POEMS

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Poems by Annie E. Purinton

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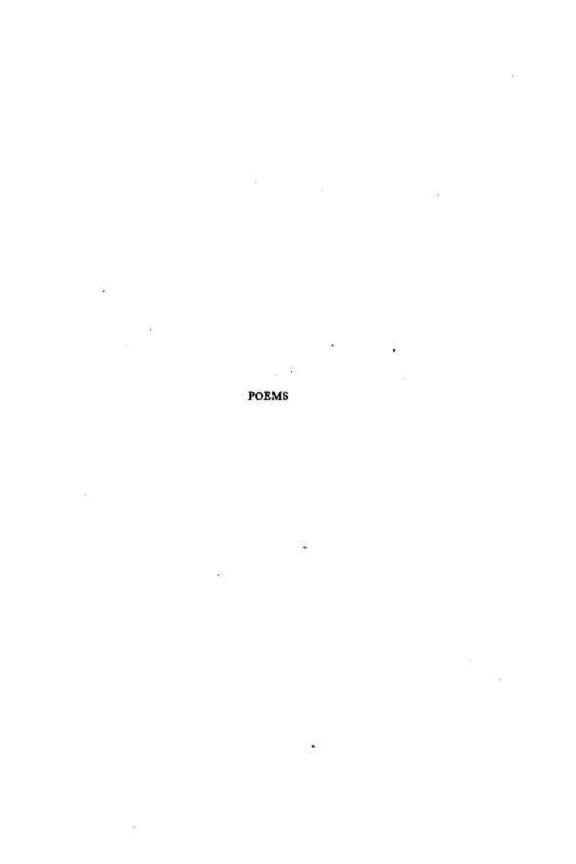
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TO THOSE WHO LOVED HER

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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-breathéd 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 bath broke the bands of death, The world is free. Dark night, pale spectre garmented, Is but a memory.

[1]

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.