

**RED LEAVES AND  
ROSES:  
POEMS. PP.1-202**

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Red Leaves and Roses: Poems. pp.1-202 by Madison Cawein

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**MADISON CAWEIN**

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# RED LEAVES AND ROSES

Poems

BY

MADISON CAWEIN

AUTHOR OF "LYRICS AND IDYLS," "DAYS AND DREAMS,"  
"MOODS AND MEMORIES," ETC.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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LONDON

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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

*Spaworth*

TO  
MY MOTHER

178793

PROEM.

*O*H, shall I sing of joy I only  
Remember as departed joy?  
Of life once glad that now is lonely?  
Of love a treasure, now a toy?  
Of grief, regret but makes the keener,  
Of longing disappointment mars?—  
These will I sing, and sit serenely  
Than song among the stars.

Or shall I sing of faith once spoken?  
Of vows heart-happy once with tears?  
Of promised faith and vows long broken  
One hath remembered many years?  
Of truth, the false but leaves the truer,  
Of trust, the doubt makes doubly sure?—  
These will I sing, the noble doer  
Whose dauntless heart is pure.

I will not sing of time made hateful,  
Of hope that only clings to hate;  
Of charity now grown ungrateful,  
And pride that cannot stand and wait.—  
Of humbleness care hath imparted,  
Of resignation born of ills,  
These will I sing, and stand high-hearted  
As hope upon the hills.

Once on a throne of gold and scarlet  
I touched a chord and felt it break;  
I dreamed I was a king—a varlet  
A king's amusement left to wake.—  
Now on a star my longing lingers,  
While on a tomb I lean and read,  
And write with eager soul and fingers  
That life may give me heed.



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## RED LEAVES AND ROSES.

### I.

AND he had lived such loveless years  
That suffering had made him wise ;  
And she had known no truer tears  
Than those of girlhood's eyes.

And he, perhaps, had loved before—  
One who had wed? one who had died?  
So life for him had been but poor  
In love for which he sighed.

In years and love she was so young  
Youth paused and beckoned at the gate,  
And bade her list love's birds that sung ;  
She said that love should wait.

One understood. One only knew  
The fields were faded, skies were gray,  
Nor saw the sad rose autumn blew  
There in her heedless way.