

**DREAMS
COME TRUE**

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Dreams Come True by Charlotte Nattinger Cummins

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CHARLOTTE NATTINGER CUMMINS

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Dreams Come True

I KNOW that the songs I am bringing
Were never writ by rule,
For I learned all my singing
In the wild birds' school.

We had no music-master,
Not even a fiddler's string;
'Twas the linnet I copied after:
She taught me how to sing.

She sang her song at evening
With all a bird's glad thrill,
While I, a child believing,
Mimicked her at will.

I learned to love the grasses
And every flower that grew;
There were no fads nor classes
For me to cater to.

I never longed for the city,
Like some poor rhymers do;
But kept on with my ditty—
My audience, birds I knew.

I had my dreams of glory,
Morning, noon and night;
Many a wing for a story
Was halted in its flight.

Now beyond toil and fretting
I'll bring my songs to you;
With your love for a setting—
My dreams have all come true.

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A Song of Father

MY father was a quiet man,
Built on the very noblest plan,
His life to God's best meanings ran.

His days were full of sweet content,
He always said just what he meant
And never owed a man a cent.

No one went empty from his door,
He always said, "God would send more."
He loved to help where hearts were sore.

We children loved to see him come,
Our hearts with tender love were dumb
When we would hear him coming home.

Now memory lends her sweetest grace
As this poor simple song I trace:
For strangers sit in that dear place.

The birds sing there just as of yore,
The rosebush climbs about the door,
But father's face we'll see no more.

Our Little Part

LET us start a good thought going,
It may reach a hungry one,
It may light without our knowing,
A work for God be done.

Some glad song with good intended
May be wafted to its goal;
Some glad word where love is blended
May help a stranded soul.

Walls may crumble in the making,
Cities moulder with their dead;
But a thought that starts souls waking
Will live when life has fled.

It will live when we are sleeping
'Neath the daisies on the hill;
God the record will be keeping
When our pulseless hands are still.

Then let's keep on sowing, sowing,
Doing our little part;
We must keep on throwing, throwing,
Some day a seed may start.

Beggar and Painter

COME out, come out, the wild birds said,
The eastern sky was gold and red,
The earth was putting on her best,
A robin circling round her nest;
While I, a beggar, with new eyes
Gazed all enraptured at the skies,
Unmindful when my feet struck sod,
The soul of me was fed by God.

I heard the birds in all their glee,
They sang their carolings to me.
What, though I had an empty purse,
I'd heard of things, oh, so much worse!
Dishonor had not come to me;
From all such sinning I was free.
Even pangs of hunger passed me by
When I could see God paint the sky.