



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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fourth one was Robert Call and he was a very worthy young man."

"I'm not saying he wasn't, am I?"
I didn't like his mustache, dear. And when marriage means sitting across the table from the same face, three times a day, day after —"

"Oh go on," said Alicia irritably.

Eric continued calmly, as I was saying, ~~the face that~~ when one is to be subjected to a face in that manner one should select a face that is pleasant to look at. And the fourth ~~one~~ had an objectionable mustache.

The City's Lullaby.

~~Rest! But the night of the old, old fight~~
~~near for a moment ceases~~

Rest! But the war that man has
waged

On man since the world's
beginning,
ceases not tho' the night
comes down

And begs a truce of the
winning.

The street lights shine to
blot the stars;

The tread of feet and the
rush of cars

~~shut out the peace of the~~
~~tranquil night~~

Shut out night's peace with
brutal wars.

Shut rise the strife and the
sinning.

Wars
fars
mars

The pale radiance of gold and rose,
Left from the vivid sunset glows,
Fades gloriously before the eye,
To the blue gloom of an evening sky.
The world seems edged along with
trees,
Against the sky a grotesque frieze,
And from the sleeping meadow's bloom,
The night wind blows a vague
perfume.
Far in the sky, the first star gleams,
When a girl, dreams her dreams.

Maud Hart.

Box 1559.

I dream of a garden in Venice,
Where roses climb over the wall,
and sway with the sea for a mirror.
and silence encompasses all

I dream of a garden in Venice,
The scent of the roses at noon,
The scent of the roses at twilight,
and under the low hanging moon

I dream of a garden in Venice,
But all of the fragrance has fled,
The roses have dropt to the water,
Their petals of pink and of red

2 dream of a garden in Venice,
A garden forsaken by all,
The pluck of an oar in the water,
A gondolier's rechoing call.

~~the Disappearing Dancer.~~
a brooding sky! ~~at~~ ^a brooding
sea!

And weary miles 'twixt you
and me,

But oh our souls! No
cunning art,

Could gauge the miles they
are apart,

The light is far, to you
'tis near.

~~and~~ an one voice calls,
'tis two we hear

All our fair scenes before
us lies,

we see it not with
common eyes.

God, tell me that you
long for me!

'neath brooding sky! O'er
brooding sea!

Separation

The pale radiance of gold and rose,
Left from the vivid sunset glows,
Fades gloriously before the eye,
To the blue gloom of a ^{evening} ~~midnight~~ sky;
The world seems edged along with trees,
Against the sky, a grotesque frieze.
And from the sleeping meadows bloom,
The night wind blows a vague perfume.
Far in the heavens, the first star gleams,
When a girl dreams and dreams.

Maudie Palmer Barth.

MAUD PALMER HART

905 WEST 25TH STREET

MINNEAPOLIS

-Separation-

A brooding sky! A brooding sea!
And weary miles 'twixt you and me!
But oh our souls! No cunning art
Could gage the miles they are apart.
The light is far. To you 'tis near:
An one voice calls, 'tis two we hear:
An one fair scene before us lies,
We see it not with common eyes.
Yet tell me that you long for me!
Beneath the sky across the sea.

MAUD PALMER HART

905 WEST 25th STREET

MINNEAPOLIS

Love Me!

Love me till the crimson roses blossom in the snow!
Love me till the singing rivers up the hillsides flow!
Love me till a night in June no memories can awaken!
Love me till a laugh by tears is never overtaken!
Love me till a child will not listen to a tale!
Love me till the glowing moon and gleaming stars are pale!
Love me till with my own hands the bands of love I sever,
And you will be a prisoner forever and forever!

Office of
County Treasurer, Blue Earth County
C. W. Hart, Treasurer

Mankato, Minn.

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Jehutank
8000 - 1904
4/19

"I think that the world is too mean", observed Alice plaintively. The remark was not answered, except by the musical tick of her little French clock, and the soft crackle of the flames in the grate. Alice ross leisurely, took a bonbon from the open box on the table, and nibbled it thoughtfully, tapping the floor with her silken shoe foot. "Just too mean", she repeated absently. A casual observer would probably have received the impression that the world had been very kind indeed to Alice. Her boudoir was hung in pink and gold, and was fitted ~~most luxuriously~~ ^{on this snowy December afternoon} while the dancing fire made it ~~appear~~ ^{appear} very inviting, and the molding ~~flowers~~ ^{flowers} in the window, the rosy fruit on the table spoke of somebody's thoughtfulness for her comfort. And Alice herself was a lovely little creature, ~~with the~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} childish, appealing variety to which the world in general is very kind, ~~but her~~. But her sister and chum had gone riding, her mother was asleep in her room, leaving Alice to her own resources with nothing but a bad cold and a dry story to keep her company.

"and this would be such an ideal day
for a nice girl and a nice book and ~~the~~
confidences," added Alice aloud. Finally,
irritated beyond measure by the stillness,
~~she looked up to see if the door was open~~
~~and looking the same~~ went out of the
room with the box of sweets under her arm
and the lace-trimmed ~~her~~ negligee tucked
under the other. There was much opportunity
for exploration in the great old mansion with
its ~~innumerable~~ rooms and suites of rooms, its
winding stairways and cozy corners, but Alice
directed her footsteps to the flight leading to the
attic. This was a big, warm, interesting, musty
old place, which ~~filled up the entire~~ ~~the~~
length and breadth of the house. Alice
congratulated herself that it had been nothing
less than an inspiration to have remembered
it. When she had gained it, she paused out of
breath to glance around. Standing among the
dim old chests and boxes, with ~~the~~ a great
dark spider web as a back ground to her
bright hair, she looked like a rosy, gold sun
beam, ~~and~~ ^{which was} delightfully alive and human.
~~She~~ ~~she~~ ~~breathed~~ ~~ecstatically~~, "How romantic
and sentimental, and ~~—~~ laudy." "I quite agree
with you," came, in a pleasant masculine,
tones, from the darkest corner, ~~of the~~
There was a momentary silence, when Alice's
heart raced up to her throat and ~~she~~ she clutched

County Treasurer, Blue Earth County

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at ~~the~~ a dingy spinning wheel, for support. When she spoke again there was a terrified quiver in her voice. "For heaven's sake, let me see who is speaking, a man - I can cope with, but O if it's a - a ghost!" Her gasp died away into silence.

~~There behind the big brick chimney which ran~~
With a boyish laugh, a young man stepped out from behind the big brick chimney which reared its magnificent breadth thru the very center of the room. ~~His~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~

~~hair~~ ~~was~~ ~~dark~~ ~~and~~ ~~thick~~ ~~and~~ ~~curly~~ ~~and~~ ~~framed~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~which~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~
~~of~~ ~~dark~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~thick~~ ~~and~~ ~~curly~~ ~~and~~ ~~framed~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~which~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~
~~of~~ ~~dark~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~thick~~ ~~and~~ ~~curly~~ ~~and~~ ~~framed~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~which~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~
~~of~~ ~~dark~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~thick~~ ~~and~~ ~~curly~~ ~~and~~ ~~framed~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~which~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~

~~on~~ ~~his~~ ~~face~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~were~~ ~~wide~~ ~~and~~ ~~loquacious~~
Alice was ~~first~~ ~~impressed~~ by his hair and his inches. For the first, it was fiery red and was in a fearful condition of disorder. For the second he was at least six foot three and he wore his grey corduroys with an air that would have befitted a prince of the realm. Further more his eyes were ~~so~~ wide and loquacious, and

his teeth gleamed like ivory. He advanced
toward her, cap in hand. "You see I am
a more manly ~~man~~, ~~and~~
~~than~~ ~~you~~ ~~are~~ ~~my~~ ~~friend~~, he
said bowing ~~my~~. Alice ~~put~~ stared round
eyes. "and I am much put out to think I fright-
ened you"; he continued politely. still no response
from the amazed Alice. "But I hope that you
are now fully recovered". He finished easily. ~~at~~
Alice rose and drew herself up with a certain
puzzled dignity. "You are ~~not~~ exceedingly
kind," she said, with the faintest attempt at
sarcasm. But she now quite ignored it.
"Not at all, not at all; it was stupid of me."

The Old Year and

The new,

All night the snow had been falling
And a carpet of eider down.

Soft, snowing, and fleecy,
Was wrapped about the town.

~~Then~~ the stars were out and the moon
and cast a mystic light.

Upon the softly fallen snow,
That glistened silver bright.

It drifted into heaps,
Driven by chilly winds,
And lay full ^{one inch} ~~three~~ feet deeps.

Upon the pine tree limbs.

~~It was dumped up on the house
and piled up ^{on} the porch
and still was going higher
as if by supernatural force.~~

Then o'er the snow-dad ^{village} city,
I on tones so deep and low,
It startled the mystic abuse,
And stilled the drifting snow ^{bell},
Came as the peal of the old church
For the mid-night howl was new.
And in one second more
It ail to the new year.

In the tower of the village church
Looking out on the ~~church~~ ^{open square} yard
With its ~~ghostly~~ ^{ghostly} snowy tombs
With its rows of ~~old~~ ^{old} ghostly mould
Under ^{the} thick white folds,
Saw the sexton one hand on the ^{rope}
As if to pull again,
But his hand was cold and ^{his wife was dead}
The sexton old was dead.

With the old year his life's soul,
Had slipped to Heaven above,
Where the day is always bright
And death will never come.

~~A light gleamed in the village
A light gleamed the night lamp~~

A light gleamed in the village
In the house quite faraway,
Where a little babe was born
On the morn of new year day.
He came with the new year
Life's future gray and dim,
And blessings strong and true,
Will hover over him.

The old year and the new.

The sexton and the child.

On the starry snowy night,
Under the sky so mild.

Dreaming 1906.
Maud Palmer Hart.

Softly and tenderly purple-
and drowsily pink it seems.

With a sheen of mystical grayness-
Lies tempting, the land of dreams.

A thousand colours are mingled.

This sleepy aspect to produce.

Luxurious soft and inviting-
The weary of men to seduce.

Of gray and of gold is the corner.

For those who have failed in life.

The gold to encourage the weary.

The grayness, dim as past strife.

Those who have found life empty

Who did not accomplish ^{their} "when".

Start to the gray and gold corner.

and dream of "what might have been".

Of ~~rosy~~ rosiest pink is the corner-

For those who ^{are} starting the trip.

Who dream of the future that's coming-

But at there's many a slip, the wise tell us-

the
I'rust happiness' cup and the lip -
Set them dream on in their freshness -
Asleep on the pillow of rose -
For along and hard path lies before them -
To be followed where ever it goes,

Of ~~silver~~ ^{purple} so bright is the corner -
For those at the ~~top~~ height of success -
They dream in their joy of the present -
and feel that they have done their best,
around them ~~the silver~~ ^{bright purple} is piled.

They can have all the like from life's store -
But the thought they have followed the swain,
~~at the~~ Pleasures these favored ones more.

Of ^{men} many great minds and conditions
~~of men~~ are dreaming in all the great things -
who have lain themselves down into slumber -
The righteous of men and the wrong -
some dream of the past they've been leading
some ^{dream} of the future ~~to be~~ - ahead.
But those who are living as Christians -
Dream of what they are doing instead.

~~When they~~

But ~~in~~ sad contrast comes the sophomore
~~Her dainty shyness is all gone~~

But in contrast comes the sophomore -
~~she's~~ ~~she is~~ no longer sweet and shy -

~~For she~~ ~~her~~ maiden coyness has departed,
on her one year at the High -
she disports herself at winks and
When the sophomores celebrate -
Post Office her naughty soul delights in -
she fears not to stay out late.

~~Next~~ Next in order, comes the Junior,
To ~~settle~~ ^{descend} from sophomore flight
~~at her love,~~
she's in love with some young senior
moons and weeps at night -
From her lips fall words of wisdom,
Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, &c.
She holds bearded discourse
with the teachers -

til the ^{very} hair turns blue

Tremble as you name the senior ^(dread)
She fills the Freshman heart with ~~awe~~ -
Youth, do not approach her lightly -
~~She dares to say down the law.~~

She's ~~got~~ a brainy head.
She will work you to a finish
- Rope you in for all the show -
Be warned by the trophies she exhibits -
She's experienced goodness knows!!!

~~Same old story, same old girl,
Same girl wherever you go -
girl, girl, girl,
She's a hummer, can't be beat,
She's all right -~~

Same old story, same old High -
Same old giggling school as the years pass by -
She's a hummer - a shining light,
Humor for Kato's ^{High} School girls - for there all right.

The Prach Men
The Hoody Guody
Song of the Tailors
Lullaby of the City
Ballad of the Flower Vendor

the prach men stands
where they found them the
street,
On the north of

The peach man stands
where they hurry thru
the street -

with ^{the} beat and the ring of
~~the~~ passing feet,

Easter lilies pure and holy,
Wreathed about the altar bright,
Blessed of Jesus, loved of mankind,
Placed in honor there tonight,
Tall and graceful, clothed in beauty,
By the father's loving hand,
Reverenced by Jehovah's children,
Mightiest flower in the land.

Tom Fox. ...

T

Tom Fox.

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In the dim hour, between the day
and night
From the calm sky, fades the
sunset light,

Maud

I'm going to visit at grandmother's house,
Out in the country afar,

There will be jellies and everything nice,
Round, crispy cookies all stuck full of spice,
Snug in an earthen jar.

I'm going to visit at grandmother's house,
And play in her out of doors,

There is a swing that 'most touches the sky,
A barn and a straw stack yellow and high.

I'm going to help with the chores.

I'm going to visit at grandmother's house

When it gets dark, I curl up in her lap,
To hear 'bout when papa was just a small chap.

The fairest time.

By Maude Hart.

Oh! The poets may sing and the poets
may rave

Over the beauties of dawn,
and musicians may tell of the lark's
morning chant.

In glorious sweet-voiced' song.

Oh! The artists may paint in all ^{shades}
of the rainbow

The fair dawn they saw yester ^{morning,}

But you my lassie and I, sing of
beauties.

Before the morning was born.

Oh! The beauties of sun-set are

sung by the poet

As rivalling morning's glow,
And musicians write lullabies
mother-birds croon
to their babes; when the sun is low.

Oh! The brush of the artist is busy
portraying,

The colours that glow in the west;

But for you ^{lo} my ^{lassie} and I, we have
not seen,

The time we love best.

Oh the dawn's rosy glow
are fair as a ^{rainbow}

The lark's music is sweet;

And the sun's rays are fairer

they gild western heavens
To bird-music sweet.

But you, my lassie, and I love
the time when stars

Impale beauty rise,

And the waves of the lake take
the glow of the moon,

As she sails western skies.

We all love a ~~journey~~ ^{visit} at grand mother's houses.
Out in the country afar.

~~Custards~~ Custards and jellies and everything nice -
Big, crispy, cookies all stuck full of spices.
Smug in an earthen jar.

We all love a visit at grand mother's houses.
Mostly the parlour so ^{cool} dark and ^{dark} cool -

Pictures of ^{and} ladies in old-fashioned gowns.
Big stiff ^{mother}-backed chairs all set primly around -
at ~~just~~ precisely the mark.

We all love a visit at grand mother's houses -
But mostly the out of doors -
The sowing that almost touches the sky -
And the barn and the straw-stalk yellow and high.
Oh let us romp some more!

He shook out all the rest. They were of pink, green, purple, gold and silver. They are for the princesses." He explained.

Just then joy found herself snug in her own little bed with mamma bending over her.

She dressed hurriedly and ran out to find her eggs. But the eggs that belonged to the king and the queen and all the little princesses were piled in her nest.

"Why," cried joy in surprise. "That dear old rabbit."

A maid as fair as fair can be
Laid in a tower beside the sea

Her soft eye gleamed the tender hue
Of a modest violet, darkly blue,
Half-opened and wet with shining dew
and her cheek

and the crimson danced in her
cheek ~~as~~ light
as a may butterfly wings its flight
O'er a ~~field~~ bed of blossoms
sweet and white

Her sweet ^{lips} mouth, plaintive, thin
and red

Drooped with the farewells,
lately said,

and the lonely thoughts her heart
had bred

~~flung lightly down with a care,
flung a shimmering veil of gold
flung lightly away.~~

~~All around +~~

Around her face so sad and fair

Hung a shimmering veil of golden hair
With sunbeams gleaming every where.

Easter lilies fair and ho-

ly ^{glorified} about the altar's
bright, blessed of Jesus, loved
nuptial blood in honor there-

night. ^{and} grace-
ful and graceful, cloth-
ed in beauty by the father's lov-

ing hands, honored by God and
his children, mightiest flower in
the land.

Yet ^{with modest} ^{Reverence} how they
becoming, to the Saviour's face,
yet you bow, ^{Reverencing} his sa-

cred presence, on the
altar which you grace.

~~Easter lilies, fair and snowy
with six petals
Blessed of god and loved of man~~

Easter lilies, fair and snowy
Loved of mankind, blessed of Christ

• Maud Palmer Hart,
905 West 25 Street,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I'm going to visit at grandmother's house,
Out in the country afar,

And there will be jellies and everything nice,
Round, crispy cookies, all stuck full of spice,
Stuck in an earthen jar.

I'm going to visit at grandmother's house,
And play in her out of doors,

him. He could hear the
man's laugh, and the girls
~~hopeless~~ despairing sobs and
he could picture her childlike
little figure shaking with
emotion. Since the moment
when she joined him at the
partition, he had not for an
moment doubted her
sincerity and innocence, and
now the thought of her
~~helpless~~ predicament
maddened him. He wasted a
few precious seconds
pounding ^{furiously} on the door and
then turned away. For ~~that~~
the sound of their voices
had ceased and he knew
that they had left the
room adjoining.

~~A banging sound
came in upon his confused~~

A scrap of paper, a fringe of lace,
A dainty picture of a pretty face.
A mellow verse, wrought by the hand
Of some poet lover, in the land.
What is there in this to bring the flush,
To a damsel's cheek the crimson blush?
What is there in this to cause the heart,
Of the honored maiden, to throb & start,
Ah, worldly one, in your young day,
Did you never, to a school girl gay,
Send a silly scrap like this -

I love you true, will you give me bliss
Say, sweet maid that you'll be mine;
Did you never send a valentine?
In your auld school days did you ^{never}
A gold-lace creation for a maiden shy -
Never slip it into the old mail box.

(mocks.)

With fears & doubts and a hope that
Oh worldly one, I see the light -
Of a tear that shines in your ^{bright} blue eye as
I go over the land, you can find a lad,
Who this experience never has had.

Tell him when in wall street you are at
The ^{crisis} ^{you are} moment ~~to~~ know your fate.

You are not a whit as anxious then,
As you were - could we ~~but~~ live the time

(again.)
The day when inspired by the love divine,
You mailed your first great
Valentine.

PROLOGUE

It is in the year 1904

The smile of August we'll see no more

At 333 Center Street, 10 minutes past one

I'M writing a letter addressed to Dear Tom

This morning at our house there was a great bustle
Kathleen was wishing the postman would hustle,
At last the blue uniform loomed into sight
And gave us the message we'd dreamed of all night.

We hastily opened the epistle you'd sent,
And over it four brainy heads were soon bent,
Kathleen claimed it her right first to peruse it,
Alas, the poor child didn't know she would rue it.

But at the first word she quite lost her smile,
She frowned, when she'd ~~pondered~~ floundered and puzzled a while.
And loudly called me to help her decipher
The meaning and spelling of the beloved writer.

I calmly began, then paused to unfurl,
I laid down the letter, my thoughts in a whirl,
We could not make it out, mamma ran for her specs,
So please spend more time when you write us the next.

But although we did get our brains in a muddle,
Your lengthy epistle was well worth the trouble,
And we wish when we go to the door we could see,
A boy on a bike and invite him to tea.

Yours truly,

Maud Hart

The
four
seasons.

1.

The night was dark and mild and
calm.

The sky was blue and deep.

The moon was silvery, dazzling
white.

But the stars were fast asleep.

2.

The hills so green and fair by
day,

were gloomy, dark, and grand,

Only an opalescent line

Separated sky and land.

3.

The houses down the silent streets,
were dark and would not show,
except for the ~~for~~ little line of
light,

caused by the night-lamps glow.

4.

Then from the sky there burst a strain
Of music sweet and low.

And four, light sisters floated out,
And there faced to earth did show.

5.

The first was a girl with hair
like gold.

And eyes as blue, as blue,

And garments fluttering and white,
And flowers ~~fell~~ fell as she flew.

6.

The second was dressed in richest green,
Her hair ^{soft and brown,} ~~and all unbound.~~

Her eyes were dark and beautiful.

as they rested on the town.

7.

The fourth had auburn, ^{third} curling curls,
Her dress was yell ow leaves.

And turned in her hair and in her dress,
were lovely ^{of all} golden-rod leaves ^{wreaths}.

8.

The fourth ~~was~~ was gowned in fleecy fur,
Of white, with snowy hair,
And icicles broke from her cold cold hair,
As she waltzed thru the mild air.

9.

four sisters summer, spring and fall,
and winter clothed in white,
hand in hand danced thru the air,
and away into the night.

10.

And then she disappeared from view,

And the music was no more heard
But spring had dropped from her
snowy gown,
To flowers, grass, and a singing bird.

1907

Within the dusky shadows on you' hill
Within the quivering, mystic, awful gloom
Where dreadful, wriggling shadows twist & reel,
As tho' protesting at a dreadful doom,
Within that distance, vague and tense with sighs,
I see Her eyes.

Dark caverns, hollow black and deep,
They pierce my very soul! They drive me mad!
They watch and look at me; they never sleep.
They melt in tears, so tender, soft and sad!
Now they are watching! Gargling with surprise,
My Sweetheart's Eyes.

Now they gleam living, softly bright
Like stars, the very stars in joy might shed,
They draw me to them, in the shadowy night,
So whom? Not her! for she is dead!
Bottomless Pits! what Power, in them lies?
Ah God! those Eyes.

M. P. S.

Little maid with, cheeks of Rose,
where the colour comes and goes -
what quaint sweet fancies by your
Blossoming in your childish mind?

Little maid, with soul of snow -
tell them to me before you go -
You are young but I am old,
~~and~~ Little maid with hair of gold -
Claude Lorraine

I sit by the library fire,
Thinking of times gone by,
The glow of the flames light the
room,

And some tables of books catch
my eye,
I turn my chair to the table,
And catch up a book lying
near,

It can't be - it is - mother goose -
I did not know you were here,
With fond hands I turn the
leaves,

Expecting to find as of yore,
Every page of thy writings a
joy,

But thy power always me
no more!

Joy of my baby days,
fond tributes I pay to be -
But I am older now.

and you do not interest me
with a sigh I lay it away -
And take up a well worn book -
The pages are fingered & marked -
But it has a natural look,
By the light of the library fire -
I turn each yellow page -

Ah - dear old Cinderella -
Child's favorite adage,
at first I cannot comprehend -
why you with your hair of gold -
and your haughty selfish sisters
Don't attract me as of old -
I sigh as I put it from me
and turn to the other books!

But I can't find relief in "Blue-
beard."

Or "She ^{with} the Golden Locks."
"Oh why must we all grow older,
I cry with a burst of tears,
"It seems so sad to cross it,
This mystical bridge of years,"
With a sob I throw the book
from me,

"Why can't I fulfil my desire?"
And sobbed and cried and sobbed
by the light of the library fire.
Then I know not what spirit whis-
pered,
The words of our blessed
Lord-

But this verse comes as sweet
music-

Comes as a heavenly chord,
Comes like the hand of an angel,
Sweeping 'cross golden strings,
"I spare and tho' like a child,
but I put away childish things,"
Great remorse sweeps over
my spirit

I turned to the table near,
and slowly picked up the books
The books of my childhood days.
"I put away childish things,"
I repeat to myself with a sigh
and I kiss them and put them
away -

Thinking of times gone by -
"I put away childish things,"
I whisper again soft & low, I am weep-
ing but tears of peace now, as I sit
in the fire's glow.

Or lashes with awful fury,
I hear the budding trees,
and again, softer into a whisper,
a musical, lullaby breeze.

Another voice of the forest,
So that of the summer flowers,
And this is so soft and low,
We may listen for it by the hour,
And hear no trace of it's tones,
~~although it is softly whispering,~~
To the sky, and the grass, and the trees.
It is gently and musically whispering.
~~It confides in the bubbling brook~~
By whose banks it is growing and budding
and

So all around and about us,
Mother nature is talking and chatting
From the whirl, and the subtle, the wind,
Brooks soft and musical laughing.

1904
1292

1904.

Hark to the sounds of the forest,
To nature's beautiful ^{spring} ~~song~~
With her ~~many~~ ^{many} ~~voices~~ & one voice,
The forest & woods are ringing,
The robins sing on beeches,
Songs that are loud & clear,
The lark carols his ballad, ^{clear}
That is full of peace and good-will,
The night in-gale trills his ^{dear} ~~dear~~ ^{dear} ~~dear~~
From the top of the maple tree,
And the earth is ringing with praise
and joyful melody.

The wind sighs thru the branches,
Or whispers thru the ~~branches~~ ^{leaves},
Or increases to spiteful fury,
Till the people say "Hark to the wind",
It hisses like the ~~ancient~~ ^{ancient} dragons,
We hear about in the folk lore,
And shrieks round the cottage gables
and rattles the old horse doors.

To a Child.

1908

Little maid with hair of gold,
You are forming out I am old,
Sing to me of flowers and trees,
Babbling brooks and buzzing bees.

Little maid with azure eyes,
Calm and blue as summer skies,
Sing to me of your work and play,

1. (Mrs. Longbeak)

Sifted softly thru the foliage,
was the brilliant sun of noon day -
casting bright beams on the river
- windings gently thru the forest -
changing to a lace of yellow
all the snowy froth that bordered,
changing to a net of sunshine
all the froth along the borders.

Thru the deeps of woodland forest
came a youth in hunter's garments
green as emerald ^{and} w ~~as~~ his cloak
~~and~~ hat pushed back from off his ^{young face}
In curls as yellow as the sun is
Honey his hair about his forehead -
Eyes blue as a summer sky is -
looked out neath his high, white ^{head} fore-
straight was he as an indian arrow -
Tall was he as a youthful elm,
large and strong looked fair haired ^{and}
as with slip so gay & boyant -
On he wandered thru the forest
As he crossed the rippling river

The day was on

~~tired he grew~~, and being weary.

He threw him's elf upon the soft grass

And closed his eyes to peaceful slumber

A manly form looked youthful ^{with} ~~with~~

On one arm his head was pillowed.

A stalwart youth looked fair haired ^{with} ~~with~~

~~with his head on his arm pillowed~~

As he slumbered on so sweetly

By the ^{rippling} ~~mere~~ German waters.

(his eye)

When he woke the moon had

And with touch of paling yellow

Was ~~caressing~~ ^{caressing} ~~fondly~~ caressing.

All the darkness of the river.

Above the youth bent forest elms

^{Dark and} ~~Somber~~ sombre in the night time

Thru their leaves the stars of midnight

Softly, fondly, were they shining.

~~white beside the youth, the ^{trill} ~~murmur~~~~

~~of the river as softly ^{rippling} ~~lapping~~~~

~~the ^{dark} ~~grass~~ ~~stones~~ at either bank ~~(these)~~~~

~~Broke the tension of the still~~

~~while the murmur of the waters~~

~~Broke the tension of the air~~

the folds

~~the folds~~

Gathering with careless grace, they
~~The folds~~ of her vapoury robe about
And there rose from out the water

A score or more of water-maidens,
They danced and leaped and
~~if they stepped~~ stood about her
Crowding, pressing close to her.

But there queen stood like a flower
Tall and graceful in the center.

But these queen rec'd the homage.
Smiling, bowing in their center.

Amazed and silent lay the hunter,
Scarcely daring to draw ^{his} breath, lest
For fear the airy group would van-
And he would be left ~~apparently~~
Left again alone and lone some,
In the depths of a great forest.

Left again, alone repairing,
In the great and fearsome forest,
As ~~long~~ ^{as} he gazed with admiration
At the nude and graceful ~~leader~~ ^{leader},
As they joyously embraced,
~~each other~~

2

While the river broke the silence
With it's ceaseless, steady, lapping.

Then from out the rippling waters,
Rose a mist of white and yellow,
~~Beaten by the waves of water,~~
~~laid upon the rushing river~~
Luth bent strained his eyes to see it,
As it lay upon the water.

Then it took a form & shape -
And he saw it was a woman,
Took a pleasure, softer outline,
And he saw it was a woman,
Half reclining on the water.

Lay this nymph - this water fairy,
On one snowy arm there rested -
Her head, perfect in it's ~~shape~~ holding

While her long luxuriant tresses
Fell like a golden sheen about her

~~fall~~ Half veiling, half revealing -
The snowy whiteness of her bosom,

Then with motion, swift and grace
Up she leaped and stood there upright

31

lest.

From the depths of the black forest
Came the sound of sweetest
and the nymphs with great ^{delight} ~~rejoicing~~,
started a merry, fairy dancing.
Lightly, lightly, came the dancers.
Singing, laughing, whirling, ^{trill}
Brightly, brightly, shone ^{moonlight} the ~~eyes~~.
On the merry, fairy dancers,
Thru the movements of their dancing,
Went the graceful, little creatures,
Thru the sliding, gliding, movements,
Went the lovely, fairy creatures.

But who'd paid youthful Luthbert

Luthbert to the beauty of the dancers
all his thro' were concentrated -
On their leader in the center -
Rose and fell her snowy bosom
Toss'd the wind her lovely tresses -
But she moved or danced not and
tried not her skill at the singing.
Naked was she, yet as modest
As a little flower of spring time
Naked was she but as pure and
chaste as any flower.

Concealment was her nature.
On a form among the bushes,
One tall and manly figure -
Half concealed by leafy bushes.

Then fair Luthbert shield his shelter,
Stepped full out before the maidens,
Tall and manly, straight and broadly,
Stood before the water maidens,
All the dancers threw their bodies,
Full upon the ~~maidens~~ ^{beauteous} leader -
Hiding all her pearly nakedness
By their own white, rounded, bodies.
But she tossed aside their shelter,
With a motion quick and graceful,
Stood unveiled, - a perfect woman
Stood a ~~beauteous~~ with flushes red
Slow she ~~stepped~~ ^{walked} before him -
Toward him - big eyes downcast,
Slow she crossed the waters to him -
With her ^{big} eyes chastely downcast.

Luthbert's heart in all its beating

"nearly choked him as she walked -
But his arms went out to meet her,
into them she sunk - reluctantly,
and he fondled and caressed her,
kissed her lip, her cheek, her forehead,
and she yielded, quivering, blushing,
to the pressure of his kisses
in his arms he held her stoutly -
murmuring softly all the minutes -
"Ah Loretta - you have come back -
what nymph to a fairy changed you!"

To all the merry little folk -
whose eyes so bright and true -
with tears and smiles and merry wiles -
will scan these pages through.

To all the mamas and papas -
who read my book aloud -
who buy it for the Xmas tree -
where other toys abound.

To my sister small, whose interest
in my poor attempts at verse,
has inspired me to test my skill -
before the critics terse.

To all my friends both far and near
that interested look -
with all good wishes possible -
I dedicate my book.