, not quite; but then you see  
It wuz a good big company  
Of folks that hed a pedigree,  
An’ them as has it not.  
Lawyers, doctors, there I saw;  
Merchants, blacksmiths, well—Oh, pshaw!  
When you go home, you ask your paw,  
Fer *he* wuz ’mong the lot.



---

“You must be goin’?” Well, good-bye,  
An’ when you write this up, jest try  
To make it sound’s tho’ ’twant I  
A-tellin’ of it—see?  
'Cause grammar’s somethin’ I dunno,  
You fix it up to sound as tho’  
A *real born* writer wrote it so,  
An’ not one sech as me.

---

## Oh, Brother Mine, Come Home

Oh, brother mine, come home,  
You’re sad, and weary and lone;  
And you long for Him  
Who can free from sin  
And make you pure within.  
Oh, brother mine—come home, come  
home,  
Oh, brother mine, come home,  
Oh, brother mine, come home.

Oh, brother mine, come home,  
The way seems dark I know;  
But One who loves you  
Waits to welcome  
Welcome home his own.  
He’s loved you long, He loves you still,  
Oh, brother mine, come home,  
Oh, brother mine, come home.



---

## On the Fence

Yes, old man, I'm on the fence,  
Been there fer a week;  
'Ceptin' nights an' meal-time, sir,  
When I eat an' sleep.

No, we haven't quarreled, Jim,—  
Me an' Kate,—not we;  
For when we got married, we  
Promised to agree.

An' so we dassen't quarrel;  
But we're mighty mum,  
Fer ye see we're cleanin' house  
Over to our hum.

Wife's a gentle critter, sir,  
Year in an' year out,  
Only when she's cleanin' house;  
Then, why then, she'll pout.

At the least false move I make,  
Why I hardly know  
Where to set, er lay, er stand,  
Er jes' where to go!



---

If I speak up<sup>a</sup> peart an' say:  
"Kate, this grub is good"—  
Like as not she'll up and say,  
"Here, git me some wood!"

If I say the weather's *fine*,  
Guess I'll take a trip;  
She'll say in her sassy way;  
"Better get a whip

An' beat carpets fer a spell;  
Exercise your bones!"  
That's the way she talks to me,  
In them very tones!

I can't even *sleep* in peace,  
Fer jis' like as not  
Fer a bed-feller I'll hev  
Some old coffee-pot.

Fer things gets all skew-hawed, from  
Dawn till set of sun.  
So I set here on the fence  
Till the cleanin's done.



---

## The Cross-Bearing Christ

The cross-bearing Christ,  
Have you seen Him?  
That strange "Man of Sorrows" who came  
To bear on his shoulders your burden,  
To lift *you* from sin and from shame?

The cross-bearing Christ,  
Do you know Him?  
Who left the bright mansions above  
To come down to earth-life so lowly,  
That sinners might know of God's love?

The cross-bearing Christ,  
Did you hear Him?  
As hanging upon the cursed tree,  
He pleaded,—“Oh, Father, forgive  
them—”  
He did it for *you* and for *me*.

The cross-bearing Christ,  
Do you feel now  
The warmth of His great loving heart  
As gently He draws you now to Him?  
Oh, do not say to him, “Depart!”

The cross-bearing Christ,  
Can you doubt Him  
Who gave up all heaven for you?  
Fling doubts to the wind and *surrender*—  
'Tis all that He asks you to do.



---

The cross-bearing Christ,  
How we love Him—  
We who've tested His love, o'er and o'er—  
We bear now our cross with rejoicing  
For He giveth strength, more and more.

---

## Gone To Rest.

---

[In memory of Grandpa Beaver, who  
died June 25th, 1881, aged 84 years.]

Another Grandpa's gone to rest,  
'Neath Linden's sod;  
Another spirit 'mong the blest,  
At home with God.

Another laborer's work is done,  
And so complete.  
Another weary race is run,  
Rest! tired feet.

Another gloomy new-made grave,  
So cold and still;  
Another room and vacant chair  
That none can fill.



---

Another grandma left to mourn,  
Her loss so great;  
Another soul by angels borne  
To heaven's gate.

Another class is now bereft  
Of teacher true;  
Another face is still in death,  
We loved to view.

Another sad farewell is said  
By loved ones here;  
Another numbered with the dead,  
To us so dear.

Another song by Angels sung  
Around God's throne;  
Another endless life begun,  
In that "Sweet Home."

Another death, another life,  
The story's old;  
Another cross, another crown,  
A harp of gold.

















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