

**POEMS: VAGRANT  
FANCIES**

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Poems: Vagrant Fancies by Frances Grant Teetzel

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**FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL**

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POEMS.

VAGRANT  
FANCIES.

BY

FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL.

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*"SUUM CUIQUE."*

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MILWAUKEE:  
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.  
1893.

DEDICATION.

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TO

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES CATLIN

THIS BOOK IS

DEDICATED

WITH THE LOVE OF ITS AUTHOR,

FRANCES GRANT TEETZEL.

DECEMBER, 1891.

**Vagrant Fancies.**

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,  
Over the hillside and meadow fair,  
Sad tones of a bell came through the still air,  
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,  
I hurried over the grassy plain  
And the sweet spring violets bloomed again,  
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,  
Over the highway with weary feet,  
World-worn were the faces I chanced to meet  
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,  
“Haste, haste,” I cried, “to a place of rest—  
For even the sparrow hath found a nest”—  
As I went a-wandering—

As I went a-wandering, wandering, wandering,  
I said, “Fancy, paint the heart’s desire—  
Thy day-dream suffice my soul to inspire”—  
As I went a-wandering—

FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890, 3 P. M.

**True Philosophy.**

To — Palm Sunday.

Love with thy whole heart,  
 Love with thy might,  
 The wise, the glorious—  
 All that is bright.  
 Take in humility  
 What God hath given ;  
 Joy in thy laurels  
 When thou hast striven.  
 So shall thy days go  
 With no regret,  
 And memory show thee  
 Naught to forget.

Love with thy whole heart,  
 Love with thy might,  
 The wise, the glorious—  
 All that is bright.  
 Take in humility  
 If sent to thee  
 In God's own wisdom  
 What e're it be.  
 Fight—help the weak  
 Victories to win  
 O'er wrong and misery,  
 Sorrow and sin,  
 On to the end of life—  
 Let no one say,  
 "He, weak, faint-hearted,  
 Fell by the way."

MARCH 30, 1890.



**The Old Homestead.**

A sunny slope, a green hillside,  
A grass-grown, winding path I see,  
They lead me to that old red house  
My heart's true home where e'er I be.

Broad, with a well-worn step of stone—  
The wide south porch with rough deal floor,  
Old as John Alden's courtship, too,  
An ancient grape vine running o'er.

The odd, square windows, tiny panes;  
That strong front door, its panels eight,  
Its knobs of brass, well polished, there  
Huge iron locks defying fate.

The quaint old hall with chimney wide,  
And fireplace with its generous blaze,  
The parlor bed, in recess dim—  
A dreary tomb shut up always.

And then the "parlor bedroom," too,  
'Tis up a narrow, dangerous stair,  
So is the wood-house chamber low,  
And, joy of all, the garret there.

But in that simple rustic home,  
When father and the boys at night  
Flocked to the kitchen warm and snug,  
Free from all care, their hearts were light.

Beneath this castle Puritan,  
No dungeon deep in gruesome dread :  
All cobble walled a cellar dark  
Filled with the year's good cheer instead.

'Tis but a dream, farewell, farewell,  
Scattered thy children o'er the earth,  
Oh, Homestead dear, New England's pride,  
Gone, gone for aye who there had birth.

'Tis but a dream, farewell, farewell,  
Stranger and pilgrim now I roam,  
Naught can thy simple joys replace—  
Never my heart may know a home.

**The Elect.**

Some lives, how blest, in peaceful valleys lie,  
Sheltered from heaven's harsh winds like flowers rare.  
Like joyous song-birds sporting in the light  
These tranquil lives go on to their own work ;  
They end in bliss for greater bliss to come.

Not so with the Elect. In number few,  
The Elect, a chosen few in this sad world,  
Are they who have been by the Omnipotent  
Thus set apart as prophets were of old  
To go before to lead in strange new ways,  
As Greatheart led the Pilgrims by Despair.

Ah, the Elect! How are they in the van?  
With iron resolution tread the road  
As pioneers, through storm, o'er craig and glen,  
Through darksome caves, and oft along the flower-  
Wreathed borders of the abyss; oftimes jeered on  
By impish, mocking laughter, oft with scorn,  
Contumely—on, on through hanging mist  
Whose dark folds hide the terrors of the way,  
To make them more appalling, while yet far  
Before in gloom often invisible  
The silver cross, hidden by storm-clouds black  
Veiling its radiant light.

Oh, Cross, Oh, Truth!

Elect, rough-hew the road, show us the way,  
However dark, mysterious to Truth.  
The awful solitude, the loneliness  
Of the dread way, God knows. The sacrifice,  
Renunciation all of what lends joy  
To other lives is but a part of thy  
Sad heritage,—thy armor for the fight.

JUNE 27, 1891.