

**SELECTIONS FROM THE
POEMS, JUNE 17, 1886,
FEBRUARY 2, 1901**

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Selections from the Poems, June 17, 1886, February 2, 1901 by Arthur Williams Dunwell

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ARTHUR WILLIAMS DUNWELL

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SELECTIONS

FROM

THE POEMS

OF

ARTHUR WILLIAMS DUNWELL.

JUNE 17, 1886.

FEBRUARY 2, 1901.



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Easter.

Winds of March at last are o'er ;
April joys are ours once more,
On this day our souls to save,
Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
Rose from sin to set us free,
" Grave, where is thy victory ! "

But while we in Christ rejoice,
Let us not forget the voice,
Praying in Gethsemane,
In a heartfelt agony ;
Not forget the bitter hours,
April sunshine, April showers.

April shadow—Christ was slain !
April light—He lives again !
April showers are but brief,
Sunshine quickly brings relief,
Darkness ends as it began,
Death to sin and joy to man.

The Bird Voices.

MORNING.

At dawn the robin sings among the trees,
And all the birds of morning make reply.
They sing that Spring is now approaching nigh,
While the first sunbeams tinge the eastern sky ;
Songs ever full of joy, but sung in many keys.

The bluebird carols in the sun's first rays ;
He tells us of the coming of the Spring ;
Who would not feel delight to hear him sing,
Of flowers blooming, birds upon the wing,
And all the beauties of those happy days ?

Full many songs there are ; but all the same
In meaning and in what they have to tell ;
That Spring has come at last, and all is well,
And flowers bloom, and bees among them dwell ;
And Nature puts the works of man to shame.

NOON.

At noon there is a silence over all,
But for the chirping sparrows of the street,
And feathered neighbors, long inured to heat,
Whose numbers are but few, whose songs are sweet,
And break the empty stillness with their call.

EVENING.

At evening all the joyous songs depart,
And from the shadows of the wooded height
Is heard the hooting of the bird of night ;
And, hidden in the darkness from the sight,

The whip-poor-will seems breaking of his heart.
And with the daylight, passing from the earth,
Departeth also all the joy and mirth.

A Day In June.

Oh ! what is so fair as a day in June ?
When the gay colored butterflies burst their cocoon,
When the night-blooming cereus smiles to the moon,
What is so fair as a day in June ?

When 'round the blossoms the humming birds come,
When the honey-bees sound their musical hum,
When the robins begin their melodious tune,
What is so fair as a day in June ?

Oh ! what is so fair as a day in June ?
When the milkweed lets fly its filmy balloon,
When the squirrel on the branches is drumming his tune,
What is so fair as a day in June ?

When the lillies and roses have burst into bloom,
And fill the air with their sweet perfume,
When the sun at the sky-top announces noon,
What is so fair as a day in June ?

March may bring Spring, as everyone knows,
April continue by melting the snows,
May be made glad with the oriole's tune,
But what is so fair as a day in June ?

Written when nine years old.

Jamie and Ruth.

Oh ! Jamie's such a great big boy, and oh ! so very wise !
He knows about most everything that's underneath the skies ;
And whenever Ruthie is in doubt, she goes to him, to see,
For Jamie's six years old, you know, and Ruth is only three.

And if Ruth has lost her dolly, and cannot find the place,
She goes at once to Jamie, and to him explains the case ;
And when Jamie goes and finds it, how happy she will be !
For Jamie's six years old, you know, and Ruth is only three.

Now little Ruth has hurt her head, and she begins to cry,
But before she's gotten very far, why, Jamie passes by ;
He kisses her and comforts her, 'tis beautiful to see,
For Jamie's six years old, you know, and Ruth is only three.

Now, Ruthie wants amusement, and Jamie comes her way,
He takes his little sister and they have a lovely play,
And, if Ruth is not contented, her to suit the game he'll fix,
For Ruth is only three years old, but Jamie's age is six.

And Ruth is Jamie's echo, Summer, Winter, day and night,
Whenever Jamie says a thing, *that* makes it just all right,
And if Jamie pays a compliment, it fills her heart with joy,
For she is just a baby girl, but he's a great big boy.

Christmas.

The Christmas bells are ringing,
In accents loud and clear,
And with their chiming bringing,
Much comfort and good cheer.

I listen to their music,
In the evening's sunset glow,
And wish I might have heard that song,
Of Christmas long ago.

When Angels sang the anthem,
As it ne'er has been again,
"Glory to God in the highest,
Good will and peace toward men."

The Christmas stars are shining,
In the clear December sky,
And sending down their radiance,
From their bright thrones on high.

I look upon their beauty,
In the evening sunset's glow,
And wish I might have seen that star,
Of Christmas long ago.