

**AS I JOURNEY ON;
POEMS IN
VARIOUS MOODS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759064

As I Journey On; Poems in Various Moods by William Curtis Wakefield

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WILLIAM CURTIS WAKEFIELD

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BY
WILLIAM CURTIS WAKEFIELD



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1907

PC 3545

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of which is numbered.*

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THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

TO MY MOTHER

In grateful and humble acknowledgment of many, many years of faithful and devoted service this volume is affectionately inscribed by the author.

PEACE—AND A DREAM.

At the very first glimpse of the morning light,
E'er the sun streams in thro' my window, bright,
I'm up and about
And down and out
And over the fields, I make my way,
To my lofty throne, where I hold sway,
On the crest of the hill 'neath the great oak tree,
Where I list to the voice of the murmuring sea,
And the soul of Nature communes with me.

There, every day, from morn till night,
With never a one to dispute my right,
I rule my subjects as I will,
And they come and go, so silent and still,
Yet my thoughts they lead
And their voice I heed,
As they guide my humble hand and pen,
And shew me the ways and the deeds of men.

My realm is the Kingdom of Thought, you see,
Where I am alone, and must always be,
Alone — alone with the wondrous muse,
Who will stir my soul and my heart enthuse,
Till it sings so happy and loud and long
That I scarce can trace its fervent song.

More oft my spirit is buoyant and glad,
Tho' I must confess I am sometimes sad,
And long for a loving and gracious queen—
Tho' none at my side is ever seen—
To quiet my moments when ill at ease
And with graceful form my eyes to please,
And my feet to lead, like a trusting dove,
In the rosy and fragrant paths of love.

Whene'er she comes she will welcome be,
And will share my throne, by the murmuring sea,
By the crest of the hill 'neath the great oak tree,
Where the soul of Nature communes with me.