

POEMS  
AND  
SONGS

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GEM



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To my Mother and Father,  
the Guardians of my Youth,  
the Inspiration of my Manhood,  
this Book  
Is Lovingly Dedicated.

T. C. C.

If but one verse of mine shall know not death,  
If but one simple song be loved for aye,  
Then shall I thank the God who gave me breath  
For verse and song, though all else pass away.

## THE WAY THAT LEADS BACK HOME.

OUT from the noisy town it leads,  
Where malice and deceit are rife;  
Out from the realm where pride is queen,  
Where men contend in heartless strife.  
No voice disturbs the quietness  
Which thrills me as again I roam  
By flowery fields, a boy again,  
And seek the way that leads back home.

Thr robin choir glad welcome gives,  
Clear calling in their lofts of green;  
The melody of singing brooks  
Is mingled with the summer sheen.  
'Mid quiet vales my way leads on,  
Through aisles of emerald and chrome,  
Foretelling joys soon to be mine,—  
For 'tis the way that leads back home.

Let those who will, leave homely paths  
To find heart's ease in lands afar;  
Let those who will, contentment seek  
On rolling sea, 'neath alien star;  
But give to me, I humbly ask,  
The joy I know as, through the gloam,  
I turn from all the world can give  
To seek the way that leads back home.

## THE HOME IN THE HILLS.



WAYWORN and weary, my life all dreary,  
Ceaseless I wander the darkened world o'er;  
My soul is sighing, my heart is crying  
O for that homeland of yore.

Refrain.

Lonely I wander, hither and yonder,  
Sorrow my heart ever fills;  
My soul is yearning, my heart is turning  
Back to that home in the hills.

Skies e'er were cheery, days ne'er were dreary,  
Gleamed the bright sunshine the happy day through;  
There dwelt my mother, there played my brother  
Out in the daisies and dew.

Heart, cease thy aching; heart, cease thy breaking;  
God to His children must ever be true;  
Cease thy sad yearning, there's a returning  
Homeward, in heaven's bright blue!

## DREAMING.



AS I sit alone in the friendly light  
Of the glowing fire, the fiendish night  
Slinks far away; and to fancy's sight  
There comes a vision of distant years;  
For the fairies of dreams bear me far away  
To the happy realms whence I went astray  
To tread the paths, 'neath the skies all gray,  
Of Grown-up Land, by the River Tears.

I follow again, as in olden days,  
The old home road, the shady ways,  
And whistle, unthinking, my young heart's praise  
To Him who made heaven and earth so fair;  
I wander down by the winding stream  
And list to its whispers, and grandly dream  
Of the ocean beyond, where great ships teem,  
Embarking on journeys to Everywhere.

I roam again through the orchard lands,  
Far-thronged with children, in happy bands  
Frolicking gaily, with ruthless hands  
Plucking the daisies from mead and dale;  
But hear! the voices grow fainter,—and fast  
Out from the summer-time now I have passed  
Far, far away! Without, winter's wild blast  
Falls on my heart like a lost spirit's wail.

## A SONG OF THE LONG AGO.



O the happy, happy Land of the Long Ago,  
When the days were full of music,  
Every heart aglow  
With the passion born of youth  
And purity!  
Not a cloud was there to mar  
Those fair skies above;  
Life was then an endless song,  
And its theme was love,—  
In that happy, happy Land of Long Ago.

O the happy, happy Land of the Long Ago!  
I can hear the whisp'ring winds  
O'er the orchards blow,  
And the brooklet's cheery singing  
On its way.  
I can see the black-eyed daisies  
In the fields of light,  
And the cattle homeward coming  
Through the falling night,  
In that happy, happy Land of Long Ago.



O the happy, happy Land of the Long Ago!

How I long for that dear realm,

Its rare joys to know!

But a voice within me whispers

"Nevermore!"

Barred the gates of that fair Eden,

Happy Boyhood Land,

And an Angel stands to guard it

With unyielding hand,—

That dear happy, happy Land of Long Ago.



## HOW FAR IS IT TO CHILDHOOD TOWN?



HOW far is it to Childhood Town?  
A wee one asked of me,  
Not knowing of the pain she gave,—  
My heart she could not see;  
For as I sought, in simple words,  
To please her eager ears,  
A tear broke past unwilling eyes,  
Which looked on other years.

How far is it to Childhood Town?  
Oh, many miles, my child!  
Beyond the Mountains of Defeat,  
Where blasted hopes are piled;  
Beyond the Vale of Sorrow, where  
The trees with blight are brown;  
Far, far away that happy place  
We once called Childhood Town!

How far is it to Childhood Town?  
Far past the sun-scorched plain  
Where thronging men, with hearts inflamed,  
Wage war for sordid gain;  
Far o'er the Sea, where many ships  
Have stranded and gone down.  
Oh, far away that happy realm  
We once called Childhood Town!

And yet your heart, my happy child,  
Feels naught of human woe;  
No mount, no vale, no stormy sea  
Your simple life can know;  
For you a river, passing fair,  
Flows evermore adown  
By that rare realm, sweet Fairyland,  
Your own dear Childhood Town.

## YESTERDAY



YESTERDAY we roamed the meadows,  
In our hearts nor cares nor fears;  
Naught we knew of coming shadows,  
Naught of future flooding tears.  
All the months were sunny May  
In that glad, sweet yesterday.

Yesterday the hours we squandered,—  
Squandered well, in love's fond joy;  
Many weary miles we wandered,—  
Weary, but in rare employ.  
Purpose ever went astray  
In that blithesome yesterday.

Yesterday the songs were rarer,  
Sung in robin minstrelsy;  
Yesterday the flow'rs were fairer  
Than they e'er again can be.  
Skies were blue, and never gray  
In that matchless yesterday.

Yesterday the brooklet carolled  
Love songs to your soul and mine;  
Every song-bird seemed a herald  
From my bursting heart to thine,  
Breathing thoughts no lips could say  
In that brimming yesterday.

Yesterday! Gone is the vision  
Telling of a day now dead!  
Though I hear, in notes elysian,  
Robins singing overhead,  
Yet they sing not, Love, to me,  
As in that glad yesterday.



## THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.



OVER the mist-shrouded Ocean of Years,  
Lighted by memory's gleams,  
Far from the Mainland of Sorrow and Tears,  
Lieth the Island of Dreams.  
Cometh no winter to that blissful Isle;  
There summer reigneth for aye;  
On its fair gardens abideth the smile  
Of a ne'er-vanishing day.

Far o'er its meadows, where wild roses blow,  
By its soft-murmuring streams,  
Children play ever, with faces aglow,  
Rapt in the joy of their dreams.  
Never a cloud mars the blue of those skies,  
No dark'ning tempest or rain.  
Sunshine abides where that happy Isle lies,  
Far o'er the mist-shrouded main.

Yet, from that Island, in ships passing fair,  
Light hearts embark all the day,  
Seeking the City of Knowledge, somewhere  
Out o'er the billowy way.  
Over the waters the ships bear them far,—  
Lost is the Island of Dreams;  
Outward they speed them, past hindering bar,  
Seeking the City's fair gleams.  
  
Far in the Westland the Island is lost;  
Soon from the East cometh night;  
Over the Ocean of Years they are tossed,  
Longing for day and for light.  
Still for them shineth Hope's radiant star,  
Beckoning evermore on  
Over the ocean that stretches afar  
Unto the eternal Dawn.



## A QUESTION.

SLEEP, innocent babe, on your fond mother's breast;  
Still slumber and dream in your soft, cozy nest;  
I wonder, my babe, could you know all the years,  
Would you smile as you sleep, or perish in tears?

The sorrows of childhood are waiting for you;  
Your toys shall be broken, dreams fail to come true;  
Your playmates shall leave you alone at your play;  
Like sorrows of years shall seem tears of a day.

A soul-trying struggle is waiting your youth,  
For they must fight bravely who seek after truth;  
The heights are for those who will strive to attain;  
I wonder, my child, will you strive but in vain?

Bereavement and sorrow your manhood shall bring,  
Fair hopes shall be blighted by failure's dread sting,  
Fond friends oft shall leave you to suffer alone;  
For bread you shall ask, they will give you a stone.

The snows of life's winter shall cover your head,  
As lonely you stand amid hopes that are dead;  
The young shall neglect you, as helpless you wait  
'Mid deepening shadows that linger too late.

Sleep, innocent babe, on your fond mother's breast;  
Still slumber and dream in your soft, cozy nest;  
I wonder, my babe, could you know all the years,  
Would you smile as you sleep, or perish in tears?



## HOME.



JUST a rude, unlovely dwelling,  
Hid among the orchard trees;  
Up above it sing the wild birds,  
Round about it hum the bees.  
But I love that simple homestead,  
With its quaint, old-fashioned dome,  
Moss-begirt and ivy-covered,—  
For it's home.

Fairer scenes my eyes have witnessed  
Than that old place on the hill,  
Fairer flowers than those a-blooming  
In the meadow by the mill;  
But somehow my heart beats faster,  
When I'm coming through the gloam,  
And I see the lights a-beaming  
There at home.

How the river sings and ripples,  
As I cross its moonlit stream!  
Hark! the watch-dog breaks the silence,  
And I catch the flick'ring gleam  
Of the old lamp in the window,  
Bidding me no longer roam,—  
And I know some one waits by it,  
For it's home!

## A SONG TO CHILDHOOD.



CHILDHOOD, with thy visions teeming,

O return, renew thy dreaming!

Bid the sun to shine again,  
Banish clouds and driving rain;  
Put into the song-birds' throats  
Those surpassing mellow notes,  
As in that rare olden time  
When, atune with sweet bells' chime,  
We, through meadows daisy-thronged,  
Wandered, where no care belonged;  
When, in glad days brimming o'er,  
Long we pondered Nature's lore,  
Innocent of learn'd books,  
Well content with birds and brooks;  
Free from carking care and sorrow,  
Caring not what brought the morrow.  
Childhood, O return again,  
Banish clouds and driving rain;  
Speak once more, in accents cheery,  
To this heart, of world-woes weary!



## GOD IS NOT FAR!



GOD is not far from any one of us:  
The wild flower by the wayside speaks His love;  
Each blithesome bird bears tidings from above;  
Sunshine and shower His tender mercies prove,  
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:  
He speaks to us in every glad sunrise;  
His glory floods us from the noonday skies;  
The stars declare His love when daylight dies,  
And men know not His voice!

God is not far from any one of us:  
He watches o'er His children day and night;  
On every darkened soul He sheds His light;  
Each burdened heart He cheers, and lends His might  
To all who know His voice.

## LIFE.

AS little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Gathering pearly shells, turning them o'er and o'er,  
Tiring of each in turn but to seek a brighter one,—  
So play we, children all, till life's play hour is done.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Building their houses of sand where the wild waters roar,  
Then, when the waves devour, crying out to the  
heedless deep,—

So play we, children all, and are left on the shore to weep.

As little children playing along the wide seashore,  
Launching their fragile barks freighted with precious store,  
Tracing their wayward course till the waves their  
treasures spend,—

So play we, children all, and shall unto the end.



## MAKE IT TRUE.

✓ THE song may be simple God asks you to sing,  
The words may seem worthless and few,  
Its accents may not for the world's hearing ring;  
But I pray you, my child, make it true.

The task may be humble God gives to your hands,—  
Too meager a service, think you?  
It may not be lauded through all the broad lands;  
But I pray you, my child, make it true.

The life may be lowly God asks you to live,  
Not such as you think is your due;  
But take just that life He has thought best to give,  
And I pray you, my child, make it true.



## THE PRAYER OF HOPE.



GIVE Thou, O Lord, more joy, more pain,  
Thy will shall sov'reign be;  
But let there be a blended strain  
Of varied harmony.

With darker threads weave too, we pray,  
The silver and the gold;  
Life's pattern, then, in that last Day,  
Shall richest beauties hold.

Let every cloud be pierc'd through  
With some bright rays of light;  
If Thou canst not give heaven's blue,  
Let some stars cheer the night.

And yet 'tis not for us to mete  
Our share of joy, of pain;  
If 'tis Thy will, fit us to greet  
Less sunshine and more rain.

## LOVE'S MIRACLE.

IN pain I wrought beside life's ceaseless loom;  
My hands were worn, my eyes suffused with tears;  
For all the threads were dark, I wove but gloom  
Into the pattern of the passing years.

As thus I wrought, a vision came to me;  
Love stood beside and spake in accents sweet:  
"These threads of brighter hue I give to thee;  
Take them, I pray, and know thou joy complete."

The proffered gift was mine; with hope renewed,  
I wove the golden threads into the gray;  
I wrought in rapture now; with gratitude  
My soul was filled, that Love had shown the way.

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## THE CHOICE.

TWO angels, on the Way of Life,  
Essayed my course to guide,  
Meek Service, bending 'neath her cross,—  
And Pleasure, crowned in pride.

First, Pleasure led my footsteps on,—  
'Mid groves and gardens fair,  
Where Laughter reigned as king o'er all,—  
For no sad heart was there.

Then Service gently took my hand  
And led me through the Vale,  
Where human hearts with pain are wrung,  
And human wishes fail.

There, as I walked 'mid sighs and tears,  
The Christ stood by my side;  
I took His hand and spake in joy :  
"Here, too, would I abide."



## THE TRANSFORMED MIND.



'T WAS once my wish to view my name  
Inscribed on fame's fair scroll ;  
'Tis now reward enough for me,  
To know some burdened soul  
Has by my words been comforted,  
And into gladder ways been led.  
I once desired to boast as mine  
A hoard of shining gold,  
But now I fret not, nor repine,  
If in my hand I hold  
The means to make some sad heart sing,  
And into gloom some gladness bring.  
I thirsted once for ample might  
To make each man my slave;  
But now I see, with transformed sight,  
That nobler 'tis to crave  
To serve my fellow-men in love,  
A brother's fellowship to prove.

## COMPENSATION.



ONE heaped unto himself a hoard  
Of silver and of gold;  
His lordly ships sailed distant seas,  
And brought him wealth untold.

His fellows marvelled at his power;  
In awe they spake his name;  
Unto the farthest bounds of earth  
Was heralded his fame.

One poured from out a burdened heart  
A wealth of tender song;  
He cheered the trav'ler on his way,  
He made the weak soul strong.

His fellows held him poor, despised,  
And lightly spake his name;  
He heeded not, but lived and loved  
And sang, no thought of fame.

Long years went by; from earth had passed  
The singer and the lord;  
Each went his way; to each there came  
Due judgment and reward:

The world forgot with ruthless haste  
The master of the mart,  
But all the songs the bard had sung,  
It treasured in its heart.



## MY PILOT KNOWS.

AS moves my fragile bark across the storm-swept sea,  
Great waves beat o'er her side,  
As North-wind blows;  
Deep in the darkness hid, lie threat'ning rocks and shoals;  
But all of these — and more,  
My Pilot knows.

Sometimes, when dark the night, and every light gone out,  
I wonder to what port  
My frail bark goes;  
Still, though the night be long, and restless all my hours,  
My distant goal, I'm sure,  
My Pilot knows.



## NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING is lost! the drop of rain,  
Which falls in silence to the ground,  
Abideth still; its life is found  
Transfigured in the golden grain.  
Nothing is lost! the lowly flower,  
Which grows unnoticed by the way,  
Lives well in praising, through its day,  
The God who made it by his power.  
Nothing is lost! the falling tear,  
The word of comfort, lightly given,  
Shall still abide in yonder heaven,  
When earth's rich fruitage shall appear.

## THE BETTER GIFTS.



I ask not, Lord, to bring the light  
To eyes in darkness sealed;  
I ask not power to open ears,  
And bid them music yield;  
I ask Thee but to make me strong  
To lend the light of love,  
To bring to hearts, by discord bound,  
The music from above.

I seek not, Lord, to know the cure  
For wasting leper's spot;  
I ask not power to raise the dead  
In triumph from his cot;  
I pray for knowledge but to save  
The weak from spot of sin;  
To touch the palsied hearts of men,  
And let Thy love-life in.

## CAESAR AND CHRIST.

**P**ROUD Caesar came in strength of steel;  
The panoply of war was his.  
At his command men poured forth life,  
The cities perished, nations fell.  
He left as heritage a blood-stained tide;  
He came, he scorned, he slaughtered,—  
And he died.

The meek Christ came, His strength the true,  
A heart of love His panoply.  
At His command men found their life,  
The cities flourished, nations grew.  
As heritage, the reign of Peace He gives;  
He came, He loved, He pitied,—  
And He lives.

## JUDAS.

**A**LLOWED to sit at His dear feet  
And know His look of love,  
To walk with Him in pastures sweet,  
And then a traitor prove!  
To know the glory of His light  
And then to choose the rayless night!  
O tragedy past tongue to tell,  
That ever mortal should,  
By compact with the tribes of hell,  
Pour out his Savior's blood!  
And that for just a bit of gold  
The fleshly hand of man could hold!

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

AS children tossing in the night,  
About them darkness, vast and deep,  
Oft wake to seek the laggard light,  
Then in Love's arms fall back to sleep;  
  
So we, when night seems all too long,  
Cry for the coming of the day,  
Then from vain longings seek Thy strong  
And willing arms, and trust for aye.



## WHAT IS OUR LIFE?

WHAT is our life? A stubborn school,  
In which we all are led reluctantly  
To weary tasks. The Master's rod oft grievous seems,  
And hard to bear; and many, in despair,  
Throw off the irksome burden, and hurl themselves  
Into a darkened future.  
Those of a stronger soul quail not at problems hard  
The Master gives to them; but with persistent toil  
They solve them one by one. And to these souls  
Is greater prize than such success:  
Through struggle long and hard, to them has come  
A Samson-strength of spirit; and, greater far,  
That quality of noble minds,  
Divine humility.

## A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.



ON storied Judah's sacred hills  
A joyous cry was heard,  
"A king is born in Bethlehem;"  
All men took up the word.  
Unto the lowly manger crib  
Came peasant, seer and king,  
And bending low, by love inspired,  
Brought each his offering.  
O Saviour, on this Christmas Day  
Our gifts we bear to thee;  
No gold, no frankincense and myrrh  
We bring on bended knee.  
Our minds we bring, to make them thine;  
Our hearts, to learn Thy love;  
Our hands—O that they ever, Lord,  
Obedient may prove!

## THE SPIRIT OF HOPE.



SAY not past days were best ; believe that God,  
Of whom are all the days, hath better things  
For those who do His will. His store of good  
Exhaustless is, and He but waits to know  
His children can receive that best  
He yearns still to bestow.



## TRUE WORSHIP.



A burdened heart lightened,  
A darkened life brightened,  
Is offering better than gold.  
A song, sung in gladness,  
A smile, boon to sadness,  
Doth come as a psalm unto Him.  
A word gently spoken,  
A crust gladly broken,  
Is prayer that avails at His throne.

## A MOTTO FOR TO-DAY.



NOT for the eyes of men  
May this day's work be done ;  
But unto Thee, O God,  
That, with the setting sun,  
My heart may know the matchless prize  
Of sure approval in Thine eyes !



## A MEDITATION.



LORD, give me wisdom to know the true values of life ;  
may I regard thoughts rather than books, deeds rather  
than words, men rather than things.

Give me an open heart for the lesson each hour brings :  
by day, may the flowers teach me Thy love; by night,  
the stars instruct me in Thy wisdom. Let not the  
message of the blithesome bird, the unwearied river,  
the reposeful hills, the limitless blue of the sky be  
meaningless to me.

Give me vision to see the great in the small, in the tem-  
poral, the eternal ; in the blade of grass, may the  
universe be revealed ; in the present duty, eternal  
destiny ; in each loving friend, the great Friend of  
us all.

## THE TRUE NEED.

NOT that the laurel crown shall rest  
Upon the eager brow,  
But that, when fate denies our quest,  
We may of joy still be possessed,  
Nor in dejection bow.  
  
We know Thou doest all things well;  
Let come what may, or good or ill,  
The victor's crown or martyr's cross,  
The joy of gain or grief of loss,—  
Teach us that all is of Thy will,  
And that is best.

## HOPE.

THE deeds that through the world have rung  
Were done 'mid doubts and fears;  
The tend'rest songs that e'er were sung  
Were born of tears.  
  
The fairest visions come in dreams,  
In darkness of the night;  
And hope's fair rainbow fairer seems  
To tear-blurred sight.  
  
The light of love more brightly shines,  
When fates no longer bless;  
The heart of man to God inclines,  
When in distress.



## A NATION'S PRAYER.



THOU God of nations, Thee we seek,  
Who only can the nations bless ;  
In triumph's hour O keep us meek,  
To follow in Thy righteousness !  
Still guide us by Thy perfect light,  
Lest, blinded by the pride of power,  
We wander from the path of right,  
To perish in an evil hour.  
Without Thee we should build in vain  
The walls which it is ours to raise ;  
Forsake us not, but still sustain  
And guide our hands in coming days.  
Still may we, as the years unfold,  
Make way for Freedom's endless reign ;  
By word and deed may we uphold  
Her honor, that she bear no stain.  
Let righteousness still be our throne,  
Our sceptre love, from malice free,  
And truth the crown Thy name will own  
Through all the years that are to be.

## TO THE STARS.



YE stars of heav'n, what mind can trace  
Your mist-enshrouded history?  
What lore is yours, fair sons of space,  
Which to our thought is mystery!  
Eternal orbs, what reckon ye  
Of Time and all her brood of men,  
Who vaunt themselves,—and what are we  
But sparks that gleam and fade again!  
A while ago we were as dead;  
To-day we live in pleasure's smile;  
To-morrow shall the breath be sped  
That nourished us a little while.  
Our life is as a meteor's gleam  
That vanishes into the night;  
It is a moment's happy dream,  
Which comes, alas! to take its flight.  
But what to you are life and death!  
What care ye for the things of time,  
Ye beings of eternal breath,  
Proud dwellers in th' eternal clime?

## THE TRAGEDY.



HE gave the world, in darkness pent,  
The boon of His surpassing light;  
The world found healing in its beams,  
But turned Him out into the night.

He gave the world His heart of hearts,  
And bore the burden of its woe;  
The world gave Him the knotted scourge,  
The cruel rod's remorseless blow.

He gave the world the hope of heav'n,  
And to its gates the wand'ers led;  
The thankless world could not find room  
Where He might lay His weary head.

He gave the world the crown of life,  
His life accounting but as dross;  
The world received the matchless gift,  
And gave to Him—the martyr's cross!

## THE REMORSE OF DAVID.



**D**ID some one call me king,—David, the king?  
The lips spake false that spake thus for my ear.  
King over men, but of his lust the slave!  
Ill fares the throne on such foundation built.  
Who ruleth self hath naught wherefrom to fear;  
Who holdeth not the reins to appetite,  
Hath naught to guide save his wild, lustful will,  
A charioteer to fiery steeds attached.  
Death yawns for such, though life seems long to bless.

O fatal night, in which the thought was born  
Bearing in turn the deed that bound my soul  
To this deep hell! No fires with this compare,—  
The pangs of conscience wronged, the will of God defied.  
I know not now the peace that reigned within  
When I, a lad on these Judean hills,  
Led tender flocks by gently flowing streams,  
Through pastures green, all innocent of wrong.

Sweet hours of youth, come ye but once again  
To still this spirit groaning in its chains,  
Where it, alas! must bide for evermore,—  
Except one come, in strength of purity,  
And break these galling bonds, and set me free.

My harp, once as my Love, hangs idle now ;  
For music bideth not in souls depraved.  
She dwelleth but on high, where God abides,—  
And if she comes to earth, she visits men  
In holiness secure. O wretched fate,  
To be bereft of that we once adored  
As never womankind! Forget the past,  
Beloved Music, be thou still my friend,  
As when of old in grassy fields you walked with me,  
And doubted not my heart was true.  
You pointed out the stars and bade me sing  
Their matchless harmonies; nor did I halt,  
But, tuning harp to voice, I sang to Him,  
And felt the heav'ns descend and lift me far  
Beyond Judean hills to Jahweh's throne.

Alas, my power is gone, my harp is still,  
And evermore shall be; for who would deign  
To touch those magic strings with hands defiled!

Again the voices call, "King David,—King!"  
No more a king, but slave, a self-bound slave!  
Who calls? Let him come in, but call not, "King!"



## MY AIM.

THIS be my aim :

To keep my feet in paths secure,  
My mind from all defilement pure,  
My heart aglow with sympathy  
For those less fortunate than I  
In this world's goods.

Lord, give me grace  
To use my eyes to know Thy beauty ;  
My ears, to hear the call of duty ;  
My lips, to praise Thee night and morning ;  
My hands, to serve, no small task scorning,  
Unto me given.

## A THEOLOGY.

THE God who from primeval gloom  
Brought forth the starry skies,  
Who bade the chaos-discords yield  
To cosmic harmonies,  
From death did my poor spirit raise,  
And gave my heart a song of praise.  
He who from dust brought nations forth,  
And gave to each a soul,  
Who leads them by unerring hand,  
Each to its destined goal,  
Doth unto me grant life and light  
And guides in ways of truth and right.

## THE STAR AND THE CHRIST.

THE wondrous star  
That led the wand'ring wise men from afar  
Brought them, O Christ, to kneel at Thy dear feet,  
And find there joy complete.

And Thou, a Light,  
Didst shine athwart the darkness of our night,  
To lead from paths our erring feet had trod  
Into the ways of God.

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### ABRAM.

FROM homeland went he forth, with faith his guide,  
Unto an unknown land, assured that He  
Who brought him out, in sweet security  
Would grant him rest beyond far Jordan's tide.

O Father of us all, give to each soul  
A faith that dares leave all that men count dear,  
To travel unknown ways without a fear,  
Assured Thy hand shall guide to worthy goal.

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### THE GLORY OF LINCOLN.

WHO builds of stone a shrine to bear his name,  
Shall be forgot when months and years have flown ;  
Who writes his name upon the scroll of fame,  
The centuries shall find to men unknown ;  
But who for fellow men endured the shame,  
Shall have eternal glory for his own.

## THE TWO VOICES.



TO what fit end this ceaseless round of toil.  
The racking care and turmoil of the day,  
Hopes that elude, ideals that pass away,  
Rewards which with possession spoil?  
Each morn the sun on some new hope doth rise;  
Each eve some hope lies dead 'neath darkling skies.



Dost thou essay to tell the ways of God,  
To justify the means His love employs?  
Art thou informed how worlds are held in poise?  
The blade of grass,—how springs it from the sod?  
If thou art blind to see how these things be,  
Wouldst thou presume to know His way with thee?



## TRUE GREATNESS.



DELAY not, foolish one, till larger tasks be thine;  
The fleet hours pass, while thou dost thy small lot repine.  
All tasks are great, performed as unto God the giver.  
Thy small task unperformed, the large thou wilt find never.  
Performing every task with all the strength He giveth,—  
In this true greatness lies; and that soul greatly liveth  
Who thus in meekness serves, nor seeks the goal unduly.  
Serve well, and thou art great; with God thou workest truly.



It is time to fight.  
Does thy life seem dear?  
Hark the bugle, hear!  
Fight till falls the night.



## THE TRUE WORSHIPPER.



NOT he who utters lip-born prayers,  
Nor he who mouths a time-worn creed,  
But he who Christ's meek spirit shares  
And day by day the Christ-cross bears,  
Doth worship God indeed.

## TWO KINGS.

A king of peerless fame was he ;  
His minions, over land and sea,  
Earth's treasures sought ;  
But he whom men called strong and brave,  
To pride and passion was a slave  
In deed and thought.

A peasant, poor, unknown to fame,  
Wrought daily at his bench ; but shame  
With men he found ;  
Yet, strong of soul, he gave no heed,  
But labored for his children's need,  
A king uncrowned.

## THE CHILDREN OF ESAU.



FROM the dreamless sleep of the well-fed  
They rise at the morning-time.  
They feel no joy at the glory of the sunrise,  
They see no heaven reflected in the drop of dew;  
They hear no God clear-speaking to the heart of man  
In the freshly-blown rose.  
What care they to be called the "sons of God,"  
If the appetite of sense is satisfied?  
What care they for Bethel dreams,  
If only the forests are full of venison?  
What profits it to think?  
Grows not the body lean with much thinking?  
Why speculate on future years?  
May not life's present good be lost in speculation?  
This is the end of life: To eat, to drink, to sleep,  
To feel no gnawing of the appetite;  
To strive not after things far distant.  
Soon cometh death? Much more then must we haste  
To find the good this world can give.  
Spirit? The word falls dead upon their ears.  
Flesh, let the flesh be satisfied!

## INFLUENCE.



THE tiniest streamlet seeks the larger river,  
The river swells the far-extending sea,  
The sea rolls on throughout the vast forever;  
Each deed is wrought for all eternity.



## THOUGHTS AND DEEDS.



SAY not, "It matters not what men may think,  
But 'tis the deed avails." As flower to seed  
Is deed to thought; and as the seed foretells  
Hemlock or rose, thoughts tell the coming deed.



## TRUE SERVICE.



TRUE service knows nor great, nor small;  
Who plants a tree, and plants it unto God,  
Hath done full well, nor yields to him  
Who o'er an empire sways the kingly rod.

## THE WORLD'S VERDICT.

ONE sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,  
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;  
The wild desert sands  
Became gold in his hands;  
And the world called him genius—and wondered.  
One sought out the secrets of planet and star;  
He revelled in problems of granite and spar;  
He thirsted to know  
All the earth could bestow;  
And the world called him scholar—and praised him.  
One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;  
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face;  
He heeded their plea,  
And he set their hands free;  
And the world called him brother—and loved him.



## TO THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

SPIRIT of Music, make me thy lyre;  
Breathe over me, and in my heart inspire  
Songs that know not of the swift flight of years,—  
Songs of rejoicing, songs born of tears.  
Spirit of Music, all hail to thee,  
Fill all the earth till no discord shall be.

## THE PRAYER OF THE SOUL.



**H**UNGRY of soul for bread to satisfy,  
Fed through the years with husks of vanity,  
My body faint, drooping my weary head,—  
Hungry of soul, I come to Thee for Bread.

Thirsty of soul for living waters pure,  
Far from the spring, I scarce my life endure;  
My throat all parched, and gone my power to sing,—  
Thirsty of soul, I come to seek Thy Spring.

Darkened in soul, in world of darkness pent,  
Gone sun and star from out my firmament,  
Groping as blind, all things bring me affright;  
Darkened in soul, I come to Thee for Light.

Weary in soul of all the world's hard strife,  
Sick of the wrong that ever fills my life,  
Sated with self and with my selfish quest,—  
Weary in soul, I come to Thee for Rest.

## TO THE DISCOURAGED.

NOT in the tombs of bygone years  
Live thou thy life,  
Nor in the mists of sorrow's tears  
Nurse thou thy grief.  
The past was full of wrong, say you ?  
Make, then, to-day  
As true as thou canst make it true ;  
Grieve not for aye.  
  
Let not the wrongs the past years show  
Enchain thy soul ;  
On to the heav'n thy heart would know,  
Thy destined goal !  
Forget the past ; keep thou thine eyes  
On Hope's fair star,  
Which, when the blue fades from the skies,  
Shines still afar.

## BIOPSIS.

A babe's death-strugglings into life ;  
A child's brief joy of fairyland ;  
A youth's fair dream before the strife  
That waits his oft reluctant hand ;  
A man's soul quest 'neath skies o'ercast ;  
A sire's uncertain steps, and slow ;  
A fleeting breath—and that is past,  
Which was called life a while ago.



## SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.



OVER the prairies I speed ever faster,  
Drunk with the joy of my flight;  
Earth's proudest heights I ride as their master;  
Fearless, I plunge through the night;  
Where the deep-canyon stream roars through the mountains,  
Where fly the clouds far above,  
Where lies the desert, where sing the fountains,—  
Everywhere love I to rove.

Onward my burden of joy and of sorrow  
Over the prairies I bear,  
Some with the hope of a happy to-morrow,  
Some in the throes of despair;  
Lovers I carry in bliss born of heaven,  
Children in death's chill embrace,—  
Heavy the burden I labor to carry  
In my unwearying race.

Sacred the mission by God to me given,  
Mission of comfort and light  
With death and darkness my spirit hath striven,  
Ignorance yields to my might.  
Cities arise where the forest once flourished,  
Temples and palaces fair,—  
Blessings abound where the people are nourished  
From the rich bounty I bear.



Terror of Famine falls low at my coming,  
Poverty flees at my word,  
War starves and dies, for victims far roaming,  
Ploughshare replaces the sword;  
Peoples once scattered o'er mountain and prairie  
Join in one chorus of praise,—  
Great is the burden God gives me to carry  
On through the increasing days.

### SEA-SONG OF AN IDEALIST.

A wide, wild sea,  
And a full sail free,  
And a wind for the waiting west!  
For no harbor light,  
Shining through the night,  
Can allure me from my quest.  
  
For there, afar,  
Gleams a wondrous star,  
And it beckons o'er the wave;  
'Mid the stormy blast  
Still I follow fast,  
Though I find a sailor's grave.  
  
For well I know,  
Though the storms may blow,  
That a haven waits for me,  
'Neath that matchless star,  
In a land afar,  
Past the wild and wind-swept sea.

## THREE SONNETS.

(Dedicated to E. W.)

### I.

MY love for thee no words can e'er express;  
I say "I love thee" and "I long for thee,"  
But all in vain I speak. Thou art to me  
My sun, my world, thou queen of tenderness.  
From sleep I wake to greet each day new-born  
With visions but of thee, my only Love;  
And nightly in each glowing star above  
Thy soul shines forth to cheer me until morn.  
I would not say I lived before we met;  
I breathed, and thought it life, for unto me  
There had not come love's rich maturity;—  
But all those empty years I would forget.  
How I love thee, my tongue is dumb to tell;  
That I love thee—that knowest thou full well.

II.

BEFORE you came, the stars shone not full bright,  
 But dimly, as by clouds of sorrow veiled;  
 And e'en by day the sun's vast glory failed;  
 As blind, I wandered in abiding night.  
 Glad spring, which once could blighted hopes renew,  
 Left my dead heart in winter's dark despair;  
 The fairest roses seemed to me less fair  
 Than mournful cypress or regretful rue.  
 Joy failed me then, and Sorrow, at my side,  
 Chanted her dirge of hopelessness to me.  
 Death beckoned oft, and vowed my friend to be,  
 And oft I turned my steps with her to bide.  
 But since you came, Sweetheart, I need no sun,  
 No stars, no spring,—just you, till life is done.

### III.

WHO would have thought that thou couldst so endear  
Thy heart to mine, Sweetheart, that without thee  
I nothing do, or think? For now I see  
Not with mine eyes, but thine; thou art so near  
In thought to me. How changed for me my life!  
A year ago I planned for self alone;  
For self was then my world; a heart of stone  
Was mine. I plunged into the world's hard strife  
With one thought, Victory! Then pride urged on.  
I strove to win fame's laurel for my brow,  
That I might hear the world applaud. But now  
'Tis changed. Since love came with its glory dawn,  
I think, I plan, I strive all, all for thee,  
God's gift, the best of all the gifts to be.

## TO HELEN.

APRIL bore you, Helen dear,—  
Fickle month of all the year;  
Now like sunshine is your face,  
Soon to yield with easy grace  
To the storm.  
April bore you, Helen dear,—  
Fickle month of all the year!  
April bore you, fickle one,  
With your moods of rain and sun;  
Still I would not change your ways,  
For I love those April days,  
And so, you.  
April bore you, fickle one,  
With your moods of rain and sun!

## BEREAVEMENT.

(C. B. K. to I. H. K.)

THE roses are many and fair  
In the arbor overhead;  
But I sigh 'mid their beauty rare,  
For the rose I loved is dead.  
The stars are many and bright  
Which glow in the heaven's vast;  
Yet I sigh 'neath their blazing light,  
For the star I loved has passed.

## OF YOU.

THERE'S a song in my heart singing,  
And it sings the whole day through ;  
It is thundered from the ocean,  
It is whispered from the dew ;  
And the song in my heart singing  
Is a song of you—of you.

There's a dream to my heart coming,  
And it comes the whole night through ;  
It is woven of the starlight  
And the sky's unfathomed blue ;  
And the dream to my heart coming  
Is a dream of you—of you.

There's a prayer in my heart rising,  
Rising all the long year through,  
In the sleeping-time of winter,  
And when spring is budding new ;  
And the prayer in my heart rising  
Is a prayer of you—of you.

## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

NOW doth Summer's streaming silver  
Yield to Autumn's haze of gold;  
Summer hours like sheep are driven  
Back again to Nature's fold.  
Dimmer grows the old year's vision,  
Shortened is his vital breath;  
All the earth, with hues funereal,  
Tells of queenly Summer's death.  
Lo, the shadows longer fall,  
And a hush is over all.  
From her brimming horn of plenty  
Autumn soon shall pour her hoard;  
Then in cellars, ready waiting,  
All with gladness shall be stored,  
There to wait the hungry winter,  
When the chilling winds shall blow,  
And the kettle's cheery singing  
Shall drive back the ice and snow.  
Then to Summer we shall bring  
Grateful hearts' glad offering.

## THREE LULLABIES.\*

Dedicated to my sister, Caroline Clark Gerhart.

### I.

ROCK-A-BYE, babe, in your soft, cozy nest,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;  
Lulled by the mother-bird in from her quest,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;  
What though the night wind blow fierce to affright?  
Harm cannot come to my darling to-night; so  
Rock-a-bye, babe, in your soft, cozy nest,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye!  
Rock-a-bye, babe, in your beautiful dream,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;  
Visit the fairies of Slumberland Green,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye;  
What though the tear-drops may fill mother's eyes?  
Baby is happy, afloat in the skies; so  
Rock-a-bye, babe, in your beautiful dream,  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye!

\*(Set to Music.)



II.

SLEEP, sleep,

As the shadows creep  
Out from the night at the close of day.

Sleep, sleep,  
In slumber deep ;

Gone is the light and the time for play.

Sleep, sleep,  
Little one, sleep.

Rest, rest,  
In your slumber nest ;

Naught shall befall you, though dark the night.

Rest, rest,  
To my heart close pressed ;

Slumber, my babe, until morning light.

Rest, rest,  
Little one, rest.

Dream, dream ;  
See, the first faint gleam

Pierces the darkness which folds the earth !

Dream, dream,  
Till a bright sunbeam

Wakens you, babe, at the new day's birth.

Dream, dream,  
Little one, dream.

### III.

SUNBEAMS gwine to bed, Sun-man hidin' his head,  
Trees softly sighin', birds home a' flyin',  
'Bove my darlin's bed;  
Day am closin' his eyes, Moon-man gwine to rise,  
Bees quit de hummin', sleepy mist am comin'  
O' my darlin's eyes. So,

Refrain :

Shut tight dose winkin', blinkin' eyes,  
Darlin', my chile,  
While you'se to happy dreamlan' flies,  
O' many a mile;  
Angels, wid crowns and silver wings,  
Come take you dere;  
Soon you come a flyin' back again, so  
Shut you tight dose winkin', blinkin' eyes.  
Screech owls 'gin to peek, moths play hide-an'-go-seek;  
Whippoorwill am singin', on its way a-wingin',  
Sleep, my darlin', sleep;  
Firefly flickers an' gleams, tries to beat de bright moonbeams;  
Cricket am a-chirpin', bow and fiddle jerkin',  
While my darlin' dreams. So,

[Refrain.]

## TO ROBERT BURNS.



SINGER sweet of Scotia's isle,  
Bard of field and plough,  
Destiny bade Nature smile  
On thy noble brow.

Poet of the world thou art,  
All men honor thee,  
Nestling close to Nature's heart  
In thy minstrelsy.

Artless are old Nature's ways,  
Craft she proudly spurns;  
Artless are thine heart-born lays,  
Ploughman Robert Burns.

Lover wert thou, pouring forth  
From thy manly breast  
Songs which reached the bounds of earth  
Ere they came to rest.

Prophet of a day thou art  
When all men shall bide,  
Hand in hand and heart to heart,  
Brothers far and wide.