LYRICS AND SONNETS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649641017

Lyrics and Sonnets by Edith M. Thomas

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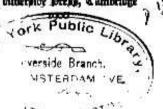
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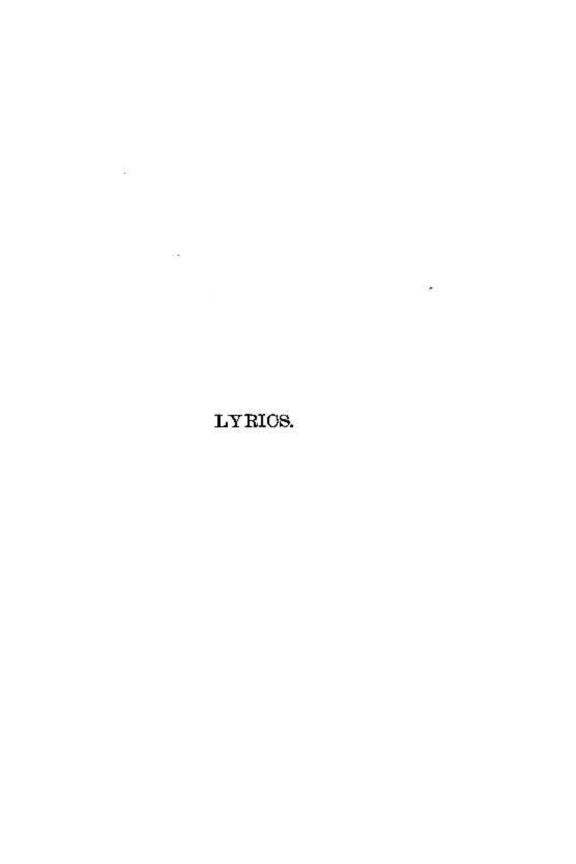
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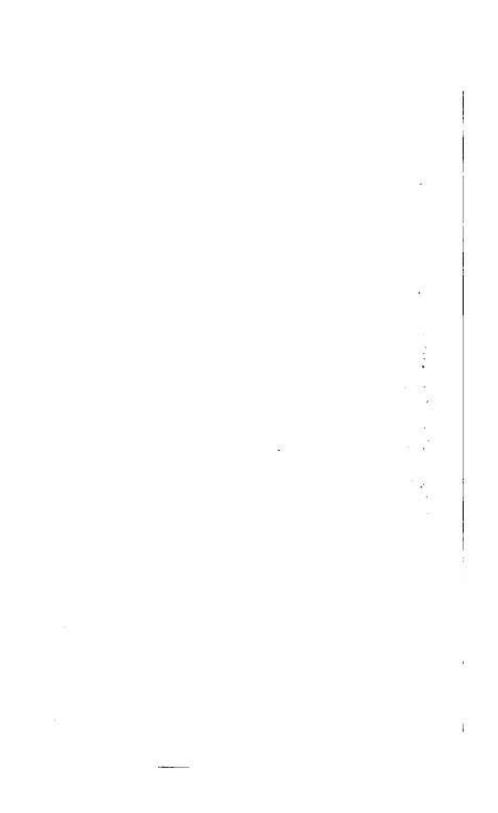


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TO MY DEAR MOTHER.

Thou smilest that my childhood's dreaming thought So blent thee with the beauty of God's world That those deep morning lilies dew-impearled, And jonquils clear with vernal wildness fraught (In the old lost garden where thy hand had wrought), And dow-plumes of an evening cloud soft curied, And star-sheen to the bland night wind unfurled, Some touch of thy fair tenderness had caught. Later the world of all things excellent, As once of lovely, moved round thee; and still Whene'er I hear the praise of Truth, Good-Will, High Hope, and Courage by no tempest bent, I can but think these names for thee were meant, And thou art Love, else hath my heart no skill!





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LYRICS.

THE BREATHING EARTH.

OH, not by sight or sound alone, I guess.

This way her light feet press, —

Light feet of Spring.

It would be told me, though I shut my eyes
Against the ample sky's
Pure witnessing

And saw not how the green blade thrusts its way
Up through the pleached gray, —
No tenderling!

It would be told me, though I shot my ear
To all the tidings clear
Her heralds bring, —

The fluting thrush, the bluebird singing love, Hiding in heaven above His heaven-dyed wing.

How, sight and sound shut out, should I still guess
This way her light feet press,—
Light feet of Spring?

(11)

By errantry of subtile winds that blow From fields where late the snow Did drift and cling;

By grateful odors borne from forest mold, Where last year's leaves enfold Some blooming thing;

By healing essence, lifeful airs, unbound From the dark, humid ground Fast mellowing,

Whence, from the smoking, furrowed clods, still come
The grass with ceaseless hum
And hovering.

The breathing earth: I breathe, and well I guess
This way her light feet press, —
Light feet of Spring!