Golden Showers

by

A. Hanslip

Miss Maggie Tarr

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WITH

POEMS SELECTED

BY

CHRISTINE FORREST.

LONDON - DEAN & SON, 160a FLEET STREET, PRINTED IN HOLLAND.

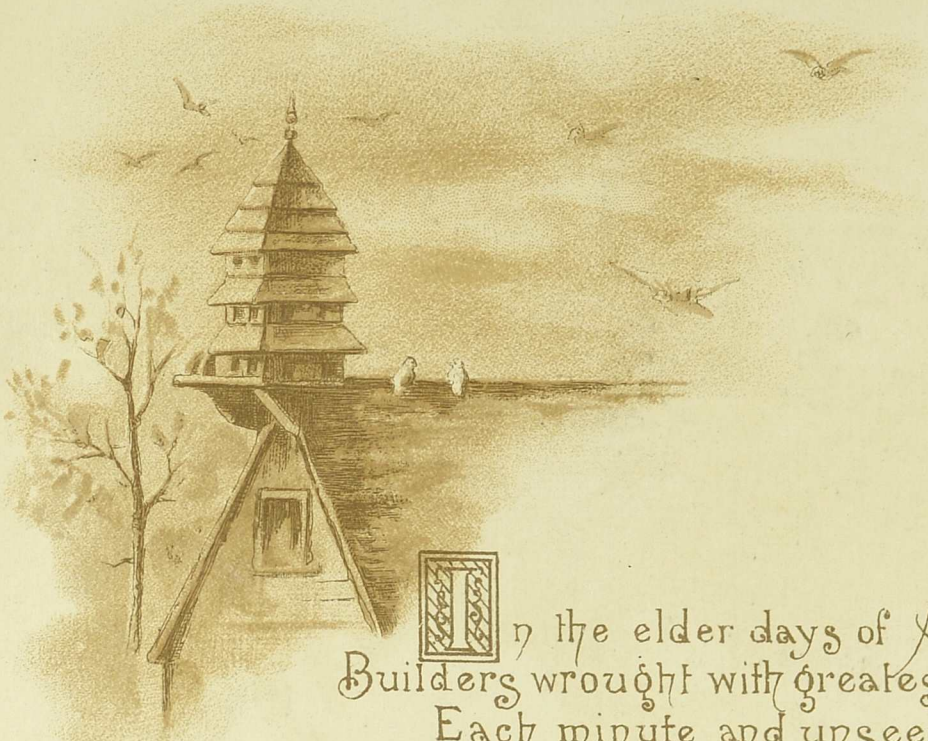
The Builders.

All are architects of Fate
Working in these
walls of time,
Some with massive deeds & great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with
which we build.

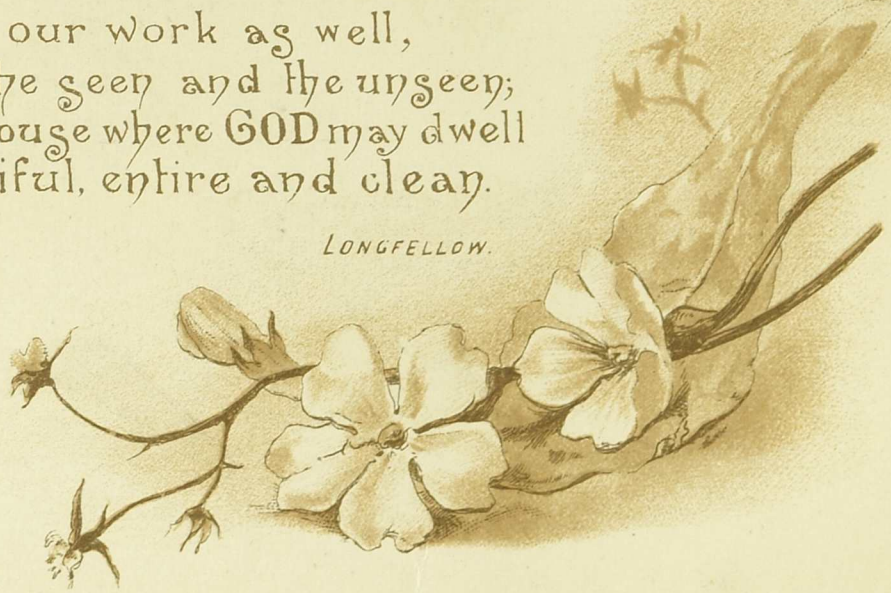
Truly shape and fashion these:
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

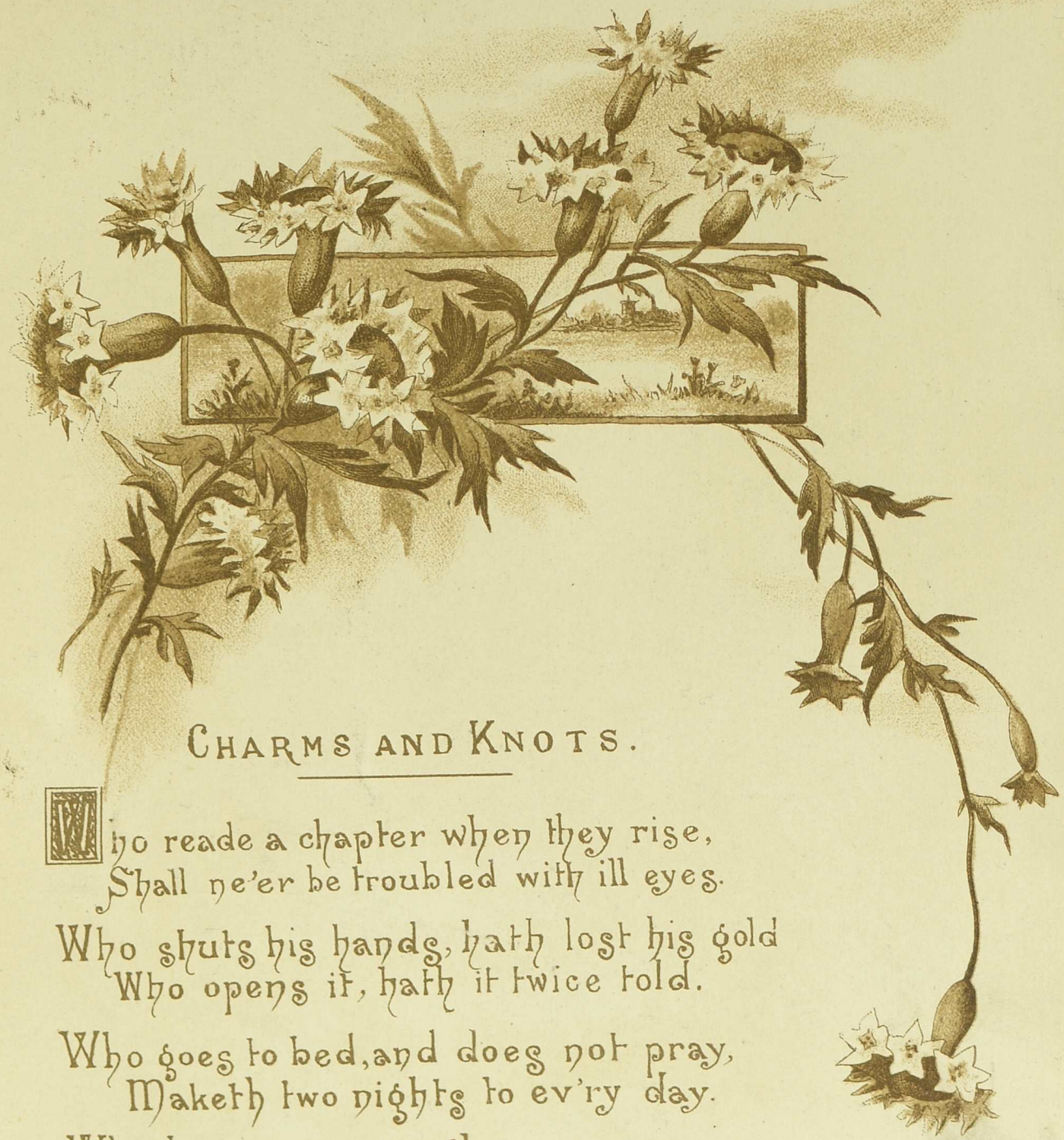


In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the GODS see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the seen and the unseen;
Make the house where GOD may dwell
Beautiful, entire and clean.

LONGFELLOW.





Charms and Knots.

Who reade a chapter when they rise,
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

Who shuts his hands, hath lost his gold
Who opens it, hath it twice told.

Who goes to bed, and does not pray,
Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

Who by aspersions throw a stone
At the head of others, hit their own.

Who looks on ground with humble eyes,
Finds himself there, and seeks to rise.

George Herbert.

Tears.

Tears though they're
here below the sinners' brine,
Above, they are the angels'
spiced wine.

If little labour, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

HERRICK.

RECORDS.

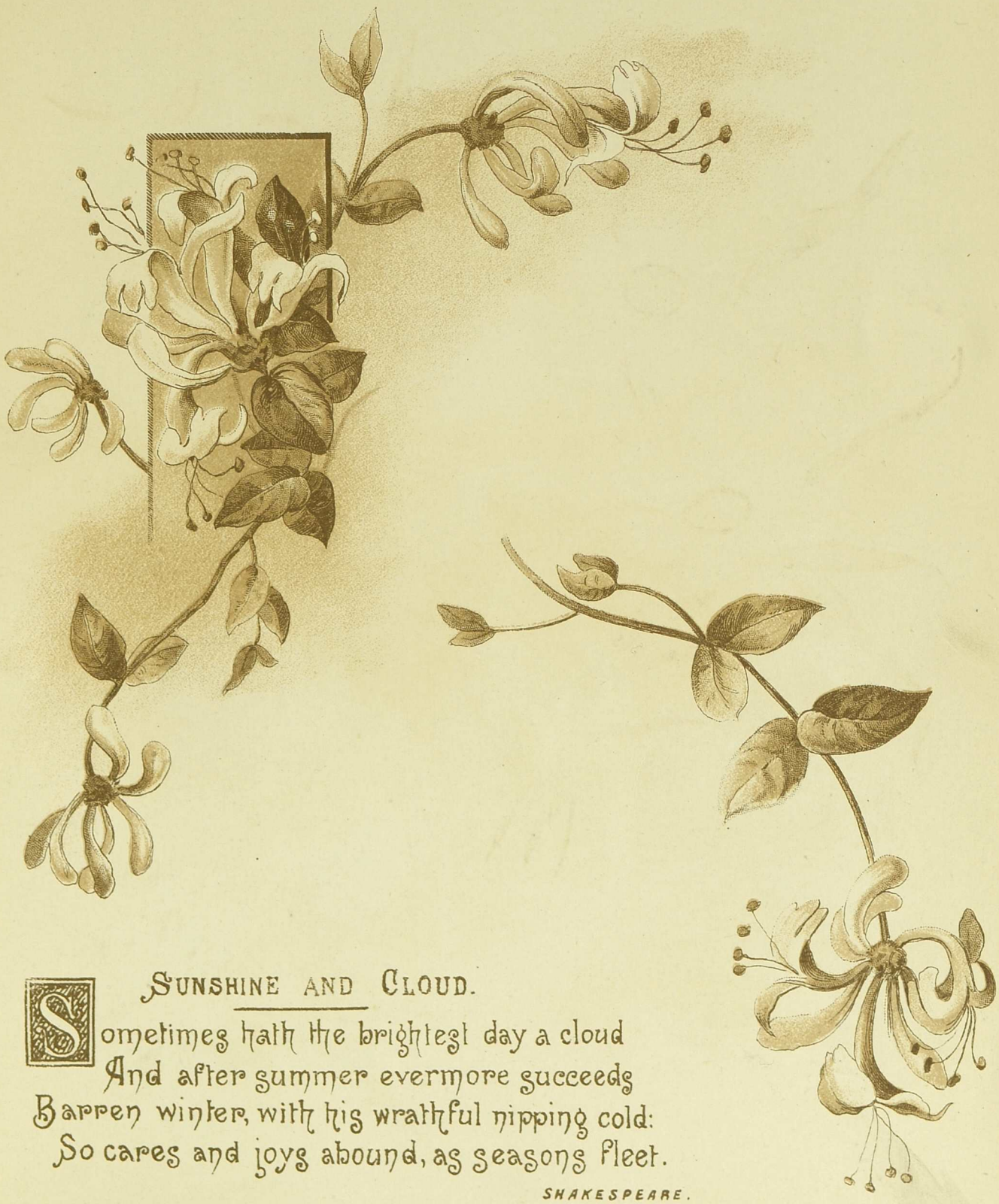
No action, whether foul or fair
Is ever done but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing, or a curse, & mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts that follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed
And the justice of GOD made manifest.

LONGFELLOW.

The Force of Prayer.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to GOD we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend

WORDSWORTH.



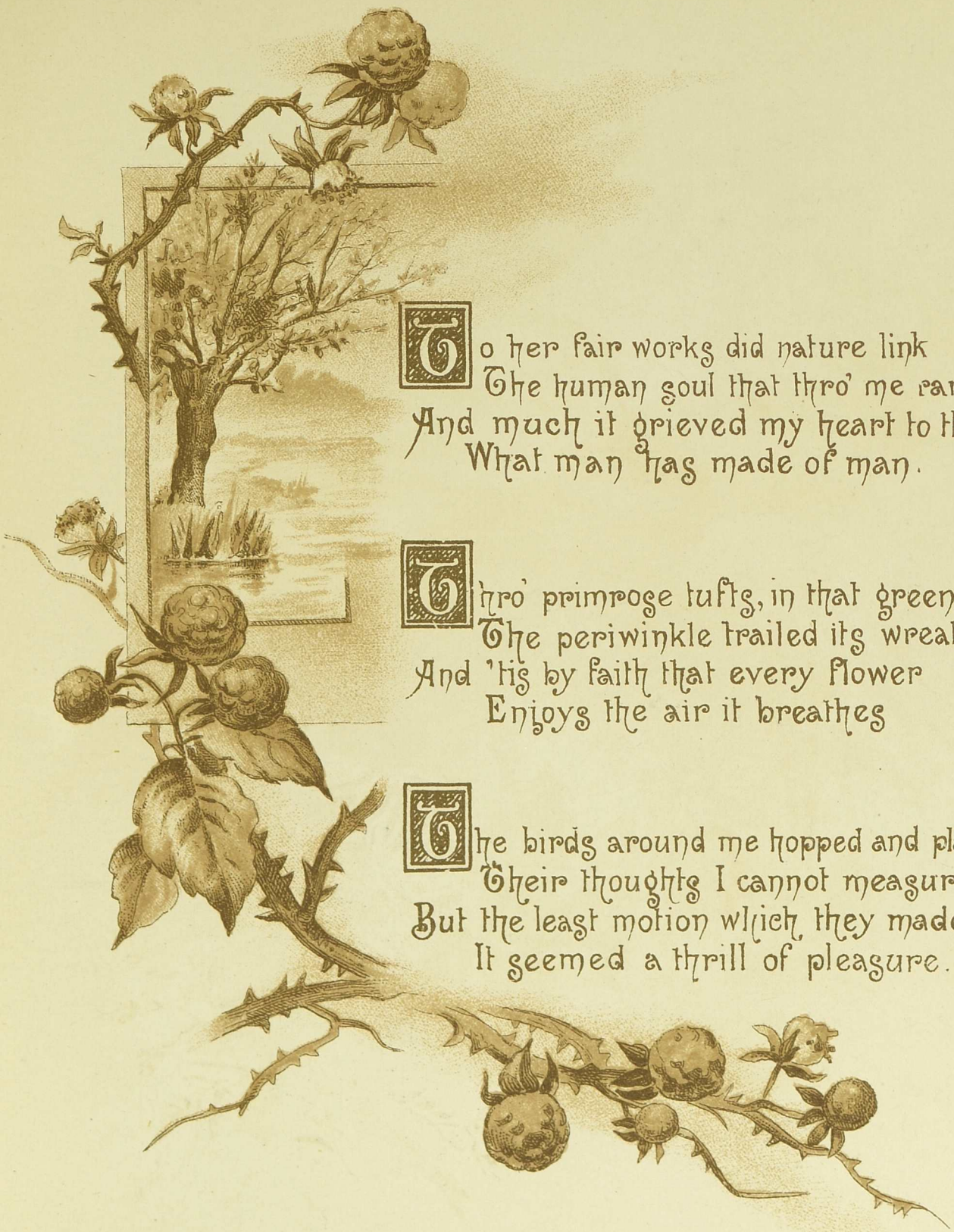
Sunshine and Cloud.

Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.



To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that thro' me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Thro' primrose tufts, in that green bower;
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths
And 'tis by faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes

The birds around me hopped and played.
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

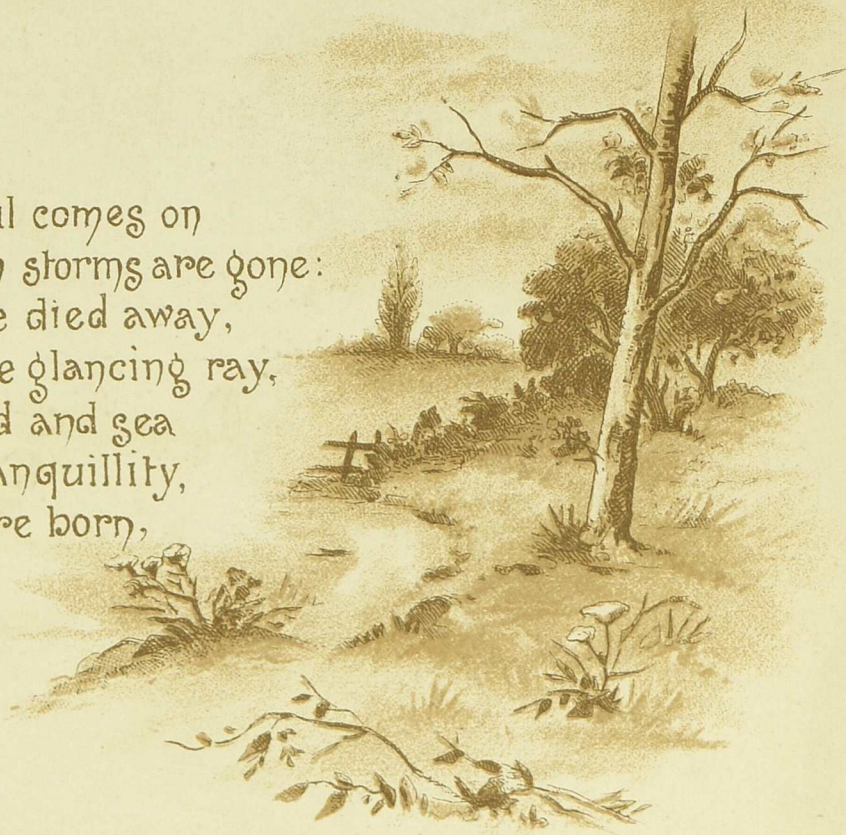
The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there

If this belief from Heaven be sent
If such be Nature's holy plan
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man.

WORDSWORTH.

SUMMER.

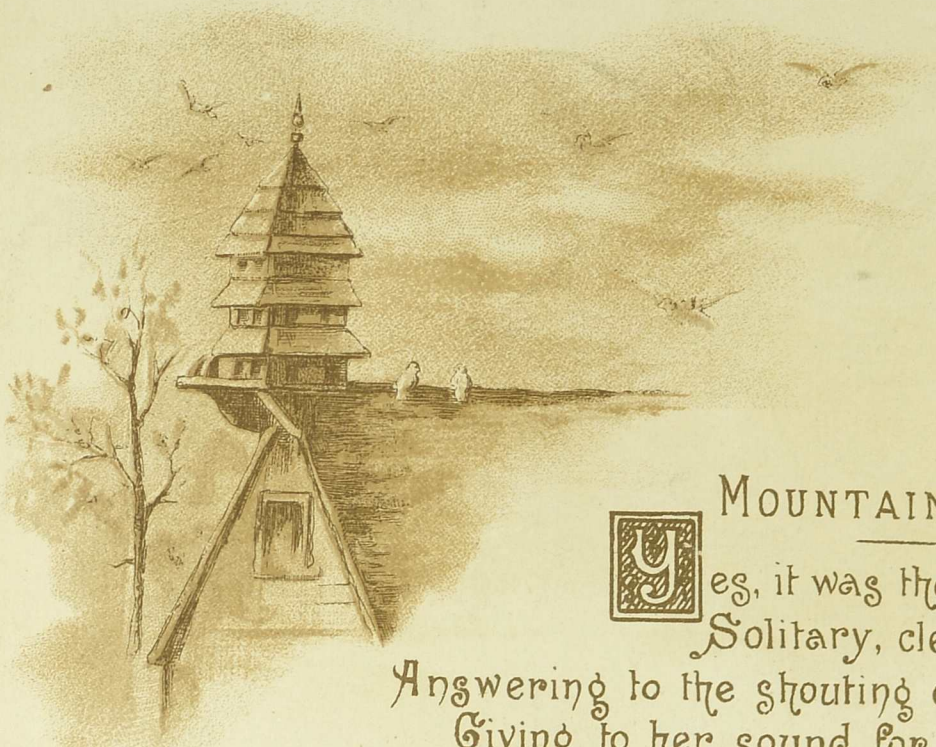
How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone:
When warning winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn:



When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwinds will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them.
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,

There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the lovliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own.
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!

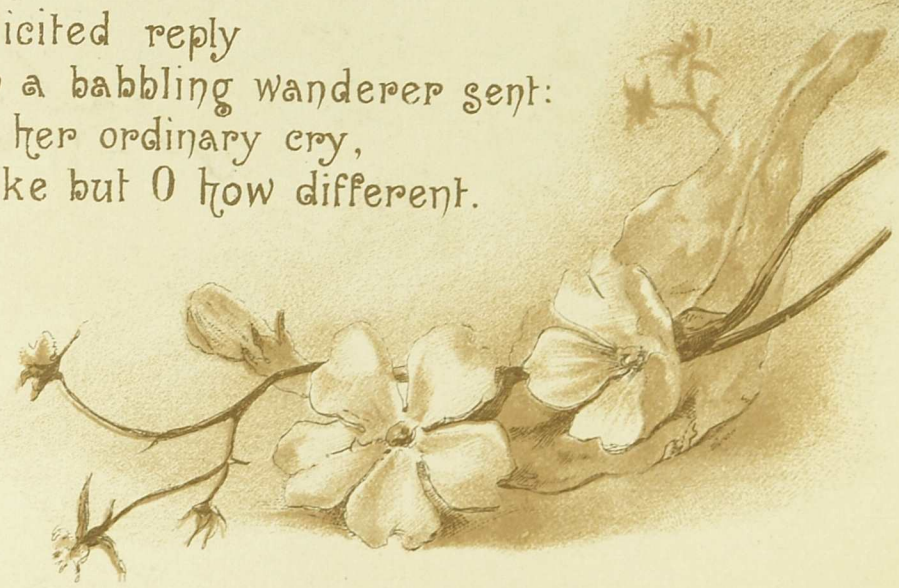
T. MOORE



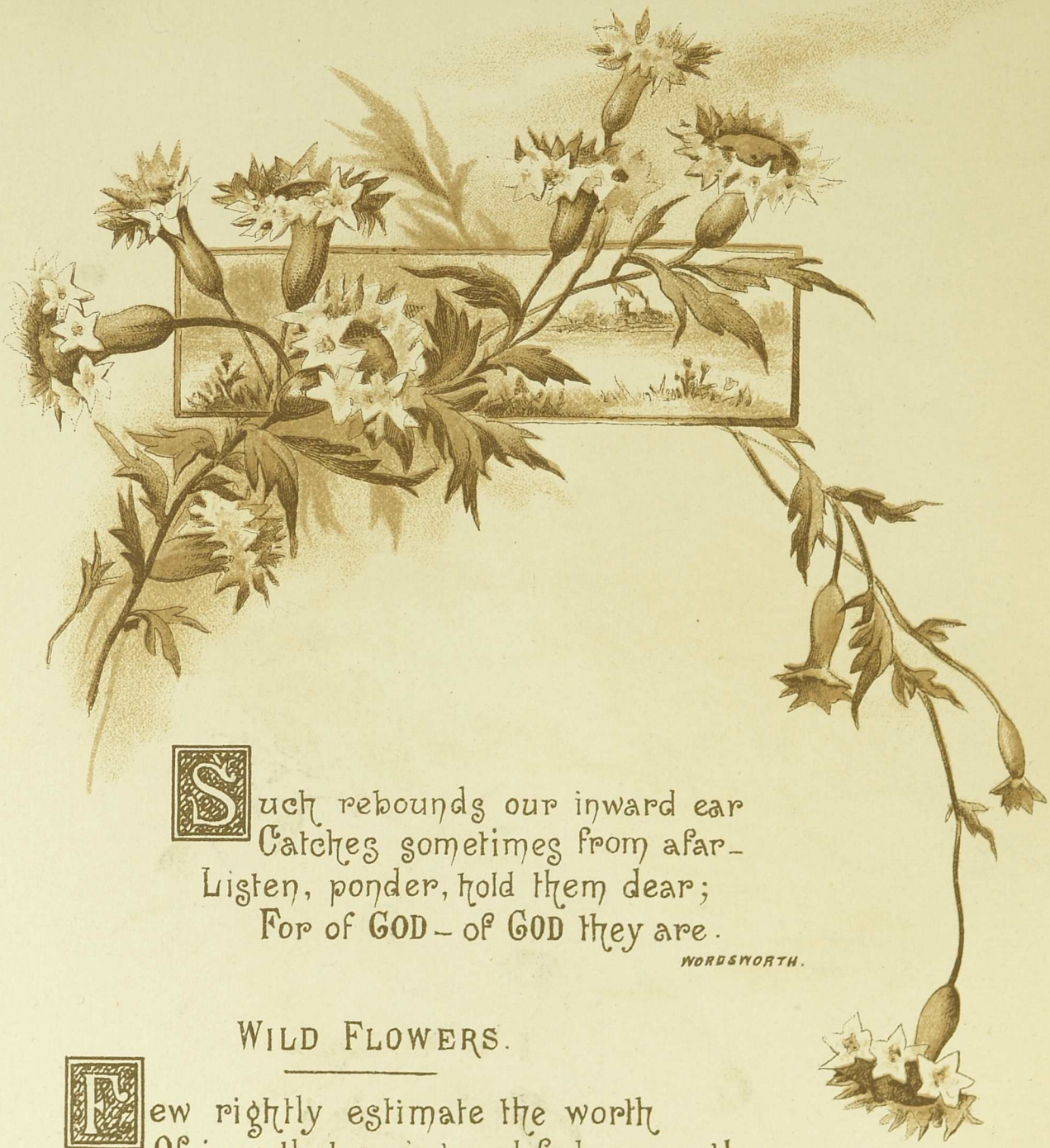
Mountain Echoes

Yes, it was the mountain echo,
Solitary, clear, profound,
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply
To a babbling wanderer sent:
Like her ordinary cry,
Like but O how different.



Hears not also mortal Life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love or strife –
Voices of two different natures?



Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
For of GOD—of GOD they are.

WORDSWORTH.

WILD FLOWERS.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth:
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of Paradise;

But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way
That cheer, yet not protract his stay.
He must not these too fondly clasp,
Lest they should vanish in his grasp,
And yet may view and wisely love
As proofs and types of joys above.

OLD MS.

FRIENDSHIP.

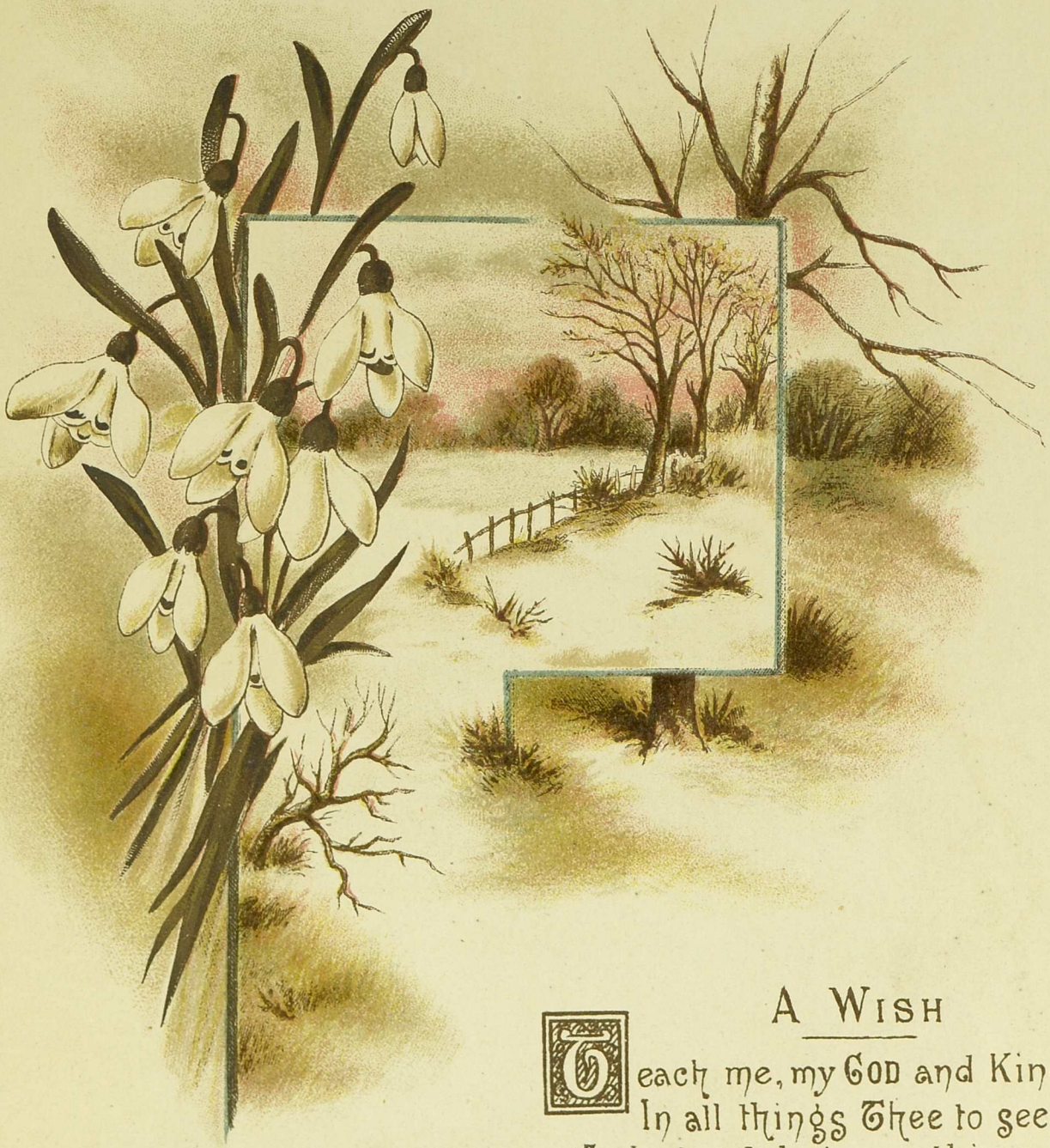
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SHAKESPEARE.

PATIENCE

They also serve
Who only stand and wait.

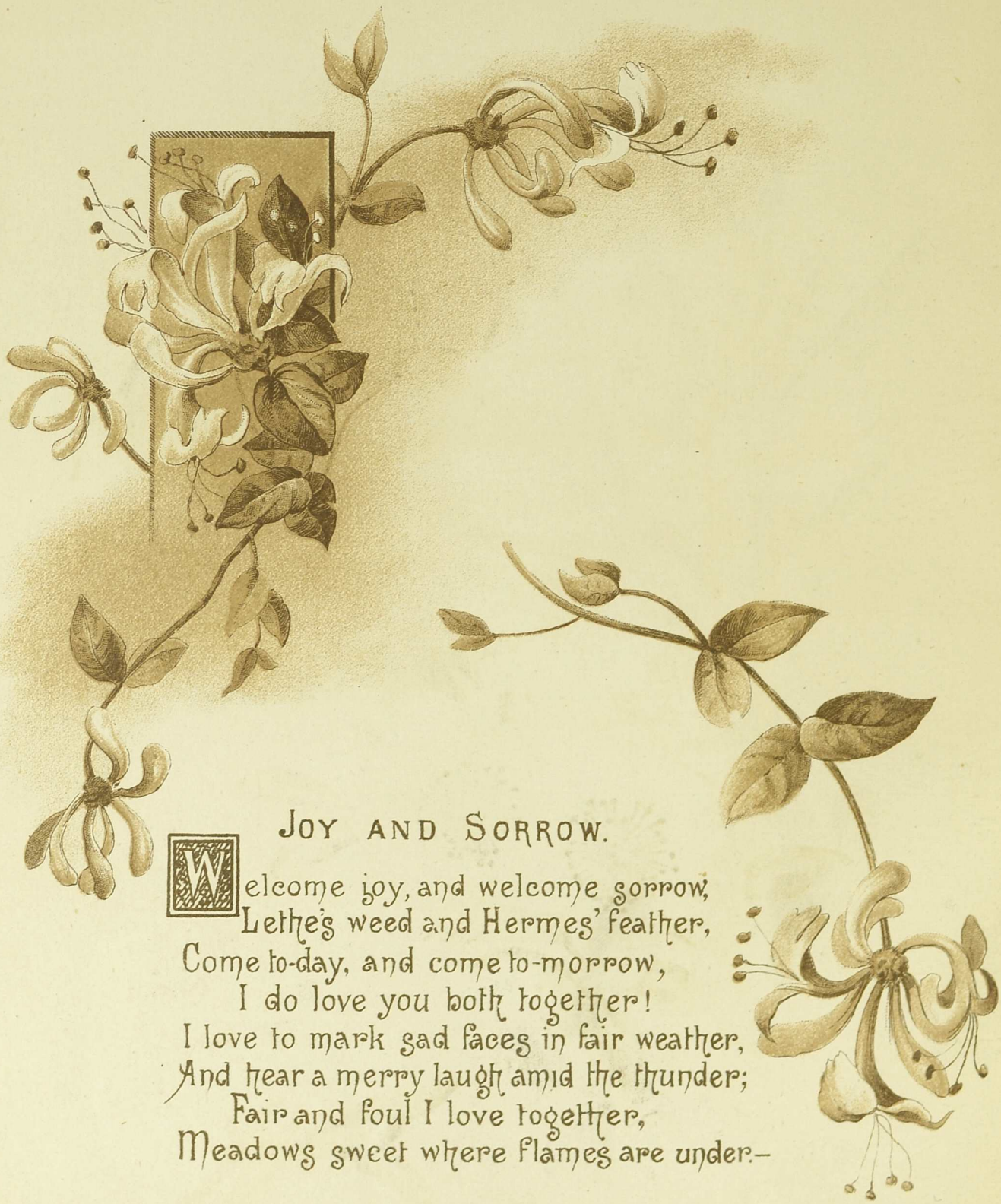
MILTON.



A Wish

Teach me, my God and King.
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

HERBERT.

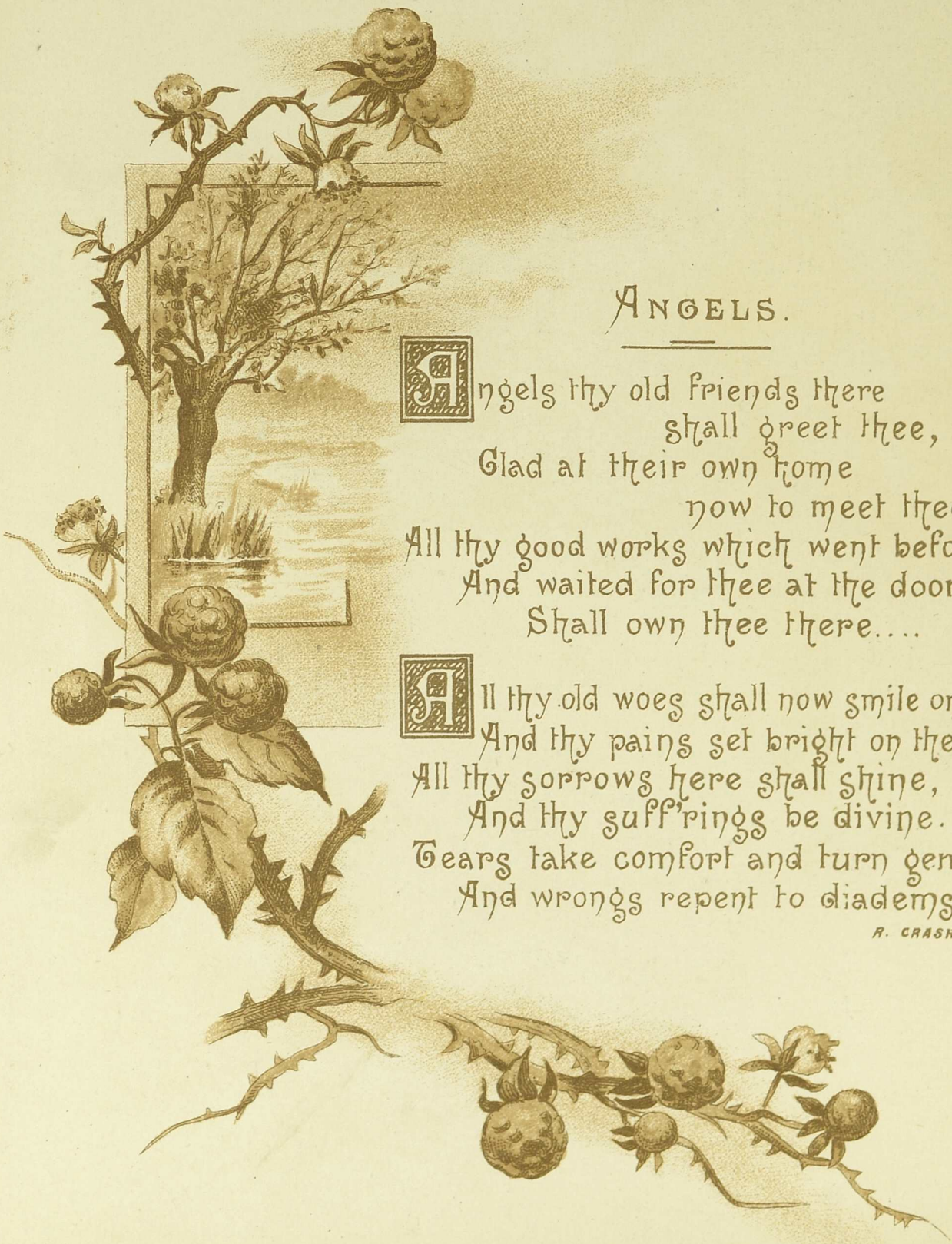


Joy and Sorrow.

Welcome joy, and welcome sorrow,
Lethe's weed and Hermes' feather,
Come to-day, and come to-morrow,
I do love you both together!
I love to mark sad faces in fair weather,
And hear a merry laugh amid the thunder;
Fair and foul I love together,
Meadows sweet where flames are under.—

Let me see, and let me write
Of the day and of the night.

KEATS.



Angels.

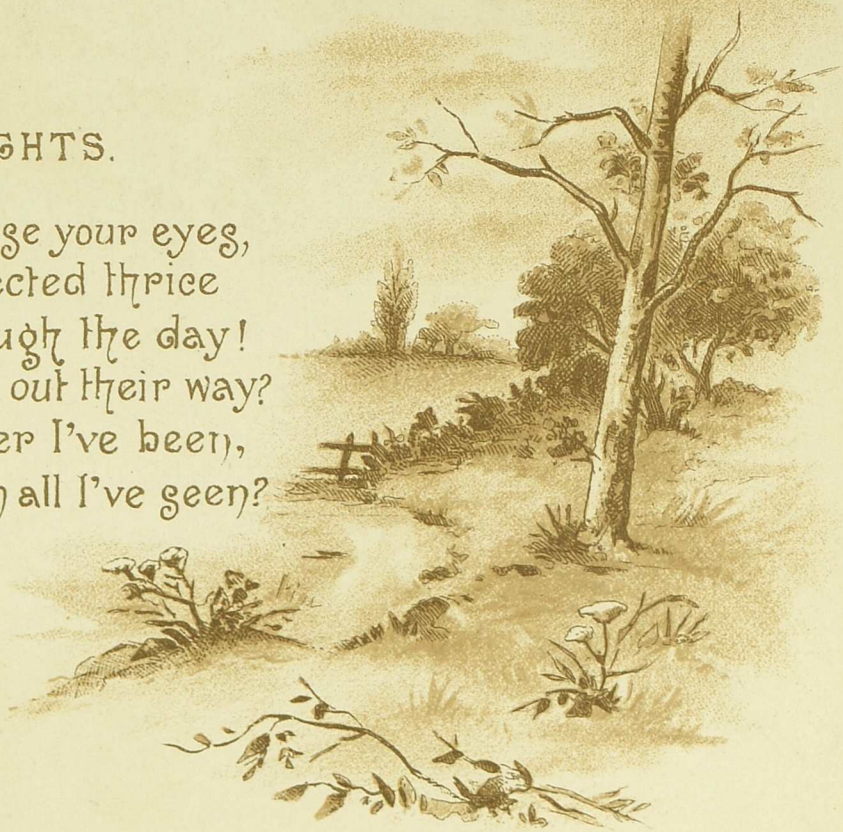
Angels thy old friends there
shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home
now to meet thee,
All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there....

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains set bright on thee:
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
And thy suff'rings be divine.
Tears take comfort and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.

R. CRASHAW.

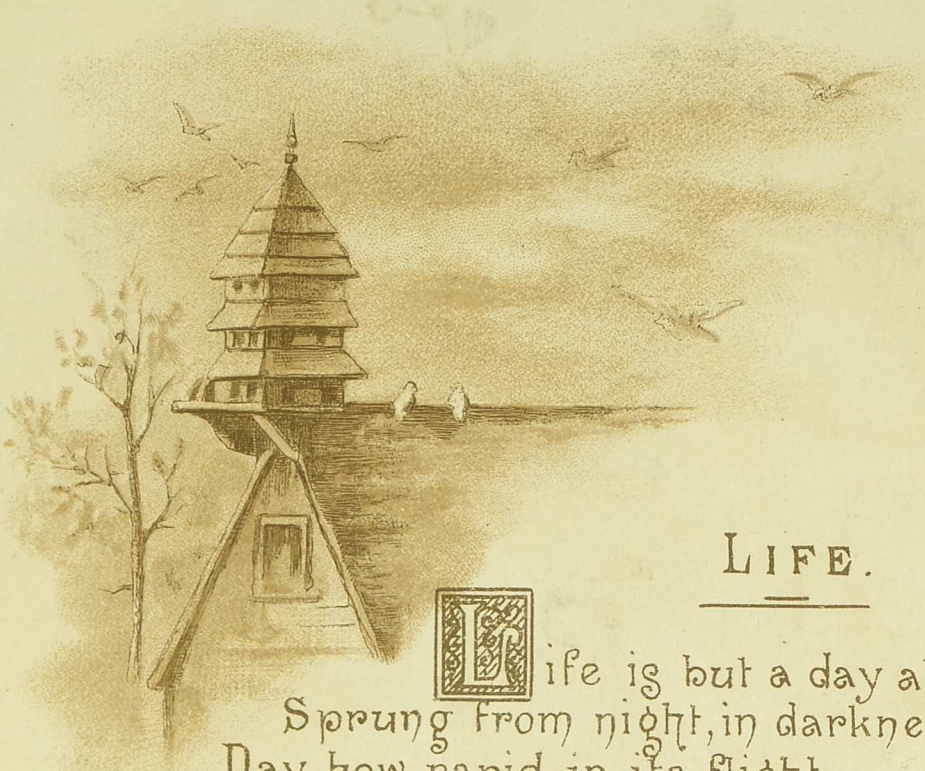
Evening Thoughts.

Let not soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day!
Where have my feet chose out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From what I've heard, from all I've seen?



What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duty have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to GOD.

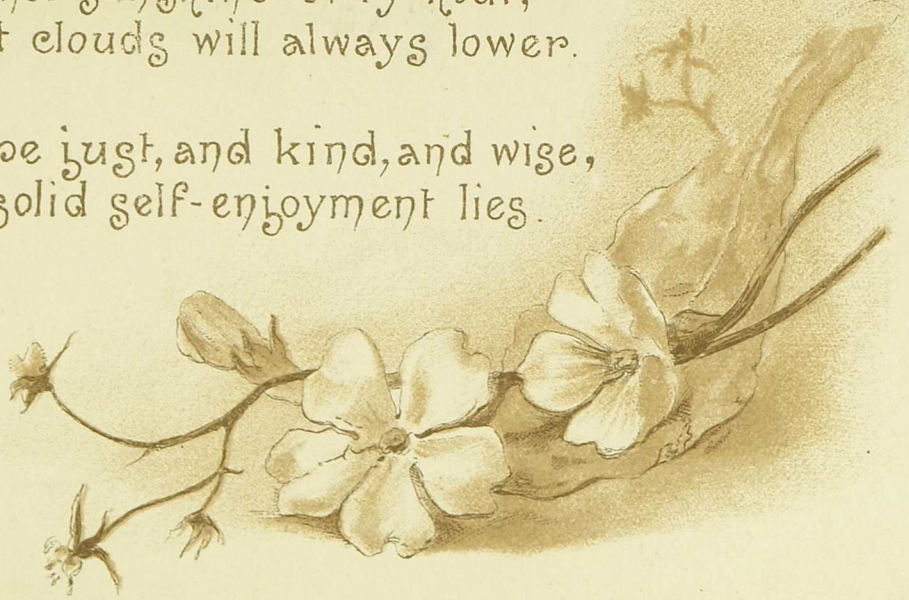
WATTS.



LIFE.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies.



Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep,
Till future life, future no more,
To light on joy He good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

R. BURNS.

God's Goodness.

God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the LORD hath done.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE END.

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GOLDEN...
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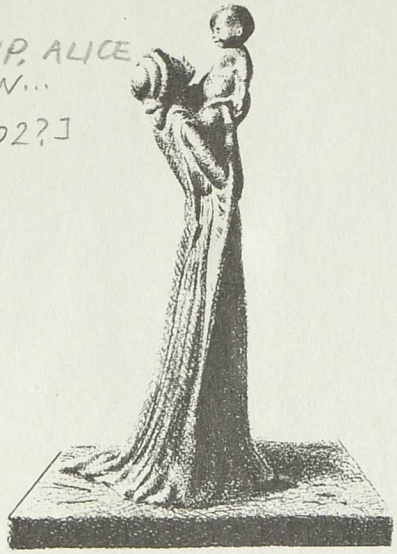

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