

POEMS

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Poems by Annie E. Purinton

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ANNIE E. PURINTON

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BY
ANNIE E. PURINTON



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1908

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DR. WALTER ELA

SEPT. 11, 1924

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TO
THOSE WHO LOVED HER

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RENEWAL

THE Prince of Heaven hath broke
the bands of death,
The world is free.
Dark night, pale spectre garmented,
Is but a memory.

New dawn, new day, soft-breathed air
And song-bird in the tree:
Such visions to my awed soul speak
Of immortality.

Warmth after frost, life after death,
The watcher waked to see
The day break into radiant bloom,
And hope woke suddenly.

Marvel, O heart! no mist of tears
Can hide the joy to be.
Death's gentle hand guides our beloved
Into Infinity.

The Prince of Heaven hath broke
the bands of death,
The world is free.
Dark night, pale spectre garmented,
Is but a memory.

UNDAUNTED

THE wanton wind tossed up a tiny seed
And wafting it from woodland heights 't was
thrown
Upon a ledge; captive it lay there, sown;
E'en Nature shunned it; flowing brooks that lead
To fertile valleys and the blooming mead
Stopped not to quench its thirst; alone
Amidst a barren soil, far, far from home.
Yet vexed it not in brooding; though in need
Of life's sweet grace, yet sturdily it grew.
Slow, stealing mists crept softly to its heart,
Dark low'ring clouds gave moisture, and at length
Sprang up a tree which clothed the place anew
With light and shade, and though alone, apart,
Left legacy to Time of massive strength.