

**A CHRISTMAS
HYMN, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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A Christmas Hymn, and Other Poems by Ruby Boardman

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RUBY BOARDMAN

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and Other Poems

By
Ruby Boardman



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To My Mother

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Quia natus est vobis hodie Salvator,
qui est Christus Dominus

Christmas Hymn

Some long two thousand years ago,
Upon the first bless'd Christmas morn.
Our Infant Saviour Christ was born,
Unto this world of sin and woe.

God gave His only Son, that we
Might learn through His divinest love
To lift our hearts to Him above,
And learn of Him humility.

And yet it is so long since then,
So long since Jesus lived and taught,
Have years effaced the good He wrought
And all the life He gave to men?

No, for on every Christmas morn
We feel that God is with us still;
That He renews His watch and will,
And that each year our Lord is born.

That He will keep you safe, I pray,
Within His arms the coming year,
And guard your heart from pain and fear,
And guide you toward eternal day.

A Thought

Now God forbid, that when I am full grown,
And have a name and fame my very own,
That I should scorn or scoff my youthful days,
Or feel ashamed of former rustic ways.

Nay, rather should I proudly thank and bless
The roads which led me to my happiness.
For is the day not fairer for its dawn,
And brighter, that the night has come and gone?

Sleep

When night in the great beauty of its dark,
Creeps in about the world and wraps all things
Within the mantle of its mystery;
Somnus arises shadowless from earth,
Approaches us, and, with his quiet touch,
Sets free our spirits from their mortal bonds.

Then like a bird loosed from captivity,
The liberated soul soars joyfully
To lands of poppy-blown chaotic bliss;
Where Reason's government 's a thing unknown;
And where the spirit wanders at its will,
Along the banks of clearest crystal streams;
Or lingers in a garden glowing white
With lilies; whose soft incense leads the thoughts
Astray through tangles of pure fantasy.

Ah, we are glad, poor mortals bound to earth,
With chains of hardest wrought reality,
To leave our bondage with the driving world,
And fly upon the wings of sleep to peace.
Finding the life upon the spheres and stars
(Or what e'er be the worlds we wander in)
A happy balance to the day's return.

MARCH 30, 1913.

A Dream

I know not how I came there, yet I stood
(One evening as the dying day's fresh blood,
Stained all the west a lurid glowing red,)
Upon the rampart of a castle wall.

Far down below me roared an angry sea,
Which met and beat upon the castle's side;
And though it seemed to beat forever there,
No trace of wear it left upon the stone.

I raised my eyes, and saw far out beyond,
The flaming sky and angry waters met;
Fringed by dark crags, and jagged perilous rocks,
Which seemed to threaten e'en the dashing waves.

More fearful still, (about half way between
The red horizon and the castle wall,)
Two marble columns 'rose from out the sea;
Each one surmounted by a living lion,
With forepaw raised, as though to strike the prey.

* * * * *

I knew not what to think of all I saw:
But soon there came a Presence to my side.
And it I questioned, saying, "knowest thou
The meaning of these things phenomenal?"

"Aye," said the Presence, "I am come to show
You things you could not see without my help.