

**WHEN LEAVES  
GROW OLD, AND  
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649192007

When leaves grow old, and other poems by Egbert T. Bush

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
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**EGBERT T. BUSH**

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GROW OLD**  
**AND OTHER POEMS**

BY  
**EGBERT T. BUSH**



BOSTON  
**SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY**  
1916

TO  
MY GOOD FRIEND  
DR. GEORGE N. BEST  
WHOSE SKILL, PHILOSOPHY AND KINDLY  
TOUCHES HAVE SMOOTHED OVER SO  
MANY OF THE ROUGH PLACES OF LIFE

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## WHEN LEAVES GROW OLD

WHEN leaves grow old, a glorious change  
From green to tints of flaming red,  
Of gold and purple,— passing strange,  
When all will soon be brown and dead.  
They lend to earth and air and sky  
A softer touch, a kindlier cheer,  
And scatter joy as days go by,  
Though death and nothingness are near.

'Tis written so, old men grow gray ;  
But why should age be dark or sad ?  
By the same law old leaves look gay,  
And closing days are doubly glad.  
Let man so learn ; dispensing cheer  
From gathered joys of days long past,  
May he grow happier year by year,  
Like theirs, his brightest days his last.

## THE DYING PHILOSOPHER

FAREWELL, O wondrous world, farewell!  
Who dares to speak of thee as vain?  
He knows thee not who can but tell  
Of woe and wickedness and pain.

'Twas joy to make of thee a shrine,  
To supplicate in age and youth,  
To seek through all thy laws divine  
Some feeble glimmerings of Truth.

'Tis passing now; I bid adieu  
To all things loved and cherished here,  
To meet whatever may be new  
Without a hope, without a fear;

For birth and death are much the same,  
And this one truth is all I know:  
Out from the great All-Life I came,  
Back to the great All-Life I go.

## DAYDREAMING

### A HOMESICK SOLDIER AT THE FRONT

THERE'S a little brown hut with a crippled door,  
And a bulge behind and a sag before,  
And a chimney all awry,  
And a place in the yard where the roses grow,  
And the lilac bushes,— not much, I know,  
To attract the passer-by;  
But I see it a thousand miles away  
As the fairest spot on the earth to-day;  
It is home — just home — that's why.