

**THE SCALES OF
JUSTICE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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The scales of justice, and other poems by Tod Robbins

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TOD ROBBINS

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JUSTICE, AND
OTHER POEMS**

611

The Scales of Justice

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

TOD ROBBINS

Author of Mysterious Martin, The Spirit of the Town, etc.

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Loc

New York

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY

57 ROSE STREET

E. C. 1753

H. P.

To
ALFRED P. McNULTY

WHOSE CRITICAL ADVICE AND UNSWERV-
ING INTEREST HAVE BEEN A GREAT
MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL STIMULUS.

NOV 19 1915

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SCALES OF JUSTICE	7
RADIANT DAY	9
WAR	10
THE NIGHT BIRDS	11
THE CASTLE OF CONCEIT	13
I LOVE YOU	14
COME DINE	15
THE EGOTIST	17
SAILING	20
THE PERPETUAL MOURNERS	21
THE BRIDGE	22
A PRAYER	25
THE CITY	26
YOU WHO KNOW	29
TALES OF THE NIGHT	30
BRING IN THE DEAD	31
THE GOLDEN WEDDING	33
THE DREAMER	35
THE DEATH OF THE MOON	37
THE SEA	39
BLACK NIGHT	40
STRENGTH	43
FINIS	45

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

She touched me on the arm one night—

A night of silver sleet.

Her cheeks were thin, her face was white—

White as a winding sheet.

O God! it was an awful sight!

A soul beneath my feet.

“And you are so?” she cried. “And I?

Look what the years have done!

We’ve lived beneath the same stern sky,

And worshiped Passion’s Sun.

If God is good—then tell me why

He spares not everyone?

“We’ve tasted lust, and sipped Sin’s wine,

Sitting on either side.

Our Host was there to see us dine—

Our slightest want supplied.

He smiled at yours; he smiled at mine—

To me alone he lied.

“Your eye is clear; your head held high;

No weakness in your pace;

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

Brief Sorrow, passing swiftly by,
Leaves shadowless your face.
The Devil's Bill with me must lie—
I'll say the tardy grace.

"Can this be so? Can this be true?
Good people, look this way:
Can God have judged between us two?
Is this His Judgment Day?
What ghastly gates must I pass through!
Am I a fool to pray?"

I left her in the dreary street—
A shadow of the night,
A night of beating, silver sleet;
Her face was very white—
Ah yes! white as a winding sheet,—
But in her eyes was light.

*Soft Sorrow fits the Lock of Sin,
And I can never enter in;
But she, from out the humble dust,
Has forged a Key of timid trust.
A shadow of the dreary street,—
Her face was like a winding sheet.*