

VERSES WORTHY A PLACE IN SCRAP-BOOKS

Poems of Heart Interest Written By The Poets of Today And Yesterday

Brotherhood

God, what a world!—if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart
Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,
Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Everybody's Magazine
for July.

My Friend

If the realm of language a word might lend
To render immortal a verse or phrase;
'Twould be just this one little jewel, "Friend;"
Ever so ready to pity or praise.

If the soul take with it into the light
Of that afterglow, where our paths all trend,
One tender thought from this outer night,
'Twill be that of a true and trusted friend.

—Margaret N. Goodnow.

An Angel in the House

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearts—angels, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.
—Leigh Hunt

My Little Doll

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.
—Charles Kingsley.

Why?

Why, muvver, why
Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?
Why did the cow jump right over the moon?
An' why did the dish run away with the spoon?
Cause didn't he like it to see the cow fly?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?
An' why can't they swim just like fishes and frogs?
An' why does the little birdies have wings,
An' live little boys have to wait till they die?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?
Why couldn't we have one if I should say
"Please?"
An' why does it worry when little boys tease?
An' why can't things never be now—but bime-by?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why
Does little boys' froats always ache when they
cry?
An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up
close?
An' what does the sandman do days, do you
s'pose?
An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?
Why, muvver, why?
—Century Magazine.

Little Tot of Somewhere

Dear little eyes, so heavy,
Dear little arms that twine;
Dear little lips that poutingly come
And tenderly cling to mine.

Dear little feet so weary,
That patter about all day—
Dear little head on this rugged breast
When the twilight's falling gray.

Dear little tot, so noisy,
With a world of trouble and care,
Come, and we'll rock to the far-off land
Where dreams will be ever fair.

Dear little tot of Somewhere,
With heart that is purest gold,
Come, for my arms are empty —
Come—for the world is old.

—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Music That Carries

I've toiled with the men the world has blessed,
As I've toiled with the men who failed;
I've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the tilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
O, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the tilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard, at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold of the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sound of a sigh don't carry well,
But the tilt of a laugh rings far.

—Strickland W. Gillilan.

Coming Back

Lilting and laughing
The summer days go by,
The blossoms nod to every breeze
And laugh back to the sky;
The children laugh and romp and play
As children always do,
And every laughing little girl
Reminds me, dear, of you.

Dancing and skipping
And playing in the sun;
Just living sunbeams clothed and curled
And given legs to run!
And glad—it seems that every one
Is glad as she can be,
And every one just walks right in—
Into the heart o' me.

Toiling and moiling
And, oh, the days are hot!
And, oh, my heart is longing
For the lass I haven't got;
The little lass afar from me,
With windblown curls of gold,
Who's coming back to kiss her dad
When summer has grown old.

Lilting and laughing,
Arms outstretched and glad!
God bless the little girl who'll run
With blowing curls to dad!
God keep each daddy safe from harm,
And babes with curls o' gold,
And bring them heart to heart again
When summer has grown old.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post

Contentment

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crowne;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angrie frowne;
Such sweet content, such mindes, such sleep, such
blis
Beggars injoy, when princes oft do mis.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
The meane that 'grees with countrie musick best;
The sweet consort of mirth and musick faro;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss,
A minde content both crowne and kingdom is.
—Robert Greene (1560-1592.)

Thoughts of the Commandments

"Love your neighbor as yourself,"
So the parson preaches;
That's one-half the Decalogue—
So the prayer-book teaches.
Half my duty I can do
With but little labor,
For with all my heart and soul
I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit, that.
To my self-denial;
Not to love her, though, might be
Something of a trial.
Why, the rosy light, that peeps
Through the glass above her,
Lingers round her lips—you see
E'en the sunbeams love her.

So to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter—
Love my neighbor as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the Spring, that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow-grasses.

And I've preached the word I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.
—George Augustus Baker.

As Children Do

Sometimes, when night is creeping down,
And all the world about is dim,
And he must go to Sleepytown,
You lie down at the side of him
And whisper soothing little things
In childish words, such as you frame
To tell the sound of beetle wings
And how the firefly gets its flame.

And soon the world grows darker yet
And to the little fellow's eyes
Strange, hidden dangers now beset
The shadow places in the skies;
But you speak low and comforting
And tell him none of them are there,
That near him is not anything
But what is good and kind and fair.

Then trembling come his little hands
Out through the dark and find your face,
As though by touch he understands
That he is in the safest place;
And so with fingers on your cheek
He sighs contentedly to sleep—
And you, you may not even speak,
So very, very still you keep.

Sometime you, as a little child,
Shall fare into an unknown night
And shall yearn for the stars that smiled
With all their soothing, drowsy light;
And you, as little children do,
May grope out through the darks of space
And sigh in peace to sleep, when you
At last have touched your father's face.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in the Chicago Evening Post.