MABEL GRAY, AND OTHER POEMS

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Mabel Gray, and Other Poems by Lyman C. Smith

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LYMAN C. SMITH

MABEL GRAY, AND OTHER POEMS



MABEL GRAY

And Other Poems

BY

LYMAN C. SMITH



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ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-siz, by LYMAN C. SMITH, at the Department of Agriculture. The soaring lark from swelling breast may sound
Exultant strains that thrill the world below;
The thrush on flute melodious may blow
The sweet sad tones that stir the soul profound;
But haply, too, on lonely shady mound
The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and low,
That through her own breast sends a cheery glow,
Yet brightens, too, the little world around:
And may not one who feels his bosom swell
And thrill at every note sublime and strong,
Who loves the sweet sad melodies that dwell
And linger in the heart's recesses long,
The while himself he cheers, attempt as well
To lighten others with his artless song?

Contents.

									PAGE
Mabel Gray	•			25	4				7
Constancy	1 .	58	85	58	25		*	17	19
Aner and Gy	ne, a	Nev	Adar	n an	d Eve		2		22
Morton Hall		5.5	1.5	16		::0	7.	85	33
A Day with I	Iom	er	32	*	25	-	Ş	702	46
An Autumn I	Day	*	9.7	•			+	- 62	60
The Sculpton	5 -	28	្	23	1	2	2	82	64
The Seven A	ges c	f Wo	man		*		*8	2	67
The Human	Hear	t	72		3	•	8	(2)	68
The Young M	fothe	er -	8	+	*	٠	÷	::	68
The Child's C	all	20	12	12	÷	•	•		70
Early Blighte	d	83	$\widehat{\boldsymbol{x}}_{i,\widehat{\boldsymbol{w}}_{i}}$			•	(6)	ŝē	73
The Silent Ci	ty	•	ů.	٠	2	رخ	21	- 5	77
A Dream at I	Even	tide	98		*		×	3	80
In Palliation	•		171	(30)	3		•	-	83
The Star -		()	*		2	-	*3		85
Facourageme	nt		-		_				00

On Receiving a L	ong	-Pron	nised :	Вох о	f Flow	ers		PAGE 91
Question and Ans	wer	*	34	#3				92
In the Sunny Lan	d of	Yout	h -	•	•		-	94
A Fragile Vase is	in)	our l	Hand	*3	14		*	95
Oft When Weary	are	Our 2	Feet	•		ě		96
True Friendship i	sa (Golde	n Cha	in			2	96
May Life for The	e be	One	Conti	oual S	Song	•		97
A Wish		20	74	20	8			98
Friendship -	-		65	70	8.5	:: : :::	- 5	99
Each Flower to H	cav	en U	pturns	its E	ye			100
No Tasks Thy Go	d b	ath G	iven 7	Thee		Ų.	-	101
The Poet's Office		¥8	3		2		· ·	102
A Child Asleep in	the	Gard	lens	50	*	•		104
Thoughtlessness		2	<u>_</u>	20	:2	٠	. :	107
The Girls of Dem	ill	•	94		*		*	108
Address to a Mun	ımy	Cat	015	20	ş		0	110
"Cash" McLeod	la.		89	*35		٠		117
To Matilda Robin	s -		100		ě.	٠	2	118
An Acrostic -	(*)	*	2.5	•	H	٠		119
Johnny Science	and	His	Late	Disc	overy	at	the	
North Pole	152	25	22	20	22	02-5		120

MABEL GRAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

Mabel Gray.

Where on one of England's manors
Last at even fell the sunbeams,
Ashley Lodge in silence lay;
At the vale and hillside's meeting,
Where first crept the stealthy shadows
From their noontide hiding-places,
Was the home of Mabel Gray.

Ashley Lodge lay wrapped in silence,
For the master from its portals
Death had beckoned years before:
Lady Ashley with her children
Left the home where every turning
Brought remembrance of the loved one
Who should tread its walks no more.