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A Little
Book of
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A Little Book of Verses

By

Violet Leigh



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METAMORPHOSIS.

I sowed love's seed in a field of shame;
And flowers, fragrant, glowing
And bright as crimson roses, came
To bless me with their blowing.
I dreamed I walked in gardens fair
By Life's clear river shining;
My flowers had turned to lilies rare:
Love's power is past divining.

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WHEN YOU ARE GONE.

The sunlight pales when you are gone,
And in the vales and on the lawn,
The flowers seem to lose their gleam.
I miss you, dear: your darling face,
Your voice of cheer, your fond embrace,
And all the while
I miss your smile.

But, Darling, when once more I know
You're back again; the sun will glow,
The flowers will shine with hues divine;
Your voice so sweet will give me joy
So fond, complete, and no alloy
Shall dim our bliss:
What's like your kiss?

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A LITTLE THOUGHT OF YOU.

'Tis a little thought of you
That makes the day seem bright.
'Tis a little thought of you
Makes sorrow seem all right.
'Tis a little thought of you
That fills with rest the night.

'Tis a little thought of you,
That wipes my tears away.
'Tis a little thought of you
That gladdens every day.
'Tis a little thought of you
Haunts all I do or say.

'Tis a little thought of you,
No matter where you are,
'Tis a little thought of you
That greets me from afar.
'Tis a little thought of you
That is my guiding star.

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THE NARCISSUS AND THE ROSE.

Pet, play you are Narcissus;
Play I'm a crimson rose;
And play Love comes to kiss us,
On every wind that blows.
Play we are in a garden,
Not very far apart;
A zephyr for the warden,
To press us heart to heart.

I'll whisper to the warden,
(Such boldness love doth know.)
"I prithee grant me pardon;
Dear Wind, I love him so.
Close to his heart, O, press me,
Whenever you've a mind,
Let his sweet breath caress me,
And I will thank you, Wind."

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TWO FLOWERS.

Two lovely little flowers
Each in its destined place,
Stood very near together
In an alabaster vase.
I played that one was you, dear,
And I played that one was I.
And they twined their leaves together—
They were standing very nigh.

And they murmured to each other:
“How love’s sweetness through us slips!
May we stand like this forever,
Heart to heart and lips to lips.”
Never, never in the daytime,
Did they for a moment part.
In the silence of the midnight
Still they lingered, heart to heart.

One by one, the petals faded,
But in death they were most fair.
With their leaves entwined together,
Still they stood embracing there.
Even death could not divide them—
They were standing very nigh:
I played that one was you, dear,
And I played that one was I.

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“IT’S A LITTLE SONG MY LOVER SANG.”

It’s a little song my lover sang,
And a little word he said,
Will keep all sorrow from my heart
Till I am cold and dead.
'Tis a little look my lover gave;
And a little tale he told
Will haunt me till I reach my grave,
And I am dead and cold.

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RONDEAU.

I waited for her, day by day,
 With heart and soul aflame:
Bright shone the sun, but earth seemed gray—
I waited for her, day by day,
Then once when I was gone away,
 She came!

I waited for her, day by day,
 The room seemed sad and mirth seemed tame:
E'en music could not charm away
 The woe that filled my heart alway.
I waited for her, day by day,
 Alas! when once I went away,
 She came.

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“THE DOOR MY LOVE COMES THROUGH.”

This is the door my love comes through,
In winter's frost and summer's dew.
These are the steps his dear feet press,
Before I know his fond caress.

This is the door he opens wide.

Ere he can hasten to my side,
Dearest of all I ever knew,

This is the door my love comes through.

This is the door his dear hands touch,

Ere I can see him. Ah, how much,
I long to see him, day by day,
Whenever he is gone away.

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“DARLING, DARLING.”

The bell rings out in the early dawn:

“Darling—Darling—”

Over spire, and house, and lawn,

“Darling—Darling—”

It seems so strange it should ring that word:

“Darling—Darling—”

The sweetest on earth that was ever heard — —

“Darling—Darling—”

At noon it rings again and again:

“Darling—Darling—”

It rings out plainly to women and men:

“Darling—Darling—”

But only lovers and poets hear,

“Darling—Darling—”

The message the bell rings loud and clear:

“Darling—Darling—”

At evening I hear the vesper bell:

“Darling—Darling—”

It has the same dear story to tell:

“Darling—Darling—”

Its tones are tender, and full and sweet

“Darling—Darling—”

And I dream it's your voice that I gladly greet:

“Darling—Darling—”

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THE MORNING MAIL.

O love adored,
To me restored!
By the morning mail
My love will write:
O heart's delight!
She will not fail,
By the morning mail.

When we parted,
Broken-hearted,
She was sweet and pale
By ghostly white
Of sad moonlight:
She will not fail,
By the morning mail.

When I get her
Precious letter,
Roses of the dale
In odors sweet
My senses greet:
She will not fail
By the morning mail.

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Eve or daytime,
Work or playtime,
Roaming hill and vale
Or city's mart;
My sweetheart
Will never fail
By the morning mail.

Disappointed never,
I'm waiting ever
Missives tinted pale
That she sends,
Love-words lends:
She will not fail
By the morning mail.

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THE LITTLE FLOCK.

I shall meet again
Upon the heavenly sward, —
The little flock.;
For thus the gracious Lord
Hath given a golden promise
In his word.

“They shall come again
From the enemy’s land.”
Upon the hill of God
Their feet shall stand.
A harp of God within each hand —
The little flock.

One shall be there
To greet the eager sight,
Who never in this world
Beheld the light;
They shall stretch their wings
And take a flight, —
The little flock.

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THE THREE WISE MEN.

From the far east they journeyed,
Those three wise men of old;
And laid their gifts before Him:
Myrrh, frankincense and gold.

Each gift was rare and costly;
But very far above
The thought of worth intrinsic,
The value of their love.

From eastern land they journeyed
With gladness from afar;
They found the king of heaven
Because they saw His star.

O star of love, still shining
For all who know His grace;
And follow it forever,
Until they see His face.

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PRAYER.

Thy dew is falling now.
So let thy mercy fall
On me, my Father, Thou
Who seest all!
For I have read within
Thy precious Book of love,
That Christ came, souls to win
For heaven above.
And he will be to you —
His sheep who know him well;
Like the soft, cooling dew
To Israel.

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THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

'Tis winter in the woodland;
Snow covers all the green;
But still the crimson roses
And snowy lilies lean —
Upon thy face they're blooming.
I dream though far thou art.
'Tis fair and radiant summer
In the garden of the heart.

The chilly blasts are sighing
Among the forest trees,
The flowers low are lying
That decked the verdant leas.
Thy breath shall be my southwind
When sunny days depart.
'Tis summer, glowing summer,
In the garden of the heart.

Touch me with fond caresses
More soft than breath of May;
For thou are dearer, dearer
Than all the earth today.
True hearts change not, beloved,
When earth's warm days depart.
I find love's fadeless summer
In the garden of the heart.

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THE LAND OF LOVE.

You may travel way to India;
Take a steamer to Cathay;
Journey over land and ocean,
'Round the earth for many a day;
Though for long years you should wander
'Neath the stars that gleam above
There's a country that is fonder
Where I roam, the land of love.

Crossing neither land nor ocean,
Sailing in the ship of dreams,
I have gained the port of heaven
In the place of That Which Seems.
One should never half believe in
Anything that he can prove;
Oh, the country I would live in
Is the happy land of love.

Love, I sail out every morning
On the rosy waves of light,
All the lovely world adorning;
Cast no anchor until night.
I have found the port of heaven
'Neath the stars that gleam above;
And I rest where joy is given,
In the blessed land of love.

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A VIOLIN OF JOSEPH DEL GESU.

Like the rippling of a brooklet;
Like the rich tones of a bell;
Like bright scintillating sunshine
Showering down a flowery dell;
Sweet as all the birds of morning,
Warbling in the warm spring days,
Sings that violin of Gesu
When the artist on it plays.

Sing, until we shout in laughter!
Sing, until we weep in tears!
Sing, and we will take the memory
Of the music through the years!
Till we lay us down to slumber,
Where none wake to laugh or weep,
We'll remember the Guarnerius —
In our hearts its strains we'll keep.

Ninety years and more song's spirit.
Dwelt inside that violin;
Moved all hearts to deep emotion
Dreaming of what might have been.
For it speaks the soul's own language
In each tender, liquid note—
Voicing all unspoken longings,
Gushing from its wondrous throat.

Take it in your hands, O, artist,
Let us hear how it can sing-
With a touch like Paganini's,
Lightly play each quivering string.
Free the spirit that Guarnerius
Prisoned in the violin
Till he wakes Camilla Urso,
Her immortal praise to win.

IN IMITATION OF PAN.

The wind doth pipe
Aeolian airs of spring
So wild and sweet!
On footsteps fleet
The wind as swift,
Or snows adrift
Or birds a-wing,
I'd quickly hie
Across the mead,
To you low bank
Of grasses rank,
And clip a reed
All overripe,
Mellow and dry,
And blow a note
From out its throat
As sweet and fine
And half divine
O. wind! as thine.

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IT'S PAN.

If you hear some tiny flutings
Soft as any baby's coo,
Tender as a murmuring lover
When his darling he would woo,
Sweet as mocking bird or starling;
Listen, listen, listen, darling;
It's Pan.

He's a reed clipped from the river,
And some magic notes he blows,
Setting love's fine harp a-quiver,
As the music swells and flows.
Listen darling, darling, darling,
Sweet as nightingale or starling;
It's Pan.

People practical will tell you
It's the wind a-whistling by.
Never heed them for a moment,
We know better, you and I.
Sweet as mockingbird or starling,
Listen darling, listen darling;
It's Pan.

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THE FIRST SPRING RAIN.

The first spring rain
On the window pane
Sounds sweeter than fairy bells
I list to the strain
Of the glad refrain,
And joy in my heart upwells.

I lose the pain
Of sorrow's bane;
Forget all sighs and tears;
The music's fain
With might and main
To banish all my fears.

Melodies wane,
Then rise again
In whisperings all around.
O sweet refrain
Of pattering rain
On roof and trees and ground.

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EVENING.

“Bubble, bubble,” go the taters;
Hiss and sputter goes the meat;
Then dear mother sets the table,
And we all sit down to eat.
There the precious head of father
Bows in reverential pose;
And we join in prayer together,
Unto God who all things knows.

When the evening meal is over
'Round the crackling fire we sit.
Brother reads a fairy story
While the bright flames dance and flit.
Then perhaps there is some music;
All the voices join in song;
Ere so merrily to dreamland
All the happy children throng.

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THE EVENING LAMP.

On the evening lamp the shade is red.
And a pleasant glow around is shed.
All the faces dear, are gathered near
In the tender beams and gentle cheer
Of the evening lamp.

In the evening when the lamp is lit,
Flames of the firelight dance and flit
On ceiling and wall to comfort all,
And drive the chill from the air of fall—
By the evening lamp.

By the evening lamp, note the lovely grace
Of home's queen—the mother—with peaceful face!
How fondly she loves each one of the doves
In the home nest! Dearest of all she proves
By the evening lamp.

Father's a man; more praise could not be
Spoken in favor of such as he.
Children, home, wife, are all his life
And he finds his strength for earth's hard strife
By the evening lamp.

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By the evening lamp is a wondrous port
To anchor trouble—the children's sport
In thought care-free and full of glee
Beguiles the moments as they flee
By the evening lamp.

O evening lamp, shine evermore,
Though childhood's happy days be o'er!
Though forth we go to learn life's woe
Home's fireside dear no more to know
By the evening lamp.

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THE TEAKETTLE'S SONG.

Stir up the fire, darling wife.
I want to hear the kettle sing,
Of all the soothing sounds of life,
It is the dearest, sweetest thing.
When I come home at close of day,
From my sore labors hard and long
It whispers all my care away—
That old teakettle's gentle song.

In heaven the harp may sound more sweet,
Beyond the moon, and stars and sun;
But naught more charming may I meet
To cheer me till this life is done.
Let poets sing of music fine,
Of melodies so grand and gay;
But that old teakettle for mine
And me—low murmuring away.

Pianos need a master hand
From out their wires sweet sounds to draw.
I'm quite enraptured when I stand,
By the humblest thing I ever saw,
While wondrous strains as e'er were sung,
The old teakettle can emit;
I listen to its witching tongue,
As by the fireside oft I sit.

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WHEN THE WIND BLOWS DOWN THTE CHIMNEY.

When the wind blows down the chimney,
And the washin's in the tub,
And dear mother is so busy
That there aint no time for grub—
Then I feel so melancholy
That I somehow can't be jolly;
The washboard sounds just awful—
“Rub-a, rub-a, rub-a-rub”—
When the wind blows down the chimney.

When the wind blows down the chimney,
The house gets full of smoke.
How could a boy be happy?
Gee, it almost makes me choke.
If it wasn't for dear mother,
I could never laugh and joke.
When the wind blows down the chimney.

When the wind blows down the chimney
And the household's in a stew;
Gee, I wisht that I could find
Another job to do;
But I'll bring the wood and water
And help mother, as I oughter,
Though I feel most dreadful blue,
When the wind blows down the chimney.

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MUSIC OF THE WASHBOARD.

The little maid is washing,
She bends her pretty nose
Above the shiny washboard
Where foamy suds o'erflows.
She plays a tune upon it
In time and ever true:
“Hoochy-poochy, hoochy-poochy
Hoochy-poochy-hoo!”

The clothes are white and snowy
Beneath her lovely hands.
She wrings, and rubs and washes
As by the tub she stands,
The washboard makes the music
So old, yet ever new:
“Hoochy-poochy, hoochy-poochy
Hoochy-poochy-hoo!”

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THE SNOW SOLDIER.

Come, little son, some snow we'll take—
The last of all the year—
And on the lawn a soldier make,
A soldier, brave and dear.
He'll have some black coal for his eyes,
And dark brown moss for hair.
It won't be long before he dies
Dissolving into air.

He's not as fine as daddy is,
(Our soldier brave and true),
His hands are cold and cold the kiss
That he will give to you.
Ah! There he stands as straight as if
His life were not quite done.
He'll vanish with a warm spring whiff
At one glance from the sun.

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THE FLAGS OF NORWAY.

They are flying, the flags of Norway,
They wave in the city street;
While Old Glory hangs in the doorway—
What need that a poet greet?
For the banners a tale are telling
More eloquent than speech;
And their bright folds, proudly swelling,
The hearts of all can reach.

Still here is a humble token,
I am speaking for Eau Claire—
That love's bond is unbroken
For the Daughters of Norway fair
And the Sons of Norway, assembled
In Eau Claire, pride of the west.
Not one of us have dissembled
In our thoughts of peace and rest.

For Norway's Sons and Daughters,
Who sought Columbia's strand
From over the ocean waters
And adopted it for their land,
Will never forget old Norway
With her scenes so grand and rare.
Float the Stars and Stripes in the doorway,
Near the flags of Norway fair!

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