

SCRAPS OF VERSE AND PROSE
FROM HEARTSEASE

BY

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From "Hearts' ease" and from
my heart I give to you my best,
Hoping it may bring to you
hearts' ease and rest.

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Clara Cox Epperson

POETRY

Poetry is the mind's true expression;
The soul's high inspiration;
And the heart's deep consolation

SCRAPS OF VERSE

Like bits of bright and dark colored cloth that made up the old fashioned quilts of the Yesterdays are the scraps of the verse that make up this little book. Some may be smooth in texture and attractive in color; others of rough material and dark of hue, but the threads of love run through all-love for the old friends and the new-the tried friends and the true-all the loved ones who have been the patches of inspiration for my old fashioned verse quilt.

WEALTH

Outside my window a wealth of gold
Is falling from the trees
With every passing breeze
A gold that will not garnered be
Into rich, wondrous sheaves,
But in crisp, golden leaves
Will be absorbed into the ground,
That wealth of gold another year
May lavishly abound.

NIGHT

On the hills the lengthening shadows fall
Marking the close of the day.
And all the gay, gold sunbeams
Glide simply away.
Then Night comes with a flash of brilliant stars
And sweet Sleep reigns
The radiant Sun has quietly, silently gone to bed.

HER FALL COSTUME

Earth has put on her lovely autumn gown
Stylish in colors of gold and brown,
Gone is her robe emerald green,
So beautiful in its lustrous sheen.
Folded with lavender leaves away
To be worn some other summer day,
Soon her autumn gown, vivid, gay
She'll shed for a somber robe of gray.

SPRING

Spring comes creeping in
On green-shod, velvet feet,
The Earth lifts up her flower-crowned head
The Sun's bright glow to meet;
The sky is tinted a bluer blue,
And the clouds in billows are massed;
The glad birds fly through the fragrant air
With the news that Winter has passed.

SUMMER

Green fields and waving grain
Signal Summer's reign again.
Spring folds his frosted tent
And slips away at June's advent.

Birds sing gaily in the trees;
Butterflies float on the breeze;
Bees drone o'er the lily cups;
With them friendly hornets sup;

All the world works busily-
Only I swing lazily.

VIOLETS

Only a few sweet violets pressed
In a letter you sent to me,
And yet the hour of their coming
was blessed
By an exquisite ecstasy.
A memory of golden days long past
When life held no sorrow for me,
When we wandered together in
Flower-bordered paths
And our hearts were unburdened and free.
Oh, poor little violets,
with your life pressed out,
Such be my heart today,
For all its sweet joy
and love have been crushed
By the weight of grief's full sway.
But give me the measure of sorrow I bear
With all its keen, bitter sting,
Rather than take
the memories from me
That the odor of violets bring.

A PAINTING

The sky was a sea with roseate boats
And fish of gold and gray,
Painted by a Master's skilful hand
To mark the close of day.

GOLDEN SENTINELS

Like golden sentinels heralding Spring's glad dawn,
The yellow jonquils stand in rank between garden and lawn,
Brave and valiant soldiers gay are they
To push their way upon old Winter grey;
And some of these bright messengers I employ
To bring to you a bit of Springtime joy;
A memory of sunshine past when skies were blue
Each fragrant, golden cup holds lovingly for you.

EARTH'S COSTUME

Earth's autumn gown is an ensemble
of beauty and rich coloring,
As if she wished to give out
all the vivid loveliness to the world,
Before she became the bride of winter
in snowy robes,
Or somber robes of gray.
For her maddening journey through ice and snow
Shivering, until she meets a new lover,
glorious Spring
Who will bring her a lovely costume
of soft, shimmering green
Bedecked with fragrant jonquils, hyacinths and violets
Then royal Summer comes with a crown
of roses sweet,
Lilies, filled with perfume rare
for her to wear in her hair.

THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Blue-gray they lie against the sky,
Carved by a Master Sculptor's hand,
As if to mark the boundaries
Of some prized, beloved land.
Changed by years, and Nature's tears,
They lift their heads along the vales;
Proud of the place they hold in space,
Engraven in historic tales.

THE DOGWOODS ARE IN BLOOM

The dogwoods are in bloom,
And the trailing honeysuckle vines
Cast fragrant blossoms along high-ways and by-ways.
Gay, glad Summer's robe of wondrous green
Spread's o'er hills and dales its cooling sheen;
The birds are caroling in the trees,
And Joy rides the wings of every breeze.

REMEMBER MUSIC

As the perfume of flowers that lingers
Making fragrant the still, empty room,
Her musical spirit in melody
Will linger to lighten your gloom.

And then will waft onward and upward
To join the invisible choir,
And the soft, white robes of an angel
Will be her celestial attire.

And you who have known her and loved her
Will sometimes hear faintly, afar,
The strains of an exquisite anthem
Through the heavenly gates left ajar.

Enshrined in memory's music;
Echoing from the ethereal blue;
Caught by the radio of earth and heaven
Her songs will come back to you.

GOLD

From "A Gift Calendar" 1916

I have the wealth of India
just outside my window,
A tree all burgeoning with
leaves of perfect gold.
What care if my purse is empty?

MY LITTLE GIRL AND I

As we travel life's way together,
My little girl and I,
Holding so fast together,
Whether we laugh or cry;
May we find the right way instead of the wrong,
And journey along with the struggling throng
With a merry smile and tuneful song,
My little girl and I.

May God keep us always together,
My little girl and I.

In fair and stormy weather
Whether we smile or sigh,
'Till we come to the gate of heaven so fair,
May we go through its golden portals rare,
Hand-in-hand, forever united there,
My little girl and I.

OMMISSION

It's the letter you did not write,
The visit you did not make,
The flowers you failed to send
That gives you a bitter heart-ache.

WHEN YOUNG EYES CRY

When young eyes cry
'Tis beautifully pathetic,
And all the glad world rushing by
Grows sympathetic.

When old eyes cry
'Tis no lovely vision,
And this same world goes laughing by
In derision.

A GIFT CALENDAR

If we could take our jewels, the past
years,
And wash them clean with penitential
tears
And string them flawless on life's
golden chain
We'd face the future years with joy
again
But since those jewels have forever
gone,
We can, alas! but with regrets atone
And with renewed resolves, softened
by tears,
Carve purer jewels from the coming
years.

PEGGY AND I

Peggy and I, we travel together,
We fly low and high in all sorts of weather,
In a make believe ship we fly to the sky.
Peggy and I, Peggy and I.

Peggy and I, up to the moon sailing
Swing low, swing high, in joy never failing.
“How do you do”? to the pale moon we cry,
Peggy and I, Peggy and I.

Peggy and I, when the sun's in eclipse,
We pack our joys and charter our ships,
“Hello!” to the stars we cry, flying by,
Peggy and I, Peggy and I.

The journeyings over we sail slow and slower,
Peggy and I, Peggy and I.
Through the Sandman's doorway we sleepily fly,
Peggy and I, Peggy and I.

A MOTHER'S "IF" TO MY SON

If I've have been all that a mother should be, to you,
Then my life work has been well done;
If I've helped you your chosen career to pursue,
Then from life I have victory won.

If I've given you strength to bravely face defeat,
And with courage to rise again;
If I've made you a man in the eyes of God,
Then I've answered your soul's greatest needs.

If I bring you hope in your darkest hour,
And your heart from its cares beguile;
Then my life has been crowned with love's laurel wreath,
If through all things I've taught you to smile.

RECIPE FOR A WIFE'S HAPPINESS

Slippers worn and dressing gown
Ready for the tired man;
Sweetest smiles and not a frown
To welcome home the weary man;
Beside the brightly glowing lamp
Books and papers in full view
To beguile him from the weary tramp
Wife life's ambition, cares;
Drink cold or viands hot
To tempt the appetite so coy
Convince him that no man has had
Such joy, better than the vapid joy
Offered by society,
Will you reap, if you apply
This simple, homely recipe.

A KITCHEN LITANY

It's washing dishes in the morning,
Washing dishes at noon;
Washing dishes in the evening,
On until the radiant moon
Calls the weary for rest to com
And be calmed by its rays flooding windows
And silvering the old kitchen walls;
This inner temple of home.

It's cooking breakfast in the morning;
Cooking dinner at noon;
Cooking supper in the evening;
Waiting for the men to come:
To hear them say: "Oh mother,
How good that ginger-bread smells!"
Then incense that lures and keeps them
In the sanctuary of home.

MR. HOOVER'LL GET YOU - - IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT
(Herbert Hoover as Food Administrator – World War I)

Mr. Hoover's helping Uncle Sam
To rightly food conserve,
To scare the wolf away from our doors,
And all our lives preserve;
And you'd better watch your kitchens, your garbage can
and such,
You folks that are so careless and daily waste so much;
You'd better see that there is no extra lying about,
Or Mr. Hoover'll get you - -
If you don't watch out.

He sends the men to our back doors
To see just how much more
We're wasting than we're eating,
And need it badly, so they say;
This cruel war may last, you know, till all our food is out,
So Mr. Hoover'll get you - -
If you don't watch out.

If you have no pigs or chickens
To eat the surplus up;
No cats, no kittens and no dogs,
Not even a useless pup,
Then you'd better get a little child to come and live
with you,
And help you live the better, and eat the surplus too,
And, if you've got scraps, left over don't let it be found out
Or Mr. Hoover'll get you - -
If you don't watch out.

IF I COULD PREACH

If I could preach, it seems to me
I'd give no time for theory
On this or that to disagree,
But more for Christ on Calvary;
For theories are made by men,
And glibly fall from tongue or pen;
But harder far to live and teach,
"The greatest of these is charity."
And while the world's well taught in lore,

The world has still been bathed in gore,
And Grief cries broken-heartedly:
“O Love, where is they victory!”

If I could preach, it seems to me
Christ’s love my favorite theme would be - -
The love that blessed in time of need;
The love that never failed to heed
The anguished cry of the little child,
Of the wicked, or the meek and mild.
Not in the vaunted haunts of men,
But in the alley-ways He sought, and then
When found, the poor, the needy, sad
He tried to help make glad.
O, if I could truly preach my Christ,
My services could not be priced.

MY MUFFIN CAKES

(Written after receiving rejected manuscripts of poetry and a prize for
winning muffin cakes in the Putnam County Fair.

Given to the editor in the 1930’s.)

My poems may not rank so high,
Perhaps rarely one an honor takes,
But at our Agricultural Fair
I win cash on muffin cakes.

My verses may not win your heart,
And over this my heart may ache,
But I shall win you when you taste
My old-fashioned muffin cakes.

And some day if you come to me
When earth its luring color takes,
I shall not read my poems to you,
But feed you on my muffin cakes.

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups flour
1 cup sweet milk
2 tsp. baking powder
4 eggs

Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add alternately with milk. Add beaten eggs. Bake in muffin pans about 20 minutes in 300-350 degree oven. (Batter Can be kept in refrigerator and baked as needed).

THE VIOLINIST

He drew the bow with cords so sweet
And sad, they drew tears
From the depths of many eyes
That had not cried for years.

And then he drew forth chords of mirth,
And laughter followed tears;
This linked with liquid violin notes
He'll be through memory's years.

COURAGE: WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE
(Author's tribute to Will Allen Dromgoole,
Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs Poet Laureate.
Clara Cox Epperson was named Poet Laureate
After Miss Dromgoole's death).

In her frail body was a spirit of courage
and enthusiasm beyond belief
And now Death with gentle, kindly hand
has come to her relief.
She has gone to the Island of Beautiful Things
The Island that to weary hearts always brings
Surcease from sorrow and earth's grips and pains
And there in the Sunlight of God's love
She will realize her broken dreams.

THE HOUSE THAT ONCE WAS MINE

Oh, dearest House that once was mine,
How warmly on you fell the sunshine;
How softly pattered the gentle rain
Or snow-flakes white on the sloping roof,
With never lighting stroke of reproof.
In vision I live those glad days again,
Dear little House of mine!

I pass you by, Oh, House not mine,
And watch the fire-glow through the windows shine,
With the old, mellow welcoming light,
And see happy people move to and fro
Through rooms where Love and I used to go
Hand-in-hand in fragrant, starlit night,
Dear little House, not mine!

MY LITTLE ROOM

I have a little room high up beneath the roof,
A little room all white and clean and sweet
Where I can go to rest,
And as I lie and look out on the sky
And on the pale moon sailing swift and high,
I hear the birds sing in the summer night,
Glad heralds of the dawn's first shaft of light,
And my soul goes wandering up, away and far
Above the things of earth, its grief and gloom,
And out there with the stars, the moon, and you, Dear
Heart,
Sometimes I fain would not come back to my dear room.
My little, still, white room beneath the roof.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

The Old Year, creeping o'er the silent hills,
Pauses to bid the world a last good-night;
Longing for joys past the sad heart fills
As they watch him slowly vanishing from sight.

But the New Year comes with flaming flags unfurled;
And Hope with vibrant, glad, exultant voice
Heralds his advent to the watching world,
And bids the sorrowing heart: "Arise, rejoice!"

THE HIGHWAYS

Like satin ribbons winding
Through rugged hills and vales
Are lovely, gleaming highways
We travel joyously.

They wander through the forest,
And curve the limpid streams,
As gray, silk bands entwining
Through green trees they gleam.

O'er them we travel swiftly
To cities far away,
Or back into the shadowy hills
To spend a restful day

They are the touch of Progress
Laid on the futile lands,

These winding, shining roadways;
These glistening, gleaming bands.

The old, brown roads of history
O'er which our fathers came
Forever give place to speeding
Highway's exultant claim.

IRIS TIME IN TENNESSEE

It is Iris Time in Tennessee,
And the gay birds are singing merrily,
The glad sun is shining radiantly,
For its Iris Time in Tennessee.

It is Iris Time in Tennessee,
Their blooms tinted with amazing colors
Their cups shedding dew-drops fragrantly,
In this Iris Time in Tennessee.

Oh, it's Iris Time in Tennessee,
Lift you sad hearts joyously,
God's beauty blooms everlastingly
Give thanks for Iris Time in Tennessee.

COSTUMES OF THE SKY

The sky dons her evening robe of silver gray
with border wide of dull blue
Looped up with one brilliant evening star
revealing the petticoat of rose beneath,
She looks with pity down on a sun-scorched, heat-burned,
world and with sympathy divine
Shuts out from view the vivid color of rose
with a marble of soft gray,
And flings her canopy of stars
over the suffering world,
the cooling dew falls; the world
sinks into rest and deep slumber;
The Night passes, while the brooding Moon
keeps lonely vigil in the heart of the Sky.
Day dawns, and the world rises refreshed
from long hours of rest and sleep,
To praise and bless the silent Night,
the restful, dreamful Night.
The Sky rejoicing with the world, puts on
her robe of azure blue and gold
To herald the coming of her lover Sun, who reigns supreme
in her heart throughout the day.

BOY OF MINE

May God keep you, Boy of Mine,
In camp or on the firing line;
Ever keep your heart from wrong
And in temptation make you strong!

Then when duty's call are o'er,
Bring you home safe, I implore;
Your soul through trials taught to shine,
Your body unmaimed, Oh Boy of Mine!

THE UNSEEN GUEST

Standing in our mist
Now to urge us onward
Whatever the heart-ache and the pain
For the eternal glory he now knows
And through every cloud that darkens our way.
Through every seeming ill wind that blows
He would tell us that a silver lining is there
And that when our duty's done, the might of life is laid down.
We shall find our joy complete
In that land of God so fair - - and a crown.

THANKSGIVING

For long years filled with joys or tears,
For all the friends that life endears,
For even the sunset as it nears,
Dear Lord, we thank Thee!

For thy comfort and its hope,
For loved ones on the downward slope.
For visions fair beyond earth's scope,
Dear Lord, we thank Thee!

HIS LOVE

I have lived with Tragedy,
And walked alone with Grief.
Gone through darkest days and nights
With no gleam of relief;
Yet, behind it all I know
God's love shines on me,
Even though in darkest woe
Its light I may not see.
My earthly eyes will never see
The glory of His face,
He leadeth me by unseen hands
And by His wondrous grace.

HAPPINESS

You may go out in the world and search with
all your might,
But each time you grasp at Happiness, she will
vanish from your sight;
But take up again your life task, and meet it
best you can,
And if the burden's heavy, bear it bravely
like a man,
And sweet Happiness not found in the gilded
halls of beauty,
You will find by your own fireside, sitting
hand in hand with Duty.

THE SHELF OF AGE

To get upon the shelf of age gracefully and remain there contentedly is a test of human character as to both its strength and its sweetness.

Like rich preserves on our pantry shelves, are our dearly beloved old people on the shelves of life. They give out a savor that sweetens all of life for us. They cannot be spoiled because they have been thoroughly seasoned, tested, and tried over the fires of experience and pain, and their rare flavor is good and a thing much to be desired-and when lost out of our lives leave a longing that can never be satisfied by anything else.

These preserves are often filled with spicy memories of long ago that set our mouths to watering for their honied fragrance, and always, if they are well preserved, are they filled with the sugar of kindness and of understanding. No matter how full the cup of sorrow that is put to our lips to drink, its bitterness is made sweet by the after-taste of sympathy that comes from the dear old people preserved on our shelves of life.

And so shall we keep them there as long as we can to make the world good and precious for us. Then, when we too shall have to take the inevitable climb up to the shelf of age, we also shall become delightful preserves to sweeten, not sour, the lives of those that follow after us.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Today in fancy we can see
A vision of that wondrous three
In far-off Bethlehem.
A mother holding by the hand
A tiny, sleeping baby, and
An angel watching o'er them.

Alas, another scene we see,
The saddest in all history:
A Saviour crucified;
While the disciple whom He loved,
And Mary with devotion proved,
West by his side.

GIFTS

They brought gold and frankenscence and myrrh;
But He gave only love –
Forgiveness and divine sympathy
His royalty to prove.

DEATH

Death gently touches the pain-worn face
Smoothing away its lines of grief and care;
A sculptor carving - - - age disappears,
Replaced by youth's magic radiance fair.

They why call Death by other name
Than beneficent, loving, merciful friend
Who erases from loved faces ravages of time,
And leaves them peaceful, beautiful in the end.

THE AFTERMATH

After rain
The earth is purified anew,
The sky is tinted a bluer blue,
Diamond dewdrops the leaves bestrew,
After rain.

After pain
The heart is sanctified anew,
The mind holds only the good, the true,
The soul to God its vows renew,
After pain

After tears
The eyes are given a clearer view,
For memory's rosemary and rue
Will strength for the future our hearts imbue,
After tears.

THE LINT FAIRIES

In Night-fairy-land the Queen of the night fairies is not thinking of sleep, for this is the busy time for the fairies, and she must rouse them from their lovely day-dreams and set them about their duties of the night.

The dew fairies in Summer and the snow and frost fairies in Winter are very busy little workers, but none are so busy as the tiny lint fairies. The clabber fairies are also busy little fairies, but not so busy as the lint fairies, for they have only one churn and perhaps a few buckets of milk to turn in each house, while the lint fairies must work all over the house.

The Queen of the Night wakes the fairies of the night, day-dreams and gathers them together in squads and regiments and sends them forth to the sleeping world to accomplish the tasks assigned them.

The tiny, gray, lint fairies can hardly wait for the word, "go," so eager are they to get to work. Finally the magic; "One to make ready, two to go," is said by their beloved Queen, and away they go through the clouds, by the twinkling stars, that wink and blink them a merry greeting as they fly by to pass the snow and frost fairies, the dew and clabber fairies, and speed from cloud to cloud, waltzing, skipping and singing joyously on their way, for they love their work and want to get to it as soon as possible and be ready to return with the other fairies to Night-fairy-land, when their tasks are done.

Soon through the windows and into the rooms of the sleeping people, noiselessly fly the tiny, gray, lint fairies, and under the beds and tables and dressers, into the closets and every where they go, busily shaking the gray lint from their downy, feathery wings and bodies, until the floor is covered. With patient industry they go from room to room, from house to house, these busiest of busy little workers.

In the meanwhile the frost and snow, or the dew fairies are busy in the yards and gardens, and in the kitchens and milkhouses the clabber fairies find the milk to curdle for churning and for cottage cheeses.

When all is done they join each other in the yard, and up through the clouds they fly and soon mingle with the gray dawn in their journey back to the Queen of the Night-fairy-land, before the sun with his first rays of light touches the hilltops and sky and with his brushes dipped in colors of pink and gold, of turquoise and lavender paints in exquisite hues the new day.

In the morning the busy housekeepers sweep and sweep, and the elusive, feathery, gray lint flies from the broom with the lightness and swiftness or the lint fairies themselves, and in anger the housekeepers cry: "Where did all of this lint come from?" as they chase it from room to room; and away off in Night-fairy-land the Queen of the fairies is busy tucking all the little, tired fairies into their beds, and she pauses by the beds of the tiny lint fairies and lovingly pats them as she tucks the dainty cover in, and say: "Have beautiful day-dreams, my dears, for you have done your work well."

The dark, gray shades of night are pulled down upon the sky-windows of the sleeping world to shut out the radiant light of the sun. Little stars are hung in the heavens for the shifting clouds to see their way on their journey across the sky. The world has put on her night cap and gone to sleep, rocked and soothed in the quiet darkness by the Dustman with his gifts of wonderful dreams.

THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER

The French Broad River is a yellow sash
Embroidered with boulders and islands green;
Draped and swinging around the mountain's waist,
With bridges to clasp its golden sheen.

DAWNING

The brown hills and the blue hills
Are borders for the sky's drapery of gray.
Soon the first hint of orange, red and opal
Tint the skirts and mark the dawning of a new day.

WHEN BILLY-BOY WRINKLES HIS NOSE

When Mummy dear
Stoops to kiss Billy-boy
He wrinkles his nose like this
Just because he likes to tease,
And Mummy cries;
“Oh Billy-boy please
Don’t have a cold and begin to sneeze!”

Then he jumps up laughing just like this
And lifts his jolly face
for his kiss,
Gleefully standing on his toes,
And Mummy grabs him
with heart that glows.
“Twas to fool her he wrinkled his nose.

AUTUMN TIME IN TENNESSEE

And now its autumn time in Tennessee
The dead leaves like tears fall constantly,
Tears over the face of an earth that is dead.

The leaves of gold and brown falling down
Will soon form a Fall - - earth's sleeping game,
But spring will come again
and earth rising joyously
Will find it is again autumn time in Tennessee.

A WINTER DAY

Leafless the trees, stript stark and bare,
No hint or promise of Spring so fair;
Smoke from tall chimney in cloudlike grey wreaths
And cold desolation o'er the landscape breathes.
Sear and yellow fields below the blue-grey sky;
Dull brown the clustering hills a back-ground lie;
Cabins dotted here and there with children at play,
Periods that mark the sentences of a Winter Day.

GIFTS

The wise men came bringing rich gifts rare
To lay at the Christ-child's feet;
But we read of no gifts by women brought
To welcome a life so sweet.

But the wise men came not to the cross
Bringing faith to lighten its gloom;
They may have been first at the cradle with gifts,
But the women were last at the tomb.

THE CROSS BORNE WAY

I know I cannot walk with Him
Down the Cross-borne way,
But just to follow after Him
And stumblingly to pray;
“Dear Christ give me of Thine own strength
To climb life’s Calvary;
May my communion sweet with Thee
Be my heart’s ecstasy.
And when the way grows dark and long
Make Thy dear face to shine,
Lighting the way for me to go
With radiance divine.”

A GIFT

Were I to cry aloud to God
The best of gifts demanding,
I truly think that gift would be
The gift of understanding.

The power to divine another’s joy,
To sympathize with sorrow;
To weigh in the balance every soul,
And from Christ, wide charity borrow.

MY CALENDAR

I burn the calendar of years,
All blotted with mistakes and tears,
And on my desk with pages white
I place a new one in full sight.
How soon it too, may blotted be
With marking of frailty:
Resolutions quickly forgot,
And again the darkening blot!

THE RAINBOW

The rainbow lay across the eastern hills
As if painted there by an artist's hand.
Against the sky and blue-green mountain tops
Vivid the colors of each gleaming band.
The "bow of promise" to a flooded world,
Placed there by God's hand centuries ago,
That as we see this miracle in sky
His saving love and mercy we may know.

BOOKS

Let books be your companion
and you will never be alone;
For in them you will find
all the hopes of the world,
And all that men have done.
An inspiration then each one will be
For time and for eternity.

AUTUMN'S GOLD

No bank can hold a coffer of gold for me.
But outside my window is a wealth of gold
Brought to me by a friendly tree
And Autumn's glorious, magic wand
Filled with gold each lovely, leafy cup
These treasures are for me to enjoy.
And the hours of the day and of the night
In prayers of thanks I employ.

CATCHING AT SUNBEAMS

Catching ever at sunbeams,
And holding never a one,
Yet the effort keeps us moving
Onward, up to the sun.