

**EVENING
PASTIMES, PP. 5-61**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649313211

Evening Pastimes, pp. 5-61 by W. A. Havener

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

W. A. HAVENER

**EVENING
PASTIMES, PP. 5-61**

Evening Pastimes

BY

W. A. HAVENER



1916

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO

057619.2

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRELUDE	5
ONWARD	5
THE ROSES	6
THE CLOUDS	7
NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN	8
YOUTH AND AGE	10
THE DREAMS OF YOUTH	12
WIFE AWAY	14
OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE	16
A HUNDRED YEARS AWAY	17
WHEN I AM GONE	18
POVERTY	20
LINES ON AN OLD MANSION	20
AN OLD STUMP	22
THE RIVER	24
THE MEADOW	27
THE MORNING SUN	29
A WAYSIDE RAMBLE	30
OAKLAND	33
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN	34
A MEMORY	36
THE OLD HOME	42
AN OLD DIARY	45
THE SEASONS	47

Howe, W. A. 6/20/10 g

296893

	PAGE
WIFE AND I	47
THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PALACE	49
THE COTTAGE	51
THE UNKNOWN	53
THE ZEPHYR	53
GOVERNMENT	55
THE ISLES OF REST	56
MY OLD FRIEND TOM	56
THE HIDDEN HAND	58
GENIUS	59
REGRET	60
PICTURES	61

PRELUDE

Come, Muse, and help me pass the time away
And bring the harp of some wise bard along,
Sweet truths in music rhymes for me to play—
For poetry is but wisdom set to song.

And sing no idle lay about the stars,
Nor wildly scribble with a half crazed pen
About the far-off moon and moon-lit bars,
But come and let us chat of hearts and men.

And as we stroll recline upon mine arm,
Suggest some olden truths for me to say,—
For poetry is the pleasing, magic charm
Of saying old things in a sweeter way.

ONWARD

Onward, ever onward,
'Tis a song I love to sing,
Cheering all the weary hearted
Onward to some higher thing.

Onward to the golden,
To the happy and the true,
Not to fame and hoarded riches
But some deed of good to do.

EVENING PASTIMES

Onward to the righteous,
 All who go at duty's call,
 Here I write them down as heroes,
 Though they battle but to fall.

Onward to the noble,
 With a spirit not to yield,
 With a heart for any weather
 And the truthful for a shield.

THE ROSES

In the garden bright
 With the sunny light
 The roses through their tiny buds are peering;
 In those lonely places
 Sad with sickly faces
 They'll gladden drooping hearts with gentle cheering.

O'er each painted crest,
 In each leafy nest
 Lie artist touches with His love adorning,
 And bright emblem tints,
 And sweet sacred hints
 As lightly resting as the dews of morning.

In the scented air
 'Mong the flowers there,
 How sweet the fragrant breath the rose imparts,
 And where'er we go,
 May we ever throw
 Such sweetness kindly o'er all human hearts.

THE CLOUDS

Beneath a tangled spread
Of foliage overhead,
Here on the tufted grass I lie,
My thoughts at idle dreaming,
The far-off clouds now seeming
Like snowy mountains in the sky.

How beautiful they sail,
O'er purple crag and vale,
Like vessels on the placid blue;
Ten thousand sunbeams tint,
Ten thousand emblems hint,
The good, the noble and the true.

Now comes the cruel breeze,
With playful lulling ease,
And tears the saffron clouds apart,
As other winds have torn,
And far away have borne
Some cherished idol of my heart.

The splendors stream in gold,
The clouds like cares of old
Are melting in the smile of day;
O, could I but forget,
The grief remembered yet,
And learn to laugh the pain away.

Their sombre shadows fall,
Alike on hut and hall,
They float in mid-air like a feather;
And may thy sorrows rest,
As lightly on thy breast,
As clouds tossed on the windy weather.

NO ROSE WITHOUT ITS THORN

There fall in ripples from the magic string
These sacred truths of all experience born,
The sweetest honey has some bitter sting,
There is no rose without its hidden thorn.

Many a pretty rose of fairest hue
Blooms lovely but to hide its prickly spear;
Many a pleasing smile that seemeth true
Is closely wedded to some hidden tear.

O, may thy every tear of hidden pain
That falls upon thy troubled bosom make,
Like flowers brightened, freshened with the rain,
Thy manhood brighter, fresher for its sake.

Again I hear it sounding on the lyre,
A truth that all who strive to win must learn,
The rugged ore that passes through the fire
Is rendered far more useful for its burn.

The cross, though once the hated type of shame,
In triumph now adorns the jeweled breast,
A star plucked from the wreathing, scorching flame
Becomes a thing of pride forever blest.